Listowel Standard.

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Sporting.

THE TURF.

D. Swigert's mare, by Australian, dam Betty Ward, by Lexington, foaled a brown colt by Ten Broeck, on the 10th ult. This is the first of the great horse's get.

Florentine, by Gladiator, out of Lady Florence, winner of selling stakes, for which she was entered to sell for $1,500, was purchased by Mr. R. Peck for $2,650.

Pilgrimage's record for the 2,000 guineas race was 1:56. In 1877, Chamant's time was 1:50. In 1876, Patriarch's record was 1:52, and in 1875, Camball's time was 1:49. Diaphantus' time, in 1861, is the shortest on record, viz., 1:43. The length of course is the Rowley mile (one mile seventeen yards.)

Fireworks, the fine thoroughbred stallion, died at Flemington, Australia, on the 3rd of March. He was recently sold to Mr. Thomas Cumming for $8,750, and removed from Woodlands to Flemington, where soon after his arrival he was attacked with inflamation of the bowels, and succumbed to the disease, despite the best veterinary aid that could be procured. Fireworks was foaled in 1865 and was sired by Kelpie, out of Gaslight. He was very successful as a racer, having won the A. G. E. Derby at Randwick, the Victoria Derby, the Midsummer handicap, the Launcession champion cup, and the V. R. C. St. Leger, and other important events. As a stallion, Fireworks has also been succesful, having sired Lapidist, Rose D'Amour, Goldborough, Robin Hood, and several other noted flyers.

WATER NOTES.

The arrangements for the Peoria regatta on the 19th go on swimmingly.

A dispatch from Sydney brings intelligence that "Edward Trickett, the Australian sculler, recently lost two fingers of his left hand while handling a cask of beer, stopping his rowing."

Fred Cavill intends attempting to swim from Scotland to Ireland and around the Isle of Wight during the summer, and says that if Captain Webb will join him he will again swim the channel.

R. S. Ransom, of the Keokuk (Iowa) Boat club, is said to have walked fifty miles in nine hours, fifty-four minutes and thirty seconds, making only one stop of nine minutes fifty-eight seconds.

The rowing course at Williams' College is being improved to a mile and a half in length on the Hoosac river, through the generosity of Cyrus W. Field, who donated $5,000 for that purpose.

Charles Courtney and James Dempsey have arranged a sculling match, three miles with one turn, for $500 a side, at Geneva, N. Y., on Seneca lake, June 19. These scullers have met but once before, when Dempsey won, Courtney's boat swamping.

Eph Morris is doing good work in preparation for the championship match. He is said to be rowing better than ever before, and his doings are satisfactory to his backers and friends, whose confidence in him is not weakened by Hanlan's easy victory over Plaisted.

PEDESTRIANISM.

At Racine, William Turnicliffe, walked fifteen miles in two hours and fifty-eight minutes, on the driving park. He did it on a wager with Bob Hughes, the conditions being that he was to finish the distance within three hours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Paddy Ryan and Johnny Dwyer, of New York, are to have a "mill" in Canada.

John Hughes' backer has gone to England, and will, it is said, make arrangements with the official stakeholder for a contest between Hughes and O'Leary for the champion pedestrian belt.

According to *The Land and Water*, there is little chance of Wm. Howes appearing on the walking-track again, the sight of his remaining eye being so impaired as to give rise to serious apprehensions that he will lose it entirely.

Col. R. West has purchased of McFerran & Son, of Louisville, the trotter Orient for $3,000, and Charles Green, the Babylon, L. I., trainer and driver, paid them $2,150 for Freedmund.

The California mare, Mollie McCarty, has been sent to Kankakee to avoid the influence of the lake winds.

The black stallion, Gov. Sprague, that wonderful son of Rhode Island, after a year in the stud, is reported to have lost his speed, and it is stated that in his work this spring he has not been able to show better than a 30 gait. The cause is not stated.

The past week has been an unfortunate one for the favourites, both at Louisvilleand Baltimore, the field almost invariably winning. The consequence is that the knowing ones have grown lean in pocket in a vain attempt to lay their weasel-skins on the right pig-skin.

A project is on foot in England looking to a boxing tournament and a revival of a sport which of late years has been falling into decay. The proposition is to have a grand meeting, open to all the world, for the championship heavy-weights, medium and light.

A match at hand-ball for a stake of $100, best six in eleven games, is to be played between James O'Brien and Hugh Heraty against Feron and John Carmody.

The Canadian Wimbledon Rifle team sail on June 15 from Quebec. It is composed as follows: From Ontario, Capt. Gibson and Corporal F. Newby; from Quebec, Sergt. Riddle, Capt. Thomas, Sergt. Hatley and Private J. J. Wardell; from New Brunswick, Sergt J. F. Parker, Brigadier J. T. Hart, Trooper J. Langstroth, Private J. M. Kinnear, Capt. O. R. Arnold, Capt. E. Arnold, Sergt. C. W. Weyman, Ensign T. G. Loggie, Private J. D. Perkins, and Trooper J. J. Ryan; from Nova Scotia, Sergt. K. Power, Sergt. S. S. Hard, and Lieut. B. Weston.

No Old Maids.

There are very few old maids in Russia, because the Russians are a marrying people, and dispose of their children early. In the middle or lower classes men marry at twenty when not drafted by the conscription; in the higher aristocracy a young man goes the "grand tour" before settling down, but he is often betrothed before starting to a young lady not yet out of the school-room, and he weds her immediately upon his return. The great ridicule attached to the title of spinster, when not borne by a nun, has possibly something to do with the unwillingness of ladies to sport it. When a girl has reached the age of twenty-five without finding a mate, she generally sets out on what she calls a pilgrimage, if poor—on a round of travels, if rich; and in either case she turns up some years later as a widow. Widows are as plentiful as old spinsters are scarce; and widows whose husbands were never seen are more numerous than the rest. Etiquette forbids any allusion to a lady's dead husband in her presence; and this is, perhaps, sometimes convenient.

Amusements in Russia.

Russians are very fond of amusement. The theatres in St. Petersburg and Moscow will compare well with those of London, Paris or New York. The Russian people are remarkable for their fondness for music, and in the building as well as the selection of artists, the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg is quite equal to any in the world.

The cultivation of music and musical taste is part of the education of all Russians of the better classes, and although rude and wild the songs of the peasantry are attractive. The worship in the Greek churches being for the most part in chanted hymns, many of the richer nobility who have chapels in their palaces maintain, as part of their household, bands of singers, and very often during the winter invite their friends to concerts when many of them play on instruments, which is not allowed in religious services. It so occurred that I sometimes had the privilege of inviting Americans of cultivated musical taste to such entertainments, who expressed their surprise and pleasure.

London's Labyrinth.

Everybody who has been in London knows what a labyrinth it is and how difficult it is to get about, even after tolerable acquaintance with the city, without a map. It is next to impossible to direct anyone anywhere in consequence of the irregularities of the thoroughfares, and particularly of the number of streets bearing the same name. Just think of it. There are 50 Richmond streets, 60 Norfolk, 70 Devonshire, 76 Brunswick, 56 Cambridge, 87 Gloucester, 50 East and West, 90 North and South, 166 New, 129 Union, 95 King, 99 Queen, 78 Prince, 109 George, 119 John, and dozens and scores that have nothing to distinguish them except the district in which they happen to be. London is probably 2,000 years old, and one might think that in that time, with the richness of the English tongue, each street might have a title of its own.—*New York Times.*

SUNSET.

Melody to ancient air
Has touched my soul. O hand so fair
That hymns it forth,
In the golden sunset there,
Of noble worth!

Feeble, poor, and old am I,
What is this life? Alas, how sad
Seemed it to fade,
When the song I used to try
Came whispering late.

Tears are gauge of purest mind,
Drop o'en a few the maimed and blind;
I loved that song—
Mother sang it, and the wind
Swept so along.

As I think of saintly face,
The touch of tender, loving grace,
I silent turn
Where the sunbeams leapt—no trace
To find, no bourne.

So leave I the sunset song,
And bid me home to where I long
To bow my head;
Bless I the hand that struck among
Chords long since dead,

Bringing back the golden time
Of love and hope in its familiar rhyme;
The corn in ear—
Breath of the bee-swarmed, murmuring lime,
To cottage dear.

BY PROXY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

A MYSTERY.

"As we are going to part company, Mr. Raymond, and on good terms," continued he, "I will give you a piece of good advice in confidence. I would recommend you to go over your plate rather oftener than was the custom of your honored parent."

"To go over my plate?" repeated Raymond. "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, to count it, sir; especially the salvers and tureens and things, which are seldom used. The fact is, sir, we gentlemen's gentlemen don't like to see money lying idle, and some of us are of a speculative turn of mind, especially as respects the Turf. A respectable-looking man, you see, such as yours truly, can raise a good bit of money on plate at the pawnbroker's. I have been very fortunate in my investments myself, but that may not always be the case with my successors. There is not a saltspoon missing, as it happens, but such luck cannot happen to master and man for ever. —Good-bye, sir, and thank you, kindly."

It was frank, and no doubt well meant of the man, but somehow this revelation awoke other emotions than amusement in Raymond's mind. Even the faithfulness of his unhappy father's servant, then, had only been secured by self-interest that smacked strongly of dishonesty! How miserable it was to have none to trust, and none to love one, and to wander aimlessly over the wide world, as he was himself about to do. When would he see these old rooms of his again, and, alas! what did he care whether he saw them again or not? The cab was at the door, with his luggage piled, and he was about to descend the stairs, when his clerk put a registered letter into his hand, just come by post. He felt something round and hard in the envelope before he opened it. But he turned his first attention to the letter.

"One who knew your father, and who loves one who is very dear to you, would have half an hour's conversation with you at the above address. It is important for your own interests that you should come at once, as his days—perhaps his hours—are numbered. The enclosed ring will be the writer's credentials for the authenticity of this communication."

The ring Raymond recognized at the first glance as his father's signet ring; he had always sworn it on his finger before the last expedition abroad; but it had been taken from him by force (as he had stated) by a Chinese official at Dhulang.

How came it now in England, and in the possession of a stranger? There was no signature to the letter: only an address in Bedford Place, and nothing in the contents which pointed to the identification of the writer. But was he a stranger? The phrase "One who knew your father," would seem to imply that Raymond himself was unacquainted with him, and yet the handwriting did not seem altogether unfamiliar to his eyes. Was it possible that man had somehow become possessed of his father's secret, and intended to trade upon it? The letter was mysterious, but it did not give the impression of being treacherous or fraudulent. At all events, the footing on which the writer had placed himself had appealed to Raymond's sense of duty. He knew the worst concerning what had happened at Dhulang, but it still remained to preserve, as far as possible, his father's memory from public shame. If this man was what he pretended to be, he might even have something to say in mitigation of that unhappy business. Strange as the matter was so far, it was not stranger (but for the inexplicable presence of the signet-ring) than the allusion made in the letter to Nelly Conway, for to whom save her could the expression "one who is dear to you" refer? There was no other person, alas! "very dear to him" in all the world. The writer said that he himself loved her. Now, the only person of whom Raymond had ever heard as having paid court to Nelly was Herbert Milburn. And Herbert Milburn had been a friend of his father's and had gone to Dhulang in his company. But Raymond had heard that he had left England for China many weeks ago; and even if it *was* Milburn, why should he communicate with him thus anonymously?

The more he thought of the matter, the more mysterious and impenetrable it became; but it seemed at least of sufficient importance to demand his immediate attention. So Raymond's luggage was taken down from the cab, and he himself was conveyed in it to Bedford Place instead of to the railway station.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE INTERVIEW.

"My name is Pennicuick," said Raymond to the servant who opened the door to him in Bedford Place. "I have been asked to call upon some gentleman residing in this house, but whose name I do not know."

"That is right enough, sir; it is Mr. Pearson. He is very ill at present, but I believe he will see you."

This information affected Raymond in two ways: it was at once a relief to his mind and a disappointment. Mrs. Wardlaw had informed him that Nelly was taking lessons of a Mr. Pearson, and it was to the last degree unlikely that this artist-tutor could have any personal knowledge to his father's prejudice; on the other hand, this man might easily have guessed or discovered his affection for his pupil, and made use of that information to obtain an interview from interested motives, in which case he had postponed his journey for a very insufficient cause. However, his possession of the signet-ring was a mystery, even in that case, still to be accounted for.

On entering the sitting-room he beheld not so much a man as the skeleton or the shadow of one, enveloped in a dressing-gown, and sitting in an arm-chair by the fire.

"I do not rise, Mr. Pennicuick," said this ghastly figure, in a hollow voice, "because I am too weak to pay that courtesy. Pray take a chair."

Raymond bowed stiffly, and sat down; the sense that he was being made a victim to some kind of artifice was strong upon him.

"You came hither, I conjecture, immediately upon the receipt of my note, and you did well and wisely in doing so; for, as you see,"—he pointed to his own haggard frame—"there is not much time to lose. You are sceptical, I perceive, upon that point," added he, after a moment's silence, and in harsher tones. "What was it, then, that secured your promptness in acceding to my request?"

"You sent me my father's signet-ring."

"Well, you got it; what more was there to be hoped for, Mr. Raymond Pennicuick?"

"Nothing."

"Perhaps, however, there was something to be *feared*?"

Raymond felt his color changing, but he answered in a firm voice enough, "I have nothing to fear from any man. You wrote to me, as you stated, from your dying bed; you professed to be a friend (and, so far, I am inclined to believe you) of one who is very dear to me; and you also hinted at some connection with my late father, which your possession of his signet-ring seemed to corroborate. These seemed to afford claims enough upon my attention. But do not suppose that my coming here is any sign of weakness; any attempt at duplicity or extortion——"

"Would fail in your case, I have no doubt," put in the other curtly; "nor is it necessary to employ such means toward a gentleman who, without compulsion, and of his own free will, has paid away £20,000 or so."

"This is intolerable," said Raymond rising from his chair. "If you think to get any advantage from your knowledge of my having of late disbursed that sum, you are mistaken. Since you are acquainted with Miss Ellen Conway, it is no mystery to me how you learnt the fact, though I am surprised indeed that she should have made such as you her confidant."

"She did not tell me, however, that it was conscience-money."

"And who are you, sir, that dare to say it was?"

"I am ARTHUR CONWAY."

Raymond stood aghast. "It is impossible," he said; yet his eyes sought the letter that had summoned him, and which he still held in his hand with uncertain glance.

"Yes, the handwriting of a man survives himself," observed the other in answer to it. "You recognize me now, I see."

"I do, I do," answered Raymond with deep emotion. "I thank Heaven with all my heart that you are a living man."

"That is not on my own account, however," answered the other drily.

"To be frank with you, Captain Conway, it is not. My poor father died with—Oh, sir, he told me all that happened."

"Or what he thought had happened. I guessed as much directly I heard of that act of reparation."

"Alas, sir, it was not that: reparation was not possible. I did, however, what I could."

"And at his request?"

"Yes, sir, upon my honor," exclaimed Raymond eagerly. "He knew that my first act after his death would be the repayment of the sum he owed you to your daughter, and he approved of it."

"It was his wont, it seems, to do all things by proxy," answered the other coldly, "even to the discharge of his just debts."

"He suffered, sir, for all he did amiss; ay," added Raymond, with sudden sternness, "and he was tricked, imposed upon. I see now how you plotted against him; made his name infamous, and wrecked his peace. It was you, then, and not your ghost, who met him face to face at Westminster. Revenge is sweet to you; you should therefore be well satisfied; for it was you who killed him."

"Was it so, indeed? Alas, alas! and he was once my friend," murmured Conway, with drooping head. "Be patient, Raymond. You cannot guess the things that I have suffered—and all wrongfully. Your father has also killed me. These grey hairs, these hollow eyes, this shrunken frame, and worse, the changed and hardened heart within me, are all his doing. I came back to England not to right myself, but her you love. Broken, betrayed, despoiled beyond the reach of righting, I had no sense of right but that. What was I to do? Would you have had me appeal to him—who let me perish (as he imagined) in his stead, and kept back the money for which I had sold my life—for justice? There was no justice in him."

"Captain Conway, I was his son."

"I feel that unhappy lad! but you have compelled me to speak in my own defence. Listen awhile, but not to the record of your father's shame. Let that be buried in his grave and mine. My purpose in sending for you here is to avert the miseries that have fallen upon him and me, from you and yours; to confine the evil that has destroyed us both to our own generation."

The speaker paused for breath, and held his finger up for silence, but there was no fear of interruption from his companion now. A spark had fallen among the dead embers of his dearest hopes, which it seemed to him that a word of his might extinguish.

"Your father left me at Dhulang a prisoner doomed to death, as certainly, as it appeared, as it is certain now. I had no hope of life, and few regrets for it. The people about me, from the highest to the lowest, were cruel, base, and brutal. There was only one man, Fu-chow—his name was mentioned to you, perhaps—"

Raymond motioned with the head that he knew the man.

"You were told, doubtless, that he was vile and false as all the rest, and so I then believed him to be. He had been friendly to me at first, but when I exchanged places with your father, he had insisted on being bought over like the rest to acquiesce in the substitution. Indeed, he was more obstinate than the others, and stood out for better terms, and we had no choice but to accede to them. No sooner had your father sailed, however, than this man came to me and showed himself my friend. I had done him a service—no matter what—and barbarian as he was, it seems he was grateful for it. He had influence, he was free, he had money, and more than the average cunning of his race, and he was inclined to save me, and he told me so. I thanked him, but the thing appeared impossible: we had tried every plan already, as I reminded him, and the execution was fixed for the next day but one.

"'I have got a substitute,' said he 'who will suffer for you.'

"I think in no case would I have consented to such an arrangement, though the desire of life had begun to stir within me as he spoke those words. It was of no use to speak of scruples to the man, but I simply said that no Chinese could be mistaken for me for an instant.

"'I know it,' said he. 'It is not a Chinese; it is an Englishman.'

"I could scarcely believe him, but at all events I could never have permitted the sacrifice of a fellow-countryman in my place. Forgive me, Raymond; I do not blame those that would; life is dearer to some men, Heaven knows, than to others; and mine seemed of little value. I said that could not be.

"'But this Englishman,' said Fu-chow, 'must suffer in any case, and the self-same punishment. It is the murderer we saw in prison as we came along.'

"Then I remembered that we had visited a Chinese prison some hundred miles away, in which lay an English criminal condemned like me—but for most heinous crimes—to the Lingchih, i. e. to be cut into ten thousand piecesr It seemed, indeed, since the poor wretch must suffer, that I should be be doing no wrong to exchange places with him.

"'But the man is in gaol,' said I, 'and distant three days' journey.'

"'No master, he is on the road, and will be here to-morrow,' said Fu-chow cunningly. And indeed he had contrived it. He had taken a dislike to your father—for which, in truth, he had his reasons—and though he had all along had this device to save me in his mind, and had even put it in train, he had not intended to tell him of it till the last moment."

"Great Heaven! then my father's life might have been saved without this shame!" cried Raymond bitterly.

"Perhaps. Let us not dwell, however, on what might have been; evil enough has befallen us, without adding to it by vain regrets. My task is to stop its breath beyond the grave. The man I spean of arrived at Dhulang the next morning, and on the same night I left the prisoner, accompanied by Fu-chow. Not then, but afterwards, I redeemed your father's signet-ring from the custody of the gaoler, who had robbed him of it, intending to restore it to him under far other circumstances than afterwards took place. I was carried away up the country, and lay in hiding for many weeks. It would have compromised the officials as well as hazarded my own life to let it be known that I was still in existence. I suffered very great hardships, but my greatest pain was the reflection that by that time my dear daughter must have heard of my death, and be enduring—for I knew she loved me well—the pangs of a grief for which there was no need. I took it for granted that she had received news of her worldly prosperity; that your father had telegraphed to her the provisions of the will I had executed, and which was to account (as he and I agreed upon together) for her change of fortune, but I felt that riches would not compensate her for her father's loss. I was right there—or rather, I should have been, had circumstances turned out as I had shaped them; but I was cruelly deceiving myself, as you know, in the matter.

"It was stipulated by the mandarin who had connived at my escape that I should not return to Shanghai, or reveal myself to any of my fellow-countrymen while in China; and it was very easy to maintain my incognito. The privations I had endured, the agonies of mind I had undergone, had greatly altered me, though I had not as yet become the wretched object you see here. On the other hand, my spirit was not broken; I was going home at last to see my darling child in the prosperity which I had earned for her. For the money, as you are aware, was to be paid for the risk I ran, and not for the sacrifice of my life itself, though indeed the risk and death seemed one. Fu-chow, faithful to the last, furnished me with funds sufficient to pay my passage home in the steerage of an English steamer, and I took my berth in it under the name of Pearson, as a merchant's clerk. It was not for many days after we got to sea that I learnt that your father had not fulfilled his sacred promise given to me on that prison pallet, far more terrible than any death-bed. The catastrophe at Dhulang was a frequent subject of conversation on board, but I had kept aloof from my fellow-passengers, and it was quite by chance that I heard how "that poor devil Conway" had left nothing behind him save his sad story.

"That news, Raymond Pennicuick, seemed to take ten years from a life that I had good cause to know would in no case have been a long one. And yet I felt I must needs live on for my revenge. Food I could not take, but on the thoughts of that revenge I lived throughout that hateful voyage. You may see in me to what such diet brings a man."

Here he paused, partly from failing breath, partly from an emotion which, throughout his narrative, from time to time, utterly overpowered him.

"On my arrival in England I found that what I had heard of your father's conduct was but too true. My wife was dead; my child was in poverty and dependence; Ralph Pennicuick, who had robbed them and his dead friend, was, on the other hand, as prosperous as ever, and about to become a member of Parliament. Do you wonder that I swore to become his evil genius? For your own sake and mine, I spare the details of how I kept my oath. I would not have wounded you, Raymond Pennicuick, by telling even this much, had it not been necessary to the happiness of others. Had I painted your father's conduct in brighter and less faithful colors, my own would have seemed darker by its side, and that it was my purpose to avoid; not, believe me, for my own sake,—for what opinion you or any living being, save one, may form of me is, to one in my case, not worth the breath with which you may express it. I wish to stand excused in your sight for another reason. You love my daughter, and the knowledge of your father's behavior towards me has alone kept you, since his death, from giving signs of it. Am I right or wrong?"

"You are right, sir. I was quitting England last haply I should have to tell her with my own lips the story of my father's shame."

"Just so. Now, it struck me, if this man has so tender a conscience—inherited from your mother, lad, a saint in heaven—and I tell him less than the bare truth to spare his feelings, he may think me in my revenge so base (for revenge is base, and I too have erred deeply in this matter) that he may well shrink from wedding with one of my blood. As it is, both your father and I have sinned against one another—I will not say in what proportion—and have both repented. Put us both, as far as may be, out of your mind; and at all events, let not our faults affect our future conduct. I am speaking, of course, under the supposition that you and Nelly love one another; it seemed to me so from what I gathered from her letters, and my last words, or what I felt to be my last, at Dhulang, were to entreat your father to consent to your union."

"The greatest sorrow, save one, sir," observed Raymond, "of my poor father when he lay a-dying was that his confession must needs rob me of your daughter's love."

"And now it need not rob you. We never took my life, that's plain; and if he defrauded me, his son has made reparation for him."

"But when she comes to know all, sir," urged Raymond despairingly, "she is so pitiful, and just, and pure, that the thought of the wrongs you have suffered, and at such hands——"

"Hush, hush! no matter, lad. She shall never know them," answered Conway solemnly. "Have I gone through so much for her sake to draw back now—so near the close! No, I will die and make no sign. She shall never know she has a father." He hid his face in his thin hands and groaned.

"Oh sir, I could not, even to win Nelly's love," cried Raymond, deeply moved, "exact such a self-sacrifice. What! after so many years, and the last so full of pain and care, to ask you to give up your single solace, the one hope of those dark days; to forbid to call her 'daughter,' to let you die a stranger to your own child! No, never!"

"You have a kind heart, Raymond Pennicuick. Nelly will be in safe hands," moaned the old man. "Let that suffice for me."

Raymond shook his head. "I could not build my happiness on the ruin of yours, sir. To deprive you of your daughter's love would be the worst robbery of all: and besides, what explanation can be given her, save the true one, respecting that act of reparation, and my own silence and neglect of her? She would be as far out of my reach as ever, and you will have suffered to no purpose."

"Nay, I have thought of that, and made provision for it. Suffer!—yes, I shall suffer, but I am used to that. It cannot now be for long. "Oh, if I could clasp her to my heart and cry, 'My child, my child!' then death were welcome."

"You shall do that, sir," said Raymond firmly, "and find, I trust, new life from that sweet solace. She shall come here this day, though I myself should fetch her, and meet her only to part from her for ever."

He had risen and seized his hat, as one who, fearful of his own weakness must needs act at once or fail to act at all.

"Stay, stay, dear lad," cried Conway hurriedly; "I have a device to save us both. We must deceive her for her own good; or rather, tell the half-truth as the whole would ruin all. I will spare your father's memory all I can, and that too at the expense of my good name; yet something bitter must be told. Will you trust me, Raymond, as your advocate?"

"Indeed, indeed, I will, sir."

"Then leave me now, for my strength is almost gone, and return hither—it is just noon—at four. Then you shall learn my plan."

CHAPTER L.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Nelly had waited for many days, and not without impatience, to hear, according to promise, from Mr. Pearson; his judgment, it seemed, took a long time to mature. But she knew he was far from well, and had forborne to trouble him. His counsel would be given at last, and she felt sure would be both wise and jurt. Only, in the meantime, it fretted her to feel that that great sum of money still lay in her hands, and that he who had placed it there must be wondering at her silence, or perhaps taking it for granted that she was disposed to quietly accept it without question. It was only when her "light was low"—when loneliness and the toil she did not love so much as she had flattered herself she did, oppressed her more than commonly that she verily and indeed believed that this money had been given as a peace-offering on Raymond's part; but the very fact that it was open to such a construction, though only to her own mind, brought a flush of wounded pride into her cheek. She longed to get quit of this unwelcome wealth, and to return it to its rightful owner: though how to do it perplexed her as much as ever. Mr. Pearson, however, had promised to seek out a way.

In about a fortnight after her visit to him, he sent word one afternoon that he should be happy to see her between four and five, and she concluded at once that he had found some means of meeting her difficulty. Of course she was punctual at the time appointed. At a quarter past four she presented herself with her usual attendant in Bedford Place, and was ushered into Mr. Pearson's parlor: but that gentleman was not in his usual place. The apartment was empty. The maid had said that her master was not so well as usual, so Nelly concluded that he had not yet left his bedroom. When one is waiting in a new place, with nothing particular upon one's mind, one looks about one: Nelly, who was preoccupied, sat by the window with her eyes fixed on the houses opposite, but without observing them; Janet, on the other hand, who had no *mauvaise honte*, and who had a curiosity inherited from her mother and sharpened by the practice of letting lodgings, made a tour over the little room. She scrutinized the sketch on the easel—the same, alas, and in the same stage of progress as it had been when they called last, for Mr. Pearson was now too ill to work; she criticised the empty frames that lay in the corner against the wall; she moved the arms and legs of the lay figure into postures unknown to art or nature; and then she gravitated towards the looking-glass and stuck there.

Miss Janet Handsel was not good-looking, but she was accomplished—that is to say, grown up; and it was only natural that she should regard her countenance with satisfaction. "To see ourselves as others see us," is a very meritorious desire, and it was probable she would have spent her time thus profitably until Mr. Pearson made his appearance, but for another object of interest which presented itself: also a young lady's face, or the photograph of one, stuck in the corner of the mirror. If any one approached the mantel-piece less devoted so self-contemplation than Miss Handsel, it must have met their eyes at once.

"Lawks a musay, Miss Nelly, why here's your pictur!"

"My picture!" returned Nelly, rousing herself from her reflections. "Where?" She had a notion that Mr. Pearson might have amused himself by making a sketch of her, and this awakened a languid interest.

"Yes, your pictur," repeated the girl in answer to her look, "or leastways a photo. It was taken a year or two ago, I should say, but it's as like you, Miss, as you can stare."

Nelly took the photograph and gazed upon it intently. She had had it taken three years ago upon her birthday, in order to send her father a copy. She had given one or two only to other people—such as Raymond and Mrs Wardlaw—and they were not persons likely to have parted with such a gift. How came, then, this copy here? She turned the photograph round, and looked at the back; then cried out suddenly, "Janet, leave me. I wish to be alone."

Janet was naturally hard of hearing, but deafer than any stone when she didn't wish to hear what was said.

"It's as pretty a pictur as ever I saw," was her reply.

"Go downstairs, Janet, and wait for me. I wish to have a few words with Mr. Pearson alone."

It was impossible, unless she had the gift of blindness as well as deafness, to misunderstand what her mistress meant; and Janet left the room accordingly.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Music Wrappers and Portfolios.

A very elegant present for a musical friend will be found in the tasteful wrappers, satchels and portfolios suitable for a few pieces of music, to be carried to a concert, the music-school, or some other place where a pretty envelope will be desirable.

For a plain wrapper suitable for all or ordinary occasions, such as the regular music-lesson, school, etc., the following will be found most serviceable: Take a piece of nice unamelled oil-cloth of some good color, brown and grays are always in perfect taste, and will contrast finely with any bright embellishment to be applied in the finishing. Cut this a very little wider than the music and about nine inches long, rounding one end in the form of a flap; then cut a second piece the same width and about four inches long for the pocket into which to slip the roll of music. Obtain some gold decalcomania bordering and apply a neat border around the whole case, and some suitable design on the centre of the flap. Then basting the pocket piece to the square end, commence and bind the whole entirely around and the pocket across. If a circular pocket is preferred to a flat one, allow the case to be twelve inches long (instead of nine), and cutting two circular pieces of the oil-cloth bind them around the edges, and sew them in the ends two-thirds their circumference. We prefer this form ourself. Put two long strings or an elastic band on the centre of the flap to tie round the roll and hold the case snugly around it. Print the name and address of the owner on the inner part of the flap, so that in case the music is lost it may have a chance at least of being returned.

A very elegant case is made by using azure blue, pink or amber-colored silk, satin or reps for such a case, covering it with a very thin layer of raw cotton, well covered with aromatic powder (millefleur, Turkish essence, frangipani, etc.), then covering with Swiss muslin and a lining of Florence silk. Cover a place on the flap with a piece of white silk or satin on which the monogram, initials or Christian name has been embroidered in gold thread or floss, the edges covered with a wreath embroidered in silks; finish the edges with chenille or rich cord, and on the two circular pieces embroider tasteful clusters of flowers, or if made flat finish with fringe. For a concert-party, etc., a finish of marabout or artificial flowers, leaves, etc., may be tacked along the edges, the short ends covered with lining; then when rolled, a cluster of waving feathers or a pretty bouquet is presented at each end of the roll, which appears very tasteful.

A charming case is made of gas-light green silk, lined with white Florence; a circular piece of white silk with the monogram in gold, and a richly embroidered vine covering the edges, also a line of embroidery running round the case, the whole quilted on the machine with white silk in a uniform diamond pattern. It is secured with a handsome white silk button and white silk cord loop.

Japanese Virtues.

Japan must be a nice place to live in, if all that Sir David Wedderburn has been saying in one of the English reviews be true. He says Japan is a country where men never lose their temper, where women and children are always treated with gentleness, where common laborers ask pardon of each other if they happen to jostle each other accidentally, where popular sports do not inflict suffering on the lower animals, where a paper screen is a sufficient protection against all intrusion, even that of burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried to a ludicrous excess. We are even told that foreigners who have lived in Japan, and returned to what is supposed to be civilized society, have declared that the manners of their own countrymen have seemed vulgar as compared with the courtesy of the Japanese. Next thing we shall have will be Japanese missionaries sent out to teach English-speaking people how to behave.

Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, of Iowa, warmly urges industrial training in the schools.

The fashionable needlework is crewel embroidery on all sorts of materials, from brown holland to cambric.

Toronto Pulpit.

No. 8.

Very Rev. H. J. Grasett, B. D.

From the very first, the English element has been strong in Toronto, and this fact has had a considerable influence in giving the Anglican Church a standing and power in the city which it possesses in few other places in the Province, and which upon the whole seems still rather on the increase than the decline. What are usually known as the "better," the more fashionable, and the more influential classes, belong largely to this church, and for social or other reasons the ranks of these are being continually recruited from other denominations, and especially from their wealthier and more socially ambitious members.

But it is not to be supposed that such changes have always been prompted by the desire of ambitious tradesmen with fashionable daughters to secure the *entree* into "good society" and to treat the church as if it was simply a species of club. The Anglican services, as they have generally been conducted in Toronto, have had a genuine attraction for a good many originally beyond its pale, and there are now no more loyal or conscientious adherents of that Church than those who came originally from what are sometimes even yet spoken of as dissenting congregations. A good deal of credit for such "conversions" is due to Dean Grasett, who during a lengthened ministry of more than forty years has exercised a very wholesome and a quietly attractive influence upon the general community, all the more powerful because there has been no apparent effort connected with it, and no attempt either more or less marked at either aggression or proselytism. It has been the attraction of genuine goodness, quiet fervour, subdued yet persistent and most unmistakeable zeal and all illustrated and recommended by a life in accordance with the truths preached, and evidently moulded and regulated by that Gospel and that Christ so long and so effectually held forth, to the humble reception and earnest service of the people to whom he has long and so efficiently ministered.

Dean Grasset's life cannot be said to have been an eventful one. By far the longest and most important part of it, has been spent in Toronto, and in the ministry of the Lord in connection with St. James Cathedral.

An Englishman by descent it so happened that he was born on the Rock of Gibralter, where his father was at the time discharging his duties as Deputy Inspector of Medical Hospitals. The Dean's connection with Canada began when he was only five years old, but he subsequently returned to England where he received all his education, first in private academies and afterwards at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1834.

Returning immediately afterwards to Canada, he was ordained at Quebec in the same year by Bishop Stewart, and continued as assistant minister there till 1835, when he removed to fill a similar place in Toronto, where he has we need scarcely add, resided ever since, first as assistant minister, then as Rector, and during a considerable number of years past as Dean. In all the different positions he has, occupied, Dean Grasett has borne himself with a large amount of quiet dignity and has discharged his varied duties with conscientious diligence and marked success. He has never courted popularity in the ordinary sense of that word. But one who has maintained his position with ever growing acceptance for the long period of forty-three years, must be possessed of more ordinary qualifications, and must in the highest and best sense have made full proof of his ministry.

As might easily have been anticipated the career of Dean Grasett has not been all sunshine. He has had his difficulties. He would not have been the man he is if he had none. While far from combative, and anxious to live at peace with all men, the Dean's theological views and teachings have always been markedly Evangelical, and what are usually styled "Low Church." This has awakened the hostility and opposition of the ritualistic section of the English Church in the diocese, and no doubt was the chief reason why he was not chosen to succeed Bishop Strachan. The controversy between the two sections of the Anglican Church has for many years past been very keen, in some cases actually bitter. Throughout, the subject of our sketch has taken a very active and influencing part. A few years ago matters came to such a height that the Dean was brought to trial before the Bishop's Court, for "depraving the government and discipline of the church." No sufficient ground however was shown for the prosecution which was dropped in a somewhat hasty and undignified fashion, and as might have been expected, helped to strengthen that which it was intended to destroy.

Since that time the Dean has passed quietly along the even tenor of his way. He is now in his seventieth year, ministering with continued acceptance to the children of those among whom he first came preaching the gospel. While an enlightened and devoted adherent of the church of which he is so distinguished an ornament, there is a broad catholicity of spirit about Mr. Grasett which is as attractive as it is lamentably rare. He affects no foolish airs either of clerical assumption or of denominational superiority. He is a lover of good men, and rejoices to hold fellowship with all who give any reasonable tokens of discipleship. With all such his intercourse is of the most brotherly and unaffected description. He does not feel that he is in this making a sacrifice, but that he is enjoying a privilege, not thereby lowering his dignity, but only proving his right to share in all the blessed fellowship of the great circle of Christian Brotherhood. In common christian work Mr. G. has always co-operated with unwearying earnestness, and in a most cordially brotherly spirit.

Among the general community the Dean is help in the very highest respect, and though he is not likely to be chosen as a bishop, yet if such a thing were to take place many who are no believers in Diocesan Episcopacy, would unfeignedly rejoice. Such may not care about Bishops, but at the same time may be only the readier on this account to add that if there are to be bishops, it would be a happy thing if they always had the gifts and graces of the Dean of St. James Cathedral Toronto.

Women's Rights.

We have no disposition to take up this question in a spirit of levity. It has too often been handled in that way. Why should the phrase "Women's Rights" provoke mirth, when "Men's Rights" does not? There is certainly nothing more unreasonable in women's self-vindication than in his; and if we despise the man who is too cowardly to maintain and, if necessary, fight for his rights, it is hardly rational for us to revile a woman for asserting hers.

Of course there is a comical side of the question, but the same may be said of every question which has ever stirred the minds of men, and the graver the question the greater the amount of fun evolved in the course of its discussion. This is a fact which no one can dispute, and it has a direct and forcible bearing on the question which we now incidentally touch upon.

Its importance is established by the ridicule it provokes, and the more boisterous the laugh the stronger the proof. An idea which no one laughs at is one which no thinker ever concerns himself about.

We appreciate to the full the longings of the fair sex for equality with man. It is a perfectly rational desire, and the absurdities perpetrated by its more advanced exponents do not make us indifferent to its reality and justice. Dr. Mary Walker, Mrs. Cady Stanton and others, may perform what antics they please, without in the least indisposing us to hear, heed, and redress the wrongs of the sex to which these may be supposed to belong.

There can be no doubt of two facts: first, that women have been, by custom, thrust down into a position of dependence and helplessness: second, that they feel this, and endure this subjection only because they must. There is no disposition in the other sex to oppress, but the moan of the oppressed is none the less natural or plaintive on account of that.

A Neglected Wife.

A very curious incident has happened at or near London. There was a young lady who last fall married Mr. ——, and thereby filled all the other young ladies with envy. Mr. —— was not supposed to be rich, but he was thought to be extremely handsome. In fact, prior to his marriage it was frequently remarked of him by the unmarried young ladies that he was just too nice for anything. Last week the

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.)

Trains leave Listowel Station daily as under:

For Kincardine and Intermediate points—Mixed, 8.25 a.m.; Express 2.10 p. m.; Express 8.19 p.m.

For Palmerston—Express at 6.59 a. m.; Express 1.05 p.m.; Mixed, 6.05 p.m.

PORT DOVER AND STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

GOING SOUTH.

	a.m.	p.m.
Leave Listowel at	6.00	and 1.20
" Millbank	6.37	and 1.57
" Milverton	6.45	and 2.10
" Stratford	7.25	and 3.05
" Woodstock	8.50	and 4.45
" Burgessville	9.35	and 5.15
" Norwich	9.47	and 5.25
" Otterville	10.00	and 5.39
" C. S. Crossing	10.23	and 6.00
" Simcoe	10.34	and 6.30
Arrive at Port Dover	11.15	and 7.00

GOING NORTH.

	a.m	p.m.
Leave Port Dover at	6.30	and 2.30
" Simcoe	7.00	and 3.00
" C. S. Crossing	7.30	and 3.33
" Otterville	7.42	and 3.53
" Norwich	7.54	and 4.10
" Burgessville	8.03	and 4.19
" Woodstock	8.35	and 6.10
" Stratford	9.50	and 7.30
" Milverton	10.31	and 8.15
" Millbank	10.39	and 8.27
Arrive at Listowel	11.10	and 9.00

A "mixed" train, with passenger car attached, leaves Listowel Station every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.40 a. m.; returning, arrives at Listowel Station every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.55 p. m.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1878.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

While the great international congress sits at Berlin discussing with proper statesmanlike dignity the Bulgarian, the Montenegrin and Servian questions, "all the world wonders" what the termination may be. An itching for war seems in many English districts the popular contagion, and many inflammatory gatherings, for some time past, have persistently cried out for "War! War!" Juvenal, when writing of the quiet, placid decline of Rome, said: "Now we suffer the mischiefs of a long peace," and many of the English speaking race, whose opinions too deserve consideration, without hesitancy tell us that unless the English nation occasionally is convulsed in a warlike struggle, her supremacy must decay. Luxury is oftentimes more destructive than war; and the bellicose portion of Englishmen assure us that unless we wage war at no distant day will our prestige forsake us. A state of lethargy seems to be uncongenial to a nation's fame, and when in such a condition "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace" burn at the pregnable points of a nation's honor. War certainly is a most lamentable thing, yet when questions of national honor and integrity are at stake, no people in the universe are more agog for action than the guardians of the Thistle, Shamrock and Rose. And behind these not a tittle are the stout-hearted and gallant sons who rejoice in being the custodians of the patriotic Maple Leaf.

The chief question of debate this week at the Congress in Berlin seems to be concerning the administration and government organization of Roumelia. It would of course be purely speculative to venture anything concerning what the ultimate decision of the Congress will be, but it can scarcely be hoped from its anti-pacific sessions so far, that an amicable termination will be the result. The dispatches this week indicate threatening issues at hand, and the debates are reported as extremely stormy.

PROTECTION vs. FREE TRADE.

The Free Traders of the present time are exceedingly happy apparently in furthering by unfair advocacy the erroneous theory that Protection has the tendency to raise prices. Nothing possibly could be more fallacious. It is a well known fact that wherever a sufficiently protective tariff is guaranteed manufacturers against the piracy of outside dealers, there the various industries increase in number, and a most palpable sequel to the congregating of manufacturies is the lively competition so necessary to cheapness. The dealers, being protected from foreign invaders, can profitably afford to sell to their increased number of customers cheaper, since larger sales and revived trade are secured them. It is plain that this trumped up theory of such mechanical Free Traders as Mr. Mills of Bothwell can never obtain with the intelligent manufacturers of Canada. This way of increasing the prices of a poor man's necessaries, sounded expressly for political trickery, was very scathingly exposed the other evening by Mr. Haggart at Brampton, a well known manufacturer of Western Ontario. In the course of his logical speech Mr. Haggart strongly denounced the trade policy of the present Government, and stated that although he had been a life-long Reformer he could no longer tacitly sit by without exposing the suicidal policy which Mr. Mackenzie is now endeavoring to thrust upon the country. It is beyond successful argument with the mass of manufactures of the Dominion that four-fifths of Canada's imports she might most profitably make in our own towns and cities. With the increased amount of capital which this home manufacture would scatter over every part of our Dominion, the cry of "hard times" would undoubtedly be silently interred, and we would again be the Canada under the golden rule of Sir John Macdonald—the nation akin to the "land flowing with milk and honey."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A correspondent from Jackson, Miss., says: "The fruit crop is exceedingly large this season—figs especially being abundant."

PREVIOUS to the final closing of the session of Congress on Wednesday night, the Sundry Civil Bill, containing a provision for the payment of the Fishery Award, was agreed upon and passed.

MR. WALTER ROSS, jr., son of Mr. Walter Ross, Grit M. P. for Prince Edward, has been appointed Collector of Customs at Picton, and Mr. Clute, the present collector, dismissed. Thus are the faithful rewarded.

POLITICS are at fever heat in Lennox Co. The contest between Hon. Wm. McDougall and the Finance Minister promises to be one of the keenest which will take place in the Dominion. According to the Napanee *Standard*, Mr. McDougall's candidature is meeting with great success.

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, the talented and eloquent Irish orator, and author of "The Irishman in Canada," is the Conservative candidate for the Commons in Haldimand. Mr. Davin's chances of election are reported excellent, and he would be a valuable acquisition to the Canadian Parliament.

THE Wimbledon team sailed last Saturday for England. The Provinces are thus represented: Ontario 2, Quebec 4, New Brunswick 10, Nova Scotia 4. Lieut.-Col. Gzowski, President of the Dominion Rifle Association, takes charge of the team this year. We hope to hear that our Canadian marksmen will return with a creditable record.

JOHN A. MACKENZIE, Esq., Barrister, of Sarnia, was unanimously nominated at a recent Conservative convention to contest Lambton against the Premier.—The Conservatives of Selkirk, Manitoba, have nominated Hon. Alexander Morris as their candidate.—T. Gibson, M. P. P., has been re-nominated as Government candidate in North Huron.

THE campaign of political "hurrying to and fro" may be said to have fairly set in; and during the next few months ever and anon the electors must expect to be told by Mr. Fisher that the Neebing Hotel purchase was a demonstration of Grit political economy; and Mr. Hay probably will assure us that "his constant endeavors in Parliament" were directed towards line-fences and drainage for the farmers! Such buncomb cries will only tend to increase Mr. Hesson's and Mr. McDermott's majorities.

GEN. BEN. BUTLER has been getting into trouble in the House of Representatives at Washington this week—not an unusual thing either for Benjamin to do. He said he *would speak*, and the Speaker said he disagreed with him and ruled him out of order, whereupon the hero of many wordy fights became unmanageable and was taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Butler is just as amusing now in his parliamentary speeches as he was twenty years ago. The other day when speaking to the Bill for the employment of discharged soldiers he said: "How many places do women fill now that could be filled by disabled soldiers? Give the places to as many as you please; and when a woman loses her leg in the service I will go for her. (Great laughter.) I have no partiality in this matter, Mr. Speaker, not the least."

THE TOLL-HOUSE ROBBERS.

Tracked to a Village in Perth—Desperate Encounter with London Detectives—One of the Robbers Shot Dead—A Justifiable Homicide.

(From the Stratford Herald.)

For weeks past the London papers have teemed with accounts of burglaries perpetrated upon the isolate inmates of lonely toll gate houses, including one upon the St. Mary's road. This new development of criminal enterprise baffled the authorities for some time, but suspicion soon lighted upon two penitentiary graduates, named respectively Thos. Ley and James Wright. From a conversation with a female with whom one of the *suspects* had had a quarrel, this suspicion was confirmed, and Detective Phair and Sergeant Crawford were detailed to follow them up. The assistance of Detective Heenan, of the G. T. R., was secured, and Monday afternoon the three officers took their departure in a buggy for Harmony, a small village about three miles from here, upon the boundary line between the townships of Downie and South Easthope, and which was so soon to be thrown into commotion by an event altogether out of keeping with the name and associations of the place.

The London officers, as we have said, had reason to believe that James Wright was making his way to this retired village, to join his comrade Ley, and that they would find them together. In this they were not mistaken. The two men had been chums from boyhood up. A short time ago Ley, who appears to have been the master spirit, had appeared in Harmony in the service of Mr. Jones, as a shoemaker, and in a few months he had prospered so well as to be able to take the business upon his own shoulders. He made occasional visits abroad, and during his last trip to London, it is supposed, took a hand in the tollgate robberies. According to the story of Wright, they made a covenant before parting in London, that if he, the latter, found himself too closely pushed, he was to make his way to Harmony and inform his chum, and it was the fulfilment of this covenant that brought destruction upon Ley.

Wright had just arrived, and the two were in the shop together, along with some villagers, when the officers made their appearance, and were shown the shop door. The three entered. Heenan and Phair laid hold of Wright, while Crawford grappled the more desperate character, his left hand upon the latter's coat collar with an iron grip, his right in his coat pocket upon the butt of his pistol. Ley raised his hand, in which gleamed the barrel of a seven shooter, "Don't shoot!" warned the detective. Still the desperate hand went up, without falter, and as rapidly as the constraint of his position would permit. It was a moment pregnant with life and death, when the sharp report of the officer's "life preserver" was heard above the noise of the scuffle, and Ley dropped to the floor, his brain oozing out through a bullet hole in his forehead, above the right temple.

After the shooting, it required the exertions of the three officers to secure Wright, who was taken into Stratford, and lodged in prison. Dr. Shaver was sent out to Harmony, where the desperado died shortly after his arrival.

Upon his arrival in Stratford, a *Herald* representative interviewed Sergeant Crawford, who seemed to feel keenly the responsibility which the discharge of his duty had placed upon him. He had been in the Crimea, and was accustomed to scenes of violence and death, "but never," said he, with emphasis, "did I experience the feeling which came over me as the man who had attempted my life dropped at my feet. My conscience," he continued, "is perfectly at ease. I have only done my duty to the law and to myself. I have formally given myself up to your local authorities and have no fears as to the result; but it is sad, sad, to have to send a fellow creature out of the world without a moment's preparation!" A tear stood in the sergeant's honest eye as he said this. He did not lack friends, however, for although it was nearly midnight the news rapidly spread, and many of our citizens dropped in to see the sergeant, at the Albion, where he spent the night.

A visit to Harmony on Tuesday morning showed the whole country side agog. On the corner of the principal street of the hamlet, stands one of those buildings so familiar to the eyes of the Canadian travellers—half store and half dwelling. In the main part of this building, Mr. Jones carries on a general store, and in a rear projection is situated the family kitchen, with a shoe shop in the half-basement beneath. Here it was that Ley worked, and here it was that his ghastly corpse, stretched near a pile of leather in the corner, met the gaze of those who flocked to the scene of the tragedy on Tuesday morning. The scene was one upon which the moralist might profitably dwell. Ley was a well preserved, well developed man in the prime of life, and might have lived in this quiet village for many years a peaceful and useful citizen, had the demon of gain not taken possession of his soul. "The wages of sin is death." From the energetic manner in which he had lately been closing up and collecting his accounts, the villagers now think that he had made up his mind to leave for other quarters to avoid pursuit, but his movements were not to elude the over-reaching arm of Justice. The London *Free Press* gives Ley the following character:—"Ley was the son of the notorious Thomas Ley, of this city, a thoroughly disreputable character, who has been more than once under the surveillance of the city police. Wright is also a native of this city, and has been once or twice in Penitentiary, where he and Ley formed each other's acquaintance and worked as shoemakers. Since Wright's release from prison he has worked but little, and although his movements have been watched quite frequently, the detectives and police have been unable, until recently, to connect him with any crime of an important nature. Ley, the the young man shot, was one of the most daring and desperate of criminals, and would flinch at nothing."

The reflection that a man of this stamp had for months, unsuspected, been carrying on business in a quiet rural village in Perth, mixing with the villagers, and bearing the reputation of "a good temperate man," is enough to make one shudder. Truth is stranger than fiction.

At noon on Tuesday Dr. Shaver re-visited the scene of the tragedy and proceeded to hold an inquest. After hearing the statement of Sergeant Crawford and the evidence of several witnesses, the jury found that deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot fired by Sergeant Crawford, who is entirely blameless, having fired in self-defence, and in discharge of his duty. Sergeant Crawford is therefore absolved from all blame.

Thomas Dynan, *alias* Foster, the third person implicated in the recent tollgate robberies, was arrested in London on Wednesday night.

BLESSING THE CORNER STONE.

The Ceremony at Macton on Sunday.

The Guelph *Herald* furnished the following particulars concerning the Roman Catholic Church at Macton and the interesting ceremony which took place there on Sunday last.

About 20 years ago, when Rev. Father Laussier, of Arthur, was in charge of the mission, a wooden church was erected at Macton, on the town line of Peel and Wellesley, for the use of the Roman Catholics. This has been used up to the present time, but the extent to which the congregation has grown has rendered it necessary to have a larger edifice, and the priest now in charge, Rev. Father Owens, has been for some time past laboring with this object in view. Sufficient funds having been raised the masonry of a new church has already been completed as high as the floor, and on Sunday the corner stone was blessed and laid by Bishop Crinnon, of Hamilton. The various services during the day were attended by a very large number. Mass was celebrated at 6.30 a. m. by Rev. Father Owens and again at 7.30 by the Bishop. At 10.30 the Bishop confirmed about 40 young people, giving them the usual instruction before and after the ceremony. Rev. Father Laushie then celebrated High Mass and the Bishop preached from Matthew xxviii, 18 and 20. The ceremony of blessing and laying the corner stone was then performed. In a cavity in the stone was desposited a document reading as follows:—

A M D G

On the 16th day of June, the feast of the most holy trinity, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, the glorious Pontiff Leo XIII occupying the apostolic See, and ruling the church of God. Her Majesty Victoria being Queen of Great Britain, the Earl of Dufferin Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, in the presence of an immense multitude of devout people, the most Revd. and illustrious Peter Francis Crinnon, Bishop of Hamilton, blessed and laid this corner stone of a new church dedicated to the honor of St. Joseph in the parish of Macton, piously and devoutedly administered by the Rev. Stanlaus Patrick Owens, the architect being Joseph Conolly, of Toronto; the builder, Joseph Congdon, of Listowel; the trustees, Cornelius Conolly, Jno. O'Grady, Jno Hayes, Patrick Ryan, Arthur Macdonald, Daniel Kennedy, Thos. Farrell, Thos. Rafferty, Henry O'Neil, Patrick Morris, Thos. McGuire and Jas. Nolan.

After the ceremony a subscription list was opened and a handsome sum subscribed. The church will be of brick, 80 ft by 40, gothic architecture, with tower and spire about 150 ft high. The total cost will be about $9,000, and the work is to be completed by October 15th.

COUNTY COURT AND SESSIONS.

At the Sessions in Stratford last week the following cases were disposed of:

Young vs. Squires—Action on note. Verdict for plaintiff by consent for $228.-84. Mr. J. E. Terhune for plaintiff.

Aikens vs. Kyle—Suit for wages; defendant put in a set off. Verdict for plaintiff, $109.57.

Shields vs. Stewart—Action on an account for lumber. Verdict by consent for plaintiff, $40, besides $120 paid into court.

Moore vs. Sutherland—Trial postponed till judgment is given in a Chancery suit between the same parties.

Miller vs. Mariott—Action on a note. Verdict for plaintiff for $206.50, with leave reserved to move for a non-suit.

LARCENY.—Thomas Dawson was charged with stealing a watch from Mr. Welsh. He left his own watch to be repaired and asked the loan of another. The judge ordered the prisoner to be discharged.

NEWRY STATION.

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATION.—The people of this village have decided not to be behind in the way of sports on Dominion day. An excellent programme is being prepared which cannot fail to attract attention, and will no doubt bring a great number in to witness the games. Full particulars are given in large posters.

A number of dwellings and shops have been repainted of late, and appear considerably improved for the overhauling. As yet there has not been much building done in the village.—COM.

MARYBOROUGH.

CROPS.—Crops, fall wheat in particular, look well. The late frost has done comparatively little damage, owing in a great measure to the fact that the land in this section of country is high-rolling and chiefly of a clay formation, which makes it less subject to the action of the summer frost than the flat and mucky soil of some of the neighboring townships.

SWALLOWS.—One of the most interesting scenes in connection with the science of Ornothology which we have witnessed is that of a bird colony which has established itself on the premises of Mr. Noble, 4th line. These feathered architects, which are a species of the swallow genus, have no less than fifty nests on one outbuilding, all of which are occupied, and from early morn till dusk of eve the vicinity presents a scene of activity and social life from which more exalted beings might learn a useful lesson. The nests of these birds are placed in a row just under the eave on the outside of the building. They are formed of mud, an opening being made in the side of each. The inside of these nests are lined with dry grass and feathers, and at present each contains three or four eggs, white, dotted with brown. This species is comparatively a new comer to this part of the country, and may be distinguished from the common barn swallow by its fan-shaped tail, dusky livery and chirping notes.

NO CHEESE.—There are no cheese factories in this western part of the township, and as most of the farmers keep a number of cows the fall in the price of butter makes our house-wives put on rueful faces, while many of the sterner sex grumble about the "no protection" policy of the present administration.

NEW MILL.—The new flouring mill at Moorefield is being rapidly pushed forward, and the farmers in this neighborhood are rejoicing at the prospect of again having a market near home.—COM.

ELMA NEWS.

DEATH OF A STALLION.—Mr. George Carruthers sustained a heavy loss on Friday last by the death of his fine stallion, "Young A 1." The animal died very suddenly from inflammation. He was considered to be worth over $700.

BRUSSELS NEWS.

A grand Masonic Concert under auspices of St. John's Lodge No. 248, will be held in the Town Hall, Brussels, on the 1st of July, in connection with the dedication of the new Masonic Hall, in this town. The services of Miss Maggie Barr, of Hamilton, Mr. Kennedy, of Brantford, and other talented singers have been secured for the occasion.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE—A BLOCK OF STORES AND OFFICES CONSUMED.

June 18.—A fire occurred this morning about two o'clock, completly destroying the block of stores and offices from Harrison's bank north to Mill street, the property of J. R. Grant, P. M. The insurance on the buildings is light. Among the sufferers are D. Scott & Son, general store; loss on stock, $2,500; insurance $500. Montreal Telegraph, loss light. P. O. Department, loss considerable in books and blanks. The entire mail matter was saved. The safe in the post office opened in the midst of the flames. A large amount of postage and bill stamps were consumed, with some valuable private papers. J. R. Grant's loss on building, $1,800; insured for $900.

ST. MARY'S.

MASKED BURGLARS AT WORK.—On the night of the 13th inst., the toll-gate at the west end of the town was broken into by two masked men. Entrance was effected by the door, which was boldly broken, and the burglars then presented a revolver at the head of the gate-keeper, and demanded his money. His wife spoke out and told where it was, and asked them not to shoot. The burglars drove up in a buggy to a short distance east of the toll-gate, and tied their horse to the fence while they committed the robbery.

THE GUEST CASE.—The inquiry into the poisoning case, which was to have been resumed this week has been further adjourned, at the request of the Crown.

PALMERSTON.

Upon the final draft of stations in the London Conference, Rev. Chas. Lavell was appointed pastor of the C. M. congregation in this town, and Chairman of the Wellington District.—The woolen mill has been resuscitated, and is now in full operation. Mr. N. W. Sugden, a gentleman of considerable experience, is the lessee.—Mass is celebrated here monthly by Father O'Connor of Arthur.—At a special meeting of Palmerston council, June 11, a by-law to grant $15,000 to the Stratford & Huron Railway was read a first and second time.—A concert will be given in Palmerston town hall, 26th inst., also a promenade concert on the 21st.

HARRISTON.

The congregation of Knox church, Harriston, have extended a unanimous call to Rev. John Campbell of Cannington.—Preparations are being made here to celebrate the 12th anniversary of the birthday of the new Dominion in a loyal and patriotic manner.—Steps are being taken by Harriston council to have a $20,000 by-law submitted in aid of a Stratford & Lake Huron Railway.—Quite a number of new buildings are in course of erection here, most prominent among which is the brick hotel being erected by A. G. Markle.—Crops look well so far.

MILVERTON.

RETURNED.—Dr. Parke, who was for the past week on a visiting tour has returned and recommenced his professional duties.

CHEESE FACTORY.—Mr. V Kertcher's factory is running full blast, 1050 pounds have been the daily average for the last two weeks, and is still increasing. May cheese will be shipped this week.

STATION CHANGE.—Mr. Charles Lawrason, our very accommodating station master, and his assistant, Mr. W Clarke, were recently removed, the former to Tavistock and the latter to Listowel. Mr J R Holden was appointed to fill the vacancy.—*Herald.*

MITCHELL.

The Rev. Hall Christopherson, who has labored at Kincardine during the last three years, has been appointed to Mitchell by the C. M. Conference.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—There are 114 members of the Mechanics' Institute; 1271 books in the library; 29 newspapers and 6 magazines, all received regularly. Three entertainments were held during the past year. $678.80 were received during the year, and $666.68 paid out. The assets of the Institute are placed at $1745.00 with no liabilities.

The A. M. Gibson Manufacturing Coy. of Mitchell, pay $2,000 per month, to the hands in its employ. The $15,000 bonus was the best investment ever made by Mitchell.

HOWICK.

It is understood that the loyal orange lodge in Wroxeter have purchased a handsome new banner for the 12th of July. The lodge here is in a very prosperous condition under its able and esteemed Master Bro. James Orr. The society has about 25 members and their number is constantly increasing. They have without doubt, three of the ablest lecturers in the County. The society has also sent a handsome sum to the Hackett fund in Montreal.

FRENDISH ACT.—On Sunday night or early Monday morning last some human fiend, with an axe or other edged tool, inflicted a severe wound in the fleshy part between the hip and the root of the tail of a steer belonging to Mr. James Armstrong, lot 8, con. 14, Howick. The cut was four inches in length, and it required six stitches to sew it up. With good care, however, the animal will be all right again. Mr. Armstrong is a quiet inoffensive gentleman, and it is a mystery what could induce any person to commit so foul a deed.—*Enterprise.*

MORNINGTON.

DOMINION DAY.—The different temperance organizations of this township which belong to the Northern Temperance Association are going to Glenallen to take part in the annual demonstration of this body. It will not be necessary for us to say anything in favor of this demonstration, when we state that it is the Glenallen D. S. T. who have the business in hand, as they are noted for the splendid entertainments which they give and for their hospitality to strangers. We understand that there will be plenty of amusements, good music and speaking, with abundance of refreshments and accommodation for a very large crowd. We hope our Mornington people will pay the Wellingtonians a visit.

LECTURE.—The Rev. Mr. Wright delivered a lecture in the North Mornington Presbyterian church to a very respectable audience. Mr. John Gamble ably filled the chair, and opened the meeting with a very appropriate address. At the close of the lecture Mr. Wright was tendered a vote of thanks, as also the chairman.

BASE BALL.—The young men of Burns have organized a base ball club called the Mohawks.

BURNS CHURCH.—At a meeting of the congregation of this Church, on the 17th inst., a unanimous call was extended to the Rev. John Kay, Michigan. His removal is probable.—*Herald.*

WELLESLEY.

ACCIDENT AT A RAISING.—While assisting at a barn raising on the farm of Mr. John Wilson last week, William Roe had his arm broken and received other injuries, and Duncan Anderson had his foot badly smashed. The accident was caused by a bent slipping from its intended position. Several others had a very narrow escape.

The construction of Paris Exhibition buildings cost 45,000,000 francs, 10,000,000 in excess of the original estimates.

GENERAL NEWS.

W. Dunn, near Teviotdale, has lost 4 ewes and 4 lambs since May 27.

The old Catholic Synod at Bonn by 75 to 22 has adopted a resolution in favor of marriage of the clergy.

The Wellington Field Battery and 30th Rifles go into camp at Kinnettles on Saturday, 22nd June.

It is estimated the wheat crop for the present year in the United States will be four hundred million bushels.

Preparations for the celerbation of Dominion Day in Woodstock are being made on the most extensive scale and a "big time" may be looked for.

The ladies of Christ church, Drayton, intend holding a fancy fair and bazaar in aid of the building fund some time in October, during the West Wellington show.

A Socialist mass meeting at New York on Saturday night denounced the attempted assassination of the Emperor William by Nobeling.

A by-law granting a bonus of fifteen thousand dollars to the Georgian Bay and Wellington Railway was carried in Mount Forest on Tuesday by a majority of sixty.

Vaughan, who is to be hanged on Saturday next for the murder of Mrs. Quinn, in New Brunswick, has made a confession of his guilt, which will not be given to the public until after the execution.

John McLuhan, of Proton, recently shot a very large bear on Mr. Greenley's Luther farm. It weighed 254 pounds, measured from nose to tail 6 ft. 5 in., 3 ft. 10 in. around the body, and 23 in. around the shoulder.

A tramp recently entered J. R. Wissler's house in Salem, compelled Mrs Wissler to give him some dinner, subsequently insulting her. Mr. Wissler followed him on the way to Elora and thrashed him thoroughly.

It is claimed that there is residing on lot 28, 7th con., Kincardine, a young man named J. H. Stewart, aged sixteen, who weighs 185 pounds, and stands 6 feet 7¾ inches in his stockings. This is a chance for side-show men.

The difficulties of the Quebec situation, instead of diminishing, appear rather to be increasing, the Legislative Council, which the Government are desirous of abolishing, having asserted itself by a very large majority in antagonism to the Ministry of the day.

A petition has been filed with A. R. C. Saunders, clerk of Minto, requesting the council to submit a by-law for $15,000 for Stratford & Lake Huron Railway. Another petition has been filed requesting the council to submit a by-law for $30,000 for the same purpose.

The milling industry of the United States is said to rank next to that of iron. The number of mills is over 25,000, affording employment to over 50,000, men whose annual wages are about $20,000,000, and turning out yearly about 50,000,000 barrels of flour, of which 4,000,000 are exported to foreign countries.

Post Office Inspector Sweetman of Toronto, is now engaged between Lucan and Wingham in forming a new mail route, and making other necessary arrangements in connection with the placing of a postal car and mail clerk on the London, Huron and Bruce railway, between London and Wingham, on and from the 1st of July.

London's steam fire engine was overturned in the ditch by a runaway on Friday night and badly damaged. Grey, the driver was pitched off and severely hurt. Weaver, the engineer, and Mingay, his assistant, jumped off and were somewhat injured. The false alarm out of which these accidents arose, was given by a colored person, who mistook the rising moon for a fire.

FAREWELL SERMON.—The Rev. Manly Benson, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Stratford, for the past three years, having completed the full term allowed by the Methodist Conference, preaches his farewell sermon on Sunday evening next. Mr. Benson will be with his new charge in St. Thomas the following Sunday.

Here is an item for the superstitious. A large and costly steel portrait of the poet Bryant hung in an office in Pittsfield, Mass. On the afternoon when he met with his accident the cord which held the portrait broke and it fell to the floor, shattering the frame and breaking the glass, but only slightly injuring the picture.

BURGLARS IN WINGHAM.—The residence of Mr. Benjamin Willson, banker, was entered by thieves last Friday night, and a gold watch and chain and pencil case were taken from Mr. Crowell Willson's pocket. A number of suspicious looking characters have been seen prowling around here lately, and are being watched by the police.

A thorough investigation reveals the fact that the number of men belonging to Communist or Socialist organizations in New York probably is only about 1,300, and that most of them are Germans. They indulge in extravagant language, but are not drilling nor arming, and the police believe no trouble is feared.

In some Ontario villages and towns butter, of good quality, is being sold at from 10 to 12½ cents per lb. Recently ten kegs of butter were purchased for a woollen factory at Blyth, county of Huron, to be used in oiling wool. And a Brussels merchant sold over 500 lbs. of butter to a Toronto dealer at five cents. We fancy that "the trade" will take care not to burn their fingers with butter this year as they did last.

MONSTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—At the last Provincial Exhibition one of the features of the week was Mrs. M. A. White's great musical festival, which was held in the London drill shed. Mrs. White proposes to make this an annual affair and is now making arrangements for the forthcoming Exhibition. She is advertising for 2,000 children and 200 ladies, which she purposes training for the event.

The secession of newspapers from the Grit cause goes on apace. The latest conversion is the *Glocke*, a German paper published in Walkerton by the son of Mr. Rittinger, publisher of the *Berliner Journal*, the leading German paper of Canada. The Berlin *Daily News* says: "It is not at all improbable that as the son's paper has come to the support of the National Policy and Protection candidates, the father's paper will do likewise, and support Messrs. Kranz and Walters."

FATAL THUNDER STORM.—A violent rain storm accompanied by thunder and lightning passed over Port Elgin on Sunday morning. Homer Neeland's residence, situated about four miles from that place, was struck by lightning, and his son, aged six, while in bed, was instantly killed. Mr. Neeland who occupied the same bed, was also injured, but from latest reports he is doing well and is expected to recover. The house was only slightly damaged. No further damage is reported in the vicinity.

At the Centennial Exhibition the admission was fifty cents, and they were particular about how the fifty cents should be paid. Two quarters, five dimes, or ten nickles, would not satisfy the man at the turnstile—he must have a fifty cent piece or nothing. At the French Exhibition the admission is twenty cents, but the gate-keeper is not allowed to take twenty-cents; he demands a ticket. The tickets are sold almost everywhere in Paris, and so it don't trouble the Parisians half so much to get the tickets as it does the twenty cents.

Bismarck when he spoke of a war between England and Russia as a war between horses and fishes, had in his mind, without a doubt, Pfeffel's fable in rhyme of "The Lion and the Whale," which undertook to decide in one great encounter the lordship of the whole world. Both advanced to the encounter furious with rage, but the whale found he couldn't go on dry land, and, despite his courage, the lion wouldn't go into the sea; consequently their warfare was confined to glaring at each other and exchanging taunts and challenges.

The inquest on the body of the man Beaudoin, who was shot in the riot on Wednesday of last week at Quebec, terminated on Monday. The jury returned the following verdict: "That death was caused by a wound in the head produced by a bullet from a carbine in the hands of a soldier of the "B" battery while he was in the lawful discharge of his duty in the suppression of a riot, which took place on the afternoon of the 12th inst., in St Paul and Dambourges streets, and in which riot deceased was present and participated."

ONE MORE VICTIM.—We are called upon this week to record the death of Mr. James P. Young, son of our old townsman, Mr. James Young, grain buyer. At the time of the late terrible accident on the Grand River, Mr. Young was one of those who worked so untiringly in the endeavors to recover the bodies of the drowned, and on several occasions was up to his waist in the water. From this he took a severe cold, which developed into congestion of the lungs; and notwithstanding the best of medical aid, he sank to his rest on Sabbath morning last (9 inst.) Mr. Young was aged only 33 years at the time of his death.—*Galt Reporter.*

Earl Dufferin habitually does graceful things. The last recorded, remarks the *Witness*, that of his sending a personal acknowledgement to the "Barlow Greys" for their attendance at the review on the 24th of May, is one of the most pleasing, and the fact recorded in this acknowledgment, that he had written to Her Majesty with his own hand, acquainting her with the pleasing incident and the friendly spirit with which a United Sates crops joined with Canadian ones in saluting her birthday, is not the least important one. Her Majesty's personal popularity in the United States is great, and the publication of this letter throughout that country can do nothing but good.

THE LOCAL PAPER.—The Local paper is an absolute necessity to the county and community where it is published. All the city papers cannot supply the place of a home paper. They should be the first love of every man and woman, for with the paper is the locality identified. The paper gives the county and town where printed much of their importance in the world, and gives in detail the local news, which cannot be gained by any other source. Every week's issue of the paper is so much local history, and the rise, growth and developement of the town and county can be measured and recorded by the local newspaper that constantly is gathering its items. People do not properly appreciate their home paper. The home newspaper at any price is the cheapest journal anyone can take.

From the Parliamentary Companion we learn that the class having the largest representation in the Legislature is that of the lawyers, who muster 15 in the Senate and 49 in the House of Commons. The manufacturers and merchants are represented by 24 and 49 respectively. The doctors number four in the Senate and fifteen in the Lower House; notaries, 3 and 4; editors, 5 and 10; agriculturists, 2 and 8; millers, none in the Senate, 9 in the Commons; miscellaneous, 11 and 36; undefined, 14 and 24. In the Ontario Assembly, the same authority informs us, there are 18 lawyers, 12 doctors, 27 manufacturers and merchants, two editors, two agriculturists (evidently an incomplete classification,) five miscellaneous, and 22 undefined. In the Senate there are five graduates in Law or Arts, in the Commons, 27, and in the Legislature of Ontario, 8.

A ROYAL ACT OF KINDNESS.—While driving herself the other day in her pony carriage at Malta, says the *Whitehall Review*, the Duchess of Edinburgh unfortunately ran over a child who darted into the roadway in that sudden manner which there is no eluding, and of which all who drive have much and startling experience every day of their lives. The child was most severely injured, but thanks to the promptitude and energy of the Duchess, its life will in all probability be saved. Her Imperial Highness at once lifted the urchin into her carriage and drove off to the doctor. The latter—a native of the island—being a stupid fellow, could not be made to understand the affair, though tried by the Duchess in English, French and Russian successively. "Whoever heard a doctor not knowing either English or French?" at last cried the Duchess with impatience. "And whoever heard of a Duchess knowing Maltese?" reported *il medico* in his own lingo (a barbarous mixture of Arabic, Coptic, and Italian,) by some means comprehending what was said. Her Imperial Highness was not, however, so easily defeated, and despatching messengers to both the "Minotaur" and the "Defence" she obtained eventually the assistance of surgeons from both those war-ships. Not satisfied with half measures, however, the Duchess has not only sent her own medical man daily to the child but has also been most assiduous in calling herself and giving pratical advice to the parents as to their treatment of the patient, not forgetting to afford them both constant and substantial pecuniary assistance.

WALLACE.

COURT OF REVISION—The adjourned Court of Revision of the township of Wallace met at the Dominion Hotel, Gowanstown, June 15th, pursuant to adjournment; all the members of the court present, A Kennedy, Esq., Deputy-Reeve, in the chair. The following decisions were given on appeal:

J Smith, lot 51, con 1, assessment raised to $1000
T Smith, lot 52, con 1, " " 900
M Rowe, lot 56, s pt 55, c 1, " " 1600
P Knechtel, lot 39 e ½ 40, c 3, " " 1700
J McAllister, lot 41, con 3, " " 1200
J Reynolds, lot 53 s ½ 54, c 3, " " 1600
Wm Willoughby entered on roll for part 24, con 5, instead of Sarah Spillet; Isaac Scott entered for lot 37, con 1, F S; G K Rapp, for lot 46, con 2, instead of G H Rapp; L Snider, for lot 40, con 2, instead of H Snider; C Fischer, s ½ 42, 43, con 4, instead of R Fischer; E Kauffman, pt 23, con 7, F S; H Dechant, lot 33, 34, con 7, F S; G Weichel, pt 38, con 7, tenant; G Mahring, lot 45, con 5, instead of L Bolton; D Wenzel, lot 29, con 6, owner; G Wenzel, lot 29, con 6, tenant; A Wenzel, lot 29, con 6, F S; W H Campbell, teacher, residing at lot 24, con 2, income $425; C King, entered for lot 34, con 4, instead of C Cling, and assessment reduced to $1140.

J Armstrong, entered for lot 6, con 11, F S.
G Hayes, " " 2, " 13, F S.
R Crooks, " s hf 13, 14, con 5, F S.
W Crooks, " s hf 13, 14, con 5, F S.
Enos Williams, " lot 24, con 8, F S.
J Galbraith, lot 1, con 12, assessment raised $100: R G Roberts, teacher, &c., pt 34, c 4, income $520.

Moved by W Ferguson, seconded by J McDermott, that the assessment roll as now revised be confirmed and adopted and finally passed.—Carried. R G ROBERTS, Clerk.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

LONDON CHEESE MARKET.

The offerings at the cheese market on Saturday amounted to 2,363 boxes, a much larger quantity being represented, but not placed on the Board. 685 boxes sold for 7¾c. Holders of the best factories of June cheese are asking 8c, without transactions.

UTICA CHEESE MARKET.

June 17.—15,500 boxes of cheese changed hands to-day, 4,800 being on commission. Leading factories commanded 8¼c, but the average was 8¼c.

UNITED STATES' WOOL CLIP.

In their annual wool circular, Messrs. Fenno,Son & Co., of Boston, say:—"The clip will probably be about the same in amount as last year, viz., 200,000,000 lbs. There will be a decrease in California, offset by the increase in Texas and the Territories, and the older States will hold their own. But little foreign has been brought in, and most of that sold at a loss. Unless the tariff is changed less will probably come in this year. The product of the newer States and Territories, while it is rapidly increasing, is fast becoming popular with manufacturers and many clips received last season compared favorably with the wools of the Australian Colonies, in quality and condition, but were somewhat shorter in staple."

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

June 20, 1878.

Wheat, fall, per bush.	$0 95	to 0 00
Wheat, spring, "	0 80	0 90
Barley, "	0 30	0 35
Peas, "	0 50	0 00
Oats, "	0 28	0 30
Flour, per cwt.,	2 50	0 00
Oatmeal, "	2 75	3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00	2 25

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Main St. Rev. H. Cooper, Incumbent. Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 6.30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30 a.m.; Rev. H. Cooper, Superintendent. Messrs. T. G. Fennell and R. Martin, Wardens.

KNOX CHURCH—Inkerman St. Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p.m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p.m.; Mr. Jas. Crosier, B.A., Superintendent. Congregational Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Bible Class, conducted by the Pastor, Thursday evening, at 7.30. Sec'y Board of Wardens, Mr. J. J. Hamilton, to whom application may be made for sittings in the Church.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Scott, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.; W. Bradley, Superintendent. Bible class Tuesday evenings, conducted by Rev. Mr. Scott. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30.

M. E. CHURCH—Inkerman St. Rev. R. H. Norris, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.00 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Services conducted by Rev. A. F. McGregor, B.A. Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m.; Sunday School at 9 30 a.m.; Bible Class at 3 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend. Weekly prayer meeting on Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

BAPTIST SERVICES are held each Sabbath at 11 a.m. in the Temperance Hall, Raglan St.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1878.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

NEXT Monday will be St. John's day.

Bean & Gee are selling 3 lbs. of good Tea for $1.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.—Splendid shirts for 50 cents. S. McCLUNG & Son.

SPECIAL meeting of Fire Brigade on Monday evening.

"CHERRIES are ripe," and in the market; strawberries are ditto.

DR. CADIEUX's lecture on Monday evening failed to draw a very large house.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.—10 lbs. of our celebrated 50c. tea for $4.00. S. McCLUNG & SON.

MR. BRUCE, dental surgeon, has removed his office to the rooms over Mr. Bradley's store.

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

A NEW Grocery and Provision store has been opened out by Mr. F. Coleman in the building next door to the post office.

REV. H. COOPER and R. Martin, Esq., are in attendance at the Huron Diocesan Synod which is in session at London this week.

CHROMOS.—Now for a cheap chromo. $500 worth to select from, at Hess Bros. new show room, Main street, opposite the Bank of Hamilton.

THE citizens of Erie, Pa., purpose having an excursion to Stratford on the 24th inst. The "Hub" is preparing to receive them in a befitting style.

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

LISTOWEL Fire Brigade has received an invitation to attend the Firemen's Tournament at Woodstock on or about the 1st August. They are considering the matter.

J. M. SIMPSON, Presiding Elder, will conduct the morning and evening service in the M. E. Church, in this town, on Sabbath next; morning service at half-past ten.

IF an action against the corporation for damages on account of a broken limb is not forthcoming shortly, then our public improvements committee will need to "re-organize" the sidewalk on the north side of Main street without delay.

A CLERGYMAN has made the discovery that filling the windows with plants has the effect of driving away that "pesky critter" the house fly. It is a simple and very pleasant experiment at any rate, and will be quite seasonable for two or three months to come.

TO-MORROW the Stratford & Huron Ry. commence to issue Saturday excursion tickets, to any point along the line, good to return on the following Monday, for one and one-third the regular fare. These cheap rates will be continued every Saturday until November.

REV. D. MCGREGOR of Nova Scotia, delivered an excellent lecture on the Scientific, Religious and Social advancement of the age, last Friday evening to a small but appreciative audience. The Rev. gentleman also conducted the services in the Congregational Church on Sunday last.

Two of our young nimrods were out shooting the other day, and on returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled out to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was wafted back to their ears: "Yes but we keep it for our own calves."

THE base-ball match between the Listowel Red Stockings and the Moorefield Invincibles, which came off here on Saturday afternoon, resulted in an over whelming victory for the home team. At the conclusion of the game the score stood in the neighborhood of sixty runs in favor of the Red Stockings.

ON Friday evening last the Fire Brigade were again out for practice. The steamer was taken to the brick yard in proximity to the G. W. R. Station, where her power was put to the test. This was done in order to ascertain the best position for a tank which the Ry. Company purpose sinking somewhere in that vicinity.

THE members of Star of Hope Lodge are determined to make the Garden Party and Strawberry Festival on Dominion Day a success. A good programme of amusements will be provided, which in addition to ice cream, strawberries, music, etc., should attract a large gathering to Mr. Hay's grove, where the party is to be held.

CANNOT something be done to procure a band stand. Allowing our excellent musicians to become willing martyrs to the dusty streets whenever their inclination leads them to give an open-air exhibition, is not expressive of a very high appreciation of their pleasant and gratuitous services. A stand such as is provided in most every town in the province where a brass band is to be found, would not be a very expensive luxury to indulge in, and we are sure the privilege of congregating on some suitable grounds once or twice a week during the warm summer evenings and being entertained with enlivening music would be sufficient compensation for the small outlay required. There should be no difficulty in raising the funds either by municipal grant or voluntary subscription.

LORD DUFFERIN'S RULE IN CANADA.—We understand that the great national work entitled "Canada under the Administration of Lord Dufferin," from the pen of George Stewart, Jr., is in a far advanced stage of publication. The book, which will contain all of the masterly and terse speeches of the eminent Peer who guides the destinies of the Dominion, will be published very shortly, and in a manner unsurpassed hitherto by any publishing house in Canada. A good canvasser should secure many subscribers in this district for this important work, as the book is destined to enjoy an unprecedently large sale among the better class of people in our community. Applicants should apply early for an agency, and address, Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Toronto.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.—15 yards good wincey for $1.00. S. McCLUNG & SON.

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

Beautiful Grenadines at 20c. and 25c. per yard. at Bean & &ee's.

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

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

GIVING UP BUSINESS.—10 yards black lustre for $1.00. S. McCLUNG & SON.

Advice to Farmers.

Bring your butter and eggs to James Armstrong's, and secure your Tea for the harvest. He is selling 3 lbs. of good tea for $1.00.

Firemen's Excursion.

The Listowel Fire Brigade have made arrangements with the P. D. & L. H. R. Company for an excursion to Port Dover on our Civic Holiday. The day has not yet been fixed, but the 16th of August or thereabouts is mentioned as the probable time. This will be one of the cheapest excursions of the season, the round fare from Listowel being only $1. Tickets will also be issued at proportionately low rates from all stations between Listowel and Woodstock. Further announcement will be given next week.

Accident.

The workmen engaged upon the improvements which are being made upon the Reeve's residence employ a large iron pulley in raising material to the scaffolding. On Monday a little daughter of Mr. Hay's took hold of the rope which was attached to the pulley, causing the heavy concern to tumble from the high scaffolding and alight upon her head. The concussion knocked the little thing over and made a very severe scalp wound. For a time it was thought her injuries were of a serious nature, but happily nothing alarming has resulted and she is now rapidly recovering. Considering the cicsumstances, her escape from instant death seems providential.

Public School Report.

Following is the report of an examination in Grammar held in the Listowel Public School on Friday last, 100 being the maximum:

Charles Lee,	99	Thos Austin,	69
Richard Armstrong,	97	Ellen Ferguson,	68
Maggie McIlwraith,	97	David Barber,	68
Fred Bradley,	95	Samuel Barber,	67
Addie Clayton,	92	Janet Brownlee,	65
Willie Climie,	90	Emma Hess,	63
Amy Tomlinson,	90	Austin Veillie,	62
Victoria Veille,	90	Maggie Wallace,	58
AdelaideArmstrong	87	Emily Draper,	58
Minnie Walker,	86	Harry Dillabough,	53
Mary Anderson,	83	Simon Reid,	52
Lizzie Thompson,	82	Minnie Philp,	48
Willie Rogers,	80	Alex Ferguson,	47
Rebecca Forbes,	80	Henry Sanderson,	41
Peter Brown,	80	Lavinia Kemp,	35
Mary Irwin,	78	Edwin Poole,	26
Jennie Green,	74	Charlie Sarvis,	15
John Watson,	72		

Dominion Day Excursion.

A grand excursion from Listowel to Port Dover, is announced to take place over the P. D. & L. H. Railway on Dominion Day. An excursion train will leave here at 6 a. m.., calling at all stations along the line, and arrive at the Lake shortly after 11 o'clock. Nearly six hours stay will be made, during which excursionists will be afforded many ways of amusing themselves. The steamer "Alma Munro" will be in attendance to take parties out upon the lake. A good programme of sports and games, including several boat races, has been arranged by the citizens of Dover, for which prizes are offered. Other attractions are also announced, and there is every prospect of a very pleasant day being spent by the shores of Erie. A uniform railway fare of $1.35 will be charged from points between Listowel and Stratford.

A New Firm.

A partnership has just been entered into between two of our townsmen—Messrs. Henry Goddard and McBeth Green, for the purpose of carrying on carriage and wagon building. Both gentlemen are already well known in this section, and their previous connection with the business is sufficient to warrant a successful future for the new firm. In commencing business together they are adopting a principle which is sure to gain for them the confidence of the public, namely, to use none but first quality material in the vehicles which they turn out. Their workshops—situated on the corner of Wallace and Inkerman streets, have recently been very much improved in order to accommodate the various branches of the extensive trade which they contemplate doing. Messrs. Goddard & Green make an announcement through our advertising columns, which is worthy of careful consideration.

Quoiting Championship.

At the quoiting championship tournament in Toronto last week, the Listowel club was worthily represented by Mr. Wm. Bright. Our townsman succeeded in taking fourth place, which is a very honorable distinction when it is considered that the competition was between twenty-six of the best players in Canada. The following are the prizes handed by Mr. Wm. Rennie to the winners: First prize, championship of the Dominion, his Excellency the Governor-General's medal, cash, $5, Walter Glendenning, Ellesmere; second, cash, $12, George Sheppard, L'Amaroux; third, cash, $10, James Rennie, Toronto; fourth, cash, $9, Wm. Bright, Listowel; fifth, cash, $8, Walter J. Reid, Ayr; sixth, cash, $7, James McTague, Galt; seventh, cash, $6, S. Rennie, Milliken. The holder of the grand gold medal for the championship, therefore, is Walter Glendinning, Ellesmere; the holder of the Dufferin club medal for all quoits not exceeding seven pounds in weight, James Rennie, Toronto; and the holder of the Johnston Cup for members of the G. N. C. C., James Rennie.

A Batch of Excursions.

The season of cheap railway excursions may now be said to have fairly set in. Posters setting forth their respective features of attraction are conspicuous at every public resort. They seem to increase and multiply about as fast as potato bugs or caterpillars. Some four or five are announced to take place within a fortnight, all of them having a local interest. The first on the tapis is an excursion under the auspices of the Simcoe Baptist Church to Niagara Falls next Tuesday; trains are to be run over the P. D. & L. H. R. and Canada Southern, leaving Listowel at 6 a. m.; fare for the round trip, $2.50, children half price. On Thursday, 27th, an excursion takes place from Stratford to Toronto; connection will be made with the morning train on the Stratford & Huron Railway. The fare from Stratford and return is $1.50, which also includes a boat ride from Toronto to Scarboro Heights and admission to Victoria Park. The Dominion Day excursion to Port Dover, which we notice elsewhere, promises to be largely patronized by residents of this vicinity. Excursion trains will also be run over the G. W. R. on the 1st July. Either Kincardine or Southampton may be visited that day, the round fare from Palmerston by each train being only one dollar. The trains will call at all stations. In addition to the above the Great Western Company announce a cheap excursion to Hamilton and Niagara Falls on Friday next, June 28; train calls at all stations between Kincardine and Gowanstown; fare to the Falls and return only $1.50, children half price, with the privilege of remaining until the following day for $1 extra. This is certainly a chance for a cheap trip. Train leaves Listowel station at 6.49 a.m.; arrives at Clifton at 12.20; returning leaves Clifton at 5.20. First-class coaches will be provided, and after leaving Palmerston the special excursion train runs through direct without detention, the tedium of ordinary excursions will thus be obviated.

White Lace Striped Dress Goods, for 12½c. and 15c., at Bean & Gee's.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.—12 yards fancy dress goods for $1.00. S. McCLUNG & SON.

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

GENTS! GENTS! If you want a perfect fitting suit of clothes leave your order at Climie, Hay & Co.; a large stock of English, Scotch and Canadian tweeds to select from.

Temperance Lecture.

On Tuesday evening last Mrs. Yeomans again visited Listowel, and gave a very entertaining lecture in the Congregational Church on the evils of intemperance and the benefits to be derived from prohibitory laws. The audience was quite large, and for over an hour listened with attention to the speaker, while she in affecting language depicted the woes caused both publicly and privately by the use of intoxicating drinks, and painted in glowing terms the benefit to families and to society that is sure to result if this "worst of curses" is removed from our country. Mrs. Yeomans in a forcible manner drew a parallel between license laws and the Decrees of Ahaseurus, issued at the instigation of Haman for the total destruction of the Jewish race, as recorded in the Book of Esther. She concluded by expressing a hope that the day was not far distant when intemperance, like slavery, should be banished from the continent of America and we should have another national holiday in commemoration of the glorious event. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturess by the audience.

Town Council.

A special meeting was called by his worship the Mayor on Monday evening, 17th inst. The following members were present: J W Scott, Mayor; T E Hay, Reeve; D D Hay, Deputy-Reeve; and councillors Deavitt, Towner, Dillabough, Heppler, Freeman, Austin, Binning, Nichol and Hacking. After the usual routine, the mayor explained his object in calling a special meeting, namely, to consider several matters requiring early attention. The first subject brought before the board was an application from Mr. Maynard for an advance on his contract price for delivering gravel in consequence of the difficulty in loading arising from the coarseness of the gravel. Considerable discussion ensued as to the advisability of making extra grants to original tender contracts. It was moved by A S Deavitt, seconded by T E Hay, that Jonathan Maynard be paid 26 cents per yard for delivering gravel, instead of 24 cents as per original contract, until further notice—Carried. Moved by A S Deavitt, seconded by Dr Nichol, that the resolution passed by this council in session on 20th May last, authorizing the treasurer to pay no monies without first having passed the Finance Committee, be rescinded, and that all work done in the corporation and certified to by the chairman of board of works or other parties authorized by him to certify to the same, be paid—Carried. A circular was read from the mayor of Guelph, in reference to the co-operation of municipal corporations of cities, towns and villages in the Province in sending a deputation to await upon His Excellency the Governor-General for the purpose of presenting him with an address on behalf of their respective municipalities before taking his final departure for the old country.

STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY—A PROTEST. Moved by J A Hacking, seconded by Dr Dillabough, that this Council learn with very great regret that the Stratford & Huron Railway Company have abandoned the route of the road north of the town by way of Clifford, and purpose going in another direction; that this corporation granted in aid of said road the sum of fifteen thousand dollars—ten thousand to be expended south of the town, and five thousand north of the town, by way of Shipley and Clifford; that subsequently this corporation was induced to apply the said five thousand dollars on the construction of the road south of the town, with the understanding that a connection would be effected with the Great Western Railway at this town, and with the tacit understanding that should the line be extended northwards it should proceed by the route originally proposed; that this corporation formally and emphatically protest against this violation of good faith with this town, and also with the citizens of Clifford, who were induced to take stock in the road; and that until it is found impossible to raise the requisite bonuses by this route, the Company are not on any sufficient grounds justifiable in deviating therefrom; that while very anxious to promote the construction of the road northward to the Lake, we are indisposed to extend our co operation unless an effort is made and found unsuccessful to carry it out in accordance with the conditions and pledges heretofore set forth; that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the said Company, and that a reply thereto be asked from said Company—Carried.

D D Hay moved, seconded by J D Freeman, that the Mayor and John Binning be appointed to meet the officials from Maryborough and Mornington on Saturday next, to let graveling on town line east, and that they be instructed to spend $200 in aid thereof—Carried. A proposition was read from Wm Smith, offering to build a hall and engine room 44x66 ft., with four cells partitioned off the engine room; also a tower 60 ft. high for the hose, built of brick work, the engine room to be 44x40 ft. wide, 12 ft. ceiling, providing the town would lease the same for a term of eight years, at an annual rental of $200, payable half-yearly. A proposition was also made by John Osborne to provide buildings for a similar purpose. The Council postponed taking action in the matter until Thursday, 20th inst., and adjourned to that date.

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

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

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

Special inducements to passengers to California, Oregon, and all points east and south-east via Canada Southern Railway lines. C. HACKING, Agent.

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

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says the Colonial Office wished Lord Dufferin to remain in Canada as Governor-General another term, but Lord Dufferin declined, and will return to England about September.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR—The physicians in attendance on the Emperor William, publish a formal declaration that his progress has been satisfactory almost beyond expectation, but that the patient, besides transitory pain, suffers much from helplessness, being unable to use his arms. Complete recovery can only be effected in a long time, after possibly many obstacles and much pain.

BIRTHS.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, duly authenticated, inserted free of charge.

ADAMS—In Listowel, on the 12th inst., the wife of Mr. Samuel Adams, of a daughter.

LIVINGSTONE—In Listowel, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. John Livingstone, jr., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MCTAVISH—WADDELL—At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. J. J. Cameron, M. A., Mr. John McTavish, of Little Saskatchewan, Manitoba, to Miss Catherine Waddell, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Waddell, North Easthope.

DEATHS.

MENNIHE—In Sebringville, on the 9th inst., Bernard Mennihe, son of Mr. F. L. Mennihe, in the 28th year of his age.

HESSON—In Stratford, on Saturday, the 15th inst., George Albert, eldest son of Mr. John Hesson, aged 6 years.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS.

We understand that Agents of G. Haas, of New Hamburg, are representing him as our General Agent, and thus selling nursery stock for him under false pretences. This man Haas was at one time employed by us, but we have no connection now with him, whatever. We trust our friends will make a note of this and purchase accordingly.

CHASE BROTHERS & BOWMAN,
21 Rochester, N. Y.

LISTOWEL FIRE BRIGADE.

A meeting of the Fire Brigade will be held in the Fireman's Hall on

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, 24TH INST.,

at 8 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

T. E. HAY, Chief.
Listowel, June 20th, 1878.

LISTOWEL CARRIAGE WORKS.

NEW FIRM.
GODDARD & GREEN.

HENRY GODDARD, late of the firm of Little Bros. & Co., and MCBETH GREEN, having entered into partnership, are now manufacturing

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARMERS DEMOCRATS, LUMBER WAGONS, &c.,

from the

VERY BEST SELECTED MATERIAL,

and which they will sell

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We would say to those who wish to purchase any of the above articles, to call and examine our material before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ No apprentices employed. All work guaranteed.

REPAIRING, PAINTING, TRIMMING, &c., done with neatness and dispatch.

Also Repairs for Thompson & Williams' Agricultural Implements kept on hand.

GODDARD & GREEN,
corner Wallace and Inkerman streets.
Listowel, June 19th, 1878. 21

MONEY TO LEND.

Private money to lend on farm property, at 8 per cent. No commission charged. Terms to suit borrowers. Apply to

SMITH & GEARING,
20 Barristers, &c., Listowel.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER

WHEN WELL PUT TOGETHER.

The place to get it is at

J. P. NEWMAN'S,

who is determined to maintain the reputation of making the best Bootsand Shoes in this section of the country, at the lowest remunerative prices.

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

READY - MADE WORK,

which will be sold at a small advance on cost.

☞ *REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.*

Large addition to Stock and Premises contemplated.

A call respectfully solicited.

J. P. NEWMAN.
April 11, 1878. 11

NOW READY!

THE

GREAT NATIONAL WORK!

ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY C. R. TUTTLE.

The new and only ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA. Just published. The most popular and saleable Work of the day. In two magnificent Grand Quarto Volumes, 600 pages in each, or in monthly numbers at 50 cents. Beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound, with 28 fine steel plates, 20 original wood cuts, and 200 Photo Lithograph Engravings, on stone, of our prominent public men.

AGENTS WANTED

in every town and county in Ontario. Send for terms and outfit at once

D. DOWNIE & Co.,
4 King St. West, Toronto. Sole Publishers. 15

HENRY T. THRIFT,

Builder and Contractor.

Stone, Brick Work, Plastering and Slating in all their branches. Fire Work and Water Tanks a specialty. Plans and Specifications got up for any size or design of house. Terms very moderate. First-class references if required. Listowel, Ont. 19y

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

500 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE

Also a number of

PARK LOTS

situated in the best part of the town.

14 Apply to PETER LILLICO.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as Stone and Marble Cutters, in the Town of Listowel, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said Partnership are to be paid to Andrew M. Morrow, and all claims against the said Partnership are to be presented to the said Andrew M. Morrow, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Listowel this twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1878.

Witness REID BARBER } A. M MORROW, WM. MITCHELL,

In reference to the above, A. M. Morrow wishes to intimate to the public that he will in future carry on the business. Orders left at the old stand will be punctually attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A. M. MORROW.
Listowel, March 26th, 1878. 9

MRS. T. W. RILEY

Wishes to inform the ladies of Listowel and surrounding country that she is now prepared to do over

STRAW WORK

in all the latest styles. Also feathers, flowers, silks and ribbons for trimming and millinery purposes.

☞ Third house from A. Morrow's corner.

RAGLAN STREET. 9

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

WM. LITTLE, Master.
DAVID FRITCHLEY, Secretary. 1y

NEW BUSINESS IN LISTOWEL.

HAYDEN & ZWALD,

WOOD CARVERS,

beg to inform the public in general that they have opened a shop in Martin's Block,

OPPOSITE THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

where they will keep on hand a general assortment of

CARVED GOODS!

Wall Pockets, Match Boxes, Cigar Boxes, Watch Stands, Clock Shelves, Brackets, Jewelry Boxes, Ink Stands, Card Baskets, Flower Vases, etc., etc., which they will sell

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Also, Pictures for sale and framed, neat and cheap.

All kinds of Carvings and Moulding Frames to choose from.

☞ Remember the stand—opposite the Grand Central Hotel.

HAYDEN & ZWALD.
Listowel, April 24th, 1878. 13

NEW GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE.

W. McMILLAN

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

Grocery and Liquor Store

—IN—

MARTIN'S BLOCK,

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

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,

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

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

W. McMILLAN.
Listowel, May 18th, 1878. 17

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

FOUR GIRLS

to work on Cane Chairs. Steady employment given. Apply at once to

20 HESS BROS.

COURT OF REVISION.

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the

TOWN OF LISTOWEL

will be held in the

GRAND CENTRAL HALL,

—ON—

Thursday, 27th June, at 10 a.m.

To hear and determine the several complaints of errors and omissions in the Assessment Roll for the said municipality for the year 1878. All persons having business at the said Court are requested to attend at the said time and place.

J. W. DEVLIN,
Town Clerk.
Listowel, 5th June, 1878. 19

LIME! LIME!

The subscriber, for the good of himself and that of his customers, has given up the kiln on the 8th concession of Elma, and built a new one on the

Farm of Mr. Thomas Lineham,

HALF MILE SOUTH OF NEWRY,

on the Gravel Road, where he has now plenty of good lime on hand, at 12½ cents per bushel at the kiln. Delivered at Listowel at 16 cents; at Monckton, 15 cents, if not less that 50 bushels are ordered.

EDWIN JAMES.
Newry, April 17, 1878. 42

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.

10 GEORGE DRAPER.

REMOVAL.

DONALD BROWN

Wishes to inform the public that he has removed across the street, into the brick block, one door east of McCosh Bros. store, and has added largely to his stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES.

THREE POUNDS OF GOOD TEA FOR $1.

Flour and Feed, Teas, Sugars, Raisins, Currants, Nuts, Confectionary, &c., always on hand, and which will be sold at the lowest living prices for cash.

Call and examine goods and prices.

D. BROWN.
Listowel, March 27th, 1878. 1

SEE HERE!

LOUIS S. ZŒGER

Has re-opened his old business

OPPOSITE ZILLIAX'S HOTEL,

WALLACE STREET,

LISTOWEL,

and will give satisfaction in the

WATCH, CLOCK, JEWELRY, ETC., LINE.

☞ Watch repairing a specialty.

Warrants for Watches and Clocks not expired are good until expiration of same.

All work warranted

Lodge and all official seals made on short notice.

LOUIS S. ZŒGER.
Listowel. March 28, 1878. 9

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

C. J. GUNDRY, having purchased Messrs. Diggins & Sellin's stock, would invite the inhabitants of Listowel and surrounding country to call and inspect his stock of

Gold and Silver Watches,
Gold, Silver and Plated Chains,
Gold and Plated Broaches and Ear Rings and Sets,
Plain and Fancy Gold and Silver Finger Rings,
Gold and Plated Studs,
Plain and Ornamental Clocks,
Fancy Goods and Toys,
Spectacles a Speciality.

All will be sold much cheaper than ever offered in Listowel before.

C. J. G. pays particular attention to repairing, and warrants his work.

Remember the Stand—East of Grand Central Hotel, and next to Maynard's Millinery Rooms, Main Street.

A GOOD CLOCK FOR ONE DOLLAR.

C. J. GUNDRY.
Listowel, March 28th, 1878. 9

500 HORSES WANTED.

Having secured the services of MR. HENRY McCONNELL, who is well and favorably known in this section as a

First - Class Horse Shoer!

We are now in a position to do Horse Shoeing in a style that cannot be surpassed. Particular attention paid to jobbing, repairing, and general blacksmithing in all its branches. We have also on hand the finest stock of

CARRIAGES

ever offered for sale in the County, consisting of Phaetons, Open and Top Buggies, Farmers Democrats, and two and three-seated Carriages, Sulkeys, and in fact everything to be found in a first-class Carriage Shop, which we will sell at

PRICES to SUIT the TIMES.

A Discount of Ten per cent. will be allowed for Cash.

LITTLE BROS. & CO.
Listowel, March 19th, 1878. 8

LISTOWEL TANNERY.

TOWNER & CAMPBELL,

Manufacturers of

SOLE LEATHER.

A full supply of

Spanish Sole Leather

constantly on hand,

Wholesale and Retail.

Listowel, Ont. 1y

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!!

TATHAM & CO.,

Offer to the public

One thousand kegs selected CUT NAILS, superior to the American make both in style and finish.
Five tons Barn Door and other Hinges.
314 dozen Locks and Knobs.
293 dozen Latches.
300 boxes Glass.
20 barrels Machine Oil.
Three tons White Lead.
10 barrels Paint Oil.

Our stock of

HARVEST TOOLS,

comprising the most celebrated makes of

SCYTHES AND FORKS,

are well assorted and unsurpassed in the Dominion.

TATHAM & CO.
Wholesale and Retail.
Listowel, Ont. 1

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,

and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. D. STATION.

14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm, containing 50 acres, east half of lot No. 3, in the 4th concession of Elma, one mile from Trowbridge and five from the town of Listowel. It is good clay loam; 45 acres cleared; good young orchard; well fenced; a good frame house, frame barn and stable. Can be purchased on reasonable terms. For full particulars apply to ROBERT ROSE, on the premises, or Trowbridge P. O. 6c

HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

ROBINSON & DUNHAM,

Taking advantage of the hard times, have purchased a large amount of

First - Class Machinery,

of the most improved kind, and are now conducting an extensive

SASH, DOOR, AND BLIND

MANUFACTORY,

where they keep constantly on hand a full supply of Sashes, Doors, and Blinds.

Patent School Desks of the latest and most approved designs made to order.

A LARGE STOCK OF DRY LUMBER AT REDUCED RATES.

All kinds of building and repairing promptly attended to.

Plans and specifications drawn up and estimates given.

The subscribers, being practical men and employing only first-class workmen, guarantee satisfaction.

Factory—Corner of Elma and mill streets, near the Foundry.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

C. H. ROBINSON, W. H. DUNHAN.
Listowel, March 28th, 1878. 9

JOSEPH CONGDON,

Builder and Contractor,

LISTOWEL, ONT.,

is prepared to contract for the erection of every description of building.

Stone work, Brick work, and Plastering

receive special attention.

THE CELEBRATED GUELPH LIME

constantly on hand and for sale.
Sole Agent for the STRATHROY COMPOSITION STONE WORKS. 1

R. MARTIN,

AGENT FOR

Selling Lands, Lending Money,

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

MONEY LOANED

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

MONEY LOANED on Second Mortgages, where the Borrower has already mortgaged. He is not required to pay off the First in order to get a Second loan. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MORTGAGES BOUGHT.

The highest price paid for good Mortgages on either Farm or Town property.

THE LANCASHIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Paid in the St. John's fire $300,000 in one month after adjustment of claims. Capital $10,000,000.

R. MARTIN, Agent.

THE WESTERN

INSURANCE COMPANY

Paid $94,000 in the St. John's fire. Assets over $1,500,000. Income over $800,000 per annum. Established 1851. This old established and reliable Company is prepared to accept all classes of property on most favorable terms. Policies issued on farm and private dwellings and contents for three years at very low rates.

Also

$3,000 WILL PURCHASE LOT NO. 39, in the 3rd concession of Minto, 100 acres; 40 acres cleared, balance a good hard wood bush; well fenced and under a good state of cultivation. $2,000 cash, balance in five years at 8 per cent. Apply to

ROBERT MARTIN.

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

R. MARTIN.

$1,000 WILL PURCHASE 100 acres, north half of lot 23, in the 4th concession Morris, lying along the railroad track; all bush. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$325 WILL PURCHASE A PARK Lot containing 4½ acres on David Wark's Survey of farm lot number twenty-three, on the second concession of Wallace. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$3,000 WILL PURCHASE THE NORTH part of lot No. 61, in the 1st con. Elma, containing 62½ acres. Good frame barn. Terms, $1,900 cash; balance to remain on mortgage at 8 per cent. for 5 years.

$1,500 WILL PURCHASE TWO-FIFTHS of an acre on north side of Alma St. A good dwelling house, nine apartments, also stable thereon. $1,000 cash, balance on time for 5 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 1

GIVING UP BUSINESS!

GENUINE CLOSING SALE

GOODS MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

CHEAP FOR CASH.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO SECURE BARGAINS!

S. McCLUNG & SON.

LISTOWEL, June 20th, 1878. 9

LONDON HOUSE.

THE CHEAPEST YET.

Three pounds first-class Tea for $1.00.

OUR 50 CENT TEA CANNOT BE BEAT IN TOWN

NEWEST STYLES AT LOWEST PRICES IN

LIGHT SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Ladies, see them before purchasing. They will repay your inspection.

WE INVITE COMPARISON IN

GENERAL DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &C.

Don't forget the place.

BEAN & GEE.

LISTOWEL, June 12, 1878. 7

NEW SPRING GOODS

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

I have received a very choice stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

which for prices and quality cannot fail to suit cash and prompt paying buyers.

In Dress Goods, Millinery, Prints, Cottons,
Broad Cloths, Tweeds, Denims,
Carpets, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Crockery
Glassware Boots and Shoes, and Liquors

My stock will be found well assorted.

THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

this season will surpass anything ever offered in Town for Style, Quality, and Cheap

GEO. DRAPER.

LISTOWEL, April 4, 1878. 1

REMOVAL.

D. D. CAMPBELL

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

WALLACE STREET.

He is now receiving more than usual full lines in

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Most of which are direct importations. PRINTS, BLACK LUSTRES, DRESS GOODS, DUNDAS COTTONS, TWEEDS, and all kinds of Goods usually kept by first-class Houses.

GROCERIES

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

READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND BOOTS & SHOES

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

First-class Suit of Clothes made to order,

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

Wallace Street is Determined to take the Lead

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

D. D. CAMPBELL.

WALLACE STREET, LISTOWEL, Ont., March 14th, 1878.

Ice Cream.

Is it the odorous breath of lilac blooms;
Is it the scent of roses, or remembrance merely,
Of the sweet smell of mignonette in evenings, long ago,
When Luna rode triumphant through high Heaven—
Long vanished evenings at the gate—
That brings this thought of sultry August night,
Of sleepless pillow, vainly sought repose?
Or is it but the buzz of tiny wings—
Persistent buzz of the unbidden guest
In the fine spacious parlours of the Tivoli?

He spoke of Rome, of Laocoon,
Of the "Last Supper" painted by Da Vinci;
But through the deep, melodious utterances of his voice,
Through the smooth-flowing rhythm of his words
Rose the faint minor music of that insect—
(Order Diptera, species Culicidæ.)
That troublesome mosquito at the Tivoli.

We drove upon the Appian Way, (in thought, I mean).
Or watched the doves that circled round the tower
Where burns the vestal light;
We visited the studio of sculptor and of painter,
Admired Murillo and Praxitiles;
And then anon—so swiftly thought can fly—
We saw Chicago rising Phœnix-like,
(This is original with me,)
Up-rising Phœnix-like,
And seen it down again with the Communists.

And yet through it all,
Can these things be in merrie month of May?
Came that mosquito; shall I say mosquitoes?
For still it duplicates and multiplies,
Till it seems many.

Alas! 'tis even thus. Poor creatures of the clay,
Burdened with earthly dross and little cares,
Though the soul fain would soar, these small vexations
Weigh it earthward; even as the insect—
Order Diptera, species Culicidæ—
Faithful mosquito of the Tivoli.

LAURA EARLE

Only a Doll.

Polly, my dolly! why don't you grow?
Are you a dwarf, my Polly?
I'm taller and taller every day;
How high the grass is!—do you see that?
The flowers are growing like weeds, they say;
The kitten is growing into a cat!
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Here is a mark upon the wall,
Look for yourself, my Polly!
I made it a year ago, I think.
I've measured you very often, dear;
But, though you've plenty to eat and drink,
You haven't grown a bit for a year.
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Are you never going to try to talk?
You're such a silent Polly!
Are you never going to say a word?
It isn't hard; and oh! don't you see
The parrot is only a little bird,
But he can chatter so easily?
You're quite a dunce, my dolly!

Let's go and play by the baby-house;
You are my dearest Polly!
There are other things that do not grow;
Kittens can't talk, and why should you?
You are the prettiest doll I know;
You are a darling—that is true!
Just as you are, my dolly!

A HORSE DETECTIVE.

BY J. E. JOHNSON.

Our hunting party had met with, for amateurs, uncommonly good luck during the day. There were but four of us, yet three fine bucks had fallen to our guns, in addition to fair bags of smaller game, and as we lay sprawling round the huge camp fire — our hunger satisfied—we smoked with calm content and chatted in the intermittent fashion usual with friends well pleased with one another and themselves.

Gradually the sentences lengthened into argument, which soon gave place to stories of adventure; every one of our congenial group dropped his tribute into the treasury. Picnics are invariably failures, but hunting parties seldom prove so, for, in addition to the longing for excitement which all young persons, whose individuality has not been crushed out by injudicious training have, there must be a kindredness of spirit to induce a number of young folks to bind themselves together in a holy alliance of good fellowship to go in search of pleasure by this thorny path.

Our party was well assorted. No two members of it were of the same social caste, no two had passed through experiences approximately similar, no two had special enthusiasms really harmonious, and no two had—frolicsomeness, geniality, a relish for discomfort, and a passion for the weed, excepted—a single trait in common.

So there we lounged, beneath the towering pines, whose cones reflected the ardent glow of our wood-fire like nuggets of virgin gold, while the balm laden breeze sang the lullaby to which — sweet as it was — there was no listening so long as a friendly voice had joke, song or story at command. There was Mahoney, when sleep was wooing us, with a tale of his own adventures in the Irish Constabulary; and no sooner had he finished than McFie struck in with a sectional view of his experience as a medical student in Edinboro' Town; long before he had done Joe Bond was uneasy to relate adventures in the China Seas, and there was another narrator in hot pursuit of him.

"Be the Mother," burst in Mahoney, toward the catastrophe of one of McFie's long-spun yarns, "does Joe intind us to perrish wi' cowld, I'd loike to know."

Joe humbly picked up an axe — he was so meek and tender-hearted a fellow that I have often wondered how he mustered up courage to hew into even a pine—and proceeded to cut a few "sticks" which for girth and height would anywhere but in the woods have passed muster as very respectable trees.

"While he's nibbling away there," says the fourth member of the group, "let us have a few moments of reflection. Sleep we can't, of course—it's out of all question now, and Joe's far away too good a fellow to be left out when good things are going the round."

"Thrue for you," ejaculated Mahoney, refilling his cutty.

"Besides he has not spun us a yarn yet, and he can talk a sight better than he can chop we all know."

The conversation then turned to horses, as it is certain to do when a number of spirited young fellows are together, and many strange instances of equine sagacity were given, but the conversation was all about the tame horse, Miles, shouldn't they?" asked the good woman as the day wore on.

"Well, they might—I could have done it, but, you know, they may have got a little mixed about the road. If they missed at the Forks, near the Falls—you know the place, old woman—they'd lose some time, but they'd come out all right if they followed the track up, though it's a roundabout way to M——"

"You're not anxious, are you, Miles?"

Anxious? Bless your soul alive! No.—Well I am just a little, about the team. I'd have liked Tim to get them in fresh and smart—for that means dollars in a bargain."

"Bother the beasts! I'm thinking of our boy—and Tim, of course."

But nothing could be seen in the direction in which the anxious couple turned their gaze but the waving boughs and broadening shadows of the forest through which a gathering gale was sending, as *avant courrier*, a dismal surge of sound.

The shadows deepened into gloom, then into utter darkness, but no sign offered of the missing ones. Still there was no very grave apprehension as to their safety. In a region like that, without roads, it was no rarity for a traveller to miss his way or be belated.

But when the next day had crawled by without their return, Miles and his wife became really concerned. Every means of accounting for their non-appearance was considered; the solution of each new canvass of chances was less hopeful than the last. At length the wife made a suggestion,—and did it with an energy which had often startled her easy-going husband and extricated him out of many a difficulty.

"Put the saddle on Jenny, Miles."

"Why, wife?" he asked.

"I'm going to find 'em, that's all."

"To find them," he exclaimed; "Why we don't know as yet that they're lost."

"Miles," she replied solemnly, "one is lost—I know it. You know I'm not a silly wench or a superstitious old wife. I *know* they're lost. Just you do as I say."

And Jennie was soon at the stoup saddled, with the energetic little woman on the back.

Miles scratched his head in wonderment as he saw her ride away. He was not of a philosophical turn of mind. Outside of farm matters he could never see the connection between any two facts. He had never reasoned much about a mother's love or tried to guage its intensity. He simply knew that his wife's habit was to act wisely, and that whatever her clear head determined must be, must. So he watched her ride away into the glades which bounded the view from the door with less of concern than of wonder as to what should next turn up.

She rode on bravely: motherly "love casteth out fear." With quick eye she noted the changing aspect of the sky, the shifting of the wind, the thousand indications which to the forester's eye are as legible as written character to the scholar. Suddenly Jenny stops—never was horse more docile, more obedient to the rein, but suddenly she stops. A sharp cut from the surprised rider has no effect. Not a step will the old mare budge—not an inch. But at an accidental twitch of the rein, she wheeled round with alacrity and before the good dame could recover from her surprise had safely carried her a good mile towards home.

"What, wife! I thought you would give up the chase," cried Miles, as he helped her down.

"I didn't; it was Jennie; I never knew her do the like before. But I tell you this—I intend to start again to-morrow."

There was not a word of enquiry as to whether the truants had returned. The mother knew full well that had they come home, her darling would have been waiting at the gate for her with moist eyes and contrition for the anxiety he had caused her.

"Yes, I go off again to-morrow."

And with hearts very heavy with grief the worthy pair retired for the night.

The next day Jrnny was again saddled.

The same result. The old mare stopped short within a yard of the spot where she halted before. There was no alternative but return.

Two days had gone by. The whole neighbourhood was aroused. There was no suspicion of foul play. It was one of the incidents of frontier life. But neighbourly sympathy, in such conditions of society generally takes the shape of real self-sacrificing help. On the third day the gate at the end of the lane swung open, and a troop of a score of young fellows with a fair sprinkle of older men rode up to Miles' door.

"We're going to look for your boy, Miles," called out a cheery stripling, well mounted.

"Thanks, a hundred thousand thanks. Missus is all but out of he mind, and she was just going off again alone. She'll stay at home now, I reckon."

"No."

"Now, wife, don't be foolish. You're worn out with what you've done already."

"Still I mean to go with them."

"Yes, do," said the first speaker, earnestly. "If a mother can't find her lost child who can hope to? Only take Jenny, ma'am."

"Not much question about that if she goes at all."

"In all but speed the troop, headed by Mrs. Brough on the wilful mare was more like a funeral procession than aught else. there was no neighbourly chit-chat, not a jest was uttered; every heart was weighted down with fear. Mile after mile through the grand arcade till they neared the spot beyond which Jenny had refused to go. Then each rein slackened and the gap between the mother and her escort widened. The same again. A dead halt on the self-same spot.

"My boy is here!" she cried, sliding from the saddle—the old mare moved away, and just where the forefeet of the sagacious animal had been planted three successive days,—the body of poor Bob was found.

Tim the tramp, had murdered him for the sake of the team.

This is a true story, and one on record in the early crime annals of Ontario.

That clock ought to be fixed up before the Exhibition. It is a sad thing to be dragged out of bed in the grey dawn by a fictitious a'arm of fire, only to learn when one reaches the door-step that the fire is a falsity, and the clock machinery alone has gone to blazes.

An interesting spectacle is an honest old farmer being purged of grease spots in the market-place by the soap-man, who, while the operation is in progress, yells to the crowd that his victim is the most shocking example he ever had to deal with. The man's face is a study, and the operator's lecture simply stunning.

Now's the time to give your pastor a purse and a holiday.

Tim was not long in getting a good footing in the family, and the neighbors all spoke well of him as an honest, hard-working lad. Bob clung to him with the tenacity of boyish affection. He had never had many companions for those of his own age among the neighbors had early to gird themselves for the struggle for existence, and till Tim's coming among them Bob had led in respect to friendships a solitary though happy life. But by the instinct which draws the frank confiding boy to the side of one a few years older than himself, whom he robes with all manly perfections, he had clung to Tim from the first, and during the three years which had passed they had seldom been long apart.

"Tim," said the father one bright May morning, as they sat at breakfast, "I was going to T—— but Meredith has been over here wanting me to give a hand in his barn raising. I can't find it in my heart to stay away for he's done me many a good turn of late."

"Ay, he's a good fellow, and one day is just as good as another for going to T——, I guess."

"No, that's just where the mess is. I must either go or send to T—— for there's some hitch or other about the title of this place of ours, and that plague of a lawyer wants some papers which will secure our claim."

"Can I go, do you think?"

"You don't know the road."

"Guess I could find it well enough. And you might let Bob go with me. Two of us aren't likely to get lost."

Bob's blue eyes glistened with delight.

"Catch me getting lost,—and if we were it would be just the kind of fun I'd strike for."

"Well, Tim," said Miles reflectively, "You might do as well as myself, for all I know. Yes, I think you can go, and — yes — you may as well take the bay team. Meiklejohn made me an offer for them when I was round there, and we can get on well enough with the three year olds. Don't make a trade, Tim; just let him see the beasts and say what he thinks of them."

So within an hour Tim had donned his best and Bob, likewise arrayed "for glory and for beauty" had packed a huge basket of victuals, and the team, two beautiful bays, were put to, the gate swung on its hinges, and, as the buggy swept out of sight the good wife with the remark that the day was "awful hot," passed her checked apron over her face, under pretense of wiping off the prespiration which did not appear, but really to catch the tear-drop which is the mother's farewell to her heart's pride and joy.

* * * * * * *

"They ought to be back by this time, Miles, shouldn't they?" asked the good woman as the day wore on.

"Well, they might—I could have done it, but, you know, they may have got a little mixed about the road. If they missed at the Forks, near the Falls—you know the place, old woman—they'd lose some time, but they'd come out all right if they followed the track up, though it's a roundabout way to M——"

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Ideas on Prohibition.

Practical Prohibition in Canada is something which, in the opinion of many whose opinions deserve consideration, an utter impossibility, and not to be thought of. But there appear to be a large number whose idea is the promotion of temperance in any way which may be suggested, never thinking that by encouraging any movement—be it in the direction of legislation or any other—which has in view that object, they are discouraging means which they conscientiously believe to be more effectual in their operation, and more in unison with human nature. For instance, many who voted for the Dunkin Act avowedly did so simply because they considered that anything having for its supposed object the promotion of temperance deserved encouragement. But these same people had no faith whatever in the Act itself. They were encouraging a movement with which they had little sympathy, and obstructing the way for the employment of more practical means. But there are men who are actually so blinded by prejudice, or we might say ignorant, and so unobserving of human nature, as to imagine that the drinking of a glass of ale or wine being made a crime people will therefore abstain from indulgence in it. Where there is a strong probability—in fact, an absolute certainty, of any of the laws in the country being universally set at defiance the sooner the repeal of such laws is secured the better, as by their continuance on the Statute Book the laws generally and the courts are thrown into open contempt. Take, for instance, the Crooks Act. It has reduced the number of licenses down to much less than half of what they used to be, and the rabid temperance declaimers are delighted with their apparent success, but if they were aware that there was fully as much if not more liquor sold and drunk now than there used to be under the old system, they might not feel so elated over it. Of course, they are not aware of it. But take the opinion of one who "knows the ropes," one who is in the habit of "going round," and he will at one tell you that there is more liquor sold now than there used to be. For what reason? Simply because unlicensed houses are obliged to be careful whom they let in, and the difficulty of obtaining entrance is so great that when once in they stay there and have a "time" with "the boys." And how is the time spent? In the cracking of coarse jokes, the relating of smutty yarns and the discussion of all the latest gossip. These are facts, and cannot be ignored, no matter how distasteful they may appear to us. Temperance agitators are entirely ignorant of the existence of such places, or at least of their number and the magnitude of their business, and it is not until these men are prepared to admit actual fact as positive proof that there can be any change in the present mode of warfare against the vices of intemperance. One of the greatest mistakes that Temperance agitators have fallen into is their desire to remove these evils from the *face* of society. Now it is contended and with no little show of reason that the evils which underlie the surface of society are much greater than those on the surface; for anything, especially such an evil as intemperance, which has the cloak of secresy thrown over it is in a position to accomplish much more actual damage than anything which is exposed to the eye of the public. This is common sense at any rate. Older countries have passed through the agitations which we are now having, and have learnt through the routine of actual experience that all efforts to stamp out this and kindred evils are futile. They have, therefore to take the next best thing, which is a proper regulation of the traffic and the thorough peotection of the public at large. But here their main object is to cast the evils under the surface where they can grow at the very heart of society. It would be a difficult task to convince a thinking man that drinking a glass of ale was a crime and punishable in the same way as theft and other similar offences, no matter how many statutes there are to that effect. Common sense teaches us differently. But this is is one of the great objects which the temperance men have in view, and until the general public are disposed to take a more liberal and common sense view of the question than is at present taken by a great many there is nothing to warrant our expectation of any actual improvement in the present state of affairs.

Formerly licensed houses may be closed up and the exterior of society may present an improved appearance; but it will have that within which will eat up the fruits of industry, and carry misery and desolation into many a happy home. Our remarks are intended for those whose ideas of Tempeaance are nothing short of Total Prohibition, which is one of two extremes and has no claim whatever to the former name. Let every man give the question his most serious consideration and see if some rational means cannot be taken for the uplifting of the fallen and the elevation of humanity in general. Let us seek to elevate, not degrade mankind.

Misfortunes of a Chinaman.

The night before last, on the occasion of the Turn Verein masquerade, a carriage called at a house in the southern part of the town. The driver rapped at the front door and said that he called for the young lady that was to go to the ball. He was told that he must have mistaken the house, but he insisted that he had not. He knew he was right, and wanted the lady to come out at once if she was ready. The master of the house is somewhat of a joker. He went to the kitchen and told his Chinaman that he must go to the ball and help about the supper; that a carriage was waiting to take him to the place, and if he did his work well he would get $5 for his night's work.

The eyes of the Celestial fairly sparkled with delight. He donned his best blue frock and rimless cap and left the house at once. When he approached the carriage the eyes of the driver expanded widely, but he opened the door and politely assisted the supposed masker into it, then drove off, thinking what a stunner he had made.

Presently the carriage stopped at another house and took in a "gorilly" and a "Piute squaw." The Chinaman was a good deal alarmed at the sight of this, and fired off a string of his native lingo, winding up with, "what for you come in here? You tink me fliaid? You no make me fliaid — dam foolee!"

The gorilla growled fiercly, and the Piute squaw said: "You one heap big Shinaman, me bet you! You talk em pooty good."

John fumed and fretted about having the queer creatures in the vehicle with him, frequently poking out his head, and calling upon the driver to stop and put them out, at all of which the gorilla growled and the squaw laughed heartily. "You bet your life," said the driver to himself, "she's the chief! If she don't carry off that gold watch then the fellows that give out the first prize are regular idiots!"

Finally Cooper's Hall was reached, and the Chinaman, being assisted to alight, followed the others into the hall. The driver was so much pleased with the manner in which this young lady played her part that he was determined to see more of her. He got a brother "whip" to look out for his team for a moment, and entered the hall with the new arrivals.

When they reached the Examining Committee the "gorilla" and "squaw" made it right at once by giving their names. When asked his name the Chinaman said: "Quen Sing."

"Yes, we know," said the committee; "but your right name. We must know the right name of every person we admit."

"What for you talkee name? Me tells you me name Quen Sing. Come, no foolee; me washee dish, fixee supper!"

"Really you must give us your true name. It is a rule we can't—"

"It's Miss——" whispered the driver to the doorkeeper, "and O, she's a good one! Let her in; she'll fool 'em all."

"Ar! oh!" said the doorkeeper, and John marched right along in.

Once he was inside the fearful things that met his gaze nearly frightened him out of his wits. Nothing but the hope of getting his $5 prevented his stampeding at once. His frightened looks soon began to attract attention as a fine piece of acting, and the "Fireman's Daughter," "Dundreary," and "Nan the good for nothing," wanted to see more of him, and started in to draw him out.

"Me wantee go kitchen cookee supper—fixee table."

"Here is the way to the kitchen!" shouted "Crazy Jane," and she gave John a whirl that nearly took him off his feet.

"This way," cried Little Bo Peep, "down here with the sheep."

John was pulled and hauled in all directions, even by the other Chinamen, who gabbled at him in language he did not understand. He clamored for the kitchen and called everybody "dam foolee," causing immense fun on account of his inimitable naturalness.

To please him and to have fun below, the "Queen of Spades," and the "Brewer's Daughter" escorted John to the lower hall, where the supper was being prepared. He caused roars of laughter by insisting upon being shown where he was to begin work, and by making frequent mention of the "fife dollar" he was to receive. The madder John got, the more fun he made.

Finally, to the surprise of all, he made a break for the door, knocking over the "Queen of Spades" in his flight, and sped away in the darkness, regardless of the doorkeeper's cry of "Cheeck, sir."

Those who witnessed John's departure supposed that he had only returned to the upper hall, and said, "such a make-up and such acting is astounding; I wonder how she manages to keep up the Chinese expression so well. And the color, too. It must be she has a rubber mask."

The wonderful Chinaman was much sought for when it came to awarding the prizes, but could nowhere be found. He had won the gold watch, but didn't know it, for he was down in Chinatown trying to get himself drunk by smoking opium, which he couldn't do on account of the great number and length of Mongolian oaths he was swearing. — *Virginia (Nev.,) Enterprise.*

A Very Tragical Tale.

The nature and origin of the female passion for closets ought long ago to have challenged the investigation of scientific men. The love of closets is a a distinguished characteristic of the sex. Man does not care for closets, and can live comfortably in a room without a single closet. A bureau, a trunk, or even two or three chairs are all that he needs. He keeps his shirts, collars, and other more obstruse garments in the bureau drawers or in the trunk, and throws his coat and trousers on the chairs. If an unmarried man has a closet, he rarely knows what to do with it, and, as a rule, uses it only as a place of deposit for boots, guns, and crumpled newspapers. The married man looks on the closet as a diabolical device for the concealment of his other coat and his new umbrella. Articles such as these constantly find their way to closets where they are concealed behind innumerable skirts, all of which must be thrown on the floor before the object of search can be found. In fact, it may truly be said that the male mind loths closets in every form, and there is no case on record of a solitary man building closets for his own use. Robinson Crusoe built chairs, but he never dreamed of making a closet.

On the other hand, woman's comfort, not to say her life, is wholly dependent upon closets. She refuses to use a trunk except when travelling, and she believes that a bureau-drawer is meant to hold nothing except pasteboard boxes, in each one of which she puts a piece of ribbon, an artificial flower, or a small lace collar. It is alleged, though of course there are difficulties in the way of proving it, that women do not object to placing their garments on chairs when preparing for bed, and we know nothing concerning it with certainty. There are stories to the effect that when midnight fires have occurred at large hotels, female garments have been found hanging over the backs of chairs, but these stories need authentication. However this may be, it is morally certain that no woman will use a chair as a permanent place of deposit for clothing. Not only is this true in regard to her own clothing, but she refuses to permit her husband's clothing to occupy chairs. Many a man who has left a coat temporarily on a chair has seen it snatched up by his wife, with the remark that she wished he would quit "cluttering up the whole room." Of course, one coat laid on one of half a dozen chairs cannot truthfully be said to "clutter up a whole room;" but of such is the veracity of woman.

So deeply rooted is this feminine passion for closets that it is doubtful if any woman can live when totally deprived of closets. There was an arrogant and brutal husband who once built a house without a single closet, merely in order, as he said, to convince his wife that closets are unnecessary. That unfortueate woman was well and strong when she moved into the house, but three days afterward she began to droop. She would walk aimlessly from room to room with a spare dress hanging on her arm, and would make futile efforts to hang it up on flies or casual spots on the wall. She grew rapidly worse, and at the end of the week a physician was called in, who soon discovered what was the matter, and informed the husband that his wife's system imperatively required closets. The cold-blooded monster explained that the house was finished and that it was too late to furnish it with closets. The physician felt the force of the argument, and thereupon recommended "wardrobes" or similar devices, not with the hope of curing the patient, but as palliatives. The brutal husband would not buy a single wardrobe, and unfeelingly said that his wife could put her things on chairs. Being a conscientious man the doctor at once threw up the case, and in a fortnight the woman died. There is not the slightest doubt as to her disease, and the doctor has always maintained that had her system been toned up with two or three large closets she would have recovered.

What is the origin of this intense devotion to closets on the part of women? It does not take any very close scrutiny to discover a religious element in this peculiar passion. Closets are worshipped, so to speak, by women, not because they are necessary — for man has demonstrated that trunks, bureaus, and chairs meet all the requirements of home life—but because they are the modern representatives of the ancient and forgotten shrines of the household divinities. The Roman matron had a closet, but she did not use it for skirts and corsets. It was sacred to her private god and goddess, whose statues it held, and was really a domestic temple. Heathenism died out, but the custom of building a closet in every house, exclusively for female use, survived. The name the meaning of the closet was forgotten, and it became a depository of female garments. The spirit of reverence, however, still lingered in the sex, and every woman felt instinctively that the closet was sacred. To-day no woman has the slightest idea of the true meaning of her love for closets, and would be surprised were she told that a superstitious reverence for the household temple, inherited from distant and heathen ancestors, still survives in her bosom.

War or Peace.

The Sultan has dismissed his incapable brother-in-law, Mahmoud Damad Pasha, from his post as Ministe of War, thereby avoiding, in all probability, a serious emeute on the part of the Army, with whom the ex-Minister was extremely unpopular. But the rumoured superseding of the Vizier, Mehemet Ruchdi, by Safvet Pasha, is a more questionable measure, three Premiers within little more than as many weeks being a startling phenomenon even for Turkey. It seems probable enough that the Sultan will end by doing what he has been repeatedly urged to do, and what he ought to have done long ago, viz., recalling Midhat Pasha, who has acquired a reputation for honesty as well as energy almost unique among Turkish statesmen, and commands the respect, if not the affection, of both parties alike. In St. Petersburg, the excitement caused by the first news of the Anglo-Russian agreement seems to have completely subsided, despite the continued outcries of the Panslavists against the "extravagant concessions" made by Russia. Indeed, the coming up of the Czar to St. Petersburg from his country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Tillage) last Tuesday, to hold a special consultation with Prince Gortchakoff, sufficiently shows how thoroughly the spirit of peace is in the ascendant. The prince, who is now well enough to travel, is as determined as ever to appear at the congress, whither he will be accompanied by Count Schouvaloff and by the Russian envoy at Berlin, Prince D'Oubril. The recent utterance of the *Agence Russe*, that "the spirit which seems to animate the various Cabinets gives hope that the Eastern question will be dealt with in a broad sense, with the object of reaching a common understanding and consolidating the peace of Europe," probably represents the present feeling of Russia fairly enough.

The Season.

Away to the seaside—off to the Exposition, packing up for a month's camping out. This is the sort of thing we hear everywhere. In Canada, be the times hard or otherwise, no one reckons among things possible the foregoing of the summer change. We have reproduced many old country customs, but we have not introduced the custom of staying at home and at work the whole round of the year. From Cape Breton to Vancouver it would be hard to find a human being who does not look on the summer trip as a matter of course. The Canadian regards it as he does measles, bankruptcy, municipal bonuses or any other earthly necessity. It is as natural for him to go to spots where mosquitoes are thickest, as it is for the tuneful insects to scarify him when he gets there. The European travels in summer from habit; the Canadian does it from instinct. It is useless to quarrle with even a bad instinct, and this certainly does not come within that category.

Lawrence Barrett refused to give a recitation for the benefit of a clergyman at Detroit His reason was that the profession, of which he was so humble member, owed nothing to the clergy.—*Baltimorean.*

The Derby Day.

(From the New York Sun.)

During the past three days a change has come over the appearance of London. At the railroad stations every incoming train disgorges troops of fashionably-attired young men, together with a considerable sprinkling of very clean-looking elderly gentlemen, having a slightly horsey air; and in addition to these a number of dapper-looking "cads," with shiny hats and light-colored overcoats. The clubs are crammed full, but are at a premium all over the town, and waiters are worked 20 hours out of the 24; for this morning is the ninety-eighth anniversary of the Derby, which is always run on the Wednesday before Whitsunday.

The Epsom races came into fame through a man whose name is very familiar to Americans—Gen. Burgoyne. He had been accustomed to stay at an inn called "The Oaks," when hunting and shooting in that then wild district, where it is likely enough that he retired when in disgrace on his return home from this country. Taking a fancy to the place, he bought it, and in a few years later sold it to his friend and patron, Lord Derby, great grandfather of the present Earl. Lord Derby a second wife was Miss Farren, a famous actress, to whose careful instruction the late Earl is said to have been indebted considerably for having become the first orator in the House of Commons, and on the occasion of her marriage Burgoyne composed a well-known poem, called "The Maid of the Oaks."

In 1779 Lord Derby, delighted with the racing facilities offered by the Downs, established "The Oaks Stakes," and in the following year "The Derby Stakes," so that the latter great race is within two years of its centenary. The Oaks, transformed by Lord Derby into a vast hunting establishment, with fifty bedchambers, long ago passed from the Stanleys. The present Earl cares for none of these things, doesn't enter his stables at Knowsley once in a month, and probably has neyer been on a race course thrice in his life; but his father was as notable on the turf as in the Senate, and yet, like his friend, Lord George Bentinck, the leading turfite of his time, was never destined to win a Derby.

The first winner of the Oaks (run on the Friday after the Derby) was Lord Derby's Bridget, and the first winner of the Derby was Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. The most celebrated horse which ever ran at Epsom was Eclipse, entered when full five years old, for the maiden plate of £50. Eclipse was bred by the Culloden Duke of Cumberland, so named because foaled at the time of the great eclipse of 1764. He was bought when a yearling by a Mr. Wildman for seventy-five guineas. The history of the purchase is curious. Wildman had a friend in the Duke's stud who had given him a "tip," as to the extraordinary excellence of Eclipse. So, as soon as he heard that the Duke's stud was to be sold, he hurried to Windsor, but didn't arrive until his object had been knocked down for £70. He found, however, that the sale had begun before the hour named, and forthwith protested, and insisted that the lots be put up again. This was done, and Wildman got him for five guineas more.

In 1769 O'Kelly, an Irish adventurer, who had an extraordinary career, bought a half share of Eclipse for 950 guineas from Wildman, and subsequently completed the purchase for 1,100 guineas more. On the Duke of Bedford asking, in 1769, how much he would take for him, he is said to have replied, "By the mass, my lord, it's not all Bedford level"—a farm tract worth some £10,000 a year, and thrice that sum now—"could purchase him." In later days O'Kelly stated that he had made £25,000 by the horse. Nothing comparable to him has been known on the turf. He beat every competitor with the utmost ease. In twenty-three years his progeny earned for their owners £128,071.

In 1788 Eclipse was removed from his owner's house at Epsom to Cannons in a van, and died in the following February, aged 25. "Cakes and ale" were given at his funeral, and he lies buried in a picturesque spot on the grounds.

A good case of biter bit occurred at Epsom in old Lord Derby's day. A young foreigner, a great favorite with the hunting men of the district, was induced, after dinner, to back a horse of his which had been easily beaten in a former match by the mare of a noted stable keeper. The stable keeper fixed upon a servant of a gentleman present as his jockey; the foreigner selected his own groom. Two days, however, before the match the foreigner learned that his opponent had secretly engaged a regular jockey, and mentioned this to a "horsey" Yorkshire friend, addimg that of course his chance was now gone. The friend told him to go instantly to Newmarket, and hire Buckle, the first jockey of the day. When he reached Epsom, the foreigner found the innkeeper and his friends in high spirits, and betting heavily on the mare. The foreigner said that his man would arrive in a few minutes, and the horses were saddled. Just then a post chaise drove up, and Buckle, perfectly equipped, stepped out, was on the foreigner's horse in a trice, and by skilful riding brought him in the winner.

The apartments in the grand stand at Epsom, were originally, it is said, designed for gambling rooms. When gambling became illegal, a Mr. Dorling, whose "forte" was of the race was for years a feature of the course, took the stand for twenty-one years, and refused to allow any gambling, although once offered $1,000 for a corner wherein to carry it on. But if there is not gambling in the graud stand, there is plenty outside of it. The most notable wrecks of late years have been the late Marquis of Hastings, who was completely ruined, and Lord Courtenay, who passed through the bankruptcy court owing $3,500,000. In 1837 all London was horrified by the suicide of the Hon. Berkeley Craven, on the evening of the Derby day. He would have been a defaulter at Tattersall's to the tune of $40,000 through recklessly backing Lord Jersey's famous Bay Middleton.

Both at Epsom and Ascot there is always a Police Magistrate in attendance at the graud stand, and a regular court-room, clerk, &c., so that cases may be promptly dealt with, and time and trouble saved—a highly necessary course, now that railroads have practically made these resorts a suburb of the great metropolis.

Women's Quarters.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1878. — So the Women's Hotel is a first-class failure. Mrs. Stewart has reluctantly come to this conclusion, and so has Judge Hilton, and the fair women who had their trunks taken there a couple of months ago are to be turned out right off, and their rooms given to men. Well, no one is much surprised, anyway. The hotel project promised from the start to end in a fizzle. There are three causes for what has happened.

1. The price of board was altogether too high.

2. The rules governing admission were too strict, and seemed to make the hotel a sort of reformatory.

3. Women, even those who have reached the sere and yellow period do not like to be shut off from the other sex and deprived of the opportunities to catch beaux, and possibly husbands.

These are the chief reasons why the great Women's Hotel project has come to grief. There had always been some doubt as to success, but when the rules and regulations became known the doubts disappeared. Then it became perfectly clear that absolute failure was only a question of time.

Several years ago, about the time that Mr. Stewart began work on the Women's Hotel, and people were talking about his generosity in proposing to build a fine home for poor working girls, a home or house of that kind was already in operation. It was a large building on Elizabeth-street, near Canal, and it had a matron and several assistants, whose business it was to keep the house in order and make the girls behave themselves. Of course they did not succeed in the latter point, for the more you try to make girls behave themselves the more they won't do it.

The home got a number of notices gratis from the newspapers, and as the charges for board and lodging were moderate and the building was conveniently located for the class it was intended te benefit, the prospects of success seemed good. Everything went on nicely for a while, but by-and-by

THE GIRLS BEGAN TO "KICK"

against the rules, and at last they kicked them clean out of doors. Then they went out after them and did not return. Everything was turned topsey-turvey, and the Working Girls' Home no longer had a local habitation or a name. No wonder, said everybody; it was under the management of women, and of course women don't know how to manage anything. Just wait till the Stewart Home is finished and you will see what a man can do in such a case.

Well, we have seen.

Judge Hilton is a man, and a pretty smart one, too, but he can't manage a Woman's Hotel and make it pay. The thing borders too closely on the impossible. If Mr. Stewart had provided in his will that $900 a day should be taken out of his estate to pay the expenses of the hotel, then Judge Hilton would have succeeded to a certainty; but Stewart intended that the hotel should be self-supporting, and that was how the trouble came about.

The fifty women who had their trunks taken in and paid altogether about $400 a week for their living were actuated by the very best motives, no doubt, but when it cost about $600 a week more to support them than they paid, it was time for Judge Hilton to look around and see what was to be done.

He did, and the only thing he could see was that the experiment should be abandoned. Mrs. Stewart came to the same conclusion at the same time, and the order to shut up was issued. Some of the borders have already left, others are preparing to go, and in a week or so the hotel will be thrown open to the general public. Judge Hilton thinks it will succeed as a public hotel like the Metropolitan or the St. Nicholas, but that remains to be seen. As the building

COST NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS.

It is quite natural that Judge Hilton should desire to make it pay running expenses, at least. But it won't be an easy matter to do this under any circumstances. The interest account alone foots up over $250,000. The probabilities are that no matter how well the hotel is managed, this won't be paid. It is a larger sum than any other hotel in New York can clear. The net rent of the