The Watford Guide.

VOL. IV.—NO 49 WATFORD, ONT., JANUARY 3, 1879. WHOLE NO. 205.

GHOST STORIES UNVEILED.

"A few years ago I removed into a new and larger house with a young family. Some nights after my removal I was awakened in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking at my bedroom door. I called out; "Who's there?" There was no reply; but after an interval of a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the same question: "Who's there?" and again no reply: but again came the knocking, if possible more distinct and louder than before, and just as if a person outside in the lobby had struck sharply and repeatedly with his knuckles on the door. I sprang rapidly from bed on its being repeated, and rushed to the bedroom door and opened it, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside; and no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was what is called a well-staircase, brilliantly lighted with a flood of moonlight, which streamed through the skylight window. I am not and never was superstition-stricken or superstitious but I will confess my sensations now became trying; my heart began to throb, and I returned to bed with ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct and methodical as before. Although feeling very uneasy, I crept silently out of bed and stretched myself on the floor with my head on the board and a few feet from the bedroom door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. Again it came as before, and I could distinctly refer it to the lowest part or panel of the door. I suddenly opened the door; but with the same result as before; and again I lay in my former position. Again came the knocking, three or four distinct taps; and now fixing my eyes steadily on the spot from which the tapping proceeded, I saw the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, about the size of a very small walnut, jerked repeatedly against the skirting that lay alongside the door. The skirting was thinner than the sounding-board of a piano; and it was the sudden tapping of the little bone against the sounding-board that produced the repeated knocking. But how was the tapping produced? By a mouse that had found its way along the hollow space behind the wainscot. It had bored a hole in the very lowest part of the wainscot very nearly on a level with the floor, found its little bone left after the child's dinner, and had dragged it to the entrance of its hole, but could not get it through. It had dragged through the rough bit of sinew which is attached to the end of the bone—popularly known in matters as the Gentleman's Bone—and was trying by jerking it backwards to bring the bone itself through; and each jerk gave a blow against the thin sounding-board, and each blow gave out the sound or mysterious knock. Had I not discovered this, no reasoning could have convinced me that I had *not* heard knocks at my bedroom door; and I should in all probability have attributed them to what is termed supernatural agency.

"My next experience was if possible more puzzling. In the neighbourhood of Dublin, on the rocky sea-coast of Dalkey, there are several castles supposed to have been erected by the Danes for the protection of their traders. They are still in fair preservation, and have dwelling-houses of modern construction built against them. One of these old castles stands on the very verge of the sea, over what was once a rocky inlet, but is now a harbour called Bullock Harbour, along the opposite side of which is a row of fishermen's cottages, principally inhabited by men who earn their livelihood as pilots. The dwelling-house attached to this old castle I with my family occupied in the summer, for health's sake and to enjoy boating, of which I was fond. I observed some time after taking up my residence in it, and no matter at what time I retired to bed—and I generally sat up one or two hours after the other members of my family had retired—the servant from the kitchen story selected the same moment for *their* departure.

"This unceasing regularity became at last annoying, and I insisted on knowing the cause. The information given to me was that the old castle and house were haunted, and that for no inducement would the servants remain after I had ascended from the parlour. I had now reason for thinking there was some ground for the fears. The pantry particularly, and the rest of the house with it, were walked over by footsteps at night. These were plainly heard; and there was added an additional aggravation; for, not content with this, the 'supernatural' visitor began to do mischief, and generally in the grey of the morning made free with eatables and pots of jam on the shelves, occasionally breaking a glass or plate! To add to the mystery, though the pantry was carefully locked every night the depredations still continued, and at length the terror of each night's visitation became greater and greater, and various stories began to be circulated, one being that the visitant was the spirit of a nun condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger for some transgression. This was supported by the circumstance of the old castle and grounds having been some years before occupied as a convent. The only opening into the pantry was through a ventilator in the roof, very high up, and adjoining one of the lofty walls of the old castle. Through this no human being could obtain an entrance but it was entered by a *monkey*, who came to it in this way. One of the pilot-boats was taking off a pilot to a ship, to relieve the one on duty, when the monkey, sick I suppose of the sea, and determined not to lose the opportunity jumped into the boat, and on nearing the shore, jumped out again, and sought the nearest shelter, which happened to be near the old castle. The ship was from the West Indies, laden with sugar. The monkey, though missed from the homeward-bound, was unnoticed by the pilot crew, and finding his way from the castle to the ventilator of the adjoining dwelling-house pantry, sought to allay his hunger there when all was quiet at night. By day the creature lay hidden in the old castle; and it was only after a lapse of many days that poor Jacko was discovered peeping out from his lodging in the old Norman keep!

"It not unfrequently happens that houses are haunted, and kept haunted, by certain persons who have a *direct interest* in keeping up the silly trick. In the same neighbourhood—the neighbourhood of the old castle—was a house reputed to be haunted, and which has maintained its reputation for more than two summers. Footsteps are heard at night, doors are slammed, and on one occasion, jugs of water have been poured upon some members of the family, to their great discomfort. The ghost has been clever, and has not yet been caught; but the solution is not far to find, as the caretaker has a comfortable residence gratis, which is lost when the house is let and occupied for the season."

[We gladly offer the foregoing "ghost-stories unveiled" to our readers, as proving what we have over and over again maintained—namely that apparently unaccountable sounds or sights are, in almost every case, capable of being solved, and relegated to natural causes, by the exercise of a little perseverance and common-sense.—ED.]

FIVE telegraph cables now unite Sicily with the main land of Italy.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED POEM BY LORD BYRON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, Aug. 25, 1811.

In the dome of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar like the glories of old;
It gilds but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days;
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays,
When the stars are on high, and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fullness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have (*sic*) held it in sway.

AN AUSTRALIAN FRAUD

[From Chambers' Journal.]

"What can be keeping Davis to-night? Surely he is very late." I had just made this remark when he knocked at the door.

"If you please ma'am, can I speak to you?" said he.

"Yes. Come in Davis. What has happened to keep you so late this evening?"

"I have been to see my grandfather, ma'am."

"Well, how is he?"

"Oh, grandfather is right enough; but my aunt"—so he called his grandfather's second wife—"is very ill; and I've heard a queer story to-night. It seems I am likely to come in for a large fortune—if it's all true they say."

"Why, how is that Davis? Tell us all about it."

"Well ma'am, you see my grandfather has had a letter sent him to read, that the clergyman at Carsten has received from some lawyer in Australia. The lawyer wants to find the next of kin to Tom Harris, an old man who has died in L—— in Australia, and has left a hundred thousand pounds; and my aunt thinks she is his nearest relation."

"How is that? Who is this Tom Harris?"

"My aunt's name was Harris, and she says her father's youngest brother was named Tom; that he went to Australia many years ago, and has never written home nor been heard of since; and she thinks he is the man because he was born in these parts. This lawyer has sent letters to all the clergymen near here to make enquiries and to search all the registers for the certificate of his birth."

"Then what are you going to do, Davis?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I'll see what grandfather says next time I go to Dewsford."

"Very well. Be sure you tell us what you hear, for we shall be anxious to know."

This was indeed extraordinary news. Even in these days of self-seeking there is occasionally to be found a servant of the Caleb Balderston type, and Davis was one of them; he had grown up in our service from boyhood to manhood, and had so identified himself with our affairs and interests that he always spoke of our belongings as "ours" and "my." We had complete confidence in him, and in return took an interest in all that concerned him and his family; hence his coming to us with this wonderful tale, feeling sure of our sympathy. Although it seemed too strange to be true, there was nevertheless a certain amount of possibility in it which kept alive our interest; and from time to time we used to ask Davis how his fortune was coming on. But beyond hearing conflicting details, which he got from his grandfather now and again, the affair did not seem to progress in the least; so we came to the conclusion that we must set to work ourselves to help him, if anything was to come of it.

The first thing to ascertain was that such a town or district as L—— actually existed in Australia; and for this end we wrote to one of the directors of a colonial bank in London, and had the satisfaction of being told that he not only knew that there *was* a district so named, but that a man of reputed wealth bearing the name of Harris resided there.

We next thought we had better see Davis's aunt and try to get certain facts from her. But here a difficulty arose, for the poor woman had been confined to bed for some weeks, and we knew she was dying of a painful disease. It seemed cruel to disturb her about such things; but Davis was her adopted son, and we knew she would gladly do what she could to further his interests. We found her very weak, and her face bearing an expression of suffering that was distressing to see, but perfectly composed and alive to everything. I went forward gently and said: "Good-morning, Mrs. Davis. How are you to-day?"

"Thank you, ma'am; I be poorly."

"Are you no better?"

"No ma'am. I don't hope ever to be better; but I must bide my time patiently.—How is Davis ma'am?"

"He is very well, thank you."

"I have heard him speak of ye so often, ladies; he says you are all so kind to him, and that he could not have a better place."

"O well, he is good and faithful to us, you know, so we may well be kind to him. But what is all this about this money? I fear you are too ill to be troubled about such matters, but we would like to help Davis if we could. Can you tell us anything about this man Harris?"

"Well, ma'am, my father's name was Harris; and I remember hearing that his youngest brother was called Tom, and that he went to Australia."

"Had your father any other brothers?"

"O yes. There was Henry. Then there were Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne."

"What became of Henry?"

"I don't know; I know nothink about *him*."

"Do you know where they were all born?"

"In the parish of Newcom; my father lived there when he was not at sea. There's a man who calls himself Harris, stays at Carsten now."

"Do you think if we went to Newcom we should find the register they want?"

"Yes ma'am'; I should think so."

"Thank you Mrs. Davis. I fear we are tiring you. It seems cruel to worry you with all these questions."

"O ma'am, you are very kind to trouble yourself about it. I shall soon be where I shall need no money; but if Davis could get it and my poor old man, I'd be cruel glad. You see ma'am, he can't work as he used to."

We left the poor woman, more anxious than ever to help to clear up the difficulty and, if possible, to secure some money to her husband and Davis, even if it were ever so small a share of the hundred thousand pounds. We therefore determined to drive to Newcom and Carsten; and accompanied by Davis, started for the latter place on a fine autumn morning.

The expedition proved most enjoyable. At first the road was a good one, just along the banks of the river, then ascending in zigzag for miles through rich woods, whose openings now and again disclosed magnificent views of country and river far below, with the blue sea in the distance; then out upon the moor, with its wealth of gorse and heather and its bracing air, making the search for the fortune an enjoyable thing in itself, independently of its result. At last we finally descended upon Carsten, an out-of-the-way village, lying on the slope of a hill.

Our first visit was to the Rectory, the servant informing us that Mr. White was out shooting, and the time of his return uncertain; so we resolved to ask about the old man Harris of whom we had heard. We found him in a field hoeing turnips, hale, hearty, and seemingly quite contented. At first he looked at us rather suspiciously, and was not inclined to answer questions. It then turned out that we were not by any means his first interviewers.

"There have been people here to see me," said he. I wish now I had never said nothink about this man. I am not going to trouble myself; I have quite as much as I want. I am over eighty years of age. But you are all working for *me*. If there be any money, it *must* come to me in the end. And as you be all working for me, I beant agoing to trouble *myself*." All this was said in the most indescribable air of self-satisfaction and complacency, the old man leaning on his hoe.

At last, by dint of a little coaxing, we got him to bring up some recollections from the depth of his eighty years. He stated that his cousin Tom Harris was the illegitimate son of Betty Smith, but that he was always called Harris; that he had gone to Australia; he recollected his having come over from the parish of Newcom to bid them good-bye, etc.

It was in vain we represented that the time he mentioned of this youth's departure did not correspond with the date required, and that Betty's son had no right to the name of Harris; he however, insisted that he was the man, and that he himself was his nearest heir, and that we were all working for him.

We then returned to the Rectory, in the hope that the clergyman had tired of his gun, or had got hungry and come home to lunch. But no! In the meantime we got the parish clerk to bring the register, and we spent a considerable time poring over its faded old pages to try to find the date of Tom Harris's birth. It was no easy task; worn dirty old records of events nearly a century old, some in black-letter, with the figures all but illegible. Page after page was patiently scanned; and births, marriages, and deaths of various Harrises were found; but either the Christian names was different, or if we did come to a Tom Harris, our excitement was speedily chilled by finding the date would not agree at all with the age of the man we sought.

Tired and hungry, we gave up the search, and went to find an inn and some refreshment. The inn we found; but as to the refreshment, that consisted of the perpetual bacon one is offered in village inns; not even the eggs were forthcoming. Not caring for bacon, we had to content ourselves with bread-and-cheese and milk.

It was now getting late; and the prospect of bad roads and crossing the moor in the dark was not inviting; so we had reluctantly to start without seeing the clergyman, though we had had the pleasure of a chat with his father, who was at the time on a visit to the Rectory. Soon we found ourselves at home, where we made up by a comfortable tea for our poor fare at dinner.

Of course we got laughed at for our pains; but that had not much effect. The dreary drive had more, and it was some time before we resumed our attempts. One thing we gained by our visit to Carsten; the clergyman's father advised us to get Davis's aunt to make a deposition to a magistrate of all she had told us. The poor woman was far too ill to be out of bed, and it seemed very unlikely she would even be able to do this unless it were done at once. So we persuaded my brother, who is a justice of peace, to go with us to see her, and write it all down from her own lips. A sad and solemn scene it was—the low-roofed room with only the most necessary furniture, yet clean and comfortable: the woman, slowly dying, speaking with difficulty, yet clear and collected, and exerting herself to recollect the scenes of her childhood and youth. Not for herself—for very soon she would be beyond all earthly need—but for her husband and her adopted son. An unlikely place in which to find the heir to a hundred thousand pounds!

Some time before, it had occurred to us she had better make a will, in case of the money coming after her death. We had tried to persuade her to get a lawyer to make out one; but this she would by no means consent to do, on account of the expense, so the only thing left was to try to write one out for her which should include all possible contingencies. This we managed to do. She was quite satisfied with it, and her husband also. (What was more to the purpose, a lawyer friend afterwards told us it would "stand.") We now took advantage of my brother's presence to get Mrs. Davis to sign this will; and we all signed it as witnesses. It occurred to me that it might be disputed on the score of her not being in a fit state to make one; and I thought that if could get the medical man who attended her to see her, it might be useful; so I went in search of him. I was fortunate enough to find him, and explained matters, and said I was anxious he should be able to say that Mrs. Davis was in a capable state when she made her will. He very good-naturedly went with me at once, and pronounced that she was perfectly collected, quite fit to understand and make any arrangements she wished. So that was settled.

Poor thing! We had not taken the precautions much too soon. Not many more visits to inquire for her, when the end came, peacefully and longed for. Whether or not the heiress of a hundred thousand pounds, she was an "heir of God," and His heirs are often found in the poorest of earthly homes.

We now determined to search the registers at Newcom. Here we found a rather disconsolate-looking Rectory. The door was opened by an old woman, who seemed to think we had better have stayed away, but who conducted us to her master because she could not help it. The rector was a nice old man who, when we explained our object, seemed anxious to help us. He said he had an old man in his parish who was one of that family, and would likely know all about it. So he rang the bell.

"Mary, where is old Harris working to-day?"

"I think sir, he is in the back-field digging potatoes."

"Very well. Please go and tell him to come here."

She disappeared, looking rather unwilling to do his bidding; I sometimes wonder if she ever did. Anyhow, the old man did not come. She was one of those servants who have been with one master until the get to believe themselves mistress, and more. She reminded me of an old Scotch servant who was in the service of a friend of ours in Edinburgh, who when the lady rang for coals, would look in at the door, examine the fire at a distance, and say: "Deed mem, the fire doesna need mendin'," and disappear without paying any further attention to the request.

As old Harris was not forthcoming, the clergyman next sent for the parish clerk and the registers. So here again we had a long search; this time with this success, that we found the register of marriage of the said Tom Harris's father and mother, and the births of all his brothers and sisters, but his own—the only one which was of any use. We also found the register of the illegitimate Harris; and the date proved that he, as we had always thought, was certainly not the man. We had evidently got on the right track at last, for here were all the generations of Harrises, uncles, aunts, and cousins, but not *the* one. It was most unaccountable; for as there was nothing more to be done, we returned home still baffled.

We now began to wonder whether Tom Harris could possibly have been registered by some other name, not so unlikely a thing as it would be in our days. The clergyman told us that about the date we required, he knew there had been no resident clergyman in the parish; that the clergyman of another parish used to ride across the moor and take the duty, and that he often used to leave the clerk to fill up the registers. He had actually seen one register of marriage with a foot-note signed by the clergyman, to explain that the above couple had been registered under wrong names, and that he had married them over again a year after, to make sure!

Davis, thinking now, I suppose, that our amateur efforts were not successful, determined to apply to a lawyer in the village; so he and his grandfather consulted Mr. Spiers, gave him all particulars, and got a promise that he would write to Australia to make inquiries. On Davis's return I asked him what Mr. Spiers had said; but of course found that he had been too cautious to give an opinion; besides he had not been paid for it.

Some one now suggested that as Harris's father had been a sailor, perhaps Tom was born at sea. We discovered that there is a parish where such births are registered, and wrote accordingly to inquire. In a few days came reply to the effect, that the books had been searched, but no such name was to be found.

We were getting into despair, beginning to think the whole affair a myth, when a fresh impetus was given to our energies by Davis that a gentleman was expected at the village in about two months who had actually known the said Harris in Australia; so for him we determined to wait. Meanwhile the cousins who were claiming the money through the illegitimate Harris were hard at work, writing and sending money to the lawyer in Australia, and receiving replies stating that he was doing all he could to elucidate the matter for them. Other cousins in the metropolis were also doing their best to establish their kinship and trace the pedigree of the Carsten Harris. It was quite wonderful how many relations started up in all quarters; and we used to get the most varied and perplexing accounts from time to time both from Davis and his grandfather, whom we often went to see. Poor old man! *he* had had no money to send to the lawyer, which made us the more anxious to establish his claims, for it was clear that his deceased wife really was the nearest relative. He was a fine-looking old man, one of Nature's gentlemen, but very helpless in such a matter; and his gratitude to us was real and touching. He seemed surprised at the interest we took in it, and said: "He could almost cry to think any one should take so much trouble for him." To add to his disquietude, his cousins who lived some miles off at a place called Everston, told him all sorts of bewildering things, and tried to get out of him what *we* were doing and finding out. He could keep his own counsel, however.

It now seemed that the only remaining thing I could do was to write to a cousin of ours, a banker in Australia, thinking that if such a very large sum of money was really unappropriated, a banker in the same district would be not unlikely to know something of it. I wrote accordingly, told him the tale, and asked him if he could tell me aught of either the men or the money.

The next event of interest was the arrival of Mr. Brown, the gentleman from Australia, who was said to have known Tom Harris. Strange to say it turned out that it was Mr. Brown's father that Harris had taken letters of introduction long years before. Mr. Brown told us that he knew him perfectly well; that he *was* born in the parish of Newcom. (This was satisfactory, as it quite proved that *our* man was the right one.) He could tell us nothing as to his death, having lost sight of him for some years. He knew he was wealthy, but doubted his having left any such sum as a hundred thousand, adding that the lawyer whose name we mentioned as our authority for the whole matter was, he knew, a great rogue. Mr. Brown intended returning shortly to Australia, and promised to make inquiry for us, offering meanwhile to write to his own man of business there, who would do what he could to find out the truth. This we gladly assented to, and forwarded to him a sum of money, which a relation of old Davis's had offered to spend in the cause.

Some time now elapsed, and we were almost forgetting the thing, when one morning Davis told me that two people wished to see me, and that he had shown them upstairs. Up I went, and found two women, perfect strangers to me, in possession of the drawing-room. One was big, fat, and vulgar, sitting very upright on the edge of her chair with her hands crossed in front of her. The other was a fashionably dressed woman, with an indescribably French air about her; due in part perhaps to a handsome lace tie she had arranged with French grace. We saluted each other, and I sat down wondering what they could possibly want. They seemed at a loss how to begin. At last the French-looking one said: "I believe you know something of the Harris money. I have been told you are acquainted with a gentleman who knew Mr. Harris, and we have come to ask for his address."

I thought: "You may have come for it, but you are not likely to get it." (I fancied how Mr. Brown would feel if he were to be suddenly appealed to by all the Harrisses from all quarters!)

I said: "I know a gentleman who knew Mr. Harris; but he is not here at present" [he had left], "and I am unable to give you his address."

"Oh! can you give me no idea where I could see him? I am a dressmaker in Paris" [that accounted for the lace tie]. "I only heard of this money two days ago. I took the first train for England, and came over to help my sister to get the money. I don't wish it for myself—I have a good business—but for sister and her children."

"There are others besides your sister who seem to have a better claim to it," I observed. "How do you prove your relationship?"

"Sister knows about that. She is related to an old man called Harris at Carsten; and the lawyer says she has only to send out ten pounds to Australia to him and he will get the money for her. I am willing to go the length of two hundred pounds to help sister."

I was sorry that the poor woman should risk the loss of her money, so I said: "I think you had better not send any more money till we know more about it. I have been told that this lawyer is not to be trusted."

"O dear, yes! It is all right. He says sister is sure to get the money. Besides, he is *Sir* George Sleigh."

This she seemed to think was a conclusive argument, and that I must be convinced that "sister's" claims could not be disputed, and that a lawyer with a title was beyond distrust.

I next took some pains to convince them that even if Sir George's letters were all right, and their being the next of kin to the Carsten Harris proved, still he was not the man; that the date of his birth did not agree with that required, by many years; that we had traced the whole family of *our* man, and that his probable date of birth quite agreed with the date given. I rang for Davis, thinking they might perhaps believe *him*. He however, did not seem inclined to have much to say to them; a French dressmaker was out of his line altogether, and he speedily retired. It was all no use. They thanked me, and asked me to let them know if I found out anything more, which I promised to do. They then departed, with their ideas evidently quite unshaken; indeed I am not sure they did not think I was deceiving them from interested motives.

It was now a year and a half since we first commenced this hunt for a fortune. We had often anticipated the pleasure we should have in getting even a small part of this fabulous sum for old Davis and settling him in some neat little cottle cottage with a garden, where instead of his daily hard work, he might enjoy his favourite occupation of growing cabbages, &c. Alas for our anticipations! One morning a letter arrived with the Australian post-marks and in my cousin's writing. I was all eagerness to open it, thinking I should get some decisive information at last. I did so. A peal of laughter was the result, which brought the others to inquire the news. I read them the following: "I wrote to a friend of mine, a banker in the neighbourhood you named, to make inquiries respecting the Harris affair. I think you will consider his reply decisive at least, though perhaps not satisfactory." Here was a quotation from the banker's letter: "With regard to old Harris, he is alive and kicking; I saw him the other day. He is not like dying, as far as I see. When he does, there is no chance of his leaving a hundred thousand pounds, though he is a very well-to-do man. Besides, he has a family of his own, who would of course inherit whatever he may leave. Sleigh is a sly rogue; he has been trying the same game here with old Harris, telling him that a relation of his in England has left him a property there."

"Alive and kicking!" more decisive than elegant certainly.

So this was the end of all our hopes and all our trouble. There was nothing to be done now but to tell poor Davis, which accordingly I did as sympathetically as possible. He took it very quietly, saying he never did believe in it! The old grandfather was sorely disappointed, but very grateful that we had found out the truth, and so saved him from thinking any more about it.

My cousin's letter was shortly followed by one from Mr. Brown, corroborating the facts, and returning the money which had been sent to his lawyer, minus a trifling sum which had been expended before the facts were ascertained. Besides all this, Mr. Brown had actually met old Harris at an elegant wedding-breakfast in the house of one of the leading men in the colony, the bride being a relation of his. Of course in such circumstances Mr. Brown did not think it expedient to inform him of the anxiety of his relations concerning him.

We had at all events found the right man; but after this denouement we thought it only kind to let the Harrises in Everston, &c., know the facts of the case. To our amazement, we were utterly discredited both by them and the French dressmaker; and we are told that they are actually still sending out money to "Sir George," who obligingly informs them that his investigations are progressing favourably, and that he hopes soon to establish their claim to the Hundred Thousand Pounds!

[The foregoing tale, which we are assured is perfectly true, shows how cautiously we should receive statements of windfalls, from unknown sources. We are told that there are certain would-be lawyers in the colonies whose nefarious business it is to obtain sums of money from those to whom they transmit the intelligence of friends deceased, and money going begging! Their *modus operandi* is to write for money to assist them in negotiating with the colonial government for the realization of the deceased's capital, and its transmission to the lucky (!) heir in Great Britain. Sum after sum is thus written for, and probably sent, by the unsuspecting victim; and so it goes on till the bubble bursts and the fraud is discovered.—ED.]

An Old Lady's Advice.

An "old mother" writes to *The Hartford Times* about married life thus: "Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state, and your hearts. Let no third person come in between you two. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once, never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun find you at variance. Review and renew your vows; it will do you good, and thereby your soul's will grow together, and you will become as one."

A Permanent Place in Literature.

When we are asked to assign to a book "a permanent place in literature," we are reminded of a young gentleman who had once been a clerk in a Government office, and had afterward taken to a literary life as a reporter of cricket matches for some sporting paper. He one day visited his old office, and addressing his former comrades said: "What an easy life you have here, you who write mere minutes that live but for a day, compared with the anxieties of a man like myself, who in his work feels that he is writing for all the time.

THE heliograph was used for the first time in war by the British troops which operated against the Afridis on the Peshawur frontier, India. This instrument consists of a circular mirror, moving upon a universal joint and supported on a tripod. Wishing to send messages, the operator, by a quick elevation or depression of the glass, so as to catch the full glare of the sun, is able to throw flashes a distance of twenty-five miles. The length of the flashes corresponds with that of the dashes in the Morse alphabet, by which the messages are translated. This method of field telegraphy does away entirely with the dangers of wire tapping and cutting by the enemy, and, after a thorough test, has just been adopted by the Spanish military authorities.

Swearing on Bracelet, Sword, and Cross.

Several oaths of the Middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as idols upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands; by taking hold of the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets, and others. Concerning the bracelet oath, Sir Henry Ellis has observed that Aragin Jonas, in his work on Iceland, describes a bracelet of twenty ounces weight, which was kept upon the altar, and, being sprinkled with the blood of victims, was touched by those who took any solemn oaths. He says it was either of silver, or of silver and brass mixed. He adds, in another page, that for this purpose it was worn on the Judge's arm during trial. Sir Henry Ellis was reminded by this "of a very remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicles, made under the year 876, where, when the Danes made peace with the English Alfred, at Wareham, in Wessex, they gave him the noblest among them as hostages, and swore an oath to him on the holy bracelet." Of swearing on the sword, we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540, he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary; whereupon the King drew his sword, and extended it before him, saying: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish Empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice, as a testimony from us and our heirs, to you and all our subjects, faithfully to guide, guard, and rule you, and for confirmation, stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity, that to us and our heirs you have freely offered." Hearing this, the States approached—senators, nobles, citizens, peasants, all laid their hands on the royal sword, and each took the oath of allegiance and fidelity. Swearing on the cross was practised by the Russians from early times; thus, in 1557, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Sweden, Ivan ratified it by kissing the cross before the eyes of the Ambassadors, a ceremony that was repeated by his representative at Stockholm, in the presence of the Swedish monarch. In the reform of the statutes of the Order of the Garter by Henry VIII., the knights were enjoined to make a general oath upon the Holy Gospels to obey the statutes "without fraud or delusion," touching the book and kissing the cross. Selden mentions an oath taken by the Spaniards, which is very curious: "If I first designedly fail on this oath, on that day, ye Powers above, torment me my body in this life, and my soul in the next, with horrid tortures. Make my strength and my words fail. In battle, let my horse and arms and spurs and subjects fail me, when my need is sorest." This oath was confirmed by the parties sharing between them the consecrated wafer. The "oath by the bosom," formerly observed in Germany, had a curious and interesting origin. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from the neck, a small copy of the Gospel; so the hand, when laid upon the breast, was in reality laid upon the Gospel. Chrysostom mentions a similar custom as prevailing in his time.

Marriages in France.

The civil ceremony is the only one recognized as valid by French law, and must be performed at the Mairie of the district in which one or other of the parties contracting marriage resides. Six months of residence are necessary to constitute the legal domicile, and even in this case it is necessary to make a publication of the intended marriage at the Mairie of the previous domicile. Two publications must be drawn up and placed before the door of the Mairie of the present domicile on the two Sundays preceding the marriage. These publications declare the names, ages, professions, and residences of the parties, as well as those of their parents or nearest relations. On the third day after the second publication, the marriage may be celebrated, provided no opposition has been made in any quarter.

The Maire is the officer appointed by the law to perform the civil ceremony, and the French code expressly forbids the celebration of a marriage by any minister of any religion until after the performance of the civil ceremony. Registrars are kept at the Catholic churches, and certificates given; but they are invalid in the eye of the law.

The original contract of marriage is kept at the Mairie where the ceremony takes place, and a duplicate of the contract is deposited with the Clerk of the Tribunals of the arrondissement. A copy of the contract of marriage is given to the married pair, should they express a desire to possess such a document; and should this copy be lost, another can always be obtained by application at the Mairie.

The law of France with regard to marriages has not been changed during the last quarter of a century. It may be well to mention that French law requires the consent of the parents of the persons to be married (or in default of parents, of the next relations), until the age of twenty-five years for a man, and twenty-one years for a woman. Before these ages, no marriage can take place without such consent. After these ages, it is necessary, in case the parents refuse their consent, to make what is called an "*acte respectueux*," asking in formal terms for the said consent. Should this be withheld, the marriage cannot legally take place till the "*acte respectueux*" has been twice renewed, unless, indeed, the parties should be over thirty years of age, in which case one "*acte respectueux*" is sufficient. A Frenchman who may contract marriage in a foreign country is equally obliged to obtain the consent of his parents.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, holding the screaming baby—"Dear little darlin'! How it looks like papa now!" (Papa wonders why it is that his wife's mother always compares the baby to him when it is crying, and not at other times.)

A CURIOUS transaction, which occurred at the Detroit Opera House a month ago, A young lady who is blessed with a fine head of hair, and generally wears it braided at full length, one night attended the opera, and on returning home discovered, to her amazement, during the performance some bold depredator had nicely clipped a full half of the appendage without her knowledge. Patient and quiet investigation has so far failed to discover the thief.

JUDGE WENDELL went fishing near Truckee, Cal. The stream was almost dry, and he could walk over its rocky bed between the pools. He sat down on a boulder and dropped his line into a pool. Suddenly he heard a tremendous roar. Looking up stream, he saw a vast body of water, eight feet high, rushing down upon him. A dam had broken away. He ran as fast as he could, yet not very swiftly, being fat and short-legged. The water quickly overtook him and carried him nearly a quarter of a mile, finally throwing him on the bank so nearly drowned that he was thought to be dead.

The Contented Man.

Among the inhabitants of one of the houses near the river is a man who for the last seven or eight years has been in the habit of walking regularly every afternoon on the the quay, from 1 o'clock until 6, in all weathers, and without ever having missed a day. Some one informed M. Herault, now Lieutenant of Police, of this singularity, whereupon he sent for the individual in question, saying that he wished to speak with him; to which the man replied that the begged to be excused, having notging whatever to do with the police. M. Herault, determined to penetrate the mystery, went to the house described to him, and found the object of his search in a room on the fourth floor, surrounded by his books and engaged in reading. On being asked why he had not complied with the summons, he answered that he had neither the honour of being known to the lieutenants nor, heaven be thanked, committed any crime. "My motive in coming," said M. Herault, "was not to accuse you of ill-doing, but to know why you walk on the quay every day at the same hour?" "Because my health requires it," replied the other. "You will understand me better, Monsieur," he added, when I tell you that I am of gentle birth, and formerly enjoyed an annual income of 25,000; circumstances have reduced this sum to 500 livres, and I am obliged to live according to my means. My books afford me an agreeable occupation; the neighbourhood of the river suits me, and on that account I have hired this room. I rise early, pass my mornings in reading, and dine at 12 on *beuf a la mode*, which is excellent in this part of the town; I then take my exercise on the quay, converse with two or three friends I am accustomed to meet there, and am perfectly contented with my lot." M. Herault, admiring the good sense of this discourse, related what he had heard to the Cardinal, (Fleury,) who was equally impressed by it. "But," said the latter, "if this man were to fall ill, his income would not be sufficient for his wants; tell him from me that he may count in the future on a pension of 300 livres from the King." The Lieutenant, enchanted at being the bearer of such a message, at once communicated the offer to the impoverished gentleman, but could no induce him to accept it. Five hundred livres, he maintained, were all he needed; and having them already, he wished for nothing more."

Rules for Polite Behaviour, 1766.

Do not nudge your neighbours with your elbow; do not scratch yourself; do not betray by any gesture that you are hungry, and do not look eagerly at the food as though you could devour the whole of it. Whoever it be distributing the cut viands, do not hastily present your plate to be served first.

* * * Do not crunch the bones nor break the stones of fruit with your teeth. Do not suck the bones to get out the marrow. It is very indecent to touch anything fat, either sauce or syrup, with the fingers, seeing that you are thereby compelled to practise two or other other indecencies, to wipe your hands frequently on your dinner-napkin, and so dirty it like a kitchen-clout—to wipe them on your bread, which is even more uncleanly, or to lick your fingers, which is the very height of impropriety. Be careful not to dip your portion in the dish, or what you are eating in the salt-cellar; do not offer to others what you have already tasted; and take it for a general rule that what has once been on your plate must never be put back in the dish. There is nothing so abominable as to clean and wipe a dish or plate with one's hands; during the dinner do not critioize the meats and sauces or ask to drink first, for it is a great incivility. Carefully avoid talking with the mouth full. It is uncivil to pick one's teeth during the repast either with a knife or a fork.

* * * In placing yourself at table have the head uncovered. Always wipe your spoon when, after having already used it, you wish to take something from another plate, as there are some people so delicate that they would not partake even of soup, where you had dipped your spoon, having previously carried it to your mouth. Join the lips in eating, so as not to make a lapping noise like animals. If, unfortunately, you burn yourself, bear it patiently if you can, but if you cannot, take your plate delicately in one hand, and, lifting it up, cover your mouth with the other hand, putting back upon it what burned you, and then you will pass your plate behind you to a lackey.

* * * Do not drink your wine as though you were tasting it, and do not make two or three draughts of your glass, for that is too familiar, but drink it down at once and resolutely, looking into it as you do so.

* * * One must also take care in drinking not to make any noise in the throat marking the number of times one swallows, in such a way that the company can count them.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

JAPAN is to be a great wheat producer

How to rear a mule—Tickle his hind legs.

THE letter D is truly an old salt—been following the C for years.

THE English duty on tobacco amounts to some $45,000,000 a year.

THE man whose offence was rank was probably guillotined during the reign of terror.

"PRINCE Bismarck's so-called fellow creatures" is the happy term invented by Count von Arnim.

POLICE Court Justice—"Well, had you no savings?" "Yes, sir; about seventy-five cents. "Ah! yes, I see; and you've gone and spent it all in hideous orgies. Six months!"

A COURTLY negro recently sent a reply to an invitation "in which he regretted that circumstances repugnant to the requiescence would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

A SYBERITE is already ecstatic at Professor Edison's electric-divisibility discovery. He thinks cigars will be made with the spark in them. When you nip the point off they will light.

THE Egyptian Minister of Public Instruction is an able Swiss known as Dor Bey, but the miserable sum of $118,500 is all that the current budget allows him to educate young Egypt on.

AN inventor is getting up a new patent for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs a tack up through the seat, and while the patient is howling, and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.

JAPAN is pushing ahead quietly but steadily with her industries, and much faster than some people will like. The large cotton mills and spinning factory erected at Sakai several years ago are in successful operation. A visitor to these establishments reports that the buildings are very substantial, and that they are provided with good machinery. In the factory there were employed about 150 hands. In considering the conditions of successful foreign trade, it will not do much longer for Western nations to overlook what the people of the East are doing for thomselves, not only in Japan, but in China and India.

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT. January 3rd, 1879.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Last week we notified our readers that this society was shortly to be established in the Diocese of Huron, the Bishop having for some months past felt the importance of taking this step.

What is the work of this Society, and what are its objects? is often asked: we purpose very briefly to answer these questions.

Who that knows old London, can doubt that the besetting sin of that mighty city—the city of great wealth, of terrible poverty, the city of some of the most noble men and women of the earth, and yet the city where the most depraved of mankind may be found—is drunkenness. Magistrates, lawyers, legislators, judges, ministers, have all raised the same cry—"drunkenness is England's besetting sin."

Various methods were tried to stem the tide, with varying success. In 1862, the Church of England began to realize the awful effects produced by excessive drinking, and a society was set on foot having for its object the recovery of the intemperate through the agency of Parochial Total Abstinence Societies. It was not until the year 1873, however, that the seal, as it were, of the Church, was fully set to the work and the magnitude of the gigantic evil fully realized. Then the Society on its present basis was launched on its career, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen being its Patron, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Presidents, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the Lord Bishop of London and twenty six other Home Bishops, besides six Colonial Bishops and many of England's most prominent clergy and laity, being Vice Presidents. The basis of the society is UNION and CO-OPERATION, on perfectly equal terms, between those who use and those who abstain from intoxicating drinks, in endeavoring to promote its objects. Those objects are:—I. The promotion of temperance. II. The reformation of the intemperate. III. The removal of the causes which lead to intemperance. In the limited space at our disposal, it is utterly impossible to give our readers anything like a succint account of the means used. Briefly, they consist of Systematic Teaching on the subject of Intemperance: the deadly nature of the sin, and the countless evils which flow from it. This is done by Sermons, lectures, tracts and leaflets, temperance reading books for schools, &c. By Association of all who are desirous of working in the cause, and who feel that either in person or by pecuniary help, by persuasion or by example, they can do something to arrest the progress of this sin. By Legislation, in endeavouring to secure a large diminution of the number of drinking houses and licenses of all descriptions: by memorials: by counter attractions: by endeavoring to correct the drinking customs which so largely prevail at christenings, marriages, burials, public meetings, dinners etc., and by discouraging the practice of treating to drinks in every shape and form. Finally, total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

This must be enjoined on the intemperate; 1st, as a measure of physical necessity; all experience has shown that the drink craving will be kept alive by any indulgence, however small. 2nd, it is the "cutting off of the right hand" which has been the stone of stumbling.

3rd, as the basis of association with others who have the same battle to fight. 4th, but only instrumentally: the true hope of reformation lies in that strength of which St Paul speaks, when he says, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

It is recommended to others, (1) as a measure of self-preservation amidst the many temptations of the day; or (2) in the full exercise of christian liberty, as a measure of self-denying love.

In the case of the young, who have not yet acquired a taste for intoxicants, as prevention is better than cure, it is most strongly felt by the Society that they should be trained as total abstainers to take their part from the beginning in the work of a temperance reformation.

Our object now, has been to place before our readers the main principles of this Society, which will be soon planted in our midst. Our article has necessarily been "matter of fact."

At an early day we hope to give some interesting accounts of utterances by some of its most distinguished supporters and briefly refer to the reasons for its introduction in this part of our broad Dominion.

Subscribe for the Guide

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

The year eighteen hundred and seventy eight of the Christian Era is now numbered with the past. It has been in many respects a very notable year throughout the world, not by reason alone of events transpired, but because they are the precursors of others yet to come, whose result no man can truly foretell. The attempt made by Russia to abrogate the conditions of the peace conference concerning her inroads into Turkey, and the final victory through the splendid statesmanship of those kings of statesmen, Earl Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, over the grasping selfishness of the Czar of all the Russias, foreshadows the near approach of the day when there shall be universal peace throughout all the world. The opening of the campaign against the Afghans by British troops, the watchful eye kept upon England's movements by Russia, her quondam friend but now dangerous rival, indicates that ere the days of peace shall come there will be a terrible struggle for the possession of the Indian Empire by these, the two most powerful nations of the world. The revealment, now undoubted, of the resources of the vast continent of Africa and the almost certainty that before another decade of years has past, civilization may have penetrated the darkest parts of this vast territory, opening up to the mercantile nations an unexpected market for their productions. The successful World's Fair in Paris, where exhibitors from our own glorious Dominion carried off unlooked for honors, raising fair Canada to a higher place among the nations. The awful pestilence raging through the Sunny South—the scourge of yellow fever—destroying its thousands and leaving thousands destitute of the necessities of life, called forth noble sacrifices for the love of humanity by brave men and women, who leaving their comfortabl homes entered the infected districts with the fearlessness of martyrs, labioing unwearily for the relief of the sick, bestowing their angelic ministrations on the dying, and working as only those can whose mission overcomes all thoughts of self.

The devotion of the "Howards" to their fellow creatures during this trying time, forms a brilliant page not only in the history of the past year but of all mankind.

But not alone on such events as the above does the departed year rely for notoriety. The wonderful inventions of that more than peer of all other inventors, Edison, have already received the commendation of all, and their practical application fully demonstrated.

The telephone, the phonograph, the aerophone, the electric light and many other inventions of his restless brain, have been perfected during the past year. That mankind is upon the verge of having revealed to them unexpected possibilities in the range of mind and matter, and which will be greatly aided by the researches of this inventive genius, is an undoubted fact to our mind.

It was not to note general events and happenings that this article was written—the information at hand is too limited, the space a correct summary would occupy, not at our command—but to say a few words to our readers concerning the part they have taken in the year, now past.

Looking back to the first day of last year, New Years day eighteen hundred and seventy eight, do you not remember some resolution formed, some pledge made, some new step in moral progress determined upon by you? How did the last week of that year find you? Did it find you had truly and honest'y carried out your intentions; did it find you a better man, a better woman, than when at the stroke of twelve, you welcomed the entrance of that New Year? If it did dear friend, give thanks to Him, who by His upholding power has enabled you to fight against temptation and evil desires, and in this year upon which we have just entered, do not relax one iota of your watchfulness over self, nor in your reliance on God's assisting care.

But alas! How very few there are who can say as much. By far the larger number of our readers must needs bow the head in mortification, as they remember the utter failure on their part to execute these purposes, to carry out the needed reforms in their own personalities; and perhaps they say this week, "I shall not make the attempt again, there is no use my trying." To such we say, there is.

Remember the old adage: if at first you don't succeed, try, try again; and bear in mind that "some falls are the means the happier to rise". Then, ere this New Years week has come to a close, once more resolve to conquer this habit, overcome that fault, that failing whatever it may be, and having made this resolve, remember that no one can conquer temptation unaided by a better, higher power than himself, and, asking from on high, throwing all your force of will into the conflict, you will find you can achieve a victory over the most confirmed evil habit; and the close of this year will find you a better man, or woman than you ever looked forward to become.

That this year may prove a Happy New Year to our many readers, is the best wish we can make for them all.

ADULTERATION.

There is scarcely an article of food either solid or fluid, prepared or handled by man, but can be adulterated and the crime not be discovered unless a chemical analysis is made. This fact leads manufacturers to defraud consumers, often to the injury of the latters' healths, but to their own pecuniary advantage. Custom almost seems to sanction this imposition, but it is no less a wrong on that account. It does seem sometimes, as though an honest man must act a knave's part if he would hold his own against competition.

Here is an example. A, is a very straightforward, upright business man, a prominent member of some prominent church perhaps; he is owner of a large spice mill and takes pride in the fact that every article from his establishment is pure and free from adulteration.

He makes a fair profit on his goods and is satisfied. After a time, B, opens an opposition mill, sells at lower prices and does a larger business than the old house. A, ponders over it, figures up cost and finds lower prices, are for him financial ruin. After a time B's foreman leaves him and calls on A. Then the secret is revealed. It is—sand!

Not exactly sand, but some foreign substance which bears the same intrinsic value to pure spices, thus greatly reducing cost and enabling him to sell below competition.

What is A to do? What would you do? We all know what he ought to do, but this is what he does do. He employs B's foreman, buys him the material to adulterate with, and with the old label, warranted pure, still on the packages, sells at such low rates B finds his business, nowhere.

Now which is the worser man of the two; or is there any difference between them?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH the mercury four degrees below zero as far south as St Louis, Mo., who can say that this is not an old-fashioned winter?

SNOW covered the entire country to the depth of several inches on Wednesday last, and the old saying, "a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard" cannot be quoted with any effect this year.

If you cannot pop the question when taking a sleigh ride with her, give up all hope of ever having courage enough to do so, and resign in favor of some braver man.

THE business of the country generally, has been somewhat disarranged by the holiday week, but the extra amount of sales made during the preceding week has more than made up for the deficiency.

NINE murders committed in three years by one man! What a fearful record! Stephen B. Richards is the name of the brute. The murders were committed in Nebraska. Fortunately he will receive the full benefit of the law.

OBSERVE the Lorne cap; it is all the rage among Canadian "swells". It gives the stumpiest nose the appearance of having had an inch or so added to its length, and is especially adapted to pug-nosed individuals, but should be shunned by all others.

SPEAKING from experience the writer can truthfully say that Christmas is observed with more zest in the States than in Canada. Why this is so, is a question we cannot decide. Perhaps, it is because of the large German element there. This holiday being really made more of by the Germans than any other nation; and customs over the line are more than half germanized by their influence.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?

SEE THE LIST OF Farms for Sale IN THE Weekly Mail.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise There

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read There.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *WEEKLY MAIL*, 20 words for 50c. each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *DAILY MAIL*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½ cts.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock Implements, etc. Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at the same rates. Address MAIL, Toronto.

Strayed Steer.

Strayed into the enclosure of the undersigned, lot 15, 2nd con. Warwick, about 1st of November, a red and white steer, 1 year old. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take it away immediately.

JOSEPH HUME.
Dec. 20, 1878. *4in. Watford.

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience. I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres, Bronze Green Cashmeres, Navy Blue Cashmeres, Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres, Colored Lustres, all Shades, Persian Cards, and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best. A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878. Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD.
Watford. March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. fy

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. Night bell at the hall door.
Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876. 1y

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. HOWDEN.
Watford. March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.

Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.
JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE!

AND THAT IS THAT

JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

and uses the best material.

A large stock of

Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,

always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED.

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.
LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY
IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.
Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.
Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.
Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.
Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton Ont.
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Strayed Cattle.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, lot 30, con. 4. Township of Plympton, about the middle of May last three yearlings, 2 heifers, one all red, the other light red and with white spots, 1 steer all red with white spot on forehead. Marked with a piece off right ear, and notch upper side of left ear. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

ARTHUR MINIELLY,
Watford Nov. 29.—4in Kerteh.

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the invaluable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that spring therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF**

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good

Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.

Also a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.

DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice.
November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years, and soliciting a continuance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wenzer Sewing Machine.

All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.
Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H. I. M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs. Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S
CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c.
ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S
GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.
BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET
Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price.	75c.	for	50c.
do	50c.	"	40c.
do	40c.	"	33c.
do	30c	"	23c.
do	25c.	"	19c.
do	20c.	"	15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price,	$1 50,	Reduced to	$1 20.
do	1 25,	do	1 00.
do	1 00,	do	80.
do	75,	do	60.
do	65,	do	50.

Men's Felt Hats	75c.	for	60c.
do	$1 00	"	75c.
do	1 25	"	$1 00
do	1 50	"	1 20

Best Factory Flannel,	40c.	for	30c.
Best Grey do	40c.	"	30c.
Scarlet do	25c.	"	18c.
Best Scarlet do	50c.	"	40c.
	40c.	"	30c.
Canton Flannel	12½c	"	9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. We ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD
Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

The Checkered Stores.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfa tion Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S.

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Cariugs, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots	at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 6th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, GARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done, Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Mott frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOODY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, }
WILLIAM COLE, } Directors.
R. F. MARSHALL, }
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned Warwick Village, about the middle of November last, 1 cow, 7 or 8 years old, with red and white spots and a split in the left ear; also 5 spring calves, 2 red heifer calves with white spots, and 1 red and white steer calf. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take them away immediately,

WILLIAM HAWN,
Dec. 13, 1878.—4in. Warwick, P.O,

Don't forget to stop and look at

MRS. HAWKENS'

window and see the mammoth display of

Dolls, Toys & Fancy Goods,

Suitable for

Christmas Presents!

MAIN STREET, WATFORD.

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—6in.

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., January 3rd, 1879.

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE" ONLY $1 from now to

DECEMBER 31, 1879

FARMERS and others who detain stray cattle ten days without advertising make themselves criminally liable.

THE Watford Brass Band made it quite pleasant in the Village by playing some of their choicest marches and selections, on our leading streets, on New year's day.

OUR Carrier boy wishes to return his sincere thanks to the subscribers of the GUIDE for their liberality, when presenting his New Year's address.

SKATING.—The skating rink was well patronized on New Year's day, by the young folks of the Village, both in the afternoon and evening. Mr. Reid, the obliging proprietor, keeps the rink and everything about it in first-class order, and we doubt if there is another man in Watford who would tend to it as well.

THE annual meeting of the Ratepayers of School Section No. 6, will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday the 8th inst., at the hour of 10 o'clock a m for the purpose of electing the school trustees. All parties interested in school matters should attend this meeting.

WARWICK NOMINATION.—The contest for Reeveship in Warwick will be between Messrs E McGillicuddy, and D Graham; for Councillors, Ward No 1, John Craig, and Thomas Kadey; Ward No. 2, Thos B Heley and James Williamson; Ward No. 3, Richard Karr, Robert Auld and James Campbell; Ward No. 4, Joseph Hall and John McIlmurray.

MR. W. H. Ewer, proprietor of Ewer's Book Store, desires to extend to the citizens of Watford, and residents of the surrounding Townships, his sincere thanks for their kind patronage and support during the past year, and promises, for the future, by fair dealing and low prices, to make his buisness a *source of economy*, and therefore a *necessity* to the Public.

BOLE, STICKLE & Co are making a large number of Gang and long ploughs, Hay rakes Road scrapers, Land rollers &c., for the spring trade, and as they guarantee all work turned out of their establishment to give entire satisfaction, we advise all our farmer friends who require anything in the above line to call at the Globe Foundry, Front St.

NOTICE.—We would kindly urge those of our subscribers, who are in arrears, to call and settle at once. The amount (one dollar) is small, and does not pay to have to send the accounts through the Post office. We also request those who agreed to pay their subscription with wood to do so immediately and not put it off till the sleighing is gone.

HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.—At the recent examination held in Strathroy five of the pupils from Watford School passed very creditably. The following is the list in order of merit:—Annie Hastings, 403; Franklin McLeay, 394; Jennie Cowan, 377; Augustus Brown, 370; George Keifer, 312. Number examined 72, of which 41 passed. Annie Hastings, from our school, headed the entire list, obtaining, as already noticed, 403 marks out of a possible 560. The Watford pupils had plenty of marks to spare, as the minimum for passing is 280 marks.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—The anniversary services of the Methodist Church of Watford were held last Sabbath. The pulpit was occupied in the morning by the Rev. A. G. Harris, of Forest, who likewise addressed the young men in the evening; while in the afternoon, a large congregation greeted their former pastor, the Rev. Wm. Chapman, of London. On Monday evening the tea-meeting came off, according to announcement. The supper was first partaken of, then Thos Kerfoot, Esq., was called to the chair, after which the speakers of the evening: Revs. Smylie, of Kerwood, Abraham, of Watford, Wood, of Alvinston and Chapman, of London, were introduced, amused and interested the audience for the remainder of the evening, this, interspersed with choice music, caused the evening to pass very pleasantly. After the usual votes of thanks, Mr. Kerfoot in behalf of the young ladies' of the congregation, presented the pastor, Rev. W. Ames, with a beautiful three-story cake. The net receipts of the evening were something like $43.00.

WANTED—500 new subscribers, to whom we offer the best local paper in Lambton.

☞ FOR Albums, Picture Frames, Violins, Sleighs, Fancy Goods, and a large assortment of Sheet Music, go to **Charley Rothwell's** Book Score.

POPULAR OPINION.

They've saved mony a maun "an aither twa"
So heasy to 'old, so heasy to draw,
Bedad they're the Bisht that iver you saw.
Doherty's plows.

RE-OPENING OF SCHOOL.—It has been decided not to re-open Watford School until Monday, 6th inst. We hope all the pupils will hereby take notice as we wish to have all the pupils present on the first day of school, for transfer examination. It will be absolutely necessary for those in the principals department to be present if they have any desire to be promoted to the senior division.—T. WHITE, Principal

BALL AND SUPPER.—The ball and supper at the Western Hotel, on New Year's Eve under the management of the proprietor, Mr Hugh McKinnon, was a decided success. There were 35 couple present, and all enjoyed themselves in a manner that was pleasing to witness, The supper was all that could be desired and we think that we will be bore out in our remarks when we say it was the finest of the season.

AUCTION SALE.—Over $3,500 worth of Bankrupt Stock to be cleared out by public auction, at Hungerford's old stand, corner of Main and Front streets, and composed of Tweeds, Broadcloths, Silks, Lustres, Flannels, Millinery, and small wares to numerous to mention. Sale each day from 10 to 12, 1 to 5, and from 7 to 10. Commence to-day, (Friday). Come one and all and secure bargains. J. Shillington, Auctioneer.

SCHOOL BOARD.

Watford, Dec. 30th. 1879

A special meeting was held by the Board of School Trustees, all the members present. The minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The Finance committee reported and recommended payment of the following accounts P. Dodds, $5.84; R. Dixie, $1.00; W.P. McLaren, $4.85; Mrs Gearns, $25.00; J. Reid $17.00.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr McWaters, that Mr. Reid's census of School Corporation for 1878 be accepted and passed and placed in the hands of the principal, and an order granted on the Treasurer for the expense of the same as per previous resolution. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McWaters, seconded by Mr Howden that we instruct our Secretary to put up notices of the annual School meeting. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Howden, that the Finance committee get printed 150 copies of the Financial buisness of this School for 1878, ready for annual meeting. Carried.

THE NOMINATIONS.

Col. Campbell Re-elected Reeve by Acclamation.

A CONTEST FOR THE COUNCILLORSHIP.

The nominations which took place on Monday last were not so largely attended by the ratepayers as we would like to have seen, considering the economical manner in which the old Council have managed the affairs of the corporation. There is no doubt that had Mr. R. McLeay consented to accept nomination, the old Council would have been re-elected by acclamation. At 12 o'clock, the Clerk, Mr. S. Howden, Sr., said he was ready to receive nominations to fill the offices of Reeve and four Councillors for the year 1979.

Mr. Col. Campbell was then nominated as a candidate for the Reeveship. As there were no other nominations for this office, the Returning Officer declared him re-elected by acclamation, which was received with applause.

The following gentlemen were nominated as candidates to fill the office of Councillors: Messrs. J. Bole, R. Dixie, R. McLeay, J. Pattenden, H. Cook, W. P. McLaren, M D. O'Brien, J. Lawrence, S. Howden, jr. J. D. O'Neil, J. McWaters, T. Woods, M. S. Campbell and J. McLean.

On motion Mr. S. Howden, sr., was called to chair. He said he would not take up their time by making any unnecessary remarks, but would simply call on the candidates in the order they were nominated

Col. Campbell then came forward and said Mr. chairman and gentlemen, this is the third time that you have elected me by acclamation to fill the office of Reeve. I heartily thank you for the honor you have again conferred on me, for I consider it an honor. He then proceeded to give an account of how the money apportioned to him was expended, and said as he had tried to do in the past, so he would in the future work for the interest of the corporation.

Mr. J. Bole said that when the late Council were elected two years ago, their platform was to get the village out of debt. He was proud to be able to say to-day that such was the case. He did not know of another town or village in this part of Ontario that was out of debt, but there were lots of them burdened with debentures, which made taxes a great deal higher. He was also glad to see the sectional feeling which had been prevalent in the village being done away with, as it did not tend to advance its growth and prosperity. In giving a statement of the money expended in his division, he said that something ought to be done to Main street, for it was swallowing up money very fast. He did not wish to put a heavy tax on the ratepayers, but he thought the only substantial way would be to brick, stone or pave it, for that street ought to be kept in good order so that the farmers will come here and do their trading. Thanking them for the hearing accorded to him took his seat.

Mr. R. Dixie said he was willing to stand the contest, and if elected would do all in his power to promote the interests of the municipality.

Mr. R. McLeay said he had made up his mind some time ago that he would not accept nomination again for the office of Councillor, but thanked them for their confidence, and with the consent of his mover and seconder would decline.

Mr. W. P. McLaren, Chairman of the Finance Committee, then took the platform. He gave in detail a statement of all the money received and expended during the year, together with the money apportioned and expended in his division. He said that they had not made all the improvements they would like to have done, but in another year, being now out of debt, they would be in a far better position to make improvements, and those that did not get sidewalks last year, he had not the slightest doubt but that they would this year. Thankful for the good hearing he received, said he would leave the matter with them, and if they thought fit to return him, he would work for their interest.

Mr. J. Pattenden said he had expended all the money apportioned to him to the best of his ability. If re elected would do all he could to advance the prosperity of the village.

Mr. M. D. O'Brien said he had no intention of running for Councillor when he entered the hall, but as there were quite a number of aspirants for the office he thought he might as well be one of them. If elected he would try and be as economical as the old members had been, and hoped they would turn out and cast their votes for him on Monday next.

Speeches were also made by Messrs. J. D. O'Neil, J. McWaters, Thos. Woods, M. S. Campbell and J. McLean, but our space will not permit us to report further. The candidates from whom the ratepayers are to choose, are as follows: Messrs. J. Bole, W. P. McLaren, R. Dixie, J. Pattenden, M. D. O'Brien, J. D. O'Neil, J. McWaters and Henry Cook.

BROOKE TOWNSHIP NOMINATIONS.

A LARGE CONVENTION, SOME EXCITEMENT AND SHARP RAPS ALL AROUND.

A goodly number of the electors of Brooke met in the Town Hall Alvinston, Monday Dec. 30th, to nominate candidates for the Township Council. From 10 to 11 a. m., was the hour set apart for nominating candidates for Reeve; and from 12 to 1 p. m. the time for selecting candidates for the Council. The following is the list.

REEVE.—James Lovell; nominated by Jos. Weed, seconded by David Armstrong. Robert King—nom. by Robert Lucus. sec by Robert Styles. Geo. Shirley, nom. by John Correstine, sec. by Edward Bowlby. The latter was merely a formal nomination, made as a well deserved compliment to Mr. Shirley, the present Reeve.

FOR COUNCILLORS.

WARD No. 1.—David Armstrong, deputy returning officer. Candidate—Neil Patterson, elected by acclamation.

WARD 2.—W. G. Willoughby dep. returning officer. Candidates—Neil McLean and Peter McLean.

WARD 3,—John Shirley, dep. returning officer. Candidates—Wm. Ainsley and Francis Duffy.

WARD 4.—Joseph Campbell, dep. returning officer.—Candidates—John Stirtan and Wm. Kelly.

The nominations were conducted in a very quiet manner, and though all the old veterans in township politics were present, but little discussion or argument was indulged in. The nominations having been declared closed, W. G. Willoughby was appointed chairman who called on the several candidates to address the meeting.

The first speaker was the present Reeve, George Shirley. This gentleman having declined to run again this year, made a very interesting speech on his past official career. He was glad to meet so many friends on this occasion, brought together on account of the nominations. Returned thanks for the courtesy extended him in his official position during the past six years. Much material progress had been made in the condition of the township in that time. Liabilities had increased, but that was to be expected in a growing country. During the past six years, hoped he had maintained the good will of the people. Mr. Shirley then referred to his representation in the County Council, referred to the Old Canadian Company's land scheme and his success in getting the law exempting their property in Bosanquet from taxation, repealed. Among other matter referred to by Mr. Shirley, was the Drainage By Laws, the workings of which he explained at some length. At this stage of the meeting, it became manifest that this question of drainage was the one upon which the fortunes of the candidates hung, and with considerable tact the majority of following speakers took occasion to announce their opposition to the Government Drainage By-law. After somewhat lengthy, though very interesting remarks on the subject, and answering several questions, Mr Shirley took his seat.

James Lovell then took the stand. While not infallible or free from mistakes he had nothing to conceal during his public career as a councillor. He regretted Mr. Shirleys retirement, many complicated questions arise that require almost a lawyer to decide them right.

Speaking of township or government aid to new settlers, he said, he believed if any man was entitled to assistance, it was he who settled in the bush and labored to build up a home for his family. Roads should be opened drains made, with public funds, for such men if material progress was desired. Mr Lovell then referred to his opponent and hinted him somewhat severely. Robert King then addressed the meeting. He referred to Mr. Lovell's remarks and apparently resented them.

Prefered to say nothing against Mr Lovell, if not elected would retire perfectly satisfied.

Neil Patterson, ward 1, rose in his seat and thanked his constituents for the honor done him by their unanimous election.

Neil Mc Lean then came to the front, and made a brief speech in the course

Neil McLean then came to the front, and made a brief speech in the course of which he said it was about time the Council should be cautious in money matters, the township being already in debt nearly $38 000 for drainage etc. He had confidence in the electors and left the matter in their hand.

Peter McLean replied to his opponent, remarking that he should have raised the cry of economy when formerly in the Council. He asserted that if elected he would not build the bridge on 24 sideroad, notwithstanding reports to that effect. He believed the people of Alvinston had too much good sense to demand more than their rightful proportions of appropriations.

Wm. Ainsley, then gave an account of his stewardship; and rapped his opponent hard on the knuckles by saying he would gladly retire if there was another superior man to take the position, but doubte if he was that man. After referring to some influence working secretly against him, he took his seat saying, "elect me on my merits, or not at all."

Mr. Francis Duffy, his opponent, then made a short address. He inquired with some anxiety concerning the secret opposition working against Ainsley, and asked "What is it? Is it a mongrel, a kangaroo, or some other coo?"

John Stirtan, made a short speech, claiming that if he left the council, he did so clean handed.

Wm. Kelly, claimed that he lost his election last year, because he had not canvassed, but if he was defeated this time it would not be from that cause.

The convention adjourned soon after and Council then entered upon its final session for the year 1878.

WARWICK COUNCIL.

Dec. 30th 1878

Council met to-day at 4 o'clock p m pursuant to adjournment. Present, the Reeve, Councillors Auld, Spalding and Heley. Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted. On motion of Mr. Auld, seconded by Mr. Spalding, $1.50 per week was voted for the support of Wm. Whiteralt, an indigent, up to May 1st 1879. On motion of Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr Spalding, the Collectors time for returning the Roll was extended till Jan 20, 1879. On motion the Reeve was authorised to procure a pair of pants and 2 flannel shirts for E. Blake, an indigent person. On motion the following bills were passed and the Reeve authorised to grant orders on the Treasury for the same:

Joseph Harris, for 6 sheep damaged by dogs $10. Richard Moore, keeping Blake 18 weeks $27, Thos. Fortune, for Watford GUIDE account, $21.25, Henry Cook, coffin for D. Allen an indigent, $7, H Cook, for digging grave for D Allen, $1.50, J F Elliot, expenses burning Collectors receipts. $1.50, Hart & Rawlinson, for Municipal Manual. $1.50. The minutes as above were then read and adopted and council adjourned *sine die*.—W. H. STEWART, Clerk.

BORN.

JARRIOTT.—On the 21st ult, the wife of James Jarriott, 2nd line Warwick of a son.

CADWELL.—On the 23rd ult., the wife of Jas Cadwell, Brooke, of a son

FULLER.—On the 27th ult., the wife of Geo Fuller, 2nd line Warwick, of a son.

TAFFERT.—On the 30th ult, the wife of Robert Taffert, 2nd line Warwick of a son.

MARRIED.

CRANTON—MURDOCK.—At the residence of the bride's father, 12th line Brooke, on Christmas day, by Rev J. Wood, Mr. John W. Cranton, of London township, to Miss Maggie E. Murdock, second daughter of Henry Murdock Esq.

POWELL—ANDREWS.—At the residence of the bride's father, on New Year's Day, by the Rev. W. Ames, Mr. Francis Powell, to Mary, daughter of J. B. Andrews, of Main Road, Warwick.

ARMITAGE—BAKER.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Christina Street, Sarnia Ont., on Thursday January 2nd, by the Rev. J. S. Ederby, A. Armitage, Esq., Merchant of Seaforth Ont., to Miss Agnes M. Baker, only daughter of the late Mr. J. I. Baker, merchant Osnabruck Ont.

COATS—TEMPLE. At the residence of the bride's mother. 6th concession, Brooke, on Christmas evening, by Rev. J. Wood, Mr Preston Coats to Miss Mary E. Temple.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	0 82	@	0 85
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 80	@	0 83
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 23	@	0 23
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 50
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 25
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skin, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

WANTED.

A good servant girl. Apply to

MRS. J.C. TYE,
Watford.

January 3rd, 1879.—tf

Strayed Steer.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, East half Lot 28, 2nd con. south, Warwick, about the first of December, a red steer, two years old with gray hair on the head and white under the belly. The owner is requested to prove property and take the animals away.

JOHN RAYCRAFT
Watford P. O.

Watford, Jan. 3rd —4 in

STRAYED MARE.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 8, 4th line Warwick, about the first of December, a small pure black mare, about sixteen years old, with one crooked hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take her away immediately.

RICHARD COX.
Watford, P. O.

January 3rd, 1879.—4 in

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders to be received till 6th January, 1879, for building an M. E. Church, on corner of lot 24, N. E. R. Warwick. Plans and specifications to be seen at Joseph Hall's, lot 21, N. E. R. Warwick. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. The tenders to be addressed to JOSEPH HALL,

Dec. 13, 1878.—4t. Arkona, P.O.

Farm for Sale.

53 ACRES

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 14, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to

MRS M. COX.
Watford P. O.

Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

A.—What is the good and what is the bad?
Where is the perfectly true?
What is the end you live for, my lad?
And what, may I ask, are you?
Unproven, I fear, is your heaven above,
Life is but labour and sorrow;
Then why should we hope, and why should we love,
And why should we care for the morrow?

B.—There may be a fight worth fighting, my friend,
Though victory there be none;
And though no haven be ours at the end,
Still we may steer straight on.
And though nothing be good, and nothing be bad,
And nothing be true to the letter,
Yet a good many things are worse, my lad,
And one or two things are better.

FEMALE GHOULS.

Arrest of Body-Snatchers in Cincinnati—A Visit to Their Dens—Frightful Confession of a Female Stiff-Gatherer who Robbed Harrison's Grave.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial, Dec. 6.)

There was developed at the Third street station-house, yesterday, a remarkable feature of that horrible trade, the robbing of graves. The officers some time ago gained a clue which directed them to the headquarters of four or five professional body-snatchers, and since that time a close watch has been kept of the place, which resulted early yesterday morning in the apprehension of two men as they returned home with the slime of a corpse still upon them. This led to the searching of the place, and drawing from a woman of as strange a recital as was ever recorded.

The den is situated on Karl alley, which runs from Third to Fourth streets, about one hundred feet west of Mill street. People living near the place have told for some time of strange noises which they heard at night, and of frequently hearing a carriage hurriedly driven through the alley. Three or four week ago, Officer (now Sergeant) Quinn was given the clue which finally led to the strange developmentt of yesterday. Since that time Lieut. Glover and Brady have been keeping a close eye on the place, waiting for an opportunity to fall upon the men under circumstances that would lead to thier conviction as grave robbers.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning Sergt. Quinn noticed a barouche driving out of the Third street end of the alley, and halted it. The driver claimed that he was from the country, and explained the muddy appearance of his carriage by saying that he had been compelled to drive hurriedly through the dark to the city, all of which failed to wash with the officer, and the pretended countryman was placed under arrest and taken to the station house.

In the light of the room the real character and business of the man were at once apparent. One of his shoulders and his back were covered with slime from a corpse, and the cushions of the carriage were covered with it. Clay from the grave was also sticking to the man's boots and clothes. He gave the name of Rufus Hymes, but his right name is thought to be Hinman.

It is supposed that the men had been prevented from leaving their "stiff" at the medical college, and had accordingly driven down to their headquarters, and left it there, intending to take it to the college another night. Acting on this supposition, the officers visited and searched the place. They found there Henry Goddar, Mrs. Hymes, two small children, and "Ann Mary," widow of "Old Canny," the notorious body-snatcher. The officers were told by the women, with a chuckle, as soon as they entered, that they wouldn't find "it" there, and they didn't. They did find a resurrectionist's shovel, however, and the sack in which the "stiff" had been carried. Goddar, like his partner at the station-house, was covered with clay and slime, and he was taken to the station and locked up.

At this visit of the officers and a subsequent one made by Sergt. Quinn and a *Commercial* reporter, the woman, Mrs. Hynes, told something of her strange career of eleven years as a professional grave-robber. She and never told anything before, she said, but she was mad then, and didn't care what she told.

Her father was a southerner, she said, and had three big farms. This is probably true, but she is evidently tinged with African blood, and, it is more than likely, was the child of a slave mother. She has been three times married: first to a man whose name she did not give, then to Charley Keaton, whose body was willed to the Ohio Medical College and conveyed there for dissection immediately after his death last June, and finally, a few weeks ago, to Rufus Hymes, one of the men who were arrested yesterday morning.

She lived with Keaton for seven years, and it was during that period that a greater part of her work as a grave-robber was done. Keaton was a partner of old "Canny's." This woman, then Keaton's wife, was intrusted with the watching of burials at the various cemeteries and the marking of the graves of subjects that promised to be salable. Then she would go with "Canny" and Keaton by night, sometimes with Keaton alon, and help get the stiff and bring it to the city. They were often met by policemen, she says, and on several occasions their load was overhauled, when they would be allowed to go on again.

When working alone she and Keaton confined their operations principally to the infirmary burying-ground. There, she says, the bodies are buried about two feet below the surface, and they are easy to get at. The great difficulty was to know which grave to open, as none of them are marked, and it was easy to make a mistake and dig open the wrong one in the dark. She and Keaton (Charley, she calls him) generally made it a point to get two stiffs at a trip. They had a secluded place some distance from the burying-ground, where they always left their horse and buggy. She helped dig open the graves, but Charley did most of the digging, especially when they thought there was any reason for keeping a close look-out. When the grave had been opened they would drag the body out, and, taking hold of it, one at each end, would carry it to the buggy, and then go back and get another.

They only "worked" in the winter, she and Charley and the rest. In the summer the business doesn't pay, she says, and is too nasty. She would never let Charly "work" in the summer time. During the warm months he used to sell lightning rods for a Clevelond company. They lived for a long time on George street, near Baviniller, moving to Karl alley, into the house where Charley died, and she and "the rest" now live, only last winter.

"The rest," at present, are the two men Goddar and Hymes, who were yesterday sent to the workhouse, a negro who hasn't been caught, Aunt Mary, "Old Canny's" widow, and the woman who has been doing the talking. Ann Mary used to "work" with the rest, but she is too old now, and stays at home to mind the children. She still takes a lively interest in the work of the others, however, for it is her and their bread and butter. "It isn't any worse to go out and get stiffs," she says, "than to do anything else, for the doctors have to have them."

Goddar disappeared from the city about the time of the robbery of J. Scott Harrison's grave, and has kept dark ever since. It occurred to the officers yesterday that he might have been concerned in that affair, and Sergt. Quinn stated his suspicions in that regard to Mrs. Hymes.

"No," she said emphatically, "it wasn't Goddar at all. He wasn't in the city. It was another man, who worked with a nigger."

"What was his name?" asked the officer.

"I never knew," was the reply, "but I've seen him a hundred times. He lives down at Delhi. He has long, brown chin whiskers, and blue eyes, which are set back deep in his head. He is rather tall, and has a thin face. He used to want Charley to work with him, and came to our house every little while. He came one night about two weeks before they got John Harrison's stiff. I told him there was no use of talking, especially at that time of the year. We had never worked any in the summer time, and I wasn't going to let Charley work any then. The night they got Harrison's stiff he came again. Said he had done first rate, and showed us a hundred dollars he had just got. [Probably some of it from the sale of young Devin's body.—*Rep.*] He said he was going to do the best job of all that night, and Charley would be sorry if he didn't go along. I told him there was no use of talking, and he went off. He had just bought a lot of alcohol and carbolic acid to inject the stiffs with. The next night I heard about that Harrison business. I just knew in a minute who did it. It was that man who came here and the digger."

"Have you ever seen him since?"

"No, I've never seen or heard of him since that night. I reckon he knew better than to stay round here long after that."

"We, Charley and I," continued the woman, "never stole respectable folks. We always went to the infirmary burying ground or some such place. Maybe you don't believe it, but the coffins we dug up were always awful plain things. We never once got any silver off of them to amount to anything."

"How much did they pay you for the bodies?"

"Fifteen dollars, generally, apiece. That is for big stiffs; there is no use bringing in little stiffs; the doctors won't buy them; I expect you know why. The fibre is too small in 'kids' to work good. I wouldn't take children nohow; I believe in letting them be."

And here this woman, whose hands have been besmeared with the slime of a hundred decaying corpses, turned and looked through the dim light at two of her own children asleep in the bed near where she stood. It was a mother's look, and something of a morher's feeling had prompted the last remark. She has had five children, three of whom are not at home. The two that are very young, one of them being no more than 4 or 5 months old. Charley, she told our reporter, is up at the Ohio Medical college. He always said he didn't care what they did with him after he was dead. He had died of consumption.

Rather Hilly.

A Description of Simla, the Summer Capital of India.

(From the London Daily News.)

Simla is unique. You may raasack your experience in vain for any place wherewith to liken it. Suppose the Righi clothed with deodars, and the houses of Buyukdere and Prinkipo shaken out over it from a big pepper-caster—if you try to imagine this, and succeed reasonably, you have still but a faint conception of Simla, which consists of a number of detached bungalows, strewed over the face and upon the sharp ridge of a great concave precipice, looking down on a wooded abyss of dizzy profundity. I have seen no house, however small, built on a naturally level site. Most of the sites must have been won only by blasting into the face of the sheer rock. Lady Lytton's pony phaeton is the only wheeled vehicle in Simla; there is but one track along which she can drive it, and that had to be altered and widened before it was available. Into the face of the slopes and precipices are cut narrow, steep, zigzagging pathways, which form the means of communication between the residences. If you are one of the male sex, you get about Simla on a pony, and the Simla ponies, I have no doubt, could climb trees or go down chimney flues, if put to it. Many ladies ride also; but the usual means of conveyance for the softer sex is a sort of shallow litter called a *jampaun*, carried by four native bearers. People, according to sex, go out to dinner on pony-back or in the *jampaun*. Simla differs *toto cœlo* from Washington, but there is one point of resemblance—both are places of magnificent distances. From one end of Simla to the other, the distance cannot be under four miles. If you are very industrious, and do not listen to the voice of any charmer, you may make three morning calls in one day if none of the people you are visiting chance to be widely outlying. It is not alone that the distances are so great, but that the habitations are so difficult to find. One family lives up on a peak, in comparison with the track to which the maze at Hampton Court is ridiculously simple. You see the name of a house which you want, and of its occupants, on a painted board nailed to a tree on the roadside; you look over the edge, and about two hundred feet below, an all but sheer descent, are visible the projecting fragments of a verandah and a smoking chimney. You involuntarily look out for a spiral staircase, and wonder whether your pony will carry you down this; but the way down turns out to be a zigzag pathway, about a foot broad, and having an average descent of one in two. The public offices are strewn fitfully all over the place. The telegraph office is about halfway down a precipice, the post-office you would not find in a week but for a big poster. The "military department" is in a chance bungalow at one end of Simla, the adjutant-general's office is a red house up a break-neck hill-path quite at the other, the quartermaster general's is somewhat over the edge of a precipice.

The glory of the summer capital of British India has departed. But a few weeks ago there was the sound of revelry by night, but now all is silent. A considerable proportion of the minstrel boys, whose strains were more or less sweet, to the wars have gone, and the more peaceable civilians have departed in great numbers.

Pergolesi.

One day, in the year 1735, the performers of the Alberti brought on to the stage an opera called the "Olimpiade," the work of a young pupil of a Neapolitan music-school. He was only 25, with a delicate, feminine, almost Raphael-like face, and a fragile, sickly person. He had composed an opera or two and some church and chamber music with great success; his name was Giambattista Pergolesi, of Jesi in the March. This opera, the "Olympiade," was his last and dearest work; in it he had done things that no other composer had done; it was a masterpiece, marking a new era in music. Now, it so happened that, from some reason or other, the good Roman critics were out of temper that night; they hissed the opera off the stage, and one of them threw an orange at the head of the composer, who sat directing at the harpsichord. The opera was suspended, and next day news came from the rival theatre of Torre Argentina, that another new opera, the "Nerone," of Duni, had been enthusiastically received the very evening of the fall of the "Olympiade," at the Teatro Alberti. Duni, who was a good man or a very bad one, came to his rival and condoled with him on the ill-success of his work; the "Olympiade," he said, was far superior to his own "Nerone;" the Romans were the stupidest people on earth; he was furious with them for their bad taste. "*Son frenetico con questi Romani.*" Poor Pergolesi made no answer; he returned to Naples and to his work there; but he would never again write for the stage; he wrote his splendid cantata, "Orpheus," and some church music, but then he fell ill; his reverse had utterly broken his spirit, and with it his frail constitution. His friends took him to Torre del Greco, the place where consumptives are sent to revive or to die; he got worse and worse, but continued to work at the "Stabat Mater," for which, in consideration of his circumstances, he had already been paid; the price was 8 scudi, about 35 shillings, and Pergolesi was too honest to give an imperfect work in return for it; he died in 1736, one year after the fall of his "Olympiade," leaving the "Stabat" finished and a divinely perfect work. People heard of his sad end, were sorry, made amends; two years later his house was already shown to strangers; the "Olympiade" was performed for years and years all over Italy, in England, in Germany, nay, at the very Teatro Alberti, it was considered a masterpiece, one of the few that withstood changes of fashion, and Pergolesi was acknowledged all over Europe to have been, perhaps, the greatest composer of his day. The "Olimpiade" is truly a beautiful work, but the "Stabat," written on the young man's death-bed, is a still finer one, and is recollected even now.

The Belgium Bank Thief.

Eugene T'Kints Extraordinary Financial Operations—Trial and Conviction of the Most Audacious Bank Swindler of the Age—Culpable Neglect of the Directors 15 Years in Prison.

(From the London Times.)

Brought to trial on the 4th of November last, Eugene T'Kint de Roodenbeke has, after a month of hearing, been found guilty of 149 distinct acts of theft, and sentenced to fifteen years solitary confinement. His career makes him stand out even among the many authors of gigantic frauds who have given something like a distinctive character to the criminal tendencies of this generation.

About twenty years ago he went into the Bank of Belgium as a supernumerary clerk. Gradually he rose until he became the head of the department which is charged with the management of the securities committed to the bank. Although he had no private fortune, he was soon one of the largest and most intrepid speculators on the Bourse. He employed no fewer than twenty-five agents to conduct his gigantic operations in Brussels and Paris. Within five years one of those gentlemen bought for him securities costing 462,123,393 francs, and sold others to the value of 462,328,715 francs. Another bought for him to the extent of 107,753,509 francs, and sold to the amount of 107,297,972 francs. The commission of one of the agents came to about $7,500. These transactions did credit to the audacity of a bank clerk with a salary of £168 a year. But his success was not equal to his boldness.

He was, in truth, the most unlucky of speculators, for he lost from first to last about half a million sterling on the Bourse. So far his mishaps can be traced; but he must have allowed a great deal more of the bank's money to slip into the hands of more fortunate gamblers than himself. He was a rich man, nevertheless, until the evil day when he was compelled to take a ticket to London, only to run into the toils of the law at Queenstown. In 1875 he estimated his fortune at £80,000, and his yearly income at £8,000. Even after his career had been rudely cut short, and when he was passing through Liverpool on his way to the haven of the United States, he was able to ask, and to get, nearly five thousand pounds' worth of change in dollars for Bank of Belgium notes. T'Kint is clearly a man of genius in his own way.

But the most extraordinary part of his story touches the manner in which he got the money. His method was a masterpiece of simplicity and audacity. It was his business to keep account of all the securities deposited in the bank. He had access to them only through the secretary, M. Heyvaert, who kept the key of the strong-room in which they were placed, and never allowed it to go out of his possession. Every morning, at 10, T'Kint sent a messenger to him with a list of the coupons which would be needed during the day, and that official was allowed to take such documents as he pleased. Such was the secretary's trust in T'Kint that he did not think of comparing the papers taken out with the list given in the daily memorandum, nor of inquiring whether the bundle of documents which was returned each night was exactly the same as that which had been delivered in the morning. He did not take the trouble even to count them. In the interval some of the securities were stolen and the theft carefully concealed.

Such a practice could not continue for year after year without raising suspicions out of doors. T'Kint's speculations on the Bourse could not be hidden; his manifest wealth must have been a subject of keen curiosity; and at last, in September, 1875, he seemed to be caught in the net of flagrant robbery. A Belgian speculator named Beschofsheim, who had placed the vouchers for 1,358 preference shares in the custody of the bank, had reason to believe that they had been sold, and in order to see whether his suspicions were well founded, he gave notice that he would require them to be delivered to him on a particular day. They were placed in his hands at the appointed time; but, on examining the numbers, he found that they were the very shares which T'Kint had disposed of in two lots. The thief had, however, bought them back in time to place them in the hands of the owner, and it was afterwards discovered that to get the money requisite for the redemption, he had stolen the vouchers for 400 shares in the Grand Luxembourg Railway.

When taxed with the sale of M. Bisschofsheim's property, he coolly replied that he had confounded that gentleman's shares with his own, and the excuse was complacently accepted by M. Fortamps, the manager of the bank. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to have carried on the frauds unless he had been aided by at least the culpable negligence of that official. A much harsher name was given to the manager's conduct by the Public Prosecutor; for Fortamps stood in the dock with T'Kint and shared in the condemnation, though he received a much lighter sentence. Then, however came what might have seemed a much more formidable danger, for M. Vandevin, one of the directors was appointed to examine all the securities. But T'Kint was warned of the danger in ample time; he was warned by Fortamps, the manager, and, strange to say, by M. Vandevin himself. So very clever a person had little difficulty, therefore, in preparing for the scrutiny by staying at the bank for several evenings after the other clerks had gone home, and fabricating schedules to take the place of those he had stolen. He carried on the work of forgery at the very time when M. Vandevin was leisurely proceeding with the scrutiny. Nay, so bold had he become that he stole securities in the midst of the investigation.

Misled by forged papers and plausible explanations, M. Vandevin signed a certificate that all the securities were in proper order, with the exception of five, and even in the case of these he suggested that the documents betrayed irregularity rather than fraud. Still suspicion lingered about the name of the clever speculator. Ugly rumours were spread through Brussels, and and they were made darker by the discovery of M. Neyt, the Belgian Legation at Paris, that the numbers of some coupons which he took out of the bank were different from those of the securities which he had placed in its keeping. But T'Kint was able for the moment to beat down the evidence even of that fact by the power which he had gained in the bank. He had virtually displaced the manager. All the clerks assumed that he was their master, and the *agents de change* came to him for orders rather than to the nominal head. Meanwhile, Fortamps permitted him to have an enormous credit without any authority from the directors, and thus, of course, the bank was pillaged. T'Kint carried on another kind of robbery by manipulating many of the current accounts.

But at last came the shadow of ruin in the shape of an approaching official examination and the man had to fly. He closed his great financial career on the 7th of March, 1876. Skilfully mendacious to the end, he wrote a letter to the Governor on the eve of his departure, confessing that he had committed fraud, and protesting that he was broken-hearted by the thought of his guilt, but adding that he had gone to Paris to find the means of restitution, and that he would return to Brussels next day. Meanwhile he had gone to Loneon with the intention of proceeding to America. On the eve of his departure from Liverpool, he wrote to the manager another letter, which is a model of penitent unction. He was, he said, distracted with grief; he would never forgive himself; he has horrified to think of the ingratitude with which he had treated the manager, and he was about to sail for India, to work day and night in order to find the means of making restitution.

Thus did he attempt to throw his pursuers off the scent. He afterwards explained that if he had gone to America he would have become a picture-dealer. It would have taken him a considerable time to amass the £800,000, the sum of his robberies, if he had resorted to the congenial task of manufacturing Raphaels and Titians, and selling them to rich Americans. But he did not get the opportunity of reaching the United States, for he was caught at Queenstown, and after spending some time in the Middlesex House of Detention, he was sent back to Brussels. The retribution is now come. Fifteen years' solitary confinement is a severe sentence, but it is not too hard.

The Cold Shoulder.

(From the Saturday Review.)

Expressions which are apparently fanciful and illogical are sometimes more telling than others in which no criticism could find a flaw. For instance, the curious and rather awkward phrase, "giving the cold shoulder," has acquired by usage a force which could scarcely be equalled by the most faultless English. We cannot pretend to account for the popularity of this idiom, which has long been exalted from the degradation of slang to the respectability of conventional English. It may be more interesting to consider the uses and abuses of the thing than to speculate upon the history of the word. Precedents of great antiquity may be found for the use of the cold shoulder, but it is nevertheless a special characteristic of the present day. In past times enemies had many resources—duellings, horsewhippings, tournaments, pluckings of beards, and smitings under fifth ribs; but in these days their only choice lies between a dead cut and the cold shoulder. The readiness and portability of this last weapon renders its use but too common, and it is rarely that any social gathering takes place without some very pretty fighting with this instrument. It has also this advantage that its use is not confined to the male sex, for women can wield it on occasion with the fierceness of *petroleuses*. The graceful use of the cold shoulder fairly deserves to be ranked among the fine arts; while, on the contrary, nothing can be more ungainly than its awkward application. When a tactless man meets the object of his detestation, he looks nervously self-conscious, and seems undecided whether to cut or merely to slight his enemy. After blushing in a foolish manner, he gives an awkward bow, which, intended to be graceful, is in reality ludicrously clumsy. A casual observer might impute his singular behaviour to shyness rather than hatred. The most successful hand at cold-shouldering is the thoughtless and listless man, who can put his victim completely out of his mind, and forget his presence, if not his existence, as soon as he has accorded him the coldest of recognitions. Without insinuating that women are more heartless and listless than men, we may observe that they are far greater adepts in this art than the opposite sex. Most men seem more or less ill at ease when they know that they are giving pain only through the secretary, M. Heyvaert, who kept the key of the strong-room in which they were placed, and never allowed it to go out of his possession. Every morning, at 10, T'Kint sent a messenger to him with a list of the coupons which would be needed during the day, and that official was allowed to take such documents as he pleased. Such was the secretary's trust in T'Kint that he did not think of comparing the papers taken out with the list given in the daily memorandum, nor of inquiring whether the bundle of documents which was returned each night was exactly the same as that which had been delivered in the morning. He did not take the trouble even to count them. In the interval some of the securities were stolen and the theft carefully concealed.

Such a practice could not continue for year after year without raising suspicions out of doors. T'Kint's speculations on the Bourse could not be hidden; his manifest wealth must have been a subject of keen curiosity; and at last, in September, 1875, he seemed to be caught in the net of flagrant robbery. A Belgian speculator named Beschofsheim, who had placed the vouchers for 1,358 preference shares in the custody of the bank, had reason to believe that they had been sold, and in order to see whether his suspicions were well founded, he gave notice that he would require them to be delivered to him on a particular day. They were placed in his hands at the appointed time; but, on examining the numbers, he found that they were the very shares which T'Kint had disposed of in two lots. The thief had, however, bought them back in time to place them in the hands of the owner, and it was afterwards discovered that to get the money requisite for the redemption, he had stolen the vouchers for 400 shares in the Grand Luxembourg Railway.

When taxed with the sale of M. Bisschofsheim's property, he coolly replied that he had confounded that gentleman's shares with his own, and the excuse was complacently accepted by M. Fortamps, the manager of the bank. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to have carried on the frauds unless he had been aided by at least the culpable negligence of that official. A much harsher name was given to the manager's conduct by the Public Prosecutor; for Fortamps stood in the dock with T'Kint and shared in the condemnation, though he received a much lighter sentence. Then, however came what might have seemed a much more formidable danger, for M. Vandevin, one of the directors was appointed to examine all the securities. But T'Kint was warned of the danger in ample time; he was warned by Fortamps, the manager, and, strange to say, by M. Vandevin himself. So very clever a person had little difficulty, therefore, in preparing for the scrutiny by staying at the bank for several evenings after the other clerks had gone home, and fabricating schedules to take the place of those he had stolen. He carried on the work of forgery at the very time when M. Vandevin was leisurely proceeding with the scrutiny. Nay, so bold had he become that he stole securities in the midst of the investigation.

Misled by forged papers and plausible explanations, M. Vandevin signed a certificate that all the securities were in proper order, with the exception of five, and even in the case of these he suggested that the documents betrayed irregularity rather than fraud. Still suspicion lingered about the name of the clever speculator. Ugly rumours were spread through Brussels, and and they were made darker by the discovery of M. Neyt, the Belgian Legation at Paris, that the numbers of some coupons which he took out of the bank were different from those of the securities which he had placed in its keeping. But T'Kint was able for the moment to beat down the evidence even of that fact by the power which he had gained in the bank. He had virtually displaced the manager. All the clerks assumed that he was their master, and the *agents de change* came to him for orders rather than to the nominal head. Meanwhile, Fortamps permitted him to have an enormous credit without any authority from the directors, and thus, of course, the bank was pillaged. T'Kint carried on another kind of robbery by manipulating many of the current accounts.

But at last came the shadow of ruin in the shape of an approaching official examination and the man had to fly. He closed his great financial career on the 7th of March, 1876. Skilfully mendacious to the end, he wrote a letter to the Governor on the eve of his departure, confessing that he had committed fraud, and protesting that he was broken-hearted by the thought of his guilt, but adding that he had gone to Paris to find the means of restitution, and that he would return to Brussels next day. Meanwhile he had gone to Loneon with the intention of proceeding to America. On the eve of his departure from Liverpool, he wrote to the manager another letter, which is a model of penitent unction. He was, he said, distracted with grief; he would never forgive himself; he has horrified to think of the ingratitude with which he had treated the manager, and he was about to sail for India, to work day and night in order to find the means of making restitution.

Thus did he attempt to throw his pursuers off the scent. He afterwards explained that if he had gone to America he would have become a picture-dealer. It would have taken him a considerable time to amass the £800,000, the sum of his robberies, if he had resorted to the congenial task of manufacturing Raphaels and Titians, and selling them

Death of a "Robber King."

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The Hungarian papers announce the death, in the prison of Szamos-Ujvar, of the celebrated bandit, Rozsa Sandor, known in Hungary as the "robber King." He was born at Szejedin in 1813, and both his father and his grandfather were robbers by profession. His achievements, however, soon eclipsed those of his family, and he was admired as much as he was feared. The reckless courage with which he attacked the police, and even military escorts on the high road, in broad daylight, his generosity toward the poor and his gallantry toward women made him a sort of national hero. Some thirty years ago few people of the wealthier classes ventured to travel in Hungary without paying him tribute. His bands were well armed and organized, and the *szegeny legenyek* (poor fellow), as the bandits were called in those days, found many sympathizers and accomplices among the peasantry. He was first imprisoned in 1830, but escaped in the following year by the assistance of his mistress, a peasant woman named Kati, whose husband he had killed by blowing his brains out with a pistol. During the revolution of 1848, Rozsa Sandor was pardoned by Kossuth, and he then organized a free corps which did good service against the Government troops. After the suppression of the rising Sandor resumed his former career. He did not again fall into the hands of the authorities until 1856, when he was betrayed by one of his companions, whom he shot as the soldiers were advancing to capture him. After a trial which lasted three years, Sandor was sentenced to be hanged; but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. He remained eight years in the fortress of Kufstein, and was then set at liberty in virtue of a general amnesty. But he soon resumed his old pursuits. In 1868 he attacked, with some of his companions, a railway train at Felegyhaza. The Government sent a body of troops, under Count Gedeon Raray, to capture him; and four years later he was again brought before the criminal tribunal, together with a number of his accomplices, among whom were several magistrates and high civic functionaries. He was again sentenced to death, and his sentence was again commuted to imprisonment for life. The prison to which he was sent was the one in which he died.

(Master Charlie and his family are spending a few days at the house of the promising artist, Mrs. Vandyke Browne.) Mrs. B.: "Well, Charlie boy, why are you looking so hard at that picture?" Charlie: "Why, mamma says every time she looks at that picture it makes her sick, and I thought I'd see if it would me."

The little folks wanted the head of the family to spend the evening with them. Father said he thought of attending a meeting. Various measures were discussed for keeping father at home, when Tommy, aged 5, addresssed his brother, aged 7, as follows "I tell you what we'll do. We'll put a sign on the front door—'No admittance to go out of this house nights.'"

The *Nature* gives a description of an electric spark pen which has been invented by M. Bailey, of Paris, for rapidly producing engravings on copper or zinc. A thin sheet of paper is attached to the plate. One of the poles of a Ruhmkorff machine is connected to the plate and the other pole to the top of the pen. As soon as the drawing is finished, the plate is rubbed over with greasy ink, laid on with an ordinary roller. The paper is removed, and the plate is dipped into the acid, which cuts away those portions not protected by the ink. The light of the spark is said to be sufficient for the artist even when he works in a dark room, and the pen is stated to be as manageable as an ordinary pencil.

A missionary in the South Pacific has taken the unprecedented step of punishing cannibalism by an armed expedition. The Rev. George Brown, of the Wesleyan body, has established a mission among the degraded people of New Britain. The natives have generally shown themselves to be very friendly. One of Mr. Brown's assistants, a Feejeean, accompanied by two native teachers and another Feejeean, penetrated the interior, and finding encouragement, planted a new mission. They were all killed by the natives and eaten. Calling to his aid the whites in the island, Mr. Brown conducted an expedition against the offenders, burned their villages, and recovered the bones of the missionaries. The cannibals have begged forgiveness, and have promised better behaviour in future. The Australian papers commend the course taken by Mr. Brown, unusual for a missionary as it is, and express the opinion that it will give the mission greater security in the future.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Red Ants.—Green sage put in a closet will clear it of red ants.

Russian Salad is made by cutting up raw apples and every kind of available vegetable into small slices and laying them in a shallow dish with salt, a little vinegar and pepper, and the best oil. The dressing must thoroughly saturate the mixture for at least twelve hours, and then the effect will be found very agreeable.

Cranberry Sauce.—Pour hot water on the berries and let them stand until cold, then to one quart of them add 1 pint of sugar, 1 pint of water; after adding the water, let boil 20 minutes, then add sugar and boil 15 minutes more; stir the the berries often and mash evenly. When done the sauce may be strained in a bowl. When cold serve in slices.

Parian Marble Statuettes.—Mix powdered unslacked lime thickly with the strongest soap lye, and instantly, with a painter's brush, lay it on the statuette. In two months' time wash it off perfectly clean. Then have ready a fine thick lather of soft soap, boiled in soft water, dip a brush in it, and scour the marble with pour. This will, by very good rubbing, give a beautiful polish. Clear off the soap and finish with a smooth, hard brush.

Molasses Lemon Pie.—Peel and take the juice of six lemons, four cups molasses, two cups sugar, four tablespoonfuls flour, two cups water, (boiling;) take the peel of three of the lemons, put in cold water, set it on the fire till it comes to a boil; change the water three times; this will remove the bitterness; chop this peel with the pulp of the six lemons after they have been squeezed; put all together.

Roast Fowl—The German Way.—Truss the fowl for roasting, stuff the breast with veal stuffing, and fill the body with chestnuts boiled tender, peeled and roasted; split it, and put to roast at a brisk fire; have a dozen more roasted chestnuts peeled, stew in a pint of gravy, season it with pepper and salt, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour; boil until it is smooth; fry half a dozen sausages, pour the sausage into the dish, place the fowl in it and the sausages around the fowl; garnish with slices of lemon.

Sauer-kraut.—Our German fellow-citizens are now making sauer-kraut, a dish which, it is said, is gaining favour among Canadians. The proper way to make sauer-kraut is as follows; The receipt is for the manufacture of one barrel: Take about 30 or 40 heads of cabbages (the number will depend on the size of the heads), and first clean them and cut them up fine with a slaugh cutter or sharp carving-knife. Next mix the cabbage well with salt; for 30 good-sized heads two quarts of salt will be sufficient. Pack the cabbage in the barrel (a wine or liquor barrel, well cleaned and scalded, is perhaps the best), and after it is packed, put a clean muslin cloth on the top of the cabbage, entirely covering it. Then put a wooden cover on the cloth, and on the cover place a clean stone weight (an iron weight would rust and flavour the "sauer-kraut"). Put the barrel in a dry place, and every week be careful to wash the cloth, the weight, and the wooden cover. The cabbage will not be transformed into good "sauer-kraut" in less than three weeks; it would be better if it could remain in pickle for two months. When the cloth cover and weight are washed each week the brine on the top of the cabbage should be tasted, and if it is rather fresh, more salt should be sprinkled on; the cabbage must always be covered with brine. If by evaporation or soakage the brine becomes low, it will be necessary to make a brine strong enough to float an egg or potato, and pour enough of it on to cover the cabbage. Before it is ready for use it must be thoroughly washed several times in clear cold water. To be eaten raw it may be mixed with vinegar and spices. To prepare it for cooking, boil it in clear water for 10 minutes, then put it into a colander, squeeze the water out of it, and it is then ready to cook and serve with meat. "Sauer-kraut" is particularly good in connection with pigs' jowl, pigs' tail, and pigs' feet. The Germans like it with salt mackerel and the smoked sausage imported from Frankfort, and others find such a mixture very palatable. Cabbages sell at 5 to 8 cents per head, according to size and quality.

Ancient Cement.—The history of fabrication of cements, like that of many other arts, reaches so far back into the early ages that it is impossible to ascertain with much exactness when it was first skilfully practiced, says the *Builders Weekly Reporter*. The Ancient Egyptians, 4,000 years ago, possessed the knowledge not only of making building mortar, but also of mixing earthy materials which would harden and set under water. In the construction of the pyramid of Cheops, a cement made of Nile mud and gypsum, is believed to have been used. Many of their sculptures in bas-relief were executed in cement, and examples are still preserved of Egyptian ceilings in painted stucco, of a date much earlier than Solomon's Temple. The pictures in relief which have been discovered in Nineveh were mostly executed in alabaster; but the Babylonians not having such materials, covered their bricks with plaster, on which they made their designs. It was upon "the plaster of the wall" of Belshazzar's palace that the mystic hand traced the fatal letters. Under Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon became the first city of the world, and mortars and cements of various kinds were used in the construction of edifices and public works. The Greeks gave the subject much intelligent attention, as is evidenced by the chemical composition and state of preservation of mortars which have been found in their ancient temples, and it is a matter of history that in early developments of the architectural engineering arts by the Romans, the Greeks were often consulted by them. The Romans, however, attained to greater distinction for the magnitude and durability of their works. They prepared an excellent cement for hydraulic purposes, which they used in making concrete, with broken stones for the construction of various piers and harbours in the Mediterranean. They early became acquainted with the pozzulana, which, mixed with burned lime, gave them hydraulic cement that can scarcely be said to have been since excelled. The mole or breakwater of Pazzuoli is one of the monuments of the durability of their hydraulic structures. It was composed of twenty-four arches sustained upon piers built of brick, faced with stone, and held together with cement made of fozzolana and lime. Thirteen of the piers are still above water, although they were built more than eighteen hundred years ago. The arched construction was for the purpose of preventing a collection of sand behind the mole, Vitarius says: "There is found in the neighbourhood of Baiæ, the municipal land lying at the foot of Vesuvius, a kind of powder which produces admiable effects; when mixed with lime and small stones it has not only the advantage of giving great solidity to common buildings, but possesses the other property of forming masses of masonry which hardens under water."

Cement may be divided into those which are chemical and those which are mechanical, or into stony and the resinous and glutinous. Common building mortar is made of lime and sand. Many kinds of limestone contain carbonate of magnesia as well as carbonate of lime and are called dolomitic limestones. When the proportion of carbonate of magnesia is forty per cent., the stone is called dolimitic and has been pronounced unfit for making mortar. It does not become so hot in slakeing nor set so soon as pure lime, but those who use it assert that it becomes harder in time. Some of the best in America is made from stone along the Hudson river, much of which is almost pure dolomitic. Notwithstanding the advantage which science gives us, we seem not to have advanced much in perfecting bricks or cement.

The Emperor of Japan took an extensive tour this autumn through his dominions, and returned to Yeddo last month.

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF

IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

A new method has been invented of enjoying the emoluments of a church living in a state establishment. It is to drive the people away, so that the church may be shut up. The story is that in the diocese of St. Albans a clergyman with a parish of 5,000 persons and £1,000 a year income speaks in such a low tone that very few can hear him. The service is condensed into the space of forty minutes. His parishioners claim that he is healthy and strong enough to make himself heard if he will, but that this course is pursued "for no other purpose than to drive people away, and so get an excuse for closing one of two churches, when both together afford inadequate accommodation for the population." Emptying a church by purposely being inaudible is an ingenious device.

Cut this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosebee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this town any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done cheaper and better than at home. We return goods as one week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry Toronto.

Business Items.

If you wish to appear at your best during the approaching festive season, procure your Shirts, Gloves, Ties, &c., at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

Ottawa, Ontario.

Victoria Chemical Company, Toronto,

Gentlemen,—Confirming my statement a short time ago as to the satisfactory results from the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, I will further add that fresh proofs of the genuine benefits conferred on patients requiring it are constantly coming under my observation; parties to whom I have recommended it, have in a short time, with the deepest thankfulness, acknowledged the relief they have experienced, and in some cases have asserted that it, and it alone, has saved their lives. It gives me much pleasure to assure you that I consider your Syrup, the Victoria Hypophosphites, the best preparation of any which has come under my notice for Debility and all Pulmonary Complaints Bronchitis, Coughs, &c., and believing this, I constantly recommend it before every other Compound.

Very truly yours,
H. F. McCarthy,
Pharmaceutical Chemist.

For sale by all dealers.

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is composed of the most healthy balsams and gums. The Balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of

The Watford Guide.

VOL. IV.—NO 50. WATFORD, ONT., JANUARY 10, 1879. WHOLE NO. 206.

A Mutiny at Sea.

We had not been long at sea when an event occurred of considerable importance—no less, indeed, than an attempt by the convicts to seize the ship. It is impossible to say what these desperate characters might have done had it not been our good fortune to have timely warning. When near Trinidad an anonymous letter was dropped through the cabin skylight. It was addressed to the captain, and gave notice of the intended rising. The contents were at once communicated to the Surgeon-Superintendent, Mr. M'Ternan and to Lieut. Goodgate, 48th Regiment, commanding the troops; and it was also necessary to inform the officers of the watch. Because in these vessels a few of the convicts were allowed to assist the crew. But beyond this no notice was openly taken of the matter. The warning proved true; for at one o'clock in the morning the convicts in the watch let go the topsail sheets, halyards, and other ropes of importance, by which the ship was thrown into confusion; and, simultaneously, the prison doors were burst, and the sentries in the fore and main hatchways seized, whilst numbers of convicts appeared on deck. The situation would now have been desperate had it not been for the timely and excellent precaution taken by the captain. The whole of the officers had taken their stand on the quarter-deck, and, armed, with pistols, threatened to shoot the first man who should dare to place his foot upon it. Their admirable preparation and coolness entirely frustrated the plan of the rising; for the convicts, disheartened, had no remedy but to return to their prison, and so all danger was at an end. The letter had pointed out the ring-leaders by name; and these, five in number, were, as if on board a man-of-war, seized and punished. The chief of them was comparatively an old man, fifty-five years of age or thereabouts; nor was this the first occasion of his transportation. Also, as might be expected, the man who wrote the letter did not escape suspicion or the wrath of his disappointed fellows. They seized upon him, and, though luckily rescued in time, he had to be kept apart from the rest for the remainder of the voyage. It may be well here to say that the unfortunate fellow had been a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who, through a debauched life, had been led to commit the offence for which he was transported; and it is pleasing to know that his good conduct on this occasion enabled the Surgeon-Superintendent to recommend him to the authorities, through whom he obtained a good situation.

An Acre of Silver.

A solid acre of silver is something that recalls the old tales of the Arabian Nights—yet such a thing has an actual existence on this continent, as witness the *Rocky Mountain Tourist*, which says:—One of the most remarkable mines in California Gulch is in leads three feet in thickness, the ore from which yields from 240 to 270 ounces of silver to the ton, and lies like a coal bank in a stratification of limestone, dipping about fifteen degrees. Two openings have been made at point 600 feet apart and sufficient ore is in sight to make millions of the dollars of our daddies. The owners have gone far enough to know that there is a full acre of the ore in the one solid body, and some conception may be formed of the amazing richness of the ore discovered by a brief calculation of its dimensions. A cubic foot weighs 170 pounds, and, as the ore lies, 12 cubic feet make a ton. There are 43,560 square feet in an acre, and the acre of ore, being three feet in thickness, makes 130,680 cubic feet, which, with twelve cubic feet, makes 10,000 tons, worth $250 per ton, or the enormous value in the aggregate of $2,700,000. The Crescent is another mine worked like a coal bed, the one lying horizontally in the large room that has been opened, the roof being held up by heavy timber with very stout cans and tugging poles. The ore breasts from a foot to three and four feet, and occasionally very fine specimens of horn silver are found.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

COUNTERFEIT pennies have appeared. This is a diabolical scheme to defraud the printers—and compel 'em to go to church to get rid of the bogus stuff.

A CURIOUS husband once asked his wife: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you think they will give me when I am gone?" "Brimstone, John," was the affectionate reply.

"WELL," said an old bachelor when he found a basketful of baby on his front steps, "some men are born babies, some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them."

To preserve a good joke—Put it in an almanac, or rent it out by the year to circus clowns and negro minstrels. In this way specimens have been kept from fifteen to twenty years.

A SWEET TOOTH.—Mamma (suddenly): "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Jack: "What's the matter, mummy?" Mamma: "I've jammed my little finger in the door of this wretched store-cupboard." Jack: "*Jammed* your little finger! Oh, let me suck it, mummy!"

A BOSTON journalist, having moved from the neighbourhood of the church to which he belonged, took a letter to another church of the same denomination, and asked to be admitted. The Examining Committee of the latter church refused his application, on the ground that, as he spent a part of Sunday in preparing matter for Monday's paper, he was a Sabbath-breaker. The Boston Young Men's Christian Association discussed the case, and passed a resolution praising the committee for its action.

THE proverbial wit of the Irish jarvey is oftentimes mixed with an undercurrent of stern reality that is as touching as it is eloquent. Driving through Sackville street, Dublin, the other day on an outside car, the wretched appearance of the horse suddenly struck me. I said: "Pat, you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals, driving such an old screw as that." "Be gor, sur," was the quick reply, "If I didn't dhrive that, I'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife and six children."

IN the Island of Cyprus, which Beaconsfield captured, there is a newspaper published half in English, and half in Greek. The Grecian editor does not know a word of English, and the English editor is utterly ignorant of Greek. The Greek, however, who is a wily fellow, secured a translation of his co-editor's editorial, and in the next issue demolished it entirely by a vigorous leader. The residents of Cyprus, who read both languages, are enjoying the joke, but the Englishman is looking after Mr. Kokannides with a big stick in his right hand.

J. MOREAU, an artillery officer, who in 1871 lost his eyes, his nose, and his lower jaw by the bursting of a shell during the Franco-Prussian war, has lately left the hospital of Val-de-Grace, in Paris, with an artificial face, with eyes, a nose, and a jaw which enables him to masticate his food properly. Before going to the war he became engaged to a young girl, who on his return, far from discarding him on account of his frightful mutilation, married him without hesitation, and has since devotedly supported him.

LOVE'S SEASON.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By and by," she mocked reply,
"Love's not in season."

Years went—years came,
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again
Dreaming through the meadow;
"Not so coy," urged the boy,
"List in time to love and reason."
"By and by," she mused reply,
"Love's still in season."

Years went—years came,
Light changed to shadow;
Love saw the maid again
Waiting in the meadow,
"Pass no more, my dream is o'er,
I can listen now to reason—"
"Keep thee coy," whispered the boy,
"Love's quite out of season."

THE SECRET DRAWER.

A STORY OF KENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

With wallet suspended from my shoulder, with a map for reference, and an umbrella in hand, have I often enjoyed a ramble of many days' duration through Kent, the fair Garden of England; and where can you find more charming landscapes than those portrayed, as you wander through its green lanes or flower-decked woods? where look upon more homelike scenery than that presented by its villages nestling in quiet vales, surrounded perchance by hop-gardens or cherry and apple orchards, as far as the eye can range? One such picture is recalled to my memory as a prelude to the occurrence of the little story which follows.

My ramblings had taken me to within a mile of the red-tiled village of Gondhurst, whose church pre-eminent rears its grey tower, looking towards the west. It is perched on the summit of a hill, whose slopes are clad with the bright verdure of the meadows and the cultivated fields, and environed by woods of the gloomy fir, whose dull foliage is relieved by leaves of the spreading chestnut and the noble elm, amid whose shade the houses at this distance seem to nestle. Downs are to the right, a wide stretch of country of hill and dale, of forest and glen. At the base of the hill babbles a brook, whose waters are employed in turning the wheel of a flour-mill. My gaze next rests on a grassy mead to the left, studded with summer flowers, and upon which are grazing sheep and cattle. The ear catches the sound of the distant sheep-bell or the lowing of kine; the eye watches the shadows of the clouds chasing one another over the sun-lit meadow, and flitting away in the distance; the nostril inhales the fragrance of many flowers, the sweet incense of nature! My heart under these external influences seems to beat with pleased awe at the silent homage of Nature to its Maker.

I had lingered so long in looking upon this charming picture, that I began to fear it would be dark before I gained my headquarters for the night the village of Bradingdean, which I judged to be about four miles distant. Consulting my map to make sure of the way, I turned rapidly to the right down a green-canopied lane, where the silence was broken only by my footfall, accompanied by the thud of the umbrella as it came to the ground. After walking along for half a mile or so, I was disappointed upon not finding the expected road I had seen marked on the map. Another half-mile increased my disappointment to annoyance at what I now knew must be a mistake; and stopping to ascertain the hour by my watch, I heard the sound of wheels advancing towards me. The evening was growing dark, so my annoyance vanished at what I deemed would prove the coming of a friend in need to direct the way. I began to whistle an air to announce my presence. A dog-cart with one occupant came in sight, and as it drew near I hailed: "Can you tell me how far I am from the road leading to Bradingdean?"

"This road leads to Crawley, from whence I should think Bradingdean is three miles; or altogether you would have to walk six or seven miles. You should have taken a turning more to the right than this, from the last cross-roads after leaving Gondhurst."

Here was a treat on a dark evening! No bed ordered at Bradingdean, and six or seven miles to walk before I could reach the place, when probably the inn would be closed!

I rapidly told the traveller that I was on a pedestrian trip and had evidently mistaken the way, and then I asked his advice as to what I had better do—make for Crawley, or turn round and retrace my steps to get at my arranged destination for the night. While I was talking, the occupant of the dog-cart had descended and had lighted a lamp, which he now raised so as to throw its rays upon my face.

"Humph!" he grunted in a tone of apparent satisfaction.

"How taciturn the man is," I thought. "I wish he would answer my question." I was about to break the pause by bidding "good-night," when he said in a gruff though not unfriendly voice: "I am going to Crawley, and then on to Bradingdean; if you like, you are welcome to a seat."

I gladly availed myself of this offer, and considered that I was well out of my difficulty. My new companion remained silent for a long time, but just as we were entering Crawley, said: "Have you ordered your bed at Bradingdean?—No! Well, I am afraid you will have to rough it to-night, as the place will be filled with persons who have been attending the annual dinner of the Agricultural Association, after their ploughing-match."

"That is unfortunate," I responded. "The *Rose and Crown* is the only decent house in the village; is it not?"

"Yes. And as it possesses only three or four bedrooms, they are, I believe, generally occupied on such occasions as the dinner, by a few farmers and others who have come from a distance."

"Knowing this, I presume you have engaged a bed?"

"I have."

This was succeeded by silence until we drove up to the little inn of the village of Crawley, where my companion alighted.

"This is one of our Houses. I shall not be longer than five or six minutes. Please take the reins." This was uttered in a manner to convey to me that I was not wanted to accompany him inside. Presently he reappeared, together with a man who was the landlord saying: "I should be glad to oblige the gentleman, Mr. Preston, but my beds are taken."

"Very well." Then turning to me: "I thought perhaps you would like to make certain of a bed and stop here, so inquired whether you could be accommodated, but you cannot.—Good-night, Mr. Crane."

My companion's taciturnity seemed to increase as we drove along; so, buttoning my shooting-jacket higher up as the air grew more chilly, I occupied my thoughts in endeavouring to guess who and what he was. "One of our Houses." That was what he said; therefore he must either be a traveller for a brewery or a firm of wine merchants, or must himself be one of the firm. He appeared to be a well educated gentleman-like man, notwithstanding his present reserve, which might have arisen merely through preoccupied thoughts. "Preston!" I had heard the name. Still, to hear a name is nothing. *Where* had I heard the name? My father was a solicitor with a good practice in London, and doubtless I had heard the name there. Such was the train of thought I indulged in. Meantime Mr. Preston had remained silent while we were rapidly nearing Bradingdean. The moon had risen sufficiently to shed her silver rays upon the surrounding country, and we caught sight of the village some minutes before we drove into its market-place, lighted only by a few oil-lamps specially for the occasion of the dinner.

Several persons were lounging about the *Rose and Crown*; and the horse having been led away by an ostler, who touched his hat with the salutation, "Good evening, Master Preston," shewed that this gentleman was well known. We entered, and I following the lead of my companion, found myself in a comfortable apartment with a fire in it—summer-time though it was. Preparation for dinner or supper was apparent, the table being in readiness.

"This is my room, sir," said Mr. Preston, throwing off an overcoat he was wearing, and depositing a bulky pocket-book he removed from it, in a cupboard, the look of which he turned and the key of which he placed in his pocket. "You are welcome to rest here, as I know every other available room is occupied by the guests of the evening. I shall now go to get the landlady or her daughter to arrange for some supper for you, if you will allow me?"

At this unexpected courtesy I expressed my thanks, and threw myself into an armchair near the fire. In less than ten minutes Mr. Preston returned, and told me that if I would join him in dissecting a roast duck and a pigeon-pie, he should be happy to have my company. Gladly did I avail myself of this offer. Supper was soon served; and during the meal my host (for in that capacity he acted) grew quite genial and chatted on a variety of subjects, keeping clear of what might be deemed "the shop." I was somewhat surprised at this, if my assumption as to his being a commercial traveller was correct. When supper was cleared, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a jolly-looking plump woman, who was addressed by Mr. Preston as the landlady. She inquired whether the supper was served as we liked, and whether we had enjoyed it, adding: "We did not know you would bring a friend with you, Mr. Preston; but perhaps the double-bedded room which you always occupy will do? In fact I have no other; even the parlour is to be turned into a bedroom, and there is to be a shake-down in this room."

While the good landlady was talking, I noticed Mr. Preston's countenance change to annoyance; and I, deeming it was on my account, hastened to say: "I have not the pleasure of Mr. Preston's friendship, and our acquaintance is but two hours old. I had missed the direct road, and was wandering in the room, when by good fortune Mr. Preston overtook me and brought me here. I really am very much obliged to him for his kindness, but cannot think of intruding also into his sleeping apartment. Can you not give me a blanket or an armchair to sleep in? Anything will do for one night."

An awkward pause ensued. The landlady at length said that every available place being occupied, she did not know how she could possibly arrange for my sleeping. Mr. Preston had walked to the window, and drawing the blind aside, had looked out upon the night, and when Mrs. Fox finished speaking, turned round, facing me: "I do not like to appear discourteous, sir; but I do not even know your name, and to share my"——

I felt my face crimsoning, not with any sense of shame, but from the reflection that I had not volunteered so simple a piece of information; in fact, under the circumstances it was very rude indeed to have so long withheld it.

"This is my name sir," I said, handing a card.

"Mr. John Fowler," he read aloud, "Solicitor, Thavies Inn." His eyes brightened as their glance fell upon me. "Is it possible that you are the son of my old schoolfellow, Simon Fowler of Lincoln's Inn?"

"I am his only son," I replied.

Mr. Preston advanced towards me, and grasping me by his hand, expressed his pleasure at the rencontre.

"There will be no difficulty about Mr. Fowler's sleeping accommodation now, Mrs. Fox; that is to say if he does not object to having the small bed in my room.—What do you say, Mr. Fowler?"

I at once acquiesced.

"Well, how is my old friend, your good father? He and I were boys forty years ago. Now, we see each other seldom." And from this he launched into long reminiscences of their early friendship, which had been interrupted upon their entering into life; the one becoming an attorney in London, the other a partner in a country firm of wine merchants: both prospering. During a pause in the flow of conversation and while he was lighting a fresh cigar, I suddenly remembered where I had heard his name.

"Did you not have business with my father two years back? When I heard the landlord of the inn at Crawley mention your name, it appeared familiar to me."

"I certainly did have business with your father about that time; and as it was in connection with a loss I sustained in this inn under strange circumstances, I will relate them to you, if you care to hear them. There will be just time before our cigars are finished."

CHAPTER II.

"Although the firm of which I am a member employs a traveller, I have myself always acted in that capacity for the county of Kent, where we have many good customers; and four times a year I make the round, stopping at Bradingdean the last night. Well, two years ago, in the summer-time, and strange to say, upon the night when the annual dinner in connection with the ploughing-match took place in this very house, as I was driving along the Crawley Road, just as I was doing this evening when I overtook you, I came up to a gentleman leading his horse, which had cast a shoe and appeared slightly lamed. I had left Crawley and was coming on to Bradingdean. I bade the gentleman 'good-night,' and had the eager inquiry returned: 'How far off is the nearest village where I can get this horse shod?—Bradingdean! What a nuisance! I did not wish to go there to-night, of all nights. But I suppose I must, if I am to get on my way.' I offered my assistance, which was politely declined. You may have noticed that I am treated here as an expected and welcome guest; and indeed it has always been so. I usually send a letter intimating when I am to be expected; and the room we are now occupying is rigidly reserved for my use, as well as the bedroom you will shortly see. Upon coming here, I lock my pocket-book in yonder cupboard, as you no doubt noticed; and I always remove it at night to my bedroom and place it beneath my pillow. It does not often contain gold, but cheques, Bank of England and country notes. It was not my custom then to enter the numbers of the notes at all; but as I marked off the accounts paid by cheque in my little travelling list, I could always tell which accounts were paid by cheque and which by cash. I made it a habit to change as much gold as possible into notes.

"My supper had been served and nearly despatched, when Mrs. Fox came hastily in, saying that a gentleman who did not know me wished to see me. She had no sooner uttered these words than the gentleman came in. I recognised the leader of the lame horse. Mrs. Fox hastily retreated, muttering to the effect that he would come into my room. As I was annoyed at the abrupt interruption to my meal, I received the stranger haughtily; but he, without recognising me as I did him, impetuously burst out with: 'I must offer a thousand apologies, sir, for entering uninvited; but I find I cannot get a room where I can retire to, to be away from the bustle and confusion incident to this dinner taking place here to-night, and I have particular reasons for not coming across any of the guests. My horse has been over-ridden and has cast a shoe; the farrier says it would be madness to ride him until thoroughly rested. Every available bed in the village is taken; and Mrs. Fox has consented, knowing who I am, to make me up a bed here when you have retired to rest. Forgive me,' he added, 'for withholding my name.'

"His demeanour was that of a well-bred man, and his address was so fascinating that I was considerably mollified; and ringing the bell, which was responded to by the landlady in person, I asked her whether the gentleman was known to her. She answered readily in the affirmative, upon which I turned to the stranger and begged him to make what use he pleased of my room, under the circumstances. My offer to join me at supper was declined; he said he had no appetite, but asked me whether I would join him in a bottle of wine. The bottle of wine was forthcoming, and my new companion throwing aside the preoccupied manner which was at first apparent, proved most sociable and entertaining. He had been a great deal abroad, and had visited all the places of note in the British Isles. He knew Kent well; and I judged him to be of good station in society, from the knowledge he had of different families, with whose names alone I was familiar. Our first bottle was succeeded by another; and warmed by this and the geniality of my new acquaintance, I offered him, as I offer you to-night, the use of one of the beds in my room. My companion cheerfully accepted this, saying, that as he was tired after a long ride, he should prefer a bed to an arm-chair.

"The bedroom we retired to you will yourself see by-and-by. It is a large room and has a great deal of furniture in it. It large high-canopied bed occupies an alcove or recess at one side of the room; and in a corner is a very curious and extremely old bedstead—half-couch half bedstead. This you will sleep in to-night. There is also in the room a quantity of eastern furniture in the shape of cabinets—some very small, some somewhat large. The late Mr. Fox inherited these from an uncle or cousin who was resident at one time somewhere in India. Upon entering the room, my companion laughingly said: 'Many's the time and oft that I have slept here amid old Fox's cabinets. By the way, I wonder whether he told anybody of a secret drawer in this one.' Upon saying this he advanced to the largest cabinet, and opening a little cupboard which formed a part of it, touched a spring, which caused a portion of the front as I thought at the time, to fall down and disclose a drawer. This proved empty. 'Ah!" said the stranger, 'I thought he would not put anything in it, in the shape of his will; old Fox was too prosaic for that. But look, Mr. Preston; what a neat contrivance this is for hiding the drawer which, as you see, is not a very small one. But try yourself to discover the hidden spring while I hold the candle.' My companion having taken one of the high candlesticks from the mantel-shelf, held it, whilst I tried to find the secret spring. I tried in vain. 'Well, I will shew you. Old friend Fox did not tell me to keep it secret, although he said he had not even told his wife, when he found the way to the drawer by means of a letter accompanying the cabinet. This is it, you perceive.' He touched a part of the framework quietly, and again was the drawer disclosed. I once more tried, and succeeded after a great deal of trouble. But since then the secret has become lost to me. The spring is doubtless still there, but all my subsequent efforts have been powerless to re-discover it.

"Well, while were undressing, I thought a great deal about the craft displayed by the Indian workman who had so cleverly designed this *sanctum sanctorum* of the cabinet, and I wondered how such as he should be dubbed savage. My companion, after chatting pleasantly, retired to his couch, and I placed my valuable pocket-book beneath my pillow; it was not a large one, although then rather bulky. Putting out the candles and drawing aside the window-curtains to gaze out upon the night (as is, I believe, a custom of mine) I remained standing at the window three or four minutes. Upon turning to go to my bed, I heard my companion breathing as sleeping men do. After my usual devotions, I retired, and having felt my property to be safe, slept the sleep of the weary, until I heard at my room-door a voice saying: 'Your hot water, sir; what time breakfast?' Having replied, I lay for some time carelessly looking at a beam of sunlight coming in through the side of the blind. I did not feel altogether rested—my faculties seemed still steeped in sleep—and then came the recollection of the preceding night and of my unbidden guest; and as I thought of him I looked in the direction of the couch, which was vacant. Dear me! I must have slept sound to have been undisturbed by his movements. How my head throbs too! Could that port have been less good than we thought it?—the port of our firm! Well, I must get up, a bath will work miracles. Upon getting out of bed my hand went mechanically under my pillow. I felt still further. I removed both pillow and bolster. I looked at the back of the bedstead, then under it. I rubbed my eyes afresh. Yes; I was *awake*, and my pocket-book was gone, and my companion for the night also!

"I will leave you to imagine my excitement at this discovery. Hastily putting on my garments, I rang the bell and summoned the landlady to my room. 'Where is the fellow who slept here last night?' I cried. 'Gone?' And when I demanded to know who he was, poor Mrs. Fox's distress was abundantly plain.

'He went away at daybreak, Mr. Preston; but he could not have robbed you, and ruin the reputation of my house too! I am sure he *could* not."

'But the pocket-book is gone madam,' I angrily replied; 'and as he is known to you, I must insist upon your giving me every particular of his name and whereabouts, in order that if I do not find my lost property when due search has been made I may accuse him of the theft. This I am certain of; under my pillow I placed my pocket-book last night before that young man's eyes; this morning both are missing; and if it costs me a hundred pounds to bring the thief to justice, I will spend that sum, be he whomsoever he may!'

"This distressed Mrs. Fox still more; she asserted she was under some solemn obligation not to tell any one who the young gentleman was. Upon this I believe I excitedly told her that the law should compel her to divulge the secret.

"To make my story shorter, I may as well at once state that all the searching could not recover my missing pocket-book, nor could all the power I had of persuasion or of threat unlock Mrs. Fox's lips, though her refusal evidently distressed her much; and before I left the inn she was looking very ill. Upon leaving, I told her that I should place the matter in the hands of a solicitor at once. She then asked that he might visit her before he proceeded to act. I complied with this reasonable request. London was my destination that day; and after writing to the different people who had paid their accounts by cheque, in order that payment of the same might be stopped, I considered it as well not further to publish my loss; so to this effect, I told Mrs. Fox to say no more of the robbery until my solicitor had visited her. I was totally unable to furnish the number of the notes which were in the pocket-book.

"Not caring to place the case in the hands of the solicitors to our firm, I remembered your father, Mr. Fowler, so to his office I hastened.

"Your father as soon as possible went down to Bradingdean, and after a lengthy interview with Mrs. Fox, succeeded in inducing her to divulge the name of the man who slept on the couch; this was given only under seal of secrecy, in order that he, your father, might assure me that the gentleman could not possibly have been the thief.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Chinese Review.

A correspondent of the Shanghai *Courier* gives an amusing account of a grand review of Chinese troops which he witnessed, and for which great preparations had been made. Four men blew themselves more or less to pieces with gunpowder in the excitement attending the preparations. The scene is described as having been a very pretty one:—"The entire body of men were drawn up in line two-deep, every tenth man holding a bright scarlet flag. From a short distance it looked as though there were as many flags as men, and the effect was admirable. Flags of scarlet, scarlet-and-white, and here and there one or two of blue, waved incessantly in the breeze, while at the back were grouped the banners of the Viceroy's guard, gaily striped with green, red, yellow, pale blue, white and black. The red and blue uniforms of the soldiers were wonderfully effective, and the general *coup d'œil*, aided by a brilliant sun, was charming. Slowly the fluttering phalanx advanced, the rear rank men running forward in alternate order and firing their rifles. Onward and still onward it moved, the men taking their time from a sergeant who stood in the middle distance brandishing a huge crimson standard. Then a horn was blown, the sound of which can only be compared to the hum of a gigantic bee transmitted through the microphone, and the movements changed. Firing ceased, and the battalion prepared to receive cavalry. Fortunately, however, for the battalion, there was no actual cavalry to receive, otherwise the forces of his Imperial Majesty would have been diminished by some hundreds of valiant soldiers. The method adopted was strange in the extreme. Out popped a person brandishing a pike, which he poked at an imaginary assailant, then, uttering a shriek like an owl, he flourished his shield, turned a somersault, and trippingly retired to the ranks. Throwing somersaults is apparently a very important accomplishment in Chinese warfare, and to be a good soldier a Chinaman should be, before everything, a clever acrobat. After this imposing evolution was completed, and everybody in the ranks had duly popped out, poked the air, shrieked, and turned head over heels, the drone of the bumble bee was once more heard, and fresh wonders burst upon our gaze. A company was separated from the ranks and drawn up in an open square in front of the Viceroy's pavilion. The intensest interest prevailed. The people crowded round, approaching as near as the soldiers on guard would permit. Here was something exceptionally fine—something got up for the special delectation of the Viceroy. The drums were beat, the trumpets blared. At last the performance began. A person suddenly danced gravely but energetically forward, throwing out his right leg with a graceful jerk; then, bounding backwards, he again danced forward, this time throwing out his left. Then he danced promiscuously; ye gods! how he did dance. Donatto would have died with envy. He jumped, he waltzed, he capered, he pranced, he turned head over heels, rolled himself well in the dust (which rose in clouds), stood on the back of his neck while he flourished his legs in the air, recovered himself, grasped wildly at nothing in particular, made a grotesque curtsey to the Viceroy, and retired upon his laurels. Then another gentleman came forward, went through similar exertions; then two appeared, and pretended to fight a duel, though, like Mr. Mantalini, they took good care to be well out of each other's reach; then another coup'e, and so on till the arena was occupied by about a dozen men, running and dancing, and hopping and bowling like so many drunken dervishes. The Viceroy sat behind his table of green and red, surrounded by all the mandarindom of Nanking, sipping his tea, and gravely looking on at the preposterous scene before him; while the Fan-t'ai and the Taoutai, and all the other officers gazed with an expression of the most complete complacency. A grosser farce it would be impossible to conceive. It differed nothing from the "fightee-pidgin" familiar to foreigners who look in occasionally at a Chinese theatre. The *mise-en-scene*, with the forest of waving scarlet, the gay dresses of the troops, and the pretty natural surroundings, might be tolerated at the Canterbury Hall; but the performance, considered in the light of a burlesque, would be hissed off the stage at a penny gaff. Such, however, is a grand review held in the presence of one of the highest officers in the empire, and rehearsed for weeks before."

How to Photograph Eyes.

English photographers avoid the strain on the sitter's eyes, which usually results in a ghastly stare, by having a clock-face as the point to which they are directed, the eyes being allowed to travel slowly from the figure XII. all round. The rotatory movement of the eyeball in adapting itself, step by step, to the figures upon so small a circle at such a distance is so excessively fine as to cause no interference with the photographic process. The eyes are excellently well defined, even to the iris, and the pictures have a marked superiority over those previously taken in the manner in which the details of the eyes are reproduced. The sitters have expressed themselves as not having had any strain upon their eyes.

ANYBODY can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let it go again, like the man who caught the bear.

Cyprian Experiences.

Discomforts of Life at Larnaca—A Bath in Public—Curious Females.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes from Larnaca, Cyprus: English people are still leading a sort of camp life here. There are, it is true, one or two establishments dignified with the name of hotels, but that is all I can say about them. The alternative is to put up at the house of a Greek, and it is not a difficult matter to find enterprising natives willing to inhabit their cellars themselves, if they can only get Englishmen to rent the few rooms of their houses. If the stranger agrees to be "boarded" as well, he deserves no little compassion for what he will have to endure. A day's experience at a house of the description referred to may show to some extent the way and customs of the country. Early in the morning, generally before sunrise, the whole household is astir—that is the native element in it. What with this, the shouting of the donkey-men bringing water across the court-yard, and the heavy clattering of the hoofs of masters and animals alike on the rough stones, added to the clacking and shrieking of half a dozen women, who argue and quarrel about the most trivial matter, sleep after an early hour is impossible. So the Englishman rises from his lowly couch (for the boards of his bed give way persistently in the night, and he passes the remainder of his time rolled in a sheet on the floor), and proceeds to dress. He plunges into his bath, but alas! there is no water in it; they have forgotten that. While he dons a few garments to go out and make his demand, a harsh squeaking voice at the shutters shouts in Greek: "Mister, mister, six o'clock!" A pair of dark eyes may be seen peering through a chink in the shutters, and as the inmate emerges from his room, he finds one of the women intently gazing through the shutter still. He explains that it is water that he wants, and several of them go off together to bring it. It appears that he forgot to fasten the door as he went back to his bath, for in come two of the women without any warning, one bearing a tiny cup of coffee. No amount of argument can get rid of them for some minutes, but finally the coffee is deposited on a chair—there is no table—and once more our friend is alone. But he is not left quiet for long, for the eyes continue to appear at the shutters and door until he stuffs up the apertures with brown paper. Breakfast time comes. Some grapes, a loaf of bread without a plate, a cup of coffee and some sugar, in an old condensed milk tin, are placed before him. It is with much difficulty they are told that spoons and another plate or so are required. An egg is brought half cooked; they throw down oil on the table by the grapes. It is explained that in England we, as a rule, use spoons for eggs also. But one of the women assures her guest that that is nothing—that eggs are eaten in Cyprus differently. Suiting the action to the word, she dexterously denudes the halt of the egg of its shell, and takes a bite or a long lick until the part exposed has disappeared. Then she places the rest beside her unfortunate victim. While the meal goes on as it may, the harpies seat themselves on each side of their guest, and remark every movement. Occasionally they partake of the lesson administered to the myriads of flies and move away, but only to return again with shrieking and shouting. A Greek apparently thinks that raising his voice to the utmost is the only way to make an Englishman understand him. The same difficulties I have recounted have to be endured at every meal. It is either no plate or else a score, no spoon or fork, or else enough for a dinner-party. Repeated experience teaches the natives nothing. They will not learn. It is always to-morrow with them. They promise to do everything "to-morrow"—a day which never appears in their calendar.

The curiosity and inquisitiveness of the Greeks will always have to be endured while you inhabit any portion of their houses. A thousand years would never teach them to keep their hands off your property, or at least to keep out of your rooms.

A Lion Adventure.

I knew a bushman once who, when in the Thornveld, far from his home, discovered that a lion intended to make a meal of him. The brute met him in a loose sort of way at two or three points of his path, bounding on each occasion back into the bush, making his startled victim fully believe his time had come. When the lion had played this trick for a third or fourth time, in much the same way as a cat might do with a cockroach, the path entered great reeds and tall grass. The bushman, who still kept his wits about him, now determined to pay off his enemy in his own coin. Knowing the lion was in front of him, he dodged off to the right, under the wind, ascertained the whereabouts of the beast, and betook himself to a course of quiet watchfulness. The big cat, when he in his deep wisdom thought the man should come along the path, found to his evident surprise that disappointment was in store for him. He put his head to the ground and roared with annoyance, when his eye caught sight of the bushman peeping over some grass at him. Before he had quite made up his mind what to do, the poor little man was taking sight at him from another quarter, to which the lion, of course, at once directed all his attention. The bushman now shook the reeds, and showed in another place, when the powerful but suspicious animal, getting alarmed in his turn, began to think he was the hunted party. The brave little bushman, who left no circumstance unnoticed, began to steal slowly but visibly towards his foe, who, falling into a state of utter doubt and trepidation, fairly bolted.

Sheep Living Without Water.

The Lebanon (Penn.) *Courier* prints the following extract from a letter from Stehman Forney, of the United States Coast Survey, dated on the Island of San Clement, in the Pacific, Dec. 1, 1878:

"I am at present engaged in making a survey of San Clement Island. It is 40 miles from the mainland, and is 22 miles in length and 2 miles wide. It is a wild, dreary place, with no water on it, except in immense natural tanks, which are so deep and precipitous that the water in them is inaccessible. I transport the water for my men and horses from the mainland. There is no wood, either, on the island, which is of volcanic formation, and composed of lava and conglomerate. The top of the island is covered with an abundance of grass, which sustains about 10,000 sheep, and, strange to say, they live, grow very fat, and are very profitable to their owners, and yet in the summer season get no water, except in the form of dew on the grass. There is, however, a peculiar plant on the island, called the ice plant, which is filled with moisture and is eaten by the sheep to quench their thirst. They are very fat, and make the finest mutton I have ever eaten."

A LAMP chimney manufacturing firm in Pittsburg heats its furnaces with benzine. Thirty-three per cent. of the former cost of chimneys is said to be saved by it.

The Building of Ironclads.

One of the most complex problems with which science and ingenuity have to deal at the present day is the construction and equipment of a ship of war. It is all the more so because the experience of recent warfare has thrown little or no light upon many of the conditions which are involved in the subject, and because we are comparatively in the dark as to the effect which will be produced by existing weapons in a naval battle. The rivalry between guns and armour-plates continues; as the guns get larger the plates become thicker, but the advantage lies with the weapon. The 100-ton gun of the Italians has pierced through the twenty-two inches of iron with which their ships are to be sheathed, and guns still more powerful are in contemplation. There are not wanting thoughtful men who consider that the time has come to abandon the costly and weighty armour which encumbers the sides of our ships, and can be so easily pierced; but this step has not yet been taken, and the armour still increases in thickness, though its application has been modified. The qualities necessary for a fighting ship are many and diverse, and if we discuss them one by one, we shall more exactly see the difficulties which beset the ship-builder and the engineer; but these separate qualities are so interdependent that they cannot be easily dissociated, nor is it easy to assign the relative values which they bear one to another—indeed, as to this there is a considerable difference of opinion. For instance, speed is one of the chief requirements of a war-ship, since without it she can neither follow up and bring to account an unwilling antagonist, nor avoid a battle if over-matched; yet, when in presence of a foe of equal strength, it becomes of less importance than handiness. Again, a high rate of speed involves large engine and boiler space, and, consequently, a proportionate restriction in the coal stowage or, in other words, the ability to keep at sea. So, also, the offensive power of a ship is enhanced by a certain height of gun-platform, but beyond a proper limit the stability may be compromised; while, on the other hand, the great weight which has to be carried tends to prevent that limit being attained. The speed of a ship lies in her boiler power, the engines are but the means of giving effect to that power. And in order to curtail as far as possible the necessarily large space taken up by the boilers, they are now made for a pressure of steam ten times as great as that used twenty-five years ago. The necessity of guarding from injury the motive power, and the terrible effects which would result from the escape of such high-pressure steam, render it imperative that all parts of the machinery should be as far as possible out of the reach of projectiles.

How Logs are Got out of the Mountains.

A chute is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and while we are telling it the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in 14 seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth their speed must be fully 230 feet per second! A sugar-pine log sometimes weighs 10 tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled to the height of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld! How the waters of the pond foam and seethe and lash against the shore! One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep water, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is perhaps 15 feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and, with a curve like a rocket, falls into the pond 70 yards from the log it struck.

Lord Chancellor Erskine.

The following extract from a letter, written at St. Andrews in his eleventh year, by the Hon. Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine, and addressed to his eldest brother, Lord Bardross, afterwards sixth Earl of Buchan, is a fair specimen of juvenile precocity. The original is in the collection of the Baron de Bogoushevsky:—

"ST. ANDREWS, August 11, 1761.

". . . I am in my second month at the dancing school. I have learned Shantrews and the single hornpipe, and I am just now learning the double hornpipe. Our school has the vacation just now; we got them on the 4th day of August, and all the boys that live in the country have gone home. There is a pretty large Norway ship in the harbour; the captain took Harry and me into the cabin, and entertained us with French claret, Danish biscuit, and smoakt salmon."

Harry Erskine, named in the letter, became a celebrated advocate at the Scottish Bar, and was greatly renowned for his humour. During the seventeenth century promiscuous dancing was strictly forbidden by the Scottish Church. The practice could not be suppressed, and in the eighteenth century schools for dancing were opened in the principal towns.

A Peep into the Waste Basket.

That to write for a newspaper is an easy task, many persons suppose. Why they conceive it to be easy is a problem hard to find answer for. The mistake is a serious one, and trial only is necessary to so demonstrate. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* The many scribblers who would rush into print form a source of great amusement to those who handle the fruits of their

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT. January 10, 1879.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

This is the week of prayer.

Bring on your snow shoes.

GREENBACKS are as good as gold now.

The Parliament of Canada has been summoned to meet on the 13th of next month for the despatch of business.

The Legislature of Ontario met yesterday—last session of the present parliament.

QUARTER dollars of 1874, are not all counterfiets. This, on authority of the LONDON FREE PRESS.

Now ye creditor maketh out ye little william, and ye impoverished debtor seeketh to devise a postponement of ye day of reckoning.

GOD help the poor, is often said, as we retire to downy bed; help them yourself and prove His care o'er those to whom your thoughts are led.

LOTS of firewood and a good stove, are blessings not to be despised at any time and doubly appreciated during such a cold snap as we have had.

BLESSED is the man whose wife gets up in the morning and starts the fires while he lies a'bed until the house gets warm—but we have our own private opinion of such a chap.

LAST Tuursday the thermometer was from ten to fifteen degrees below zero in southern Michigan. It certainly was as cold here, though in the absence of mecurial information, we are unable to report.

BROOKE township can boast of a new "Old Probabillities" who out-rivals Vennor. He was the only man in the village who said last Wednesday, look out for very cold blustery weather tomorrow. Indeed, many predicted a thaw. The successful prognosticator is not desirous of being styled "Professor," and in fact as there are now two gentlemen, already bearing that title among us, having been honored in that manner by the NEWS, we doubt if the conferrence of it on a third party might not create confusion. We will not even mention his name at present, but wait patiently until repeated "true guesses" warrant our bringing him prominently before the public.

A GOOD ANSWER.

In the GLOBE, of December 31st, an interesting editorial appeared, comparing the debt of Canada with that of the States. The article was written to refute certain statements made by the NEW YORK TIMES. That paper is noted for its unfair manner of treating most subjects, a fair example is seen in the following extracts. "Canada may not be a great country, but she has a great debt.* * * She owes $150,000,000 has just arranged for a loan of $15,000 000, and is likely to be in the market ere long, for another loan. * * Canada is not progressive, and has nothing to render her so. * * Some of our newspapers are recommending her to come into the American Union. We do not want her. We could not afford to accept her. We may esteem her as we esteem a poor neighbor, but we have no active desire to take charge of, or be responsible for her financially."

The GLOBE takes up the subject with its usual ability, and very thoroughly corrects the impression intended to be made by the TIMES. According to the GLOBE, the last official returns give the Dominion debt at $133,208,694. More than one half of the new loan of $15, 000,000 is to be employed in replacing certain bonds, matured and required to be paid, the balance is to be used in the completion of public works. For their debt, the States have nothing to show but the Union preserved. This is worth all that was spent in its achievement but it can scarcely be reckoned among public assets. The population of Canada is about 4,000,000, that of the States, about 44,000,000,000. The debt of Canada is about $33.50 per head The debt of the States, over $2,009,000,000 or more than $45 per head, fully one third higher than that of Canada. The debts of the different States apart from the Federal Government, amount to a little over $302,000,000 or nearly $7, per head. The Federal and Provincial debt of Canada amounts to about $35 per capita, while the Federal and State indebtedness on the other side is more than $52 per head.

These are no doubt odious comparisons to the class represented by the NEW YORK TIMES, and should teach that journal to be more cautious in making assertions intended to give erroneous impressions, concerning the financial condition of the Dominion of Canada.

EARLY CLOSING.

In nearly all cities, towns and villages, the merchants and store-keepers have regular hours for closing their establishments in the evenings; such as, nine o'clock on Saturdays and at eight o'clock on other nights. Where this rule has been adopted, no less trade is done than formerly, the storekeeper on the west side of the street does not wait on the tardy movements of his rival opposite or in the same block, for at a set hour the doors are locked and that day's trading is done.

It has been suggested that the merchants of Watford might adopt the same plan, and their attention is thus drawn to the subject in the hope that they will take action in the matter.

PRICE OF CANADIAN COTTONS.

The following appears in the Dundas *True Banner* of 19th ult., a copy of which has just reached us:

CORRECTION.—So it appears that the *Journal of Commerce* was incorrect in the statement that the prices of cotton goods had been recently raised. We do not get the *Journal of Commerce*, and took the extract which we published from another journal into which it had been copied, and we did not see that the statement had afterwards been corrected to "reduced" instead of "increased." The *Journal of Commerce* is supposed to be the most reliable trade journal in the Dominion, and we gave the extract because we supposed it to be entirely reliable. Had the manager of the Dundas Cotton Works condescended to make these facts known to us, they would have had a place in our columns before this, and we now make the correction most cheerfully.

We do not know whence our contemporary derived his information as to the quotations published in this journal, as we have not the pleasure of an exchange with him, but wherever obtained we beg to assure him that he is quite mistaken in crediting us with stating at any time during the past season "that cotton goods had been recently raised." We quote for his benefit from our dry goods report, date October 31st:

"Cotton goods are about 5 *to* 10 *per cent. lower* in England, and our Canadian mills are preparing to *lower* theirs in proportion, the Valleyfield having already *reduced* 10 per cent.'—*Journal of Commerce, Nov. 1st*, 1878.

We make no doubt the source of the *True Banner's* information was the following extract from the Toronto *Monetary Times* of October 18th, under the head of "Toronto General markers:"

It is reported that the cotton manufacturers of the Cornwall, Hochelaga and Dundas mills have recently advanced the price of grey cottons about 7½ per cent. and white cottons about 10 per cent.—*Monetary Times, Oct* 18th.

The *True Banner* will observe by the foregoing extracts that the shoe is on the wrong foot, that our Toronto contemporary is alone responsible for misleading the trade,—for the erroneous report with which we have been wrongly charged, and we trust our Dundas friend will see fit to give us due credit in the matter.

We are continually receiving from our subscribers letters of thanks for the correct, useful information contained in our market reports, stating they have saved more than five or six times the price of subscription in making a single purchase of goods. The prices of Canadian cottons, which we were the first to publish in Canada, seem to be thoroughly appreciated by our readers; and a Guelph subscriber informs us that he cleared some $200 on a purchase of sugar made on the strength of one of our reports.

THE LICENSE LAW.

When a man is about to embark in the liquor business he must first obtain a license from the proper authorities. The business of liquor selling is not forced upon him. He is not compelled to take out a license, unless he chooses of his own free will to enter that special business, for which Government says he must be specially licensed, and it may reasonably inferred that he is familiar with the rules and regulations therein specified, before he pays the required fee.

If then he violates the law, and he, or his sureties for him, are compelled to pay the penalty of such violation, can any one complain of injustice? The plea that a heavy license fee tempts him to violate his agreement with the Government that he may the sooner reimburse himself the expense, in other words that the Government placesitself in the position of a temptor, is as illogical as the often urged objection to high tariffs, namely, that they foster smuggling. Thus, in a priori reasoning removing a part of the responsibility from the committer of wrong and placing it on the statute which made the commitment of the wrong, possible.

The objection made by many to this matter of violation of the license law, is that before any proceedings can be instituted against an offender, he must be informed upon by some party whose name is kept by the inspector in secresy. Now while we cannot but feel a certain contempt for a spy or informer of any kind, we ask the question—by what other means could the offender ever be brought to justice? If a paid employee of Government was appointed in every locality, how long would it be before his business would be known? And how many violations of the law would he be permitted to witness? As long as the law remains as at present the "unknown informer system" is the only practical method af checking its frequent violation; and notwithstanding our general contempt for any man making this a bnsiness, we do say, that the informer in the case lately occurring here is entitled to the thanks of the whole community.

Here was a man openly and defiantly violating his license. This license strictly prohibited him from coming in competition with the hotels by selling by the glass, or allowing liquor to be drank on his premises; yet he not only lately sold more liquor at retail than did either of the two hotels here, but permitted scenes of drunken debauchery, such as the writer in a long experience has never witnessed elsewhere. Young boys were permitted to resort to and frequent this shop, and there is more than a suspicion that Indians obtained liquor there as readily as white men. In fact the place has for some time been a scandal to the community and a striking evidence of lukewarmness on the part of temperance enthusiasts, who were rightly the ones to demand the attention o the license inspector thereto.

So far as the personnel of witnesses subpœned to appear in the case, is concerned, that is a very different matter, and in two or three instances, we cannot but believe that the person or persons giving their names, were actuated by personal spite or malice; out of thirty or forty names of parties known to be constant frequenters of the place, there was no reason to select business men who called in but rarely, and latterly not at all.

However, it is well to remember that one who is a party to a crime, is as morally guilty as the one who commits it, and therefore, that every man who drank in that shop laid himself liable in a certain sense for his misdemeanor, and it will be well to recollect in future, that no one has a right to urge another to violate law in any form whatever.—*Alvinston News.*

"Just 258 years ago on Monday last the Pilgrim Fathers moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, of the Ottawa *Citizen*, has been elected Mayor for Ottawa by a majority of 700. The result of the contest, which was fought on political issues, is important; as it is rumored that Mr. Currier, M. P. for the city, will shortly resign, and Mr. Mackintosh is spoken of as his probable successor.

☞ WE refer with pleasure to the growing popularity of the Watford GUIDE, which is not only receiving a larger advertising patronage then before, but is rapidly finding its way into hundreds of families. Those who favor us with their business announcements express satisfaction with their investment. With all the advertisements of Strayed Cattle we have had in our columns this fall, all but one have been recovered. Our paper at $1 a year is within reach of all.

EAST LAMBTON

Agricultural Society.

The annual meeting of the above Society will be held in the

TOWN HALL, WARWICK.

ON

WEDNESDAY JAN. 15,

at the hour of TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON.

A. D. ELLIOT, Sec'y

EAST LAMBTON

M. F. INSURANCE CO.

The annual meeting of the members of this company will be held at

WYOMING,

ON THE

2ND TUESDAY IN FEB. 1879

At the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of receiving the annual report, and electing officers for the ensuing year. All members are particularly requested to attend as no voting by proxy is allowed, and officers must be elected by members present.

T. DOHERTY, Sec'y

January 10, 1879.—*td*

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kerfoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of January.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT.

Watford Jan. 10.—4 *in*

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience, I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards, "
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best. A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford, July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th, 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. fy

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876. 1y

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. . HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.

Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.

JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATTERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlil manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs
FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,
nd uses the best material.

A large stock of
Sash,
Doors,
Brackets,
Mouldings
etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of
MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,
who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.
LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY
IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.
Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.
Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.
Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.
Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton Ont.
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Farm for Sale.
50 ACRES,
Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,
Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.
Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good
Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.
Also a splendid assortment of
GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.
Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.
☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜
☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜
November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years, and soliciting a continuance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the
The Largest and Best Selected Stock
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of
TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wenzer Sewing Machine.
☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.
Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S
CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c.
ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S
GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices. Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.
BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET
Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price.	75c.	for	50c.
do	50c.	"	40c.
do	40c.	"	33c.
do	30c	"	23c.
do	25c.	"	19c.
do	20c.	"	15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price,	$1 50,	Reduced to	$1 20.
do	1 25,	do	1 00.
do	1 00,	do	80.
do	75,	do	60.
do	65,	do	50.

Men's Felt Hats	75c.	for	60c.
do	$1 00	"	75c.
do	1 25	"	$1 00
do	1 50	"	1 20

Best Factory Flannel,	40c.	for	30c.
Best Grey	do 40c.	"	30c.
Scarlet	do 25c.	"	18c.
Best Scarlet	do 50c.	"	40c.
	40c.	"	30c.
Canton Flannel	12½c	"	9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. We ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD

Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

The Checkered Stores.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots "	4 00	"
Stoga " -	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 9th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands:—HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

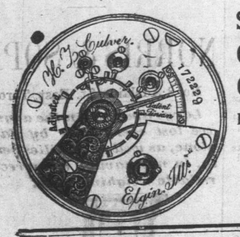
Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.



Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY.

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

FURNITURE
FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done, Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Motto frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 28, con 5, Township of Plympton, about 1st December, a red steer, with small white spot on forehead split in right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take the same away.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

Plympton, Jan. 10.—4in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned west ½ east ½ lot 24 con. 1, Township of Warwick, about the 1st of December 1878. 1 Heifer, rising two years old, all white. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take the same away immediately.

EDWIN TANNER.

Warwick, Jan. 10.—4 in.

Strayed Steer.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, East half Lot 28, 2nd con. south, Warwick, about the first of December, a red steer, two years old with gray hair on the head and white under the belly. The owner is requested to prove property and take the animals away.

JOHN RAYCRAFT
Watford P. O.

Watford, Jan. 3rd.—4 in

STRAYED MARE.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 8, 4th line Warwick, about the first of December, a small pure black mare, about sixteen years old, with one crooked hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take her away immediately.

RICHARD COX.
Watford, P. O.

January 3rd. 1879.—4 in.

The Guide.

JAMES C TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

WATFORD, ONT., January 10, 1879

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"
ONLY $1 from now to
DECEMBER 31, 1879

WANTED—500 new subscribers, to whom we offer the best local paper in Lambton.

IF THIS is the open winter that was predicted, we'll take ours shut.

MOTTO to subscribers (1) Renew. (2) Renew. (3) Renew,

A FAMILY near Aberarder has increased from eight to sixteen since last New Year's day.

Buy your Copy Books, Pens, Ink, and Pencils at Ewer's Book Store, the cheapest place in town.

REMOVED.—Dr. Lindsay has removed his office from Dodd's Block to his building two doors north of the post office.

Two young men near Camlachie absconded last week, leaving their creditors the worse of their bargain to the amount of $500.

☞ FOR Albums, Picture Frames, Violins, Sleighs, Fancy Goods, and a large assortment of Sheet Music, go to **Charley Rothwell's** Book Score.

We missed the sound of the Village bell,
Which rang loud and clear o'er hill and dell,
(Our machine here "bust," we hope to have it fixed for next week.)

You can get Edith Thompson's History, 3rd and 4th books, Algebra, Euclid and all School Books at Publishers prices at EWER'S BOOK STORE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the low price, large quantities of grain are being shipped from this station. The very topmost price is always paid by our grain buyers which has the effect of drawing it from a long distance.

GRAND dress Carnival to-night on the skating rink, don't fail to attend, The prizes are as follows: 1st, an album 2nd, 75 cents or a pair of skates, 3rd, a week's skating. The Brass Band will be in attendance to enliven the proceedings.

IS THIS RIGHT.—On looking over our books we find more than fifty cords of wood are due us from parties who agreed to pay their subscriptions in that article, and yet, with one or two solitary exceptions, we have had to buy and pay cash for all the wood we have used this fall and winter. Gentlemen, we ask you is this right?

BOLE, STICKLE & Co are making a large number of Gang and long ploughs, Hay rakes Road scrapers, Land rollers &c., for the spring trade, and as they guarantee all work turned out of their establishment to give entire satisfaction, we advise all our farmer friends who require anything in the above line to call at the Globe Foundry, Front St.

READ, READ,—We would call attention to the advertisements in another column of the Annual Meetings of the East Lambton Agricultural Society, which takes place at Warwick Village on Wednesday 15th inst.; also East Lambton Insurance Company, which takes place on the 2nd Tuesday in February at Wyoming.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Of the many Guides and Seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none so instructive as *Vick's Floral Guide.* Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its colored plate is a gem. This work, although costing but five cents, is handsome enough for a Gift Book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York.

Mr. Ewer has just received a large assortment of Family and Pocket Bibles, Prayer, Hymn and Psalm Books, which he is selling at very cheap prices. Call and examine at Ewer's Book Store.

SUDDEN DEATH.—In Glencoe on January 5th, after an illness of only thirty hours duration, Margaret Dickie, wife of Mr. Dickie of that town, and sister of J. J. Scandrett, of this village. Funeral took place yesterday.

OBITUARY.—On Tuesday, December 31st, 1878, Dr. Fobes, of Duart, Kent County, aged 40 year. Dr. Fobes had practised in Duart for the past five years and was a very successful physician and esteemed by all who knew him.

ELECTION OF TRUSTEES.—Mr. Joseph Williams, whose time as school trustee expired, was re-elected on Wednesday last, as also was Mr. John Williams, in place of Mr. Hugh Cameron, removed from the section.

HAD TO BE SHOT.—A horse belonging to Mr. Wm. Restorick, livery keeper in this place, was being blistered for ring-bone by Dr. Rudd. Mr. Restorick applied some of the liniment which caused the horse to stamp about, threw himself breaking one of his legs and had to be shot.

SEIZURE.—Yesterday two attachments were issued against some cattle supposed to belong to Joseph Cook, drover, at the instance of Mr. D. J. Campbell and Mr. Alex. McGregor. The cattle were being shipped by Robert Cook, father of Joseph, who claimed the cattle, alledging that he paid Joseph a commission on the purchase. Mr. Cook went to Sarnia to consult a lawyer, he returned and made a demand for the cattle, which were given up. There is likely a law suit in the distance.

DEDICATION—The dedication of the new Roman Catholic Church in Alvinston, will occur on Sunday next. The Right Reverend Bishop Walsh of London will officiate, and be assisted by Rev. Father Mc Grath and others, whose names we have not yet heard. We bespeak a large attendance of those of a different faith, who so generously subscribed to the building fund of the sacred edifice, assuring them that they will witness a most beautiful and impressive ceremony. In our next issue we will give an account of the services, for the benefit of those unable to be present.

WATFORD MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The municipal election passed off last Monday with the greatest quietness. The council for 1879 will have two new men. Our taxes are not overly high, but our streets are in wretched conditions and our system of drainage still worse. Sooner or later our council must grapple with the question of drainage; but whether the present council is equal to the occasion it is not for us to say, time will tell. The following is the state of the Poll for Watford:—

REEVE.

Col Campbell, by acclamation.

COUNCILLORS.	
Jas. Bole,	96
W. P. McLaren,	94
R. Dixie,	91
H. Cook,	89
J. D. O'Neil,	39
John McWaters,	32
M. D. O'Brien,	30
John Pattenden,	27

The first four being those elected for 1879. It is but fair to state in connection with the vote for councillors, that Mr. John McWaters on the morning of Election asked to resign but his mover and seconder, would not consent, this accounts for the small vote cast for him.

WARWICK MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The following are the votes polled in the various wards in the Township of Warwick:—

	REEVE	
	CAMPBELL.	MCGILLICUDDY.
Ward 1,	19	89
Ward 2,	68	111
Ward 3,	83	78
Ward 4,	71	107
	241	385

Majority for McGillicuddy, 144.

COUNCILLORS—WARD 1,	
Kadey	66
Craig,	41
Majority for Kadey,	25
WARD 2.	
Heley	108
Williamson,	72
Majority for Heley,	36
WARD 3.	
Karr	92
Campbell	57
Majority for Karr,	35
WARD 4.	
Hall	108
McIlmurray	77
Majority for Hall	31

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The agony is over. Those elected to stay at home must wait another year before they can again come to the front. Those elected, are smilingly happy and we hope will have no reason to feel otherwise during the year. There was again a tie between the candidates in the 4th ward. Below are the official returns.

REEVE.	KING.	LOVELL.
Ward 1,	149	114
Ward 2,	73	116
Ward 3,	85	58
Ward 4,	85	70
	262	358

Majority for Lovell, 96.

COUNCILLORS—WARD 2.	
Neil McLean,	102
Peter McLean,	92
Majority for Neil McLean,	10
WARD 3.	
Wm. Ainsley,	91
Francis Duffy,	62
Majority for Wm. Ainsley,	29
WARD 4.	
Wm. Kelly,	78
John Stirtan,	78
	00

Mr. Stirtan was elected by the casting vote of the Returning Officer.

The candidate of Ward 1, Neil Patterson, had been elected by acclamation.

REPORT OF TRUSTEES OF SCHOOL SEC. NO. 6, WATFORD FOR YEAR 1878.

ATTENDANCE.

Number of children of all classes between 5 and 16 years residing in Municipality, December 1878	313
" of Pupils between ages of 5 and 16 inclusive, entered on Daily Register for 1878	342
Total number of Pupils all ages on Daily Register during 1878	353
Number of Boys, all ages attending school 1878	178
" of Girls, " " "	175
" of Pupils attending school less then 20 days (inclusive)	34
" " " " between 20 and 50 days (inclusive)	45
" " " " 50 and 100 " "	62
" " " " 100 and 150 " "	70
" " " " 150 and 200 " "	94
" " " " 200 days and whole year	48
" of children between 7 and 12, not attending any school 4 mo's. of yr	30
Average attendance of pupils for 1st half year 1878	193
" " " last half year 1878	176
Number of teaching days of 1878 school was kept open (not including holidays	216

RECEIPTS.

January, 8, 1878,	Balance per last Audit		$ 450 09
	Drafts issued in 1877 and paid in 1878	$ 143 58	
	Other drafts paid by T. Fawcett, ex-Treasurer, up to April 20, 1878	106 01	249 59
			$ 200 50
April 20, 1878,	Cash received by me from T. Fawcett ex-Treasurer	67 50	
July 6, 1878,	Cash from Municipal Treasurer	600 00	
Nov. 5, 1878,	Cash from Elliot, re-Martin, law costs	5 75	
Decr. 22, 1878,	Cash from Municipal Treasurer	500 00	
			$ 1173 25
	Municipal grant of 1877 paid in 1878	133 00	
	Government grant of 1878	133 00	
	Government grant Warwick, (outside)	9 08	
	Municipal grant, Warwick, (outside)	4 93	
		$ 280 01	

DISBURSEMENTS.

Total Teachers' salary for 1878	$ 1,279 99	
Less as above grants	280 01	$ 999 98
Mrs. Geerns, Janitrix		65 00
John Reid, Secretary		20 00
Anderson, Insurance		6 60
Barnes, Inspector		2 00
Repairs of house, fence and grounds		50 48
Printing account		16 40
Other expenses including stationery, postage, census, Law costs, clock etc.		43 95
		$ 1,204 41
Shewing amount due me as Treasurer of School Board at date		31 16

The following accounts were passed by the board but not yet paid, McLaren, $4 85, P Dodds, $5 84, making a total of $10 69.

The Board put in their estimate to the Council in August for $1425, being $425 for general expenses, $600 borrowed money in July, and $400 for balance due on addition to School House.

The assessment of Watford was	$ 139,520	
" outside	17,878	
Total	$ 157,398 @ 11 mills	$ 1731 37
Estimated as above (not including debenture $ 248 90)		1425 00
Balance at credit of School Board in the Municipal Treasurers hands		$ 306 18

M. S. CAMPBELL,
Treasurer for School Board.

Watford, January 2nd 1879.

WATFORD COUNCIL.

An adjourned meeting of this council was held in the Town Hall, on Thursday the 26th ult. All the members present. The Reeve in the chair. On motion the minutes of former meeting were read and adopted. Moved by J Bole, seconded by W. P. McLaren, that Mr Tulloch be refunded one dollar for dog tax, as satisfactory evidence has been given that his dog was poisoned before the Court of Revision, and that the Reeve sign an order on the Treasurer for the same. Carried. The Finance Committee then presented the following report:

We your Committee on Finance beg leave to report that we have examined the following accounts and find them correct, and request that the Reeve grant his order for the same. Samuel Howden, part of salary and postage, $41.66, Paul Cameron, lumber account, $11,27, Paul Cameron, lumber account $18,56, S Hungerford, stationery, $2 55 Geo. Reid, repairing sidewalk, $1,25, James Cowan, 3 months ringing bell, $3. James Connor, work done, $1, Henry Kerr, balance of salary, $9. John Bambridge, rent fire engine house, $4.50, Jacob Lawrence, lumber, $464,44, W. H. Rogers, meals to indigents, 75 cents. Total, $557.78.

Moved by R McLeay, seconded by J. Pattenden, that the report of the Finance Committee be adopted. Carried. Moved by W P McLaren seconded by J Bole, that the Treasurers report for the quarter ending Dec. 9th, 1878, be filed. Carried. On motion the Council adjourned till Saturday the 28th December at 6:30 p. m.

Saturday, December 28th 1878.

An adjourned meeting of the Council was held in the Town Hall. present, the Reeve, and Messrs Pattenden, McLaren and Bole, On motion the minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. The Finance Committee presented the following report:

We your Finance Committee beg leave to report that we have examined the following accounts and find them correct, and request the payment of the same. Calvin Brown, gravel, $28, S. Howden, balance of salary, 30 dollars, County Rate, 191 dollars and 50 cents, H Kerr wood for lock-up and constable fees, 2 dollars, John Wise, attendance on lock-up, 8 dollars. Total 259 dollars and 50 cents. W P McLAREN, Chairman.

Moved by J Bole, seconded by Col Campbell, that the report of the Finance Committee be adopted. Carried. The Council then adjourned.

Alvinston and Brooke Items.

THE non arrival of the mail last Friday was due to the detention of trains by the terriffic snow storm.

A 49-ER.—John W. Branan came to where Alvinston is now located just 30 years ago last Friday, or January 3rd, 1849. It is unnecessary to state that at that date there was no printing office here to chronicle his arrival.

CLOSED UP.—John English's liquor shop is closed up, and every respectable citizen is glad of it. On Saturday Bailiff Cahill levied on the furniture of the shop for back rent, consisting of empty barrels, kegs, hand saw, stove and old bottles. English has levanted for parts unknown, leaving a wife in delicate health, and four children, the youngest four years of age. We also learn that he leaves unsettled liquor bills to the amount of $500, besides other accounts. Though the complaint made against him to the license inspector was not the direct cause of his departure, it undoubtedly hastened his movements. As his business was mostly cash and very remunerative he undoubtedly took with him quite a sum of money.

BROOKE COUNCIL.

Alvinston, 30th Dec., 1878.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Present—the Reeve, Deputy-Reeve, and Councillors Ansley and Stirtan.

Minutes of previous meeting read, and on motion of Mr. Lovell, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, the minutes as read were adopted.

A By-law was introduced read and passed appointing David Armstrong, Deputy Returning Officer for Ward No. 1, in the room and stead of Neil Patterson, who wished to be relieved of the position.

Council then adjourned till after the nominations.

On resuming, it was moved by Mr. Stirtan, seconded by Mr. Ansley, that the following widows be exempted from the payment of Township and County rates for the present year, viz.: Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Higgins, Mrs. Thomas Saunders, and Mrs. Ellen Saunders. Carried.

Mr. Styles applied for compensation for one sheep killed by dogs. Mr. Shirley also for two sheep killed by dogs. Moved by Mr Stirtan, seconded by Mr. Ansley, that Mr. Styles be paid the sum of $4.00 and Mr. Shirley the sum of $8.00, being two-thirds of the value of the loss sustained. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Shirley, seconded by Mr. Ansley, that J. C. Tye's account for printing order books and nomination bills, amounting to $7.50, be paid. Carried.

Communication from W. H. Stewart, Clerk of Warwick, received and read, in reference to enlarging the ditch on the Town line Brooke and Warwick, west of 6th side road.

Moved by Mr. Shirley, seconded by Mr. Lovell, that the Commissioner for Ward No. 3, be instructed to co-operate with the Commissioner for Warwick, in making the required improvement, as soon as he has funds at his disposal. Carried.

Mr. Lovell reported that the contractor for the drain on 6 sideroad, 1st con. was unable to proceed with his work for lack of an outlet to carry off the water.

On motion of Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, Mr. Lovell was authorised to deepen the ditch on the Town line east, so as to make an outlet for the drain.

Moved by Mr. Shirley, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, that Mr. Cahill be paid the sum of $1.00, as recompense for food and lodging supplied to vagrants. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Shirley, seconded by Mr. Ansley, the Council adjourned sine die.

W. G. WILLOUGHBY, Clerk.

MARRIED.

COX—MCNAMARA.—At the R. C. Church, on 8th inst., by the Rev. Jas. P. Morphy, Mr. James Cox of Warwick township, to Miss Annie McNamara, of this place.

BORN.

RUTHERFORD.—In Watford, on the 3rd inst., the wife of James Rutherford of a son.

MCNAUGHTON.—On the 3rd inst., the wife of James McNaughton 4th line Warwick, of a son.

CHAMBERS.—On Monday the 5th inst., the wife of George Chambers, 2nd line Adelaide, of a daughter.

RODGERS.—On Tuesday the 6th inst., the wife of David Rodgers, Egremont Road, of a daughter.

BLACK.—In Watford, on New Year's day, the wife of A. N. C. Black of a daughter.

TYE.—In Watford, on Sunday 4th inst., the wife of Jas. C. Tye, of a daughter.

FULLER.—In Watford, on Thursday 2nd inst., the wife of John Fuller, of a son.

STANZAS.

There is a tender hue that tips the first young leaves of Spring;
A trembling beauty in their notes when young birds learn to sing;
A purer look when first on earth the gushing brook appears;
A liquid depth in infant eyes that fades with summer years.
There is a rosy tint at dawn that flies the brighter day;
A sound of innocence and joy when children shout at play;
A laughing breeze at dewy morn that faints with sultry noon;
A silver veil that softest hangs around the maiden moon.
The scent that roses fully blown about their beauty fling
Is sweet, but cannot with the breath of early buds compare;
So doth there bloom a gentle love in life's enchanted spring,
That fills the breast with feelings age can never hope to share.

A Red Cross Ride Through Snow and Death.

I.

When I first heard of the Fall of Plevna I was at Belgrade, joining in a "mazy dance" at a ball given in the *Staro Zdjande* by several of the *corps diplomatique* to their colleagues and their wives, the Servian ministers and *their* wives, the *elite* of Belgrade and such "distinguished foreigners" as happened to find themselves in the capital of the plucky little principality. I had just returned from the interior, where I had been "roughing it" (rebuilding burned villages for a munificent anonymous friend, who gave me a most munificent sum of money), and so the ball seemed to me perhaps even more brilliant than it really was. At all events, the European music, the charming mixture of European and Eastern costumes, military and civil, and of eastern and western dances, with the fair of all nationalities, was a pleasant change to me from the discomfort of life in a wild country recently laid waste by fire and sword, and only just beginning to wipe out the "trail of the Turk."

I was enjoying a pleasant chat with the amiable and accomplished Countess B * *, with whom I had just danced in the Servian national dance, the Kolo, when a grey-bearded diplomatist exclaimed excitedly, half *at* me half *to* the countess, "Don't believe it! Can't be true! Have you heard the news?" "No, what?" we exclaimed in chorus, or rather duet. "The Russians have got into Plevna!" It is no part of my purpose to tell the different views and feelings expressed by the different diplomatic agents on the great news which the telegraph had brought to us. Suffice it to say that although it did not happen to be truth, it looked like it, and everybody remarked at once, what most had before overlooked, that the Servian prime minister and Russian diplomatic agent were absent. Prince Wrede, the Austrian consul-general, put two and two together and showed the connection of the two things to the satisfaction of himself and everybody else. However, Plevna was not obliging, and did not fall for several days.

At that time Dr. Humphrey Sandwith was acting as honorary administrator, in Roumania and Bulgaria, of the Russian Sick and Wounded Fund, and having "knocked himself up" with his work, he, with the approval of the committee, invited me to take his place. We had worked together before in Servia; but in the spring of 1877, when we were in the Timok Valley, he was struck down by a fever which brought him to "death's door," and very nearly showed him the inside of it; and from the effects of which he still suffered at intervals. Under the circumstances I could not refuse my old friend's invitation, and accordingly, having distributed my remaining stores of bricks, doors, windows, boards, beams, and such like, I set out for Bucharest the day Servia declared her last war with the Turks, in company with General Cartagi, uncle to Prince Milan. We took the steamer as far as Orsova, there we chartered a carriage and four, and drove along the left bank of the Danube as far as Turn Severin. As we passed the then Turkish island Adah Kaleh, which is within gunshot of Servia, Austria, and Roumania, we conceived a brilliant idea for bombarding it, with small mountain guns, from the heights of the hills which form the Servian bank; but, as the scheme was never carried out, there is no use of dragging it to light from the darkness in which it was conceived, and which it has (as far as I know) ever remained. But this much I must say, it was a very brilliant one, and would, no doubt, have been successful, assuming (which, however, was doubtful) that the Austrians would not have interfered.

Bucharest was reached in due course, and Dr. Sandwith and I, having spent our Christmas there, made arrangements for visiting the hospitals on both banks of the Danube, and for distributing through the organisation of the Russian Red Cross both stores and comforts for the sick and wounded. Toward the end of the last week of the last month of the old year our arrangements were complete, and on the last day of the year I started alone to ride to Fratesti, a little more than fifty versts (about thirty-five miles) from Bucharest on the west of the Giurgevo road to the Danube. It was afternoon and bitterly cold, the thermometer showing twenty degrees of frost according to Celsius, or above zero, Fahrenheit. Still, I was tolerably well clothed, and splendidly mounted. Furs, the "proper wear" for such weather, are too heavy, or rather too cumbrous, for the saddle, but I had a leather tunic under my coat, and two pairs of stockings in my jack-boots; my "knees and nose" had, from the force of circumstances, to "look out" for themselves; the former partially, the latter wholly and literally.

My mount was, as I have said, splendid—a mare sixteen hands high, yet "low on the ground," pretty head (which she knew how to carry), intelligent eye, clean legs, sure feet, good appetite, good temper. Alexandra—that was her name—had been the property of General Darozdinski; he was killed, and she was wounded, by the explosion of a shell in the Skipka Pass, and after she had mourned her master till her wounds (not very bad ones) were healed, she entered my service, and we soon became fast friends and understood each other like Christians.

My baggage consisted of two flannel shirts, a few pairs of stockings, half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, a waterproof coat and helmet, and a set of roughed shoes for Alexandra—the last item a happy thought, as the sequel proved—for although the shoes that she started with were all very well for Bucharest, where the deep snow had been cut up by the innumerable sledges, they were worse than useless when we got on the "war-path," which had been stamped down by the troops marching to the Danube till it resembled a sea of glass. In fact, I had to change her shoes as soon we got out of the town. This little act of courtesy I had to do myself, but, being an old soldier in that way, I managed to do it to Alexandra's satisfaction and to the no small amazement of the Don Cossacks, who "chanced" that way at the moment.

Then I joined the crowd of troops marching for the front; they were moving at about five versts an hour, and it was impossible to give them the go-by, as they occupied the whole of the narrow road. I made the best of it, and that was not bad, as I had fallen in with a Russian colonel, and we chatted very pleasantly together till we reached the village of Kulgurine, where my friend and his regiment "nighted." He pressed me very much to stay too, pointing out the disadvantages of travelling in a dark night; but I was deaf to his arguments, for I had promised the Russian Red Cross to be at our Red Cross Barracks at Putine, twenty versts beyond Fratesti, in the morning, and I was nearly a like distance the wrong side of the latter place. Besides, there would be no troops marching by night and I could thus travel quicker. I took a "pull" at the colonel's "vodka" flask (it was really cognac, but every one religiously believes that Russian officers drink no spirit but vodka, and I won't try to teach them heresy), and nibbling my last biscuit I called on Alexandra for a trot, hoping to reach Fratesti before the new year—the old one had only about three hours of life left. I was exceedingly anxious to lose no time, as the prisoners from Plevna, nearly 30,000 in number, were on the march, and the first detachment of 4,000 were expected at our barracks the next day. "Our barracks" were built with about £1,000, part of the Russian Sick and Wounded Fund; they held nearly a thousand beds for comparatively light cases, about forty for wounded officers, and about thirty for grave and hopeless cases. The latter were fitted up with much comfort, but the others were only straw in canvas sacks laid on the rough board floor. All the bedding was provided by the Russian Red Cross, as also was the staff of doctors and sisters of charity, and the Russians having taken all these thousands of prisoners, their Red Cross was anxious to provide for those who should fall a prey to the severity of the weather, and so they had invited my co-operation in the matter.

The snow broke crisply under Alexandra's feet as she trotted merrily along into a darkness which seemed to grow thicker and thicker every verst we left behind us, till at length we could see nothing but the distant camp-fires in our rear and the few stars which had ventured out on "such a night as this." Then I could see nothing but Alexandra's head, and suddenly that disappeared, and almost at the same moment I found we were rolling over each other into a young ravine which a snow-drift had obligingly filled up for us. How many times we somersaulted I could not exactly count, but when I came to survey damages I found they were not so severe as one might have expected—a few bruises falling to my own share, and a nasty cut in the shoulder to Alexandra's. "The *awkwardest* share of this awkward affair" was that when we found a way out of the ravine we did not know where we were. The camp-fires had died and we could not see their ashes, the stars had repented their rashness in coming out and had retired, and all that I could see was a small round spot of white with a large circle of leaden grey, and beyond that blackness. Alexandra may have seen a little more, as I don't think she ever had typhus as I had two years ago on the Serbo-Bosnian frontier. This disgusting disease, besides twice skinning me, like an eel, alive, affected my eyes, so that although I can see very well by day I am almost blind at night. And here I find myself in a waste of white that for the most part looks black to me. I light a cigar and look at my watch by the light of it—ten o'clock, and I have not dined, and no chance of dining this year. The mare too is hungry, and is pawing the snow away in the vain endeavour to "get to grass." I take the saddle off and spread her blanket over her. In replacing the saddle my half-frozen hand accidentally "punches" my own nose, and to my horror I find it is frost-bitten. I fall on my knees and bathe my face in the snow for nearly an hour, when sensation gradually returns to my nose and ears, and then I try to rise, but cannot—my toes are frozen in my boots. I make many attempts at rising but fail, at length I seize a stirrup, and in spite of the pain, almost too intense to endure, I pull myself up. Then I spend a good hour stamping circulation into my feet; that done, I look again into the semi-darkness, and to my astonishment see a grand old country house, with massive entrance gates, in a high boundary wall surmounted by *chevaux de frise*. I pick up the bridle and lead the mare towards it, and soon find myself in an avenue of oaks, with hoar-frost hanging from their spreading branches. The road was rough, and we made slow progress, and indeed we got no nearer the hospitable mansion—for it was only an optical illusion, a will-o'-the-wisp that led us farther from our way. I gave up all hope of finding Fratesti, or indeed anywhere, that year, and settled myself down to the monotonous amusement of stamping circulation into my feet, varied occasionally by applying snow to my face and ears. Then the intense cold (it was below zero) brought on an almost irresistible drowsiness; but I dare not sleep, for I knew that if I slept I should forget to wake. I talked to Alexandra, and the poor beast seemed to understand the situation, and ever and anon turned to smell my face. I liked to imagine she was kissing me every time I felt the grateful warmth of her breath on my face, but I suppose she was merely satisfying herself that my weight against her flank was not a *dead* one. Then I found myself dozing, and would fain have smoked again but I could not open my mouth, for my moustache and beard were frozen together with a block of ice, already a quarter of a pound in weight—the result of my snow-face-baths and of my breathing. In fact I had a gag of ice, which not only prevented my talking to the mare or smoking, but interfered seriously with respiration. The rest of the night was miserable in the extreme. I was hungry, and had nothing to eat; sleepy, and dare not sleep; cold, and too exhausted to take exercise sufficient to keep up the circulation. I had to press close up to poor Alexandra to preserve any warmth at all. Towards morning, too, I felt my hands all covered with blood—I could tell it was blood by the warmth and the smell, and I thought it came from under my finger-nails, which felt as though falling off—but when daylight came I found it was not my own blood but Alexandra's. In embracing her neck to support and keep me warm, I had reopened her wound and smeared myself with her blood. But daylight did come at last, and I found that I had overshot the side road to Fratesti when less than five versts from that station. I had spent ten hours in the snow within forty minutes' walk of a warm bed.

As we pointed for the Red Cross station I thought to myself, "Well, I'm a strong man, tolerably well clothed, and though very hungry, certainly far from starved—yet I have only got through this night by the 'skin of my teeth.' How can those wretched Turks have pulled through?" The sequel will follow.

II.

The Russian Red Cross delegate at Fratesti was M. Davidoff, now consul-general for the principality of Bulgaria; he gave us a good breakfast and a strong invitation to stay a few hours to rest. This, however, I felt bound to decline, as I had promised M. Richter's *locum tenens*, the Russian delegate at Putine, to be at "Our Barracks" there before noon (it was now nearly ten, and I had twenty-five versts to do, a tired horse, and a bad road.) A slight fog—no doubt my will-o'-the wisp castle of the night before—had raised the temperature, so that one had not the fear of losing one's nose before one's eyes. Still it was bitter cold, and I could not help asking myself again and again, "How *can* those wretched prisoners stand this?" At last the answer came in the shape of the first detachment, and oh! what a sight! They looked like a regiment of corpses galvanized into action by the subtle demon of war in some merry moment of "glory." Their pinched features wore a hungry, stolid expression of hopeless misery; their gait was slow and hobbling, for most of them were suffering from frost-bite, and all of them made feeble endeavours to hold their tattered garments round their shivering limbs. Some of them were vainly endeavouring to bite the frozen bread; others actually threw it away as useless weight; and a few Asiatics who had probably never in their lives seen such a winter were comforting their faces and jabbering incoherent words which nobody understood or even noticed; they had lost their reason; the next night they lost their lives—they were frozen to death.

Eh, how sadly did I resume my own march! Here was misery, and I was powerless to alleviate it. I had hundreds of warm garments, but they had been bought with money especially subscribed for the Russian sick and wounded. I could not, of course, commit a breach of trust by applying funds subscribed for the Russians to the benefit of the wretched prisoners they had spared, although the enemy had massacred every Russian who had fallen into his barbarous hands. These poor wretches themselves admitted that the Russian and Roumanian soldiers who fell into Osman Pasha's hands were murdered in cold blood. And indeed Osman himself told me on the 21st of June 1877, when I had an interview with him at Adlie, on the Serbe-Bulgarian frontier, that he looked on the Roumanians as rebels, and as such he should execute them, and that he could not *afford* to keep Russian prisoners (*"Ich bin nicht reich genug Russen zu ernahren!"*

I had not gone far before I came upon a Turk crouching in the snow. I dismounted and spoke to him in Sclav, on the chance of his understanding me; but I got no answer, the poor fellow had spoken his last word. He had fallen out to rest and eat his breakfast, and had yielded to the drowsiness which extreme cold induces, and had thus dozed into his last sleep, still grasping in his stiff hand his frozen bread. Horrors thickened on me as I traced the prisoners' line of march, lined as it was at intervals with frozen corpses. Some of them were stripped of their clothing, and others were mutilated by the hungry hogs and wild dogs. They culminated in a sickening spectacle—a sow and her litter dragging the viscera from a dead Asiatic. "Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed involuntarily to myself. "Were these poor wretches born to be food for swine?" And clapping my hand on my revolver I was just about to shoot the obscene beast, when the thought occurred to me that it is well for the living that these scavengers—the hogs, the dogs, and the vultures—should eat up the dead, and so prevent their putrefying bodies from breeding a pestilence. At twelve o'clock I reached Putine, almost at the same moment as several waggons loaded with frozen corpses. The Russian delegate, besides succouring the living, had organised fatigue parties to bury the dead. He had distributed all the Russian stores and warm clothing amongst the Turkish prisoners, and begged hard for some of ours, but I found bound to resist the temptation. I could not divert from the Russian sick and wounded money subscribed especially for them, and apply it to the Turkish prisoners whom they had spared in spite of the massacre of their own countrymen; though practically it would have come to the same thing, for after taking the instructions of our committee I handed over my stores to the Russian Red Cross, and they distributed them amongst the Turks. They put the matter to me thus: "Your friends are anxious to help us; we have taken all these prisoners, and with them the responsibility of doing our utmost to keep them alive; so that in helping them you assume a share of the responsibility, and thus you fulfil your object of helping us." In justice to the Russians I feel bound to say that this magnanimity was by no means exceptional or confined to officials. I have often seen Russian soldiers share their rations with Turkish prisoners. And at Zimnitza I found an hospital-barrack with fifty beds, thirty-five of which were occupied by Turkish wounded, whilst in the spaces between the beds Russian wounded were lying on the ground.

Next day Dr. Sandwith arrived in a peasant-sledge with Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*, who afterwards published a sketch of "Dr. Sandwith and his Mission of Mercy,' which gives a very good idea of the difficulties and discomfort of travelling in South Wallachia in mid-winter. Being thus relieved from work at Putine, I set out for Zimnitza to visit the Russian hospitals there on my way to Turn-Magurelli, where we had five English doctors. Zimnitza is only forty-five versts from Putine as the crow flies, but as the Vede runs between, and as that river had overflowed its banks and was not fordable for thirty or forty versts from its mouth, a detour had to be made of about twenty versts, thus lengthening the journey to sixty-five versts. The way from Zimnitza to Turn was also lengthened to the same extent in a similar manner, and so my whole journey amounted to 110 versts each way, 220 versts there and back to Putinel or 340 there and back to Bucharest (in all, about 230 miles.)

Arrived at Zimnitza just the worst for her accident of New Year's Eve, and we made the sixty-five versts to Zimnitza in seven hours including stoppages. The way was dotted here and there with Turks in the snow, some singly, others in little groups of two, three, or four, huddled together for warmth. Most of them were dead and stiff, but I had the satisfaction of saving some who were still alive, and putting them on sledges to the nearest Red Cross station. In not a few instances, the cargoes of these sledges were found, on arriving at their destination, to be a mixture of living and dead. In one case I hastened to get warm soup for a couple of waifs I had picked up on the road; when I returned, one was lying dead in the other's lap!

The sky was clear, and the sun, shining on the world of white, dazzled the eyes, but at intervals the sun was obscured by the immense flights of birds whom my approach disturbed from their breakfast of human flesh.

At Zimnitza I found 2500 sick and wounded, including a large proportion of Turks, whom the Russian doctors and sisters of charity were tending in a way that brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of the rough barbarians, who could scarcely understand how delicate Russian ladies could dress their dirty and stinking wounds. Brave women were those daughters of noble Moscow and St. Petersburg families, who left their comfortable and happy homes to work almost day and night in the rough barracks of the Red Cross hospitals. Not a small proportion of them sacrified their lives in their self-imposed work of true charity, and nearly *all* fell victims to typhus. Of a brave little band of twenty sisters, *sixteen* were lying sick with typhus, and two dead of the same terrible disease. Those who only saw the Russian sisters when they were convalescent from typhus, taking the air in carriages in Bucharest, formed a very harsh opinion of them; but those who saw them, as I did, at their work, will never forget the courage, the tenderness, the devotion with which they tended the sick and wounded of friend and foe.

Having handed to the delegates and sisters funds for comforts for the severest cases of the 2,500 at Zimnitza and the 4,000 patients that were lying on the other side of the Danube at Slatova (the river being at that time impassable), I pointed for Turn-Magurelli. The road was wilder than ever, but a slight fall of snow had thrown a white mantle over those who slept only too well. The wind had not disturbed the covering which nature had spread over the lonely dead, but the birds and beasts of prey had here and there soiled the pure white sheet with the blood of the bitter weather's victims.

I was not sorry to reach Turn, where I was welcomed by our doctors, who found a comfortable bed for me, and a warm stall for Alexandra. Their barrack was not full, and most of their patients were Turks whom they had literally "picked up" by the wayside, and thus snatched from a frozen grave. On consulting with them I found that owing to their not speaking the language of either Russians or Roumanians, and to the change of the line of march, and to other circumstances it is unnecessary to refer to, they were not at this time (although they had worked well and effectively at Plevna, as the *Times'* correspondent telegraphed at the time)—they were not doing as much good as they wished and strived to do, or as was commensurate with their expenses; I therefore made arrangements for their return home, which the committee readily ratified, as it released funds to be applied to the purchase of warm clothing and other comforts which the sick and wounded required at that time even more than surgeons and medicines. This arrangement concluded to the satisfaction of our doctors and myself, I retraced my steps, visiting all the hospitals and Red Cross stations on my line of march, and seeing everywhere a repetition of the scenes I have vainly attempted to describe, but which can only be *realised* in a hideous nightmare. I will not weary my readers with a repetition, but content myself with saying that in three days I was again in Bucharest, having completed my 230-mile "Ride through Snow and Death."

In a Dissecting-Room.

Dissecting-rooms now are not what they were in my younger days; you might almost take a lady into them now, and, save for the unseemly exhibition of "a slovenly, unhandsome corpse" or so, there would be little or nothing to offend her sensibilities. But fifty years ago it was a different matter. Body snatching was still recognised as a desirable, if slightly illegitimate, branch of trade; and when the bodies were procured they were treated in an unceremonious fashion which would greatly shock modern ideas of propriety. The dissecting-room at SS. Cosmas and Damian were situated on one side of a rather dreary quadrangle; it was a long low chamber, the upper end of which was rather wider than the rest of the apartment, and contained at its west side the only door of ingress, the room itself running north and south. In this more extended space were placed certain trestles supporting boards, upon which were deposited such bodies as were newly brought in to aid the pursuit of science. At the south end was the general operating table. When I first entered this chamber of horrors, I became aware that there had been newly deposited therein five new "subjects" but as my own experiments involved the manipulation of one formerly provided, I paid but little attention to their ghastly presence.

My task began, and for some time was pursued with ever-increasing interest; but in a moment of pause there came a strange sound, as if somebody had gently pushed at a creaking door. In the intense stillness which prevailed there was something startling about that noise which made me turn round suddenly, as if there were somebody else in the room. Of course there was not; I had the only pass-key, and so knew that the momentary panic was unreasonable, laughed at myself, and fell to my work again. How long I had been dissecting I cannot say, when again that queer creak startled me, and this time it seemed to come definitely from the north end of the room, where lay the five new bodies, so that I almost involuntarily turned my eyes in that direction. Horror of horrors! As I looked, the second of the dead men began slowly to rise; from a recumbent position he gradually assumed a sitting one, and at last stood upright! The light of my lamp in that long room showed me nothing but that terrible white figure. I could see the being's arms swaying with the exertion of rising, and the general outline of the horrible thing that was bringing the sweat in great beads to my brow—nothing more. It would have been almost a comfort if the eyes of the corpse had been visible, for then it would have seemed to assume some personality, and I might have addressed it, and so, by the sound of my own voice, have dispelled half the terror. But there it stood—vague, white, motionless—a thing to fear and flee. Flight was naturally my first instinct, but a moment's reflection showed how impossible such a course must be. I had locked the door on entering, as directed by Professor P—— when he gave his permission for my nocturnal studies; the key was in my pocket, certainly, but to reach the door—ah! I must pass before that ghastly white figure—and if it should clutch me before the outer air were gained! All the stories of ghouls and vampires that had horrified my boyish mind in days gone by rose up to my remembrance in that awful moment, as if they were things of reality. It cannot be true that people's hair turns white in a single night, or I am sure mine would have done honour to a patriarch next morning.

I said I was of a nervous temperament, consequently a rush of despairing energy came over me. I took my lamp and ran rather than walked up to the figure that so appalled me. No motion—stiff, rigid contraction of all the limbs; no animation as I drew near and nearer—yes, it was really only a dead corpse, and in the frenzy of my terror I had courage to touch it, whereby at once the whole mystery became plain. There had been five bodies brought into the dissecting-room that afternoon, but there were only four boards upon which to dispose them; so, for convenience, or to save themselves the trouble of fetching another support, the porters had so arranged their burden that one corpse lay partly upon one board and partly upon another. As time wore on the superincumbent weight had cause the sustaining matter to slip, which produced the first sound that startled me; this was followed by a further parting of the supports, which made a second noise. Then the feet of the corpse falling to the ground acted as a lever to the remainder of the stiffened body, which gradually assumed the position which had so unmanned me, being prevented from falling by the hips, which rested upon the two boards.

I replaced the dead man in his former position, to avoid any suspicion of "skylarking" on my part, and then opened the door, double-locked it, and fled to my own rooms. Next day I told Professor P—— what my experience had been of a dissecting-room at midnight; he smiled a petrifying smile of incredulity, suggested pork chops, nightmare, an over-excited imagination, and so forth. So I begged him to go privately in with me, and then showed him how the apparent resuscitation occurred; upon which he said, "My certie!" which was a good deal, coming as it did from that most unimpressionable of men. But, do you know, I did not seem to care about midnight dissections for some time after that, I had such a scare from that first night in a dissecting-room.

Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela.

It is presumed by scholars that the Itinerary of Rabbi Benjamin shared the fate of Marco Polo's travels in being abridged from the original journal by copyists and translators, and since no complete and genuine manuscript has as yet been discovered, we are obliged to content ourselves with those that exist, fragmentary and imperfect though they are. The work, which was well known to the learned in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and had gained credit among Jews and Christians, was never printed until the sixteenth century, when an edition appeared at Constantinople, printed—as it had been written—in the Rabbinic character. This edition is extremely rare; the Bodleian contains an incomplete copy. In the seventeenth century the work was translated into Latin, and since then into French, English, Dutch, and German. Probably few general readers have taken the trouble to pursue the quaint, brief utterances of this ancient Spanish Jew; and yet his narrative, for all the narrow space in which its information is compressed, by no means lacks interest, and will, we hope, be found to repay analysis. The first object of interest to us is naturally the writer himself. Little is known about him, and only by inference from the events named by him can we fix the exact dates of his visit to various cities. He was a Spaniard, and lived before the Jews were persecuted and oppressed in the name of charity and love; indeed, in his day the Jews held a respected position in Christian Spain. They filled posts of honour and were permitted to bear arms and rank as knights. The Jewish congregation of Tudela, a little town on the Ebro, had even actively asserted their equality with the Christians and Mohammedans of the place, and possessed a military tower for their proper security. Rabbi Benjamin was a native of this town, and his birth must certainly have occurred in the early part of the twelfth century. The object of his travels is never stated by him, but it was probably of a mercantile character. His descriptions are such as a sober merchant, voyaging for his business, but observing besides, would be likely to give. This view is further confirmed by the accuracy with which he notices the state of trade in the various places he visits. Besides this, it is very evident that Rabbi Benjamin endeavoured to become acquainted with the state of his brethren in the countries through which he passed. He sought out all the Jewish synagogues, and has recorded the names of the various Rabbis, the principal Jewish residents, and the number of their congregations. Hence his narrative contains the fullest account extant of the state of the Jews in the twelfth century. He is accused on insufficient grounds of having overstated these numbers for the purpose of glorifying his nation, and the fidelity of his work has been impugned as having been written only for the purpose of celebrating his own people. That the writer was a pious Hebrew is very obvious, and a fact he never even attempts or seeks to disguise; but why this fact should invalidate the veracity of a very plain, straightforward, and unimaginative Jewish merchant is not so obvious. It is highly probable that with his commercial objects he combined a curiosity similar to that of the Chinese traveller Fa-Hian, who early in the seventh century visited India to investigate the condition of his Buddhist co-religionists. We do not, therefore, doubt his geographical accuracy, whenever he turns aside to make any statement of this nature. As Gibbon justly remarks, "The errors and fictions of the Jewish Rabbi are not a sufficient ground to deny the reality of his travels." Moreover, Rabbi Benjamin is particularly remarkable for his caution; and it is here that the contrast between him and Pethachia, between the commercial traveller and the tourist, is so amazingly marked in parts where they have traversed the same ground. So cautious, indeed, is Rabbi Benjamin that he draws a careful distinction between "what he heard" and "what he saw." Considering the state of knowledge at the time when he wrote, the marvel is not at the fables and fictions that have crept into his narrative, but that these are so few and that the whole is distinguished by such accuracy and sobriety.

The Good Reporter.

A good reporter is always first cousin to a necromancer, and can introduce himself to you in such a genial way that for the time being he seems like your long lost brother, who is anxious to show you the strawberry mark on his left arm in proof of his identity. You talk with him about the inner secrets of your life in a profuse sort of way, give him your opinions about the resumption of specie payment, and, as the conversation flows, freely unfold yourself on various other matters. He sits a silent and admiring listener, encouraging you by a nod when you are hunting for the right word, or possibly supplying it himself, and gives you the impression that he wouldn't disclose what you have told him—no, not for worlds on worlds. The next day you take up the paper and while carelessly looking over its columns see your own name in capitals which seem to your astonished gaze as long as Bunker Hill Monument. Every word you have said is there. That man with the strawberry mark on his arm was the small end of a speaking trumpet through which you unconsciously told the whole world all about yourself. He had no pencil nor paper and didn't evince any desire to write in short hand. Oh, no; that is the clumsy way in which beginners work. His skill is not in his finger-tips, but in his memory. He memorized every word you said and reproduced it with perfect accuracy. The accomplished reporter is as nearly ubiquitous as a merely human being ever becomes, and is beginning to be regarded as a moral restraint in many respects superior to the Decalogue. A man in the olden time might possibly break the Decalogue and hide the pieces, but now a days the moment a law is broken the quick ear of the reporter catches the sound and his persuasive lips compel you to tell him all about it. He is an animated interrogation point; a human corkscrew, who gets a deeper hold on your secret every time he turns round. His mission is summed up in the short but terrible sentence, "If you do it, I'll tell." What religion can't do the fear of the reporter will accomplish.

Oleomargarine.

Much of what is commonly termed butter in this country is honestly labelled oleomargarine in the United States, and so long as people are not afraid to use dripping there is no reason why they should refuse oleomargarine perfectly wholesome and very nicely prepared. A large trade has grown up in America with this substitute for butter, but some microscopists have been recently bringing their lenses to bear upon the artificial butter, and their verdict is not encouraging. It appears that, instead of using only selected suet, the factors of oleomargarine are in the habit of utilising anything in the shape of fat; and as the process employed precludes a temperature sufficient to destroy bacteria and their germs, the resulting "butter" is not such a satisfactory article as could be desired. Chemically speaking, fat can be converted into an excellent substitute for butter; but the American manufacturers have failed to take the proper precautions, and the result is an exposure which may possibly have some effect upon the sale of "bosch" in this country. The original French patent states that the stomachs of pigs or sheep should be chopped up with the fat to be rendered into "butter," but the temperature employed in the manufacture are insufficient to destroy what are believed to be the possible germs of disease. Hence, some New York microscopists have published a "warning," and a very instructive controversy is just now going on in American scientific circles. Meantime the British public consume "bosch."

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents.

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now to say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

Business Items.

A LADY writes to us asking for "a poetical name for a picturesque, tumble-down, antique-looking farm." Call it Lalla Rookhery. You couldn't get a Moore antique or romantic name than that."

Aged persons are often troubled with derangements of the kidneys and urinary organs, and will be glad to learn that VICTORIA BUCHU AND UVA URSI is prepared with the especial purpose of meeting these troubles, and making life happy to the aged. Those who have used it speak highly of it, and it is highly recommended with confidence. For sale by all dealers.

WHEN a man dies suddenly, "without the aid of the physician," the coroner must be called in. If the man dies regularly, after being treated by a doctor, everybody knows why he died and the coroner's inquest is not necessary.

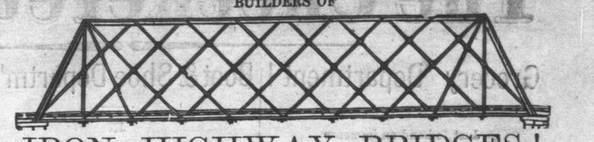
To be well draped, your linen must be faultless, and to insure it get your Shirts and Furnishings at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

STILL THEY COME.—Dr. H. En. Ross, Kincardine, considers YELLOW OIL as staple an article as he has in his store, and as sure to sell as tea or sugar. Jas. Bobbin, Bobbinton P. O., writes:—"We have used HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL, and find it answers every purpose for which it is recommended." There is nothing better for burns, bruises, scalds, etc.; no better liniment in the world. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson, Proprietors, Toronto. For sale by all dealers.

One of the most signal triumphs achieved by any exhibitor at the recent Provincial Fair was won by the Oshawa Cabinet Company. This Company obtained the First Prize on their Bedroom furniture, and carried away prizes also in Centre tables, Parlor Suites and Cabinets, thus establishing their claim to the very highest position among the furniture manufacturers of the Province. The whole of their immense stock in the warerooms, No. 97 Yonge St., is marked to sell at very low prices.

NERVOUSNESS.—A very great number of those in the middle and higher classes of society, who, without being ever actually sick, never know what real health is; who live constantly in a lower plane of living than is normal in man, who are weak all over, though not specially and constantly weak in any one organ, who may not experience piercing and grinding pain, yet suffer at times, if not always, that profound exhaustion which in many respects is worse than pain—those in that lamentable state have always been relieved, and many permanently so by using the VICTORIA SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, it being particularly adapted for those cases. For sale by all dealers.

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF



IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden-Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

Business Directory.
TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

PURE HAVANA Small cigars $10 per thousand. Sample box by mail 25 cents. Address, C. GILBERT, North Chatham, N. Y.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc., Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER Best in the market. Take no other.

OLD FILES Recut at 40 per cent. less than new. Also a large stock for sale or exchange always on hand. THOS. GRAHAM, 35 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

ARTESIAN WELL BORING AND drilling machinery—first prize at Provincial Exhibition, 1878, and gold medal at Centennial—hardpan, boulders, quicksand, etc., easily handled: send stamp for 60-page illustrated catalogue. HOLT & CO., 32 King street, west.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR A Wonderful Discovery. Forms hair; Restores or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. Thousands are from the original, and always a perfect success. It works like magic and is a perfect Balm for Hair. Sent by express to all parts of the world on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, or 6 for $5.00. J. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agts., Palmira, Ill. All others counterfeits.

HALIBURTON COUNTY.
Farm lots in Dysart and other townships.
Town lots in Haliburton, to which village the Victoria Railway will, it is expected, be open for traffic on or before 1st October next.
Apply to C. J. BLOOMFIELD,
Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co., Front-street East, Toronto.

LYON & ALEXANDER,
Ontario Photographic Stock House,
128 Bay St., Toronto.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' CARDS, SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS, CHROMOS, FRAMES, AND MOULDINGS.
Full Lines. Choice Selections.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.
almost identical with the far-famed Thorley food of Great Britain. It consists of seeds, roots, barks, and herbs. Improves tone, flesh and spirit in the horse, fattens cattle, sheep and pigs rapidly, and greatly increases products of the dairy. Only $10 per 100 lbs. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John St. South, Hamilton.
Sold in every village, town, and city in the Dominion.

Canada Permanent
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y.
Paid up Capital $2,000,000
Reserve Fund 200,000
Total Assets 6,000,000
SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Deposits received, and interest at 4 principal repaid in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's bankers, free of charge. The Capital and Reserve Fund of the Company, invested on first class real estate, being pledged for the security of money thus received, Depositors have undoubted assurance of perfect safety.
Circulars sent, on application to
J. HERBERT MASON,
Company's Office, Toronto. Manager.

CANADA
Business College
HAMILTON, ONT.,
The Great Educator of the Mercantile, the Manufacturing, and Farming Community.
The course can be taken in whole or in part, to suit students.
Terms liberal and board cheap. Let any young man who can spare a few months in winter take a course in this institution.
Students enter at any time. For circular, etc., address
TENNANT & McLACHLIN.

THE "SIMONDS" SAWS
Are Superior to all others
More Work. Better Work. Less Power. Uniformity in Temper
R. H. SMITH & CO.,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
Sole manufactures for the Dominion of Canada.
Send for Price List.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN
Business College
TORONTO.
Is the place for *Farmers, Tradesmen, and Mechanics* to obtain a *Business Education*.
NOW is the time, during the winter months and dull times, to prepare for business which must improve with the opening of spring.
Terms liberal and facilities unsurpassed. Students may enter at any time. Send for circular and specimens of penmanship.
Address,
J. D. ODELL,
Toronto.

TELEGRAPHY.
DOMINION
Telegraph Institute
FOR LEARNERS.
Day and night For Ladies and Gentlemen. A business useful for everyone at other employments. It is being used in large business houses more and more every year. Anyone knowing this useful branch of knowledge always stands the best chance of work. Any person can learn it. Hundreds of testimonials from pupils. Come and see for yourself. Vacancies in telegraph companies arranged for. Institute fitted up with every convenience.
TERMS:
Day Life Scholarship for
GENTLEMEN, - - - - - $26.00
LADIES. - - - - - 20.00
Night Life Scholarship for
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, - - $15.00
Henry C. Bowman,
MANAGER,
32 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

WHY SMOKE
A common tobacco WHEN for the same price
You can get the Myrtle Navy?
SEE

The Watford Guide.

VOL. IV.—NO 51. WATFORD, ONT., JANUARY 17, 1879. WHOLE NO. 207.

Holland—its Decline.

The greatness of Holland declined, and it will never again attain the relative position it once held. Why did it thus fall away? We must own that its natural advantages are few. The country itself, the base of all Dutch operations, was rescued with difficulty from the sea, and has been preserved from submergence by immense and unceasing exertions. The Provinces were never so much famous for manufactures as for trade, though the reputation of Dutch sugars, Dutch linen, Dutch paper, and other commodities, shows the excellence of their work. But in truth, the Dutch fetched and carried from all lands, insomuch that though the Provinces never produced corn enough for the food of their own people, Dutch ports were the emporia to which all nations could go with a certainty of finding stocks of grain on sale. How was it that the inhabitants of lands so niggardly endowed by nature became so affluent? Adam Smith may help us to answer this question. It is evident that the author of the *Wealth of Nations* was much impressed by the Dutch character and Dutch institutions, and he speaks of the United Provinces as if he had not suspected that their prosperity was on the way to a decline. He praises the probity of the Dutch character, making the merchants of Holland everywhere trusted. He praises the equality and justice of their laws. He praises the simplicity and good sense of their trade legislation. He declares that in the United Provinces was to be seen a nearer approximation to free trade than could be anywhere else observed. Finally, he ascribes to their republican institutions—by which I understand him to mean the machinery which secured to the people's self-government, and discouraged inequalities in the distribution of wealth within families—their political and their commercial eminence. But a commercial people, having in themselves no guarantees of manufacturing supremacy, and depending for their greatness on the maintenance of their trade as the carriers of the world, were necessarily dependent on the continued freedom of their traffic. If they were prevented from resorting to shores to which they had been accustomed to go, their occupation would be gone, and it would be an imperfect recompense to them to remember that the country which refused to trade with them suffered also. Our Navigation Act of 1651 was a great blow to the carrying trade of Holland, as far as regarded ourselves and our colonies; and when in the course of the century that followed we acquired the lordship of larger and larger portions of the world, the trading spheres of the Dutch were in a corresponding degree curtailed. Yet, as we have seen, Adam Smith made no remark on the decline of Dutch commerce; and it was not until the Napoleonic wars, when Holland became first a dependency and then a part of France, that the final blow was suffered. Every colony was lost and all external trade was destroyed, and Holland experienced a suspension of vitality, the more serious because it happened simultaneously with a change in the conditions of the productions the leading commodities of commerce, that must of itself have been very injurious to the Dutch supremacy. The Dutch had always been adepts in the art of making air and water perform their work; but the last hundred years have seen more powerful forces harnessed and put to use, and the Dutch had not these forces immediately at command. In the competition thus created they must in any case have found their superiority gradually passing away, and it was their misfortune that the Napoleonic interruption of their life happened at such a time that when they re-entered the world-field of industry they found rivals established too powerful for their competition.

Once the Loveliest Woman in Europe.

Walking in the woods one day, my friend met a pale, elderly lady, in the plainest of black cashmere dresses. Her grey hair, which showed threads of bright chestnut through its silver, was put back plainly under a simple hat of black straw. She was very lame, and was evidently suffering extremely from rheumatism. She was accompanied by another lady as quietly dressed as herself. "Do you know who that is?" asked my friend's companion as they passed. "No," was the answer. "Do you think she is handsome?" "Not at all, nor can I even see any traces of past beauty." Yet that lady was once hailed as the loveliest woman in Europe; it is the Empress Eugenie. She was living in the quietest possible manner at Ems, and before she left was much benefitted by the waters. But she seems to have relinquished all effort to struggle against the ravages of time, and to have laid aside the false adornments wherewith a few years ago she used to disfigure instead of improve herself her and appearance. Still, it is very sad to imagine this once peerless beauty now changed to a faded, elderly invalid, deposed from her throne of triumphant loveliness as from the throne of France.

Raw-Hide Horse Shoes.

A method of shoeing horses with raw-hide has long been in use on the plains and found so serviceable and convenient that it might doubtless be found useful in many places where there are long periods of hot weather. There are also cases frequently occurring, in which disease of the feet might at least be alleviated by the temporary use of shoes cut from raw-hide or properly prepared sole leather. With these, that portion of the foot which needs the most precaution, viz., the crust or walls of the hoof where it meets the sole, will be preserved from contact with hard or rough surfaces; while the frog, generally too much protected, will reach the ground and become subjected to healthful action. For farm work, upon smooth soils free from stones or gravel, this kind of shoe will be useful during the summer season. A simple strip of raw-hide or sole leather, well filled with hot pine tar to make it hard and waterproof, will be sufficient for general use. A more durable shoe may be made of two or more thicknesses fastened together with copper rivets.

For Girls.

Many young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means that lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence. The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her "teens" need only the simplest settling. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years. The seasons teach us something here, if we go to Nature for an object-lesson. How different her charms from the deep, maturing summer, when the buds are decided, and the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand censers! The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day, and discard artificiality.

WHAT this country has never seen, and never will, is a hen that can lay a wager.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

My better self! my Stradivarius! we
Have done great things to-night: have helped to bear
On outspread wings the stream of melody
Up to heaven's portals—it might enter there.

I wonder, lov'd one, was it thou or I
Who pour'd our soul forth on the music's strain?
Thou art not living—yet I hear thee sigh,
And sing, and sob, like gods more than us men.

Since he, Cremona's master, work'd and wrought
With more than human skill, he surely breath'd
Into his sweet creation speech and thought,
Best of the forest, with man's best enwreathed.

The master breath'd upon thee, with the love
That centres in a soul: and lo! awoke
Thy sweet love-song, attuned in heav'n above,
And, soaring, thus upon the silence broke.

But, no! description's vain—we cannot tell
The songster's sweetness, nor the sough of wind,
The Spring-tide wonder, or the year's sad knell;
Yet all this joy and sadness here we find.

Yet more! for in its midst, grief of a heart
That knows this life, blends with the joy of those
Who know but spirit life: and thus impart
Heav'n's bliss into the strain that richer grows.

And, yet, sweet violin! without me thou wert mute,
An!, unresponsive, in thy velvet nest would lie;
All silent as a long forgotten lute,
Thus thou without me—thus without thee I!

THE SECRET DRAWER.

A STORY OF KENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"It appears she would not trust me in my excitement at my loss, but thought the secret quite safe with Mr. Fowler the solicitor. Your father was away two or three days investigating the affair, and upon his return assured me not only that the gentleman who was my companion could not have any object whatever in taking the property, as he was not only a member of a wealthy family, but had large means at his own disposal; he had moreover gone abroad the day after he slept at the *Rose and Crown*. Your father absolutely refused to confide the name to me until two years had elapsed, thinking that some of the notes, whose numbers we were able with difficulty to obtain, would if stolen, be presented for payment; and further, that this interval would be sufficient to prove the other idea that the pocket-book had been abstracted under the influence of kleptomania. And so," finished Mr. Preston, "the matter at present rests. None of the notes has been presented either at the Bank of England or at the country banks. And now we will ring for candles to light the way to our bedroom. I fasten my pocket-book now to my bedstead, when placed beneath the pillow. My partner thinks me unwise in not going on to some town larger than this, more especially as my coming is always known. I have not followed his advice; but I am very careful as to who occupies the couch in the room where the robbery takes place."

CHAPTER III.

As a description of the room we were to occupy for the night was given by Mr. Preston in his narrative, I need not give further details of its contents, which appeared to remain unaltered. The room was lighted only by wax candles, two being placed in sconces over a high fire-place; while two others were in brackets fastened to an old-fashioned dressing-glass in the window recess. There was a fire in the room, it being Mr. Preston's custom to have every precaution taken against catching cold from unaired room or bed-linen. We at once examined all the curiosities in the room, coming finally to the cabinet which contained the drawer whose spring was hidden so cleverly by the maker. It was a handsome piece of furniture, standing to a height of five or six feet, upon a low framework of ebony. It appeared of great antiquity, and was composed, so far as I could judge, of two or three different kinds of inlaid wood. There were two divisions. Upon one side was a series of four drawers; the other was occupied with a drawer at the top and bottom, while a small cupboard was in the space between. The hinges were made of a bright metal resembling polished steel, and the ornaments in different parts of the cabinet were of the same material.

"Is it not strange," said Mr. Preston, "that as to the whereabouts of the secret spring, my mind is quite a blank? I remember the door of this little cupboard was open when the front of the drawer was visible. A part of the framework appeared to fall away. You see there are three shelves in the cupboard; but where space is to be found for the hidden drawer, I cannot comprehend."

"Let me try." And so I did, without any result. Every drawer was pulled out; the side carefully examined and pressed with my fingers, but without avail.

"The mystery," observed Mr. Preston, "will have to remain one. Only my companion of two years ago can unravel it; and it is of so little importance so far as I am concerned, that I would not trouble about it if it were not for the stupid way in which I have forgotten the trick."

"As to that," I replied, "how many puzzles are explained and soon after forgotten! I do not think I could remember a tithe of the tricks with cards learned at school, so I do not think it remarkable that you should have forgotten what you only imperfectly saw some time ago."

"But I have tried to remember it each time I have slept here since; and I know that on the night of the robbery the matter was clear to me as I stood beside the young fellow who was with me in this room."

After pleasantly chatting for some minutes, we each sought our respective couch. I did not feel the least sleepy, but out of respect to my new acquaintance's drowsy replies, I soon altogether ceased an attempted conversation, and strove to win sleep by fixing my attention for some time upon some object. As I lay in my little bed I could see the fire in front of me, with the Indian cabinet by the side; at the foot was the dressing-table with its old-fashioned glass, and dimly in the distance to my left gloomed the canopied bedstead wherein lay Mr. Preston. On all these objects in turn my eyes rested. The people staying in the house retired one by one or two by two, as distinguished by their conversation, and at last all was quiet. The wood fire was becoming less and less, and flickered up only for a few minutes as each fagot fell into its own dust. Now, the room was quite dark and I was beginning to despair of sleeping at all, when my faculties were aroused by a movement from my companion's bed. "He must be restless too," I thought, so I spoke in a low though distinct voice to him. No answer. "He does not wish to be troubled; but surely he must be getting out of bed!" I raised myself gently and peered through the gloom, but could distinguish nothing at all distinctly. Still Mr. Preston was, I could judge by the sounds, now touching the mantel-shelf. Again I spoke but received no answer. Now a match is struck and one of the candles is lighted. "How strange," I thought, "that he should not reply when spoken to; he did not seem deaf over night!"

The light enabled me to watch his movements. He advanced towards the large Indian cabinet and opened the door of the little cupboard on the left-hand side. I slipped out of bed to get nearer to him. His head turned; his eyes were wide open, looking strangely fixed. Surely Mr. Preston is a somnambulist! I resolved to watch his movements, but not to disturb him unless he approached danger. I had not long to watch. I stood looking over his shoulder, while with one hand he held the light, and with the other touched a knob which appeared to be one of the screws of the hinge of the door, which was thrown open so as to meet the side of the cabinet. A faint whirring noise ensued: the centre shelf was raised, and the front of a drawer advanced in sight. The noise ceased. Mr. Preston pulled open the drawer. Eagerly I looked into it, and there sure enough lay the long-lost pocket-book, placed there by himself two years ago, the robbery of it being thus attributed to an innocent man!

It was with difficulty I restrained my impetuous desire to awaken the somnambulist, but deemed it better to wait till the morning to disclose my discovery. I saw him carefully reclose the drawer, extinguish the candle, and quietly return to bed, and seeking my own, I slept until late in the morning. Finding that Mr. Preston was not in the room, I rang hastily, and learned that he was waiting for me to join him at the breakfast-table. Before going downstairs I tried the secret spring and satisfied myself that the pocket-book, which still remained untouched in the drawer, was Mr. Preston's. I could not retain my story; and words could not describe the surprise and bewilderment shown in my new friend's countenance when he heard it. He had not the slightest idea that he walked in his sleep; and he had to run up-stairs and himself learn from me the secret which with senses awake was unknown to him. "Allow me the pleasure," said I, "of presenting you with the missing pocket-book!"

Mrs. Fox was equally astonished at the solution to what had been an unpleasant mystery for nearly two years; but her delight exceeded her astonishment. She then told us that the gentleman who occupied Mr. Preston's room on the night of the disappearance was the eldest son of a wealthy baronet who was present at the ploughing-match dinner. The son had affianced himself to a young lady, at that time not approved of by the father. On the day before the regiment of which he was a captain was to embark for Ireland, he had obtained leave of absence in order to pay a visit to his fiancee. His horse becoming lame through over-riding, had prevented his return that night; and in order to join his regiment in time he had started from the *Rose and Crown* at daybreak. It was important that his visit should be kept secret from the impetuous baronet, and to insure this the son had bound Mrs. Fox under promise of secrecy: hence her refusal to acquaint Mr. Preston with his name and whereabouts.

I have only to add that this little adventure extended to me the friendship of my father's old schoolfellow, and many times when we have been together has the subject of this story been recalled.

Bismarck.

The Chancellor's almost superhuman capability of working, whether creatively, respectively, or critically; of solving the most difficult problems, of instantly hitting upon the right thing to do and seeing the way to do it, was, perhaps, never so remarkably shown as during this time. And it was the more wonderful as but few hours' sleep were allowed for restoring his exhausted powers. As at home, so in the field, unless an unexpected battle called him before daybreak to the King's side, the Minister rose most frequently at a late hour, usually about 10. He had, however, sat up the whole night, and had only fallen to sleep when the morning light was shining through the windows. Frequently he resumed his full mental activity before he was fairly out of bed, perusing and annotating despatches, reading the journals, giving instructions to Councillors and other fellow-workers, proposing questions and problems of the greatest variety, and even writing or dictating. Later, there were visitors to be received, or audiences to be given, or there was the King to be advised. Then came study of despatches and reports, correction of papers which had been ordered, jotting down of ideas with the large well-known pencil, composition of letters. There was information to be given by telegram, or communications to be made to the press, and in the midst of it all, perhaps, unavoidable receptions, which often must have been anything but welcome. Not till 2 or perhaps 3 o'clock, if a considerable halt on the march was made, did the Chancellor allow himself any relaxation, such as a ride in the surrounding country. After that, work again till dinner, between 5 and 6. An hour and a half after dinner at the latest he was again at his writing-table, and at midnight he was often to be seen reading or committing his thoughts to paper.

Pachisi.

Pachisi is a favourite game in India, and an eager player will carry rolled round in his turban the cloth which serves as a board, so as to be ready for a game at any moment. These cloths, when embroidered with the diagram in coloured silk, are quite artistic objects, and one does not often see prettier toys than a set of men in Mr. Franks' collection, little cones (or rather sugar-loaves) of rock crystal, with the colours they are to bear shown by mounting in the top a ruby for red, an emerald for green, &c. There are even stories of yet more sumptuous games, where the board was a court-yard laid out in marble pavement, on which living draught-men clothed in green, red, yellow, and black, walked the circuit and hustled one another off the squares. Our Anglo-Indians sometimes catch the enthusiasm; and there is an often-told tale of that official personage who, when he paid his native servants their wages, would sit down with them to a game of pachisi, and sometimes win his money back. In London toyshops they sell board and pieces for what they profess to be the game, but these really belong to the modified form of it known in India as *chupur*, in which, instead of cowries, stick-dice numbered on the four long sides are thrown, these Indian dice being in England replaced by our common cubical ones. This shows the change from lots to dice in games of the backgammon sort, and it is curious to notice how clearly the new rules for counting by the dice are modelled on the old rules for throws of cowries.

ATTENTION is being directed to Prof. Sotbeer's account of the amount of gold recently quarried and washed in Russia. According to this German scholar, the average value of the gold found in that country has risen to $23,250,000 a year. This being about half the sum required for payment of interest abroad, it must in time improve the financial position of the country. Prof. Sotbeer is justly regarded as one of the most trustworthy authorities on finance.

Transmutation of Metals.

Is the Old Dream of the Alchemists to be Realized?

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes: "Large as have been the drafts of late upon our scientific credulity, there has hardly been one which makes so heavy a demand on our powers of faith as is involved in the statement that Mr. Norman Lockyer has realized the alchemist's dream, the transmutation of metals. Strange, incredible as this may appear, there is sufficient evidence of its having been effected to make us at least suspend our judgment and await the results of further experiments before absolutely refusing to believe. What seems certain is as follows: To-day (Monday), in the presence of a small party of scientific men, Mr. Lockyer, by the aid of a powerful voltaic current, volatilized copper within a tube by hydrochloral acid, and then showed, by means of the spectroscope, that the solution contained no longer copper, but another metal, calcium, the base of ordinary lime. The experiment was repeated with other metals with corresponding results. Nickel was thus changed into cobalt, and calcium into strontium. All these bodies, as is well known, have ever been regarded as elementary, that is, as incapable of being resolved into components, or of being changed one into another. It is on this basis that all modern chemistry is founded, and should Mr. Lockyer's discovery bear test of further trial, our entire system of chemistry will require revision. The future possibilities of the discovery it is difficult to limit. The great object of the old alchemist was, of course, to transmute base metals into gold, and so far as our knowledge goes there is no more reason why copper should not be changed into gold as well as into calcium. The means at present employed are obviously such as to render the process far more costly than any possible results can be worth; but this is necessarily the case with most scientific discoveries before they are turned into commercial facts. I am not, of course, holding out any probability that such will ever be the case; but an attitude of mere incredulity is by no means justifiable in the matter. Mr. Lockyer is one of our best living spectroscopists, and no man with a reputation such as his would risk the publication of so startling a fact as he has just announced to the scientific world without the very surest grounds. He is known by his friends as somewhat sanguine, and he does not pretend to be an accomplished chemist, but he was supported yesterday by some of our leading chemists, all of whom admitted that the results of his experiments were inexplicable on any other grounds but those admitting of the change of one element into another, unless, indeed, our whole system of spectrum analysis is to be upset, the other horn of a very awkward dilemma. He has already made a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the subject, and he is about to read a paper before our own Royal Society, in which we may hope to learn the results of his later experiments, made since the paper was read in Paris. For this full account of his researches we shall look with no small interest, for, since 100 years ago, Priestly discovered oxygen and founded modern chemistry, there has been, there could be, no discovery made which would have such an effect on modern science as that the so-called elements were not longer to be considered elementary.

Promised Revival of Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is reported that French capitalists have secured a grant for a railway line from Jaffa to the interior of Palestine, which will open up the Jordan valley and the whole region north of the Suez canal. In certain contingencies this road might become of great military usefulness, but it appears further that the productive resources of the country are considerable, and what is more surprising, that the Dead Sea itself can be turned to commercial account. Chief of these at present are the stores of natural combustibles for which that region is noted.

"Hitherto the main obstacle to the development of steam traffic in the Levant has been the total absence of combustible material. Not only Egypt, but the shores of Syria and the Red Sea, are completely stripped of wood, and the coal imported from the West commands a price ranging from $10 to $24 a ton. Now the masses of asphalt continually thrown up by the Dead Sea attest the presence of vast subterranean layers of fossil vegetable matter, and these signs were not long overlooked by the enterprising men attracted to Suez by the opening of the canal and the movement of commerce in that direction. Recently numerous soundings have been made between Jaffa and the Dead Sea, which, so far, have not disclosed any deposits of coal proper, but, on the other hand, have laid bare inexhaustible beds of lignite.

Of itself this store of lignite is likely to prove an inestimable gain to the industries and commerce of the Levant; but we should add that the juxtaposition of asphalt in great quantities furnishes the elements for a mixture of lignite and asphaltum in the form of bricks, which is equal in heating capacity to the richest bituminous coal, while its cost on the ground is only $2.50 a ton. It is known that similar bricks, made up of coal dust and bituminous debris from gas works, are much sought after by French railways, since, besides their heating power, they greatly facilitate stowage owing to their regular shape. Of course the bitumen of lower Palestine has been known from immemorial times, and was used to impart solidity to the structures of unbaked clay in Assyria and Egypt; but it may be said that the discovery of the subterranean combustible has lifted once for all the curse which has so long rested upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and will transform the wasted shores of the Dead Sea into a focus of industry and a magazine of wealth.

Journalism.

There can be no question that in the last twenty years or so there have been changes in the world of literature that amount almost to revolution. Literature has taken its place among the professions; and if its most magnificent pecuniary prizes are not what they once were, at all events the numbers of those who get a living by it have multiplied almost indefinitely. It needs little capital. A bundle of quills or a box of "magnum bonums," a bottle of ink, with a quire or two of writing paper, suffice for the stock in trade of the aspirant. We were very nearly adding that it needs no brains, although the man who professes to instruct or amuse his fellow-creatures should be none the worse for some education and knowledge. But as a matter of experience, it is shown every day that a wonderfully small amount of brains will go a very long way, and that the more delicate susceptibilities of the mental fibres may be quite a secondary consideration. Versatility and a happy picturesqueness of expression; self-assurance and a serviceable memory; superficial sharpness of vision, with a jackdaw's instincts for transmogrifying the ideas that have been borrowed and twisted for an immediate purpose—may be counted upon to supply any shortcomings in the intellectual power. Cultivation and knowledge should be useful, as we said, but it is more than likely they may prove snares to their possessor, for they may tempt him into frittering away invaluable time by weighing his opinions and verifying his facts. Elaboration of style is, of course, gone out of date—a man has either the knack of expression, or he has it not; and rapidity of execution, at all events, is to be placed before everything else. The habit of reflection is to be scrupulously avoided if you mean to make an easy income by your pen. What the public looks for nowadays, even in the quarters that might be expected to be most fastidious, is dash rather than deliberation; sensation rather than solidity; sparkle more than depth; and picturesqueness far more than precision. The world has taken to travelling by rail and transacting even trivial business by telegraph, so the men who have the suggesting of its ideas and convictions can, least of all, afford to lag behind.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One and a half pounds muscatel raisins, one and three-quarter pounds currants, one pound sultana raisins, two pounds moist sugar, two pounds bread-crumbs, 16 eggs, two pounds finely chopped suet, six ounces mixed candied peel, the rind of two lemons, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of ground cinnamon, one half ounce of pounded bitter almonds, one quarter pint brandy; stone and cut up the raisins, wash and dry the currants, and cut the candied peel into thin slices; mix all the dry ingredients and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten into the pudding; stir in the brandy and, when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour a stout new pudding-cloth; put in the pudding, tie it down very tightly and closely boil from six to eight hours, and serve with brandy-sauce. Stick some sweet almonds, blanched and cut into strips, in it. This pudding will be sufficient for 12 or 14 persons. This can be cooked a day or two before it is wanted for the table, in which case, when the pudding is taken out of the water, hang it up immediately, and put a plate underneath it to catch all the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for at least two hours; then turn it out of the cloth or mould and serve.

CUP PLUM PUDDING.—Take one cup each of raisins, flour, bread-crumbs, suet, and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the sugar, and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of cut candied peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt, and ginger, say half a teaspoon of each; stir in four well-beaten eggs, and milk enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loosely in a cloth or put it in a mould; plunge it into boiling water and boil for three and a half hours.

A BAKED PLUM PUDDING.—Take one pound of flour, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, one-half pound suet, one egg, one-half pint of milk, a little candied peel; chop the suet finely; mix it with the flour, currants, stoned raisins, and sliced peel; add the well-beaten egg, and add milk enough to make the pudding of the consistency of very thick batter. Put it into a buttered dish, and bake in a good oven from one and a quarter to one and a half hours; turn it out, strew sifted sugar over and serve.

MINCE PIES WITHOUT MEAT.—Five cupfuls of chopped apples, one cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of citron, one cupful of currants; add molasses, sugar, a little salt, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, and cloves; orange-peel, if you like, or figs or almonds; wet with cider or brandy.

PLUM CAKE.—Take two pounds of large, fresh raisins, one pound of citron, eight fresh eggs, two cups of powdered sugar, one of butter, four of flour, one of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg, grated, half-teaspoonful of ground cloves; sift the flour and put in the oven to brown, as you would coffee; cut the raisins in half and seed them; cut the citron in strips half an inch wide, then slice as thin as possible; bake in a six-quart basin two hours. Icing for it: the whites of four eggs, two cups of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, the juice of one lemon, one ounce of rose-water.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Put one quart of cranberries, which have been carefully picked over, to boil in one pint cold water; have ready in a bowl one pint of white sugar; when the cranberries are perfectly soft mash them while hot through a colander into the bowl which contains the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into moulds and set in a cool place for at least 24 hours. If the cranberries are good and no more water is used than the receipt calls for, this way of cooking them makes beautiful moulds for the table.

CURRANT JELLY.—Scald the currants and let simmer until quite soft; then strain (without squeezing) through a flannel jelly-bag; when the juice no longer runs squeeze what is left into a separate vessel, and finish separately, as it does not make as pretty jelly, though it is equally good-tasted. Put the juice again on the fire and let boil four or five minutes, removing any scum that may rise to the top. Have ready in a bowl one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice; pour the boiling juice over it, stir till it is dissolved, and pour at once into moulds. In 24 hours it will probably be ready to paste up. This is an easy way to make currant jelly of a very pretty colour and excellent quality.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS, I.—Three pounds white or brown sugar (brown preferred), one pound chocolate, one pint milk, one-half pound butter, and vanilla to taste at the last; cook until tke edges of the pan become a little sugary, then pour into shallow pans well greased.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS, II.—One cake chocolate, one cupful white sugar, one cupful brown sugar, one heaping tablespoonful flour, one cupful molasses, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one cupful milk; cook about one-half hour, stirring constantly; pour into pans and mark in squares while soft.

BUTTER TAFFY.—One-half pint molasses, one-half pint water, one pound loaf sugar, one quarter pound butter. Let boil without stirring until, by dropping a little in water, you find it is done.

The London *Athenæum* of Dec. 7 says: "Mr. Thomas Carlyle was 83 years old on Wednesday last. As usual, the day brought him numerous presents, and many were those who called at No. 24 Cheyne-row to bring personally their birthday congratulations. These visitors he did not see, owing to his advanced age and the damp, unpleasant weather of the day. However, we rejoice to learn, on the best authority, that Mr. Carlyle's health is excellent, and that there is reason to hope that he will yet see many birthdays."

THE citizens of Halifax, Nova Scotia, are termed Haligonians; why, no one seems to know. Just at present the Haligonians are in fierce wrath because a correspondent of the London *Times* has said that the Halifax people are chiefly Africans and Micmacks; that the ladies are all splay-footed, and that at fashionable dinners the chief dish is pork and beans.

The Cow-Fight at Nimes.

An Extraordinary French Diversion.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

Two of the gates of the old city still exist at Nimes, offering some fine marble sculptures; but when one has been here and there about the old city, and seen all its antiquities, he returns again and again with growing interest to a contemplation of its magnificent amphitheatre. It is slightly elliptical in form, and smaller than the amphitheatre of Arles, and perhaps inferior to that in purity of style; but its situation makes it, on the whole, more attractive and cheerful, and it could once seat twenty-five thousand spectators, which is quite an army. Each division of seats—one for the patricians, another for the equitati, or knights, and two upper tiers for the plebeans—had its own vomitorium, or exit, with distinct corridors, and these are all yet in good preservation. So enormous is the strength, and so massive is the construction of this edifice that when Charles Martel expelled the Saracens from it, and filled the corridors with wood and tried to burn it down, he was unable to make any perceptible impression. The arena is still used for bull-fights on fete days. I witnessed a spectacle of this sort in that place which in a remote way served to give me an idea of the grandeur of a gladatorial day, or a fight with wild beasts, in those by-gone times when those vast tiers of marble were thronged with myriads robed in purple and gold. There were about six thousand present on this occasion. More, probably, would have attended if it had been a regular bull-fight instead of a cow-fight which was offered on the bills. But if less exciting, there was nearly as much fun in the spectacle I saw there. It was advertised as a "course libre," which meant that all who chose could enter the arena and join in the sport. The cows, if not as dangerous as bulls, were of Spanish breed, and by no means to be despised; if their horns had not been bound in felt, more than one champion would have lost his life in the arena that afternoon. Between the horns a rosette was firmly bound, and the lucky fellow who could tear it off won a gold piece and lots of applause. Many a daring youth licked the dust that day. Several had their shirts torn off, and received very severe blows in the back, which doubtless earned for them plenty of cheap and wholesome advice when they got home. One was pinned against the wall between the cow's horns, and had a very narrow escape. Sometimes there were nearly a hundred men in the arena at once, and this was one reason why none were killed outright, for as soon as one sportsman was knocked over, all the others rushed in and diverted the attention of the poor infuriated brute, which would finally get completely worried out and baffled from the constant rush of one and another. Thus the large number of men in the arena served as a protection rather than an increase of the danger. The prize was won three times in succession by one man—young, lithe, handsome, and apparently made of steel and india-rubber. He had a genius for that sort of thing evidently; but I could not help thinking how like that was to the game of life—how many try, how few win?

The view in the galleries was scarcely less animated. On the shady side of the arena the throng was gathered from every class, from the English nobleman to the lowest canaille who could muster a few sous to pay for a back seat. Brilliant costumes and elegant toilets were not wanting to remind one of the scarlet togas and magnificent women of olden times. The voluptuous and almost imperial beauty of some of the fair dames of Nimes collected there in that hour was never surpassed in the brightest days of ancient Rome; and indeed it was Roman blood that gave to them a fiery and almost fierce splendor, such as may be rivaled but cannot be transcended out of the south of France. There were also present some fine specimens of masculine beauty. The people of Languedoc and Provence, if less intellectual-looking than those of other parts of France, certainly present one of the noblest types of physical beauty the world has seen. Throughout this multitude the most vivid interest in the game became more and more evident, stimulated somewhat, perhaps by the absinthe, eau-de-vie, and coffee which were industriously circulated by lithe, bare-headed Ganymedes, who attracted my attention by the way in which, water and glasses in hand, they walked and balanced themselves on the bevelled edge of the wall in front of the lower tier.

But the interest and excitement culminated during the recess between the acts, if one may so express it. The gate was unbarred, and a mob of boys and youths rushed in to participate in a scene which was evidently a customary part of the programme. For a few moments they scattered about the arena in search of coins which might have been missed by those to whom they had been thrown. Suddenly one of the spectators hurled a circular cake into the air, and it fell spinning into the arena. This was the signal for one of the most extraordinary repetitions of the Kilkenny cats' fight that ever was seen. Men and boys rushed together in a perfect bedlam of confusion, each trying to seize the cake. It was torn into a hundred fragments in a moment; and now there rained a hail-storm of copper and silver coins, bonbons, cakes, loaves of bread, and fruit, thrown by the spectators, who were aroused to the last pitch of excitement and mirth, as the multitude of men and boys scrambled together in an inextricably tangled mass of electrified humanity, every atom yelling, howling, struggling, pulling, tearing, kicking, leaping, pounding, and lurching with the energy of fighting demons, faces flushed, noses scratched and bloody, hair pulled and clothes torn, and yet through it all entire good humor. Never in the roughest football match that I ever witnessed did I see anything to approach the raciness and roughness in the arena at Nimes.

An Old Lady's Good Luck.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

It is gratifying to hear of one instance of good luck in connection with the great calamity which has caused such widespread distress in Scotland. A very singular instance of this kind is related by a correspondent, who writes to us as follows: A. B., an old lady with a fair fortune—£8,000 or £15,000—had a legacy left her of £2,000. This, after much cogitation, she, following her Free Church clergymen and other religious satisfactorily, invested in the Glasgow Bank, and for some years drew the dividends satisfactorily. Then came the failure, and the old lady was distracted by the thought of future beggary. Her neighbours got their calls, but she (as it seemed, from the special hard-heartedness of the liquidators) did not get even the notice vouchsafed to others anxious to make arrangements and prepare a retreat from the wreck. She went to Edinburgh to consult lawyers as to the failure of notice, and after inquiry found that her agent is at present eluding the police; in fact that, in addition to other frauds, he has pocketed her £2,000, and has been paying her interest out of the capital! She is thus free of all responsibility as regards the rest of her fortune, and is doubtless prepared to sue the agent, should he turn up, for the malversation of her £2,000.

Food for the Guillotine.

A Horrible Crime in France—Murdering a Mother and Ruining her Daughter.

A fiendish crime came before the Assizes at Doubs, France, a few weeks ago. The accused, named Nachin, was a very powerful man, and was considered dangerous when under the influence of drink. In the same village was a young girl named Celina Rondot, a blonde of 24, and very prepossessing. Nachin took a fancy to the girl, and, as she related in her testimony, seduced her—if it can be so called—by threats against her relatives, and by employing force. Everybody in the neighbourhood was afraid of the ruffian. Last September there was a village festival at Fontaine, and Celina danced with the young men of the place, but refused to dance with Nachin. This enraged the latter to an uncontrollable degree, and, after the dance, he followed the girl to the house of her parents, abusing her the whole way. As she was going in, he seized her by the hand and said: "You'll never die except by my hands." Next morning he came and walked round the house, and in the evening he came back. The father of Celina had in the meantime gone to the maire to acquaint him with the threats made by Nachin. The narrative of what occurred, as given by Celina, is very dramatic. Her mother and herself were in the kitchen in a state of mortal fear; they were shelling beans, when they heard a man step outside; next a pane of glass was broken, and a man was heard breaking into a barn which communicated with the house. Hurried steps were then heard, but the young girl was in time to bolt the door. The terrified mother, however, losing all prudence, opened the street door and attempted to fly. She was met at the door by Nachin, who brandished a hatchet. She tried to cry, and the daughter rushed to her. Nachin raised the hatchet and struck the mother. Three fingers fell to the ground. He struck a second blow, and the woman fell to the ground without a cry; he had split the skull. The young girl, with this horrible scene before her, tried a ruse, and spoke to the murderer as if she had not remarked anything. She told him to wash his hands. "No," said he, "that's only your mother's blood. I have just killed her, and I am about to do the same to you." Before doing so the brute wanted to satisfy his passions. He knocked down the girl, kicked her, beat her, and then violated her. On her supplicating for mercy he allowed her to rise. She ran out, but was followed and again knocked down. Again he let her go, and she ran into a wine-store imploring protection. Nachin followed her and demanded drink. The wine-seller, named Veanney, and his servant, both ran away and left the girl again alone with the ruffian. Again the murderer knocked the girl down, throttled her, and sat down on her. Finally he left her for dead. Then the brute walked down the village. When the girl recovered there was no one to protect her, and Mme. Veanney advised her to hide in a barn. There she remained till midnight, when she was brought to her father's house. Nachin was by no means drunk. The procureur-general questioned him, but he pretended to forget the circumstances, though acknowledging his crime. It was shown that the crime was premeditated. The advocate called for a merciless (unpitoyable) verdict from the jury. They brought in a verdict without extenuating circumstances, and Nachin was promptly sentenced to be guillotined. On hearing the verdict he fainted, and had to be carried away by the gendarmes.

The Population on Wheels.

A Contrivance that Will Walk a Lazy Man Twelve Miles an Hour.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

The newspaper carrier who serves papers to the attendants in the Permanent Exhibition Building goes his rounds at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He travels on machines not unlike roller skates, which are called pedomotors, according to the inventor, Mr. J. H. Hobbs, an architect on Walnut street, above Fifth. The day is not far distant when the whole city will be on wheels, when pedestrians will be skimming through the streets at the rate of ten miles an hour without any more effort than is now put forth in perambulating half that distance.

The pedomotor consists of four tough, light wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough India rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are three inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and a half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl toward the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting an elevation or steep incline. No effort of the body is required for their use, as in skates. The traveller simply plants one foot before the other and finds himself whizzed along at a lively rate.

An Enterprising Woman.

A Baltimore gentleman, during a brief sojourn in New York city, called at the residence of a well-known dressmaker to execute a commission for his wife. Quite unexpectedly he recognized the lady proprietor of the establishment as one who had been the seamstress of his mother in the country-house in his boyhood. She had married from his mother's house a ne'er-do-well, after which the family lost sight of her. With much pride and self-satisfaction she informed him that she had left her husband a few years after her marriage, he never having done anything for her support, and she had taken a situation as seamstress in New York city. The prices paid by her mistress and her young lady daughters for having their dresses made, the eclat attached to "Paris" styles, gave her an idea, upon which, as soon as she had saved a little money, she acted. She boldly announced herself as a dressmaker, offered to copy their imported dresses, did so satisfactorily, and thus not only gained experience but increased her own emoluments. After a time she left her situation and launched out. At the present moment she employs three men cutters, goes to Paris for goods and styles every season, lives in a house which she owns and for which she paid $35,000, and drives

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT. January 17, 1879.

AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

The editorial in last weeks paper on the license law, seems to have been very favorably received by our readers Following up the subject, we propose to show the inefficiency of the present law and make a few suggestions looking to its amendment.

As at present in force, the law is neither a preventive of excessive drinking, nor does it sufficiently protect the honorable dealer against the injurious effect on his business, produced by violation of the law on the part of a rival, or in the case of a wholesaler who thus secretly competes with the retailer. The fine imposed for the first violation complained of is altogether too low. The law cannot be broken without the knowledge or consent of the dealer—even where a proprietor intrusts his bar to an employee it is his business to know that it will be conducted the same as by himself. Should the present law remain operative, the fine for the first offence, proven after a rigid and impartial examination of reliable witnesses, should be at least one hundred dollars, for the second offence two hundred and fifty, and for the third offence five hundred dollars and imprisonment. As it is, we consider the present law an egregious failure. It forms of course, quite an important feature in the government's receipts, and it is probable the country's financial condition might be affected if the plan we now propose was put in force, but no doubt that matter would right itself after a season.

With all respect for those who look forward with eager expectation to the ime when Prohibition shall be an established fact, in spite of our own opinion that it would be an unspeakable blessing, we state as our belief, that this will not occur either in their own or the lifetime of their children. Future generations may reap the result of their labor in the cause, but the immense financial interests at stake on the side of their opponents will for some time to come over-rule the moral and religious side of the question. Meanwhile some plan should be devised, to keep in check the evils constantly increasing, resulting from intemperate use of intoxicating liquors.

We would urge the abandonment of the liquor license law altogether: so far as a license to sell is concerned. Allow any one desiring to wholesale or retail liquors to do so, under certain conditions. No one who is not morally blind, will say that many crimes, accidents and much suffering on the part of innocent women and children is not the direct result of intemperance—by intemperance we mean immoderate use, over indulgence, not as the opposite of total abstinence. In other words, that liquor may under certain circumstances be to a man both a mental and physical poison. Let the man who sells it, be compelled to use discretion as to whom he sells it. And force discretion in this manner. A certain sum of money or unincumbered real estate, amounting to not less than five thousand dollars must be deposited by him with Government as tangible security that he will exercise proper discretion in his sales. In case of a man's death, the commission of murder, personal injury or impoverishment of those dependant upon him, shall be traceable to the effects of liquor sold by him, he shall be liable for damage fixed by law and recoverable from the amount deposited. Certain fines could also be specified, relative to the violation of the Sunday law or selling after hours; and when proven, paid from the same source. Bondsmen, who are often only so much straw, would be unnecessary and should be done away with altogether, "hard cash" or its equivalent taking their place.

The results of such a law would be: first, in many localities a temporary closing up of all places where liquor was sold, followed by the opening of an establishment by a man who for his own benefit, would conduct his business respectably and with discrimination. Any man who sells whiskey knows sooner than does his customer, whether it is working an injury or not to the user; second, on account of the risk and responsibility, the number of saloons or liquor shops would be greatly reduced, and a corresponding change take place in the case of immoderate drinking, caused by visits with boon companions to a number of saloons in one place.

We fully believe if this change could be accomplished it would be for the better; and prove in every way superior to the present inefficient system, unjust to all alike. Of course there are objections to it, and we will consider them in a future article. Meanwhile we commend this plan to the consideration of our readers.

CORRECTION.—In our last week's issue we published an article from the *Journal of Commerce*, Montreal, regarding "Canadian Cottons," and in doing so forgot to give that Journal credit for the article in question.

MILL LOST.—In all probability the Township of Brooke has lost a valuable adjunct to her future prosperity. By a majority of 132, the voters in the town of Strathroy, decided to make a corporation loan of $10,000, for ten years, during the first five years free of interest, to the Messrs. Pincombe and Martyn, proprietors of the Alvinston Flouring Mills. The sentiment of the largest number of our citizens, is that of sincere regret that such a large business interest should be withdrawn from among them.

ALMANACS.

S. T. 1860 X—Sure thing in ten years—This was the motto adopted by the proprietor of the nostrum known as Drakes Plantation Bitters, a legend which puzzled the majority of people to interpret, and decorated every prominent point in neatly every square mile of territory throughout the Western continent. It must have been a true prophecy for but little is heard of the article to-day. These remarks are suggested by the sight of several patent-medicine almanacs laying on our desk. Just why, we cannot explain; perhaps to get a correct diagnosis of the coming weather, a talent the patent medicine almanac possesses in a remarkable degree.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SAW wood and say nothing!

IT is only an ignorant man who avows himself proud of his learning.

THAW-T so! The January thaw is coming—Letter kum!

Experience is the only teacher a man can understand. The trouble is he understands too late.

VERILY 'tis a great thing to belong to royalty—and have your portrait on an almanac cover.

Slander has no effect upon a noble-minded man or woman, only those of based and low natures pay attention to that which is uttered by those like unto them.

LIVING on tobacco and snow for a week with thermometer below zero, is not a very agreeable nor life sustaining diet. That's what a man named Casey did in Montana territory lately. He was a mail driver and lost his way in a big storm.

OIL producers in the States lost nearly fifteen millions of dollars last year. At the close of the year there were four million five hundred thousand barrels of oil on hand, over and above the actual demand. Not much money in an oil well now a days.

As the days begin to lengthen, then doth the cold begin to strengthen. We forget the "original mind" who penned these lines, but if we have any colder weather than was experienced the first week of this year, then we will acknowledge him as a "troo proffet."

A wonderful pedestrianess.—Madame Anderson has completed the difficult task of walking two thousand quarter miles in two thousand consecutive quarter hours. This does not seem such an undertaking looking at the mere figures but if you will try it you will find out. She walked in Brooklyn, L. I.

Scandal mongers will have more sins to answer for at the last day than any other class of people, for nearly all troubles occurring between man and wife, relatives or friends are directly caused by their cold blooded defamation of character. Like the vampire to the bat, so is a scandal monger to a harmless gossiper.

THIS quaint quotation is appropriate at any time and shows that the legend of the blarney stone was based on fact. Thou mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend; for he ventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men who can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self praise, which is one of the most universal follies, that bewitcheth mankind.

THE largest locomotive ever constructed, lately reached Chicago via Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne Railroads. It is intended for use on the heavy Rocky Mountain grades of the New Mexico and Southern Pacific branch of the Atchinson, Texas and Santa Fe road. It is a ten wheel tank engine, with eight driving wheels, and weighs fifty nine tons. On account of its weight the roads west of Chicago prohibited its passage over their bridges, in running order. It was therefor taken to pieces at Chicago and shipped in parts to its destination.

33rd Year. 33rd Year.

THE WITNESS.

One of the most important features of the *Witness* during the year 1879, will be its course of free lectures on agriculture, by W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph late editor of the *Canada Farmer*. Those lectures already delivered by Mr, Clarke have been met with the greatest approval everywhere. The lectures will be reported in the *Witness* whose value as an agriculture paper has within the past few months, been greatly enhanced.

The *Witness* is devoted to temperance, being the principal organ of that cause in Canada, and to all other sanitary and moral reforms, as well as to the furtherance of Evangelical religion.

Another special feature of the *Witness* during 1879. will be the attention paid to its engravings, which are already numerous and important. Portraits of the prominent men throughout the world will be given, and the paper will contain numerous illustrated articles of much interest and valne, as well as selections from the hnmerous art of the day.

The fullest attention will be paid to news, so that the *Witness* may retain its present reputation as a newspaper.

The household and general literary departments of the *Witness* have always been a prominent feature of the paper and they will be continued on the same plan as heretofore, giving to the ladies much valuable information about every thing necessary to make the household bright, pleasant, and prosperous.

The price of the different editions of the *Witness* is as follows, per year post paid:—

Daily Witness, $3.00, circulation 14,800.

Weekly Witness, $1.10, circulation, 28,000.

In addition to these, the publishers of the *Wttness* issue the *Northern Messenger*, a semi-monthly illustrated family journal, which is regarded with great favor all over North America, as its circulation of over 50,000, testifies. In homes remote from postal accomodation, it supplies the whole family reading, while in cities, towns, and villages everywhere, it is the favorite of the young people, who find it an endless source of enlightment and enjoyment. Its price is but 30 cents a year, including postage. To Sunday-schools and clubs it is sent at the following rates:—

10 copies to one address...$ 2.50 per an.
25 copies to one address... 6.00 "
50 copies to one address... 11.50 "
100 copies to one oddress.. 22.00 "

All persons desiring to interest themselves in obtaining subscriptions for the *Witness*, will receive sample copies and terms on application. Every letter answered. Address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

STRAYED,

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, lot 30, con. 4. Township of Plympton, about the middle of May last three yearlings, 2 heifers, one all red, the other light red and with white spots, 1 steer all red with white spot on forehead. Marked with a piece off right ear, and notch upper side of left ear. Any person giving such information as will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

ARTHUR MINIELLY,
Watford Nov. 29.—4in Kertch.

EAST LAMBTON

M.F.INSURANCE CO.

The annual meeting of the members of this company will be held at

WYOMING,

ON THE

2ND TUESDAY IN FEB. 1879

At the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of receiving the annual report, and electing officers for the ensuing year. All members are particularly requested to attend as no voting by proxy is allowed, and officers must be elected by members present.

T. DOHERTY, Sec'y
January 10, 1879.—*td*

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kertoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of January.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT.
Watford Jan. 10.—4 *in*

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?

SEE THE LIST, OF

Farms for Sale IN THE

Weekly Mail.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise There

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read There

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *WEEKLY MAIL*, 20 words for 50c, each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *DAILY MAIL*, 20 words for 25c, each insertion; each additional word 1½ cts.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock Implements, etc. Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at the same rates. Address

MAIL, Toronto.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience. I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards,
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best. A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD,

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD,
Watford. March 25th, 1875. 8-22

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. Night bell at the hall door.
Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876. 1y

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
will get up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.
Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.
JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM
Can erect buildings in a more workmanlil manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.
He always employs
FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,
nd uses the best material.
A large stock of
ash,
Doors,
Brackets,
Mouldings
etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED
He has secured the services of
MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,
who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.
LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY
IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.
Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.
Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.
Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.
Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton- Ont,
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Farm for Sale.
50 ACRES.
Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,
Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford Dec. 6th.—3m. Watford P. O.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

G. H. RODGERS
Has just opened out another lot of those good
Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.
Also a splendid assortment of
GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.
DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice.
November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,
In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years, and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the
The Largest and Best Selected Stock
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.
HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of
TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.
Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather,
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine,
All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.
Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr.

J. W. BENSON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER
To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris,
ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S
CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c.
ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S
GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.
BENSON'S PAMPHLETS ON TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.
STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET
Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

GIVING UP BUSINESS!
The Best of Friends Must Part.
The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE
Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price. 75c. for 50c.
do 50c. " 40c.
do 40c. " 33c.
do 30c. " 23c.
do 25c. " 19c.
do 20c. " 15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!!

Regular Price, $1 50, Reduced to $1 20,
do 1 25, do 1 00.
do 1 00, do 80.
do 75, do 60.
do 65, do 50.

Men's Felt Hats 75c. for 60c.
do $1 00 " 75c.
do 1 25 " $1 00
do 1 50 " 1 20

Best Factory Flannel, 40c. for 30c.
Best Grey do 40c. " 30c
Scarlet do 25c. " 18c.
Best Scarlet do 50c. " 40c.
40c. " 30c.
Canton Flannel 12½c " 9c,
Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILINERY!! MILLINERY!!!
In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. We ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.
JAMES RUTHERFORD
Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands :—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates :

French Calf Boots at		$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 0th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m.

G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Chritmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

IQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands : HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices :—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERAE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878,—6m,

FURNITURE
FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done. Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Motto frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec, 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments,
Head-Stones,
Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order

Call and see specimens and prices

FLETCHER & MOODY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING,
WILLIAM COLE,
R. F. MARSHALL,
PETER McCALLUM,
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.
Directors.
Treasurer.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

Srayed Cattle.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 28, con 5, Township of Plympton, about 1st December. a red steer, with small white spot on forehead split in right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take the same away.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

Plympton, Jan. 10.—4in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned west ½ east ½ lot 24 con. 1, Township of Warwick, about the 1st of December 1878. 1 Heifer, rising two years old, all white. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take the same away immediately.

EDWIN TANNER.

Warwick, Jan. 10.—4 in.

STRAYED,

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, East half Lot 28, 2nd con. south, Warwick, about the first of December, a red steer, two years old with gray hair on the head and white under the belly. The owner is requested to prove property and take the animals away.

JOHN RAYCRAFT
Watford P. O.

Watford, Jan. 3rd.—4 in

STRAYED MARE.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 8, 4th line Warwick, about the first of December, a small pure black mare, about sixteen years old, with one crooked hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take her away immediately.

RICHARD COX.
Watford, P. O.

January 3rd. 1879.—4 in.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

The Guide.

JAMES C TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., January 17, 1879

Buy your Copy Books, Pens, Ink, and Pencils at Ewer's Book Store, the cheapest place in town.

IF a toper and a bottle of whiskey were left together which would be drunk first.

WHY is a hen roosting like a weapon? Because it is a fowl-in-peace.

MARRID life iz a little game in which the woman, if she iz called, iz almost sure to hav a strate flush.

You can get Edith Thompson's History, 3rd and 4th books, Algebra, Euclid and all School Books at Publishers prices at EWER'S BOOK STORE.

THE Rev. W. J. Taylor, of St. John's Church Alvinston, has received a large donation of hay and oats from his Brooke and Napier parishioners.

THE COUNCILS.—Councils for Watford, Warwick and Brooke, as well as all other Councils, meet on Monday 20th inst., at the hour of 11 o'clock.

SCHOOL BOARD.—The minutes of the School Board, and the monthly report of the Teachers are crowded out of this week's issue, but will appear in our next.

APPOINTED CHAIRMAN.—We understand that Mr. Samuel Howden, at the last meeting of the School Board, was appointed chairman for the present year, in the place of Mr. Samuel Anderson, whose time as Chairman expired.

PERSONAL.—Miss E. A. Lucas and Miss Lavina Lucas, daughters of Mr. George Lucas, 6th line Township of Warwick, left Wednesday morning for Dufferin Ladies College, London, Ont. The former young lady to complete the course, the latter entering as a "freshman."

AUSTRALIA.—Friends of Doctor Murdock Matheson, who formerly practiced in this locality, will be pleased to hear of him. He is in Mirino, Victoria, Australia. We were complimented by the receipt of Australian papers of November 28th, last Saturday. The doctor is too far off to be called in consultation from here, but will no doubt be glad to hear from any of his old friends in this section.

CREDIT SALE.—On Monday next Mr. Reuben Parker will sell, without reserve, at the residence of Mr. Edwin Parker, east ½ of lot 28, Egremont Road, Township of Warwick 2 cows in calf; 6 pair of new bob-sleighs; 2 new wagons; and other articles. Terms, $20 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. Lunch at twelve, sale to commence at 1 sharp. Jas. F. Elliot, Auctioneer.

THRESHING MACHINE ACCIDENT.—On Monday last while Mr. Oliver Smith and his son of 4th line, N. E. R., was threshing at the farm of William Conkey, a sad accident befel the son, by coming in contact with the tumbling shaft, which resulted in mangling and tearing a cord from his hip. The foot had to be amputated above the ankle. Drs. Brett and Cornell, were in attendance, and it is doubtful if he will recover, He was about 18 years of age.

THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.—This very useful monthly, issued by the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, enters upon its second year. The January number is now before us replete with valuable and interesting information on the cultivation of Fruits &c. It should be in the hands of every man who has an orchard or a garden. Now is the time to send a dollar to D. W. Beadle, Secretary, St. Catharines, and secure this welcome monthly visitor, also a copy of the Annual Report for 1878, and a tree of the "Ontario" apple.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last Mr. Geo. Aptit while turning the crank of a crane in Doherty's Foundry, accidently got his fingers caught in the cog wheel smashing one of them into a jelly.

Mr. Ewer has just received a large assortment of Family and Pocket Bibles, Prayer, Hymn and Psalm Books, which he is selling at very cheap prices. Call and examine at Ewer's Book Store.

BOLE, STICKLE & Co. are making a large number of Gang and long ploughs, Hay rakes Road scrapers, Land rollers &c., for the spring trade, and as they guarantee all work turned out of their establishment to give entire satisfaction, we advise all our farmer friends who require anything in the above line to call at the Globe Foundry, Front St.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death of Ann Johnston, wife of James Saunders, 6th line Brooke, who departed this life on Saturday, January 11th, aged 61 years and 5 months. The funeral took place on Tuesday at 2 o'clock, her remains being interred in the English Church cemetery. A large concourse of her many old friends and acquaintances attended these last sad rites of respect and love. Mrs. Saunders was an old resident of Brooke and highly esteemed as a true christian friend and worthy neighbor by all who knew her. We will refer more fully to this subject next week.

LUCAS v. TOWNSHIP OF MOORE.—This was an appeal from a decision of the Court of Common Pleas, upholding the plaintiff, who brought the action against the township to recover damages for the death of her husband who was killed by driving into a ditch at night, owing, as alleged, to the road not being in proper repair. The rule to set aside the verdict and for a new trial was on the ground, amongst others, of misdirection by the Judge who tried the case, he having charged strongly in favor of plaintiff. Patterson, J., delivered the judgement of the Court. Appeal allowed, with costs, and new trial directed in the Court below, without costs.

THE annual meeting of the Brooke Agricultural Society was held on January 9th, in the Town Hall Alvinston. The Treasurer's report was read showing a balance from last year of $285.75; member's dues $107.10; Government grant, $90.06; entrance fees paid at plowing match $2.00; total $484.91. Expenses $311.91. Of this sum $238 was paid as prizes at Fall Show. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:—President, James Oke; Vice-President, Peter McLean; Directors, Donald McKinley, Thos. H. Lovell, Thomas Cahill, Chris. Wallace, Richard Oke, Isaac Annett, Samuel Zavitz, Donald McIntyre and Henry Slater.

SAM: IT'S YOUR MITTEN.—One day last week, Sam Bacon and George Hudson, both residents of Alvinston, were chopping on lot 14, 6 concession Brooke. Sam had taken off his mittens and laid them carefully down on a log. Some cows were browsing off the winter herbage near about. Evidently it was not as satisfying to the cravings of hunger as they desired and the most enterprising one observed the mittens. She thought the change of diet would be beneficial, and accordingly partook of one of Sam's mittens. It refused to form a cud and stuck in her throat. George hearing the "critters" efforts to relieve herself of the fuzzy article, rushed to the rescue, and seeing the thumb of the mitten down her throat yelled out, "Sam, Sam! It's your mitten." Sam ran to the relief of his mitten, and thrusting his hand down the animals throat, hauled it out, triumphantly shouting, "I wouldn't lose that mitten, for a $10 bill."

WOOD YARD WANTED.—A wood yard opened by the owner of timber land, would, we believe, prove a good investment here, and be well patronized for the following reasons:—As wood is brought in now by the farmers, the supply is very precarious, depending upon their convenience and condition of the roads, The result is that to ensure sufficient wood for a winter's season, a number of cords must be ordered and generally paid for on delivery. This investment of money is often inconvenient for the purchaser, Now a good wood yard would remedy all this. In the first place, if run by an energetic man, there would always be a supply of dry hard wood on hand, either cordwood, short or split. A buyer could order in any quantity he chose, according to his financial ability to pay C. W. O. (cash when ordered). The owner of the yard should have a sawing machine on which his team could be used when not engaged in hauling. When not otherways occupied, he could saw wood for those who had laid in a supply of cordwood from other parties. We are sure this would prove a wise business venture on the part of any man owning, as we said before, timber land, and having a small capital at command. It is too late to undertake it this winter, but preparations should be at once commenced, so that next November would find a wood yard an established fact.

CANCER CURED.—We have again the pleasure of reporting a wonderful cure of cancer, performed through the skill of Dr Allan Crawford of Alvinston. Mrs Byram of Blenheim, submitted herself for treatment by the Doctor in September. At that time she was afflicted with a cancer in the left breast, and which has been steadily growing during the past five years. It was certain to cause death unless it could be removed. The operation by the knife was almost sure to prove fatal or at least inefficient, and it was with some hesitation she decided to submit to the Doctor's remarkable but successful method of using a plaster in place of the knife. The successful cure of the cancer afflicting Mrs. Knight 10th con., Brooke, with one or two others, finally decided her fears. She accordingly placed herself under his treatment. In just ten days the cancer was removed, the plaster not producing continuous pain during that period and no knife being used during the whole case. The breast also was removed by the same means, this being necessary, as the cancer laid under and had eaten into the breast. While physicians are prohibited from and are averse to advertising any specialty, we do say that such a cure as this should be published far and wide. We therefore take the first opportunity after hearing from Mrs. Byram of making this wonderful case known. The cancer weighed 2 pounds 11 ounces.

NEW PERTATYS!—George Williams, as agent for J. M. Courtright of Inwood, last week purchased from Charles Pettit 8 bus. of potatoes presumably in good condition. The top layers proved sound but the remainder had the dry rot and were useless. Pettit declined to make good the damage and Williams had Pettit arrested on charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The case was tried Tuesday 14th inst. and the magistrates committed him for trial at Sarnia.

PRESENTATION.

To MRS CATHERINE ANDERSON.

Dear Madam.—Having learned with regret that you were fined $33.60, for practicing a humane profession without the necessary legal License, and believing that you justly deserve assistance, for your kind generous and gratuitous attention and attendance on suffering humanity, for the last twenty years in this community, we most respectfully request that you will accept of this small token of the respect and esteem in which you are held by us, and as an appreciation of your gratuitous and valuable services.

Watford, Dec. 25th A. D. 1878.

To which Mrs. Anderson made the following reply.

Kind Friends.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for this unsolicited mark of your sympathy, in a substantial form, and would say, when duty called me, I was ever ready, and always went to assist or alleviate the sufferings which is the common lot of humanity, but I hope in my humble capacity in ministering to the afflicted; the benefits of such, have greatly exceeded the evil done. From the alacrity with which you have come to my aid, you, and each of you, have nought to lay to my charge, of omission or commission. I again thank you for your generosity, as I had no claim on you whatever.

MRS. C. ANDERSON.

Secretary's Annual Report of the East Lambton Agricultural Society for the year 1876.

GENTLEMEN:—

In presenting the 4th annual report of our Society, we have to say in addition to former reports that the fall show, the past season was the most successful yet held, in respect to number of entries, amount of prizes paid, and amount of receipts, and we would state that much of the credit is due to the untiring efforts of the Arkona committee of management and in justice must say that Arkona has the finest grounds for the fall show in the Riding.

There is a vast improvement in agricultural implements, the three new establishments in the Riding making a decidedly good appearance, and our Riding should feel proud that some of its manufactures compete successfully in the Provincial Fairs.

The cheese industry is still improving and we hold about third place in the Province, for quantity annually shipped. In the Ladies department though, the classes are more varied than formerly, we would suggest to our successors a still more varied list, and better premiums. It is a fact beyond contradiction, that the majority of those paying for entrance tickets, go expressly to see the Ladies handiwork.

The amount paid out for premiums in the Spring Show was $70.00 the expenses in connection therewith about $30.00 This is far too much for the benefits derived therefrom. Last season only one horse came from outside to stay in the County, and if no better success is anticipated we would suggest that it be discontinued, as but very few interest themselves in the matter, and, generally speaking, every animal entered for premium got one. Should the Spring Show be continued the Directors and members should make an effort, and have it more generally interesting. One feature adopted by many sister Societies in the Province, is giving medals to first prize male animals and other leading articles. Medals are much cheaper, but are regarded by winners as more valuable.

We would suggest that the Prize List be printed in pamphlet form as in our second year, which realized $10, over and above all costs, and were more generally distributed.

Special prizes were freely given and you, Directors hope that they will be continued, and increased.

In conclusion we may state that we feel satisfied at the progress that has been made and though we pay better premiums than our adjoining Ridings, we still have a surplus on hand.

Comparative statement for the four years as follows:

	1875	1876	1877	1878
No of entries	$1220	1621	1578	1543
Members	303	268	345	285
Prizes awarded	570	502	664	713.05
Assistance at show	9	4	32	16.88
Printing, advertis'g	69	30	61	34.00
Postage, stationery	18	12	8	3.55
Directors and judges expenses	34	29	56	59.15
Gate receipts	180	137	194	187.74
Salaries	58	42	49	51.00

Abstract Statement of the Receipts and Disbursements of the East Lambton Agricultural Society, for the year 1879,

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand from 1877	$230 97
Members subscriptions	285 00
Gate Receipts	187 74
Government Grant	700 00
County Council Grant	200 00
Arbitration Instalment from West Lambton	100 00
Members Subscription for 1877	8 00
	$1761 71

DISBURSEMENTS.

Prizes Paid	$713 05
Prizes Paid 1877	27 60
Portion of Legislative Grant to Township Societies	419 99
Exhibition Grounds	150 00
Printing and Advertising	54 00
Gate and Care Takers	16 88
Postage and Stationery	8 55
Delegates attending Exhibition and County Council	10 00
Directors and Judges expenses	59 15
Salaries	51 00
	$1485 22
Balance on hand	$276 49

Yours respectfully,

A. D. ELLIOT.
SECRETARY.

Watford, January 14th 1879.

BORN.

SMITH—In Forest, on the 10th inst., the wife of Rev. S. L. Smith, of a son.

DIED.

BAILEY—In the Township of Plympton on Tuesday, 14th inst., Robert Bailey, aged about 55 years.

[Mr. Bailey was elected as Councillor for Ward No. 3, Plympton, but had not the honor of taking his seat, having taken sick the day after election, of inflamation of the lungs.

ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the above Society was held at Warwick Village, Wednesday 15th January, when the following business was transacted :—

Moved by E. A. Jones, Kertch, seconded by L. Huffman, Arkona, that the Secretary and Treasurers Report as read, be adopted.

Moved by A. Rawling, Forest, seconded by J. Russell, Arkona, that E. A. Jones be President. Carried.

Moved by L. Huffman, seconded by D. McLean, that James Russell be 1st Vice-President. Carried.

Moved by E. A. Jones, seconded by W. Jones, Forest, that M Smith, Forest, be 2nd Vice-President. Carried.

Moved by Thos. Jones, Forest, seconded by A. Rawling's that Wm. Sparling, Forest be a Director. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Revington, Forest, seconded by James Maylor, Forest, that H. Rawling's, Ravenwood, be a Director. Carried.

Moved by E. A. Jones, seconded by J. D Eccles, that Robert Auld, Warwick, be a Director. Carried.

Moved by J. C. Tye, seconded by H. Rawling's, that James Beattie, Brooke, be a Director. Carried.

Moved by A. Rawlings, seconded by J. Russel, that L. Huffman be a Director. Carried.

Moved by R. Frayne, Forest, seconded by L. Huffmanthat A. Rawlings be a Director. Carried.

Moved by J. R. Smith, Kertch, seconded by Mr. Smith, that J. A. Couse, Wyoming, be a Director. Carried.

Moved by Robt. Auld, seconded by J. C. Tye, that John McWaters be a Director. Carried.

Moved by H. Rawlings, seconded by J. Russel, that J. D. Eccles be a Director. Carried.

Moved by E. A. Jones, seconded by L. Huffman, that John R. Smith, Kertch, be an Auditor. Carried.

Moved by E. A. Jones, seconded by R. Frayne, that D. S. Robertson be an Auditor Carried.

MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS.

After the annual meeting was brought to a close the Directors appointed met immediately and transacted the following business :—

The President, E. A. Jones in the chair. Members present, Jas. Russel, 1st Vice-President, M. Smith, 2nd Vice-President, J. D. Eccles, Treasurer, and the following Directors :—L. Huffman, H. Rawlings, Robt. Auld, A. Rawlings and Jas. A. Couse.

On motion of J. Russel, seconded by L. Huffman, A. D. Elliot was appointed Secretary.

On motion of J. D. Eccles, seconded by Robert Auld, Thos. Hay was paid the sum of $1 for lighting fire and cleaning hall.

Moved by A. Rawlings seconded by M. Smith, that we have a Spring Show of horses and that it be held in Watford.

Moved in amendment by L Huffman, seconded by James Russel, that we have a Spring Show and it be held in Arkona.

Moved in amendment to the amendment by Robt Auld, seconded by H. Rawlings, that we have a Spring/Show, and it be held in Warwick Village.

The amendment to the amendment was carried.

Moved by A Rawlings, seconded by J D Eccles, that the Fall Show be held in Forest. Carried.

On motion the Directors adjourned to meet again in Forest, on Monday the 3rd of February.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—L. I. Hunt was elected school trustee for this section, over his opponent, Henry Lovell, by a majority of 7.

JOHN MARLATT, former proprietor of the Dominion Grocery Store, made rather a short stay among us. He is about giving up his stand, here and betakes himself to Aylmer, where he intends to carry on the grocery business.

THE Anniversary Services of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church will be preached next Sunday morning at 10.30 a. m. by the Rev. J. A. Parker, of Sydenham. Also at Holbrook Church in the evening by the same gentleman. Collections in aid o Mission Fund.

REV. Mr. Beebe, of Melbourne, and Rev. Mr. Bateman, of Caradoc, will preach several sermons in this neighborhood next week. And on Sabbath next they will preach in the Town Hall at 11 o'clock.

EXPECTED REMOVAL.—The friends of Con. Donovan, the well known tailor here, will learn with regret of his proposed removal to another locality. This gentleman is a popular citizen, a thoroughly experienced, practical man in his business, and it will be quite a loss to Alvinston should he emove as now expected.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—William Hood, better known as Bill Hood, was arrested on Thursday the 9th inst., by Constable Angus McCallum, on a warrant having been sworn against him by Charles Parret, on behalf of his daughter, Katy Parret, charging Hood with the commission of an indecent crime the day previous. The case was tried on Thursday afternoon in the Town Hall, before magistrates McTaggart, Sinclair and Lovell. The case was tried with closed doors, an exception being made in favor of the editor of this paper. The evidence of the girl who is 18 years of age and her two brothers who were chopping wood in the door yard at the time the crime was said to have been committed, was very imperfect, and the evidence of a medical expert proved there was no foundation for the charge made against accused. He was therefore honorably acquitted. It having been rumoured that the constable had treated the prisoner with uncalled for severity, we interviewed him on the subject. This was the first arrest he had made and it war natural he should be unfavorably criticised by those ready to find fault. The handcuffs were removed while the prisoner was in the lockup, he was offered dinner at an hotel but declined. The marks made by the cuffs on his wrists were caused by his twisting his wrists in them, the "garbies," which are of a new style, gradually tightening under such movement.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ℔ bush	$0 82	@	$0 85
Fall Wheat, red, ℔ bush	0 80	@	0 83
Spring Wheat, ℔ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ℔ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ℔ bush	0 23	@	0 23
Corn, ℔ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ℔ bush	0 40	@	0 50
Onions, ℔ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ℔ cenal	2 75	@	3 25
Flour, ℔ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ℔ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ℔ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ℔ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ℔ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ℔ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

THE PEOPLES.

ITALIAN LEGEND.

When the fair world from chaos rose complete,
And seas and rivers flashed 'neath effluent light,
And wild birds caroled their first praises, sweet,
And trees and flowers awoke to beauty bright;
To four great angels came the Lord's commands,
"Make four great Peoples for the silent lands."

First, good St. George the master's mandate heard,
And shaped, of the pure gold and lead he chose,
A Being readier in the deed than word,
Firm to its friends, and stubborn to its foes;
And, on the strong winds' pinion sweeping forth,
He planted England, steadfast in the north.

A glittering bladder, St. Iago took,
A fox's heart, a fell wolf's fang within,
And so together craft and venom shook,
Flung o'er their ugliness a tiger's skin,
Fixed his creation on an olive plain,
And, turning from his labour, named it Spain

St. Denis laughed, and caught a sunbeam flying;
Bound it in silken knots, and watched it glance
In rosy clouds its airy streamers dyeing,
And called the valleys where it lighted, France;
But he forgot to weight the ray, 'tis said.
Nor heeded that he stained the ribbons, red.

And great St. Michael took a sister beam,
A kiss, a rose, a grape, a silver lyre,
A velvet mask, a poniard's evil gleam,
A thrilling echo from the angelic choir,
And blent them with the glorious gift of Art,
A poet's fancy, and a pure child's heart:

Italy! Italy! and with a smile,
He placed his work 'mid sun and flowers to glow,
But Lucifer had watched him all the while,
Fitting a poisoned arrow to his brow,
Lest Michael had his evil work defied,
And Eden lived again on Tiber side.

The arrow quivered in the rose's heart,
And jarred the music on the silver string;
And still it rankles deep, the Devil's dart,
While age on age fresh names the deadly thing:
"Priestcraft" or "Cruelty" or "Superstition,"
So bearing witness to the old tradition.

AN IMPERIAL PARDON.

BY F. A. S.

During a journey through some parts of Russia a few years ago, we engaged, in preference to the imperial post-chaise, a private conveyance for a considerable distance, the driver being a Jew—generally preferred in the East on account of their sobriety and general trustworthiness. On the road my companion became communicative, and entered into philosophic-religious discussion—a topic of frequent occurrence among these bilingual populations. After a somewhat desultory harangue, he suddenly became silent and sad, having just uttered the words: "If a Chassid goes astray, what does he become? A meschumed, *i. e.*, an apostate." "To what class of people do you allude?" I inquired. "Well, it just entered my head, because we have to pass the house of one of them—I mean the 'forced ones.'" "Forced! I thought of a religious sect. "Are they Christians or Jews?" "Neither the one nor the other," was the reply, "but simply 'forced.' Oh, sir, it is a great misery and a great crime! Our children at least will not know anything of it, for new victims do not arise, and on the marriage of these parties rests a curse—they remain sterile! But what am I saying? It is rather a blessing—a mercy! Should such a terrible misery be perpetuated? These forced people are childless. Well, God knows best. I am a fool, a sinner, to speak about it." No entreaty of mine would induce my Jewish companion to afford further information concerning this peculiar people. But before the end of our journey I heard unexpectedly more about this unfortunate class of Russian subjects. We travelled westward through the valley of the Dniester, a district but thinly peopled, and rested at an inn on the borders of an extensive forest.

Amidst the raillery going on in the principal room of this hostelry between guests of different nationalities, we had not heard the noise of wheels which slowly moved towards the house. It was a very poor conveyance, containing a small cask and a basket. The young hostess arose hastily, and, approaching the owner, said in a whisper, "What is it you want?" A slight paleness overspread her countenance, and stranger still was the demeanour of my coachman. "Sir, sir!" he exclaimed loudly, turning towards me, stretching out his hand as if seeking support or warding off some impending danger. "What is the matter?" I rejoined, greatly surprised; but he merely shook his head, and stared at the new-comer.

He was an elderly peasant, attired in the usual garb of the country-people; only at a more close inspection I noticed that he wore a fine white shirt. Of his face I could see but little, it being hidden behind the broad brim of his straw hat.

"Hostess," he said addressing the young woman. "will you purchase something of me? I have some old brandy, wooden spoons and plates, pepper-boxes, needle-cases, etc., all made of good hard wood and very cheap." In an almost supplicating tone he uttered these words very slowly, with downcast eyes. From his pronunciation he appeared to be a Pole,

The hostess looked shyly up to him.

"You know my brother-in-law has forbidden me to have any dealings with you," she said. hesitatingly; "on account of your wife; but to-day he is not at home." After a momentary silence, turning towards the driver, she continued, "Reb Russan, will you betray me? You come frequently this way." In reply he merely shrugged his shoulders and moved away. Turning again with some impatience to the peasant, she said, "Bring me a dish and two spoons." When he had gone to fetch these articles, the woman once more accosted my coachman.

"You must not blame me; they are very poor people."

"Certainly they are very poor," he replied in a milder tone. "During life hunger and misery, and after death—hell! and all undeserved!" But the man stood already, at this utterance, with his basket, in the room. The bargain was soon concluded, and the few copeks paid. Curiosity prompted me to step forward and examine the merchandise.

"I have also cigar-cases," said the peasant, humbly raising his hat. But his face was far more interesting than his wares. You rarely see such features! However great the misery on earth, this pale, pain-stricken countenance was unique in its kind, revealing yet traces of sullen defiance, and the glance of his eyes moved instantly the heart of the beholder—a weary, almost fixed gaze, and yet full of passionate mourning.

"You are a Pole?" I observed, after a pause.

"Yes," he replied.

"And do you live in this neighbourhood?"

"At the inn eight versts from here. I am the keeper."

"And besides wood-carver?"

"We must do the best we can," was his reply. "We have but rarely any guests at our house."

"Does your hostelry lie outside the main road."

"No, close to the high road. It was at one time the best inn between the Bug and the Dniester. But now carriers do not like to stay at our house."

"And why not?"

"Because they consider it a sin—especially the Jews." Suddenly, with seeming uneasiness and haste, he atked, "Will you purchase anything? This box, perhaps? Upon the lid is engraved a fine country-house."

Attracted by the delicate execution, I inquired, "And is this your own workmanship?"

"Yes," was his reply.

"You are an artist! And pray where did you learn wood-engraving?"

"At Kamieniec-Poddski."

"At the fortress?"

"Yes, during the insurrection of 1863."

"Were you among the insurgents?"

"No, but the authorities feared I might join them—hence I and the other forced ones were incarcerated in the fortress when the insurrection broke out, and again set free when it was suppressed."

"Without any cause?"

"Without the slightest. I was already at that time a crushed man. When yet a youth the marrow of my bones had been poisoned by the mines of Siberia. During the whole time of my settlement, I have been since 1858 keeper of that inn; I gave the authorities no cause for suspicion, but I was a "forced man," and that sufficed for pouncing upon me."

"Forced! what does it mean?"

"Well, a person forced to accept, when to others free choice is left—domicile, trade or calling, wife, and religion."

"Terrible!" I exclaimed. "And you submitted!" A little smile played around his thin lips.

"Are you so much moved at my fate? We generally bear very easily the most severe pains endured by others."

"That is a saying of LaRochefoucauld," I said, somewhat surprised. "Have you read him?"

"I was at one time very fond of French literature. But pardon my acrimony. I am but little accustomed to sympathy, and indeed of what avail would it be to me now?" He stared painfully at the ground, and I also became silent, convinced that any superficial expression of sympathy would, under the circumstances, be downright mockery.

A painful pause ensued, which I broke with the question, if he had worked the engraving upon the lid of the box after a pattern.

"No, from memory," was his rejoinder. "It it is a peculiar kind of architecture."

"It is like all gentlemen's houses in Littauen; only the old tree is very striking. It was a very old house."

"Has been? Does it exist no longer?"

"It was burnt down seven years ago by the Russians, after they had first ransacked it. They evidently were not aware that they destroyed their own property. It had been confiscated years before, and had been Crown property since 1848."

"And have you yet the outlines of that building so firmly engraved in your memory?"

"Of course! it was my birthplace, which I had rarely left until I was eighteen years old. Such things are not easily forgotten. And although more than twenty years have passed since this sad affair, hardly a day passed on which I did not think of my paternal home. I was aware of the death of my mother, and that my cousin was worse than dead—perhaps I ought to have rejoiced when the old mansion was burnt to the ground; but yet I could not suppress a tear when the news reached me" I record literally what the unfortunate man related. My Jewish coachman, not easily impressed, had during the conversation crept gradually nearer, and shook his head seriously and sorrowfully.

"Excuse me, Pani Walerian," he interrupted; "upon my honour, yours is a sad story!" He launched ont into practical politics, and concluded thus:

"A Pole is not as clever as I am. If he (the Pole) was the equal of the Russian, well and good, fight it out; but the Russian is a hundred times stronger: therefore, Pani Walerian, why irritate him, why confront him?"

I could not help laughing at these remarks; but the poor "forced one" remained unmoved, and only after some silence he observed, turning towards me:

"I have never even confronted the Russians. I merely received the punishment of the criminal without being one or venturing my all in my people's cause. I was very young when I was transported to Siberia—little more than nineteen years old. My father had died early. I managed our small property, and a cousin of mine, a pretty girl, sixteen years old, lived at our house. Indeed, I had no thought of politics. It is true I wore the national costume, perused our poets, especially Mickiewicz and Slowaski, and had on the wall of my bedroom a portrait of Kosciusko. For such kind of high treason even the Russian Government would not have crushed me in ordinary times—but it was the year 1848. 'Nicolai Pawlowitch' had not sworn in vain that if the whole of Europe were in flames, no spark should arise in his empire—and by streams of blood and tears, he achieved his object. Wherever a young Polish noble lived who was suspected of revolutionary tendencies, repeated domiciliary searches were made; and if only a single prohibited book was found, the dread fiat went forth: 'To Siberia with him.'

"In my own case it came like a thunderbolt. I was already in Siberia, and could not yet realize my misery. During the whole long journey I was more or less delirious. I hoped for a speedy liberation, for I was altogether innocent, and at that time," he continued with a bitter smile, "I yet believed in God. When all hope became extinct, I began madly to rave, but finally settled down utterly crushed and callous. It was a fearful state—for weeks together all my past life seemed a complete blank, at most I still remembered my name. This, sir, is literally true; Siberia is a very peculiar place."

The poor fellow had sunk down upon a bench, his hands rested powerless in his lap. I never have seen a face so utterly worn and pain-stricken. After a while he continued:

"Ten years had thus passed away; at least, I was told so—I had long ceased to count the days of my misery. For what purpose should I have done so?

"I had sunk so low that I felt no pity even for my terrible condition. One day I was brought before the Inspector, together with some of my companions. This official informed us that we had been pardoned on condition of becoming colonists in New Russia. The mercy of the Czar would assign to each of us a place of residence, a trade, and a lawful wife, who would be also a pardoned convict. We must of course, in addition, be converted to the Orthodox Greek Church. This latter stipulation did but little concern us. We readily accepted the conditions, for people are glad of leaving Siberia, no matter whither, even to meet death itself. And had we not been pardoned? Alexander Nicolajewitch is a gracious lord. In Siberia the mines are over-crowded, and in South Russia the steppes are empty! Oh, he is a philanthropist! decus et delicie generis humani! But perhaps I wrong him. We entered upon our long journey, and proceeded slowly south-west. In about eight months we reached Mohilew. Here we were only kept in easy confinement, and above all brought under the influence of the pope. This was a rapid proceeding. One morning we were driven together into a large room, about one hundred men, and an equal number of women. Presently the priest entered: a powerful and dirty fellow, who appeared to have invigorated himself for his holy work with a considerable dose of gin, for we could smell it at least ten paces off, and he had some difficulty in keeping upon his legs.

"'You ragamuffins!" he stammered, 'you vermin of humanity! you are to become Orthodox Christians; but surely I shall not take much trouble with you. For what do you think I get per head? Ten copeks, you vermin! ten copeks per head. Who will be a missionary at such pay? I certainly do it to-day for the last time. Indeed, our good father Alexander Nikolajewitch caused one rouble to be set in the tariff; but that rascal, the director, pockets ninety copeks, and leaves only ten for me! To-day, however, I have undertaken your conversion, because I am told there are many of you. Now listen! you are now Catholics, Protestants, Jews! That is a sad mistake; for every Jew is a blood-sucker, every Protestant a dog, and every Catholic a pig. Such is their lot in life—but after death? carrion, my good people, carrion! And will Christ have mercy on them at the last day? Verily, no! And until then! Hell-fire! Therefore, good people, why should you suffer such torments? Be converted! Those who agree to become Orthodox Christians, keep silent; those who demur, receive the knout, and go back to Siberia. Wherefore, my dear brothers and sisters, I ask, will you become Orthodox Christians?"

"We remained silent.

"'Well,' continued the pope, 'now pay attention! Those who are already Christians need only to lift up the right hand, and repeat after me the creed. That will soon be done. But with the damned Jews one has always a special trouble—the Jews I must first baptize. Jews, step forward! the other vermin can remain where they now are.' In this solemn manner the ceremony was brought to a conclusion.

"On the day following," M. Walerian continued, "the second act was performed—the selection of a trade. This act was as spontaneous as our religious conversion; only, some individual regard became here indispensable. Three young Government officials were deputed to record our wishes, and to comply with them as far as the exigencies of the case admitted. The official before whom I appeared was very juvenile. Though externally very polished, he was in reality a frightfully coarse and cruel youth, without a spark of human feeling, so far as were concerned. We afforded him no small amount of merriment. This youth inquired carefully concerning our wishes, and invariably ordered the very opposite. Among us was a noble lady from Polond, of very ancient lineage, very feeble and miserable, whose utter helplessness might well inspire the most callous heart with respect and compassion. The lady was too old to be married to one of the 'forced ones,' and was therefore asked to state what kind of occupation she desired. She entreated to be employed in some school for daughters of military officers, there being a demand for such service; but the young gentleman ordered her to go as laundress to the barracks at Mohilew! An aged Jew had been sent to Siberia for having smuggled prohibited books across the frontier. He had been the owner of a printing establishment, and was well acquainted with the business. 'Could he not be employed in one of the Imperial printing offices; and if possible," urged the aged man, "be permitted to reside in a place where few or no Jews lived?" He had under compulsion changed his religion, to which he was yet fervently attached, and trembled at the thought that his former co-religionists would none the less avoid him as an apostate. The young official noted down his request, and made him a police agent at Miaskowka, a small town in the government district of Podolien, almost exclusively inhabited by Jews. Another, a former schoolmaster, in the last stages of consumption, begged on his knees to be permitted to die quietly in some country village. "That is certainly a modest request!" observed this worthless youth; and sent him as warder in a hospital. Need I tell how I fared? Being misled, like the rest, by the hypocritical air and seeming concern of the rascal, I made known to him my desire to obtain the post of under-steward at some remote Crown estate, where I might have as little intercourse as possible with my fellow-men. And thus, sir, I became the keeper of the small inn on a much-frequented highway!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cramming in Our Schools.

It is admitted by all who are in a position to know that "cramming" exists in our schools, but it is contended that it is cramming of a useful kind, that when teachers and pupils work together in preparing for written examinations they are doing a first-rate thing, and that it is an excellent moral and intellectual training. In support of this extraordinary statement we are told that the minister claims the two sermons which he is to preach on a Sunday; that the lawyer, too, when he has an important case on at Osgoode Hall, gets hold of his brief and sets to work to cram it, and that twenty-four hours after he has delivered it he cannot tell one point in it, and that cramming in that sense of the word is one of the most useful faculties a man can possess, that by promoting the habit of "cram" in school we are forming a good habit. These opinions may be held by a few teachers, but they cannot be held by any one who has given the subject a serious consideration or observed closely the effects which overstudy has on the great majority of students. The comparison drawn between the minister who crams his two sermons for Sundays, or the lawyer who crams his brief for delivery at Osgoode Hall, and the children attending our schools, is manifestly unjust. Is there no difference between the matured minds of professional men and the growing intellects of children? Are the universally condemned expedients of over-worked ministers and lawyers to be regarded as the rule for the children of our schools?

There is a danger that education will depreciate into the mere work of preparing pupils and students to pass examinations. To hear teachers and students talk that seems to be the great object in attending school and college. The necessary consequence is, that in far too many instances they get not education but cram.

Prof. Seeley says of his university (Cambridge): "The examinations produce what may be called a universal suspension of the work of education. Cambridge is like a country invaded by the sphinx. To answer the monster's conundrums has become the one absorbing occupation."

This is what Prof. Huxley says about written examinations: "The educational abomination of desolation is in the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. Some wise man (who probably was not an early riser) has said of early risers in general, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. Now, whether this is true of early risers in the common acceptance of the word or not, I will not pretend to say; but it is often too true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in the classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon. The vigour and freshness which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life, have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery— by book gluttony and lesson-bibbing."

Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins,

Dr. Richardson, the eminent physiologist of London, repeats Prof. Huxley's protests against subjecting young people to the unnatural strain which preparation for many of the examinations involves. He says, "The present modes of education are not compatible with healthy life. Young men and women who are presenting themselves for the higher class examinations are crushed by the intensity of effort."

The Sultan's Seraglio.

Some of the true tales which are told by the author of "Les Femmes en Turquie"—a most interesting book, by the way—are as marvellous as any of the Thousand-and-One-Night series. The mother of Abdul Medjid, for example, was a maid-of-all-work in the Sultan's Seraglio. It was her business to warm the baths in the palace. One day the Sultan Mohammed met her as he was going to his bath, and a caprice burst like lightning through his soul. Without ceremony the servant girl received from him the lofty distinction of Kalifa. It is more than probable that after a few minutes' reflection the Sultan regretted his precipitation, but he had given his word, and the result was that the maid-of-all-work gave birth to a Prince, and was proclaimed Sultana Valide. "What a wonderful jump!" exclaims the author, "from the wash-tub to the throne!" The account which he draws of life in the Seraglio is a most painful one. Discipline is still maintained by corporal punishment. The practice of striking young girls on the soles of their feet has been abandoned, but blows are given elsewhere by the eunuchs who execute the sentences, and rods are substituted for the stick. All the young women in the palace—and there are a thousand women there, wives, favorites, relations, and servants, and there are as many more on the retired list in the old Seraglio and in the courts of the Princesses, all being dependent upon the civil budget—are compelled to dress in light clothing, half decolletee being the rule, and in winter are constantly exposed to cold and lung diseases. Whenever the Sultan draws his last breath, or is dethroned, his wives' favorites, and all their waiting-women have to pack up and be off within twenty-four hours.

Dawn on the Moon.

The Lunar Wonders Revealed by the Advancing Sunlight.

A Rochester journalist who visited Prof. Swift the other evening, and had a view of the moon says: "The telescope, with a power of 35 diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field and noted as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever-changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water leaves the desolate and rugged shores of its grey sea bottoms. But in the grey plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The grey plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the Eastern continent. Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and marking, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the large craters rays spread out as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish, covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena is to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low-fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of craters are illuminated, and shine like rims of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance.

The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a black spree between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular walll are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depth of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight It is also awful in its suggestions of power and its loneliness of utter desolation.

English Soldier's in India.

The history of the European portion of the Indian Army will always be read with pleasure by the military student, and with pride by all who bear the name of Englishmen. From first to last—from the commencement of our conquests in India to the present time—our countrymen soldiering in Hindostan have never failed to do their duty. The European forces now in India are about 60,000 strong; of whom close upon 7,000 belong to the artillery; the rest being divided into 10 cavalry regiments, and about 50 infantry battalions. Before India and its Army were transferred to the Crown, each Presidency had three European corps, which had been raised and incorporated exclusively for service in the East. These were commonly called the Company's European regiments; and finer battalions, or officers and men who had done better service whenever they were called upon, were not to be found in any quarter of the globe. For the last 18 or 20 years—ever since the reign of John Company came to an end—these corps have been amalgamated with the British infantry of the line, and are now numbered as the One Hundred and First to the One Hundred and Ninth Regiment, inclusively. They still bear upon their colours the honours they gained in former years, the names of every victory and every triumph of the British Arms in India, from the battle of Plassey to the taking of Lucknow and Delhi. Perhaps never was there a greater mistake committed by the British authorities than the abolition of these corps. In many respects they were very unlike the rest of our Army. A great number of the men were of a better class than the ordinary British recruit. They wished to become soldiers, but did not care for the routine of home garrison life or the never-ending changes of colonial duty. They were thoroughly up to Indian ways; well acclimatized to the country; looked on the East as their home; had, most of them, their wives and families with them; were ever ready to take the field, and were always first at any point of danger. They were done away with when India was made over to the Crown, only, I suppose, because of that uniformity on the brain which seemed at the time to have afflicted all our military authorities. It is a curious fact, that the French Zouaves were copied from the old Company's European regiments: the idea being that Frenchmen enlisted specially to serve in Africa, and *au fait* in the ways of the country, were infinitely more likely to do their work thoroughly than troops fresh from France. In India we have proved the truth of this, and the French profited by our experience. We threw it away.

Successful Business Men the Least Hurried.

A writer in *Sunday Afternoon* says: "When all the rich men have set up statues everywhere in honor of the industrious, I mean to beg enough money to persuade some clever artist to execute a statue of the dustrious man to be set up in the market place. It makes me laugh and cry by turns to get into one of our money streets and see the anxious men and boys hurrying up and down. One would think that business and money were partners, but they are really enemies to each other. The most successful men of business are the least hurried. What would not men give, if they could get rid of this perpetual hurry and drive, this galloping to the end of a journey only to mount a fresh steed and gallop on to the next stage, the clatter of the horse's hoofs an accompaniment to all their thoughts. There is certainly something ignominious in the confession which people are constantly making, that they have no time to do this or that needful thing, and that they shall breathe more freely if they can once clear their desk, or finish this job, or wipe out this obligation. One comes to feel that Time has been borrowed from, and that one's notes are perpetually maturing, while one makes a vain effort to cancel them by giving fresh notes. We turn round in a helpless sort of fashion and breathe the age we live in with its whizzing locomotives and its clicking telegraphs, as if the punctuality of railway trains and the instantaneousness of despatches were not the very friends and servants of honest leisure."

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.

A Prince Edward Island Mystery.

Prince Edward Island has a mystery of a rather serious character. On the 25th of October last (Saturday) Edward Lyons left Souris on horseback to go to his home at the head of Souris River, and has not been seen since. His horse came home on Sunday morning (26th October) riderless and without any saddle. It was supposed that, being under the influence of liquor, he had accidently fallen into the river and been drowned, his body being carried out to sea by the tide. Diligent search was made for his remains, but without avail. New and painful interest is added to the mystery by the following story in an Island journal:—

An Indian named Thomas Abraham, who slept at the house of William Willis, on Souris beach, on the night of the 25th of October, now relates the following story:—Late at night he obtained lodging at the house of William Willis, on the beach. Later in the night a man, whom he recognized as Edward Lyons, of the head of Souris River, entered and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Willis gave him the water and when he drank he lay down on the floor and fell asleep. Shortly after he began to sleep, Mrs. Willis searched his pockets, and took from one of them a large wallet. After taking the wallet she went to the bedroom where her husband was lying, and they conversed for some time. She returned from the room when the conversation ended, and ordered the Indian to go upstairs to bed. He did so, and when he had been in bed a short time, a terrible noise arose in the house, which continued at intervals for the greater part of the night. The Indian was dreadfully frightened, and he did not sleep any. He got up early the following morning and left the house. Before he left he could not see any sign of Lyons.

William Willis is a labouring man, apparently about fifty years of age. His wife is some years younger. They reside in a wretched-looking house on Souris beach, near the old railway depot. Before the disappearance of Lyons, Willis and his wife lived almost devoid of the necessaries of life. Since the disappearance of Lyons, they have been living comfortably, and have purchased large quantities of flour, tea, etc, for which they have paid "ready cash." They keep a house of questionable reputation, which is frequented by a gang of rough characters.

Religious Developments in India.

The *Indian Christian Herald*, chief organ for the Christianization of India, recently announced the suspension of its issue until after the holy festivities in honour of the goddess Durga. This is a small item, but significant. It is one of a good many symptoms which show feebleness in the attitude of Christianity as it consults the great establishments of Brahmanism. There are also signs that the Anglo-Indian Government is inclined to patronize the Brahmo-Somaj one such indication being the fact that it was through pressure from the Viceroy that Keshub Chunder Sen consented to the marriage of his daughter with the boy Maharajah. This princely alliance of a hitherto very humble sect has been the means of splitting off a very considerable number of its members, and it looks as if the remainder meant to make up for the loss by recurring a little more to the popular and orthodox types of Hinduism.

The Brahmo-Somaj is distributing in vast quantities tracts with holy pictures. Five thousand of one of these were recently distributed gratuitously in one day. Its wood cut represents a band of devotees gliding across the River of Life in a boat, with the Lord at the helm. They are singing the Lord's name. A number of penitent sinners are seen on the shore they have left, crying to be carried over to the City of Joy, which is visible on the other. This anthropomorphic representation of "the Lord" can be very easily conventionalized into Krishna, Vishnu, or Siva, and its production by a sect whose chief protest is against idolatry, may remind one of the subterfuge of the Eastern Church, which, complying with the command against worshipping graven images, worship holy pictures.

The latest advices from India report another symptom of relapse in this movement. Its leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, has barely recovered from a dangerous illness, which the physicians say was brought on by his severe ascetic self-mortification. His own organ, the *Indian Mirror*, reports this, so that it looks as if the austerities were meant to propitiate the offended Brahmins. In either case it shows that these and their deity are pretty much like the general run of Hindu gods and devotees.

An Oratorical "Son of Toil."

"Feller-citizens," said he, "I'm a hard-fisted son of toil. I'm a bricklayer by trade, and not a bit ashamed of it. No sir; I wasn't born with a silver spoon into my mouth or cradled in the lap of luxury; I'm a self-made man, gentlemen."

"You'd better have let out the job," remarked a voice in the rear of the hall.

He scorned to notice the interruption, but proceeded.

"Yes, feller-citizen, I'm proud of having risen by honest industry, proud of appearin' to solicit your sufferage as a true representative of labour; as one who has contributed to build up this community by the sweat of his brow and the work of his hands. [Applause.] As I was saying, I am a bricklayer by trade. I've worked to raise more than half the palatial mansions, magnificent commercial structures, and heaven-pointing spires which beautify and adorn our town. [Great enthusiasm,] And here, right here, gentlemen, are the identical tools with which I have carved out my way to prosperity."

Here the orator examined a trowel and hammer amid deafening plaudits.

"Pass 'em this way," said an excited listener, evidently belonging to the working class; "let me gaze onto them relics."

The tools were handed to him and he scrutinized them with deep interest.

"You say you work as a bricklayer?" said he, turning sharply to the orator.

"Yes."

"And with them tools!"

"Yes, sir; those are the very tools I bought when I started as a journeyman. To them I owe all my prosperity."

"Well, then, I must say you deserve great credit. So does any man that could lay bricks with such weapons. Gentlemen," turning to the audience, "Just look at 'em. It's a gardener's trowel and a carpenter's hammer."

Tableau!

King Alfonso's Second Choice.

A Paris letter from Mrs. Hooper says: It is rumoured that Don Francisco d'Assisi, the husband of Queen Isabella, has quitted Paris to proceed to Madrid, the mission being to negotiate the preliminaries of a marriage between King Alfonso and his cousin, the Princess Christine of Montpensier, the eldest sister of the late Queen Mercedes, and the younger sister of the Comtesse de Paris. She is very different in appearance from the young King's dimpled, girlish bride, being tall, thin and angular, with a pointed nose of portentous dimensions. But she is very graceful and elegant in carriage and address, and is said to be accomplished and intelligent, with far more force of character than was possessed by poor, pretty little Mercedes. I am told that the Spaniards are extremely anxious that their King should marry a lady of intellect and culture. They would much have preferred an alliance with the Princess Beatrice, all of Queen Victoria's daughters being remarkable for their intelligence and accomplishments, but that, of course, is out of the question, the royal marriage laws of England forbidding any member of the royal family to marry a Catholic, under penalty of forfeiting for themselves and their descendants all claims to the English throne.

"A PANESTAKING fellow," said the J.P. as he fined a man for stealing window-glass.

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF

IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden-Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

Out this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosehee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this town any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done cheaper and better than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry Toronto.

Business Items.

For all purposes of a family medicine HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL will be found invaluable. Immediate relief will follow its use. It relieves pain, cures chilblains, frostbites, scalds, burns, corns, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c., &c. For internal use it is none the less wonderful. One or two dos s generally cure sore throat. It will cure croup in a few minutes. A few bottles has often cured asthma. Colic has been cured in fifteen minutes by a teaspoonful dose. It cures with the utmost rapidity. It is really a wonderful medicine. For sale by all dealers.

"COOPER'S" are shewing a very handsome stock of Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c. Just the thing for the holiday season. Address, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

PERSONAL.—Rev. James Brooks, Weston, says;—"I have found nothing to give me more permanent relief for shortness of breath or asthma, than HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM, and can with confidence recommend it to all requiring a good medicine for coughs and colds, and diseases of the throat and lungs." For sale by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson, Proprietors, Toronto.

One of the most signal triumphs achieved by any exhibitor at the recent Provincial Fair was won by the Oshawa Cabinet Company. This Company obtained the First Prize on their Bedroom furniture, and carried away prizes also in Centre tables, Parlor Suites and Cabinets, thus establishing their claim to the very highest position among the furniture manufacturers of the Province. The whole of their immense stock in the warerooms, No. 97 Yonge St., is marked to sell at very low prices.

It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. A weak mind in a sound frame is much better than a giant mind in a crazy constitution. Professional and business men, who are continually thinking, and whose habits are sedentary, should use VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, the great brain and nerve remedy. For sale by all dealers.

THORLEY'S Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactur d 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

Business Directory.
TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

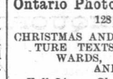
PURE HAVANA Small cigars $10 per thousand. Sample box by mail 25 cents. Address, C. GILBERT, North Chatham, N. Y.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc., Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER. Best in the market. Take no other.

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in, to 36 in. Horse or man power. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20to30 days. Those we are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, as it is applied externally. Sent by mail, prepaid, to any part of the world, for $1.00. Circular free. Address, DYKES BEARD ELIXIR & CO. Sole Agents, Palmyra, Ill. All others counterfeits.

LYON & ALEXANDER,
Ontario Photographic Stock House,
128 Bay St., Toronto.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' CARDS, SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS, CHROMOS, FRAMES, AND MOULDINGS.
Full Lines. Choice Selections.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto

HALIBURTON COUNTY.
Farm lots in Dysart and other townships.
Town lots in Haliburton, to which village the Victoria Railway will, it is expected, be open for traffic on or before 1st October next.
Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD,
Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co.,
Front-street East, Toronto

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

With this SAW HORSE I can saw more saw logs or cord wood than any 4 men.

This LIGHTNING SAW HORSE is indeed a wonderful invention. The weight of the man who is sawing does one-half of the work. It will saw logs of any size. It will saw off a 2 foot log in 2 minutes. Circulars free. Address, W. GILES, Cincinnati, O.

Machine Oils.

Thousands of Barrels of OIL have been palmed off by unscrupulous Oil Men as Stock's Extra Oil. It is AN IMITATION in appearance, but MOST INFERIOR in Quality. My
STOCK'S EXTRA XX & XXX,
When *Genuine*, bears the above Trade-Mark.
G. B. STOCK, 14 Church st., Toronto.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Canada Permanent
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y.

Paid up Capital	$2,000,000
Reserve Fund	800,000
Total Assets	6,000,000

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH
Deposits received, and interest and principal repaid in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's bankers, free of charge. The Capital and Reserved Fund of the Company, invested on first

The Watford Guide.

VOL. IV.—NO 52. WATFORD, ONT., JANUARY 24, 1879. WHOLE NO. 208.

A Quarrelsome Author.

Landor was full of chivalrous feeling; capable of flowing and delicate courtesy; easily stirred to righteous indignation against every kind of tyranny and bigotry; capable, too, of a tenderness pleasantly contrasted with his outbursts of passing wrath: passionately fond of children, and a true lover of dogs. But with all this, he could never live long at peace with anybody. He was the most impracticable of men, and every turning-point in his career was decided by some vehement quarrel. He had to leave school in consequence of a quarrel, trifling in itself, but aggravated by "a fierce defiance of all authority, and a refusal to ask forgiveness." He got into a preposterous scrape at Oxford, and forced the authorities to rusticate him. This branched out into a quarrel with his father. When he set up as a country gentleman at Llanthony Abbey, he managed to quarrel with his neighbours and his tenants, until the accumulating consequences to his purse forced him to go to Italy. On the road thither he began the first of many quarrels with his wife, which ultimately developed into a chronic quarrel and drove him back to England. From England he was finally dislodged by another quarrel which drove him back to Italy. Intermediate quarrels of minor importance are intercalated between those which provoked decisive crises. The lightheartedness which provoked all these difficulties is not more remarkable than the ease with which he threw them off his mind. Blows hither and thither by his own gusts of passion, he always seems to fall on his feet, and forgets his troubles as a schoolboy forgets yesterday's flogging. On the first transitory separation from his wife he made himself quite happy by writing Latin verses, and he always seems to have found sufficient consolation in such literary occupation for vexations which would have driven some people out of their mind. He would not, he writes, encounter the rudeness of a certain lawyer to save all his property; but he adds: "I have chastised him in my Latin poetry now in the press." Such a mode of chastisement seems to have been as completely satisfactory to Landor as it doubtless was to the lawyer. His quarrels do not alienate us, for it is evident that they did not proceed from any malignant passion. If his temper was ungovernable, his passions were not odious, or, in any low sense, selfish.

The Princess Alice and Her Home.

Princess Alice was, perhaps says the London *Truth*, the most popular of the Queen's daughters, and the sorrow for her untimely death is genuine and heartfelt. Regretted as the princesses in England, she will be still more regretted in Darmstadt. Her influence was felt, not only in the court, but among all classes, high and low. The Darmstadters were proud of her. Her kindness had become proverbial, and her subjects not only respected her as their grand duchess, but loved her as a woman, the model of all womanly virtues. When in the nursery at Windsor she used to say that she would be a queen; but princesses propose, and love disposes. Her marriage was one of affection, and her presence at Darmstadt threw a bright ray of light over that dismal and dreary residenstadt. When I used to know it, the Grand Duke (the father of the husband of Princess Alice) was alive. He had a mania for music, and often himself conducted the orchestra in the theatre. The palace is a gloomy-looking castle, surrounded by a moat. It is in the midst of the town, and is approached by a street about twice the width of Regent-street, flanked by tall, solemn houses. Even foot-passengers are rarely to be seen in this street, and there are so few carriages in town that it used to be the habit on court festivities to assemble the guests in an omnibus that went to and fro between their residences and the palace. During the life of her father-in-law, the princess resided in one of the most pleasant houses in the town. She gathered around her many friends, and sought to emancipate herself from the lifeless and formal etiquette that is the bane of all small German courts. On her husband coming to the grand ducal throne, she removed to the palace fortress, which has proved her tomb. The Duchess of Edinburgh was the last member of the royal family who saw the lamented Princess Alice. Only a few hours after her imperial highness left Darmstadt the first symptoms of the deadly malady declared themselves. The princess was at the railway station, preparing to leave with the Grand Duke for a purer atmosphere, when her royal highness sickened, and was obliged to return to the palace.

Peasant Life in the Limagne (France.)

Hereabouts a hectare sells for £240, and lets for £8—that is, not quite £120 and not quite £4—an acre. These are far above our figures for the price and rent of arable land. If our land were worth as much, the wealth of England would not be less. What creates the difference is the competition and the industry of a large class of peasant proprietors. This inferiority in the price of our land, plus £7,000,000 a year for the poor rate, plus £7,000,000 more for sugar, plus several millions a year for eggs, poultry, butter, fruit, vegetables, etc., is part of the price we pay for our land system. In these peasant villages, as in the contiguous towns, it is very noticeable that the new houses are loftier, larger, and better built than the old ones. I remarked this to Hilaire; he assented and added: "But that is not all; we peasants now live better than the *bourgeois* did 50 years ago. At that time our chief food was black barley bread; all of us now eat good wheaten bread, and we have enough soup, wine, and cheese, and some meat. We are very prosperous. Our land has doubled its value. France is more than twice as rich as it was formerly. The *bourgeois* have sold their land to the peasants, and have now got the value of their land in trade and shares, which have for the most part been created by the prosperity of the peasants, and the peasants have the land, which they have made twice as productive as it was before. All this rests on the peasants. If they could not have made so much out of the land they would not have given so much for it; indeed, they would not have bought it, and then things would have remained as they were. If the number and prosperity of the peasants were diminished, in the same proportion would be diminished the population and prosperity of the towns. All classes now flourish, because the peasants are numerous, industrious, and flourishing." And this estimate of his of the prosperity of the peasants was no more than I had heard at Orleans, at Tours, in the Cental, at Le Puy, at Clermont, and wherever I had been. In some of these places I had heard it from the peasants themselves and from tradesmen, and in every one of them from the priests, who I suppose have very good means of ascertaining the condition of their flocks. The almost stereotyped phrase was, "The peasants are very rich." —*The Fortnightly Review.*

A NEW Pope always selects the name by which he is to be called. The present Pope, on being asked his choice, asked the name of the patron saint of the day. On being told it was that of St. Leo, he replied, "Then announce me as Leo XIII."

ONLY ME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?"—the words came tenderly;
A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips!—they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother-heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above;
And, from that moment, Only Me had place
And part with Pet in tender mother love.

Theatrical Make-Shifts and Blunders.

BY H. BARTON BAKER.

It is a generally received opinion that all stage wardrobes are made up of tawdry rags, and that the landscapes and palaces that look so charming by gaslight are but mere daubs by day. But there are wardrobes and wardrobes, scenery and scenery. The dresses used for some great "get up" at the opera houses, or at the principal London and provincial theatres, are costly and magnificent; the scenery, although painted for distance and artificial light, is really the product of artists of talent, and there is an attention to reality in all the adjuncts that would quite startle the believers in the tinsel and tawdry view. A millionaire might take a lesson from the stage drawing-room of the Prince of Wales and the Court Theatres, and no cost is spared to procure the *real* article, whatever it may be, that is required for the scene. These minutiæ of realism, however, is quite a modern idea, dating no farther back than the days of Boucicault and Fechter. Splendid scenery and gorgeous dresses for the legitimate drama were introduced by John Kemble, and developed to the utmost extent by Macready and Kean; but it was reserved for the present decade to lavish the same attention and expenses upon the petite drama. Half a century ago the property maker manufactured the stage furniture, the stage books, the candelabra, curtains, cloths, pictures, &c., out of papier-mache and tinsel; and the drawing-room or library of a gentleman's mansion thus presented bore as much resemblance to the reality as sea-side furnished lodgings do to a ducal palace. Before the Kemble time a green baize, a couple of chairs and a table, sufficed for all furnishing purposes, whether for an inn or a palace.

In these days of "theatrical upholstery," we can scarcely realize the shabbiness of the stage of the last century. There were a few handsome suits for the principal actors, but the less important ones were frequently dressed in costumes that had done service for fifty years, until they were worn threadbare and frequently in rags. Endeavour to realize upon the modern stage such a picture as this given by Tate Wilkinson, of his appearance at Covent Garden as "The Fine Gentleman," in "Lethe." "A very short old suit of clothes, with a black velvet ground, and broad, gold flowers as dingy as the twenty four letters on a piece of gingerbread; it had not seen the light since the first year Garrick played 'Lothario' at the theatre. Bedecked in that sable array for the modern 'Fine Gentleman,' and to make the appearance complete, I added an old red surtout, trimmed with a dingy white fur, and a deep skinned cape of the same hue, borrowed by old Giffard, I was informed, at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, to play 'King Lear' in." When West Digges appeared at the Haymarket as Cardinal Wolsey, it was in the identical dress that Barton Booth had worn in Queen Anne's time: a close-fitting habit of gilt leather upon a black ground, black stockings, and black gauntlets. No wonder Foote, who was in the pit, exclaimed, upon the appearance of this extraordinary figure, "A Roman sweep on May-day!" When Quin played the youthful fascinating Chamont, in Otway's "Orphan," he wore a long grisly half-powdered periwig, hanging low down each side his breast and down his back, a huge scarlet coat and waistcoat, heavily trimmed with gold, black velvet breeches, black silk neckcloth, black stockings, a pair of square-toed shoes, with an old-fashioned pair of stone buckles, stiff high-topped white gloves, with a broad old scolloped lace hat. Such a costume upon a personage not in his first youth, and more than inclined to obesity, must have had an odd effect. But then, as is well known, Garrick played "Macbeth" in a scarlet coat and powdered wig; John Kemble performed "Othello" in a full suit of British scarlet regimentals, and even when he had gone so far as to dress "Macbeth" as a Highlander of 1745, wore in his bonnet a tremendous hearse plume, until Scott plucked it out, and placed an eagle's feather there in its stead. The costumes of the ladies were almost more absurd. Whether they appeared as Romans, Greeks, or females of the Middle Ages, they dressed the same—in the huge hoop, and powdered hair raised high upon the head, pages heavy brocaded robes that required two to hold them up, without whose assistance they could scarcely have moved; and servants were dressed quite as magnificently as their mistresses.

In scenery there was no attempt at "sets;" a drop, and a pair of "flats," dusty and dim with age, were all the scenic accessories; and two or three hoops of tallow candles, suspended above the stage, were all that represented the blaze of gas and lime-light to which we are accustomed. The candle-snuffer was a theatrical post of some responsibility in those days. Garrick was the first who used concealed lights. The uncouth appearance of the stage was rendered still worse on crowded nights by ranges of seats raised for spectators on each side. The most ridiculous *contretemps* frequently resulted from this incongruity. Romeo, sometimes, when he bore out the body of Juliet from the solitary tomb of the Capulets had to almost force his way through a throng of beaux, and Macbeth and his lady plotted the murder of Duncan amidst a throng of people.

One night, Hamlet, upon the appearance of the Ghost, threw off his hat, as usual, preparatory to the address, when a kind-hearted dame, who had heard him just before complain of its being "very cold," picked it up and good-naturedly clapped it upon his head again. A similar incident once happened during the performance of Pizarro. Elvira is discovered asleep upon a couch, gracefully covered by a rich velvet cloak; Valverde enters, kneels and kisses her hand; Elvira awakes, rises and lets fall the covering, and is about to indignantly repulse her unwelcome visitor, when a timid female voice says; "Please, ma'am, you've dropped your mantle," and a timid hand is trying to replace it upon the tragedy queen's shoulders. Of another kind, but very much worse, was an incident that befell Mrs. Siddons at Edinburgh, at the hands of another person who failed to distinguish between the real person and the counterfeit. Just before going on for the sleep-walking scene, she had sent a boy for some porter, but the cue for her entrance was given before he returned. The house was awed into shuddering silence as, in a terrible whisper, she uttered the words "Out, out, damned spot!" and with slow mechanical action rubbed the guilty hands; when suddenly there emerged from the wings a small figure holding out a pewter pot, and a shrill voice broke the awful silence with "Here's your porter, mum." Imagine the feelings of the stately Siddons! The story is very funny to read, but depend upon it the incident gave her the most cruel anguish.

It is not, however, to the uninitiated outsiders alone we are indebted for ludicrous stage contretemps; the experts themselves have frequently given rise to them. All readers of Elia will remember the name of Bensley, one of "the old actors" upon whom he discourses so eloquently—a grave, precise man, whose composure no accident could ruffle, as the following anecdote will prove. One night, as he was making his first entrance as Richard III., at the Dublin Theatre, his wig caught upon a nail in the side scene, and was dragged off. Catching his hat by the feather, however, he calmly replaced it as he walked to the centre of the stage, but left his *hair* still attached to the nail. Quite unmoved by the occurrence, he commenced his soliloquy; but so rich a subject could not escape the wit of an Irish audience. "Bensley, darlin'," shouted a voice from the gallery, "put on your paisey!" "Bad luck to your politics, will you suffer a *whig* to be hung?" shouted another. But the tragedian, deaf to all clamour, never faltered, never betrayed the least annoyance, spoke the speech to the end, strutted to the wing, detached the wig from the nail, and made his exit with it in his hand.

Novices under the influence of stage fright will say and do the most extraordinary things. Some years ago, I witnessed a laughable incident during the performance of "Hamlet" at a theatre in the North. Although a very small part, consisting as it does of only one speech, the "Second Actor" is a very difficult one, the language being peculiarly cramped. In the play scene he assassinates the player king by pouring poison into his ear. The speech preceding the action is as follows:

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

Upon which follows the stage direction—"*Pours poison into his ear.*"

In a play of so many characters as Hamlet, such a part, in a second-class theatre, can be given only to a very inferior performer. The one to whom it was entrusted on the present occasion was a novice. Muffled in a black cloak and a black slouched hat, and with a face half hidden by burnt cork, he looked a most villanous villain, as he stole on and gazed about in the most approved melo-dramatic fashion. Then he began, in a strong, north country brogue,—

Thoughts black, hands apt,—

then his memory failed him, and he stuck fast. The prompter whispered "drugs fit;" but stage fright had seized him, and he could not take the word. He tried back, but stuck again at the same place. Half-a-dozen people were prompting him at the same time now, but all in vain. At length one more practical than the rest whispered angrily, "Pour the poison in his ear and get off." The suggestion restored a glimmering of reason to the trembling perspiring wretch. He could not remember the words of Shakespeare, so he improvised a line. Advancing to the sleeping-figure, he raised the vial in his hand, and in a terribly tragic tone shouted, "Into his ear-hole this I'll *pour!*"

Some extraordinary and agonizing mistakes, for tragedians, have been made in what are called the flying messages in "Richard III." and "Macbeth," by novices in their nervousness mixing up their own parts with the context: as when Catesby rushed on and cried, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham's taken." There he should have stopped while Richard replied, "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" But in his hurry the shaking messenger added, "and they've cut off his head!" With a furious look at having been robbed of one of his finest "points," the tragedian roared out, "Then, damn you, go and stick it on again!" Another story is told of an actor playing one of the officers in the fifth act of "Macbeth." "My lord," he has to say, "there are ten thousand ——." "Geese, villain," interrupts Macbeth. "Ye—es, my lord," answered the messenger, losing his memory in his terror.

But a far more dreadful anecdote is related of the same play. A star was playing the guilty Thane in a very small company, where each member had to sustain three or four different characters. During the performance the man appointed to play the first murderer was taken ill. There was not another to be spared, and the only resource left was to send on a supernumerary, supposed to be intelligent, to stand for the character. "Keep close to the wing," said the prompter; "I'll read you the words, and you can repeat them after me." The scene was the banquet; the super was pushed on, and Macbeth, striding down the stage, seized his arm, and said in a stage whisper, "There's blood upon thy face." "'Tis Banquo's, then," was the prompt. Lost and bewildered—having never spoken in his life before upon the stage—by the tragedian's intense yet natural tones, the fellow, imitating them in the most confidential manner, answered, "Is there, by God?" put his hand up to his forehead, and, finding it stained with rose pink, added, "Then the property man's served me a trick!"

Once upon a time I was present at the performance of the celebrated dog piece, "The Forest of Bondy," in a small country theatre. The plot turns upon a well-known story, the discovery of a murder through the sagacity of the victim's dog. The play-bill descanted most eloquently upon the wonderful genius of the "highly-trained" animal, and was sufficient to raise expectation on tip-toe. Yet it had evidently failed to impress the public of this town, their experiences probably having rendered them sceptical of such pufferies, for the house was miserably bad. The first entrance of "the celebrated dog Cæsar," however, in attendance upon his master, was greeted with loud applause. He was a fine, young black Newfoundland, whose features were more descriptive of good nature than genius. He sat on his haunches and laughed at the audience, and pricked up his ears at the sound of a boy munching a biscuit in the pit. I could perceive he was a novice, and that he would forget all that he had been taught when he came to the test. While Aubrey, the hero, is passing through a forest at night, he is attacked by two ruffians, and after a desperate combat is killed; the dog is supposed to be kept out of the way. But in the very midst of the fight, Cæsar, whose bark had been distinctly heard all the time, rushed on the stage. Far from evincing any ferocity towards his master's foes, he danced about with a joyous bark, evidently considering it famous fun. Aubrey was furious, and kicked out savagely at his faithful "dawg," thereby laying himself open to the swords of his adversaries, who, however, in consideration that the combat had not been enough, generously refused the advantages. "Get off, you beast!" growled Aubrey, who evidently desired to fight it out without canine interference. At length, when the faltering applause from the gallery showed that the gods had had enough of it, the assassins buried their swords beneath the victim's arm, and he expired in great agony; Cæsar looking on from the respectable distance to which his master's kick had sent him, with the unconcern of a person who had seen it all done at rehearsal and knew it was all sham, but with a decided interest of eye and ear in the direction of the biscuit-muncher. In the next act he was to leap over a stile and ring the bell at a farm house, and, having awakened the inhabitants, seize a lantern which is brought out, and lead them to the spot where the villains have buried his master. After a little prompting Cæsar leaped the stile and went up to the bell, round the handle of which was twisted some red cloth to imitate meat; but there never was a more matter-of-fact dog than this; he evidently hated all shams, even artistic ones; and after a sniff at the red rag he walked off disgusted, and could not be induced to go on again; so the people had to rush out without being summoned, carry their own lantern, and find their way by a sort of canine instinct, or scent to the scene of the murder. But Cæsar's delinquencies culminated in the last scene, where, after the chief villain, in a kind of lynch law trial, has stoutly asserted his innocence, the sagacious "dawg" suddenly bounds upon the stage, springs at his throat, and puts an end to his infamous career. Being held by the collar, and incited on, in the side scenes, Cæsar's deep bark sounded terribly ferocious, and seemed to foreshadow a bloody catastrophe; but his bark proved worse than his bite, for when released he trotted on with a most affable expression of countenance, his thoughts still evidently bent upon biscuits; in vain did the villain show him the red pad upon his throat and invite him to seize it. Cæsar had been deceived once, and scorned to countenance an imposition. Furious with passion, the villain rushed at him, drew him up on his hind legs, clasped him in his arms, then fell upon the stage and writhed in frightful agonies, shrieking, "Mussy, mussy, take off the dawg!" and the curtain fell amidst the howls and hisses of the audience.

Another laughable dog story, although of a different kind, was once related to me by a now London actor. In a certain theatre in one of the great northern cities business had been so bad for some time that salaries were very irregularly paid. It is a peculiarity of the actor that he is never so jolly, so full of fun, and altogether so vivacious, as when he is impecunious. In prosperity he is dull and melancholy; the yellow fever seems to weigh down his spirit, to stultify it; empty his pocket, and it etherialises him. At the theatre in question the actors amused themselves if they failed to amuse the audience. Attached to this house was a mongrel cur, whom some of them had taught tricks to wile the tedium of long waits. "Jack"—such was his name—was well known all round the neighbourhood, and to most of the *habitues* of the house. Among his other accomplishments he could simulate death at command, and could only be brought to life by a certain piece of information to be presently mentioned. One night the manager was performing "The Stranger" to about half-a-dozen people. Francis was standing at the wing waiting for his cue when his eye fell upon Jack, who was standing just off the stage on the opposite side; an impish thought struck him—he whistled—Jack pricked up his ears, and Francis slapped his leg and called him. Obedient to the summons Jack trotted before the audience, but as he reached the centre of the stage the word "dead!" struck upon his ear. The next moment he was stretched motionless with his two hind legs sticking up at an angle of forty-five degrees. The scene was the one in which the Stranger relates to Baron Steinfort the story of his wrongs, and he had come to the line, "My heart is like a close-shut sepulchre," when a burst of laughter from the front drew his attention to Jack. He saw the trick that had been played in an instant. "Get off, you brute!" he growled, giving the animal a kick. But Jack was too highly trained to heed such an admonition, having learned beforehand that the kicking was not so bad as the flogging he would get for not performing his part correctly. "Don't tha' kick poor Jack," called out a rough voice. "give un the word." The manager knew better than to disregard the advice of his patrons, and ground out between his teeth, "Here's a policeman coming." At that "open Sesame" Jack was up and off like a shot. It must have been one of the finest bits of burlesque, to have seen that black-ringlet-wigged, sallow, dyspeptic, tragic-looking individual, repeating the clown's formula over a mangy cur.

The failure or forgetfulness of stage properties is frequently a source of ludicrous incidents. People are often killed by pistols that will not fire, or stabbed with the butt ends. In some play an actor has to seize a dagger from a table and stab his rival. One night the dagger was forgotten and no substitute was there, *except a candle*, which the excited actor wrenched from the candlestick, and madly plunged *at* his opponent's breast; but it effected its purpose, for the victim expired in strong convulsions. It is strange how seldom the audience perceive such *contretemps*, or notice the extraordinary and ludicrous slips of the tongue that are so frequent upon the stage.

A playbill is not always the most truth-telling publication in the world. Managers, driven to their wits' ends to draw a sluggish public, often announce entertainments which they have no means of producing properly, or even at all, and have to exercise an equal amount of ingenuity to find substitutes, or satisfy a deluded audience. Looking through some manuscript letters of R. B. Peake's the other day, I came across a capital story of Bunn. While he was manager of the Birmingham Theatre, Power, the celebrated Irish comedian, made a starring engagement with him. It was about the time that the dramatic version of Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein"—done, I believe, by Peake himself—was making a great sensation, and announced it for his benefit, playing "the Monster" himself. The manager, however, refused to spend a penny upon the production. "You must do with what you can find in the theatre," he said. There was only one difficulty. In the last scene Frankenstein is buried beneath an avalanche, and among the stage scenery of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, there was nothing resembling an avalanche to be found, and the AVALANCHE was the one prodigious line in the playbill. Power was continually urging this difficulty, but Bunn always eluded it with, "Oh, we shall find something or other." At length it came to the day of performance, and the problem had not yet been solved,

"Well, we shall have to change the piece," said Power.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense!" answered the manager.

"There is no avalanche, and it is impossible to be finished without."

"Can't you cut it out?"

"Impossible."

The manager fell into a brown study for a few moments. Then suddenly brightening up, he said, "I have it; but they must let the green curtain down instantly on the extraordinary effect. Hanging up in the flies is the large elephant made for "Blue Beard;" we'll have it whitewashed."

"What?" exclaimed Power.

"We'll have it whitewashed," continued the manager coolly; "what is an avalanche but a vast mass of white? When Frankenstein is to be annihilated, the carpenters shall shove the whitened elephant over the flies—destroy you both in a moment—and down comes the curtain."

As there was no other alternative, Power e'en submitted. The whitened elephant was "shoved" over at the right moment, the effect was appalling from the front, and the curtain descended amidst loud applause.

Not quite so successful was a hoax perpetrated by Elliston, during his management of the Birmingham Theatre, many years previously. Then, also, business had been very bad, and he was in great difficulties. Let us give the managers their due. They do not, as a rule, resort to swindles except under strong pressure; then they soothe their consciences with the reflection that as an obtuse and ungrateful public will not support their legitimate efforts, it deserves to be swindled. And a very good reflection it is—from a managerial point of view. No man was more fertile in expedients than Robert William Elliston; so after a long continuance of empty benches, the walls and hoardings of the town were one morning covered with glaring posters announcing that the manager of the Theatre Royal had entered into an engagement with a BOHEMIAN of extraordinary strength and stature, who would perform some astonishing evolutions with a stone of upwards of a ton weight, which he would toss about as easily as another would a tennis-ball. What all the famous names of the British drama and all the talents of its exponents had failed to accomplish, was brought about by a stone, and on the evening announced for its appearance the house was crammed to the ceiling. The exhibition was to take place between the play and the farce, and scarcely had the intellectual audience patience to listen to the piece, so eager were they for the noble entertainment that was to follow. At length, much to their relief, the curtain fell. The usual interval elapsed, the house became impatient, impatience soon merged into furious clamour. At length, with a pale, distraught countenance, Elliston rushed before the curtain. In a moment there was a breathless silence.

"The Bohemian has deceived me!" were his first words. "*That* I could have pardoned; but he has deceived you, my friends, *you*;" and his voice trembled, and he hid his face behind his handkerchief and seemed to sob.

Then, bursting forth again, he went on: "I repeat, he has deceived me; he is not here."

A yell of disappointment burst from the house.

"The man," continued Elliston, raising his voice, "of whatever name or nation he may be, who breaks his word, commits an offence which——" The rest of this Joseph Surface sentiment was drowned in furious clamour, and for some minute he could not make himself heard, until he drew some letters from his pocket, and held them up.

"Here is the correspondence," he said. "Does any gentleman here understand German? If so, will he oblige me by stepping forward?"

The Birmingham public were not strong in languages in those days, for no gentleman stepped forward.

"Am I, then, left alone?" he exclaimed, in tragic accents. "Well, I will translate them for you."

Here was another uproar, out of which came two or three voices, "No, no." Like Buckingham, he chose to construe the two or three into "a general acclaim."

"Your commands shall be obeyed," he said bowing, and pocketing the correspondence. "I *will not* read them. But, my dear patrons, your kindness merits some satisfaction at my hands; your consideration shall not go unrewarded. You shall not say you have paid your money for nothing. Thank heaven, I can satisfy you of my own integrity, and present you with a portion of the entertainment you have paid to see. The Bohemian, the villain, is not here. But the *stone* is, and YOU SHALL SEE IT." He winked at the orchestra, which struck up a lively strain, and up went the curtain, disclosing a huge piece of sand rock, upon which was stuck a label, bearing the legend in large letters, "THIS IS THE STONE."

It need scarcely be added that the Bohemian existed only in the manager's brain. But it is a question whether the audience which could be only brought together by such an exhibition did not deserve to be swindled.

An equally good story is told of his management at Worcester. For his benefit he had announced a grand display of fireworks! No greater proof of the gullibility of the British public could be adduced than their swallowing such an announcement. The theatre was so small that such an exhibition was practically impossible. A little before the night Elliston called upon the landlord of the property, and in the course of conversation hinted at the danger of such a display, as though the idea had just struck him; the landlord took alarm, and, as Elliston had anticipated, forbade it. Nevertheless the announcements remained on the walls, and on the night the theatre was crowded. The performance proceeded without any notice being taken by the management of the fireworks, until murmurs swelled into clamour and loud cries. Then, with his usual kingly air, Elliston came forward and bowed. He had made, he said, the most elaborate preparation for a magnificent pyrotechnic display: he had left nothing undone, but at the last moment came the terrible reflection, would it not be dangerous? Would there not be collected within the walls of the theatre a number of lovely young tender girls, of respectable matrons, to do him honour? What if the house should catch fire—the panic, the struggle for life—ah, he shuddered at the thought! Then, too, he thought of the property of that worthiest of men, the landlord—he rushed to consult him—and he now called upon him—there he was, seated in the stage box—to publicly state, for the satisfaction of the distinguished audience he saw before him, that he had forbidden the performance from considerations of safety. The landlord, a very nervous man, shrank to the back of his box, scared by every eye in the house being fixed upon him; but the audience, thankful for the terrible danger they had escaped, burst into thunders of applause.

The stories are endless of the shifts and swindles to which country managers, at their wits' end, have had to resort to attract a sluggish public. How great singers have been advertised that never heard of such an engagement, and even forged telegrams read to an expectant audience, to account for their non-appearance. How prizes have been distributed on benefit nights—to people who gave them back again. How audiences, the victims of some false announcement, have been left waiting patiently for the performance to commence, while the manager was on his way to another town with their money in his pocket. But there is a great sameness about such stories, and one or two are a specimen of all.

No veteran smoker would enjoy smoking in the dark, because to smoke properly one must have a light.

What Shall Men Eat?

Norman Taylor's Diet—The Injunction Through Moses—Mr. William's Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SUN—*Sir*: The case of Mr. Norman Taylor, who, on the first day of the new year, ran twenty miles in two hours and twenty-three minutes without apparent fatigue, on a diet of fruit, cereals, and tea, breaking down a robust, beef-eating man, scarce half his age, in the middle of the race, brings up the question of the proper food for man—a vital one in these days in more senses than one.

The earliest instruction we have on this point is in the first book of Moses, called Genesis, chapter i., 29th verse:

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb, bearing seed, which *is* upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which *is* the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

These words are explicit. Many men of thought believe that if man had followed this Divine injunction, instead of indulging in the flesh pots of Egypt, the human race would have been healthier, hardier and longer lived.

If the testimony of travellers in India and other parts of the world remote from us is to be relied upon, men who live entirely on cereals, fruit and vegetables think nothing of trotting off scores of miles, often over mountains, with hundreds of pounds of of freight on their backs. One writer says that 800 pounds are frequently carried with ease.

A little personal experience some fifteen years ago, when skating was all the rage in Central Park and elsewhere, nearly converted me into a vegetarian. On descending a bank to the lake one evening I slipped and fell, striking my head violently and cutting my face severely. A physician who dressed my wounds advised me to abstain from meat, ale, or distilled liquors for at least ten days, as there might be danger of erysipelas. Although in the habit of partaking temperately of the good things of this life, as they are called, I resolved to follow the doctor's instructions. At the end of the ten days I found myself a stronger and more active man than I ever had been in my life before. Where it previously tired me to skate or walk half an hour, I found that I could exercise for hours without unpleasant feelings of fatigue. I kept up the vegetarian diet all winter, and although my labour was exhausting, working on a newspaper until 3 o'clock in the morning, I frequently skated during the afternoon, worked all night, and walked home with pleasure in the morning.

The case of Mr. Austin B. Williams, a compositor of this city, attracted some attention among printers a few years ago. Mr. Williams was as fine a looking man fifteen years or so ago as could be found in the city. He was over six feet high, weighed about two hundred pounds, was the form of a gigantic Apollo, complexion fresh as a new-blown rose, handsome face, and beautiful, thick, curly brown hair. When Mr. Williams first came to the city he delighted in visiting the opera, where, attired in becoming style, he would join the front ranks along the lobby wall. Many were the opera glasses levelled at him, the fair holders of which little thought that he passed most of his nights in the heated atmosphere of a composing room.

Mr. Williams was a very hearty meat eater. He began to gain flesh in an alarming manner. From 200 pounds he ran up to over 400. He became a colossal monument of obesity. It cost him more than he could earn to satisfy his appetite. A friend advised him to try the water cure treatment. He was an inveterate punster, and exclaimed, "What a cure it'll be if it reduces me!" He adhered to a farinaceous diet faithfully for several months, and was reduced nearly a hundred pounds. At this time he remarked that he felt like a kite. A short time afterwards he returned to the fleshpots, regained more than he lost flesh, until finally he tumbled over in the City Hall Park one day. He was pried into a carriage and conveyed to his room, where he soon died, at a time when he should have been in the prime of life.

In Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*, a few years ago, this statement of the amount of nutriment in various articles of food was given:

Apples, raw, 10 per cent.; beans, boiled, 87 per cent.; beef, roasted, 26 per cent.; bread, baked, 80 per cent.; butter, 96 per cent.; cabbage, boiled, 7 per cent.; cucumbers, raw, 2 per cent.; fish, boiled, 20 per cent.; milk, fresh, 7 per cent.; mutton, roasted, 30 per cent.; pork, roasted, 24 per cent.; poultry, roasted, 27 per cent.; potatoes, boiled, 10 per cent.; rice, boiled, 88 per cent.; sugar, 96 per cent.; turnips, boiled, 4 per cent.; veal, roasted, 25 per cent.; and venison, boiled, 24 per cent.

The cheapest articles of food, except butter, are the most nourishing. A pint of white beans, costing a few cents, contains the same amount of nutriment as 3½ pounds of prime roasting beef, which is twelve times as expensive. Furthermore, a pound of Indian meal will go as far as a pound of fine flour.

Some vegetables and fruits should enter into the family use for sanitary reasons. Among fruits, apples are wholesome, while sweet potatoes, parsnips, beets, and carrots contain the most saccharine matter, and are the most nourishing.

I remember reading in the *Tribune*, while Horace Greeley was editor, that one pound of cracked Southern corn, boiled nine hours, adding water and stirring occasionally, to keep from burning, would form a glutinous nutritive mass of nine pounds when cold, and that a person could live and keep healthy on ten cents worth a week.

While not entirely believing in this monotonous diet, an interchange of knowledge and experience on this subject might benefit some who are sorely pinched, and be of benefit to the vast rising crop of athletes.

W. Y.

Civil Marriages in England.

It is noted in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as one of the curious facts in marriage statistics that there has been in Great Britain of late years a gradual decrease in the proportion of marriages solemnized according to the rites of the Established Church, while at the same time the proportion of civil marriages is steadily increasing. Word comes from Rome that a bill will soon be brought in to make the civil marriage obligatory before the religious ceremony is gone through, instead of leaving it, as now, to the option of the persons concerned. The old superstition against Tuesdays and Fridays as unlucky days for marriages is religiously adhered to in Rome. In the past three years there were in all the city only seventeen on a Tuesday and nine on a Friday. The favourite month in the year for marrying is October, and next to that the carnival time. May is not considered a lucky month.

THE King of Bavaria is erecting at Herrenchiemsee a royal chateau, on the plan of that of Versailles. The building is to be fifteen years in the course of construction, and to cost $9.000,000.

A THEOLOGICAL lectureship is to be endowed in Edinburgh University through the instrumentality of Dr. Muir, the eminent Sanscrit scholar. It is supposed that Principal Fairbairn will be appointed lecturer.

When the Sultan Dies.

"Scarcely has the Sultan drawn his last breath, when his wives, his favourites, in short, all the women whose power is now at an end, are desired to be 'off' within four-and-twenty hours. This change of scene is a veritable rout. It may rather be compared to a shipwreck, when each passenger tries to lay hold of some means of safety, by which she may float on the surface, and may be prevented from sinking into the deep, where all are forgotten—that is to say, the depth of the Old Seraglio. Thither are transferred those of the kadines and favourites whom their sterility has already condemned. Those who are mothers alone are allotted the protection of the Imperial Palace, for reasons of State make it inadvisable that they should be removed from the superintendence of the heir of the empire. As to the other ladies, they must disappear with their slaves and female attendants, although, perhaps, there may be some among the latter who, thanks to fresh patronage, find the means of lodging themselves in the little female courts which are formed upon the old ones. The Old Seraglio, situated at the extreme end of the palace, is a sad and lugubrious building, a very tomb, where human beings are buried alive. Imagine a mediæval castle, with its lofty crenelated walls and its narrow windows, the whole surrounded by a thick and dark mass of ancient cypresses; one may then, perhaps, form a correct idea of the retreat which, as in a prison, confines the fallen goddesses of the harem. Beyond the apartments destined to the ladies, the Old Seraglio also contains a number of buildings; among which may be reckoned the Imperial Treasury, the Library, the Mosque, which contains such relics as the Standard of the Prophet, his beard, &c. There it is, under the shadow of these religious souvenirs, that the poor abandoned beauties of a former Ottoman court have to submit to the most severe seclusion. Their goings in and out are confined to what is strictly necessary, and their relations with the world strictly watched. Such are the suspicions of their new sovereign, which cause them, doubtless, to regret the uncertain affection of their defunct husband. Poor souls, thus placed between the jealousy of the dead and the living! But reasons of State cannot listen to the dictates of the heart. Each Sultan looks upon himself as the responsible guardian of the honour of his predecessors, and in this capacity he is bound to take care that the widows of these princes (or whatever their title may be) should be subject to strict and watchful supervision. This seclusion, however, is not for life, and with time the gaoler shows himself more complacent, and relaxes in some degree the severity of his watch. This indulgence is not shown until those who are thus confined have passed the period of temptation. It is when the amiable kadine has reached her fiftieth year that the reigning Sultan places at her disposal one of the royal residences, and begs her to act as she pleases. As to the Sultan Abdul Aziz, it is said that he was exceedingly severe with regard to the women who belonged to the court of his brother and predecessor, Abdul Medjid. It is even whispered that some of these ladies, the Kadine Servinas, for instance, were sent by his order, not, indeed, into the Old Seraglio, but into that better world where, perhaps, their premature death may in some measure expiate the excesses of every kind committed by them during the reign of Abdul Medjid."—*Les Femmes en Turquie.*

Machinery.

The never-ending invention of mechanical and other contrivances for minimizing manual labour leads to the supposition that, by-and-by, the latter will be dispensed with altogether, and that human existence will become a state of sinecurism. If this consummation were ever to be obtained, however, it is pretty certain that life would become unendurable, and that mankind would soon cease to exist altogether. We have no apprehensions, says an English writer in the *Foreman Engineer and Draughtsman*, as to the arrival of either of the contingencies in question, Machinery will ever be the handmaid of humanity, but never its destroyer, and every real improvement made therein being only a new application of the forces of Nature, must be advantageous to the human family. No machine of any kind can possibly create power, and no combination of wheels, pinions, levers, belts, or cranks, however ingeniously arranged, will raise a single foot pound of power, or even one ounce. Suppose a watch be taken by way of illustration. In order to set it in action the spring must be bent and contracted by means of a key, and this imparts power from the muscles of the fingers. When the spring has given off the muscular force put into it the wheels and hands of the timekeeper come to a standstill. Again, in winding up an eight day clock you lift a weight of, say, 6 pounds, through 4 feet. In doing so you perform 24

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., January 24, 1879.

END OF VOLUME FOUR.—With this number the WATFORD GUIDE closes its fourth year of publication. The vicissitudes experienced by us during that time are perhaps of more interest to ourselves than others; therefore we shall not trouble our readers with a recital.

BROOKE COUNCIL.

Alvinston 20th January, 1879.—The members of the council elect for 1879 met at the Town Hall to-day, present, the Reeve, Mr. Lovell, and Councillors Patterson, McLean, Ansley, and Stirtain, who after taking and subscribing the Declaration of Qualification and of office before the Clerk took their seats at the Council table.

Moved by Mr. Paterson, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, that Mr. Ansley be elected Deputy-Reeve.—carried.

Mr. Ansley then took the requisite declaration before the clerk, and returned thanks for his election.

The Reeve appointed Archd. McIntyre Auditor on his behalf, and on motion of Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Stirtain, John McTaggert was appointed Auditor on behalf of thecouncil.

A by-law was introduced, read and passed, ratifying the appointment of Auditors.

Applications to be appointed Assessor were received from Richard Code for the sum of $60, and from John Coristine for the sum of $54.

Moved by Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Paterson, that Mr. Code be reappointed Assessor at a salary of $55.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Stirtain, seconded by Mr. McLean, that J. Correstine be appointed Assessor, at a salary of $54.—Amendment carried.

By law authorizing the above appointment read and passed.

Mr. Cahill presented an account of the receipts and expenditures for the year 1878, in connection with the Town Hall, showing a balance due him including salary of $20.56.

Moved by Mr. Stirtan, seconded by Mr. Ansley, that the Reeve and N. McLean, be appointed to let the necessary repairs to the large bridge over the river at Alvinston.—carried.

On motion of the Reeve, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, that Mrs. Gunne be exempted from the payment of County and Township Rates for the year 1878.

A By-law was introduced, read and passed, authorizing the collection of $8 per year for 20 years from the south west part lot No. 19, in the 7th concession in payment of $100 lent to Jas. Oke, under the "Tile Drainage Act."

On motion of Mr. Stirtan, seconded by W. Ansley, that Wm. Robinson be reappointed to call the first meeting in the new Union School Section on the west part of the Townline Brooke and Warwick.--Carried.

J. H. Black made application to be appointed clerk at a salary of $80, said sum to include the making out of School Rates.

On motion of Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Patterson, that W. G. Willoughby be reappointed clerk at a salary of $110, this sum to include all duties in connection with the office with the exception of the Registration of births, marriages and deaths.—carried.

N. McLean moved the appointment of J. H. Black at a salary of $80, but failed to get a seconder to his motion.

A By law was introduced, read and passed confirming the appointment of the clerk, the vote on the by law standing :—Yeas, Ansley, Lovell, Patterson Stirtan. Nays, McLean.

Mr. Bowlby reported that he was unable to collect the dog tax charged against Angus McDonald, amounting to $5, and on motion of Mr. Lovell, seconded by Mr. Ansley, Mr. Bowlby was ordered to be paid the sum of $5 to cover this amount, which would be charged to him on the Collector's Roll.

Moved by Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Patterson, that Messrs. Stirtan and Ansley be appointed to examine a bridge on the 10th con., opposite lot 24, with authority to repair and if necessary to rebuild.—carried.

On motion of Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, the following orders were issued:—Thos. Cahill, $20,56; David Armstrong. 3 dollars ; clerk, $5 John Shirley, 3 dollars ; Joseph Campbell, 3 dollars and Edward Bowlby 60 dollars.

On motion of Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. McLean, the Council adjourned till Monday the 24th day of February 1879.

W. G. WILLOUGHBY, Clerk.

WATFORD COUNCIL.

Monday 20th inst.—The newly elected Reeve and Councillors for Watford, met today pursuant to Statute, and after signing the oath of qualification and declaration of office before the clerk, took their seats. The Reeve, Col. Campbell, in the chair.

It was moved and seconded that the minutes of former meeting as read be adopted

Moved by Mr McLaren, seconded by Mr Cook, that we appoint Mr John Reid as Auditor ; also that the Auditors examine the Collectors Roll, for which they shall receive the sum of $16. The Reeve appointed Mr Howard as the other Auditor

Moved by Mr McLaren, seconded by Mr Dixie, that By-law No 1 for the appointment of Auditors and other village officers for 1879 be read a first and second time

Moved by Mr Campbell, seconded by Mr Cook, that By-law No 2 appointing Clerk and Treasurer for 1879, be read a first and second time.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr McLaren, that this Council go into Committee on By-law No. 1 and 2, and Mr Bole be chairman of said committee.

Moved by Mr Bole, seconded by Mr Campbell, that Mr S Howden, senr., be appointed clerk for the village of Watford, at a salary of $100, and that he make out school rate, assessment roll and voters list.

Moved by Mr McLaren, seconded by Mr Bole, that by-laws No. 1 and 2, for 1879, be read a third time and passed. By laws read a third time and passed.

Moved by Mr McLaren, seconded by Mr Dixie, that the band have the use of the Town Hall two regular nights in the week when not otherwise occupied, they to light their own lamps and fire.

Moved by Mr Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, that the Clerk make out bonds for the Treasurer and his securities to sign, and that Mr McLaren and Cook be a committee to approve of said securities.

Moved by Mr. McLaren, seconded by Mr Campbell, that J C Tye's account, being balance due for printing for 1878 be passed, and that the Reeve grant his order for the same.

The Council then adjourned *sine die*.

SCHOOL BOARD.

Watford Jan. 13th 1879.

The Board of School Trustees held their regular monthly meeting in the School house. All the members present. The minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed ; after which the election of Chairman for the current year was proceeded with.

Moved by Jos. Williams, seconded by J. McWaters, that S. Anderson be re-elected Chairman, for the year 1879.

Moved by S, Anderson, seconded by John Williams, that Jos. Williams act as Chairman for the year 1879.

Moved by Jos. Williams, seconded by John Williams, that S. Howden be chairman for the year 1878.

The several candidates were voted for, resulting in the unanimous choice of S. Howden,

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by Jos. Williams, that we express our thanks to our retiring Chairman, for the able, impartial and buisness like manner, he has sustained the position and dignity of the chair, for the past year. Carried.

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by Jos. Williams, that we appoint John Reid as our Secretary, as per motion past at a former meeting. Carried.

Moved by S. Anderson, seconded by J. McWaters, that M. S. Campbell be the Treasurer for this Board, for the year 1879, and he give security the same as he gave in the year 1878. Carried.

Moved by S. Anderson, seconded by M. S. Campbell, that the following members compose the Finance Committee: Samuel Anderson, Joseph Williams and Samuel Howden. Carried.

Moved by Jos. Williams, seconded by M. S. Campbell, that John McWaters, John Williams and S, Howden be a committee on Repairs and Supplies, for the year 1879. Carried.

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by J. McWaters, that M. S. Campbell S. Anderson, and Jos. Williams, be a committee on School Management for the year 1879. Carried.

Moved by M, S, Campbell, seconded by John Williams, that Jos. Williams, S. Anderson, and J. McWaters, be a committee on printing for the year 1879 Carried.

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by S. Anderson, that the regular meeting of this Board shall be held on the first Monday of each month, in the same place, and at the same hour as heretofore for the year 1879. Carried.

The principal's report for December was read and adopted.

A report of the annual meeting from the returning officer was read, showing the result of the election of two trustees for section No. 6, to be in favor of Jos. and John Williams.

Moved by S. Anderson, seconded by M. S. Campbell, that the Finance Committee, be the Committee to meet with Mr, White to fill out the half-yearly and annual reports, and that they meet as soon as possible. Carried.

Moved by S. Anderson, seconded by J. McWaters, that motions be made verbal, except when members request them to be put in writing. Carried.

REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Finance recomend that the accounts now presented be laid over till next meeting of the Board. S. Anderson, J. S. Williams, S. Howden Committee.

Moved by John Williams, seconded by J. McWaters, that the Committee on Repairs and Supplies see that there is a sufficient supply of water for the School, by getting the pump repaired, Carried,

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by Jos. Williams, that the report of Committee on School Management be adopted. and said report be handed to the Chairman of School supplies to act thereon. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McWaters, seconded by Jos. Williams, that the Board require funds to pay for wood, and unpaid accounts and therefore request the Municipal Council to raise the sum of $200, to be paid on the order of the Board to the School Treasurer before the 29th day of January 1879. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Anderson, seconded by Jos. Williams, that our Secretary forward to the Municipal Council a copy of motion for funds with a letter as formerly done, at his earliest convenience. Carried,

33rd Year. 33rd Year.

THE WITNESS.

One of the most important features of the *Witness* during the year 1879, will be its course of free lectures on agriculture, by W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph late editor of the *Canada Farmer*. Those lectures already delivered by Mr, Clarke have been met with the greatest approval everywhere. The lectures will be reported in the *Witness* whose value as an agriculture paper has within the past few months, been greatly enhanced.

The *Witness* is devoted to temperance, being the principal organ of that cause in Canada, and to all other sanitary and moral reforms, as well as to the furtherance of Evangelical religion.

Another special feature of the *Witness* during 1879. will be the attention paid to its engravings, which are already numerous and important. Portraits of the prominent men throughout the world will be given, and the paper will contain numerous illustrated articles of much interest and valne, as wall as selections from the hnmerous art of the day.

The fullest attention will be paid to news, so that the *Witness* may retain its present reputation as a newspaper.

The household and general literary departments of the *Witness* have always been a prominent feature of the paper and they will be continued on the same plan as heretofore, giving to the ladies much valuable information about every thing necessary to make the household bright, pleasant, and prosperous.

The price of the different editions of the *Witness* is as follows, per year post paid :—

Daily Witness, $3.00, circulation 14, 800.

Weekly Witness, $1.10, circulation, 28,000.

In addition to these, the publishers of the *Witness* issue the *Northern Messenger*, a semi-monthly illustrated family journal, which is regarded with great favor all over North America, as its circulation of over 50,000, testifies. In homes remote from postal accomodation, it supplies the whole family reading, while in cities, towns, and villages everywhere, it is the favorite of the young people, who find it an endless source of enlightment and enjoyment. Its price is but 30 cents a year, including postage. To Sunday-schools and clubs it is sent at the following rates :—

10 copies to one address...$ 2.50 per an.
25 copies to one address ... 6.00 "
50 copies to one address... 11.50 "
100 copies to one oddress.. 22.00 "

All persons desiring to interest themselves in obtaining suoscriptions for the *Witness*, will receive sample copies and terms on application. Every letter answered. Address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders will be received for the erection of a school house in U. S. section No. 16 and 18, Brooke and Warwick up to 8th Feb. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications will be seen at David Watson's Lot 7, con. 6 south Warwitk, by whom all Tenders will be received. Tenders will be opened at 3 o'clock on the 8th Feb. All applications to be marked Tender.

DAVID WATSON.

January 24.—3 in.

EAST LAMBTON

M.F. INSURANCE CO.

The annual meeting of the members of this company will be held at

WYOMING,

ON THE

2ND TUESDAY IN FEB. 1879

At the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of receiving the annual report, and electing officers for the ensuing year. All members are particularly requested to attend as no voting by proxy is allowed, and officers must be elected by members present.

T. DOHERTY, Sec'y

January 10, 1879.—*td*

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kerfoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of January.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT.

Watford Jan. 10.—4 *in*

$ $ DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM ? $ $

SEE THE LIST.

OF

Farms for Sale

IN THE

Weekly Mail.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise There

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read There

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *WEEKLY MAIL*, 20 words for 50c. each insertion ; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *DAILY MAIL*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion ; each additional word 1½ cts.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock Implements, etc. Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at the same rates. Address

MAIL, Toronto.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience. I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards, "
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best, A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th. 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL.
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. . HOWDEN.
Watford. March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.
Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.
JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM
Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.
He always employs
FIRST--CLASS WORKMEN,
nd uses the best material.
A large stock of
Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED
He has secured the services of
MR JNO. WOOLCOCK,
who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.
LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY
IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.
Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.
Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.
Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.
Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton. Ont.
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Farm for Sale.
50 ACRES.
Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,
Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.
Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

KNOW THYSELF
By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.
HEAL THYSELF

G. H. RODGERS
Has just opened out another lot of those good
Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.
Also a splendid assortment of
GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.
Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.
☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜
☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜
November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,
In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years, and soliciting a continuance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the
The Largest and Best Selected Stock
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES
Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.
HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of
TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.
Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test ;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well :
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can ;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.
☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.
Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr.

J. W. BENSON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER
To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.
ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S
CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c.
ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture ; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S
GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals ; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

☞ Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.
BENSON'S PAMPHLETS ON TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.
STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET
Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

GIVING UP BUSINESS!
The Best of Friends Must Part.
The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.
TAKE NOTICE
Our dress goods will be reduced as follows :

Regular Price.	75c.	for	50c.
do	50c.	"	40c.
do	40c.	"	33c.
do	30c.	"	23c.
do	25c.	"	19c.
do	20c.	"	15c.

Tweeds ! Tweeds ! ! Tweeds ! ! ! Tweeds ! ! !

Regular Price,	$1 50,	Reduced to	$1 20.
do	1 25,	do	1 00.
do	1 00,	do	80.
do	75,	do	60.
do	65,	do	50.

Men's Felt Hats	75c.	for	60c.
do	$1 00	"	75c.
do	1 25	"	$1 00
do	1 50	"	1 20

Best Factory Flannel,	40c.	for	30c.
Best Grey	do 40c.	"	30c.
Scarlet	do 25c.	"	18c.
Best Scarlet	do 50c.	"	40c.
	40c.	"	30c.
Canton Flannel	12½c	"	9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.
MILLINERY ! MILLINERY ! ! MILLINERY ! ! !
In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. e ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.
JAMES RUTHERFORD
Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands :—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates :

French Calf Boots	at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS. SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 10th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Chritmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands : HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

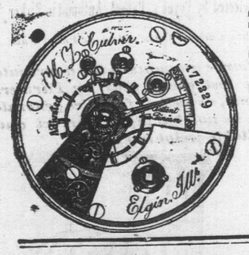
Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.



Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices :—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERAE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

FURNITURE

FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done, Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Motto frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

Srayed Cattle.

Came into the enclnsure of the undersigned, Lot 28, con 5, Township of Plympton, abont 1st December, a red steer, with small white spot on forehead split in right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take the same away.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

Plympton, Jan. 10.—4in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned west ½ east ½ lot 24 con. 1, Township of Warwick, about the 1st of December 1878. 1 Heifer, rising two years old, all white. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take the same away immediately.

EDWIN TANNER.

Warwick, Jan. 10.—4 in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, East half Lot 28, 2nd con. south, Warwick, about the first of December, a red steer, two years old with gray hair on the head and white under the belly. The owner is requested to prove property and take the animals away.

JOHN RAYCRAFT
Watford P. O.

Watford, Jan. 3rd.—4 in

STRAYED MARE.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 8, 4th line Warwick, about the first of December, a small pure black mare, about sixteen years old, with one crooked hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take her away immediately.

RICHARD COX.
Watford, P. O.

January 3rd. 1879.—4 in.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

The Guide.

JAMES C TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., January 24, 1879

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

COLDS are epidemic.

AN epidemic of Erysipelas is prevailing in and around Watford.

SERVICES.—The Rev. W. Ames pastor of the Methodist church Watford, is conductng special services on 10th line Brooke.

CONCERT.—The Firemen purpose holding their annual Concert in the latter end of January or the beginning of February.

PARTIES ordering lumber by the car load will get it at wholesale prices at F. McGibbons. Watford. Call early.

OVERLOOKED.—In setting up the presentation to Mrs. Anderson last week, we overlooked the amount presented to her which was $53.

REGISTRATION.—The number of registrations in the Township of Warwick for the year 1878 were Births, 150, Marriages 13, and Deaths, 49.

☞ It is rumored that the Dominion Government has determined on a ten per cent. reduction all round, including the salaries of Ministers and also officials in the inside and outside service.

NEW PAPER.—We have received the inital copy of the *Forest Free Press*, a neatly printed 28 column newspaper. Under the proprietorship of Messrs. Anderson & McLean we predict for it a long and prosperous career.

OYSTER SUPPER.—On Monday evening last, Mr. Samuel Howden, senr., who has been Clerk of this Municipality for 6 years, treated the Councillors and a few friends to an Oyster Supper, on his again been appointed to that position.

DRAMATIC.—C. A. Collen Esq., assisted by the Watford I. O. G. T., are preparing the popular drama "Ten nights in a bar-room, or Joe. Morgan redeemed," to present shortly in Fawcett's Hall, Watford. Particulars next week. Keep a bright look out for posters and programmes.

THE Skating rink we learn, will be in first class order on Monday evening next, Mr. Reid always attends to it well, but an extra effort will be made Monday. We hope the parents of the Village will let their children go. It is a cheap and healthy way of spending an evening.

ALL PERSONS desiring Sheet Music, will do well to call on Mr. Ewer, who supplies all kinds of English, American and Foreign Music, both Vocal and Instrumental at extremely low prices. See the new and popular "Princess Louise" Lancers, and the "Lady of Lorne" Quadrilles at Ewer's Book Store.

KERWOOD.—On Tuesday evening last a social and lecture was given in the Methodist church, Kerwood. Bags containing candy &c were freely distributed among those present. The lecturer, Rev. Mr. Sneider, of Bothwell then delivered his very interesting address on "Manitoba," describing the habits, manners and customs of the Indians, the climate and soil of the North-west, as well as other useful facts. At the close of the lecture an opportunity was given for asking questions a number availed themselves of this chance and all received satisfactory answers;

SPECIAL SALE.—David Watt advises a **Special Clearing Sale**, to commence on Saturday the 25th inst., to continue until March 1st 1879, at clearing prices. **No Goods booked** within the days mentioned. 1 in.

FIRE IN WARWICK.—About ten o'clock Monday morning the house of Mr. Service, on the 4th line north of Warwick, was burned. The fire is supposed to have been caused from the flue or pipes. Loss not known. The household property was insured for $300 and there was some insurance on the building, both in the East Lambton Mutual Insurance Company.

AUGHRIM.—A well attended missionary meeting was held a few nights since here. The Revs. Mr. Hinde, of Wardsville, and W. J. Taylor, of Alvinston, addressing the meeting. The latter gentleman gave a resume of mission work from its outset, and showed how the grain of mustard seed had grown into a large and stalwart tree, whose leaves were for the healing of all nations.]

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—No. 1.—A little girl of James O'Rourke, Watford, fell out of bed on Sunday morning, and broke her collar bone. She was taken to Drs. Harvey & Stanley's office and had the broken bone dressed; when last heard from was doing well No. 2.—Len. Fowler's eldest son fell out of bed on Wednesday morning, and broke his collar bone, the broken bone was dressed and bandaged next day by Dr. Stanley.

ROBBERY IN BROOKE.—On Friday night last, Andrew Atchison's house, on the 12th line of Brooke, was entered while the family were from home, and between 25 and 30 dollars in cash stolen. The robbery was evidently done by some person acquainted with the place, as the drawer and house were both locked when they returned, and only a few things disturbed besides the money being taken.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last Mr. Slater, of 12th line Brooke, while drawing wood to Watford, owing to the drifted condition of the Navou Road, upset the load on himself. There not being many travelling on the road at the time, Mr. Slater was compelled to take it as easy as possible for about half an hour, when Mr. Ellis, the stage-driver, came along and assisted him up, the only injury being a sore back for a few days.

ROBBERY.—On Saturday evening, or early Sunday morning, the tailoring establishment of Mr. P. Renier was entered, and four or five pieces of French coatings, six pieces of fancy tweeds and an overcoat were stolen, valued at about $100. The door was left open, and apparently had been unlocked by the person who stole the goods. There is good suspicion as to who the parties are and we would advise them to return the goods or stand the consequences.

PRESENTATION.—W. S. Calvert, who has been in Campbell Bros. Banking office Watford, for a long time was made the recipient of a handsome stem winding hunting case Gold Watch by his employers. Will has been a faithful young man and we hope may never lose the confidence and esteem in which he is held by his employers and their customers. The engraving on the inside case explains the whole manner which reads as follows :—"Presented by Campbell Bros. to Willie S. Calvert, as a token of regard and worth for six years faithful services—January 20th 1879."

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—The Missionary Meetings in connection with the English Church will be held on the following days : Watford, Tuesday, February 4th ; Warwick, Wednesday, February 5th ; Fourth Line, Thursday, February 6th ; Brooke, Friday, February 7th ; Petrolia, Sunday and Monday, February 9th and 10th ; Wyoming, Sunday. February 9th ; Alvinston, Tuesday, February 11th ; Napier, Wednesday, February 12th. The Revds. J. Downie, T. Holmes, R. Fletcher and W. J. Taylor will be the various deputations.

PERMANENT GRAIN MARKET.—We announce with much pleasure the establishment of a permanent grain market in Alvinston by Messrs. Hayne & Clark ; the former gentleman is from Dresden, the latter from Brigden. They are both experienced grain buyers and will at all times purchase wheat, barley, oats, peas, clover seed, wool etc., paying the full market rates for the same. For the present they are to be found at the Railroad Station. In the spring they intend building a large grain warehouse.

CHARLES PETTIT, who as we reported in our last issue was remanded for trial at Sarnia, on a charge of false pretences, brought against him by George Williams, agent for J. M. Courtright, Inwood, last Tuesday, made a trip to Sarnia with Bailiff Cahill on Wednesday last. Mr. Pettit, who was abundantly able to go his own bail here, decided not to give such security, acting under the belief that his mere appearance in Sarnia and request for a trial would be sufficient. On consulting with a well known lawyer there, he found out his mistake, and at once gave bail in $500 for his appearance at the June term of Court.

INWOOD.—One of the best tea meetings of the season took place last Friday evening in the New School House at Inwood. There was a large attendance, and all enjoyed themselves greatly. The ladies of the congregation prepared an excellent supper which was highly appreciated by all present. Misses Howard, Plumsteel and Wood furnished excellent vocal and instrumental music. R. B. Hall entertained the audience with some choice songs, and the pretty song "Birdie has come" by little Ella May Wood, delighted all who heard it. Short addresses were made by the Revds. Taylor, Bielby, Gamble and Wood. Proceeds between $25 and $30, which was donated to Revds. Wood and Gamble for their services in Inwood.

WE HAVE received Vennor's Almanac for 1879, printed and published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal. It is very neatly printed, and contains a review of the weather of 1878, besides much valuable information In Mr. Vennors predictions for 1879 we find the following :—

"January is likely to continue severe and give us more snow, shortly after which I look for a great lull or break in the winter, with singularly open weather and a rapid melting of snow—possibly to bare ground again. This term will be protracted and much more extended than our usual mid-winter thaw. A portion of February and March will give us a second edition of winter with very severe weather and further heavy snow falls, thus protracting the winter season and causing a backward spring. The spring will set in wet, and is likely to be succeeded by a cool wet summer."

THE social assembly in Fawcett's Hall, Watford, on Friday evening last, was a great success, about thirty-five couple being present. The hall was handsomely decorated with mirrors and pictures, and no pains were spared by those who had the getting up of the affair in making it both a pleasant and enjoyable occasion.

BOLE, STICKLE & Co. are making a large number of Gang and long ploughs, Hay rakes Road scrapers, Land rollers &c., for the spring trade, and as they guarantee all work turned out of their establishment to give entire satisfaction, we advise all our farmer friends who require anything in the above line to call at the Globe Foundry, Front St.

OBITUARY.—As we promised in our last issue, we resume the obituary notice of the death of Ann Johnston, wife of James Saunders of the 6th line Brooke. Deceased was a native of County Cavan, Ireland, but left there when but four years old, she with her parents settled in the County of Lanark, then Upper Canada. She married in Franktown, County of Lanark, on 24th of May 1837, James Saunders, her now bereaved husband, who together with four sons and six daughters, two of each sons and daughters are married, are left to mourn her loss. Deceased and husband and family have resided for the past 28 years in the Township of Brooke, upon the old homestead, which was like many others a dense wilderness, almost without the pale of civilization. Deceased however, being a woman of frugal and industrious habits, and of strict economy, and indomitable perseverance, and peculiarly adapted to battle with pioneer life, nothing ashamed to handle the handspike to help her husband in the logging and clearing up of land, helping to build fence and other laborious pursuits, incident to making a home in the Forest. But while thus engaged in domestic life, she was not unmindfull of the claims of hospitality to the stranger, and generous disinterested kindness to her neighbors, many of whom will retain a grateful remembrance of her memory. In a word the following lines will be descriptive of her character in well doing, towards her neighbors, in sickness and attendant trouble :—

Who was it then that cooled the fevered brow
That heard the muttered prayer and oft broke vow ?
That nightly vigils by the sick her place did take
Neglect her buisness for her neighbors sake ?
Twas Ann herself, and be it here confessed,
A kinder heart ne'er beat in human breast.

WARWICK COUNCIL.

January 20th 1879.

The newly elected Reeve and Councillors for the Township of Warwick met to-day pursuant to statute, and after signing the oath of qualification and declaration of office before the Clerk, took their seats, E. McGillicuddy, the Reeve, in the chair.

On motion of Mr. Kadey, seconded by Mr. Hall, Thomas B. Heley was appointed Deputy-Reeve.

On motion of Mr. Hall, seconded by Mr. Kadey, John Liddy was appointed one of the Auditors of Township accounts, and the Reeve appointed W. McLeay as the other.

On motion of Mr. McGillicuddy, seconded by Mr. Heley, the following exemptions and errors were allowed the Collector on his roll. Mrs. McIntyre, widow, $2.16, W. Green, error of Dog tax, $1, David Williamson overcharge on roll, $1, Robert Long, statute labor allowed, $5.

On motion of Mr. Hall, seconded by Mr. Karr, Daniel Rhatigan was paid $4, being the value of one sheep killed by dogs, the necessary evidence being given.

On motion of Mr. Hall, seconded by Mr. Karr, the claim of Moore Coulter for damages done to self and sulky, caused by horse running away while crossing a bridge on main road was not entertained.

On motion of Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Hall, James F. Elliot was paid $55, salary in full as Collector for 1878.

On motion of Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Hall, J. F. Elliot, was appointed Collector at a salary of $49.99, for the year 1879.

On motion of Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr. Karr, J. C. Tye of the Watford GUIDE was awarded the printing of the Municipality of Warwick, for the year 1879, for the sum of $100, to be paid quarterly.

On motion of Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr. Hall, the clerk received an order for the sum of $31.90, to pay the following expenses of Municipal election of 1879, viz., 4 returning officers, $5 each, the use of 4 school houses $3 each, and 90 cents for pencils and blanks.

Council then adjourned till Monday 17th February 1879, at 10 o'clock a. m.

MONTHLY REPORT.

DECEMBER, 1878.

	1	2	3	4	5
Number on Roll	42	49	73	79	243
" of Boys	22	25	32	53	132
" of Girls	20	24	41	26	111
Daily Average	37	35	49	70	191
Percentage	88	71	68	89	78
New Pupils	2	00	00	00	2

No. 1 is the Principal's department, No. 2 Miss Shirley's, No. 3 Miss Herbert's, No. 4 Miss Kidd's and No. 5 is the total.

GENTLEMEN.—It is with a good deal of satisfaction that I now present the last monthly Report for the year 1879. In looking over the work in our school during the past year we find that a good many difficulties have been overcome, and the labors of our teachers have been attended with a fair measure of success.

The prosperity of the school has not been alone due to the efforts of the teachers ; but also to the interest and encouragement given by you. I have to thank you sincerely for the promptness with which you have granted my requests, and the readiness manifested to sustain me in my efforts to advance the interests of our school. I have therefore every reason to believe that during the year upon which we are about to enter that I will receive your co-operation, and the courtsey to which I have been accustomed in the past.

It affords me much pleasure to state that our pupils have been successful at the various examinations during the past year.

The three who passed the literary examinations for teachers at midsummer have been very successful at the Model School in Sarnia. The list has not been published yet, but the Principal of the Model School told me that we had either good material in Watford or the material had been well wrought up, for they all took a good standing, and in all probability one of them would be first or second on the entire list of both sessions. That is not only good but remarkably good.

At the late entrance Examinations held in Strathroy five of our pupils passed well. Annie Hastings headed the entire list of forty-one who were successful.

All these things, together with the fact the people are beginning to take more of an interest in our work, should stimulate both teachers and trustees. For my part I enter upon the new year with the resolution to try and make our school a credit to the Village even more so than it has been in the past year, and I trust that all who have anything to do with the institution will do the same, and carry it out.

I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that the rooms are imperfectly heated. The week before the close of school it was very difficult to get on with our work. More attention will have to be paid to getting the rooms thoroughly heated in the mornings, or the pupils health will be endangered.

Our monthly report forms for the pupils are exhausted, and if it is your pleasure we would like a fresh supply.

Respectfully submitted
THOS. WHITE,
Principal.

To the Board of P.S. Trustees
Watford.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The First Visit of the Fire Fiend to Alvinston.

Dr. Allan Crawford, his Family, and Mrs Perrin Stevens the Victims.

AN HEROIC MOTHER'S BRAVERY—CARRYING HER INFANT BUT TWELVE HOURS OLD, SHE WALKS THROUGH THE COLD NIGHT TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

The house owned by Mrs. Perrin Stevens and occupied by Dr. Allan Crawford, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last, about 2 o'clock. Mrs. Crawford had been delivered of a child at two o'clock the afternoon previous. At two o'clock, Isaac Patterson, Mrs. Crawford's brother, was awakened by a smell of smoke, which suddenly became dense and nearly suffocated him. Springing from his bed, he found the flames, which had originated about the chimney in the kitchen, had reached the main portion of the house and were making rapid progress. Rousing the family below he gave the alarm, and in a short time a number of neighbors turned out to assist. Dr. Crawford when suddenly awakened, first thought of his wife and the infant child sleeping in her arms. For a moment he lost his presence of mind as many a man would do under such trying circumstances. Recovering himself, he took up a bed and carried it into the next house, intending to carry his wife there afterwards. On his way back, he was astonished to meet her walking and carrying the infant ; she having partly dressed herself before venturing out. She was afterwards carried to Duncan McCallum's house on the opposite side of the street. The lady's friends will be pleased to hear she is doing as well as could be expected. Among those entitled to special mention for bravery and heroism on this occasion are Dan. Ferguson, Capt. McLachlan, Angus McCallum, Hank Marcellus, Jim Smith, John Walker, Henry Pavey, Dougal Leitch, William Fitzpatrick, Archie McCallum, Duncan McCallum, Jim McPherson, Fred. Benner, and boarders at the Revere House and others whose names we could not learn. Miss Jane McGill, Miss Caroline McGill and Miss Lizzie Thomas are entitled to special mention for bravery and the services they rendered assisting in moving furniture from the adjoining house to a place of safety. The loss to Mrs. Perrin Stevens is $600. Dr. Crawford lost over $450, and Isaac Patterson about $250 worth. This gentleman was forced to jump out a second floor window, he being unable to return, the flames having cut off his descent.

We take this opportunity of urging those indebted to Dr. Crawford to settle their accounts now, as all circumstances considered, it could not be done in a more acceptable time. Archie McCallum said to the Doctor in our presence, Sunday afternoon, "Doctor you are indebted to me $25 or $26 for office rent. I'll give you to-morrow a receipted bill and $5 cash, and if Mrs. Stevens wishes to rebuild I'll subscribe $20 to a fund for her assistance." Dr. Marlatt also proved himself a friend to his brother physician. In fact with rare exceptions great sympathy has been shown the sufferers by the conflagration. There was no insurance whatever on the property.—*News.*

BORN.

CRAWFORD.—In Alvinston, on the 18th inst., the wife of Dr. Allan Crawford B. A., of a daughter.

CAUGHLIN.—In Township of Warwick, on Saturday 18th inst., the wife of Mr. John Coughlin, of a daughter.

HARROWER.—On the 12th inst., the wife of Geo. Harrower, Warwick, of a son.

HASTINGS.—On the 14th inst., the wife of Jos. Hastings, of a son.

ARNETT.—On the 17th inst., the wife of Lewis Arnett, Kerwood, of a son.

HAIR.—On the 18th inst, the wife of Joseph Hair, Warwick, of a daughter.

FREER.—On the 20th inst., the wife of Henry Freer, Metcalfe of a daughter.

MARRIED.

MCILWAIN—IRELAND.—In London, on the 30th of December, at the parsonage of F J Edmonds, James McIlwain, of Brooke to Miss Louisa Ireland, youngest daughter of Hopper Ireland, Esq., Watford.

SMITH—LUCAS.—At Sarnia, on the 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. T. S. Ellerby, Susie T., eldest daughter of Geo. Lucas, Esq., to W O Smith, of Watford.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants,

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	0 82	@	0 85
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 80	@	0 83
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 23	@	0 25

A YOUNG WOMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A TURKISH BATH.

BY ANGELINA.

Has any of your wandering paths
Ever led you to the Turkish Baths?
They're the finest of all things, never doubt it;
Just sit down, and I'll tell you about it.

First of all, you are shown to a cell;
There you proceed to take off—well;
You may retain your hairpins and rings,
But you must remove all your other things.
Then, you wrap yourself in a sheet,
And fold it around you from head to feet;
(And you'd better take one of your own,
If you chance to be large and pretty well grown,
For you'll find, and your modesty 'twill harrow,
That those provided are rather narrow.)

Then you follow a girl, in solemn procession,
Like a white-robed nun going to confession;
And she lays you out on a marble slab,
And you feel like a lobster, or maybe a crab.

To state that the room is extremely hot,
The bounds of truth overstepeth not,
Pretty soon you begin to melt.
Anc you wonder how Shadrack and Mesheck felt,
Then you're put in a room that's hotter still,
And here you really begin to grill,
And the perspiration begins to flow,
And you think of poor Abed-nego.
There you lie and think of your sins—
And all you've heard it will do for skins—
Till your very eyeballs begin to burn—
Then the pretty girl comes and says it's your turn,
And then stretched out, as if you were dead,
On a sm, slippery marble bed,
With a rubber pillow under your head,
You are splashed, and soaped, and scourd, and rubbed,
In fact, most comprehensively scrubbed—
And last, somewhat to your consternation,
Are played on by hose, like a conflagration;

Then, tucked away in a clean white nest,
You can go to sleep, or can lie and rest;
And everything in the whole arena
Is as clean as it is at home—or cleaner;
And when at last you dress for the street,
You feel so supple, and nice, and neat,
And even your temper has grown so sweet.
You feel no longer cold or hunger—
And you look at least to be ten years younger,
And be you fat as a seal or thin as a lath,
For ever you'll bless the Turkish Bath.

AN IMPERIAL PARDON.

BY F. A. S.

The unfortunate man arose suddenly, and paced the room in a state of great excitement.

"But now comes the best of all," he exclaimed, with a desperate effort—"the last act, the choice of a wife." Again an internal struggle overpowered the unhappy narrator—a sudden and heavy tear rolled down his care-worn cheek, evidently caused by the remembrance of this abominable transaction. "It was a terrible ordeal," he said. "Sir, sir," he continued after a momentary pause, "since the sun has risen in our horizon, he has shone on many a cruel game which the mighty of the earth have played with the helpless, but a more abominable farce has hardly ever been enacted than the one I am now relating—the manner in which we unfortunate people were coupled together. In my youth I read how Carrier at Nantes murdered the Royalists; how he caused the first best man to be tied with a rope to a woman, and carried down the Loire in a boat. In the middle of the river a trap-door was suddenly opened, and the unfortunate couple disappeared in the waves. But that monster was an angel compared with the official of the Czar; and these republican mrrriages were a benevolent act in comparison with those we were forced to conclude. At Nantes, the victims were tied together for a mutual death; we for our mutual lives!. . . . On a subsequent morning we were once more ushered into the room where our conversion had taken place. There were present about thirty men and an equal number of women. Together with the latter entered the official who had so considerately ordered our lot as regards a livelihood.

"'Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced with a nasal twang, 'his Majesty has graciously pardoned you, and desires to see you all happy. Now, the lonely man is seldom a happy man; and hence you are to marry. Every gentleman is free to select a partner, provided of course the lady accepts the choice. And in order that none of you gentlemen may be placed in the invidious position of having to select a partner unworthy of him, supreme benevolence has ordered that an aedquate number of ladies, partly from penal settelements and partly from houses of correction, should be now offered you. As his Majesty's solicitude for your welfare has already assigned you an occupation, you may now follow unhesitatingly the promptings of your own hearts in the choice of a wife. Ladies and gentlemen, yours is a happy privilege to realize the dream of a purely socialistic marriage. Make, then, your selection without delay; and as 'all genuine love is instantaneous, sudden as a lightning flash, and soft as the breezes of spring'—to use the words of our poet Lermontoff—I consider one hour sufficient. Bear also in mind that marriages are ratified in heaven, and trust implicitly to your own heart. I offer you beforehand, ladies and gentlemen, my congratulations.'

"After this address, the young rascal placed his watch in front of him on the table, sat down, and grinned maliciously at our helpless condition. The full measure of scorn implied in this speech but few of us entirely realized, for we were in truth a curious assembly. The most extravagant imagination could hardly picture more glaring contrasts! Side by side with the bestial Bessarabian herdsman, who in a fit of intoxication had slain the whole of his family, stood the highly cultivated professor from Wilna, whom the love of his country and of freedom had consigned to the mines of Siberia; the most desperate thief and shoplifter from Moscow, and the Polish nobleman, who at the height of his misfortunes still regarded his honour as the most precious treasure, the ex-professor from Charkow, and the Cossack-robber from the Don; the forger from Odessa, &c. On my own right hand stood a thief and a deserter from Lipkany, and on the left a Baschkire, who had been pardoned at the foot of the gallows, though he had once assisted in roasting alive a Jewish family in a village inn. A madly assorted medley of human beings! And the women! The dissolute female gladly released from the house of correction, because she still more depraved her already degraded companions, associated with the unfortunate Polish lady, whose pure mind had never been poisoned by a vulgar word, and whose quiet happiness had not been disturbed by any prospect of misfortune, until a single letter, or an act of charity to an exiled countryman, brought her into misery. Pressing against the young girl whose sole offence consisted in being the unfortunate offspring of a mother sent to Siberia, might be seen the infamous hag who had habitually decoyed young girls to ruin, in whose soul every spark of womanhood had long been extinguished. And these people were called upon to marry; and one hour was granted them in which to become acquainted and assorted! Sir, you will not perhaps comprehend my emotion in relating this shocking business!

"I consider it the most shocking and at the same time the most curious outrage which has ever been committed." The 'forced' man paused, a deadly pallor suffused his countenance, and his agitation was great. The young hostess appeared perfectly stunned, whilst Reb Russan, the coachman, bent his head in evident compassion.

After a while M. Walerian continued in a calmer mood. "It must certainly have been an entertaining spectacle to notice the behaviour of this ill-assorted people at that hour. Even the barefaced monster on his raised dais betrayed a feverish excitement: he would suddenly jump from his chair, and again recline, playing the while nervously with his fingers. I am hardly able to describe the details, being not altogether unbiassed at this dreadful hour.

"I only know we stood at first in two distinct groups, and for the first few moments after the official announcement, not a glance was exhanged between the two sexes, much less a word spoken. A deep silence reigned in the room, a death-like stillness, varied only by an occasional deep sigh, or a nervous movement. The minutes passed, certainly not many, but they seemed to me an eternity!

"Suddenly a loud hoarse voice exclaimed, "Up, my lads! here are some pretty mates!' We all recognised the notorious thief from Moscow, a haggard withered fellow, with the ugliest face I ever beheld. He crossed over to the women, and examined in his way which would be the most desirable partner. Here he received an indignant push, and there an impudent alluring glance. Others, again—the better part—recoiled from the approach of the brute. He was followed by the Baschkire, who like a clumsy beast of prey drew nigh, muttering incoherently, 'I will have a fat women, the fattest among them.' From his approach even the ugliest and most impudent instinctively recoiled—this wooer was really too hideous, at best only suited to a monkey. The third in order who came forward was the Don-Cossack, a pretty slender youth. An impudent lass jauntily met him and fell on his neck; but he pushed her aside, and walked towards the girl who had murdered her child. The discarded female muttered some insulting words, and hung the next moment on my own neck. I shook her off, and she repeated the attempt with my neighbour, and again unsuccessfully.

"Her example became contagious: presently the more shameless of the women made an onslaught on the men. Ten minutes later the scene had changed. In the centre of the room stood a number of men and women engaged in eager negotiation—shouting and scolding. The parties who had already agreed retired to the window-niches, and here and there a man pulled an unfortunate woman, making desperate efforts to escape from him. The females who yet retained a spark of womanhood crept into a corner of the room; and in another recess were three of us—the ex-professor, Count S., and myself. We had instinctively come together, watching with painful emotion this frantic spectacle, not inclined to participate in it. To me at least the thought of selecta wife here never occurred.

"'Another half an hour at your disposal, ladies and gentlemen,' exclaimed our official tormentor; 'twenty minutes—yet fifteen minutes!'

"I stood as if rooted to the ground, my knees trembled, my agitation increased, but I remained motionless. Indeed, as often as I heard the unpleasant voice of the official, the blood rushed to my head, but I advanced not one step. My excitement increased—profound disgust, bitter despair—the wildest imagination which perhaps ever pierced a human heart. 'No,' I said; "I must assert the dignity of my manhood!' I was determined not to make the selection of a wife under the eyes of this man. Another impulse I could hardly suppress—viz. to throw myself upon this imperial delegate and strangle him. And if I finally abstained from an act of violence, it was because I yet loved life, and wished not to end it on the gallows. Sir," continued M. Walerian, "the source of great misery on earth is this overpowering instinct of self-preservation; without it, I should be free this day from all my misery. Thus I stood, so to speak, at bay in my corner, using all my efforts to subdue the evil spirit within me. My looks most probably betrayed me—for when my eyes met those of the official, I noticed an involuntary shudder. A moment afterward he regarded me with a sly and malignant glance. I turned aside and closed my eyes on this harrassing scene.

"'Yet five minutes, ladies and gentlemen! Those as yet undecided must speed themselves, and unburden their hearts, or I shall be compelled by virtue of my office to tie them together. And although I shall do so conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, there is this risk—that you engage in a marriage of mere convenience, instead of one of free choice and inclination."

"Though my agitation reached its climax, I made no move, I considered myself an accomplice in this disgraceful outrage, if I within the allotted five minutes declared my heart and made a choice. But another thought flashed across my mind: "I may still be able to prevent the worst. Who knows with whom that rascal may couple me if I remain altogether passive? Choose for yourself!" I made a step forward—a mist seemed before my eyes—my heart beat wildly—I staggered, I sought figures in order to distinguish and recognite myself.

"Sir," exclaimed the narrator with a sudden yell, "what scenes did I see there! I am no coward, but I—I dare not venture to speak of it. Thus I moved forward; hardly two minutes passed, but days would not suffice to relate what passed during these terrible moments through my heart and brain. I noticed in a corner a fainting woman, a young and delicate creature. I learnt afterwards that she was an orphan child, born of a dissolute woman in a penal settlement. A coarse fellow with cunning eyes bent over her, endeavouring to raise her from the ground. I suddenly pounced upon the fellow, struck him a heavy blow, and carried the unconscious woman away as if a mere child. I determined to defend her to the last. But no rescue was attempted, though the forger shook his fist at me, but had seemingly not the courage to approach nearer. Gazing about him, another female embraced him, a repulsive woman. He looked at her somewhat abashed, but soon submitted to her caresses.

"'Ladies and gentlemen! the allotted hour has passed,' said the official. 'I must beg the parties to come forward and make known to me their choice. This may be repugnant to some of you, but my duties prescribe it. I especially request the gentlemen in yonder corner to advance"—pointing to myself and the forger. I clenched my fists involuntarily, but stepped forward with the fainting woman. 'Cossacks, keep your "Kantchu' in readiness," said the official to the guard which surrounded him. Turning first to me, he said: 'And are you, sir, resolved to carry the woman you now hold in your arms, not only in this room, but through life?' I nodded assent. 'And what have you to say, damsel?' The poor creature was as yet unconscious. "She is in a swoon,' I replied. 'In that case I am sorry,' continued the official, 'to have to refuse in his Majesty's name my consent to your union. In the interests of humanity, I require an audible yes from all parties. I have watched attentively the whole proceedings,' continued the official—"not from here cvriosity, but partly as a duty, and partly out of pure sympathy—I can assure you, sir, without disparagement to your claims, that the choice of the young lady you now hold in your arms fell not upon you, but upon the gentleman yonder,' pointing to the forger. 'It was probably the excess of happiness at this selection that caused her fainting. For you there is waiting an adequate recompense—that ripe, desirable beauty who now only reluctantly holds the arm of your rival. Therefore, changez, Messieurs!' 'Scoundrel!' I exclaimed, and advanced to seize him. But ere I could lay hold of him, a fearful blow on my head stretched me stunned and bleeding to the ground. When I had somewhat recovered, our marriage procession was in progress of formation. The woman whom the official had assigned to me knelt at my side, bathing my head, endeavouring to revive me. 'I like you,' she observed, 'and will treat you well.' She raised me to my feet, placed her arm in mine, and pushed me in the ranks of the procession, which moved slowly towards the church. On our road a heavy hand seized me suddenly by the collar. 'Brother,' grunted a coarse voice in my ear, 'your stout woman takes my fancy. Will you change with me? Mine is certainly less corpulent, but younger in years."

"It was the man behind me—the Baschkire. The female whom he dragged along was a lean, ugly, dark-complexioned woman, swooning or near a swoon. An expression of unutterable despair overspread her features, rendering them, if possible, yet more ugly. 'A woman who can suffer so intensely as this one unquestionably does, cannot be without a heart—is not altogether depraved, no matter what cause brought her here.' These reflections determined me. 'She is preferable to the woman at my side. Done!' I whispered to the Baschkire. Just crossing the threshold of the church, a momentary pause ensued, during which we effected the exchange: not without a murmur, however, on the part of my intended wife. But the Baschkire kept her quiet; and a closer inspection of her new partner seemed to satisfy her. The poor woman I led forward seemed hardly aware of the exchange, she was so entirely absorbed in her grief. We we, married. The official only afterwards became aware of what had happened, but could not now undo it. But I had to suffer for it—terrible was the punishment."

No another word was uttered by the unfortunate man. Quite overcome by the recital of his cruel fate, he suddenly arose and left the house.

On account of the approach of the Jewish Sabbath, my coachman urged on our journey. Half an hour later, we passed the lonely and desolate hostelry of poor M. Walerian, the exile of Siberia, who owed so much to the imperial clemency.

An English Bear Slayer.

The Owner of a Princely Estate Hunting on the Plains—An Ex-Arab Chief.

(From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.)

BISMARCK, D. T., Jan. 9.—John Leasure, son of Dr. Leasure of St. Paul, arrived in Bismarck, Monday night from Judith Basin and the Musselshell valley. He came across the country via the new Keogh-Bismarck stage line, manipulated by Senator Dorsey's brother, who represents Dorsey & Co., Washington mail contractors to the surprising extent of nine hundred routes.

Leasure was with Messiter, the English sportsman, part of the time. They had their experiences. The grizzly bear is the big game. He is an ugly enemy at short range. The boys were always on the alert for his approach. One misty night Leasure and his companion were startled by a spectre moving slowly towards their camp fire after the up and down movement of a grizzly. It was a not safe investment, but the hunters thought they would lodge two bullets fore and aft in the brute. They fired, and both bullets passed through the animal where they aimed. It turned and disappeared. Next morning the boys went in search of their wounded grizzly. They found him. He was their old gray pony, who had broken loose from his picket and was grazing in the direction of the camp. The wounds were not serious, and the pony soon recovered.

A few years ago three men in six weeks killed 1,500 deer in the Big Snowy Mountains. They killed them for their hides It was probably the most succesful slaughter of the forest innocents that exer occurred in this section. When Messsiter and Col. Pickett of Kentucky started into the Judith Basin on their fall hunt, their first experience was with a big grizzly, which suddenly charged them from the woods. The hunters and their two guides were on horseback. The horses were frightened, and the riders unable to take aim. The bear would charge one horse and then another. Volley after volley was fired at random. The horses pitched about, and the bear entered into the fun with all the spirit of his great nature. The crack of the rifle amused him. He would run back into the wood, and then bounce out again, taking after the nearest horse. A rifle shot from his side or rear would make him turn and charge in the direction of the enemy. The fight was kept up for four hours, when darkness terminated the unsatisfactory contest. The bear was safe.

Messiter saw a fine grizzly run into a very heavy thicket. He persuaded his pointer-dog to go into the thicket by throwing a stone into it. The dog went in to retrieve the stone, but came out with his tail between his legs, and on a clean run that never stopped until he got to the edge of the camp. The bear followed him to the edge of the thicket, wheeled about face and disappeared. Just as his hindquarters were passing out of sight, Messiter discharged both barrels of his Express rifle. They were loaded with explosive bullets. The bear received them. They hurt, but didn't kill. Messiter was now in a quandary. The shell of one barrel couldn't be removed, and the bear was too cunning to make fight. Messiter threw a cart-load of stones into the thicket, hoping that the bear would take offence and come out. The bear had seen enough. He would take the chances of being hit by the stones. Messiter could shoot straighter than he could throw. He told the rest of the story in about the following words: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say it, but I deliberated an hour and a half before I decidrd to go in after that bear. I knew that he was wounded, and that in all probability he would die before morning and his meat spoil. It was getting late in the afternoon, and I must decide. Having but one useful barrel of my rifle made the situation all the more interesting. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled into the thicket a few hundred yards, when I saw something just in front of me moving up and down. It was the lower jaw of the grizzly. He was whetting his appetite. I placed my rifle to my shoulder. The bear began to raise up. It was death to one of us. I fired. The bear fell back. The bullet passed directly through the ball of his left eye."

Messiter has gone direct to Harrisburg, Pa., to spend the winter and spring. He lives near that city, but gets his wealth from England. He is the proprietor of 12,000 acres of land and three small villages. His income is princely. He has hunted everything from an elephant to a jack rabbit. He was three years the chief of a band of Arabs in Arabia. His object was adventure and a knowledge of the people. He is by far the most accomplished gentleman who has ever travelled this way as a hunter. His rough life simply refines him. He is an artist in his line.

Proposed to His Grandmother.

Col. Thornton, of the East India service, says *The Washington Capital*, tells thus the romance of his youth:—

"One clear starlight evening in June, Helen and I were walking on the terrace among the flower-beds that were cut in the soft, green turf. Inspired by the stillness and odorous influence of the air, I told her my heart's secret, with all its hopes and fears.

"She looked up at me wonderingly, and tears glistened in her beautiful eyes as she said:

"'Ah, Capt. Thornton, are you sure? Do you—do you love me? It cannot be. No, never.'

"'Why,' I cried, impetuously pressing my suit and her, 'you love another?'

"'Sir,' she said, almost sharply, 'do you know who I am?'

"'The loveliest girl in England.'

"'No, sir; I am not. Great heavens! Capt. Thornton, I am your grandmother.'

"'My grandmother!' Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak but my voice failed me. I reached out my hand and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"'Tell me all!' I gasped.

"And standing there, by the broad stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian and my grandfather, had watched over her with jealous care, always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home—a young lady.

"Then, while I was in India, the poor old man fell suddenly ill, and on his dying bed persuaded his young ward to marry him, just in order to inherit his vast estate, which she had refused to take as a legacy.

"'And, believe me,' said Helen, 'I did it only to keep it for you, the rightful heir, whose wildness had temporarily provoked the old gentleman.'"

Cost of the Yellow Fever.

The loss of life by yellow fever in the South last year is estimated at about 15,000 persons, and of money and trade at from $175,000,000 to $200,000,000—as great as the loss from the Chicago fire. But some good is likely to come out of this calamity. It is thought that henceforth quarantine regulations will be more thoroughly established than they have ever been. Apart from death and human suffering, negligence is the worst kind of political economy. Expenditure of one-twentieth part of what the fever has cost might have prevented it altogether.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SPARKLING BROTH, OR BEAN SOUP.—Procure one quart of small black beans, or white ones will do, and soak them in boiling water over night. In the morning put the beans in six quarts of water in a large boiler, adding some beef or mutton, or any kind of cold meat that you may have in the house, first cracking the bones and cutting off the fat from the meat. Put into it one large onion, some nutmeg, and whole peppers. Set it on the fire where it will simmer nine hours. Then strain it, rubbing all the mealy parts off the beans through the sieve. Wash the boiler and return the soup to it to heat up. When served, cut up half a lemon in very thin slices and lay in the bottom of the tureen, pouring the soup, boiling, over them. A wine-glass of claret is a great improvement.

BAKED FISH.—Take any nice fish, boil it, remove the bones and chop considerable parsley very fine, with one small onion. Have about as much bread-crumbs as fish. Take a pudding-dish and butter it, then lay in a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of fish, ending with the bread-crumbs. Mix your parsley and onion with salt and pepper through your bread-crumbs. Put lumps of butter over the top, a very slight grating of nutmeg, and pour over it all sweet cream or very rich milk till it rises nearly to the top. Bake in a quick oven till it has a nice, rich brown crust.

CHICKEN SALAD (for 12 persons.)—Two chickens weighing six pounds, two bunches of celery. Boil the chickens in very little water; cut in large pieces; dry the celery without washing; take two yokes of hard-boiled eggs, the yolk of one raw egg, and mix them together with one teaspoonful of dry mustard; add slowly half of a large bottle of oil, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, teaspoon of salt, little red pepper; put in a cold place just before using; mix it through the chicken; also two hard-boiled eggs cut fine, one tablespoonful of capers, and six olives, cut fine; save a little dressing for the top.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one of butter, four eggs, half cup cold water, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, four cups of prepared flour; heat the molasses before mixing, and stir the butter in while hot; let it cool before you put the eggs in; this will make the cakes, as they should not be very thick; bake one-half hour in quick oven.

WATER POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, and one cup of warm water. Use prepared flour, or put into the flour before sifting it two even teaspoonfuls of any good baking powder. The cup of water must be quite warm, but not really hot. Beat the eggs separately.

POVERTY CAKES.—One pint of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and two eggs. Make them just stiff enough with Indian meal to work into balls, and boil them in hot fat. To be split open and eaten with butter.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, half cup of milk. Beat the butter and sugar together and the eggs separately.

KING CAKE.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one and a quarter pounds of sugar, one nutmeg, six eggs, and cup of milk; flour to make an ordinary batter.

SPONGE CAKE.—One coffee-cup sugar, one coffee-cup flour, four eggs, one lemon.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take one cup of powdered sugar, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one-fourth cup of butter, one nutmeg, four cups of prepared flour; mix as soft as tea biscuit: make them half the size you wish when fried; fry in lard; about five minutes will cook them. This recipe will make four dozen.

Revenge in Italy.

The Terrible Punishment of One Who Had Murdered a Woman.

Two Englishmen, wandering in a boat in the suburbs of Venice, saw an object in the water surrounded by birds. They found it to be a man, yet alive. His arms and legs were broken and tied, and in order that he might not sink, a large demijohn of glass was attached to each shoulder, which sustained the head and neck above water. He could not speak; his tongue hung from his mouth. His eyes had been pecked out by birds. The murderers were Luigi Parmaschetti, a farmer, and his two brothers. Parmaschetti had a handsome and irreproachable wife and a daughter of eight years. Tetaldo, the murdered man, was employed by him and well treated, but becoming enamoured of Mme. Parmaschetti, he annoyed her to such a degree that her husband beat him and drove him from his house. Several days after Parmaschetti started at midnight, with a boat-load of garden produce, for Venice. His wife was soon awakened by steps in her room. Her door was locked, but Tetaldo had entered by the window, and he stood before her, knife in hand. He threatened death if she called for help, but she defended herself bravely. In the meantime her daughter, unperceived by Tetaldo, had crept under the bed, and was a witness of the scene. Mme. Parmaschetti ran round a table, and several times escaped from Tetaldo's grasp. But he stabbed her, and she fell in a dying condition. Day began to dawn, and Tetaldo fled. The child then alarmed the neighbours, who, on reaching the house, found the woman dead, with thirty-two wounds upon her body. On the return of Parmaschetti, himself and brothers sought Tetaldo, and found him. Parmarschetti plunged a pitchfork three times into his breast, and held him pinned, while his brothers broke his arms and legs with an iron bar. Parmarschetti intended then to burn him, but a brother proposed that he should be floated upon the Adriatic, that the birds and fishes might eat him alive. This was done. The three brothers were condemned to ten years of imprisonment with hard labour, but a petition to the King was extensively signed in Venice, asking for their complete pardon.

Recent Explorations.

Favoured by the authorities at Constantinople, Dr. Schliemann is again busily excavating at Troy; and Mr. Rassam has permission to dig anywhere in Mesopotamia. With such a comprehensive grant, districts will be opened that have not hitherto been searched, and we shall hear of fresh discoveries at Ninevah, of explorations in the long hidden ancient city of Assur, and of endeavours to find the famous royal "record office," or "Babylonian Bank" as some Assyriologists call it, in which were stored a large collection of mercantile tablets, representing the monetary transactions of a firm trading in the name of Egibi and Sons. It is curious to have bills for corn and fruits, and woven goods, and invoices and vouchers from the days of Nabupalassar and Artaxerxes in the form of baked clay; but they are to be seen at the British Museum. The Arabs and Jews from whom they were obtained have kept the secret so well that the place in which they were discovered is not yet known to Europeans.

Kutha, now a group of great mounds, was the sacred university city of Babylonia, and had an extensive library, which is frequently referred to in mythological tablets discovered in other parts of the kingdom. It was from that storehouse of learning that the tablets giving an account of the creation were originally taken; and it is hoped that discoveries of other documents not less interesting will there be made. In the mound of Nebbi-Yunus, search will be made for the palace of Sennacherib, in the expectation that some records of the latter years of that monarch may be found, "and possibly some accounts, however meagre, of the second campaign against Hezekiah."

But besides all this, Mr. Rassam will make explorations in the country of that ancient people, often mentioned in Scripture—the Hittites. The existence of mounds along the bank of the Euphrates has long been known; and under a certain group known as the mounds of Jerabolus, it is supposed that Carchemish, the Hittite capital, lies hidden. Inscriptions in an unknown character were found in that neighbourhood a few years ago; and it is hoped that some key thereto may be met with in the course of the excavations now to be undertaken, and furnish to scholars the link wanting to connect Assyria with Western Asia. As the firman granted to Mr. Rassam extends over a number of years, we may trust that the interesting enterprise will be carried to a successful issue.

How Raisins are Prepared.

A strip of land bordering on the Mediterranean, somewhat less than one hundred miles in length, and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin-producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the muscatel grape, from which the raisin is produced, may grow and thrive abundantly; but the fruit must go to the market or the wine-press. When the grape begins to ripen in August, the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm, dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut bunches are examined and turned, until they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press until enough has been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough-dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries, and deposited in piles by themselves. So, in turn, are treated those of the second quality; while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers, and reserved for the home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box, and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid, so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing the raisins are dropped into the boxes for market.

Mendelssohn's First Symphony.

When I entered the Argyll rooms for the rehearsal of my symphony, and found the whole orchestra assembled, and an audience of nearly 200 (mostly ladies, but quite strangers), and Mozart's symphony was first rehearsed before mine, I was not afraid at all, but very curious and excited. I took a walk while Mozart's piece was being performed, and had a look at the people; when I returned, everything was ready, and they waiting for me. I mounted the orchestra and took out of my pocket my white stick which I had had expressly made for the purpose (the saddler thought I was an Alderman and insisted upon fixing a crown upon it), and Fr. Cramer, the first violin, showed me how the orchestra were arranged, (those in the last row were obliged to stand up that I might be able to see them.) Then he introduced me to all of them, and we saluted one another. Some of them undoubtedly laughed a little at the sight of a little fellow with a stick taking the place of their conductor, with his powder and wig. Then the symphony began. It went for the first time very well and vigorously, and had already pleased the public very much at the rehearsal. After each piece the whole audience applauded, together with the orchestra (who showed their approbation by tapping their instruments with their bows and stamping their feet.) After the last piece they made a great noise, and, as I had to repeat the finale because it was badly executed, they made the same noise again. The directors came to me on the orchestra, and I was obliged to descend with a profusion of bows. Cramer was quite delighted, and deluged me with praise and compliments. I walked all round the orchestra, and had to shake some 200 different hands. That was one of the most happy moments within my recollection, for all the strangers became in half an hour's time acquaintances and friends.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents.

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now to say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

Business Items.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie is not in positive destitution, having just sold for $472,300 three of her houses in the Rue d'Elysee.

IF YOU are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

IT REQUIRES a good deal of self-possession while out shopping with ladies, to slip a lot of cold silver change in your pants pocket that has a big hole in it, and look cool and unconcerned when you feel it sliding down.

"To be or not to be, that's the question whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, &c," were the words of the noble bard. Those who go to "Cooper's" for "Shirts" never suffer from a misfit. 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A TRUISM.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way in which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, which is the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

WHEN a clothes-pin drops from the line, doesn't it become a terrapin the moment it touches the earth?

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

MILLBRIDGE P.O., TUDOR, ONT

MESSRS MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON,—Sirs, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing I could think of, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this to you to let you know the value of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly,

JOHN CLARK.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

PURE HAVANA Small cigars $10 per thousand. Sample box by mail 25 cents. Address, C. GILBERT, North Chatham, N. Y.

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF

IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS. Frames, Mirrors, etc., Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER. Best in the market. Take no other.

ARTESIAN WELL BORING AND drilling machinery—first prize at Provincial Exhibition, 1878, and gold medal at Centennial—hard-pan, boulders, quicksand, etc.; easily handled; send stump for 60-page illustrated catalogue. HOLT & CO., 32 King street, west.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the

JERSEY BUTTER POWDER

Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers, HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto.

Farm Lots in Eysart,

and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.

C. F. Blomfield,
Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co.,
Box, 2614. 50 Front St., East.

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

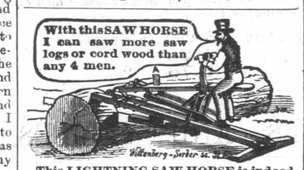
almost identical with the far-famed Thorley food of Great Britain. It consists of seeds, roots, barks, and herbs. Improves to ice, flesh and spirit in the horse, fattens cattle, sheep and pigs rapidly, and greatly increases products of the dairy. Only $10 per 100 lbs. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John St. South, Hamilton.

ONE AGENT WANTED in every village, town, and city in the Dominion.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.

A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

To Printers and Bookbinders,
FOR SALE CHEAP:
1 Hughes & Kimler 28-inch Perforating Machine in Perfect Order. Price $70.00.
1 18-inch Guillotine Cutting Machine in Good Order. Price $75.00.
1 No. 3 Hoe Enclosing or Smashing Machine, in Perfect Order. Nearly New. Cost $1300.00. Price $375.00.
ED. W. BLACKHALL,
11 Wellington St., West, Toronto.



This LIGHTNING SAW HORSE is indeed a wonderful invention. The weight of the man who is sawing does one-half of the work. It will saw logs of any size. It will saw off a 2 foot log in 2 minutes. Circulars free. Address, W. GILES, Cincinnati, O.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

LYON & ALEXANDER,
Ontario Photographic Stock House,
128 Bay St., Toronto.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' CARDS, SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS, CHROMOS, FRAMES, AND MOULDINGS.
Full Lines. Choice Selections.

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION.

MRS. BRASSEY'S
A Voyage in the "Sunbeam."
118 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 7 MAPS.
"The most fascinating book of travel ever published."—*The Saturday Review.*
Over 500 pages. Crown 8vo. Cloth, $3; cloth, full gilt, $3.50; half morocco, $4.50; full morocco, $6.
NOTICE TO THE TRADE.
We would respectfully notify the trade that as this work is copyrighted no other edition can be sold in Canada, except the English edition, without an infringement of the law. Any bookseller mean enough to break the law, and thereby damage the sale of our property, we shall certainly prosecute without further notice.
Rose-Belford Publishing Co.,
60 YORK-ST., TORONTO.

Canada Permanent
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y.
Paid up Capital..... $2,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 800,000
Total Assets..... 6,000,000
SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Deposits received, and interest and principal repaid in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's bankers, free of charge. The Capital and Reserve Fund of the Company, invested on first class real estate, being pledged for the security of money thus received, Depositors have undoubted assurance of perfect safety.
Circulars sent, on application to
J. HERBERT MASON,
Company's Office, Toronto. Manager.

CANADA
Business College
HAMILTON, ONT.,
The Great Educator of the

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 1. WATFORD, ONT., JANUARY 31, 1879. WHOLE NO. 209.

Precocity.

One of the most pitiful things we have met with in looking through our exchanges of late has been the picture of a juvenile temperance orator, nine years old, who made his debut at the age of four. At three, premonitory symptoms first appeared—probably he had got sick of milk *pur et simple*, and sighed for the beverage punched; failing which he railed at ma, nurse and the general order of things, and thus developed the talent for declamation which, at the ripe age of nine, has made him famous as a temperance advocate.

Any one who sees a monkey tortured into unnatural antics on the roof of a barrel organ acts quite within the limit of the law in handing the tormentor of the poor thing to a passing policeman. There will be no questioning before the magistrate as to the age of the wretched mock human; the only thing considered will be the alleged cruel treatment, and the monkey, not being able to speak, and, presumably, not knowing the nature of an oath, will be incompetent to testify. Yet in most cases the result will be to the disadvantage of the organ-grinder.

Would the same law apply to the vendors of precocious human talent? A commingling of moral exhortation and pap is not a pleasant thing for a healthy stomach. Veal, of the bovine sort, is indigestible; the veal of the human intellect simply sickening. The idea of most men when they set eyes upon a boy of nine is that he can be made something of if judiciously and systematically spanked; but to see the thing on a platform, to hear him introduced by a venerable chairman, to find oneself appealed to as a man and a brother, to be told by the voluble urchin all that will happen to us if we don't do precisely as he tells us; to have the plate handed round for the benefit of the juvenile rapscallion who should have said his prayers three hours ago,—this is grievous, surely.

We own to a liking for precocity in some things,—violets, green peas, and strawberries; we hate it in human beings. It is the universal experience that juvenile cleverness implies adult stupidity. The child violinist should be doubled up, put in the fiddle, and buried, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his life, if he be permitted to live, will be a failure. But to bring to the front, in these intensely earnest times, in so noble a work as temperance reformation a youngster who cannot have cut all his teeth, and who can only know what has been pumped into him by rehearsal, is a piece of brutality beside which the business of the liquor dealer seems almost philanthropic.

On Hanging.

The bungling at the execution of Farrell some days ago, and several instances of like mismanagement have revived the question of the propriety of capital punishment. It is easy to see how these entirely distinct matters continually get mixed up, but the mixing is wrong and misleading. Whether it is proper to hang a man, is one thing; whether he should be hanged properly, is another. About the first we have not the slightest doubt. It is the right of society to protect itself by whatever means it finds most effective, and that deprivation of life is the most effective is the almost universal opinion; even in those countries and localities which have abolished capital punishment there is a growing disposition to return to it as the penalty for certain crimes. But as to the mode of inflicting the penalty, there can be no doubt that that method which is attended with least suspense, least pain, and least publicity is the best. Yet even here there is room for a mildly worded protest. A man who is hanged gets out of the world a good deal more easily, as a general thing, than one who dies what is called a natural death. If the executioner is expert and the apparatus in good-working order, a jerk and a convulsion or two, and "all is over and done;" whereas a good man or woman may have days, weeks, months, and even years of slow dying; hanging midway most of that time between the possibility of lengthened life and the possibility of an instant ushering into the unknown world. And all the while the acuteness of physical pain may be intensified by the grief of relations and dependents, and the blundering comfortings of friends. We hardly see with what reason we lavish so much sympathy on the murderer, who for ten minutes dangles in the air with the certainty of dying, while we take as a matter of course the suspense of the good person who for weeks and months suffers just as much physical torture, to which is superadded anxiety whether he will "pull through" or die.

Poor but Respectable.

This is the way it is played: A man past the prime of life, poorly dressed and having a mournful quiver in his voice, takes two old oyster cans, partly fills them with sand, does them up in a neat shape, and selecting a house he calls the lady to the door and says:

"Madam, I'm old and poor, but I'm not a thief. I found these oyster cans on the street, and won't you be good enough to keep 'em till the owner calls?"

"Why, the owner may never call," replies the lady.

"That's so; but I'm not able to buy milk and crackers even if I had oysters; you'd better keep 'em awhile anyhow. If no one comes the cans are yours."

Sometimes the old man makes a quarter, and sometimes only a bite to eat. The owner does not arrive, and the family prepares for fried oysters for supper. When the paper is torn off some folks laugh—and some don't. Some say they'll hunt over every rod of ground in the United States but that they'll find the old man and make him eat the last grain of sand and the cans to boot.

A Fatal If.

Cincinnati Times: John Henry used to go to see a girl down on Seventh street, but he doesn't do so any more since the hired girl gave him away. He tells his own story: "You see," he said, "she was a mighty nice girl, and I liked her more intensely than a life insurance agent talks up his business, and I called around that fatal evening to see her but a minute on a little matter we had been talking about, and when the wooden-headed girl came to the door I asked her for Miss Blank, and the girl said she didn't think she was exactly ready to see company, and would I wait. I told her to see the young lady, and tell her I wanted to see her just a minute, and she needn't dress *unless* she was undressed. Away the girl went, and presently I heard her sing out—'Miss Blank, Mr. John Henry is in the parlour, and wants to see you a minute, and he says you needn't dress if you are undressed.' That 'if' fixed me, and word was sent down that Miss Blank was not at home to Mr. John Henry, and Mr. John Henry has not been back since."

An Iowa clergyman boasts that he can marry twenty couples in an hour. Twenty knots an hour is pretty good speed for a clergyman to make.

A hint to ladies who will wear outside pockets,—have your purses made up to look like prayer books.

The Course of True Love.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
Or worm out of the oldest inhabitant,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Either it was different in blood,
His name being O'Rourke, her's Swartzinger, or Eppenstein;
Or else misgrafit in respect of years,
The love-sick boy being seventy-five or eight,
And the girl sixteen or thereabouts.
Very like it stood upon the choice of friends,
His father wanting him to take to wife
The pork merchant's daughter, while the youth
Had a hankering after the girl that
Kept the toll gate.
Or if there was a sympathy in choice,
The governor and she boy
Being of the same opinion, war, death,
Or sickness did lay siege to it, or the
Girl said: "No, your bride I cannot be."
Or words to that effect, thus making it
Momentary as a sound, swift as a shadow,
Short as a dream or the butcher's weight,
Brief as the lightning in the darkest night
That, in a flash, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say
"Jack Robinson," the jaws of darkness
Do devour it up. So quick bright things
Come to confusion, and a young man is left
Worse than the newspaper that didn't
Hear of the elopement of its own editor.

The Mystery of Marmaduke.

Extracted from the Diary of Rev. NoahKiminster, of Cauldkirk, North Briton.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST EXTRACT.

September 13th.—Winter seems to be upon us, on the Highland Border, already. I looked out of window, as the evening closed in, before I barred the shutters and drew the curtains for the night. The clouds hid hill-tops on either side of our valley. Swirling mists parted and met again on the lower slopes, as the varying breeze blew them. The blackening waters of the lake before our window seemed to anticipate the coming darkness. On the more distant hills the torrents were just visible in the breaks of the mist, stealing their way over the brown ground like threads of silver. It was a dreary scene. The stillness of all things was only interrupted by the splashing of our little waterfall at the back of the house. I was not sorry to close the shutters and confine the view to the four walls of our sitting-room.

The day happened to be my birthday. I sat by the peat-fire, waiting for the lamp and the tea-tray, and contemplating my past life from the vantage-ground, so to speak, of my fifty-fifth year.

There was wonderfully little to look back on. Nearly thirty years since, it pleased an all-wise Providence to cast my lot in this remote Scottish hamlet, and to make me Minister of Cauldkirk, on a stipend of seventy-four pounds sterling per annum. I and my surroundings have grown quietly older and older together. I have outlived my wife. I have buried one generation among my parishioners and married another; I have borne the wear and tear of years better than the kirk in which I minister and the manse (or parsonage house) in which I live—both sadly out of repair, and both still trusting for the means of reparation to the pious benefactions of persons richer than myself. Not that I complain, be it understood, of the humble position which I occupy. I possess many blessings, and I thank the Lord for them. I have my little bit of land and my cow. I have also my good daughter, Felicia, named after her deceased mother, but inheriting her comely looks, it is thought, rather from myself. Neither let me forget my older sister, Judith; a friendless, single person, sheltered under my roof, whose temperament I could wish somewhat less prone to look at persons and things on the gloomy side, but whose compensating virtues Heaven forbid that I should deny. No; I am grateful for what has been given me (from on high), and resigned to what has been taken away. With what fair prospects did I start in life; Springing from a good old Scottish stock, blest with every advantage of education that the institutions of Scotland and England in turn could offer; with a career at the Bar and in Parliament before me—and all cast to the winds, as it were, by the measureless prodigality of my unhappy father, God forgive him! I doubt if I had five pounds left in the world when the compassion of my relatives on the mother's side opened a refuge to me at Cauldkirk, and hid me from the notice of the world for the rest of my life.

September 14th.—Thus far I had posted up my Diary on the evening of the 13th, when an event occurred so completely unexpected by my household and myself, that the pen, I may say, dropped incontinently from my hand.

It was the time when we had finished our tea, or supper—I hardly know which to call it. In the silence we could hear the rain pouring against the window, and the wind that had risen with the darkness howling round the house. My sister Judith, taking the gloomy view, according to custom—copious draughts of good Bohea and two helpings of such a mutton ham as only Scotland can produce had no effect in raising her spirits—my sister, I say, remarked that there would be ships lost at sea and men drowned this night. My daughter Felicia, the brightest-tempered creature of the female sex that I have ever met with, tried to give a cheerful turn to her aunt's depressing prognostications. "If the ships must be lost," she said, "we may surely hope that the men will be saved." "God willing," I put in—thereby giving to my daughter's humane expression of feeling the fit religious tone that was all it wanted—and then went on with my written record of the events and reflections of the day. No more was said. Felicia took up a book. Judith took up her knitting.

On a sudden the silence was broken by a blow on the house door. My two companions, as is the way of women, set up a scream. I was startled, wondering who could be out in the rain and the darkness, and striking at the door of the house. A stranger it must be. Light or dark, any person in or near Cauldkirk wanting admission would know where to find the bell-handle at the side of the door. I waited awhile to hear what might happen next. The stroke was repeated, but more softly. It became me as a man and a minister to set an example. I went out into the passage, and I called through the door: "Who's there?"

A man's voice answered—so faintly that I could barely hear him—"A lost traveller."

Immediately upon this my cheerful sister expressed her view of the matter through the open parlour door. "Brother Noah, it's a robber. Don't let him in!"

What would the Good Samaritan have done in my place? Assuredly he would have run the risk and opened the door. I imitated the Good Samaritan.

A man, dripping wet, with a knapsack on his back and a thick stick in his hand, staggered in, and would, I think, have fallen in the passage if I had not caught him by the arm. Judith peeped out at the parlour door, and said, "He's drunk." Felicia was behind her, holding up a lighted candle, the better to see what was going on. "Look at his face, aunt," says she. "Worn out with fatigue, poor man. Bring him in, father—bring him in."

Good Felicia! I was proud of my girl. "He'll spoil the carpet," says sister Judith. I said, "Silence, for shame!" and brought him in, and dropped him dripping into my own arm-chair. Would the Good Samaritan have thought of his carpet or his arm-chair? I did think of them, but I overcame it. Ah, we are a decadent generation in these latter days!

"Be quick, father!" says Felicia; "he'll faint if you don't give him something!"

I took one of our little drinking-cups (called among us a "quaigh"), while Felicia, instructed by me, ran to the kitchen for the cream-jug. Filling the cup with whiskey and cream in equal proportions, I offered it to him. He drank it off as if it had been so much water. "Stimulant and nourishment, you'll observe, sir, in equal portions," I remarked to him. "How do you feel now?"

"Ready for another!" says he.

Felicia burst out laughing. I gave him another. As I turned to hand it to him, sister Judith came behind me, and snatched away the cream-jug. Never a generous person, sister Judith, at the best of times—more especially in the matter of cream.

He handed me back the empty cup. "I believe, sir, you have saved my life," he said. "Under Providence," I put in—adding, "But I would remark, looking to the state of your clothes, that I have yet another service to offer you, before you tell us how you came into this pitiable state." With that reply, I led him upstairs, and set before him the poor resources of my wardrobe, and left him to do the best he could with them. He was rather a small man, and I am in stature nigh on six feet. When he came down to us in my clothes, we had the merriest evening that I can remember for years past. I thought Felicia would have had an hysteric fit; and even sister Judith laughed—he did look such a comical figure in the minister's garments.

As for the misfortune that had befallen him, it offered one more example of the preternatural rashness of the English traveller, in countries unknown to him. He was on a walking tour through Scotland; and he had set forth to go twenty miles on foot, from a town on one side of the Highland Border to a town on the other, without a guide. The only wonder is that he found his way to Cauldkirk, instead of perishing of exposure among the lonesome hills.

"Will you offer thanks for your preservation to the Throne of Grace, in your prayers to-night?" I asked him. And he answered, "Indeed I will."

We have a spare room at the manse, but it had not been inhabited for more than a year past. Therefore we made his bed for that night on the sofa in the parlour, and so left him, with the fire on one side of his couch, and the whiskey and mutton ham on the other, in case of need. He mentioned his name when we bade him good-night. Marmaduke Darleigh, of London, son of a minister of the English Church Establishment, now deceased. It was plain, I may add, before he spoke, that we had offered the hospitality of the manse to a man of gentle breeding.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.—I have to record a singularly pleasant day; due partly to the return of fine weather, and partly to the good social gifts of our guest. Attired again in his own clothing, he was, albeit wanting in height, a finely proportioned man, with remarkably small hands and feet; having also a bright mobile face, and large dark eyes of an extraordinary diversity of expression. Also, he was of a sweet and cheerful humour, easily pleased with little things, and amiably ready to make his gifts agreeable to all of us. At the same time a person of my experience and penetration could not fail to perceive that he was most content when in company with Felicia. I have already mentioned my daughter's comely and good womanly qualities. It was in the order of nature that a young man (to use his own phrase) getting near to his thirty-first birthday should feel drawn by sympathy towards a well-favoured young woman in her four-and-twentieth year. In matters of this sort I have always cultivated a liberal turn of mind, not forgetting my own youth.

As the evening closed in, I was sorry to notice a certain change in our guest for the worse. He showed signs of fatigue—falling asleep at intervals in his chair, and waking up and shivering. The spare room was now well aired, having had a roaring fire in it all day. I begged him not to stand on ceremony, and to betake himself at once to bed. Felicia (having learned the accomplishment from her excellent mother) made him a warm sleeping draught of eggs, sugar, nutmeg and spirits, delicious alike to the senses of smell and taste. Sister Judith waited until he had closed the door behind him, and then favoured me with one of her dismal predictions. "You'll rue the day, brother, when you let him into the house. He is going to fall ill on our hands."

SECOND EXTRACT.

NOVEMBER 28TH.—God be praised for all his mercies!—This day our guest, Marmaduke Darleigh, joined us downstairs in the sitting-room for the first time since his illness. He is sadly deteriorated, in a bodily sense, by the wasting rheumatic fever that brought him nigh to death; but he is still young, and the doctor (humanly speaking) has no doubt of his speedy and complete recovery. My sister takes the opposite view. She remarked, in his hearing, that nobody ever thoroughly got over a rheumatic fever. Oh, Judith! Judith! it's well for humanity that you're a single person. If, haply, there had been any man desperate enough to tackle such a woman in the bonds of marriage, what a pessimist progeny must have proceeded from you!

Looking back over my Diary for the last two months and more, I see one monotonous record of the poor fellow's sufferings; cheered and varied, I am pleased to add, by the devoted services of my daughter at the sick man's bedside. With some help from her aunt (most readily given when he was nearest to the point of death), and with needful services performed in turn by two of the old women of Cauldkirk, Felicia could not have nursed him more assiduously if he had been her own brother. Half the credit of bringing him through it belonged (as the doctor himself confessed) to the discreet young nurse, always ready through the worst of the illness, and always cheerful through the long convalescence that followed. I must also record to the credit of Marmaduke that he was indeed duly grateful. When I led him into the parlour, and he saw Felicia waiting by the armchair, smiling and patting the pillows for him, he took her by the hand, and burst out crying. Weakness, in part, no doubt—but sincere gratitude at the bottom of it, I am equally sure.

NOVEMBER 29TH.—However, there are limits to sincere gratitude. Of this truth Mr. Marmaduke seems to be insufficiently aware. Entering the sitting-room soon after noon to-day, I found our convalescent guest and his nurse. His head was resting on her shoulder; his arm was round her waist—and (the truth before everything) Felicia was kissing him.

A man may be of a liberal turn of mind, and may yet consistently object to freedom when it takes the form of unlicensed embracing and kissing; the person being his own daughter and the place his own house. I signed to my girl to leave us; and I advanced to Mr. Marmaduke, with my opinion of his conduct just rising in words to my lips—when he staggered me with amazement by asking for Felicia's hand in marriage.

"You need feel no doubt of my being able to offer your daughter a position of comfort and respectability," he said. "I have a settled income of eight hundred pounds a year." His raptures over Felicia; his protestations that she was the first woman he ever really loved; his profane declaration that he preferred to die if I refused to let him be her husband—all these flourishes, as I may call them, passed in at one of my ears and out at the other. But eight hundred pounds sterling per annum, descending as it were in a golden avalanche on the mind of a Scottish minister (accustomed to thirty years annual contemplation of seventy-four pounds)—eight hundred a year in one young man's pocket, I say, completely overpowered me. I just managed to answer, "Wait till to-morrow,"—and hurried out of doors to recover my self-respect if the thing was to be anywise done. I took my way through the valley. The sun was shining, for a wonder. When I saw my shadow on the hillside, I saw the Golden Calf as an integral part of me, bearing this inscription in letters of flame—"Here's another of them!"

NOVEMBER 30TH.—I have made amends for yesterday's backsliding; I have acted as becomes my parental dignity and my sacred calling.

The temptation to do otherwise has not been unhappily. Here is sister Judith's advice: "Make sure that he has got the money first; and, for Heaven's sake, nail him!" Here is Mr. Marmaduke's proposal: "Make any conditions you please, so long as you give me your daughter!" And, lastly, here is Felicia's confession: "Father, my heart is set on him. Oh, don't be unkind to me for the first time in your life!"

But I have stood firm. I have refused to hear any more words on the subject from any one of them for the next six months to come. "So serious a venture as the venture of marriage," I said, "should not be undertaken on impulse." As soon as Mr. Marmaduke can travel, I request him to leave us, and not to return again for six months. If, after that interval, he is still of the same mind, and my daughter is still of the same mind, let him return to Cauldkirk, and (premising that I am in all other respects satisfied) let him ask me for his wife."

There were tears; there were protestations; I remained immovable. A week later Mr. Marmaduke left us, on his way by easy stages to the south. I am not a hard man. I rewarded the lovers for their obedience by keeping sister Judith out of the way, and letting them say their farewell words (accompaniments included) in private.

THIRD EXTRACT.

MAY 28TH.—A letter from Mr. Marmaduke, informing me that I may expect him at Cauldkirk exactly at the expiration of the six months' interval—viz., on June the seventh.

Writing to this effect, he added a timely word on the subject of his family. Both his parents were dead; his only brother held a civil appointment in India, the place being named. His uncle (his father's brother) was a merchant resident in London; and to this near relative he referred me if I wished to make inquiries about him. The names of his bankers, authorised to give me every information in respect to his pecuniary affairs, followed. Nothing could be more plain and straightforward. I wrote to his uncle, and I wrote to his bankers. In both cases the replies were perfectly satisfactory—nothing in the slightest degree doubtful, no prevarications, no mysteries. In a word Mr. Marmaduke himself was thoroughly well vouched for, and Mr. Marmaduke's income was invested in securities beyond fear and beyond reproach. Even sister Judith, bent on picking a hole in the record somewhere, tried hard, and could make nothing of it.

The last sentence in Mr. Marmaduke's letter was the only part of it which I failed to read with pleasure. He left it to me to fix the day for the marriage, and he entreated that I would make it as early a day as possible. I had a touch of the heartache when I thought of parting with Felicia, and being left at home with nobody but Judith. However, I got over it for that time; and, after consulting my daughter, we decided on naming a fortnight after Mr. Marmaduke's arrival—that is to say, the twenty-first of June. This gave Felicia time for her preparation, besides offering to me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with my son-in-law's disposition. His long illness had necessarily kept us at a distance from one another. It is needless to say that I was disposed to think highly of a man who had won my good daughter's heart, and who was declared by persons of the highest respectability to be worthy of the prize he had won. Still, there was no harm in studying him, so to speak, on my own account, and trying his qualities by the test of my own experience. The happiest marriage does indubitably make its demands on human forbearance; and I was anxious, among other things, to assure myself of Mr. Marmaduke's good temper.

FOURTH EXTRACT.

JUNE 22ND.—It is all over; they were married yesterday. The manse is a desert; and sister Judith was never so uncongenial a companion to me as I feel her to be now. Her last words to the married pair, when they drove away, were: "Lord help you both—you have all your troubles before you!"

I had no heart to write yesterday's record yesterday evening as usual. The absence of Felicia at the supper-table completely overcame me. I, who have so often comforted others in their afflictions, could find no comfort for myself. Even now that the day has passed, the tears come into my eyes only with writing about it. Sad, sad weakness! Let me close my Diary, and open the Bible—and be myself again.

JUNE 23RD.—More resigned since yesterday; a more becoming and more pious frame of mind—obedient to God's holy will, and content in the belief that my dear daughter's married life will be a happy one.

They have gone abroad for their holiday—to Switzerland, by way of France. I was anything rather than pleased when I heard that my son-in-law proposed to take Felicia to that sink of iniquity, Paris. He knows already what I think of balls and playhouses and similar devil's diversions, and how I have brought up my daughter to think of them—the subject having occurred in conversation among us more than a week since. That he could meditate taking a child of mine to the headquarters of indecent jiggings and abominable stage-plays, of spouting rogues and painted Jezebels, was indeed a heavy blow. However, Felicia reconciled me to it in the end. She declared that her only desire in going to Paris was to see the picture galleries, the public buildings, and the fair outward aspect of the city generally. "Your opinions, father, are my opinions," she said; "and Marmaduke, I am sure, will so shape our arragements as to prevent our passing a Sabbath in Paris." Marmaduke not only consented to this (with the perfect good temper of which I have observed more than one gratifying example in him), but likewise assured me that, speaking for himself personally, it would be a relief to him when they got to the mountains and the lakes. So that matter was happily settled. Go where they may, God bless and prosper them!

Speaking of relief, I must record that Judith has gone away to Aberdeen on a visit to some friends. "You'll be wretched enough here," she said at parting, "all by yourself." Pure vanity and self-complacence! It may be resignation to her absence, or it may be natural force of mind, I began to be more easy and composed the moment I was left alone, and this blessed state of feeling has continued uninterruptedly ever since.

FIFTH EXTRACT.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—A sudden change in my life, which it absolutely startles me to record. I am going to London!

My purpose in taking this most serious step is of a twofold nature. I have a greater and a lesser object in view.

The greater object is to see my daughter, and to judge for myself whether certain doubts on the vital question of her happiness, which now torment me night and day, are unhappily founded on truth. She and her husband returned in August from their wedding-tour, and took up their abode in Marmaduke's new residence in London. Up to this time, Felicia's letters to me were, in very truth, the delight of my life—she was so entirely happy, so amazed and delighted with all the wonderful things she saw, so full of love and admiration for the best husband that ever lived. Since her return to London, I perceive a complete change. She makes no positive complaint, but she writes in a tone of weariness and discontent; she says next to nothing of Marmaduke, and she dwells perpetually on the one idea of my going to London to see her. I hope with all my heart that I am wrong; but the rare allusions to her husband, and the constantly repeated desire to see her father (while she has not been yet three months married) seem to me to be bad signs. In brief, my anxiety is too great to be endured. I have so arranged matters with one of my brethren as to be free to travel to London cheaply by steamer; and I begin the journey to-morrow.

My lesser object may be dismissed in two words. Having already decided on going to London, I purpose to call on the wealthy nobleman who owns all the land hereabouts, and represent to him the discreditable, and indeed dangerous, condition of the parish kirk for want of means to institute the necessary repairs. If I find myself well received, I shall put in a word for the manse which is almost in as deplorable condition as the church. My lord is a wealthy man—may his heart and his purse be opened unto me!

Sister Judith is packing my portmanteau. According to custom, she forebodes the worst. "Never forget," she says, "that I warned you against Marmaduke, on the first night when he entered the house."

SIXTH EXTRACT.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—After more delays than one, on land and sea, I was at last set ashore near the Tower, on the afternoon of yesterday. God help us, my worst anticipations have been realised! My beloved Felicia has urgent and serious need of me.

It is not to be denied that I made my entry into my son-in-law's house in a disturbed and irritated frame of mind. First, my temper was tried by the almost interminable journey, in the noisy and comfortless vehicle which they call a cab, from the river-wharf to the west end of London, where Marmaduke lives. In the second place, I was scandalised and alarmed by an incident which took place—still on the endless journey from east to west—in a street hard by the market of Covent Garden.

We had just approached a large building, most profusely illuminated with gas, and exhibiting prodigious coloured placards having inscribed on them nothing but the name of Barrymore. The cab came suddenly to a standstill, and looking out to see what the obstacle might be, I discovered a huge concourse of men and women drawn across the pavement and road alike, so that it seemed impossible to pass by them. I inquired of my driver what this assembling of the people meant. "Oh," says he, "Barrymore has made another hit." This answer being perfectly unintelligible to me, I requested some further explanation, and discovered that "Barrymore" was the name of a stage-player favoured by the populace; that the building was a theatre; and that all these creatures with immortal souls were waiting, before the doors opened, to get places at the show! The emotions of sorrow and indignation caused by this discovery so absorbed me, that I failed to notice an attempt the driver made to pass through where the crowd seemed to be thinner until the offended people resented the proceeding. Some of them seized the horse's heads; others were on the point of pulling the driver off his box, when the police providentially interfered. Under their protection we drew back, and reached our destination in safety by another way. I record this otherwise unimportant affair, because it grieved and revolted me (when I thought of the people's souls), and so indisposed my mind to take cheerful views of anything. Under these circumstances I would fain hope that I have exaggerated the true state of the case, in respect to my daughter's married life.

My good girl almost smothered me with kisses. When I at last got a fair opportunity of observing her, I thought her looking pale and worn and anxious. Query: Should I have arrived at this conclusion if I had met with no example of the wicked dissipations of London, and if I had ridden at my ease in a comfortable vehicle?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Emperors of Russia and Germany seem to have been part rather out of spirits by the late regicidal attempts. Both of them speak of the short time they have still to live, the latter particularly dwelling upon it. According to the official paper his words were as follows: "We have arrived at an era which endeavours to overthrow princes, in the fallacious hope of arriving at a better state of things. As concerns me, I can, according to all human probability, expect to live but a short time longer. I commend my life to Providence; and the criminal tendencies of the age will not prevent me from accomplishing my duties as a sovereign, as I have always heretofore done."

LONDON has lately lost one of the greatest book collectors it has ever had, in the person of Mr. Henry Huth, a wealthy merchant. Though valuing his books most fondly, he was extremely kind and unselfish in placing them at the service of scholars, and but a few months ago lent a total stranger a volume which had cost him nearly a thousand pounds.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SAUSAGE.—Twelve pounds meat, two and one half tablespoonfuls salt, one and one half tablespoonfuls black pepper, three tablespoonfuls sage, one tablespoonful white sugar, one quarter teaspoonful cayenne pepper.

SCOTCH SHORT BREAD.—Four pounds flour; two pounds shortening; I take half lard and half butter; one egg and as much milk as will fill an egg-shell; heat well together, and add to the flour and butter, with one pound fine sugar; then with your hands work the whole until it is soft enough to roll out on your baking-board about half an inch thick; cut into any form you may wish; pinch the edge with your finger and thumb and bake.

SHEEP'S HEAD AND TROTTERS.—Get a head and the feet with the skin and wool on them; let a blacksmith singe the wool off with hot irons, not to burn the skin; split the head; take the brains, rub them over head and feet; put them into warm water two or three hours; then with a small knife scrape them well and change the water; then scrape again; the head ought to be white if well done; cook with barley, carrot, parsley, and other herbs and vegetables.

BROWN SOUP.—Take cold roast beef or fowl, cover it with cold water, let this simmer for two hours, then take out the meat and strain the liquid. Have chopped fine equal parts of celery-root and cabbage. Add to each quart of liquid one cupful, two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one small carrot cut fine, two small potatoes sliced fine. Let this boil one half hour. Then add one well-beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk thickened with browned flour. Make this in small dumplings and drop in. This should boil five minutes more. When ready to serve, add one onion fried brown in butter and two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup.

A GRILLED STEAK.—Ingredients: One half a pound of rump steak, lemon, pepper and salt, butter, and salad-oil. Time required, about 10 minutes. Take a small bunch of parsley, wash it, dry it well in a cloth and put it on a board; chop the parsley up very fine with a knife; take a quarter of an ounce of butter, and mix it well with the chopped parsley; sprinkle over it pepper and salt (according to taste), and six drops of lemon juice; make it all up in a small pat; take half a pound of rump steak half an inch in thickness; pour about a tablespoonful of salad-oil upon a plate; dip both sides of the steak into the oil; take a gridiron and warm it well by the fire; place the oiled steak on the gridiron, close by the fire, to cook quickly; if the meat is at all frozen it must be warmed gradually through before putting it quite near the fire, or it will be tough; turn the gridiron with the steak occasionally; it will take from 10 to 12 minutes, according to the brightness and heat of the fire; when the steak is sufficiently cooked place it on a hot dish, and be careful not to stick the fork into the meat (or the gravy will run out), but into the fat; take the pat of green butter and put it on the steak, spreading it all over with a knife.

DEVONSHIRE BUTTER.—A correspondent writes: We find it very difficult to obtain good, sweet butter now, even at 40 cents a pound, and I therefore send you directions for making excellent butter at all seasons, especially during the extreme heat of summer and the cold of winter, and as they never failed with me, I presume that some of the butter-makers in the neighbourhood might like to avail themselves of my experience. The plan is adopted in Devonshire, England, and butter is made there frequently for breakfast, and merely with the hands, but this, of course, in private families only. It is not a kind of butter that would answer for putting up for winter use. Devonshire cream is a great luxury, and would, I should think, find a ready sale in Toronto. The recipe is as follows: When the milk has been strained, pour it into tin pans and place them over pots of boiling water. When the top begins to form little circles, remove the pans to the dairy and let it stand from 24 to 48 hours, according to circumstances; then take off the cream, and when sufficient is collected, churn in a thermometer churn if possible; it usually comes very quickly, and is then prepared like any other butter. The scalded milk is better than ordinary skimmed milk, and makes good pudding. The cream is delicious. If the milk boils it spoils.

Notabilities of Queen Anne's Reign.

It has often been remarked that scarcely one of the great lights of Queen Anne's reign has a lineal male representative living in that of Victoria. Marlborough's only boy died a youth at Cambridge. Swift never married. Addison had but one daughter, of disordered intellect. Steele, Prior, Bolingbroke, Sir Cloudesley Shovel are all without any male representative to-day. There is still a Viscount Bolingbroke, but he is only collateral to the stock of the great Henry St. John, and there are still Harleys—in fact, the marriage of the head of the house lately has suggested these remarks—but they are not descendants of Anne's celebrated secretary, although they hold to the property of Brampton Brian, in Hertfordshire, where the family has been seated for centuries. Up to the time of Charles II., the Harleys had been simply great Hertfordshire squires; but the Merrie Monarch, in recognition of loyal services during "the troubles," offered the then squire a Viscounty, which he declined, "lest his zeal and services for the restoration of the ancient government should be reproached as proceeding from ambition and not conscience." And when Mr. Harley was made a Knight of the Bath, even this dignity was conferred without his knowledge. The Minister was this worthy squire's son. He in turn had one son, who formed the finest library of his time, the Harleian collection, now in the British Museum. He married the greatest heiress of the day, the only child of the Duke of Newcastle. Lord and Lady Oxford had an only child, a greater heiress even than her mother, who carried her mother's wealth to the grandson of Bentinck, the Dutch favourite of William III., but the Harley estates went in the male line to her father's family. Thus the direct lineal representative of Queen Anne's Minister is the Duke of Portland, who, in this way, became possessed of the vast estate surrounding the Langham Hotel, in London. The surrounding streets all reflect in their names the family history—Wigmore, from Wigmore Castle, an appanage of the Harleys, in Hertfordshire; Wimpole, from Lord Oxford's, (now Lord Hardwick's,) estates in Cambridgeshire. Harley Street and Queen Anne Street tell their own story. Wellbeck Street is from Wellbeck Abbey, which also the Harley heiress carried to the Bentincks. Lord Oxford's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Portland, was worthy of the intellect and accomplishments of her ancestry, and was conspicuous for talent and attainments at a period when English high life was intellectually at a very low ebb. His grace was one of the first English collectors of *objets d'art*.

What is that which, exchanged between two persons, is something whilst in the act of exchanging, nothing after the exchange is made, and for which neither of them can show value received?—A kiss.

He Was a Fighter.

Speaking of duels, the *Independence Belge* recalls a famous one. There was formerly in the French service in Algiers a general of Arab origin, Yusuf by name. One day all Algiers was moved to laughter by a satirical sketch of Gen. Yusuf in the local paper, under the title of "Monsieur Joujou." The writer was, as it is said, M. Clement Duvernois, but M. Arthur de Fonvielle, the editor of the paper, took the responsibility. Moreover, one fine morning, the journalist heard a terrible knocking at the door.

"Come in!"

It was Gen. Yusuf who showed his Arab visage at the threshold. He was followed by an ordnance officer.

M. de Fonvielle was still in bed.

"Are you Monsieur de Fonvielle?" asked the general. "Was it you that called me 'Monsieur Joujou?' We must fight."

"At your command, general. I will have a couple of my friends——"

"No! no! no! none of that nonsense!" thundered Yusuf. "We must fight immediately. Understand? I want to kill you!"

"Ah! In that case, permit me to rise. And where shall we fight, if you please, general?"

"Right here."

"In my bedroom?"

"In your bedroom."

"All right. And this gentleman will serve as witness?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'm ready for you."

Yusuf drew his sabre, and at a sign his ordnance officer did the same. The bedroom was very small. Nothing cheerful about this strange duel.

"Take your choice, monsieur," said the general, holding out the swords. Fonvielle took the officer's sabre. Yusuf threw off his tunic, rolled up his sleeves, and held his sabre in his bare arm, which was corded with the muscles of an athlete. His white teeth shone from his swarthy face. Possibly Fonvielle recalled at that moment a little affair of which Yusuf had been formerly the hero. The general was in love with the Princess Kasoubah, the daughter of the bey of Tunis. One day he stabbed, in the chamber of his mistress, a Tunisian slave who threatened to expose them, and, cutting out the slave's tongue, he threw it at Kasoubah's feet, with the remark, "He won't talk any more."

This reminiscence, if it occurred to Fonvielle, was sufficiently tragic to cause him to reflect, especially as at that moment Yusuf, his eyes protruding from his head, uttering yells like a jackal, and bounding like a tiger, savage, frightful, was making ready to transfix his adversary with his very first stroke. This stroke the newspaper man fended, but it cut him terribly in the right arm.

Yusuf stuck the point of his sabre in the floor and said:

"You can't use your arm; to continue the combat would be murder. We will finish this affair when you are cured."

M. de Fonvielle saluted.

The second day after the fight the general presented himself at the wounded man's lodging.

And regularly every morning thereafter.

"I hope you will forgive me for getting well so slowly, general," said Fonvielle; "a little patience, and I am with you."

"I am very patient," answered Yusuf.

When the wounded man was able to go out at last, Gen. Yusuf was the first to meet him. But it was to offer him his arm and ask him to lean on it. All his anger had slowly changed to esteem.

And—what ironical epilogues are human nature!—one day, in the *Liberte*, there appeared an article full of eulogy and expressions of grief, announcing the death of Gen. Yusuf, and this article was signed with the name of Arthur de Fonvielle.

Women Authors.

Many women when they find themselves in distress from narrow means, look to newspapers, magazines, and other literary channels with a vague idea that writing is an easy, if not fascinating, way of supporting one's self. The isolated cases in which women have pushed their way through obstacles to practical success are in their minds, and it is not easy to persuade them that they have not an equally strong call to the same kind of work. Charlotte Bronte finally succeeded in persuading a London publisher to print her powerful fiction, *Jane Eyre*; but her success was owing quite as much to the conviction that she had put her soul into her book as to anything else. She could not take a refusal and go back to Haworth a contented woman. She felt she had a mission, and could not go home until it was fulfilled.

The same is true of Mrs. Stowe. She wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in instalments, sent from her home, in Brunswick, Me., to a Washington newspaper, under such a spell of conviction that, "in the midst of heavy domestic cares, with a young infant, with a party of pupils in her family to whom she was imparting daily lessons with her own children, and with untrained servants requiring constant supervision," "the story was so intense a reality to her than any other weekly thing, that the weekly instalment never failed." She has been known to say that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop it till it was done. Works produced under such circumstances, whether written by men or women, make their way to the public because a human heart beats all the way through them; but, though Johnson wrote *Rasselas* in a week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and made a book which has become a classic, the instances are rare in which any authors have done their best under severe pecuniary pressure. It will generally be found that any successful poem or story, any work which depends upon the union of culture and inspiration, is the fruit of long, patient many-sided preparation; and this shows that no woman, without the training which teaches one how to say something, and without the personal experience which gives one something to say, can expect to do anything creditable to herself when she seeks literature as a help to support in severe stress of poverty. The late discussion of the rewards of authorship in the *Atlantic* shows that even famous authors have not become rich by the earnings of their books. Mrs. Denison made more money out of her lucky hit, *That Husband of Mine*, than Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, or Mr. Bryant ever made out of any single book they have written, though

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., January 31, 1879.

OUR BIRTHDAY.

To day the GUIDE begins its Fifth year of existence. It is an event of which we feel somewhat proud, and in which our readers will take some interest, especially those, who from the first week of publication, now more than four years ago, have been on our subscription list.

During the four years, which, while passing, seemed so long, but now appear as but a summer day as we look back upon them, there have been many changes in our circle of readers, yet withal a steady increase, and the circulation acquired, has proved of great benefit to those who wisely place their business before the public through these columns. During the last campaign, the GUIDE proved true to its principles, and as a thorough Conservative organ labored earnestly for the cause of that party. The happy result all know. In the year upon which it just enters, the same policy will be carried out, and while politics will not be allowed to usurp other interest, a reasonable amount of space will be devoted thereto. It has always been our aim to make the GUIDE a good local paper. Local news. mirrors the prosperity and condition of the town in which a newspaper is published, from the local column, readers at a distance gain information and form their opinions of the progress of the community, both social and business. This year we propose to make our local page more than usually interesting, and will spare no pains to gather up and publish all home happenings. In this, we can be greatly aided by our readers, many of whom appear to think it an intrusion on their part if they call at the office of this paper to give any items of news. To such we say, you are greatly mistaken. When a visitor leaves a local with us we feel both gratified and satisfied. Gratified that he takes so much interest in our publication, and satisfied that our locals will be of additional interest to our readers. Please remember that an invation to act as local reporter is hereby tendered to all our readers. It is needless to say much concerning our advertising columns. They contain the business cards of nearly all our prominent dealers and business men in this section of country, who have reaped the benefit, by a large and renumerative business. We would only call the attention of those not yet appearing in the GUIDE, to the many advantages presented by our large list of subscribers, the majority of whom are those of wealth and prosperity and whose patronage is desirable.

Finally we will say, the GUIDE enters upon its Fifth year, with very encouraging prospects in the future. It has had at times many dark days and much adversity to contend against, but now is entering upon brighter seasons when our ambition may be realized, and the GUIDE ranked among the best and most successful Journals in the Dominion.

CONSISTENCY.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," wrote Immortal Shakespeare the prince of writers. This statement is proven correct by the personal experience of all observant men or women. Looking at ourselves individually, or noting the conduct of others—a far pleasanter occupation—we find inconsistency in daily life to be the rule, consistency the exception. The man whose life is consistent, strictly in accordance with his conscientious convictions of right and duty, is a man for whom search would have to be made with an electric light, instead of a lantern, by the light of which a certain cynical philosopher is said to have prospected in vain to find an honest man.

Why men's actions are so inconsistent with their convictions of what is proper and just, may be traced to a variety of causes In the majority of cases it is owing to a weak will power, often combined with a keen appreciation of the advantages gained by conducting one's self in a morally upright straightforward manner, but which he fails to achieve because of inert power of the mental organization.

In many cases the circumstances in which one finds himself placed and over which it seems he can exert no control; or the, to him apparent necessity, of exercising that hypocritical shrewdness called policy, which leads him to say and do that which he himself disapproves, but does for some real or imaginary advantage to be gained by the deception, proves another cause.

Perhaps next to weak will power, is the indifference with which we observe our daily failures to act strictly in accordance with our own estimate of the proprieties of life. The sensitiveness with which we once guarded our own actions, becomes calloused, as foolishly noting the idiosyncrasies of others, we reflect upon their failings until we clothe our own in a thick cloud of self admiration, forgetting that others see us through the large end of a spy-glass, also.

Mind your own business, is an apostolic injunction which may seem rather non apostolically blunt and harsh, but proves that the writer was a close observer of character. It would be of great advantage to the world at large if the command was always heeded.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Post Office Saving's Bank of Canada returns for December, show the deposits during the month to be $157,840, and the withdrawals, $110,300.

SECRET Service Officers in the States, have succeeded in breaking up the most dangerous gang of counterfeiters ever known to operate there. Over half a million of counterfeit money was traced direct to the work of these rascals.

WE call the attention of our readers, and especially clergymen, to the local referring to the neglect of the law compelling the registration of births and deaths. The penalty, a fine of from five to twenty dollars, is liable to be enforced at any time for neglecting to do so. Besides, it is important that statistics be reliable, and this cannot be the case where there is a systematic neglect of the registration law, such as he complains of.

OF late pedestrianism as a profession seems to have become quite common, and in many large cities people flock to see a man or woman striding rapidly over a saw dust track in a monotonous round, hour after hour. As a sport, pedestrianism is not so injurious as some, and any damage incurred thereby is visited upon the pedestrian who may easily injure his constitution by efforts to out do the record of some former walkist.

THE stable keepers are praying for snow. That is the reason we are not having any—This remarkable statement appears in The Literary Gem, volume 1, number 1, published in Toronto and dated January 25th. We know it is customary to date magazines and literary papers ahead of day of publication—but there has been an unusual stretch in this case. That paragraph must have been standing at least six weeks, Gemmy.

THE singular manner in which Leonidas Grover, of Indiana met his death, being pierced by a meteor while sleeping, is without a known parallel in history. In reading of the discovery of large meteoric stones it has often occurred to us that it was wonderful no person was ever injured by them, though if they fell from heaven very frequently the number of coroner's jurys rendering a verdict of "death from meteoric visitation" might be as frequent as death by murder.

EVASION of the Sunday law in the City of New York, will be undertaken in the summer season by running a boat expressly fitted up for a small variety theatre. A bar and eating room will be on the boat, and the amount of debauchery which will therein be exhibited will doubtless be enough to convince respectable people there that a thoroughly enforced Sunday law is a good thing.

In Hamilton a few days ago, a little girl, named Mary Gates McLaren met a very sad death. She was ailing from a billious attack and medicine had been prescribed for her by the family physician. The childs mother went out in the evening to dine at her father's leaving the little girl in care of an old family nurse. During the evening the nurse administered a teaspoonful of carbolic acid, mistaking it for the proper medicine, in some extraordinary manner, and within half an hour the poor little child expired in frightful agony. The grief of the mother and remorse of the nurse can better be imagined than described.

IT is sorrowfully amusing to note the spirit displayed at conferences of religious bodies, toward denominations differing from them in creed or minor belief. Of late these exhibitions of spite have been objected to by the more liberal minded members of the ministry. At a Baptist Conference held in New York City last week the Roman Catholic faith was attacked, and defended also. Rev. Mr. Potter said he was sorry to hear brethren appland, whenever denunciation was hurled at the Roman Catholic Church; if they believed that Church to be so greatly in the wrong, it was their duty to pray for it, not to blindly denounce it. From the spirit displayed by some of his brethren he inferred it would be a bad day for the Baptist Church if it ever gained great power. Rev. Mr. Fulton, said that as between Catholics and Protestants, bygones should be bygones. And we believe the gentleman is right.

33rd Year. 33rd Year.

THE WITNESS.

One of the most important features of the *Witness* during the year 1879, will be its course of free lectures on agriculture, by W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph late editor of the *Canada Farmer*. Those lectures already delivered by Mr, Clarke have been met with the greatest approval everywhere. The lectures will be reported in the *Witness* whose value as an agriculture paper has within the past few months, been greatly enhanced.

The *Witness* is devoted to temperance, being the principal organ of that cause in Canada, and to all other sanitary and moral reforms, as well as to the furtherance of Evangelical religion.

Another special feature of the *Witness* during 1879. will be the attention paid to its engravings, which are already numerous and important. Portraits of the prominent men throughout the world will be given, and the paper will contain numerous illustrated articles of much interest and valne, as well as selections from the hnmerous art of the day.

The fullest attention will be paid to news, so that the *Witness* may retain its present reputation as a newspaper.

The household and general literary departments of the *Witness* have always been a prominent feature of the paper and they will be continued on the same plan as heretofore, giving to the ladies much valuable information about every thing necessary to make the household bright, pleasant, and prosperous.

The price of the different editions of the *Witness* is as follows, per year post paid:—

Daily Witness, $3.00, circulation 14,800.

Weekly Witness, $1.10, circulation, 28,000.

In addition to these, the publishers of the *Wttness* issue the *Northern Messenger*, a semi-monthly illustrated family journal, which is regarded with great favor all over North America, as its cirdulation of over 50,000, testifies. In homes remote from postal accomodation, it supplies the whole family reading, while in cities, towns, and villages everywhere, it is the favorfte of the young people, who find it an endless source of enlightment and enjoyment. Its price is but 30 cents a year, including postage. To Sunday-schools and clubs it is sent at the following rates:—

10 copies to one address...$ 2.50 per an.
25 copies to one address ... 6.00 "
50 copies to one address... 11.50 "
100 copies to one oddress.. 22.00 "

All persons desiring to interest themselves in obtaining suoscriptions for the *Witness*, will receive sample copies and terms on application. Every letter answered. Address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Moutreel, Q.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders will be received for the erection of a school house in U. S. section No. 16 and 18, Brooke and Warwickf up to 8th Feb. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications will be seen at David Watson's Lot 7, con. 6 south Warwitk, by whom all Tenders will be received. Tenders will be opened at 3 o'clock on the 8th Feb. All applications to be marked Tender.

DAVID WATSON.
January 24.—3 in.

EAST LAMBTON

M.F. INSURANCE CO.

The annual meeting of the members of this company will be held at

WYOMING,

ON THE

2ND TUESDAY IN FEB. 1879

At the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of receiving the annual report, and electing officers for the ensuming year. All members are particularly requested to attend as no voting by proxy is allowed, and officers must be elected by members present.

T. DOHERTY, Sec'y
January 10, 1879.—*td*

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lieretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kerfoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of Janurry.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT.
Watford Jan. 10.—4 *in*

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?

SEE THE LIST. OF

Farms for Sale

IN THE

Weekly Mail.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise There

Parties Wishing to Buy, Read There

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *WEEKLY MAIL*, 20 words for 50c. each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *DAILY MAIL*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½ cts.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock Implements, etc. Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at the same rates. Address

MAIL, Toronto.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price. 75c. for 50c.
do 50c. " 40c.
do 40c. " 33c.
do 30c " 23c.
do 25c. " 19c.
do 20c. " 15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price, $1 50, Reduced to $1 20.
do 1 25, do 1 00.
do 1 00, do 80.
do 75, do 60.
do 65, do 50.

Men's Felt Hats 75c. for 60c.
do $1 00 " 75c.
do 1 25 " $1 00
do 1 50 " 1 20

Best Factory Flannel, 40c. for 30c.
Best Grey do 40c. " 30c.
Scarlet do 25c. " 18c.
Best Scarlet do 50c. " 40c.
40c. " 30c.
Canton Flannel 12½c " 9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. e ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD

Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S — WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S — CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S — GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalognes of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good

Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.

Also a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.

☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜

☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜

November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man.
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience, I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards,
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best; A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. fy

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c,
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepared to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.
Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.
JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.
He always employs
FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,
nd uses the best material.
A large stock of
Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.
PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED
He has secured the services of
MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,
who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.
DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.
LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY
IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.
Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.
Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.
Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.
Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton Ont.
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES.

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.
Watford, Dec, 6th.—3m.

KNOW THYSELF

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVTS

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

FURNITURE FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done, Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Motto frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOODY.

Watford, Feb. 7th. 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

EAST LAMBTON FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. ly

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct, 27 1876] tf

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots	at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS. SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 0th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of SEWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. O'Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

Strayed Cattle.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 28, con 5, Township of Plympton, abont 1st December, a red steer, with small white spot on forehead split in right ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take the same away.

ALEX. ANDERSON.

Plympton, Jan. 10.—4in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned west ½ east ½ lot 24 con. 1, Township of Warwick, about the 1st of December 1878. 1 Heifer, rising two years old, all white. The owner is requested to prove property pay expenses and take the same away immediately.

EDWIN TANNER.

Warwick, Jan. 10.—4 in.

STRAYED.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, East half Lot 28, 2nd con. south, Warwick, about the first of December, a red steer, two years old with gray hair on the head and white under the belly. The owner is requested to prove property and take the animals away.

JOHN RAYCRAFT
Watford P. O.

Watford, Jan. 3rd.—4 in

STRAYED MARE.

Came into the enclosure of the undersigned, Lot 8, 4th line Warwick, about the first of December, a small pure black mare, about sixteen years old, with one crooked hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property pay charges and take her away immediately.

RICHARD COX.
Watford, P. O.

January 3rd. 1879.—4 in.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

WATFORD, ONT., January 30, 1879

VENNOR'S Almanac, Young Ladies Journal, and all English and American Magazines, can be obtained at Ewer's book store.

THE Drama will close with the Grand brilliant Tableaux of Mary in heaven.

Buy your school books, slates, Pencils, Pens, Inks, Writing paper and envelopes at Ewer's book store, the cheapest place in town.

DIVISION COURT.—The Division Court for Watford, will be held on Thursday 6th Feb. in the Town Hall, at the hour of 10 o'clock.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last a little girl of Alfred Tanner, Main Road, while riding on a sleigh with her father, her foot caught against a stump, breaking her leg.—COM.

THE "Princess Louise" Lancers, and "Lady of Lorne" quadrilles, are the latest, and most popular musical productions. They are for sale at Ewer's book store.

PREPARING FOR BUILDING.—We learn that Mr. William McPherson and Thomas Luckham, of Warwick, are busy hauling brick and other material for the erection of residences the coming season.

THE acts in the Drama "ten nights in a bar room" will be interspersed with songs and duetts by Miss G. Kenward, Miss M Brown and Mr. N. Vahey.

A sermon on "Gipsy Church-goers and Gipsy Christians," will be given by the Rev. W. J. Taylor, in St. Jame's Church 6th line on Sunday morning next.

SINGING CLASS.—A singing class is about to be organized in Fawcett's Hall, under the management of Mr. D. McTavish sr. Those desiring to improve their vocal facilities can not do better than attend.

IN THE notice of the Church of England Missionary meetings given in our last issue, there was a mistake which we are requested to rectify. The meetings are as follows:—Watford, Wednesday, Feb. 5th, Warwick, Thursday, Feb. 6th, Brooke, Friday Feb. 7th.

☞ One would think to see the rush to T. B. Taylor's, gallery, for frames, chromos, photographs, &c., that it was the only place in the County where those things could be got. People are beginning to find out where they can get a good article for very little money.

L. O. L.—At the last annual district meeting of the district of Warwick, held in the Orange Hall, Warwick Village, on Tuesday, January 14th, 1879. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Jas. Thompson, District Master; Elisha Saunders, Deputy District Master; Thomas Woods, District Chaplain; Paul Kingston, District Secretary; John Stirrett, District Treasurer; Noble Howden, District Director of Ceremonies; James Rose, District Lecturer. It was resolved that the next annual district meeting be held at Warwick and Brooke Union Lodge, No. 1029, 6th line S. E. R.

OYSTER SUPPER AND RAFFLE.—There will be raffled for at the residence of Mr. Edwin Parker, Wisbeach, on Wednesday 5th February, at five o'clock p. m., 2 pairs of bobsleiges. Tickets $1.00 each, which will entitle the holder to a chance for one sleigh. Oyster supper and Social party at 8 p. m., when a good time may be expected.

SOMETHING GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY.—We understand that Mr. John Cowan, of lot 24, 14th con. of Brooke, lately purchased from Mr. Alexander Stewart, of Lobo, who by reputation has some of the best thorough bred Short Horns in the Dominion, the thorough-bred Bull "Lord Ramsden," for the sum of $100. Farmers now is the time to improve your stock.

PURCHASED.—Mr. L. Richardson, cheese maker, of Kerwood, has, we understand, purchased the Maple Groove Cheese Factory for $1,000. So in the future the above factory will be conducted by one of the ablest cheese makers of this country, he having the advantage of many others by being a cheese buyer himself. We wish him every success. There was made by the company over 1,300 cheeses the past season.

NO RISK in buying Doherty's plows now, as they have not to be rebuilt several times before giving satisfaction, therefore farmers will consult their interest by buying this important implement where they are sure of being saved the delay and trouble of running so many times to the shop. Each plow is warranted to be the best forged, best set and most perfect of any in the County or no sale Prices from $14.00 up.—ADV.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING.—The next regular Meeting of the Watford Liberal Conservative Association will take place in the Town Hall, Watford, on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, at 2 o'clock p. m. As buisness of great importance will be brought before the meeting, members of the association and other interested Conservatives, are particularly requested to be present. COL. CAMPBELL, Pres T. D. STICKLE, Sec.—ADV.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM OR, JOE MORGAN REDEEMED.—This world renowned and popular five act Drama, will be produced in Fawcett's Hall, Watford, on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6th and 7th, by the best amateurs of Watford, assisted by Profs. Adams and Collen. The hero, Joe Morgan will be taken by Prof. Adams. There is to be five grand Tableaux with colored lights. This popular drama is full of life, and wherever presented never fails to give satisfaction. This Drama will be given under the auspices of the Temperance Society of Watford and as such should be well patronized. We have no fear from the least of characters that this drama will be rendered with credit to Watford. Go one, go all.

THERE were 110 births, 27 deaths, and 22 marriages registered by the Clerk of Brooke for the year 1878. He informs us that there are a good many parties who fail to attend to the requirements of the law in the matter of registration of births and deaths. The penalties for refusing or neglecting to report within the specified time are heavy, being from five to twenty dollars and costs. He wishes to particularly call the attention of clergymen to Section 8 of the Registration Act, which by them is entirely neglected:—

"Every minister or other person who "shall bury or perform any funeral or religious service for the burial of any dead "body, unless he has received a certificate "under the hand of the Registrar of the "Division in which the death took place, "that the particulars of such death have "been duly registered, shall make a return "of such death to the Registrar of the Division, in which the death took place, "within seven days after such burial."

A CRUEL LAW.—Edward Bowlby, the accommodating Collector of Taxes in Brooke Township, had his first practical experience of the inhuman law which authorizes the selling of any article in a man's house for non-payment of taxes, even if it be the bed under a sick person. Acting under his official capacity he was obliged to sell at auction on Monday 27th inst., a stove, table, cupboard, two or three chairs, and a bed on which lay a sick woman too feeble to move off it. It is gratifying to learn that he became the purchaser of the property himself and the woman's husband who is at present absent, will have the opportunity of purchasing the goods on his return. But there are cases, where personal spite or hatred would be justified "according to law," in carrying out to its full extent, the most cruel, heartless and unmerciful law with which the statute books of the Dominion are disgraced.

WOOD CHOPPING ACCIDENT.—Elijah Armstrong, of 6th con. Euphemia, while working with Thos. Holmes getting out logs on Nugan's farm, 3rd con. Brooke, accidentally cut his left leg above the knee on the outer side, with the axe, severing a large vein. The cut bled profusely, but with remarkable presence of mind he succeeded in temporarily checking the rush of fluid life, being assisted by Holmes who aided him in tightly bandaging the limb. His friend then conveyed him on a sleigh to the residence of Adam Armstrong, postmaster at Aberfeldy, from whence a brother was despatched for a doctor. After some delay, Dr. Marlatt was found, who immediately proceeded to the wounded man and after much difficulty succeeded in tying up the vein and effectually preventing further loss of blood. Mr. Armstrong is at last accounts doing well.

DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.—Mr. Donald B. McKellar preached in the Baptist Chapel, on 9th con. Brooke, on Sunday evening 26th inst. His sleigh and team of horses valued at $175, were driven off by some party or parties unknown, during service. The chapel is about four miles from this place. The buffalo robe and seat were found opposite the News office on Monday morning, the blankets and sleigh with broken tongue, were found upset near Black's planing mill. The horses were tracked by blood through the streets and through adjoining fields, but the tracks were obliterated by the rain and pursuit by this method was abandoned. Tuesday morning the horses were found entangled in McKellar's own bush, four miles south west of this place. One of them will probably die from his injuries. The fact that the horses were tied before the chapel and blanketed, and that when the sleigh and blankets were found, the latter were neatly folded up, is proof that they were driven away by some rascals, who finally left them to take care of themselves. It is the most dastardly outrage we have heard of for some time, and we hope the scoundrels will be brought to justice.

PAY UP.—Those long-winded sinners who suppose printers get their sole livelihood from the air they breathe, and procure their stock without money and without price, will discover their mistake some day.

Bole, Stickle & Co. are making a large number of Gang and long ploughs, Hryrakes Road scrapers, Land rollers &c., for the spring trade, and as they guarantee all work turned out of their establishment to give entire satisfaction, we advise all our farmer friends who require anything in the above line to call at the Globe Foundry, Front St.

SERENADING.—The Watford Brass Band came down "like a wolf on the fold" and took Alvinston by surprise last Wednesday evening. We don't know whether County Clerk, A. D. Elliot instigated the onslaught or not, but at any rate he was with the boys and exercised a paternal supervision over their movements. The following members of the Band catered for a couple of hours to the music loving ears of our village folk. Tom. Bicknell, B. Flat solo cornet, Ben. Jackson, E. Flat cornet, Sam. Pottinger, clarionet, Tom. Fowler, B. Flat cornet, Will. Calvert, B. Flat cornet, Donald McTavish, 1st alto horn, George Apted, 2nd alto horn, Wm. Lamont, trombone, George Brown, E. Flat bass, Malcolm McTavish, drum and cymbals. We cannot tell a B. sharp jewsharp, from a C. flat tamborine, but we can tell good music when we hear it and we heard it that night, and no mistake. The band returned to Watford about half past ten o'clock. Come again, and we hope our boys will return the compliment.—*Alvinston News.*

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The January session of the County Council of 1879 convened on Tuesday last, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the members—thirty in number—being present. The usual certificates of return having been filed with the clerk, that officer stated that he was ready to receive nominations for Warden, when

Dr. Pousette rose and moved that W. H. McGarvey, Esq., Reeve of Petrolia, be Warden for the present year.

E. McGillicuddy, Esq., Reeve of Warwick seconded the motion.

There being no other nominations forthcoming the clerk declared Mr. McGarvey duly elected, and he was sworn in before Alex. Leys, Esq., J. P. and took his seat, briefly returning thanks in his own name and in the name of Petrolia for the honor conferred upon him in being elected to the Warden's chair.

A By-law appointing auditors was introduced and passed; Mr. Geo. E. Murphey, of Petrolia, being appointed by the Council and Mr. Michael Sullivan nominated by the Warden; Robert Fleck, Esq., and John Lowrie, Esq., being appointed members of the Board of Audit.

Dr. Poussette gave notice of the introduction of a By-law to appoint a Trustee for the High School of the Town of Sarnia, also notice of a By-law for a grant to the Model School.

Mr. Fleck gave notice of a By-law to pay over grant heretofore made by the Council to build a drill-shed in the Township of Moore, and to erect said drill-shed at Courtwright.

Mr. Rae gave notice of a By-law for the payment of Grand and Petit Jurors.

After some further routine buisness the Conneil adjourned till Wednesday morning last.

EUPHEMIA COUNCIL.

The above Council met at the Town Hall Sutherland's Corners, on Monday January 20th, 1879.

Present—Joseph Roberts, Reeve; James McKeune, Deputy-Reeve, and Messrs. Thos. Branan, Dr. Myers Davison, and George Johnston, Councillors, who severally subscribed to the declarations of office and of qualifications, except Thos. Branan, who declined in the meantime until he had legal advice in the matter.

The Treasurer presented a letter from Mr. Lucas, of Alvinston, claiming $128.02 in payment of Debenture No. 1, of Union S. S. No. 6, and $38.40 of interest.

Moved by Dr. Davison, seconded by Mr. Johnston, that the Treasurer pay the whole amount $166.42, and that the Council will collect the said amount with the interest thereon from the said School Section.

On motion of Mr. McKeune, seconded by Dr. Davison, Thos. B. Scadmore was appointed as one of the auditors, and the Reeve appointed John B. Walker as the other for the present year.

The following accounts relating to the Municipal Elections for the current year were presented, read and ordered to be paid: Isaac Unsworth, polling sub-division No. 1, $7.30; Harvey D. Whittaker, sub-division No. 1, 7.00; Simeon Annett, providing the house and fitting polling booth, $4.00; and Donald Anderson, sub-division No. 3, 7.00.

On motion the following sums were ordered to be paid: John Flemen $1.50 paid by him, being portion awarded by the fence viewers, to be paid by the municipality, relating to a ditch from No. 30 in the 11th, to No. 29 in the 9th con. Thos. Mead $11.80, for conveying Robert Willis, a vagrant, to Sarnia gaol; Dr. Davison $11.73, funeral expenses and other charges relating to Wm. Adler, deceased, on indigent person: Joseph McAlpine and Thomas Weaver, each the sum of $1.00, for chain bearers on Sydenham Road, under Thos. Scane, P. L. S.

On motion of Dr. Davison, seconded by Mr. Johnston, the Reeve was instructed to examine the flow of water upon the S. E. ½ o No. 31, 2nd con., with the view of removing any water brought thereon by the Corporation, if any.

The Council then adjourned to meet at the Town Hall on Monday the 10th day of February.

WM. ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

SIXTY thousand dollars misappropriated in unauthorized investments by a late treasurer of a Massachusetts Missionary Association. It does seem that the responsible position of treasurer to a large Church or religious organization should be kept under the same supervision as a bank clerk or cashier generally is.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

DR. Allan Crawford's residence is now on Railroad street nearly opposite the planing mill, in the house formerly occupied by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson.

REEVE Lovell and Councillor McLean, after a thorough inspection of the bridge near Branan's Mill decided it was useless to waste funds on repairs, owing to its delapidated condition, and steps will be taken to erect a new bridge in its place.

THE Aughrim Sabbath School give an anniversary tea-meeting on Friday February 7th; when addresses from the Revds. Bielby, Tompkins, Chesney and Neeland may be expected, together with vocal and instrumental music.

A tea meeting at Victoria Church, 10th line, Brooke, on Thursday 30th inst. Addresses by the Revds. Taylor, Gamble, Wood, and others. Choice selections of music by the Misses Heward, Wood and Plumsteel. Little Ella May will sing some sweet songs by special request.

MESSRS. D. R. Nelson and Frank McIlwain have purchased the Anderson saw mill. It was rumored that this was not a bona-fide purchase, but from information we can state that it is a straight, out and out sale to these gentlemen. We are sure they will succeed in their venture as their past reputation will command a large custom throughout the country.

LECTURE.—Will E. Johnson, editor of the *News*, will deliver a lecture before the members of the Alvinston Cane Brigade and their friends, in the Music Hall, on Thursday February 6th, Subject: "Scandal and its effects upon Society." A musical entertainment will be given also. Tickets, 25 cents.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Unmanned by Excessive use of Liquor, Wm. Smaile Recklessly drinks Himself to death.

Wm Smaile arrived in Oil City from Petrolia on Monday noon, January 19th. He was a man who when sober was known as an industrious hard worker, and while not given to the habitual use of liquor, would after totally refraining from it for six months or more, deliberately enter upon a protracted "spree," covering a week or so.

While no one will deny that the constant use of alcoholic liquor is sooner or later, baneful in its effects upon the mental and physical man, it is a well known fact that its effect upon the system is more certainly injurious in the case of one who indulges to excess at occasional intervals; and his sad death is one more proof of this assertion.

Smaile remained over night at Walling's Hotel, and while not drinking there to any great extent, the landlord knowing the man's habit declined on Tuesday to furnish him any more whiskey, He then went to Keating's and procured a bottle of the liquor. Returning to Walling's he remained there until Wednesday morning. During Tuesday night, though he was very much intoxicated the proprietor and his family took good care of him; and our informant desired us to correct the statements made to the contrary effect by certain parties in Oil City. At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning he left the hotel and at noon was found lying dead in front of Elliott's stable not far off.

This is another black mark against the Government, that acting for the people, legalizes the business and reaps a large revenue, from the sale of an article which sooner or later blights the life and ruins the family of every man who uses it intemperately.—*Alvinston News.*

BORN.

PHAIR.—On the 26th inst., the wife of Mr. James Phair, 12th line Brooke, of a daughter.

McCALLUM.—In Alvinston, on the 23rd inst., the wife of Mr. Archie McCallum, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

SHIRLEY—CARROL.—On Tuesday, 21st inst., by the Rev. W. J. Taylor, at the residence of the bride, Mr. John Shirley, to Miss Martha Carroll.

PERRING—HUDSON.—On Monday Jan. 27th, at the Baptist parsonage, Alvinston, by the Rev. W. P. Tompkins, Mr. Robert Perring, lately from England, to Mrs. Ellen Hudson, of Brooke Township.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	$0 85	@	$0 86
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 85	@	0 86
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 23	@	0 24
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 55
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cenal	3 50	@	3 75
Flour, ₱ central	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

WANTED.

A good servant girl to do general housework. Good wages will be given. Apply at this office.

Watford, Jan. 31st 1879.—2in.

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

BETTER THAN IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

Rev. F. C. IRELAND LACHINE, P. Q., says:—"When GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR was first introduced here, I was doubtful of its virtues, but since then it has been used in my own family, and we find it possessed of that rare quality in a patent medicine of being better than it is represented to be. Many are astonished to find obstinate and long standing cases of Rheumatism cured by a few applications, and that it possesses similar power over other forms of diseases and pain. I have kept it constantly on hand for the past three years, and would not let my home be without it."

For sale by all respectable druggists and dealers in medicine. Price 25 cents.

Time Flies.

ST LAURA SANFORD.

Time flies:
But with what wings
With wings of butterflies
To joy it clings.
Now here, now there.—Who sighs
For joy, finds joy and dies.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of bees it flies,
Who works and sings
In rich content all day,
Will bear bright gold away.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of birds to skies
Where sunlight flings
Wide open heaven's door.
Life! light! who cares for more?

Time flies;
But with what wings?
With angel wings it tries
To lift low things
Up from the heavy sod,
Up from earth's griefs to God!

How the London Telegraph was Started.

An offer of £850,000 is said to have been recently made for the London *Daily Telegraph* and declined by its proprietors, Messrs. Lawson, Levy & Co. Whether true or false, the report does not overrate the value of the property to which it refers. The *Telegraph* is understood to be paying its proprietors a net income of from £80,000 to £100,000 per year.

The *Telegraph* was started twenty-three years ago with afew hundred pounds of borrowed capital, and its present value adds another to the many examples of the enormous cumulative profits of a successful newspaper in a large city. The story of the early days of this newspaper is interesting.

In 1853 there appeared in New York a bright, active, energetic, well-dressed, plausible, and, as far as manners went, a well-bred English adventurer who had lately exploited Canada with some success, having attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in a Canadian militia regiment. Col. Arthur Burroughs Sleigh had found it desirable to quit Canada and transfer his person and talents to this side of the border, and being a man prone to the undertaking of great enterprises, and fertile in all the resources necessary to their successful conduct, save and except money and reputation, he naturally chose New York as a promising field.

He claimed to be the proprietor of an estate of several hundred thousand acres in Prince Edward Island, which he desired to develope by opening direct steam communication with New York, and encouraging immigration to his property on the island. His aristocratic looks and manners were quite in keeping with his assumed role of a great Anglo-colonial landed proprietor, which not only carried him into society, but enabled him to treat with business men with the air of one who confers a favour in asking for an accommodation.

Col. Sleigh soon made the acquaintance of many of the leading business and club men of the city, and among those whose confidence he gained was the late Simeon Draper, who had advanced money upon a fine large steamer, built to run between Philadelphia and Charleston, but then in New York for sale. She was just the ship that the Colonel was looking for to open the steam line to his island principality, and a bargain for her purchase was soon concludad, Sleigh paying for the ship and her outfits by bills of exchange on his London bankers. The steamer was advertised as the pioneer of a regular line between New York and Quebec, via Halifax and Prince Edward Island, and in due time she sailed with the enterprising Colonel on board.

Mr. Draper had believed, with extreme credulity, all the statements of the fascinating Colonel up to the time of his departure, and might have continued his belief until the protested bills came back from England and his steamship was far beyond his reach, had the Colonel remained to charm him with the glamour of his presence. Deprived of that presence, doubts and suspicions arose in the mind of Mr. Draper. Rumours came from Canada that were not favourable to his new friend. The Quebec newspapers were incredulous on the subject of the new steam line from New York, and threw out dark hints to underwriters to beware of Colonel Sleigh and his steamship. Alarmed by these reports, Mr. Draper sent his brother, Mr. William Draper, overland to Halifax, armed with full powers to detain the ship there until the bills on London were paid. Mr. William Draper found the steamer at Halifax preparing to sail for Liverpool as soon as Sleigh could complete a negotiation for a large advance upon the ship, to be repaid by her sale in Liverpool.

The Colonel was delighted to see so near a relative of his dear New York friend. They must live together until the steamer was ready to sail, and Mr. Draper must go with him to Liverpool as his guest. As for returning the vessel to her owners or giving security for the bills of exchange, that was absurd and not to be listened to. Finding amicable negotiations to be useless, and with accumulating evidence that the pretended purchase was a swindle, Mr. Draper had the Colonel arrested and lodged in goal, when, after much bluster, he consented to give up the steamer on condition that he should not be prosecuted. The Draper steamer returned to New York, and Sleigh sailed in the next Cunarder fer England.

During Sleigh's visit to Now York he had made the acquaintance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, and had opened negotiations for the purchase of the *Herald*, which were brought to a close by Mr. Bennett's refusal. Sleigh then announced his determination to start a paper on the plan of the *Herald* in London, and Mr. Bennett, who, like others, supposed he was a man of large means, approved the idea, which was, however, subject to one very serious obstacle, namely, the stamp tax on newspapers. Mr. Bennett believed that a well-conducted cheap London newspaper would be a great success, if the Stamp Act were repealed, and he no doubt gave Col. Sleigh many useful hints as to the conduct of such a newspaper, which Sleigh afterwards turned to account.

After his arrival in England, Sleigh offered his services to the Government in a military capacity, and proposed to raise a volunteer regiment in Canada for duty in the Crimea; but the Government did not appreciate his military genius, and declined his offer. He must then have lived by his wits for a year or more, prior to his grand burst upon the London public as proprietor and editor of the *Telegraph*, the first penny newspaper published in England.

Sleigh displayed great energy and activity in starting the *Telegraph*. The Act repealing the stamp tax on newspapers finally passed Parliament on June 15, 1855, and on June 29 the first number of the *Telegraph* was issued. England was then despondent over progress of the siege of Sebastopol, and vexed at the pro-Russian sympathies of the American press. Lord Clarendon and Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, were in a heated contention over the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Mr. Buchanan having the best of the argument. The *Times* was printing columns of savage and virulent abuse of the American Government and people, inspired by Lord Palmerston and written by Robert Lowe, and we were without a friend in the sixpenny London press. At this juncture the first number of the *Telegraph* appeared.

Sleigh was a bold, vigorous, and slashing writer. He wrote all the leaders in his early issues. Moreover, he had passed years in Canada and months in New York, and was a quick and intelligent observer. Few writers on the English press were as well informed on American affairs. His initial leader was a spirited defence of the people of the United States against the attacks of the *Times*, and an appeal to the people of England to cultivate and cherish friendly relations with their kinsmen in America.

The present writer was in London at the time. He chanced to purchase a copy of the new paper, and read it on his way into the city, with surprise and delight. It held the first kind words about America that had appeared in the London press for months and months. The paper was shown to several members of the little American colony in London, and in the evening a copy was taken down to Harley Street and given to Mr. Buchanan, who read its leading article with approval and satisfaction.

On the next day and the next similar articles appeared, and every American in London was buying and praising the *Telegraph*.

None of us knew the editor; none of us had yet heard of Col. Sleigh or his exploits in New York. The writer, who was advertising in other London papers at the time, sent a third of a column of advertisements to the new paper—probably the first paying advertisements that the *Daily Telegraph* received—with a civil note expressing his satisfaction at the course the paper had taken. On the following afternoon a card was brought in, bearing the name of Lieut.-Col. Arthur Sleigh, Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*; and following the card came a very handsome and correctly dressed London swell, with the regulation eyeglass stuck in his eye. He was delighted, he said, that his efforts to correct the slanderos attacks of the *Times* had given such great satisfaction. He had visited New York and other American cities, and should never forget the kindness and hospitality he had met with. Would it be possible for him to obtain an introduction to the American Minister? Of course, it was possible. The Minister had already read his articles with approval, and would doubtless be glad to thank him in person. The Colonel was taken to Mr. Buchanan, had several interviews with him, and dined in Harley Street, but Mr. Buchanan did not take to him with that warmth of friendship which some of us were inclined to exhibit.

Things thus went on very pleasantly for three or four weeks, when the ambitious Colonel startled the steady going and dignified American Minister by suggesting to him that the United States should have a representative in the House of Commons who understood and would defend American interests; that it was a role which he, Col. Sleigh, was prepared to fill, and that a vacancy was about to occur in Boston, to which he could be elected, had he not unfortunately invested all his ready cash in the *Telegraph*. He was, therefore, temporarily short of the necessary funds for election expenses, and presumed the United States Government would gladly advance him £3,000, which would secure his return. Mr. Buchanan of course replied that he could listen to no such proposition. It approached too nearly to an insult to his Government and himself to permit him to hold any further personal intercourse with the proposer, and Col. Sleigh was dismissed from the Legation. The very next day the *Telegraph* printed the most abusive article upon the United States that ever appeared in a London newspaper. It called upon the British Government to put an end to the Central American discussion by sending a fleet to Central America and taking possession of the country, including the transit route between the two oceans, sending another fleet to New York to bombard that city in the event of the Yankees making any disturbance or resistance.

That style of attack went on unceasingly for a few weeks, during which the Colonel was fast sinking into financial difficulties. A penny paper was a novelty in London; readers of the established sixpennies did not believe there could be anything in the *Telegraph*, and it took time to bring up a new class of readers. Sleigh could not have had more than a few hundred pounds of borrowed money when he started the paper. One of the Levy brothers was a maker of and dealer in printing ink, the other had a small printing office where the *Telegraph* was printed. Sleigh was soon in debt to his printer, who then had very small means, and could not go on with the printing unless his bills were paid. Sleigh secured his first debt to Levy by giving him an interest in the paper, but that would not pay Levy's employees, and it came to a question of stopping the paper or raising £800. Sleigh offered to sell half the paper for £1,000, with a proviso that he should be retained for a certain time on a salary; but no outsider would buy the interest on those conditions and it was transferred to the ink dealing Mr. Levy, now Mr. Lawson, for £850, which went to pay the printer. Thus the brothers Levy became the sole proprietors, and within five years the *Daily Telegraph* was issuing over 100,000 copies with extra advertising sheets, and paying its proprietors £40,000 sterling per year profit. Its present value is perhaps not overrated at £1,000,000 sterling, and the Messrs. Levy must already have received a net million from it since they bought it in 1855 for a printer's bill of a few hundred pounds, and £850 in money.

Sleigh left the *Telegraph* soon after its control passed into the hands of the present proprietors. He got up a swindling overland transit company to carry passengers from Canada to the gold mines of British Columbia, at the time of the English rush to Frazer River. He took the through fare in advance in England, sent his victims to Canada, and left them there to starve or find their way back as they best could. He was one of four contestants for a seat for Greenwich in the general election of 1857, standing at the foot of the poll, and soon after ended his career in bankruptcy and the grave. He was no ordinary man, and might have left a great name to other generations, if his intelligence, acquirements, courage, energy, aud industry had been supported by honesty, and he had been content to labour and to wait.

A $4,000 Libel Suit.

The way of the libeller is hard, as has been very forcibly shown in the important libel suit just concluded at the Assizes in Hamilton, brought by the Ontario Copper Lightning Rod Company against one Simeon Hewitt, a Brantford lightning-rod dealer. This suit was instituted in respect of a libel published by Hewitt, in June last, in a Toronto paper called the *Saturday Night*, and also in some three or four thousand posters and handbills which were issued by him in May last. The alleged libel consisted in the defendant, in the article and the posters and handbills referred to, charging the plaintiff's Company with *practising an imposition on the public*, by selling their rod for 37½ cents per foot, and asking the public to beware of the plaintiffs' agents as extortionists. The defendant endeavoured at the trial to prove that the alleged libellous matter was true. But in this he failed, it having been shown that the prices charged by the plaintiffs for their rods left a very small margin for profits after deducting expenses.

The case occupied the greater part of three days, and great interest was taken in the result. The jury returned a verdict that the libel charged was false and malicious, and awarded the plaintiffs $4,000 damages.

Much as the plaintiffs must be pleased with the substantial nature of this verdict, still more must they value the complete justification of their course of dealing with the public which it imports.

Mr. Osler, Q.C., and Mr. Testzel for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Robertson, Q.C., and Mr. Wilkes for the defendant.

THE Emperor of Austria is a tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, who does not look much over 40, though he is nearly 50; with sandy hair cropped close to the head, and turning an iron-grey, with regulation military whiskers and moustache, small, restless gray eyes, and the blunt features and heavy lips which distinguish the Hapsburg family. He has patience, tact, and a dogged spirit of hard work. He is master of six European languages, and wins the hearts of all his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary, Bohemia, Austrian Poland and Croatia each in their native mother tongue. He is personally very popular all over the Empire.

A learned "pundit" says that there has been much discussion as to what language will be the last to be spoken on the earth, but it is strange that no one has suggested that it will, of course, be the Finnish.

London Society.

Demi-Monde Marriages.

The *Whitehall Review* has an article entitled "Marriages a la Mode," which is interesting in more respects than one:—

A new evil has taken root in our midst, has grown, budded and blossomed, and bids fair to become as great, powerful, and deadly as the upas tree beneath which we have all seen Selina die. We have never been, perhaps, a very moral people. There are as many soiled, stained pages in our history as in that in any modern community, and our much boasted purity can really not be believed in outside Exeter Hall. The morality of William Rufus, of Edward II., of James I., and of Charles II. was no whit better than that of Louis IX., of Henri III., of Louis XIII., and of the Grand Monarque. In open disregard for the decencies of life our sovereigns have even gone further in late times, than any French ruler, and George IV. stands alone as the first gentleman and last blackguard of Europe, contemporary French history offering us no fitting and adequate parallel. It is disagreeable to us to have to swallow this fact, but it is nevertheless historically true, and no amount of early closing on Sunday and withdrawal of licenses of public dancing houses will keep our male bipeds from getting as thoroughly drunk as any of their fellows on the continent, or our female element from being as human and frail as the typical abominable French woman. Hitherto, however, we have been content with being quite as bad as other people, and no worse, but of late years a morbid ambition would appear to have sprung up in the breasts of the golden youths of this country, a noble desire to excel in iniquity, and to not only soil themselves with mud, but drag all who bear their name into the gutter with them. It is not well to get drunk, but then we have been told that the climate of our island is apt to lead to great temptations to undue indulgence in alcohol. It is reprehensible and deplorable for our sisters, daughters, and wives to forget their moral responsibility and self-respect, and become unclean things on which society can but look with loathing; but we are shown that the great personal beauty of English women, coupled with the fact that they are numerically superior to the men of this island, is a solution of the disagreeable problem, which, if offensive, is none the less clear, true, and, from a philosophical point of view, acceptable. But what excuse can we find for such beings as wantonly kneel in the gutter to link themselves for ever with the foulness thereof, and thus bespatter with mud their belongings who would fain keep clean?

Of late years the tendency has become more and more marked on the part of Englishmen of good name and high social position to seek for themselves wives out of the purlieus of the Haymarket and the groves of Chelsea and St. John's Wood, and to this fact there can be no parallel in the contemporary social history of any other civilized community. Frenchmen may gamble and spend all their money in the *demi-monde*, but they do not marry into it; Americans may drink and indulge in eccentric and murderous exploits with pistols and bowie knives, but they do not marry Phrynes and Aspasias; Germans may drink to excess, gamble away all they possess, and beat their wives, but their wives are not *fleurs du mal*—weeds sprung from abomination and vice. With us, however, it is different. Within the last few years ten men, all holding high social positions, bearing good names, and not a few among them belonging to what would be termed in the Faubourg St. Germain, *le gratin*, have wantonly allied themselves to women picked from the streets, giving their names and titles to be held until death by creatures whose very names they would never under ordinary circumstances dare to mention before a lady. A marchioness, a future duchess, and the wives of two baronets have been recruited from the ranks of *les impures*, and we only mention these *currente calamo* to give the strong colour of fact and reality to our thesis.

How to Select a Husband.

It has been profoundly remarked, that the true way of telling a toadstool from a mushroom is to eat it. If you die it was a toadstool, if you live, it was a mushroom. A similar method is employed in the selection of husbands; marry him, if he kills you he was a bad husband; if he makes you happy he is a good one. There is really no other criterion. As Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof. Some young men that seem unexceptionable, indeed very desirable, when they are single, are perfectly horrid as soon as they get married. All the latent brute there is in the heart comes out as soon as a sensitive and delicate being seeks her happiness in his companionship. The honeymoon lasts a very short time, the receptions and the round of parties are soon over, and then the two sit down to make home happy. If she has married a society man, he will soon begin to get bored; he will yawn and go to sleep on the sofa. Then he will take his hat and go down to the club and see the boys, and perhaps not come home till morning. If she has married a man engrossed in business he will be tagged out when he comes home. He may be a sickly man that she must nurse, a morose man that she must seek to cheer, a drunken man that she must sit up for, a violent man that she fears, a fool whom she soon learns to despise, a vulgar man for whom she must apologize—in short, there are thousands of ways of being bad husbands, and very few ways of being good ones. And the worst of it is, that the poor silly women are apt to admire in single men the very traits that make bad husbands, and look with contempt or ridicule upon those quiet virtues which make home happy. Men with very little personal beauty or style, often make the wife happy—and sometimes quite the reverse. The number of ways of being a bad husband is almost as great as the number of ways of being ugly. No one can tell from the demeanor of a single man what sort of a husband he will be. Meantime she must marry somebody. Eat it: if you die it was a sort of toadstool, if you live it was a sort of mushroom.

The Desolation of Babylon.

It is usual for travellers to dwell upon the utter desolation of Babylon, and to paint its site as a strip of desert, especially woe-begone and unfertile. But the elegant gentlemen who dwell upon this aspect of the place could not have seen it in the middle of April. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh Spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation cans's cross it here and there and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow on in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of 20 centures, but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant Spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers; balmy odours regale the sense. It is difficult under the circumstances to feel as one perhaps ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered this ground. Nature does not mourn for it, and it is hard to be sad at the bidding of sentiment when the bright Spring hides its grave.—[Geary, in Through Asiatic Turkey.

Some people who think that by church membership they are pre-empting homesteads in a land that is fairer than this, will find that putting blank envelopes in the contribution box on Sunday will prove a serious drawback to reading their titles clear.

The Construction of Plays.

Mr. Bronson Howard's recent acknowledgment of his obligation to Mr. A. R. Cazauran, of the Union Square Theatre, for his assistance in the re-writing of the serious parts of "The Banker's Daughter," calls to mind some notable cases of alterations from the author's manuscript in other plays, which have not always been so frankly acknowledged. In modern times, at least, no original play has ever become successful until it has undergone important changes at rehearsal.

"A Celebrated Case," by the author of "The Two Orphans," underwent some important alterations before it was produced in New York. One of these was the introduction of the character of *O'Rourke*, the Irish sergeant, who is made the guardian of *Jean Renaud's* child, and thereby the dramatic effect of the recognition of the father and daughter in the third act is greatly increased.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was not actable when it was put into the hands of the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre. The success it achieved was largely due to the gags of the actors and the suggestive witticisms of the gallants who used to drop in at rehearsals. If Sheridan could "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and see the play as it is now produced in complete "sets," and with the convulsive changes that have been made in its construction to render these possible, he would, as a conscientious man, publish a card in the newspapers, disavowing the credit of its authorship.

The "Don Cæsar de Bazan" of to-day is very different from the original "Ruy Blas," by Victor Hugo; D'Ennery and Le Maitre wrote the play, taking the title rôle bodily from "Ruy Blas." Le Maitre, having made a hit as *Don Cæsar*, cut down the play from five to three acts so as to kill the supporting parts, and leave himself the central figure. "The Lady of Lyons" is indebted to Bulwer for nothing but the language. The story is from the French play, "The Bellows Mender," and the arrangement of the scenery, the cutting of the speeches, the entrees and exits—in fact, all the details that go to make the practical portion of the piece—are the work of the able Macready. To Macready also belongs much of the credit for the success of "Richelieu."

Few plays have undergone more important changes after leaving the author's hands than "London Assurance." *Dazzle—Richard O'Dazzle* it was originally—was a young Irishman, the part having been designed by John Brougham for himself. Charles Mathews, who, almost equally with Boucicault, had a hand in the construction of the play, wanted to play *Dazzle* himself, but as he could not act an Irishman the part was changed to an Englishman. The "tag" of the closing speech, which defines "the true gentleman," was originally put into the mouth of *Max Harkaway*, who really is about the only "true gentleman" in the play. But Farren, who was cast for *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, insisted that the lines should be given to him, and the actor who impersonates the dissolute baronet has had them ever since.

Marsden's "Clouds," as originally written, contained five characters less than it has now. "Musette," written for Lotta by the same author, had, at first, for the comedy part a professor of music. At the suggestion of the author's wife this part was cut out bodily, and that of the boy lover, *Billy Bokus*, substituted. The recitation of "The Water Mill" in "Otto" was put in at the last rehearsal and tried on an Albany audience; it proved to be one of the hits of the play.

One of the most curious cases of alterations in a play after it had passed into the manager's hands is that of John Brougham's "Lottery of Life," which was written in an exaggerated vein as a satire on the dramatic follies of the day; but the audience did not see the point, and the author had to re-write the piece so as to come down to their matter-of-fact level.

"Our American Cousin" has undergone this paring process to a still greater degree. As originally written by Tom Taylor, and as originally played at Laura Keene's Theatre, it was a five act comedy, the chief parts being *Asa Trenchard* and *Abel Murcott*, which were given to Jefferson and Couldock. *Lord Dundreary* was such a poor part that Southern would only accept it on condition that he should be given *carte blanche* to gag it and introduce such business as he might think would help it. The actor availed himself so freely of this privilege that the part kept growing and growing, and the other parts dwindled away until some of them were lost sight of altogether. The play is now done in three acts instead of five, and the only important parts are those of *Dundreary* and his valet. As a comedy it is spoilt irretrievably; for the public has become so used to it in its present form that it would not accept it now as it was originally written. Tom Taylor has been more successful in preserving intact as he wrote it his "Ticket-of-Leave Man"—if it can be called his; for it is an actual translation of "Leonard," a French play by M. Nus. There is no alteration in the plot, the only important change from the original being the substitution of the Lancashire dialect for a French provincial *patois*.

Boucicault has, doubtless, done more play adapting and translating than any other person living, and, with the exception of two or three plays he spoiled in adapting, it may be said that from his oldest, "Don Cæsar de Bazan," to his latest, "Clarissa Harlowe," he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Skilful dramatist as he is, however, he is never satisfied with his work until it has been changed and changed again during rehearsal; and after apparently everything had been done that can be done for it, it will change once more, and, in doing so will re-write perhaps entire scenes. He has made so many alterations in plot, dialogue, and situations of some of the plays he has taken from the French, that it may be said, at least, that they are as much his own as "Romeo and Juliet" is Shakespeare's. "The Colleen Bawn," perhaps his best work, was built on Creydon's old play, "Eily O'Connor," and Griffith's novel, "The Collegians." One of Mr. Boucicault's most successful plays is "Led Astray." It is, in parts, almost a translation of Octave Feuillet's "Le Tentation," from which it is taken. The important concession is made, however, to the moral sentiment of the American public, that the wife does not actually commit adultery, as in the French play, although the audience is allowed to see plainly enough that she would if given the opportunity. The last act of "Led Astray" is almost wholly the creation of Mr. Boucicault, and it is the cleanest and most pleasing.

Metropolitan Advantages.

The author of the phrase, "One half the world knows not how the other half lives," uttered a half-truth only. He was city-bred and spoke of city life. The urban resident may bury himself in the city as securely from observation as though he retired to the heart of Sahara. The nearest neighbours need not and generally do not know anything of one another's antecedents, resources, purposes, or occupations. The brick partition which separates homes in the city is, if mutual intercourse do not destroy the barrier, a veritable Chinese wall excluding all the world. The city lodger may visit Timbuctoo and return ere his neighbours notice his departure. Even on 'Change a popular operator, who may have circumnavigated the globe and encountered moving accidents by flood and field, will return to his accustomed place to be treated as though he had left it within the half hour on an expedition to a gin palace. One is born, marries, and dies in the city, and if any one takes note of these things it is because he has been solicited to do so. The city animal may be social, of course, but if he chooses to be otherwise no one intrudes upon his privacy, and he is forgotten as speedily as he desires to be.

It is different in small towns. There the adage is reversed. What is nobody's business is everybody's business. No one can continue to be a stranger. The whole population knows of his arrival, and sets itself the congenial task of studying him in every aspect. His reserve gives way to the influence of his surroundings, and, having become as well known as the town pump, his pedigree the town talk, his purposes the town speculation, he unites with his fellows in destroying all privacy for anybody else. In cities men and women may live, if they so elect, in a friendly shadow. Village life is lighted by electricity which casts none. The remoter the town from metropolitan aspirations and influences the livelier the interest of one townsman in the affairs of every other townsman. The number of his corns is known just as the number of his coat-tails. If he is married the precise status of his domestic relations is the common property of every hearthstone within the corporate limits, and every sly joker is a Douglas Jerrold in the faithfulness and rareness with which he repeats the curtain lecture, should it be, as is too often the humiliating fact, that the grey mare is the better horse.

Fox Hunting in England.

It appears that the days of fox hunting in England are fast approaching to a close. From time immemorial it has been the practice of the nobility and gentry to keep packs of hounds for their amusement in chasing foxes and occasionally larger game. A century or two ago great landed proprietors deemed it their privilege to gallop at will over the farms occupied by their tenants attended by their friends or whoever they chose to follow the hounds. On these occasions money was scattered freely among the tenants, some of whom took part in the chase. There was a tacit understanding that landlords had the right to indulge in the pleasures of the chase on their own ground, although it was leased for a full rent. This privilege was considered as a part of the unwritten law of the country, and as it was not ordinarily greatly abused there were few complaints about it. If much damage was inflicted on the crops of a small farmer the hunters were generous in their donations. A somewhat recent institution is a compensation fund controlled by the masters of the fox-hounds and set apart for the payment of all damages caused by hunters. The resident landlords have been desirous of keeping up the sport of fox-hunting and at the same time of remaining on good terms with their tenants. They have accordingly been very liberal in subscribing to the compensation-fund and just in estimating the damages sustained by their tenants. It is even claimed that it was for the pecuniary advantage of tenants to have packs of hounds cross their fields of growing crops.

But a change has come in "Merrie England." Men of wealth have arisen who own no land, know nothing of the value of crops, and who care nothing for the rights of tenants. They are the rich manufacturers, tradesmen, and contractors. During late years they have been accustomed to make up companies in large towns, charter trains, and with their horses, hounds, and servants move into the country and enjoy fox-hunting. These men leave no money, except at the inns where they stop. They sometimes take their wine and provisions with them. They scatter no money among the tenantry. They subscribe little or nothing to the compensation-fund. They do not even invite the residents to unite in the chase. When the day's sport is over they repair to their trains, and return to the city from which they came, and enjoy their jollification. In consequence of their lack of liberality, the landlords, no less than the tenants, have entered protests against this metropolitan fox-hunting.

Quite recently a tenant farmer obtained a verdict against a fox-hunter in an action of trespass brought before a local magistrate. The case was appealed, and the judges have rendered a decision that the ancient field sport of fox-hunting exists only by sufferance. In truth, the court decided that a company of men have no more right to put on red coats and ride behind a pack of hounds through a man's fields than they have to force their way into his house. The sportsmen throughout the entire country seemed surprised that a custom which has existed for centuries should be regarded as an offence. But the farmers are jubilant over the decision. Some of them had previously put a stop to fox-hunting on the lands they occupied, by stretching strong wires over their ditches, fences, and hedges, making it impossible for horses to leap them without imminent danger to the animals and riders. Farm tenants are richer now than they were a century ago, and understand their rights better.

Even without the decision of the juriciary, causes were at work that threatened to put an end to the sport which the horsemen of England have taken so much pride in for centuries. Many persons, like Lord Derby, and Mr. Mechi, are engaged in experiments in agriculture, and they do not propose to have them interfered with by sportsmen of high or low degree. They own the estates they occupy, and caution all trespassers not to enter them. Many others are engaged in amateur or high farming, and no amount of damages estimated by the masters of fox-hounds will satisfy them for the injury sustained by crops which they cultivate for pleasure. As the rent of farms increases at every leasing, and the expense of fertilizers is greater every year, the amount of damage from hunting foxes far exceeds what it was when but a small amount of the land was in cultivated crops, and tillage was performed in a very crude manner.

Besides, fox-hunting has come to be regarded as a relic of feudalism, and many would gladly see the sport abolished on this account alone. There is a growing feeling in favour of the rights of tenants, which is encouraged by the courts. Landlords claim a strict construction of the terms of leases, and tenants do the same. From present appearances fox-hunting on the land of others will soon be at an end in England. It was abolished in France as soon as the great estates were subdivided.

Cut this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosebee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this town any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done cheaper and better than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry Toronto.

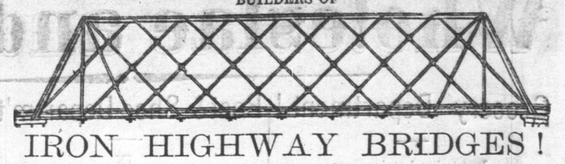
Business Items.

TIME never sets so heavily on the aged as when they are ill and depressed. A heavy percentage of old people suffer from kidney complaints, etc., brought on by derangements of the secretary organs, who will hail with joy the great remedy prepared expressly to meet their cases—VICTORIA BUCHU AND UVA URSI. It can be recommended with confidence. For sale by all dealers.

THORLEY'S Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

YELLOW OIL.—This name is familiar throughout the entire Dominion, and there are few families who have not found it at one time or another an angel of mercy in the household. It is the most popular and best liniment in this country, and no one who has once used it will be without it. Mr. Fred Hills, of Toronto, the genial civil engineer, gives, unsolicited, the annexed certificate:—

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF



IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES extends its influence into every part of the human organization, commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to perform its allotted part. It is the finest nervine remedy known, and the greatest brain and blood food in the world. For sale by all dealers. $1.00 per bottle.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

TORONTO, Ont'ario, July 19, 1878.

Messrs. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson,

GENTLEMEN,—Some twelve years ago I knocked off the cap of my knee, and since that time I have often suffered with a swelling in the knee joint, caused from twisting the leg. I have used all kinds of liniments, as well as medical attendance; but on the last two occasions have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. The result of this has been marvellous; instead of laying up for a week or ten days, as usual, all the swelling has disappeared in three days. I can most highly recommend the Yellow Oil. Make what use you like of this, and state it comes unasked for.

Yours truly, FRED HILLS.

For sale by all dealers.

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

Business Directory.
TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

PURE HAVANA Small cigars $10 per thousand. Sample box by mail 25 cents. Address, C. GILBERT, North Chatham, N. Y.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc., Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER Best in the market. Take no other.

ARTESIAN WELL BORING AND drilling machinery—first prize at Provincial Exhibition, 1878, and gold medal at Centennial—hardpan, boulders, quicksand, etc., easily handled; send stamp for 60-page illustrated catalogue. HOLT & CO., 32 King street, west.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR
A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. These facts are from the original, and above a positive result. Don't be deceived by worthless preparations. Its possible injury to health is simply ridiculous. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cts. 3 for 50 cts. T. DYKES BEARD & CO., Sole Agents, Pekelan, Ill. All others counterfeits.

THE Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY, PROPRIETOR, Montreal.

Farm Lots in Dysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. F. Blomfield, Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co., Box. 2614. 50 Front St., East

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

A large party will start by *special first-class train* for
Winnipeg, on the 26th March.
Fare same as last year. Other parties will start each ten days afterwards. For particulars address with 3 cent stamp,
R. W. PRITTIE, Manitoba Land Office, 35 Colborne st., Toronto.
☞ Maps of Manitoba Lands, 30 cents.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto.

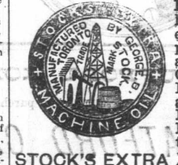
F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST., Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Canada Permanent
LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y.
Paid up Capital..... $2,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 800,000
Total Assets..... 6,000,000
SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Deposits received, and interest on 1 principal repaid in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's bankers, free of charge. The Capital and Reserve Fund of the Company, invested on first class real estate, being pledged for the security of money thus received, Depositors have undoubted assurance of perfect safety. Circulars sent, on application to
J. HERBERT MASON, Company's Office, Toronto. Manager.

With this SAW HORSE I can saw more saw logs or cord wood than any 4 men.

This LIGHTNING SAW HORSE is indeed a wonderful invention. The weight of the man who is sawing does one-half of the work. It will saw logs of any size. It will saw off a 2 foot log in 2 minutes. Circulars free. Address, W. GILES, Cincinnati, O.

Machine Oils.



Thousands of Barrels of OIL have been palmed off by unscrupulous Oil Men as Stock's Extra Oil. It is AN IMITATION in appearance, but MOST INFERIOR in Quality. My
STOCK'S EXTRA XX & XXX,
When *Genuine*, bears the above Trade-Mark.
G. B. ST'CK 14 Church st., Toronto.

CANADA Business College
HAMILTON, ONT.,
The Great Educator of the Mercantile, the Manufacturing, and Farming Community.
The course can be taken in whole or in part, to suit students.
Terms liberal and board cheap. Let any young man who can spare a few months in winter take a course in this institution.
Students enter at any time. For circular, etc., address
TENNANT & McLACHLIN.

LYON & ALEXANDER,
Ontario Photographic Stock House,
128 Bay St., Toronto.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' CARDS, SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS, CHROMOS, FRAMES, AND MOULDINGS.
Full Lines. Choice Selections.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.
A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no agues—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

WHY SMOKE
A common tobacco WHEN for the same price
You can get the Myrtle Navy?
SEE
T. & B.,
IN GILT LETTERS,
ON EACH PLUG!

THE "SIMONDS" SAWS
Are Superior to all others
More Work.
Better Work.
Less Power
Uniformity in Temper
R. H. SM

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 2. WATFORD, ONT., FEBRUARY 7, 1879. WHOLE NO. 210.

USEFUL RECIPES.

To Season Sausage.—Use pepper, salt, and sage to suit the taste, and mix thoroughly.

Scotch Short Cake.—One pound of butter, half pound of sugar, one and three-quarter pounds of flour; knead well together and roll out in cakes one-half inch thick.

Fritters.—One pint of milk, one egg well beaten, flour to make a rather stiff batter; before dropping into the boiling lard, add one tea-poonful of baking-powder. May be varied by adding sliced apples.

Scotch Short Cake, II.—One pound flour, half pound butter, one-fourth pound sugar; cream the butter and sugar together and add the flour. Roll it half an inch thick and bake slowly. If the cake is preferred very sweet use six ounces sugar.

Mince Pies I.—One coffee-cupful of minced meat, three cupfuls of apple, half a cupful of suet, two pounds of raisins, chopped a little, two pounds of currants, one ounce of ground mace, half an ounce of cloves, a little salt, and sweeten to the taste; one cupful of brandy, and three quarts of cider.

Mince Pies, II.—Take two cupfuls of minced meat, two of large fresh raisins, seeded, one of citron, two apples, one lemon, peeled, and chopped fine, one cup of molasses, one of sugar, one nutmeg, half teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one bottle of russet cider; for crust, two cupfuls of butter, four of prepared flour. This will bake four pies; they should bake one hour in a moderate oven; if the oven is too hot the juice will run out.

Cranberry Jelly.—Wash and pick over two quarts of cranberries, add one pint of cold water, and place on a quick fire in porcelain-lined saucepan, stir occasionally to prevent burning, when soft mash through a colander, add one quart of sugar, boil ten minutes, and pour into fancy moulds.

One Way to Cook Tripe.—Cut your tripe in small pieces, put it on the fire and parboil it; take a small onion, cut it in pieces, and fry in butter, one can of tomatoes, and pour in your fried onion, with butter, pepper, salt, and a little sugar, and when boiled well strain the water from your tripe.

Indian Loaf.—Take one pint of sour milk, one-half pint of sweet milk, one teacupful of molasses, one-half teacupful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one large teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one pint of wheat flour, one quart of yellow Indian meal; bake in deep tin basin, in an oven of same heat as for cake, for one and a half hours.

Custard Pie.—One quart milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful corn starch, one dessert-spoonful extract vanilla, one cupful sugar, a very small pinch salt; beat the sugar and eggs together, mix the corn starch in a little of the milk, and stir all well together. This is far superior to the ordinary custard pie made with four eggs. Less sugar may be used if preferred.

English Plum Pudding.—One pound of flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of sugar, (good weight,) one pound of suet, chopped fine, one pound of almonds, chopped fine, juice of two lemons, grated rind of one, one nutmeg, half an ounce of a five-cent loaf of bread grated, eight eggs, two glasses of brandy, one tablespoonful of salt. Mix with beer, and boil eight hours in water enough to cover.

The British Peerage.

The whole body of the British peerage comprises at the present moment 580 members: 5 royal dukes, 28 dukes, 33 marquises, 205 earls, 57 viscounts, and 252 barons. The creations of the dukes vary from Norfolk in 1483 to Westminster in 1874, of the marquises from Winchester in 1551 to Abergavenny in 1876, of the earls from Crawford in 1398 to Cairns in 1878, of the viscounts from Hereford in 1649 to Cranbrook in 1878, and of the barons from Le Despencer in 1374 to Norton in 1878. But, inasmuch as peers of Scotland, although they have precedence of peers of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United Kingdom, rank after peers of England, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and not the Earl of Crawford, has place as the premier earl of the peerage. Of the baronetcies there are 862 membess, of whose baronetcies 33 were created by James I., 81 by Charles I., 101 by Charles II., 16 by James II., 19 by Queen Anne, 10 by George I., 26 by George II., 406 by George III., 40 by George IV., 47 by William IV., and 153 by Victoria. In 1878 17 peers and 33 baronets died. The barony of Rossie and the baronetcy of Sir John Buller East have become extinct.

Lawyers Quoting Scripture.

The Rutland (Vt.) *Herald* says: "An eminent legal luminary, who is also an intermittent preacher, spoke recently in his argument of the time when 'Noah and his ark rested on Mount Sinai,' a speech that indicated how a man may be an earnest and able theologian without knowing much about the chronology of the Scriptures or the geography of Palestine. Col. Thomas, of Burlington, years ago, used to describe how his reproaches once consternated his enemies, as follows: "I tell you their knees shook as shook the knees of Belthheezer, when Paul said unto him, 'Thou art the man.'" It is perfectly safe to make these little blunders before the Rutland County Bar, as no fellow of the fraternity knows any more of the Scripture than the fellow who had 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' palmed off on him for the Lord's Prayer."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

An old man had himself and his trunk left on a piece of land that he imagined he owned in Ocala, Fla., and declared he would stay there until his rights were established. It was a bitter cold night, and in the morning he was found frozen to death.

Philadelphia has long been a favourite place for prize fighters, and pugilistic exhibitions have been a prominent part of the public amusements. Mayor Stokley has forbidden such shows, besides arresting John Clark and John King, who had signed an agreement for a prize fight. It is thought that the pair did not intend ever to meet in the ring, but simply pretended to make a match with the idea of turning their notoriety into profit by giving sparring exhibitions.

Thus far the borings on the French coast in connection with the proposed English Channel tunnel confirm the possibility of the execution of the scheme. The geological considerations are all favourable. But there is no reason to believe that there will soon be any vigorous and systematic attempt on the part of the English to push forward the enterprise and make its actual accomplishment probable. Lately, influential people in England have grown very apathetic about the great tunnel.

Friday is no longer exclusively hangman's day. Martin Berzen was hanged in Pottsville, Pa., on Wednesday, and many other recent hangings have not been on Fridays. There is no strong reason why Friday should be specially disgraced by the gallows; yet the custom had one advantage. Those newspaper readers who like to avoid shocking themselves with the details of hanging needed to be wary on only one day in each week, while now they are liable on any day to come across an account of such a scene as that in Pottsville.

THE OVERFLOWING CUP

BY A. B. SAXTON.

Into the crystal chalice of the soul
Is falling, drop by drop, Life's blending mead.
The pleasant waters of our childhood speed
And enter first; and Love pours in its whole
Deep flood of tenderness and gall. There roll
The drops of sweet and bitter that proceed
From wedded trustfulness, and hearts that bleed
For children that outrun us to the goal.
And later come the calmer joys of age—
The restful streams of quietude that now
Around their fading lives, whose heritage
Is whitened locks and voice serene and low,
These added blessings round the vessel up—
Death is the overflowing of the cup.

The Mystery of Marmaduke.

Extracted from the Diary of the Rev. Noah Kilminster, of Cauldkirk, North Britain.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Sixth Extract.—(Continued.)

They had a succulent meal ready for me, and what I call fair enough whiskey out of Scotland. Here again I remaked that Felicia ate very little, and Marmaduke nothing at all. He drank wine, too—and, good heavens, champagne wine!—a needless waste of money, when there was whiskey on the table. My appetite being satisfied, my son-in-law went out of the room, and returned with his hat in his hand. "You and Felicia have many things to talk about on your first evening together. I'll leave you for a while—I shall only be in the way." So he spoke. It was in vain that his wife and I assured him he was not in the way at all. He kissed his hand, and smiled pleasantly, and left us.

"There, father!" says Felicia. "For the last ten days he has gone out like that, and left me alone for the whole evening. When we first returned from Switzerland, he left me in the same mysterious way, only it was after breakfast then. Now he stays at home in the daytime, and goes out at night."

I inquired if she had not summoned him to give her some explanation.

"I don't know what to make of his explanation," says Felicia. "When he went away in the daytime, he told me he had business in the City. Since he took to going out at night he says he goes to his club."

"Have you asked where his club is, my dear?"

"He says it's in Pall Mall. There are dozens of clubs in that street—and he has never told me the name of *his* club. I am completely shut out of his confidence. Would you believe it, father? he has not introduced one of his friends to me since we came home. I doubt if they know where he lives, since he took this house."

What could I say? I said nothing, and looked round the room. It was fitted up with perfectly palatial magnificence. I am an ignorant man in matters of this sort, and partly from curiosity, partly to change the subject, I asked to see the house. Mercy preserve us, the same grandeur everywhere! I wondered if even such an income as eight hundred a year could suffice for it all. In the moment when I was considering this, a truly frightful suspicion crossed my mind. Did these mysterious absences, taken in connection with the unbridled luxury that surrounded us, mean that my son-in-law was a gamester, a shameless shuffler of cards, or a debauched better on horses? While I was still completely overcome by my own previsions of evil, my daughter put her arm in mine to take me to the top of the house. For the first time I observed a bracelet of dazzling gems on her wrist. "Not diamonds?" I said. She answered, with as much composure as if she had been the wife of a nobleman, "Yes, diamonds—a present from Marmaduke." This was too much for me; my previsions, so to speak, forced their way into words. "Oh, my poor child!" I burst out, "I'm in mortal fear that your husband's a gamester!"

She showed none of the horror I had anticipated; she only shook her head and began to cry. "Worse than that, I'm afraid," she said.

I was petrified; my tongue refused its office when I would fain have asked her what she meant. Her besetting sin, poor soul, is a proud spirit. She dried her eyes on a sudden, and spoke out freely in these words: "I am not going to cry about it. The other day, father, we were out walking in the park. A horrid, bold, yellow-haired woman passed us in an open carriage. She kissed her hand to Marmaduke, and called out to him, "How are you, Marmy?" I was so indignant that I pushed him away from me, and told him to go and take a drive with his lady. He burst out laughing. "Nonsense!" he said, "she has known me for years—you don't understand our easy London manners.' We have made it up since then; but I have my own opinion of the creature in the open carriage."

Morally speaking, this was worse than all. But, logically viewed, it completely failed as a means of accounting for the diamond bracelet and the splendour of the furniture.

We went on to the uppermost storey. It was cut off from the rest of the house by a stout partition of wood, and a door covered with green baize. When I tried the door, it was locked. "Ha!" says Felicia. "I wanted you to see it for yourself!" More of Marmaduke! He kept the door constantly locked, and the key in his pocket. When his wife asked him what it meant, he answered, "My study is up there, and I like to keep it entirely to myself." After such a reply, as that the preservation of my daughter's dignity permitted but one answer: "Oh, keep it to yourself, by all means!"

My previsions, upon this, assumed another form. I now asked myself—still in connection with my son-in-law's extravagant expenditure—whether the clue to the mystery might not haply be the forging of bank-notes on the other side of the baize door. My mind was prepared for anything by this time. We descended again to the dining-room. Felicia saw how my spirits were dashed, and came and perched upon my knee. "Enough of my troubles for to-night, father," she said. "I am going to be your little girl again, and we will talk of nothing but Cauldkirk, until Marmaduke comes back." I am one of the firmest men living, but I could not keep the hot tears out of my eyes when she put her arm round my neck and said these words. By good fortune I was sitting with my back to the lamp; she didn't notice me.

A little before eleven o'clock Marmaduke returned. He looked pale and weary. But more champagne, and this time something to eat with it, seemed to set him to rights again—no doubt by relieving him from the reproaches of a guilty conscience.

I had been warned by Felicia to keep what had passed between us a secret from her husband for the present; so we had (superficially speaking) a merry end to the evening. My son-in-law was nearly as good company as ever, and wonderfully fertile in suggestions and expedients when he saw they were wanted. Hearing from his wife, to whom I had mentioned it that I purposed representing the decayed condition of the kirk and manse to the owner of Cauldkirk, and the country round about, he strongly urged me to draw up a list of repairs that were most needful before I waited on my lord. This advice, vicious and degraded as the man who offered it may be, was good advice nevertheless. I shall assuredly take it.

So far I had written in my Diary in the forenoon. Returning to my daily record after a lapse of a few hours, I have a new mystery of iniquity to chronicle. My abominable son-in-law now appears (I blush to write it) to be nothing less than an associate of thieves!

After the meal they call luncheon, I thought it well, before recreating myself with the sights of London, to attend first to the crying necessities of the kirk and the manse. Furnished with my written list, I presented myself at his lordship's residence. I was immediately informed that he was otherwise engaged, and could not possibly see me. If I wished to see my lord's secretary, Mr. Helmsley, I could do so. Consenting to this, rather than fail entirely in my errand, I was shown into the secretary's room.

Mr. Helmsley heard what I had to say civilly enough; expressing, however, grave doubts whether his lordship could do anything for me, the demands upon his purse being insupportably numerous already. However, he undertook to place my list before his employer and to let me know the result. "Where are you staying in London?" he asked. I answered, "With my son-in-law, Mr. Marmaduke Darleigh." Before I could add the address, the secretary rose to his feet, and tossed the list back to me across the table in the most uncivil manner. "Upon my word," said he, "your assurance exceeds anything I ever heard of. Your son-in-law is concerned in the robbery of her ladyship's diamond bracelet—the discovery was made not an hour ago. Leave the house, sir, and consider yourself lucky that I have no instructions to give you in charge to the police." I protested against this outrage with a violence of language which I would rather not recall. As a minister I ought, under every provocation, to have preserved my self-control.

I drove back to my unhappy daughter. Her guilty husband was with her. I was too angry to wait for a fit opportunity of speaking. The Christian humility which I have all my life cultivated as the first of virtues sank, as it were, from under me. In terms of burning indignation I told them what had happened. The result was too distressing to be described. It ended in Felicia giving her husband back the bracelet. The hardened reprobate laughed at us. "Wait till I have seen his lordship and Mr. Helmsley," he said, and left the house. Does he really mean to escape to foreign parts? Felicia, womanlike, believes in him still; she is quite convinced that there must be some mistake. I am myself in hourly expectation of the arrival of the police.

With gratitude to Providence, I note before going to bed the harmless termination of the affair of the bracelet—so far as Marmaduke is concerned. The agent who sold him the jewel has been forced to come forward and state the truth. His lordship's wife is the guilty person. The bracelet was hers—a present from her husband. Harassed by debts that she dare not acknowledge, she sold it; my lord discovered that it was gone; and in terror of his anger the wretched woman took refuge in a lie. She declared that the bracelet had been stolen from her. Oh, the profligacy of the modern Babylon! It was well I went to the secretary when I did, or we should really have had the police in the house. Marmaduke found them in consultation over the supposed robbery, asking for his address. There was a dreadful exhibition of violence and recrimination at his lordship's residence; in the end he re-purchased the bracelet. My son-in-law's money has been returned to him, and Mr. Helmsley has sent me a written apology.

In a worldly sense this may be called a satisfactory ending. It is not so, to my mind. I freely admit that I too hastily distrusted Marmaduke; but am I, on that account, to give him back immediately the place he once occupied in my esteem? Again this evening he mysteriously quitted the house, leaving me alone with Felicia, and giving no better excuse for his conduct than that he had an engagement. And this when I have a double claim on his consideration as his father-in-law and his guest? Can I pass over such conduct without taking any notice of it? What sort of an engagement is it that he cannot mention either to me or his wife? I am positively resolved, for Felicia's sake, to insist on an explanation before I leave London.

September 11th.—The day began well enough. At breakfast Marmaduke spoke feelingly of the unhappy result of my visit to his lordship, and asked me to let him look at the list of repairs. "It's just useless to expect anything from my lord after what has happened," I said. "Besides Mr. Helmsley gave me no hope when I stated my case to him." Marmaduke still held out his hand for the list. "Let me try if I can get some subscribers," he replied. This was kindly meant, at any rate. I gave him the list, and I began to recover some of my old friendly feeling for him. Alas! the little gleam of tranquility proved to be of short duration.

We made out our plans for the day pleasantly enough. The check came when Felicia spoke next of our plans for the evening. "My father has only four days more to pass with us," she said. "Surely you won't go out again to-night and leave him?" Marmaduke's face clouded over directly; he looked embarrassed and annoyed. Under any other circumstances I should have begged that he would not inconvenience himself; but I felt that the present opportunity of forcing some explanation from him was, in my daughter's interests, an opportunity which I was bound not to let slip. I sat perfectly silent, leaving them to settle it by themselves.

"You will stay with us this evening, won't you?" says Felicia. No; he was not free for that evening. "What! another engagement! Surely you can put it off?" No; impossible to put it off. "Is it a ball or a party of some kind?" No answer; he changed the subject—he offered Felicia the money regard to him for the bracelet. "Buy one for yourself, my dear, this time." Felicia handed him back the money, rather too haughtily perhaps. "I don't want a bracelet," she said; "I want your company in the evening." He jumped up, good-tempered as he was, in something very like a rage—then looked at me, and checked himself, on the point (as I believe) of using profane language. "It is downright persecution!" he burst out, with an angry turn of the head towards his wife. Felicia got up, in her turn. "Your language is an insult to my father and to me!" He looked thoroughly staggered at this; it was evidently their first serious quarrel. Felicia took no notice of him. "I will get ready directly, father, and we will go out together." He stopped her as she was leaving the room—recovering his good temper with a readiness which it pleased me to see. "Come, come, Felicia! We have not quarrel'ed yet, and we won't quarrel now. Let me off this one time more, and I will devote the next three evenings of your father's visit to him and to you. Give me a kiss, and make it up." My daughter doesn't do things by halves. She gave him a dozen kisses, I should think—and there was a happy end to it.

"But what shall we do to-morrow evening?" says Marmaduke, sitting down by his wife, and patting her hand as it lay in his.

"Take us somewhere," says she. Marmaduke laughed. "Your father objects to public amusements. Where does he want to go to?" Felicia took up the newspaper. "There is an oratorio at Exeter Hall," she said; "my father likes music." He turned to me. "You don't object to oratorios, sir?" "I don't object to music," I answered, "out of a theatre." Felicia handed the newspaper to me. "Speaking of theatres, father, have you read what they say about the new play? What a pity it can't be given out of a theatre!" I looked at her in speechless amazement. She tried to explain herself. "The paper says that the new play is a service rendered to the cause of virtue; and that the great actor, Barrymore, has set an example in producing it which deserves the encouragement of all truly religious people. Do read it, father." I held up my hands in dismay. My own daughter perverted! pinning her faith on a newspaper! sneaking with a perverse expression of interest of a stage-play and an actor! Even Marmaduke witnessed this lamentable exhibition of backsliding with some appearance of alarm. "It's not her fault, sir," he said, interceding with me. "It's the fault of the newspaper. Don't blame her." I held my peace, determining inwardly to pray for her. Shortly afterwards my daughter and I went out. Marmaduke accompanied us part of the way, and left us at a telegraph office. "Who are you going to telegraph to?" Felicia asked. Another mystery! He answered, "Business of my own, my dear,"—and went into the office.

September 12th.—Is my miserable son-in-law's house under a curse! The yellow-haired woman in the open carriage drove up to the door at half-past ten o'clock this morning, in a state of distraction. Felicia and I saw her from the dining-room balcony—a tall woman in gorgeous garments. She knocked with her own hand at the door—she cried out distractedly, "Where is he? I must see him!" At the sound of her voice Marmaduke (playing with his little dog in the drawing-room) rushed downstairs and out into the street. "Hold your tongue!" we heard him say to her. "What are you here for?"

What she answered we failed to hear; she was certainly crying. Marmaduke stamped on the pavement like a man beside himself—took her roughly by the arm and led her into the house.

Before I could utter a word, Felicia left me, and flew headlong down the stairs. She was in time to hear the dining-room door locked. Following her, I prevented the poor jealous creature from making a disturbance at the door. God forgive me—not knowing how else to quiet her—I degraded myself by advising her to listen to what they said. She instantly opened the door of the back dining-room, and beckoned to me to follow. I naturally hesitated. "I shall go mad," she whispered, "if you leave me by myself!" What could I do? I degraded myself for the second time. For my own child—in pity for my own child!

We heard them, through the flimsy modern folding-doors, at those times when he was most angry, and she most distracted. That is to say, we heard them when they spoke in their loudest tones.

"How did you find out where I live?" says he. "Oh, you're ashamed of me?" says she. "Mr. Helmsley was with us yesterday evening. That's how I found out!" "What do mean?" "I mean that Mr. Helmsley had your card and address in his pocket. Ah, you were obliged to give your address when you had to clear up that matter of the bracelet. You cruel, cruel man, what have I done to deserve such a note as you sent me this morning?" "Do what the note tells you!" "Do what the note tells me? Did anybody ever hear a man talk so, out of a lunatic asylum? Why, you have not even the grace to carry out your own wicked deception—you haven't gone to bed." There the voices grew less angry, and we missed what followed. Soon the lady burst out again, piteously entreating him this time. "Oh, Marmy, don't ruin me! Has anybody offended you? Is there anything you wish to have altered? Do you want more money? It is too cruel to treat me in this way—it is indeed!" He made some answer which we were not able to hear; we could only suppose that he had made her angry again. She went on louder than ever. "I've begged and prayed of you—and you're as hard as iron. I've told you about the Prince and Princess—and *that* has had no effect upon you. I have done now. We'll see what the doctor says." He got angry, in his turn; we heard him again. "I won't see the doctor!" "Oh, you refuse to see the doctor? I shall make your refusal known, and if there's law in England, you shall feel it." Their voices dropped again; some new turn seemed to be taken by the conversation. We heard the lady once more, shrill and joyful this time. "There's a dear! You see it, don't you, in the right light? And you haven't forgotten the old times, have you? You are the same, dear, honourable, kind-hearted fellow you always were!"

I caught hold of Felicia, and put my hand over her mouth. There was a sound in the next room which might have been—I cannot be certain—the sound of a kiss. The next moment we heard the door of the room unlocked. Then the door of the house was opened, and the noise of retreating carriage-wheels followed. We met him in the hall, as he entered the house again.

My daughter walked up to him, pale and determined. "I insist on knowing who that woman is, and what she wants here." Those were her first words. He looked at her like a man in utter confusion. "Wait till this evening; I am in no state to speak to you now!" With that, he snatched his hat off the hall table, and rushed out of the house.

It is little more than three weeks since they returned to London from their happy wedding-tour—and it has come to this!

The clock has just struck seven; a letter has been left by a messenger, addressed to my daughter. I had persuaded her, poor soul, to lie down in her own room. God grant that the letter may bring her some tidings of her husband! I wait in the hope of hearing good news.

I have not been kept long in suspense. Felicia's waiting-woman has brought me a morsel of writing paper, with these lines pencilled on it in my daughter's handwriting: 'Dearest father, make your mind easy. Everything is explained. I cannot trust myself to speak to you about it to-night—and *he* doesn't wish me to do so. Only wait till to-morrow, and you shall know all. He will be back about eleven o'clock. Please don't wait up for him—he will come straight to me."

September 13th.—The scales have fallen from my eyes; the light is let in on me at last. My bewilderment is not to be uttered in words—I am like a man in a dream.

Before I was out of my room in the morning, my mind was upset by the arrival of a telegram addressed to myself. It was the first thing of the kind I ever received; I trembled under the prevision of some new misfortune as I opened the envelope. Of all the people in the world, the person sending the telegram was sister Judith! Never before did this distracting relative confound me as she confounded me now. Here is her message: "You can't come back. An architect from Edinburgh asserts his resolution to repair the kirk and the manse. The man only waits for his lawful authority to begin. The money is ready—but who has found it? Mr. Architect is forbidden to tell. We live in awful times. How is Felicia?"

Naturally concluding that Judith's mind must be deranged, I went downstairs to meet my son-in-law, for the first time since the events of yesterday, at the late breakfast which is customary in this house. He was waiting for me—but Felicia was not present. "She breakfasts in her room this morning," says Marmaduke, "and I am to give you the explanation which has already satisfied your daughter. Will you take it at great length, sir? or will you have it in one word?" There was something in his manner that I did not at all like—he seemed to be setting me at defiance. I said stiffly, "Brevity is best; I will have it in one word."

"Here it is then," he answered. "I am Barrymore."

[Postcript Added by Felicia.]

If the last line extracted from my dear father's Diary does not contain explanation enough in itself, I add some sentences from Marmaduke's letter to me, sent from the theatre last night. (N.B.—I leave out the expressions of endearment: they are my own private property.)

* * * "Just remember how your father talked about theatres and actors when I was at Cauldkirk, and how you listened in dutiful agreement with him. Would he have consented to your marriage if he had known that I was one of the 'spouting rogues,' associated with the 'painted Jezebels' of the play-house? He would never have consented, and you yourself, my darling, would have trembled at the bare idea of marrying an actor.

"Have I been guilty of any serious deception? and have my friends been guilty in helping to keep my secret? My birth, my name, my surviving relatives, my fortune inherited from my father—all these important particulars have been truly stated. The name of Barrymore is nothing but the name that I assumed when I went on the stage.

"As to what has happened since our return from Switzerland, I own that I ought to have made my confession to you. Forgive me, I weakly hesitated. I was so fond of you; and I so distrusted the Puritanical convictions which your education had rooted in your mind that I put it off from day to day. Oh, my angel * * *!

"Yes, I kept the address of my new house a secret from my friends, knowing they would betray me if they paid us visits. As for my mysteriously closed study, it was the place in which I privately rehearsed my new part. When I left you in the mornings it was to go to the theatre rehearsals. My evening absences began of course with the first performance.

"Your father's arrival seriously embarrassed me. When you (most properly) insisted on my giving up some of my evenings to him, you necessarily made it impossible for me to appear on the stage. The one excuse I could make to the theatre was that I was too ill to act. It did certainly occur to me to cut the Gordian knot by owning the truth. But your father's horror, when you spoke of the newspaper review of the play, and the shame and fear you showed at your own boldness, daunted me once more.

"The arrival at the theatre of my written excuse brought the manageress down upon me, in a state of distraction. Nobody could supply my place; all the seats were taken; and the Prince and Princess of Wales were expected. There was what we call a scene between the poor lady and myself. I felt I was in the wrong; I saw that the position in which I had impulsively placed myself was unworthy of me—and it ended in doing my duty to the theatre and the public. But for the affair of the bracelet, which obliged me as an honourable man to give my name and address, the manageress would not have discovered me. She, like every one else, only knew of my address at my bachelor chambers. How could you be jealous of the old theatrical comrade of my first days on the stage? Don't you know yet that you are the one woman in the world * * *?

"A last word relating to your father, and I have done.

"Do you remember my leaving you at the telegraph office? It was to send a message to a friend of mine, an architect in Edinburgh, instructing him to go immediately to Cauldkirk, and provide for the repairs at my expense. The theatre, my dear, more than trebles my paternal income, and I can well afford it. Will your father refuse to accept a tribute of respect to a Scottish minister, because it is paid out of an actor's pocket? You shall ask him the question.

"And, I say, Felicia—will you come and see me act? I don't expect your father to enter a theatre; but, by way of further reconciling him to his son-in-law, suppose you ask him to hear me read the play?"

[The end.]

Kossuth's Presence of Mind.

Mr. Emerson compares Taylor with Kossuth in his gift of natural and unchecked oratory. I remember an incident that happened during the great Hungarian's progress through this country. In Madison, Indiana, he spoke in the church of which my stepfather was pastor. After his address in English the Americans were all turned out to make room for the Germans, but I climbed, boy-like, from the parsonage yard through the open window and got a place on the steps of the high, old-fashioned pulpit, where, hanging over the balusters, I saw, rather than understood, the wonderful oratory of Kossuth. The Germans were wrought into a frenzy of excitement, but just as the speaker, depicting the coming liberty of Germany, had reached the summit of his tremendous declamation, and while the throng of Germans crowding every inch of floor and galleries was swayed to and fro in excitement as by a wind, a child held in the arms of a woman in the very middle of the church, took fright at the applause and began to scream so frantically as to render any further speaking impossible. It took some minutes to get the mother and child out of the jam; the break was depressing, and I felt very sure the speech was spoiled. As the child's voice at length went out into the open air, the disappointed audience turned to the orator, who swept his hand through the air and said vehemently in German:

"He may cry now for Germany, but when he is old he will laugh!"

The lost ground was recovered by this single dash, and the audience was at white heat again.

The Poor of London.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

I saw no beggars in London streets. Even in the poorest quarters, where, but for the half-drunken look of half the people, it seemed to me that the very tap-rooms must shut up for want of custom, and where I felt as if I were five miles from decency, so long had I walked without seeing a clean shirt upon a man or a clean face upon a woman, I found no beggars. This was not peculiar to London. In all England, town and country, I was begged of but once, and that was in effect for food, not money. Having at home every day, and many times a day, proof that there is nothing about me to forbid the asking of alms, I was soon struck by this absolute absence of beggars, and I threw myself in the way of solicitation, but with no success. I thought once that I should succeed with a poor woman who had a few faded little nosegays for sale, and who importuned me to buy. I said no, that I could do nothing with her flowers, but spoke kindly. She entreated me to buy, and followed me out of Bond Street into a little cross-street, holding out her sickly bouquets, which I thought might be like the wan, feeble children she had left at home. I still shook my head, but did not tell her to go away, and I am sure must have looked the compassion that I felt. I meant to buy a nosegay, but I thought, surely this woman will ask me to give her something. But no; she even followed me to the very door of the house where I was going, thrusting the flowers almost in my face, and saying, "Only sixpence, sir; please buy one;" but she did not beg. I remained obdurate in vain, until the door opened, and then I took her nosegay, and put something in her hand which, little as it was, brought joy into her face, and the door closed upon her looking on her palm and making a half-dazed courtesy.

It was in the Strand, about nine o'clock in the evening, that I met my only beggar. As I was led leisurely through that thronged thoroughfare, suddenly I was conscious of a woman's presence, and a woman's voice asking, "Please, sir, would you give me tuppence to buy one of those pork pies in that shop? I'm so hungry." I paused. The face that was looking up into mine with entreaty in the eyes was that of a young woman about twenty years old, not at all pretty, but with a coarse comeliness of face and figure which is not uncommon among lowly born Englishwomen. Her dress was neat and comfortable, but not at all smart. As I looked at her doubtingly, she said, "You think I want it for drink; but indeed, indeed, I don't, sir. You needn't give me the tuppence; you may come in and buy the pie yourself, sir, and see me eat it, if you will." She pointed across the street to a little shop where pastry and other viands were in the window. I had no doubt that her object in walking the Strand at that hour in the evening was not to beg for pork pies, but I decided to do as she suggested. We crossed the street and entered the shop. It was a very small place, humble and rude; much more so than I expected to find it from the look of the window. However, it seemed perfectly quiet and respectable,—merely a tiny eating-house that lived by the chance custom of the poorest wayfarers along the Strand. Behind the little counter stood a woman so fat that she looked like a huge pork pie in petticoats. I said to the girl, "Never mind the pie; call for what you like." "May I?" she cried, her eyes brightening wide with pleasure; and then, turning to the little counter she said, with a largeness of manner and an intensity of satisfaction the sight of which was worth a Cincinnati of pork pies, "Stewed tripe and potatoes!" We sat down in a little pen upon deal seats and at a deal board that had once been painted, but, I think, never washed. Stewed tripe was manifestly a standing dish; for we had hardly taken our seats when a plate, a soup plate, of it came up through a sort of trap-door just outside our pen, with two large potatoes on a smaller plate. My companion made a hasty plunge outside, and set them smilingly upon the table. The principal dish looked like a bucket of bill-sticker's paste, into which a piece of bill had fallen, as sometimes happens, and become thoroughly soaked. It was steaming hot, and gave out a faint, sickening smell, in which I detected an element that reminded me of an occasion when, upon the recommendation of a professed good liver, I vainly tried to eat a little tripe broiled after some wonderful fashion. The girl seized upon the potatoes; and although they were so hot that she plainly could not touch them without pain, she squeezed them out of their skins into the pasty fluid in which the tripe was wallowing. At once she began to eat the grumous mess, and ate so hastily, almost voraciously, that she burnt her mouth. I told her not to eat so fast, but to take her time and let the stuff cool. "But I'm so hungry," was the reply. She abated but little of her eagerness and soon finished her portion to the last morsel and the last drop. Upon my invitation she ate some trifle more; but when I asked her if she would have some beer, to my surprise she said no, adding, "They've no tap here." This is the case in many eating-houses in London, of the better as well as of the lower order. At one where, early in my London experience, I had ordered and was eating a particularly juicy, high-flavoured chop, I was asked if I would have anything to drink, and ordering a pint of half-and-half, I was surprised at the waiter's saying, "Please to give me the money." To my look of enquiry, he replied, "We've no license, sir, and we send out." This just reverses the practice in New York, where the keeper of a bar will add a skeleton restaurant and two beds to his establishment for the purpose of making sure his license to sell beer and spirits. I suppose that there are not half a dozen restaurants in New York where ale and beer may not be had for the asking.

When the girl had stayed her hunger, I led her to talk, to which she seemed not at all unwilling. She proved to be one of those simple, good-natured, common-sensible, but not quick or clever, women who abound in England. She told me a story,—with a man in it, of course. When was a woman's story without one? A man's story sometimes, although rarely, may have no woman in it; but a woman's without a man,—never. This one had no incident, no peculiarity, which gave it the slightest interest. It was the baldest possible narrat on of fact. She had been at service, and her child was born about four months ago; that was all. But there was also an entire absence of the pretentions and the complaints common in such cases; universal in the United States, but more rarely heard in England, I believe, where there is less sham upon all subjects. In this case, at least, there was not a word of reproach, and no talk of betrayal or of ruin. On the contrary, she said frankly, "I've no call to find any fault with him." I respected the girl for this candour. "But," she added, "I did think he needn't have run away just before my baby was going to be born. The poor little kid wouldn't have done him any harm." I more than heartily agreed with her here, when I found that she had neither seen the father of her child nor heard of him for nearly six months. But I could not but respect her simplicity, her uncomplaining endurance, and her cheerfulness; for she spoke hopefully, and with such slight but loving reference to her baby that I was sure that when it left her breast she would hunger before it did. To be sure, she had health and strength and youth and courage, and some humble friends who did not cast her off; but for all that selfish and cowardly fellow knew, she might have been dead, or worse, lying ill and starving with his child on straw in a garret. Her feeling toward him seemed to be that of mild contempt, because he had lacked the manliness to face the consequences of his own conduct. She made no claim upon him whatever. From what I saw and heard I come to the conclusion that an unmarried mother is not in general treated so cruelly by her friends among the lower classes in England as in corresponding circumstances she is with us. As I made a slight contribution to the comfort of the little one, she begged me to go home with her and "see the little kid," with regard to whose prettiness she gave me very confident assurances. But although it was stipulated on her part that my proposed visit was to be one of domiciliary inspection merely, to this invitation I did not seriously incline. We went out into the glaring, gas-lit, bustling Strand. She shook hands with me in a hearty way, and with no profusion of thanks from her we parted. I turned after I had walked a few steps, and saw her standing still amid the hurrying throng, looking earnestly after me. I nodded to her, went on my way, and saw her no more.

Algiers.

The capital of Algeria has often been compared with Naples, and in many respects the comparison is an extremely apt one. It has, indeed, a less extensive sea-front than its Italian rival, and lacks the gloomy grandeur of Vesuvius, with all its terrible associations. But the town itself is the same marvellous blending of magnificence and misery, delicate artistic beauty and filthy degradation. When approached from the sea nothing can be more charming than the long terraces of white houses rising in endless succession far up the dark hill-side, the broad sweep of smooth, bright sea between its wood-crowned shores, the stately ranks of building along the great quay, interspersed with clustering trees here and there, the cold, grey massiveness of the huge sea-wall infusing an element of sombre strength into the dainty softness of the picture, and all around the sloping ridges outlined against the warm, dreamy blue of the cloudless sky, and the little white villas peeping shyly through embowering masses of dark, glossy foliage. But the interior is unquestionably disappointing. Excepting a few patches of tropical vegetation, the lower or civilized portion is little if at all different from any large town of Southern France, while the "Arab quarter" above it is literally inconceivable by any one who has not seen the worst "slums" of Damascus or Alexandria. Imagine yourself suddenly beset by a crowd of houses instead of beggars, and you will have some faint idea of this great jostle of human kennels, where you will find yourself stepping from one man's threshold down another man's chimney, and can thrust your arms into two opposite doorways at once. One street is literally roofed in by projecting houses; another trickles away down-hill in an endless succession of ledges, down which you slide or tumble, or do both; a third, after treacherously leading in the right direction for a minute or two, ends suddenly in front of a low, dark doorway, in which sits a grimy, half-clad Arab, slaughtering with nimble fingers the unmentionable tenantry whom he has just evicted from his matted hair. The whiteness of the buildings, in the absence of smoke and soot, is a solitary redeeming point, but one glance at their interior would make the most hardened traveller agree with the veteran Australian who defined a house as "a possible shelter in case of rain."

A Parrot's Piety.

From the Baltimore News.

Capt. James Etchberger vouches for the following bird story: About thirty years ago, when in Honduras, in command of the bark *Eldorado*, his wife, then accompanying him, was presented with a parrot, a sprightly bird and a fluent discourser in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to this city, where, after being domiciled in the household, of the captain's family, it soon acquired a knowledge of the English tongue. The next-door neighbour of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—for ever quarreling with some one or something.

Polly, being allowed full liberty, was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbour to perfection, and finally became aggressive. Polly not unfrequently rued her impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick. This brought forth a torrent of abuse from her injured feelings upon the head of her assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time she reformed and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety.

Some time ago, while she was sunning herself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked, "O, Lord, save me! O, Lord, save me!" The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry, that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance.

Polly still survives her attempted abduction.

Good Reasons for Moving.

Marcus Varro write that there was a town in Spain undermined with rabbits, another likewise in Thessaly by moles of molewharps. In Africa the people were compelled by locusts to leave their habitations; and out of Gyaros, an island—one of the Cyclades—the islanders were forced by rats and mice to fly away; moreover, in Italy, the city of Amycl

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., February 7, 1879.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

In a recent article we gave our readers a brief account of the origin of this Society, its objects, and the way in which they are accomplished. We cannot do better now, perhaps, than quote the words of Prebendary Grier, in answer to the question, "What is the Church of England Temperance Society's object?" It is: "The Church, of England in action against one particular Vice?" And now the Church obedient to the bugle call of the Primate; we on this side of the Atlantic, oo, in response to the echo of those strains that are wafted to us across the mighty waters, go forth to battle against this great curse. Trumpet-tongued these words appeal, not only to the Clergy, to whom they were orig inally addressed, but to every man and woman who really wishes to leave the world better than he or she found it. They appeal alike to abstainers and non-abstainers:—"There is one dreadful evil overspreading the whole land, which makes havoc of our working men—the evil of intemperance. Unless you make DISTINCT AND POSITIVE efforts against it, you will be neglecting an evil which is destroying domestic life among the working classes, eating out the very heart of society, and perhaps doing greater injury than any other cause that could be named in this age." Of equal import, again, are the weighty words of the Archbishop of York:—"Temperance is the Crown of Manhood, and by it, and BY IT ALONE can the people follow Christ."

Feeling the matter thus strongly, no wonder that these men should lend the sanction of their names and high positions to this Society by becoming its Presidents, nor that four of Britains Royal Household being total abstainers, Her Majesty the Queen should become its Patron, and have given $25,000 within the last year to the Temperance cause.

That this work is a real one let the words of a Congregationalist Minister, who can have no possible bias, prove: "Much, very much, has been done of late years against this great evil: much by Temperance Societies, much by various religious bodies, but I cannot forbear at this Conference calling attention and bearing my testimony to the wonderful work which the Church of England Temperance Society has accomplished, and is doing. I believe more has been done by that society, within the few years that it has been established, to stem the tide of intoxication and to save our poor perishing brethren, than has been done by all other agencies combined during the last thirty years.

It would, we think, if we had space, be interesting to give our readers quotations from the utterances of eminent men of all professions, and of different denominations, as to the work of the Parent Society; but before we conclude we wish to say a word or two about its work in our land, and the necessity for it. But a short time since thirteen deaths from liquor drinking occurred in ONE DAY throughout Canada: i. e., 13 a day, 91 a week, 4,745 a year; nearly 1 for every 1,000 of our population. It is a fact, too, that in almost every city in this land more money is spent in strong drink than upon bread. The writer of this article was recently informed by a scripture reader in Toronto that the misery and distress produced through excessive drinking in that city would hardly be credited by those who do not go in and out amongst the people. It has been computed that at least $50,000,000 is yearly lost to Canada through strong drink!

These facts being undeniable is it matter for wonderment that we find such men as the present Bishop of Montreal (the late Dean Bond), the Bishop of Huron, Canon Baldwin, and very many others, working earnestly against the demon of strong drink? Is it to be wondered at that nine-tenths of the clergymen of the Church of England in Montreal are total abstainers, and that already many of our ministers in this Diocese have, preparatory to the formal inauguration of the Church of England Temperance Society at the next Synod (to be held in July), formed Societies in their own parishes? In concluding this article we would express our gratification at seeing that at the conclusion of an entertainment given recently in connection with St. John's Church Sunday School, St. Thomas, the Rev. C. G. Ballard, Rector of Trinity Church, formed a branch of this Society demonstrating that such a step was needed, inviting all who felt disposed to attach their signatures; and that forty or fifty subscribed their names.

IRREGULAR MAILS.

For several years Alvinston has had the advantage of a daily mail carried by stage to and from Watford, by Wm. Ellis, sr., "fair weather or foul." Sometimes on account of bad roads, the mail arrived here late in the evening, several times during the past month since the mails were transferred to the St Clair Branch, we have had no mail at all, greatly to the annoyance of our merchants. Finally, two failures to deliver mails having occurred last week it became monotonous, and we dispatched a letter, numerously signed, to the Honorable Hector L. Langevin, Post Master General of Canada, asking for a correction of the annoyance. If there is not too much "red tape" on hand it will doubtless receive attention. —*Alvinston News.*

INCORPORATION NOTES.

Alvinston must and shall be incorporated.

Tax-payers in incorporated Alvinston will see all their monies used in the village, none expended in some out-of-the-way corner of the ward.

When incorporated, Alvinston will not be dependent upon the generosity of a township council to grant her money enough to half finish needed improvements.

About eight hundred dollars is now collected in taxes from this non-incorporated village. What good does it do us? Look at the condition of the roadways, lack of sidewalks, want of proper drainage where every natural facility exists for securing it that could be desired. This sum invested by a village council would make a vast improvemeni in one year's time.—*Alvinston News.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Splendid weather isn't it?

ONE of the famous six hundred who

Stanley has offered to lead the Belgian exploration expedition, which is soon to start for Africa,

immortalized themselves by that terrible charge made at Balaklava, lingers in a New Jersey jail on a charge of counterfeiting.

THERE is a rumour afloat that a movement will soon be made, having in view the abolition of ward boundaries, giving the township five representatives to be elected from the whole township.

SIR James Matheson, the second largest landed proprietor in the British Isles has lately died. He made a fortune in China and on his return to Scotland purchased the Island of Lewes.

WHERE is A. T. Stewart's body, is a question still unanswered. Apparently the most strenuous efforts have been made to recover it and arrest the thieves, but its whereabouts is still a mystery, which may never be revealed, or not for many years to come.

THE Dunkin Act has been repealed in Bruce by 1347 majority. They found that while it was in force there was more liquor imbibed than under the License Law system and wisely decided to return to the more satisfactory plan. As long at intoxicating liquors are manufactured, free men will never submit to compulsory abstinence.

IN consequence of the arrival at Liverpool lately, of a cargo of cattle from Canada, infected with a disease, said to be pluro pneumonia, the English Government has prohibited the importation of American cattle, for the present. This will prove a serious blow to dealers who have invested largely in this new and important shipping trade. Later, Since this was n type we learn the embargo has been removed.

WHOOP! Me big ingun! Me take white man's scalp! and he drew a knife and forcibly commenced operations. Neighbors fortunately prevented the untutored savage, the noble red man, and so forth, carrying out his intentions in full. This happened in Ailsa Craig, the Indian was drunk and forcing an entrance into Angus McRury's house, commenced to smash things generally. Angus politely requested him to desist, with what success is already stated.

BUSINESS, according to all accounts seems to be at a complete stand still, or at least in a terribly depressed condition, throughout Canada as well as the States. Legislation never has nor never will create a purchaser or open a market for manufactures unless the purchaser needs the article and has money to buy with. Money is the all important consideration and just at present it seems to have withdrawn from circulation in a great measure. It is in hopes of being able to remedy this difficulty that National Currency Clubs are being organized in many parts of the Dominion. We hope they'll succeed in their charitable designs.

33rd Year. 33rd Year.

THE WITNESS.

One of the most important features of the *Witness* during the year 1879, will be its course of free lectures on agriculture, by W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph late editor of the *Canada Farmer*. Those lectures already delivered by Mr, Clarke have been met with the greatest approval everywhere. The lectures will be reported in the *Witness* whose value as an agriculture paper has within the past few months, been greatly enhanced.

The *Witness* is devoted to temperance, being the principal organ of that cause in Canada, and to all other sanitary and moral reforms, as well as to the furtherance of Evangelical religion.

Another special feature of the *Witness* during 1879. will be the attention paid to its engravings, which are already numerous and important. Portraits of the prominent men throughout the world will be given, and the paper will contain numerous illustrated articles of much interest and valne, as well as selections from the nnmerous art of the day.

The fullest attention will be paid to news, so that the *Witness* may retain its present reputation as a newspaper.

The household and general literary departments of the *Witness* have always been a prominent feature of the paper and they will be continued on the same plan as heretofore, giving to the ladies much valuable information about every thing necessary to make the household bright, pleasant, and prosperous.

The price of the different editions of the *Witness* is as follows, per year post paid:—

Daily Witness, $3.00, circulation 14,800.

Weekly Witness, $1.10, circulation, 28,000.

In addition to these, the publishers of the *Wttness* issue the *Northern Messenger*, a semi-monthly illustrated family journal, which is regarded with great favor all over North America, as its cirdulation of over 50,000, testifies. In homes remote from postal accomodation, it supplies the whole family reading, while in cities, towns, and villages everywhere, it is the favorfte of the young people, who find it an endless source of enlightment and enjoyment. Its price is but 30 cents a year, including postage. To Sunday-schools and clubs it is sent at the following rates:—

10 copies to one address...$ 2.50 per an.
25 copies to one address ... 6.00 "
50 copies to one address... 11.50 "
100 copies to one oddress.. 22.00 "

All persons desiring to interest themselves in obtaining subscriptions for the *Witness*, will receive sample copies and terms on application. Every letter answered. Address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders will be received for the erection of a school house in U. S. section No. 16 and 18, Brooke and Warwickf up to 8th Feb. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications will be seen at David Watson's Lot 7, con. 6 south Warwitk, by whom all Tenders will be received. Tenders will be opened at 3 o'clock on the 8th Feb. All applications to be marked Tender.

DAVID WATSON.

January 24.—3 in.

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kerfoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of Janurry.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT.

Watford Jan. 10.—4 *in*

$10 REWARD. $10

To any person who will tell me who broke into my house on the 30th of January, east ½, lot 1, 2nd con. Adelaide, I will give the above reward. All letters to be addressed to

THOS. CHAMBERS, SR
Adelaide Feb. 7th 1879.—3 in.

For Sale or To Rent.

The undersigned will either rent or sell that splendid residence on Warwick street, near Mr. Eccles brick residence it is at present occupied by Thos. Kerfoot. The dwelling consists of ten rooms, stable on lot, and everything convenient, such as hard and soft water. Possession given about the middle of February. For terms &c. apply to

WILLIAM MOODY,
Watford P. O.

or at this office.

Watford, February 7th 1879.—3 in

Executors Notice.

All persons having claims against the late David Pollock, of the Township of Brooke, deceased, will please forward the same immediately, to Messrs MacKenzie & Gurd, Barristers, Sarnia.

JAMES POLLOCK.
Administrator with Will annexed.

February 7th 1879.—3 in

NOTICE,

All parties interested, will please take notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my husband or any person belonging to me.

MRS. GEO. JAMIESON,
Feb. 7th.—3 in Watford. P O.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price. 75c. for 50c.
do 50c. " 40c.
do 40c. " 33c.
do 30c " 23c.
do 25c. " 19c.
do 20c. " 15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price, $1 50, Reduced to $1 20.
do 1 25, do 1 00.
do 1 00, do 80.
do 75, do 60.
do 65, do 50.

Men's Felt Hats 75c. for 60c.
do $1 00 " 75c.
do 1 25 " $1 00
do 1 50 " 1 20

Best Factory Flannel, 40c. for 30c.
Best Grey do 40c. " 30c.
Scarlet do 25c. " 18c.
Best Scarlet do 50c. " 40c.
40c. " 30c.
Canton Flannel 12½c " 9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. e ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD

Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good

Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.

Also a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.

☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜

☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜

November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them tha he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to mak to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC,

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience, I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards, "
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best, A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, urgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, . . . FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th. 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepared to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. . HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.

Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.

JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!

AND THAT IS THAT

JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

nd uses the best material.

A large stock of
Sash,
Doors,
Brackets,
Mouldings
etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
—THE—
Daily Spectator
A LARGE 36-COLUMN MORNING NEWSPAPER.

LEADING EXPONENT OF THE
NATIONAL POLICY

IT CONTAINS ALL THE
News of the Day,
Full Market Reports,
Commercial Reports,
Sporting Column, &c.
Reduced to $5.00 Per Annum
Postage Paid.

Will be sent on trial for one month for 50 cents.

Clergymen, Post Masters and School Teachers $4 per annum.

Agents allowed a commission of 20 per cent. on all subscriptions.

Address
SPECTATOR PRINTING CO.,
Hamilton Ont.
Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—6 in.

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES,

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.
Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

KNOW THYSELF

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch Sts., Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVTS

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

FURNITURE
FURNITURE

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Keeps constantly on hand one of the best

Assorted Stocks

OF

FURNITURE

In the County at

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Mattresses from $3, Bedsteads $2.50, Chairs 42cts, Bed-room suits, Parlor suits, Lounges, Mirrors, Brackets, Window cornices, and all other articles in our line at lowest possible rates.

Repairing neatly done. Furniture made to order if required. A choice lot of Chromo's just received, will be sold very cheap. Pictures framed to order on short notice, better & cheaper than the cheapest. Motto frames from 20 cts. All work and goods warranted as represented.

Both old and new Customers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,
Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments,
Head-Stones,
Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone
☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOODY.

Watford, Feb. 7th. 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots	at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS. SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 0th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Chritmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

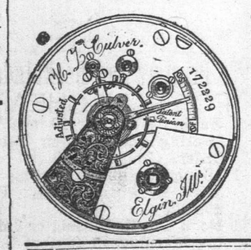
Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.



Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

WANTED.

A good servant girl to do general housework. Good wages will be given. Apply at this office.

Watford, Jan. 31st 1879.—2in.

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

WATFORD, ONT., February 7, 1879

THE East Lambton Orangemen will this year assemble at Arkona, on the 12th of July.

VENNOR'S Almanac, Young Ladies Journal, and all English and American Magazines, can be obtained at Ewer's book store.

THE Report of the Watford Council Grange Social in Warwick, and proceedings of the Orange County meeting are unadvoiably crowded out of this issue.

THE "Princess Louise" Lancers, and "Lady of Lorne" quadrilles, are the latest, and most popular musical productions. They are for sale at Ewer's book store.

VALENTINE'S day will soon be here. We are preparing for it by getting an extensive art gallery built, any person wishing to be shown through may call between the hours of 3 and 4 on Saturday the 15th.

MR. and Mrs. Churchill of Petrolia, went driving on a very cold day recently, taking a child with them. When they arrived at their destination and unrolled the child it was dead, having been smothered.

WE welcome the Staathroy *Age* on our list of local exchanges, but expect when it fancies reports of meetings in the GUIDE that it will acknowledge their source in future. We forgive you this time but don't do it again.

THE Sarnia *Canadian* gave a pretty good list of Watford items from their own correspondent, but we more than suspect if they had failed to receive a copy of the GUIDE they would not have done so well.

Buy your school books, slates, Pencils, Pens, Inks, Writing paper and envelopes at Ewer's book store, the cheapest place in town.

RESIDENCE SOLD.—We learn that Mr Henry Hume has sold that splendid residence lately built by him on Simcoe Street, to Mr. Robert Laird, of 2nd line Warwick, who we believe intends moving into it in a short time. The price paid was somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,100.

☞ A man who gave the name of Thomas Wilson, was arrested at London on Monday night while drunk. Letters in his possession showed that his right name is Flanigan, and he has been detained on suspicion of being implicated in a larceny case at Watford.

☞ A large lot of stall-fed cattle are being kept in the vicinity of Watford. Hume and Shannon have eighty head of fine ones, and over 250 lambs. Other farmers are feeding from four to ten. If American cattle are prohibited in Britain and Canada, and that Canada cattle will be taken in Britain, Canada stock raisers should make.

BARN BURNT—The barn, outbuildings, and stacks belonging to Joseph McClure, lot 4, 12th con. Brooke, were totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night, about 8 o'clock. Seven head of cattle, thirteen pigs, 200 bushels of oats and two loads of chop stuff, were also burnt. Mr. McClure was returning from Watford and saw the fire from a distance. Having his team with him they fortunately escaped destruction. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, as tracks were seen in the fresh snow leading from a shanty to the barn and back again. We hear that Mr. McClure had had words with the tenant of the shanty some time previous. The loss is heavy but is fortunately covered by insurance.

IN the account given of the mishap to Mr. McKellar's team, in last weeks paper, the information we received seemed to justify us in charging it to the work of some rascals who had taken possession of the team and after driving a distance had turned them loose. The folded blankets which were found in the sleigh seemed to prove it, and the owner himself formed this conclusion. We since learn that parties coming the same evening from the church, Baptist Chapel 9th con. Brooke, found two blankets on the road, and also picked up pieces of halter rope evidently broken off by being trampled on by the horses. It is said there was an unusually large attendance that night and teams had to be moved to make room for others. It is therefore quite likely that McKellar's team was moved for this purpose and insecurely tied, that they got loose and started off, the younger horse becoming frightened and leading the other in a wild run. It is hardly likely that preacher McKellar has enemies who would use the team in such a way, nor is it probable that if some scamp intended to play a practical joke they would take a double team when there were several single ones at the same place.

THE Tea-meeting held in Victoria Church, 10th line Brooke, under the management of Rev. J. Wood, proved very successful. Misses Wood and Plumsteel sang several duets, and little Ella May Wood afforded great pleasure to the audience by her singing of the "Little Cripple Boy," and "Birdie has Come." After the latter song she was presented with a beautiful pyramid cake surmounted by a bird and its nest, by the members of the congregation. Edward Bowlby, Esq., presided and filled the chair to the satisfaction of all. The proceeds amounted to $20.

INWOOD.—The concert given in the School House at Inwood, by the Alvinston Cornet Band, proved as the bills announced, the "greatest concert of the season, and all had "a jolly time" as per "order of committee." The Alvinston Glee Club favored the audience with several songs and choruses. R. B. Hall gave a number of plantation melodies. Daniel Rundle sang "Take this letter to my Mother," in a manner which proved him a true vocalist; he has a rich baritone voice, full and clear, which he should cultivate, as we have no doubt he would find himself well repaid by so doing. Prof. Tiearney gave a violin solo, "Home sweet home," in his usual masterly manner and was loudly applauded. He also sang "The Irish Wedding," and "Good bye Biddy my dear." Miss Lizzie Tanner, of Warwick, added greatly to the evening's entertainment by her rendering of choice vocal solos. Mr. Coughlin, sang "Never go back on the poor." Miss Kate Branan gave a very pretty song which was loudly applauded. Fred J. Hughes produced an immense amount of laughter by his inimitable singing of several comic songs, especially "Lannigan's Ball," "The Peanut Stand," and "The Old Man." The concert was closed with the roaring farce of "The Storekeeper's Troubles," played by Messrs. Fred. J. Hughes. R. B. Hall, and Dan. McPherson. The local hits produced roars of laughter. After "Auld Lang Syne" by the Cornet Band the audience dispersed, greatly pleased with the evenings entertainment. Those who attended the concert from Alvinston, desire to express their appreciation of Mr. Phillip W. Webber's kind hospitality; he entertained over night no less than seventeen guests and proved himself a truly generous host. The proceeds of the concert amounted to $18.

Soecial Meeting of Brooke Council.

A special meeting of the Council was held in the Town Hall Alvinston, on Monday 3rd inst., to consider the question of a new bridge over the Sydenham River, near Branan's mill. Members all present. After some discussion on the matter and hearing report of the Reeve and Councilman Neil McLean, stating the bridge to be unsafe. Reeve Lovell and Councillors McLean and Patterson, were appointed a committee to procure plans and specifications for a new bridge according to an outline plan submitted, and advertise for tenders for building it. Orders on the Treasurer were drawn in favor of Hart & Rawlinson, stationery $23.25; J. C. Tye, printing ballots, $10. The Treasurers bond was read and approved. The Reeve reported a summons of Mr. Fennell for balance due for drain construction on 4th concession which the commissioner declined to pass as completed. The Reeve was instructed to take steps to defeat payment of the amount. Council then adjourned.

BIRNAM.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The Rev. W. E. Sillence preached in the Congregational Church od Sunday last, he will also deliver lectures on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th of February. On Thursday evening in the congregational church on the Scott act, and on Friday in the M E church on the Corn and Barley question.

The tenders for the erection of a brick school house near Birnam, were opened on Monday evening last when it was found that the Howden Bros. of Watford were the lowest, and consequently received the contract.

PLYMPTON.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The Orangemen of Wanstead Lodge held their Annual Soiree on Friday evening last. A pleasant time was spent by all those present. Addresses were given by Revds. Dupee and McNeil of Wyoming; also short addresses by Brös. W. H. McMahon and J. Thompson. Music was rendered by a very efficient choir, assisted by Misses Finalyson and O'Connor of Watford. Proceeds amounted to $50.

At a meeting of the U. T. A. of Plympton held at Kertch on Monday 3rd inst., the following officers were appointed:—John R. Smith, President; Miss Kate Shaw, Vice-President; Peter A. Dewar, Secretary.

Died in Plympton, on Saturday 1st inst., Henry Pedrick, aged 54 years.

WARWICK ITEMS.

SIR,—Perhaps you can find room for a few Items from your correspondent from Warwick and vicinity again.

The weather since the 1st of the new year has been generally cold, sleighing most all the time. The farmers are hauling logs to the saw mill here till the yard has got full and now they are piling them on the street. We believe it is most all custom work as a number of barns are going to be erected next spring.

LECTURE.—Mr. Sillence delivered a lecture in the C. M. Church here, on the evening of Wednesday 29th ult., subject "Hard Times" which he handled very ably, showing conclusively that said "Hard Times" are caused to a large extent by the people wasting their time and money by the use of Whiskey and Tobacco. The attendance was slim, caused no doubt by the Grangers holding a social on the same night, which by the way was a complete success. The Temperance Hall, where it was held being crowded to its fullest capacity. Mr. Auld, the master, presided, and after the cakes and fruit had been partaken of, commenced a programme (which seemed to be inexhaustable) of speeches, music, singing and recitations. While not going to particularize, we think the playing of Miss Liddy, for an amateur, was good, the comic song by Miss Wells, "Half-past Ten" fairly brought down the house, the Temperance Speech by Duncan Campbell, Esq., was to the point and ought to be remembered.

QUILL.

Warwick, Feb. 5, 1879.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING AT WATFORD.

A meeting of the Liberal Conservatives of East Lambton was held in the Town Hall, Watford, Wednesday afternoon, and was largely attended by leading Conservatives from all parts of Warwick and Brooke. The meeting was called to order by the Vice President, Dr. Lindsay.

Mr. Couse, President of the East Lambton L. C. A., was the first speaker, and he addressed the meeting at considerable length, explaining the object, and urging the necessity of a more thorough organization of the Liberal Conservatives in East Lambton, in view of the approaching local elections.

George Shirley, Esq., of Brooke, also briefly addressed the meeting, after which delegates were appointed for each polling sub-division, with instructions to organize associations in their respective divisions.

Mr. T. D. Stickle, of Watford, was elected Secretary of the East Lambton L. C. A.

East Lambton Agricultural Society.

A meeting of the Directors of the above Society was held in Forest, Feb. 3rd, E. A. Jones Pres., in the chair, M. Smith, 2nd Vice, J. D. Eccles, Treasurer. Directors, L. Huffman, A. Rawlings, Robt Auld, A. Rawlings, J. A. Couse and A. D. Elliot, Secty.

On motion of J A Couse, seconded by L Huffman, the minutes of last meeting as read were adopted.

On motion of A Rawlings seconded by M Smith there will be three classes for horses at Spring Show, viz., Heavy Draught, General purpose and Carriage horses, and that the Heavy Draught horses weigh not less than 1600 lbs, General purpose not less than 1300 lbs, also that horses taking prizes are to make there stands in the Riding.

On motion of J. A. Couse, seconded by L. Huffman, the Society will give a gold medal for first prize, silver medal for second and bronze for third, at Spring Show for horses.

On motion of E. A. Jones, seconded by M Smith the Spring Show will be held on Thursday the 24th of April, at Warwick.

On motion of J A. Couse seconded by R. Auld, the following judges were appointed for Spring Show. Isaac Eyres Brooke, Geo. Smith, Arkona, Thos Crawford, Widder, Henry Dennis Uttoxeter, Heber Rawlings, Ravenswood.

On motion of A. Rawlings, seconded by J A Couse, J D. Eccles and M. Smith are to wait on the County Council at June session and ask for a grant for Society.

On motion of J A Couse seconded by M. Smith the Watford office is to do the printing for the Spring Show, and the Forest offices for fall show.

On motion of J. A. Couse, seconded by J. D. Eccles, the meeting then adjourned to meet again in Warwick Village day of Spring Show.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

ST. MATTHEW'S R. C. CHURCH.—Rev. Father McGrath will celebrate Mass here on Sunday February 9th, at 10.30 o'clock.

HAYNE & CLARK, the new grain buyers, who have lately opened a grain depot here, are steadily working up a good business. Farmers should bear this mind.

APPOINTED.—Mr. Walsh, a brother-in-law of Mr. E. Donnelly of this place, has been appointed a clerk in the Custom House Toronto.

REV. JOHN N. ELLIOTT, agent and Lecturer of the Grand Division Son's of Temperance of Ontario, will deliver an address on Monday evening next in this place.

DROP LETTERS—Letters and newspapers properly stamped, also postal cards, which may be dropped in the letter box in the Post Office door any time during the night, will go out on the morning mail.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE.—A children's service with sermon upon missionary work, adapted for children, will be held by Rev. W. J. Taylor in St. John's Church, on Tuesday Feb. 11th, immediately after school hours. The parents are cordially invited.

LAST Thursday evening the Canada Methodist Church held their fourth social at Mr. R. Darvill's. The house was filled with friends who enjoyed themselves during the whole of the evening. The proceeds of the social were six dollars. These social gtherings are increasing in interest. The ladies of the Aid Society deserve great praise for what they have already done. As the result of four days sewing and four socials they have made nearly sixty dollars. It is expected they will reach one hundred before they cease their labors. As the last social was the best, we invite our friends to the next.

THE large safe belonging to Fawcett's Bank here was moved into the new banking room in Branan's block last week. Great interest was taken in the occurrence and to every worker there were three and one half bosses. Teams belonging to D. B. McKellar and William Quick, proved good pullers and drew the sled on which the three ton safe rested, through the mud and slush with apparent ease; though their drivers and the lookers on shouted at them as though it would help them along. The vault is now being built round the safe and the new building will soon be ready for occupancy by the popular bank manager and his staff of assistants.

SCHOOL BOARD.

The Board of School Trustees held their regular monthly meeting in the school house on Monday evening last. Members present the Chairman, Secretary, Messrs. Anderson McWaters, Campbell, John and Jos. Williams

The minutes of previous meeting were read, S. Anderson took objection to the part which stated that "the several candidates were then voted for, resulting in the unanimous choice of S. Howden, for the chair," he stating that he and Jos. Williams refused nomination, they wishing to elect S. Howden by acclamation, the minutes with this correction were adopted.

The regular buisness was then suspended while Mr. White read a communication from the Minister of Education, in regard to text books etc.

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by S Anderson that in the matter of communication from the department of Education re Text and Copy books, from said Department of Education, that this Board approve of the following text books viz., Mason's Grammar, Edith Thompson's history, and Beatty's copy books introduced in this school by Mr. White, and Mr. White answer said communication as per schedule sent him. Carried.

Moved by S. Anderson seconded by M. S. Campbell, that Mr. White's request with regard to Pupils Monthly Reports be granted, and that the Printing Committee be authorised to have 1000 copies printed. Carried.

The Teacher's report for January was read

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by S Anderson, that in reference to Mr. White's instructions re allowing scholars to attend this school for education, outside of this corporation, that we abide by the School Act in chap 204, sec. 102, sub sec 19 and 20, and instruct Mr. White accordingly. Carried.

Moved J. McWaters, seconded by Jos. Williams that the issuing of our chairman's order to Mr. White for Municipal grant of 1878, amounting to $133 be granted by this Board, and that Mr. White's Monthly Redort be passed and placed on fyle. Carried.

The bond of M. S. Campbell as Treasurer of the School Board for the year 1879 was next read.

Moved by S. Anderson seconded by John S. Willsams, that the bond of M. S. Campbell as Treasurer of this Board, for the year 1879, be accepted as satisfactory, and put in safe keeping according to school Law, and the chairman perform said duty. Carried.

Several accounts were handed to the Finance Committee, and by them passed.

Moved by John Williams seconded by J McWaters, that the Finance Committee re the different accounts now passed by them, be accepted, and orders be passed on our Treasurer for the same. Carried.

Moved by Jos. Williams seconded by John Williams, that an order be drawn on the Municipal Treasurer for the sum of $200 as per estimate of School Board made at a former meeting. Carried.

Moved by Jos. Williams, seconded by M. S. Campbell, that the Committee on Repairs and Supplies be instructed to get 4 pails and 4 dippers for school purposes, and see to the cleaning of stove pipes in the different departments. Carried.

The Board then adjourned.

Annual Report of the East Lambton Mutual Farmers Fire Insurance Company for the year 1878.

To the members of the East Lambton Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

GENTLEMEN:—

In presenting to you our fourth annual report, it affords us no small amount of pleasure to state that we are enabled to do so under such favorable circumstances. You have had a three years trial of a system laid down to you at the outset, which has been carriedout and has proved to be a vast saving to all those who took advantage of it, and appparently has given universal satisfaction from the fact, all are ready and willing to renew their membership as the policies expire and we do not know of a single exception to the rule.

At our last report there were 780 Policies in force, now we have 1204, an increase of 424, covering property to the amount of one million, one hundred and forty-three thousand, eight hundred dollars, increase $440,340 and had the same amount of exertion been put forth by us as was by other companies in canvassing the County, this vast sum might have been doubled, but your Board thought it prudent to go ahead cautiously not grabing at all kinds of risks, leaving doubtfull ones for those companies who so loudly boast of their lienity and superiority, and your Board would more than ever urge the importance of selecting the class of risks they undertake, and would recommend that heavily encumbered property and Leases be admitted only in exceptional cases. Experience teaches us that a large percentage of the losses to Insurance companies occur when the property is either Lease hold or heavily encumbered, and from the present and future prospect of increased depression and unusual hard times, risks of this class should be taken only with due caution. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. DALLAS, PRESIDENT. T. DOHERTY, SECRETARY.

Statement of the Receipts, Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities of the East Lambton Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company, from January 20th 1878 to January 20th 1879.

RECEIPTS.

To balance from last Audit	$ 1683 24
To collected on account of 1877	713 22
To cash premiums for 1878	2205 12
To interest on Bank deposit	84 99
" " Debentures	14 00
	$ 4700 57

EXPENDITURE.

By losses by fires	$ 2431 91
By expenses of fire Inquest	22 34
By officers salaries	323 20
By agent commissions paid by Sec.	225 00
" " " Treas.	10 75
By printing account	88 41
By Auditing accounts, 1878	10 05
By purchase of Debentures	800 00
By postage and discount on stamps	12 73
By balance on hand	776 18
	$ 4700 57

ASSETS.

Notes unpaid	$ 506 10
Debentures of Bosanquet T'p	800 00
Amount available under old system	511 70
Amount available from 1877	2223 00
" " " 1878	2887 50
Amount in hands of Agents and Sec.	110 77
	$ 7039 07

LIABILITIES.

Due to Agents for Commission	$ 33 50
Unpaid accounts rendered	40 00
Balance	6965 57
	$ 7039 07

We the undersigned auditors, certify that we have carefully examined the above accounts and the Vouchers thereto belonging and find the same correct. We have also compared the entries in the Secretary's Books with the Applications on file in his office, and find them to correspond.

GEO. SHIRLEY, H. J. LEACOCK, } AUDITORS.

BORN.

SWAN—In Alvinston, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. Isaac Swan, of a son.

In Watford on the 30th ult., the wife of Robert Fowler, of a daughter.

On the 2nd inst., the wife of Robert Miller, 2nd line Warwick of a son.

In Sarnia, on Tuesday, 28th ult., the wife of Mr. Richard C LeSuer, of a son.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	$0 85	@	$0.86
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 85	@	0 86
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 23	@	0 24
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 55
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cenal	3 50	@	3 75
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24

SUNKEN TREASURES.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the uneasy waves of life subside,
And the soothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
I see submerged, beyond of storm or tide,
The treasures gathered in his greedy breast.

I see them gleaming beautiful as when
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;
The barks of lovely women, noble men,
Full sailed with hope, and stored with love's own freight.

The sunken treasures of my heart as well
Look up to me as perfect as at dawn;
My golden palace heaves beneath the swell
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,
Whence the heart knows its kin wherever cast;
And there the partings when the wistful eyes
Caress each other, as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,
The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,
The lisping murmurs of the chestnut leaves,
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

I see them all, but stretch my arms in vain;
No deep sea plummet reaches where they rest;
No cunning diver shall descend the main
And bring a single jewel from its breast.

The Recent Great French Duel.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Much as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people, it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of the day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold. M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most inveterate of the French duelists, has suffered so often in this way that he is at last a confirmed invalid; and the best physician in Paris has expressed the opinion that if he goes on dueling for fifteen or twenty years more,—unless he forms a habit of fighting in a comfortable room where damps and draughts cannot intrude,—he will eventually endanger his life. This ought to moderate the talk of those people who are so stubborn in maintaining that the French duel is the most health-giving of recreations because of the open-air exercise it affords. And it ought also to moderate that foolish talk about French duelists and social satisfied monarchs being the only people who are immortal.

But it is time to get at my subject. As soon as I heard of the late fiery outbreak between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou in the French Assembly, I knew that trouble must follow. I knew it because a long personal friendship with M. Gambetta had revealed to me the desperate and implacable nature of the man. Vast as are his physical proportions, I know that the thirst for revenge would penetrate to the remotest frontiers of his person.

I did not wait for him to call on me, but I went at once to him. As I expected, I found the brave fellow steeped in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the debris of his furniture, now and then staying chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth; and halting every little while to deposit another handful of hair on the pile which he had been building of it on the table.

He threw his arms around my neck, bent me over his stomach to his breast, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me four or five times, and then placed me in his own armchair. As soon as I had got well again, we began business at once.

I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, "Of course." I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my own country, in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman.

First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this, and stuck to my point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his "last words." He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:—

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress, and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honour. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart:

"I DIE THAT FRANCE MAY LIVE."

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words,—what you wanted was thrill.

The next thing in order was the choice of weapons. My principal said he was not feeling well, and would leave that and the other details of the proposed meeting to me. Therefore I wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourtou's friend:—

SIR: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fourtou's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis-Piquet as the place of meeting; to-morrow morning at daybreak as the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,

MARK TWAIN.

M. Fourtou's feiend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone:—

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what *would* it be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That's about the size of it." I said. "Now, if it's a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him there. He saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

I walked the floor, turning the thing over in my mind, and finally it occurred to me that Gatling guns at fifteen paces would be a likely way to get a verdict on the field of honour. So I framed this idea into a proposition.

But it was not accepted. The code was in the way again. I proposed rifles; then, double-barreled shot guns; then, Colt's navy revolvers. These being all rejected, I reflected a while, and sarcastically suggested brick-bats at three-quarters of a mile. I always hate to fool away a humorous thing on a person who has no perception of humor; and it filled me with bitterness when this man went soberly away to submit the last proposition to his principal.

He came back presently, and said his principal was charmed at the idea of brick-bats at three quarters of a mile, but must decline on account of the danger to disinterested parties passing between. Then I said,—

"Well, I am at the end of my string now. Perhaps *you* would be good enough to suggest a weapon? Perhaps you have even had one in your mind all the time?"

His countenance brightened, and he said with alacrity,—

"Oh, without doubt, monsieur!"

So he fell to hunting in his pockets,—pocket after pocket, and he had plenty of them,—muttering all the while, "Now, what could I have done with them?"

At last he was successful. He fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barreled and silver mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges, and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said,—

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh,—

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my old lion-heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered, M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang toward me, exclaiming,—

"You have made the fatal arrangements,—I see it in your eye!"

"I have."

His face paled a trifle, and he leaned upon the table for support. He breathed thick and heavily for a moment or two, so tumultous were his feelings; then he hoarsely whispered,—

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor. When he came to, he said mournfully,—

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet, and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues. Then he said in his deep bass tones,—

"Behold, I am calm, I am ready; reveal to me the distance."

"Thirty-five yards."

I could not lift him up, of course; but I rolled him over, and poured water down his back. He presently came to, and said,—

"Thirty-five yards,—without a rest? But why ask? Since murder was that man's intention, why should he palter with small details? But mark you one thing: in my fall the world shall see how the chivalry of France meets death."

After a long silence he asked,—

"Was nothing said about that man's family standing up with him, as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself, he is welcome to this advantage, which no honourable man would take."

He now sank into a sort of stupor of reflection, which lasted some minutes; after which he broke silence with,—

"The hour,—what is the hour fixed for the collision?"

"Dawn, to-morrow."

He seemed greatly surprised, and immediately said,—

"Insanity! I never heard of such a thing. Nobody is abroad at such an hour."

"That is the reason I named it. Do you mean to say you want an audience?"

"It is no time to bandy words. I am astonished that M. Fourtou should ever have agreed to so strange an innovation. Go at once and require a later hour."

I ran down-stairs, threw open the front door, and almost plunged into the arms of M. Fourtou's second. He said,—

"I have the honour to say that my principal strenuously objects to the hour chosen, and begs that you will consent to change it to half-past nine."

"Any courtesy, sir, which it is in our power to extend is at the service of your excellent principal. We agree to the proposed change of time."

"I beg you to accept the thanks of my client." Then he turned to a person behind him, and said, "You hear, M. Noir, the hour is altered to half-past nine." Whereupon M. Noir bowed, expressed his thanks, and went away. My accomplice continued:

"If agreeable to you, your chief surgeons and ours shall proceed to the field in the same carriage, as is customary."

"It is entirely agreeable to me, and I am obliged to you for mentioning the surgeons, for I am afraid I should not have thought of them. How many shall I want? I suppose two or three will be enough?"

"Two is the customary number for each party. I refer to 'chief' surgeons; but considering the exalted positions occupied by our clients, it will be well and decorous that each of us appoint several consulting surgeons, from among the highest in the profession. These will come in their own private carriages. Have you engaged a hearse?"

"Bless my stupidity, I never thought of it! I will attend to it right away. I must seem very ignorant to you; but you must try to overlook that, because I have never had any experience of such a swell duel as this before. I have had a good deal to do with duels on the Pacific coast, but I see now they were crude affairs. A hearse,—also! we use to leave the elected lying around loose, and let anybody cord them up and cart them off that wanted to. Have you anything further to suggest?"

"Nothing, except that the head undertakers shall ride together, as is usual. The subordinates and mutes will go on foot, as is also usual. I will see you at eight o'clock in the morning, and we will then arrange the order of the procession. I have the honour to bid you a good day."

I returned to my client, who said, "Very well; at what hour is the engagement to begin?"

"Half-past nine."

"Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?"

"*Sir!* If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery"—

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labour. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourtou will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself—yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalist friend, M. Noir"—

"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; that other second has informed M. Noir."

"H'm! I might have known it. It is just like that Fourtou, who always wants to make a display."

At half-past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: first came our carriage,—nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourtou and his second; then a carriage containing two poet-orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their vest pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the two undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp followers, police, and citizens generally. It was a noble turn-out, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

There was no conversation. I spoke several times to my principal, but I judge he was not aware of it, for he always referred to his note-book and muttered absently, "I die that France may live."

Arrived on the field, my fellow-second and I paced off the thirty-five yards, and then drew lots for choice of position. This latter was but an ornamental ceremony, for all choices were alike in such weather. These preliminaries being ended, I went to my principal and asked him if he was ready. He spread himself out to his full width, and said in a stern voice, "Ready! Let the batteries be charged."

The loading was done in the presence of duly constituted witnesses. We considered it best to perform this delicate service with the assistance of a lantern, on account of the state of the weather. We now placed our men.

At this point the police had noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted.

The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duelists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop to enable the combatants to ascertain the other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said, "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted.

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said, "I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the centre of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured, in a broken voice,—

"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said, "Let the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing "Whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distance of the fog, and I immediately shouted,—

"One,—two,—three,—*fire!*"

Two little sounds like *spit! spit!* broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect,—

"I die for—for—perdition take it, what *is* it I die for?—oh, yes,—FRANCE! I die that France may live!"

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands, and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiriting.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears; that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody embraced, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable.

It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel that a crowned and sceptred monarch.

When the commotion had somewhat subsided, the body of surgeons held a consultation, and after a good deal of debate decided that with proper care and nursing there was reason to believe that I would survive my injuries. My internal hurts were deemed the most serious, since it was apparent that a rib had penetrated my left lung, and that many of my organs had been pressed out so far to one side or the other of where they belonged, that it was doubtful if they would ever learn to perform their functions in such remote and unaccustomed localities. Then then set my left arm in two places, pulled my right hip into its socket again, and re-elevated my nose. I was an object of great interest, and even admiration; and many sincere and warm-hearted persons had themselves introduced to me, and said they were proud to know the only man who had been hurt in a French duel for forty years.

I was placed in an ambulance at the very head of the procession; and thus with gratifying *eclat* I was marched into Paris, the most conspicuous figure in that great spectacle, and deposited at the hospital.

The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction.

Such is the true version of the most memorable private conflict of the age. My recovery is still doubtful, but there are hopes. I am able to dictate, but there is no knowing when I shall be able to write. I have no complaints to make against any one. I acted for myself, and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting, I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duelist, but I will never consent to stand behind one again.

Pickwick's Room.

There is a very attractive room at Ipswich, to wit: Mr. Pickwick's room, at the Great White Horse Hotel, the true history of which is curious and hitherto unpublished. When Charles Dickens was a very young man, and unknown to fame, he reported for the Morning Chronicle—which journal lent the services of the future novelist to the Suffolk Chronicle on the occasion of a Suffolk assize. Arriving at his destination the young pressman engaged the comfortable best room of the chief hotel, the Great White Horse.

But later in the day, as the influx of visitors became great, the churlish landlord, named Brooks—generally call "Old Billy Brooks"—who had small respect for the press, and very limited ideas as to its power, surrendered Dickens' bedroom to some legal magnate, assigning to "that newspaper fellow" one far less roomy and comfortable, and placed, in fact, just over some stabling. Dickens was naturally much annoyed, but said little, biding his time. When "Pickwick" took the literary world by storm, its ludicrous and scarcely exaggerated description of the White Horse, "where they sold the worse possible wine at the best possible price," entirely altered Mr. Brooks' notions as to the power of the pen, and much of his later life was spent in raving about the injury Dickens was doing him.

Not long afterwards Brooks died, and the hotel changed hands. But as the years rolled by the landlord began to discover that the brilliant humourist had done far more good than harm by making the hotel one of Mr. Pickwick's resorts. Tourists and travellers of all kinds—especially Americans—flocked to the White Horse to view the scene of Mr. Pickwick's startling adventure with the middle-aged lady. Whether the attendants always point out the same room we cannot say—clearly, one room will do just as well as another—but it is certain that visitors keep coming to see it to the present day.

Not far from a Christian After All.

Not long since an old coloured river captain was giving me some of his experiences, and during the conversation I asked him if he had ever experienced religion—there is a continual agitation on this subject among the blacks—but he said: "No, miss, I nebber 'sperienced 'ligion yet. 'Ligion is a mighty nice thing fur to handle, an' I don't believe in 'fessin' 'ligion an' actin' as I does, kase I'se a sinnah."

CALIFORNIA cactus is one of the newest articles from which paper is made, and a process has been patented in Germany by a Mr. Nordlinger, of Stuttgart, for rendering the fibre of the hop plant sufficiently tractable for the purpose. The stems and other parts of the plant are boiled in water and soap for three-quarters of an hour, thoroughly washed, and then again boiled in very much diluted acetic acid. The fibres are then washed, dried, and combed, and are ready for working.

Bulwer Lytton's Wife.

Lord Lytton's married life, like that of several of his illustrious compeers in literature, says the London *Herald*, was rendered unhappy by the disturbing influence which is prettily termed the incompatibility of husband and wife in every case where the parties are of high station. He was married in 1827, when his literary life had just been tinted with the first flush of appreciation. She whom he selected for a wife was also known in literature. The interest excited by the union of two such gifted persons was much enhanced by a morbid sentiment caused by the knowledge extant that both of them were in delicate health. The description of them written at the time by "L. E. L." (Letitia E. Landon) increased this sentiment. Lord Lytton was described as "pale and fascinating," and the bride was depicted as surpassingly lovely. And there came to many who read this an entrancing vision of two beautiful beings gliding through life, reluctant to leave the light of each other's presence, and made almost unaware of the approach of death by the love that possessed them. But as time passed and the weak couple grew in strength, the popular interest in them, except as author and authoress, departed, and was only revived by the story of their separation. Sir Edward had lost his "pale and fascinating" appearance, and the tender tints on Lady Lytton's cheeks, that had been described as like "rose leaves crushed on ivory," had spread over her countenance and given her the florid complexion of a healthy matron, when, in 1836, that event was announced. The attention that was thus called to the life of the intellectual couple was short-lived. Lord Lytton settled on his wife an annuity of £400, and she retired to privacy, while he continued to tread the slippery ways of politics. Soon Lady Lytton found that her expenses could not be met with her income, and as her husband advanced in worldly prosperity, she began to utter complaints, to which he gave no attention. Becoming angered at this indifference to what she deemed her sufferings, she began to use her pen against him publicly, and she issued several novels and pamphlets, wherein he was depicted in any but pleasing colours. This course was continued for years, but its lack of effect toward her desired object urged her to adopt different tactics. In the spring of 1858 Lord Lytton became a cabinet minister, and his seat in parliament for Hertfordshire becoming vacant, it was necessary for him in accordance with custom to meet his constituents there in order to be re-chosen. Lady Lytton, then residing in Taunton, Somerset, hearing of his intention, determined to confront him before his supporters, charge him with cruelty to her, and thus defeat his re-election. She circulated handbills announcing her intention, and thus gave his friends an opportunity to defeat her in it. She arrived in Hertford early on the morning of the election. Having asked at what time the hustings would take place she was told at 12 o'clock, when the proper time was 11 o'clock. This misinformation was given her by her husband's friends, who wished to avoid a scandal, consequently her ladyship did not reach the hustings till the election was over, and Lord Lytton was just closing his speech with a fervent tribute of admiration to the womanly beauty exhibited in the carriages about the stand. Advancing toward him she caught his lordship's eye. He immediately left his station and went to the house of a friend. As he disappeared she cried out: "Coward," and turning to the people, for fifteen minutes rehearsed her sufferings on account of his action. The circumstance was unpleasant in its consequences to herself. It engendered a belief that she had become insane, and so, shortly after the incident, she was conveyed to a private asylum for the insane at the instance of her husband, acting under the advice of physicians. It may be that Lord Lytton was deceived by those doctors as to the state of her ladyship's mind. It was charitable to believe that he was deceived, and, as he acted almost entirely under the direction of his solicitor, there is some basis for the belief. The incarceration of the lady excited much indignation among her friends in Taunton, who were sure of her sanity, and a great degree of interest throughout the kingdom. An investigation of her mental state was immediately made, and, having been pronounced perfectly sane, she was allowed to reside with her son.

Famous Violin-makers.

No one can say just when violins were invented, but it is certain that, though the principle of this instrument—strings set in vibration upon a sounding board—was known in the earliest times, the world still went on harping and drumming, playing on pipes, tabors, lutes, dulcimers and other instruments, of which we have no patterns, for more than five thousand years.

The first violin is said to have come from the workshop of a studious old instrument-maker, Gasparo di Salo, who lived in the village of Brescia, in northern Italy, towards the last of the sixteenth century. He gave the violin its present shape and size and its name, which signifies "little viol." After him, in the same town, came many other makers whom we need not recall, till we come to the famous name of Amati.

Andrea Amati lived in the neighbouring town of Cremona, and spent his time making viols after the fashion of the day. But it was a poor fashion, he thought; and when he heard that Gasparo di Salo had made great improvements and changes in the instrument, he journeyed to Brescia, entered Gasparo's workshop, learned all that was taught there, and then, burning with new ideas, he went home and established in his native village the celebrated school of Cremona violins. His sons were brought up to their father's trade, and they handed the secrets of it to their sons, who, in turn, altered and shaped and invented, seeking perfection.

About a hundred years after Gasparo di Salo had sent his violin into the world, a young man named Antonius Stradivarius was among the pupils at the Amati school. He was a slow, silent youth, not remarkable for anything excepting his close attention to his work and his careful study of his master's instruments. Even after his apprenticeship was over, and he had started his own workshop, he clung to his old patterns, copying them in every detail, both faults and merits, and often signing them with the name of his master, Nicholas Amati. But one day he seems to have waked suddenly to clearer sight, and he said to himself:

"There's more music in wood and strings and horse-hair than has ever yet been brought out. Antonius, that is your work to do."

So he set about this newly revealed task with that quiet zeal and infinite patience which we describe by the single word "genius." For twenty years he shut himself up in a lonely workshop. All the long time between early manhood and middle age he spent before a work-bench, with compass or tool in hand, experimenting with his materials, testing, studying, and applying their properties and resources. He was fifty-six years old before he was satisfied that he had reached the best results of his studies, and then, full of knowledge and power, he began, in 1690, to make violins with wonderful rapidity, sending them throughout the musical world, where their surpassing merits made them and the name of Stradivarius famous for ever.

The Pope's Piscatorial Ring is so called from its containing a stone engraved with a figure of St. Peter drawing in his net. The earliest record of its use is, according to a high Italian authority, 1265. Originally it was nothing more than the Pope's private signet for his own correspondence; but from the middle of the fifteenth century its use became reserved to the Pontifical utterances called Briefs, and has remained so ever since.

POPE Leo XIII. is gradually removing the restrictions placed by his predecessors on the study of art in the Vatican galleries. Under Pius IX. it was difficult to get at the masterpieces, especially the Apollo Belvedere and the group of Laocoon.

A Glacier Meadow of the Sierra.

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne Soda Springs on the bank of the river, a day's journey above Yosemite Valley. You set off northward through a forest that stretches away indefinitely before you, seemingly unbroken by openings of any kind. As soon as you are fairly in the woods, the grey mountain-peaks, with their snowy gorges and hollows, are lost to view. The ground is littered with fallen trunks that lie crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged wheat; and besides this close growth of pines, the rich moraine soil supports a luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved grasses, chiefly bromus, triticum and agrostis, which rear their handsome spikes and panicles above your waist. Making your way through this fertile wilderness,—finding lively bits of interest now and then in the squirrels and Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or bear,—after the lapse of an hour or two vertical bars of sunshine are seen ahead between the brown shafts of the pines, and then you suddenly emerge from the forest shadows upon a delightful purple lawn lying smooth and free in the light like a lake. This is a glacier meadow. It is about a mile and a half long by a quarter of a mile wide. The trees come pressing forward all around in close serried ranks, planting their feet exactly on its margin, and holding themselves erect, strict and orderly like soldiers on parade; thus bounding the meadow with exquisite precision, yet with free curving lines such as nature alone can draw. With inexpressible delight you wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feeling yourself contained in one of nature's most sacred chambers, withdrawn from the sterner influences of the mountains, secure from all intrusion, secure from yourself, free in the universal beauty. And notwithstanding the scene is so impressively spiritual, and you seem dissolved in it, yet everything about you is beating with warm, terrestial, human love, delightfully substantial and familiar. The resiny pines are types of health and steadfastness; the robin-feeding on the sod belong to the same species you have known since childhood; and surely these are the very friend-flowers of the old home garden. Bees hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies waver above the flowers, and like them you lave in the vital sunshine, too richly and homogeneously joy-filled to be capable of partial thought. You are all eye, sifted through and through with light and beauty.

The First Clearing-House.

(From the London Society.)

Besides the constitution of the English corn market by Gresham, another financial reform is associated with the Grasshopper, and that is that the clearing among London bankers was first and for a long time held there. This institution of the clearing by London bankers has had an enormous influence on the London market, for it has enabled an extraordinary facility and rapidity to be given to transactions and an enormous economy in the use of money. It is this feature of the London money market, the small amount of actual money with which it is worked, which distinguishes the London money market from others. It was in its beginning a very simple expedient; that bankers, instead of paying separately, should exchange the checks they held against each other, and only pay once a day the balance in cash. This has since been greatly extended and improved, and in 1810 the bankers were obliged to take a clearing-house for themselves in Lombard Street, and now they want a larger one. Upon the model of this banking institution the great railway clearing-house has been established here, and other like establishments in other countries. The tickets that pass over several lines, and the payment for which has to be divided among the companies in various proportions, are thus cleared. By this means not only is a passenger in this country enabled to take one ticket anywhere in these islands, but from London to St. Petersburg or Constantinople, or from New York to San Francisco. Thus, one good principle receives various developments, and institutions dissimilar in form grow from a healthy root. The connection of the clearing-house is held to be recorded by an entry in the ledger for 1773: "Quarterly charge for use of clearing-room, 19 shillings 6 pence." Unluckily, in this grand series of books, still ranging from 1731 to this day, there is a very ugly entry in 1751: "For Bridges, for killing the bugs in the shop, £1 1 shilling." The smaller animals, nevertheless, kept up the war and mastered the great bankers; so that in 1794 they had to pull down the house, and for a time move into Change-alley, beyond their back door.

"At Home" in Para.

Be what may its beauty, when measured by the standard of Northern architecture, the prevailing style at Para is well adapted to the needs of the people and the exigencies of the climate. The rooms are large, with high ceilings, and well ventilated. The furniture is generally of the simplest kind, the ornamental part thereof consisting chiefly of old mirrors, chandeliers, and huge vases of artificial flowers under glass covers. The arrangement of a sitting-room or parlour deserves particular notice, as it is unlike any thing found elsewhere. There are often more chairs in it than in a whole American house; they not only line the walls, but are also disposed in two rows half-way across the floor, at right angles with the sofa, as though the Brazilians intended to create a small cozy room within the large one. Whenever the notable character of his visitors compels the host to abandon his hammock, the reception takes place within this inclosure, the owner of the house naturally reserving for himself the place of honour—the sofa. It is amusing to regard the ostentatious formalities that attend these visits of ceremony. The conversation is carried on in a subdued, frigid, but extravagantly polite manner, no motion of any kind being indulged in by the participants, and the position *de rigueur* being that of sitting mummies. Fortunately foreigners are not bound by the same code of etiquette, and it must be said that the Brazilians welcome them cheerfully, and will do anything in their power to make them feel at home.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

Business Items.

THE Japanese Government has engaged, at a high salary, a German military bandmaster at Metz.

IF YOU are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

BOSTON'S fine Masonic Temple is mortgaged for $265,000, and the Masons of that city dislike to either shoulder the burden or sacrifice the property.

A TRUISM.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way in which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, which is the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

THE HAMILTON BRIDGE AND TOOL COMPANY,
BUILDERS OF

IRON HIGHWAY BRIDGES!

County and Township Councils will find it to their advantage to renew Wooden-Bridges with Substantial and permanent IRON STRUCTURES. Plans and Estimates furnished on application to
A. JAMESON, Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

If you wish to appear at your best during the approaching festive season, procure your Shirts, Gloves, Ties, &c., at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

MILLBRIDGE P.O., TUDOR, ONT.
MESSRS MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON,—SIRS, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing I could think of, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this to you to let you know the value of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly,
JOHN CLARK.
For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.
TORONTO.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Hagyart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER Best in the market. Take no other.

FILES. Get your old files re-cut and thereby save cost. Every file tested and warranted equal to the best imported. Ask for Price List. THOS. GRAHAM, 35 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in, to 36 in. Horse or man power. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR
Beautifies the beard, prevents baldness, restores grey hair to its natural colour. Testimonials from over 20,000 daily. Those we have from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possibility for the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Fifty cents and $1 per bottle. J. DYKES & CO., Sole Agents, Palmyra, Ill. All others counterfeits.

KILGOUR BROS,
Paper Bags and Flour Sacks
Printed Wrappers, Wrapping
Papers, Twines, &c.
86 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Seeds! Reliable Seeds!!
BRUCE'S Farm, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have been before the Canadian public for twenty-eight years, and we claim that they are unsurpassed in quality.
Our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE, beautifully illustrated, containing all necessary information for the successful cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers, Field Roots, Potatoes, &c., is now published, and will be mailed FREE to all applicants.
JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.,
Seed Growers. Hamilton, Canada.

Farm Lots in Dysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. F. Blomfield,
Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co.,
Box, 2614. 50 Front St., East.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto.

LYON & ALEXANDER,
Ontario Photographic Stock House,
123 Bay St., Toronto.
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' CARDS, SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS, CHROMOS, FRAMES, AND MOULDINGS.
Full Lines. Choice Selections.

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.
almost identical with the far-famed Thorley food of Great Britain. It consists of seeds, roots, barks, and herbs. Improves tone, flesh and spirit in the horse, fattens cattle, sheep and pigs rapidly, and greatly increases products of the dairy. Only $10 per 100 lbs. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John St. South, Hamilton.
ONE AGENT WANTED in every village, town, and city in the Dominion.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.
A choice from over 1,000 000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!
A large party will start, by *special first-class train* for
Winnipeg, on the 26th March.
Fare same as last year. Other parties will start each ten days afterwards. For particulars address with 3 cent stamp,
R. W. PRITTIE,
Manitoba Land Office,
35 Colborne St., Toronto.
Maps of Manitoba Lands, 30 cents.

To Printers and Bookbinders.
FOR SALE CHEAP:
1 Hughes & Kimber 28-inch Perforating Machine in Perfect Order. Price $70.00.
1 18-inch Guillotine Cutting Machine in Good Order. Price $75.00.
1 No. 3 Hoe Embossing or Smashing Machine, in Perfect Order. Nearly New. Cost $1300.00. Price $375.00.
ED. W. BLACKHALL,
11 Wellington St., West, Toronto.

WHY SMOKE
A common tobacco WHEN for the same price
You can get the Myrtle Navy?
SEE
T. & B.,
IN GILT LETTERS,
ON EACH PLUG!

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

CANADA
Business College
HAMILTON, ONT.,
The Great Educator of the Mercantile, the Manufacturing, and Farming Community.
The course can be taken in whole or in part, to suit students.
Terms liberal and board cheap. Let any young man who can spare a few months in winter take a course in this institution.
Students enter at any time. For circular, etc., address
TENNANT & McLACHLIN.

THE "SIMONDS" SAWS
Are Superior to all others
More Work.
Better Work.
Less Power
Uniformity in Temper
R. H. SMITH & CO.,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.
Sole manufacturers for the Dominion of Canada.
Send for Price List.

TELEGRAPHY.
DOMINION
Telegraph Institute
FOR LEARNERS.
Day and night For Ladies and Gentlemen. A business use ful for everyone at other employments. It is being used in large business houses more and more every year. Anyone knowing this useful branch of knowledge always stands the best chance of work. Any person can learn it. Hundreds of testimonials from pupils. Come and see for yourself. Vacancies in telegraph companies arranged for. Institute fitted up with every convenience.
TERMS:
Day Life Scholarship for
GENTLEMEN, - - - - - $20.00
LADIES, - - - - - - 20.00
Night Life Scholarship for
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, -

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 3. WATFORD, ONT., FEBRUARY 14, 1879. WHOLE NO. 211.

The Standard of Beauty.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

In spite of all the arbitrary laws of beauty, formed on fixed equatorials, in every quarter of the globe and in every phase of history there seems to be a different ideal of beauty. The Circassian races, who take the Greek type as their model, with its slow and delicate curves, its perfect lines and slender elegance, have certainly something in their eye very different from the African races, who want bulging and bountiful flesh, and mouths enlarged and enriched till they cover the countenance with their bone and golden ornaments.

While the Greeks preferred the straight line for the nose, broken only by the swell of the nostril, the Persian thought there was no beauty without a nose like a hawk's bill, and the African and Polynesian preferred one slit down its whole length and perforated with trinkets, Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that the line of the nose to be beautiful must be straight, and Sir Charles Bell that the nostrils are vehicles of emotional expression; but other authorities differ, and while the French poets of today find nothing more charming than the *nez retrousse*, King Solomon long ago expressed his idea of what a fine nose should be, in comparing it to the "tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus."

The ancient Scythians thought nobility and honour lay in a high conical head; the Germans, on the contrary, in a short one; while various Western Indians think nothing but a flat head, produced by distortion in infancy, worthy of notice. Yet science and sense have both pronounced, independently of any opinion as to appearance, that as the forehead recedes and the jaws advance, so does the intellect recede, and that the balance of mental power is found in those individuals the upper and lower parts of the outlines of whose face correspond with some approach to equality, too much recedure of the chin bringing one as near idiocy as too much recedure of the forehead.

There is as much diversity, again, about the ears, the Hindoos thinking that true beauty can only be attained by boring the cartilage and imbedding in it a ring, every little while replaced by a larger ring, until the size of the stretched and mutilated member becomes something enormous; while the Arab holds precisely the opposite view that a small ear is as infallible a mark of good blood and birth as the arch of the instep under which water flows without wetting the foot; and every one knows how Pauline Bonaparte's large ears gave her more torment than her beauty did pleasure.

The Turkish lady stains her teeth black; the Frank regards it as one of the last woes that can befall her when time and decay do as much for hers. Certain of the African savages either file their teeth sharply down or else into horrible and fantastic shapes. Just as much difference, too, exists in relation to the accepted beauty of figure, for while the Frank may lace to the last catching of the breath if inclined to too much embonpoint, or such is her idea of grace and loveliness, the lady who aspires to a high place in the Turkish seraglio stuffs herself till she is rolling in folds of fat; and where the Europeans admire the straight and superb posture of the Apollo, certain savages bend the limbs of their bodies to make them bandy-legged.

In fact, it would be hard to establish any standard of beauty for the whole world and call it fixed. For although we can prove as satisfactorily to ourselves as the demonstration of a geometrical theorem the perfection of the Greek idea, the barbarian could neither understand the demonstration nor accept the theorem. Yet it remains that what is held to be beauty by the most refined and intellectual of the world must be nearer the real article than any thing accepted only by a lower order of beings.

Canine Habits.

Dogs and other flesh eating animals draw back their ears when they are aroused to the fighting point, in order that their ears may not be seized by their antagonists, but Mr. Darwin does not think that a dog puts his tail between his legs when he is pursued or is to be struck because he is afraid his pursuer will grab it, but in order to withdraw his whole hind-quarters out of reach of the blow or bite he is about to suffer. Gratiolet, a French physiognomist, explains the wagging of a dog's tail when he is pleased by saying that his joyful emotions run along the whole length of the stiff spinal column, and when they come to the flexible tail they bend it and shake it. So when dogs feel affectionate they lower their ears to exclude all sounds, in order that their whole attention may be fixed upon the caresses of their master.

The habit of licking the hand of those they are fond of, or toward whom they wish to show a friendly spirit, is derived, according to Darwin, from the "licking" which the females give their puppies—the dearest object of their love—the kind of "licking," that is, which shows affection, not the kind other mothers sometimes give their offspring. So, he says, the notion of showing affection by rubbing against their masters comes from a long habit of associating the contact while nursing their puppies, with a feeling of love. When, however, they crouch and drag themselves along on the ground, on approaching their masters, there is a feeling of submission and fear as well as affection.

Snarling is only an uncovering of the teeth ready for use, and some derive the word "snarl" from this very act; for when you pronounce that word, and also "sneer" very distinctly and emphatically, the lips are drawn back, exposing the "canine" teeth. And the old Greek called a "sneerer" a "cynic," or a "dog-like" person, perhaps because of the grimace people make when they sneer.

The tendency to bark when dogs are excited by any great pleasure runs in the breed greyhounds rarely bark, whilst the Spitz dog barks so incessantly on starting for a walk with his master that he becomes a nuisance. Since the dog was domesticated he has learned to bark on at least four or five distinct tones. In the chase there is the bark of eagerness; there is also the bark of anger or despair, which is a yelp or howl when the dog is shut up in a room; of joy when starting on a walk, and of demand or supplication when he wants the door opened.

It is worthy of note that Jan. 1 is not the first day of a new year for the whole world, or even for all that part of it known as Christendom; that there are many Christian people for whom the new year did not commence until Jan. 13, and that for enthusiastic French Republicans the new year will begin on the 23d of next September, and instead of being 1879 will be only 1878; while it may be useful to recollect that their months, instead of being called January, February, and so on, are called Pluviose (January), Ventose, Germinal, Floreal, Prairial, Messidor, Thermidor, Fructidor, Vendemiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, and Nivose.

TWENTY-FIVE gollons of water to 12 1-2 gallons of sulphuric acid will dissolve bones for fertilising.

Life in Loving.

Catulli Sapphoe Osculationis.

Ah, let life be very life, my Lesbia—life in loving;
They may babble as they will, the grim and gray;
For their myriad censures of our light love and roving
Just one farthing sterling is the price to pay.

Ah! earth's suns may set, in surety of returning!
But for us, life's little light once being set,
Falls the night, whereafter risks never gleam of morning,
Comes the sleep hath known nor pause nor waking yet.

Therefore give me kisses; first a thousand, then a hundred,
Then another thousand, and a hundred more;
Then again—again—again. It were well our reckoning blundered;
None must tell the tale of kisses that Love's prodigals can pour.

THE NEW ENDYMION.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I

The term was over, and William Maybold had got his double first.

Under certain circumstances, and especially in youth, the mind becomes abnormally sensitive to impressions of all kind. Severe and long-continued study, a light diet, lack of exercise, and a superfluity of anxiety, had combined to bring my mental man into a condition somewhat resembling the ascetic ecstasy ascribed to the monks of old time—a condition in which the young men see visions and the old men dream dreams. In other words, I had overworked myself, and my health, never very robust, now seemed to run some risk of breaking down altogether. My brain was in a state of nervous exaltation; my hands were thin and tremulous: my night were disturbed by strange dreams, and even by occasional somnambulism; and I no longer felt energy to undertake the long walks which had been my panacea for body ailments. It seemed likely that my university honours might turn out to have have been bought at too high a price.

My doctor, having felt my pulse, furnished me with the somewhat gratuitous information that what I needed was rest—rest absolute and persistent, bodily and mental: to dream beneath green trees; to linger by still waters; to forget that such things as books and knowledge existed; to think of nothing, and converse with nobody more stimulating than birds, beasts, country yokels, and speckled trout. Anything in the shape of newspapers, railways, days of the week or month, or, in fact, of time and civilisation in general, were to be entirely ignored. I was to establish a sort of rural eternity for myself, and to forget that such a thing as a nineteenth century had ever been born.

I was wholly persuaded of the soundness of this advice; the trouble was, I had not "go" enough left in me to follow it. I wanted somebody to give me a shove in the required direction. Unfortunately, I was almost alone in the world, and could think of no quarter whence the external impetus might be expected. I had made a few intimate friends in the university, and none of a temperament at once idle and energetic enough to provide the sort of companionship I needed. I was an only child, and my widowed mother had died about a year previous, leaving me an empty house somewhere in the suburbs of London, a comfortable competence, and no relations that I could remember ever to have seen. I was as solitary in the midst of the populous earth as if I had changed places with the man in the moon.

I was doing my situation less than justice, however. Just as I had begun to subside into I know not what sluggish depths of despondency, I received a letter which put a new face upon matters, and lent a flip to my jaded mood, such as awakened me to something like liveliness. The letter was from an uncle of mine, whose very existence had been almost mythical to me, for he was a recluse and an eccentric, who never went anywhere, and lived in an out-of-the-way place, where nobody ever went. As his communication was brief and to the point, I will give it here at full length:

"DEAR NEPHEW,—If your studies have left you brains enough to apprehend the vanity of double firsts and their consequences, come to me and let me look at you. If I like your looks you may stay here a month or two. You will see the country, Dina, and the stars; you will hear the winds, the birds, and the brook: and of the world you have hitherto lived in you will see and hear nothing. I shall expect you the day after to-morrow. Your uncle,

"PHILIP NORMAN."

I allowed myself no doubts as to this invitation, but wrote on acceptance by return of post. The rest of the day was spent in packing my trunk and making arrangements for my absence. It was only on the evening preceding departure, when all preparations were complete, that I found time to sit down and recall what little I knew of my uncle Philip, and to forecast the kind of life I might expect with him. He was my mother's brother, and I remembered hearing that he had quarrelled with her on the occasion of her marriage, some twenty-five years ago. Later on, he had himself married, but his wife had died in childbirth within the year, leaving him with an infant daughter—presumably the Dina referred to in his letter. But "Dina—and the stars"—what was the meaning of that? Was my worthy relative a dabbler in astrology—a devotee of forbidden sciences? The idea moved me strangely. I had always been an imaginative youth, and nothing had stimulated the boyish poetry of my nature so much as the beauty and mystery of the heavenly bodies. I loved to speculate as to whether they were inhabited, and, if so, by what sort of beings; I loved to believe that they exercised so me inscrutable influence over human destinies; that, at all events, the fortunes of our earth were connected with them in some manner whereof the attraction of gravitation was but the material symbol. Such speculations used to inspire me with a feeling at once of insignificance and of exaltation; and I deemed that no life could not be spent more wisely and worthily than in pondering over these secrets of the stars, and striving to solve the problem of their affinity with man. As I grew up, however, the course of my education drew me away from the region of these fancies; not without a vague sentiment of disappointment, I learned to open the gates of practical knowledge with the key of inductive reasoning; and the mystic enchantment of those heavenly suns and planets was half destroyed by the rude facts of spectrum analysis, and the ingenious calculations of distances, orbits, and dimensions. Astronomy, with its certainties and its syllogisms, repelled me: it revaled too much, and yet nothing to my purpose. I hated the impertinence of him who would tell me the destiny of Jupiter, the composition of Sirius, and the names of the mountains in the moon. To my sense, such petty knowledge was worse than no knowledge at all, and I was shocked by the self-complacent irreverence of its professors. Better, thought I, than these were astrologers of yore, with their statistical ignorance, their spiritual insight, and their humble faith. They, at least, appreciated the awful solemnity that should attend the thought of other worlds, material, perhaps, as our own, yet for ever separated from us by a chasm as profound and as mysterious as death. Away with the modern man of science, ready primed with his dapper theories, who cares not to meditate upon the divine reason which placed that eternal gulf between the moon and us, but fancies he has disposed of the whole matter by informing us just how many miles and furlongs it measures across? Can he learn no loftier lesson from the ghastly majesty of that weird sphere?

With such predjudices against astronomy as distinguished from astrology, it is no wonder that I shunned the former as much as possible, both at school and at college. Though I could not avoid acquiring a certain familiarity with the phraseology and the general principles of the science, and what I learned took no root in my mind, but remained lifeless and barren. It was my intention to improve the earliest opportunity of clearing it out altogether, and then to endeavour to regain, as far as might be possible, the poetical superstitions of my earlier time. Deliberate recantations of this kind are not, however, so practical as we would fain have them, and, until I read that chance sentence about the stars in my uncle's letter, I had really bestowed little or no serious consideration upon the matter. But his words, and the memories and reflections to which they gave rise, produced in me a singular excitement, which to my abnormal state of health doubtless did much to foster. My sleep that night was more than usually disturbed, and when, the next day, I started for my uncle's house, I was in a tremor of infinite expectation that was anything but healthful.

II

The railway station at which I alighted was, the porter told me, about seven miles distant from Mr. Norman's place. This information rather staggered me, as there were no cabs in that part of the world, and walking, for one in my state of health, was quite out of the question. Just then, however, a country waggon drove up to the station door, with a stout, serviceable bay mare between the shafts. The elderly farmer who handled the reins threw them on the mare's back, and, clambering to the ground, faced about and abruptly asked me whether I were William Maybold.

"Yes," I said, amused at his rustic bluntness; "were you sent here by Mr. Philip Norman?"

"I'm to drive you to his house," replied the man, gruffly. 'Get up, sir. Got any luggage?"

"Only that trunk; can you lift it?"

I needed scarcely have asked the question. My farmer, though not of any great height, was as broad and muscular as an old Roman gladiator, and he swung the trunk into the back of the waggon as easily as if it had been a lady's handbox. He was in every respect a fine type of the men of that region. His face was dark, and ruggedly moulded, and the deep lines which traversed it gave it an expression of sternness, which the gruffness of his tones in speaking seemed to confirm. His frizzled black hair was cropped short round the lower part of his head; the crown—as I noticed when he took off his hat to wipe his forehead—was bald; and he wore a great shaggy beard like a prophet. But the remarkable features of his face were his eyes, which were large and dark, and had the steady, distant look in them that is often observable in the eyes of seafaring men. They seemed to have beheld sights beyond ordinary human ken.

"I suppose you know Mr. Norman?" I said to my companion as we drove away.

"Yes; I have charge of his garden."

"He sees very little of the world, I believe?"

"There are more worlds than one, young man."

As I did not know exactly what to make of this reply, I was silent, and gave my attention to the country through which we were passing. It was fertile, and rich in verdure, but the houses were very scarce. The road we were travelling wound considerably, but constantly ascended, and bade fair to land us at last on the summit of a commanding eminence. The prospect constantly widened around us as we proceeded, and its beauty, as it reposed in the mellow splendour of the afternoon sunshine, so wrought upon me that at length I let slip some exclamation of delight.

"Can a Cockney care for this?" demanded the farmer, fixing his eyes upon me for a moment.

"I'm not infatuated with London," I answered, laughing. "I've travelled farther away from it than this, before now.

"Ay, London's not the world young man, and the world is not the universe," rejoined my companion, whom I now began to recognize as a "character." After a pause, he added, "Have you seen the Alps?"

"More than once."

"What did they make you feel?"

"I think their loveliness and silence impressed me most. I felt that they were very mighty, and I very little."

For what reason I could not imagine, this answer appeared to please the dark-browed farmer. He nodded his head once or twice, and murmured in a deep, inward voice, "Ay—right—right! But there are mountains wilder, and mightier, and lonelier than they."

"You are a traveller yourself, then?" I exclaimed, surveying him with a new interest. "You have been a sailor, perhaps?"

"I have sailed a wide ocean and a deep one; and I have seen distant lands; yet I have never set foot off the shores of England," was the reply.

Again I was silenced. There was something decidedly mysterious in the tone of this man's conversation. What did he mean by his talk of other worlds, and of visiting foreign countries without leaving his own? I should have set him down as perhaps a little wrong in the head, had not the stern self-possession and utter absence of extravagance in his manner discountenanced such a supposition. On the other hand, he was manifestly a man of some education and even refinement. His dress was rude enough, but his speech was accurate, and his face, despite its ruggedness, was sensitive to the play of thought within. It occurred to me that he might be a spiritualist, and that the strange lands to which he alluded might be the visions of mesmeric trance. Yet no: there was in him no trace of the morbid and unwholesome restlessness of the confirmed disciples of that unclean science. What, then, was he?

I looked round at him as I asked this question of myself, and met those far-seeing eyes of his directed upon me with something like a grave smile lurking at their bottom. This smile quite changed the impression of his visage, illumining it with a genial light that was singularly winning. It brought a sudden memory to my mind.

"You take me for a lunatic, young man," said he; "well, in a certain way, perhaps I am one. You may ask your uncle."

"I dare say he could tell me as much about you as any one," I replied, returning his smile; "for I believe you are my uncle, yourself!"

"What makes you think of that?"

"You smile as my mother used to do."

At the mention of my mother his face saddened again, and he sighed; but after a moment, "Well, my boy, you have found me out," he said, patting me kindly on the shoulder. "I wished to meet you as a man before I greeted you as a nephew. You seem to be an honest fellow, thought you have but a flimsy body to carry your honesty about with. I am glad to see you here."

There was so much quiet heartiness in this welcome, that I felt at home with my relative at once. He now talked with me more freely, asking many particulars about my mother and myself, and indulging in no more of those enigmatical utterances which had made him seem so questionable at first. In this manner we slowly wound our way to the top of the long acclivity, and, after driving a level mile or so, I saw the summit of a lofty stone tower peering above the trees.

"That is my travelling-carriage," said Uncle Philip, pointing to the tower with his whip. "The house stands beside it; we shall see it when we have turned the corner."

"His travelling-carriage!" thought I. But reflecting that all these enigmas could not fail to explain themselves under the influence of my month's sojourn, I held my peace for the present; and in another minute we had come in full view of the dwelling. It adjoined the tower, and, like it, was built of grey stone. It was an old farmhouse, of no great size, with a red-tiled roofs and gabled ends; a clustered brick chimney divided the ridge-pole, and two dormer-windows pushed themselves up above the low eves. The windows beneath were cut down to the ground, and served as supplementary doors; they opened vertically, and from within was a glimpse of a pleasant, low-ceiled rooms. As for the tower, which was half drooped with ivy, it was evidentally a much more ancient structure than the house; it must have been at least seventy feet in height, and its top rose well above the trees; and standing as it did on the highest point of ground for many a mile round about it, it would overlook an amazing expanse of country.

"You are very near the moon, up there?" I remarked; and then caught sight of a figure standing in the open doorway which immediately commanded every faculty of my mind to the one function of looking.

III.

The waggon drew up at the door. "Jump down, sir," said my uncle. "Diana," he continued, "this is your cousin William. I think you may trust him."

She came forward and gave me her hand—it was soft, and smooth, and slender. She conquered me with the first glance of her great hazel eyes. Her whole figure and bearing were goddess-like, and withal completely feminine. She was well-named after the chaste huntress of mythology. I never saw a woman's form at once so stately, so supple, and so refined.

Her pale auburn hair was massed over her low forehead like a crescent moon. Her nose was straight and delicate, her cheeks oval, her mouth curved like a bow, her chin round and white. She was dressed in white, with a black bow at her throat, and a black sash round her waist; and a black velvet ribbon bound her hair. She was tall, but not too tall; and the lines of her figure were at once graceful and severe. She would have impressed me at any time and in any place; but in this secluded spot, and in my condition of peculiar sensitiveness, she came upon me almost like a being from a superior world. The ordinary daylight seemed too rude and familiar for her. She should have dwelt, methought, under the mystic influences of the moon; the original reserve and innocent dignity of her demeanour were somehow suggestive of the pure cold glamour of that strange companion of our earth.

While her father took the waggon round to the stable, she led me within doors, and made me sit down in the little parlour. It was full of the the odour of flowers.

"You look tired, Cousin Will," said she. "It is long way from London here."

"It seems so, indeed. If I had journeyed to another planet, all this could not seem more fresh and delightful. Have you ever been there?"

"In London? Oh no, why should I? I was born here, and this is my home."

True enough, London, with its smoke and turmoil, was no place for this sybil. Her beautiful feet were made to tread nothing lower than mountain-tops. I asked her whether many people visited them here.

"Last year we saw a great many—twelve, I believe," she answerd quite simply, as if the population or the earth were but a small multiple of that number. "But they were all scientific persons, who came to find out about our discoveries. You are not scientific?"

"No, indeed! I am nothing—only a young man."

"You are the first young man I have seen."

"I wish I were a better specimen?" I said, rather ruefully. "They are not all like me, I assure you!"

She turned upon me the full gaze of her changing eyes, and I felt that she was looking very far into me. After a pause she said thoughtfully, "It is strange! You look a little—yes, a great deal—like . . . . Are you like your mother?"

"I believe more like my father."

She shook her head, still thoughtfully. Then, rousing herself, she said with a smile, "You look pale and tired; but that we shall cure you of."

"Why, I begin to feel cured already what with this pure air and—and all! But tell me, Cousin Diana, what are these discoveries you speak of?"

At this question her face became quite grave again, and she answered with a somewhat altered manner, and a lower intonation, as though touching upon a subject invested with a kind of sacredness.

"We do not speak of it to strangers—that is, we never speak of it. But you are not a stranger: and father said I might trust you: and—I think I may! Well, you shall know in good time."

At this juncture my uncle come in.

"Now, nephew, your room is ready for you. You and Dina have had time enough to become good cousins, I hope! Very well—come up and get ready for dinner. This way!"

He conducted me along a passage to a narrow door, on opening which a winding staircase was discovered. Ascending this—a somewhat weary journey for me—my uncle paused on the the third landing and ushered me into a nearly circular room, fitted and furnished with dark carved wood. Two or three dusky oil-portraits hung on the walls—which last, judging from the deep embrasures of the windows, must have been of extraordinary thickness; and the massive groined ceiling seemed designed to support a vast superincumbent weight.

"This is the lower chamber," observed my uncle. "As long as you stay with us it will be yours."

"I'm not turning you out of your travelling-carriage, Uncle Philip?"

"That's overhead," he answered, with a smile. "After dinner, if the evening turns out clear, you may go up there, and try a little excursion."

A light began to dawn upon my slow wits.

"It is an observatory!" I exclaimed. "You are an astronomer?"

"Yes and no. I have been an astronomer, but only as a necessary condition to being something higher than that. But I gave it up, for the most part, years ago: I found myself growing old—my mind losing its delicacy of perception. Dina is the master now: and she—if she chooses—may indoctrinate in the mysteries." And nodding kindly to me, he shut the door and was gone.

He had not left me without food for reflection. I now understood—or at all events the key to—all that had puzzled me from the time I received his note of invitation down to the present hour. "Diana and the stars" were to be my entertainment here: well—nothing, certainly, could so well have suited my inclinations. The law of the heavens, followed in such companionship, would be heavenly law indeed! My aversion from astronomy now appeared to me unreasonable; or, rather, my uncle's words had enabled me to assign to astronomy its true place—that of an instrument to the study of "something higher." And Diana was the master—of this loftier science, that is. It was not likely, indeed, that my beautiful cousin would be content to spend her time in the pursuit of any technical details; but, on the other hand, who was so fitted as she to enjoy a sort of vicorious existence among those far-shining planets, divining their strange secrets, and catching the aroma of their marvellous life? There then, were the journeys to which my uncle had figurately alluded; the seas that he had crossed were the profound abysses of space, and the foreign countries that he had visited were foreign in the largest sense. The longer I reflected upon the romantic conditions of this father and daughter's life, the more powerfully did it seize on my imagination; I seemed to have a glimpse of possibilities beyond what had hitherto been deemed the limits of human attainment; the thought of what they had perhaps dared to know made my hand tremble and my breath come short. That discovery that Diana had mentioned—was it not some device whereby the magnifying power of the telescope had been vastly increased, enabling the student to behold sights such as man had scarcely as yet dreamed of? Oh, in that stone-built chariot of theirs, fast-bound to the whirling earth, what ineffable mysteries might not Philip Norman and Diana have explored! And now—was I to be admitted the companion of their sublime voyages?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Possessed by Devils.

Thirty Young Italian Women Crowing Like Cocks and Mewing Like Cats.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

ROME, Jan. 20.—In a little village away up in the province of Udine, on the borders of Italia Irridenta, there is a great alarm commotion; for the young girls of the place, one after another, are showing outward and visible signs of being possessed by a devil. According to all accounts there are now about thirty young women in this unhappy condition. Why the evil one should have selected so obscure a village for his operations does not seem quite clear. Indeed the blame is not laid on him, but on the priests. Inquiries made by the authorities have elicited the fact that in Lent last year a series of discourses were given by a priest, in which he described at great length, and with much detail, the pains of hell, thereby terrifying weak young women that they were already lost, and that the devil had entered into them. The priests, who at first were rather pleased with the impression their brother made, have since found that though they had raised the spirit they had no power to lay it again. Holy water produced no effect, the most searching exorcisms failed, and even such practical measures as beating the person affected have been found useless.

While the fit of madness is on the "possessed" crow like cocks, mew like cats, or bark and howl like dogs or wolves. What is worse, they shock their neighbours by blasphemous and obscene language, being especially violent against the priests, cursing them for their inability to relieve their suffering by casting out the devil. The prefect of the province has sent a commission to Verzegnis, the name of the village, to see what can be done to stop the progress of this madness; for, by force of example terror it threatens to spread. The people of the district cannot be persuaded but that the devil is really at large among them.

A curious incident of the same kind was related to me a few months ago by a friend who had heard it from the lips of one of the doctors at the lunatic asylum at Siena. At Siena there is a very large asylum in proportion to the number of inhabitants, but it is nearly always full. Among the patients is a man who was formerly servant to a priest in the town, and had been remarkable for his piety and devotion. A year or two ago he began to show signs of religious mania, and his master, in hope of curing him, sent him to a country house for change of air and scene. The man appeared to get better, and after some months returned to the town, but the mania soon began to show itself again. He had an idea that he was a Bishop, and used to preach in the streets; so it was resolved to place him in the asylum. Two attendants were sent with a carriage to remove him; and, to get him away quietly, he was told that he was to officiate at a religious function. As he was driving through the streets he blessed the people, and, on nearing the asylum, he expressed a wish to go in end "bless the poor mad people," and so was taken in. It was easy to persuade him that the patients were his flock, and he used to preach to them, and to assist the keepers in many little ways; and so, being gentle and harmless, he became a great favourite. Among his flock was a very violent lunatic, who constantly used language so blasphemous and disgusting that it shocked the keepers, and even the other patients; and to this man he specially devoted his attention, trying to reason with him and bring him to a calmer state, but always in vain.

One day, without any warning, he fell on the blasphemer and strangled him; telling the keepers that the man was possessed with the devil, that he had long tried to cast him out but in vain, and so, as the possessed creature was too wicked to live, he had killed him. But now it seemed as if the spirit of the dead man had entered into his murderer. Religion was forgotten, and its place was taken by all the vicious passions of his victim. The most blasphemous languages continually issued from lips that had hitherto been pure of evil speaking; his gentle nature gave place to the violence which had characterized the man he had killed; and from being the most tractable of patients he has now become one of the most dangerous, and the one of whom the keepers are most in fear. They all firmly believe that the evil spirit cast out of the murdered man actually did enter into the body of the murderer.

THE two Institutes of Physiology and Physic at Berlin, constructed after the plans of Helmholtz and Du Bois Raymond, form an immense palatial structure, which has cost more than 5,000,000 francs.

IRON railway sleepers are said to have proved, both in India and in England, much cheaper than wooden ones. Their gradual adoption is predicted.

Poisoning in Switzerland.

Eliza Buhler's Crime Exposed by the Rim of a Milk Jug.

[From the Manchester Examiner.]

GENEVA, Jan. 22.—In the hamlet of Ruedesweil, in the canton of Lucerne, not far from the ground made classic by the fabled exploits of William Tell, and near the green meadow, fenced in by frowning crags and lofty mountains, where the pilgrim fathers of Switzerland are said to have first cast their tents in Helvetia, there lived, not long since, two peasant families—the Buhlers and the Buchers. Not peasants in the modern English sense of the word, but folks fairly well to do, with a bit of land of their own, mountain pastures, and a share in the communal forests. The Bucher family consisted of the father and his son, two daughters, and Frau Bucher, his wife by a second marriage, and not, therefore the mother of his children.

On a bright morning last June, the 27th of that month, Elizabeth and Catharine Bucher were engaged in preparing breakfast, which was to consist of coffee, hot milk, bread, butter, and fried potatoes. As they were thus occupied they received a visit from Eliza Buhler, the wife of a neighbour and distant kinsman. She was some 26 years old, tall and good-looking, with blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and flaxen hair, and dressed with a certain neatness, almost richness, that betokened either easy circumstances or expensive habits. She wanted some milk, she said; could the girls let her have some? No, they could not; they were short themselves. Well, could they let her have a bunch of sage? Certainly; Elizabeth would fetch it from the store-room. While Elizabeth was absent on this errand it occurred to Frau Buhler that she was in need of a boot lace (the Buchers appear to have kept a small shop besides their farm), which Catharine straightway fetched from the adjoining apartment.

Would Eliza stay and have breakfast, asked one of the girls. She had breakfasted already, she said, or she would have been very glad; and as she had much work to do, she must really not linger any longer, and so saying she left the cottage. Directly after she had gone the father and his son came in, and all the family, with the exception of the step-mother (who was still in bed) sat down to breakfast. Herr Bucher was the first served, and made a hearty meal; but the young man, who didn't seem to be hungry, ate sparingly, and took only one cup of coffee and milk. The breakfast over, Herr Bucher rose from his chair, but the very same moment he turned deadly pale, staggered, and would have fallen had not his son ran to his help and led him to the settle, where he lay down, almost convulsed with pain. The others were naturally much alarmed at this incident, and their alarm became all the greater when they also began to feel terribly unwell, especially the elder sister. The brother seemed the least affected, though he, too, was very sick.

The village doctor was sent for in all haste, but though he came back with the messenger, poor Bucher died in great agony a few minutes before he arrived. When the doctor saw the three patients, and heard what had happened, he was not long in coming to a conclusion. "You have all been poisoned," he said; "what have you eaten?" They told him. "Where are the breakfast things?" he asked; "have they been washed up?" No, they had not been washed up; they were still on the kitchen table. The doctor impounded them forthwith, and the same day the dead man's stomach was sent for analysis to Lucerne. Enough arsenic was found in it to have killed almost a dozen persons. Meanwhile, the antidotes to powerful antidotes and generally vigorous treatment, the sisters were saved, and the brother was so little affected that he was going about as usual the next day. The only individual who had been in the cottage on the morning of the 27th was Eliza Buhler, and from this circumstance, and from other circumstances which had come to the knowledge of the authorities, suspicion fell on her, and she was arrested.

A minute examination of the milk jug showed how it was that Herr Bucher had died so soon, and how the others had escaped. Round the top of it, and near the spout, ran a ledge or rim; this rim had received and retained the greater part of the arsenic, and as the father's cup was the first filled, nearly the whole of the poison went into his *cafe au lait*. Had it been equally mixed, say the doctors, the fate of the father would have befallen the entire family. The further circumstance that led to the prosecution of Eliza Buhler was this: She had been in the habit of going occasionally to the village inn, the Lion, to drink a glass of beer and gossip with the maids and the mistress. On one of these visits she had observed a packet of white powder lying on the shelf, described as being about breast high. Inquiring casually as to the contents of this packet, she was told that it contained vermin poison. This information seemed greatly to interest her, and she asked more than once how and where she could get some of the same stuff, as she was greatly troubled with rats and mice. On June 25, two days before her visit to the Buchers, she had been again to the Lion, and shortly after she left the landlady noticed a considerable diminution in her stock of vermin killer, which was really arsenic, whereupon she came to the conclusion that Eliza Buhler was the thief.

When people in this country, as in France, are put on their trial on a criminal charge they undergo a questioning as strict and severe as if they were witnesses, and their characters and the history of their lives are submitted to the keenest scrutiny. A judicial investigation of the character and antecedents of Eliza Buhler was considered to reveal the motive and object of the terrible crime of which she was accused. Her record was generally good, but she was vain, proud of her good looks, fond of fine clothes, and had the reputation in the village of being an extravagant and ambitious woman. She had brought her husband a marriage portion of £25, and debts of almost equal amount—a fact, however, that she had carefully concealed from him. After her marriage she ran still more into debt, she took her husband's money unknown to him, she borrowed money in his name, and forged receipts to household bills in order to keep him in ignorance of her difficulties. In short, the family was nearly ruined, and, unless something were speedily done, exposure was imminent; or rather exposure was inevitable, and she could only hope to appease her husband's wrath by finding, by hook or crook, the wherewithal to pay her debts. Now, the Buchers and the Buhlers were akin—so nearly akin that if all the former were to die Eliza's husband would be heir to their property—and the Buchers were well to do.

She therefore determined to murder the entire family, and to that end went to Herr Bucher's cottage on the morning in question, when, having by various expedients sent the two girls out of the kitchen, she dropped the arsenic she had stolen from the Lion into the milk jug; and but for the rim that intercepted so much of the poison, she would certainly have succeeded in effecting her purpose. But for this rim, moreover, see might, though suspected, have remained undetected; for if Elizabeth and Catharine Bucher's lips had been closed by death, there would have been no proof of her visit to the cottage, and the mere presumption that she had stolen arsenic from the inn would not have been sufficient to convict her. The theory of the prosecution was accepted by the jury, and last Friday, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, Eliza Buhler was found guilty of murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, the heaviest sentence that can be inflicted in Switzerland for any crime.

Apart from the curious technical points involved in this trial is the unprecedented fact that the lives of three persons and the detection of a capital offence depended on the presence of a rim in a milk jug.

A Unique Surgical Operation.

A surgical operation of probably unique character is described in the *Lancet*, by Dr. Alexander Patterson—namely, the employment of a piece of dog's bone in the treatment of united fracture. The patient, while at sea, sustained a simple fracture of both bones of the left forearm. The arm was at once put in splints, and so remained for some weeks. On removing the splints it was found that the bones had not united. It was not till eight months after the occurrence of the accident that the man was admitted to the Western Infirmary of Glasgow. Repeated efforts were made to induce the broken bones to reunite, but all without avail; and finally it was decided to amputate the arm. In the absence of the regular surgeon, Dr. Patterson took charge of the case, and obtained permission to make an attempt at saving the limb. The operation is best described in the author's own words:

"The patient was taken and placed under the influence of chloroform, while at the same time a retriever dog was being anæsthetized. I made an incision along the ulnar side of the arm, cutting down upon the ends of the fractured bone, and removing the fibrous band which alone formed the bond of union; the rounded points were removed by the saw, and a hole drilled obliquely through each squared end. The same process was repeated on the radial side, when it was found that an interspace of about three-quarters of an inch existed between the two fragments of the radius. In the meantime, one of the senior students had exposed the humerus of the quadruped, completely denuded of every tissue except the periosteum. The length of bone was accurately measured (three-quarters of an inch), while from half an inch beyond the end of the necessary length the periosteal covering was rapidly but carefully dissected, the bone sawed through, a hole drilled in either end obliquely, as in the radius and ulna, and at once placed between the ends of the radius, where it fitted accurately. Wires having been passed through the holes, the bones were firmly tied together, the loose half-inch margin of thr periosteum of the foreign bone being carefully spread over the periosteum of the radius. The wound was stitched with silver wire, the bone sutures coming out at each end of the incision. Wires were passed through the ulna, tied together, and the wound treated in a similar manner. The entire operation was conducted under the carbolic-acid spray. The arm was put up in gauze, and held in two rectangular spants."

We need not give details of the patient's conditions from day to day. Suffice it to say that one wound remained open for twelve months, and that then the dog's bone, reduced to about half its size, came away, after which the wound healed completely. The radius seemed to have fallen in somewhat toward the ulna, leaving a slight deformity. The man is by occupation a marine engineer, and is now able to resume his ordinary pursuits. Dr. Patterson had hoped that the strange bone might find a new home for itself in the human arm. This failing, he was confident that it would secure perfect alignment and steadiness in the ulnar fragments. In the latter respect the event fully justified his anticipation. He still believes in the possibility of incorporating a foreign bone.

USEFUL RECIPES.

POTATO SALAD, I.—Six large cold potatoes cut fine, two small heads of lettuce cut in small pieces, half a small onion cut fine, two hard-boiled eggs, one tablespoon capers, Mayonnaise dressing, or a dressing made of French mustard, oil, and vinegar.

POTATO SALAD, II.—Boil one egg very hard, rub the yolk to a pulp; add one raw yolk, one teaspoonful of corn starch or fine flour, one of tarragon or other vinegar, one of sweet-oil, one salt-spoonful of mixed mustard, one of salt, half a salt-spoonful of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of sweet butter; beat thoroughly together to a smooth paste; slice cold potatoes thin, arrange in pyramid or mound shape and pour the mixture over; ornament with slices of hard boiled eggs, parsley, young celery tops, and sliced lemon—any or all, as you fancy. After arranging on the dish put on ice to cool.

SAUCE TARTARE.—One raw egg, one teaspoon mustard; mix well together; add small half-bottle of wine, the juice of one lemon, a half-teaspoonful of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of capers chopped fine, and one tablespoonful of vinegar.

MACCAROONS.—One cupful of hickory-nut meats, pounded in a mortar; one cup of sugar, one egg and a half, and two tablespoons of flour; bake on a greased paper; put very little in a place.

GRANULATED WHEAT BREAD.—Take a pint of actively boiling water, salted slightly, and add enough fine granulated wheat flour to form a thin mush; to this stir in a quart of tepid water, a small piece of butter, two eggs, well beaten, one half teacup of New Orleans molasses, and one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little water; thicken it as stiff as it can be stirred with a spoon with cold-blast flour, and put each loaf in a separate pan; let it stand until it puffs up nicely, and then bake in a quick oven two hours.

APPLE JELLY.—A very nice firm, rich jelly may be made from the parings of apples and the cores. Cover them with water and let them boil until the water has wasted a little and the apple skins are very soft; then strain them, and add an equal quantity of sugar as their is liquid. A little lemon juice, a few cloves, and some ginger improve the jelly.

TO KEEP BEEF STEAK.—Have the steaks cut about the usual thickness. Mix together some salt, sugar, and some finely-powdered saltpetre. In an earthern jar lay a steak, and sprinkle it with this mixture; put on another, and sprinkle the same as before, and over all turn a plate with a heavy weight on it. This will form a brine of its own, and the meat will keep sweet in this way for a long time. You can take it out to broil the usual way. This a very good receipt for people who live away from cities. Do not let it freeze.

STAINED BRASS.—Whiting wet with aquammonia will cleanse brass from stains, and is excellent for polishing faucets and door-knobs of brass or silver.

IT is stated that the Salisbury process for using the residuum of petroleum for fuel has proved a failure

The Watford Guide,

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., February 14, 1879

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

To the buyer and seller of grain, hay, cattle, and so forth, to the storekeeper and to his customers, there is one thing of equal importance to all; namely, correct weights and measures and absolutely reliable scales. Without such safeguards, the seller is as liable to be defrauded as the purchaser, and though it is generally the purchaser who suffers, we believe that nine out of ten owners of scales, are innocent of any intent to defraud. In the course of a year the wear and tear created by the handling and rubbing together of weights makes a decided diminution in their weighing capacity; and when a storekeeper buys and sells, as many do by same scales it is just as much disadvantage to him as to his customers. Notwithstanding all this, there was at the time the law was passed in 1872, creating a special department of weights and measures for the Dominion, a hue and cry raised from one end of the country to the other. The administration was accused of passing a law to give sinecures to pets, from the fees of which they could line their pockets with startling rapidity. The amount of business to be done was greatly underestimated by the Government and the fees which were intended to merely cover the cost of the department were set at what proved to be too high a rate. In 1875 the fees were cut down nearly one half and they have lately been further reduced nearly seventy-five per cent. Thus when the second inspection of a scale cost one dollar, the cost is now but twenty-five cents and weights in proportion. Cost of adjusting varies from ten cents to three or more dollars, according to size of scale and amount of work done, but the charges are reasonable enough in all cases.

Considering that the purchasing public are if anything, more interested in the correctness of scales, weights and measures, than the seller is, it has been suggested by Mr. Brunell, head of the Weights and Measures Department that the expenses of the department be borne by the public and no direct charge be made owners of scales. If this is done, and it is more than likely it will, the last objection will be done away with, and the absurd, yet unpleasant charge made against an inspector that he draws a salary and pockets the fees also, will be heard no more. In regard to pocketing the fees; that is all moonshine. The inspector must keep himself supplied with stamps of denominations sufficient to represent the fees charged and must affix these to the certificate of inspection given the owner of the scales. For these stamps he is held to strict account, the amounts entered in the stub of certificate book and the stamps on hand at the end of each month must correspond exactly with the value of stamps held by him at the beginning of the month, and the Inspector for Lambton County cited an instance where an unintentional error of two cents in his accounts caused the whole batch to be sent back to him for correction, and this was only done after a tedious examination of many books, he not even being allowed to tender two cents to force a balance. It is to the credit of storekeepers and others that the bitter opposition once shown against the enforcement of the Act has nearly passed away and much less difficulty is now experienced by an Inspector in carrying out the business.

A FARMER KING.

Michael L. Sullivant lately died aged seventy-three years. At the time of his death he was not only penniless, but hopelessly in debt. Sullivant was at one time the owner of 47,000 acres of land in one tract, in the State of Illinois. His farm was nearly eight miles square, comprising all of Sullivant Township and much more, in Ford County. When he moved on his farm he built a small house in the centre of it, to which as his means allowed he added additions, until it became a very large building. He improved the land gradually, employing at one time 400 hands. Corn was the principle crop raised as he had a theory that corn could be raised and sold at 15 cents per bushel and leave a margin of profit.

Five years ago he owed only $50,000 on the estate, while he held $200,000 good paper for which cash could readily be obtained. About this time he was persuaded to enter into a scheme for rapidly improving his land in order to place it on the market. He borrowed from a New York capitalist in different sums to the amount of $473,000 paying 10 per cent interest and five per cent commission. Of course the loans were secured by mortgages on his estate. While in this position, property values began to fall and several corn crops failed; at this time also he was paying $5,000 per month interest. By degrees he was compelled to mortgage his personal property for $200,000. Although it kept 200 mules busy all winter hauling his corn crop to market, he could not meet the demands upon him and finally assigned all his property to a Chicago capitalist. His total indebtedness was nearly $1,500,000. His wife who had $60,000 in her own right, lent this sum to him, taking a second mortgage on his property. This being absorbed by the first she is now penniless. Sullivant was a very popular man and well liked by his neighbors. Make haste slowly, was a motto he evidently disregarded, and he leaves behind an example which should be heeded, not only by farmers but by men in other walks in life.

SUPPORT THE HOME PAPER.

A large proportion of the people in every community do absolutely nothing to support their local paper, and yet reap the benefit—in dollars and cents—every day, of the editor's work. A man will say, "Advertising does no good in my business, I have to keep men on the road and get my customers by going after them," and yet the fact is that the town in which he does business would be unknown, the railroad over which his goods are shipped would be unbuilt, and he himself unheard of were it not for the newspaper, which he says does him no good. The local newspaper is of benefit to every man in the community, just as much as the local government; and when a man refuses to contribute to the support of the paper, on the ground that it "does him no good," he might just as well refuse to pay his taxes for the support of the courts and the police force, on the ground that he "never breaks the law, and does not need any officers."

There are men who imagine themselves to be perfectly honest, and very pious, who are doing business in every community, and every day appropriating to their own use the fruits of other men's labors, by reaping the benefits of the newspaper without contributing a cent to its support; and yet they would be terribly shocked if they should be charged with stealing wood from their neighbors. But the principle is just the same, the only difference being that in one case the law can reach them, and in the other it cannot; but, morally, it is just as dishonest to steal the fruits of your neighbors enterprise, as to steal his fuel or his chickens.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A GREAT many papers talk of the resignation of MacMahon and the access of Grevy as President of France as if it were a revolution. This is a ridiculous error. It has scarcely made a ruffle in France, and will result in the displacement of but three ministers. The same foreign policy, the same financial policy, and the same internal policy will continue. The most marked change that will result will be the substitution of loyal republicans for the Bonapartists who now hold the great military commands in the army.

DURING the cold and dreary Winter there comes a short season of spring-like weather. In those few days of sunshine, how quickly we forget the piercing winds, the blustering snow storms which preceded, and how unmindful we are of the renewed siege of freezing weather to which we must submit ere balmy Spring shall come. Here is an opportunity for our readers to moralize a little.

A man will go to the butcher and buy a soup bone, without presuming to dictate what kind of paper he shall wrap it in; but the same man will subscribe for a newspaper in the belief that his subscription fee has bought the editor, body and soul.

SOME weeks ago the Hartford (Con.) COURANT printed an alleged assertion of General Neal Dow which had got into circulation that Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, used beer and spirituous liquors very freely. A friend of Mr. Spurgeon in Hartford sent to him the paragraph (which Mr. Dow disclaimed) and has just received the following:—If Mr. Neal Dow knew the truth he would not make such charges against me. My manner of life is before the world. Ask them that know me. Whatever faults I may have, I have been preserved at all times from excess, and I have given no ground for any one to accuse me of it. I use no alcoholic drink as a beverage, but I am an habitual abstainer, and as a rule a total abstainer. Beer, of which Mr. Dow speaks, I never touch, and I never thought, much less said, that I could not keep up to my work without brandy and beer. I do not believe that these or any other stimulants are a help to any man. Yours truly, C. H. SPURGEON.

33rd Year. 33rd Year.

THE WITNESS.

One of the most important features of the *Witness* during the year 1879, will be its course of free lectures on agriculture, by W. F. Clarke, of Lindenbank, Guelph late editor of the *Canada Farmer*. Those lectures already delivered by Mr. Clarke have been met with the greatest approval everywhere. The lectures will be reported in the *Witness* whose value as an agriculture paper has within the past few months, been greatly enhanced.

The *Witness* is devoted to temperance, being the principal organ of that cause in Canada, and to all other sanitary and moral reforms, as well as to the furtherance of Evangelical religion.

Another special feature of the *Witness* during 1879, will be the attention paid to its engravings, which are already numerous and important. Portraits of the prominent men throughout the world will be given, and the paper will contain numerous illustrated articles of much interest and value, as well as selections from the numerous art of the day.

The fullest attention will be paid to news, so that the *Witness* may retain its present reputation as a newspaper.

The household and general literary departments of the *Witness* have always been a prominent feature of the paper and they will be continued on the same plan as heretofore, giving to the ladies much valuable information about every thing necessary to make the household bright, pleasant, and prosperous.

The price of the different editions of the *Witness* is as follows, per year post paid:—

Daily Witness, $3.00, circulation 14,800.

Weekly Witness, $1.10, circulation, 28,000.

In addition to these, the publishers of the *Witness* issue the *Northern Messenger*, a semi-monthly illustrated family journal, which is regarded with great favor all over North America, as its circulation of over 50,000, testifies. In homes remote from postal accomodation, it supplies the whole family reading, while in cities, towns, and villages everywhere, it is the favorite of the young people, who find it an endless source of enlightment and enjoyment. Its price is but 30 cents a year, including postage. To Sunday-schools and clubs it is sent at the following rates:—

10 copies to one address...$ 2.50 per an.
25 copies to one address ... 6.00 "
50 copies to one address... 11.50 "
100 copies to one address.. 22.00 "

All persons desiring to interest themselves in obtaining subscriptions for the *Witness*, will receive sample copies and terms on application. Every letter answered. Address.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1.—The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con, S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Balm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS.—Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.
Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb. 14th, 1879.—3 m

$10 REWARD. $10

To any person who will tell me who broke into my house on the 30th of January, east ½, lot 1, 2nd con. Adelaide, I will give the above reward. All letters to be addressed to

THOS. CHAMBERS, SR
Adelaide Feb. 7th 1879.—3 in.

For Sale or To Rent.

The undersigned will either rent or sell that splendid residence on Warwick street, near Mr. Eccles brick residence it is at present occupied by Thos. Kerfoot. The dwelling consists of ten rooms, stable on lot, and everything convenient, such as hard and soft water. Possession given about the middle of February. For terms &c. apply to

WILLIAM MOODY,
Watford P. O.
or at this office.
Watford, February 7th 1879.—3 in

Executors Notice.

All persons having claims against the late David Pollock, of the Township of Brooke, deceased, will please forward the same immediately, to Messrs. MacKenzie & Gurd, Barristers, Sarnia.

JAMES POLLOCK.
Administrator with Will annexed.
February 7th 1879.—3 in

NOTICE,

All parties interested, will please take notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my husband or any person belonging to me.

MRS. GEO. JAMIESON,
Feb. 7th.—3 in Watford, P O.

Subscribe for the "GUIDE"

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price. 75c. for 50c.
do 50c. " 40c.
do 40c. " 33c.
do 30c " 23c.
do 25c. " 19c.
do 20c. " 15c.

Tweeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price, $1 50, Reduced to $1 20.
do 1 25, do 1 00.
do 1 00, do 80.
do 75, do 60.
do 65, do 50.

Men's Felt Hats 75c. for 60c.
do $1 00 " 75c.
do 1 25 " $1 00
do 1 50 " 1 20

Best Factory Flannel, 40c. for 30c.
Best Grey do 40c. " 30c.
Scarlet do 25c. " 18c.
Best Scarlet do 50c. " 40c.
40c. " 30c.
Canton Flannel 12½c " 9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. e ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD

Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S — WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S — CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S — GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good

Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.

Also a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.

☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜

☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜

November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them tha he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

A. Jamieson's,

CHEAP CASH STORE.

After having done business in Watford for twelve months I have found that the Cash System is the only safe way of doing business. Acting upon past experience, I intend in future to do a strictly Cash business, and will sell my Large Winter Stock very Cheap. I have much pleasure in announcing that my stock is complete and will be found one of the Cheapest and Best Assorted in Watford. My friends and patrons are kindly invited to give me an early call.

My Stock of DRESS GOODS are Fully Kept up With the Times.

Prune Cashmeres,
Bronze Green Cashmeres,
Navy Blue Cashmeres,
Black Cashmeres, all Prices,

Black Lustres,
Colored Lustres, all Shades,
Persian Cards, "
and Over Coats.

Having bought an unusually Large Stock of Over Coats and the Winter rather backward I have marked them down to cost. Any customer in want of an Over Coat or Ulster will save money by looking through my stock before buying elsewhere and just compare the prices and I am sure that I will come out best. A large stock of Furs, Boy's and Girls Caps Cheap.

A. JAMIESON,
Watford Sept. 20th, 1878, Cheap Cash Store, Main st., Watford.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, urgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M.D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. fy

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs). Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.
The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.
Best of Liquors and Cigars
☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.
W. H. ROGERS, Prop.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.
J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the
TAILORING BUSINESS
IF YOU WANT A
NICE SUIT
well got up and finished, call on
MARSHALL
FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.
Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.
JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.
☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.
W. & T. HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

Executrix Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned widow of Thomas Saunders, late of the Township of Brooke, has registered letters of administration to the estate of the said "late Thomas Saunders." All parties having claims against the said late Thomas Saunders are required to file the same with the undersigned within one calendar month after this notice. All persons indebted are required to pay their indebtedness forthwith.

Dated Watford, 20th Dec. 1878.
JANE SAUNDERS,
4in* Administratrix

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATTERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

and uses the best material.

A large stock of
Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of
MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,
who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders will be received for the erection of a school house in U. S. section No. 16 and 18, Brooke and Warwick up to 8th Feb. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications will be seen at David Watson's Lot 7, con. 6 south Warwitk, by whom all Tenders will be received. Tenders will be opened at 3 o'clock on the 8th Feb. All applications to be marked Tender.

DAVID WATSON.
January 24.—3 in.

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing as Bole and Kertoot, as Foundrymen and machinists at the Village of Watford is this day dissolved by mutual consent, all out accounts due the said firm will be collected by the new firm of Bole, and Stickle, who will also pay all liabilities of the said firm Bole and Kerfoot, at the old stand.

Given under our hands at Watford this 1st day of January.

Witness, JAMES BOLE,
J. MENERY. THOS. KERFOOT,
Watford Jan. 10.—4 in

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES.

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.
Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

KNOW THYSELF — By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. HEAL THYSELF

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exeedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE

BUSINESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

He would call the attention of the public who need anything in the

Furniture Line

that for the next

THIRTY DAYS

He will sell goods

10 per cent Less than Heretofore for Cash.

As I have a Large Lot to arrive in a few days that I purchased at Bottom Prices for Cash on account of the continued Hard Times I intend giving my customers the benefit.

Repairing neatly done, and Pictures Framed to order very cheap.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St., Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments,
Head-Stones,
Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOODY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place.

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

EAST LAMBTON FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
ST. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. ly

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct, 27 1876 tf

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

Teas, Teas, Teas, Teas and Christmas Groceries

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other Feench Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots at		$5 00 Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25 "
Stoga "	-	3 75 "

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS. SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 0th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of EWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m,

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

WANTED.

A good servant girl to do general housework. Good wages will be given. Apply at this office.

Watford, Jan. 31st 1879.—2in.

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

WATFORD, ONT., February 14, 1879

VALENTINE'S, comic and sentimental, at Ewer's Book Store.

THE report of the annual meeting of the East Lambton Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company crowded out.

CAMPBELL'S geography, exercise and copy books for schools very cheap at Ewer's Book Store.

THE Rev, J. W. Taylor will conduct divine services in the English churches of Warwick and Watford on Sunday 16th inst.

EWER'S Book Store is the cheapest and best place to buy your books, stationery, wall paper, window blinds and fancy goods.

The Rev. Mr. Colwell will preach in Zion's church 2nd line north, morning and evening and the Congregational church Watford at 2:30 p. m. next Sunday.

ANOTHER EAGLE SHOT — Dan McLean shot a large bald headed eagle, Saturday last, weighing nearly thirty pounds, and measuring seven feet, four inches, from tip to tip.

ACCIDENT.—In Watford, on Sunday last, Homer Stapleford, better known as "Didley," a lad of about 11 years, met wet a severe accident. He fell from the stable loft to the floor, on his head. Dr. Lindsay was called in and he is now doing well.

ELDER D. Oliphant, of London, providence favoring, will discourse to the people in the Free Baptist Chapel, ninth concession of Brooke, on Sunday, 16th February, at half past ten o'clock in the forenoon; and at Glen Walker, Metcalfe, at half past six o'clock in the evening.

The Cash Down or Trade at Market prices will be the **rule** of the house, for all goods bought from the Golden Lion, Watford on and after March 1st 1879. **The Credit System** does **not pay** either buyer or seller, and David Watt is determined to strictly adhere to the new rule he has adopted. 2i

EDWARD KENNEDY, of 3rd con. Brooke, while ascending a ladder to cut straw from a stack a few days ago, met with a curious accident. The large knife used for that purpose laid on the straw just above the ladder; as he grasped the topmost round the knife fell, cutting two fingers off the left hand, nearly severing the bone and pinning his hand to the ladder round.

FARMERS ATTENTION.—Call at the Globe Foundry and examine the plows that Bole & Stickle are making with the hardened cast mouldboard. They are selling the plows much cheaper than those made with the steel mouldboard. They are also manufacturing improved iron scrapers for roads which they propose selling to municipalities in lots of half a dozen each at extremely low rates.

W. E. JOHNSON, editor of the Alvinston *News*, delivered a lecture in the Music Hall, Alvinston, on Thursday evening, 6th inst., his subject being "Scandal, and its effects on Society." Truly, the lecturer has "measured with a painter's eye the moving picture" of life; for the faults, foibles, and deceptions of men and women were dealt with in a manner at once clear and convincing.

FIREMEN'S CONCERT.—The Concert which is to be given in Fawcett's Hall on the evening of the 25th inst., under the auspices of the Firemen of Watford, promises to be the best of the season. The programme will consist of Duetts, solos, songs and dances, and Instrumental music by the best foreign and local talent. We can assure our readers that this will be a grand treat, as the Firemen will not leave a stone unturned to make it a success. Particulars next week.

A successful social was given by Sydenham Grange No. 361, on evening of January 31st, in School House S. S. No. 4, Brooke Township. Refreshments having been served, the chairman A. M. Munroe, called on Mr. McKenzie of Warwick, who addressed the meeting, as did also D. B. McKellar, D. Oliphant, A. Lindsay, D. McEchron, sr., D. Sinclair, J. McPhail and P. McLean. Music by the Alvinston choir, Miss Jennie Wagner presiding at the organ in a very efficient manner.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—Well attended and most interesting missionary meetings were held in connection with the English Church, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings last, at Watford, Warwick and on the 6th line, Brooke. Revs. R. Fletcher, J. Downie, and W. J. Taylor were the deputations. In St. James' Church, Brooke, a highly interesting account of the early English Church was given by Rev. R. Fletcher, and the fact conclusively shown that the English Church existed long before the Roman Catholic emissaries landed on England's shores.

MUSIC, vocal and instrumental at Ewer's Book Store.

AT THE LAST Division Court in the suit of Martin vs School Board, Joseph Williams was ordered to pay for the lightning rods and cost of Court.

WRITING paper and envelopes very cheap at Ewer's Book Store.

ANOTHER addition is being added to Doherty's Foundry, 24 x 84 feet. Were those buildings extended they would reach a distance of some 300 feet, and cover nearly a quarter of an acre of ground.

1000 REAPERS FOR FRANCE.—John Elliott of London sent for exhibition purposes a sample each of Reapers and Mowers, and afterwards sent 10 machines to operate in the harvest fields of France, and as a result has received two bronze medals and an order for 1000 Meadow Lark Reapers and Mowers. From the great success of the Meadow Lark through this section of the country last summer, we bespeak for it a great sale this year.

ENCOURAGING.

On entering upon the fifth year our exchanges have given us many complimentary notices, of which the following are samples:—

The Watford GUIDE is in its fifth year.—*Age*, Strathroy.

The Watford GUIDE is celebrating its fifth birthday. We wish it many happy returns.—*Free Press*, Forest.

The Watford GUIDE has now reached its fifth anniversary. It's a live weekly and deserves renewed prosperity.—*Spectator*, Hamilton.

The Watford GUIDE has entered upon its fifth year of existence, and looks as safe to weather five years more as if it had already done so.—*Free Press*, London.

The GUIDE has entered upon its fifth year and having survived the financial diseases incident to newspaperial infancy gives promise of continued existence.—*Observer*, Sarnia.

We note that the Watford GUIDE has just entered on the fifth year of its existence. Our cotem. has proved itself a faithful Conservative journal and a good local paper during the past four years; we hope it will receive better encouragement in the future.—*Dispatch*, Strathroy.

PROGRESSING.—The Watford GUIDE has entered upon its fifth year of publication. It is one of the best local papers in Western Ontario, and we wish for it all success. * * * * The GUIDE is pushing forward gaining influence and wealth with increased years.—*Review*, Blyth.

Friday, January thirty first, the Watford GUIDE celebrated the fifth anniversary of its existence. We congratulate the GUIDE that it has not only held up its head, while floating on the tempestuous sea of journalism, but by the energy of its publisher has drawn around it the life preserver of increased patronage from advertisers and the earnest support of a large circle of subscribers.—*News*, Alvinston.

We also append the following letter from a subscriber who had moved and was unable to send his address for a few weeks:—

223 Nepean St, Ottawa.

"Would you please send on the GUIDE to the address given above. It seemed as if there was something wanting each week when we were without the GUIDE, but I did not want to send for it until I got settled down and it is only within the last few days that I have accomplished that point."

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.

The grand moral temperance Drama of "Ten nights in a Bar-room or, Joe Morgan redeemed was presented to the public of Watford and vicinity on Thursday and Friday, February 6th and 7th, under the auspices of Watford Shield Temperance Lodge. The Ladies and gentlemen who took part were under the training of Profs. Adams and Collen, and in such a short time it is astonishing how well they performed their parts, clearly showing that these gentlemen are well up in their buisness. They were greeted each evening with good audiences, showing the appreciation of the Drama in Watford The hero of the Drama, Joe Morgan, was taken by Prof. Adams, who from his first appearance showed clearly that that very difficult character would be well sustained. His appeal to Simon Slade of the once happy home and days gone by, was enough to soften the hardest hearts, and when in his frightful scene of deliriums, so naturally did he act the Tremens that your imagination would almost lead you to believe they were real; at the last scene, which is the reformed home of Joe Morgan, or the happy wife, none could hardly believe that Prof. Adams was the drunken Joe Morgan, so wonderful was the change. Prof. Adams has a fine clear voice combined with a graceful manner and gesture which adds much to his success as an actor.

The eccentric, warm-hearted Yankee, Sample Swichel was capitally taken by Mr. T. B. Taylor, whose eccentricity repeatedly convulsed the audience; Simon Slade, Landlord of the Sickle and Sheaf, was assumed by G. Rogers, and was well sustained especially towards the end of the play, when time had aged and he assumed the role of the blotched rum-bemuddled landlord in a highly creditable manner; Frank, his young hopeful was excellently portrayed by R. Moody; Harvey Green (W. N. Baile) the high toned gambler who leads away and ultimately kills Willie Hammond (John A. McLeay) were both well represented by these gentlemen; the character Mr. Romaine, the stranger, could not have fell in better hands than R. M. Hume who in a clear voice showed that he was well calculated for it; Mrs. Morgan was well rendered by Miss E. McLachlin, who acted her part with such a degree of composure and simplicity, that won for her the praise of the audience; Miss Worthington as Mrs. Slade executed her part well; Mary Morgan was taken by Miss E. Symington, as the delicate child of old Joe Morgan, we would be doing an injustice if we did not highly compliment her on the manner in which she acted her part. She has a very sweet voice and in the last scene of her parting with her mother and father it could not fail to bring the tears to many in the audience; Mehitable Cartright was splendidly taken by Miss C. McTavish, who took the character of the servant girl with credit and in her lively conversations with Swichel frequently brought down the house. The latter part of the Drama was interspersed with songs from Miss G. Kenward and Miss M. Finlayson. The song of Miss G. Kenward of "Annie O' the banks O' Dee" and "I cannot sing that song to-night" by Miss M. Finlayson were both loudly encored. The Drama was concluded with the Grand brilliant Tableaux of Mary in heaven which in itself is worth the price of admission. On the last evening Mr. L. Rogers sang "The hard working man" and was heartily encored The last evenings entertainment was brought to a close by the thrilling Tableaux of the Gambler's doom, in which Miss G. Kenward Prof. Adams and W. N. Bailie were the principal characters, and it was admitted by all present that it was one of the best Tableaux ever witnessed. We must congratulate Profs. Adams and Collen upon the success of the Drama, and they deserve great credit for their successful effort to develope a love for the beauties of the Drama in Watford.

Miss Jones and Miss Brown as Organists added much to the evenings entertainment.

EAST LAMBTON U. T. A.

The regular quarterly meeting of the United Temperance Association of East Lambton was held in Fawcett's Hall, Watford, on Wednesday the 5th inst.

The President, W. W. Buchanan, occupied the chair. The attendance was not large, there being but seven branch Associations represented, viz.: Rose of Plympton, Wyoming; Hamlet, Wanstead; Flower of Kertch, Kertch Coldstream, Warwick village; Sydenham and Star, Warwick; and Beacon, Arkona. Amongst the visitors were W. E. Sillence, lecturer, Dr. Harvey and W. J. McAlpine

The new Temperance Act came in for a fair share of attention, and after the movement to submit it to a vote had been reviewed and future methods of action discussed, it was resolved: On motion of A. J. Syer, Wyoming, and Thos. Kenward, Warwick, that the Secretary be instructed to express to the President of the L. P. A., Hon. A Vidal, that in the opinion of this association, an early meeting of the L. P. A. is desirable for the purpose of securing a thorough understanding amongst the temperance people, and devising plans for more vigorous and united action in the submission of the Temperance Act.

Considerable buisness of interest to the Association was transacted; arrangements being made for holding four public meetings in the District under the auspices of this Association, and the management of a committee composed of S. D. Barnes, J. E. Anderson, W. W. Buchanan, A. J. Syer and Thos. Kenward, with the assistance of the branch where the meeting is held. The meetings were decided upon as follows: Arkona, Monday evening the 17th inst.; Town Hall, Plympton, Friday evening, the 21st inst.; Town Hall, Warwick, Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. Alvinston, Friday evening, the 28th inst.

A resolution expressing regret at the retirement of the President, and tendering him the thanks of the Association for his untiring zeal in advancing the interests of the cause and order, was unanimously passed.

S. D. Barnes, of Star Warwick, was elected to fill the vacancy for the balance of the term.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed to convey the thanks of the Association, to Watford Shield Lodge, I. O. G. T., for their kindness in opening and warming their hall for our convenience.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting at Warwick village on the second Wednesday of of June next.

J. E. ANDERSON, Sec'y.

Village Council.

A special meeting of the Watford Council was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, 3rd February, 1879.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Cook, that in the absence of the Reeve Mr. McLaren be chairman. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Dixie, that the minutes as read be adopted.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Dixie, that the application of School Board for $200 be accepted, and that the Reeve and Treasurer secure the amount required per application. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dixie, seconded by Mr. Cook, that the following be the Standing Committees for 1879:—

FINANCE—W. P. McLaren, chairman, Jas. Bole and H. Cook.

BOARD OF WORKS—Jas. Bole, chairman, R. Dixie and H. Cook.

RELIEF COMMITTEE—R. Dixie, chairman, W. P. McLaren and Jas. Bole.

FIRE AND WATER—H. Cook, chairman, R. Dixie and W. P. McLaren.

PRINTING—Jas. Bole, chairman, R. Dixie and W. P. McLaren.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Cook, that we adjourn till Monday evening.

REGULAR MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Watford Council was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening 10th of February, 1879.

Moved and seconded that the minutes as read be adopted.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, that in the absence of the clerk through sickness, that Mr. David Howden act as clerk *pro tem*, and that he sign the minutes of last meeting.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. McLaren, that the Auditor's report be accepted and that the Reeve grant orders on the Treasurer to each of the auditors for the sum of $8.00 each.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, that the By-law relative to hotel and shop licenses be read a first time. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. McLaren, that Rule 28 be suspended for to allow By-law No. 3 for shop and tavern license to pass.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, that the By-law for hotel and shop license be read a second time. Carried.

Moved and seconded that we go into Committee of the Whole. Mr Bole in the chair. By-law read clause by clause. Moved and seconded that the blanks be filled up with the same figures as last year. The Committee rose and reported progress with blanks filled in.

Moved by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Cook that the By-law with blanks filled in be read a third time and passed. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McLaren, seconded by Mr. Dixie, that J. C. Tye receive the sum of $65 for all the printing required to be done for this Municipality for the year 1879, and also that he print 50 copies of the Village By-laws in pamphlet form.

Moved by Mr. Dixie, seconded by Mr. McLaren, that Mr. Cowan receive the sum of $18 for ringing bell for 1879, and that the Reeve grant his order for the sum of $6 of the amount.

Messrs. McLaren and Cook were appointed to have the Treasurers Bonds properly executed, and placed before the Council. On motion of Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, the Treasurers bonds were approved of and authorized that the same be placed in the hands of the Clerk for safe keeping.

Moved by Mr. McLaren, seconded by Mr. Dixie, that the regular meeting of the Council be held on the first Monday in each month during the present year.

On motion the Council adjourned till next regular meeting.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

CHEAP LANDS IN BROOKE TOWNSHIP.—Alex. Lucas has for sale, at prices ranging from $10 to $14 per acre, over 2000 acres located as follows: In 3rd concession 400 acres, 600 in 7th, 200 in 8th, 600 in 9th and 300 in 10th conession. It is well worth while to call upon him if you propose locating in this township, or buy land for a rise.

Owing to some misunderstanding as to the appointments made by the Grand Lodge, Rev. J. N. Elliot was billed for Petrolia on Monday, and was compelled to indefinitely postpone his lecture here.

THE RESULT—The letter forwarded to Post Master General Langevin, concerning irregularity in carriage of mails, has resulted in instructions being given for the St Clair Branch train to wait thirty minutes over time at St Thomas for mails from the East.

REV. Rural Dean Fletcher will conduct divine service on Sunday next, February 16th, in St. James' Church, Brooke; St. Mary's Napier; and St. John's, Alvinston. The Holy Communion will be administered at the close of each service.

THE "Friendly Gathering" of the congregation of St. John's Church, held at the Incumbents house last Tuesday week, was an extremely pleasant one. After partaking of many good things, the company spent the evening in listening to music, singing and readings; various games were also heartily entered into. The visitors dispersed at a late hour, after joining together in singing the Doxology. On Wednesday evening, the members of the choir assembled at the Parsonage, and spent a few pleasant hours together.

Orange County Meeting.

Watford, Feb. 4th, 1879.

The annual meeting of the East Lambton County Lodge was held here to-day as laid down in constitution.

At one o'clock p.m. the Lodge was called to order, by the County Master Bro Richard Karr, assuming the chair, and Bro. Carscadden, County Chaplain, offered up prayer, when the Lodge was opened in the Royal Arch degree. All the private Lodges in the County were well represented, the following being the number of delegates sent from each: No. 505, Watford, 5; No. 516, Warwick, 5; No. 536, Plympton, 6; No. 626, Wanstead, 4; No. 746, Brooke, 4; No. 819, Bosanquet, 3; No. 830, Forest, 3; No. 911, Arkona, 4; No. 998, Thedford, 3; and No. 1029, Union 6, there were also a number of visitors present.

The County Master in making his report congratulated the Lodge on the large increase in the membership of the various Lodges in the County during the year.

The Treasurer handed in his report which after being audited and found correct was adopted.

The County Master then vacated the chair and Bro. Thompson, District Master, took the same and the election of officers was taken up, with the following result:—Bro. W. H. McMahon, elected C. M.; Bro. George Kilpatrick, elected D. C. M.; Bro. D. Carscadden, reelected Chap.; Bro. W. H. Stewart, reelected Secretary; Bro. Thos. Woods, elected Treasurer. Bro. Elisha Saunders, elected Director of Ceremonies; Bro. John Mitchell reelected Lecturer.

BORN.

LAWES.—In Brooke, on the 11th inst., the wife of Henry Lawes, of a daughter.

KELLY—In Brooke, on the 7th inst., the wife of George Kelly, of a son.

WHITE—In Watford, on the 11th inst. the wife of Thos White of a son.

PEPPER—In Watford, on 10th inst., the wife of William Pepper, of a daughter.

SAUNDERS—On the 9th inst the wife of John Saunders, 2nd line Warwick of a daughter.

BOYLE—On the 12th inst. the wife of Wm. Boyle, 10th con. Brooke of a daughter.

ECCLES—On the 6th inst. the wife of John D. Eccles Esq., J. P., Warwick of a daughter.

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, *good as new*, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,

Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	$0 85	@	$0 86
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 85	@	0 86
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 70	@	0 75
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 23	@	0 24
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 55
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 55
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cental	3 50	@	3 75
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

The Empire of Discontent.

A Russian Nihilist's Bold Picture of the "Holy Czardom."

Wicked Oppression and Corruption Hastening the Day of the Romanoff's Fall—The Cruel Policy that Originated in a Shot Fired at the Czar Alexander by a Crazy Boy—The Inquisition of the Nineteenth Century.

That the present state of Russia is most deplorable is a plain fact, which is beyond doubt and discussion. The Russian press itself freely admits it. "Russia has become an empire of the discontented!" exclaimed the celebrated Katkoff, in his Moscow *Gazette*, shortly after the war, and this expression has been echoed by the whole public opinion in Russia, and given a theme to all the press. Reviewing the abominable cases of corruption which the last war has disclosed, the St. Petersburg *News* says in a recent issue: "The moral standard of our society seems to have sunk so low that we have utterly lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, honour from baseness, patriotism from egotism. In almost every representative of our official spheres we are led to suspect a rascal and a thief. We disgust each other, we believe no more in ourselves, all honest principles seem to have become an empty phrase, and a cold skepticism in all things not pertaining directly to our personal interests seems to have taken hold of the whole nation." Still more violent in its expressions is the *Novoye Vremja* (New Time), the leading St. Petersburg paper. "What a time we are living in!" it exclaims. "Every day brings new disclosures; on all sides we are surrounded with rascals who have long ago lost all sense of their moral debasement. In this pestiferous atmosphere honest hearts lose their energy, gradually sunk lower and lower, or are crushed in fruitless attempts to shake off the curse lying upon us." Such is the picture of utter demoralization drawn by the Russian press. Muzzled as it is by a barbarous censorship, it can certainly not be suspected of exaggeration. If we add to this picture financial exhaustion and utter impoverishment of the labouring classes, caused by an exorbitant and disproportionate taxation, we shall convey to the reader a fair idea of the terrible crisis through which Russia is now passing, and exclude the suspicion of of attempting to conceal its importance.

Is this state of affairs hopeless? Is it the agony of the Russian nation? Has the latter played out its part in history, and is this the beginning of an utter decomposition? There is every reason to believe that such is not the case. The nation itself is safe and sound—the czardom alone, that cancer which has for centuries sucked the life's blood out of the Russian people, with its whole train, is rotting off and falling to pieces. What the world is now witnessing is the agony of Russian autocracy. The czardom alone is the true cause of all the misery Russia has endured for centuries, and is now still enduring. With its overthrow the nation will breathe freely, and will at last be able to develop all its latent energies.

The power concentrated in the Russian Czars is without precedent in history, and that at all times exerted a most fatal influence on public life in Russia, as well as on the personal character of the Czars themselves. Trained to a slavish obedience, and to the belief that the personal will of one man and not the law was the guiding principle of their whole existence, the people gradually sank into that political and intellectual apathy from which even now the mass of the Russian peasantry have not yet awakened. The Government took in the popular imagination the form of a law of nature, the effects of which could neither be foreseen nor avoided, but only like those of nature deified and adored. Not only to the people, however, but to the Czars themselves has their power become a curse. Feeling the awful responsibility weighing on them, they naturally sought to alleviate it by giving their power a divine character. Every one of their acts they began to consider as the will of God, themselves as His instruments, and every man who dared to oppose them as an insolent atheist, not recognizing the dictates of Heaven, for whom no punishment could appear too cruel and severe. In a certain sense the opinion is well founded that all Russian Czars were more or less maniacs. A human mind cannot bear the strain put upon it by the exercise of an almost divine power. It naturally acquires a morbid disposition, which takes different forms, according to the character and energy of each individual. The proto-type of this species of "Cæsarean" mania is to be found in our century in the person of Nicholas I., the present Emperor's father. Nicholas was the type of a convinced autocrat—of an autocrat "by the grace of God." In him all the traditions of ancient Czardom were personified; he exercised his power not only as a right, but as a holy duty, imposed on him by Providence, and crushed his enemies, not from personal hatred or out of Governmental interests, but simply as a work of heavenly justice.

An episode which happened in 1848 with a member of my own family will best serve to illustrate this feature in the character of the "Iron Czar." A relation of mine, who was then a student at the St. Petersburg University, had, with a few friends, formed a literary society, in which the works of contemporary political economists, publicists and philosophers were read and debated. One of the innumerable spies of the secret police denounced the society as a "secret revolutionary organization," and my relative as president thereof. The latter was of course arrested, locked up in one of the underground cells of the St. Petersburg fortress, and summarily condemned, by a special military court, to transportation to Siberia for life.

All the influence which our family possessed in high quarterr was brought to bear on the Czar, but in vain. At last the mother of the prisoner, meeting the Czar one day during one of his solitary walks in the Summer Garden, threw herself at his feet, averring her son's innocence and imploring his pardon. The Czar seemed to be profoundly touched. He raised the old lady with the most chivalrous and pitying deference, and promised her to reconsider her son's case, and to have a personal interview with him. Nicholas was true to his word. The very next day the young culprit was brought out of his cell, and a few moments later he stood alone before the Emperor. The latter took him by the hand, led him before an image of the Saviour suspended in a corner of the room, and, forcing him down on his knees, exclaimed:

"Can you swear before the Almighty God that neither you nor your associates had any criminal design against my life? Can you swear that you believe in the holiness and eternity of the Russian autocracy?"

As soon as the prisoner had recovered from his unbounded surprise, he answered:

"I can swear to your Majesty that neither I nor any of my friends had the remotest design against your safety. As to the autocratic form of government, I cannot conscientiously swear that I believe in its eternity. The history of other countries teaches us that the time must come, even in Russia, when the people itself will take part in its government."

The Czar answered not a syllable, embraced the young man with almost paternal tenderness, and drawing a ring from his own finger gave it to him, saying:

"This is a token of respect from your Czar. You have been sincere and truthful to me, and there is nothing I hate so much as a lie."

He then approached his writing table, on which the sentence of the court concerning my relative was lying, and with one stroke of the pen—signed the paper!

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart," he said; "you are an honest man, and an honest man, true to his convictions, is more dangerous to autocracy than an unprincipled rascal. Therefore I must punish you, though never was this duty more painful to me than now. God bless you, my son, and judge me mercifully, if I should appear to be in the wrong."

And once more embracing his victim, he led him to the door.

This story, every particular of which I have heard from my relative himself who at the beginning of the present reign was pardoned and returned to St. Petersburg, depicts vividly the peculiarities of Nicholas's great but entirely deranged mind. The holiness of his position as defender of autocracy became a mania, an *idee fixe*, for which he would have sacrificed his life as he did those of others, if the occasion of doing so had presented itself. Nicholas may have been called the "Brutus of autocracy." Like all the Princes of the Romanoff family, he had received but a miserable education. Accustomed from childhood to deal either with fawning courtiers or with severely disciplined soldiers, he considered a soldier the ideal of a true citizen, implicit obedience the only civic virtue, and a barrack the model of political organization. In his mind a spirit of military discipline was to pervade the whole country. The free will of each citizen was limited by the scope of his private life. In all public matters the "holy power" of the Czar reigned paramount, and not only criticism, but a plain discussion, even a thorough knowledge of such matters on the part of a private citizen, was considered criminal.

This horrible system, which only the morbid imagination of a mania could have invented, was carried out with a merciless logic and a set purpose, as only a great mind, great even in its aberrations, is capable of. The public schools were managed on a thorough military plan. Learning by heart was the chief occupation, and all sciences were "arranged" specially for Russia, so as not to give the slightest possible occasion for liberal theories or religious skepticism. In ancient history, for instance, the Roman republic was entirely estimated. From the kings the pupils had to skip over to the emperors, and the intermediate period was done away with the instances: "After Tarquinius the Roman people became unruly and revolted against the legal authorities. A time of hideous disturbance followed until Julius Cæsar appeared," etc. The history of Russia was distorted in all possible ways, so as to conceal all that could have been interpreted unfavourably for some of the Czars. It seems scarcely credible, and yet it is but the plain truth, that until the present day the facts of the murder of Peter III. by his wife Catharine, and of Paul I. by a conspiracy of noblemen, of which the poor maniac's own son, the "gentle" Alexander I. was the guiding spirit, are not admitted to publication in Russia, and severely proscribed from all school books!

As I have said, this system was carried out by Nicholas with that steadfast logic and settled purpose peculiar to maniacs. His whole life, all the faculties of a naturally powerful mind, had been devoted to training the people into a nation of crippled idiots and knaves. When after the crash of the Crimean war this terrible truth began to dawn upon him—when the stern, merciless hand of history showed him the abyss of corruption, rascality, ignorance, and apathy into which he had cast his people by carrying out what he deemed to be the will of God—then the "Iron Czar" broke down like a reed and died. It is well known to the initiated in court matters at St. Petersburg that on his deathbed he confided to his son, the present Emperor, the secret of his broken life, and made him swear to adopt a series of liberal measures, and before all the emancipation of the serfs, which was accordingly accomplished in 1861.

A more striking contrast of character can scarcely be imagined than that which exists between Nicholas and his son and successor, Alexander II. If the former presents a typical instance of the effects of czardom on a powerful, manly, and energetic mind, the latter illustrates, on the contrary, the perhaps still more direful influence of absolute power on a weak mind.

Alexander's character can be defined in one sentence: He has not will enough to be good, and he is not good enough to have a will. Keenly aware of the heavy responsibility which rests on him, he constantly wavers between two opposite resolutions; he ponders sometimes whole years over one decision, and, when he at last carries it out, the right time for it is generally past, and it has long ago "lost the name of action."

The first years of the present reign awakened in the hearts of the Russian people the most sanguine hopes. Almost immediately after the death of Nicholas the whole system of government changed abruptly. The preparatory measures to the emancipation of the serfs were begun, the press was given a freedom of speech altogether unprecedented in Russia, the system of instruction underwent a most radical reform; the courts, the army, the local administration, in short, every branch of government, was revised and reformed, and a new life seemed to spring up amid the ruins of the former tyranny. Liberalism became the fashion, even at court. Of course even then, in the midst of this orgy of liberalism, men were to be found who were not blind enough to believe that the work of centuries could be effaced in a few days. And the event proved that they were right. An address presented by the nobility of Moscow to the Czar, demanding an aristocratic constitution, as a sort of compensation for the losses the nobility had sustained by the emancipation of the serfs, gave the first impulse to an abrupt change of politics. The address was received very ungraciously; the ringleaders of the whole concern were advised to retire to their estates for some time, in order to meditate at leisure on the true nature of Russian liberalism, and the very first occasion was seized upon to remind the "Liberals" that "autocracy was a heavenly institution, and that every attempt at anything which might possibly resemble a constitution was in future to be considered as an offence against his Imperial Majesty, and punished according to law"—a rather uncomfortable threat, meaning death, or Siberia.

The ordinary consequences of political repression followed; the revolutionary movement became more intense. "Conspiracies" were almost daily discovered by the police. At last came the catastrophe. On the 16th of April, 1866, a crazy young lunatic, almost a child, Karakozoff by name, fired a shot at the Emperor, while the latter was stepping into his carriage after a walk in the Summer Garden. This fatal shot marked a turning point in the Czar's policy toward his subjects, and opened the career of a man who richly deserves the name of an evil genius of modern Russia, in whom Russian autocracy, with all its decay and hypocrisy, found an able, unscrupulous, and powerful representative. This man is the now celebrated Count Peter Shouvaloff, at present Russian Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain, and the probable successor of Prince Gortchakoff to the office of Chancellor of the Empire. Immediately after Karakozoff's *attentat*, Shouvaloff was summoned to the post of "Chief of the Third Section of his Majesty's Private Chancery," and the task of prosecuting the criminal and of extirpating the "revolutionary party" in Russia to the very roots was entrusted to him.

A history of the secret doings, of all the horrors and crimes perpetrated by this disgraceful institution would fill up many volumes, before the contents of which the most sensational novels would appear tame and shallow. There is scarcely any sphere of private life which is exempted from the irresponsible control of this inquisition of the nineteenth century. The verdict of a court has no value whatever for the Third Section. Not only acquitted political offenders are as a rule transported "administratively" to some distant town of the empire, but even the Judges themselves, when they are considered to have passed too lenient a verdict, are liable to be forced into resigning their office and to be then exiled in company with the very prisoners who had stood before them! Such is the institution at the head of which Shouvaloff was placed in 1866; such was the power given into his hand, which made in one year the actual master of Russia.

Repressive measures against the press, the provincial elective assemblies (the *semstvo*), the universities, and the new law courts followed almost daily. Shoualoff knew how to deprive public life in Russia even of that phantom of liberty which had been awarded by the "liberal" Czar; how to tear out of the new institutions their spirit, without touching their outward civilized form. He carefully dealt with every case according to the social reputation and family position of the inculpated persons; he could discriminate between those who could be struck and crushed in the most merciless and brutal manner, and those toward whom forms of chivalrous and accomplished civility must be accomplished.

A personal experience of mine admirably illustrates this trait in the character of the "Great Russian Spy," as the Londoners called Shouvaloff. In 1872 I was an editorial writer on the staff of a weekly paper at St. Petersburg. This paper still exists, and I am therefore compelled from obvious reasons not to name it. Through the literary position I occupied I naturally came in contact with all the stirring, turbulent, and intelligent elements of the Russian *boheme*—students, artists, young officers of the army, teachers in public schools, literary men, and such like—all of whom were anything but loyal subjects of the Czar, and therefore al *personæ ingratissimæ* in the eyes of the St. Hermandad. At the same time, in consequence of some family ties and traditions, I was intimately acquainted with some of the first aristocratic families of the capital, and had thus access to that mysterious and undefinable sphere which the French call "the world." One evening I was called upon to read a paper about "Socialism in Russia," before a literary society we had formed. In the very midst of my oratorical effort I was interrupted by the clash of sabres in the anteroom, and there appeared suddenly among us a man clad in that awful blue uniform of the gendarmes, the executive agents of the Third Section. In the most civil manner possible he invited us to disperse, an invitation we of course acted upon immediately. At the door we met another "blue gentleman," who took down our names and addresses, warning us of the the consequences if any one should venture to give a false statement. The very same night I received a summons to appear the next day at 2 p.m. at the Third Section, or in the "building near the suspension bridge," as this amiable institution is usually called in St. Petersburg, from the locality it occupies. There an amiable and smooth-tongued official gave me fair warning that, if I should again be seized by a desire to express my opinions on socialism, the government would be happy to give me occasion for meditating further on the subject in the quiet town of Belozersk, and then let me go, after warning me that I had henceforth to consider myself under the strictest surveillance of the secret police. On coming home, I found to my utter amazement, on my writing-table an envelope adorned with the Shouvaloffs' crest and coat-of-arms, and containing an invitation to a great ball which was to take place the next day in the same building which I had left a few moments before a suspected "Nihilist" and revolutionist! In such petty details of tact and urbanity Shouvaloff was always a master.

The effects of this dastardly system of government were terrific, indeed more dangerous for the development of the nation than even the tyranny of a madman like Nicholas. Lying and hypocrisy became the officially recognized principles in politics, and gradually invaded all the spheres of public life. A generation of knaves suddenly sprang up, invading all the branches of the Governmeat service, of the financial and economical institutions. The brothers and other relatives of the Czar were foremost in robbing the people, and took the lion's share of the booty. The education received by the Princes of the Romanoff family mostly stands on a level with that of a groom in civilized communities. Their habitual associate are the most despicable and unprincipled snobs among the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital and French *courtisanes*

As far as education and knowledge is concerned, there is perhaps but one exception in this general rule: this is the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolajevitch, brother of the Czar, President of the Council of State, the supreme legislative body of the empire, and Admiral-General of the Russian fleet. He is a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability, well informed, and possessing a keen appreciation for the fine arts! his palace is the constant rendezvous of artists, *literateurs*, musicians and singers. But, on the other hand, the Russian people have to pay dearly for the luxury of possessing a well educated Romanoff; among the studies which Constantine has pursued with the most complete success, the science of bribery stands paramount. He has managed to discount his influence as President of the Council of State in the most profitable manner. Every new railway, manufacturing, or banking company, which applies to the Government for incorporation, has to pay Constantine, of course not personally, but through half-a-dozen agents, and subagents, a handsome tribute. Also the accounts of many a ship-building firm might, if published, tell curious tales about how expensive an article a clever and educated member of the Romanoff family actually is.

This remark, however, does not imply that stupid and badly educated Grand Dukes prove less expensive to the country than clever ones. A recent example has proved the contrary; that of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolajevitch, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army during the last Bulgarian campaign. The general opinion about that man in Russia before the war was that he was a thoroughly ignorant, stupid, but honest and brave soldier. Recent events have proved, however, that if the former part of this judgment is correct, the same can not be said of its latter part. The fact is now generally known in Russia that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Czar, the Generalissimo of the army, not only brought this army to the verge of ruin by his utter imbecility as a commander, but actually robbed the miserable, hungry, dying soldiers of seven million roubles, of which he gave a handsome share to his mistress, a former opera dancer! I must earnestly request the reader to bear in mind that this is not idle gossip; the fact has been officially proved and reported to the Czar by Gen. Greigh, the present chief of the Russian Finance Department, who was sent by the Czar to Bulgaria to investigate the terrific cases of corruption which occurred during the war. Greigh went earnestly to work, and the very first result he obtained from his investigation was that the Czar's brother was the chief criminal. Horror stricken, he started at once for St. Petersburg and reported to the Czar—the truth. The investigation was immediately closed, and Gen. Greigh received the Finance Department as price for his silence.

These examples, drawn from the life of two of the most prominent members of the Czar's family, will suffice to characterize the latter as a whole. With one or two exceptions (among these the Czarevitch, who, under the beneficial influence of his wife, the Danish Princess Dagmar, has as yet held aloof from the filth surrounding him), not one single prince of the Romanof family can be named whose existence is not a burden to the people and a nuisance to society.

The different departments of civil service (with the exception of the law courts, where honest officials predominate) present an aspect which is in no way more pleasing than the picture I have drawn of the imperial family. What abyss of corruption has been disclosed in the War Department by the last war is too well known to need any illustration on my part. In all the Government offices in which money-making business is transacted we meet with the same system of bribery and venality. The party who best knows how to find the right man for the right price is assured of success, even if its case be as bad and as illegal as possible.

Around this rotten, glittering "aristocracy" a whole swarm of speculators, swindlers, money lenders, business men of every description cluster who, like dogs, feed from the crumbs falling from their master's table, and carry corruption and decay even into the middle classes of society.

This is one side of the picture. Such are "leading classes" of Russian society, as the "holy czardom" has shaped them. And the people? And those seventy millions of unknown, unheard-of human creatures who are strewed on the endless expanse of land between the Pacific Ocean and the Niemen, the White and the Black Seas?

There, all around, as Nekrassoff, the great poet of the woes and vices of modern Russia, sings—there, "in the depth of Russia, eternal stillness!"—"Eternal stillness" over the fields on which, bending over his plough, the peasant toils from dawn to nightfall; "eternal stillness" in those dark, dreary, dilapidated villages with their black, smoky huts looking more like kennels than like human abodes; "eternal stillness" in the soul of that great, heroic nation, which with its hands' unrequited toil with its hearts' blood, has made Russia what it now is, reaping for its reward but misery, ignorance, injustice of every kind; "eternal stillness" in the heart of that nation which still lies prostrate before its Czars, before the real and only origin of all its misery!

Such is the true picture of that "dark realm," the brilliant surface of which is mostly seen by foreign observers. And yet, disconsolate as this picture may appear, it is far from being hopeless. It would be so if the corruption and demoralization of the upper classes and of the Government pervaded the whole body of the nation, and did not arouse any indignation nor any active opposition on the part of the honest elements of the people. But such is not the case. An opposition exists and it grows daily in strength and numbers, gathering around its banner all the stout hearts and honest minds of the nation.

Those are not rightly informed who think that the revolutionary movement now going on in Russia is the work of one party or of a secret society of any kind. It is the work of all intelligent Russian citizens, to whatever class of society they may belong, who are tired of the yoke Russia has borne for so many centuries, and who consider political liberty and the downfall of autocracy the necessary condition of all further progress of the Russian people. The name of this party, if it still may be called a party, is—*legion*. It is everywhere and nowhere. Representatives of the noblest families of the empire, professional men of every description, Government officials, and even priests, school teachers, and army officers—all are to be found in the great "army of the Discontented." The powerful machinery of Russian bureaucy has long ago been undermined by this spirit of discontent, and it is now little more than a sham weapon in the hands of the Czar. He himself in his winter palace surrounded either by cowards who will forsake him, as soon as their personal interest will no more depend on the maintenance of his power, or by secret converts to the great liberal movement, who will gladly contribute to the overthrow of that same regime they are ostensibly serving.

Thus, from the present state of Russian society we may venture to predict with a considerable amount of probability that the Russian czardom will soon sink beneath the weight of its own decrepitude and of the merciless logic of history. Then, and only then, the true national life of Russia will begin; the vital forces of the nation will be enabled to act freely, and the scum of Russian society, which now holds the supreme power in its hands, will be wiped away from the surface of political events.

A RUSSIAN NIHILIST.

Princess Louise's Husband.

One Young Nobleman who Takes Life Seriously—A Tale of a Rat.

[From the London Truth.]

When Lord Lorne was appointed Governor-General of Canada, the newspapers were somewhat at a loss for details to insert in their biographical notices. His Excellency had married the Princess Louise, he had written a metrical version of the Psalms, and he had sat for ten years in Parliament, and that was about all that could be said of him. Yet to a foreign mind Lord Lorne's would have seemed a pretty eventful career. The man who gets a seat in Parliament at 22, becomes at 23 the Secretary of a Cabinet Minister, marries his Queen's daughter at 25, and subsequently turns the Psalms into rhyming verse just to keep his hand in, as it were, must be a person of tolerably extensive culture and experience. Lord Lorne himself once told me gravely that he was not ambitious of fame, but that he should like before dying to do something which should prove to his friends that he could have cut out a career for himself, even if he had not been born heir to a ducal coronet. He was at that time inclined toward philosophical radicalism, and felt much interested in Herbert Spencer's writings. He was for disestablishing a great number of things which might have entailed the disestablishment of dukes also. This was before his marriage, about eighteen months after he had left Cambridge and had been on a tour to the tropics, and back through America. He published an account of this voyage, written in a rather sober vein and quite exempt from jokes, for he evidently considered that he had been sent round the world for his instruction and that of others, and not for his amusement or anybody else's. I asked him whether he had attended a debate in any of the American Legislatures. "Yes," he answered, solemnly as usual. "Their politicians speak more fluently than the English, but they have nothing but commonplaces to utter. In point of thought, their debates are much below what I used to hear at the Cambridge Union."

At Eton Lord Lorne was already noted for his seriousness of demeanour. He did not board at any tutor's or dame's, but lodged with his brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, and his cousin, Lord Ronald Leveson Gower, at a house in the High street, opposite the "Christopher." Here they lived very quietly, dispensing no hospitality and joining but little in school games. Sometimes they played fives, and more rarely football; but they were very seldom seen either on the river or in the playing fields. Their private tutor, Mr. L——, was a jovial, burly layman, tall as a life guardsman, who grounded them well in mathematics and modern languages, but did not cram them much with classics, so that none of his pupils ever took good places in the school trials. Lord Lorne could always construe fairly when "called up," he wrote fair verses, was never late for school, "absence," or chapel, and was always a mild, well-conducted boy, who only once stood in any danger of being chastised by the head master.

His one scrape occurred in connection with an adventure about a white rat. Lord Lorne was standing on the steps of Upper School one morning, waiting for 11 o'clock school, when one Campbell, a namesake of his, but no relative, asked him to hold a pet rat for a moment, while he—the owner of the beast—ran back to his dame's to fetch a book which he had forgotten. On receiving the assurance that the rat was perfectly tame, and would not even bite a kitten, Lorne put him into the pocket of his jacket, and told the owner to make haste, but just at that moment the masters came out of "Chambers," and ascended the staircase, so Lorne was obliged to go into school with the brute. All went well for five minutes, but soon the rat, indifferent to the honour of inhabiting a Marquis's pocket, crept out and jumped on to the floor. Some boys saw it and set up a titter, which excited the attention of the form master, Mr. Y——, nicknamed "Stiggins," a strict disciplinarian. "Who brought that rat into school?" he asked. Lorne confessed that he was the culprit. "Well, make haste to catch him and carry him out, or I shall complain of you," said Mr. Y——. My lord laid down his Homer, but to catch the rat was not easy. Seeing himself an object of general attention, the animal darted under the scarlet curtain which separated one division from another, and rushing amid a new lot of boys provoked an uproar. In a minute all the boys in the upper school room, some two hundred and odd, were on their feet shouting, laughing, hooting, and preparing to throw their books at the rat, who, however, spared them this trouble by ducking down a hole, where he disappeared for good and all. Lorne had to come back red and breathless, declaring that his game had eluded pursuit; whereupon Mr. Y——, who disliked riots, proceeded to make out a "bill" which consigned his lordship after school to the care of the Sixth Form Praeposter. Luckily, Dr. Goodford took a merciful view of the affair, and, as Lorne had not yet had "first fault," absolved him from kneeling on the block. It is to be noted that Lorne might easily have exonerated himself by explaining under what circumstances he had taken charge of the rat; but he was not the kind of boy to back out of a scrape by betraying a friend, and if Dr. Goodford had refused him the benefit of a first fault, he would certainly have taken his flogging without a murmur.

At Trinity, Cambridge, Lord Lorne led as tranquil a life as at Eton. He neither rowed nor hunted, never slipped away to Newmarket, and was never heard bawling "We won't go home till morning" in the college quad after a prolonged "wine," followed up by unlimited loo. Sometimes, as in duty bound, he gave a "wine" to which he invited old school friends and others of a steady turn of mind; but there was more discussion of politics than tipping at these assemblies. On debate evenings Lord Lorne was mostly to be seen at the Union, but still dom spoke, and when he did so was not over-successful. Extremely handsome and graceful in figure, so that he was sure to attract attention wherever he went; self-possessed enough, too, to speak without faltering, he lacked the power of putting his better thoughts into words. This defect by-and-by prevented his taking any part in the debates of the House of Commons, though it is to be remarked that Lord Lorne is in intellectually much the superior of his Cambridge chum, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who would speak for the hour on any subject, whether he be familiar with it or not. Lord Lorne would create a better impression if he would smile and laugh now and then. He appears to have no taste for a joke When conversing he speaks in a low voice, and with a touch of diffidence, as if his opinions on most subjects were but half formed. While acting as his father's secretary at the India Office, he frequently had to receive deputations, and he used to abash them by his smileless way of answering them in slow, lab ured sentences, as if he were repeating a lesson imperfectly learned by rote. One of his most amiable characteristics is an entire absence of caste prejudice, and great zeal to do his duty in an unostentatious way, without caring for the trouble it may cost him. One day a superannuated civil servant came to the India Office and applied for some papers that were required to test his claim to a payment from Government. The papers could not be found, and the applicant went away saying that he might undergo a serious loss in consequence. This touched Lord Lorne, who hunted for the papers himself until he found them, rather late in the evening. Not content with this, he jumped into a hansom and carried the documents to the abode of the petitioner, who lived far away in the suburbs. Here a little contretemps awaited him. The petitioner was out, but his wife was at home, and mistaking Lord Lorne for a messenger, told him to wait in the hall till she signed him a receipt. Lord Lorne waited civilly, hat in hand, and, of course, said nothing to reveal his identity. Indifference to unintentional slights is always a mark of tact in persons of high rank; but wilful snubs call for something less philosophy than Lord Lorne has sometimes vouchsafed them.

Lord Lorne hates state, and looks upon all etiquette and pageantry as *rococo* beneath the notice of a cultured young man, who, having renounced positivism, meditates even at a royal banquet over the abstruser problems of theology. Nevertheless, it may perhaps soothe even the mild spirit of the poet Marquis to be now elevated to a post wherein he stands not only on a level with his wife, but above her. It was remarked that on touching Canadian soil the Governor-General proceeded to the right-hand seat in carriages, without having any need to be reminded that such was his privilege.

THE gas-well of East Liverpool, Ohio, are worthy of being ranked among the "wonders of the world." They are situated, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald*, in and around the town, and give it a continual supply of light, the gas being almost as free as air. It costs practically nothing, and both heats and lights the town. The street lamps are ablaze day as well as night, for it costs nothing to supply the gas, and it take trouble to shut it off Then the gas is almost the only fuel employed in the town, being conducted into the grates and stoves by pipes. It is also used for generating steam-power for sundry great pottery manufactories employing upward of 2,000 workmen The first of the wells was opened twenty years ago, and there are no signs of exhaustion.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP can now be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this city any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done better and cheaper than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto.

Business Items.

"NEVER kiss a girl if she doesn't want you to," says an article on the "Art of Kissing." But pretty often when a girl says she doesn't want you to kiss her in the very time she does want you to, and you'd better take the benefit of the doubt.

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

THE Duchess of Cumberland's bridal train was five yards of white velvet.

TIME never sets so heavily on the aged as when they are ill and depressed. A heavy percentage of old people suffer from kidney complaints, etc., brought on by derangements of the secretary organs, who will half with joy the great remedy prepared expressly to meet their cases—VICTORIA BUCHU AND UVA URSI. It can be recommended with confidence. For sale by all dealers.

To be well draped, your linen must be faultless, and to insure it get your Shirts and Furnishings at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES extends its influence into every part of the human organization, commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to perform its allotted part. It is the finest nervine remedy known, and the greatest brain and blood food in the world. For sale by all dealers. $1.00 per bottle.

THORLEY'S Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

YELLOW OIL.—This name is familiar throughout the entire Dominion, and there are few families who have not found it at one time or another a good friend in the house hold. It is the most popular and best liniment in this country, and no one who has once used it will be without it. Mr Fred Hills, of Toronto, the genial civil engineer, gives, unsolicited, the annexed certificate:—

TORONTO, Ontario, July 19, 1878.

Messrs. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson,

GENTLEMEN,—Some twelve years ago I knocked off the cap of my knee, and since that time I have often suffered when a swelling in the knee joint, caused from twisting the leg. I have used all kinds of liniments, as well as medical attendance; but on the last two occasions have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. The result of this has been marvellous; instead of laying up for a week or ten days, as usual, all the swelling has disappeared in three days. I can most heartily recommend the Yellow Oil. Make what use you like of this, and state it comes unasked for.

Yours truly, FRED HILLS.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

---

40 NEAT VISITING CARDS, 1 pack Fortune Telling Cards, 1 pack Wizard's Trick Cards. All sent post-paid for 10c. silver and 3c stamp. Address, HALL & CO., Glenmore, Norfolk Co., Ont.

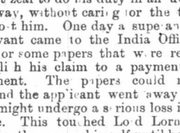
THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

GET ONTARIO BAKING POWDER. Best in the market. Take no other.

FILES. Get your old files re-cut and thereby save cost. Every file tested and warranted equal to the best imported. Ask for Price List. THOS. GRAHAM, 35 Sherbourne street, Toronto

ARTESIAN WELL BORING AND drilling machinery—first prize at Provincial Exhibition, 1878, and gold medal at Centennial—hardpan, boulders, quicksand, etc., easily handled; send stamp for 60-page illustrated catalogue. HOLT & CO., 82 King street, west.



AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto

AGENTS WANTED For our new and popular book, "The History of the Soil," by Goodrich. A grand volume, containing 300 beautiful illustrations, and 800 pages of letter-press of thrilling interest. Also, for the Best and Cheapest Family Bibles in Canada, containing the most true-to-nature, large test number of illustrations (by Gustave Dore), bound in the most beautiful embossed designs, at great reduced prices and most liberal terms. Address, MAX HERGER & CO., 22 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

TURKISH BATH
Is a sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, and all blood Poison and Kidney Diseases. There are also steam, vapour, and electric baths. Fumigations, of mercury, iodine, and sulphur.
KENNETH OLIVER, Proprietor,
145 James Street North, Hamilton.

SEEDS. My Catalogue of FIELD, GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, &c., for 1877, is being mailed FREE *to all who address*
WILLIAM RENNIE, Seedsman,
Toronto.

ONTARIO
Photographic Stock House.
LYON & ALEXANDER,
128 Bay St., Toronto.
Sole Agents for the Dominion for the Dallmeyer Lenses, are just issuing a new and comprehensive
TRADE LIST,
of all the requirements of the trade, embracing
Photographic Apparatus, Chemicals, etc. Mouldings, Frames, Glass, etc., etc.
List mailed free on application. If not already in your hands, send name and address.

KILGOUR BROS,
Paper Bags and Flour Sacks
Printed Wrappers, Wrapping Papers, Twines, &c.
86 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Seeds! Reliable Seeds!!
BRUCE'S Farm, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have been before the Canadian public for twenty-eight years, and we claim that they are unsurpassed in quality.
Our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE, beautifully illustrated, containing all necessary information for the successful cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers, Field Roots, Potatoes, &c., is now published, and will be mailed FREE to all applicants.
JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.,
Seed Growers. Hamilton, Canada.

Farm Lots in Dysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. J Blomfield,
Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co.,
Box. 2614. 50 Front St., East.

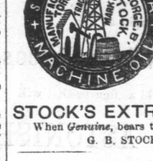
F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.
A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Machine Oils.



Thousands of Barrels of OIL have been palmed off by unscrupulous Oil Men as Stock's Extra Oil. It is AN IMITATION in appearance, but MOST

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 4 WATFORD, ONT., FEBRUARY 21, 1879. WHOLE NO. 212.

The Garrote.

The cable dispatches say Monrasi suffered death by the garrote, but many in this country do not know how the Spanish method of execution is conducted. To those the following description will be of interest:

An execution by the garrote, although accredited with being mercifully painless, is certainly awful to behold. The place of execution in Madrid is accessible to the public, and the occasion is of equal interest with a day at the bull ring. Everything connected with this ceremony of death is viewed with morbid horror by the Spaniards because of ancient Oriental prejudices of pollution. All actually employed in the operation are accounted infamous and lose their caste and purity of blood. Even the gloomy scaffold on which the culprit is strangled is usually erected in the night and by unseen hands. It rises from the earth like a fungus work of darkness. Execution by hanging was graciously abolished by Ferdinand VII. It is certainly more in accordance with the semi Oriental natures of the Spanish people, which leads them to tenderly respect the bowstring. All that Cervantes, from his sad experience, pictured a prison to be, it is to-day; all that he said of the morbid love of his countrymen for the horror or the ludicrous is equally true now. The crowd that assembles just beyond the line of gendarmes go to see how the criminal will conduct himself. They sympathize with him if he displays bravado or courage, and they despise him on the least symptom of unmanliness. At the fatal hour the culprit appears, usually clad in a coarse, yellow baize gown—the colour in which the Spanish school of painters robe the special object of their contempt, Judas Iscariot. The scaffold having been mounted, the culprit is placed on a rude seat. His back leans against a strong, upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, inclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home by turning a powerful screw behind the post. The arms and legs of the culprit are tightly bound. When all is ready, the executioner takes the lever of the screw in both hands, gathers himself up for a powerful muscular effort, and, at the moment of a preconcerted signal, draws the iron collar tight, while an attendant flings a black handkerchief over the face. A convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest are usually the only visible signs of suffering.

How to Keep Cool.

The experiences of an English visitor to the Paris World's Fair, as recorded in the *English Mechanic*, convey a useful lesson on the means of enduring without serious discomfort the extreme of summer heat. This gentleman, Mr. D. Winstanley, writes that he went to Paris in March, the weather then being decidedly cold. As the temperature gradually increased he noticed that his ordinary clothing became uncomfortable whenever at 8 a.m. the thermometer indicated 70° Fahr. Accordingly, when that temperature was indicated, he made it a rule to adopt linen clothing, and he then enjoyed a comfortable temperature throughout the day. As summer advanced and the heat increased he never felt hot when clad in linen. Even when the thermometer had risen to 97° Fahr. in the shade, he felt no uncomfortable sensation of being hot, and, furnished with a "havelock," strolled leisurely in the blazing sun for hours, the thermometer indicating 125° Fahr., without discomfort, and without consciousness of perspiration. Mr. Winstanley adds, however, that during the hot weather he lived almost wholly on vegetables and fruit—peas, beans, melons, etc.—using no meat, and above all no fat. He takes occasion to commend the French style of windows in dwelling-houses. "Instead of our miserable idea of an horizontal section," he writes, "which permits at most only one-half of the window aperture to be opened for the admission of air, the French employ the vertical division, and open the windows inwardly on hinges as we open doors. The window apertures are also large, or rather high, descending to within eighteen inches of the floor, and ascending to within four inches of the ceiling. Outside these are latticed shutters. When the windows are open and the shutters close the sun is effectually kept out, and the free circulation of the air is scarcely interfered with. A light balustrade of iron, within the shutters and without the glass, serves to prevent falling through the windows."

A Corkscrew Wanted.

There is always some one on the train to make people feel happy. For instance, there was a gentleman who had a bottle of home-made wine, and he couldn't get the cork out. We have never seen a man in distress but there were noble souls that would sacrifice themselves to assist him. One man offered a knife, and after the blade had been broken and left in the cork, *he* subsided. The conductor was appealed to, but he only asked what they took him for, and looked offended. It was noticed that there was a bad crowd in the rear end, and so a boy, who desired to be a messenger, was given a little practice. He was told to go into the back car and find Senator Hide, and borrow his cork-crew. Senator Hide is a Methodist deacon, and he was seated by the side of a good Baptist lady, and they were talking of a prospective revival in the good work to which they had both enlisted for life. When very much interested in each other's remarks, the boy pulled the elbow of Senator Hide and said; "A gentleman in the other car wants to borrow your corkscrew." If an earthquake had quaked right there, if a Reform majority had exploded, if the adjoining field through which the train was running, had opened and swallowed up every man on the train that had a pass, Elder Hide could have appeared more thunderstruck. The smile that is stereotyped on his face, and which so nearly resembles that of Browns, broke out in a new spot, and looked as though it was sick, and though he attempted to explain to the truly good lady that it was a joke, she looked pained, as though she had lost all confidence in men. Elder Hide got up and called the boy out on the platform, and what he did is not known, though it is rumoured that the section hands found a bob-tailed boy's coat on the track, and a number of trinkets usually carried by boys. And there was one boy less applying for a position this year.

A GENTLEMAN stopping in Hartford a short time since what he supposed was a boat-hook, but was informed that it was a Hartford girl's shoe-buttoner.

ARTISTS singing "Grandfather's Clock" and "Baby Mine" in Pittsburgh, are waited upon by a committee from the society for the prevention of cruelty to audiences.

THE saddle, leather breeches, whip and sombrero which Maximilian used in Mexico are religiously preserved in the saddlery annexed to the imperial stables at Vienna.

A YOUNG lady who resides in one of the western suburbs of this city rejoices in the possession of a large and tawny St. Bernard which she calls Taffy, because as she explains to inquirers, "It was given to her."

FANCIES.

I.—LOVERS.

He gath'rd blue forget-me-nots,
To fling them laughing on her knee.
She cried, "Ah no; if thou canst go,
Ah, love, thou shalt forgotten be!"

He gather'd golden buttercups,
That grow so very fresh and free.
"Ah, happy plays, in childish days,
When buttercups were gold to me!"

He gather'd little meadow-sweet,
And hid it where she could not see.
She peep'd about and found it out,
And laugh'd aloud, and so did he.

He gathered shining silver-weed;
He stole the heather from the bee:
Amid the grass the minutes pass,
And twilight lingers on the lee.

II.—TO A GIRL.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an overcare
To ask thee to be good or wise:

As if a little bird were blam'd
Because its song unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be asham'd
Of being nothing but a rose.

Alas! why have we souls at all?
Why has each life a higher goal?
May not a thing as pure and small
As thou art—be excused a soul?

If there were only birds and flowers,
How beautiful the world will be!
Or could we spend our happy hours,
And live like them, how blest were we?

Alas! but life is but a breath,
And every breath with danger rife,
And every breath leads on to death,
And after death—the real life!"

THE NEW ENDYMION.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

To calm my excitement, I threw open the window, and, leaning upon the broad window-sill, looked out. The sun, swathed in clouds of golden dust, was just about to vanish behind the mighty shoulder of the glowing world. Beneath me stretched a wide and fertile plain, broken by hills, variegated with woods and fields, and dotted here and there with towns and hamlets. All the happiness and homely prosperity of human lives were there, at home in the bosom of benevolent nature, busied with lowly cares, ignorant and careless of aught beyond the familiar earth on which they were born, which yielded them food and raiment, and which at death resolved their mortal parts into itself again. Beautiful and peaceful was the prospect to look upon; beautiful and peaceful might be the lot of him who should cast his lines in those pleasant places, nor ever vex his soul with loftier things. And I myself, not longer ago than yesterday, would have been well content to settle down in some such fruitful valley, basking in the sunshine by day, sleeping dreamlessly by night, and not at any time caring to lift my above the horizon rim. But that yesterday was gone forever. To-day, in the stone chamber overhead, hung poised, I knew, the wondrous engine framed to overcome all space. What interest had this earth compared to the sights that piercing crystal eye had looked upon? Penetrating by its aid into the depths of the universe, the spirit would breathe a finer air and rise to grander heights than any know to earthly experience. Already I felt myself impatient of my corporeal trammels, and longed to push aside the veil that separated me from those far-off worlds. And now, happening to glance eastwards, I saw, pallid amidst the darkening blue, the great white moon stealing upwards like a ghost, solitary, silent, and inscrutable!

IV.

A hand laid upon my shoulder caused me to start nervously. I turned, and met the grave dark eyes of my uncle Philip.

"What are you dreaming about, young fellow?" said he. "How pale and nervous you are! We shall have to put you on a strict regimen, I see: early hours and plenty of milk to drink. Come, let's see what sort of an appetite you can show!"

"Would you not feel at a loss, Uncle Philip, if the moon were to drop out of the sky some day?"

"I see your mind is running on the observatory," he returned, with his short deep laugh. "Ask Diana! She knows more about the moon than I do—or any one else, for that matter."

The conversation at dinner was not, much more transcendental than is customary on such occasions in England. Diana said but little; and her father and I kept our feet pretty constantly on terra firma; soaring but rarely beyond the attraction of gravity. The two things which chiefly affected me were, the luminous grace of my cousin's face and figure, and the airy potency of the wine, which was unlike anything I had heretofore tasted. It glowed like the warmth of a better life within my veins, and, while seeming to brace and clear my perceptive faculties, it stimulated and encouraged the poetical side of my nature. I felt, under these combined influences, as if my soul were obtaing a delightful mastery over my body. I noticed meanwhile, not without surprise, that although Diana vouchsafed to join me in more than one glass of this exquisite beverage, her father never touched it, but confined himself instead to a bottle of doubtless excellent burgundy.

"No," he said, in answer to my remark, "no, it is many years since I have drunk that wine. It is the wine of youth; and, for genuine youth, it possesses precious properties. Old age, whether premature or natural, finds it insipid and ineffective stuff enough. To intellectual enjoyment, a tender and sensitive texture of both mind and body are indispensable."

"You are the first man who has cared to drink it," observed Diana. "Generally, I have it all to myself."

"How can any one who has once tasted it care for other wine?" I exclaimed. "It inspires one like beautiful music."

"Your appreciation compliments you, nephew," my uncle said. "Most young fellows of your years would prefer a glass of brandy-and-water to a whole hogshead of that liquor. Among its other merits, therefore, it acts as a test of character."

"How did you come by it?"

"'Tis of very ancient vintage," he replied, "and I believe every bottle of it now extant is in my cellar. It was grown in a famous comet year, and under favourable aspects of the heavenly bodies. I can remember when I used to find it an agreeable tipple, previous to taking an observation. It has—for those who can drink it—the rare quality of brightening the faculties without afterwards reacting upon them. A child could use it without injury."

I looked at Diana, curious as to whether she had been brought up on this marvellous elixir; but, as if she had divined what was in my mind, and preferred to remain unquestioned, she arose at this point and went out, leaving her father and me to our decanters.

"You are fortunate in having made such good friends with your cousin," he remarked. "You are about the first man, except myself, to whom I have ever heard heard her volunteer an observation. Yes and nay is the sum of her speech to most of the inhabitants of this planet."

"She is certainly not talkative," said I, disguising the pleasure I felt at discovering that I had found favour in her sight. "You see very little company, I believe?"

"Well, I don't see men much, and they find little encouragement in seeking me," returned my uncle, taking a draught of burgundy, and fixing his dark eyes on me. "We do not sympathise with their aims, nor they with ours. And yet, nephew, I sometimes wish that Diana could see the world. She has strange fancies: perhaps I have no right to call them more fancies, either!"

He stopped abruptly: I was silent: presently he resumed again.

"I have tried to follow her in those strange flights of hers; if I were of her own age, perhaps I might follow her after a fashion; but women are mysterious to men, especially young women like Diana—innocent as a flower, and fathomless as the ether. She is alone, quite alone, as far as human companionship goes. Ay, it might be well for her to see the world, were that possible, without the world seeing her! I tell you, I sometimes fear the effect of this solitary life upon her—upon a girl with such a mind and heart. Heaven knows—I dare not ask—what unearthly friends she my hold communion with, up yonder in her tower!"

"I can imagine no communion so fitting for her as that of the stars," said I.

"She was born to those studies, and has grown up in them: and she has divined secrets which no other human being has attempted. When she was born, I was full of the faith and eagerness of youth; and Diana, even as a child, showed traces of the influences that were uppermost with me. He who would fathom the stars, nephew, must needs be reverent, humble and of a willing mind: they will not reveal themselves to self-conceit and prejudice. Age has stiffened my mental movements; the epoch of my deepest insight is gone, long since? Some rays of the great light once shone upon me; but they have faded—faded! Diana inherits all, and has made it more. Why, she is more at home among the craters of the moon than in her own boudoir!" and with this my uncle laughed again.

"She is the new daughter of the old astrology!" said I.

"Astrology? humph!" said my uncle. "Mediæval astrology was crippled by religious superstition and intellectual darkness. But there was, no doubt, in prehistoric ages, an ancient race of men who had a profounder knowledge of this subject than modern minds are apt to imagine. From that primitive wisdom the science of ancient Egypt was a derivation—one of great subtlety and ingenuity, but lacking the celestial light of the earlier men. And the Egyptians, in turn, furnished the stock-in-trade upon which is founded the lore of our later Nostrdamuses."

"And there is truth in horoscopes and nativities?"

"They are but a paltry matter after all. There is better wisdom in the stars than that. The universe is human nature writ large; and he who learns to spell the least word of that great page will never afterwards condescend to work out horoscopes with compass and logarithms. No: in those worlds yonder," said my uncle, rising and sauntering towards the open window, "live human races in every conceivable degree of development. Ay, think of that!"

"And there is most wickedness or goodness there?"

"They shine fair enough, don't they?" answered my uncle, after a short silence; "but all their light cannot elucidate that question. You must ask your own heart; the elements of the solution are there."

V.

It was a warm clear night, and we sat out on the balcony for an hour, smoking my uncle's excellent cigars, and sipping coffee; but our conversation died away as the shadows deepened, and for a long time no word passed between us. At length a lamp was lighted in the room—a great moonlike globe of creamy glass, which contended in its homely way with the calm lustre of the great satellite that now stood high above us in the dark immutable ether. A figure was moving slowly to and fro within, which I knew, without directly looking at it, was Diana's. By-and-by she came to the window, and stood there between the lamplight and the moonlight, looking up.

"Which does she belong to?" I murmured to my uncle.

He understood me, and answered me with a smile, "The man in the moon has had it all his own way thus far; but now I shall take it kindly if you set up a wholesome rivalry with him!—Come in, nephew: I feel the dew.—Diana, will you give us some music?"

She took a violin from a small table in the corner, and, sitting down where the moonlight fell into the room, she fixed her eyes dreamily upon the cold planet, and began to play. The violin, when skilfully touched, has always affected me more than any other instrument, and I had never been so susceptible a mood as I was to-night. But ah! what music was that—so strange, so sweet, so wild! Wild it was as the far-off howling of wolves, when the moon shines upon snow-covered prairies; but organized, proportioned, and enriched by the subtle intelligence of a human musician's brain. It stirred my blood with eerie thrills; the homelike room in which I sate grew indistinct and vanished. I was alone with Diana and the music—and where were we? Not on earth, surely—not in any region where men and women ever lived and breathed. My eyes followed hers towards the moon; the white rays touched my heart and spirit, and mystically waved me thither. Slowly the burnished disc waxed larger and brighter: the fairy melody of the violin sounded keener and intenser in my ears: in the rarefied atmosphere I almost ceased to breathe: Diana was before me, but she seemed fading out of sight: if I lost her, I should be alone in the bottomless void of space. The vibration of the strings died away. . . .

"Drink this," said my uncle's deep but kindly voice. "That's it! You were within an ace of fainting dead away, my dear boy. You must be more exhausted by your journey than I thought. Hadn't you better turn in for the night?"

"It's nothing!—only a sort of—of momentary drowsiness that sometimes comes over me," I replied, greatly mortified at such a display of my feebleness. "I shall be all the better for it presently. As for turning in, I can't think of doing that before I've been up to the telescope!" In saying this, I turned and met the glance of my cousin Diana. I thought—it may have been only a fancy—that she looked upon me with much more tenderness and interest than she had done heretofore. She bent down towards me, resting her beautiful had on the arm of the sofa, close to my shoulder.

"You shall see it," she said, in a tone so sweet and gentle that it brought the blood to my cheeks; to see her so near made me feel warm and happy. "You shall see what no one else has seen. But not to-night!"

"Oh, why not to-night?"

"You need strength to look at what I have to show."

"I am not so good-for-nothing as I seem—indeed I'm not,"

"Father, do you think it would be safe?" said she, turning towards my dark-browed uncle, who was standing aside, with his arms folded, thoughtfully gazing at the lamp.

"Eh?—safe?—why not?" returned he, rousing himself from his reverie. "A peep through a telescope ought not to upset a young fellow who has seen Europe, and got a double first! Besides, my dear, you must not expect that he will see as much as you can!—well, at all events, you can let him see the observatory and the arrangements, and then, if it seem advisable to put off the rest till another evening, why, so be it?"

Diana stood silent a few moments with her head lifted, in an attitude common with her, looking out into the night. Then she moved towards her father with a slow, saunt'ering, royal step—no other woman ever trod as she did—and, placing her hand within his arm, drew him to the window. They had some conversation in an undertone; I did not willingly listen to it, and I cannot even be sure that what I heard was not—in part at least—the creation of my own fancy. But my invalid condition had made my hearing, as well as my other senses, acute, and the conversation seemed to me to run somewhat thus:

"Did you see his face, as he lay there?" Diana had asked.

"Yes, my dear; a good-looking set of features enough: what then?"

"Don't jest about it, father."

"Well, well, my dear, I see what you are driving at. Yes, there is a resemblance, certainly; I noticed it from the first; but it might occur in a dozen or twenty instances beside this one. There are more handsome fellows in the world than you think for!"

Diana smiled. "And the day—is that an accident too, father? And—" here she pointed upwards, apparently at a certain constellation near Orion—"is that conjunction one that might occur again?"

"Now Diana! no fantalism! Be yourself, my little girl?"

"But . . . it frightens me, father!" she murmured, with a sudden tremulousness, clinging closer to his arm, and leaning her cheek an his broad shoulder. But at this juncture, being determined to hear no more, I got up from the sofa, and, walking to the other end of the room, began to turn over a portfolio of drawings that was resting on an easel there. I had just come upon one representing a young man in a reclining posture, the right knee drawn up, the left arm hanging relaxed, and the head bowed forward in a shadow that obscured the face, rendering its contour indistinguishable:—I was just examining this sketch when my uncle and cousin, still arm-in-arm, approached.

"Your lunar passport is made out," said the former; "and here is the courier to guide you thither, if you feel equal to the journey. Ah!" he added, bending over the sketch that I still held in my hand, "how does that design strike you?"

"It puzzles me!" I replied. "In the general pose it is very like a famous antique bas-relief of Endymion that I remember seeing in Rome, and which is supposed to date back to the time of Phidias."

"An antique bas-relief of the time of Phidias!" repeated my uncle, musingly. "How now, Diana!"

"Of Endymion, did you say?" she asked, withdrawing from her father's arm, and taking hold of the free end of the paper with a hand that quivered a little, though her voice was steady. "And this is like it?"

"Except this, and this," answered I, indicating certain parts of the design, "it might have been copied directly from the bas-relief."

"But in those parts the sketch is original, eh?" put in my uncle.

"No—not even there," I replied; "and that is what puzzles me. There is another design of an Endymion—an Egyptian or an Assyrian one, I forgot which—but at any rate it was evidently the model of the Greek, and of course immensely more ancient. Now, though the two designs—the older and the later one—closely resemble each other in the main, there are two or three marked points of difference; and this drawing, following as it does the ancient version in those points, while in it general style it takes more after the Greek, seems to be a sort of combination of them both. Certainly," I added, "it is more life-like and natural than either. Where did you get it?"

"It's one of your cousin's performances," said my uncle, carelessly.

"You have been to Europe, then?" I demanded of her, surprised.

"No!" she answered softly, with an indrawing of the breath.

"How strange, then, that you should have independently hit upon so wonderful a likeness!" I exclaimed. "I am more puzzled than before!"

"It is strange! and yet," said she, with unfathomable look in her hazel eye, "perhaps I may have copied it from an original older than either the Grecian or the Egyptian! Cousin Will, do you remember the faces? were they alike in both? and was there anything—anything noticeable in the features?"

It seemed to me that these last questions were asked with an especial earnestness which her low utterance could not wholly conceal. Whether or not my answer relieved her suspense I could not determine.

"No, they were not alike," I said; "and so far as I remember there was nothing remarkable about either of them. They simply followed the ordinary classical type of their several schools."

"I have made a separate study of a head and face for my drawing," she remarked, after a pause. "Some time, perhaps, you will see it. But now, if you are ready, we will go up to the observatory."

"Meanwhile I shall have another cigar on the balcony," said my uncle. "If you should wish to join me any time during the next hour or two, nephew, you will find me there."

He grasped my hand for a moment, and then I followed Diana out of the room.

VI.

We were at the top of the tower staircase. Diana pressed against a panel at the side of the door, and it swung inwards on its hinges, easily and ponderously. We entered, and I found myself in a tiny ante-chamber, with a heavy curtain of embroidered leather in front of me. This Diana pushed aside sufficiently for me to pass on to the room beyond, while she closed the door behind.

It was a circular room, like my own chamber below, but much loftier, and without any sign of windows. A mild half-light descended from a ring of shaded lamps affixed round the walls at a height nine feet from the floor, leaving the vaulted ceiling in shadow. The walls below the lamps were draped with a kind of tapestry of rich dark hues: and at one side stood a tall curved cabinet of black wood, furnished with a pair of folding doors and a broad desk, upon which were books and some small instruments of polished brass. On the side opposite the cabinet was a deep niche in the stone wall, supporting a slender antique vase of embossed silver.

These particulars I noticed but passingly; that which immediately and predominately commanded my attention was the mighty instrument which, with appurtenances, rose pyramid-like in the centre of the room; lifting heavenward its awful eye, that had looked familiarly upon the mysterious faces of the planets, and revealed their secrets to man. The upper portion of the shaft was enveloped in the obscurity which brooded in the vault; but this dusky veil only deepened its impressiveness. Below, the softened lamplight shone upon the complex arrangement of machinery; wheels and grooves and chains, and subtle levers, all artfully contrived to turn and slide without jar or irregularity, obedient to the light touch of Diana's taper finger. She was the priestess of this temple: here were her virgin stronghold and her home. During the few moments that I had been plunged into contemplation she had thrown on, over the black silk demi-toilette which she had worn during the evening, a flowing mantle of delicate texture, dark as night, with wide drooping sleeves, and falling in soft folds from her shoulders to the floor. Upon her auburn hair she placed a velvet cap, such as the astrologers of old used to wear; and as she now stood before me, smiling at me out of her unfathomable nixie eyes, she looked more like an enchantress, wise with the arts of witchcraft, than like a mortal maiden with warm blood and human affections. Was she a witch indeed?

"This clockwork can be adjusted so as to keep any one of the stars or planets within the field the telescope," said she, quietly, laying her hand upon one of the wheels. "I have only to move this, and one of these, and then there is nothing more to be done but to sit in the chair, there, and look through the lens."

"Shall we see the moon to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, if you like."

She pressed a lever somewhere in the machinery, and immediately the vast tube, that seemed fixed so immovably, swung noiselessly and steadily towards the right, and, pausing there without shock or tremour, was ted motionless as before.

"It looks at the moon now," said Diana in a low tone.

"It obeys you as if it could hear you speak," I responded in the same hushed tone; for as the moment of vision approached nearer, nervousness which I could not wholly control pervaded my body, and made me fearful of betraying some symptom of unmanly agitation to my companion.

Diana touched the spring which she had before pointed out to me; then laid her finger on her lip and drew me back a step.

All the wheels were in motion; and grandly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, as the sweep of that far-distant planet which it was following it its course through space, the marvellous engine moved along its orbit. At the same moment a strain of subdued melody, resembling somewhat the music of Æolian harps heard far off, floated out and palpitated upon the still air of the vaulted room. The strain grew louder and clearer, then sank again to whisperings almost inaudible: and then once again increased in power and volume, seeming now like a chorus of angelic voices chanting a hymn of praise. I held my breath to listen, and, for a time, forgot surprise in the pure pleasure of the ear.

"What is that?" I whispered at length.

"I call it the song of the moon," answered Diana. "You will hear it whenever the moon's rays fall upon the glass. I love it the best of all."

"There are others, then?"

"Each planet has its song, different from all the others; and the stars also; but those we cannot hear."

This was said so quietly, and with an air so grave, that I knew not whether my cousin expected me to take it seriously, "Are you really an enchantress," I asked, "that you can bring down to earth the music of the spheres, as well as make their mysteries visible?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Music of the Future.

Von Bulow Thinks the Russians will Produce It—The Italian School Defunct.

(From the Nation.)

Dr. Hans von Bulow is not so well known in the capacity of a literary man as his great predecessor, Liszt, but once in a while he writes a letter or an article which usually contains some bright ideas and a few positive criticisms well worth having. Two years ago he wrote for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* an article in behalf of the young Russian school of composers, which, he thinks, is destined to take the place of the modern Italian school, now in its final agonies. The present is an opportune moment for recalling this opinion, in view of the recent sale at Paris for non-musical purposes of the famous Italian Opera, which, in the golden age of the particular æsthetic monstrosity known as the lyrical drama, used to be the nightly rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of the French capital, every box being a sort of private reception room. It is also an open secret that the director of the Italian opera at Berlin has been brought back from the very brink of ruin by the timely arrival of Patti, whose magic gifts sufficed to make even the Berliners for a moment to forget their antipathies.

There can be little doubt, therefore, that the Italian Opera and Patti will be buried in the same grave. The older Italian music, on the other hand, of the Palestrina epoch, is now becoming better known every year, which is an encouraging sign of the times. There is still room, however, for new musical currents, and it is to be hoped, accordingly, that Von Bulow's sanguine expectations of the Russians may not be disappointed.

In a late number of the Leipsig *Siynals* he calls attention to a new *gonkale Neuling*, Herr Rimsky Korsakoff of St. Petersburg, "who stands to Tchaikoffsky in somewhat the same relation as the latter does to Glinka, the father of Russian music." Tchaikoffsky the Doctor considers a genuine tone-poet, whose new string quartette in E flat minor, second symphony, and orchestral fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," have fairly intoxicated his ears by their freshness, vigour, depth, and originality.

Outside of Germany, Von Bulow thinks, the best music is nowadays in St Petersburg, and in Paris, by Saint-Saens, Lalo, Massenet, and Delibes. Rubinstein is nowhere mentioned; but artists, like editors, are not in the in the habit of alluding to their rivals. And then Rubinstein can scarcely be classed with the Russians, for he is a thoroughly German musician.

AN anecdote is told of a judge, profane and irritable, who never let a meal pass without a sonorous invocation upon the repast. Once he rebuked a deaf guest who innocently inserrupted him while thus engaged, as follows: "D—n it, don't you see that I am saying grace?"

"PAPA, me has been baptize, ain't me?" asked a little year-old. "Yes, dear." "Then me won't have to be baptize again?" "No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?" "I dess I can!" "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve and stuck a knife in my arm."

Emilia Vinci's Revenge.

Plunging a Knife into her Rival's Heart and Frantically Kissing the Weapon.

TRIESTE, Jan. 9.—The court room of the Court of Assizes in this city and the corridors leading to it were crowded to suffocation on Monday last, and at intervals such intense sensation was aroused that the presiding Judge spoke with grave solicitude to the dense concourse before him. A murder trial was in progress and the prisoner was a woman, Emilia Vinci, accused of the murder of Maria Bulesich.

The prisoner was led to the dock by a guard of four gendarmes. She wore the snow-white head dress of the country girls of Gorizia, her native hamlet, and displayed the lavish supply of gaudy trinkets which are conspicuous on every festa in the villages of Italy and the Austrian frontier. The vari-coloured gowns and tippets of the unfortunate woman and the two female friends who sat beside her, were strikingly picturesque in contrast with the sombre raiment of the court officials. It was a singular fact that, after a reckless and dissolute life, the delicate curves of the prisoner's classic face were unbroken by a wrinkle of care or dissipation. Her dazzling, large hazel eyes, relieved by long, luxuriant lashes, were an imperative object of admiration to all present.

After the usual formulas, Emilia Vinci's lawyer called upon her to arise and confront the Judge and jury, and briefly relate the circumstances of her crime. She said: "At the age of 20 I abandoned my family, because my father having lost his employment, was unable to support me. I went to service for two years, at the end of which I began the the terrible descent. I was soon whirled down to the very bottom. I received a good education. While yet very young I became enamored of Carlo Rinaldi, a man for whom I have done all in the world [this she expressed with great vehemence and uplifted arms]; to save him from perpetrating a crime at the risk of his life or liberty, I sacrificed the proudest adornment of woman—I cut off my rich hair, which almost touched the ground, and sold it for his sake. I have had two children by that man, and have suffered untold torments to suit even his mere convenience. At his hands I have undergone more cruel treatment than I have words to describe justly. That is not all: beyond my self-sacrificing love, which was ready to endure and forgive everything, I gave him all the money I could obtain. When my mistress saw me without my hair, appearing like a wild beast, she refused to recognize me. My rivals jeered at me, and their taunts filled me with bitter feelings. But I answered: 'It matters little; is it not all for him?'"

After having been reduced to this depth by Carlo Rinaldi, the man fell in love with another woman, Maria Bulesich. One evening, after repeated provocations and insults, the fortunate rival flaunted her triumph in Emilia's face. Emilia armed herself with a dagger-shaped knife, approached Maria Bulesich, sprang upon her, and rapidly stabbed her eight times. Maria died in ten minutes. Emilia walked back to her infamous abode, brandishing the blood-stained knife in her hand. With apparent unconcern she gathered her effects, tied them in a bundle, and coolly awaited the arrival of the police. When they came, half an hour later, to arrest her, she seemed to rejoice. Rushing toward the foremost of the gendarmes she seized his hands and kissed them, and in a rapture of convulsive exultation allowed them to conduct her to the prison. To the crowd that followed cursing her, she exclaimed: "All for love! all for love!"

When led before the Commissary of Police she frankly confessed her crime and its minutest particulars. Having shown him the murderous weapon, still bloody, she kissed it frequently, crying: "How I should grieve if I had not killed her!" At the trial her lawyer put in the plea of temporary insanity, the result of insufferable provocation. The jury disregarded this plea, and found her guilty of deliberate murder. She was sentenced to death.

Dogs of War.

Not only were dogs formerly used to procure food by hunting other animals, but they were used by the Romans and Greeks in war; so that the phrase "dogs of war," is literal as well as figurative. Cæsar employed them in his army, and so did some of the wild tribes which the Romans fought. When Marius, the Roman general, had defeated the Cimbri, the dogs and the women defended their baggage so savagely that he was forced to fight another battle in order to get possession of it. The dogs thus employed were very savage, and not only pursued the fugitives of defeated armies but were sent after deserters.

The citadel of Corinth, when besieged, was defended at night by a band of fifty dogs. The garrison felt so secure that one night they all went to sleep, leaving the dogs on duty. The enemy attacked the canine sentinel. Like Napoleon's old guard at Waterloo, they fought until there was only one survivor. Finding himself alone, this animal retreated and alarmed the garrison, who came out and drove off the enemy. The Senate voted him a silver collar with the inscription upon it, "The saviour and deliverer of Corinth," and a monument was erected to the dogs on the spot where they fell, with the names of all of them sculptured upon the stones. In those times, war dogs were armed with spiked collars, and sometimes with coats of mail.

Hounds were used in armies until a comparatively recent period. The Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, had 800 of them during his campaign in Ireland. They were frequently employed on the Scottish border to catch thieves, marauders, murderers, and cattle stealers, and Robert Bruce had a fine one which his enemy, Lord of Lorne, stole from him, and used to track and betray his former master. Bruce escaped by the well-known device of crossing a stream and breaking the scent.

Is this King Mad?

The latest vagary of the King of Bavaria would make a good foundation for a ghost story. Not satisfied with his usual guests, he ordered a grand dinner to be prepared for fourteen persons, and invited to the feast Louis XIV. and his court. Louis 11. himself sat at the head of the table, and the place of honor was supposed to be occupied by the Grand Monarque, the other places being reserved for the twelve courtiers of his reign who were the most renowned for their wit. Thus the Bavarian King dined in solitary grandeur; for I need not say that the ghostly guests were conspicuous by their absence.

When the repast was over he went to the riding school, and having carefully calculated how many miles there were between Hohenschwangah and Innspruck, he rode round and round the school until he had accomplished the distance which separates the one place from the other. He, moreover, stopped twice, once to breakfast and another time to dine, as he would have done had the journey been a real one. He did this that he might be able to boast that he had ridden the whole distance from Hohenschwangau to Innspruck.

Pageantry in Russia.

The Imposing Ceremonies at the Baptizing of the Czarevitch's Son.

(From the Boston Advertiser.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 15.—Yesterday the third son of the Czarevitch, Michael Alexandrovitch, was baptized. The ceremony was performed in the winter palace at 10.30 in the morning. Punctually at 10 o'clock the procession started from the palace of the Czarevitch. First a hundred Cossacks of the Caucasus, the Emperor's body guard. These were mounted on fine horses, all the same colour. There were two rows of them stretching from one side of the street to the other. Behind them rode an officer, and next four grooms with scarlet coats, trimmed with gold and lined with white fur, and three-cornered hats. A gilt coach followed, drawn by six bay horses with gilt harness, and containing the master of ceremonies of the Czarevitch's court. Then came another coach, like the first, only larger. In this were the "cushion-bearer" and the "blanket bearer," one of them being Count Kotzebue, the Governor of Poland, and the other Prince Savaroff, grandson of the great Prince of that name. Behind this was a third gilt coach, in which rode the mistress of ceremonies of the Ceservana's court and the baby. This last had four outriders on each side. Every coach had a coachman on the box, two men in the rumble behind, and postilions on the horses, besides three men walking in the road on each side of the horses. These were dressed in the Imperial livery; scarlet, trimmed with gold, and black cocked hats. Their coats were lined with white fur and very long. Finally another company of Cossacks brought up the rear. This procession moved slowly toward the palace. Meantime, in the Emperor's chapel, at one end of the palace, all the members of the diplomatic corps were waiting, the gentlemen in brilliant uniform, the ladies in low-necked dresses and court trains. The American minister was the only person in a plain black dress. The Metropolitan of St. Peter and many priests were also waiting in gorgeous white and gold brocade, also the Imperial choir in red trimmed with gold. Presently the Metropolitan walked half way to the door, bearing an icone and followed by a priest with holy water. The emperor entered and met him here, kissed the icone, and received some of the water. His example was followed by each member of the Imperial family in turn as they entered. The empress was not well enough to be present. Then the procession walked up the chapel and took their places inside a gilt rail which separated the doors of the altar from the rest of the church. The maids of honour and all the ladies and gentlemen of the court took up their positions behind the diplomatic corps. All the ladies were in Russian costume, and all the grand duchesses were followed by train-bearers. The Russian court dress consists simply of, first, a skirt, then a low waist and long train attached (which train is generally carried over the arm, as there is seldom room enough to spread it out), wide open sleeves which fall away and leave the arm bare, a tiara on the head the colour of the train, with a veil attached which falls down behind. The dresses can, of course, be made more or less elegant according to the jewels and material used.

The jewels worn at this Russian court surpass any others in the world. The Grand Duchess Constantine is said to have the finest of any of the Imperial family. She has many of the crown jewels of Poland. Yesterday she wore a train of grey satin trimmed all around with Russian sable fur. The fur trimming around the neck was headed with diamonds and fastened on the shoulder with an immense emerald. On her her neck she had strings of diamonds and pearls. Her tiara was thickly sewn with diamonds, and her veil was of very old rich lace, which fell far down over the back of her dress. The Grand Duchess Nicholas wore a cloth of gold dress, trimmed with exquisite lace and diamond ornaments.

The principal object of interest to the spectators was the daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, Governor of Caucasus, who is to be married in January. She is tall and pretty. The family have just arrived in St. Petersburg. All last winter their palace was closed. The Grand Duchess Michael wore a cloth of silver dress and emeralds of wonderful beauty. All the jewels were magnificent, not only among Grand Duchesses, but on the ladies of honour and all the people attached to the court. These latter generally wore white satin skirts and trains of coloured velvet, red for the maids of honour, and blue or green for the married ladies. Some of the Empress's maids of honour have lived in the palace for thirty years.

A Sapphire Island.

Two little boys in Ceylon have found a sapphire weighing, says the report, two whole pounds; it value is estimated at $50,000, and it is, if the report be true, the largest sapphire yet found. Ceylon was a famous place for sapphires in old times, so that those who know its history are not surprised that this stone should have been picked up there. A writer recalls that the island has for ages been a vast treasure store of gems, and that even the energetic rapacity of the old Roman adventurers failed to exhaust its riches. Of all the brilliant gems extracted from the soil of this richly endowed island, hardly any was more highly esteemed by the ancients than the sapphire. Its exquisite tint recalled to the exiled Roman the clear, cloudless azure of the heavens over the Imperial City. It was known to them as hyacinthus, because its colour was like that of the blue flower. Then, as now, the hyacinthi were got by gem-hunters out of the beds of the Cingalese streams, among pebbles mingled with gravel. The engraving of sapphires was hardly known before the days of the Roman Empire, and probably the most celebrated of all engraved sapphires is the great signet of the Emperor Constantine, which weighs fifty-three carats. When the world was young sapphires were supposed to possess extraordinary moral and spiritual influences. They were thought not to only to be beyond injury from fire, but to have the power of putting it out. There were those who claimed that when brought into contract with linen, linen was rendered incombustible. They were supposed to cool the internal fires of the passions, and from this notion came the custom of setting a sapphire in the episcopal ring of office and the habit of persons vowed to perpetual chastity selecting it as their favourite jewel. It was believed that this gem was extremely sensitive to all moral influences, and that if worn by a wicked person, or by one given to impure thoughts and evil practices, it would gradually become lust

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., February 21, 1879.

A REFORMERS EXPERIENCE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher used to preach that there was nothing intrinsically wrong in popular games; that it only needed the introduction and encouragement of the better class of the better class of people, to rid them of anything unclean that attached to them.

It was some twenty years ago when he attempted to put his theory in practice. He was allured to a billiard tournament upon assurances that all of the clergy, judges, lawyers and other prominent people of the city were to attend. As he entered the hall he was very much amazed, though probably not so much, he thought, as those who saw him enter. Every man who raced a horse and nearly every liquor seller in town was there. However they applauded him. He took a seat, and they applauded again. When he shifted his seat there was another outburst. Then he moved over among the reporters. More applause. When he started to leave they applauded him all the way to the door, where a polite, good-natured usher said, "Mr Beecher, won't you have something to drink?" He never attended another billiard match.

THE CATTLE TRADE.

The embargo on the cattle trade, produced by the arrival at Liverpool of a cargo of American cattle, afflicted with a disease called pleuro pneumonia, a few weeks ago, and which was reported to have been raised, still remains in force, with the exception of cattle shipped from Canada, thus far no symptoms of the disease having shown itself among them. To protect dealers, the Dominion government, by an order in council, prohibited the importation of cattle from the United States, and the order took effect on Monday, tenth instant.

While this is unquestionably a heavy blow to the trade in the States, and until the opening of navigation, to our own dealers as well, we believe it to be a wise, precautionary measure, and certain portions of the American press are evincing a contemptible disregard of fact when they assert it is merely the work of a cattle ring in this country. We hope the disease will soon be obliterated in the States, and this important trade once more resume its wonted activity.

For the benefit of those not familiar with this disease among cattle, we give description of pleuro pneumonia, as given by the president of the Montreal college of veterinary surgeons. "A high temperature, 182 to 187; a quickened pulse, quickened respiration, lessened secretion of milk, cough, the animal maintaining the standing position with head extended, nostrils dilated, and flanks heaving. In the second stage expiration is accompanied by a mournful grunt, the animal loses flesh, the secretion of milk is entirely stopped and serious diarrhea sets in. The disease runs its course in from ten days to six weeks. At least half the cases prove fatal.

ZULULAND.

The terrible reverse experienced by the Brittish troops invading Zululand, South Africa, is almost the first information the majority of people have had of the existence of such a formidable opponent to Brittish rule in that region of the world.

The mere announcement a week or so ago, that the Zulus having ignored the ultimatum of the Brittish government, a force of fifteen thousand men commanded by General Chelmsford had been sent against them, was read with comparitive indifference by the general public. The idea that any number of half civillized savages could overcome the thorough discipline of a well drilled body of troops, was never for one moment entertained. But now comes the intelligence that a force of Zulus, twenty thousand strong, had annihilated a column of troops, consisting of a portion of the Twenty Fourth regiment, a battery of artillery, and six hundred native troops, notwithstanding the fact that the victory cost them over five thousand men, the Zulus also captured a convoy of one hundred and two wagons, one thousand oxen, two cannon, four hundred shot and shell, one thousand rifles, two hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, sixty thousand pounds of provisions and the regimental colours—and the hitherto unnoticed Zuluites are for the once, table talk, the world over.

The Zulus, or Amazulus, are a portion of the Kaffir race inhabiting Natal and the region northeast of it. They are naturally social, cheerful, gentle, light-hearted, affectionate, constant, but very passionate if aroused, and extremely fierce in battle. As a rule, they are a remarkably chaste and virtuous people. Many efforts have been made to convert them to Christianity, but with poor success, since they seldom stay converted; though after the destruction of half the tribe and the subjugation of the remainder, they may be led to accept the religion, and embrace the civilization of their conquerors.

But it is quite possible the time when the high-spirited Zulus shall find it politic to enter the fold of civillization, is in the distant future, for it is by no means improbable that the result of their victory over the invading force, will be to bring to them as allies other native tribes, who joining with the million or more of Zulus, may give the campaign in South Africa, far more importance than was attached to it in its first inception by the millitary authorities.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Minds of only moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.

THE important question of paying a per capita tax or head money, for every emigrant landed at New York City, is about being decided by the Courts. The Oceanic Steamship Company have brought suit against the city authorities to recover such monies paid by them. This is a test case and will decide whether the city will have to refund about one million dollars to several steamship companies or not.

THE destruction by fire February 15th, of Carling's Brewery, London, created quite an excitement in that city and for once everything smelled beery. The proprietor, the Hon. John Carling was hastily summoned from Ottawa. On his arrival at London he was met by a large gathering of friends, over four hundred, who all expressed sympathy with him in this unfortunate occurrence. The reputation gained by this establishment, will, if anything, be enhanced by this misfortune, since all in any way connected in business with this gentleman will doubtless do all in their power to increase the already large list of customers.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE E. L. INSURANCE CO.

The annual meeting of the above named society was held in the School House, Wyoming, on Tuesday, February 11th 1879; John Dallas, President, occupying the chair and T. Doherty acting as Secretary.

Minutes of last annual meeting, read and on motion, adopted.

Moved by J. D. Eccles, seconded by S. D. Barnes, that the annual report be read. Report adopted.

The Manager's and Fire Inspector's reports, also the Treasurers report were read, and on motion of James Young, seconded by George Forbes, the Fire Inspector's report was adopted, and an account of the annual meeting, with the Auditor's and Fire Inspector's reports in detail, ordered printed and a copy to be sent each member.

Moved by George Shirley, seconded by George Dewar, that a reward be offered by this Company of $200 for the apprehension and conviction of any incendiaries guilty of setting fire to any property insured by this Company. Carried.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Moved by R. F. Marshall, seconded by F. Kearney, that John Dallas take the chair. Carried.

Moved by S. D. Barnes, seconded by Peter McCallum, that T. Doherty act as secretary. Carried.

The following gentlemen were nominated Directors for the year 1879, Messrs. James Young, R. F. Marshall, A. Hagle, Robert King, J. C. Duncan, J. Dallas, and G. Dewar. Moved by by F. Kearney, seconded by J. Young that the above named be declared elected. Carried.

Moved by S. D. Barnes, seconded by Jas. Young, that Robert McFarlane be auditor. Carried.

Moved by J. D. Eccles, seconded by George Forbes, that the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Reeve of Wyoming in granting the use of the spacious council room for holding their annual meeting. Carried.

Moved by G. Forbes, seconded by E. A. Jones, that a vote of thanks be tendered the Board for their efficient services. Carried.

The meeting then adjourned,

DIRECTOR'S MEETING.

The directors met immediately after the annual meeting and appointed John Dallas, President; Geo. Dewar, Vice-President, and Peter McCallum, Treasurer.

The Board then adjourned to meet in Sarnia on Tuesday 18th inst.

Sarnia, Feb. 18th, 1879.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, was held in the Belchamber House. Present, John Dallas, Esq., President; George Dewar, Esq., Vice-President. Directors, Messrs. R. F. Marshall, R. King, J. C. Duncan, A. Hagle, Mr. P. McCallum, Treasurer Mr. T. Doherty, Secretary.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Mr. King, seconded by Mr. Dewar, that J. D. Eccles be appointed Secretary.

Moved by Mr. Marshall, seconded by Mr. Duncan, that Mr. T. Doherty be Manager.

Moved by Mr. King, seconded by Mr. Dewar, that S. D. Barnes be Fire Inspector.

Moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. Marshall, that the Vice-President, Manager, and Secretary, be a committee to examine the By-laws of the Company.

Moved by Mr. Duncan, seconded by Mr. King, that the services of J. F. Lister, Esq., be secured as Solicitor for the Company.

The Board then adjourned to meet on the 11th of March in Watford.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, good as new, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,
Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1.—The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con, S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2.—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Palm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS.—Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.
Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb. 14th, 1879. 3 m

$10 REWARD. $10

To any person who will tell me who broke into my house on the 30th of January, east ½, lot 1, 2nd con. Adelaide, I will give the above reward. All letters to be addressed to

THOS. CHAMBERS, SR
Adelaide Feb. 7th 1879.—3 in.

Executors Notice.

All persons having claims against the late David Pollock, of the Township of Brooke, deceased, will please forward the same immediately, to Messrs MacKenzie & Gurd, Barristers, Sarnia.

JAMES POLLOCK.
Administrator with Will annexed.
February 7th 1879.—3 in

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.
Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

NOTICE,

All parties interested, will please take notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my husband or any person belonging to me.

MRS. GEO. JAMIESON,
Feb. 7th.—3 in Watford. P.O.

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 5 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF**

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

The Best of Friends Must Part.

The undersigned tenders his most sincere thanks to the people of Watford and vicinity for their very liberal support during the past four years, and begs to intimate that he intends leaving Watford early in the spring, and in order to reduce his very large stock he has put the prices down to cost and under in order to make a grand clearing sale. Parties who have the cash and want bargains would do well to call and see the goods before going elsewhere.

TAKE NOTICE

Our dress goods will be reduced as follows:

Regular Price.	75c.	for	50c.
do	50c.	"	40c.
do	40c.	"	33c.
do	30c	"	23c.
do	25c.	"	19c.
do	20c.	"	15c.

weeds! Tweeds!! Tweeds!!! Tweeds!!!

Regular Price,	$1 50,	Reduced to	$1 20.
do	1 25,	do	1 00.
do	1 00,	do	80.
do	75,	do	60.
do	65,	do	50.

Men's Felt Hats	75c.	for	60c.
do	$1 00	"	75c.
do	1 25	"	$1 00
do	1 50	"	1 20

Best Factory Flannel,	40c.	for	30c.
Best Grey do	40c.	"	30c.
Scarlet do	25c.	"	18c.
Best Scarlet do	50c.	"	40c.
	40c.	"	30c.
Canton Flannel	12½c	"	9c.

Men's Shirts and Drawers from 37½ cents upwards.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!! MILLINERY!!!

In this Department there will be found an immense reduction to suit the times. We trust the above will be sufficient to show the descerning public that we are in earnest and mean to do what we say. The goods must be sold and we are determined to sell them. Parties owing accounts must settle them at once or we will have to put them into court for collection. We ask one and all to visit the Elephant Warehouse.

JAMES RUTHERFORD

Watford, October 2nd, 1878.—3m.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ETSABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S	BENSON'S	BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas, Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.	CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.	GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free; as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS ON TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET
Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

G. H. RODGERS

Has just opened out another lot of those good

Boots and Shoes Cheaper than Ever.

Also a splendid assortment of

GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Which will be found first class and at moderate prices.

☞ DON'T FORGET TO SEE GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE. ☜

☞ Also wishes all indebted to him to pay up at once without further notice. ☜

November 22nd, 1878.—3m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continuance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Tom, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st. ☜

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

1879. PLOWS THAT ARE PLOWS. 1879.

D. McTavish & Son, Watford,

Are now manufacturing Plows at prices to suit the times. Having decided to dispense with peddlers they have determined to give the benefit to those ordering at the shop at greatly reduced prices.

SEE PRICE LIST:

Sod Plows, iron frame, steel mould and landside socket point, $30.00; extra sock and coulter, $4.00.

General purpose Plow iron beam and handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $23.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $19.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, shackle fastening for coulter $17.00. The above moulds are all of the Scotch Gray Pattern.

Stubble Plow, cast landside, steel mould, iron beam, wood handle, Barroman pattern of mould, $17.00. This plow cannot be surpassed for stubble work The wood handled Plows have iron bracing between handles.

We have secured the sole use of the McCarthy mould, and we would draw the attention of those wanting to get plows suitable for plowing match work to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as this mould has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best sod mould in the Province.

All Plows made of good material, superior workmanship and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. A discount of seven per cent. allowed to parties ordering four or more Plows at one time.

Plows of all kinds repaired at reasonable charges. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

D. McTAVISH & SON, WATFORD, ONT.

Feb. 21st, 1879.—2m.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.
Watford, July 26, 1878.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.
1 yr

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf Boots	at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 30th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of SEWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE.

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.
Watford Emporium of Fashion
☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.
WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.
JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.
Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.
RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.
☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.
Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

JOHN KELLY
LIVERY STABLE,
CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.
If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place.
JOHN KELLY.
Watford July 29 1878—1m

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

nd uses the best material.

A large stock of
Sash,
Doors,
Brackets,
Mouldings
etc., etc.,
always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL
at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.

Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.

☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th, 1875. 6-y

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exeedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valenia Rasins,

New Currants,

and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION ! !

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODDS'

Hardware Department.

Having bought an unusual quantity of

TABLE CUTLERY,

AND

PLATED GOODS,

I have have concluded to offer

Special Inducements

In those Lines during the

Holiday Season.

☞ Parties giving me a call can rely on having Good Goods for a small sum of money.

Another lot of these

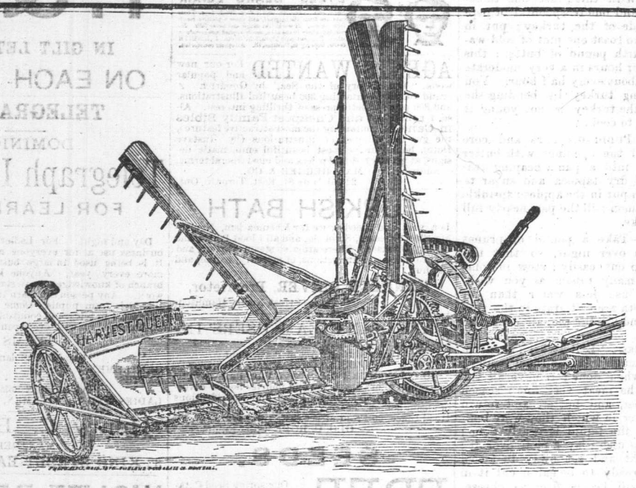
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.



Harvest Queen Front View.

Some of the Reasons why the Harvest Queen is the Best Machine to Buy.

1st. It has the largest drive wheel of any Single Reaper now made, being 36 inches in diameter, and seven inch face.

2nd. It has the largest, lightest, strongest, and best shaped table, supported by a patent truss rod, which you cannot get on any other Machine in the market.

3rd. It has the best Johnston five arm rake, which lays a better sheaf than any four arm rake made.

4th. It is the best protected from sand, dust and dirt, I challenge comparison with any Machine in the market, no matter whose make it is, on this very essential improvement.

5th. It can be set to cut as low as any Machine, and can be raised higher to travel on the road or go over very rough ground than any other Machine.

6th. It has the firmest, strongest, and most durable device for tilting of any Machine now made. I again challenge comparison on this point, claiming that while cutting, the table of my Reaper is held perfectly solid, consequently it leaves a very nice stubble.

7th. I ask the farmers as a favor to me and an advantage to themselves, to compare the Harvest Queen with all other reapers on the above mentioned points, as the success and durability of any Machine unloubtedly depends upon the advantages herein enumerated.

8th. It has more strokes of the Knife to each revolution of the Driving wheel than any other Single Reaper made; and SEVEN Strokes more to *each Revolution* of the Driving wheel than any other *Harvest Queen* Reaper made outside of Strathroy. The increased motion of the Knife renders the Reaper capable of cutting where other Reapers will choke down.

In connection with the above Reaper I also make the

HUMMING BIRD MOWER,

Which is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best Mowers now offered to the public. Manufactured at the Strathroy Agricultural Works by

F. J. CRAIG.

THOS. KERFOOT, AGENT WATFORD. tjl

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

WM. F. PHILLIPS

Still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE

BUSINESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

He would call the attention of the public who need anything in the

Furniture Line

that for the next

THIRTY DAYS

He will sell goods

10 per cent Less than Heretofore for Cash.

As I have a Large Lot to arrive in a few days that I purchased at Bottom Prices for Cash on account of the continued Hard Times I intend giving my customers the benefit.

Repairing neatly done, and Pictures Framed to order very cheap.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, }
WILLIAM COLE, } Directors.
R. F. MARSHALL, }
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, AND CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878,—3m,

METROPOLITAN HOTEL

WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.

The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.

Best of Liquors and Cigars

☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.

W. H. ROGERS, Prop.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.

J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the

TAILORING BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES,

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to

MRS. M. COX,
Watford P. O.

Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., February 21, 1879

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

FARMERS, read the Harvest Queen advt.

"The Hidden Hand" is the latest and most interesting story ever published, complete only 20 cents at Ewer's Book Store.

PRESENTATION.—Mr Joseph Willian s was presented with a Master Mason's apron at the last regular meeting of Havelock Lodge A. F. & A. M.

The new unbleached gut strings for Violins are the strongest, cheapest and best ever manufactured, for sale at Ewer's Book store.

MESSRS. Alex. Matheson, of Reno, Nevada California and R. Tamer, of Ottawa, will accept our thanks for the very interesting papers sent us.

WILL RESIGN.—We hear it rumored that Rev. J. Abraham, Presbyterian minister of this place, will resign his pastorate at the end of the present term.

THE Congregationalists of Watford and vicinity have secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Colwell as pastor for the year 1879. His duties will commence early in March.

THE East Lambton Reform Association meet for the annual election of officers, and other business in Fawcett's Hall, Watford, at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, 25th inst.

THE Brigden Brass Band give a grand concert next Tuesday, 25th inst., in the Town Hall there. The best local and foreign talent has been engaged for the occasion.

The London *Standard* is the cheapest daily paper, only 25 cents per month. Leave your orders at Ewer's Book Store, papers delivered to all parts of the Town.

ELECTED CAPTAIN.—Mr. Henry Lane, at the last meeting of the fire Company, was elected Captain in place of Mr. F. Humpidge who is leaving Watford to take up his residence in Dutton.

ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Michael Birtsall, of 4th line Warwick, in going out of the door slipped and fell, fracturing the arm badly just above the wrist, under the care of Dr. Harvey she is doing well.

JUST FINISHED.—Messrs D McTavish & Son have just completed their new shop where they intend manufacturing the justly celebrated McTavish plough. See advertisement in another column.

THE Wyoming *Globe* has now reached its third anniversary. The *Globe* is a first class weekly and deserves to succeed, as the publisher is a man well calculated for the business.

☞ Do not fail to attend the Firemen's Concert which is to be given in Fawcett's Hall, on Tuesday evening next. We bespeak for them a bumper house. For particulars see programmes.

SUDDEN DEATH.—We regret to announce the death of R. C. Scatcherd, Esq., ex-M.P., which sad event took place on Thursday morning, after an illness of a few days duration. The funeral will take place on Saturday, 2 p.m.

EXAMINE THE CHIMNIES—Many fires occur, owing to defective chimnies. Very often the chimney is known to be cracked or filled with soot, or the top has been blown off and the top is just level with the roof and the owner "is a goin to fix it some day or other," but the "some day" never comes until a fire occurs and it is too late.

WE, THIS week received a copy of the Toronto *Gossiper* a real lively, chatty paper and a sure cure for "blues." It is published by Morton and MacLean, at the low rate of $1 per year.

The Cash Down, or Trade at Market prices will be the **rule** of the house, for all goods bought from the Golden Lion, Watford on and after March 1st 1879. **The Credit System does not pay** either buyer or seller, and David Watt is determined to strictly adhere to the new rule he has adopted. 2i

ACCIDENT.—Mr. R. Belfour, of the 2nd line Adelaide, was kicked by one of his horses on the morning of Saturday, February 8th. Dr. Stanley happened to be attending a patient at his house, at the time of the accident. He pronounces Mr. Balfour seriously injured, two of his ribs having been broken from the spinal column.

FARMERS ATTENTION.—Call at the Globe Foundry and examine the plows that Bole & Stickle are making with the hardened cast mouldboard. They are selling the plows much cheaper than those made with the steel mouldboard. They are also manufacturing improved iron scrapers for roads which they propose selling to municipalities in lots of half a dozen each at extreme'y low rates.

GRANGE SOCIAL.—The social given by Navoo Grange to their members and friends on Wednesday evening last was a complete success. It was held in the School house of section No. 9, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Weed, the Master, acted as Chairman, a full staff of speakers were present. We will endeavor to give a more detailed account of the proceedings and speeches next week.

THE DRUNKARD.—This popular moral domestic drama was re-produced by the Arkona amateurs, with the assistance of Prof. Adams, in Vahey's hall, of that place on Wednesday evening last. Quite a number of our interested amateurs made use of the opportunity, enjoyed a pleasant sleigh ride and took in the Drama. They speak very highly of the performance and think the Arkona folks acquitted themselves creditably. The amusing farce "The discovery of Betsey" was a farce indeed, and will provide all who witnessed it, with laughter producing stock which will last for months.

DESERVING OF SUPPORT.—In our advertising columns will be found a card from Mrs. Reuben Cady, Cottam, Essex Co., returning thanks to the London Life Insurance Company, of London, Ont., for the prompt payment of a policy of $1,000 on her late husbank's life—the company having settled with in one week from the time the claim papers were forwarded to them. Mr. Cady had only insured with the company in Sept., 1874 and made four payments of $39.60 each, and has been ill for nearly three years of that time. Mrs. Cady might have had the money a month sooner if the claim papers had been forwarded, to the Company seldom if ever wait the 90 days allowed, and they always pay without any deduction. The London Life is a purely Canadian Company and only does business in this province. The capital amounts to $500,000 and a sum of $50,000 is deposited with the Ontario Government as a guarantee. The Company does a general life and accident insurance buisness, and such great care has been shown in their selection, of risks that they have only had eight losses in five years. Their shareholders and directors comprise many of the leading buisness and professional men in Western Ontario. They do buisness on the low rate, all-cash plan and they claim they are thus enabled to give their patrons the benefits of thorough security at much less expense than the great majority of Companies doing buisness in Canada. As there is now a growing feeling among Canadians that our own life insurance companies should be patronized in preference to the American ones, the people will begin to inquire more particularly into the standing of home companies and the London Life guarantee that the more information obtained of their company, the more will people be disposed to patronize them. We would advise any one wanting insurance to examine the advantages and low rates offered by the London Life, and have a personal interview with Mr. D. McLachlin, manager of Dodd's Hardware store, Watford, who is agent for this company.

OBITUARIES.

ANOTHER OLD SETTLER GONE.—It is our melancholy duty this week to announce the death of Samuel Howden, Sr., of this place. The deceased at the time of his death, aged 62 years, was a native of the County Fermaugh, Ireland, from where he emigrated to Upper Canada in the year 1835. He settled in the Township of Albion, where he resided four years. From thence he removed to Toronto, a short time before called Little York. During his stay there he was on active duty in assisting to quell the rebellion that existed in 1838 and 1839. He afterwards removed himself and family to the Township of Walpole, in the County of Haldimand, where he resided nine years engaged in agricultural pursuits. From thence he removed in the latter part of 1854, to the Township of Warwick, where he purchased a farm on the Main Road, near Wisbeach, where he again engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the year 1868, he was elected as Deputy-Reeve, his competitor being John D. Eccles, Esq., the vote being a tie, the then Township Clerk gave the casting vote in favor of Mr. Howden, thus enabling him to hold a seat in the County Council for the Township of Warwick, together with the present Reeve of Watford, who was Reeve in that year. Deceased removed to Watford in 1873. In the year 1874 Watford became incorporated as a village, when he was appointed Clerk to the embryo Council, a position which he held with credit to himself and the Council up to the time of his death. In private life he was a consistent member of the Orange order for many years, Conservative in politics, at the same time having a large measure of christian charity, freely and frankly according to others, the same right to exercise their own judgment as he enjoyed himself. Of a social, unassuming and warm hearted disposition to all with whom he became associated with, both in private and public life, he was respected and esteemed, as was strikingly evinced by the large concourse of those who attended and followed his remains to their last resting place, Wisbeach cemetery, on Monday last, 17th inst. a very eloquent and impressive sermon was delivered by the officiating clergyman, Rev. J. Kennedy of Adelaide.

To the Editor of the Guide.

SIR,—You will confer a favor by giving the following obituary notice a place in your columns:—

Verily in the midst of life we are in death. The foregoing truism was fully exemplified on the morning of the 14th inst., by the demise of the only daughter of Joseph and Maria Hillis, of the Township of Brooke. The deceased, Ann Jane, aged 16 years and 7 months, was at school on the 12th inst., in her usual good health and spirits, but on witnessing some mirth-provoking and ludicrous scene which the Teacher and many other scholars witnessed as well, she took a hearty fit of laughing (being of rather a gay and vivacious temperament) whether from the effects of intense study or nervous excitement she went home and took seriously ill during the 13th giving an occasional scream or groan denoting great suffering internally, but quite rational in her conversations with her attendant, Mrs. Geo. Lucas, who, together with her mother were unremitting in their attentions to soothe her sufferings. Deceased appeared to be quite conscious of her approaching death, and gave expression to the confidence that she was but removing to a happier sphere, and with that sweetness of manner, courteous and kind expression for which she was so revered, beloved and respected by all her friends, neighbors and school mates, she bade her Father, Mother, brothers, Mrs. Lucas and others a last and affectionate farewell, or as she expressed the good-bye assuring those of her attendants that she was dying happy in a sure and certain hope of a glorious immortality, a void is thus left in her parents home, yes, in the neighborhood she will be missed, for she was alike beloved by all. Her bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community as they are thus bereft of one they almost idolized.

The remains of deceased were followed to their last resting place in the English Church Cemetry, 6th line Brooke, on Sunday the 16th inst., by a large concourse of people. *Requiascet in pace.*

BIRNAM.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

As previously announced, Mr. Sillence delivered his two lectures, first in the Congregational Church on the 13th inst., subject, the "Scott Act;" and the second on the 14th inst., in Bethel M. E. Church, subject, "Corn Barley Revenue," both of which was well attended. Mr. Sillence has a tact of holding the audience at any length of time. Those lectures are well worth hearing. S. D. Barnes, presided at both of the above meetings.

Rev. Mr. Colwell has been engaged to preach in the Congregational Church. Engagement to commence on the 1st of March.

The stove which was taken out of Mr. Hoovers house this winter and for which he Mr. H. Hoover, and Gillis Hagle have been committed to stand their trial, has, from all appearance turned out to be the wrong one as the proper stove has since been found in the straw stack on the farm where it was missing.

The Grangers of Kelvin Grove Lodge gave a second public entertainment on the 17th inst, to a crowded house, where a large number present were expressing their oratory.

SCHOOL BOARD.

The Board of School Trustees held a special meeting in the school house on Monday evening last. Members present, the Chairman, Secretary, John Williams, Jos. Williams and John McWaters.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

The Committee on Repairs and Supplies presented the following report:—

Watford Feb. 17th 1879.

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,

Gentlemen.—We your Committee on Repairs and Supplies beg leave to report that we have procured 15 cords green two foot wood at 98 cents per cord, amounting to $14.70, also 10 cords dry two foot wood at $9.50, total $24.20.

J. McWaters,
John S. Williams, } Committee.
S. Howden,

Moved by Jos. Williams, seconded by John Williams, that the report of the Committee be received and acted upon. Carried.

A number of accounts were handed to the Finance Committee and by them passed.

Moved by Jos. Williams seconded by John Williams, that an order be drawn on the Treasurer for the sum of $14.70, in favor of John Williamson for wood an order for $9.50 in favor of D. J. Campbell, for wood, also J. C. Tye $6 for printing 1,000 School Reports. Carried.

John Williams stated that some of the boys stole the others dinners while the baskets were hanging on the hooks in the hall, Mr. White stated that he had heard nothing about it, but would enquire into it, and if such was the case put a stop to it.

John Williams stated that he thought one of the teachers did not have the right mode of teaching, but the remainder of the Board were of a different opinion. Mr. White suggested that the trustees drop into the different rooms occasionally.

THOSE LIGHTNING RODS.

John McWaters rose and addressed the Board, stating, that from the first he had been in favor of Mr Martin getting paid, and that he had worked for it, also that he intended bringing a motion that evening, as he had done 6 months previous, viz., to protect the school house with lightning rods. He then called upon Jos. Williams, who said that if he did say to Mr. Martin "go-a-head put them up and make a good job of it" that he had no idea that the four trustees who signed the reccomend would back out; that Mr. Martin had lawed and lawed about it till he had found out from his lawyers that if he had sued him he would likely get it, he acted upon their advice, and as you all know got it. He was willing to pay for the rods if it was a just debt, but he did not consider it as such, he would now leave it with the Board to do as they thought proper.

Moved by John Williams seconded by Jos. Williams that we rescind Mr. Howden's amendment to J. McWaters' motion regarding lightning rods, made on the fifth of August 1878. Carried.

Moved by J. McWaters, seconded by John Williams, that we have our school house protected by lightning rods. Carried.

Moved by John Williams, seconded by Jos. Williams, that the Committee on Repairs and Supplies be instructed to get the school house roded with the same rods that have been used on the same building, and get more rod if required, and have the work properly done at their earliest convenience. Carried.

The Board then adjourned.

WARWICK COUNCIL.

Feb. 18th 1879.

Council met to-day pursuant to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

The Auditors, Wm McLeay and John Liddy presented the report of the Township Treasurers account for 1878, which on motion was accepted and the auditors to receive $12 each for their services.

Petitions having been presented asking for the dividing or otherwise changing school sections No 1. 4, 8, 9, 14, and 15. On motion of Mr. McGillicuddy, seconded by Mr. Karr, the Clerk was ordered to notify the Trustees of said sections of the same.

On motion of Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Hall, a new road division was formed on six side road, James McCreery, pathmaster, in compliance with a petition to that effect.

A by-law appointing township officers was introduced and read the usual number of times and passed.

On motion of Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Heley, Thomas Hay was appointed care taker of the hall at a salary of $18 per year.

On motion an order was drawn in favor of W. H. Ewer for $7.66, being for Collector's and Assessment Rolls, and notice furnished Council.

On motion of Mr. Heley seconded by Mr. Karr, Mrs Fenner received the sum of $10 she being in indigent circumstances.

Council then adjourned till Monday 3rd March, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

NEW FIRM.—Mr. Geo. Brown, of Watford, has entered into partnership with Mr. Duncan Livingstone, in the butchering business, under the name of Livingstone & Brown, in English's old stand, corner of River and Railroad Streets. Give them a call.

SATURDAY and Sunday, March 1st and 2nd, the regular quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church will be held at Alvinston. Rev. W. G. Brown, M. A., of Chatham, will conduct the services both on Saturday and Sunday. Service on Saturday at 2 p. m., and on Sunday with sermon at 11 a. m.

HOUSE CONFLAGRATED — The dwelling house occupied by Robert Perrin, lot 11, 3rd concession, Brooke, was totally destroyed by fire, at sunset, Saturday 15th inst. The furniture was saved. Owing to the want of a ladder nothing could be done to check the fire, which originated from a defective chimney.

ALEX. McLEAN, of Mosa, the well known agent of Elliott's foundry, London, and Craig's, of Strathroy, is looking for a site on which to build a foundry and machine shop in Alvinston. We hope he will be successful, as we believe any man with Mr. McLean's reputation for strict business principles and large experience, cannot fail to make such an enterprise a credit to the township of Brooke.

THE Trustees of the Methodist Church of Canada have let the contract for the erection of their church to Mr. J. McWaters, of Watford, for the amount of $618. The pulpit and seating are to be let by a separate contract. The building is to be 30 x 42. The outside walls are to be 14 feet high. The building in style is to be gothic, and the ceiling to measure 18 feet from floor to centre. It is to be ready for dedication on the first Sabbath in May. It is the intention of the Trustees to have the building out of debt by the time it is opened.

SATURDAY night, 15th inst,, Duncan Campbell was walking past the house occupied by Wm. Risk, jr., on 3rd con. Brooke, when he saw flames bursting out on the roof peak near the chimney, The family were alarmed and fortunately having a ladder and water convenient the fire was extinguished after it had burnt a hole six by three feet in the roof. We do not say that either this or the more serious fire at Robert Perrins, noted elsewhere, was the result of neglect in keeping the chimney repaired, but there are doubtless many cases where such could be truly said, should a fire occur.

BORN.

PIPER—In Watford, on the 12th inst. the wife of James Piper of a daughter.

ELLIS—On the 15th inst., the wife of Thomas Ellis, 4th line Adelaide, of a daughter.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Watford, Feb. 21st '79. 3m

CARD OF THANKS.

To the Editor of the Guide:—

You will kindly allow me space in your columns to acknowledge the receipt from the **London Life Insurance Company,** of London Ont., of the sum of **$1,000.00,** the amount of the policy of my husband—Reuben Cady, formerly of Amherstburg—in the said Company, being paid in full within one week from the time that the claim papers were sent to the Company, without any deduction whatever, or without taking the usual time of ninety days allowed, before paying such claim

MARY ANN CADY

Dated at Cottam, Essex Co., this 12th day of February, 1879. 1t

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	0 87	@	0 88
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 87	@	0 88
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 72	@	0 80
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 25	@	0 25
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cental	4 50	@	4 75
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

MY DARLING.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

When thou shalt lie, my darling, low
In the dark grave, where they hide thee
Then down to thee I will surely go,
And nestle in beside thee.

Wildly I'll kiss and clasp thee there,
Pale, cold, and silent lying;
Shout, shudder, weep, in dumb despair,
Beside my dead love dying.

The midnight calls, up rise the dead,
And dance in airy swarms there;
We twain quit not our earthly bed,
I lie wrapt in your arms there.

Up rise the dead; the Judgment day
To bliss or anguish calls them;
We twain lie on as before we lay,
And heed not what befalls them.

FAMOUS BEAUTIES.

The Lovely and Witty Women of the First Napoleon's Time.

In Napoleon's time, writes *Forney's Progress*, there were many pretty and witty women who basked in the sunshine of the court, who stood behind the throne, as it were, and whose influence was especially noticeable whenever the "Little Corporal" was in good humour. There were three, however, whom Napoleon cordially hated—Mme. de Stael, Julie Recamier, and the Countess of Albany. The first two were friends, and all three suffered a sort of political as well as social ostracism at the hands of the "Child of Destiny." Napoleon's brother Lucien loved Mme. Recamier, at least he assured her so in a hundred tender letters, while Napoleon himself professed the greatest inclination for the 19-year-old beauty. Those of her contemporaries who wrote of her say that she was, in the first place, good; in the second place, gifted; and lastly, beautiful—and how beautiful! A pliant form, neck, and shoulders of supreme beauty, a sweetly-poised head, lovely hands, a mass of chestnut-brown hair, naturally curling; a fine, regular nose; a little, purple-cloured mouth, teeth like pearls, and an exquisitely white complexion, tinted like the rose. Added to all was her childish look of sweet innocence, and the unconscious power she possessed of winning friends. She was exceedingly good, and it is no wonder she was loved. At the age of 15 she had been married to a man thirty years older than herself, and one whom she did not love. Indeed, love was never expected by her husband, M. Recamier. It was enough that he simply had her to admire. But the reasons given for so strange a marriage are a most curious commentary on the times in which she lived. M. Recamier had loved her mother, it was said; intrigued with her, and it was breathed, in whispers only, that possibly Julie was her husband's child. Money certainly could have been no object in this match, as both were rich, and love there certainly was not. He had married her simply to watch over her and protect her youth, said the knowing ones. Whatever the object of such a marriage may have been, the usual results followed. Julie soon had lovers. Lucien Bonaparte's love turned to hatred, however, when he found his advance unwelcome, and Napoleon found himself ready to banish her when his own royal blandishments were resisted. It was on the banks of Lake Leman, in Switzerland, that Julie Recamier first met that knightly Prince, August of Prussia. She was living in banishment, with her good friend De Stael, in Coppet. He was so grand a cavalier, and she so beautiful, of course they loved, and the brilliant writer of Corinne did all things honourable and possible to enchant the young lovers with each other. Julie did not forget, however, that she was a married woman, and though married against her consent, and though neither her husband nor herself pretended to a particle of love for each other, still her own realization of the right would not permit her encouraging the prince. She had loved him without knowing it; but he was in deadly earnest. He would overcome all, even the hate of Napoleon, but she should marry him. His offers were renewed and pressed with an ardour and an earnestness she was not able to resist; she would write to her husband and propose a separation. She wrote. His answer was kind. He had lost his fortune and his friends, and now he would lose her, and be left with his burdens alone, but she should choose. Then Julie rose to her true womanhood again. She smothered her love, rejected the prince, and hurried to Paris to prove to her husband that, although not a loving, she was not a recreant wife. Years afterward we find her leading a most retired life in the city of Paris, surrounded by select friends from every path of learning and art, who admired not less her virtue, which had resisted temptation, than her kindness of heart. She died of the cholera at the age of 70 years. Prince August died six years before her, and caused the ring which she gave him to be placed in his coffin.

Julie's good friend, Mme. De Stael, had too much love-sorrow of her own to be extremely troubled ever the outcome of this adventure with the German prince. Like Mme. Recamier, De Stael had been sold off young. She was about 20 when she was married, entirely against her will, to the Baron de Stael, a man vastly older than herself. She was not at all beautiful, but she was the most gifted woman of her century, and her sparkling black eyes, brilliant manners, and wonderful conversational powers, were sufficient to enchant half the men who happened to have the honour of her acquaintance. Napoleon liked her even better than he did Recamier, but when she failed to flatter him he soon found good grounds for sending her from France. Talleyrand, too, was among the ardent adorers of the two women; and it is remembered of him how he almost lost a friend in an effort to turn a neat compliment to the two ladies at the same time. He had been given a place between the two celebrities at a public dinner, and, as he took his seat, he exclaimed, smiling first on the one and then on the other: "See me, between wit and beauty." "Without possessing either," was the ready answer of De Stael. Talleyrand survived the answer, which was a more doubtful compliment to himself than his witticism had been to the two women, but it is probable that he never forgot it. De Stael had been married about nine years when she fell in love with Benjamin Constant, a young Swiss, whose father was a general in the army of the Netherlands. They met at Coppet, her country seat, under circumstances similar to those in which her friend, Julie, had met the Prussian Prince August. The almost immediate consequence of this love was a separation from her husband, who refused to take kindly to his wife's intriguing with other men. It was under the influence of this unlawful though burning passion for Constant that she wrote "Corinne," one of the most celebrated romances of any time. But in spite of her love, and notwithstanding that she had offended public opinion in separating from her husband, Benjamin Constant was not long in deserting her, and afterward he ridiculed, in public, the weakness of the woman who would have given her life for him. He married a lady of the German nobility, while Mme. De Stael returned to lighten, by the most tender care, the sufferings of her husband, who was dying. She did not and could not love him, but he recognized in her the tender heart of a true woman. After his death the widow was besieged by the love of a young Italian officer, by the name of Rosca. His love and offer of a union were repeatedly rejected, but persistency won the day. "I will love you till you wed," he said, and she at last consented to a secret marriage. A public one she refused because she feared the ridicule that would follow her marrying a man more than twenty years younger than herself. If her first husband was a little too old, her second one was certainly liable to be considered a great deal too young. A son born of this marriage was not acknowledged until after the mother's death.

The third of the distinguished trio of women whom Napoleon so cordially hated was the Princess of Stolberg, known as the Countess of Albany. At the age of 20 she had been married to Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts, and a claimant to the English throne. His dreadful defeat, in 1746, on the field of Culloden, seemed to put an end to all his hopes of ruling England, and the pretender changed his title of Prince of Wales to that of Count of Albany. Still he caused the countess to maintain the splendour of a queen, and it was the custom of her followers to address her with the royal title of majesty. He was more than twice as old as the Countess, and his political disappointments made him sour, morose, and, worse than all, a miserable drunkard. They were living in Italy. England was, of course, barred to them, and France found it convenient to exclude them from her border. So in Florence they found a refuge, and the countess shone in unrivalled beauty. She had brilliant black eyes, blonde hair, lovely features, and a skin of alabaster whiteness. She was possessed of a noble character, and was as pure as gold itself. Travellers to Italy, at that time, have related how singular it seemed to see this beauty in the front boxes of the theatre, magnificently attired, and the observed of all Florence, while her husband lay upon a sofa, in the back part of the box, in a state of beastly drunkenness. He had, it seems, become extremely jealous of her, and seldom allowed her to receive company except in his presence. He mistreated her in a hundred ways. He scolded, threatened, and even locked her up in her room while he went on with his orgies. He was, in fact, preparing his young and beautiful wife for the fate which so often follows beautiful women with brutal husbands. It was about this time that Alfieri, one of Italy's most celebrated poets, came to Florence. He said in his diary that he avoided the countess at first. Be that as it may, it was not long until he was indulging the first and last great passion of his life. He was in love with the woman who ought to have been the queen of England. Alfieri himself was the worshipped of all Italy. He regenerated her drama. "It was a day of eternal memory," says Paravia, "when Alfieri's first play was put upon the stage." He was called the prince of tragedy. His heart was filled with the noblest emotions of freedom. He was just entering his glorious career when the revolution broke out in America, and he sympathized deeply with the new child of liberty. He also lived through and with that other revolution that so nearly destroyed France. He was a great man, although but 28 years of age, when he met the distinguished beauty in Florence. She was an abused wife—he, a passionate poet, in love with her. What more could a woman of that peculiar period wish? It was not, however, the first intrigue of the great poet with a married woman—twice already had he been engaged in a *liaison*, and was once near being killed by an English nobleman for flirting too much with his pretty wife. But it was the first time and the last time that Alfieri was really and desperately in love. The suspicious eyes of the Pretender were never off the loving couple. Every movement was watched and calculated upon, but in vain. One day the countess was invited by a friend to visit an abbey. She went. Her husband and a lady companion went with her. As the count was rather old, however, and lame, and possibly not very sober, she escaped him on the way, sprang into the abbey, and the gates closed behind her. In vain did the enraged husband hurry forward, and vain were his knocks and threats at the abbey door. He never saw his wife again. The countess left the abbey and hurried off to Rome, where, as the poet expressed it, "two sweet years were spent together." But the lady's rank was too high, and the poet's renown too great, not to create a very great sensation and a very great displeasure in the ranks of the Roman aristocracy, loose as they were on the subject of morality in Italy at the time of the revolution. Like Byron he left the country. He went to England, but his beautiful mistress was left behind in Rome. His genius had expanded, and under the influence of her beauty and her love his glory had increased. The most glowing letters of tenderness passed between them. Heloise was not more faithful to Abelard than was Louisa, Countess of Albany to Italy's poet. On the 7th of January, 1787, Charles Stuart died, and then the Countess hurried to the arms of her lover. They lived together, first in England and then in Paris. In the latter place the Countess lived in the manner of a royal personage. She had, indeed, a sort of throne erected in one of her grand salons, and her servants and followers addressed her always as your majesty. Alfieri, displeased with the excesses of the revolution, went to Italy; but, Napoleon, displeased with both him and his wife, ordered her to return to Paris. The hate of Napoleon for the poet seems to have been of a mutual character; for Alfieri considered him to be proclaiming liberty while he was acting the tyrant. The countess was kept in Paris as a sort of royal prisoner until the poet died. They had lived together as man and wife, though never married, for twenty-five years. "She was my better life," wrote the poet—"my nobler self." Alfieri was buried in the Church of the Cross at Florence, and the hand of Canova carved a monument to his memory. The sorrow of the countess, like many another sorrow, was healed in time, and she was married in a few years to Francois Fabre, an Italian artist, fourteen years younger than herself. She died in Italy in 1823, 72 years of age.

Ancient Hygiene.

It would be matter for a very interesting inquiry to ascertain how it happens that, with regard to many abstruse questions of practical science, hygiene for instance, the ancient Hebrews, Romans, Greeks, etc., reached results which for correctness put to shame the ignorance of later times. An illustration of this truth is given in a memoir by Dr. John Spear, lately published in the *Lancet*. He first speaks of the precautions to be taken in selecting sites for human habitations. From the *Mishna* we learn how carefully all unclean things were removed from the vicinity of Jerusalem and the temple; and the investigations of Signor Perotti in the site of the ancient Jewish capital have shown how complete were the systems of sewers and the means of sewerage precipitation and disposal. We find again that the Latin author Vitruvius, in his work "De Architectura," supposed to have been written in the reign of Augustus, in giving directions for securing healthy sites for towns, lays special stress on the necessity of a porous soil, and, in order to secure the ventilation of that soil, on perfect subsoil drainage. The views of Hippocrates on this subject, as also of Pliny and of other classic writers, might be studied at the present day with profit. Thus it would appear that the memorable researches of Pettenkofer, in a great measure, serve only to make us acquainted with the laws which were perfectly well known to the men of olden time. Then, as to practice: in the ancient cities of the world—Rome, Carthage, Herculaneum, Nineveh, and Alexandria, we know how well pollution of the soil was guarded against. What most judiciously executed works for this and other sanitary objects existed, recent discoveries have revealed. Probably in all these places too, and certainly in Rome, interment within the city walls was forbidden. "It is worthy of note," observes Dr. Spear, "that at this period of history pestilences and epidemics were not of common occurrence, and when they appeared they were usually clearly traceable to famine or to war. But to this enlightened and golden age succeeded one of darkness and intellectual torpor. Sanitary measures were forgotten or ignored; filth accumulated in crowded towns; the practice of intramural sepulture became general. The soil, the air, the water, we read, were impregnated with decomposing matters. As a result we have recorded those most destructive pestilences of the middle ages. The plague, the black-death, fever, and small-pox, swept over the land. . . . Pestilences were ascribed to the pleasure of Almighty God."

A NUMBER of enterprising Jews have been engaged in collecting the bones of horses that fell in the late battles between Russia and Turkey and have sold them to Austrian sugar refineries.

The Ravages of the Plague.

What Mankind Suffered in the 14th Century—The Planetary Movements of 1881.

If we glance at the history of the frightful devastations that have marked the visits of the plague to the earth, mankind has reason to tremble before the dread spectre whose appearance the Russians evoked on their pleasure trip to Constantinople, and which now threatens all Europe. Plague epidemics are recorded of almost every century. In the first year of the Peloponnesian war the plague raged with terrible violence in Athens, and Greece's greatest statesman at that time, Pericles, was one of its victims.

But not until the fourteenth century did it become a scourge to the entire world, travelling, as it did then, from the eastern boundaries of Asia through China, India, and Russia, and punishing with equal severity the inhabitants of the Pyrenean peninsula, and the hardened people of Scandinavia and Iceland. And if the western hemisphere had been discovered at that time, and active communication and traffic with it had existed, there can be no doubt that the grim destroyer would have visited America also. It is, indeed, by no means certain but that the plague did reach this continent, since there are Indian legends which speak of a time of great mortality long before the advent of Europeans.

It is estimated that no less than 52,000,000 persons fell victims to the black death in Asia and Europe toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Of these, 15,000,000 are supposed to have perished in Europe, 24 000,000 in Asia Minor, India, and the adjacent countries, and 13,000,000 in China. One historian writes concerning the appearance of the plague in Europe: "Terrible omens in the heavens overwhelmed the nations with dread. In 1337 a large comet appeared; in following years came immense multitudes of locusts; but in 1348 the end of the world seemed at hand. An earthquake devastated Cyprus, Greece, Italy, and the Alpine valleys. Mountains caved in. In the province of Carnthen, in Austria, thirty villages and a town were utterly destroyed. The atmosphere became thick, and confusing. Wine became turbid in the barrels. Fiery meteors illuminated the sky. A pillar of flame was seen over the Papal palace at Avignon. These terrors were followed by a murderous plague. It originated in China, was carried through the whole of Asia, and in Germany received the name of the "Black Death," because it covered its victims suddenly with black pustules, and often killed them instantaneously. It spread over the whole of Europe, and it is said that it did not rage most virulently in Germany. Nevertheless 14,000 persons died in Basle, 16,000 in Strasburg, and the same number in Erfurt, and they perished in all other places in similar proportions. In Osnabruck only seven families are said to have survived.

For twenty-five years the awful epidemic maintained its annihilating sway, while at the same time droughts, famines, floods, and earthquakes destroyed city and country, and vast swarms of locusts everywhere inflicted the direst ravages. Meantime the whole order of nature seemed reversed. In midwinter the severest rains were experienced, and in summer long-continued and severe frosts, and volcanoes that had been long thought extinct opened their craters anew. Some have attributed the origin of the epidemic to the atmospheric changes produced by the convulsions of the earth, combined with the decay of organic matter—the myriads of locusts and the unnumbered bodies of men and animals.

Some have attributed that frightful epidemic to the then recorded approach of several planets to the sun. Inasmuch as four planets enter the perihelion in 1881, we have at least this similarity between the present time and that dreadful period; and this circumstance combined with the sudden outbreak of the plague that is reported from Europe, may give rise to the fears that the coming planetary proximity to the sun is perhaps to have an evil import for poor humanity.

Romance of an Advertisement.

The Springfield (Mass.) correspondent of *The Boston Herald* writes: A sewing girl in this city has had a romantic experience which is worth telling. Several months ago a man at Dubuque, Iowa, advertised in an eastern Massachusetts paper for a wife. Among a swarm of answers which he received were two from two girls in this city, who replied just for the fun of the thing. One of them represented herself as a young widow, and her lively account of herself and her circumstances was very largely fictitious, especially that which told (very incidentally, as if it was of no consequence) of the snug sum of money left her by the dear departed. She never expected to hear of the matter again, but that was the one letter out of all the advertiser received which struck his fancy. He wrote to the supposed "widow" (who, in fact, had never been married, and who was then earning her living with her needle); photographs were exchanged; the letters grew more and more affectionate, until the young woman, realizing that the affair was no longer a joke wrote to her new-found admirer and told him frankly of her humble circumstances.

Of course he admired her all the more, and at last he came from Dubuque to this city to claim her for his bride. Instead of the sleek and intelligent looking and manly individual whom she had expected from his letter and his photograph, what was her vexation to see a person of decidedly seedy appearance, wearing an old slouch hat, and appearing altogether unattractive. Well, she refused him, and he, chiding her bitterly for so doing after all the pains he had taken to win her, returned alone to Iowa. I suppose he hadn't left the house before she was sorry—such is the flexible character of female affection—and it is certainly true that she was very sorry, indeed, before he had put a thousand miles between them. He wrote no more, but the distressed young woman wrote, or got friends to write, to the pastor of the church he attended, and to various persons in Dubuque, to find out what sort of a man this was—something she ought to have thought of in the first place. The replies were uniformly complimentary, and every one only increased her regret that she, a poor sewing-girl, had refused a "good match."

Never a word came from him, and at last she swallowed her pride, reopened the correspondence herself, and told him how she had misjudged him and how sorry she was that she had. Promptly came a manly reply, from which she discovered that when he visited her here he had intentionally made himself as unattractive as possible, from a romantic notion that she ought to take him for what he was, and not for what he wore. Of course they were married, and the poor sewing-girl has for her husband one of the leading citizens of Dubuque, and for her home one of the finest mansions in Dubuque. This true story ought to have a moral of the negative sort—namely, that young girls are not to infer from it that it is safe for them to answer matrimonial advertisements, for, where one case of this sort has, like this, a happy issue, there are ten which lead to unhappiness or something a good deal worse.

Strange Puns from the Pulpit.

There are preachers who delight in startling their congregations, and some old-fashioned people at Brighton were astounded to hear last Sunday the following comment on the text, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." "In other words," he said, "a man wants no more washing who is clean in toto (toe-toe)." The same preacher made the trials of Job the subject of his discourse a few Sundays ago, when, after enumerating the repeated messages of misfortune which came fast one after another, he gravely remarked: "It is a characteristic of Job's simplicity of character that he did not suspect this extraordinary accumulation of trouble of being a hoax."

Royal Family of Afghanistan.

Past and Present Rulers of the Troubled Country.

(From the London Times.)

Few ruling families have produced such a series of notable characters as the present dynasty in Kabul, and if we throw back our glance to a slightly more remote period, and include in our retrospect the great and first Duran, Ahmed Khan, of the Sudosye house, it may be said that the Afghan monarchs are entitled to a high place among the hereditary monarchs of the world. It will be of some interest to trace back the history of this house, in order that English readers may the better appreciate what Afghan monarchs have been, and by what example in the past Shere Ali may even now be nerving himself for the fray into which he has so wilfully rushed.

Of the Afghan clans the Abdali was the most famous. It had given rulers to Khorassan and to Heral before Nadir Shah overthrew them and their neighbours the Ghiljies, and when Nadir Shah was murdered, it was their chief, Ahmed, who rose to supremacy in Kabul. But there were many branches of the Abdali clan, and of these the Populsye was recognized to be the head. In this branch of the clan the family of Sudo was supreme, in virtue, it would appear, of some special descent, as well as of the claims that arose from their appointment as chiefs of the Populsye clan by the Persian monarchs of the Suffavean dynasty. Their persons were sacred; no punishment could be inflicted on them, except by another Sudosye; and in many other ways they were exempt from the disadvantages that beset ordinary Abdalis. But, although the Sudosyes are spoken of as a separate tribe, they were really only a family of the Populsye clan. Of this family, the most noteworthy were Ahmed Khan, his son Timour, and his grandchildren, Zamaun, Mahmond, and Shuja-ul-Mulk and his son, the family of Sudo may be said to have become, for all practical purposes, extinct. The later history of Afghanistan centres round the younger family of Barucksye. When Ahmed Khan assumed the title of Duri-i-Duran and made his dynasty the Durani, all the Abdalis, including Populsye and Barucksye, became Duranis, and the nine subdivisions of which the Abdalis clan consisted were merged in that general term. According to the Afghan legend, Baruck, the second son of Abdal, was the founder of the house of Barucksye; but, however that may be, in the days of Ahmed Khan, and his son Timour, the chief of the clan, was Sarfraz or Poyndah Khan. This chief was prominent among the Sirdars at the court of those princes, both by right of his power and of his individual ability. But he fell under the displeasure of Zamaun, Timour's son and successor, and was murdered by order of that monarch. But although the Sudosye ruler had freed himself from the presence of his too powerful Sirdar, he had only given cause for umbrage to a more dangerous and a not less powerful noble. This was Futteh Khan, Poyndah's eldest son and heir. For many years he played the part of Warwick in the Afghan State, setting up Shah Mahmoud one month, and deposing him the next in favour of his younger brother, Shuja, and at last, after a career of some years of triumph, ending his days as his father had, the victim of an Afghan monarch's suspicion and tyranny. All Futteh Khan's intrigues had been directed to promote his own interests as Vizier and not to strike a blow at the supremacy at the Sudosyes. The charm of that family remained intact and undisputed until Futteh Khan's murder raised up his indignant house in arms for the purpose of exciting revenge. When Dost Mahomed and his numerous brothers broke out in various quarters of the State against the authority of the Sudosye monarch, there is little doubt that their conduct was disapproved by the majority of the Duranis. But the Barucksyes were so strong in their numbers and their unity, and also by reason of the numerous castles that they held, and the Afghan monarch so weak without a regular army, that the contest between the rivals was not protracted, and Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk was a fugitive almost before he had a chance of offering resistance to his opponents. With his flight the second dynasty of the Durani monarchy commenced, for although Dost Mahomed did not become de facto sovereign of the country until many years afterward, he and his brothers were supreme in Kabul, Kandahar, and Balkh. In Herat a Sudosye Prince continued to rule for some years longer, but he, too, gave place at last to the irresistible Barucksye.

Dost Mahomed, the youngest of the sons of Poyndah Khan by as Kizzilbash woman, was the most remarkable Asiatic who has appeared within the present century. During his long career he suffered from every vicissitude of fortune, and proved himself in adversity and in good fortune to be one of those men who are stamped with nature's superiority. As a general alone he is entitled to high rank, for his dispositions at Jamrud against the Sikhs, and at Urghundeh against Keane, were both skillful in conception and in execution. On both occasions his efforts were paralyzed by the desertion of a large body of his followers. But it was as a ruler and a statesman that Dost Mahomed shone down all competitors. He certainly was no unworthy representative of the monarchy founded in 1747 by Ahmed Khan, and he left to his son Shere Ali a heritage of no mean power and prosperity. Shere Ali himself is no unworthy descendant of so distinguished an ancestry, and, whatever doubts we may entertain on the powers of restraint he possesses over a temper every one admits is vindictive and easily excited, it is impossible to deny him the possession of many soldierly and regal qualities. Those who saw him at Umballa acknowledge that the man is no ordinary one, and those who have followed the history of his life know that he must be a man of genius. He has coped with all the difficulties of his position in a manner at once energetic and able; and when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb he no more despaired than did the Great Frederick after Hochkirchen. "The result was in the hands of Allah." So said the Ameer when fleeing from Candahar towards Herat, his last place of refuge. Nor has the ability and the genius of the Durani monarchy died out with its present representative. Often have we told in these columns the story of his son's (Yakoob Khan's) valour and skill, and if less has been said of Abderrahman, the son of Afzul Khan, it was not because his abilities were less eminent, but because so far as we are concerned, they played a minor part. Nor, in estimating the abilities of the family, should we leave out of sight Shere Ali's brothers—Afzul, Azim, Ameen, Shereef, and, above all, Akbar, the heir-presumptive of the days of the old war. And many of the sons of these were scarcely less distinguished than their sires, although it would be tedious to mention names that could be but little known to the mass of our readers. What may be maintained with perfect accuracy is, that the present Afghan dynasty is one that has produced a line of truly remarkable men, and that its vitality appears to be far from extinct. These are facts which are of actual importance and value in the present crisis, and it is upon a knowledge of these that much of our future policy must be based. Shere Ali has many noble examples among his predecessors to inspire him with the necessary courage to oppose us, but we may also learn from the same retrospect the secret of his strength and of his weakness.

A MAN may be a consistent, conscientious Christian and a model of religious life in the church and the community; he may faithfully read the bible instead of the Sunday papers, and cheerfully support his mother-in-law and her six children: but it is one hundred chances to one that his pure human nature will ripple in a wave of tingling pleasure when he receives a letter through the mail on which he discovers a stamp that the postmaster has forgotten to cancel.

WHILE in a western town Camilla Urso took her violin into the county poor-house and delighted the inmates. Good girl that to play for nothing to poor houses.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SALT FISH.—Salt fish should be put in a deep plate, with just water enough to cover it, the night before you intend to cook it; it should not be boiled one instant, for boiling renders it hard; it should lie in scalding hot water for two or three hours; the less water that is used, and the more fish is cooked at once, the better; water thickened with flour and water while boiling, with sweet butter put in to melt, is the common sauce. It is more economical to cut salt pork into bits, and fry it till the pork is brown and crispy; it should not be done too fast, lest the sweetness should be scorched out.

HOW TO COOK FISH.—Fish should not be put in to fry until the fat is boiling hot. It should be dipped in Indian meal before it is put in, the skinny side uppermost when first put in to prevent its breaking. It relishes better to be fried after salt pork than in lard alone. Never put fresh fish to soak in water. If you want to keep it sweet, clean and wash it; wipe dry with a clean towel, sprinkle salt inside and out, put in a covered dish and keep on the cellar bottom until you want to cook it. If you live remote from the seaport, and cannot get fish hard and fresh, wet it with an egg (beaten) before you meal it, to prevent its breaking.

FRIED CAKES.—Two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, cup sour cream, two cups buttermilk, one rounding teaspoonful soda in just water enough to dissolve, flavour with nutmeg or cinnamon; the latter is much the nicer; enough flour to roll (not too stiff), just so the dough will not stick to the board; have the lard hot and plenty of it.

ROAST TURKEY.—When the turkey is ready for dressing rub salt inside and let it stand 10 minutes; then let cold water run freely through it. This takes the bitter taste off. Then have a dressing made of rolled butter-crackers. For a turkey weighing nine pounds, take two pounds of crackers, one pint of hot milk, ten ounces of butter, one teapoonful of fine sage, one of salt, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper; mix this a little stiffer than cake mixture; fill the turkey with this; use one tablespoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of pepper for the outside of the turkey; put in the pan with it to roast one pint of cold water and one fourth pound of butter; this should roast four hours in a very moderate oven; baste it about every half hour. You can tell a young turkey by bending the breast bone; if the turkey is not young it will take longer to cook.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core tart apples; fill the openings with butter and sugar; put into a pan a heaping teaspoonful each of dry tapioca and sugar to each apple; then put in the apples; sprinkle over them cinnamon; fill the pan nearly full of water and bake.

PRUNE PIES.—Take a pound of prunes and soak them over night, so that the stones will slip out easily; stew in some water with as many raisins as you wish, and sweeten; use less water than for sauce; when both are soft grate in the rind of two lemons and fill the pie, allowing two crusts.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens in merely water enough to make them tender; take them out when done; remove all the bones; mince the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper, and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone; pour into a deep dish; lay a plate over it; put on a weight and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten cut it in slices and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for a Sunday evening tea.

NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Cold mashed potatoes, made into little balls and slightly flattened; dip them into an egg slightly, so as to mix the yolk and white; roll them in cracker crumbe. Fry them in hot lard and butter. Send to the table hot.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Mix one gill of wheat flour with one quart of buckwheat flour, add one large teaspoonful of salt, then add gradually a scant quart of warm water, mixed with one gill of yeast. Let it rise all night, and then in the morning add a quarter teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and bake immediately.

Queen Margaret.

In a recent letter the Roman correspondent of the *Independance Belge* says that a very unexpected and delicate subject has lately been by no means covertly alluded to in the Italian press—the part played by the queen in politics. It is alleged that there is "a queen's party." The *Gazetta del Popolo*, a decidedly monarchial paper, reminds its readers of Victor Emmanual's having once said that "While we ought to love women tenderly (and his majesty was assuredly never wanting in this respect), and show them every possible respect; yet, when they insinuate themselves into politics, and above all, surround themselves with political intriguers, one must have the courage to tell them that they will appear far from graceful if they assume the uniform of hussars."

The Newest Thing in Wraps.

Nightingales are coming in. No premature coming of the sweet songsters of the spring, but a timely arrival of comfortable warm bed-wraps, called after the lady who invented them, for the wants of the sick room. As needlework they take the place of stockings in fashionable drawing-rooms, or may either be developed into works of art or re ain their original simplicity. Two and a half yards of flannel can at a pinch be converted into a bed-wrap in two and a half minutes. No cutting, no shaping being required, you (ladies generally) fold the flannel together and tack the two sides by the selvage about a quarter of a yard from the double end. This forms the hood of an elegant bernouse. You have only then to fold back the lower corners and tack again—tack, I am told, is the correct word, and you have the cuffs through which the hands are slipped; and the thing is done.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

Business Items.

MISS NEILSON is staying at Nice, with Lady Tollemache Sinclair. She will soon reappear on the London stage.

IF YOU are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

"COOPER'S" are shewing a very handsome stock of Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c. Just the thing for the holiday season. Address, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A TRUISM.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way in which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, which is the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

MESSRS MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON.—SIRS, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing I could think of, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this to you to let you know the value of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly, JOHN CLARK.

MILLBRIDGE P.O., TUDOR, ONT.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

Seedsmen,
Steele Bros. & Co., cor. Front and Jarvis Sts. See adv't.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder.*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C. C STEWART & Co., Toronto

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in. to 36 in. Horse or man power. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR A Wonderful Discovery. From many thousands of testimonials received we select the following. Short ones are the best. Actual results are what we desire. It never fails to restore the original and natural color to the hair, whether the beard, moustache or whiskers. It is purely vegetable and harmless. Remember there is no sulphur in it. It will force a heavy growth in from 20 to 30 days, and in every case where it fails to do so we will refund the money and never take it back. It promotes the growth of the hair on bald heads where the roots are not entirely destroyed. It is the only preparation in the world that will do this. It will positively prevent the hair from falling out in one week's time. It is the only preparation that will positively restore gray hair to its original color. It is the only preparation that

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 5. WATFORD, ONT., FEBRUARY 28, 1879. WHOLE NO. 213.

A Westminster Play.

(From The Theatre.)

As Big-Ben chimes 7.30 Mr. Dan Godfrey's band strikes up behind the scenes; the captain of the school, in court dress, leads the head master's wife into the theatre; her husband looking as dignified as possible walks in to the exhilarating strains of "See the conquering hero comes;" the Dean, with his sharp features lighted up by a pleasant smile, may be seen in the place of honour in the stalls. Then come the distinguished persons who have been bidden to the intellectual feast, a number of old Westminsters bringing up the rear. Everything is ready; the master touches a hand-bell as a signal for the music to stop, and the captain of the Queen's scholars comes before the green curtain and delivers a prologue in Latin iambics. The names of the old Westminsters who have died since the last performance are gracefully referred to in this effusion, which is written by the head master. The performance is then proceeded with. The play is Terence's "Phormio," the plot of which is derived from Apollodorus. It soon becomes evident that the difficulties involved in the representation of a Latin play by English youths will be fairly overcome. The delivery of the Roman dramatist's lines is never less than respectable, often effective. The actors may not be at their ease in the ancient Greek costume, but where is the company of amateurs that would? Then, although the "coaches" have more regard for tradition than for new ideas, some of the impersonations are marked by original thought, and the unity and smoothness of the performance as a whole show that the scholars intrusted with small parts are not less industriously looked after by the masters than the others. *Geta* and *Phormio* are in competent hands, but representatives of *Demipho*, *Phædria*, and *Sophrona* take a by no means inconsiderable share of the honours of the evening. The epilogue, which is written in Latin elegiacs by one of the masters or an old Westminster, is intended to be a humorous skit upon events and follies of the day, and for some years past has been published *in extenso* by the *Times*. It is delivered by the actors in the comedy, now attired in evening dress. Finally, in accordance with the time-honoured custom, the prompters come before the curtain and pass a college cap to the old Westminsters, who fill it with money. Out of the sum thus collected the cost of the performance is paid, the residue being divided among the actors. Between the acts the scene inside and outside the theatre is of the most animated kind. No sooner has the curtain fallen than the "young old Westminsters" jump up and push their way out. Some may be found renewing old friendships in the passages; some brave the cold air for the sake of a cigarette; some get behind the scenes to chat with actors and quaff the mysterious beverage known as "sack-whey." Few things in life are more pleasant to witness than the meetings at Westminster of old schoolfellows who have not seen each other for years, and to hear them speak of old quarrels and scrapes and pleasures on the very scene of their occurrence. Inside the theatre the scene is not less bright. Everybody is chatting with his neighbour; the Queen's scholars appointed to attend to the ladies are manifesting considerable energy in the discharge of their duties; the leaders of the claque are making short work of some "sack-whey" and sherry just brought to them; grave looking divines are arguing a point in connexion with the play, and many ladies are indulging in flirtation under difficulties. By 10.30 o'clock all is over, and as the audience leave—not, as at a theatre, in a stream, but in groups—the boys go down stairs for supper and to talk of what has been done and left undone in the performance.

A Green Hand.

One of the plumbing establishments of Danbury took in a new jour. the other day. He was from a hamlet over in New York State—a little hamlet where he had worked with his father. The day after his arrival there was a burst in the water pipe of a house on Pine street. He was told to go over there and attend to it.

Seeing the owner of the house in the shop, he went up to him and got the particulars of the break, and then he made ready his tools and started.

Just as he was passing out of the door the proprietor saw him.

"Where are you going?" he almost screamed.

The new man told him.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going up there to fix that pipe without examining it?" he gasped.

"Why, I am going to look at it when I get there," said the new man.

"Merciful heavens;" ejaculated his employer, catching hold of the desk to support himself. "Can it be possible that you can do a job at one visit? Don't you know your trade any better than that? Have you no pride in your business? Why, you'd ruin the entire community in less than a year." And the speaker burst into tears.

As soon as he grew calmer he explained to the new man that he should first visit the house, make a thorough examination of the building, get the lay of the streets, find the location of the nearest hydrant, go up on the roof of the house and then return thoughtfully to the shop for his tools, keeping an accurate record of the time.

The Library.

If I were to begin life now, and lay anew the foundations of a library, it should be largely a biographical one—literary portraits, memoirs, and correspondence. There is no way in which so much anecdote, wit, and sparkling truth can be acquired, and in which moral impressions, so healthy and deep, may be left on the conscience and heart.

Think of it: Each week may introduce you to some man or woman of genius—monarch, general, statesman, philanthropist, scientist, inventor, discoverer, poet, artist, and see his whole life—the dawn of his genius, his struggles and sorrows, his wrongs and triumphs, his intellectual strength. You may take a look through him at his century; you may see how he treated his wife and children; you may know what he had for dinner, and the best things he and his guests gossiped about; you may even rummage his private letters.

Eavesdropping and keyhole-listening are contemptible, unless we do it at the remove of a generation. Then it is biography. Histories are the large landscapes and biographies are the stereoscopic interiors of the past.

THE man who wrote that "nothing was impossible" never tried to find the pockets in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in a clothes-press.

"WHAT does transatlantic mean, mamma?" "Across the Atlantic, child. Hold your tongue and ask no more questions." "Then does transparent mean a cross mamma?"

So many people are shot, where the doctors are unable to find the ball, that it is suggested that a thread be attached to bullets, with a spool in the rear of the cylinder of the revolver, so that the doctor can take hold of the thread and pull the bullet out. Many valuable lives would be saved that way.

Along the Shore.

Sail on, sail on, ye vessels great and small,
Cut the proud waves, and track the waters o'er,
Find paths and ports, while we along the shore
Shall watch your course till distance sink you all,
And make of mast and prow and pictured sail
A vanished vision or a speck in space;
So haply shall ye greet some other race,
If but Septentrion push you with his gale,
Or fond Favonius prosperous breezes blow,
Your fate is bound—bound to the inconstant deep;
Ours to the land, and waits the calmer flow
Of Time, that brings us all unto one port,
Where, safely anchored, sea, and shore shall sleep,
No more of fortune or of fate the sport.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE NEW ENDYMION.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

VI.—CONCLUDED.

"Why not? is one more wonderful than the other?" she returned, with a faint smile. "But you must not expect me to tell you all my secrets at once, Cousin Will. Think of me as an enchantress for to-night. I am not the first who has practised magic in this tower. It was built, they say, in the time of King Arthur, by the magician Merlin; and Friar Bacon once lived here, and worked upon the problem of the Speaking Head. But none of them could do what I can do, or ever saw what I have seen a thousand times!"

If it had been Diana's intention—as it certainly was not—deliberately to inspire me with a sentiment of superstitious awe and expectation, by working upon an imagination always apt enough for the marvellous and recondite, she could not have chosen a more fitting time and means. The strange aspect of the lofty room, dimly illuminated below and shadowy overhead; the fantastic legends associated with it; the weird music that still trembled through it; and above all the spectacle of that potent instrument even now moving in harmony with the march of the universe;—these things alone might have stimulated the emotions of one of firmer nerves and sturdier health than mine. But, such as I then was, their influence upon me was profound and overmastering. The facts of my past life in the world, the little learning I had acquired—the material certainties, in short, whereby men are accustomed to steady themselves when assailed by aught that threatens to undermine the teachings of their experience—were become to me as nothing. Not what I had known and touched and could explain was true; but, rather, all that was inexplicable and supernatural. I was in love with mystery, and with Diana, and desired no better than to believe in them and do homage to them.

As for Diana, familiar from childhood with the scene and the proceedings, her mood was of composed and deep-seated enjoyment; and she was doubtless far from suspecting my overstrained and almost hysteric plight: nay, I myself was as yet unaware of the degree of my prostration. I watched my cousin walking hither and thither, quietly and methodically completing I knew not what further preparations for the coming revelation, until, unable longer to endure inactive suspense, I asked whether the moment for looking through the telescope had yet arrived.

"There is only one thing more to do, but that is the most important of all," was her answer. "Sit in this chair, and you shall see."

She took hold of the lower end of the telescope, which was there about nine inches in diameter, removed the brass cover from it, and then, with a few light turns, unscrewed the ring that held the lens in place, and brought away the lens itself in her hands. I noticed that it was thicker through the centre than the generality of lenses, and at one part of the rim there was a small projection, like the neck of a phial, giving the whole something of the appearance of a circular, flattened crystal flask.

She was about to set it edgewise in a velvet-covered frame evidently made for the purpose, when, glancing at me, she seemed to alter her intention.

"You may hold it if you like, Cousin Will," she said; "but hold it fast, for it is more precious than adament. There is none other like it in the world."

"Yes," she said, answering my look with a smile; "it is a phial, made to hold an elixir more precious than itself. That silver vase is full of it; and now I am going to pour some into the phial. Then you will see something beautiful!"

"Is this that discovery you spoke of this afternoon?"

"Not the elixir; but the use to which we put it. The receipt for the elixir is a heritage from some of those old alchemists who used to carry on their experiments in this tower hundreds of years ago; and my father thinks it had been handed down to them from some philosopher far more ancient still. At all events he found the parchment on which the receipt was written in a concealed hollow of this wall—in that niche where the silver vase now stands. After long study, he succeeded in deciphering it; and then the elixir was made."

"But what was it originally intended for by the alchemists?"

"My father thinks it may have been their famous drink of Immortality," replied Diana, taking the silver vase from its niche as she spoke. "But he did not taste it, for he neither wished to live for ever nor to die by poison—and this may as well be an *aqua toffana* as an *elixir vitæ*! But, while brewing it, he had noticed the strange effect of moonlight upon it; and as he was there searching for some means of strengthening the telescope, it occurred to him to try an experiment. And this was the result!"

In saying these words, she slipped a funnel into the neck of the phial or lens, and, while I steadied the latter upon my knee, she poured into it about a pint of liquid from the vase. Then, taking it heedfully from my hands, she replaced it in its proper position in the neck of the telescope, secured it there by screwing on the ring, and finally, by turning a button attached to the pipe that supplied the lights, they were at once extinguished, and we were left in darkness.

Yet no—not entirely so! For when my eyes had had time to recover from the first impression of blackness, I began to perceive that there was still light in the room, though proceeding from a different quarter. It seemed to have a deep crimson hue; and in the course of a minute or two I could see it coming through the lens of the telescope, and evidently taking its colour from the liquid with which Diana had just filled it. But whence did this light originate?

I must have asked this question aloud, for I heard Diana's voice answer:

"It is the light of the moon. Stoop down, now, and watch the elixir change. But be careful not to look through it, until I give you leave!"

I stooped accordingly, and fixed my eyes upon the crystal. The sound of the mysterious music, rendered more weird by the darkness, did not prevent me from hearing the soft breathing of my companion, whose presence I felt close beside me, though I could not see her. She, too, was watching the changes of the magic liquid; and strange and beautiful in truth they were!

The crimson tint, at first deep and turgid, gradually cleared, until it shone like the purest ruby. A kind of fermentation, momentarily increasing, seemed to be at work within it, and I presently noticed minute currents of blue twisting about like tiny serpents, and multiplying as they moved, until the crimson grew to violet, which, in the course of a few minutes, cleared and strengthened in its turn to a brilliant and superb purple, perfectly translucent, and emitting a lustre so powerful as partly to reveal the figure of Diana, kneeling, with her hands folded upon her lap, in an attitude of thoughtful contemplation. But the fermentation was not yet complete. Again the slender serpents twined and wreathed themselves, dispelling more and more the remaining rays of crimson, and creating a uniform and ever intensifying light of azure. It was an azure as pure as that of an Egyptian sky, but possessing a wealth and sparkle of colour such as no atmosphere can rival—the sparkle of the ideal sapphire which no lapidary has yet discovered.

"What causes this?" I whispered at length; "and how is it to end?"

"It is the moon purging the elixir of its last earthly impurities, and making it fit to hold its image," replied Diana gravely. "These changes that you see following each other so rapidly would ordinarily last for days; it is the power given to the rays by the other lenses that hastens the work. See! the blue is already becoming green: now the green brightens into yellow: and now . . ."

As she spoke, the fermentation gradually ceased; the liquid having passed through all the preparatory stages, now gleamed white and pure as a diamond. The illumination which it gave forth was so intense, and yet so soft, that it permeated the whole chamber with an unearthly radiance—with the cold, colourless radiance of another world. It was as if the spirit of the moon, obeying the mandate of some irresistible spell, were present with us in that ancient tower.

"It is finished!" said Diana, with a vibration of solemnity in her tones. "The moon is as near us now as the valley over which you saw her rise this evening. Are you ready?"

Why did I lisitate? The moment for which I had so ardently wished was come. I needed but to turn my face to behold a spectacle which no human being save Diana and her father had yet looked upon, and which, perhaps, none other than ourselves might ever see. Was it fear that withheld me? Fear of what? Of the revelation on the brink of which I stood? or of myself?"

"Are you ready?" Diana repeated.

"No!"

She gazed at me with eyes in which I dreaded to detect indignation or contempt. But no!—their glance was of grave and searching inquiry, nothing more. I forced myself to attempt an explanation of what I myself did not understand.

"I cannot trust myself, Diana. What right have I to know things which God has kept secret from other men? Might it not be a kind of profanation? I am not like you—I have not lived so spotless and serene a life. You are worthy of this revelation: No one besides you is worthy of it. Even your father dares not share it with you any longer—in spite of his strength, he distrusts his strength for that. What would you think of me, if I were to look, and yet not see what you see, or feel what you feel? The risk is too great."

It seemed to me a long while before Diana answered; and first, she sighed.

"You may be right: I have not thought of it—I do not wish to think of it," she said. "And perhaps all my life has been wrong—a mistake! Why should what is wrong for you be right for me?"

"There is no parallel between us, Diana."

"I am a woman and you are a man; we were both born on the earth, to live here and to die here. Only I have lived alone in this tower, and no one has taught me what was good or bad: I tried to find the good in my own way: my father left me to myself: you are the only other man I have ever talked with. I had no companions in the world, so I tried to find one somewhere else. But perhaps it was only something within myself that I found, after all. I cannot tell: I hoped you might be able to help me, cousin."

"You misunderstand me," startled and agitated by the new tone in which she spoke, so different from her usual quiet and cool reserve. "I would not presume to criticize you, Diana: you seem to me so good and noble that—that sometimes, for my own sake, I almost wish you were less so! It was of my own weaknesses and imperfections that I was thinking."

"If all the world were no more imperfect than you, I think I would love the world," said Diana, simply.

I felt the blood come to my face; but I feared so much to shock her by speaking too soon what was in my heart to speak, that I kept silence. Presently she said—

"You will not look, then?"

There was in her voice an accent of such wistful appeal as made my refusal seem cowardly and selfish.

"If you ask it—if you wish it—I will!"

There was a moment's pause.

"I do wish it!" she exclaimed, standing erect and lifting her head with an air of decision. "If I have done wrong, I must teach myself to feel it—will you leave me now, cousin? I need to be alone a little, I think." I went to the door; she followed me, and held out her hand, "Good night, Will," she said: pleasant dreams? we shall see each other again in the morning."

VII.

It is needless to say that I did not go back to the dining-room in search of my uncle. What with the turmoil, of one emotion and another, I had never felt myself less capable of coherent and rational conversation. My whole body was thrilling with excitement; my brain was confused and dizzy. Once or twice I narrowly escaped missing my footing on the narrow winding-stair. Having gained my room, I dropped into the chair by the window, thoroughly exhausted. The moon, I remember, though now high in the zenith, was visible from where I sat, and her rays fell upon my upturned face as I lay back, breathing heavily. Before many minutes had passed, I must have fallen asleep. How long my sleep lasted I do not know; but it was long enough for me to have a very vivid and painful dream.

It seemed to me that a tall dark figure, whose face was concealed by a veil, stood beside me and put his hand over my eyes. A dull reddish light was before me: I felt impelled to arise and move towards it. The path by which I went was narrow and uneven; it ran along the summit of a ridge which divided an apparently bottomless valley. Lurid vapours, green and yellow, rolled about, far below me, or crept sluggishly up the precipitous sides of the ridge. Suddenly the red light which I followed disappeared; I was upon a rock in the midst of a black, waveless ocean. Far away towards the north a small boat flew horizonwards without sails or oars. In the boat sat the tall dark figure, and by his side was Diana. A feeling of anguish and bitter jealousy burned within me: the woman I loved was being taken away from me by a malignant creature who was neither man nor angel. Further sped the boat: yet I saw Diana turn towards me and wave her hand, as if calling me to save her. I sprang into the black water and swam after her with desperate strokes, but the current swept strong against me, and I made no headway. There was no wind, yet the waves now broke in foam around me, and the foam changed to white serpents, coiling in hissing knots. Then I knew that it was no longer a sea in which I struggled, but the infinite void of space. I moved with the constellations, in an appointed orbit, and in that orbit I must move for ever. The boat had spread a pale lumious sail that gleamed against the darkness: it swept on a course concentric with my own, but a myriad leagues away. Never should that fatal gulf be crossed, or its breadth diminished. Rounder grew the sail; it shone like burnished metal; against the disc I saw the shadowy form of the robber, and Diana in his arms. Through all eternity must I behold her thus, without the power to help or comfort her. Suddenly I passed into a great shadow, like the shadow of utter blindness. I heard a soothing melody, as of fairy choristers. A soft hand clasped mine. My dream was over. I was awake!

Awake—yes, that was certain; but where was I? No longer in my own room; I was standing in a silvery gloom, my temples still throbbed with the agony of my dream. Not yet fully master of my faculties, the idea possessed me that in my course through space I had fallen upon a grey cloud, which was bearing me gently onwards towards a great brightness, some glimpse of which I saw above the cloud's edge. Guided by the same soft hand, I reached the edge and sat down upon it. The brightness broke upon my eyes in a white lustre, which for a moment forced me to cover my face with my hands. Then I looked again.

Below me, and close at hand, stretched a vast plain, lit by a ghastly light. Vividly clear it was, but terrible: for there was no colour on those pinnacled mountain-summits, nor along their headlong flanks, nor in the depths of the gaping valleys. No colour, no vegetation, no life: but everywhere a frozen, voiceless, stony immobility, and a metallic lustre, as if the silent feet of innumerable centuries had worn the surface hard and smooth. It was a land of dead volcanoes, whose jagged shadows, blacker than night, lay like blots along the plain. No kindly winds blew down the awful canons; no tender atmosphere softened their iron outlines; no clouds mercifully swathed their grim nakedness. There seemed to lie the mighty bones of a creation which God had cursed and forgotten, upon which the sun shone only in mockery, and which was cast adrift upon the universe as an appalling warning, and symbol of the doom of sin. Amidst the happy throng of living, sentient planets, this burnt and frozen skeleton was doomed to glide eternally, seen but unseeing, fleeing for ever, but for ever held in place and pitilessly exposed by a mysterious spell. And what was this accursed world, that hung so near beneath my feet that one step, it seemed, would cast me downward upon its needle peaks? Had it a name? That which it had borne when living was buried in the oblivion of countless ages; never again, through all time to come, should tongue of man repeat its forbidden syllables; but there was another name, lawful to know and speak, which now rose intuitively to my lips and found utterance there: "the moon!" And at my ear a low voice that I dimly recognised seemed to confirm my divination: "Yes," it said, "the moon!" I pressed the little hand that still lay within my own, and thanked God that in this hour of unearthly vision it linked me with humanity.

I had beheld enough; but my eyes, sternly fascinated, gazed on in my own despite. In the foreground of the spectral plain an irregular chasm opened, whose perpendicular walls plunged straight down into pitch darkness. On the further verge of this chasm I saw an object which, at the first glance, I took to be a shapeless boulder, arrested there on its way from the mountain summit to the depths below. But as my glance continued to dwell upon it, it took on form and meaning—a meaning which made my pulses torpid with dismay—which I strove to reject and disbelieve, but which revealed itself in defiance of my efforts with inevitable distinctness. Was it a carven statue? Or had that petrified figure once had life? Some day in the immeasurable past had it stood erect, moved and breathed, loved and hated? The last survivor of its race, had it witnessed the destruction of all existence, and then laid down, defiant, unrepentant, and calm, and composed itself to the stony sleep from which not time itself should see the awakening? There he lay, the nameless Titan, more alone than a mortal brain dare conceive, a being who had spoken his last word, were it curse or blessing—who had done his last deed, were it good or evil—æons before the first vague dawn of life awoke upon our earth—there he lay, lifeless and soulless, yet with the power to shake my soul to-night, and even to assert a weird rivalship with me in the heart of the woman I loved! For this was the figure whose likeness I had found that evening in Diana's portfolio; it was with his ghastly fate that her girlish fancy had conceived a lofty sympathy: with him her pure thoughts had dwelt throughout her youthful years, dreaming who could tell what dreams of strange romance!—seeing in him, who was revealed to herself alone of all women, who knows what stern ideal of supernatural manhood! So had this immemorial relic of another world swayed the life and moulded the character of a mortal creature of to-day, giving to her feminine heart the companionship which it demanded, but which, in the world of men, had been thus far denied her.

And what were the features of my wondrous adversary—he with whom I must struggle for Diana's love? A shadow lay upon them; as I sought to penetrate it, methought the figure stirred! Was its repose of ages at an end, and had it roused itself to meet my human challenge? It stirred: its stiffened limbs moved with slow majesty; the vast trunk swayed and turned. But lo! the whole mountain side moved with it: the frozen crust, contracting with force irresistible, was crushed against itself, and broken; vast masses, bursting from the rocky bed, piled themselves in jagged pyramids. The lips of the great chasm trembled, and approached each other: but ere they met, I saw the form of the Titan sweep downwards to the brink, shattered and riven, but the Titan still. He paused for an instant over the abyss, then plunged headlong in, and the irrevocable lips ground together above him. Even as he plunged his face met mine, and in its stony lineaments I recognized the prototype of my own!

It was not until two or three months afterwards, as I lay recovering from the brain fever brought on by this night's adventure, that I learned how it came about. I had risen from my chair in my sleep, climbed the tower stairs, and re entered the observatory, where Diana still remained. The touch of her hand and the sound of the music (which was produced by connecting a sort of organ with the machinery of the telescope) had partially awakened me, though not sufficiently to show me where I was. In this condition I had looked through the lens, and the vast spectacle of the moon, brought within the apparent distance of a mile or two by the magnifying power of the elixir, had burst unexpectedly upon me.

That magic lens, by the way, did not long survive the catastrophe which I witnessed by its aid. I believe Diana destroyed it that same night; I know, at all events, that she never used it again herself. She gave up the moon, much to her father's satisfaction, and, I need not say, to my own unspeakable happiness. It has been the care of my life to make her feel that better possibilities of enjoyment exist in the world than in the world's satellite. It was only a few years ago, however, that I trusted myself to tell her the story of the Titan's annihilation. We had been looking over an old portfolio of her drawings together, and a Diana of four years of age, with brown hair and hazel eyes, was assisting us in the work.

"Oh! here's papa," she suddenly exclaimed.

Diana's mother took the drawing and examined it.

"I did this before I ever saw papa," she said.

"Then how did you make it so like him?" demanded the small lady.

"I had a presentiment of him, my dear."

"What's a pre-sent——?"

"My presentiment, in this case, was the man in the moon!" said Mrs. Maybold, laughing. "Do you remember, love," she added, handing the drawing to her husband, "my telling you, on a certain evening, that I had made a study of a certain face, and that I would show it you some time? Well, the time has come!"

"I never was so good looking as that," said Mrs. Maybold's husband, with a sigh. "However, no one will ever be able to compare your presentiment with the reality, for the former disappeared at the moment of my introduction to him." And hereupon I told my tale. "Do you regret him?" I asked, when it was finished.

"If you had told me this five years ago, I might have felt relieved by it," said Mrs. Maybold, after a moment's reflection. "As it is, the news does not affect me one way or the other."

NOTE TO "THE NEW ENDYMION," BY JULIA HAWTHORNE.

I shall not easily forgive my friend Mr. Edward Kemeys, the animal-sculptor, for depriving me of the right of claiming undivided credit for this story. He suggested the main idea of the tail, and some of the best details. As told by him, they seemed to be both poetic and powerful. If my version impresses the reader otherwise, it is my fault. I should regret that Mr. Kemeys had not treated the subject himself, were I not familiar with his genius as embodied in clay and bronze. If I could be the author of his "Deer and Panther" or "Bison and Wolves," which had the place of honour at the Paris Salon this year, I would willingly forego the renown of a better story than I ever expect to write.—*From Temple Bar.*

Macaulay's Love for Children.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

It is one thing to be fond of children, and another never to get tired of them; and Macaulay, Hannah says, was one of those who never got tired. He often spent the whole morning at her home playing with the children, and then after luncheon carried one of them off for a long walk. But the great treats for him, as well as for them, were the excursions into the city to see the shows. These did not come often enough to suit either him or the children—twice a week is said to have been the average he would have liked—and they used to last till the little ones, to use his own expression, "could not drag one leg after the other." The afternoon's diversions began with a bountiful luncheon in London, to which Macaulay always added some knickknack for which the children had an especial contempt, for the pleasure of seeing them reject it with scorn. The afternoon's sights were the lions and bears, the panoramas and the wax-works, or even the British Museum. One day he tells their mother in a letter how, all the other exhibitions being exhausted, he took the children to the National Gallery, and how, while Charley and Margaret played the connoisseur, Georgy said, honestly, "Let us go; there is nothing here that I care for at all;" and again, "I don't call this seeing sights; I have seen no sight to-day." All of which seems to have amused Macaulay greatly. The elaborate process of sending a valentine to his litle niece Alice is recorded at length in his diary. February 12 he buys a superb sheet of paper and writes the valentine. February 13 he sends it off to his sister Fanny at Brighton to be forwarded. February 14 the whole entry of the day is about the valentine; how Fanny came at three with the children, Alice in perfect raptures, and begging quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When they were alone together—the little witch—she was going to be very serious, and down she goes on her knees, lifting up her hands in supplication: "Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?" And then he had to own it. Macaulay would do almost anything to please his favourites; he even tried to like their dogs, and dogs he was not fond of. In one place in his diary he denounces the animal as "a beast that is always spoiling conversation." But when the dog was a pet of the children, that was another matter, and he bought things for him at the shops, and made poetry about it to an extent which made the children happy, if it had no particular effect upon the dog. When he was busy upon the second instalment of his history, he would spend some precious time in inserting a gold piece in the seal of a letter to his nephew George, so that it might slip past the post-office authorities, and would transmit it with the casual remark that while the best part of a lady's letter was in the postscript, the best part of an uncle's was in the seal. One day, coming out from a collection of pictures, he saw a mere delightful picture, he says, than any there. It was four pretty little sisters, from about eleven to six years old, riding in a donkey-cart in a deep shady lane, and quite beside themselves with delight at the treat. They were laughing and singing in a way that almost made him cry with a sense of the beautiful, and when he asked them to go on, they sang like little larks. Whereupon all the silver he had in his pockets went to buy dolls.

Don't Smoke Where the Canary is.

A city gentleman has a beautiful canary bird, which has been kept for some time in his reading-room, as the gentleman was very fond of hearing the bird sing. Now, it so happened that the canary's cage hung just above the chair in which the gentleman used to sit and smoke. As time wore on it was noticed that the bird ceased to sing altogether. Finally, one day the bird was observed wildly endeavouring to keep his perch, and floundering about the cage as though dizzy and very weak. It occurred to the gentleman and his wife that perhaps the tobacco smoke might have something to do with the bird's strange behaviour, and it was taken into another room. The pure air seemed to have a good effect. In a day or two it was heard singing, though in a weak and tremulous voice. After a week had gone by it began to send forth notes of purity and clearness, and at the end of a fortnight it was itself again.

The Pyramids.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

The age of the pyramids is doubtful. The object for which they were built is certain. There is no need here to examine curious speculations to which their measures have, like the numbers of Manetho's list, seemed to offer themselves with a strange facility, like false lights that lead a traveller into the quicksands. They were royal tombs, and nothing more. We need not draw any idea of astronomical use from their facing the cardinal points, whereas the Chaldean Pyramids pointed to them, nor, in the case of the Great Pyramid from the curious circumstance that at the time of its building the entrance passage pointed to the then pole star, *a* Draconis, nor from the excellent platform for astronomical observations on its summit, nor from its chief measures being in exact Egyptian cubits without fractions. There may have been religious reasons for the orienration of this and other Egyptian pyramids, but it is quite obvious that a deviation of direction would have produced a disagreeable discord in the placing of these geometrically-shaped buildings. It was no use to point a passage to the pole star, as it had to be closed at the completion of the structure, after the King's sepulture. The platform did not exist when the casing of the monument was complete to its apex. The most famous buildings of antiquity were constructed of full measures without fractions, in all their chief dimensions. What, perhaps, originated in the difficulty of observing due proportions when fractions were allowed became a matter of religion. The Pyramids, then, were tombs of Kings. Each had its name. The Great Pyramid was called "the Splendid;" the second pyramid, strangely enough, "the Great;" the third pyramid, "the Superior." Each must have been the chief object of a King's reign. Begun at, or perhaps in some cases before his accession, it was built on a plan which allowed constant addition and speedy completion. Thus the pyramids are the measures of the reigns of those who built them, and happily in many cases we know from the tombs around who these royal builders were. The main principles of an Egyptian tomb in this age are the same in the pyramids and in the smaller built tombs, though the mode in which the principles are carried out is different. These smaller tombs consist of a quadrangular mass of masonry, like an oblong truncated pyramid, having a pit entered from above descending to a sepulchral chamber cut in rock beneath; and within is also a chapel entered from an external door, and a secret chamber to contain statues of the deceased. The pyramids represent the purely sepulchral part of these structures. In front of the entrance of each was a chapel, to which was probably attached a secret chamber. The form of the pyramids is probably traceable to the natural shapes of the desert mountains. All Egyptian architecture is characterized by the same sloping lines as these mountains, varying like them from the sharp inclination of the pyramids to the very slight slope of the built tombs, and, it may be added, of all the great massive gateways of the later temples. Whether these forms were thus derived or not, their adoption must have been due to their extreme strength. The manner in which the pyramids were constructed was first shown in Prof. Lepsius's "Letters from Egypt." The objects of the royal builders was strength of position, a secure place of sepulture, and a method by which the monument could be gradually increased from year to year, and finished with little delay when the King's death made this necessary. A site was chosen on the low table land of the Libyan Desert, and a slight elevation was selected as a peg on which the structure, should, as it were, be pivoted. In this core of rock, a sloping, descending passage, usually entered from the north, was cut of sufficient size for the conveying of a sarcophagus, leading to a sepulchral chamber. Above and around the rock a solid structure of masonry was raised of cubical form, but with slightly sloping sides. In the case of the King's death at this stage of the work, the pyramid was at once completed by the addition of sloping lateral masses and a pyramidal cap. Roughly, this additional work did not exceed in quantity the first construction, excluding the excavation. If the King lived on, the first construction was enlarged on each of its four sides so as to form a great platform, on which a second central mass was raised, and a pyramid of two degrees without filled in angles was formed. At this stage the work could be completed, if necessary, or, if the King still lived, each platform from the lowest could be increased on the same principle. The form of the Pyramid of Steps at Sakkarah, the central monument of the Necropolis of Memphis, is a good illustration of the general principle, and the change of angle in the Southern Pyramid of Dashoor is valuable as a probable instance of hasty completion.

A Great Den of Snakes.

Thousands of Reptiles Routed from their Winter Quarters and Killed.

(From the Atchison Patriot.)

In the extension of the Central Branch road from Beloit to Cawker City, Kansas, the line passes through the town of Glen Elder. A short distance from Glen Elder, on the Solomon River, is a steep and rocky bluff, about fifty-five feet high, a large portion of which was blasted away to make room for the road bed. A few days ago a blast of nitro-glycerine caps and giant powder tore off a large part of the bluff, and down the declivity came writhing and rolling a bunch of snakes almost as large as a barrel. They were of different varieties, rattlesnakes predominating, with racers, adders, garters, &c. When first routed from their warm bed they were active and dangerous, but the severe cold soon made them comparatively harmless, and they were killed by the men without much trouble, or covered up in the dump by earth and stone. Every blast since the first batch appeared has brought another huge bundle of reptiles. Every hour a moving, writhing lump comes rolling down the hills, only to separate at the foot, and those that escape the laborer's pick and shovel crawl off to get covered up in the dump. Thousands of snakes have been unearthed and killed. Not one case of snake bite has yet occurred, notwithstanding that it is many times almost impossible to avoid stepping on the serpents. Most of the snakes are as large round as a man's wrist and about three or three and a half feet long. Farmers say that this is the regular winter den of these venomous creatures, and that during the autumn snakes are seen headed in the direction of the bluffs, and the only way they can be turned from their course is to kill them.

WHAT boy will be the first to inaugurate spring kite flying?

GARIBALDI has written a letter to the effect that if the present King renders Italy prosperous, he will deserve the gratitude of all Italians, including the Republicans. The latter pretend that the old man has sold out in his dotage.

LAST year there were forty thousand teachers in the rural school districts in Italy, and one million five hundred thousand pupils. The numbers have respectively increased since obligatory education was decreed in 1877.

London.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

From the computations of authorities, it appears that London (with all its suburbs) covers within the 15 miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries over 4,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more country-born persons than the counties of Devon and Gloucester combined, or 37 per cent. of its entire population. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle already named there are added to the population 205 persons every day, and 75,000 annually. London has 7,000 miles of streets, and on an average 28 miles of new streets are opened and 9,000 new houses built, every year. One thousand vessels and nine thousand sailors are in its port every day. Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. Seventy-three thousand persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one-third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders. Thirty-eight thousand persons are annually committed for drunkenness by its magistrates. The metropolis comprises considerably upward of 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beer shops and gin palaces are so numerous that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch from Charing Cross to Chichester, a distance of 62 miles. If all the dwellings in London could thus have their frontages placed side by side they would extend beyond the city of York. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton. The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labour will be astonished to learn that 60 miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a committee of the House of Lords, in the year 1840, said: "If you proceed a mile or two east of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, labourers, beggars, and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for every 10,000 inhabitants; and in two districts there is but one church for 45,000 souls." In 1839, Lord John Russell stated, in Parliament, that London, with 34 parishes and a population of 1,170,000, had church accommodation for only 101,000. These and other statistics furnished led to the "Metropolis Churches Fund," established in 1836, which has been followed by the Bishop of London's Fund. It is still computed, however, that at least 1,000 new churches and chapels are required in the metropolis.

A Great Farmer Dead.

Michael L. Sullivant was, not long ago, known as "the great Illinois farmer." He first came into prominence as the proprietor of "Broadlands," in Vermillion Co., Ill., considered at that time one of the largest farms in the United States. Selling this to Mr. Alexander in 1867, Mr. Sullivant removed to Ford County and began improving an immense tract of land there, comprising a whole township and more, and becoming widely known as the Sullivant farm. It numbered 47,000 acres, and was about eight miles square. Much of this vast estate he devoted to corn-raising, his theory being that corn could be grown with fair profit at only fifteen cents a bushel. Five years ago, it is stated, he owed but $50,000 on his property, while he held $200,000 in good paper. At that time, in order more rapidly to improve the estate, Mr. Sullivant began loaning money of Hiram Sibley, in this city, to whom he finally mortgaged all the land; for large interests contrasted ill with poor crops and small prices and stringent times had their usual disastrous results. Mr. Sibley came into possession of the Sullivant farm, and Mr. Sullivant made an assignment of his entire property to cover an indebtedness of about $1,500,000. For a short time his interest payments ran up to $5,000 a month. One winter it took 200 mules the entire season to haul his corn crop to market, and even yet he could not meet demands against him. Last week he died, a passenger on an Ohio river steamboat, aged and worse than penniless, another sad illustration of the poverty and want that may follow fortune and plenty. He was called a good neighbour, an honest man and an able business manager.

A Railroad of Tunnels and Bridges.

(Geneva Correspondence of the London Times.)

Besides the big tunnel there are 12 others, the shortest of which, Warren, is 1,106 yards long, while the longest, the Olberg, reaches 2,027 yards. The total length of these 12 tunnels is very nearly 10 miles—15,278 metres. Then there are five tunnels between 220 and 550, and 25 between 110 and 220 yards, making in all 52 subsidiary tunnels, of an aggregate length of 16 miles. Between Immensee and Goschenen there will be 33 tunnels; between Airolo and Giubiasco, 17. The highest part of the line above sea-level is the big tunnel, 3,307 feet the lowest, a point between Cadenazzo and Magadino, 675 feet. The line will be carried over 64 bridges and viaducts, the longest of which, that of Cadenazzo, in Tessin, will consist of five arches, each having a span of 55 yards. The total length of the Gothard line will be 151 miles, 17 per cent. of it being tunnels and 1 per cent. bridges and viaducts. In the first instance the line, for the greater part of its length, will be single, but the tunnels and permanent way are to be so arranged that additional rails can be laid down so soon as the financial success of the enterprise seems to be assured. If all goes well, the entire length of road will be in running order in from four to five years. The contract for the stretch between Brunnen and Flullen has just been adjudged to a French firm, Reveillac & Bardal, of Tarbes, who have agreed to take payment to the extent of 900,000 francs in the second-class debentures of the Gothard company.

Cunning Dogs.

An English terrier one day kept plucking the dress of the servant and of the mistress. At last they followed him, and he exposed the cat under the bed devouring a beefsteak. The cat had been an enemy of his. A terrier was deprived of his soft resting place in an easy chair by another dog. He thereupon began a fur

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., February 28, 1879.

ADVERTISING SCHEMES.

Last week this village was invaded by advertising canvassers; and quite a number of the business men here, they perhaps not being of very large experience as advertisers, were induced to give their business cards for insertion therein. We do not know the sum paid out for these two catch:penny projects, but we are very sure it was money thrown away so far as the value recieved, is concerned. One of the schemes was a large chart of advertisements, painted in most astonishing colours, so far as proper contrast is concerned, and hung in the Post Office, which every individual in this vicinity is supposed to visit at stated intervals, presumably standing to read the business cards thereon. The affair hung there two days ere we noticed it, and then our attention was drawn to it by one of the advertisers who stood lost in admiration as he gazed upon his name painted in glaring "yaller" accompanied by the announcement that 'if you want to buy goods for nothing and give a slow note for them, come and see me and I will accommodate you'. We warrant that every one who visits the post office hereafter will read his advertisement. Thanks to this notice.

The other 'dodge' is a gilt picture frame surrounding a beautiful chromo done in printers ink, representing cards of such business houses as were inveighgled into the scheme. We may remark concerning this latter "invaluable advertising medium (!)" that the sweet spoken canvasser proposed to put one in each hotel but having made his collections he decided to put up but one.

If our merchants and business men like to show their public spirit and business energy by losing no opportunity to keep their names before the public, well and good; but we do say gentlemen, that if you knew as much about the respective advantages of the various advertising mediums as does the writer, you would not thus throw away your money on every plausibly presented scheme, gotten up by men who are too lazy to do legitimate work and who nine times in ten are deadbeating it through the world imposing on the credulousness of kind hearted and easily flattered business men.

The writer was once in a business requiring considerable advertising to bring it into notice, and invested a large sum of money for that purpose both in such advertising schemes as the above, and in newspapers; not one order was ever received from the cards inserted in the former, but advertisements in the newspapers brought in sufficient to handsomely reinburse him for the outlay; and we do not hesitate to say that this has been the experience of every advertiser. We know from experience that the local newspaper is the only proper medium, that more benefit is recieved therefrom, and that if any undertaking is worthy of undivided support and patronage, it is your own home paper.—*Alvinston News.*

ZULULAND, promises to be the scene of some severe fighting and possibly a long and tedious campaign. General Chelmsford has been reinforced by the 88th regiment from St Helena, and by 300 men from Cape Town. Troops are also going forward from Ceylon.

A BURGLARESS named Mary Shimler and only fifteen years of age was captured in New York City last Thursday. She had entered a fifth story room with a false key and when discovered and chased, slid down an elevator rope tearing the flesh from her hands, and then ran several blocks before being taken. On her were found four brass keys, eight wire keys a screw driver, and several pawn tickets. At her house the detectives found a large bunch of false keys and more pawn tickets representing property to the value of fifteen hundred dollars,

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A telegraphic pen writing machine is the latest invention. E. A. Cooper, an English engineer is the inventor.

THE *Journal of Commerce* has entered upon its eighth year. It is devoted to Commerce, Finance, Insurance, Railways etc. It is universally acknowledged to be the best ever published and should be in the hands of every buisness man.

STOVES manufactured in the United States engage three hundred and fifty foundries, using annually half a million tons of coal. and the number made in 1870, was two million, one hundred thousand valued at thirty seven milion dollars.

CANADIAN trade statistics for year ending June 30th 1878 have been published. The aggregate trade for the year was $170, 523, 244. With Great Britain, it was $83, 372, 719; with the United States, 73, 876, 637. The export trade to England was $45, 941, 539; to the States, $25, 244, 898. Nearly three pounds of green tea less than in 1876, were imported. In black tea a decrease of over half a million of pounds for the same period. Of sugar over eight million more pounds were consumed than in 1877, showing considerable sweet'ning up somewhere.

NORWAY is one of the smallest nations in Europe, yet her commercial fleet is the third largest in the world; combined with that of Sweden, it is fast gaining upon that of the United States. The Norwegian, of all foreign flags, next to the Brittish, is that which is most frequently seen in the harbor of New York. Through the Sound which connects the Baltic with the German Ocean, forming the maritime highway from London to St. Petersburg, often from three to four hundred vessels pass daily.

THE REVENUE of the Treasury of the Dominion is being largely increased at present by the amount of duties paid on the immense quantities of goods being imported from the States in anticipation of an increase of tariff. The Detroit Evening News states that the wholesale trade of that city has received a wonderful impetus within the last three weeks on that account, and that the Windsor ferry boats are loaded on every trip with teams conveying goods to Windsor etc. The same paper also says that the delay in making up a new tariff, is because the Goverment has been unable to harmonize the conflicting interests, and that our Minister of Finance is having a time similar to that reported as ocurring between the monkey and the parrot,

EUPHEMIA COUNCIL.

Council met at the Town Hall on Monday the 10th of February 1879. Present, Joseph Roberts, Esq., Reeve, James McKeune, Deputy, Dr. Myers, Davison and George Johnston, Councillors, also James Gage, who had been elected instead of Thomas Brannan, resigned, who signed the declaration and took his seat.

On motion of Mr. Johnston, seconded seconded by Mr McKeune the following persons were appointed to the respective offices mentioned, at the annexed salaries. Clerk, William Armstrong, salary $50. Treasurer, Robt Gunne, salary, $50. Assesor, Thomas Wilson, salary $50. Collector, George Smith, salary $50. Auditors. Thomas B. Scudamore and John B. Walker, each $6. By Law No. 105, conferring the appointment of the above officers, was then read three times and passed.

The following accounts were then presented and ordered to be paid. Isaac Unsworth returning officer for polling sub-division No. 1, $7. A. H. Whittaker, sub-division No. 2, $7. Donald Anderson, sub-division No. 3, $7., and Simeon Annett providing a polling place for No 2, $4. Thomas Wilson, selecting jurors in 1878, $3. and stationery from Hart & Rawlinson Toronto, and express charges, $20.24.

On motion the clerk was instructed to write to different printing offices requesting them to send tenders for printing. Application having been made for the relief of Mrs. Isaac Leaper, Jos. Cross was advanced $5 for that purpose but it was ordered that the provisions of By-law No 39 be hereafter complied with, which are that the application must be accompanied with a letter signed by at least 12 rate payers in the immediate neighborheed, stating that the person is really indigent and that it is necessary that relief be granted by the corporation. The clerk was instructed to notify the different School Sections that the Council will take into consideration the passing of a By-law for the purpose of dissolving the union of School Section No 6 with Brooke, for increasing their number, for changing their boundaries, and otherwise remodelling the School Sections, at the next Council, which will be held in the Town Hall on Monday the 10th of March, 1879.

WM. ARMSTRONG, CLERK.

VILLAGE COUNCIL.

A special meeting of the above Council was held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, 20th inst. The Reeve in the chair Councillors all present. Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

Moved by Mr. Dixie, seconded by Mr. Bole, that rule 28 be suspended for the remainder of the year, to allow the passing of By-laws the same evening.

Moved by Mr. McLaren, seconded by Mr. Bole, that the sympathy of this Council be, and is hereby tendered to the relatives of our late clerk, Mr. Howden, in their sad bereavement and that a copy of this resolution be handed to his family. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Campbell seconded by Mr. Cook, that Messrs McLaren and Dixie open applications for the Clerkship.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Cook, that By-law No. 4 appointing a clerk be read a first and second time. By-law read a first and second time.

COMMITTEE ON BY-LAW

Moved by Mr Bole, seconded by Mr. Cook, that we go into Committee of the Whole on By-law appointing Clerk and that Mr. McLaren be Chairman.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Bole, that By-law be read clause by clause. By-lay read clause by clause.

Moved by Mr. Campbell, seconded by Mr. Dixie, that By-law be filled in with the name of David Howden at a salary of $35.

Moved in amendment by Mr. Bole, seconded by Mr. Cook, that T. D. Stickle be clerk at a salary of $40.

The above motions being a tie the chairman, Mr. McLaren, decided in favor of Mr. Stickle.

Moved and seconded that By-law be read a third time and passed, with blanks filled in with the name of Mr. Stickle, at a salary of $40. Carried.

The Council then adjourned *sine die.*

[We have this week to cut the minutes short, not having room for a lengthened report on account of other matter.

GOLDEN discovery. A nugget of gold weighing twenty three ounces, and valued at four hundred and twelve dollars, was recently found in Brittish Columbia. 'Tis time some new gold fields were opened up.

KNIGHTS of Maccabees, a new mutual beniit order, originated in Canada lately, has already gained a footing in Michigan. The object of the order is to provide an endowment fund for widows and children of members, in the sum of one thousand dollars, each member being assessed ten cents to make up the total.

DECEMBER the sixteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy nine, will be sadly remembered by the friends of James Clark, a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who was cruelly assassined on the morning of that day in Nicaragua, South America, where he had established a sugar plantation some years ago.

GAUNT poverty is largely represested in the German Empire, and the unprosperous condition of the country may be inferred from the fact in Berlin alone, no less than six thousand houses, without chimneys or means of lighting a fire, have lately been built in that city, the poor being huddled together in the most squallid and abject misery.

SENSIBLE! Henry Varley, the revivalist preacher, who was in this country a few years ago, is now in Melbourne, Australia, where he presides at a new tabernacle which cost about one hundred thousand dollars. Here is where the sensible part comes in: in connection with the tabernacle is a large coffee room where meals are furnished nearly at cost; there are also apartments for a Workingmen's Club having rooms where chess, checkers and domines can be played, a conversation room, reading room and library.

FINANCIAL depression now so universal throughout the entire world, is in a measure, thus accounted for by a writer for the London Free Press: "The effects of the wars of the past eighteen years have tended much to bring about the existing European depression. The world's history affords no example of such vast sums of money spent for like purposes in so brief a period. These thousands of millions were a severe drain upon the resources of the countries engaged in prosecuting hostilities. When the foremost commercial, manufacturing and agricultural nations of the globe engage in war, it is not wonderful that we find among the consequences an increase in the public burdens in the shape of debts and taxes, a general stagnation in most departments of industry, a depreciation in the nominal values of property, and less demand for skilled labor, because capital hesitates to embark in new enterprises." Moral. Le tus have Peace.'

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.
Watford, Feb. 21st '79. 3m

$10 REWARD. $10

To any person who will tell me who broke into my house on the 30th of January, east ½, lot 1, 2nd con. Adelaide, I will give the above reward. All letters to be addressed to

THOS. CHAMBERS, SR
Adelaide Feb. 7th 1879.—3 in.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S	BENSON'S	BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.	CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.	GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.

RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.

☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.

Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

NOTICE,

All parties interested, will please take notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my husband or any person belonging to me.

MRS. GEO. JAMIESON,
Feb. 7th.—3 in Watford. P O.

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, good as new, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,
Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

Executors Notice.

All persons having claims against the late David Pollock, of the Township of Brooke, deceased, will please forward the same immediately, to Messrs MacKenzie & Gurd, Barristers, Sarnia.

JAMES POLLOCK.
Administrator with Will annexed.
February 7th 1879.—3 in

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1 — The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con., S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Balm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS. — Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.
Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb. 14th, 1879. - 3 m

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the invaluable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 60 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., BOSTON, MASS. HEAL THYSELF

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.

Watford Emporium of Fashion

☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.

WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.
Watford. March 25th. 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. fy

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.

Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.

☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.

W. & T. . HOWDEN.
Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-y

JOHN KELLY
LIVERY STABLE,
CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

WHAT
EVERY BODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE!
AND THAT IS THAT
JOHN McWATERS
— OF THE —
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

nd uses the best material.

A large stock of

Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,

always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

FRESH AND NEW.

GEORGE H.

RODGERS

has just received another lot of

CHEAP SUGARS AND TEAS,

best value in town. He is selling

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS

very cheap, in order to make room for a large stock of Spring Goods.

Watford November 22nd 1878.—3 m.

1879. PLOWS THAT ARE PLOWS. 1879.

D. McTavish & Son, Watford,

Are now manufacturing Plows at prices to suit the times. Having decided to dispense with pedlers they have determined to give the benefit to those ordering at the shop at greatly reduced prices.

SEE PRICE LIST:

Sod Plows, iron frame, steel mould and landside socket point, $30.00; extra sock and coulter, $4.00.

General purpose Plow iron beam and handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $23.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $19.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, shackle fastening for coulter $17.00. The above moulds are all of the Scotch Gray Pattern.

Stubble Plow, cast landside, steel mould, iron beam, wood handle, Barroman pattern of mould, $17.00. This plow cannot be surpassed for stubble work The wood handled Plows have iron bracing between handles.

We have secured the sole use of the McCarthy mould, and we would draw the attention of those wanting to get plows suitable for plowing match work to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as this mould has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best sod mould in the Province.

All Plows made of good material, superior workmanship and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. A discount of seven per cent. allowed to parties ordering four or more Plows at one time.

Plows of all kinds repaired at reasonable charges. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

D. McTAVISH & SON, WATFORD, ONT.
Feb. 21st, 1879.—2m.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,
Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M.D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford, July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!
IF SO GO AT ONCE TO
WYNNE'S
CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf	Boots at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 30th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of SEWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th, 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,
CHARGES MODERATE.
H. COOK, WATFORD.
Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them tha he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC,

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exeedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valenia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S

Hardware Department.

We now claim to have the

Largest, Cheapest & Best

Assorted Stock of

BUILDING HARDWARE,

Paints & Oils ever Shown in Watford.

Remember we will not be undersold by

Any House in the Trade!

Another lot of those

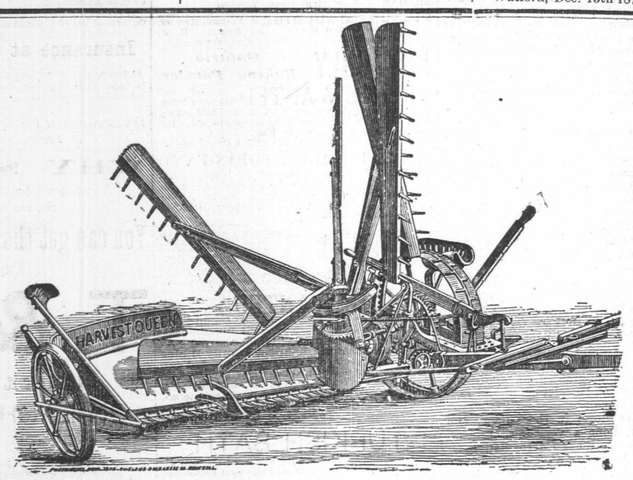
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.



Harvest Queen Front View.

Some of the Reasons why the Harvest Queen is the Best Machine to Buy.

1st. It has the largest drive wheel of any Single Reaper now made, being 36 inches in diameter, and seven inch face.

2nd. It has the largest, lightest, strongest, and best shaped table, supported by a patent truss rod, which you cannot get on any other Machine in the market.

3rd. It has the best Johnston five arm rake, which lays a better sheaf than any four arm rake made.

4th. It is the best protected from sand, dust and dirt, I challenge comparison with any Machine in the market, no matter whose make it is, on this very essential improvement.

5th. It can be set to cut as low as any Machine, and can be raised higher to travel on the road or go over very rough ground than any other Machine.

6th. It has the firmest, strongest, and most durable device for tilting of any Machine now made. I again challenge comparison on this point, claiming that while cutting, the table of my Reaper is held perfectly solid, consequently it leaves a very nice stubble.

7th. I ask the farmers as a favor to me and an advantage to themselves, to compare the Harvest Queen with all other reapers on the above mentioned points, as the success and durability of any Machine undoubtedly depends upon the advantages herein enumerated.

8th. It has more strokes of the Knife to each revolution of the Driving wheel than any other Single Reaper made; and SEVEN Strokes more to *each Revolution* of the Driving wheel than any other *Harvest Queen* Reaper made outside of Strathroy. The increased motion of the Knife renders the Reaper capable of cutting where other Reapers will choke down.

In connection with the above Reaper I also make the

HUMMING BIRD MOWER,

Which is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best Mowers now offered to the public. Manufactured at the Strathroy Agricultural Works by

F. J. CRAIG, Strathroy.

THOS. KERFOOT, AGENT WATFORD. tjl

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

1000

Cords of Wood Wanted

in exchange for Furniture at

WM. F. PHILLIPS'

Furniture Warerooms,

who still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE BUSINESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

PICTURE FRAMES A SPECIALITY.

MOTTO FRAMES AT PAR.

My stock in every department

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. ly

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS,

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, AND CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Waford, December 6th, 1878,—3m,

METROPOLITAN HOTEL

WRIGHT'S NEW BLOCK, WATFORD.

The undersigned has thoroughly fitted and furnished the above new hotel, and it is second to none in this part of the country.

Best of Liquors and Cigars

☞ First-Class Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling and an attentive hostler.

W. H. ROGERS, Prop.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1876.

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.

J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the

TAILORING BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr.

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES.

Being the E ½ of Lot, No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

App'y to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.

Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kerteh, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

WATFORD, ONT., February 28, 1879

VERY inferior weather for courting at the garden gate just now.

WALL Paper selling at cost at Ewer's Book Store.

THE prospects are that building work will be as brisk next summer as it was last.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for Daily and Weekly *Mail* received at Ewer's Book Store.

FRESH Eggs will soon be plentiful again, a harbinger of spring and custard pies.

POLITICAL!—Buy this week's *Grip* at Ewer's Book Store. Only five cents.

IF there is not a splendid crop of winter wheat next summer, it will be an unusual result after so much snow this winter.

A meeting of the Watford Liberal Conservative Association will be held at Baker's Hotel, on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Wm. Fuller of Wyoming, formerly of Watford, has been appointed Notary Public of Wyoming, and County of Lambton.

THE Brooke Council passed a resolution Monday last, making the fee for a Wholesale Liquor Shop $200. A petition to that effect having been presented, numerously signed by residents.

THERE was more than enough difference between the highest and lowest tender for the bridge bufilding, to put up another bridge at the accepted rate. Some one either figured to high or to low.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING.—The Liberal Conservatives of Ward No. 2, Brooke, are requested to meet at the Town Hall, Alvinston, Wednesday Feb. 26, to transact important business.—ADV.

Travellers coming from the eastern provinces have wonderful stories to tell of the mountains of snow out there, to enter the front doors of houses it is necessary to go down snow stairs. We have only been getting the long tail end of the snowstorms this winter.

VERY little wheat is coming in at present. The farmers are following their usual course of action, all holding back waiting for an advance of half a cent or more, and the moment a decline commences, in they'll rush their grain, bearing the market still lower.

FARMERS ATTENTION.—Call at the Globe Foundry and examine the plows that Bole & Stickle are making with the hardened cast mouldboard. They are selling the plows much cheaper than those made with the steel mouldboard. They are also manufacturing improved iron scrapers for roads which they propose selling to municipalities in lots of half a dozen each at extremely low rates.

TENDERS.—Tenders for building a new wooden bridge over the Sydenham River were opened at Brooke Council meeting, Monday 24th inst. The following are names of those bidding and amounts: John Tanner, $1100; John McDonald, $1186; Lachlan Smith, $1194; H. McKellar $1275; J. H. Black, $1300; Thomas Cahill $1378; James Oke, $1795; Hall & Borland, $2349. The contract was awarded to John Tanner, of Euphemia Township, remaining bidders are residents of Brooke.

BROOKE FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.—We publish the following abstract of the Auditors' report showing the financial affairs of Brooke Township for the year 1878. Debits—Cash on hand at last accounting, $660,69. Cash from Provincial Treasurer on drainage debentures, $11,050,00. From collector, $12,405, 14. Legislative School Grant, $374,00. Other sources, $270,09.—Total, $24,759,92. Credits—By expended in Division No. 1, $301,67. Division No. 2, $446,36. Division No. 3, $332,36. Division No. 4, $410,62. Special grants, $561,38. Dog fund, $44,33. Officers salaries, $643,56. School purposes, $4,165,24. General purposes, $1,173,16 Drainage purposes, $11,916,08. Debenture account, $4,045,02. Balance on hand, $720. Total, $24,759,92. A. McIntyre, and J. McTaggart, auditors.

FIREMEN'S CONCERT.

The Firemen's Annual Concert held in Fawcett's Hall on Tuesday evening last, was, we may safely say, one of the best entertainments ever held in Watford. The capacious hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and it must be gratifying to the Firemen to think that such an interest is taken in their welfare by the citizens of Watford. The chair was ably occupied by the Captain Mr. H. Lane. The songs and dances by Messrs. J. H. & F. L. Evans, Strathroy, were really excellent, and were repeatedly encored; the recitation by the former was also well received. A reading and recitation by Miss Armstrong, Strathroy, are particularly worthy of note, she receiving at each appearance a hearty applause. The singing of Mr. N. Vahey, was rendered in fine style, and certainly deserved the hearty encores which he received. A reading and recitation by Mr. T. White, were good, and the one on "Watford Institutions," which received rounds of applause, we give in detail in another column. The singing of the Misses Finlayson's, Miss J. O'Connor, and an instrumental by Miss Dodd, were well received, as were also the recitations by Frank McLeay and R. T. Bodley. The concert was concluded with a farce by Vahey, Taylor and Co., which gave satisfaction to all. The Brass Band and Orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

WARWICK.

On Friday, the 21st inst., a very interesting examination was held in S. S. No. 14, Warwick, taught by the popular teacher Mr John M. Morris. The classes were examined by Teachers N. Herbert, T. Kingston and G. McKenzie. The manner in which the pupils acquitted themselves reflects great credit on their Teacher, the Arithmetic and Geography being exceptionally good. After the examination a repast was prepared by the ladies, and this over addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Forest, Duncan Campbell, Edward Collins, T. Kingston and others Mr. Kingston with a few well chosen illustrations shewed in a clear manner the evils of irregular attendance.

GRANGE SOCIAL.

A social given by Navoo Grange to their members and friends was held in the School House of Section No. 9, Brooke, on the 19th inst. The house though large was crowded to its utmost capacity, by as an intelligent a class of people as could be found anywhere, and the deep interest they took in the proceedings, and the attentive hearing they gave the speakers, showed that the Grange leaven was doing its duty. After doing justice to the good repast so bountifully supplied by the Sisters, Mr. Joseph Weed, master of Navoo Grange, was called to the chair, and a lengthy programme being placed in his hands proceeded to call upon the speakers.

Mr. Auld, Division Master of East Lambton, spoke of the benefits derived from the Grange, advocated meeting oftener than once a month, the Grange he belonged to met every two weeks, approved of these socials as it brought the members of different Granges together, also outsiders and gave them an opportunity to explain their principles, objects and aims.

Mr. Geo. Shirley referred to the rise and rapid progress of the Grange, in 1874 when the Dominion Grange was organized there were only about 600 grangers, now there are over 700 Subordinate Granges with a membership of over 26,000, said other professions had their combinations and unions, and why not farmers. Others brought their influence to bear upon our Legislature, in the enactment of Laws, and farmers should do the same, as it was, the law was unfairly descriminated in favor of some. Look at the Insolvency Act, under it some could get clear of their debts by paying 20 or 30 cents on the dollar but the farmer had to pay the uttermost farthing. We had already succeeded in getting the Tile Drainage Act passed and thought a change ought to be made in the Market Laws. Had no feelings hostile to Merchants or Manufacturers, but wished to be placed on equal grounds.

Mr. Peter McLean said he felt rather abashed before the large and intelligent audience, but felt proud in being a Granger, and a member of Sydenham Grange. They were opposed to no one but those agents who wished to stand between them and the manufacturer, and charge them 20 or 30 per cent. on the cost price of the article purchased. He had purchased a reaper last year in the way a Granger should, saved money by doing so had got a machine excelled by none, and was perfectly satisfied with it. He felt that farmers had a right to use their influence, for it was by their unceasing toil that Brooke Township and the whole country had been reduced from a howling wilderness.

Mr. Neil McLean as a member of the Township Council was asked to speak but refused.

Mr. Kearney said speeches were either instructive, amusing or annoying. The speeches so far were instructive, but his being composed of witty anecdotes was certainly amusing.

Rev. E. J. Clarke spoke of how enjoyable the entertainment was, and that he felt perfectly at home amongst the Grangers, they were liberal in inviting such a number a number here to their repast, and in giving such an intellectual treat also. Said he to was a Granger, and that part of their duty was to endeavor to break down monopolies and establish a cash system, so as to prevent parties from getting into debt so. Advised young men to shun the bar-room to give up loitering, to be studious, and temperate in their habits, to set up a high standard of excellence, to set up some worthy object ahead for them to strive and attain, then indeed would they be the hope of the country.

Here an intermission was given during which Pomona scattered her blessings liberally, in the shape of delicious apples, much to the gratification of the younger portion of the audience.

Mr. Hugh McKenzie humorously illustrated how lawyers fleece their clients, and said one object of the Grange was to prevent litigation, especially between neighbors. He referred to the rapidity with which the Grange institutions had spread over our fair Dominion, and of the elements necessary to the permanency of any organization, and proved quite conclusively that the Grange had them. It drew out the hidden ability of the yeomanry of our country and learned them to speak, think, and act for its benefit and their own. Socially it removed animosities, by bringing us together and making us better acquainted. Financially he proved it a benefit. The material of the Grange were "the sturdy, thrifty, energetic tillers of the soil," and what they could accomplish was shown in the prosperity of the Township of Lambton. He referred to the coming vote on the Temperance Act, and urged with all his energy all who were entitled to vote, to not only vote for it, but to use their influence for it. Lambton had once done its duty nobly in the cause of temperance, and that their would be no retrograde movement, proved the benefits of Temperance and the direful, withering effects of intemperance, and expressed his fullest confidence in the Scott Act.

Mr. Doherty said he was one of the twenty-six who met to organize the first Dominion Grange, relating some incidents in connection with that meeting. Spoke of the increasing influence of the Grange, and said they had more than they really were aware of.

Mr. Munro gave a detailed account of his observations in connection with his settlement on Talbot Street, in 1827, when a boy.

The farmers worked hard, practised economy and grew rich. In time their son's took their places, but they were too proud to give their farms proper attention, their land became impoverished, and what was once free from debt was now heavily mortgaged and he land no doubt would be lost to the descendants of the original owners. He threw this out as a warning to the youth of the present day.

Mr. Ansley believed in short speeches, especially at this time in the night, he thought we needed more farmers in our legislative halls, and that Grangers should unite in selecting such as candidates.

Mr. Cowan spoke of the youth as the hope of the land, they enjoyed advantages of education and knowledge their fathers never had. Spoke of the growing influence of the Grange being now represented on the Board of Trade.

Mr. Slater was sick with a sore throat, yet was able to make himself heard in the remotest corner of the house. He urged the farmers to all become grangers.

The choir did excellent service, several pieces being heartily encored.

W. G. W.

POETRY.

(Lines written on the death of David Lucas who departed this life November 19th 1878.)

My parents dear don't grieve for me,
Sisters and brothers whom I love,
I am freed from grief and pain,
And gone to dwell with Christ above.

I plow no more a desert land,
For harvest weed and tare,
The manna dropping from God's hand.
Rebukes my painful care.

Your sweet is mixed with bitter gall.
Your pleasure is but pain,
This life is but a shadow,
Your sorrow still remain.

But here we live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such glory,
As that to us a thousand years.
Doth seem as yesterday.

Weep not for him who so lately was here
In the joy of health, and beauty of youth,
Weep not for him though the rising tear
Will start when we think of the bitter truth,
That the angel of death snatched our loved one away.
And left us naught but the cold cold clay.

Cold now and pale is the face of the dead.
And the hands are folded as if in prayer,
But the bright sunny smile from the lips has fled,
The breath of life is no longer there,
For death has severed the golden chain,
And the Spirit has fled to Heaven again.

Weep not for him, tho' a new made grave,
Shows us the place where they laid him to rest.
For he trusted in Christ who is strong to save
And died in the faith and hope of the blest.
And the body, tho' laid in the silent tomb,
Shall arise, and in Heaven immortal bloom.

So truth, love and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Watford Institutions.

Ladies, gents, of nobby Watford,
The pretentious little town,
Much I tried to find a reading,
Which I could do rather brown.
But I found the task a hard one,
Books I searched them o'er and o'er,
And I found that *this* was LENGTHY,
And that *that* might prove a bore.

So with knitted brows I pondered,
Nearly gone in dark despair;
When the muse's rustling pinion,
Seemed to fan the troubled air.
And a thrill of untold pleasure,
Set my spirit all aglow;
"Yes I'll give them what they never
Heard since Adam shovelled snow.

And with this grand resolution,
Quick I seized the poet's pen,
While the muses carried almost,
Me beyond all mortal ken.
Then a vision spread before me,
Which to you I must unfold;
Such mysterious, novel fancies,
E'en Dean Swift has never told.

'Twas a *grand long panorama*,
With strange scenes of mystic hue,
Watford institutions pictured,
O so vivid! O so true.
First came by the Watford Council,
With the Colonel lean and tall;
Messrs. Cook, Bole, and stout Dixie,
With McLaren, shadowing all.

And above their heads was floating,
A grand wide emblazoned scroll,
With the words inscribed 'Raise Main-st,'
Fill each *nasty* muddy *hole*.
And we'll build our sidewalks wider,
Than those which do now appear,
And we'll keep the reckless School Board,
In their proper bounds this year.

Then just look! Upon the canvas,
As it *rolls* in silence by,
What is that most solemn conclave?
See *how earnest* every eye!
Ha! the walls they are familiar,
'Tis that noble gothic pile,
Which we dub the Watford School House,
With the *lightning rods* in style.

There within those walls are gathered,
And in serious council bent;
Each so eager writing motions,
On some darling scheme intent.
When a sound first like a chuckle,
Then loud echoing to the sky;
'Tis the voice of reverent Joseph,
"Say, Boss! How is that for hi?"

Still the canvas rolls in grandeur,
Still enrapturing is the spell,
See approaching old Defiance,
D. McLachlan cuts a swell.
With his noble train of followers,
Which we never should disdain,
When 'tis boasting such a Captain,
As is found in Harry Lane.

Harry Lane and D. McLachlan,
Well may poets sing their fame,
And to future generations,
We'll hand down each treasured name.
Then in order Saint Paul—Cameron,
With a martial step so spry,
Comes and shouts "I'm first lieutenant,
Boys ye betther mind yer eye.

Then behold friend Albert Rogers,
Swelling big with worthy pride;
"Boys," says he "I'm next lieutenant,
By *my orders* you abide.
Paul may tell you many strange things,
And let off his Scotch at you.
You just tell him stop your blather,
We'll obey our second lieu.

Still they come—here's M. S. Campbell,
Say friends did you ever see,
Such a wondrous intermixture,
Grocer, Justice, School Trustee.
Corn buyer, Stave contractor,
Banker too, for aught I know,
And the Firemen's Secretary,
Put together isn't slow.

True's you live, here's friend O'Brien,
Things are getting not so tame,
Sure I think that M. D. should have
Been on t'other side his name.
For he'd made a model doctor,
Judging by his business ways;
Good at setting bones when fractured,
As he's good at making sleighs.

Now he hold's the firemen's cash book,
And in future this is sure,
That the firemen ne'er will grumble,
That their funds are meagre-poor.
But they crowd so fast upon me,
I must give up in a trice;
Stopping just to mention R. Roach,
Messrs. Lachlan, Stotts and Wise.

Those I've mentioned with the others,
Who make up our fire brigade,
All a jolly lot of fellows,
In their uniform arrayed.
Ready when the fearful echoes,
Ring out loudly Fire! Fire!
Tithe to spring upon the fire-fiend,
And to crush him in the mire.

Long live all our institutions,
Filled by men of sterling worth,
Long live cherished in our memories,
Those goods souls who gave them birth.
Three cheers for our noble firemen,
For ex-captain Humpidge too,
For the School Board and the Council.
Now good friends a kind adieu.

CARD OF THANKS.

To the Editor of the Guide.

I desire through the columns of the GUIDE to return my sincere thanks to those who kindly acted in my behalf by their efforts to obtain for me the appointment of Municipal Clerk. Although their efforts have been fruitless, I feel highly honored by the good feeling shown towards me, more particularly as such kindness was unasked and unlooked for, and regret that I cannot do more at present than tender them my thanks, and I trust that any difference existing between the ratepayers and the Council in the matter may be forgotten, and that former peace and good will may continue.

JOHN REID.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ℔ bush	$0 90	@	$0 92
Fall Wheat, red, ℔ bush	0 90	@	0 92
Spring Wheat, ℔ bush	0 72	@	0 80
Barley, ℔ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ℔ bush	0 25	@	0 25
Corn, ℔ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ℔ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Onions, ℔ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ℔ cenal	4 50	@	4 75
Flour, ℔ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ℔ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ℔ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ℔ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ℔ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ℔ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

A LIBERAL OFFER.

THE

GUIDE

FOR THE

Balance of 1879

FOR

SEVENTY-FIVE CTS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO

SUBSCRIBE!

After Awhile.

After awhile
All masks shall fall away,
False usages, mere forms, and phrases screening
Our other and our inmost self from sight,
All social silks and broadcloth intervening
Shall moulder with our bodies in the clay;
And, clothed in tissues of translucent light,
We shall look back on these with pitying smile,
After awhile.

BUTCHERED BRUTES.

The Dreadful Lengths to Which Vivisection is Carried in Europe—Description of Some of the Experiments of the Barbarians of Science—A New Hell Invented by Surgical Innovators—Their Laboratories Infernal Slaughter Pens—Denial that the Human Kind is Benefitted by the Awful Practics.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—These are days when there is little mystery overhanging any subject or profession into which the unscientific cannot penetrate, and it may be said, also, that these are days when the priests of science and religion are not reverenced with the absolute confidence and blind credulity—if they have not the ring of the true metal—as once they were when the press was limited, and knowledge was less diffused and thought was less individual.

There are some subjects upon which war, not parley, must be made, and the public must be appealed to and educated, and the force of its enlightenment brought to bear upon such wares of "science" as sanction barbarous cruelty for its "advancement." Cruelty in the pursuit of science is an unerring indication of a low type of civilization, and as much to be condemned as cruelty in any other form. The daily press, which has within a short time made it its business to look into physiological laboratories, has revealed

A NEW HELL

invented by doctors and physiologists for animals. And the public are beginning to think if there may not be need of improvement in physiological research. They are led to examine the pretensions of those who assume the language of dictation, and to ask what he has really done in aid of a more improved science; and they question if the man who pursues this mode of research is just the one to administer to a delicate and suffering patient. And this mode of research is represented by its advocates as so high, so indispensable a mode of study as to be a necessity, the abandonment of which will be a relapse into barbarism. Many persons imagine that must be true which they have not the power to examine. A celebrated quack, who had invented a medicine by the sale of which he had become rich, was asked by a medical man who had known him in early life how he had managed to persuade people of its efficacy. He said, "Sir, nothing is more simple. You have only to tell the people something that common sense shows to be impossible, and you have the secret at once."

It will scarcely be said in another decade that

PUBLIC IGNORANCE

is the real support of all fallacies. Assuredly it will not be said that vivisection is necessary or vindicable on grounds of alleged impossibility of arriving at facts by any other means.

The number of distinguished men who have again recently signed a protest and memorial on the subject proves that a strong feeling pervades the profession as to the scandal of the present state of things. Only of late years had the practice arisen to its present enormity in England. Those medical scientists who dislike it themselves have been led from a vague undefined belief that it may be necessary to science to defend it, or rather not to raise a very loud voice against it. But there is a sudden change of view from a closer examination of the subject, and from the broad publicity that is now given to experiments and results it is found that the character of the whole medical profession suffers in a way from the misdeeds of the class of vivisectors. And it is the newspapers and public opinion that have brought about this result. Vivisectors have been called "Nature's worshippers," seeking to know the order of nature. It is yet found that the duties of humanity are above the pretensions of scientific experiment.

As among the vivisectors and their friends may be reckoned the habit of representing their experiments as few in number, pursued only by highly-gifted scientific inquirers throughout Europe, and quite insignificant in amount compared with the beneficent results which may be anticipated from them, let us take a passing glance at some of the "scientific" experiments going on

IN FOREIGN LABORATORIES.

These few examples are picked here and there from the vivisectors' own records and hand-books of the latest publications.

You must know in the first place that before being brought into the chamber of torture the animals are usually made to fast eighteen hours, that the process of digestion may not in any way disturb the experiment. The "curare," which is sometimes used, is the arrow-poison of the Indians on the Orinoco, which, when infused into the blood of an animal organism, completely paralyzes the system of the nerves of motion, making the animal powerless, and, therefore, actually a living corpse, while its nerves of sensation remains intact; in fact their sensitiveness becomes doubled. In this motionless condition, artifical breathing being kept up an by an apparatus, the living body is lacerated piecemeal, and kept thus for days in the most fearful agony. Prof. Feye, of Edinburgh, having once fastened a beautiful spaniel by all its feet, attached it still more surely by a stout thong which he put through the nostrils of the animal, after he had made a hole through the nose with an iron instrument. He then cut open the chest and the belly to show his pupils the different intestinal organs. The expression of agony when the animal showed its white teeth and tried to resist was, according to the account of an eye-witness, most horrible, for fearful pain must have been caused by the least movement to the nostrils, so sensitive in the dog. Prof. Bracket, of Paris, in trying to ascertain the limits of a dog's attachment, first

DUG OUT THE EYES OF HIS DOG.

Later he destroyed its organ of hearing, and then he tortured it in all possible ways. The result was, that, in spite of all, the dog still licked his hands. Prof. Bronillard bored through the skull of a dog in two places with a thick iron bore, and inserted a red-hot iron into its brain. The dog howled and shrieked for six days almost without cessation, although they tried with repeated blows to quiet it, so that at last it had to be killed. After this Bronillard repeated the same experiment with a young, lively and tractable dog, which he threw into the river after perforating his brain, that he might see whether it could survive in this condition. The animal did not get rid of its misery for sixteen days. Dr. Goltz, of Strasbourg, undertook the study of the mutilation of the brain, in order to overthrow the false theories of the celebrated physiologist Flourens. This professor introduced a new method by which larger portions of the brain were torn away and washed out, by means of heated spring water, after the skull had been pierced in several places. The crater-shaped cavities thus formed were washed out. A dog with five holes bored in the head, and with the loss of nearly half the brain, lived a month. As Dr. Goltz says: "We, as well as other observers, have lost a large number of animals through inflammation of the brain. No one has succeeded in destroying the brain so extensively, and handling it so roughly, while still preserving the creature's life, as myself." (What a scientific achievement!) "It does not often happen that two physiologists are of one opinion in matters affecting the brain." Thus he goes on: Fifty-one dogs had portions of the brain washed out of the head, which had been pierced in several places; this repeated three times, the creatures mutilated and their behaviour studied for months. "Interesting" experiment on a delicately formed little bitch; left side of the brain extracted; wire pincers on the hind feet. Doleful whining, the little animal began to howl piteously. Soon afterward foamed at the mouth. The same dog operated upon again (date given.) Soon after became blind; died of inflammation of the brain. The dissected brain resembled a "lately-hoed potato-field." "These

MUTILATED ANIMALS,

no longer able to scratch themselves, twist about in the most ludicrous fashion," says this grim humorist. He speaks of two dogs rendered imbecile by the loss of part of the brain, and says, "The awkward movements of one gave the impression of a jack-pudding," and so on. Some of the dogs had attacks of madness after the operation and died in a few days. In conclusion, Prof. Goltz refers to the altogether unsatisfactory results of all the cruel experiments, and proposes a series of fresh experiments in order to clear up his latest doubts. I must not forget the experiments of burning, in which Dr. Wertheim, of Vienna, killed thirty dogs. After giving chloroform, he poured boiling water nine times over five of them, and he set light to the other twenty-five nine nine times, one after the other, with turpentine. By these means the chest and belly of the first five were boiled, and of the other twenty-five roasted. The revolting cruelty of this experiment consisted in this, that some of the dogs remained alive for five days afterward without its occurring to Dr. Wertheim that a speedy death would be a benefit to the animals, which had recovered their consciousness, and were covered with most painful burns. Some of the experimenters have tried to produce

ARTIFICIAL "SIAMESE TWINS,"

and for this purpose they have tied two animals together, removed the skin of each at the points of contact, and bound together certain organs of the two animals, and thus produced a common circulation of the blood, such as exists in monstrosities. What advantage can science and medicine have drawn from these experiments? Making artificial fistulas and tubercles in the stomach and lungs of dogs; giving dogs emetics, and then tying up their throats to render vomiting impossible; inflaming the spinal cord of an animal by passing a thread through it; dividing nerves of the most sensitive character; dissecting the nerves of the spinal cord; exciting the most violent agonies in animals by injecting almost every kind of chemical or foreign substance, however deadly or caustic, into the jugular or other veins of animals; screwing them down in the gripe of iron machines, while the operator laid bare the heart, the liver, the brain, or other interior vitals; again letting them free, and leaving them in such mangled condition for weeks, in one case twenty days, and in another ninety, then trying it on again, this time resulting in death. And after all the ghastly records of such experiments, the bare recital of which would fill many volumes, we have to fall back upon the results obtained by the humane practioners of the healing art in their reports of clinical and pathological cases. But we do seem to learn that a large proportion of vivisectors have lost all trace of

HUMANITY AND CONSCIENCE;

that the system is ruinously depraving to those who practice it; that it is in truth laying waste every conscientious and every truly scientific principle. The celebrated Brown-Sequard, who has made as many, if not more vivisections, than any man in any age, now declares that the inferences that have been deduced from phenomena evoked by mechanical and chemical agents, applied to the healthy brain, are worthless. Now, inasmuch as the brain of a dog or monkey is *not* the same as the human brain, and even it they were, the habits, diet, vices, and passion of man would of themselves constitute an essential difference. Anyone, not enslaved by theory and system, could at once perceive that the phenomena evoked from the lower animals by vivisection cannot represent the exceedingly powerful and complex psychology and physiology of the human brain.

It is claimed that our knowledge of the sounds of the heart, of diabetes, of anæsthetics, and "scores of other things," are due to vivisections. It would be difficult to prove what the vivisectors have discovered in regard to the human heart and its phenomena, by any number or variety of dissections of living animals. I wish I had space or time to give an example or two of the thousands of experiments that have been made on asses, to ascertain to what particular part or structure of the heart certain sounds were to be respectively referred, and in this way to assist in recognizing the sounds of the human heart, and to tell you of the discordant interpretations of the inquiries, and of the endless discrepancies of opinion among the operators. In one thing they should have agreed, that the sounds given out by

THE HEART OF THE ASS

are identical with those of the human heart; and it should make no difference that the heart of the ass was not diseased. In the first place, it is not at all certain what all the several complex causes are that produce the two sounds; and secondly, ths most reliable knowledge about them has been obtained by obrervations made in the the human subject by anatomists and pathologists, both during life and after death.

After three or four hundred thousand vivisections had been performed, chloroform was not discovered in the stomach, or lungs, or kidneys, of a healthy dog, or rabbit, or ass. It was discovered by men devoted to a real science. It was compounded by the chemists, and if its anæsthetic property was tested and proved in an animal, it did not involve a vivisection at all, and the vivisectors had nothing to do with it.

No treatment of diabetes has been discovered by vivisection. As Claude Bernard said, "We know less about it than we thought we did." We would require a medical treatise to give the different theories about this "impenetrable mystery."

When anything has been discovered by any one who has been occupied in vivisection the discovery has been at once referred to it, and in cases where vivisection had nothing to do with the matter. John Hunter is a remarkable example, whose useful works have been falsely ascribed to vivisection. The allegation that he derived his improvement in the treatment of aneurism from vivisection has been a thousand times refuted by the highest medical authorities, who have studied Hunter as he deserves, and whose writings show that it is absurd, as well as unjust and misleading, to associate Hunter's memory with the least important things he ever did, still less to falsely refer to such experiments on animals his really useful improvement in the treatment of aneurism. The whole history of aneurism is very interesting, exemplifying how often it happens that the real study of disease on the living body suggests the best means of assisting nature in the cure of it.

JOHN HUNTER

had to undergo that sort of ordeal which every man has more or less to suffer who dares to oppose conventional errors. As most of you know, John Hunter is especially celebrated for an operation he devised on the arteries. His idea that the main artery was often diseased was a fact ascertained by dissections *of the dead*; so was the fact that the diseased condition did not necessarily extend far above the aneurism, and that diseased parts were not endowed with those operative powers which are usually found in parts that are sound. His first experiment, if it might be so called, was done on the human subject, and it was long after he had repeated his operation on the human subject, and others had repeated it, that the fashion of tying arteries on the lower animals originated or was developed. Some of Hunter's opponents alleged that aneurism resulted from a so-called weakness of the tube (artery.) To disprove this Hunter dissected off the external coats of an artery so that the blood could be seen through the denuded inner coat; the wound was then closed in the usual manner. Now when the animal was killed, everything was found healed and as sound as before. So much for the assertion that Hunter discovered his improvement in the treatment of aneurism by vivisection.

In a former letter I referred to an editorial in the Chicago *Times* on the subject of "Vivisection." The article is rather an exhaustive summary of the "infernal science," as it is often designated here, which has these characteristics: knowledge at any price, and material life at any price. The common religious heart casts out both these results as unworthy the civilization of the day. It is possible that some readers may be interested in (if not in sympathy with) the declanations of the eminent physicist,

PROF. TYNDALL,

at the famous meeting of scientists at Belfast for the "advancement of science." Tyndall, after speaking of the wrong, I think he said "hideous cruelty" of those who would enact "short-sighted restrictions upon physiological investigations," and describing all that he hopes experimental physiology will discover by-and-by about diseases, says (as reported in *The Scotsman*): "Men of Glasgow! Facts like these excite in me thoughts that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed it to be—that the inscrutable power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live, and move, and have our being and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite toward such propitiation is knowledge," etc.

This makes of it a religious question from a new standpoint, and you may judge for yourself if the "terrible power" can be propritiated by any such means, and if knowledge is justifiable thus obtained by the torture of millions of intelligent animals, even if one human pang should be alleviated thereby.

Only the other day I heard a medical man of high standing say, "It is

THE HYPOCRISY OF HELL."

Vivisection, as it is carried on to-day, is a gulf of perdition opening on a doctor, and through him on his patients. No experiment (surgical), he says, upon a beast is equivalent to an experiment upon a man. The experiment on a man has to be made afterward, and is justifiable if care, consideration and humanity be given to it. Every operation is always an experiment on life. That experiment can be made at first hand on human patients, or there is no surgical genius at hand. Another says, no scientific armour; no hellish arguments; no falsities of evil, that is, pretexts for a wickedness long adopted and resolutely persevered in, will ever suffice to protect man from the consequences of his own folly, his own vices and faults, his ignorances and his uncleanliness, whence most of his diseases arise.

Exhibition of the Paris Lottery Prizes.

(Paris Correspondence of the London Times.)

Those who can remember the International Exhibition of 1855, for which the Palais de l'Industrie was erected, might have fancied to-day that it was resuscitated, that building being now filled with the lottery prizes, and having as miscellaneous, though less methodical an array of wares as it originally contained. The Palace is converted, in fact, into a huge bazaar, and the private view to-day attracted a crowd of curious and amused visitors of all nationalities and ages. The lottery managers must clearly have made purchases in every section of the Champ de Mars exhibition, for literally everything is to be found in the way of prizes—from crockery to jewellery, from dolls to scientific instruments, from stuffed birds to ploughs, from tapioca and chocolate to oil paintings. The first thing to meet the eye on mounting the stairs is a splendid organ, which must give a twinge of anxiety to ticket-holders whose staircases and rooms could not possibly admit it. The wheel of fortune, indeed, may be expected to play strange pranks upon this occasion. The wines may be won by teetotalers, the fishing-tackle by vegetarians, the Strasbourg goose-livers by humanitarians, the edged tools by boys, the toys and perambulators by people without children, the studies from the nude by prudes, the terra-cotta Thiers and Gambetta by Legitimists, the razors and walking-sticks by ladies, the cigars by anti-tobacconists. On the other hand, irony will doubtless have a hand in the affair by adjudging cosmetics to ladies suspected of painting, easy chairs to the indolent, baths to the unwashed, and straw hats to dandies. After the drawings are over the show ought evidently to be kept open a week to allow of exchanges, so that the grocer may barter a plough or steam engine with the farmer or manufacturer who has won cases of vermicelli; that the sportsman may get the guns, the rower the boats, the rider the saddles and whips, and so forth. It may sound like a joke, but all the articles above named are among the prizes, though the winners may sell them to the makers at a certain discount; and I even noticed in a corner a horse and trap; but as these were not numbered like the rest I will not vouch for their forming part of the State raffle. If there is a predominance of anything, it is, perhaps, sewing machines and pianos, but the show is so well set out that it is hard to detect a glut in any direction. The demand for tickets from the speculators who bought them up in order to make a premium will doubtless become brisker after an inspection of so many really tempting objects. I searched in vain for the false noses and other gift horses in whose mouths the managers would be justified in looking. They may be discreetly stowed away, though every prize is ostensibly on view, a label indicating whether it is a purchase or a gift, and a swarm of attendants displaying the good points of the more complicated articles to covetous inquirers. From to-morrow the public are admitted at a franc a head, the proceeds being devoted to the expenses of management. The mirth exhibited to-day seemed strangely incongruous with the gravity of the Ministerial crisis, but such is life, and M. Teisserenc de Bort will not, possibly, remain in office long enough to reap the laurels of his lottery.

Coast Fortifications.

Probably few people, says the *Echo*, are aware of the amount of money England has spent during the last few years in the construction of fortifications for the defence of our principal seaports and dockyards. We used to be told that "Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep;" but this age of steam and iron has apparently falsified that statement. During the last eighteen years no less than £7,367,241 has been expended in this manner, according to a return just issued. Portsmouth has consumed the lion's share of this sum, no less than £3,033,419 having been expended on the forts which encircle the land side of our great seaport, and on those which stud the waters in its neighbourhood. Plymouth with its magnificent harbour has cost $1,478,409 for defences, a sum which would somewhat have astonished Sir Francis Drake when he built the first battery on the island in the harbour which now bears his name. Pembroke Dock figures for rather more than £300,000; Portland for £457,000; Gravesend and its adjacent forts for £320,000; while Chatham and Sheerness bring up the cost of defending the Thames to £975,000. Dover has run us into an expenditure of nearly £300,000, and Cork nearly £200,000. In addition to this, nearly half a million has been spent in providing and fixing iron shields for fortifications. Experiments in the great case of Gun vs. Armour have cost £15,000; while surveys, incidental expenses, and law costs amount to over £200,000 more. The only glimpse of sunshine in the whole matter is that the amount authorized to be expended by the Fortifications Act is very nearly finished, only £35,000 more remaining to be raised.

Influence of Forests on Climate.

Many rivers have totally disappeared, or have been reduced to mere streams from an irrational and heinous felling of the forests. In the north-east of Germany, the Narp and Gold rivers exist only in name. The classic lands of antiquity are rich in sad lessons of deforestation. The springs and brooks of Palestine are dry, and the fruitfulness of the land has disappeared. The Jordan is four feet lower than it was in the New Testament days. Greece and Spain suffer severely to this day from the effect of destroying their forests. Many parts of the kingdom of Würtemburg have been rendered almost barren by the felling of the trees. In Hungary the periodically returning drought is universally attributed to the extermination of the forest. We attribute the present unfruitfulness of Asia Minor and Greece to the destruction of the woods; steppes, ruins, and tombs have taken the place of what was the highest culture. Sardinia and Sicily were once the graineries of Italy, but have long since lost the fruitfulness sung of by the ancient poets.

On the other hand, man can improve the condition of the land in which he lives, more slowly indeed, but as certainly, by cultivating and preserving the forests. In former years reliable authorities have told us that in the Delta of Lower Egypt there were only five or six days of rain in the year, but that, since the time when Mehemet Ali caused some twenty thousand trees to be planted, the number of days of rain in the year has increased to forty-five or forty-six. The Suez Canal has produced remarkable results. Ismailia is built on what was a sandy desert, but since the ground has become saturated with canal water, treas, bushes, and other plants have sprung up as if by magic, and with the re-appearance of the vegetation the climate has changed. Four or five years ago rain wsa unknown in those regions, while from May, 1868, to May, 1869, fourteen days were recorded, and once such a rain-storm that the natives looked upon it as a supernatural event.

Anstria herself has a very striking instance of a change of climate being produced by deforestation. We refer to that stretch of miles of country over which the railroad passes, near Trieste, as you go from Austria to Italy, bleak, barren, and stony, with hardly earth sufficient for a weed to take root in, a stretch of barrenness on which some dread anathema seems to rest. It is a curse that reason it called down from Heaven by man. Five hundred years ago, and an immense forest stood on the ground where now is nothing but a sea of stone. Venetians came and hewed down the forest in order to procure wood for piles and mercantile purposes.

How to Mind a Baby.

First, a man must have one to take care of. It isn't every one you know that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to a neighbour's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him and oftener she says sternly;

"John, take good care of the child until I return."

You want to remonstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while that awful female's eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely remark:

"Don't stay long, my dear."

She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; he does not appreciate it but yells the louder.

You try to bribe him with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use; he spits it out. You get wrothy and shake him.

He stops a second and you venture another: when, good heavens! he sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end, and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit!

You try baby talk; but "litty, litty lamby" has no effect, for he stretches as if a red hot poker had been laid upon his spine and still he yells. You are afraid the neighbourhood will be alarmed, and give him your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and, sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache, and muttering a malediction on baby-kind in general and on the image of his father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby—until the next time.

The Pot of Gold.

(From the Saturday Review.)

"A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamed the same next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly. When arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him? "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?" The answer was, "No." "Then what is your object in staying here?" The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. "I myself," he said, "had, about six months ago, a dream. I dreamed three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple-tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business." It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple-tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple-tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school where the boy learned Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, "Father, I can show you that what I have learned at school is of some use." He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus; "Look under, and you will find better." They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found." As the story is a good one, its would be pleasant to fancy it could possibly be true.

The Turkish Bath in Kidney Disease.

After some eighteen years of trial we now know to what diseases this method of eliminating impurities may be applied with a reasonable hope of success. Foremost in the list stands Bright's disease of the kidneys. A judicious use of the bath robs this dreaded disease of half its terrors. The danger of uræmic poisoning is placed at the remotest possible limit, and the instances in which life has been comfortable, nay, enjoyably prolonged, can be counted by hundreds. We have patients now performing their business duties with regularity by the the use of three baths a week; a failure to take the baths is invariably followed by a feeling of dullness, lassitude and general malaise, which quite incapacitates them for any exertion.—*R. E. Van Gieson, M. D.*

Our Back Settlements.

The County of Haliburton.

The Victoria Railway Company was formally opened to Haliburton on 26th Nov., and daily trains are now running. Passengers leaving Toronto in the morning arrive at Haliburton in the evening, after a detention of a couple of hours or so at Lindsay. We extract the following from a very interesting letter about the new County, which appeared in the *Globe* of 8th inst.:—

From Kinmount the Victoria runs close to the extreme south-east corner of Lutterworth, and traverses Snowdon diagonally from the south-west to the north east corner, cutting the north-west angle of Glamorgan and entering Dysart, reaches the village of Haliburton, situated in the 8th concession and on the 16th, 17th, and 18th lots, or, in other words, the centre of that township. Nearly all the way from Kinmount the track is pretty well sheltered by woods, while immense quantities of railway ties, stave and single bolts, birch and basswood logs, and cordwood line the way. These products of the forest (of which there seems to be an almost inexhaustible supply all the way up the line from Kinmount) were of little use to the settler until the railway furnished him with the means of sending them to market; but now they are as good as money, and their export brings many of these backwoods settlers very respectable returns for their winter's work.

The village of Haliburton, which, as already stated, is located about the centre of the township of Dysart. Head Lake is a small and almost land-locked sheet of water, shut in on every side by great rocky hills that tower almost to the magnitude of mountains, with here and there half-concealed breaks, which, to a stranger, effectually place in uncertainty its inlet, where the waters of Burnt River pour in, and its outlet into Kushog Lake. Nestling on the narrow strip of beach to the south and east of this romantic looking little lake is the pretty little village of Haliburton, in which the romantic beauties of the newly broken wilderness blend picturesquely with the marks of enterprise and civilization, yet new and fresh from the hand of the workman. It looks in all respects fresh and new; and surrounded as it is on three sides by great towering walls of well-nigh unbroken sterile wilderness, it has a romantically inviting look even on the dreariest of winter days.

Here the Canadian Land and Emigration Company have grist and saw-mills, driven by a water-power that never fails either in winter or summer. This Company own nine townships—Dysart, in which is situated the village of Hallburton, Guilfred, Dudley, Harburn, Harcourt, and four others not yet opened for settlement. The village, called after Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," formerly chairman of the Company, gives its name to the new County, which was set off in order that the people might be able to vote a bonus to the Victoria Railway Company, the Peterborough Council having refused to submit a By-Law for that purpose. The County gave a bonus of $55,000, of which the Land Company as assessed has to pay more than half, and the Land Company has also granted an additional bonus of $49,000 on completion of the railroad to their village.

There are five stores in the village, and all seem to be doing a very fair business. There are three churches (Methodist, Presbyterian, and Anglican), a good school, two blacksmith shops, two boot and shoe shops, one furniture store, two hote's, a good town hall, a lock-up, and an excellent cricket-ground. The Victoria Railway enters the village just along the lake shore, a portion of the track having been made by filling in a small section of the lake. The Station building is a very pretty one, neatly painted and fenced, while an excellent engine-house and turn-table are situated a little further up the track.

From the shanties and farm-houses I visited I came to the conclusion that they were getting plenty of good food, wore thoroughly warm, comfortable clothing, were warmly housed, and in a fair way not only to live comfortably, but to save means to give their children a start in the world.

Standard Fire Insurance Company.

This Company makes a satisfactory exhibit for the year 1878. During the year it received in premiums $47,443 50, being an increase of $21,452 25 on its income for 1877, nearly 100 per cent. of an increase, while its losses for the year (1878) were only $15,470, or about one-third of its premium income. We think these results should be satisfactory to the management and agreeable to the Company's shareholders.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP can now be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this town any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done cheaper and better than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry Toronto.

Business Items.

CAREFUL housewife (lifting from the soup tureen): "La! who'd thought a baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I knew it wasn't lost, I never lose anything!"

"To be or not to be, that's the question whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, &c," were the words of the noble bard. Those who go to "Cooper's" for "Shirts" never suffer from a misfit. 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A COMMOTION has been made in Madrid army circles by the arrest of an infantry Captain on a requision from Cuba. It is said that he has six wives, all living, and that he was under engagement of marriage to at least two young women at the time of his arrest.

TIME never sets so heavily on the aged as when they are ill and depressed. A heavy percentage of old people suffer from kidney complaints, etc., brought on by derangements of the secretary organs, who will hail with joy the great remedy prepared expressly to meet their cases—VICTORIA BUCHU AND UVA URSI. It can be recommended with confidence. For saleby all dealers.

THERE'S one sphere that belongs to everybody—to women as well as well as men—and that's the atmosphere.

THORLEY'S Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES extends its influence into every part of the human organization, commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to perform its allotted part. It is the finest nervine remedy known, and the greatest brain and blood food in the world. For sale by all dealers. $1.00 per bottle.

THE special sale of Furniture at greatly reduced prices, now going on at the warerooms of the Oshawa Cabinet Company, No. 97 Yonge St., Toronto, is a bona fide one. The whole stock is offered at a heavy discount, to make room for new styles daily arriving from the factory at Oshawa. Their new Parlour and Bed-room Suites are very attractive, and prices are lower than ever. Their stock is complete, and cannot be surpassed.

YELLOW OIL.—This name is familiar throughout the entire Dominion, and there are few families who have not found it at one time or another an angel of mercy in the household. It is the most popular and best liniment in this country, and no one who has once used it will be without it. Mr Fred Hills, of Toronto, the genial civil engineer, gives, unsolicited, the annexed certificate:—

TORONTO, Ontario, July 19, 1873.

Messrs. Milburn, Bentley & Pearson,

GENTLEMEN,—Some twelve years ago I knocked off the cap of my knee, and since that time I have often suffered with a swelling in the knee joint, caused from twisting the leg. I have used all kinds of liniments, as well as medical attendance; but on the last two occasions have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil. The result of this has been marvellous; instead of laying up for a week or ten days, as usual, all the swelling has disappeared in three days. I can most heartily recommend the Yellow Oil. Make what use you like of this, and state it comes unasked for.

Yours truly, FRED HILLS.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

Seedsmen.
Steele Bros. & Co., cor. Front and Jarvis Sts. See adv't.

THE STAR Auger will bore out all kinds of soil better and faster, and give better satisfaction than any other. Do not be deceived. Manufactory, 68 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.

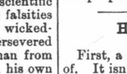
FILES Get your old files re-cut and thereby save cost. Every file tested and warranted equal to the best imported. Ask for Price List. THOS. GRAHAM, 35 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

PICTURE MOULDINGS. Frames, Mirrors, etc., Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder.*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto

ARTESIAN WELL BORING AND drilling machinery—first prize at Provincial Exhibition, 1878, and gold medal at Centennial—hardpan, boulders, quicksand, etc., easily handled: send stamp for 60-page illustrated catalogue. HOLT & CO., 82 King street, west.



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR
A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 30 to 60 days. These cuts are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No nonsense larry to the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 25cts. The Elixir, 1s. 6d. SMITH & CO., Sole Agts., Palatine, Ill. All others counterfeits.

AGENTS WANTED For our new and popular work, "The History of the Sea," by Goodrich. A grand volume, containing 300 beautiful illustrations, and 800 pages of letterpress of thrilling interest. Also, for the **Best and Cheapest Family Bibles in Canada**, containing the most attractive features, the greatest number of illustrations (by Gustave Dore), bound in the most beautiful emblematic designs, at greatly reduced prices and most liberal terms.
Address, MAX HERGER & CO.,
22 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

TURKISH BATH
Is a sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, and all Blood Poison and Kidney Diseases. There are also steam, vapour, and electro baths. Fumigations, of mercury, iodine, and sulphur.
KENNETH OLIVER, Proprietor,
145 James Street North, Hamilton

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

HOMES IN THE **NEAR WEST.**
A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from $5 to $8 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

SEEDS.
FREE. Our spring Seed Catalogue will be *mailed free* to all on application. It is handsomely illustrated with descriptions of Flower, Vegetable, and Field Seeds, and contains a short treaties on *Natural Grasses*, their value for Meadow and Pasture uses, and much useful information for the Gardener and Farmer.
Please send for it.
Address
STEELE BROS. & CO.,
Seed Merchants,
Corner Front & Jarvis Streets,
Toronto.
P.S.—We cordially invite correspondence from those who wish to sell or buy choice SEED WHEAT, OATS, or other SEED GRAIN or SEEDS.

FIRM, SWEET BUTTER OF A RICH GOLDEN COLOUR, produced at all seasons of the year by using the
JERSEY BUTTER POWDER
Price 25 cents per packet. For sale by Druggists and Storekeepers. HUGH MILLER & CO., Toronto

KILGOUR BROS.,
Paper Bags and Flour Sacks, Printed Wrappers, Wrapping Papers, Twines, &c.
86 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Farm Lots in Dysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. J Blomfield,
Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co.,
Box, 2614. 50 Front St., East.

SEEDS. My Catalogue of FIELD, GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, &c., for 1877, is being mailed FREE *to all who address*
WILLIAM RENNIE, Seedsman,
Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan & Savings Company,
Paid up Capital..... $2,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 850,000
Total Assets..... $6,355,342
Total Liabilities..... 3,328,062
Surplus Assets..... $3,027,280
SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
Deposits received, and interest and principal received in all parts of Ontario, through the Company's bankers, free of charge. The Capital and Reserved Funds of the Company, invested on first class Real estate, being pledged for the security of money thus received. Depositors have undoubted assurance of perfect safety. Circulars sent, on application to
J. HERBERT MASON,
Company's Office, Toronto. Mansger.

Seeds! Reliable Seeds!!
BRUCE'S Farm, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have been before the Canadian public for twenty-eight years, and we claim that they are unsurpassed in quality.
Our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE, beautifully illustrated, containing all necessary information for the successful cultivation of Vegetables, Flowers, Field Roots, Potatoes, &c., is now published, and will be mailed FREE to all applicants.
JOHN A. BRUCE & CO.,
Seed Growers. Hamilton, Canada.

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!
A large party will start by *special first-class train* for
Winnipeg, on the 26th March.
Fare same as last year. Other parties will start each ten days afterwards. For particulars address with 3 cent stamp,
R.

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 6. WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 7, 1879. WHOLE NO. 214.

New Form of Electric Lamp.

(From Scribner's)

Among the many new appliances for creating the electric are between the ends of carbon rods may be observed one or two of some interest. One of these employs two carbons standing erect in hinged brackets, or holders, so arranged that when unsupported the carbons fall together and rest one against the other in the form of an inverted V. In the centre, between the carbons, is an upright rod made of some refractory material like kaolin. This is supported at the base by a horizontal lever, the shorter arm of which makes the armature of an electro-magnet. When the apparatus is at rest the weight of the upright rod causes it to fall, lifting the armature from the magnet and permitting the carbon rods to touch each other. On passing a current through the lamp the magnet is excited and the armature is pulled down and thus pushing the rod upwards between the carbons and thrusting them apart. This separates them sufficiently to cause the electric arc to spring up between them. the kaolin rod melts away in the heat as fast as the carbons are consumed and the light is maintained somewhat on the principle of the familiar electric candle. If the current decreases in strength the armature of the magnet is released and the rod falls, permitting the carbons to come together again and re-establish the light. Another form of lamp employs two carbons, one standing upright and the second supported by a lever leaning against it. One arm of the lever forms the armature of an electro-magnet, and in action the second carbon is alternately permitted to fall against the upright carbon and then pulled away by the action of a spring somewhat after the manner of a "chattering" electric bell. This vibration of the carbons is so rapid that, to the eye, the quivering light is practically continuous, and appears to be steady. Another form of vibrating lamp has two carbons placed one over the other in a vertical line, the lower carbon resting on a lever that forms the armature of a magnet. Still another form of lamp, and one said to be more successful in general practice than either of these, employs four carbons, two placed in the form of the letter A and two inverted like V, the four making the X. The light is maintained at the junction of the four carbons. The rods are held in cups connected by cords with weights that keep them adjusted to each other and in the best position for maintaining the light. An electro-magnet is also used with this lamp. The advantages found in this lamp are steadiness in the light and ease of adjustment, as a carbon can be replaced when burned out without extinguishing the lamp.

An Amateur Mourner.

Falling a Martyr at Last to one of the Oddest of Whims.

(From the London Times.)

Mr. L. was a gentleman of independent fortune, which he exhausted in the course of a few years in gratifying one of the oddest whims that could ever enter the mind of a rational being. His sole enjoyment was the attending of funerals. When he heard of the death of any great man, through the channel of the paper, he immediately made the circuit of the whole town to know who had the job, and then proceeded to accompany it. He has often been to York and the confines of Scotland to be present at the interment of a nobleman or gentleman, and in this respect he was in no way biased by party or religion; whether a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Presbyterian; they equally commanded his respect and attention, provided the funeral was magnificent. His highest ambition was to obtain one of the little escutcheons, which he considered as so many trophies of his glory, and being known to most of the undertakers, and their constant companion in their peregrinations, they seldom or ever refused him this request. Being entirely inattentive to his own affairs, he found himself in a state of distress when he did not expect it; yet, though reduced to almost the want of the common necessaries of life, his passion for death-hunting still prevailed, and when he could not ride he walked on foot. But whenever the journey was of any length he bribed the hearse-driver to let him be an inside passenger with the corpse. In this doleful state he travelled more than once; but unfortunately fell a martyr at length to his strange whim. Being an inside passenger on one of these solemn occasions, in very hot weather, and there being no air-hole, as there usually is, in the hearse, when they took out the corpse they found poor Mr. L. dead from suffocation.

Fashion in Perfumes.

There is a fashion in perfumes, just as there is in hats and dresses. In French high life penetrating odours are now proscribed, and pure flower scents are alone permitted, particularly one made from lime flowers. A truly *distingue* lady, as Bachaumont tells us, and he surely is an authority, will never use violent perfumes. Her clothes exhale only the light, natural odour of the flower, which is preserved by the best perfumery. Moreover, we are told, good taste forbids a change of scents. A lady having adopted a certain perfume must abide by it, so that her friends may recognize her even without seeing her. The same elegant *ingeniosite* may also be extended to colours, and even flowers. Most ladies, perhaps, are too fond of change to wear the same cloak, the same flower, and to use the same perfume all their life long. Still, it is a pretty idea.

HE was a simple sportsman who did not often go to church, but he had been much impressed with the parable of Lazarus and Dives, notably with that portion of it in which the attentions of the dogs to the cripple are set forth. Months after, he went with his cousins to a concert at St. James' Hall, and heard a man play the clarionet wonderfully. "What's his name?" he asked. They replied, "Lazarus." He pondered a moment, and then muttered, "It would take a clever dog to lick that beggar."

THE "Swiss Guards" are still kept up at the Vatican in name and dress as in the middle ages; but, as only one-fifth of them are really Swiss, the rest being Belgians, Italians, French, and Spanish, the press and people of Switzerland are suggesting that their national name be substituted by "Papal Guards," in order that foreigners may not look upon the "sons of Helvetia as being uncommonly mercenary." That object could be better accomplished by abolishing the Swiss hotels.

A NEWBURG man went into a clothing store the other day, and, after picking out some very fine cloth, said: "I want to make my father the present of an overcoat. Just measure me for it. Of course it will be too big for him, but it's a pretty good wearing cloth, and, as the old man's in bad health I'll have to wear it sooner or later, anyway. Just make it a little broad across the shoulders."

A DARKEY, who was one of a jury who failed to convict for want of evidence, explained to his brethren that the culprit was "released on s'picion."

A Misprinted Pastoral.

Come, let us gander o'er the green,
Pluck noses for our hair;
The clouds are gone, the sun shines out,
And oh! the day is fair.
The birds are garbling on the spray,
And bees all softly bum
Amid the flowers fresh from the showers,
And, see! a rainbow's come!

The swollen brooks go babbling by,
And glisten in the sun!
The leafy trees are all a stir,
The merry squirrels run.
So, Mary, put your sonnet on,
And tie it under your chin,
And let us away to the beanwood gay,
Where bumbles the roaring linn.

The gentle sneeze shall fan your brow,
And kiss your golden curls,
And every bird will "Yelcome!" sing
To the dearest of all girls.
And should the silly hephyr fall
To kiss that rosy cheek,
I'll wiser prove, and buse my love,
And fondest words I'll squeak.

So, gentle Nary, come with me
Across the grass and clover;
The soft dove boos unto her mate,
The rain is gone and over.
With roses let us swine our brows,
And banish cares that wrinkle,
Till daylight dies along the skies,
And spars begin to winkle.

The Great Revolution in Pitcairn.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Let me refresh the reader's memory a little Nearly a hundred years ago the crew of the British ship Bounty mutinied, set the captain and his officers adrift upon the open sea, took possession of the ship, and sailed southward. They procured wives for themselves among the natives of Tahiti, then proceeded to a lonely little rock in mid-Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, wrecked the vessel, stripped her of everything that might be useful to a new colony, and established themselves on shore.

Pitcairn's is so far removed from the track of commerce that it was many years before another vessel touched there. It had always been considered an uninhabited island; so when a ship did at last drop its anchor there, in 1808, the captain was greatly surprised to find the place peopled. Although the mutineers had fought among themselves, and gradually killed each other off until only two or three of the original stock remained, these tragedies had not occurred before a number of children had been born; so in 1808 the island had a population of twenty-seven persons. John Adams, the chief mutineer, still survived, and was to live many years yet, as governor and patriarch of the flock. From being mutineer and homicide, he had turned Christian and teacher, and his nation of twenty-seven persons are now the purest and devoutest in Christendom. Adams had long ago hoisted the British flag and constituted his island an appendage of the British crown.

To-day the population numbers ninety persons,—sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls,—all descendants of the mutineers, all bearing the family names of those mutineers, and all speaking English, and English only. The island stands high up out of the sea, and has precipitous walls. It is about three quarters of a mile long, and in places is as much as half a mile wide. Such arable land as it affords is held by the several families, according to a division many years ago. There is one church building,—used also as a capitol, a school-house, and a public library. The title of the governor has been, for a generation or two, "Magistrate and Chief Ruler, in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain." It was his province to *make* the laws, as well as execute them. His office was elective; everybody over seventeen years old had a vote,—no matter about the sex.

The sole occupation of the people were farming and fishing; their sole recreation, religious service. There has never been a shop in the island, nor any money. The habits and dress of the people have always been primitive, and their laws simple to puerility. They have lived in a deep Sabbath tranquility, far from the world and its ambitions and vexations, and neither knowing nor caring what was going on in the mighty empires that lie beyond their limitless ocean solitudes. Once in three or four years a ship touched there, moved them with aged news of bloody battles, devastating epidemics, fallen thrones, and ruined dynasties, then traded them some soap and flannel for yams and bread-fruit, and sailed away, leaving them to retire into their peaceful dreams and pious dissipations once more.

On the 8th of last September, Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief of the British fleet in the Pacific, visited Pitcairn's Island, and speaks as follows in his official report to the admiralty:—

"They have beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and a little maze; pineapples, figtrees, custard appies, and oranges; lemons and cocoa-nuts. Clothing is obtained alone from passing ships, in barter for refreshments. There are no springs on the island, but as it rains once a month they have plenty of water, although at times, in former years, they have suffered from drought. No alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal purposes, are used, and a drunkard is unknown. . . .

"The necessary articles required by the islanders are best shown by those we furnished in barter for refreshments: namely, flannel, serge, drill, half-boots, combs, tobacco, and soap. They also stand much in need of maps and slates for their school, and tools of any kind are most acceptable. I caused them to be supplied from the public stores with a union jack for display on the arrival of ships, and a pit saw, of which they were greatly in need. This, I trust, will meet the approval of their lordships. If the munificent people of England were only aware of the wants of this most deserving little colony, they would not long go unsupplied. . . .

"Divine service is held every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and at 3 p.m., in the house built and used by John Adams for that purpose until he died in 1829. It is conducted strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England, by Mr. Simon Young, their selected pastor, who is much respected. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. Family prayers are said in every house the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening, and no food is partaken of without asking God's blessing before and afterwards. Of these islanders' religious attributes no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest pleasure and privilege is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest among them."

Now I come to a sentence in the admiral's report which he dropped carelessly from his pen, no doubt, and never gave the matter a second thought. He never imagined what a freight of tragic prophecy it bore! This is the sentence:

"One stranger, an American, has settled on the island,—*a doubtful acquisition.*"

A doubtful acquisition indeed? Captain Ormsby, in the American ship Hornet, touched at Pitcairn's nearly four months after the admiral's visit, and from the facts which he gathered there we now know all about that American. Let us put these facts together, in historical form. The American's name was Butterworth Stavely. As soon as he had become well acquainted with all the people,—and this took but a few days, of course,—he began to ingratiate himself with them by all the arts he could command. He became exceedingly popular, and much looked up to; for one of the first things he did was to forsake his worldly ways of life, and throw all his energies into religion. He was always reading his Bible, or praying, or singing hymns, or asking blessings. In prayer, no one had such "liberty" as he, no one could pray so long or so well.

At last, when he considered the time to be ripe, he began secretly to sow the seeds of discontent among the people. It was his deliberate purpose, from the beginning, to subvert the government, but of course he kept that to himself for a time. He used different arts with different individuals. He awakened dissatisfaction in one quarter by calling attention to the shortness of the Sunday services; he argued that there should be three three-hour services on Sunday instead of only two. Many had secretly held this opinion before; they now privately branded themselves into a party to work for it. He showed certain of the women that they were not allowed sufficient voice in the prayer-meetings; then another party was formed. No weapon was beneath his notice; he even descended to the children, and awoke discontent in their breasts because—as *he* discovered for them—they had not enough Sunday-school. This created a third party.

Now, as the chief of these parties, he found himself the strongest power in the community. So he proceeded to his next move,—a no less important one than the impeachment of the chief magistrate, James Russell Nickoy; a man of character and ability, and possessed of great wealth, he being the owner of a house with a parlour to it, three acres and a half of yam land, and the only boat in Pitcairn's, a whale-boat; and, most unfortunately, a pretext for this impeachment offered itself at just the right time. One of the earliest and precious laws of the island was the law against trespass. It was held in great reverence, and was regarded as the palladium of the people's liberties. About thirty years ago an important case came before the courts under this law, in this wise: a chicken belonging to Elizabeth Young (aged, at that time, fifty-eight, a daughter of John Mills, one of the mutineers of the Bounty) trespassed upon the grounds of Thursday October Christian (aged twenty-nine, a grandson of Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers). Christain killed the chicken. According to the law, Christian could keep the chicken; or, if he preferred, he could restore its remains to the owner, and receive damages in "produce" to an amount equivalent to the waste and injury wrought by the trespasser. The court records set forth that "the said Christian aforesaid did deliver the aforesaid remains to the said Elizabeth Young, and did demand one bushel of yams in satisfaction of the damage done." But Elizabeth Young considered the demand exorbitant; the parties could not agree; therefore Christian brought suit in the courts. He lost his case in the justice's court; at least, he was awarded only half a peck of yams, which he considered insufficient, and in the nature of a defeat. He appealed. The case lingered several years in an ascending grade of courts, and always resulted in decrees sustaining the original verdict; and finally the thing got into the supreme court, and there it stuck for twenty years. But last summer, even the supreme court managed to arrive at a decision at last. Once more the original verdict was sustained. Christian then said he was satisfied; but Stavely was present, and whispered to him and to his lawyer, suggesting, "as a mere form," that the original law be exhibited, in order to make sure that it still existed. It seemed an odd idea, but an ingenuous one. So the demand was made. A messenger was sent to the magistrate's house; he presently returned with the tidings that it had disappeared from among the state archives.

The court now pronounced its late decision void, since it had been made under a law which had no actual existence.

Great excitement ensued immediately. The news swept abroad over the whole island that the palladium of the public liberties was lost,—may be treasonably destroyed. Within thirty minutes almost the entire nation were in the court-room,—that is to say, the church. The impeachment of the chief magistrate followed, upon Stavely's motion, The accused met his misfortune with the dignity which became his great office. He did not plead, or even argue: he offered the simple defense that he had not meddled with the missing law; that he had kept the state archives in the same candle-box that had been used as their depository from the beginning; and that he was innocent of the removal or destruction of the lost document.

But nothing could save him; he was found guilty of misprision of treason, and degraded from his office, and all his property was confiscated.

The lamest part of the whole shameful matter was the *reason* suggested by his enemies for his destruction of the law, to wit: that he did it to favour Christian, because Christian was his cousin! Whereas Stavely was the only individual in the entire nation who was *not* his cousin. The reader must remember that all of these people are the descendants of half a dozen men; that the first children intermarried together and bore grandchildren to the mutineers; that these grandchildren intermarried; after them, great and great-great-grandchildren intermarried; so that to day everybody is blood-kin to everybody. Moreover, the relationships are wonderfully, even astoundingly, mixed up and complicated. A stranger, for instance, says to an islander:

"You speak of that young woman as your cousin; a while ago you called her your aunt."

"Well, she *is* my aunt, and my cousin too. And also my step-sister, my niece, my fourth cousin, my thirty-third cousin, my forty-second cousin, my great-aunt, my grandmother, my widowed sister-in-law,—and next week she will be my wife."

So the charge of nepotism against the chief magistrate was weak. But no matter; weak or strong, it suited Stavely. Stavely was immediately elected to the vacant magistracy; and, oozing reform from every pore, he went vigorously to work. In no long time religious services raged everywhere and unceasingly. By command, the second prayer of the Sunday morning service, which had customarily endured some thirty-five or forty minutes, and had pleaded for the world, first by continent and then by national and tribal detail, was extended to an hour and a half, and made to include supplications in behalf of the possible peoples in the several planets. Everybody was pleased with this; everybody said, "Now *this* is something *like*." By command, the usual three-hour sermons were doubled in length. The nation came in a body to testify their gratitude to the magistrate. The old law forbidding cooking on the Sabbath was extended to the prohibition of eating also. By command, Sunday-school was privileged to spread over into the week. The joy of all classes was complete. In one short month the new magistrate was become the people's idol.

The time was ripe for this man's next move. He began, cautiously at first, to poison the public mind against England. He took the chief citizens aside, one by one, and conversed with them on this topic. Presently he grew bolder, and spoke out. He said the nation owed it to itself, to its honour, to its great traditions, to rise in its might and throw off "this galling English yoke."

But the simple islanders answered,—

"We had not noticed that it galled. How does it gall? England sends a ship once in three or four years to give us soap and clothing, and things which we sorely need and gratefully receive; but she never troubles us; she lets us go our own way."

"She lets you go your own way! So slaves have felt and spoken in all the ages! This speech shows how fallen you are, how base, how brutalized, you have become, under this grinding tyranny! What! has all manly pride forsaken you? Is liberty nothing? Are you content to be a mere appendage to a foreign and hateful sovereignty, when you might rise up and take your rightful place in the august family of nations, great, free, enlightened, independent, the minion of no sceptred master, but the arbiter of your own destiny, and a voice and a power in decreeing the destinies of your sister sovereignties of the world?"

Speeches like this produced an effect by-and-by. Citizens began to feel the English yoke; they did not know exactly how or whereabouts they felt it, but they were perfectly certain they did feel it. They got to grumbling a good deal, and chafing under their chains, and longing for relief and release. They presently fell to hating the English flag, that sign and symbol of their nation's degradation; they ceased to glance up at it as they passed the capitol, but averted their eyes and grated their teeth; and one morning, when it was found trampled into the mud at the foot of the staff, they left it there, and no man put his hand to it to hoist it again. A certain thing which was sure to happen sooner or later happened now. Some of the chief citizens went to the magistrate by night, and said:

"We can endure this hated tyranny no longer. How can we cast it off?"

"By a *coup d'etat*."

"How?"

"A *coup d'etat*. It is like this: Everything is got ready, and at the appointed moment I, as the official head of the nation, publicly and solemnly proclaim its independence, and absolve it from allegiance to any and all other powers whatsoever."

"That sounds simple and easy. We can do that right away. Then what will be the next thing to do?"

"Seize all the defenses and public properties of all kinds, establish martial law, put the army and navy on a war footing, and proclaim the empire!"

This fine programme dazzled these innocents. They said:

"This is grand,—this is splendid; but will not England resist?"

"Let her. This rock is a Gibraltar."

"True. But about the empire? Do we *need* an empire, and an emperor?"

"What you *need*, my friends, is unification. Look at Germany; look at Italy. They are unified. Unification is the thing. It makes living dear. That constitutes progress. We must have a standing army, and a navy. Taxes follow, as a matter of course. All these things summed up make grandeur. With unification and grandeur, what more can you want? Very well,—only the empire can confer these boons."

So on the 8th day of December Pitcairn's Island was proclaimed a free and independent nation; and on the same day the solemn coronation of Butterworth I., emperor of Pitcairn's Island, took place amid great rejoicings and festivities. The entire nation, with the exception of fourteen persons, mainly little children, marched past the throne in single file, with banners and music, the procession being upwards of ninety feet long; and some said it was as much as three-quarter's of a minute passing a given point. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the history of the island before. Public enthusiasm was measureless.

Now straightway imperial reforms began. Orders of nobility were instituted. A minister of the navy was appointed, and the whale-boat put in commission. A minister of war was created, and ordered to proceed at once with the formation of a standing army. A first lord of the treasury was named, and commanded to get up a taxation scheme, and also open negotiations for treaties, offensive, defensive, and commercial, with foreign powers. Some generals and admirals were appointed; also some chamberlains, some equerries in waiting, and some lords of the bed-chamber.

At this point all the material was used up. The Grand Duke of Galilee, minister of war, complained that all the sixteen grown men in the empire had been given great offices, and consequently would not consent to serve in the ranks; wherefore his standing army was at a stand-still. The Marquis of Ararat, minister of the navy, made a similar complaint. He said he was willing to steer the whale-boat himself, but he *must* have somebody to man her.

The emperor did the best he could in the circumstances: he took all the boys above the age of ten years away from their mothers, and pressed them into the army, thus constructing a corps of seventeen privates, officered by one lieutenant-general and two major-generals. This pleased the minister of war, but procured the enmity of all the mothers in the land; for they said their precious ones must now find bloody graves in the fields of war, and he would be answerable for it. Some of the most heart-broken and inappeasable among them lay constantly in wait for the emperor and threw yams at him, unmindful of the body-guard.

On account of the extreme scarcity of material, it was found necessary to require the Duke of Bethany, postmaster-general to pull stroke-oar in the navy, and thus sit in the rear of a noble of lower degree, namely, Viscount Canaan, lord-justice of the common pleas. This turned the Duke of Bethany into a tolerably open malcontent and a secret conspirator,—a thing which the emperor foresaw, but could not help.

Things went from bad to worse. The emperor raised Nancy Peters to the peerage on one day, and married her the next, notwithstanding, for reasons of state, the cabinet had strenuously advised him to marry Emmeline, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Bethlehem. This caused trouble in a powerful quarter,—the church. The new empress secured the support and friendship of two-thirds of the thirty-six grown women in the nation by absorbing them into her court as maids of honour; but this made deadly enemies of the remaining twelve. The families of the maids of honour soon began to rebel, because there was now nobody at home to keep house. The twelve snubbed women refused to enter the imperial kitchen as servants: so the empress had to require the Countess of Jericho and other great court dames to fetch water, sweep the palace, and perform other menial and equally distasteful services. This made bad blood in that department.

Every one fell to complaining that the taxes levied for the support of the army, the navy, and the rest of the imperial establishment were intolerably burdensome, and were reducing the nation to beggary. The emperor's reply—"Look at Germany; look at Italy. Are you better than they? and haven't you unification?"—did not satisfy them. They said:

"People can't *eat* unification, and we are starving. Agriculture has ceased. Everybody is in the army, everybody is in the navy, everybody is in the public service, standing around in a uniform, with nothing whatever to do, nothing to eat, and nobody to till the fields"—

"Look at Germany; look at Italy. It is the same there. Such is unification, and there's no other way to get it,—no other way to keep it after you've got it," said the poor emperor always.

But the grumblers only replied, "We can't *stand* the taxes,—we can't *stand* them."

Now right on top of this the cabinet reported a national debt amounting to upwards of forty-five dollars,—half a dollar to every individual in the nation. And they proposed to fund something. They had heard that this was always done in such emergencies. They proposed duties on exports; also on imports. And they wanted to issue bonds; also paper money, redeemable in yams and cabbages in fifty years. They said the pay of the army and of the navy and of the whole governmental machine was far in arrears, and unless something was done, and done immediately, national bankruptcy must ensue, and possibly insurrection and revolution. The emperor at once resolved upon a high-handed measure, and one of a nature never before heard of in Pitcairn's Island. He went in state to the church on Sunday morning, with the army at his back, and commanded the minister of the treasury to take up a collection.

That was the feather that broke the camel's back. First one citizen, and then another, rose and refused to submit to this unheard-of outrage,—and each refusal was followed by the immediate confiscation of the malcontent's property. This vigour soon stopped the refusals, and the collection proceeded amid a sullen and ominous silence. As the emperor withdrew with the troops, he said: "I will teach you who is master here." Several persons shouted, "Down with unification!" They were at once arrested and torn from the arms of their weeping friends by the soldiery.

But in the meantime, as any prophet might have foreseen, a Social Democrat had been developed. As the emperor stepped into the gilded imperial wheelbarrow at the church door, the social democrat stabbed at him fifteen or sixteen times with a harpoon, but fortunately with such a peculiarly social democratic unprecision of aim as to do no damage.

That very night the convulsion came. The nation rose as one man,—though forty-nine of the revolutionists were of the other sex. The infantry threw down their pitchforks; the artillery cast aside their cocoanuts; the navy revolted; the emperor was seized, and bound hand and foot in his palace. He was very much depressed. He said:

"I freed you from a grinding tyranny; I lifted you up out of your degradation, and made you a nation among nations; I gave you a strong, compact, centralized government; and, more than all, I gave you the blessing of blessings,—unification. I have done all this, and my reward is hatred, insult, and these bonds. Take me; do with me as ye will. I here resign my crown and all my dignities, and gladly do I release myself from their too heavy burden. For your sake I took them up; for your sake I lay them down. The imperial jewel is no more; now bruise and defile as ye will the useless setting."

By a unanimous voice the people condemned the ex-emperor and the social democrat to perpetual banishment from church services, or to perpetual labour as galley-slaves in the whale-boat,—whichever they might prefer. The next day the nation assembled again, and re-hoisted the British flag, reinstated the British tyranny, reduced the nobility to the condition of commoners again, and then straightway turned their diligent attention to the weeding of the ruined and neglected yam patches, and the rehabilitation of the old useful industries and the old healing and solacing pieties. The ex-emperor restored the lost trespass law, and explained that he had stolen it,—not to injure any one, but to further his political projects. Therefore the nation gave the late chief magistrate his office again, and also his alienated property.

Upon reflection, the ex-emperor and the social democrat chose perpetual banishment from religious service, in preference to perpetual labour as galley-slaves "*with* perpetual religious services," as they phrased it; wherefore the people believed that the poor fellows' troubles had unseated their reason, and so they judged it best to confine them for the present. Which they did.

Such is the history of Pitcairn's "doubtful acquisition."

Feeding a Python.

(From Nature.)

The following details of a recent attempt to feed a python now at the Raffles Museum, Singapore, may be of interest as upsetting previous ideas as to the certainty of that reptile's attack: The python in question is a fine specimen, caught on the island for the sake of the reward given by the Police in such cases, and measures about 22 feet in length. It has been in my charge for about two months and a half, during which time it has not been fed. About ten days since it commenced casting its skin, and, as is usual after that proceeding, was unusually lively, snapping at a stick put into the cage, and in one or two instances narrowly missing the attendant's hand. The reptile, I should mention, escaped from its cage just before casting, but having taken refuge beneath some odds and ends of timber near the museum, was recaptured without difficulty, and was then placed in a cage about five feet square every way. A pariah dog having been obtained, it was introduced, muzzled, into the cage, the muzzle being then slipped. While entering, the snake struck twice at the dog's hindquarters, but without seizing it. The dog crept into a corner and sat down. Two or three more blows were then made by the snake, but, as before, without gripping, and the dog was then seen to have been struck by the teeth on the fore-quarters, the punctures slightly bleeding. For nine successive times the snake struck at the dog with the same ill-success, and, as it was then growing dark, the shutter of the cage was closed. Early next morning the snake was found coiled round the dog, which it had killed and commenced to swallow; but a Malay attendant, having touched the python with a rod, it untwined itself, and retreated to a corner of the cage, refusing to again touch its prey.

ONE who has tried it with benefit recommends salt as a gargle for the throat for those inclined to a hacking cough, or soreness of the throat or mouth. A teaspoonful of salt is dissolved in half a tumbler of cold water, and with this the throat is gargled just before each meal. Unusual freedom from coughs and sore throat is claimed to be the result of this simple remedy.

A Haunted Actress.

(From the Theatre.)

In 1744, soon after her *debut* in Paris, Hippolyte Clairon made the acquaintance of M. de S——, a merchant's son. He was about thirty years of age, of good appearance, and clever at penning sonnets to her eyebrows. Before long he became desperately enamoured of her, and was supposed by the gossips of the *foyer* to have inspired her with a warmer feeling than friendship. But as time went on the actress found it necessary to stop the acquaintance. Her lover was of a gloomy and misanthropic turn, and wished her to fly with him from the world to some wild and deserted spot. This interesting project was not destined to be realized. Clairon loved her art, revelled in the applause she drew down, and had had too large and varied an experience of life to be very romantic. In the end she refused to receive letters from or to see him. M. de S—— pined away, and one evening in the summer of 1746 was told that his hours were numbered. He then sent a message to the actress, pathetically entreating her to see him once more. Clairon, who at that time was entertaining an Intendant des Finances and other friends at supper, was advised not to go, as her presence would embitter rather than solace his last moments. This advice she took, and soon after he had received her apparently harsh reply the unfortunate man died. For the next eighteen months or two years, according to her own account, the actress was subjected to a supernatural persecution. M. de S—— died as the clocks were striking eleven, and as soon as the sound had ceased a long unearthly cry rang through the room in which Clairon was entertaining her friends. The guests were lost in astonishment and terror; the actress, recognizing in the cry the voice of her lover, very naturally fainted. "Really, Mdlle.," said the Intendant, with ghastly humour, as she recovered, "the gentleman who has the honour to possess your affections should be told that his signals are much too loud." But, as events soon proved, this was no matter for jesting. The cry was frequently repeated at the actress's window at the same hour. The police kept watch both outside and inside, but could discover nothing. Nor was the power of the perturbed spirit confined to the actress's house. One night, as she was taking leave at her door of a president who had escorted her home, the frightful cry rang out between them. At another time, while riding with her in a coach from the Rue Saint Honore, Pierre Roselli—a handsome, high-spirited young actor, who could "rage like Cethegus or like Cassius die," declared that unless she invoked the ghost and received a reply there and then he would not believe a word of her story. The actress did as she was asked; the cry was again heard, and when the coach arrived at its destination the two players were found in a swoon! The form of the persecution was then slightly varied. Instead of the cry, she heard the report of a gun at her window. The houses in the street were placed under surveillance, but to no purpose. On one occasion she was invited to a little nocturnal fête at Mdlle. Dumesnil's, and at eleven o'clock left the Rue de Bussy in a fiacre with her femme de chambre. Her way was through the Boulevards, then but slightly garnished with houses. "Did not M. de S—— die there?" asking the tiring-woman, pointing to two houses which stood out in sharp relief against a moonlit sky. "From what I have heard, I think that he did," was the answer. The gun-report was again heard! The coachman, not doubting that thieves were at hand, lashed his horse into a gallop, and Clairon and her servant arrived at their destination more dead than alive. Therewith the persecution may be said to have ended. The unearthly cry and the scarcely less terrible gun-report, were not again heard. The ghost, indeed, gave token of its presence by a clapping of hands, which, as reminding the actress of the applause of the play-goers, had, if anything, a consoling effect. By-and-by this was changed to soft and melodious music, as though the ghost were lapsing into an amiable and forgiving mood. At this time, anxious for tranquility, Clairon removed from the Rue de Bussy to the Rue de Marais, to the house in which Racine had written his greatest tragedies and died, and in which Voltaire had closed the eyes of Adrienne Lecouvreur. The latter had embellished it in many ways, but in Clairon's eyes the bare walls would have been sufficient attraction. She had not been there long when a strange old lady desired to see her, and the request was at once granted. For some time thy gazed at each other in silence, and with instinctive interest. The stranger at length found her tongue, and after a good deal of circumlocution came to the object of her visit. The friend of M. de S——, she had been with him during his last moments, and now sought out the actress to ask why she had made him so unhappy. Clairon, in reply, related the story, premising that the heart was not subservient to the will. "I cannot blame you, Mdlle.," said the old lady, though you may be said to have killed him. More especially were his last moments embittered by your refusal to come to his bedside. He kept his eyes intently fixed upon the clock until his servant returned with your message, 'Wretch!' he vehemently exclaimed; 'the unfeeling wretch! But she will gain nothing by it; *I will follow her after my death as persistently as I have followed her in my life!*' He died with these terrible words on his lips."

Colour in Lawn-Planting.

(From Scribner's.)

As a rule, also, never plant a large, dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant, light-coloured, deciduous tree, for thus planted it will dwarf and weaken the effect of the latter. On some lawns, however, a few massive dark evergreens may be used with effect in the extreme, and, if possible, northwest corner of the lot. They will protect and give character to the place, and heighten the effect of the deciduous trees. A striking contrast may be obtained by interspersing a few white birches among, and in front of, these evergreens. They will serve, in this case, to brighten the picture, both winter and summer,—though usually we prefer not to mix evergreen and deciduous trees. This harmonious and contrasting disposition of colour requires careful study, and even perhaps a natural gift. For instance, it is better to introduce gay, bright colours in well-judged proportions. A few bright flowers of deep red, blue or yellow, will have a better effect dispersed here and there about the lawns than in one great mass. Introduce them, so that by means of their different natures there will be always during the season a few gay points in the picture.

AN eminent French coachman says: "I never build two carriages exactly alike, not because I do not build each one as well as I know how, but in building that I learn how to make the next one better. When I placed these carriages of mine in the Exposition building, I thought them perfect, but now that I have spent three months looking over the carriages of other builders, I see that they are not so. Here is an illustration of the value of these shows to intelligent tradesmen.

The Reigning House in Egypt.

The Strong Character of its Founder, Mehemet Ali, and of the Present Viceroy.

(From the London Times.)

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 18.—This day sixteen years ago Said Pasha died somewhat suddenly; his nephew, Ismail, the present Viceroy and Khedive, ascended the throne of Egypt, and all loyal Egyptians have now come to Cairo to congratulate his Highness on the anniversary. This modern Macedonian dynasty seems as firmly planted on the banks of the Nile as was the ancient line of the Ptolemies. The hereditary succession is secured, the internal administration of the country is dependent of the Porte, tribute is almost the only proof of dependency, and foreign attack is impossible as long as the present protection of England and France is extended to Egypt.

Yet ninety years ago the grandfather of Ismail Pasha was a tobacco dealer at the little town of Cavala, in Albania; and if the first Napoleon had not stretched his conquering arms across the Mediterranean, Mehemet Ali would never have joined a volunteer corps raised to resist the French in Egypt, and his grandson would not now be ruling at Cairo. The history of the family is one of the strangest in the century. The grandfather was born to be a ruler of men. From the position of petty officer in a volunteer corps he rapidly rose to be the first man in Egypt. He destroyed the power of the Mameluke Beys, recognized tyrants by prescription of centuries; he reduced the country to order and obedience; he subdued the savage races of the Soudan; he conquered the fanatical tribes of Arabia; he captured Syria with all its strong places; he defeated the Turks and overawed the Sultan; and he would have certainly founded a second great Moslem empire, greater than Turkey itself, if the western powers, in 1840, had not checked his ambition and confined the limits of his rule to the valley of the Nile.

Thus thwarted, he turned his attention to internal administration, but without the same success. He cleaned out old canals, made new ones, introduced the cultivation of cotton, organized military schools, and called in Europeans to assist him. He even tried to make Egypt a manufacturing country and spent vast sums on factories and machinery. But he made no serious attempt to found a system based on just law, which would live after him. All his officials were Turks of the old school, and his rule did not in any way improve the condition of the Egyptian natives. His role was that of a conqueror, not lawgiver or administrator. His inexhaustible energy was constantly ill-directed, and amusing stories are told of his blunders.

He insisted on the existence of mineral wealth in Egypt; would not listen to engineers who showed the country to be pure alluvial deposit, and was not satisfied until vast holes had been dug in many districts without result. He had a plan for utilizing the stones of the Pyramids in the construction of public works, and only desisted on proof of the enormous cost of destruction and transport. He had an Oriental contempt for human life; the canal from the Nile to Alexandria was constructed by him in seven months; 300,000 men were taken from the fields and made to work, and 30,000 of them are said to have perished from sickness produced by exposure and want of food. Wanting to get rid of the Mameluke Beys, he invites them to his palace, and when they were assembled in the courtyard he had them all shot down without mercy.

Mehemet Ali died in his eightieth year, and his three immediate successors—Ibrahim, Abbas, and Said—bore little resemblance to him; but his grandson, Ismid, has the same intellectual activity. He works late and early, and his mind is crammed with administrative detail. Before the present regime he drove the State coach single-handed, and all his Ministers were mere subordinate officials. He can point to great results. When his grandfather died the national revenue was barely three millions; it is now variously estimated from eight to ten. The exports were two millions in value; the imports little over one and a half. They are now respectively thirteen millions and six. There were only two hundred miles of railway at his accession; there are now 1,200, and telegraphic communication has been extended over 10,000 miles. The Suez canal, the greatest engineering work of the century, has been constructed, and the network of local canals widely extended.

Still, all this material progress has not benefited the people, who are absolutely crushed by a heavy public debt, and are now crowding to Cairo to lay the tale of their grievances before the new Government. In fact, real progress cannot go at railroad pace, and education, good laws, and a fair administration are more efficacious, though they require more time, than vast public works and great extension of territory. Indeed, I might go further, and say that public works which are not of a directly remunerative character ought never to have been undertaken in Egypt. At any rate, when the history of this reign comes to be written, the material advance will be held of little count as set against the suffering of the people. The redeeming features will be the Slave Trade Convention, the establishment of real courts of justice, the yielding up the government of Central Africa into the hands of Col. Gordon, and the government of Egypt itself into the hands of Nubar Pasha and his English and French colleagues.

The Little Hand.

(From All the Year Round.)

Votive offerings were common among the Norwegian fishermen. A legend states that a mariner wished on Christmas Day to give the spirit of the waters a cake; but when he came to the shore, lo! the waters were frozen over. Unwilling to leave his offering on the ice, and so to give the spirit the trouble of breaking the ice to obtain it, the fisherman took a pick-axe and set to work to make a hole. In spite of all his labour he was only able to make a very small hole, not nearly large enough to put the cake through. Having laid the cake on the ice while he thought what was best to be done, suddenly a very tiny little hand, as white as snow, was stretched through the hole, seized the cake, and crumpling it up together, withdrew with it. Ever since that time the cakes have been so very small that the water-spirits have had no trouble with them. In this legend originated the compliment so often paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water-sprite's."

"ARTHUR SULLIVAN while in this country will be confronted with placards 'to right of him,' placards 'to left of him,' bearing the familiar name of 'Pinafore;' but he is accustomed to success in his own country, where in London, this same 'Pinafore' has already run more than three hundred nights, and seems likely to continue on the boards, *ad infinitum*; but he may not have expected that his 'American cousins' should take to it with such genuine enthusiasm. *Voila* the triumph of virtue! I advise our Parisien readers to 'make a note of it!'"

SPAPER DECISIONS.

y person or persons who takes regularly from a Post Office, directed in his name or an- whether he has subscribed or sponsible for payment.

a person orders his paper dis-, he must pay all arrears, or sher may continue to send it ment is made, and then collect e amount, whether the paper rom the office or not.

e Courts have decided, that re- take newspapers or periodicals Post Office, or removing and em uncalled for, is *prima facie* of intentional fraud.

Watford Guide.

TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ONT.- MARCH 7th, 1879.

TORIAL NOTES.

R canning establishments in nswick and Nova Scotia, use e to five tons of lobsters per roying every year about thir- nd tons, and as a result, unless ius invents an artificial bait this country will soon be s.

RDY. A Danish sailor named h, proposes to make a sea trip world, in an open boat eight- half feet long, six feet beam, feet depth of hold; there are- e air-tight compartments on- which will float the boat even- s a sea and is filled with wa- wife will accompany him. ve a relative who stands be- n and a fortune, buy him a p ticket, and send him along.

MEN, with twelve thousand herring nets catch every year lred and forty three million, red and fifty thousand herring, gannet birds take one thou- hundred and ten millions, codfish eat twenty thousand dred million. This is a serious ainst the Messrs. Gannet and for the truth of which we can until we get the census giv exact number of members of ily and each individual's ca- a gormandizer.

ND'S SMOKE BILL. Who has d of old London's fogs and To what causes are they attrib- s a question often asked by . Perhaps we can throw some this "foggy" subject, when at £14,000,000 (equal to the ixty eight million dollars) is rly in England for tobacco ! ount, more than is spent f England's yearly smoke bill ! tell what gigantic proportions res will reach when England's rn to chew"? May that day tant; for surely then would be fulfilled the words of David, oke shall they consume away.'

LAGUE in Russia continues to nd if anything, to increase in . This dreadful pestilence is ible through the clothing or ith which those afflicted may e in contact. The principle m which paper manufacturers America obtain the rags used nufacture, is Russia and Asia he value of rags imported by d States from foreign countries llion dollars yearly—and as and even the bald ages off ed limbs of dead Russian beg- greedily seized on by the rag there, it is no false alarm now the American press, demand- mpt attention and immediate he part of congress to this ject.

BROOKE COUNCIL.

, February 24th, 1879.

met pursuant to adjourn embers all present. Minutes s meetings read, and on mo- r. McLean, seconded by Mr. e minutes as read were adop-

ry large petitions, one from of Alvinston, were presented ncil asking them to raise the e for wholesale liquor shops, Also one from the Temper- iation of Alvinston, asking cil to limit the number of censes to two.

itions were received and read aw introduced read and pas- g the fee for Tavern licenses d for Shop licenses, $200.

ece applied for his pay as a the case of Fennell vs. the of Brooke, and on motion of n, seconded by Mr Patterson lered to be paid the sum of

ders for the construction of idge over the Sydenham Riv- iston, were then opened, and lows. Hall & Borland $2340,

James Oke $1795, Thomas Cahill $1378, J. H. Black $1300, Hugh Mc Kellar $1275, Lachlan Smith $1194, John McDonald $1186, and John Tanner $1100.

Moved by Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Patterson, that the tender of John Tanner be accepted, and that as soon as the necessary bonds are signed, the Reeve be authorized to issue his order in favor of the contractor, for one fourth of the contract price as mentioned in the specifications. Carried.

Mr Morrison again applied to the Council to have the road running across the corner of his lot closed up and a new one established in lieu of it on the blind line south of his lot.

Moved by Mr. Stirtan, seconded by Mr. Patterson, that Mr. Morrison's application be entertained, and that this Council agree to pass a By-law establishing the new road, and closing up the old road, as soon as Mr. Morrison opens up this new road and puts it in as good a state for travel as the old one is. Carried.

Several of the owners of lots on the 8th and 9th concessions, west of 3 sideroad, applied for a grant of money to improve the road there. Allowed to lay over until the appropriations were being made.

Mr. Bowlby the Collector for 1878, stated that he had completed his work, and returned the roll to the Treasurer, and now wished the Council to deliver up to him his bond.

Moved by Mr Ansley, seconded by Mr McLean that as the Auditors report substantiates Mr. Bowlby's statement that the Clerk be instructed to give the Collector his bond.. Carried.

Mr. Hand wished to have the road made in a straight line, instead of running in on his land on the north part of lot 15, 2nd concession.

Moved by Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, that the Council do not consider it advisable to entertain Mr. Hand's application, as the road has been established and used for over twenty years, and it would require a large expenditure to make the road on the original allowance. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Stirtan, seconded by Mr. McLean that the Auditor's report be adopted, and that the clerk be instructed to get 100 copies printed for distribution. Carried.

A By-law was introduced, read and passed, appointing Pathmasters, Pound keepers and Fenceviewers, for the year 1879.

On motion of Mr. McLean, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, the following orders were issued on the Treasurer; namely; for registration of Drainage By law and Report, $3.00; A. McIntyre, plan for bridge, $2.50; Thos. Cahill, plan for bridge at Alvinston, $5.00; A. McIntyre, auditor, $10.00; John McTaggart, auditor, $10.00; J. D. Black, for fixing stairs to Masonic Hall, $2.50; John S. McDonald, sum advanced on contract for erection of bridge on 10th concession, $45.00.

On motion of Mr. Ansley, seconded by Mr. Stirtan, the Council adjourned until Monday the 7th day of April next.

W. G. WILLOUGHBY, Clerk.

PATHMASTERS

Ward No. 1.—J. McConbray, T Holmes, Thos. Risk, T Wall, J. Perry, A. Armstrong, I. Patterson, J. Kane, T. Flanagan, Neil McVicar D. Armstrong, A McKillop, John McKinley, A. Leitch, R. Morrison, J. Dean, John Mater, Thos. Mugan, J. Mugan, T. H. Lovell, J. Campbell, J. Currie, Hugh Leitch, Archd. McLachlan D. Walkerdine, Chas. Hardie, sr., and Jacob Risk.

Ward. No. 2.—Alex. Fergusson Isaac Annett, James McIntyre, R. Connof, J. Clarke, W. Robinson, J Campbell, D. McGugan, Arch. Leitch, N. McLean, Angus McLean, N. McTaggart, H. McLachlan, Wm. Fraser, J. Archer, R. Oke, N. Campbell, N. Campbell, Wm. Oke, P. Dudley, E. Ross, M. Martin, Archd. McCallum, L. I. Hunt, S. Cruthers, —— Martyn, A Clarke, J Ferguson, Argus McCallum, John Armstrong, John Beattie, and —— Hamilton.

Ward No. 3.—I. Shea, W. Robinson, Wm. Kelly, lot 8, James Lucas, J. Hillis W. Acton, R. Taylor, P. Coats, Wm. Parker, Wm. Warne, W. Watson, W. H. Saunders, F. Kelly, G. Zavitz, G. Partlow, James Swan, Abert Williamson, R. Roland, S. Mott, J. Kincaid, D. McIntyre, N. Piper, N. Leitch, Wm. Johnston, J. Totton, and Robert King.

Ward No. 4.—E. Doan, Archd. McLachlan, Archd. Fisher, 10th con. J. Blain, E. Willoughby, E. Kearney, J. Carroll, D. McLean, A. Atchison, G. Reid, C. Chittick, A. Saunders, Alex. Cowan, J. Cook, E. Clothier, R. Corcoran, W. Woods, W. Powell, R. Crain, J. Rhymes, H. Mardock, D. Gilliland, J. Cowman and J. Robbins.

POUNDKEEPERS.

M. Flanigan, J. Patterson, Archd. McCallum, W. Ellis, P. Munro, Andrew McDiarmid, A. Gilroy, Geo. Hanna, Duncan Campbell and Andrew Lucas.

FENCE VIEWERS.

J. Short, J. P. Prouse, J. Hand, J. Oke, Donald McGugan, Arch. Campbell, Isaac Eyres, Geo. Partlow, E. Doan, and Robert Lett.

FIRE INSPECTOR'S REPORT OF THE E. L. F. M. F. I. Co.

To the Directors and Members of the East Lambton F. M. F. Co.

GENTLEMEN:

Your Inspector begs leave to report that during the past year he inspected eleven claims against the Company, and reported nine; six with some reductions were passed by the Board and settled; two claims were referred to arbitration, total amounting to $2790.46 one claim amounting to $700, which the Board considered to be a good cause, rejected. Two more claims inspected amounting to $1,000 has not yet come before the Board, six of the claims I believe to be caused by Incendiarism, one loss and two damaged by lightning, two by accident, one of them caused by negligence in leaving matches where a child got at them, (which should be a warning to all persons).

The following Schedule showing the amount claimants were insured for, and the amount they received for losses:—Wm. Miller, Township of Sarnia, barn burned the 10th February, 1878, insured for $350, claim settled for $266.66; Arthur Minielly, Township of Plympton, house damaged by lightning, 1st August last, claim settled for $40; Archd. Hamilton, Township of Plympton, barn injured by lightning, 15th of August, claim settled for $11.30; David H. Young, Township of Sarnia, barn burned by lightning, 2nd September, Insured for $300 contents $300, settled for $600; Robert Menziers, Township of Sarnia, house burned the 5th day of October, insured for $250, contents $250, settled for $500; James H. Clark, Township of Warwick, driving house, granary and stacks insured, burned 9th November, insured for $150, contents $550, settled for $600; Edward Elliott, Township of Bosanquet, barn and shed burned 13th of October, insured for $450, claim settled for $412.50; Wm. Shirlock, Township of Bosanquet, the contents of barn and shed, burned the 13th of October, insured for $500, settled for the same; Barney Service, Township of Warwick, dwelling house burned the 20th of January, insured for $300, contents $300, claim has not come before the Board yet, unsettled; Joseph McClure, Township of Brooke, barn burned 1st February, insured for $200, contents $300, claim has not come before the Board yet, unsettled.

The first two years existence of the East Lambton Farmers Mutual Insurance Company, the losses were light, not exceeding about $620. The last year, I regret to say, has been a year of adversity, having met with so many losses. Notwithstanding the losses, I am happy to inform the members of this company that when other insurance companies, put on extra assessments to meet their liabilities, the East Lambton F. M. I. Co. has withered the storm, being able to settle all claims, not having to divert to such means, and from the Auditors' Report, I see the Companies assets over their liabilities are $6965.57.

I would suggest for the consideration of the members of this Company, they would revert to the plan adopted first (and is generally adopted by other companies,) to pay only two-third losses on contents of buildings, especially the contents of persons on rented farms and those whose farms are encumbered for half its value.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

JOHN D. ECCLES,
Fire Inspector and Manager.

NECESSITY is said to be the mother of invention, and consequently must be a member of the fair sex. This in a measure explains the fact, that more inventions patented by women prove useful than those by men.

THE request, "If not called for in ten days, please return to ——." frequently seen on letter envelopes, must be printed, not written, if compliance is to be assured; and then it only applys to letters between Canada and the States. So say the Post Office regulations.

RUMOUR says that the railroad kings, Vanderbilt and Scott, have signed a contract for the construction of a tunnel under the Detroit River at Grosse Point, to cost one million dollars. It is about time such an important undertaking and absolute necessity for ensuring rapid transit during the winter months, should be carried out.

ICE RAILROADING has been put into practice over the Missouri River at its northern extremity, by Gen. Rosser, Chief Engineer of the Northern Pacific railway; rails have been laid on the ice, on which he is transporting the heavy materials for the many miles of new road to be built the coming season.

ELEVEN thousand dollars is quite a large sum of money, and might be expended to better purpose than for verbatim reports of long-winded speeches made by the members of parliament. With a few exceptions the speeches are neither of enough interest, nor on sufficiently important subjects to warrant such a report. The whole matter should have been left in the hands of the many wide awake newspaper men in the Dominion.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S — WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S — CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.

BENSON'S — GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.

RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.

☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.

Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.

Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, good as new, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,
Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.

J. M. is now prepared to carry on all the branches in the

TAILORING BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr-

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1 — The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con, S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Balm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS. — Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.
Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb. 14th, 1879. - 3 m

KNOW THYSELF — By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains over three hundred prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch S., Boston, Mass. HEAL THYSELF

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. HOWDEN Sr.,
Clerk of Watford Village,
AND INSURANCE AGENT.
Office, Town Hall.
Watford, Feb. 4th. 1875. 1y

PETER RENIER.

Watford Emporium of Fashion

☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.

WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.
Watford. March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,
BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.

Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice,

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.

☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.

W. & T. HOWDEN.
Watford. March 10th. 1875. 6-y

JOHN KELLY
LIVERY STABLE,
CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE!

AND THAT IS THAT

JOHN McWATERS
—OF THE—
WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

nd uses the best material.

A large stock of

Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,

always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

FRESH AND NEW.

GEORGE E.
RODGERS

has just received another lot of

CHEAP SUGARS AND TEAS,

best value in town. He is selling

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS

very cheap, in order to make room for a large stock of Spring Goods.

Watford November 22nd 1878.—3 m.

1879. PLOWS THAT ARE PLOWS. 1879.

D. McTavish & Son, Watford,

Are now manufacturing Plows at prices to suit the times. Having decided to dispense with peddlers they have determined to give the benefit to those ordering at the shop at greatly reduced prices.

SEE PRICE LIST:

Sod Plows, iron frame, steel mould and landside socket point, $30.00; extra sock and coulter, $4.00.

General purpose Plow iron beam and handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $23.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $19.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould shackle fastening for coulter $17.00. The above moulds are all of the Scotch Gray Pattern.

Stubble Plow, cast landside, steel mould, iron beam, wood handle, Barroman pattern of mould, $17.00. This plow cannot be surpassed for stubble work The wood handled Plows have iron bracing between handles.

We have secured the sole use of the McCarthy mould, and we would draw the attention of those wanting to get plows suitable for plowing match work to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as this mould has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best sod mould in the Province.

All Plows made of good material, superior workmanship and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. A discount of seven per cent. allowed to parties ordering four or more Plows at one time.

Plows of all kinds repaired at reasonable charges. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

D. McTAVISH & SON, WATFORD, ONT.

Feb. 21st, 1879.—2m.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M.D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf	Boots at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 30th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of SEWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☞ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☞

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man.
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine,

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valenia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S

Hardware Department.

We now claim to have the

Largest, Cheapest & Best

Assorted Stock of

BUILDING HARDWARE,

Paints & Oils ever Shown in Watford.

Remember we will not be undersold by

Any House in the Trade!

Another lot of those

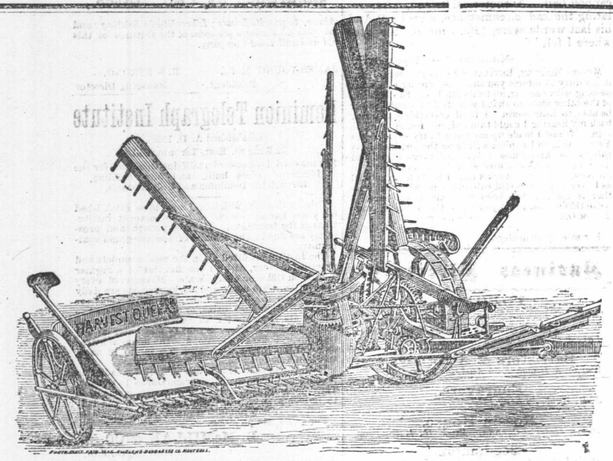
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

N. B.—Mr. Robert Michael, of lot 5, con. 14, Brooke, is peddling for me, and parties buying goods from him can rely on getting first class articles.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.



Harvest Queen Front View.

Some of the Reasons why the Harvest Queen is the Best Machine to Buy.

1st. It has the largest drive wheel of any Single Reaper now made, being 36 inches in diameter, and seven inch face.

2nd. It has the largest, lightest, strongest, and best shaped table, supported by a patent truss rod, which you cannot get on any other Machine in the market.

3rd. It has the best Johnston five arm rake, which lays a better gav af than any four arm rake made.

4th. It is the best protected from sand, dust and dirt, I challenge comparison with any Machine in the market, no matter whose make it is, on this very essential improvement.

5th. It can be set to cut as low as any Machine, and can be raised higher to travel on the road or go over very rough ground than any other Machine.

6th. It has the firmest, strongest, and most durable device for tilting of any Machine now made. I again challenge comparison on this point, claiming that while cutting, the table of my Reaper is held perfectly solid, consequently it leaves a very nice stubble.

7th. I ask the farmers as a favor to me and an advantage to themselves, to compare the Harvest Queen with all other reapers on the above mentioned points, as the success and durability of any Machine undoubtedly depends upon the advantages herein enumerated.

8th. It has more strokes of the Knife to each revolution of the Driving wheel than any other Single Reaper made; and SEVEN Strokes more to *each Revolution* of the Driving wheel than any other *Harvest Queen* Reaper made outside of Strathroy. The increased motion of the Knife renders the Reaper capable of cutting where other Reapers will choke down.

In connection with the above Reaper I also make the

HUMMING BIRD MOWER,

Which is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best Mowers now offered to the public. Manufactured at the Strathroy Agricultural Works by

F. J. CRAIG, Strathroy.

THOS. KERFOOT, AGENT WATFORD. tjl

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

1000

Cords of Wood Wanted

in exchange for Furniture at

WM. F. PHILLIPS'

Furniture Warerooms,

who still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE BUSNIESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

PICTURE FRAMES A SPECIALITY.

MOTTO FRAMES AT PAR.

My stock in every department

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St. Watford,

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS,

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, AND CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Waford, December 6th, 1878.—3m,

Farm for Sale.

50 ACRES.

Being the E ½ of Lot No. 11, on the third concession S. E. R., in the Township of Warwick, four miles from the flourishing Village of Watford, 30 acres clear of stumps and in a good state of cultivation. There is a good bearing orchard and a never failing supply of spring water, on the premises. For further particulars,

Apply to
MRS. M. COX.
Watford P. O.

Watford, Dec. 6th.—3m.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Watford, Feb. 21st '79. 3m

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 7th 1879

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

Political hit! See Grip this week at Ewer's Book Store.

OMISSION.—In our last issue we neglected to state that the piece of poetry entitled "Watford Institutions" was Mr. White's composition.

Ewer's Book Store is the cherpest place to buy writing paper, Envelopes and Ink.

☞ Educational sermons will be preached in the C. M. Church on Sunday next, morning and evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

School Books, Slates, &c., cheaper than ever at Ewer's Book Store.

SPRING poetry is being planted quite extensively now, and the vernal rhymsters are industriously burning the midnight oil as a beacon for muses to watch over their tender shoots.

JOB PRINTING.—This office has every facility for doing all kinds of job printing. And inasmuch as all home industries should have the preference over all others, we should be pleased to receive orders at any time for that class of work.

Cheap sheet music, Vocal and Instrumental at Ewer's Book Store. Call and examine.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD.—The *Printer's Circular*, published by R. S. Menamin of Philadelphia, has completed its thirteenth year. It should be in the hands of every one who has any connection with the "art preservative."

THE New York *Herald* heads an article, "How Hatters are Poisoned." But who wants to poison a hatter? It is the shoemaker who promises to have your boots done on Saturday night, and disappoints you three times, that you want to get away with him.

SINCE the hog market has been so low a correspondent writes and asks "do hogs pay?" Well, we know some that don't. They subscribe for a paper, read it a few years for nothing, and then send it back to the publishers — inscription: "Refused." Such hogs as that don't pay anything—if they can possibly help it.

SPRING IS COMING.—Farmers buy your Plows from Bole, Stickle & Co., at the Globe Foundry Watford, where they are made to do good work without being returned to be remodled. Their new Excelsior Plow for general work, at the low price of sixteen dollars, is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Land Rollers, the best in western Ontario, at twenty-five per cent less than any Roller of the same size. All other implements at corresponding rates. Give them a call.

One day last week while Mr. Adams of the Customs office Sarnia was going home to dinner, he noticed two men crossing from Port Huron with a new set of harness, which they took to the stables of one of the hotels in town. He kept watch upon their movements, and was lead to believe from their conversation that they had neglected the trifling formality of paying the Customs duty which Her Majesty requires in such cases. Waiting until he saw the owner of the harness, who is a well to do farmer in Warwick, hitching up his team to go home, Mr. Adams came to the conclusion that it was time to act; so procuring a conveyance he started after the farmer and overhauled him about five miles out of town. Pending the settlement of the case the farmer's bond was taken for the value of the harness,

DISAPPOINTED MOTHER.—A fond Mother on one of our back streets heard the low murmur of voices in the boys room the other night after she had gone to bed. With noiseless footsteps and bated breath she stole to the door and listened. The room was dark, the voices, low and earnest. What visions of future greatness were the sons of her heart recounting to each other? What plans for wealth, for glory, for pleasure, filled their boyish hearts? She bent forward and leaned closer toward the bed to catch one word of the murmured thoughts that were surging from her boys hearts up to their lips. She heard: "you bow-legged humpbacked pagan, if you don't take your mud-books off my back I'll hist ye." She slipped out and hunted up her last summer's slipper, greased the sole and prepared it for use as soon as the boys had their breakfast in the morning. FACT.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.—The Firemen intend giving their late Captain, Mr. F. A. Humpidge, who is about leaving Watford to commence buisness in Dutton, a complimentary supper at Ray's Hotel, on Monday evening next. The Citizens of Watford are cordially invited to attend. Tickets 35 cents.

C. M. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A meeting of the Watford Canada Methodist Church was held on Tuesday evening, February 18th, for the purpose of appointing officers and teachers for the ensuing year. Rev. W. Ames took the chair, after which the Secretary read a report showing that the school was in good working order, the large attendance proved the good management of the superintendent, Mr. Jones; the number of verses recited also showed the great interest the teachers took in their respective classes. The officers and teachers appointed for the ensuing year are as follows:—

OFFICERS.

Superintendent, Mr. G. Jones; Assistant Superintendents, Messrs. Fuller and Kerfoot; Secretary and Treasurer, G. H. Rodgers; Assistant Secretary, R. M. Hume; Librarian, John A. McLeay; Assistant Librarian, Walter W. Bole.

FEMALE TEACHERS.

Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Watt, Miss Whitehouse, Miss Ames, Miss Kidd, Miss Lawrence. Organist, Miss Ames.

MALE TEACHERS.

Mr. J. Fuller, Mr. T. Kerfoot, Mr. Thos. White, Mr. W. F. Phillips.

The meeting was then closed with prayer.

GEO. H. RODGERS, Secretary.

WILSON'S WILD CHERRY.

This valuable medicine which has enjoyed an immense and ever increasing sale in the City of Hamilton, for the past six years is now being introduced throughout Ontario. It is a vegetable compound possessing the most remarkble curative properties over diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes. The proprietors hold the most flattering certificates from the Mayor and a great number of prominent Citizens of Hamilton showing the very high estimation in which it is held at home Wilson's Compound Syrup Wild Cherry contains no opium, is pleasant to take, and a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice &c. Sold by Druggists and general dealers. M71m.

WARWICK.

On account of so many School Sections petitioning for re-adjustment, the Warwick Council holds a special meeting on Monday, 10th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., to take the same into consideration.

An extensive credit sale of farm stock, implements, lumber, &c., will take place on lot 9, 5th con., N. E. R., Warwick, on Friday, March 14th. Terms $5 and under cash, over that amount 8 months credit. Colin Campbell, proprietor; Jas. F. Elliot, Auctioneer.

DOUBTED.—I notice in last week's issue of the *Free Press* an account of a sawing match in Glanworth, where two men cut a beach log 18 inches in diameter in 23 seconds. The Nexiu two horse power will cut 35 cords in a day, and when driving at its fastest speed will not make the time it is said these two men made, and I doubt if any two men with any cross-cut saw that ever was made can do it.

Yours truly,
March 6th 1879. WARWICKER.

SCHOOL BOARD.

DISCUSSING THE LIGHTNING RODS.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT, AND OTHER MATTERS

The Board of School Trustees held their regular monthly meeting in the school house on Monday evening last. In addition to the Chairman, Secretary, and S. Anderson, M. S. Campbell, Jos. and John Williams, a large number of ratepayers were present, no doubt attracted thither to hear, as it was currently reported, there would be a grand discussion on the lightning rods.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and a discussion followed which had very little to do with the question in hand, the chief participators being S. Anderson, and Jos. Williams.

Moved by S. Anderson, seconded by M. S. Campbell, that the minutes of last meeting be adopted, so far as the report of the Committee on Repairs and Supplies with regard to cordwood, and also the passing of the accounts, and that the other motions be struck off from the minutes, and with this correction the minutes be adopted.

Moved in amendment, by John Williams, seconded by Jos. Williams that the minutes as read be adopted.

The amendment to the motion was carried.

The Principal's report for February was read.

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by Jos. Williams, that the Principal's monthly report for February, of the different departments be adopted and same be placed on fyle. Carried.

An account from R. A. Cook for one elbow and cleaning stovepipes was presented and by the Finance Committee passed.

Moved by John Williams, seconded by Jos. Williams, that the Finance Committee's report be adopted, and an order drawn on the Treasurer for $1.25, to Mr. Cook be made. Carried.

The order of the Inspector caused considerable talk, none seeming to know much about the filing of it up, however after much debate and passing the order back and forth several times, it was eventually filled up and handed round for the signatures of the Trustees. Jos. Williams after signing it passed it to John Williams saying "there is room for another good Williams here."

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by Jos. Williams that the Inspector's orders of $5.50 and $3.50 be signed by the Board and the same be handed to our Teacher, Mr. White. Carried.

Jos. Williams went over to the fire for a short confab with the visitors he was shortly followed by John Williams.

During recess S. Anderson and M. S. Campbell talked about the lightning rods and we caught such expressions as "are we to leave this as it is?" but no, they are not content, they *will not* leave it thus, and decide to present the following motion which was lost:

Moved by M. S. Campbell, seconded by S. Anderson, that our Chairman call a meeting of the ratepayers at his earliest convenience, in order to get the opinion of the ratepayers respecting the protection of the school house by lightning rods and if the ratepayers so approve of it, then this Board take action accordingly.

One of the Board asked if Mr. Hannah's son was coming to school yet, S. Anderson said he did not know, and was not going to further trouble himself about it, so the matter was dropped,

Jos. Williams said to S. Anderson that if he wanted a meeting of the ratepayers he would be willing to have one to discuss who would pay the money, he, or the four who signed the recomend; of course this did not help the matter any, and as it continued to increase M. S. Campbell moved an adjournment, and during a temporary breathing spell Jos Williams seconded it

H. M. S. Pinafore at Ewer's Book Store.

ARKONA.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

On Wednesday evening last the Juvenile United Temperance Association of this place made their first appearance in public, with a Literary and Musical entertainment. It was without doubt, the most successful entertainment of the New Year, the whole programme, with the exception of one address being fully carried out as advertised, without even changing its order. The chair was very ably filled by Rev. W. S. Patterson, and Rev. N. Dickie made a short but appropriate address theirs being the only offerings by other than members of the Lodge. The singing, not only of the choir but of every little performer who took part in the Solos, Duetts, and Quartettes, was excellent; the declamations and dialogues by the boys were well chosen, appropriate, and cleverly rendered. There was not a miss, a hitch, or a failure in the whole proceedings, which reflected great credit upon the Lodge, the care and training of the Superintendent, who richly deserved the encouraging applause of the large audience they were favored with, and the universal praise bestowed upon them. It is a source of much regret to the parents, as well as to the children, that the Superintendent, Mr. Buchanan, of the London *Standard*, is obliged to give up this work with them, and it is only to be hoped that a successor will be found, who will prove as earnest, efficient, and painstaking.

QUID NUNC.

To the Editor of the GUIDE.

SIR.—The question has been asked me several times, and I have also heard statements advanced, as to how much the Village of Alvinston contributes to the Township Treasury, in the way of Taxes.

I will answer it in this way: the whole of the Village of Alvinston is included in S. S. No. 8. The total amount of the assessment of that Section for 1878 was $111,131, deduct from this amount the assessment of that portion of the Section that could not be in any way included in the Village (leaving it all the registered survey the whole of Lot 19 in the 6th, about 100 acres more of Mr. Brandon's property, and the north parts of Lots 19 and 20, as assessed to Mrs Little, W. R. Benner and P. Cassedy, the whole embracing about 500 acres) and the balance would be the assessment of the Village, and would be $58,570. This at 6 mills on the $ being the rate of last year, would give $351.42, as the the amount of Taxes paid by Alvinston, this amount also includes the County Rate which would amount to near half of this sum.

Yours in haste,
W. G. WILLOUGHBY.

Brooke, March 3rd 1879.

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

Next Sunday is the 3rd Sunday in Lent.

John Cummings intends to put up a handsome two story store and dwelling on his property adjoining R. G. Morrish's store.

Building operations on the new C. M. Church will be commenced in about two weeks time. So says the contractor Mr. McWaters.

Tea meeting will be held in the English Church, (St James's) 6th line brooke, on Wednesday, March 12th; a very pleasant evening is anticipated

We understand that J. J. Scandrett has purchased a bankrupt stock of goods in Strathroy, whither he has repaired to dispose of them. From all accounts there seems to be several opportunities to make such purchases in Strath.

The Temperance Meeting on Friday evening last in the Music Hall, was a good one; an interesting programme was provided and seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by those assembled. Friends from a distance, who had arranged this meeting, did not attend. The ladies and gentlemen here, who took part, did their duty thoroughly. Rev'd Taylor, Bielby and Elliot, delivered short addresses.

Inflamation of the lungs is quite prevalent this season, and several in this vicinity have been, and are very ill from it; among them are Mr. Robert Chambers, who has been suffering for some time from a combination of diseases, has lately been attacked; Mrs. Angus McCallum has suffered severely from it and Mr. Wm. McPherson of Glen Walker, was suddenly taken ill with a serious attack a few days ago.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.—Mr. Bennett Anderson, whose work has been so greatly blessed of God in such a large number of places is expected in this village on Wednesday, March 5th. Union services will be held in the Presbyterian Church, which has very kindly been lent as the most central place in which to hold them. The following is an extract from a letter received a few days ago from the Lord Bishop of Huron by Rev. W. J. Taylor. "My Dear Mr Taylor, you have my full sanction to the work you name for the spiritual benefit of your people. Praying that the holy spirit may preside in all your gatherings, and lead souls to Christ. Believe me, yours sincerley, I. HURON. The prayers of all God's children are be-

sought that the choicest blessings may be poured out in our midst.

The community will sympathize with Dr and Mrs Crawford in the affliction which has befallen them. The peculiar circumstances attending the first few hours of the infant's life, when by the presence of mind of its mother it was saved from a terrible death by fire, at the time of the destruction of their house, is yet fresh in the minds of our readers, and a sort of romance seemed attached to the life of the little one, thereby. The cold weather experienced during the drive from here to Bothwell, and from thence to Duart to which places the child was taken to visit by its mother, her relatives, evidently proved too much for it and resulted in a serious and rapidly fatal attack of inflamation of the lungs The Doctor was summoned, but arrived only a few hours before it breathed its last

A FALSE RUMOR CORRECTED.—There has been an absurd rumor in circulation here, that the St Clair branch road had made application to Parliament for permission to withdraw the road from active service. At such a step would be the ultimate ruin of this section, we have made careful investigation of the truthfulness of the report, and find it originated from some careless reader of a paragraph in Parallamentary proceedings, one day last week. Application for a charter for the St. Clair Lake railroad to be built from Comber to Leamington was read for a third time and laid over to the next session. This is the only clue we can obtain to anything referring to "St Clair" and indeed we learn from one of those who originated the rumor that the item was misunderstood from a hasty reading to refer to this road in some sort of way. The Station agent here scouts the idea of any such move being made by the Canada Southern. The report produced for a time the same effect as the belief in a "bugaboo" does upon children. Collect your scattered senses gentlemen and calm your shaken nerves; the St Clair branch will keep right on and will eventually prove the main line of the Southern.

CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION MEETING.—A meeting of the Conservative Association here, was held in the Alvinston Hall, February 26th The meeting was called for the purpose of organizing a Liberal Conservative Association in Ward 2 Dr C W Marlatt presided as Chairman, and Frank McIlwain as Secretary The following officers were, on motion elected: President Dr C W Marlatt; Vice-President. Thomas Cahill; Secretary, Frank McIlwaine; Treasurer, Archie McCallum The officers of the association were also, on motion of E Donnelly, seconded by J C G Lamont, appointed to act as a Committee to solicit members E Donnelly was appointed special delegate to accompany the officers of the association to Watford, to assist in nominating a Candidate for East Lambton Meeting then adjourned until further notice

BORN.

On Tuesday Feb. 16th, the wife of James Patterson, Metcalfe, of a son.

On the 21st ult., the wife of Wm. Hume, 6th line Warwick, of a daughter.

On the 21st ult., the wife of Robert Galbraith, 4th line Adelaide, of a son.

On the 22nd ult., the wife of Wm. Beacon, 2nd line Warwick of a son.

On the 24th ult, the wife of Thomas Keyes, Watford, of a son.

DIED.

On Friday, Feb, 28th, at the residence of A. R. McDonald, Duart, infant daughter of Dr. Crawford of Alvinston.

At Montague, County of Lambton, on Saturday 8th February, after a lingering illness Mary, wife of Henry McConnell, and sister of W. H. Stewart ef Warwick, aged 51 years.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	$0 90	@	$0 92
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 90	@	0 92
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 72	@	0 80
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 27	@	0 28
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cenal	4 50	@	4 75
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ou	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 15

Dissolution of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between F. A. Humpidge and Hector McLeish, as "Planing Sash and Door Manufacturers," at the Village of Watford, was on the first day of January last dissolved, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said firm will be collected by D. J. Campbell, banker, Watford, who is authorised to grant receipts for the same, All liabilities of said firm will be presented to him for examination and liquidation by the late firm. The buisness will still be carried on in all its branches as heretofore by Hector McLeish.

Dated, Watford 6th March 1879.

F. A. HUMPIDGE.
WITNESS HECTOR McLEISH.
JAMES MENERY, Notary Public.
Watford Feb, 7th.—3 in.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

THE

GUIDE

FOR THE

Balance of 1879

FOR

SEVENTY-FIVE CTS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO

SUBSCRIBE!

Engaged Too Long.

Why do I grieve with Summer here?
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir—and not you.

Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes—
Who said, "I love you," first, you see;
This you repeat, and weary me.

A Female Robinson Crusoe.

Left Alone on a Dreary Island for Eighteen Years—An Indian Mother's Devotion—The Solitary Inhabitant of the Island of San Nicholas.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle.)

The romance of "Robinson Crusoe," woven so ingeniously by the imaginative De Foe from the slender thread of fact afforded by the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, who for over four years was the sole human inhabitant of the lonely island of Juan Fernandez, possesses a perennial interest. It appeals to the sympathies of the reader, and by the fascination of its style almost persuades him to accept it as veritable history. The story which we are about to relate, though true in every particular, possesses a remarkable similarity in many of its incidents to the tale told by De Foe, and affords another illustration of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the spring of 1835 the small schooner Peor es Nada, built at Monterey, was chartered by Lewis T. Burton and Isaac J. Sparks for an otter-hunting expedition from Santa Barbara to the coast of Lower California. The schooner sailed in May, but the trip not proving so successful as was anticipated, she returned as far north as San Pedro, where she remained at anchor during a portion of the month of August of the same year. It being known that the small island of San Nicholas, situated about seventy miles southwest of San Pedro and a little further southeast from Santa Barbara, was inhabited by a number of Indians, the Peor es Nata was dispatched to remove them to the main land. Nineteen men, women and children were taken on board the schooner, which was preparing to depart, when one of the Indian mothers discovered that two of her off-spring had been forgotten and left on the island. With true maternal devotion she sprang into the water and swam to the shore in search of the missing children, one of which was 3 years of age and the other an infant unable to walk. Her hurried search was unavailing, and, abandoning all hope of finding the babes, she returned to the beach just in time to see the schooner sailing away with all her friends on board. She called frantically for some one to take her to the vessel, but received no reply but the one sad word, *manyana* (to-morrow), which never ceased to ring in her ear and was repeated on her dying bed. The schooner never went back to the island, which was not again visited until 1851, when George Nidever, an otter hunter, stopped there for a few days. He was not previously aware that the place was inhabited, but on this occasion he became convinced that such was the case. He noticed three small circular inclosures about two hundred yards from the beach about a mile apart. They were about six feet in diameter made of brush, the walls five feet high, with a small opening on one side. Near these openings were sticks of driftwood stuck in the ground in the form of a tripod, supporting dried blubber. These inclosures appeared to be simply wind breaks, affording no protection from the rain. He also saw a mysterious footprint, and judged it to be that of a woman from its small size and arched centre. An approaching storm obliged Nidevers' vessel to leave the island without allowing him to pursue his investigations any further. Mr. Nidever, having seen many otter on his first visit to the island, made a second, the winter of 1852, and, being requested by the Mission Fathers of Santa Barbara, he and a party determined to make a careful hunt for the supposed lone inhabitant of the island. Within half a mile of the head of the island they discovered a basket in the crotch of a bush or small tree, covered with a sealskin and containing a dress made of shags' skins—a seafowl common in that section—carefully folded up, and several square pieces of skin similar to those of which the dress was made; also a rope made of seal sinews, abalone shell fish-hooks, bone needles, etc. As it was late, and time for them to return to their boat for the night, Mr. Nidever scattered the contents of the basket on the ground, so that upon his return he could judge of the presence or absence of the owner by finding them gathered up or remaining as he left them. The following four or more days were spent in otter-hunting, and before the search for the Indian woman was renewed a southeast gale compelled them to seek a more hospitable harbour at the Island of San Miguel.

A third expedition made to the island in 1853 by Nidiver, Charles Brown, and four Indians from the Santa Barbara mission was more successful. On the day after landing Mr. Brown discovered the object of their search at a distance, and cautiously approaching in an opposite direction from the remainder of the party got quite close to her without being observed. She was in one of her pens of wind breaks, clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low-necked and, as observed when standing up, extending almost to the ankles. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal-blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish-brown colour, due to the exposure to the sun and air. The hair was short, looking as though the free ends had rotted off. She would occasionally raise her eyes and shake her hand, and look toward the other men on a sandy plain near the beach, whom she evidently saw. The balance of the party were now signalled in order that she might be captured if she attempted to escape. To the surprise of all she made no attempt to get away, but greeted each one as they approached with a bow and a smile, and chattered all the time in a dialect that none of them understood, although the Indians accompanying Mr. Nidiver were acquainted with several Indian dialects. She was talking apparently to herself, from the time Mr. Brown approached within hearing distance until she was made aware of his presence. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, and her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the mainland, and she is believed to have belonged to a different and superior race. By signs and other means of communication she was made aware that they wanted her to accompany them, and without any apparent hesitation she made ready to follow. In their course to where the schooner lay at anchor they found a beautiful spring of water issuing from the bank above the beach, under a shelving rock. The cracks or fissures in this rock were stuck full of bones, and there were other evidences of an encampment of the lone inhabitant of the island. These bones were used for nourishment, obtained by sucking; they were dried and resucked many times, showing that occasionally she was put upon short rations, but at the time of her discovery appeared to have an abundance, such as it was. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and solid articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. Mr. Brown made her a skirt of ticking, with which, and a sailor's cotton shirt and a black necktie, her dress was complete. A severe storm arose, and embarking with their island queen the men soon found themselves at sea in a storm. She made signs that she could stop the storm, and obtaining permission she knelt on the deck facing the quarter whence the wind came and commenced muttering something supposed to be a prayer. She soon got up, but continued the prayer at intervals during the day, apparently without fear, and when the wind began to abate she turned to her fellow-voyagers and with a smile made signs that her prayers had been answered. She was taken to the house of Mr. Nidever, in Santa Barbara, where she became the centre of attraction. The Mission fathers took a great interest in her, sending to Los Angeles and other places, hoping to find some one who could converse with her, but failed. Even the Pepinesa Indians, who were said to have had an acquaintance with the Indians on the island, could not understand her. Two offers, one of $1,000, for the privilege of taking her to San Francisco, were refused by Mr. Nidever. When found she was in excellent physical condition, strong and active; but the eating of fruit and vegetables brought on a sickness, which, in connection with an injury to the spine received by falling from a porch, terminated her life four weeks later, or seven weeks from the time she landed. Her dress of shag-skins, basket, and trinkets were given to Father Gonzalez, of the mission, who, it is said, sent them to Rome. Messrs. Nidever and Brown are still living, and it is on their authority that the foregoing strange narrative is given to the readers of *The Chronicle*.

Afghanistan.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

It may be observed that the names given to Eastern countries by us Europeans are generally very different from those employed by the natives themselves. For instance, the people of China do not call their country China, but Chun-kwo, "the central kingdom." Nor do our Indian fellow-subjects call their country India. The names employed by them are Hindustan for that large portion of India where Hindi and its dialects are spoken, Dekkan for the south, and other special names, like Punjab, for special localities. The whole of India is often called Bharata-varsha. According to a common account of their origin given by the Afghans themselves, the name Afghan is derived from a prrson named Afghana, the supposed son of one Irmia (for Jeremiah), a son of Saul (corrupted into Talut), King of Israel. According to others the name is a mere nickname, derived from the plural of the Arabic word fighan, "a complaint," and given to the mountain clans because of their turbulent and querulous proclivities. It appears tolerably certain that the name Afghanistan, though now sometimes adopted by the natives themselves was originally imposed by outsiders, probably by Persians. A common name for the country used by the natives was Pusht, or Pasht, or Pashtan, whence they called themselves Pashtanis, and their language Pashtu. Those Afghans who have settled in India are called Pathans (for Pashtans). Others who colonized the district of Rohilkand are called Rohillas, from a Pashtu word, Roh, a mountain. To this day many Afghans settle in the Panjab or traverse India as traders. But the common name for Afghanistan most usual among the natives is simply Wilayat—"the country." When they employ a more distinctive appellation, they call the western part of the country towards Persia—where there is a desert—Khorassan, and the mountainous plateau on the Eastern side, Kabul. Those Afghans who visit India as traders are sometimes called Kabulis, sometimes Wilayatis.

Afghanistan has been spoken of as the Switzerland of Asia. But in many respects it presents a great contrast to Switzerland. It may be described as Switzerland broken up into fragments and sprinkled in irregular patches over a quadrilateral region thre or for times the size of that country, with an area of nearly 600 miles in its fullest extent by 450 broad. This irregular plateau is bounded on the north by the snowclad Hindu Kush (an extension of the Himalayas, Kush meaning mountain,) and on the east by the Sulaiman range. It is traversed on one side by the lofty spine-like ridge of the Safed Koh, whence radiate countless valleys formed by a complication of vast rib-like mountain buttresses which jut out in all directions. Albeit the ruins of great cities attest the former grandeur of Afghanistan, it is at present an extremely poor country, with a sparse population of five million persons, divided and sub-divided into a confused medley of heterogenous tribes and sub-tribes. A European traveller suddenly transported to Afghanistan, even though he came from Switzerland, would be struck by its lofty, snowy peaks, its formidable passes, and its impregnable mountain fastnesses. He would be amazed at the extents of its desolate wastes, its uncultivated tracts, unrelieved by trees, undiversified by lakes, and destitute of enclosures. He would at the same time be charmed by the fertility of some of its plains and valleys, and the industry displayed in their cultivation.

The Paris Dog Market.

Paris has no quarters into which ladies might not penetrate with impunity. At the dog market held every Monday, near the Barriere St. Jacques, old ladies are to be seen in great numbers, bargaining for pets stolen from England. A system of free exchange is said to go on between the French and English dog-fanciers, so that valuable quadrupeds filched on one side of the Channel are speedily shipped to the other. Anyhow, it is noticeable that many of the pugs, King Charles' terriers, and Havanas, sold at the market are such well-mannered little dogs that they must have received their education elsewhere than in the back yards of frowsy shops. The fashion in dogs vary, and it is rather surprising to see how quickly the demand for any special breed is met by a lavish supply. A few years ago we were told that the race of pugs was dying out; but some great ladies took to cultivating pugs, and lo! all the markets swarmed with black-nosed little monsters. Yellow, wiry English terriers are now the rage in Paris, and Italian greyhounds have become so scarce that a fancier told me he could not undertake to furnish a well-matched pair—cream or mouse-colour for less than 600 francs. Let any *grande dame* or popular actress set up a pair of *levrettes*, and I will be bound that in a twelvemonth we shall see these shivering, uncomfortable little creatures skipping over the pavements of every city from Dunkirk to Bayonne. Amateurs of bull-dogs will be sorry to hear that M. Gigot's late edict against this race has altogether scoured them from the market, for it is now forbidden to walk a bull-dog about the city even with a chain and a muzzle on. Before leaving the market, let us take note of some placards advertising dogs "who go well in single or double harness." This applies to the long-suffering animals—mastiffs or colleys—who are made to drag the carts of milkmen, bakers, and butchers in French Flanders and all over Belgium and Switzerland.

Miss Wharton's Pie.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

Miss Margaret Wharton was a lady of good family and large fortune. She was one of the Whartons of Skelton Castle, Cleveland, and possessed £200,000, half of which she gave to a nephew. She was well known in Scarborough, where she used to send out for "a pennyworth of cream," and "pennyworth of strawberries," always paying her penny down. From this little peculiarity she became known as Peg Pennyworth. On one occasion, while in Scarborough, she had a meat-pie made; it was very large, as it was for herself, some visitors and the servants. She ordered her footman to take it to the bake-house. He refused, saying it was not consistent with his dignity to be seen dressed in plush and tags carrying a meat-pie. Mistress Peg then desired the coachman to take it; but he also declined. "Bring out the carriage," was the command. The carriage was harnessed, the coachman donned his powdered wig, and mounted the box; the footman ascended behind, and Mistress Margaret Wharton, sitting in state in the carriage, bore the meat-pie on her lap. "Drive to the bake-house," was her command. In an hour or two, the same state being observed, the pie was brought back. "Now," she said to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you," turning to the footman, "have kept yours, which is to wait; and now we will all have some of the pie."

It is said that the laws of nature are always consistent with themselves. This can hardly be true, since many a man who sowed wild oats has been known to reap hemp instead.

The Plague at Athens.

An Old Story Retold—Thucydides' Account of a Classic Pestilence.

The following is a translation of Thucydides' account of the visitation of the plague at Athens in 430 B. C., the first authentic account of its appearance in Europe. This account is the source whence all subsequent historians derive their information, and is interesting in connection with its recent reappearance:

They had not been many days in Attica before a sickness first began to appear among the Athenians, such as was reputed to have raged before this in other parts, as about Lenenas and other places. Yet, a plague so great as this, and so dreadful a calamity, in human memory could not be paralleled. The physicians at first could administer no relief, through utter ignorance; nay, they died the faster the closer their attendance on the sick, and all human art was totally unavailing. Whatever supplications were offered in the temples, whatever recourse to oracles and religious rites, all were insignificant. At last expedients of this nature they totally relinquished—overpowered by calamity.

It broke out at first, as it is said, in that part of Ethiopia which borders upon Egypt. It afterward spread into Egypt, and Libya, and into a great part of the king's dominions; and from thence, it on a sudden fell upon the city of the Athenians. The contagion showed itself in the Piraeus (lower city), which occasioned a report that the Peloponnesians had caused poison to be thrown into the wells, for as yet there were no fountains there. After this it spread into the upper city, and then the mortality very much increased. Let every one, physician or not, freely declare his own sentiments about it. Let him assign any creditable account of its rise, or the causes, strong enough, in his opinion, to introduce so terrible a scene. I shall only relate what it actually was; and, as from an information in all its symptoms, none may be quite at a loss about it, if ever it should happen again, I shall give an exact detail of them, having been sick of it myself, and seen many others afflicted with it.

This very year, as has been universally allowed, had been more than any other free from common disorders; or, whatever diseases had seized the body they ended at length in this. But those who enjoyed the most perfect health were suddenly, without any apparent cause, seized at first with dreadful headaches, extremely violent, with inflammations and fiery redness in the eyes. Within, the throat and tongue began instantly to be red as blood; the breath was drawn with difficulty and had a noisome smell. The symptoms that succeeded these were sneezing and hoarseness; and not long afterward the malady descended to the breast, with a violent cough; but when once settled in the stomach it excited vomitings, in which was thrown up all that matter which physicians call discharges of the bile, attended with excessive torture. A great part of the infected were subject to such violent hiccoughs, without any discharge, as brought upon them a strong convulsion, to some but of a short, to others of a very long continuance. The body, to the outward touch, was neither exceedingly hot nor of a pallid hue, but reddish, livid, marked all over with little pustules and sores. Yet, inwardly, it was scorched with such exceeding heat that it could not bear the lightest covering or the finest linen upon it, but must be left quite naked. They longed for nothing so much as to be plunging into cold water; and many of them who were not properly attended, threw themselves into wells, hurried by a thirst not to be extinguished; and whether they drank much or little their torment continued still the same. The restlessness of their bodies, and an utter inability for composing themselves by sleep, never abated for a moment, and the body so long as the distemper continued in its height had no visible waste, but withstood its rage to a miracle; so that most of them perished within nine or seven days by the heat which scorched their vitals, though their strength was not exhausted; or, if they continued longer, the distemper fell into the belly, causing violent ulceration in the bowels, accompanied with an incessant flux, by which many, reduced to an excessive weakness, were carried off. For the malady, beginning in the head, and settling first there, sunk gradually down the whole body. And whoever got safely through all its most dangerous steps, yet the extremities of their bodies still retained the marks of its violence, for it shot down into their privy members, into their fingers and toes, by losing which they escaped with life. Some there were who lost their eyes, and some who, being quite recovered, had at once totally lost all memory, and quite forgot not only their most intimate friends, but even their own selves. For as this distemper was in general virulent without expression, and its every part more grievous than had yet fallen to the lot of human nature, so in one particular instance it appeared to be none of the natural infirmities of man, since the birds and beasts that prey on human flesh either never approached the dead bodies, of which many lay about uninterred, or certainly perished if they ever tasted. One proof of this is the total disappearance there of such birds, for not one was to be seen, either in any other place, or about any one of the carcasses. But the dogs, because of their familiarity with man, afforded a more notorious proof of this event.

None of the common maladies incident to the human nature prevailed at that time; or whatever disease anywhere appeared it ended in this. Some died merely for want of care, and others with all the care that could possibly be taken; nor was any one medicine discovered which promised certain relief, since that which gave ease to one was prejudicial to another. Whatever difference there was in bodies in point of strength or in point of weakness availed nothing, all were swept before it in spite of regular diet and studied prescriptions. Yet the most affecting circumstance of this calamity was that dejection of mind which constantly attended the first attack—for, the mind sinking at once into despair, they the sooner gave themselves up without a struggle, and that mutual tenderness in taking care of one another, which communicated the infection, and made them drop like sheep. This latter case it was which caused the mortality to be so great. For if fear withheld them from going near one another they died for want of help, so that many houses became quite desolate for want of needful attendance; and, if they ventured, they were gone. This was more frequently the case with the kind and compassionate. Such persons were ashamed, out of selfish concern for themselves, entirely to abandon their friends, when their menial servants, no longer able to endure the groans and lamentations of the dying, had been compelled to fly from such a weight of calamity. But those especially who had safely gone through it took pity on the dying and the sick, because they knew by experience what it really was, and were now secure in themselves, for it never attacked any one the second time so as to be mortal.

Besides this reigning calamity the general removal from the country to the city was a heavy grievance, more particularly to those who had been necessitated to come thither. For, as they had no houses, but dwelt all summer in booths where there was scarce room enough to breathe, the pestilence destroyed with the utmost disorder, so that they lay together in heaps—the dying upon the dead, and the dead upon the dying. Some were tumbling over one another in the public streets, or lay expiring around about every fountain, whither they had crept to allay their immoderate thirst. The temples in which they had erected tents were full of the bodies of those who had expired there, for a calamity so unmeasurably violent, and in the universal despair things sacred and holy had quite lost their distinction. Nay, all regulations observed before in matters of sepulture were quite confounded, since every one buried wherever he could find a place. Some, whose sepulchres were already filled by the numbers which had perished in their own families, were shamefully compelled to seize those of others. They surprised on a sudden the piles which others had built for their own friends and burned their dead upon them, and some, while one body was burning on a pile, tossed upon it another body they had dragged thither and went their way. * * *

The following relates the second visitation of the plague in 428 B. C.:

In the beginning of the winter the plague broke out a second time at Athens, not that during this whole interval of time it had wholly ceased, though its rage had very much abated. But now the mortality began again, and continued not less than a year, but the former had raged for the space of two. There was nothing which lay upon the Athenians so hard as this, or so much impaired their strength. It appeared from the muster rolls that there perished four thousand and four hundred of those citizens who wore the heavy armour, and three hundred of the horsemen. The number of the lower people who died was not to be computed. There happened at the same time many earthquakes at Athens, in Eubœa, among the Bœotians, and especially at the Bœotian Orchomenus.

Ghost Stories.

More than thirty-five years ago, when my husband left the army till again summoned to military duty by the fatal Crimean war, it was agreed that we should live for at least a year with my father and mother, as some compensation to us all for the enforced and painful separation occasioned by our wandering army life. My father, Colonel D——, had just taken on lease an old-fashioned, picturesque-looking house on the banks of the Medway, close to Maidstone. Before the dissolution of monasteries by Henry VIII. this building had been a branch establishment of the great nunnery in Maidstone, and was called the New Wark of Prestehelle, now corrupted into the more modern appellation of Newark House. The mansion and the estate belonging to it had been for more than two hundred years in the possession of an old Kentish family of the name of Browne, whose portraits, collected from generation to generation, were still in the house, but, to clear the place for the new tenant, had been ignominiously consigned to one of the large attics. Just before my father took the place a very beautiful chapel, part of the old property, into which we had a private door from our grounds, had been opened for divine service as a chapel of ease. It had been for years in the possession of a farmer to whom the lands of the estate were leased, and who used it as a barn, when the admiration of a wandering tourist was attracted to its groined roof and the delicate tracery here and there perceptible through desecrating piles of hay and straw. This tourist having drawn public attention to its beauty, a subscription was opened, and very soon the ancient building was cleansed, restored, and re-dedicated to its original purpose. Tradition averred that from our wine cellar to the friary at Aylesford, a distance of eight miles, there was a subterranean passage which had served in the olden time as a means of communication between the monks and the nuns. Be this as it may, there certainly was a very large opening in the cellar which the workmen employed in repairs seemed most reluctant to enter, and which my dear father, very insensible to romantic adventures, but tenderly concerned for the safety of his valuable wines, had most securely bricked up before any of his property was removed into the house. When we did take possession, it was found that large as was the house there was barely sufficient sleeping-room, my nursery establishment being added to the family staff of servants. Under these circumstances my mother was compelled to assign one of the attics as a bedroom for her own cook and housemaid, to which they made no objection, for the room was large, and though rather gloomy, from the small, old-fashioned casement windows, it had a delightful view of the river and the town beyond. I believe that the first night passed off quietly enough, but in the morning, when Mrs. Harris, the cook, went as usual to my mother's dressing-room for orders, she requested permission to turn the old portraits which had been ranged round the room with their faces to the wall, it being dreadful, as she phrased it, "for them horrid Brownes to be a-watching everything she did, and a-following her with their eyes to every corner of the room." Permission for this change was easily granted, but it would appear that the buried originals of the portraits, indignant at being so unceremoniously displaced, resolved to avenge themselves, and very soon mysterious whispers of what took place nightly in the attic reached me through my nurse, whose face looked as pale as if she had shared in the terrors of the fellow-servants. The cook and housemaid both declared that as soon as they were in bed and the light put out, a trampling as of many feet began all over the room; in the calmest night the old casements rattled violently; an indistinct murmur of angry voices was heard, apparently muttering threats; however closely they drew the bed-curtains they were withdrawn by unseen hands; angry faces looked in upon them if they ventured their heads from under the clothes; and the bedclothes themselves were often forcibly pulled away, in spite of their frantic efforts to hold them fast. And all this went on during the whole night, only ceasing with the dawn of day, when they mostly fell into a troubled, uneasy sleep which was far from refreshing them. Of course this state of affairs could not go on. The cook, a hard-featured, strong-minded woman, determined to give warning, and Lucy, the housemaid, a young woman of very delicate health, became alarmingly ill. I had to represent to my dear mother the absolute necessity of yielding to their fears, and although at *that time* we both utterly repudiated the *possibility* of ghostly visitations, yet it was thought better to give up to the terrified women a spare bedroom, kept for visitors, on the floor with ourselves. Peace and tranquility were again restored to the family, and as far as I know no member of it ever went near the haunted attic. I have often deeply regretted that I did not myself take some pains to investigate these mysterious occurrences.

A stout Yorkshire farmer of the name of James Wreggit, having emigrated to Canada, settled himself and family on a good farm which he rented in one of the townships. He was considered fair-dealing and honourable in all transactions with his neighbours, and in every respect bore a most excellent character. In the farmer's house was a first-floor sitting-room with a large fireplace. In this room the children slept, but from the first night evinced the greatest dislike to going to bed there, screaming with terror, and saying that a man was in the room with them. For a long time the parents paid no attention to their complaints. During harvest time a change was made, and the farmer himself slept in this room, as it was cooler and more convenient. The first night he slept there he was about to rise almost before the break of day, when, glancing towards the fire-place, he saw standing there a stranger of a dissipated drunken appearance. "Hallo! What's thee doing there?" was his very natural exclamation. Receiving no reply, "Won't thee speak? I'll make thee speak!" and picking up one of his heavy boots from the bedside he was preparing to throw it at the intruder, when the man, suddenly raising his arm as if to ward off the blow, vanished in a moment from before his eyes. Wreggit, unable to get this matter out of his head, brooded over it till the next day, when about noon he entered into conversation with a neighbour who was working with him, and asked him to describe the former tenant of the farm, who had died from excessive drinking. The description so entirely resembled the man he had seen in the room that he at once exclaimed, "I saw him last night!" Wreggit recounted this to some old friends near whom he had lived before taking the farm, and it is from the dictation of one of his auditors that I have written down this remarkable circumstance. At the time neither Wreggit nor his friends had the slightest belief in apparitions.

A Generation on the March.

A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in the report by Dr. Farr.

Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect.

The number, to begin with, is made up of 511,745 boys, and 483,255 girls, a disproportion which, by-and-bye, will be redressed by the undue mortality of the boys, and will be reversed before the close of this strange, eventful history.

More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old, in exact numbers, 141,387 boys, and 121,795 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal.

In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthy period of life; the death-rate, however, is lower for boys than girls.

There will be some advance in the deaths in the next five years, and still more in the five that follow; but 644,045 will certainly enter on their 26th year.

Before the next ten years are at an end two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of these no fewer than 27,134 will be caused by consumption.

Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger "death-toll" will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year.

Each succeeding decade up to seventy-five will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 164,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,559 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 32,565 that remain will soon lay down their burthens; but 2,153 of them will struggle on to ninety-five, and 223 to be 100 years old.

Finally, in the 108th year of the course, the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

She Wouldn't Melt.

A day or two ago, when a servant girl opened the side-door of a house on Jarvis Street in response to a tramp's knock, her face looked so kind and benevolent that the hungry man had no doubt that a good dinner awaited him. He had, however, laid out a certain programme, and he therefore began,—

"My dear woman, I haven't had anything to eat for two days, and I wanted to ask if you would spare me one of these icicles which has fallen from the eaves?"

"Well, I dunno," she slowly replied, as she looked out. "I suppose we might spare you one, if you are really suffering; but, of course, you won't take the largest and the best?"

He stepped down and selected an icicle about two feet long, and in a hesitating manner he inquired,—

"If you would only sprinkle a little pepper on this I would be for ever grateful.

"It's rather bold in you to ask it, but I suppose I can sprinkle on a little—a very little," she replied, and she got the pepper and dusted his "luncheon" very sparingly.

He started to move away, but, seeming to recollect something, he turned and said:

"You seem so benevolent, I'll ask you to sprinkle on a little salt as well. I like my icicles seasoned up pretty high."

"You are a bold man, sir, and it's plain that you have the appetite of a glutton; but I'll give you a bit of salt, and then you must be gone," she replied.

When the icicle had been duly salted, the man expressed his thanks, but didn't move away. His game wasn't working to suit him. Some folks wouldn't have stood there and seen him bite off the end of a big icicle, but this girl did. And further, when he hesitated to go, she indignantly called out—

"I knew what you want. You now want me to warm the icicle in the oven for you and then put on some mustard; but I'll never, never do it."

The man moved slowly out of the gate, and as he threw his icicle at a passing dog he gave utterance to his disgust in language punctuated entirely with slug shot.

Gunpowder.

(From Nature.)

It has, of late, grown to be an axiom that the larger the gun the larger must be the grains of powder. A large grain of gunpowder burns slow because the fire is some time reaching the centre, and a slow-burning powder is what artillerists require for rifled guns. In a smooth-bore weapon the cannon-ball fits loosely, and may be expelled at a bound; but in rifled cannon, the shot, so to speak, moves upon a sort of railway, and it would never do to get the shot into motion too suddenly. An undue strain would be exerted upon the gun, while the velocity of the shot would not be increased. For a rifled gun, therefore, a slow-burning charge would be absolutely necessary, and this is to be secured only by reducing the surface to be kindled. In the case of the prismatic powder, the grains, if they may be called by that name, are so closely packed that no fire can get between them, and hence the action of kindling is still further reduced. Not only is the shape and density of powder grains now attracting particular attention, but the percentage of moisture contained in the material has also lately been under study. The amount of water in gunpowder to the minute extent existing in ordinary samples is found to influence combustion in a very marked degree, and nothing but an exhaustive series of trials can give sufficient data for practical application of so important an element in the science of explosives. In the meantime chemists are pointing out yet another source of uncertainty in the combustion of gunpowder, to which, notwithstanding their repeated warnings, but little attention has hitherto been given. We mean the composition of the charcoal. According to the manner of preparing this, the method adopted for charring and the material employed, so does the chemical composition of the charcoal differ. Some samples, for instance, prove on analysis to contain 85 per cent. of carbon, while others have 20 per cent. less; it is scarcely to be expected that gunpowder made from the two kinds will have the same burning qualities, and yet with gunpowder manufacturers charcoal is charcoal, no matter how much its component parts of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and ash may differ. It is of little use, therefore, paying any particular attention to the physical qualities of gunpowder so long as its chemical composition is almost entirely ignored.

When a Woman Will She Will.

The Rome (N.Y.) *Sentinel* has a curious story about a married couple in Springfield. It says: "When a Massachusetts woman forms a habit it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her of it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at the anniversary of his birthday, a citizen of the Bay State, who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife, "This year you must not undertake to make me a present, I insist. It would be absurd to do so at this time, when we need everything we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year, I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal."

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark, you will say "Hello!" The other fellow begins to say the same; often he omits the last syllable.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

Business Items.

A HANGMAN, being asked by a stranger what trade he pursued, replied that he was a finisher.

IF YOU are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable. For sale by all dealers.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

A TRUISM.—Constant grinding at the mill of life, perpetual loss of vital force, will drag the strongest man to the dust; it is manifest, therefore, that the system must be kept supplied with a due amount of oxydizable phosphorus. The pleasantest and most palatable way in which it can be introduced into the system is by the use of VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES. Sold by the greatest brain, blood, and nerve food in the world. For sale by all dealers.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their wareroom is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

A COLONEL in the army lost his head by a cannon ball. A rhetorical friend, after relating the sad circumstance, added: "And his last words were, 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'"

MILLBRIDGE P.O., TUDOR, ONT

MESSRS MILBURN, BENTLEY & PEARSON,—SIRS, I feel it my duty to inform you that last spring I lost my hearing with one ear, and this fall I lost the hearing of the other also, so that I was afraid I would never be able to hear again. I tried everything to bring back my hearing I could think of, but found it all in vain. At last I made up my mind to try some of the YELLOW OIL, so I rubbed a little on the outside of my ears two or three times a day, and every night and morning. I wet some wool with the oil and kept it in my ears, and in one week's time I could hear as well as I ever could, but still rub on the oil when the weather is cold, and I keep wool also in my ears. I write this to you that you know the value of your Yellow Oil. Yours truly,

JOHN CLARK.

For sale by all dealers.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

Seedsmen.
Steele Bros. & Co., cor. Front and Jarvis Sts.
See adv't.

BOYS Send 3ct. stamps for samples (*Rich*) Transparent Cards. F. C. PARSONS, Westboro, Mass.

PICTURE MOULDINGS. Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder.*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in. to 36 in. Horse or man power. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.

150 ACRES ADJOINING VILLAGE OF FALERMO, Co. Halton; 25 acres timber, rest in high state of cultivation. Two frame dwellings, good outhouses; two orchards, choice fruit. Terms easy.
HURD & ROBERTS, Hamilton.

RELIABLE — Before — After — **DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR** A Wonderful Discovery. Forms heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. Those sent are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No postpaid anywhere in the globe, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 25cts. 3 for 50cts. L. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Agents, Fairhaven, Ct. All others are counterfeits.

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

almost identical with the far-famed Thorley food of Great Britain. It consists of seeds, roots, barks, and herbs. Improves tone, flesh and spirit in the horse, fattens cattle, sheep and pigs rapidly, and greatly increases products of the dairy. Only $10 per 100 lbs. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John St. South, Hamilton.
ONE AGENT WANTED in every village, town, and city in the Dominion.

AGENTS WANTED For our new and popular work, "The History of the Sea," by Goodrich. A grand volume, containing 300 beautiful illustrations, and 800 pages of letterpress of thrilling interest. Also, for the Best and Cheapest Family Bibles in Canada, containing the most attractive features, the greatest number of illustrations (by Gustave Dore), bound in the most beautiful emblematic designs, at greatly reduced prices and most liberal terms.
Address, MAX HERGER & CO.,
22 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

CHEAP FARMS AND FREE HOMES IN KANSAS

HOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the state. 6,000,000 acres for sale. For free copy of "Kansas Pacific Homestead," address S. J. Gilmore, Land Com'r, Salina, Kansas.

TURKISH BATH

Is a sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, and all Blood Poison and Kidney Diseases. There are also steam, vapour, and electro baths. Fumigations, of mercury, iodine, and sulphur.
KENNETH OLIVER, Proprietor,
145 James Street North, Hamilton

THE
Vienna Baking Powder
Is still Unrivalled, and guaranteed to make Whiter, Lighter, and better Bread than any other Powder. Try it.
C. M. PUTNEY,
PROPRIETOR,
Montreal.

HOMES IN THE NEAR WEST.
A choice from over 1,000,000 acres Iowa Lands, due west from Chicago, at from 85 to $3 per acre, in farm lots, and on easy terms. Low freights and ready markets. No wilderness—no ague—no Indians. Land-exploring tickets from Chicago, free to buyers. For Maps, Pamphlets, and full information apply to Iowa Railroad Land Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or 92 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Farm Lots in Uysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Hailburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. J Blomfield,
Manager, Can. Land & Em. Co.,
Box. 2614. 50 Front St., East.

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

CANADIAN STEAM USERS' INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.
Licensed under Act of Parliament.
HON. A. CAMPBELL.....PRESIDENT.
HON. J. McMURRICH.....VICE PRESIDENT.
Steam Boilers inspected and policies issued covering damage by explosion. Plans and Specifications of steam boilers, heating apparatus, etc., supplied. Head Office, 50 Front street east, Toronto.
GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer.

**ALWA

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 7. WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 14, 1879. WHOLE NO. 215.

Modjeska's Pug Dog.

American actresses and their managers, in these days of red-hot competition, devise ingenious plans to secure free advertising. Now you read an innocent-looking paragraph announcing that Miss So-and-so has broken the bridge of her nose; or that she carries a crocodile's tooth in her pocket as an amulet; or that the travels with two servants, four birds, six cats, with a monkey thrown in by way of a comic touch; or that she has narrowly escaped drowning; or has lost ten thousand pounds' worth of diamonds; or has tried to commit suicide in consequence of having a faithless husband, *et omne genus*. The great point is to keep the actress's name before the public in as sensational a manner as possible. Clara Morris, who is really a clever woman, has perpetual paragraphs floating in regard to the state of her health; and Miss Kate Claxton is the point of countless jests, in which her name has been associated with fires and conflagration.

Madame Modjeska, who is announced as a Polish Countess, and who is a "star" in the United States, a little while ago, when performing out West, purchased a pug dog. Her manager saw in this trifling, everyday occurrence matter for a pleasant puff. He waited on one of the leading citizens of Louisville, and induced him to make a formal presentation of the dog to Madame. An elaborate red and gold collar was purchased and when the dog was invested with his ornate equipment, the "leading citizen" came upon the stage at the end of the play, and in a flowing speech presented the black-muzzled canine to Madame, who expressed deep thanks in a few choice phrases of broken English, and then gracefully withdrew, clasping puggy to her palpitating breast, kissing him effusively as she retired. The indefatigable manager took care that the reporters were present to chronicle these touching incidents, and for a week after ingenious little articles floated up and down the Western Press, in which the spirited liberality of the "leading citizen" aforesaid, the magnificent pug, and Madame Modjeska's shining talents were curiously mixed up. The dog has paid himself ten times over.

But he was not to be a source of perpetual joy to his fair mistress. He usually accompanied her to the theatre, a servant holding him well in leash. One night, in Philadelphia, when Madame was acting in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," during the last act, when she is writhing under the baleful influence of the poisoned bouquet, by some mischance Puggy slipped his noose and walked gravely on to the stage, and, recognizing his mistress, reared himself comically upon his haunches and watched the thrilling scene. In vain the people at the wings endeavoured to coax him off. He seemed to be interested in Adrienne's emotional and startling attitudes. In vain the actress scowled at him. Not comprehending the nature of her extravagant gestures, he rushed about the stage in the maddest manner, whining and howling alternately. To say the audience shrieked with laughter is hardly to convey an idea of the amusement afforded by the unexpected intruder. Of course the great scene of the play was simply demolished. Modjeska fled in dismay; her maid, terror-stricken at the roars of the audience, rushed upon the stage, and, in endeavouring to seize his pug-ship, caught her foot in the carpet and fell sprawling, with her head in the flowers that the actress had a few moments before flung to the ground. The curtain descended in double-quick time; the sound of excited voices, with violent objurgations fiercely intermixed, was heard behind the scenes; and the public nearly laughed their heads off as they wended their way to the corridors, and thence into the street.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

On leaving a room, make your best salaam to persons present, and retire without salaming the door.

House cleaning is like a man going through a tunnel on a dark night. He never knows when he's through.

"Train wrecker!" she hissed, as he blunderingly stumbled upon the long expanse of dress in the crowded ball-room.

The girls like the new song, "Put your armour on, my boys." It sounds so much like, "Put you arm around me, boys."

It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price; they get bored for nothing.

Professor—"Mr. H——, what are you eating?" Mr. H—— (feeling in his pocket) —"Very sorry, professor, but that's all I've got."

We never hear anything of the "evils of speculation," except from men who have invested and lost. It's all right as long as it pays.

Why is an author looking for writing fluid like a coroner discharging the duties of his office? Because he is holding an inquest.

When a lafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and when the editor says, "Glad to see you're back!" what does he mean?

A correspondent asks us to give him the amount of the public debt. We would do it in a minute, but we left our pocket-book home in our other pants.

When a man owes a debt and refuses to pay more than half of it, he calls the arrangement a compromise with his creditors. The creditors call it a swindle.

If an actor is desirous of appearing in "several pieces" in one evening, let him smoke a cigar in a nitro-glycerine factory. He will bring down the house, too.

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

The man who manages a theatrical company of which his wife is a member ought to be the happiest of men. He actually gets the reputation of being her "manager."

An editor pitched into a judge and called him "a porous *nisi prius* creature," but the compositor set it up, "a glorious, wise and pious nature." The judge, on the whole, was pleased with the attack.

It was after the opera, and they were in a rendezvous for material refreshment. The usual talk about the singing and the artists subsiding, he, as a souvenir of the evening, offered her his button-hole bouquet. She, accepting, said, "How lovely!" He added, "What fragrance, too!" And then she, sniffing the odour of the incoming oysters, echoed, "Yes, what faagrant stew!" Then he became involved in thought.

A lady of experience gives advice on kissing to a younger lady friend as follows: "Be frugal in your bestowal of such favours. In the first place I would cut off all uncles, cousins, and brothers-in-law; let them kiss their own wives and daughters; and I would not kiss the minister, or the doctor, or the lawyer who gets you a divorce." You see this lady understands her business, and does not leave out the editor; he of all others needs these consolatory attentions to "lighten up the gloom." She's a jolly, sensible woman, with a heart in the right place.

Poetic Answers.

WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun.
—*Goldsmith.*

That of the epicure, who, serenely full, may say,
Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.
—*Swift.*

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sullen, malicious, smacking of every sin that has a name.
—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT IS YOUR CHIEF ATTRACTION?

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
—*Shakespeare.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
—*Pope.*

A form so fair, that like the air
'Tis less of earth than Heaven.
—*E. B. Pinkney.*

He is so full of pleasant anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit:
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps.
—*Joanna Baillie.*

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST?

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.
—*Byron.*

A slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near.
—*Willis.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
—*Hood.*

Give me kisses! all is waste save the luxury of the taste.
And for kissing—kisses live only when we take or give;
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again.
—*J. G. Saxe.*

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE MOST?

Of every bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge, a scolding wife.
—*Berni.*

Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away, the reason and the sense,
It drowns the better parts, making the name,
To foes a laughter, to friends a shame.
—*Randolph*

Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,
Drinking, vice.
—*Holmes.*

Home-made physic that sickens the sick,
Thick for thin and thin for thick.
—*Hood.*

WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST AMBITION?

To go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

To dress as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs
In many an ample fold.
—*Hood.*

O, grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great,
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
—*Mallet.*

O gie me the lass that hae acres o' charms;
O gie me the lass wi' the weel stockit farm!
—*Burns.*

Then let me get money as bees lay up honey;
I'll build new hives and store each cell.
The sight of my treasure will yield me great pleasure,
I'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.
—*Dr. Franklin.*

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?

Magnificent calla, in mantle of milk.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The chaste camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
That boasts no fragrance and conceals no thorn.
—*William Roscoe.*

And faith that a thousand ills can brave
Speaks in thy blue leaves, "forget-me-not."
—*Perceval.*

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower.
—*Burns.*

WHO IS YOUR INTENDED?

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command:
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel's light.
—*Wordsworth.*

A judge, a man so learned,
So full of equity, so noble—envy
Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.
—*Chapman and Shirley.*

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch.
—*Shakespeare.*

A rosebud set with wilful thorns
As sweet as English air can make her.
—*Tennyson.*

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR INTENDED?

She takes the most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry.
—*Shakespeare.*

The solemn fop, significant and budge,
A fool with judges, and among fools a judge.
—*Cowper.*

She has read her father's well-filled library with profit,
And can talk charmingly; she can sing
And play, too, passably, and dance with spirit:
She is knowing in silk needle-work;
And shines in kitchen as well as parlour.
—*J. N. Barker.*

He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?

Never wedding, never wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing.
—*Campbell.*

To be a man of rank, and of capacious soul,
To riches have, and fame beyond desire,
And heir to flattery, to titles born,
And reputation and luxurious life.
—*Robert Pollock.*

Single as a stray glove, minus its mate.
—*Fanny Kemble.*

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE?

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim.
—*Goldsmith.*

Where from the rise of morn to set of sun,
The mighty Mohawk runs,
And the dark woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine.
—*Moore.*

In some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and love their Sabbath hold.
—*Campbell.*

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WASP.

The Wasp was a perfect little beauty—as trim as a yacht, very fast, and a capital sea-boat. Her armament consisted of one long brass eighteen-pounder on a traversing carriage. It was clear the little beauty had never sold her decks with vulgar trade. No; the miscellaneous collection of natives of most of the southern ports who had formed her crew clearly preferred to find their cargoes ready collected and stowed away on board other vessels, where they could be taken and paid for by a shot or two from the long eighteen. Privateer she had been as long as British merchantmen had fallen in her way; but the mongrel crew had no doubt a noble impartiality, and would send empty away any likely prize that fell across their path. They must have found one thing very useful for their purpose—a screw fitted so that by it the long gun could be lowered or raised from the hold, as suited them best.

When Raymond had got his orders and the rendezvous, and had got the few hands the skipper could spare us packed on board the Wasp, we made sail on our second cruise.

If it had not been for a few English sailors that the Dart had taken with a prize on which they had been prisoners, the Wasp would have been preposterously short-handed. Even as it was, there were only twelve British tars on the forecastle; but as three Corsicans, part of the captured crew of the schooner, had volunteered to work her rather than be prisoners on the Dart, the Wasp had a crew, officers and men, of twenty all told, including the "jolly."

Unfortunately for us, as it afterwards turned out, we had one other man on board. The Spaniard who had wounded me had got delirious with fever from his bayonet thrust, and old Scalpel had thought it best not to move him when he saw him first. Now, though the fever had left him, he was still on board; and though Horner spoke of him to Raymond a little before we parted company with the Dart, Tom would not risk delay by transferring him.

"The fellow will get all right here as soon as in the brig, Horner, and when he's strong enough to walk we can drop him ashore."

A few weeks after our first parting from the Dart we were standing along the coast before a gentle breeze, with all sail set and a business-like air about us, as if we were the Spaniard we pretended to be, with half the British fleet on the look-out for us. Raymond, of course, had taken full advantage of the screw, and our gun was now below, our men hidden, and we should have passed unmolested though the land had been full of batteries, instead of, as it was, a low, flattish plain, destitute either of defence or much to defend. Presently the plain was broken up by a little river that wound about for a little and then ran into the sea at a spot where there were some rocks and a tree or two. It was a very hot day, and under the rocks and trees the shade was cool and grateful, as two shepherd lads appeared to find it, for they lay on their backs apparently asleep, and unmindful of their charge, if they had any. We could tell they were shepherds from their dress and from the dogs that lay beside them; but though we swept the fields about with our glasses, we could see no cattle.

"What's that under the bank there, sir, just beside that bent tree?" asked Horner, whose quick eye had caught some movement at the bank of the river, where, in one of its bends, the river for a little ran nearly parallel to the sea.

It was difficult, for the trees, to make out whether it was not a low branch waving; but soon we saw some cattle, in ones and twos, climb out of the stream, and begin to graze among the trees.

"Fresh beef!" rose almost simultaneously to our lips. A few quick orders, and a boat was lowered, manned, and rapidly pulling twards the mouth of the river. Raymond knew better than let the men take firearms with them, to bring down a possible garrison from among the woods that bounded the plain to the north, not two miles away. Two or three boarding pikes would do the purpose, and alarm nobody till the schooner was far away.

So quickly and quietly did the boat make for the shore, that we would have surprised both keepers and herd if it had not been for the dogs. When we were in the river, two or three boat's lengths from the cattle chewing the cud lazily in the shallow water under the shade, the faithful dogs saw us, and at once gave the alarm.

The two brave cow-herds at once fled for the distant woods, followed by the most of the cattle, who, startled from their quiet enjoyment by the din of dogs and men, bounded along in all directions, tail in air, and adding to the row their loud bellowings.

They had hardly set off when our crew, fired with the exciting progress of a chase, dashed out of the boat, through the shallow water, and away, brandishing each man a pike, laughing and cheering, as they made the best of their way after the frightened animals. In most cases, of course, the case was from the first perfectly hopeless; but the Jack Tars, charmed with their frolic, still scudded along, some of them pursuing the two shepherds with mocking shouts, others trying long shots with their pikes at the galloping beeves; while one smart fellow, who had caught a young steer by the tail, but had unfortunately dropped his pike, was being dragged along in a series of bounds by the terrified animal, the tar now holding on hard with both hands, now cautiously letting go with his right, to make thrusts with his knife at the animal's hamstrings.

In a few minutes all the interest was centred in this struggle between Bill Turner and the steer that had him in tow. All the rest of the herd had escaped, except an ox that the bow man had speared in the river. At last, amid the cheering and chaff of the men, Bill's knife slashed the bullock's hamstring, and in a moment the bow man's ready pike put an end to the gallant beast's struggle.

"That was something like a lark, that was, messmates," panted Bill, as he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face, while his messmates chaffed him for being towed about by such a little beast, like a yawl behind a collier-brig.

Suddenly, however, Bill's swabbing stopped, and he again set off at a run, snatching up a pike as he passed. About three hundred yards away, and making at his top speed for the woods, was Andreas, one of the four men we had taken with the schooner. He had probably slipped away while we were all so engrossed with Bill's chase, and now he had too much of a start to make his recapture the least probable. Horner agreed with me in this; and, though it was very unfortunate, I had reluctantly to hail the eager pursuers, and make our way back with our beef to the Wasp.

The three volunteers had apparently become reconciled to the life on the Wasp: and as we did not think they had any feelings in particular for one side or the other in the wars of the time, they went about on board like the rest of the crew, and Andreas had without remark taken his place in the boat. Now, of course, the Wasp would be described, and the pleasant and profitable cruise we had had for the last six weeks must come to an end on this part of the coast, at any rate.

However, we had had very good luck, having taken four very tolerable prizes; and as the time for our next rendezvous with the Dart was not very far off, Raymond resolved to stand out into the offing, and then to steer for the old rendezvous, without coming within sight of land till we got near the appointed spot.

The night of the day after the ox adventure it came on to blow hard, with a heavy sea. We made everything snug on board, and the Wasp was standing on quite comfortably at dawn of the third day with close-reefed sails, when the lookout cried out, "Sail ho!" and almost immediately afterward repeated the cry.

Raymond was below: but as neither Horner nor I liked the look of the strange sail, Tom was sent for. They showed no colours, but from the equality of the fore and main-top-gallant masts, and other little signs, we soon saw they were French. They were evidently consorts; and while one steered for us the other began to creep away to the southward, so as to cut us off in the only way of escape left to us.

Raymond at once ordered our course to be changed, and soon we were flying along with the wind on our quarter, and our head for the point the French frigate was making for to cut us off. The little Wasp went well, but still the enemy could go fast through the water too, as they could carry much sail, while we had to take in nearly all as the breeze freshened. Raymond saw our only chance was to set more sail. He ordered up all the hawsers in the ship, and set all hands to get them up to the mast-heads and hove taut, so as to secure the masts, and enable him to set every possible stitch on the little Wasp.

With the new sail the gallant barkey staggered on, rushing through the waves gallantly, drenching us all from head to foot, but soon clearly gaining on the nearest frigate.

So the chase went on till late in the evening; then the most dangerous Frenchman was very near, but clearly we would win, and already we were chuckling over their disappointment. Luckily for us, the frigate could not fire a shot at us, as the breeze had now increased so much that she was plunging forecastle under at every heave.

Just before sunset we passed her within about half a mile, hoisting, as we did so, our flag, and firing our evening gun into the nearest wave, as a defiance to our big but now, as we thought, baffled pursuer.

"Sail ho! right ahead!" cried out old Horne.; and there, right ahead of us, lay a third ship, and an enemy, as we at once saw, for they were busily using the last moments of sunshine for signalling the other two frigates.

Escape looked almost impossible; and, now, that the breeze was going down a good deal with the darkness, there was not even the chance of our running the gauntlet past one of the three pursuers fast closing in on us.

The one course that appeared open to us, not so much to escape as to prolong the chase for a time, was to put the schooner before the wind, and so run through between the more distant pursuer on our starboard quarter and the frigate ahead of us, This the enemy evidently expected us to do, for with the last glimmer of light we could see the late comer shift her course so as to cut us off in this attempt.

Very soon it was pitch dark—an ugly-looking night, with the sea still running high, though the wind had gone down a good deal. With our night-glasses we could easily make out the sails of the three frigates, dimly white in the darkness, and their lights busily going aloft signalling to one another. We still held our our own well with our first pursuers, but it seemed to us all only an affair of minutes. Suddenly Raymond gave a quick order to furl all sail, to take in every stitch as fast as possible. In a moment our few and closely-reefed sails were furled, and the Wasp lay almost motionless on the water. As I came back to the quarterdeck from my station forward, I heard Raymond say,—

"Now, Horner, hoist away that cask; steady, my lads, steady. Don't show the light till it's over the side;" and then a heavily-ballasted cask was lowered over the side with a light, and floating away before the wind, while the Wasp, with a hand's-breadth of canvas set forward, was beating to windward, back again to the land, nearly on the reverse course to what we had been sailing.

"If they don't make out the decoy for half-an-hour, Charlie, we are all right," said Raymond, after we had carefully gone over the ship to see for ourselves that not a gleam of light was to be seen on board to show where we were.

All eyes were intently fixed on the frigates. In a very short time we had got to windward of the weathermost one, and even at the worst we were in a much better position than when we lowered the cask, whose light we could still see heaving up and down far away to leeward.

All three frigates now began to fire their bow guns as fast as the heavy sea would allow them, but with no effect, against the cask, which still bobbed along; but when Raymond's half-hour had expired it had approached so near the enemy to leeward that it was clear the deception was discovered, for this frigate hoisted a signal and immediately bore up. Just before we lost sight of them all in the darkness we saw the three bearing up in pursuit on a course very nearly that of the Wasp.

The breeze had now got rather more east in it, and Raymond accordingly, to bring the schooner more on the wind, helmed her some points more to the west. Escape appeared certain now; it was Horner's watch on deck, and so Tom and I went below to get an hour or two's sleep.

When I was called to relieve old Jack it was quite dark, and nothing could be seen the least like a sail, though I found the old boatswain anxiously scanning the waste of tumbling waves to the southward.

"Nothing in sight, I think," I said to him, after a careful sweep with my night-glass.

"Well, sir," answered he, "there's nothing that looks like a sail; but yet just a minute since I got a glimpse of white that *might* be the cap of a wave, but I could swear I saw the flash of a light with it. No, sir; not yet, at any rate," continued the boatswain, laying his hand on my arm as I moved off to call up Raymond. "I'll stay a bit on deck, and we'll watch for it again."

Just at that moment a bit of careless steering let the schooner's head pay off a little. Horner at once turned round to rate the helmsman; but before he could say a word the man began yelling out a torrent of oaths at some lubber forward who had showed a light.

"Mind your helm, d——n your eyes," cried Horner, "and leave forard alone:" but before the man could say a word of apology the sounds of a scuffle forward set us both running to see what it was.

In the forecastle we found the lookout man in a boiling rage, and with an ugly knife-wound in his forearm. It seemed that he, glancing aloft, had noticed a man creeping cautiously up the foretopmast and lashing a lantern where the light, though so arranged as to be invisible from below, would have been, of course, a perfect guide to any pursuer. Three flashes of the lantern, and then it had gone out; and it had all happened so quickly that the discoverer had no time to do more than yell out before the light had disappeared. The traitor had slipped down, too, at once; and though the man had rushed forward to catch him, a blow from his knife, luckily caught on the forearm, had thrown the tar into a momentary confusion, sufficiently long to let the rascal escape.

"He was one of them Jack Spaniards, of course, sir—*that* I can swear," he told me; "and I am nearly sure it was the swab Bob Haynes the jolly put his bayonet in."

However, when we went below, this man, my old enemy, and the other two captive volunteers were found quietly snoozing in their hammocks, with no trace either of bloody knife or signal lantern. The third Corsican was on the watch on deck, and several witnesses were ready to swear he was not the man. Raymond, who had been roused, was strongly of opinion that the culprit was the Spaniard; but, to make sure, he and the other two were put in irons, and a sentry with a loaded musket set to watch them.

"I'm afraid the mischief's done, Mr. Raymond," said Horner, shaking his head at some cheerful words of Tom's. "I saw the answering flashes quite clear after that d——d rascal waved his light this time; and if that frigate to the south'ard holds on like she's doing, we'll never round that long point ahead of us before she's there. The Wasp's embayed, sir, I'm much afraid."

When day broke we saw that Horner was quite right. Right ahead of us the land ran out into a long headland, and there, much nearer its point than we, was a French frigate, while to the south'ard, on our quarter, was another, and the third of our old pursuers was about half a league astern of us.

"Clear away the gun there, my lads," shouted Tom, when he saw that escape was quite impossible. "We'll give them a shot or two before we strike."

The crew cheered, and set to work at the long gun as merrily as if long years in a French prison did not stare in the face all those who would not be blown to bits by the Frenchmen's broadsides.

"Aim at her sticks, Mr. Horner; cripple her if you can; it's our only chance." The eighteen spoke, and a long streak in the side of the frigate showed where it had sped home; but though he hulled the enemy two or three times, Horner could not knock a spar about their ears. The frigate had taken no notice of our fire, treating us as a big dog does the snapping of an angry terrier; but at Jack's fourth shot we could see from a commotion on board that some damage had been done, and almost immediately three of her quarterdeck guns, aimed very high, sent their shot among our rigging, one of them knocking the hilt of our foretopmast to pieces, and cutting our jib halliards. Without head sail, the poor Wasp was for the moment unmanageable, and as the frigate ceased firing she evidently thought the battle over. But the Wasp had still a sting left.

While forward busily getting the wreck cleared away and new ropes set up, something on the land caught my eye as being very familiar.

"I say, Tom," I whispered hurriedly to Raymond, "look in there; that's old Sancho Panza's cottage; the little bay below the plateau has a beach of soft sand that we could easily run the Wasp ashore on even in this breeze. Far better, since we must lose her, to run her on shore and escape into these woods than get taken by the French. And then old Sancho will gladly get a boat for us——"

"Never mind that just now, Charlie," cried Raymond, joyfully; "let's get the Wasp on to the sand—they can get her with her back broken for their pains."

As soon as the headsails would again draw, Tom, to the astonishment of friend and foe, headed the schooner straight for the land. The long gun was kept busily at work all this time, but it had not drawn any reply from the enemy. Now, however, when from Tom's course they saw his object, a perfect rain of shot was poured into us from all three. Lucky for us, the waves were so high, or we should have been blown out of the water long before our keel touched the ground on Sancho's bay. As it was, the Wasp took the sand a perfect wreck, so much so that Horner could not take her to the place he wanted, and had to ground her a good bit further out than was at all desirable.

The men in irons had been released, and they, as well as the crew, had kicked off shoes and made ready for the swim through the surf that must be taken before we could make land. We had not a boat that could swim; but a few spars lashed together, and towed by three good swimmers who had easily got on shore, soon landed all the crew.

Raymond had got a bad splinter wound in the left arm, and though I strongly urged him to go with the raft, he refused to leave as long as there was a man on board; so we waited until the boatswain and I broke into the magazine and strewed a train of gunpowder from it to a slow match on the quarterdeck, calculated to blow the little Wasp to pieces long before the boats that we saw the nearest frigate lowering as we left could reach the schooner.

Supporting Raymond between us, Horner and I swam ashore with some difficulty, and had just scrambled on to the sand when, with a loud roar and a magnificent burst of flame, the gallant little Wasp went up to the sky in fragments, and then settled below the waves she had so long bravely breasted.

The French boats, apparently suspecting she would be blown up, had ceased rowing when they saw us land; and, now that the schooner was destroyed, their purpose seemed to be served, for when they had been hoisted on board the frigate she and her consorts set sail for the westward, leaving us miserable wet wretches to the tender mercies of hostile Spain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ostrich Breeding in Australia.

(From the London Times.)

The last report of the Acclimatization Society of Victoria contains some interesting particulars concerning the attempts to introduce the industry of ostrich breeding into that colony. Three or four nests of eggs were laid, some of which were hatched out by the parent birds in the ordinary manner, while others were intrusted to the incubator, which has proved so successful in South Africa, where it has almost entirely superseded hatching by natural means. By both the natural and artificial methods of incubation the young ostriches were safely hatched, but the hopes which were thus raised of rearing a large flock of birds were destroyed, the chicks being killed either by sudden storms of rain or by a disease which has been observed to attack the birds in South Africa as well as in Australia.

The young chickens exhibit the first symptom of illness by appearing unsteady on their feet, and this gradually increases till they are at length unable to stand still, and must either keep moving about rapidly or fall to the ground. The appetite all the time keeps as good as ever, and remains so until near the end, when the birds, worn to a skeleton by constant running, fall to the ground, are unable to rise, and die. In some cases death has not ensued for some months, but scarcely any ostriches so attacked have been known to recover. An examination after death of several specimens has shown the feet and legs extensively congested, but the vital organs to be quite healthy. Misfortunes attended all the attempts to rear a breed of birds, both at Murray Downs and on Sir Samuel Wilson's estate on the Wimmera. Last year a brood of young ostriches was hatched out, but an eagle carried off two or three; two others were killed by the male bird, one died of disease, and only two were in health at the time of the presentation of the report.

Nineteen birds in all remained in the possession of the Acclimatization Society at the end of last summer, and, with the experience gained, it is to be hoped that they may be fully acclimatized and become ultimately a source of profit. The old birds have been plucked on two or three occasions: one small parcel of feathers, being sent to London, realized £26, and they were "pronounced superior to any of the Cape feathers." Unfortunately, the method of cutting the quills with a sharp knife was not adopted, and the birds suffered somewhat in consequence; but in future the Cape method of cutting instead of plucking the feathers will be followed.

Some tramps are good singers until they strike a chord—of wood.

Burning the Bodies of the Dead.

The Scientific Mode of Cremation, and Construction of the Crematory.

(From the London Sanitary Record.)

In burning a body the products or combustion which escape by the chimney carry with them, besides the gases arising from the perfect decomposition of the body, a certain quantity of organic particles not entirely burnt, which make their presence known by that peculiar burnt odour which we perceive when a cloud of smoke in a sufficiently concentrated state falls to the ground. This organic volatilized matter, which is recognized by its peculiar odour, is considered by sanitarians to be perfectly innocuous, and, in fact, it is clear that molecules which have been subject to a certain temperature cannot possibly contain pestilential germs or carry infection. On the other hand, it is argued that the said odour is by no means agreeable, and, moreover, gives the painful impression that some particles of the body have escaped from the crematorium without being perfectly oxidized and without being transformed into those vapours which mix with the atmosphere. The thought of an escape of imperfectly decomposed cadaverous molecules has the same mental effect as though during the cremation a part of the ashes of the body had disappeared and been lost, when, as a matter of feeling, we recognize the need of preserving them in their integrity.

It was necessary, therefore, to find some mode of suppressing that odour in order that its presence should not cause annoyance or pain. The remedy was not difficult to discover. In the interior of the chimney a grating is placed, over which is kept burning a sufficient quantity of coke. The products of combustion, then, which escape from the chamber in a highly heated condition, passing through the coke, become entirely purified, and the organic matters which had resisted the first combustion succumb to the second. At the boundaries between the furnace and the crematory chamber it has always been found necessary to erect a wall, separating completely the one part from the other. It is necessary, in short, that the furnace should be a closed, roomy chamber, and, one the other hand, that the crematory should be placed outside the same and perfectly free. It is necessary that nothing should intervene to disturb the calm which reigns within the crematory while the rite of cremation is proceeding.

As the products of combustion have to envelope the corpse from head to foot, so the communication between the crematory chamber and the chimney for the vent of the smoke is necessarily opened in the chamber itself, at the end opposite to that which communicates with the furnace. It was found much better to open such communication in the bottom of the crematory chamber rather than in the ceiling, because, in the latter case, the products of combustion drawn upward are for the most part condensed in that empty space where the body does not lie, whereas in the former case, drawn downward, they powerfully compassed the body whose destruction it was their mission to effect. This smoke conduit, which opens upon the bottom of the crematory chamber at one of its extremities, descends to a certain distance, and then dividing into two, penetrates into the lateral walls of the crematory chamber until, on each side, they enter the wall of the ceiling, where they meet and again form one conduit, which leads straight to the chimney, into which it opens between the principal furnace below and that in the chimney. This arrangement has been devised so as to maintain within the crematory a quietness so undisturbed that, if desired, the service for the dead might be said over it without any inconvenience, and so transforming it into an altar.

It will hardly be needful to explain what is to be done to introduce the body into the crematory chamber and to extract the ashes from it, or to describe the necessary apparatus and the forms which have to be followed in order to carry out those two very important operations without any inconvenience. To solve the difficulties belonging to this part of the subject, an ingenious truck, invented by Prof. Celeste Clericetti for the service of the first crematorium erected in the cemetary of Milan—which is known under the name of its two inventors, Polli and Clericetti—is of much assistance. It is a small car of iron, the feet of which are carried by four free rollers, by which it can be moved with the greatest facility in any direction. When the body has been brought to the mouth of the crematory it is placed upon a grating which is situated on the top of the ash plate, and the whole is then slid into the crematory chamber. The small coke furnace placed in the chimney is supposed to have been lit for some little time.

This is now the time to light the fire in the crematory chamber also, and the flames and the glowing gas which develop themselves from this are drawn up by the chimney and penetrate like a torrent into the flues, encompassing the corpse in every part, and being thrown back again from the walls of the chamber itself, complete the duty of dissolving it, separating the volatile parts, which pass away up the chimney to disperse themselves in the air, from the fixed parts, which, perfectly purified, remain on the grating and fall into the ash plate. When the operation is finished, which can be ascertained by shifting the lid of a small aperture left for the express purpose in the door which closes the mouth of the crematorium, if no sign of flame be visible, the cremation is complete.

Bargains.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

An eccentric friend of ours, fond of picking up good bargains, on one occasion attended a sale of old military stores in Edinburgh Castle. A lot of 20 drums with their drum-sticks were offered at the rate of sixpence a drum. Such a chance was not to be missed, and at his nod the hammer fell. He had to hire a cart to take the drums away, and then remembered that he had no proper accommodation for them; so he called an open air meeting of the juvenile population, and distributed the prizes among them, more to their delight than that of the older inhabitants, who were nearly driven distracted by the constant din of the spirit-stirring drum. A more profitable deal in military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some 600 rusty old helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St. Irene, from the Turkish Government, at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions showing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for 20 piastres apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure, he raised the price to 30, then to 40, and finally to 50 piastres, until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like 18 shillings per helmet; and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale in the bazaars; and then the authorities, waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from £2 to £3 apiece, and thought they did very wisely—a proof they had made a shocking bad bargain in the first instance.

Two Monsters of the Sea.

The Most Gigantic Devil Fishes Ever yet Captured in American Waters.

St. John's, N. F., Jan. 18.—I have just received intelligence of the capture of two more of those gigantic cephalopods, or devil fish, for which Newfoundland of late years has become celebrated, and these are of such enormous size as to throw into the shade all the previous specimens of these monsters of the deep which have been taken. In 1873, I described in your columns the first perfect specimen of the giant cuttles ever obtained, and which it was my good fortune to secure. It was captured in a herring-net in Logie Bay, three miles from St. John's. The body wrs seven feet in length, and five and a half feet in circumference. The long arms or tentacles were 24 feet, the eight shorter 6 feet. Since 1873 several other specimens have been cast ashore, but all were destroyed by the fishermen, who of course did not know that they were of any importance. In September, 1877, a fine specimen was taken in Catalina, Trinity Bay, and brought in a perfect condition to St. John's, where it was exhibited for several days, and then purchased for the New York Aquarium, where it attacted thousands of visitors. It was afterward exhibited in the leading cities of the United States, and realized a large sum of money for its proprietors. No doubt, as it is the only perfect specimen in existence, it will continue to attract attention and to be a source of revenue. The body of this specimen was 10 feet in length, the tentacles 30 feet, and the shorter arms 11 feet. The ten arms had on them not less than 2,000 suckers.

That specimen is now eclipsed by two which have been recently captured near the head of Notre Dame Bay; but I am sorry to say that both have been cut up and destroyed by the fishermen who took them. On 2d of last November a fisherman named Stephen Sherring was in a boat with two other men at a place called Thimble Tickle, not many miles from the celebrated Little Bay Copper Mine. They observed not far from the shore a shapeless mass which appeared to be in motion. On approaching nearer they saw it was an extraordinary fish of some kind, which had been left aground by the ebbing tide and was struggling hard to escape. In its frantic efforts it flung its huge arms about, lashing the water into foam, and from a funnel behind the head it spouted streams of water, which was occasionally darkened by being intermixed with an inky fluid. Great glassy eyes struck terror into the hearts of the fishermen, and for a time they looked on in silent horror at the contortions of the huge monster. It was a devil fish, which had been driven by a heavy gale of wind into the shallower water, and the tide having receded, it was powerless to escape The spouts of water were from the syphon, which is its chief organ of locomotion. It draws in the water, then ejects it through this tube with immense force, and the reaction of the surrounding medium drives it backward with great rapidity. Through the same tube it ejects an inky fluid, when attacked or alarmed, and darkens the water all around. The fishermen at length plucked up courage, as they saw it getting exhausted, and approached near enough to throw the small grapnel of their boat, whose flukes having barbed points, sunk into its soft flesh. A stout rope had been attached to the grapnel, which they now carried ashore and fastened to the trunk of a tree.

A second devil fish was taken at the South Arm of Green Bay, Notre Dame Bay, on the 2nd of last December, by a fisherman named William Budgell, resident in Tnree Arms, at no great distance from the scene of the former occurrence. He found it on shore quite dead, and no doubt it had been forced in on the shore, on a high tide, by a storm, and so stranded. As in the former case, it was cut up and salted as food for dogs, or for bait. My informan, however, was able to make accurate measurements by putting the pieces together, and he found the body, from the back to the extremity of the tail, to be 15 feet in length, and 12 feet in circumference at the thickest part. Only one of the shorter arms was found perfect, and this measured 16 feet, and was thicker than a man's thigh. The longer tentacles were cut up, but these are usually three times the length of the shorter arms, and so must have been over 45 feet. Had the tentacles, therefore, been stretched out, the mould have measured 65 feet from the extremity of the tentacles to the tip of the tail, the body being 20 feet in length. The beak and portions of the head and skin have been preserved in salt.

Mozart.

No musician has more successfully embraced the whole extent of his art, or shone with greater lustre in all its departments than Mozart.

His great operas, no less than his most simple songs; his learned symphonies as well as his airy dances, all bear the stamp of the richest imagination, the deepest sensibility, and the purest taste.

All his works develop the originality of his genius, and rank him with that small number of men of genius who form an epoch in their art.

At six years of age Mozart had made such progress in music as to be able to compose short pieces for the harpsichord, which his father was obliged to commit to paper for him.

His father, who was a musician of some eminence, returning home one day with a stranger, found little Mozart with a pen in his hand.

"What are you writing?" said he.

"A concerto for the harpsichord," replied the child.

"Let us see it," rejoined the father; "it is, no doubt, a marvellous concerto."

He then took the paper, and saw nothing, at first, but a mass of notes mingled with blots of ink, by the awkwardness of the young composer, who, unskilled in the management of the pen, had dipped it too freely in the ink. He had blotted and smeared his paper, and had endeavoured to make out his ideas with his fingers.

On a closer observation, his father was lost in wonder, and his eyes, delighted, and overflowing with tears, became riveted on the notes.

"See!" exclaimed he to the stranger, "how just and regular it all is! but it is impossible to play it; it is too

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., MARCH 14th, 1879.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

WATFORD GUIDE & ALVINSTON NEWS, (Amalgamated.)

On Friday, March 21st 1879, will be issued from my Watford office the first number of THE WATFORD GUIDE AND ALVINSTON NEWS, the two papers being amalgamated at that date.

Subscribers to the NEWS or to the GUIDE, will find a great advantage from this change, the entire paper being printed in the one office and made up exclusively of matter of local interest. In this, and in every other respect I shall aim to make this paper the best weekly published in the county of Lambton.

Advertisers will gain very much by this amalgamation; especially those who patronized the NEWS; they receiving the benefit of a circulation more than quadruple that of the NEWS.

Assisted by an able staff of writers, I can confidently assert that though the withdrawl of my Alvinston Office may be a temporary disappointment to my patrons here, they will find it to their ultimate benefit and pecuniary interests. I shall visit Alvinston one day in each week, to take orders for job work etc.. Shall have a resident Correspondent and a Post Office box, so that communications may be addressed to me at either Alvinston or Watford.

There will be no change in the rate of subscription, it remaining as at present, $1.00 per year.

BE STEADFAST.

There is most assuredly a decided revival of religious interest in Alvinston The labors of Mr. Anderson the Revivalist, who has been present with them for the past few days, will, we have no doubt, be conducive of much good. The Presbyterian Church wherein the meetings have been held was crowded every evening and the unassuming manner, the evident earnest-heartedness of this gentleman in his work, together with a total absence of a sectarian spirit, has at least drawn the minds of those, hitherto uninterested, towards the important subject of the future of the soul We have not yet heard of any direct evidence of the influence of his preaching, but all revival of religion seem to move as a wave sweeping over a large section of country at once, and the success attending the few special meetings held on the 15th sideroad by our resident Baptist minister, are in all probabilities a forerunner of those to come.

A few words of advice to those lately converted to a religous faith, or to those who may be, can hardly be out of place at this time. To such we say; Consider the subject thoroughly in your mind, uninfluenced by any one. It is a question none but yourself can decide. If you truly and conscientiously feel the importance of coming out publicly and renouncing your former sins and missdeeds, having full assurance of the faith which is in you—do so! But bear in mind that in so doing you take no irresponsible obligation on yourself. By the most sacred of vows you bind yourself to live a virtuous, honorable, truly christian life, the remainder of your days and from the moment you take this obligation, the eye of the unbeliever is upon you watching for your fall. In fact the influence of the church, of religion, may be said to have been reposed in your hands for safe keeping. Therefore, we say, if you have conscientiously assumed this important position do your best to reflect credit upon the religion you have accepted; and remember always, that one backslider does more harm to the Christian Church, than ten scoffers, infidels and unbelievers.

NEWSPAPER printing is reaching a wonderful state of advancement. The new perfection press used by the Chicago Daily Telegraph, prints and folds 26,000 papers an hour, with ease, and can safely PRINT AND FOLD 34.000 per hour!

IN MEMORIUM.

Mr. Robert Chambers, who for the past three years has been a resident of this village, departed this life on Tuesday morning March 11th 1879, the twenty fifth anniversary of his birthday. Mr. Chambers had been seriously ill for the past three months from a painful abscess which was followed by a severe attack of ague and inflamation of the lungs, the latter confining him to the bed for the last month. During his illness he was assiduously attended by Dr. C. W. Marlatt, and by members of the Oddfellow's fraternity. His Masonic brethren also took a fraternal interest in him. His body will be consigned to the ground in National cemetery Malahide township, near Springfield, Thursday 13th inst. His loss is deeply felt by his many relatives and freinds, though after such a painful illness it has been, to him, a happy release from suffering. *Alvinston News.*

A POETICAL PLAGUE.

The opening of Springtime always brings a few million or so of unfledged, but very self-assured poetists into the field. One visited our sanctum lately. He was a very youthful Youth. His eyes rolled with poetic frenzy over a Byronic paper collar loosely encircling his neck. Glaring wildly about him he said,

'Tis the beginning of the Ides of March,
Upon this day, the Lord of Warch
Ester did sign a cer-tif-i-cate,
That I'm the great po-et lau-re ate.

We saw at a glance he was non-compos-mentis-lunaticus-idiotorium, but it was best to get rid of him without undue excitement; therefor we listened patiently as he repeated the following,

Listen to the sleigh bells jingle,
As they jingle jingle jingle;
Jingle jingle, jingle jingle,
Jingle jingle, jingle jingle.
'Tis the merry winter season,
And I want to know the reason
Why, in this the sleighing season,
She refuses without reason,
Saying, I'll go sleighing nevermore.

We suggested it was because she knew he couldn't afford the expense, or that he had a rival whose bank account overbalanced his own poetic genius, but he ignored the impeachment soft, and was preparing to read his very latest effusion—when we opened the door and started the bull dog after him.

WARWICK COUNCIL.

Warwick, March 3rd, 1879.

Council met pursuant to adjournment Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Moved by Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr. Kadey, that the petitions of James Thompson and others be entertained and the Clerk be instructed to notify the Trustees of S.S. No. 1, 2 and 15 of the proposed change. Carried.

Moved by Mr. McGillicuddy, seconded by Mr. Karr, that the petition of David Calvert and 12 others be entertained and the Clerk be instructed to notify the Trustees of S. S. No. 16, 6 and 12 of the proposed change. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Hall, that the petition of Jas. Addison and five others be entertained and a new road division be formed on 12th side road. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Heley, that the Clerk receive $25, being one quarters salary. Carried.

Council then adjourned till Monday, March 10th, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

Warwick, March 10th, 1879.

Council met pursuant to adjournment Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Moved by Mr. Karr seconded by Mr. Hall, that William Harper be paid the sum of $16, being two-thirds value of three sheep killed by dogs. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Hall, seconded by Mr. Kadey, that a by-law to alter and establish the boundaries of the different S.S. of the Township of Warwick be now read a first time. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Karr, seconded by Mr. Heley, that the By-law to alter and establish the boundaries of the different S S of the Township of Warwick be now read a second time. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Karr seconded by Mr. Hall, that the Council do now go into committee of the Whole on the by-law for altering the S S boundaries, Mr. Heley in the chair. Carried.

The committee considered the by-law clause by clause, rose and reported progress and asked leave to sit again.

Moved by Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr. Kadey, that this Council hire the spile driver to Mr. Wm. McDonald at the rate of two dollars per day for the time it is actually in use. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Kadey, seconded by Mr. Karr, that the Good Templars get the use of the Town Hall on condition they keep it clean. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Heley, seconded by Mr. Hall, that E. McGillicuddy be paid the sum of $3 for expenses in going to Sarnia to get legal advice in regard to alteration in School Sections. Carried.

Council then adjourned till Monday, March 31st, at 10 a.m.

W. H. STEWART, Clerk.

ELEVEN thousand dollars is quite a large sum of money, and might be expended to better purpose than for verbatim reports of long-winded speeches made by the members of parliament. With a few exceptions the speeches are neither of enough interest, nor on sufficiently important subjects to warrant such a report. The whole matter should have been left in the hands of the many wide awake newspaper men in the Dominion.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT REPORT for year ending June 30th, 1878 gives several interesting points of information. During the year, there were sent by post, forty four million letters, six million, four hundred and fifty five thousand postal cards, one million, nine hundred and eighty thousand registered letters, one million two hundred and fifty thousand free letters, nine million nine hundred and seventy three thousand newspapers and periodicals, five million and ninety thousand book and miscellaneous packages, and one hundred and eight thousand parcels by the parcel post. There were five thousand three hundred and eighty offices, with thirty eight thousand seven hunded and thirty miles of post route. The revenue was one million six hundred and twenty thousand, expenditures, two million one hundred and ten thousand dollars.

POISONING by arsenic being absorbed into the system, is not an uncommon occurrence. Several cases have been reported, orioinating from the poison being used in the coloring material of certain costly and expensive wall paper; but a physician in Denver, Colorado, met with a new kind of case lately. He had been for some time in attendance on a young lady, who exhibited all the symptoms of poisoning, but the strictest investigation failed to solve the mystery. One day the doctor was present when the young lady's wash came home, and noticed the peculiar lustre of the linen. Visiting the house where she washing was done he learned from the colored laundress that she was in the habit of using "arsenwic in de staach to make de cloes shine, honey." The secret of the youno lady's illness was discovered and by strenuous exertions her life was saved.

PRESIDENT Haye's veto of the Anti-Chinese-Emigration Bill, has produced tremendous excitement on the Pacific slope and the almond eyed Celestials are already experiencing the effects of civilization's incongruities. It is an undeniable assertion that the Chinese are a social pest to California, that they are the only nation in the world whose presence among other nations is a positive injury. Yet an International treaty having been made, permiting such immigration, it is only reasonable that an amendment should be made thereto before any prohibitory steps can be taken. Apropos of this subject Henry Ward Beecher said in a late sermon, or lecture, on the subject, in Plymouth church, Brooklyn: "There are many heathen Chinese worshiping their idols in California to day, who in the sight of God, are far better than those big, red-mouthed, whiskey-drinking fellows who are persecuting them." And Mr Beecher came very near the truth.

BUILDING castles in the air, is indulged in by us all at some period of life therefor the following story may be a reminder of the folly to which all are prone. There was a footman to a lady of rank, in the days when lotteries were in fashion in England, who disposed of all his savings in order to purchase two lottery tickets. So sure was he of success that he drew up the following plan of the manner in which he intended to spend the twenty five thousand dollar prize. "As soon as I have received the money I will marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I will use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with toast, nutmeg and sugar in it; then I will sleep until ten, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a pudding. I will have stock of wine and brandy laid in. At five in the afternoon, I will have tarts and jellies, a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes. If I am in a good humor and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about twelve." Fortunately for Grace and his own health, Fortune wisely frowned upon this would be glutton, but he took his disappointment so to heart that after a few days he put an end to his own life.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

THE

GUIDE

FOR THE

Balance of 1879

FOR

SEVENTY-FIVE CTS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO

SUBSCRIBE!

BLACKSMITHING!

THE RED SHOPS.

GEO. STOTTS,

PRACTICAL HORSESHOER AND

General Blacksmith!

All kinds of new work, such as Buggies, Carriages, Waggons, Iron Harrows, executed with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of repairing done on the shortest notice. I am also agent for all kinds of Farming Implements, such as Seed Drills, Broadcast Seeder, Sulky Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Ploughs, and the Toronto Reaper and Mower Manufacturing Company.

GEORGE STOTTS.

March, 14th, 1879. 1yr

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H.I.M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S	BENSON'S	BENSON'S
WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.	CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5. 5s.	GOLD JEWELLERY, of the highest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.

RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.

☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.

Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.

Watford, Feb. 7th. 1878.

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, good as new, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,
Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.

J. M. is now prepared to carry on all the branches in the

TAILORING BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr.

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1 — The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con., S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Balm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS. — Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.

Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb, 14th, 1879.—3 m

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF**

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WM. H. STEWART,

Township Clerk, Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R.,

For taking Affidavits. Money to Loan on Farm property. Office and Residence, Lot 6, Con. 1, S. E. R., Warwick, P. O.

March, 14th. 1879. yr

PETER RENIER.

Watford Emporium of Fashion

☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.

WEST MAIN-ST.,
WATFORD.

Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-z.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.

Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.

☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN.

Watford, March 10th. 1875. 6-

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place,

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE!

AND THAT IS THAT

JOHN McWATTERS

—OF THE—

WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlil manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

and uses the best material.

A large stock of

Sash, Doors, Brackets, Mouldinos etc., etc.,

always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLCOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

FRESH AND NEW.

GEORGE H.

RODGERS

has just received another lot of

CHEAP SUGARS AND TEAS,

best value in town. He is selling

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS

very cheap, in order to make room for a large stock of Spring Goods.

Watford November 22nd 1878.—3 m.

1879. PLOWS THAT ARE PLOWS. 1879.

D. McTavish & Son, Watford.

Are now manufacturing Plows at prices to suit the times. Having decided to dispense with peddlers they have determined to give the benefit to those ordering at the shop at greatly reduced prices.

SEE PRICE LIST:

Sod Plows, iron frame, steel mould and landside socket point, $30.00; extra sock and coulter, $4.00.

General purpose Plow iron beam and handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $23.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $19.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, shackle fastening for coulter $17.00. The above moulds are all of the Scotch Gray Pattern.

Stubble Plow, cast landside, steel mould, iron beam, wood handle, Barroman pattern of mould, $17.00. This plow cannot be surpassed for stubble work. The wood handled Plows have iron bracing between handles.

We have secured the sole use of the McCarthy mould, and we would draw the attention of those wanting to get plows suitable for plowing match work to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as this mould has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best sod mould in the Province.

All Plows made of good material, superior workmanship and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. A discount of seven per cent. allowed to parties ordering four or more Plows at one time.

Plows of all kinds repaired at reasonable charges. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

D. McTAVISH & SON, WATFORD, ONT.

Feb. 21st, 1879.—2m.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.

Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.

Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford. July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

Is Your Life Worth Saving!

IF SO GO AT ONCE TO

WYNNE'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE

And leave your order for a first-class pair of French Calf, Kip or Stoga Boots, which can be had at the following low rates:

French Calf	Boots at	$5 00	Cash
Kip Boots	-	4 25	"
Stoga "	-	3 75	"

And all other lines in like proportion. Also a splendid stock of

TRUNKS, SATCHELS, AND VALISES.

☞ All parties indebted to me must call and settle either by note or cash before the 30th December, or I will have to put them into Court for collection. A large supply of SEWING MACHINES of the very best make just received.

Watford, Dec. 6th. 1878.—3m. G. H. WYNNE.

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,
CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same; takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1875. 1-yr

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exeedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valenia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S

Hardware Department.

We now claim to have the

Largest, Cheapest & Best

Assorted Stock of

BUILDING HARDWARE,

Paints & Oils ever Shown in Watford.

Remember we will not be undersold by

Any House in the Trade!

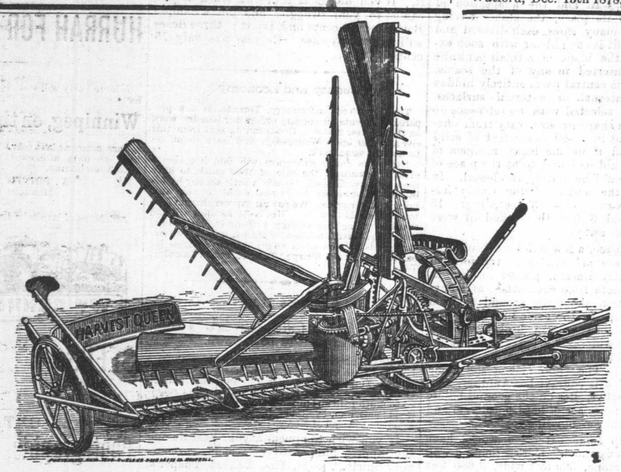
Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.



Harvest Queen Front View.

Some of the Reasons why the Harvest Queen is the Best Machine to Buy.

1st. It has the largest drive wheel of any Single Reaper now made, being 36 inches in diameter, and seven inch face.

2nd. It has the largest, lightest, strongest, and best shaped table, supported by a patent truss rud, which you cannot get on any other Machine in the market.

3rd. It has the best Johnston five arm rake, which lays a better sheaf than any four arm rake made.

4th. It is the best protected from sand, dust and dirt, I challenge comparison with any Machine in the market, no matter whose make it is, on this very essential improvement.

5th. It can be set to cut as low as any Machine, and can be raised higher to travel on the road or go over very rough ground than any other Machine.

6th. It has the firmest, strongest, and most durable device for tilting of any Machine now made. I again challenge comparison on this point, claiming that while cutting, the table of my Reaper is held perfectly solid, consequently it leaves a very nice stubble.

7th. I ask the farmers as a favor to me and an advantage to themselves, to compare the Harvest Queen with all other reapers on the above mentioned points, as the success and durability of any Machine undoubtedly depends upon the advantages herein enumerated.

8th. It has more strokes of the Knife to each revolution of the Driving wheel than any other Single Reaper made; and SEVEN Strokes more to *each Revolution* of the Driving wheel than any other *Harvest Queen* Reaper made outside of Strathroy. The increased motion of the Knife renders the Reaper capable of cutting where other Reapers will choke down.

In connection with the above Reaper I also make the

HUMMING BIRD MOWER,

Which is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best Mowers now offered to the public. Manufactured at the Strathroy Agricultural Works by

F. J. CRAIG, Strathroy.

THOS. KERFOOT, AGENT WATFORD. tjl

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

1000

Cords of Wood Wanted

in exchange for Furniture at

WM. F. PHILLIPS'

Furniture Warerooms,

who still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE BUSNIESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

PICTURE FRAMES A SPECIALITY.

MOTTO FRAMES AT PAR.

My stock in every department

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, }
WILLIAM COLE, } Directors.
R. F. MARSHALL, }
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1878. 1y

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Chritmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEAS, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS,

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands: HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

SELLING OFF FOR THIRTY DAYS.

AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.

Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, AND CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Watford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

SEED GRAIN.

The undersigned has a number of bushels of good clean seed Peas and Oats for sale, clear of Bug and Tail seeds. Peas, 75 cents, per bushel. Oats 40 cents.

J. R. SMITH,
Kertch, P. O.

Plympton, January 17th.—2 m

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

Dissolution of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between F. A. Humpidge and Hector McLeish, as "Planing Sash and Door Manufacturers," at the Village of Watford, was on the first day of January last dissolved, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said firm will be collected by D. J. Campbell, banker, Watford, who is authorised to grant receipts for the same, All liabilities of said firm will be presented to him for examination and liquidation by the late firm. The buisness will still be carried on in all its branches as heretofore by Hector McLeish.

Dated, Watford 6th March 1879.

F. A. HUMPIDGE.
WITNESS HECTOR McLEISH.
JAMES MENERY, Notary Public.
Watford Feb, 7th.—3 in.

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 14th 1879.

Bring along your poems on mud.

Political! Best yet! See this week's Grip at Ewer's book store.

IT will soon be time to plant new potatoes, green peas and —— cats.

GABRIELLE.—Henry Grenville's greatest story, only 20 cents at Ewer's book store.

Mr. John McWaters of this place, is very ill with inflamation of the lungs. He was attacked quite suddenly, last Thursday afternoon.

FIVE CENT MUSIC.—Latest issues: "O Saviour of the world," "Dreaming and drifting," "Whoa Emma!" and 200 others for sale at Ewer's book store.

THANKS.—Those friends who so kindly subscribed to purchase for me a cow, and the sum of $22, will please accept my sincere thanks.—MRS. J. HAMILTON.

Orders for school, and miscellaneous Books Periodicals, Music, Stationery etc., filled promptly and forwarded per post, without extra charge, by Ewer's book store, Watford.

YOU can now safely write, a little in advance of the season perhaps, "Meet me in the garden darling, where the early cabbage grows."

PAY UP.—All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle their accounts immediately, and save costs. As we have got payments to meet we must have all accounts settled before the 20th of March.

1 in WILLOUGHBY & SAUNDERS.

BOLE, STICKLE & Co., at the Globe Foundry have repairs constantly on hand for the following ploughs, Ontario Chief, Strathroy Dominion, London Dominion, McSherry, all the Gray's, and other patterns too numerous to mention.

Pud muddles, mud puddles
The mind it quite fuddles,
As you step through the muddles of pud,
But after the muddle
There cometh no puddle,
For the sun will dry up all the mud.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.—The stage runs between Alvinston and Watford every day (Sundays excepted) Leaves Alvinston at 9:30 a. m., arriving in Watford in season for the 12:28 o'clock train going east, and remains until the arrival of the train from the east, due at Watford at 3:30 o'clock, p. m.

DAVID WATT and Milliner left, on Wednesday last, for the whole sale markets, to make purchases for the Millinery Department, and he is now rapidly filling up with the **choicest** and **cheapest goods** he has ever bought. **See his assortment before deciding to buy.** M14tf.

MR Bennett Anderson, who is now conducting revival services in Alvinston will hold a service in the English Church on 6th line on Sabbath next, the 16th inst at 10:30 a. m., and in the Methodist church, Watford, on Wednesday the 19th inst., at 10 a. m. and again in the English Church 6th line at 3p. m. All are cordially invited to attend

SPRING IS COMING.—Farmers buy your Plows from Bole, Stickle & Co., at the Globe Foundry Watford, where they are made to do good work without being returned to be remodled. Their new Excelsior Plow for general work, at the low price of sixteen dollars, is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Land Rollers, the best in western Ontario, at twenty-five per cent less than any Roller of the same size. All other implements at corresponding rates. Give them a call.

WILSON'S WILD CHERRY.

This valuable medicine which has enjoyed an immense and ever increasing sale in the City of Hamilton, for the past six years is now being introduced throughout Ontario. It is a vegetable compound possessing the most remarkble curative properties over diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes. The proprietors hold the most flattering certificates from the Mayor and a great number of prominent Citizens of Hamilton showing the very high estimation in which it is held at home Wilson's Compound Syrup Wild Cherry contains no opium, is pleasant to take, and a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice' &c. Sold by Druggists and general dealers. M71m.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.

A complimentary supper was tendered on Monday evening last to the daparting captain of Defiance Fire Company, Mr. F. A. Humpidge, and was one of the most successful and enjoyable affairs ever held in Watford, and a fitting tribute to worth and excellence of the guest, as a fireman and citizen. A magnifiaent spread was made at Ray's Hotel, and upwards of one hundred of our prominent citizens assisted in disposing of the good things

The chair was taken by Capt. Lane who in a few appropriate and well connected remarks stated the object of the demonstration viz: to do honor to an esteemed officer and citizen, who had decided to take his departure from Watford. The programme was then entered upon and the following loyal toasts were ably responed to: "The Queen," Mr. Jas. Bole; "Governor General," Messrs Thos. Doherty and D. J. Campbell; song "The Firemen," (written for the occasion) Mr. L. C. Rodgers. Here the committee of the Company arose and presented the guest with a beautifully engrossed and illuminated address executed by Prof. Adams and which read as follows:—

TO FRED A. HUMPIDGE, ESQ

Respected Sir.—We, on behalf of Defiance Fire Company and the citizens of Watford, desire to embrace the opportunity afforded on this occasion to convey to you an expression of our appreciation of your faithful and devoted labors, untiring zeal and active co-operation, in the discharge of the different official positions held by you in our Fire Company. The general public feel that they sustain a loss as a citizen and a practical mechanic, by your removal from our midst. We bespeak for you in your new home in Dutton the same confidence that we have reposed in you while here. Wishing you and your family long life, happiness and prosperity, we remain yours respectfully.

H. Lane,
M. D. O'Brien,
M. S. Campbell,
James Menery,
John Lovell, } Commitee

The toast of the evening "Our Guest," was presented by Mr. A. Jamieson, the Vice-Chairman, in a few well chosen sentences, referring particularly to Mr. Humpidge, as a highly esteemed member of Havelock Lodge A. F. & A. M., and the fact that the Masonic fraternity, who had proposed humoring him with a similiar expression to that offered on the present occasion, had laid aside all selfishners and fell in with the Fire Company to assist in doing honor to their departing brother. Mr. Humpidge acknowledged the toast in a very earnest and feeling speech. Song, "Drink and be Merry," Messrs. Jos. Williams and Paul Cameron. At this point in the proceedings, the Captain called upon the Secretary to take his feet. and quite unexpectedly to that gentleman, presented him with a magnificent gold pen and case, with the following address;

TO M. S, CAMPBELL, ESQ., SECRETARY D. F. CO.

Dear Sir.—I have much pleasure in presenting you with this gold pen on behalf of the company, as a token of the high appreciation in which you are held, as a man and a fireman, and as an acknowledgement of your zeal and ability in the discharge of the onerous duties as Secretary, for our company for the past four years. Be assured of our confidence, and we hope that you will continue as heretofore, our worthy secretary, and that you may long be spared to use this token of our respect and esteem:

H. LANE, Captain.

Mr. Campbell, though quite surprised with the unexpected honor, made a very suitable reply. A number of toasts followed but space will not permit us to report. The Brass Band were present and added much to the evening's entertainments.

Address and Presentation.

The friends and acquaintances of the Rev. Mr Abraham in Watford and vicinity, having heard of his resignation of the pastoral charge of the Watford and Warwick Presbyterian congregations, assembled in the Manse on Tuesday evening to present him with an address and purse as a mark of the respect and esteem in which he was held by the members and adherents of his congregations. Before 9 o'clock the Manse was crowded. Mr. Thomas Doherty was called to the chair, and asked the Rev. Mr. Abraham to open the meeting with prayer. After a few very appropriate remarks from the chairman, he called upon Mr. Alex. Jamieson, who came forward and read the following address:

TO THE REV. JOHN ABRAHAM, PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WATFORD.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—We the members and adherents deeply regretting your departure from among us, feel that we cannot allow the connection that has so happily and usefully existed for the past six years, finally to close without expressing to you our deep gratitude to you for faithful pastoral care of us in the past.

We feel, sir, that the position of a minister of Christ is one which places, Pastor and people in very near and dear relationship. He deals in holy things. He is the representative to men of the Lord Jesus, and his daily work is to endeavor to bring more under the heart felt influence and holy practice of the pure religion of Christ.

And it is our privilege to state to you that you have ever been mindful of this position, and in your duties in public, and from house to house, you have made us constantly feel that your earnest desire was to win us to the Lord's side, and build us up in our most holy faith.

And permit us now to express the hope that when we shall no longer enjoy your ministrations, and no longer hear your voice, that the power of your influence for our good will still be with us, and that your voice exercised so long in the utterance of holy truths will become a part of ourselves through the power of the Holy Ghost. Having written them in our hearts, so that in the day of the last great harvest you will appear with joy bringing your sheaves with you.

You are now, dear sir, about to leave us, and you know not where next you shall exercise your ministry, but may we not all feel the preciousness of that promise "the Lord will direct the path." We are assured, Reverend Sir, that the heavenly Father the God of Providence, who called you to the ministry will lead you in his good way and at the right time will give you a flock to feed in his name.

At that time may you and Mrs. Abraham find many warm hearts to extend to you all that courtesy and sympathy which help so much to sweeten the way of life, and that to a minister of Christ is like the help given of old by Aaron and Hur to the wearied Moses.

As some token of the very high regard in which we hold you, be pleased to accept this purse, praying that the rich blessing of the heavenly Father and of the dear Lord Jesus and the comforting influence of the Holy Ghost may be with you and your family wherever your lot may be cast.

We remain yours in the bond of Christian sympaty, Signed by the members and adherents.

During the reading of this address Miss Marth Marshall handed the Rev. gentleman a beautiful purse containing $50.

Mr. Abraham made a very suitable and feeling reply, referring to the progress of the congregation since he was settled in their midst, mentioning the large and handsome Church, the very comfortable Manse which had been erected since he came to Watford. The congregation had increased in membership about one half, and the Sabbath attendance had nearly doubled. All this he pointed to as marks of outward prosperity, and though eternity alone would reveal the spiritual good done, yet he trusted that his labors had not been in vain. He thanked them kindly for the expression of regard for Mrs. Abraham, and though he knew not where their next field of labor would be, they both would hold in affectionate remembrance the many tokens of kindness they had received from their friends in Watford. In a few days they would be without a minister, and he would be without a home, but he hoped they would after he was gone look lightly upon what they may have thought as his faults, assuring them that in such it was more an error of judgment than of the heart. Commending them to the guidance and protection of the Great Shepherd, he hoped they would at last meet in a better world where parting would be no more.

The chairman then called upon Mr. Wm. P. McLaren, who read the following address:

TO REV. JOHN ABRAHAM; PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, WATFORD, ONT.

Reverend Sir,—We the members of your Bible Class and your friends learning that you are leaving us, take this opportunity of showing our appreciation for you as a man and a minister, and beg of you to accept the small token of our regard and respect for you. Wherever your future lot may be cast may the giver of all good give you and your family health, happiness and prosperity, and when our labors are ended here below may all of us meet in that home above where parting is no more.

This address which was beautifully engrossed was signed by about 64 members of the Bible Class.

To this address the Rev. Mr. Abraham made a very suitable reply, stating that this was not the first token of respect and appreciation that he had received from the young of the congregation, and expressed the great pleasure and personal benefit he himself had enjoyed in endeavoring to direct their minds to the great subject of life.

After a sumptuous repast provided by the ladies of the congregation, and vocal and instrumental music, the Company broke up about eleven o'clock, all pleased and delighted with the evenings entertainment.

Ailsa Craig vs. Watford.

A shooting match took place at Ailsa Craig on Tuesday last, the 11th inst., between the Watford Club and the Club of that place, which resulted in a victory for the Watfordites. The following is the score:—

WATFORD.	
Symington,	10 14/16
Edwards,	7 9/16
McTavish,	7 1/16
Hughes,	4 8/16
Roach,	10 14/16
McKinnon,	7 14/16
Bryce,	18
Spurway,	8 5/16
Harrower,	10 8/16
Lamb,	26 3/16
Elliot,	11 6/16
Williamson,	14 12/16
Total	137 14/16

AILSA CRAIG.	
W. Allen,	16 13/16
Ed. Rossor,	10 15/16
L. Atkinson,	25 10/16
D. Drummond,	9 12/16
Chas. Edwards,	9 10/16
Hugh Clark,	16 4/16
Wm. Weir,	15 2/16
Wm. Robson,	4 7/16
Colin Stewart,	11 4/16
John McEwen,	10 11/16
Robson Tweddle,	3 4/16
H. C. Munro,	10 10/16
Total	143 6/16

We certify the above to be a correct measurement and score made between Watford and Ailsa Craig Gun Clubs.

ALEX. SYMINGTON, } JUDGES.
W. P. McFARLANE, }

E. S. SMITH, Referee.

The members of the Watford Gun Club speak very highly of the manner in which they were treated by the Ailsa Craig Club, (who they say are gentlemen, and foemen worthy of their steel) and when the return match comes off in Watford they will try and accord to them the same treatment.

"Now gallant Saxon hold thine own,
No maiden's arm is round the thrown."

ALVINSTON AND BROOKE ITEMS.

JOHN CUMMINGS proposes to build a fine store and dwelling on his lot adjoining R.G. Morrish's store, this spring.

MASS was held in St Matthew's R. C. Church last Sunday, by the Rev. Father McGrath. A large number attended the service.

Mr. J. McIlwaine has removed from his fine farm near Napier to his new brick dwelling house here. We gladly welcome such an acquisition to this village.

J. C. Creery reports a brisk demand for staves from Buffalo, and is shipping several car loads to fill a loads to fill a large order buyers there.

BOB BENNER has lately purchased a famous trotter. Pedigree and so forth, will be forthcoming as soon as an inspection can be made of the family records.

WM. RISK, JR. proposes to move his stave mill nearer the railroad, that he may be able to make shipments of staves, etc., regardless of the muddy roads.

EVENING Service in St John's Church commenced at half-past six last Sunday evening, thus giving those who attended, opportunity to adjourn to the Presbyterian Church to hear Mr. J Bennet Anderson.

MR. J. BENNETT ANDERSON has met, and is meeting with great success in his reviva services here. The Presbyterian Church, which was kindly placed at his service is crowded nightly by eager listners.

THE attention of the newly appointed pathmasters for Ward 4, is called to the horrible state of the public highway passing Township Clerk Willoughby's farm. It is said that "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but if the Navoo road isn't as hard or harder to travel, in its present condition, then we'll give up the contract.

WANTED! A whistle regulator. At present out of the four mills having steam whistles attached there is only one that blows at proper time. If the others do not take their reckoning and start fresh we'll have to name the correct time keeper and shame the rest of them.

James Sullivan, son of John Sullivan, the esteemed janitor of the Public School and Temperance Lodge room here, is rapidly recovering from a severe attack of inflamation of the lungs and pleurisy. His attendant physician Dr. Crawford anticipates a speedy recovery of his usual health.

We understand that the Planing mill has been rented by John D Black to Messrs McIlwaine, Russel and Black. The latter gentleman is from Strathroy and no relation to J. D. We hope the new firm will meet with success; and that Mr. J. D. Black will enjoy the leisure time he so well deserves.

THE Alvinston Cornet Band give another concert in Music Hall, on Saturday next. The Canadian Humorist, Mr. J. B. Watson, has been engaged to deliver his celebrated lecture entitled "Pluck, Patience and Perseverance," and Mr. Tom Sovereign will vocalize on various subjects, with his well known ability.

E. L. F. M. F. Insurance Co.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the E. L. F. M. F. I. Co. was held in Watford on March 12th. Present J Dallas, Pres. G Dewar, Vice-Pres., Thos. Doherty, Manager, R. F Marshall, R. King, J. C. Duncan, and A Hagle Directors. The claim of Barney Service was taken up for loss sustained in having his house and part of the contents burned the 20th of January last After examination of witnesses and investigating into his loss, it was moved by Mr Duncan, seconded by Mr Hagle, that Barney Service be paid $590 in full for loss, and the President grant his order on the Treasurer for the same. Carried. Joseph McLure's claim was taken up for loss of barn burnt on the 1st February last. After examining into his loss it was moved by Mr Marshall, seconded by Mr. King, that Joseph McClure by paid $500 being the full amount he was insured for, and the President grant his order on the Treasurer for the same. Carried. The question of insuring Cheese Factories, and Cheese in Factories came up and discussed, the Board considered the risk extra hazardous, and conflicting with the By-laws, and did not consider it advisable to insure them. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President and Manager,

BORN.

On Sunday the 9th inst., the wife of Chas. Abbott of a daughter,

On Saturday, the 8th inst., the wife of John Correstine, Brooke, of a son.

On Wednesday, the 12th inst., the wife of U. M. Stanley, M. B., M. D., F. T. M. C., M. C. P. S. O., of a son.

DIED.

At Montague, County of Lanark, on Saturday 8th February, after a lingering illness Mary, wife of Henry McConnell, and sister of W. H. Stewart of Warwick, aged 51 years.

At Osgoode, in the County of Carleton, on Monday 24th Feb of Diabetes, Alexander McLaren, leaving a wife and twelve children to mourn his loss.

Deceased was a brother-in-law of W. H. Stewart, Clerk of Warwick.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₩ bush	$0 90	@	$0 92
Fall Wheat, red, ₩ bush	0 90	@	0 92
Spring Wheat, ₩ bush	0 72	@	0 80
Barley, ₩ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₩ bush	0 27	@	0 28
Corn, ₩ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₩ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Onions, ₩ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₩ cenal	4 50	@	4 75
Flour, ₩ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₩ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₩ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₩ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₩ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₩ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Caif Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage bearing date the First day of December, A. D. 1877, which said mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereby secured, there will be sold by Public Auction, at Baker's Hotel in the

VILLAGE OF WATFORD,

ON

FRIDAY, MARCH 28th 1879,

at half past one o'clock in the afternoon the following property comprised in the said mortgage, viz.:—

The south- east quarter of Lot thirteen in the third concession, south of the Egremont Road, in the Township of Warwick, containing fifty acres, more or less, also a road or right of way to and from the said premises to the concession line two rods wide off and from the east side of the north half of the west half of said Lot thirteen.

The property is well situated, TITLE IS PERFECT.

The purchaser will not be entitled to the production of any title deeds, save and except said mortgage, and such other deeds as are in the possession of the Vendor's solicitor

Terms and conditions of sale may be obtained from the undersigned, and will be made known by them at the time of sale.

PARDEE & GARVEY
Sarnia, March 12.—2i Vendors Solicitors.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage made by Eliza McPherson and James C. McPherson, to Rochford Dillion Correstine, Dated the 11th day of September, A.D. 1878, there will be offered for sale, by Public Auction, at the premises in the

Village of Alvinston,

ON

Saturday April 5th '79,

at one o'clock P. M. this certain parcel of land known as Village Lot number (21) twenty-one, on the east side of River Street, in Wagner's survey, in said Village of Alvinston, more particularly described in said mortgage. There is a good hotel and barn on the premises. The above property is centrally situated in the Village.

For particulars and conditions of sale apply to,

R. D. CORRESTINE,
or RICHARD CODE, Mortgagee, Watford,
Alvinston Ont.

Brooke, March 12th, 1879.—3 in.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich,

Watford, Feb. 21st '79. 3m

Vanderdecken's Dream.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

At last, repose! all still. Yet in mine ear
Sounds the deep roar of waters, and my brain
Swims with th' eternal motion. Do I live?
And is the awful whirl—the weary beat
At length at rest? Shut out the hideous days
When my wrung eyes strained o'er the leaden prairie,
And longed for night brought me no welcome darkness!
For then the solemn sentinels, patrolling,
Lit up the waste, flashing their ghastly foam,
At times the misty folds were lifted. Then
Revealed the tender shore—soft light and colours—
Men and maidens flitting: to faint chimings
From the turret in the red-tiled roof:
And as my racked heart yearned at the sight—
Longing—panting for this sweet delight,
Down roll the inky folds: my awful masters
Roared in their fury, "Onward, on for ever!
Joy at thy lips: but never shalt thou taste."
And I was whirled away, shrieking to Heav'n,
"O mercy, give me pause! one moment's rest!
Take me from this torture! Give me Death!"
This my rack, most exquisite and devilish.
So with some wretched soul, when she he loved
Lies still before him: his strained eyelids
Wrung with long watchings, drooping till he sleeps:
Then does the sweet lost one come to him, smiling;
Greeting with her old joy, as though just returned:
And he walks forth with her, through calm green lanes,
Wondering, yet filled with soft delight—
In tender summer's light, full of sweet sadness—
When, of a sudden, she is snatched away—
And waking with a cry, and arms outstretched,
Bleak dawn has chilled him back into his grief.
This my torture—Vultures of despair
Chained at my heart—the minutes long as days,
The days, as years—the years——
When will it end?
. . . . . .
But now 'tis past! My prison lies beyond,
And here is Life again! Sweet Earth, fond mother!
Rage on, ye baffled monsters! I am Free!
Now do I mock your bolts and watery bonds.
Alas, I rave! 'Tis but reprieve—brief furlough—
Is there not one white soul to ransom mine?
See! in yon clustered houses, on the hill—
The dawn just lifting up her chil blue mantle—
I kn w my covert. There my quarry sleeps;
Dreams of her rustic, who at village dance
Whi-pered his love into her coral ear.
The Fowler comes. I've marked you, innocent!
One week hence—Poor child! I know not mercy.
And women traffic with men's hearts—She'll find me
Steel and rock. Let both be lost together!
But to the work.
. . . . . .
O! long sweet evening, at the cottage door,
By bending stream, or near the spreading tree:
All in a golden glow, and tender calm—
Eternal twilight—here I find my rest.
The sense—so exquisite! that all is done!
O gentle eyes, transparent to my soul;
I gaze upon the loving heart within,
That wearied out the Vengeance with its sighs.
O! too indulgent Heaven! ever pitying—
That sends the gracious rain, forgiving all—
Whispering all is paid—the score wiped out!
The panting crowds shall fret and battle for the crown—
This poor scarred heart is healed. Here in one calm,
My life shall melt away!
. . . . . .
What chilling touch
Curdles my soul! My eyes are darkening—
I sink—and shiver. And a clanging Bell
Swings in my brain—that tolls the awful end!
"Save me!" I gasp. Despair! Then clutch the plank
That drifts beside me. "Give, give your life!
Your vows, your oath! Redeem me—quick! I die."
Answered her loving eyes, all joyful, "Only that!"
Then to my tale of Sin; my hurried words
Burst from their gates—a hideous maddened crowd.
There was I all revealed; the impious soul,
That flung defiance to the Highest Heaven,
And on that fatal night gave bond to Satan
That till the Judgment Day—
"Accursed!" she shrieked,
And, shrieking, fled.
. . . . . .
All on a card, and lost!
She shrank from me. This tainted, leprous thing
I call my soul pierced through the tinsel.
The draught was at my lip, and snatched from me
Her heart, a fallen leaf beneath my feet
To tread upon. She's saved, and I—am lost!
Despair! The moments, tramping on to midnight,
Drag me with them. O! the end—the End!
Hark to their murmurings as they fret, impatient.
They are at hand—Just as the doomed one
Sees through the prison gates flung open—sudden,
The blood-red scaffold, and the awful waste
Of upturned greedy faces—waiting him—
I dare not look; yonder the hideous thing,
My prison through the long, long night,
The blood-red sail, wafting a chill of death.
The moments slip from me, whipped by furies
Into wild rallop. Oh, the End! the end!
What shall I do? No, no! Not yet, not yet;
Some space!—show pity—Oh, turn back the hours—
They heed not my wild prayers—As well the wretch
That's caught and tangled in the whirling engine
May pray its cruel teeth to spare him. See,
The air is thickening: they close in upon me;
Foul pinions flap upon my cheek—I hear
Their forked tongues hiss in my ear "Too late!"
The dismal chime, wailed out by kindly angels
In yon barred Heaven never to be mine!
The earth, she air, the gale, the wave—"Too late!"
The fatal cry. They come for me! I am lost!
I feel the icy mail upon my heart! O! Mercy!
Mercy!

Eyesight and Reading.

How the Injurious Effects Upon the Eyes May be Avoided.

(From the London Times.)

M. Javel, in a recent lecture, tries to answer the question, Why is reading a specially fatiguing exercise? and also suggests some remedies for this fatigue. First, M. Javel says reading requires an absolutely permanent application of the eyesight, resulting in a permanent tension of the organ, which may be measured by the amount of fatigue or by the production of permanent myopy; secondly, books are printed in black on a white ground. The eye is thus in presence of the most absolute contrast which can be imagined. The third peculiarity lies in the arrangement of the characters in horizontal lines, over which run our eyes.

If we maintain during reading a perfect immobility of the book and the head, the printed lines are applied successively to the same parts of the retina, while the interspaces, more bright, also effect certain regions of the retina, always the same. There must result from this a fatigue analogous to that which we experience when we make experiments in "accidental images," and physicists will admit that there is nothing more disastrous for the sight than the prolonged contemplation of these images. Lastly, and most important of all, in M. Javel's estimation, is the continual variation of the distance of the eye from the point of fixation on the book. A simple calculation demonstrates that the accommodation of the eye to the page undergoes a distinct variation in proportion as the eye passes from the beginning to the end of each line, and that this variation is all the greater in proportion to the nearness of the book to the eye and the length of the line.

As to the rules which M. Javel inculcates in order that the injurious effects of reading may be avoided, with reference to the permanent application of the eyes, he counsels to avoid excess, to take notes in reading, to stop in order to reflect, or even to roll a cigarette; but not to go on reading for hours on end without stopping. As to the contrast between the white of the paper and the black characters, various experiments have been made in the introduction of coloured papers. M. Javel advises the adoption of a slightly yellow tint. But the nature of the yellow to be used is not a matter of indifference; he would desire a yellow resulting from the absence of the blue rays, analogous to that of paper made from a wood paste, and which is often mistakenly corrected by the addition of an ultramarine blue, which produces gray, and not white. M. Javel has been led to this conclusion both from practical observation and also theoretically from the relation which must exist between the two eyes and the colours of the spectrum.

His third advice is to give preference to small volumes which can be held in the hand, which obviates the necessity of the book being kept fixed in one place, and the fatigue resulting from accidental images. Lastly, M. Javel advises the avoidance of too long lines and therefore he prefers small volumes, and for the same reason those journals which are printed in narrow columns. Of course every one knows that it is exceedingly injurious to read with insufficient light, or to read too small print, and other common rules.

M. Javel concludes by protesting against an invidious assertion which has recently been made "in a neighbouring country" (Germany, no doubt), according to which the degree of civilization of a people is proportional to the number of the short-sighted shown to exist by statistics; the extreme economy of light, the abuse of reading to the detriment of reflection and the observation of real facts, the employment of Gothic characters and of a too broad column for books and journals are the conditions which, M. Javel believes, lead to myopy, especially if successive generations have been subjected to these injurious influences.

Troubles of a Piute Doctor.

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.

(From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.)

Nearly twenty years ago, while a resident of Silver City, we taught a Piute Indian named Mose to write his name. He was very proud of the accomplishment, and at his request was given a pencil and note book in order that he might show off among the members of his tribe and such white men as he chanced to meet. He was taught to make the letters after the fashion of those in print, but in defiance of rule would always turn the letter "s" the wrong way.

Seeing that Mose could write his name the people of his tribe began to regard him as a man "wise beyond his day and generation," and expected him to distinguish himself in some way. Mose felt that he must do something to keep up his reputation, and as it was not easy for him to write anything more than his own name, he set up for a doctor.

He has been practicing some years, and it would seem with much better success than the majority of our white physicians, as he has killed only three men. But "the pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last," and at last poor Mose is in a tight place, and is liable to lose his life—to be stoned to death by his own people.

The Lyon County *Times* of yesterday morning gives the following account of the trouble which has overtaken Mose, and all because of his shallow draught of the Pierian spring:

Capt. Bob, the renowned Indian warrior, who is the pride of that portion of the Piute tribe which lives between the Comstock and Pyramid lake, is lying on his death-bed, and there is much sorrowing and lamentation thereat in the Piute campoodies, as well as threatenings of the tribal medicine man. Last Sunday one who is known as Mose was escorted to this city by over two hundred Indians of all ages, from the pappoose in arms to the aged buck or squaw. These Indians represented every campoodie from Walker river to Pyramid, and had been summoned to try the medicine man who was accused of trying to poison Capt. Bob. The evidence was to the effect that only three of the medicine man's patients had died, and if Capt. Bob were soon gathered to the bosom of the Great Spirit, he would therefore only be the fourth. This circumstance saved the life of the man of medicine, as by custom of the tribe the medicine men are allowed to live until five of their patients have preceded them to the happy hunting-grounds. Then, however, they are executed by being stoned to death, each member of the council which passes sentence upon him being compelled to throw at least one stone at the doomed man. But, notwithstanding the fact that, according to Piute law, Mose was not yet doomed, many members of the Council held that if Mose were killed the life of Capt. Bob might thereby be saved, and for a time this opinion seemed to prevail. But finally Mose who, during the trial had stood in the centre of the Council, pale as death, and perspiring profusely, was told that he might go, but that he must save Capt. Bob or he surely would be tied into a shaft head downward. Mose lives near the Alta works, in Lower Gold Hill, and he started homeward without waiting for a second order.

The Revival of Learning.

(From St. Nicholas.)

After the fall of the Greek Empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the imperial City of Constantine, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves. They carried with them all their worldly wealth—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened. We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three-quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks—he who had loved learning intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived—among his books—for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume. Now every one seemed smitten with a passionate desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the East." Princes, ladies, and courtiers were alike enthusiastic. Like a boy with a new toy, they were filled with delight over some newly-discovered fragment of an old Greek or Latin author. Now the lately-invented art of printing came into requisition. Paper had been made from rags since about the year 1300, and, with these new facilities, copies of the classic authors were rapidly multiplied, and came into the possession of those who had never dared to hope for one. Aldus Manutius set up a printing-press in Venice in 1488, and sent forth edition after edition of those splendid classics, called, after him, the Aldine editions, which are to this day the delight and envy of all lovers of rare and costly books. It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result. And so on this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best, and sweetest, and noblest; all that is worth most having in the life of the present day we owe to it—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.

Double Bliss and Long Life.

Dr. Bertillon has been making extensive researches in French statistics, and one of the conclusions to which he has come is, that double bliss has a great advantage over single blessedness in producing life. His figures prove that in France the mortality among bachelors between the ages of 25 and 30 is nearly double that of married men at the same stage in life, there being ten deaths of single men to every 1,000, and only six of married ones. The same disproportion is observable later on, diminishing however with advancing years. Thus, between 45 and 50, 11 benedicts die per 1,000 inhabitants, whereas the number of single men reaches 20. With widowers death deals even harder than those who have never assumed conjugal fetters. Widowers between 25 and 30 are carried off at the rate of 22 per 1,000, while their married brethren yield a harvest of only six lives per 1,000 to the terrible reaper. With advancing age the difference between the mortality of the single, the widowers and married is less striking, though always appreciable, the only circumstances under which the single have the advantage of the married being in the case of very early marriages, those who wed under twenty years of age dying in the proportion of 50 to every 1,000 inhabitants. As regards the fairer half of creation, although single women die off less rapidly till the age of five and twenty than their married sisters, after this epoch the latter obtain the advantage over the former. Widows seem to run less danger from their bereavement than widowers, from which it is to be inferred that the loss of a husband is a lesser calamity than that of a wife.

WHY is a boat rowed by a young woman like a candy scrape? Because it is a 'lasses pull. This is inserted syruptitiously.

USEFUL RECIPES.

HONEY CANDY.—Two cups white sugar (7 cents), one half cup water, four tablespoonfuls honey (2 cents). Nine cents for one half pound candy.

CURRY AND KIDNEYS.—Remove every particle of fat from the kidneys (10 cents), cut in squares, put them in salt and water for 30 minutes, then on the stove to cook in clear cold water. When cooked add one onion (1 cent), one apple (1 cent.)

COCOANUT CANDY.—Two cups granulated sugar (7 cents), half cup water; boil for six minutes; add one grated cocoanut (9 cents); as soon as the sugar is soft spread in white greased papers, and when cold cut in squares; 16 cents for one pound.

PEPPERMINTS.—One pound granulated sugar (14 cents), enough water to thicken; stir constantly for five minutes; take off the stove and add 22 drops of oil of peppermint (5 cents), then beat until thick: drop on a sheet of tin; 19 cents for one pound of candy.

BOSTON CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One pint of sugar (7 cents), dissolved in as little water as possible; one half cup of butter (6 cents), one tablespoonful of vinegar, one cup of chocolate (9 cents); boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares, when partly cooled. Cost, 22 cents for one pound.

CREAM WALNUTS.—Two cups granulated sugar (7 cents); half cup water; boil from five to seven minutes; then take enough of the cream (after cooling somewhat) to make a flat round candy; put two walnut meats on it; placed them in greased paper; set them away to harden; almost a pound for 19 cents.

POOR MAN'S PURIM CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, eighth-pound of butter, rind of one lemon, one cup of milk, two eggs, teaspoonful of baking powder, three cups of flour; heat sugar and butter together, then the eggs, add milk last; then flour and baking powder, stirring it in; mix well and bake in a moderately heated oven. Cost, twenty cents.

BLACK GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar-house molasses (Philadelphia), one cup of sugar (brown), one cup warm water, 11 heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, teaspoon of soda; mix with the flour tablespoon of ginger, teaspoon of cinnamon, tablespoon of butter, one egg; mix molasses, sugar, and butter well together with the warm water, then the other ingredients, and bake in Saratoga roll-pans.

MUTTON PIE.—Take cold boiled mutton; slice it thin; have a crust made of one cup of beef suet, one half cup butter, one cup of cold water; mix this with prepared flour, as stiff as for tea-biscuit; take two thirds of the crust and line a four-quart earthen pie-dish; then fill the dish two-thirds full with the meat; have a quarter of a pound of butter cut in small pieces, one teaspoonful of fine sugar, one of salt, and one half teaspoonful of pepper, one cup of water; cover the pie with the remainder of the crust, and bake in moderate oven for one hour.

TRIPE SAUTE A LA BORDELAISE.—Take two pounds of tripe, and lay in salt and water over night; cut into strips about as long as the fore-finger, and about as wide; put into a stew-pan one tablespoonful of butter, or clarified drippings, or better, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, with half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and half a chopped onion; when your butter, drippings, or oil are very hot, put in tripe, and cook until brown, and salt and pepper to suit taste. Cost, 25 cents, enough for four people. There is a very stupid prejudice against tripe; very often delicate people find they can digest tripe when nothing else can be eaten.

LEMON PIE—THE CRUST.—Sift half a pound flour in a bowl, with half a teaspoonful of salt. Make a well in the middle of your flour, and break a fresh egg into it; then add a tablespoonful of butter from a half pound you have weighed for your crust. Mix well with your hand; then gradually add ice-water until all your flour is well worked in and does not stick. Use as little water as possible, certainly not more than half a pint. Roll out, upon a marble slab or board, your paste about a quarter of an inch thick, and lay on one-third of your butter in pieces as large as a small marble. Double your paste and roll out again, being careful not to allow the butter to break through. Do this three times, then put the crust on the ice until you have made the filling for your pies. The ingredients for a lemon pie—Three lemons, grate all the yellow rind, squeeze the juice, stir into them one tablespoonful of butter and twelve of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten, three powdered soda crackers, a saltspoonful of salt, and a half pint of cold water. This will be sufficient for two pies. Take the whites of the eggs, beat them stiff adding four tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar. This makes enough icing for the top of one pie, and must be put on after the pie is baked, and then put back in the oven a few minutes to brown. The pies must be baked in a hot oven till the crust is a nice brown.

The Discovery of Matches.

(From London Society.)

The story of this discovery has been told by Mr. Holden himself in the House of Commons before a select committee appointed to inquire into the working of the Patent laws. We cannot do better, therefore, than to give it in his own words: "I began as an inventor on a very small scale," said Mr. Holden in the course of his evidence. "For what I know, I was the first inventor of lucifer matches; but it was the result of a happy thought. In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time in a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under that explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterwards lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match, and it was one of those inventions which some people think ought not to be protected by a patent. I think that if all inventions were like that, or if we could distinguish one from the other, the principle might hold good. If all inventions were ascertained and carried out into practice with as much facility, as in this case, no one, perhaps, would think of taking out a patent. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately; but I thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labour, that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent, otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable."

An Irish Speculation.

A couple of Irishmen, thinking to combine pleasure with profit by doing a little unlicensed trafficking in liquor on the Derby Day, bought a small jar of whiskey and started for Epsom. Knowing they would want a drop themselves on the way, it was agreed that neither should drink without paying. They had not travelled far on the road when one drank a glass and paid his partner threepence; he followed suit, and handed the money back again. It was a dusty, toilsome journey, and upon reaching the Downs they were dumfoundered by discovering the whisky was all gone, and that, although they had honestly paid for every dram, they had only threepence between them as the final result of their speculation.

THERE'S no bank, not even a snow bank, that can stand a run all the year round.

Empress and Princess.

Two Rulers of the Realm of Fashion—Eugenie and the Princess Metternich.

A few days since we chanced to meet the famous beauty and royal lady, Eugenie, ex-Empress, who has been blamed with all the extravagance of women's fashions for the last twenty years—the woman who is to-day alternately lauded and lampooned, for whom famous artists were glad to compose studies in colours, that she might utilize them in her personal adornment. She had been off on a little railway excursion, but she had gone royally, and, though dethroned, her fortunes are not yet at so low a pitch that she economizes perforce in her toilet, besides no beauty ever willingly did justice to her own looks. We stood very close to her, and naturally enough, looked equally hard at her, and we made a special note of her dress. She wore a short black silk dress; the skirt was made with over-skirt and very simply; the waist was a basque, and fitted neatly to the figure that even Time respects the symmetry of; small and unobtrusive white ruches finished the throat and sleeves; black gloves. A soft black bonnet, apparently of silk, set in close to the head, and had a coronet front. She had rather tall heels on her boots, which clicked as she walked with a metallic sound. She wore no veil, and despite the slanders of the casual observers she was not made up. She has beautiful gray blonde hair, not yellow or gilt, as reported. She wears it quite plainly over the sweetest and most womanly brow. She has a grave, sweet, sad face, and she bowed to the respectful salutations of the bystanders with the gentlest and most cordial grace. She is a beautiful woman, and without haughtiness. She walks like an empress; and though she carried the modern walking-stick in her hand, she did it with much the same unconsciousness that any lady does her fan, and made no other use of it than just something to take hold of. It is said that Americans take a pecuniary view of everything, and perhaps there is truth in the speech. If so, it is just as well to deserve the report, which leads us to say we don't believe the costume of this Imperial lady cost £20 all told. When we returned to Paris we felt more sorrow than ever that she was an exile from the scenes where she had shone so brilliantly ten short years ago.

PRINCESS METTERNICH.

Curiously enough we met another queen of fashion not long before—the Princess Metternich, whose name, extravagance, and caprice there is scarcely an American not acquainted with. She christened the most dreadful shade of green ever inflicted on long-suffering femininity. She is reported to have wit and sarcasm to a remarkable degree, and Heaven saw fit to have her born in a noble family, and married to one of the finest gentlemen and most accomplished diplomats of Europe. Heaven was very kind, but while giving all this good fortune, denied her to an unlimited extent any claims to beauty. She is a moderately tall woman, finely and strongly developed, with good shoulders and a well-carried head, but she has the widest mouth in Christendom, and the harshest and most rasping voice. Her teeth are big and discoloured. You would say she had twice as many as the usual allowance. Her nose is rather broad, not handsome. Her eyes are dark and are such as you would call muddy in daylight, though even then you would recognize latent possibilities in them. Her hair is dark brown. She wore a full ccstume of brown camel's hair. It was a short under-skirt, which showed her feet, neither remarkable for beauty nor smallness. The dress had a plain over-skirt, and was finished at the bottom by a band of fur of otter. A long sacque of camel's hair was also trimmed round the bottom, the cuffs, and collar with otter. A felt round hat with fur tails on it, and a bushy pompon on the side. The dress was exquisitely neat, though perfectly simple, and we give it as another illustration of how plainly foreign ladies of great distinction dress, and as worthy of imitation by our own women. Only too often you see ladies of very circumscribed income wearing handsome dresses through the filthy dirty streets. A European woman would look upon such a thing as an admission of a most undesirable position of life. Yet these grandes dames, upon occasions of social entertainment, wear enormous fortunes in their superb jewels and rare laces, and no web from the looms of France or Italy are there to be found too costly or too handsome for their wear. Is it not a custom worthy of adoption. We recommend it heartily.

Extraordinary Hindoo Superstition.

(From the London Times.)

The Royal Humane Society has awarded its silver medallion for the following act of bravery: On the 15th of February last, early in the morning, Mr. Kristo Chunder Chuckerbutty, on his way to bath at a ghat on the Ganges, found a number of people running from the river and calling out "Bhut, bhutt" (the goblin, the goblin.) Looking for the cause of their terror, he saw what at first seemed nothing more than one of those objects common enough on the Ganges—a corpse floating down to the sea. The place was in the centre of a whirlpool about twenty-five feet deep, where the apparent corpse sank. As it was sinking Mr. Chuckerbutty thought he saw it move one of its hands, trying to remove the hair which fell loosely over its eyes. He then jumped into the river and swam to what he found to be a drowning woman.

Seizing her left hand, he tried to make his way to the shore, some forty-five feet off, but she grasped his right hand with her left, became insensible, and both were in imminent danger of losing their lives, as Mr. Chuckerbutty's legs became entangled in his clothing, and both sank. He, fortunately, however, disengaged himself, and after great exertion succeeded in reaching the shore in safety with the woman. It afterward transpired that the woman had been suffering from illness and was considered incurable, becoming insensible and apparently dead, when her relatives, thinking all hopes were over, bound her hands and legs (according to the practice among the Hindoos), and carried her to the ghat. On the way she partially recovered, and, making known to her ignorant relatives that she was alive, prevented them from burning her; but as they were convinced that the body was animated with a ghost, they threw her into the river and fled in horror.

An Awful Avalanche.

There was a tremendous Alpine avalanche on the St. Gothard route on January 24. The long procession of sledges started from the hospice at the summit of the pass soon after 4 o'clock, and descended toward Airolo. At the first great bend in the road, not far from the little refuge house known as San Ginseppe, the two leaders of the caravan noticed with alarm that a huge snow mass was breaking loose from the top of the mountain. Immediately the cry, "Backwards!" was raised. Every one sprang in an instant from the sledges, and rushed up the road as fast as possible. The avalanche thundered down, and horses and carriages were buried in a moment under the tremendous heap of snow. Fortunately no one of the company lost presence of mind, but all returned to the buried horses and sledges, and began the work of excavation with hearty good will. All the horses except two were dug out alive. The passengers were too much worn out and excited to continue their journey, so the horses were fastened to the sledges, and the whole party reascended and spent the night in the St. Gothard Hospice, where they amused themselves with telegraphing the news of their wonderful escape to their friends.

"WHO made the world?" shouted the Sunday-school superintendent, looking over the school. No answer. "Who made the world?" he repeated, eyeing a trembling child on the front bench. "I did," he whimpered, "but I'll never do it again."

Ancient Works of Peru.

The feats of modern engineering in Peru are unexcelled in this age of ambitious undertakings; yet they are more than surpassed, on their own ground, by works that have been abandoned, if not in ruins, for untold centuries.

Dr. E. R. Heath furnishes an amount of detail on this point that will surprise even those generally familiar with the fact that Peru was once densely populated by a people given to Cyclopean undertakings. Only a few can be cited here; but these will suffice to show that nothing of modern times, not even our thousands of miles of railways and canals, can begin to rival the achievements of those mysterious people who have passed away, leaving only these gigantic monuments to tell of their capacity and power.

Ruins, some of them of enormous extent, are scattered along the entire coast line of Peru, a distance of 1,235 miles, while nearly every hill and spur of the mountains have on it, or about it, some relic of the past; and in every ravine, from the coast to the central plateau, there are ruins of walls, fortresses, cities, burial places, and miles and miles of terraces and artificial watercourses. Across the plateau and down the unexplored, almost impenetrable forest, still they are found, mutely testifying to the successive empires that rose, flourished, and decayed, where the desert and wilderness now prevail. Even more imposing are the vestiges of human wealth and power among the mountains, now almost uninhabitable for their altitude and the severity of the climate. Here the explorer finds cyclopean structures of granite, porphyry, and other rocks, which have resisted the disintegration of time, geological transformations, earthquake shocks, and the destructive hands of warriors and treasure-seekers. The masonry composing these walls, temples, towers, houses, fortresses, or sepulchres, Dr. Heath remarks, is uncemented, held in place by the incline of the wall and the adaptation of each stone to its place, the stones having from six to many sides, each dressed and smoothed to fit its neighbour with such exactness that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted in any of the seams, whether in the central parts entirely hidden or on the internal or external surfaces. These stones, selected with no reference to uniformity in shape or size, vary from one-half cubic foot to 1,500 cubic feet of solid contents, and if in the many millions of stones one could be found to fit the place of another it would be purely accidental. In the wall of the centre of the Cuzco fortress, there are stones 13 feet, high, 15 feet long, and 8 feet thick, and all were quarried miles away.

At Tiahuanaco, a few miles south of Lake Titicaca, there are stones in the form of columns, partly dressed, placed on line at certain distances from each other, and having an elevation above the ground of from 18 to 20 feet. In the same line there is a monolithic doorway, now broken, 10 feet high, and 18 wide. The space cut out for the door is 7 feet 4 inches high, by 2 feet 2 inches wide. The whole face of the stone above the door is engraved. Another, similar but smaller, lies on the ground beside it. These stones are of hard porphyry, and differ from the surrounding rock.

At Quelap some extensive works have been lately examined. Here is found a wall of dressed stone, 560 feet wide, 3,660 feet long, and 150 feet high. The lower part is solid. Above this is another wall, 600 feet long, 500 feet wide, and the same height as the other, 150 feet. Over both walls niches 3 feet long and 1½ feet wide and deep, containing remains of those ancient inhabitants, some naked, others enveloped in shawls of cotton of distinct colours, and well embroidered. Their legs are doubled so that the knees touch the chin, and the arms are wound about the legs. The wall has three uncovered doors, the right side of each being semi-circular, the left side angular. From the base an inclined plane ascends almost insensibly the 150 feet of elevation, having about midway a sentry-box of stone. In the upper part there is an ingenious hiding place of dressed stone, having upon it a place for an outlook, from which a great portion of the province can be seen. Following the entrances of the second and higher wall, there are other sepulchres like small ovens, 6 feet high and 24 in circumference; in their base are flags upon which mummies reposed. On the perpendicular, rocky side of the mountain on the north side is a brick wall having small windows 600 feet from the bottom. No reason for this, nor means of approach can now be found. The skilful construction of utensils of gold and silver that were found here, and the ingenity and solidity of this gigantic work of dressed stone, are reasons for assigning it a pre-Incal date.

Imposing as structures of this sort are, they are, after all, but secondary in comparison with the industrial labours of the ancient Peruvians. The density of the population and the nature of the country—probably also the gradual dessiccation of the region by geological changes—made it necessary to terrace the sides of the mountains and ravines for cultivation. Estimating 500 ravines in the 1,200 miles of Peru, and 10 miles of terraces of 50 tiers to each, which would be only 5 miles of 25 tiers to each side, there would be in this region 250,000 miles of stone wall, averaging from 3 to 4 feet high, or enough to encircle our globe ten times. Surprising as these estimates may seem, Dr. Heath is convinced that actual measurement would more than double them, for these ravines vary from 30 to 100 miles in length, and 10 miles of terracing to each is a low estimate. At San Mateo, a town in the valley of the river Rimac, 77 miles from the coast, where the mountains rise from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the river, he counted 200 tiers, none of which were less than 4, and many were more than 6 miles long. Even at 4 miles, there would be at that point alone 800 miles of stone wall, and that only on one side of the ravine.

Readers of Prescott will recall the splendid description he gives of the great highway of ancient Peru, an undertaking compared with which Meiggs' railways are but child's play. What were those ancient toilers, whom Dr. Heath eloquently describes as a people capable of cutting through 60 miles of granite, transporting blocks of hard porphry, of Baalbec dimensions, several miles from the place where quarried, across valleys thousands of feet deep, over mountains, along plains, leaving no trace of how or where they carried them; people ignorant of the use of iron, with the feeble llama their only beast of burden; who after having brought these stones together and dressed them, fitted them into walls with mosaic precision; terracing thousands of miles of mountain side; building hills of adobe and earth, and huge cities; leaving works in clay, stone, copper, silver, gold, embroidery, many of which cannot be duplicated at the present day—people apparently vying with Dives in riches, Hercules in strength and energy, and the ant and the bee in industry.

Who were they? Whence came they? Whither have they gone? Who among our rising students will solve these problems?

Marie Antoinette's Distaff.

A historical heirloom, the silver-mounted ebony distaff of Queen Marie Antoinette, which was seen at the Paris exhibition, has been restored to the emperor of Austria. It is the same distaff with which the unfortunate queen beguiled the long hours of her captivity, and after her execution it was given as a momento to one of the ladies in attendance. It thence passed into the family of Brassey-Raincin, the last representive of which, Mme. la Douairiere de Raincin, has just died. The spindle is of ivory, and the hemp still on it is that from which the unhappy queen spun during the last days of her life. By the disease of Mme. de Raincin the relic passed into the hands of a Hungarian lady.

MOTTO for milkmen—To the pure all things are pure.

The plague now ravaging parts of Russia is not new to that country, and the epidemic of this year recalls to the people the horrors from which Russia suffered a century ago (1770). Those were days of trial for Russia; from the south were pressing the formidable masses of Cossacks under Pugatcheff, who shook the Czardom and terrified the serfholders; while inside the empire was an enemy even more formidable, the plague. The people became reckless, and cared for nothing but their lives; they fled from the cities and villages, and hid themselves in the woods, and there died from starvation as well as from the epidemic. Moscow, the heart of Russia, was in a state of anarchy, and there seemed to be no ruler but the plague. The victims died by hundreds in their houses, and the streets were strewn with dead bodies. There were not enough undertakers, and money could not procure the needed service, and it was at last necessary to employ prisoners who were promised pardon. The criminals went to work and put the dead into waggons, which they drove to the place of interment; but they often seized the dying, who uttered their pitiful cries in vain, and many persons were buried alive. In those days children were afraid of their parents and parents of their children; everybody suspected everybody else, and many perished from neglect and starvation. These are the experiences of the last century, now recalled in Russia.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP can now be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die it is your own fault, as you can go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

Beauty and Economy.

The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this city any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done better and cheaper than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto.

Business Items.

ALMOST all of us are generous to a fault, if the fault happens to be our own.

A REAL NECESSITY.—No house should be without a bottle of HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL, in case of accident. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercy.

IF you wish to appear at your best during the approaching festive season, procure your Shirts, Gloves, Ties, &c., at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

THERE is no remedy for female complaints so good as VICTORIA RHUBIC and UVA URSI. After its use for a few days, the whole system seems invigorated, the pallid lips and cheeks soon show a rosy tint, and cheerfulness drives away the sickly fears and nervous pains which destroy the pleasures of those who suffer from the peculiar complaints of the gentler sex.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their warerom is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

IF Demosthenes had not suffered, and by unwearied effort overcome great obstacles, would he have become the greatest orator in the world? If our modern Demosthenes have a cough, cold, or tickling in the throat, nothing will relieve them so speedily as HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM. It is an excellent remedy for quinsy, influenza, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, etc. For sale by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle.

THORLEY'S Improved Horse and Cattle Food though not yet *twelve months* put upon the market in this province, is now selling freely in principal places from Windsor to Montreal. Farmers would do well to try it. Circulars sent free. Manufactured 48 John st. South, Hamilton, Ont. One agent wanted in every village, town and city in the Dominion.

A POSITIVE FACT.—Nervousness is the sense of feebleness, or the lack of stability of the nervous system, as distinguished from the rest of the body. It is pre-eminently a disease, and more widely spread through the Northern and Eastern part of the United States and the Dominion of Canada than in any other part of the world. We will not stop to say why this is the case, but we do emphatically say the VICTORIA COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will be found an invaluable medicine for all parties afflicted with Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Defective Nutrition, General Debility, or Weakness of the whole system. One of the first effects is an increase of the nervous or vital energy, followed by a feeling of unusual comfort and strength.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

BOYS Send 8ct. stamps for samples (*Rich*) Transparent Cards. F. C. PARSONS, Westboro, Mass.

PICTURE MOULDINGS. Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

FILES Get your old files re-cut and thereby save time, cost. Every file tested and warranted equal to the best imported. Ask for Price List. THOS. GRAHAM, 35 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C

The Watford Guide.

VOL. V.—NO 8. WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 21, 1879. WHOLE NO. 216.

Old-Fashioned Winters.

In 1064 the cold was so intense, that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1092 the cold was so excessive that the famished wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men.

Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1699 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter called, by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea, for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished by the thousands in their houses. In the south of France the wine plantations were almost destroyed nor have they yet recovered from that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean, about Genoa; and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716 the winter was so intense that people travelled across the Straits from Copenhagen to the province of Senia, in Sweden.

In 1726, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went over it. And the lakes in England froze.

In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1754 and 1755 the winters were very severe and cold. In England the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776 the Danube bore ice five feet deep below Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and finny tribe perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter, in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

Listening Dogs.

Dogs can understand what is said, even though they cannot speak, just as people can frequently understand what is said in foreign language without being able to speak it. A man said in the hearing of an old dog, "I must have him killed; he is too old." The dog ran away and never came near him again. Dogs frequently jump around joyously when they hear their masters say they're going out, even though the words are uttered in a low tone. A dog who was in the habit of going to church along with other dogs, heard the magistrate of an English town say it was getting to be such a nuisance that thereafter no dogs would be allowed in the church. The next Sunday the mastiff stationed himself at the church door and savagely assailed every dog that came there, and kept the church clear of them ever afterward. Sir Walter Scott's celebrated dog, "Maida," was beaten for biting the baker. Whenever the story was told in the dog's presence, he would slide away ashamed, but when they said "well, the baker is all right now," he would come from his retreat well pleased. He was painted so frequently, however, that he took a great dislike to artists, and whenever pencils and paper were taken out in his presence, he would try to run away, or if he stayed would show signs of displeasure.

A Bear Fraud.

The Czar wished to shoot a bear. A bear was accordingly found, a ring of peasants surrounded it, and word of its whereabouts was sent to the imperial sportsman. Unfortunately, while those preparations were being made, the creature contrived to slip through the ring and escape. What was to be done? That the Emperor of all the Russias should come and find no game would never do. A happy idea seized one of the foresters. Regardless of cost, a tame bear was procured in the nick of time, turned loose with in the ring, and now all was ready. The circle closed in; Bruin was discovered at the foot of a tree; the attendants fell back, the Emperor advanced to fire, but now came the climax—just as the trigger was about to be drawn, Bruin rose slowly on his hind feet and began to perform the national dance! The exhibition saved his life, but it did the reverse of securing for those who introduced him to the presence that royal favour which their ingenuity deserved.

Royal Prerogatives.

(From All the Year Round.)

One of the oldest customs or prerogatives in regard to fish, was, in the time of Henry I., the right to what are now termed "royal," but which were formerly called "great," fish, namely, the sturgeon and the whale. "Of sturgeon," says the royal autocrat, caught on our lands (*sic*) we will that it shall be ours, saying to the finder his costs and expenses. Of whales, so found, we will that the head shall be ours, and the tail our consort's." Wise discrimination, for the head was considered the daintiest part, the tongue being a *bonne bouche*. Fishermen would offer, as their costliest gift to the church, a whale's tongue, and it was, no doubt, highly relished by the ecclesiastics, for William the Conqueror gave a yearly grant of one to the monks of Marmoutier.

Egyptian Locks.

(From Good Words.)

Up to the latter half of last century we had not reached to the excellence of the locks that were in use in Egypt and China thousands of years ago, and have now for a very long period run in the line of rediscovery or reapplication of what had been tested so long ago in them. The essential principle of the Egyptian lock was movable pins or nails dropping, each independently, by its own weight, into the bolt, and securing it on being touched at the right point by corresponding pins at the end of the true key, all of them requiring to be raised together to the proper height. The very latest idea in lock-making may be regarded as suggestions or applications of this principle.

THE man who married a whole family lives in Traverse County, Michigan. His first wife died and he married her sister. She, too, died, and then he married the mother of his two former wives.

IT'S funny, but a soft-palmed woman can pass a hot pie plate to her neighbour at the head of the table, with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back will drop it to the floor, and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp-dance.

THE use of chloroform has of late years been attended with bad physiological results, and want of skill or knowledge on the part of practitioners cannot fairly be assigned as the cause. Maurice Perrin thinks that those who make this anæsthetic are less careful in its manufacture than they were some time ago, and that its impurity has diminished its usefulness.

Dominus Illuminatio Mea.

I.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

II.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is stranger at his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

III.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

IV.

For even the purest delight may pall,
The power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WASP.

The Fight for the Cave.

With great difficulty the men had managed to get on shore a cask of musket cartridges in a dry condition. Each man had his cutlass, and now, before we thought of anything else, Raymond set them to wipe out and dry a few muskets and pistols that had been brought to land.

The place we had landed in was the little bay where I had waited with the cutter the first day we had landed to reconnoitre the coast round the promontory. The cliffs overhanging the beach completely sheltered us from all observation, while, even if the Spaniards suspected our presence, the woods and rocks of the precipitous crags would most effectually baffle any attempt to take us till night again fell, and we could get off in a fishing-boat.

When the muskets and pistols were wiped out, dried, and loaded, Raymond divided the ten men for whom there were firearms into a vanguard and a rearguard. Two of these men had got pretty severe contusions from splinters during the frigate's fire, but the other two English sailors left were both much more seriously wounded, and we did not think it safe to trust any of the four "volunteers" with guns. With the musketeers in front and rear, then, we all scrambled up the rough path to Sancho's cottage. There was a little clump of wood close to the door, into which we went while Tom advanced alone to the fisherman's door to arrange matters with him. The old man would have fled at the first glimpse of such a large party, and would have given the alarm of an invasion to the garrison, so inconveniently close at hand; but by Tom's going alone, he settled the affair so well with the grateful Sancho that in a few minutes the fisherman came out of his cottage in a paroxysm of joyful hospitality, and led us into a cave in the cliff where a big fire soon dried our wet garments, and at the same time roasted the best part of a kid that Sancho insisted on sacrificing to us, in addition to the eggs, fruit, and vegetables that his smiling wife heaped upon us. Never were there kinder hosts, and it is safe to say there never were guests that did better justice to the viands their hospitality had so liberally provided for us.

Sancho's wife, a bit of a doctor in her own way, took down the makeshift dressings of our wounded and skilfully bound up the cuts again. To the splinter bruises she applied a delightfully cooling lotion; and when she had finished the four wounded men and Raymond were as comfortable and as ready to enjoy the kid and the rest of it as any of us. There was nothing that need disturb us, Sancho said. The soldiers would never trouble their heads to find out whether we had been blown to pieces or landed in safety; we would be perfectly safe in the cave till nightfall, and then he would get us on board his boat, and would set us on the Dart's deck by daybreak, if she would be, as Tom thought, at the rendezvous to-morrow.

"We shall not all go off with you, though," said Raymond to him, in Spanish, of course; "these four men——;" and then, with a loud exclamation, he cried out in English: "Where is the other man—the Spaniard that showed the light?"

The three Corsicans were there all right, but the scowling face of the Spaniard was not to be seen in the cave. He had marched up with us, and had eaten his share of the food, but no one could remember noticing him after the meal; he must have slipped out a very short time before. Raymond noticed his absence, but it was long enough to have assured his escape, and by this time he was most probably far on his way to give information to the soldiery of our presence in the cave.

It was an ugly predicament for us to be in, but old Sancho was equal to the occasion. Through Raymond he told us to get ready at once; and then, rapidly leading the way, he left the cave and trotted down a narrow pathway that went down from the cave to the bottom of a narrow ravine. Among the brushwood at the bottom of this glen the pathway seemed to lose itself, but Sancho knew the ground well. Scrambling, climbing, and trotting over easy bits, he gradually guided us up the steep and rugged side of the ravine opposite to that on which was our cave, till, about half way up the cliff, he brought us to the narrow mouth of another cave, where, he said, we could easily defend ourselves for some hours against any attack. Besides that, this cavern had another opening towards the sea-face of the rocks, from which we could easily reach his boat when it became dark enough.

The cave seemed long and narrow, but meantime we did not enter it farther than was necessary for concealment. It was by no means certain the enemy would find out we had taken shelter there; but even if, after exploring the woods, the troops should suspect our presence in the cave, we could hold it against an army. We had hardly got settled in the cave when we heard the sounds of the enemy's arrival. From shouts and answering calls we soon made out that the search party had separated into two divisions—one keeping on the side of the ravine where the first cave was, while the other approached so near us that we could almost distinguish their conversation as they stood at the top of the path that led past the mouth of our cave. This path wound about in such a way that any one standing at the mouth of our cave could command a view of its topmost few yards. Taking advantage of this, Raymond cautiously crept forward, till, while he himself was completely concealed behind some loose rocks at the entrance of the cave, he could see at once the advance of any party that attempted to descend the pathway. He lay there for some time without seeing any of the soldiers, though he could hear their conversation almost distinctly enough to make out what they were saying. They were right above the cave, where the face of the rock was perfectly perpendicular, and apparently were watching the movements of the other division across the ravine, and waiting for the result of their search.

After a while, however, a muttered oath from Tom told us there was something wrong. Looking round towards us, he ordered the small-arm men to advance a little nearer, keeping themselves as closely as possible behind the barricade of rocks we had hastily rolled across the breadth of the cave. Peering through a chink of this beside Tom, I saw at the top of the pathway a Spanish officer in close confabulation with a man that looked like a goatherd. He was pointing out to the soldier the cave, and apparently telling him how likely it was we should seek shelter there.

"If that fellow tells him of the exit Sancho spoke of, we are trapped again, Charlie," whispered Tom. "He hasn't said a word about it yet, I'm sure, as the Don won't believe we have crossed the ravine; but if they attack us, that fellow must be shot at all hazards. By Jove, here he comes!" continued Tom, as the goatherd left the officer, and proceeded to descend the pathway. Detection of course now was certain. The peasant would at once discover the rocky breastwork; but if not, and if he ventured inside, he would of course see us. Raymond whispered a word or two to Horner, at which that worthy laid down the musket he was carrying, and grasped his cutlass. For a second or two inside the cave there reigned a silence unbroken even by the sound of a breath. Outside was the scrambling sound of the goatherd descending, till, with a bound, he stood on the broadish platform of level ground that lay before the mouth of our house of refuge.

Apparently there was nothing outside that roused his suspicion; indeed, it was evident from his whole proceeding that he did not think we were in the cave. He had pointed it out as a likely place of concealment, but most probably the officer's arguments had almost convinced him we had not time to get across to this cave from the other side.

When he had glanced round the outside he parted the trailing plants that shrouded the mouth and peered in. It took his eye a second or two to get accustomed to the change of light, and that instant was long enough for our boatsman's cutlass to go crash through his ribs and cleave his heart in two. With a gasping sound he fell forward quite dead, and Horner grimly drew the body in a little, and then took up his musket to await the next foe.

The patience of the Spanish captain above was soon exhausted. We heard him shout for Pedro two or three times above us; and then, when no goatherd appeared, we saw him and a sergeant carefully scanning the mouth of the cave from the top of the path. Then a bugle call rang out above us, drawing an answer from one on the other side. Some questions were shouted across, and Tom told us the other party cried out they could get no trace. Then, while some of the soldiers above lined the cliff-head where the pathway met it, and kept up a hot fire on the cave mouth, others immediately above us rolled down great stones on to the platform before the mouth, so as to form a shelter from which the Spaniards might fire into the cave. Even as it was, the part of the cavern near the entrance, where Tom and I lay, was quite exposed to the fire of the men at the top. Many bullets struck the stones behind which we lay, while others dropped down beside us, flattened by contact with the cave wall behind.

Hot as this fusilade was, we had not answered a single shot. At the end of ten minutes the soldiers began to think they were taking all this trouble for nothing, and both firing and stone-rolling ceased. Again the captain scanned the cave mouth, but apparently with no satisfaction to himself. Just then we heard the noise of the other party scrambling through the ravine, and in a minute or two the brown uniform and yellow face of the leading file of this party appeared through the bushes, toiling up the path about twenty paces below us. Passive resistance was now at an end. Raymond's orders were sharp and decided. When the first man appeared round the corner of the path, the end man of us was to fire at him, the next at the second Spaniard, and so on.

Two or three of the Dons came round the fatal corner at the same time, coming on leisurely, and quite unsuspicious of the muskets that were pointed at them. They had hardly wheeled round with the bend in the path when our small arms spoke—down they dropped on the road, while the men behind them ducked behind rocks or jumped into the underwood to get out of sight of the marksmen they now knew were in the cave.

On this the fire from above began again with increased violence, and stones came rattling down from the top of the cliff in a way that threatened to be dangerous to the other party to the left. Soon, however, these boulders lay in sufficient numbers on the exposed parts of the path and the platform outside to afford shelter to several of the enemy, who were from behind them enabled to pour almost right into the cave a most galling fire. While we could sweep the roadway below the cavern, we were almost powerless against the foe above. It was almost certain death to show above the breastwork at the places that commanded them, and so we could only reply by an occasional shot to the constant volleys they plied us with.

Raymond would on no account allow any exposing of themselves on the part of our men. Shots that we could get through the chinks were sufficient to keep the enemy at a distance just now; and even if he could get a lodgment in force on the little platform before the mouth of the cave, we could still keep him at bay for a long time. At the worst, a strong lodgment there would only necessitate a retreat further back into the cave; and though Raymond would by no means take this step until he was forced, neither would he allow any foolhardy or useless risking of ourselves on the part of any of us.

We had the immense advantage of being in the dark, while our assailants were clearly visible in the bright sunshine outside, and if shooting down the enemy had been our great object, we could not have desired a better state of affairs—that is if we had had plenty of ammunition, and a clear way of retreat behind us, but our cartridges were running low, and any idea of getting out of the cave and escaping while the sun was up was, of course, madness. Still, something had to be done, for the position we held we could hardly hold long.

After a long and hot fusilade on the part of the enemy, to which latterly we had only answered when some specially bold Spaniard approached unduly near, Raymond found that the troops had effected a lodgment in such force on the platform that if they made a rush the breastwork might be carried, and our men thrown into such confusion that the cave would virtually be in the possession of the overpowering force of the assailants. Some time before he had caused an inner line to be built across a narrow part of the cavern, and now, though it still wanted an hour or two of sundown, he determined to abandon the barricade at the mouth and go back. Many of our poor fellows had got hit; none of them mortally, or perhaps even dangerously, but there were some serious wounds, and the list of casualties was every moment getting larger. Most serious to us was that early in the fight poor Sancho had got a bad wound in the head from a splinter of rock knocked off by a passing bullet. He was quite unconscious, and, of course, utterly unable to guide us along that particular one of the several passages that led to the cave whence we could escape.

"Can you recollect anything Sancho said about the proper passage, Charlie?" asked Tom anxiously for the third or fourth time, when retreat appeared likely to be our only chance, and it was necessary to choose one or other of the alleys into which the cave divided as we advanced into it. It was useless to rack our recollections, though; the honest fisherman had only said that one channel led directly to the cave, but, of course, never anticipating the knock on the head, he had not been more explicit. Raymond, Horner, and I had one by one explored a good part of each of the more likely passages, but, from their windings, without reaching the end of any; however, we all three decided on one through which trickled a little stream of water, and it was across this that the second barricade had been built.

Raymond cautiously withdrew the men from the outer defence, and when we were all behind the inner line we had a much-needed breathing space. The Spanish fire continued unabated far a while; but few of the bullets penetrated as far as the inner barricade, and these that did flew so high as to be perfectly harmless. The cave dipped gradually as it went into the cliff; and though this necessitated a higher breastwork for the time when the enemy would enter the cave, yet as long as they were outside it was a capital protection to us.

After bathing and binding up the wounds of those hit, Raymond, leaving Horner in charge of the men, asked me to explore the passage with him. It was very dark, and we dared not use any light, so we staggered along in silence over the rough, rock-strewn floor of the passage in a state of great anxiety, for it *might* not be the right passage, and if not, we were caught like rats in a trap. The broad part of the cave we could not hold and we were forced to choose some one of the channels. This was the likeliest; but when we had trudged on, with bleeding shins, and many a scrape and tumble, along the channel of the little stream, and still not a glimmer of daylight appeared ahead, we began to despair and had serious thoughts of turning back and trying another of the passages; but, as we hesitated, a dull booming sound, multiplied and re-echoed by the chambers in the tunnel, came along the passage to us, and we knew that the Dons had found out our retreat and were attacking the second breastwork.

"Come on, Charlie, let's reach the end of this one at any rate, and then get back to the men," and again we groped our way along, probing the path with a light pole, and pushing on as fast as the obstacles in the way would allow.

A rock, larger than usual, lying on the path, has forced us to step aside into the channel of the stream, where with difficulty we could keep our footing from the strength of the current.

"Tom, isn't this current much more rapid than it was behind there?" I had just asked, when, listening intently, we could hear ahead of us the loud dashing and unmistakable sound of water falling from a height. It was clear the stream fell in the cataract, and as clear from the sound that it did so inside the cave. Escape now seemed hopeless, but Tom still resolved to go on to the brink of the fall.

Laboriously we scrambled along the brink of the now rapid brook, until the humidity of the air and the falling spray warned us we were close to the fall. By flashing powder in the pan of a pistol we got momentary glimpses of the scene. The water appeared to fall from a great height into a basin far below the region illuminated by the powder flashes. The ledge by which we had hitherto walked along ended abruptly where the stream leaped into space, and it was clear this passage did not communicate with the open air.

As we were turning away in despair, it struck me that the hat of plaited straw I wore, and which Sancho had given me to replace my cap lost when we landed, would make a blaze sufficient to light up properly the sides of the fall, and enable us to see whether we could not scramble down the rocks and get out as the water did. Both tinder and straw were damp, but at length Sancho's old straw was set a-blazing, and then we saw both the means of deliverance and the reason why the old fisherman was so reticent about the way of escape.

Quite close to the water of the fall was a rude wooden ladder staircase leading down to a narrow ledge of rock that ran right in below the fall. Elsewhere the walls of the caldron into which the stream fell were smooth and perpendicular. It was a smuggler's pathway, but to us it was now salvation.

We had not a moment to lose. The wet and slippery ledge was not a path to traverse without a light, and the old hat was fast burning down. We hastily descended and scrambled along the path that the arch of water left between itself and the cliff, and had just reached a broad platform on the other side when Tom had to drop the flickering torch. But the darkness this left us in was lighted up by a more hopeful light. A few yards before us was an opening in the cliff, and through it we could see streaming a long gleam of sunshine, telling us of escape and liberty on the other side.

We found the opening to be a narrow rift in the rock, opening into a steep ravine, which, no doubt, led into the sea towards the left. This we did not think it safe then to explore, in case some prying eye might notice us. We scrambled back again joyfully, floundering along the passage, till we cheered the hearts of the men holding the breastwork by telling them of the way of retreat we had discovered.

We paid very little attention now to the Dons outside. An occasional shot at one unduly exposing himself, more to let them know we were still there than with any other purpose, was all the reply we made to their attack. The men were all snug behind the shelter of rocks, and no accident had happened since we had entered the passage. The wounded men were doing well, and even Sancho began to show signs of recovery. Our only disquieting fear was lest the exit should be known and a watch set; but towards dark, when Sancho had recovered sufficiently to talk, he told us that the ladder and the opening were known only to his sons and himself now.

When the time for attempting the escape drew near, Raymond ordered me to lead off the first detachment of the men. We had charge of the wounded, and had orders to await the arrival of the smaller detachment left to cover our retreat at the platform beside the cataract.

With some torches that Sancho had brought with him from a hiding-place near the mouth of the passage, our march this time was comparatively easy, and we soon were lowering the wounded men down the ladder. When Raymond arrived it was quite dark. By Sancho's directions, Horner and I scrambled through the narrow opening and down the ravine till we reached the sea. About fifty yards out lay Sancho's fishing-smack with his two sons on board. By swimming out the boatswain and I managed to let them know we were ready, and a boat with muffled oars soon set all the Wasps on board the fisherman's smack, which slipped out to sea unnoticed, along with a number of other fishing-boats, without any one having the slightest idea of its cargo.

Next morning at daybreak we sighted the Dart, and in an hour or two our old messmates were listening to the story of our adventure, while they in turn had the news to tell that the Dart was homeward bound, to be paid off.

Our voyage in the old ship to Spithead was devoid of any particular adventure. We had favourable breezes and a quick passage, and in ten days from the time we parted from the well-rewarded Sancho I was back again to Portsmouth, after my ten months' adventurous cruise.

Shere Ali, Ameer.

The Viceroy of India telegraphs to London that he has received the following letter from Yakoob Khan, son of Shere Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan, dated Feb. 26: "News has been received here of the death of my father on the 21st of February. As my father was an old friend of the British Government, I send the information out of friendship."

Shere Ali, whom the British invasion of Afghanistan had rendered for the moment a prominent figure in Asiatic news, was one of the twelve sons of the warlike Dost Mohammed Khan, who died in 1863, after naming him successor to the throne. Shere Ali was perhaps the ablest of the twelve, although the late Afzul Khan was a Prince of considerable capacity, and his son, Abdul Rohman Khan, the friend and pensioner of Russia, is simply carrying out a policy conceived by his father—that of playing off Russian ambition for Asiatic influence against British diplomacy and aggression. Another of the Princes, the late Akbar Khan, has been handed down to a disagreeable notoriety in English literature by the assassination of Sir W. Macnaughten in December, 1851. He was also intimately concerned, if not the prime mover, in the famous massacre of the Khyber Pass. When, at the death of the latter, it was announced that Shere Ali had been selected as the successor of Dost Mohammed the disappointed Princes accepted the situation with apparent sincerity, and he was proclaimed Ameer at Kabul without opposition. The lull of contending ambitions was brief, however. At the instigation of Russia probably, for Shere Ali leaned to the English cause, Afzul Khan declared his right to the throne as the eldest of the Princes, levied an army, waged a successful war against the reigning Prince, entered Kandahar and Kabul in triumph on May 21, 1866, and was proclaimed Ameer. Shere Ali escaped from the capital, and held out among the mountain passes for two years, having the moral support of the British Government, which, although rejecting all overtures looking to active interference, and recognizing him as ruler of Kabul, refused to have any official intercourse with Afzul Khan as sovereign, on the ground alleged by Sir John Lawrence, that, although he held Kabul, the dethroned Ameer was practically in possession of the greater part of the country. The contest was settled by the death of the ambitious usurper in 1868.

Shere Ali now repossessed himself of Kabul and resumed his sovereignty, with the formal recognition of Lord Mayo. It soon became evident, however, that the refusal of Sir John Lawrence to assist him in the recovery of his throne had given the restored sovereign a decided distaste for the British method of maintaining a cause, although he professed the profoundest gratitude for the money and arms that had kept him on his feet. This dissatisfaction was transformed into a sullen submission, when, in 1869, the British Government interfered to protect Bokhara from proposed invasion, and defeated the Ameer's ambition to figure as an Afghan Cæsar in the history of his people. The Seistan arbitration in 1871, at which it was decided by a British arbitrator that the claim of Persia to a large slice of the territory claimed by Shere Ali was valid, increased the animosity of the latter, but did not immediately lead to an open rupture. The Ameer now inclined his ear to Russian counsels, although not prepared to sever his friendly relations with the Anglo-Indian Government until assured of Russian protection. Five years later, in 1876, political intercourse between the British authorities in India and the Ameer's Government were suspended by the withdrawal of the native agent, and Sir Douglas Forsyth, the British envoy, was turned back from the Afghan frontier. Since then the attitude of the British Government has been one of unspoken menace, and that of the Ameer of alternate servility and defiance. The misunderstanding was brought to a crisis by the action of Russia in sending an ambassador to Kabul, or rather by the Ameer in receiving that ambassador with exceeding cordiality. To test the professions of the crafty Afghan, Lord Lytton sent a special embassy to Kabul, which was turned back on the frontier with more decision than courtesy, the Ameer's emissary declaring that he had orders to fire on the party in case of an attempt to pass. A long correspondence succeeded, Lord Lytton threatening, the Ameer explaining in somewhat sarcastic terms that the affair was a mistake, but refusing to signify his intention of correcting it. What followed is too recent to need description.

Shere Ali was the father of five sons, of whom the youngest, Abdullah, regarded as the probable successor to the throne, died quite recently. The eldest fell at Ghazni in 1865, at the head of his father's army, in a hand to hand encounter with Amin Khan, his uncle, who vindicated his claim to the throne by a rebellion at the instigation of Russia, and sustained by Russian promises. Another son, Mohammed Yakoob, headed a revolt in 1871, and took possession of the important city of Herat, but a reconciliation was soon brought about by English influence, as Yakoob belongs to the Russian party, and the possession of Herat is really the objective point of all the intrigue set on foot by the subsidies of the two countries.

A Custom of the Country.

The massacre recently perpetrated by the King of Burmah, frightful as it appears, is merely one more example of a custom so universal in the East that it may almost claim rank as a recognized institution. The natural commencement of every Oriental reign is the slaughter or disablement of all possible pretenders to the throne; and the annals, not merely of Burmah, but of Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Bomara, teem with instances too frightful for quotation. As recently as the close of the last century, a Western traveller found one of the royal Princes of Persia going about with a bandage over his eyes, and on questioning him was told, in a matter-of-course air, which made the statement doubly horrible, that "as his eldest brother would certainly put out his eyes on mounting the throne, he was teaching himself to dispense with the use of them." The Turkish Sultan, Mahmoud, famous for his destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, owed his elevation to the fact of his being the only member of the royal family left unslaughtered; and the multiplied butcheries of Mehemet Ali are still fresh in everyone's recollection.

SPILKINTON says, if he was a young lady, and had two hands, and two pockets at the back of his jacket, he would never go about the streets with the said hands in the said pockets, looking more like a two-handed cream pitcher than a two handled mortal. What! never? Hardly ever.

Wreck of the Aberfeldy.

The Crew at Last on Land after a Severe Experience—Working Desperately Until the Pumps Were Choked—A Ship Sighted as They Were About to Take to the Lifeboats.—Rescued.

The captain and crew of the steamship Aberfeldy, previously reported abandoned on a voyage from Philadelphia for Ipswich, England, arrived at Halifax, on Thursday, from Port Meadow, Queens County. Capt. Sandwell says that on Feb. 20th they experienced the first gale. The next day it had increased to a hurricane, with the ship labouring heavily, taking water fore and aft, the waves breaking over the bridge. The jollyboat, gig, and starboard lifeboat were carried away, nearly all the skylights were smashed, and everything movable about the deck was washed overboard. All hands were on deck, using every effort to secure the things washing adrift. At 2 30 a.m., it was found that the starboard bunker hatch was partly washed off, and an effort was made to cover the hatch with spare sails, but it was found impossible, as the men were continually being washed away. The master and second mate were washed overboard, but were washed backed again. At 5.30 a.m. they succeeded in getting a spare sail over the hatch, but as a great quantity of water came down through it, and also through the engine-room skylight and stoke-hole gratings, the water began to rise in the engine-room very rapidly, the floor plates were washed out of place, and at about 6 a.m. the fires were extinguished and the engine stopped.

At 6.30 a.m., being unable to keep the ship's head to the wind, the carpenter cut a hole in the fore bulkhead. They then got the best hawser out from the fore hold, and by binding the accommodation ladder to it, and paying it out made a sea-anchor. They also got the next best hawser, with a kedge attached, to assist the after sails in keeping their head to the wind. All hands did their utmost to save the ship and her cargo, most of them being employed at the deck pumps. These were kept working until, at 8 a.m., the port pump got out of order. They then rigged gear in both stock holes to bail out with, and every man on board was at work pumping and bailing. At 3 p.m. the ship would not lie head to sea, and the sea was breaking right over her. She was straining very much, and the deck seams opened, which caused leakage. The port lifeboat was stove, and work on deck was rendered very dangerous. The foremast was then cut away, at which time the mate was disabled and had to leave the deck. The crew then began to jettison cargo, and continued to do so until dark. The hands relieved each other at the pumps, and the water in the engine-room seemed to decrease. At midnight there were two feet of water in the hold.

On Saturday, 22nd, the wind slightly moderated. At 6 a.m., the coal washed out of the bunkers, choking the starboard pump. The men worked at the cargo all day, to lighten and ease the ship, the mate and second mate assisting as much as possible. At noon, in latitude 38° 42', longitude 68° 10' west, there were three and a half feet of water in the main hold, and three feet in the after hold. The work at the pumps and the bailing continued, but at midnight there were four feet of water in the hold. On Sunday, the 23rd, the weather was moderating. A hole was cut in the bulkhead of the water-tight compartment, to get the water through the shaft tunnel into the ballast tanks, and thus relieve the engine-room. At about 4 p.m. they succeeded in cutting a hole into the tank, the men working all the time in four feet of water. This rendered the master unfit for duty, and he was taken from the lazaret almost insensible. The crew worked at the water, but did not succeed in gaining on it, and at midnight the sea again became stronger. All day they had signals of distress flying for passing ships, but though two passed, they took no notice. The water at midnight was six feet deep in the hold.

On Monday, the 24th, they let go both anchors, and slacked away the cables to try and get the ship's head to the sea. This proved unavailing, and finding that the ship was straining forward, and leaking, they were obliged to ship their anchors. At 10 a.m. they began to repair the lifeboat, and get ready to leave the ship in the evening, all on board being exhausted. At about 1.30 p.m. they sighted a vessel, which bore down toward them. The master called the crew aft, and they expressed themselves as desirous to leave the ship, it being the opinion of everybody on board that the ship would not float until midnight. After great difficulty a lifeboat was launched, and at 3 p.m. the captain left the ship with part of the crew, and succeeded in putting them on board the schr. C. A. Meniac, which was on her way to Port Medway. At 5.30 the last of the crew were placed on board the schooner, the master, mate, steward, and two men being the last to leave the ship. All were greatly exhausted. While exerting themselves for the safety of the steamer, many of the crew were compelled to succumb through fatigue, but resumed work again for their own preservation.

The Late Duke of Newcastle.

"Think, my Lord, for one moment what you are, and then think what a Duke of Bedford might have been," was the agreeable reflection suggested by Junius to the then head of the historic house of Russell, but whatever may have been his Grace's sin's of ommission and commission, he was a more useful and reputable person than the Duke of Newcastle, who lately died in England at the age of 44. The Duke was the son of a nobleman well remembered in New York in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales, whom he accompanied here in his capacity of Secretary of State for the Colonies. When it was proposed that he should do so, he begged the Queen to excuse him, saying that he was such an unlucky man, but her Majesty would not hear of it, and for once all went well with him. Still, it seemed as if an evil fate had resolved in the Duke's case to neutralize all the good gifts that fortune had bestowed on this nobleman, and to prove that a character, ability, a coronet, £70,000 a year, and a superb seat in the Dukeries could co-exist with copious causes of misery. His wife ran away from him, his only daughter married a drunkard, who went mad, his youngest sons, with one exception, were disreputable, and the eldest, just dead, a confirmed and hopeless gambler. His magnificent seat was deserted, and the income from it appropriated to creditors, and but for the fact that his lands were vested in trustees, not an acre would have remained. The Duchess, the only daughter of the millionaire Mr. Hope, of the famous Scotch-Dutch house at Amsterdam, had an income too carefully tied up for her husband to gamble away, on which they lived. Were there many peers such as the late Duke of Newcastle, the hereditary peerage of England would soon be a thing of the past.

"Two mouths with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "One stew, two spoons."

Mexican Women.

A Very Small Proportion of Pretty Women—The Pure Spanish Type.

(From the Inter-Ocean.)

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 20.—The stranger visiting here—especially if he has read the martial romances of Capt. Mayne Reid—will be astonished at the very small proportion of pretty women to be met with on the streets. Most of the ladies have fine forms while under 30, but after that period they have a tendency to stoutness which spoils their fair proportions. In nearly all Latins the eyes redeem the rest of the countenance, but where the Indian blends with the Castilian is very difficult for even brilliant orbs to redeem the repulsive swarthiness of the complexion. The olive of Spain is very well, but the clay colour of Mexico would never meet with favour in the eyes of Childe Harold. The graceful rebosa, or black lace veil, arranged with the hair and falling over the shoulders, is a common headdress of the better class of ladies. They are all fond of black—a colour that does not try their charms to any dangerous extent. I am not, perhaps, as good a judge of what real beauty is as some Chicagoans I could name; but I have no hesitation in saying that I have not seen half a dozen good looking Mexican women on the street any day that I have been there.

Yet, this is not to be taken as an assertion that there are no beautiful women here. There are plenty, but they are hot-house plants, and are forever, almost, within the precincts of their homes. Few of the daughters of the first families appear upon the streets alone, and they seldom go on foot. There is always, or nearly always, a duenna, or an aunt, or a mother, or some other obstructionist female along, that flirtations are out of the question, and our Chicago maidens, accustomed to home freedom and an army of beans, would, if planted here, soon organise a revolution against the existing order of things as regards their sex.

If you want to gaze upon Mexican loveliness—chiefly of the pure Spanish type—go to the Paseo on Sunday afternoon. There you will see two strings of carriages, some drawn by horses and some by mules, extending for miles, all kept in their places by details of the rural guard, who strictly prohibit fast driving. Riding beside or in front of the carriages you will have an opportunity of seeing all the young bucks of the capital, the fellows who have money to spend, anxious to display their fine points in horsemanship to the bewitching senoritas, who, under stern guardianship, occupy the vehicles. The cavaliers are dressed chiefly in the brilliant and dashing Mexican costume, but occasionally you will see a few exquisites who affect French and English styles, none of which become them. The Mexican in his sombrero and bedizened jacket looks like a picture. The Mexican in a silk hat and small clothes resembles a mercantile Hebrew on a spree. I have heard the men were handsome—at least the fashionables. I have seen only a few who might be called so, though a majority are passable.

To go back to the ladies. Standing on the sweep of the Paseo, near the monument to Columbus, I had a fair opportunity for passing them in review. Some were wonderfully blonde, with exquisite black eyes, while not a few had dark hair, and eyes of deep azure. The greater part were dark eyed and sallow, with moustaches, which, in a boy, would be called "incipient." I noticed a few with features moulded in the perfection of loveliness, but they were in the first dawn of youth, and had not yet resorted to that system of powdering, which renders all the more conspicuous the faulty complexions of most of the women of this capital. I also noticed that in their carriages the ladies generally wore such hats and cloaks as are common among our own Chicago fair. They are chiefly importations—I mean the hats and cloaks—from France, or are manufactured by French artists, who are quite numerous in Mexico.

The Kind of a Man Cetywayo Is.

(From the English Official Correspondence.)

It is no exaggeration to say that his history from the first has been written in characters of blood. I do not refer merely to the long chronicle of his butcheries—from the slaughter of his brothers and their followers, early in his career, down to the more recent indiscriminate and wholesale destruction of all the unmarried women who attempted to evade his orders, given in a sudden fit of caprice, that they should accept as husbands the elderly unmarried soldiers of his army, the massacre being subsequently extended to all the relatives who took away for burial the exposed corpses of the slaughtered women—but I would take his character from his own account of himself; it was sent little more than two years ago to the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, who, on hearing of the massacre of the girls, wrote to remind him of what had very recently passed between him and the representative of the Natal Government, Sir T. Shepstone, in the way of promises of more merciful rule on the occasion of his installation as King, expressing a hope that the Lieutenant-Governor might learn from him that the reports which had reached him were incorrect. Cetywayo replied, "Did I ever tell Shepstone? Did he tell the white people that I made such an arrangement? Because, if he did, he has deceived them. I do kill, but do not consider yet I have done anything in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill; it is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it. Why does the Governor of Natal speak to me about my laws? Do I go to Natal and dictate to him about his laws? I shall not agree to any laws or rules from Natal, and, by so doing, throw the great kraal which I govern into the water. My people will not listen unless they are killed; and, while wishing to be friends with the English, I do not agree to give over my people to be governed by laws sent to me by them. Have I not asked the English Government to allow me to wash my spears, since the death of my father Umpandi, and they have kept playing with me all this time, and treating me like a child? Go back and tell the English that I shall now act on my own account, and if they wish me to agree to their laws I shall leave and become a wanderer, but before I go it will be seen, as I shall not go without having acted. Go back and tell the white man this, and let them hear it well. The Governor of Natal and I are equal. He is Governor of Natal, and I am Governor here.

A MINISTER who was speaking quite loud saw a woman leaving the church with a crying babe, and thereupon exclaimed: "Your baby don't disturb me, madam." "That isn't it, sir," she replied; "you disturb the ba

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office, whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

The Watford Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD ONT., MARCH 21st, 1879

THE WIMBLETON TEAM.

The annual meeting of the Dominion of Canada Rifle association was held at Ottawa on the 6th instant, the chair being occupied by Lieut. Col. Gzowski. His Excellency the Governor General, patron of the association, was present, and the proceedings were interesting to all the friends of the volunteers and their picked representatives, the Wimbleton team. The annual report states that the Government grant amounts to $7000, and the total receipts from all sources, from 21st January 1878 to 21st January 1879, are $12,381.36, and the expenditure $11,124.31. The competitors who had made the highest scores in the trials in 1878 comprise 12 from Ontario, 3 from Quebec, 2 from Nova Scotia, and 2 from New Brunswick. Twenty new Snider rifles, for the Wimbleton Team, have been ordered from Glasgow. The Governor-General, in response to a vote of thanks passed for his presence at the meeting, made a very happy reply, in which he made the following suggestion:

"I believe the whole secret of successful team-shooting is, that those members who take part in such contests should have plenty of opportunities of shooting together before they come to the post, and I hope I may venture, in my capacity as a new member, humbly to offer a suggestion, that those gentlemen you select to represent Canada in the great contest this year will take care before they leave these shores to be able, as the Germans say, to 'swing together,' so that each one may know how to coach the next one who shoots after him."

A discussion ensued on the annual report particularly with regard to the selection of a central place for competition, but no action was taken.

The Weather—The Roads—The Markets.

The first half of March has not presented a very lamb-like aspect, although thaws have prevailed, making the roads in a horrid condition, and teaming of heavy loads an impossibility, for thunder and lightning, accompanied with showers several days in succession, have set the "weather-wise" pondering as to the results that they harbinger—some ventuating to predict an early spring; and others, taking their cue from Mr. Vennor, that the latter part of the month will be a specimen of the weather prevailing in the Arctic circle, consequently that the Spring will be late; cold and wet, and the land in a poor condition for spring seeding. Whatever is—is right, is the best motto for the farmers under such circumstances for, late or early, they have good reason to hope for compensating influences during the course of the succeeding summer, to reward their industry and confidence in an overruling Providence, with a bountiful harvest.

But the question of questions just now to the Ontario farmer, which touches him in the most sensitive part, his pocket, is neither the weather nor the roads, but the chances of a rise in the grain markets of the world when navigation opens and the crops begin again to move Eastward by water as well as land. We have taken the trouble for weeks past to scrutenize the market reports of the old world, both in regard to fluctuations in prices and amounts of stocks on hand at the principal centres, and have come to the conclusion that the prospects are in favor of a moderate rise for a short period, or at least till the markets are again glutted. We base this opinion on the unusual facts that all the Continental nations are heavy purchasers of grain since the first of January of this year; that the moving of the Russian surplus is hampered with quarantine regulations on the frontier, and may be stopped altogether should the plague increase in virulence with the warm days of Spring. We do not, of course, recommend any of our readers to adopt this view as infallible, but we would advise them to make hay while the sun shines, and should a rise occur, say to the even dollar per bushel for wheat, to lose no time in marketing the balance of last year's crop.

North-Western Ontario.

By the award of the Arbitrators a magnificent territory of at least 100,000 square miles has been declared to be within the jurisdiction of the Ontario Government and Legislature. In a pamphlet issued and prepared under instructions from the Provincial Government, which is now before us, the public is instructed respecting the boundaries, resources, and communications about this grand acquisition, which doubles at least the area of the province. The pamplet will well repay perusal, and we regret we have only space to give a brief summary of the resources of the territory, in order to show that the province has by no means a white elephant on its hands which will prove a burden instead of a support. The Western Division, comprising the region from Fort William at Thunder Bay to the Lake of the Woods, is described in the Surveyors reports as containing a large portion of land fit for settlement. The vegetation of the Kaministiquia valley is affirmed to be most luxuriant, and the same may be said of the Valley of the Matawin and the whole country, in fact, lying between the height of land west of Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods. The Rainy Lake and Rainy Regions have been the theme of every explorer that has described them, and invariably in glowing language, eulogistic of their beauties and attractions for settlers. In this district where it borders on the rivers there is not an acre of land unsusceptible to cultivation. At intervals there are old parklike Indian clearings, partly overspread with oak and elm, which, though they have naturally sprung up, have the appearance of ornamental plantations. The whole district is covered with forests consisting of oak, elm, ash, birch, bass-wood, balsam, spruce, ashen, poplar, and white and red pine near the Lake of the Woods.

A population of about 400 souls have already settled around Fort Francis, where there is a saw mill on a large scale, and it is stated that some persons who had gone to Manitoba *via* Rainy River, had returned from Manitoba and taken up land on Rainy River, owing to a preference for a well timbered country over one in which timber was scarce and dear. Wild fruits, even the grape, abound in abundance, as well as flowers—in a fact it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

Considering that the country is contiguous to a mineral region of extraordinary richness; that produce raised can always be sold to advantage in the immediate vicinity, to the mining population; and that communication by water and rail will shortly be established with the Eastern markets, we have no doubt that the pioneers already there will be soon joined by thousands of comrades from the old settled Provinces.

The Eastern Division lying north of the height of land and extending to the shores of the Hudson Bay is comparatively a *terra incognita* to the Eastern Division; yet, as far as it has been explored, is far from being the howling wilderness imagination has painted it. Its mineral resources and fisheries along the coasts of the Hudson Bay, may, ere long, be developed, and prove a valuable addition to the revenue of the Province.

ADVERTISING NOTES.

Great is the pen,
Oh, sons of men,
And time is not eternal;
Oh, then be wise,
And ADVERTISE
Your buisness in this Journal.

The foolish man foldeth his hands, and saith:—"There is no trade, why should I advertise?" But the wise man is not so. He whoopeth it up in the newspapers, and verily he draweth customers from afar off.

In this advanced age of the world the public will not intrude themselves where they are not wanted. Merchants and business men, if you want the public to patronize you, invite them to your place of buisness or they will not come. ADVERTISE what you have to sell, sell cheap, sell for CASH and you will succeed in buisness.

They are now trying to prove that advertising caused the filching of Stewart's body. Had he not advertised so extensively he would not have been a millionaire, they say, and the body would not have been stolen. No doubt that's true; and gentleman merchants we beg of you! not to ADVERTISE, unless you wish to become rich, famous and a millionaire and have your body stolen after you have taken your departure to the land from whose bourne no traveller returns.

Ways of advertising are as numerous as the busy brain of man can invent. Posters on the wall are good, but they are their only a few days, and then they are covered by another advertiser. The most unmitigated humbugs in soliciting advertisements are the men who have hotel cards, business cards and similar abominations. Men will invest in these wild-cat enterprises who think an advertisement in a weekly newspaper is so much money thrown away. A retailer should advertise in every legitimate way. If by circulars they should contain but a very few lines, and ought to have something to attract the reader. But the retailer should invest ninety-nine dollars in the colums of his local paper to every one that he expends for circulars, hand-bills and cards. His name should be constantly before the public. — *Extract from "On the Road to Riches."*

Common and High Schools.

Rev. Joseph Cook, one of the ablest lecturers in the United States, in a recent lecture on Common and High Schools, published in last week's New York *Independent*, says:

The most alluring swindle that a penny-wise and pound-foolish public economy ever forced upon the masses, is a cheap school teacher. The sons of the rich, whether aided by public law or not will have good teachers. The sons of the poor, if a false economy is practised as to common and high schools, obtain only third and fourth rate instructors. Penuriousness as to public schools widens the chasm between rich and poor. A system providing one kind of education for the rich and another for the poor would delight the black angels, because it would lead to the formation of an ignorant class and of a wide heriditary distinction between the wealthy and the indigent. Every advocate of free institutions will be forced by political necessity, as well as by philanthropy, to defend the educational rights of the children of the poor. In pleading for the poor I do not attack the rich, but defend rather the interests of property, by defending the education of the masses, who may learn to steal it through majorities at the ballot boxes, or to burn it in riot, unless they are educated. If there are any who think they should not be taxed for high schools, when they send no children to them, I beg leave to say that I am speaking for the protection of such when I defend an educational system that opens up the faculties of the child of the poor man until he knows what he can do in the world, and so does not, without some reason, accept a position below his ability. The physicians assure us that the best brains in public life usually come out of the country. Six generations in a city often produce such a physical deterioration in a family that its public power is lost. Certain it is in America the most prominent men have been and are now, those of a person first awakened by the common school system, and not lulled in the lap of languid luxury until they had lost that love of exertion which is the unfailing characteristic of the aristocracy. I would have no child lifted above competition and lulled in the lap of luxury until he loses the sense of what he can do. I would have no child placed too low for competition, and benumbed in the caverns of poverty among the icy messes until he loses the desire to climb. I do a service both to those who slumber in the lap of luxury and to those who lie asleep in the benumbing cold of poverty when I melt out the ice from the caves of want, and send those who are benumbed by it into the sunnier portions of society, to awaken the sleepers there by their competition.

The education of children, until they show of what they are capable, is the only measure that can give a nation the full strength of its citizens. Children are not educated to this degree in the common school; but the abler of them may, in the high schools, awaken to consciousness of their own capacities. Educated only in the rudiments taught in the common schools the mass of children, even when of equal natural ability with the sons of the rich, are not likely to obtain an equipment that will enable them to compete with the rich men's children, educated well. The high schools are the indispensible nursery of teachers for the public common schools. They are the nursery of industrial schools and of the inventors, who spring from the ranks of labor. High schools are needed as much as military, naval and agricultural schools. These are supported at public expense, though only few attend them. The benefit they confer on the whole population is the justification of the tax on the whole people for their support.

A Rare Chance.

A splendid nice Organ, Bowmanville make, with nine stops, octave coupler and knee swell, good as new, and will be sold at a great sacrifice.

JOHN PATTENDEN,
Feb. 14th, 1879. Proprietor.

BLACKSMITHING!

THE RED SHOPS.

GEO. STOTTS,

PRACTICAL HORSESHOER AND

General Blacksmith!

All kinds of new work, such as Buggies, Carriages, Waggons, Iron Harrows, executed with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of repairing done on the shortest notice. I am also agent for all kinds of Farming Implements, such as Seed Drills, Broadcast Seeder, Sulky Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Ploughs, and the Toronto Reaper and Mower Manufacturing Company.

GEORGE STOTTS.
March, 14th, 1879. 1yr

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER

To the QUEEN and ROYAL FAMILY, and by Special Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCE OF WALES, H. I. M. the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, the MAHARAJAH of BURDWAN, and to several Indian Princes. Prize Medals—London, Dublin & Paris.

ESTABLISHED 1749.

BENSON'S — WATCHES, of every description, suitable for all climates, from £2 to 200 guineas. Chronographs, Chronometers, Keyless Levers, Presentation Repeaters, Railway Guards, Soldiers, and Workmen's Watches of Extra Strength.

BENSON'S — CLOCKS — for Churches Turrets or Public Buildings, Dining or Drawing Room, Library, Carriage, Church, Hall or Shop. Perpetual Calendars, Wind Dials, &c. ARTISTIC ENGLISH Clocks decorated with Wedgwood and other wares, designed to suit any style of furniture; also as novelties for Presents. Made only by BENSON. From £5, 5s.

BENSON'S — GOLD JEWELLERY, of the richest and most exquisite designs, with Monograms, Crests and Devices, Enamelled in Colors, after Designs by the most accomplished Artists in the Precious Metals; Brooches, Bracelets, Necklaces, Lockets, Rings, and all kinds of *bijouterie* as supplied to Members of the Court, and other Distinguished Personages.

Merchants, Shippers and Wholesale Buyers, are specially invited, before sending their orders elsewhere, to obtain from the manufactory the Illustrated Catalogues of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-plate, which are sent post free, as not only are the discounts liberal, but a selection can be made from the largest stock in the world. Orders should be sent direct to the Manufactory, Ludgate Hill.

BENSON'S PAMPHLETS on TURRET CLOCKS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, PLATE AND JEWELLERY sent Post Free. Watches sent safe by Post to all parts of the World.

STEAM FACTORY AND CITY SHOW ROOMS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.
WEST END ESTABLISHMENT,
25 OLD BOND STREET

Watford, Nov. 22nd, 1878.—1yr.

DRS. HARVEY & STANLEY,

Physicians, Surgeons, Etc.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, - - - FRONT STREET, WATFORD.

LEANDER HARVEY M. D.
Graduate Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, and the University of Philadelphia. Member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Coroner County Lambton.

URIAH M. STANLEY M. D.
Graduate of Trinity University and of the University of Toronto. Fellow of Trinity Medical College. Member of the College Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. At Warwick Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 to 11 a. m.

Watford, July 26, 1878. 1 yr.

DR. NEVILLE J. LINDSAY,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Graduate of Trinity University, member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE—Dodds' new block (up stairs), Main street, Watford.

RESIDENCE—Metropolitan Hotel, Wright's block, Watford, Ontario. ☞ Night bell at the hall door.

☞ Dr. Lindsay may be consulted at Warwick Village on Mondays and Thursdays, forenoon of each week.

Watford, May 5th, 1876. 1 yr

NEW MARBLE WORK

FLETCHER & MOODY

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened a shop on Main Street South of Metropolitan Block, where I am prepared to furnish

Monuments, Head-Stones, Mantles.

and other articles in Marble and Cut Stone ☞ Granite Monuments, etc, imported to order.

Call and see specimens and prices.

FLETCHER & MOOCY.
Watford, Feb. 7th, 1878.

HAIR DRESSING.

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, BY MISS ANNIE H. O'BRIEN, Ontario street, Watford, done at reasonable rates. *To the Ladies of Watford.*—Miss Annie H. O'Brien will call at the residence of those wanting anything done in the hair dressing line.

I have a few switches on hand which I will dispose of cheap.

Watford, Oct. 27 1876 tf

PETER RENIER.

Watford Emporium of Fashion

☞ Suits made in the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. Work guaranteed No Fit, No Pay.

WEST MAIN-ST., WATFORD.
Watford, March 25th, 1875. 8-zz

JOHN MARSHALL

WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE to the people of Watford and vicinity that he has opened out in the store lately occupied by J. Saunders, opposite the Great Eastern Store.

J. M. is now prepaired to carry on all the branches in the

TAILORING BUSINESS

IF YOU WANT A

NICE SUIT

well got up and finished, call on

MARSHALL

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
Watford, Feb. 4, 1875. 1yr.

Farms for Sale.

FARM 1 — The undersigned will dispose of that splendidly situated farm being the south-half of lot 5, in the 6th con., S. E. R., Warwick, containing 100 acres. The soil is of good quality, well timbered with Black Ash, Elm and Oak. Good road and Township drain running by said premises.

FARM 2—Composed of north west part of lot No. 6, 14th con. Township of Brooke, containing 100 acres. On this lot there is 40 acres cleared and 10 acress chopped in fallow. Frame house log barn and stable; also a splendid spring of water 18 feet deep. A nice row of Balm of Gilead and soft maple trees along front of lot and down both sides of the lane leading through the farm. The land is of first-class quality and well timbered with hardwood. There is no county drainage on either of these farms. TERMS. — Small amount down, balance in five years with reasonable interest, to suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to

ELISHA SAUNDERS,
Watford, P. O.
Or on lot 17, 14th con. Brooke.
Feb. 14th, 1879.—3 m

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WM. H. STEWART,

Township Clerk, Conveyancer, Commissioner in B. R.,

For taking Affidavits. Money to Loan on Farm property. Office and Residence, Lot 6, Con. 1, S. E. R., Warwick, P. O.

March, 14th, 1879 yr

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED to draw plans and specifications, in the best style of the art, and to give estimates of buildings of any description, on the most reasonable terms. Residence, two doors north of Dodds' grocery store.

JOHN H. WOOLCOCK.
Watford, Jan. 12, 1877. 1y

W. & T. J. HOWDEN,

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS.

Beg to inform the inhabitants of Watford and vicinity, that they are now prepared to receive orders for Buildings of all kinds, which they will be able to execute in the best workmanship, "second to none," and on the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing a Specialty.

☞ ALL ORDERS left at their shop will be promptly filled.

W. & T. . HOWDEN.
Watford. March 10th. 1875. 6-y

JOHN KELLY

LIVERY STABLE,

CORNER MAIN and ONTARIO sts.

If you want a first class turnout try KELLY. None but first class horses kept. Dont forget he place.

JOHN KELLY.

Watford July 29 1878—1m

WHAT

EVERY BODY SAYS

MUST BE TRUE!

AND THAT IS THAT

JOHN McWATTERS

—OF THE—

WATFORD BUILDERS EMPORIUM

Can erect buildings in a more workmanlik manner, faster and cheaper than any other firm in Watford.

He always employs

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

nd uses the best material.

A large stock of

Sahs, Doors, Brackets, Mouldings etc., etc.,

always kept on hand.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED IF REQUIRED

He has secured the services of

MR. JNO. WOOLOCK,

who is a No. 1 Architect, which enables him to furnish first-class plans and specifications to any who contemplate building.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL

at his shop two doors north of the Post Office East Main Street.

THE NATIONAL POLICY

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE STOCK OF GOODS OF MR. JOHN McLEAN, IN

THE GREAT EASTERN STORE.

Begs to announce to the people of Watford and vicinity that the Whole Stock will be sold off at once,

AT TWENTY PER CENT. BELOW COST.

THE STOCK IS IN GOOD CONDITION AND COMPRISES

STAPLE DRY GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
TWEEDS, HATS, CAPS, FURS,

And a General Stock of Groceries.

Sale To Commence Next Saturday Morning,

And to be continued until the whole Stock is disposed of. A call and inspection respectfully solicited. Do not miss this chance.

I. N. BURDICK.

Watford, March 21st 1879.—1 m

FRESH AND NEW.

GEORGE H.

RODGERS

has just received another lot of

CHEAP SUGARS AND TEAS,

best value in town. He is selling

BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS

very cheap, in order to make room for a large stock of Spring Goods.

Watford November 22nd 1878.—3 m.

1879. PLOWS THAT ARE PLOWS. 1879,

D. McTavish & Son, Watford

Are now manufacturing Plows at prices to suit the times. Having decided to dispense with peddlers they have determined to give the benefit to those ordering at the shop at greatly reduced prices.

SEE PRICE LIST:

Sod Plows, iron frame, steel mould and landside socket point, $30.00; extra sock and coulter, $4.00.

General purpose Plow iron beam and handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $23.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, box coulter hole, $19.00.

Iron beam, wood handles, cast landside, steel mould, shackle fastening for coulter $17.00. The above moulds are all of the Scotch Gray Pattern.

Stubble Plow, cast landside, steel mould, iron beam, wood handle, Barroman pattern of mould, $17.00. This plow cannot be surpassed for stubble work. The wood handled Plows have iron bracing between handles.

We have secured the sole use of the McCarthy mould, and we would draw the attention of those wanting to get plows suitable for plowing match work to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as this mould has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best sod mould in the Province.

All Plows made of good material, superior workmanship and warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. A discount of seven per cent. allowed to parties ordering four or more Plows at one time.

Plows of all kinds repaired at reasonable charges. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

D. McTAVISH & SON, WATFORD, ONT.

Feb. 21st, 1879.—2m.

SUPPORT HOME MANUFACTURE,

And purchase your Furniture at the

WATFORD CABINET FACTORY,

where will be found the largest and

Best Stock West of London,

☞ We quote a few prices:—Bedsteads from $2.50. Chairs from 45 cents each ☜ other articles in proportion, all warranted. Everything in the ☜

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT COMPLETE,

CHARGES MODERATE.

H. COOK, WATFORD.

Watford, November 22nd, 1878.—6m.

SAMUEL HOWDEN,

In thanking the public for their very liberal patronage during the last ten years and soliciting a continnance of the same, takes this opportunity of informing them that he has now the

The Largest and Best Selected Stock

BOOTS AND SHOES

Ever offered in Watford, which for style, durability and cheapness can't be beat.

HIS CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

Has been replenished with all the best kinds of leather, and he is now prepared to make to order on the shortest notice and in the very latest style. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, VALISES, ETC.

Brown, Jones and Robinson get their Boots of him, and they say they are just as good as the advertisement says.

My shoes are good, my leather's tough,
My instruments the best,
My wax and thread are real good stuff,
My work will stand the test;
In wet and cold, in frost and snow,
My boots will please you well:
I make them good and charge them low,
Because I wish to sell.

Keep dry your feet, preserve your health
Good Boots and Shoes together,
Let doctors all say what they will,
Depend there's nought like leather.
Step in and try, who want to buy,
I'll please you, if I can;
For truth to tell, I'll use you well,
As fair as any man,
Where every one that buys will find
Good fit and workmanship combined.

Agent for the Wanzer Sewing Machine.

☞ All parties indebted to me will please settle before January 1st.

Watford, Feb 4th, 1878. 1-yr

Wholesale and Retail.

Grocery Department!

Just to hand an immense

STOCK of TEA

Bought at

Exceedingly Low Prices,

And will be sold at figures that will

FAIRLY ASTONISH

The Closest Buyer.

And also receiving a full supply of

Valencia Rasins,
New Currants,
and Canned Fruit,

Which I am prepared to offer at prices

THAT DEFY COMPETITION!!

P. DODD'S.

Boot & Shoe Departm't.

IN

Boots and Shoes,

I claim to have the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Stock in the Country.

ORDERED WORK

A SPECIALTY

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

STOVES

STILL AT COST AT

P. DODD'S

Hardware Department.

We now claim to have the

Largest, Cheapest & Best

Assorted Stock of

BUILDING HARDWARE,

Paints & Oils ever Shown in Watford.

Remember we will not be undersold by

Any House in the Trade!

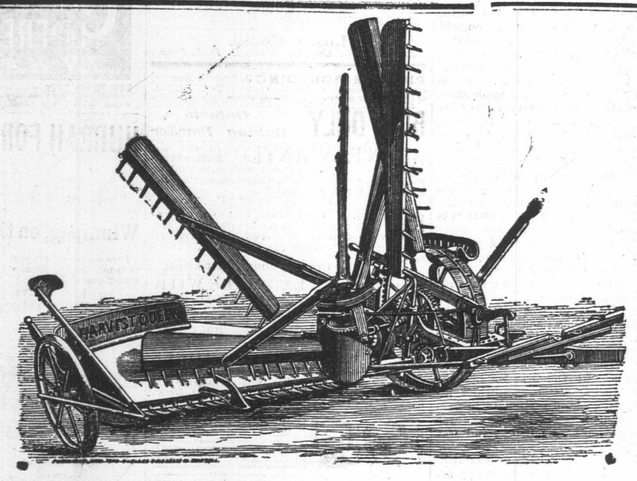
Another lot of those

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

To hand and for sale very Cheap. Highest price paid for Hides and Skins.

P. DODD'S.

Watford, Dec. 13th 1878.—tf.



Harvest Queen Front View.

Some of the Reasons why the Harvest Queen is the Best Machine to Buy.

1st, It has the largest drive wheel of any Single Reaper now made, being 36 inches in diameter, and seven inch face.

2nd. It has the largest, lightest, strongest, and best shaped table, supported by a patent truss rod, which you cannot get on any other Machine in the market.

3rd. It has the best Johnston five arm rake, which lays a better sheaf than any four arm rake made.

4th. It is the best protected from sand, dust and dirt, I challenge comparison with any Machine in the market, no matter whose make it is, on this very essential improvement.

5th. It can be set to cut as low as any Machine, and can be raised higher to travel on the road or go over very rough ground than any other Machine.

6th. It has the firmest, strongest, and most durable device for tilting of any Machine now made. I again challenge comparison on this point, claiming that while cutting, the table of my Reaper is held perfectly solid, consequently it leaves a very nice stubble.

7th. I ask the farmers as a favor to me and an advantage to themselves, to compare the Harvest Queen with all other reapers on the above mentioned points, as the success and durability of any Machine undoubtedly depends upon the advantages herein enumerated.

8th. It has more strokes of the Knife to each revolution of the Driving wheel than any other Single Reaper made; and SEVEN Strokes more to *each Revolution* of the Driving wheel than any other *Harvest Queen* Reaper made outside of Strathroy. The increased motion of the Knife renders the Reaper capable of cutting where other Reapers will choke down.

In connection with the above Reaper I also make the

HUMMING BIRD MOWER,

Which is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best Mowers now offered to the public. Manufactured at the Strathroy Agricultural Works by

F. J. CRAIG, Strathroy.

THOS. KERFOOT, AGENT WATFORD. tjl

CUTTER FOR SALE.

A cutter nearly new for sale. Will be sold cheap. Apply to.

ROBERT McLEAY.

1000

Cords of Wood Wanted

in exchange for Furniture at

WM. F. PHILLIPS'

Furniture Warerooms,

who still takes the lead in the

FURNITURE BUSNIESS,

And no wonder he does for he sells goods at

BOTTOM PRICES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

PICTURE FRAMES A SPECIALITY.

MOTTO FRAMES AT PAR.

My stock in every department

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Wm. F. PHILLIPS,

Main St. Watford.

Watford, Dec. 13th, 1878.—3 m.

EAST LAMBTON

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO

(ESTABLISHED 1875.)

FARMERS, INSURE your Property in your home Company; just as safe as any other Mutual, cheaper and more economical.

JOHN DALLAS, President.
GEORGE DEWAR, Vice President.
J. D. ECCLES, Manager.
ROBERT KING, WILLIAM COLE, R. F. MARSHALL, } Directors.
PETER McCALLUM, Treasurer.
T. DOHERTY, Secretary.

Watford, April 6, 1870. 1y

REMOVAL. REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

THE CHEAPEST YET FOR CASH.

D. ROCHE,

Wishes to inform the public at large that he has removed into the stand lately purchased by him from A. N. C. Black, and is prepared to furnish Christmas Groceries Wines and Liquors of the best quality, consisting of

TEES, CURRANTS, CIGARS
SUGARS, PRUNES, & CANNED
RASINS, TOBACCOS, GOODS.

Glassware, China and Crockery Ware.

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following brands:—HENNESSY, MARTELL and other French Brandies, IRISH and SCOTCH WHISKIES, HOLLAND and TOM GINS, CARLINGS, COSGRAVES & SONS, BASS & CO. English ale and Porter, in wood or bottles.

☞ Large quantity of Lake and Salt Water Herrings. Also Warwick Salt kept constantly on hand. Farm produce taken in exchange.

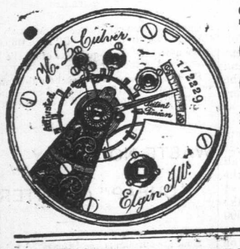
Watford, November 29th, 1878.—3m.

Buy Your Watches and Clocks Before

THE DUTY IS PUT ON, AT A DISCOUNT OF 15 PER CENT. ON

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY CHEAP FOR CASH.



Silver Watches $4 & Upwards
Gold do $15 do
Clocks for $1 do

Briar Root Pipes, Violin Strings & Spectacles

☞ Repairing of all kinds done promptly and warranted.

A. B. REMEY.

Watford, Nov. 29th, 1878.—3m

THE BATTLE OF BUSINESS.

A. McDONNELL

Still Holds the Fort of Excelled by None.

Further reinforcements of

TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS, AND CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

ALSO

China, Crockery, Glassware and Earthenware

LIQUORS, LIQUORS, LIQUORS,

Consisting of the following excellent Brands:—Martell, Hennessy and other French Brandies, Irish and Scotch Whiskies, Holland and Tom Gins, Carlings, Labatts, Bass & Co., English Ale and Porter. Farm Produce of all kinds taken in exchange. A CAR LOAD of Goderich Salt just received.

Waford, December 6th, 1878.—3m.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Dissolution of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between F. A. Humpidge and Hector McLeish, as "Planing Sash and Door Manufacturers," at the Village of Watford, was on the first day of January last dissolved, by mutual consent. All debts due to the said firm will be collected by D. J. Campbell, banker, Watford, who is authorised to grant receipts for the same. All liabilities of said firm will be presented to him for examination and liquidation by the late firm. The buisness will still be carried on in all its branches as heretofore by Hector McLeish.

Dated, Watford 6th March 1879.

F. A. HUMPIDGE.
WITNESS HECTOR McLEISH.
JAMES MENERY, Notary Public.

Watford Feb, 7th.—3 in.

The Guide.

JAMES C. TYE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

WATFORD, ONT., MARCH 21st 1879.

LOCAL & GENERAL NEWS.

LOCAL NEWS.—We shall be happy to receive, at all times, from any part of the Riding, items of local news, such as accidents, or any interesting incident whatever, from any of our subscribers or readers generally, for the purpose of publication.

FOREST has an author.

READ the "National Policy" advertisement in another column.

TRIAL BY JURY, words and music, 16 pages, only 12 cents, at Ewer's Book Store.

The party who lost a can of mustard can have the same by applying at this office.

The New Testament revised, by Dean Alford, for sale at Ewer's book store, price 45cts

WE are glad to learn that our townsmen, Mr. John McWaters, is gradually recovering from his serious attack of illness.

THE Rev. Mr. Colwell, who is to take the pastoral charge of the Congregatal Church here, will commence his labors on Sabbath morning next at 11 a. m.

SEE Demorset's Monthly Magazine at Ewer's Book Store. It contains 2 oil pictures and 1 steel engraving; also latest fashions and fashion plates. Only 30 cents.

GEO. H. Rodgers has just received a large stock of boots and shoes, which he is selling at an immense reduction in price. See his change of advertisement next week.

Orders for school, and miscellaneous Books Periodicals, Music, Stationery etc., filled promptly and forward d per post, without extra charge, by Ewer's book store, Watford,

IMPORTANT CHANGE.—Mr. D. Watt, announces that he is going to give up the Credit Business, and that on and after April 1st, 1879, he will sell only for CASH, or Trade at market prices.

REFORM CONVENTION.—The Reform Convention held in Watford on Tuesday last, resulted, after a number of ballots had been taken, in the nomination of Mr. P. Graham as standard bearer in the coming contest.

BOLE, STICKLE & Co., at the Globe Foundry, have repairs constantly on hand for the following ploughs, Ontario Chief, Strathroy Dominion, London Dominion, McSherry, all the Gray's, and other patterns too numerous to mention.

REV. J. Bennett Anderson, the justly celebrated revivalist, preached to a very large and attentive audience, in the C. M. Church here, on Wednesday last. A large number of our citizens have expressed a desire, in our hearing, to listen to him once more.

DAVID WATT and Milliner left, on Wednesday last, for the whole sale markets, to make purchases for the Millinery Department, and he is now rapidly filling up with the choicest and cheapest goods he has ever bought. See his assortment before deciding to buy. M14tf.

SOMETHING STRANGE.—A cow belonging to Mr. Andrew Thompson, 2nd line N.E.R. gave birth the other day to a calf which has four legs and five feet. In walking the calf uses the five as readily as the regular number. The calf is alive and doing well. Those doubting this local, may, by taking a walk to the above place be convinced. Next.

THE cattle fair which was held in Kerwood on Wednesday last, was quite a success, and we believe it is the intention to continue them every three months. The Watford Brass Band were present and enlivened the proceedings. They speak very highly of the manner in which they were treated.

WHILE the extreme low prices at which farm products are sold is well calculated to discourage our farmers, especially those who are in debt, even in small amounts, it, at the same time, would be very imprudent to abate any of their accustomed energy and industry on account of present low prices. The whole world is our market; it is moving.

THE TIME of year is fast approaching when the small boys will dodge down the back lane with fish-pole and oyster can in hand, hieing fast and furiously for the iron bridge, with mind filled with apprehension of the dire calamity awaiting him at home or in the school-room, pending his return, and his imagination overflowing with anticipations of a good time and a huge string of fish.

NOT SATISFIED.—An old farmer came into our office the other day to pay his subscription, and remarked as he produced a well filled wallet, "everything's got cheaper now an' ain't you goin' to put down the price of your paper?" He was informed that the price of the paper is not only the same as before "everything" advanced in price, but that we should receive $1.50 to make it pay. He looks dissatisfied, pays his subscription under protest, add then goes out, drives over to a grocery and sells ten dozen of the same size eggs for 15 cents per dozen, that could be purchased a few months ago for 7 cents per dozen.

BY a five minutes glance at our subscription books we can tell who are the truly good men in and around Watford.

BADLY SOLD.—Last Sunday evening one of our swells asked a young lady of Watford if he could have the extreme pleasure of escorting her to church, she accepted and they went. At the close of the services as they emerged from the church another young man offered the young lady his arm, she clinched and left young man No. 1 to sad reflections, and he was as mad as a March hare.

FIRE!—Last week Mr. Angus McLachlin, of Brooke, had his barns burned. He had a cow die of murrain in his shed, and to disinfect the premises he had old leather burned in the shed, but got to big a fire and had the buildings burned together with two fat porkers. In attempting to stay the fire he had the whole side of his head burned. His neighbors across the river swam over and rendered such assistance that his large frame buildings were saved, although they had caught fire. The loss will not be over $100, as the buildings destroyed were old, but none the less useful.

Obituary.—It is with deep feelings of regret that we have to announce the death of Sarah, beloved wife of U. M. Stanley M.D. and daughter of Leander Harvey, M. D., of this place, which sad event took place on Monday, the 17th inst., after a very short illness. Her loss will be deeply felt throughout the entire community, as she was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, as was evinced by the large concourse of people who followed her remains to their last resting place, Presbyterian burying ground, 4th line, on Wednesday last. Elder D. Olphant, of London, preached a very impressive funeral sermon, in the Presbyterian church. The bereaved husband and relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of all.

THE BUTTER TRADE

To the Editor of the GUIDE.

Dear Sir.—As the butter season approaches, would it not be advisable for the merchants in the several Villages of this County to arrange a meeting at an early date, to take into consideration the demoralized state of the Butter trade, which has been ruling for the past few years, and to devise some practicable scheme, whereby the standard quality of butter would be raised so as not to cause the heavy losses at present sustained by dealers as this is a very important question, and one that bears heavily on most of our merchants, I trust that this suggestion may meet with a ready response, and lead to such conclusions, as shall prove mutually beneficial to both buyer and seller.

Yours truly,

ONE INTERESTED.

Watford vs. Ailsa Craig.

The return match between the Ailsa Craig and Watford Gun Clubs took place at Watford, on Wednesday the 19th inst., which resulted in a bad defeat for the Watfordites, who failed to retain the triumph which they achieved at the first match, but we hope they will do better next time. The following is the score:

AILSA CRAIG.—Walter Allan 8 1/16, Wm. Robson 8 1/16, Colin Stewart 9 6/16, Edward Rosser 5 12/16, Richard Tweedle 8 14/16, Jas. Campbell 7 15/16, Chas. Edwards 8 14/16, H. Munroe 12 6/16, D. Drummond 12 19/16, W. P. McFarlane 17 12/16, John McEwen 7 1/16, Robson Tweedle 13 7/16. Total, 120 5/16

WATFORD.—D. Williamson 12 15/16, A. Symington 15 4/16, Rich'd Roche, 21 12/16, William Lamb 11 8/16, Benj. Williamson 5 6/16, D. McTavish 16 3/16, Josh Williamson 17 8/16, J. Edwards, 18 15/16, A. Harrower 11 15/16, Fred. Hughes 16 4/16, H. McKinnon 8 5/16, David Roche, 8 13/16. Total, 164 12/16.

THE PRESBYTERY.

The following are the motions &c. passed at the meeting of the London Presbytery on Monday last, with regard to the Rev. Mr. Abraham's resignation.

The resignation of Rev. Mr. Abraham, of Watford, was presented, in connection with which a deputation from the Watford (South) congregation presented a resolution passed, expressive of their regret at the contemplated removal of their pastor, and trusting that his services may be retained. Mr. McLeay, of the Warwick (North) congregation, also presented the action taken by them. He had been instructed to throw no obstacle in the way of Rev. Mr. Abraham's resignation. While personally desirous of retaining the services of the rev-gentleman, he did not think it would be to the interests of the Warwick congregation, especially after their unanimous action in opposition to retaining the rev. gentleman's services.

Rev. Mr. Abraham addressed the Presbytery. He thought the origin of the trouble was in regard to the manse property. So far as it was in his power he had endeavored to keep aloof from the discussions of the session, leaving it to them to settle the matter. The rev. gentleman then recounted at length the reasons why he had been compelled to take the present course, and concluded by pressing the acceptance of his resignation by the Presbytery.

After a lengthy hearing of explanations from the deputations.

Rev. Dr. Proudfoot moved, seconded by Rev. G. Munro, that the resignation of Rev. Abraham be not accepted, and that a deputation, consisting of Rev. Messrs. Cuthbertson, Thompson and Duncan, and Elders Thos. Gordon and Duncan McDougall, be appointed a committee to confer with the Warwick congregation, and endeavor to impress upon them the necessity of clearing off the debt on the church as soon as possible, and then to raise the minister's stipend.

An amendment was moved by Rev. J. A. Murray, seconded by Rev. G. Cuthbertson, that the resignation of Rev. Mr. Abraham be accepted *simpliciter* by this Presbytery.

After considerable discussion, the amendment was carried by a large majority.

Rev. Messrs. Duncan and Scobie, and Mr. Thos. Gordon were, on motion, appointed a committee to visit Watford and arrange the financial matters and report.

We are willing to bet anything that the man who wrote—"No one to love," never was in Alvinston.

ALVINSTON.

Owing to the state of the roads between here and Alvinston, during the past week, which has prevented us moving the remainder of the plant of the *News*, to Watford, the amalgamation of the two papers has not been consumated. We this week mail each subscriber to the *News* a copy of the GUIDE. Unless some unforseen accident should occur, the amalgamation will be accomplished next week.

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

From our own Correspondent.

Still the old engineer fails to whistle.

The 17th passed off here without any celebration.

Mr. J. B. Watson delivered a lecture in Brigden on Monday evening.

If there were a circulating library some where in the Village, together with a reading room, we think much good might be done Temperance men, think of this.

One day last week a man named Brandon was killed by the train near Oil City. He was an old pensioner, and had served through the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny.

Church of England service will be held in Inwood on Easter Sunday. This will be the second service held there; and we trust that this time it will be as good a success as it was the former time.

BLACKSMITHING.—Ellis & McIntyre have been the busiest of our busy blacksmiths this winter. It was no uncommon thing to see from fifteen to twenty horses waiting their turn to have their shoes manufactured or repaired. The work is well done too.

THE PLANING MILL.—Messrs. McIlwain, Russell and Black are making things lively round the Alvinston Planing Mill. They are getting out large quantities of sashes, doors, blinds, etc. Thus builders the coming season will meet with no delay in having orders filled.

ILL.—Mrs. Duncan McCallum was taken very ill with inflamation of the lungs and pleurisy a few days since. Dr. Harvey, of Watford, was summoned Saturday, and he assured Mr. McC. that the attending physician was doing all that could be done in the matter; and also gave encouragement for her recovery in a short time.

STRIKE.—Middle of last week the men engaged at the Alvinston Stave Mill struck for wages. The proprietor, like many other business men to-day, is a little inconvenienced by the slow returns he receives for shipments of his goods, and as a result finds it difficult to meet such demands at any and all times. However that is not his fault and the measure employed to force a settlement was not very suitable under such circumstances. This is Alvinston's first "strike."

It seems that the Literary Society has been consigned to a premature grave. Why such societies cannot long remain in existence in small Villages, remains a secret, but we presume people are getting too much enlightened now-a-days to attend such gatherings. Nothing but blood and thunder stories such as the dime novel contains, can satisfy their morbid appetites; and thus it is all over our Dominion to-day, and thus sound literature is neglected, while morality retrogrades in the same ratio.

THE CONCERT.—The band concert, lecture etc., Saturday night, was postponed to Wednesday 26th inst. The audience Saturday night was small, owing to the excitement produced by the Union Services held every evening in the Presbyterian Church. Mr. J. B. Watson, the lecturer engaged for the occasion, having made it a rule never to address a small audience, suggested that as the affair was for the benefit of the band and the indifference manifested a slight to them, proposed the postponemet which was agreed to and ticket money refunded to those who attended. With kind regard for those who did attend the band gave several selections. Mr. Watson convulsed them with laughable stories and Mr. Tom Sovereign sang three or four pieces, doing better on this occasion than ever before. We hope the Concert on the 26th will prove a grand success financially and otherwise.

EUPHEMIA COUNCIL.

Euphemia Council met on Monday the 10th of March 1879. All the members present.

By-law No. 106, describing and numbering the road divisions was in the usual way read three times and passed, and on motion the following persons were appointed to the respective offices mentioned:

OVERSEERS OF HIGHWAYS.

Joseph Shipley, Arthur Bobies, James McGregor, James Marshall, Robert Dickey, James Johnston, Mathias Hanson, Charles Denis, William Duff, George Armstrong, Jas. Gray, Thomas Elliot, Andrew Adams, William Drew, Thomas Dobbyn, Oliver T Smith, Henry Tully, Richard Tully, Malcolm L. McAlpine. James Johnston, John Patterson, Gage, Edward Burr, John McKay, Frederick Moorhouse, James Dobbyn, William Burr, James Clements, William Roberts, Charles Gadsby, John Brownlee jr., Leslie Kimball, John Wilson, Robert Tully, Lyman Wright, Lawrence Frank, Jos. Lancaster, John Anderson, William Bilton, Bilton Robton, Edward Moorhouse, John Redwick, Isaac Davis George Carey jr., George Bilton, Zebedee Butt, Edward Arnold, James McDonald, Moses Prangley, James Armstrong, John Anderson, George Willis, Archibald McGugan, Philip Waters, Abraham Augustine, Archibald Glass, Austin Mugan, John Annett, William Main, Robert Johnston, James McMaster, James McCready, Geo. Leitch, John Cox, Geo. Porter, Thomas Foley, John Gleason, Peter Campbell, Patrick Moran and William Cox.

FOUNDKEEPERS.

Jos. Shipley, Geo. Carey, Wm. Burr, Wm. Dobbyn, Edward Burr, Alex. Anderson and Geo. Leitch.

FENCE VIEWERS.

Jas. Sturgeon, Wm. A. Gordon, John B. Walker, John Moorhouse, Jas. McCabe, Leslie Kimball, Alex. McAlpine, Donald Anderson, Robert Moorhouse, Geo. Gray, John Flemen, Duncan Campbell, Wm. McKay, Jos. Cross and Geo. Armstrong.

CREEK INSPECTORS.

John B. Walker, Wm. Hands, Jos. Cross, Duncan Campbell and Geo. Armstrong.

The Clerk was instructed to draft a By-law confirming the above appointments, and present it to the Council for their adoption at their next sitting.

On motion $3 was granted to Mr. Johnston to purchase necessaries for Harvey Wilson, an indigent person, application for that purpose having been made by 12 ratepayers.

Moved by Mr. Gage, seconded by Mr. Johnston, that on account of the Auditors being dissatisfied with the extent of their Audit of the Treasurers books that they be instructed to Audit ditch accounts and to investigate whether the $400 loaned by the Treasurer to S.S. No. 5 has been properly paid, and on motion the Clerk was instructed to bring forward at the next meeting of the Council a statement for June and December 1876.

A petition signed by Thomas Richard and 21 others, being a majority of the ratepayers S. S. of No. 6., Euphemia, praying that the union of S. S. No. 6, Euphemia, with No. 7 Brooke, be dissolved, was presented and read

Moved by Mr. Roberts, seconded by Mr. Gage, that the prayer of said petition be entertained, and Mr. Roberts then moved seconded by Mr. Gage, that two additional S.S be formed in this Township in accordance with plan A submitted, and that the Clerk draft one By-law dissolving the union of S.S. No. 6 of Euphemia, with No. 7 of Brooke: and another By law forming and remodelling the S.S. in accordance with the said plan A, and present them to the Council for their adoption at their next sitting, which will be held in the Town Hall, on Monday April 7th.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, Clerk.

WILSON'S WILD CHERRY.

This valuable medicine which has enjoyed an immense and ever increasing sale in the City of Hamilton, for the past six years is now being introduced throughout Ontario. It is a vegetable compound, possessing the most remarkble curative properties over diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and Bronchial Tubes. The proprietors hold the most flattering certificates from the Mayor and a great number of prominent Citizens of Hamilton showing the very high estimation in which it is held at home Wilson's Compound Syrup Wild Cherry contains no opium, is pleasant to take, and a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice &c. Sold by Druggists and general dealers. M71m.

NATIONAL POLICY.—The Customs Tariff of the Dominion in Book Form. Price, 10 cents, complete, at Ewer's Book Store.

THE MARKETS.

The following are the prices paid in Watford, as corrected by Messrs. Fuller & Hume, grain merchants.

Flour, Fall Wheat	2 50	@	2 50
Flour fall and spring mixed	2 35	@	2 40
Flour (Spring)	2 25	@	2 30
Fall Wheat, white, ₱ bush	$0 93	@	$0 95
Fall Wheat, red, ₱ bush	0 93	@	0 95
Spring Wheat, ₱ bush	0 80	@	0 85
Barley, ₱ bush	0 40	@	0 60
Oats, ₱ bush	0 30	@	0 30
Corn, ₱ bush	0 50	@	0 65
Peas, ₱ bush	0 45	@	0 60
Onions, ₱ bush	0 75	@	0 90
Hogs, dressed, ₱ cental	5 00	@	5 00
Flour, ₱ cental	2 75	@	3 00
Wood, ₱ cord	1 50	@	2 00
Hides, green, ₱ lb	0 05	@	0 06
Hides, dry, ₱ lb	0 08	@	0 10
Hay, ₱ ton	8 00	@	10 00
Straw, ₱ load	2 00	@	3 00
Wool	0 22	@	0 24
Clover Seed	3 30	@	3 60
Calf Skins, green	0 09	@	0 75
Calf Skins, dry	0 14	@	0 11

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address,

SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Watford, Feb. 21st '79. 3m

MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage bearing date the First day of December, A. D. 1877, which said mortgage will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereby secured, there will be sold by Public Auction, at Baker's Hotel in the

VILLAGE OF WATFORD,

ON

FRIDAY, MARCH 28th 1879,

at half past one o'clock in the afternoon the following property comprised in the said mortgage, viz.:—

The south-east quarter of Lot thirteen in the third concession, south of the Egremont Road, in the Township of Warwick, containing fifty acres, more or less, also a road or right of way to and from the said premises to the concession line two rods wide off and from the east side of the north half of the west half of said Lot thirteen.

The property is well situated, TITLE IS PERFECT.

The purchaser will not be entitled to the production of any title deeds, save and except said mortgage, and such other deeds as are in the possession of the Vendor's solicitor

Terms and conditions of sale may be obtained from the undersigned, and will be made known by them at the time of sale.

PARDEE & GARVEY

Sarnia, March 12.—2i Vendors Solicitors.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage made by Eliza McPherson and James C. McPherson, to Rochford Dillion Correstine, Dated the 11th day of September, A.D. 1878, there will be offered for sale, by Public Auction, at the premises in the

Village of Alvinston,

ON

Saturday April 5th '79,

at one o'clock P. M. this certain parcel of land known as Village Lot number (21) twenty-one, on the east side of River Street, in Wagner's survey, in said Village of Alvinston, more particularly described in said mortgage. There is a good hotel and barn on the premises. The above property is centrally situated in the Village.

For particulars and conditions of sale apply to,

R. D. CORRESTINE,
or RICHARD CODE, Mortgagee, Watford.
Alvinston Ont.

Brooke, March 12th, 1879.—3 in.

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, Illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. **HEAL THYSELF**

Chopin.

BY EMMA LAZARUS.

I.

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen fairy woof
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof,
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow
Of necks unkerchief, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How, beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs,
So years, though all the dancing waves rejoice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II.

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus' miracles? His subtle strain
Above our prose-world's sordid loss and gain
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,
The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The polish poet who sleeps, silenced long,
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again
Etherial eloquence, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,
Slowly consuming with its inward flame.
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.

III.

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine,
As the sad spirit of the evening breeze,
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine
As the wild bird's untutored melodies.
A voice for him 'neath twilight heavens dim,
Who mourneth for his dead, while round him fall
The wan and moiseless leaves. A voice for him
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the call
Of the first robin on the first spring day,
A voice for all whom fate hath set apart,
Who, still mispriz'd, must perish by the way,
Longing with love, for that they lack the art
Of their own soul's expression. For all these
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reveries.

IV.

Then nature shaped a poet's heart—a lyre,
From out whose chords the lightest breeze that blows
Drew trembling music, wakening sweet desire.
How shall she cherish him? Behold! she throws
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl
Of seething passions; he is scourged and stung,
Must dive in storm-rent seas, if but one pearl
Of art or beauty therefrom may be wrung.
No pure-browed pensive nymph his Muse shall be;
An amazon of thought, with sovereign eyes,
Whose kiss was poison, man-brained, worldly-wise,
Inspired that clfin, delicate harmony,
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well,
The poet, who must sound earth, heaven, and hell!

Zululand.

The Zulu Army—The Zulu Kraals—Where do the Arms Come From—The Reverse of the 24th Foot.

Turning to the force it was known the Zulu King could put into the field, we learn that it was estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000 men; in fact, it is composed of the entire nation capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of 15 is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently posted to a military kraal, of which there are 12 in the country. There are 33 regiments in the Zulu army, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided again into 8 or 10 companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Of the 33 regiments, 18 are composed of married, 15 of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band made of the skin of some beast—leopard or otter predominate; they carry white shields. The unmarried regiments wear their hair naturally, and carry black shields. Drill, in our sense of the word, is unknown in the Zulu army, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is more severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offences. All officers have their proper duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The system of commissariat and transport is simple in the extreme. Three or four days' provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by a number of boys or women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, and help to drive a herd of cattle. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy on whom they pour a ceaseless fusillade directly he is surrounded; when within 200 or 300 yards they, with loud yells, make a rush, and after having expended their assegais, or spears, in the charge, dash in with their short swords.

The Zulu army until lately was armed with the usual Caffre weapons—rifles of divers patterns, Birmingham muskets, and the such like. Of late, however, the King, whose power is despotic, insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loading weapon. Thousands of arms in the course of a few months were landed at Delagoa Bay, and then rapidly passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic. By doing so they would undoubtedly have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of Cetywayo, and their small detachment of 50 men was scarcely sufficient defence for the town. A correspondence on this subject passed between Sir Bartle Frere and the Portuguese Governor, which resulted in the latter official pledging himself to stop the trade, and a gunboat was accordingly despatched to Delagoa Bay to protect the inhabitants. There is little doubt, however, that it is not the Portuguese authorities who are to blame for this nefarious traffic in arms and spirits with Southern Africa; unscrupulous English traders are the real offenders. It is these men, whose love of money overcomes all false delicacy as regards patriotism, who increase our difficulties in colonial wars. The Maories in New Zealand were armed with English weapons; so now are the Zulus. It is surely carrying the principles of free trade too far for our merchants to be allowed to supply the ammunition and the weapons with which our brave soldiers are slaughtered.

The military kraals of the Zulus (says the *Times*) deserve some slight description. They are in point of fact fortified depots where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobilize in time of war. The kraal is usually about 500 yards in diameter, and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence, about five feet in height, difficult to breach, and still harder to storm, as it is well surrounded by an *abattis* of prickly pear bush thorns, and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The King's kraal is Ulundi, or Undini, almost in the centre of the country. Six regiments, numbering about 7,000 men, are quartered here permanently. Another important kraal is situated a few miles to the north of Rorke's Drift. This was the headquarters of Sirajo, a brother of Cetywayo. It was burned shortly after hostilities opened, and the chief's son killed in the engagement. Most of the other kraals are in the neighbourhood of Undini, so that the King is constantly enabled to inspect his troops.

For the second time in the history of the regiment (says the *Daily Telegraph*) the 24th Foot has been practically annihilated. For the third time it has suffered defeat at the hands of a semi-disciplined foe. Twice it has lost its colours. The first occasion was at Chilianwallah on the 13th of January, 1849, when, badly supported by the native regiments of its Brigade, the 24th had to bear the attack of four times its number of Sikhs. Nobly it fought that day; step by step the regiment fell back, nobly contesting every inch of ground. When night fell the strife ceased, and the following morning 14 officers and upwards of 300 rank and file of the 24th had answered to that muster-roll which no good soldier shrinks from. Pennycuick, the gallant Colonel of the 24th, with two of his sons, fell on this memorable occasion, but though the colours of the 2nd Warwickshire regiment were part of Shere Singh's trophies, it was felt by all that the regiment had done its duty that day right nobly. The second occasion on which the 24th met with a reverse was during the Indian Mutiny, when a detachment of the regiment, under Colonel (now General Sir Charles) Ellice was moved rapidly down from Rawul Pindi to disarm the 14th native Infantry at Ghelum. The affair was grievously mismanaged, and though the 24th acted bravely they were driven off with heavy loss (their Colonel being dangerously wounded), abandoning a gun to the mutineers, who during the night effected their escape unmolested. It is not often in the space of 30 years a regiment can point to three reverses, still less to three such rapid spurts of promotion as have befallen the 24th. In common with the rest of our countrymen we sympathise deeply with the regiment in its present misfortune, and can only trust that it will shortly have an opportunity of showing that it can behave as dashingly in a victory as it has already shown it can act steadily under defeat—a sure test of a regiment's discipline.

The Money-Value of Wives.

It is sometimes necessary to look at things from the lowest possible plane in order to see them as they are. "Will it pay?" is a legitimate question in many cases in which it seems an ungracious or sordid one. Sometimes, too, a failure to properly estimate the money value of a given thing results in a failure to appreciate its other and higher worth, which can not be computed in dollars and cents. A luxury which is also a necessity is doubly valuable, and the moral preciousness of anything is certainly not diminished by the fact that it happens also to have a pecuniary worth.

Now we are persuaded that there is no commoner error than that of regarding wives and mothers as expensive luxuries, or at best as persons who, in consequence of their position, are freed from the law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." We talk of "working-women" as a class by themselves. We say of a woman who teaches school or makes dresses, or does anything else of the sort, that she works for her living. And altogether too many men speak of the money supplied to their wives as money *given* to them. Now, the fact is that there are no women who more truly work for their living than do all worthy wives and mothers. More than this, there are no women whose work is of greater pecuniary value than theirs, and the man who fails to recognize these facts does his wife a sore injustice, however tenderly he may regard her—however freely he may open his purse to her in the capacity of a liberal and willing benefactor. If she be even a tolerably good wife, he does her a grievous wrong when he assigns her the place of a beneficiary. He has no right to be her patron, even though he be a very munificent one. Her work and her care for his interests at home have a positive money-value of very considerable amount, as any one may see upon reflection, and this fact deserves recognition, at the least. Count her personal expenses as mere wages for work done and skill brought to bear in household management, and in very few cases is the wife overpaid. Estimate her money-value by what she might earn in other walks of life, if she had devoted her time to the acquisition of skill therein as she has to the learning of wifely and motherly work, and it will be found in the majority of instances, that she is upon half-pay. Measure her services by the expense their performance would entail were it necessary to substitute hirelings for her in the parlour, in the dining-room, in the nursery, at the sewing-machine, and it will be evident that hers is the cheapest while it is the most faithful labour in the market.

We know that this is a homely treatment for such a topic, but it is a wholesome one for all that, and the lesson is one which can not be too soon or too thoroughly learned. No person possessed of any ordinary amount of self-respect is ever truly happy as a dependent upon anybody's bounty, and we have no right whatever to force into such a position the people who, of all others, most fairly earn the money they receive. Let us not be misunderstood. We would have no hiring between husband and wife, no wages in the household, no atmosphere of trade in the family circle. But the husband of a faithful wife should recognize her right to a higher position and a greater freedom than that of a dependent and beneficiary.

Encouragement for Estate-Hunters.

An American's Successful Suit for Property in England.

(From the New York World.)

Now let all the heirs of the Jennings estate, and of every other castellated property in Spain, arise and call meetings and put their best foot foremost and take up contributions and send out silver-tongued commissioners to secure for their airy millions a local habitation and a name! An American claimant, or at least a claimant from America, has actually proved his claim to an estate in England, and is perhaps even now entering upon it. It is only proper to add that he does not appear to be descended from three brothers who came over in the Mayflower—but perhaps his triumph may be regarded as only the thin edge on the entering wedge. The case is at all events a curious one. It was heard before Vice Chancellor Bacon on the 5th of the current month, and is thus recited in the Manchester *Guardian*:

The claimant, Mr. W. H. Cox, a builder of Memphis, Tenn., sought to establish his right as heir to a property known as Lennox Lodge, Southampton. He stated that he was born in the year 1820, at Cheltenham, where his father carried on the business of a silk mercer. At the age of 14 he went to sea as a midshipman, serving on board the John Coote, which was dispatched with soldiers to Bombay. From Bombay he sailed to China and thence home, and on arriving at Cheltenham he found that during his absence his father had changed his calling to be the editor of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, and had subsequently quitted his native town, probably in consequence of financial embarrassment, and gone to America, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. To America the plaintiff immediately followed, and after a long inquiry succeeded in finding his father through the medium of advertisement. His mother and family he had left in the care of an aunt, the proprietress of a small hotel, where they all resided. His father was acting at the time as special correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which he sent letters from Pennsylvania under the *nom de plume* of "Crump." The reason for the change of name on which the main issue of identity rested was rather obscure, and probably connected with monetary difficulties. The plaintiff and his father became joint editors of *The Pennsylvania Enquirer*, and as such travelled over the greater part of the United States. He stopped at Philadelphia with his father till about 1848, and in the meantime his family also came over and stayed there. After his father's death he travelled for a considerable time, and at last settled down as a builder in New Orleans. He had also seen military experience, having opposed Mackenzie in his Canadian invasion and taken an active part in the civil war. His business was removed previous to the last-mentioned, and he was now at Memphis carrying on a builder's business. Documentary and *viva voce* evidence was given in support of the case. His lordship decided in favour of the plaintiff, holding that his identity was established.

THE following scene took place the other day in a Paris restaurant on the occasion of a wedding dinner. An awkward waiter, in attempting to place on the table the soup tureen filled with fat chicken broth, spilled its contents on a lady's white satin dress. The lady screamed, and was seized with hysterics. The waiter stooped and shouted in her ear: "Don't despair, madam, there's plenty of broth yet left in the kitchen. I'm going for it now."

CAN'T the Ethiopian change his kin by marrying into a strange family?

A Ghastly Witness.

A Section of a Man's Skull Wanted in a Trial for Murder.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

"Murder will out" is an old saw, but the force of its application lessens not with age. Another example of the theory occurred yesterday in the coroner's office. About noon a young man, who said his name was James Carey, called and requested a private interview with the coroner. This was readily accorded, and when the parties were sequestered in the "chamber of horrors," he pulled a letter out of his pocket, signed by the prosecuting attorney of Randolph county, Missouri, asking the coroner to confide to the care of his representative, Mr. Carey, a section of skull sawed from the head of a man last July, whom the coroner had good reason to suppose had not met his death by fair means. The man's name was Michael Carey, and inquiry developed that the visitor was his brother. The facts leading to this peculiae mission are as follows:

On the morning of the 3rd of last July, Mrs. Carey, the wife of the deceased, residing in the suburbs, presented a death certificate to Coroner Auler, purporting to have been signed by a physician of Higbee, merely to the effect that the man whose body it accompanied had died from a contageous disease. In consequence of the informality of the certificate the coroner declined to issue the burial permit, ordered the body preserved on ice, and telegraphed the Randolph county authorities for information as to the manner Carey had come to his death. The answer only stated that he had been wounded in a difficulty at Higbee, a small town on the Kansas City and Northern railway. A post mortem, demonstrating the extent of the injuries, which were severe cranial fractures, was held, and then the remains were delivered to the relatives and buried. Conjecturing that at some future day evidence as to the character of the wounds might be valuable, Dr. Auler preserved that portion of the skull on which they had been inflicted, and, as it turns out, his course was a good one.

From what was learned from the brother it now transpires that the Randolph county authorities have reason to suppose that Carey was foully murdered by a fellow-labourer, and the murderer, a man named Bill Tansey, has been arrested and indicted for the crime.

The coroner refused to transfer the skull because no one but himself could identify it, but when the trial is held it will be produced in evidence, a speechless, ghastly witness before the accused.

That Checker Board.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough, until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit, and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind, and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woodshed, and saying:

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to fliuders, but you won't care."

"Of course not, and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face, she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered, as he moved a man backward.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she called out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men, and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle does permit it."

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social."

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king row, shouting:

"Crown him! Crown him! I've got a King."

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before," he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you."

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way."

"No, he can't."

"Yes, he can."

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle."

"I don't care! I can jump two men whichever way you move."

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't."

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such blackleg practices."

"Who's a blackleg? You not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night, and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!"

The Heiress-Hunter.

There are as many heiress-hunters as heir-hunters, and there is this much to be said in this connection. The man who for money marries a woman is a more deliberate wretch than the woman who for money marries a man. He makes a matter of choice of it, she takes to it as a sheer matter of necessity. He is active in his lying, she is but a passive falsehood—she merely suffers herself to be made love to, but he is a direct dissimulator. Oh! what a manly spectacle is presented to the world by this gold-seeker of society! how he adorns his race! how he elevates our ideas of the possibilities of humanity! Study him as he pursues the path of his perfidious courtship, listen to his elaborate falsehoods; what a consummate actor! what a look he casts into his eyes, of a love that has no place in his heart! what an accent he throws into his voice, of a passion that has no existence in his soul! what a thorough master of detail! how he graduates his steps and composes his looks, and governs his actions, all for one sole end, of producing the required effect upon the woman who is to be at once his bride and banker! What a perfect man! how he takes advantage of a woman, how he speculates upon her loving blindness, how he literally coins her all confiding tenderness, how he winds his caressing arms about her waist, imagining all the while he is dipping his clutching fingers in her purse!

THE Iturbide is the swell hotel of the City of Mexico. It was built in the last century by a Spanish nobleman for his own residence, and is spacious, but gloomy. The Emperor Iturbide selected it as his palace when the Spanish dominion was overthrown.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BROWN OR WHITE STOCK.—Put a good piece of lean beef in plenty of water (cold) place on the fire and very slowly bring it to the simmering point; skim it of all grease with care, and when clear, put in the vegetables you like, letting all stew gently together for six hours without interruption, then strain for use. If you desire a brown stock, burned sugar or a burned onion should be used.

VEGETABLE STOCK.—Clean and cut up some carrots, celery, turnips, onions, lettuce, parsnips and herbs; put them in a stewpan, with butter and a little water, and stew until the water is evaporated and the butter begins to hiss; then fill up with fresh water, add nutmeg, pepper, salt, and a few green peas; simmer for three hours; strain and use for maigre soups of any kind.

BAKED SCOTCH HERRING. Cut off the heads of six herrings and split the fish, taking out the backbone; chop a spoonful of parsley and mince up an onion fine, and a little thyme and marjoram; take a piece of stale bread, if not dry enough, put it in the oven; when crisp, grate or pound it up; take a spoonful of salt and quarter as much ground pepper and sprinkle it over the fish; make a layer of fish at the bottom of a tin pan, sprinkling over them the bread crumbs, the parsley, onions; add to each layer a small piece of butter, a tablespoonful altogether will suffice; cover over the baking-pan with a dish, and bake by a slow fire about a half-hour.

MACARONI AND HAM.—Take one-half pound of macaroni, put it in boiling salt and water, and cook for 20 minutes, or until tender. (The great mistake in preparing macaroni is to overcook it; macaroni should not be soft, so as to drop to pieces.) Drain the macaroni, and put in cold water until you are ready to use it. Take a quarter of a pound of the lean of cold boiled ham; chop fine; take half a can of tomatoes, when thoroughly done, through a colander; thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth. Lay the macaroni in a layer, spread on the chopped ham, add some of the tomato sauce, a little pepper, a little salt, and so on, until the dish is filled. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. This is enough for six people.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Put two tablespoonfuls of tapioca into a basin with one pint of water, and let it soak 12 hours; peel, quarter, and core six apples; boil the soaked tapioca with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt and four cloves, until clear; stew the apples until tender, with sugar to keep them from falling to pieces; then place your stewed apples in the bottom of a baking dish, and pour the tapioca over them; make a custard of the yolks of three eggs and nearly a pint of rich milk, seasoned with a little cinnamon; pour this over the tapioca and apples, and bake 20 minutes; when baked make a frosting of the whites of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; return to the oven and brown slightly. To be eaten with sugar and cream, cold.

BEEFSTEAK PUDDING.—Take two pounds of round steak, (cost 20 cents) one teaspoonful each of summer savory, celery salt, and one small onion chopped fine, a sprig of parsley, salt, and white pepper, cost altogether 3 cents. Cut the steak up into small pieces and place a layer of it in a buttered dish, the sides of which you have lined with paste. Sprinkle over the steak some of the onion, celery salt, &c.; add another layer of steak and seasoning until all is used, then pour over it a little water and cover with paste. Place on the top of it a buttered paper, and stand it in a basin of boiling water, cover it tight, and let it boil two hours and a half. To make the paste, take one teacup and a half of flour, a half-teaspoonful of salt, and two table-spoonfuls of of roast-beef drippings, and wet it up with a half-teacupful of water; cost of all 4 cents. Total expense, 29 cents. This quantity will make a dish sufficient for five persons, with the customary vegetables.

SWISS PUDDING.—Sift together half a pound of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one of salt; rub together four ounces of granulated sugar and two ounces of butter, and when they are well mixed, so as to be granular, but not creamy, add the flour gradually until all is used; make a hollow in the middle of the flour, put into it one egg, half a teaspoonful of lemon flavouring, find half a pint of milk; mix to a smooth paste, put into well buttered and floured mold, and set this into a large pot, with boiling water enough to come two-thirds up the side of the mold; steam the pudding three-quarters of an hour, or until a broom-splint can be run into it without finding the pudding sticking to the splint. Turn the pudding out of the mold and send it to table with the following sauce, Stir together over the fire one ounce each of flour and butter; as soon as they are smooth pour into them half a pint of boiling milk, add two ounces of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon flavouring, and use with the pudding as soon as it boils up.

A Burmese Massacre Which Was Not Perpetrated.

It may fairly be said—although the assertion savours of a bull—that the most memorable in the long list of Burmese massacres is one which was not perpetrated. When the British squadron appeared off Rangoon at the opening of the last war with Burmah, the native Governor of the city sent a messenger to announce that every European within the walls should be put to death the moment the first shot was fired. This menace having no effect, a score or so of foreign residents, including two American missionaries, were ordered out for immediate execution. The word was given, and the headsman had just stepped forward with his huge knife, when the first English broadside was discharged, shattering to pieces, by a singular chance, the very house in front of which the Governor and his suite were standing. Never was a panic more instantaneous. Away ran Governor, officers, headsman and all, while the victims, bound and unable to stir, remained kneeling in readiness for the fatal stroke, with no one left to attend to them. They were speedily released by a party of British blue jackets; and to complete this sudden turning of the tables, the inhuman Governor was brought in by a sailor that very evening, with his hands tied behind him and a gag in his mouth.

Railway up Vesuvius.

It is thirty years since a concession was granted for a railway up Vesuvius. It has been promised many times, but never so positively as now. The plan proposed involves the construction of an iron elevated railway about three feet high above the ground, on which is to run a train of eight cars operated by a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic brakes. The cable will be double, in case of accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilogrammes, but it will be made to support a tension of 33,000 kilogrammes. A small station with a restaurant will be constructed on the cone and another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and stored in the observatory in case of an eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

"OH, I'm good for another twenty years," was the laughing rejoinder of Prince Hearg, of the Neatherlands, when urged to make his will. He has died intestate, and his vast possessions will probably pass just where he didn't want them to go.

A SCHOOL-GIRL of tender years thus writes to a bosom friend: "Dear Susa—I shan't attend school again until I Get some new cuffs, collars, and Jewellery—dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine off that Upstart Mary Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

Crossing the Line.

Some of the Tricks played by the Jolly Tars When Crossing the Equator.

(From All The Year Round.)

The rude and boisterous customs formerly observed on board ship, such, for instance, as the ceremonies on "crossing the line," as related by nautical writers, are familiar to all our readers. These sports, the offshoot of other practised in earlier times, have, in their turn, yielded to the more refined and reasonable mode of whiling the tedium of a long voyage by theatricals, recitations, concerts, etc. Grose gives some curious instances of the way in which the "salts" of former times enjoyed their pastimes at sea. He mentions a custom called the "embassador," practised upon ignorant fellows or landsmen" in warm latitudes. The sport was thus managed: A large tub was filled with water and two stools placed on each side of it. Over the whole a tarpaulin or old sail was thrown. This was kept tight by two persons, who represented the king and queen of a foreign country, and were seated on the stools. The person intended to be ducked was called the embassador, and after repeating a ridiculous speech dictated to him, he was led in great state to the throne, and there seated between the king and queen, who, suddenly rising, the embassador fell back into the tub of water.

Another observance practiced near the line was called "autour," or King Arthur. A sailor, who represented the king, ridiculously dressed, and having an immense wig made of oakum or some old stuff, was seated at the side of or over a large vessel of water. Every sailor in his turn was to be ceremoniously introduced to him, and to pour a bucket of water over him, crying: "Hail, King Arthur!" If during this ceremony any seaman laughed or smiled (to which he was provoked by the wry faces and facetious gesticulations of the monarch), he had to change places and assume the throne, until relieved by some other brother tar who had as little command over his facial muscles as himself.

Another game on board ship was called "hoop." To run the hoop was an ancient marine custom. Four or more boys having their left hands tied fast to an iron hoop, and in their right a rope, called a "nettle," being naked to the waist, waited the signal to begin. This was done by the application of a stroke of the cat-o'-nine-tails given by the boatswain to the back of one of the boys, who struck at the next to him, and so on, all until all became engaged in what can scarcely be ecalled an amusing game; for although at first the blows were gently administered, each boy, irritated at the strokes of his neighbour, at length laid on lustily, and the play became earnest. This custom was practiced when the ship was wind-bound.

The boy-flogging brings to mind a practice of the French seamen in former days, who believed that the spirit of the storm would be propitiated by thrashing unfortunate middies at the mainmast.

"Cob," or "cobbing," was a punishment formerly inflicted on seamen for petty offences and irregularities. This consisted in striking the offender with a cobbling stick or pipe-staff. The number of strokes was usually a dozen. At the first the inflictor repeated the word "watch," on which all persons on board took off their hats on pain of like punishment. The last stroke was always given as hard as possible, and was called the "purse."

"Keel-hauling" was a barbarous punishment in the navy, but the following account of "keel-raking" was a refinement on such cruelty. It is described in "Six Dialogues About Sea Service," (1685): "If the offense be foul, he (the seaman) is also drawn underneath the very keel of the ship, and being thus under water, a great piece is given fire to, right over his head, as well to astonish him more with the thunder hereof, which proveth much offensive to him, as to give warning to all others to look out and beware."

A punishment to sailors for swearing, is mentioned in the diary of Rev. Henry Teonge, chaplain of H. M. S. Assistance (1675-76): "David Thomas and Martin, the cock, and one master's boy had their hands stretched out, and with their back to the rayles, and the master's boy with his back to the mainmast, all looking one upon the other, and in each of their mouths a mandler-spike, namely, an iron pione clapt heds, and there they stood a whole houre till their mouths were very bloody. An excellent cure for swearers!"

Gold in Scotland.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

Gold, it would appear, was wrought in Fife and Forthrif (Forfar?) as early as the twelfth century, for in 1152 David I. granted to the Abbey of Dunfermline, among other gifts, a tithe of all the gold that should accrue to the King from those districts. Earlier than this "record" does not go, but it is the general opinion of archæologists that the gold ornaments of prehistoric times were made of native metal. Between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries there are a number of records to show that gold was wrought in Scotland to an extent deemed worthy of the attention of the King and the Parliament, but the statistics as regards quantity are of the most meagre kind. The outer seat of the precious metals was undoubtedly the upper district of Lanarkshire, and in the sixteenth century many bargains, grants, and arrangements appear in connection with the work there. The accounts of the Lord Treasurer give some hint as to the productiveness of the mines; and it is interesting to know that between 1538 and 1542, a space of five years, sufficient native gold was obtained to make a crown for the King and Queen, to add to the King's great chain, and provide a belt for the Queen; the total weight of the metal used for these purposes being above 112 ounces. This was over and above a large quantity of gold used in coining "bonnet-pieces," in providing a gumstick consisting of a *bairtuithe*, or boar's tusk set in gold for the Prince, a whistle for the King, a shrine for one of the bones of St. Audrian of May, besides other knicknacks described in the accounts.

Latest Discovery in Rome.

Continuing the work of the new street, the Via Nazionale, just behind the Palazzo Colonna, the workmen came upon a pavement of exquisite mosaic, 48 yards square, and more than 150 feet below the level of the modern street. Its date has not been ascertained yet, but from the great depth at which it was found, and from fragments of buildings of the republic above it, it is supposed to be from a time anterior to that period. On one side of it a part of a wall was covered with stucco, and painted in the Pompeian style. The whole is in perfect preservation, and the colours look more like a work of yesterday than one about 2500 years old. It is already cut in large square blocks, and will be removed, each block on a marble slab, to the Museum of the Capitol, at an expense of 4000 francs.

Business Items.

IF you want one of the most valuable as well as the neatest seed catalogue ever gotten out, send your address to James Rennie, Seedsman, Toronto, who is noted for first class seeds of all kinds.

FOR all purposes of a Family Medicine, HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL is at the head of the list. It is used with unprecedented success, both inter nally and externally. It cures Sore Throat, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites; relieves, and often cures Asthma.

To be well draped, your linen must be faultless, and to insure it get your Shirts and Furnishings at Cooper's, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM is composed of the most healing balsams and gums. The Balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered, and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of the throat and lungs. Thousands of bottles are used annually, and it considered one of the standard preparations of the day.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their warerooms is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

VICTORIA CHEMICAL COMPANY, TORONTO,

Gentlemen,—Confirming my statement a short time ago, as to the satisfactory results from the use of your COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, I will further add that fresh proofs of the genuine benefits conferred on patients requiring it are constantly coming under my observation; parties to whom I have recommended it, have in a short time, with the deepest thankfulness, acknowledged the relief they have experienced, and in some cases have asserted that it, and it alone, has saved their lives. It gives me much pleasure to assure you that I consider your Syrup, the VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES, the best preparation of any which has come under my notice for Debility and all Pulmonary Complaints, Bronchitis, Coughs, &c., and believing this, I constantly recommend it before every other Compound.

Very truly yours,

H. F. McCARTHY,
Pharmaceutical Chemist.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Haggart, 20 Adelaide East.

Engravers,
J. B. Webb, 18 King East.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

PICTURE MOULDINGS. Frames, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Low Prices. H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO., 93 Yonge street, Toronto.

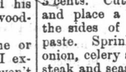
BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder*

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Rubber Printing Bank Stamps, Patent Pocket Stamps, Self-Inking Solid Rubber Types, Stencil, Steel Stamps, etc. Removed to No. 10 King Street East.
C. C. STEWART & Co., Toronto.

150 ACRES ADJOINING VILLAGE OF PALERMO, Co. Halton; 25 acres timber, rest in high state of cultivation. Two frame dwellings, good outhouses; two orchards, choice fruit. Terms easy.
HURD & ROBERTS, Hamilton.

$3,000 A YEAR MADE WITH the PIERCE WELL AUGER, the only one that bores successfully in hard pan, quicksand, and amongst boulders. Size 6 in. to 36 in. Horse or man power. Tools and rights for sale. HOLT & CO., 82 King St. West Toronto.

FOUR IMPROVED AND THREE Bush Farms, 50 to 100 acres, Brooke township, Lambton county. Best soil in Ontario; railways and schools convenient. Easy terms. CAMPBELL BROS., Bankers, Watford.



KELLERBY'S **DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR** A Wonderful Discovery. A few drops every night will force a heavy beard on a bald face, whiskers on a smooth face, or hair on the face. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, and it equally and certain in effect. Pkg. post-paid 75cts. 2 for $1. Sold by all Druggists & CO. Sole Agents, Toronto, Ont. All others counterfeit.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE for sale consisting of a fine large brick house, and nearly 20 acres of land; two miles from a thriving town on the Grand River, in one of the most healthy and beautiful situations in Ontario. The land consists of a large, valuable orchard in full bearing; a fine fruit garden well cultivated; a plantation of several acres of small fruits in high cultivation. The house is surrounded with a beautiful lawn of several acres, handsomely laid out in good taste. The house is thoroughly finished and painted; numerous apartments, outbuildings, and every convenience. This is rare chance for a retired merchant or professional man, or a wholesale fruit-grower, to get a valuable property very cheap at a bargain. For full information and further particulars apply to box 141, *Globe* Office, or to THOMAS McDONALD, Esq., 66 Colborne-st., Toronto.

THIS CUT

is an exact representation of a Solid (acid proof) Gold Finger or Scarf Ring, set with a most perfect Imitation Diamond, having all the brilliancy and many of the qualities of the Real Diamond, which retails for $200 and upwards. On receipt of price, $2.00, we will forward by mail, registered, and guarantee safe delivery to any part of the Dominion. Samples sent to the trade for examination.
ROGERS MFG. COMPANY.
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE
dealers in Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Fire Arms, Axes, &c.
52 Church Street, Toronto.

M. J. HYNES & Bro.,
Contractors
AND
Plasterers.
Dealers supplied with solids at close prices. 102 King Street, West,
TORONTO.
CENTRE FLOWERS

73,620 MORE
Singer Sewing Machines
Sold in 1878
than in any previous year.

In 1870 we sold 127,833 Sewing Machines,
" 1878 " " 356,432 "

Our sales have increased enormously every year through the whole period of "hard times."
We now sell three-quarters of all the Sewing Machines sold in the World.
For the accommodation of the public we have 1,500 subordinate offices in the United States and Canada, and 3,000 offices in the Old World and South America.

WASTE NO MONEY ON "CHEAP" COUNTERFEITS.

Send for our handsome Illustrated Price List.

The Singer Mfg. Co.,

Toronto Office,	22 Toronto Street
London Office,	222 Dundas Street
Hamilton Office,	94 King Street East
Kingston Office,	Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts.
Brantford Office,	Y.M.C.A. Building
Windsor Office,	6 McDougall Block
Guelph Office,	Masonic Block
Port Hope Office,	Walton Street

F. E. DIXON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
LEATHER BELTING,
81 COLBORNE ST.,
Near St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.
Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Farm Lots in Dysart,
and adjoining Townships, and Lots in the village of Haliburton, terminus of the Victoria Railway.
C. J. Blomfield,
Manager,