Listowel Standard.

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THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I was readin' a newspaper paragraph de odder day to de effeck dat de keepin' of so many dogs aroun' 'em would allus keep de cull'd race poo'," said the old man as the meeting came to order. "Let us analize dat statement a bit. It am estimated dat de cull'd people of dis kentry own an eben 2 000,000 dogs. To feed dese dogs sequa'sat least 1,000,000 pounds of crumbs, scraps, 'tater skins, apple cores, oie bones, an' sich, worth about two cents a poun'. In odder words, it costs about fifteen cents per week to feed a big dog, which am tied up an' can't forage on de nayburs. Now, what am de companionship of a big yaller dog with to a family? Would ten times fifteen cents per week offset dat? When de cold wind howls an' night shuts down, isn't it wuth a two dollar bill to see de chill'en gather clus aroun' de stove—to h'ar de teakettle sing—to watch de fish snap, an' to know dat de dog am takin' a sweet nap under de bed? Who created de dog? Why, de Lawd, of course. What fur? Why, to be a companion to man and purtect his pusson an' property. Would it look berry well to see a poo' cull'd man git up an' sniff at de handiwork of de Creator? Shall we refuse to accept de gifts created fur us? If de Lawd didn't know what He war 'bout when He made an anamile an' called it a dog, den advice from newspapers am all right. I have estimated dat de 2,000,000 dogs spoken of prevent 500,000 burglaries each year. Dey am de cause of 6,000,000 chickens not bein' stole: likewise half a million cords of wood; likewise ober 200,000 axes an' saws. I doan' believe in dog-worship, but I do believe dat it am our dooty to take de gifts of our Creator an' make de best possible use of dem. I keep a Scotch terrier to bite Scotch burglars; an Irish setter to sot down on Irishmen, an' I has one or two odders who pay dar way by killin' rats an' bitin' tramps. Nex' to de glorious sight of seein' a 200 pound man wheelin' a ten pound baby along de streets am dat of seein' a cullud man pecin' his way down town arter a codfish, wid five dogs follerin' clus at his heels in single file."

PETITIONS.

Among the eighteen petitions on the desk of the secretary was the following:

MOBILE, Feb. 28, 1881.

Hon Bro Gardner.

DEAR SIR: I am familiarly known in this region as the Great Southern Wizard. I cure corns by breathing on them. I can knock a wart bigger than a kite inside of four days. My success with tape-worm has been immense. Bunions get up and travel when they see me coming, and ringworms disappear at my approach. Do you hold out any encouragement for me to locate in Detroit? Please add my name to the list of petitioners, and let it be understood that in case of my election I will cure any member of the club of fits free of cost.

Very truly,
ANTICOSTI M. SMITH,
T. G. S. Wizard.

The petition was referred to the usual committee, and the president said:

"We can't safely incouraige dat man. About ten y'ars ago I incouraged a wizard to drap up heah from Virginny an' go to work. He doctored old Daddy Williams about six months fur tape-worm bef' he found out dat a broken rib had raised all de trouble, an' de way he breathed de coins off my old w man's feet laid her up fur fo'teen weeks an' cost me thirty dollars in cash."

ELECTION.

The following candidates were shaken out of the bean box in Sir Isaac's best style: Trustee Small, Thompson White, Col. Nero Smith, Rev. David Goudtown, Elder Jason Brown, Captain Claudius Parsioe, J. Hicks Hastings and Two Shillings Bailey.

SQUELCHED.

Trustee Pullback, to whose care was intrusted the petition of the colored men of Michigan to the Legislature to amend the game laws of the State in certain points, arose with a very solemn expression of countenance and reported that he had been authentically informed that the petition had never been presented. In fact, it had been summarily sat down on and then used to stuff rat holes in the basement of the Capitol building.

There was dead silence for some time, and then Pickles Smith presented the following resolution:

"Resolved, Dat dis club has lost confidence in the Legislachur of de State of Michigan, an' dat it will have no mo' truck wid dat body from this time out."

The resolution was adopted without a dissenting vote, and the Secretary will forward notices to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Secretary announced the following:

ELMIRA, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1881.

Bro. Gardner, President Lime Kiln Club:

DEAR SIR: Noting with pleasure from week to week the words of wisdom uttered by you, the many thoughtful decisions of arbitrary questions, and the kind and soothing words of advice to those in trouble, as reported in the published proceedings of the Lime-Kiln Club, I take the liberty of asking the meaning of the word "transmogrified."

I heard the word at a colored church in this city by one of the trustees who, in a discussion with another of the officials made use of this expression: "What's de use in habin' rules of de church if dey am all de time gwine to be transmogrified?"

I have searched the "almanac" all through and am unable to find the word. By giving this matter your attention you will confer a favor on your and the club's Well wisher,

ARCHIE HOWE.

"What does 'transmogrified' mean?" mused Brother Gardner in reply, as he scratched his head and looked fixedly at the Bear-trap.

The Rev. Penstock was on his feet like a spring gun, and asked:

"Shall I inform de President what dat word means?"

The old man turned half around and gave the reverend a look which took the three top buttons off his vest. Then he slowly and deliberately said:

"Brudder Penstock, I know you has bin as far east as Quebec, an' as far west as Chicago, but it am impossible fur one man to collect all de knowledge of de kentry an' lock it up in his own head. I spect dat at least half de members of dis club know what transmogrified means, and I is now about to enlighten de other half. De only difference between transmogrified an' transformed am all in de spellin' I had occasion to look the word up a few days ago when some base man transmogrified my buck-saw an' fo' hens from my possession to his."

GENIUS INVOKED.

The Secretary of the Board of Trade of Milan, Ohio, forwarded a communication in which he asked whether a person suffering with chilblains could pull off his boots and scratch his heels in church or the theater without outraging public sentiment.

"Dat am a quesnun which has giv me considerable thought," said the President. "Sometimes it seems as if he could, an' agin it seems as if he couldn't. De bizness of chilblains am to itch and be uneasy. De bizness of de owner am to pacify de uneasiness. You can't talk to a chilblain, nor argy wid it, nor scare it away wid threats. It takes mo' nerve to set still for ten minits wid your feet ticklin' an' tinglin' an' itchin' dan it does to face a mad lion fur half an hour. It seems as if sumthin' had got to be did, but what to do am de quesnun. I believe dat genius should be invoked. I believe genius can attach a nutmeg-grater to an iron rod, and fit de masheen inside de boot, so dat when de uneasiness begins a movement of de rod will agitate de grater along de sole of de foot an' bring on a peaceful calm. I believe we have de genius in dis club, an' fur de sake of bringin' him out I will hereby offer a reward of $25 from de treasury to de inventor of a successful chilblain scratcher."

Something of the sort will no doubt be brought out soon, and the successful genius may look for a large sale and big profits.

SONG.

The hour for closing having arrived, the Glee Club tuned up, as follows:

De gentle spring am almost here,
De sun am gittin high;
De snow am gently sidin' out,
De ice begins to fly.

In thirt days or dar abouts
De grass will take its green,
An' all of us kin slosh aroun'
In April mud an' rain.

De robin will begin to rob,
De blue-bird will feel blue;
De crow will crow-bar on his way,
De buzzards buzz anew.

Now let us all feel proper glad,
An' lose no time, indeed,
In castin' 'round among our friends
To borry onion seed.

—A Methodist revival at Bellefontaine Ohio, is conducted in a vigorous manner The minister in one meeting got down on all fours, and careered up and down the aisle, to illustrate a dog simile; and on another occasion several of the sisters seized a young sinner of their own sex, and forcibly carried her to the chancel. She cried for help, and was rescued by her mother.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—An ordinance against profanity is rigidly enforced at Avon, Ill. A simple d——n brings a fine of $3 and stronger swearing costs more.

—Pennsylvania farmers, in Washington county, are scattering sheaves of wheat along the hedges for the benefit of the suffering partridges.

—All the physicians at Hoosick Falls, N.Y., have agreed to respond to no calls from families who have unpaid bills more than three months old.

—Texas has a law, now about to be repealed, requiring every railroad train to stand still five minutes on arriving at the boundary line of the State.

—Bjornsen visited Albert Lea, Minn., during a religious revival among his countrymen. It is said that he talked infidelity to them, and, therefore was not warmly received.

—On the announcement that the "Bankrupt is about to be put upon the stage" the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* comments: "Hereabouts he generally goes in his own carriage."

—The St. Louis *Globe Demorrat* calls for two new literary characters. It says Maggie May and Jennie June are already prominent, and that there is room yet for Aggie August and Sarah September.

—"It would save a good deal of trouble and endless mistake," says the London *World*, "if men had their names emblazoned on their shirt fronts and ladies theirs embroidered on the bosoms of their dresses.

—The Italian Minister of Public Instruction lately appointed an ex priest professor in the university at Pavia. In his first lecture the professor told his pupils that "belief in God and a future life was a myth." Though petitioned to revoke his commission, the Minister refuses to do so.

—Switzerland was visited, according to statistics collected by the Alpine club of Italy, by 1,400,000 tourists in 1879. Of these 700,000 came from Germany and Austria, 280,000 from England, 200,000 from France, and 60 000 from the United States. The foreign travel is estimated to pay the Swiss $40,000,000 annually.

—There is in London a Cinderella Dancing club. As the name indicates, all the dances break up at the hour of midnight. But to belong to this fraternity or sisterhood—for ladies are eligible—you must first establish your character as a proficient dancer by showing your ability to waltz up the ballroom, so as to never deviate from one plank. Then you have to perform the same feat "doing the reverse."

—Mrs. Armstrong, a young and charming widow with a fortune of $30,000, was received into the best society of Columbus, Ohio. She married Hermann Cozzilius, the Treasurer of the county. Two weeks after the wedding she was arrested for the murder of her first husband, whose father had for two years kept detectives at work on the case, and had at last discovered testimony clearly implicating her.

—There is a reaction from frivolity to seriousness in theatricals. A few years ago Booth was the only actor on the American stage appearing in Shakespearean parts, and some of his engagements were unprofitable. Next season, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo, Thomas W. Keene, Daniel H. Harkins, Barry Sullivan and William E. Sheridan will be in the Shakespearean field.

—Some excavations, commenced at the distance of about a kilometre from the walls of Pompeii, with a view to ascertain the nature of the surroundings of the city, have led to the discovery, within an area of but a few square metres, of thirty skeletons, ten of which were huddled together in one room of a small suburban villa, and among and upon the bones we found bracelets, necklaces, earrings and other objects.

—A burlesque company was performing at Atlanta. The Mayor had sent a police captain and three men to arrest the actresses if they did anything outrageously improper. The silk tights worn by some "living statues" were so perfect in flesh color that the captain doubted if they were really tights at all, and he invaded the stage with his force, but an inspection showed that his suspicion was groundless, and the show was allowed to go on.

—The late Mr. Bell of Glasgow is known to have laid out £200,000 in pictures, and there was bitter lamentation when it was found that he had forgotten to sign the codicil by which he bequeathed his gallery to the city. It now seems questionable whether the collection would have been worth accepting, as the recent sale has realized just £28,000, or less than one eighth the amounted expended by the owner, whose "zeal" was decidedly "not according to knowledge."

—The London Society of Arts has decided to award three silver medals for as many London houses as may be found, on examination to be furnished with the best known sanitary appliances. The conditions include proper provisions against frost, infection, damp and other cognate evils. The comment of an English contemporary on this is that if the judges have to visit the metropolitan houses until they discover three worthy of the prize the peripatetic labors of Diogenes will be trivial compared with their task.

—Colley's defeat and death will be a personal victory to Sir Garnet Wolsely, who was entirely opposed to Sir Bartle Frere's policy in the Transvaal, and who had in consequence incurred the displeasure of the Horse Guards. It is certain that Sir Garnet was on this account kept out of the Commandership in-chief in India. According to precedence, he was entitled on his return from South Africa to a step in rank which would have involved his promotion to the command. But he was set aside to make way for less brilliant but more prudent and circumspect officers. Now his time has come.

—This has been a hard winter indeed for settlers in the Northwest. The starvation and freezing of cattle in Montana have caused, it is said, a loss of about 20 per cent. Hay has not been obtainable off the main lines of travel at any cost, and the deep snow has made transportation and browsing alike impossible. Hay at $45 a ton in a country where fodder does not usually enter into the expense account of stock raising makes it sometimes cheaper to kill cattle than to save them. Dakota has also a fuel famine.

—Dr. Wm. Sharawood, of Philadelphia, in a recent lecture on sound, gave the vocal compass of a number of the artistes in the Mapleson opera company, now performing in this country. Miramon's compass is from C to F in alt; Gerster's from B to F sharp in alt.; Carey's from F to B flat. The present principal soprano (boy) of Trinity church has a compass from E to B, with a voice light and flexible; another from B flat to G, full and strong, though not flexible. A German boy of the same choir, seven years old, had a compass from C to D in alt., over two octaves, fairly even throughout, and strong. There is no difficulty in getting a good high A from the chorus sopranos of this choir.

—The value of the grape and wine product of California for 1880 is estimated at $3,500,000. The State furnished over 10,000,000 gallons of wine, 450 000 gallons of brandy, $100,000 worth of raisins, and grapes for preserving and table use to the value of $100,000 or $150,000 more. The new brandy is worth at wholesale $1.15 a gallon. The new vineyards that have been planted cover 8.000 to 10,000 acres. In Sonoma county alone 2 000 acres were planted in vines last year. In Napa county the wine product has increased from 297,670 gallons in 1870 to 2,460,000 last year. Land for wine growing may be had for $5 to $125 an acre, according to location and soil.

—A very unpleasant impression has been caused in Switzerland by the announcement that the Government of Schaffhausen are about to propose to the Great Council of the canton the sale of the famous Schaffhausen onyx, for which a rich collector has offered a very large sum. The onyx, being a part of the spoil of the battle of Grandson, is regarded as a national trophy. It is, moreover, a gem of great size and extraordinary beauty, superbly set, and of Greek or Roman origin. An energetic protest will be made against the proposal to dispose of so interesting a memento of Swiss history for the enrichment of a foreign museum.

—Whittier furnished as directions for a tableau of "Snowbound," at Cleveland, the following description of the kitchen of the old house at Haverhill: "The mantel-piece was at least 10 feet long, and fireplace wide enough to take in a five foot log. There was an oven with a wooden leg on one side of it. The andirons were tall, quaint and wide-legged. A brass warming pan shone like a setting moon against the wall of the kitchen. Nearly opposite the fireplace stood the great cupboard, with its pewter plates and platters. In one corner was the old desk with drawers and slanting cover let down to write upon. The old bull's-eye watch hung over the mantel."

—They have commenced black balling this season at the London clubs. Lord Rosebery, the most popular man in Scotland and one of the gentlest and most generous of men, was black balled at the Travelers simply because he beat the Duke of Buccleugh in his own shire and returned Mr. Gladstone, which has given him the title of Elector of Hanover. And now the young Earl of Durham is black balled at Brookes's because, although of the old Whig stock, his guardian and grand uncle, Earl Grey, has been writing, talking and voting lately against the party. Sheridan was black balled seven times and Sir James Macintosh three times at Brookes's, where one black ball excludes.

—"The great servant question," says the London *Truth*, "is becoming yet more complicated. A lady engaged a cook some time ago, and thought herself secure in having had a personal reference. She had called at the address of the woman's late mistress, and had seen the lady, who gave the cook an excellent character. A few days after her new employer discovered that the new cook was an infamous character. She turned her away at a moment's notice, and went, full of indignation, to remonstrate with the lady who had given the woman so good a character. On this occasion she saw a very different person, and, on reiterating her wish to see the lady of the house, she was answered: 'I am Mrs. ——, and then the truth came out. It was the lady's maid who had impersonated her mistress, and given the character. The woman was sent away in disgrace."

—A Nevada sheriff had a judgment for $24,000 against the Central Pacific railroad for taxes due his county. He made the judgment good by seizing two trains belonging to the railroad company, and loaded with passengers and freights. The lawyers of the railroad kept up a fusillade of telegrams from San Francisco protesting against the seizure, and informing him that the rolling stock of the company was mortgaged and could not be attached, and they referred him to sections of the laws of the State; but he replied that, mortgage or no mortgage, he was going to seize everything belonging to the company that came along, and that he would put up a notice of sale of the attached property the following day. This brought the company to terms, and they at once paid the whole amount of the judgment.

—Under the doubled-headed eagle of Russia no slavery is permitted, and the hoisting of the Russian standard on the ruined ramparts of the Torkoman fortress was the signal for the emancipation of 79 wretched Persian captives. Half-naked, starving and covered with bruises, after being compelled to work all day, they were chained at night hand and foot to stakes and guarded by dogs. No words could describe the rapture of these unfortunate men when the Russians told them they were free to return to the province of Khorassan, whence most of them had been carried off by the Tekkes. Within the fortress the Russians found about 4,000 Turkoman families or about 18,000 individuals, whose astonishment knew on bounds when instead of being butchered or enslaved, they were treated with scrupulous kindness, and confided to the care of the Russian Red Cross Society.

—As a member of the French diplomatic body was recently traveling in Teheran to join his legation there, he was seized by a band of brigands, who put his uniform on their chief, and turned the fillings of his dressing bag (he was a great Parisian dandy) into useful and ornamental articles of various kinds, according as their fancy suggested. The only thing they could make nothing of was the pomade Hongroise. The unfortunate Frenchman, on being asked what it was could only reply in Persian, "Butter." The brigands at once tasted the compound, and, concluding a pratical joke had been intended, they forced the prisoner at the swords point to eat the whole of the six pots he had brought with him, and, having completely rifled his baggage and pockets left him to complete his journey more dead than alive.

—Rabbits are making their way again in Victoria, Australia. One district is reported to be completely overrun, and the farmers who are open to their depredations have to make common cause to keep them down. This they do, unfortunately, with very little success, for the rabbits breed conveniently in the low, impassable scrub, and then come out to feed on the farmer's crops in the neighborhood. The scrub, however, belongs to the Government, which is now called upon to put down this nuisance. Enthusiasts in acclimatization—like a gentleman in Devonshire who took a fancy to the Colorado potato bug and took some over—ought to be careful what tricks they play in the matter of transplantation. That philosopher who originally brought the rabbit into Australia will need no monument.

—In one of the bazars, says a letter from India, we saw some fakirs and devotees. One of these remarkable fellows had vowed to lie upon a bed of upright nails for twenty-six years, and of these he had accomplished sixteen when we saw him. His body was attenuated and full of sores resembling leprous spots We asked him for one of the nails which pierced his miserable body. He took one from the foot of the bed, refusing in every instance to part with any of those which gave him the most exquisite pain. Another miserable devotee was holding a flower pot at arm's length. Judge of my surprise when he told me he had held it there for five years. Another stood with arm uplifted, and no power to lower it or move a muscle, the member being dried, stiff and dead, while the long finger nails, like bird's claws, penetrated the flesh on his wrist. All of these fellows looked mouldy and sad.

—Minnie Palmer is the star of a dramatic company now traveling in the West. Sadie Bigelow was until lately a member of the same organization. Both are pretty, talented and popular. The cause of Miss Bigelow's withdrawal is given by her as follows: "One night we were playing poker, Miss Palmer and myself, when I bet five cents, and she wanted to 'see' my hand. She said she had only a penny left, and I told her that if she wanted to 'call' me she must borrow four more. Thereupon she said I was a real mean thing, and we had a few words. Once after that she came into the room where I was playing, and said she would not join in the game if I continued in it. This I regarded as an insult, and I threw up my hand at once." Efforts at reconciliation were so far successful that the actresses kissed each other, but the quarrel broke out afresh, and Miss Bigelow, collecting her salary by the help of a sheriff, resigned

MANITOBA LEGISLATURE.

WINNIPEG, March 3.—A special session of the Manitoba Legislature was opened by the Lieut.-Governor this afternoon at three o'clock. In his speech his Honor set forth that since December circumstances had necessitated an earlier meeting and the consequent prolongation of an adjourned session. It congratulates the Legislature on the success attending the recommendations to extend the boundaries of the province. It promises an act to amend the act passed last session providing for an extension of the boundaries, and also other measures calculated to build up the institutions of the province and to extend to those settlers in the territory to be incorporated within Manitoba the operation of such of our laws as may be deemed expedient. The public accounts of the past year and the estimates of public expenditures of the current year are to be brought down at an early day. The speech was passed and an address moved in reply. The Boundary bill was introduced and read a first time.

THE ANTIQUITY OF GAELIC.

The following lines were written by a minister Perthshire who holds that Gaelic is the oldest language in the world:

Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot
And never brought to min';
For she'll be spoke in paradise
In the days o' Auld Lang Syne!

When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
First met fond Adam's view,
The first words that he'll spoke to her
Was "Cum ar ashun dhu."

And Adam, in his garden fair,
Whene'er the day did close,
The dish that he for supper teuk
Was always Athole brose.

When Adam, frae his leafy bower.
Cam' out at break o' day,
He always for his mornin' teuk
A quaich o' usquebae.

And when wi' Eve he'll had a crack,
He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,
And on the tap ye'll weel micht mark
A pouny braw Cairngorm.

The sneeshin' mull is fine, my frien's,
The sneeshin' mull is grand;
We'll teuk a hearty sneesh, my frien's,
And pass't frae hand to hand.

When man first fand the want o' claes,
The wund and sauld to fleg;
He twisted round about his waist
The tartan philabeg.

And music first on earth was heard
In Gaelic accents deep,
When Jubal in his oxter squeezed
The stomach o' a sheep.

ABSOLUTELY HER OWN MISTRESS.

BY J. T. J.

First Part.—Courtship.

CHAPTER I.

"And round about the glow and glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but the dim remembered story
Of an old time entombed."
—EDGAR ALLEN POE

Many years ago there stood on the side of a gentle eminence between Hamilton and Galdonia a large, commodious, well-built clap board house, erected by a United Empire Loyalist nearly one hundred years before.

Oak was the only wood used in this building, which was a storey and a-half high, and contained ten rooms. A wide hall divided the house from back to front; at one end there was a great square open porch with a seat at each side, and at the other—the front—a broad veranda, nearly concealed by two locust trees of monstrous growth, the largest of the kind I have ever seen in all my wanderings, if not the largest in Canada. A gentleman who had visited Seville, the city of acacias, assured me there were none there to compare with these in size. When covered with blossoms and filled with millions of bees, it was worth a ten miles walk to see them.

The large garden at the back of this house was neatly laid out and beautifully kept. A pear tree, old and gnarled, but flourishing and green, stood exactly in the middle, with a rustic seat beneath it, and a crocus bed in the shape of a half-moon on either side. It was the only fruit tree on the farm and bore bushels of pears yearly. The garden opened into a green field at the back, where a pony and cow lived together as friendly neighbors, and this great field was flanked and backed by a forest of tall elm trees, framing the house, the paddock, the garden with its beautiful foliage six months of the year.

The farm of one hundred acres, to which this house belonged, was owned by an Englishman named Montgomery, and formed a striking contrast to many farms in that neighborhood, which then (as now), were only half cultivated, and foul with weeds and Canadian thistles.

Mr. Montgomery was, when I first knew him, an old man, and a widower, having but one child, a daughter. Half his farm stood in woods as the common phrase is, namely virgin forest untouched by the hand of man; the other half was in a high state of cultivation, but he did not live by farming, and never had, but by loaning money on mortgages I have heard, and believe, that he was the son of a London banker, but he was very uncommunicative about his private affairs.

In time, a number of other families, all distantly related to Mr. Montgomery, came and bought farms in the neighborhood, and settling about him, formed a little exclusive conservative set by themselves, outside the pale of the descendants of the Glandford United Empire loyalists, who are the most radical politicians in Canada, with the strongest latent leaning to the Yankees, the most fervent admiration for our neighbors across the Suspension Bridge, notwithstanding their forefathers' sturdy loyalty to the British crown.

There is a tendency in all cliques to grow narrow, and this is more especially the case with country cliques, and the little exclusive colony of Montgomeries, Dantons, Draytons, Jacksons, Thorntons and Browns was no exception to the general rule. They indulged in each others society, and all were universal in feeling that they were the most important set of people in Canada. They knew absolutely nothing of their less aristocratic neighbors, who bore them no love for their indifference and half contempt. They exchanged work and played together when it was over; payed the school tax, but ignored the public schools, and placed their children under private tuition in Hamilton or elsewhere, and knew less of the lives of their neighbors than they did of the lives of the Esquimaux. They hired Biddies and Pat's imported from a distance, and would at any time do their own dirty work in preference to sitting at the table with a servant, no matter how decent a body the servant might be. They all belonged to the English church and utterly despised Papist's and Dissenters; they took off their hats to each other but never to a stranger; they paid cash for everything; any one of them would want before he would take credit. It was as difficult to get an introduction to this little colony as to penetrate into the interior of China, but if once the barriers were broken, and you were admitted to be almost their equal in birth, parentage, education and means, their houses were open to you for ever, after this fashion.

They forgave you for being a Canadian by birth, excused you for being Scotch or Irish by decent, thought it weak in you, but allowed that you could not help it, or doubtless it would have been otherwise; they were civil when they met you, and even sometimes invited you to dinner, you were hence forth treated with courtesy, though not with cordiality; you were tolerated and allowed to breathe the same air, but they were cautious, very cautious as to encouraging too great an intimacy. The broadest and most intelligent person in this colony was Mr. Montgomery, and next to him, his daughter Clara. Though a little reserved at first they were not suspicious, they did not despise foreigners and liked to hear of other lands. They opened not only their house but their hearts to a friend, even though he had the misfortune not to have been born in England.

Through them I gained a footing in the little colony and soon came to know each family intimately and was not a little amused at the monstrous importance of the people among whom I was so kindly tolerated, patronized and generally forgiven for not being English.

Some gently pitied me, others were inclined to be hostile and regarded it as inexcusable pig-headedness in any man, to prefer the country of his birth to England, but all were civil though distant.

Isaac Taylor in one of the pleasantries of his pleasant paper, has asserted that Robinson Crusoe and his dogs, cats and parrots were not a family, though living under the same roof in perfect harmony; on the same principle he refuses to admit that Sir Isaac Newton and his cats were a "family," but he is willing to allow that two human beings living together in perfect love and sympathy, constantly sharing each others joys and sorrows day by day, are—even if aliens by blood and nationality—a family. How much more then if these two are father and daughter?

There is something very touching in the sight of an only child, especially if the father or mother are widowed It is a single venture, all the wealths of the heart in one ship and woe to the unlucky owner if that should strike some cruel hidden rock and become a wreck.

The great sympathy between Mr. Montgomery and his daughter was beautiful to see; they were all and all to each other, and nearly always together.

If Clara went for a walk, her father met her as she returned. If she rode out on her pony, papa would be trotting by her side, staff in hand, before she reached home. They read the same authors and smiled, wept or laughed over them together. They talked about their neighbors, and reciprocated little funny confidences, and were by far the broadest and largest-hearted people in their narrow circle. Mr. Montgomery taught his daughter Latin, and she taught him to knit a quilt; just as twenty years before he had taught her the alphabet and cat's cradle in return for fox and goose. They were intimate friends before she was out of long clothes and the confidence between them grew, broadened and strengthened, till death cut the cord which wound them together, and left Clara alone at the age of seven and twenty.

Never was a young girl more indulged than Clara Montgomery or less spoiled by indulgence. She had unlimited pocket money, and therefore unlimited floss silk, Berlin wool and card board. She made gorgeous smoking caps for her father who never smoked, slippers for his feet, purses for his pocket, cuffs for his wrists. She was lavish of pretty gifts to her friends; she bought wonderfully bright ribbons for the cap of Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, till the malicious public, seeing her so gay, asserted that she was setting that cap at her white haired old master. She knitted scarlet socks and mittens for little Sally Briggs, the housekeeper's daughter; she dressed her own handsome person in any pretty costume her fancy chose, and made every room in the old house sweet with flowers and bright with fancy work. Her work was play because her heart chose it and went with it, and each day was a holiday because full of occupation, amusement, interest. Each night brought sweet and refreshing sleep. She was a thoroughly country lady in all her tastes, and you had only to hear her exclaim, "Oh! the country forever, the country for me at all seasons—God made the country and man the town," to know she had never been that poor toilworn drudge and slave brought vividly to mind by the words, "a Canadian farmer's daughter." These alas! are the rule, but Clara Montgomery was a noble exception.

To work in gardening gloves before breakfast, and inhale the sweet health-giving morning air to study or practice on the piano, or sew till dinner time; to read papa to sleep after dinner, and have a canter on her pony after tea, and sing her evening hymn by moonlight before going to bed, was the usual programme for the long summer days for many a happy month and year. Long sleigh drives, music and especially books without limit, passed away the winter months very rapidly and pleasantly. April soon came with its swallows and snowdrops, and Clara would say, "what a short winter this has been, papa." "Yes, my dear. The seasons fly as we grow older. I remember wondering when your mother died, how I should live through all the dreary years appointed me, but the months dragged on somehow, and my little girl could walk, another year and her tongue began to wag very pleasantly; every year since has gone more rapidly, and now as I say the seasons fly. New interests succeed the old, we grow less selfish, less conceited—or we ought to—we feel our nothingness, that we are but atoms of a great whole; we lower our crest and become contented with our lot. Where self is the first thought, the seasons go slowly. When any one longs to grow up, or to get married, or to travel, or grow rich, or die, then it is all to-morrow. But I for one can afford to enjoy life and see what will turn up next in the world without much anxiety. So my girl is happy with the old man's company."

"I would not exchange him for a dozen young ones," replied his daughter, fondly running her hand through his white hair and making it stand up. "I have never seen a young man to compare with you."

Mr. Montgomery might have said truly in return that in his long life he had never seen a woman to compare with his daughter, but he didn't—no true father ever flatters or praises unduly—though his eyes followed her fondly, as softly singing, she moved to the window to watch a robin.

I never see a handsome, queenly-looking woman, without feeling that she ought to be noble in nature and royal in mind, above pettiness of any kind. I am told that this is far from being the case, and that many a Juno like lady will scold unmercifully in the kitchen, systematically beat down her grocer and draper, and spank the children till they roar again, before she goes to morning prayers and confesses herself a miserable sinner. But Clara Montgomery was not one of these. She was large in person, and mild and sweet in temper, very shy and retiring, and even a little awkward till she was twenty; but always willing to please, and easy to be pleased; having no hard pride or touchy dignity, but presenting a cheerful, happy presence wherever you met her. Her features were so very regular that had they served for the mask of an ordinary mind, they would have been insipid and uninteresting; but her bright, intelligent countenance rendered them absolutely beautiful. Her eyebrows were dark and slightly arched, her light brown hair with a rippling wave in it, crowned her head in a broad coronet, being smoothly parted on the white forehead, unmarred by the popular lunatic fringe. Her figure was very upright, but lithe and graceful, and her eyes turned upon you in a direct inquiring way, which often gave strangers the impression that she was a strong-minded, wilful young lady, and not to be trifled with—a very erroneous opinion, for beautiful Clara had more of the ivy in her nature than the oak, clung to her old father as something well nigh infallible, and never took a step without his advice. She had a great deal of self command, but was not self-reliant; a certain moral cowardice, a fearfulness of offending, a wish to stand well with everybody, to do exactly what was right and yet to please all might have made her in other circumstances a very miserable woman. She had great common sense and kindness of heart, yet would many a time have been led by those who had neither, but for the clear, light and strong hand of her father at her elbow. She was the only blue-eyed beauty I ever admired. Who, with a steel pen and a bit of paper, can describe a beautiful human eye? These were dark blue and very clear, but their brightness was soft and benignant, the habitual expression being tender and considerate, as if they would say "now what can I do give you pleasure—to help you?" An expression we often see in a dog, and very seldom in a human being. Other expressions these blue eyes had, but this was the usual one. Clara Montgomery did not come to perfection till she was of an age when many women begin to fade. As there are winter pears, which are hard, woody and quite uneatable till the month of March, and autumn blossoms making gay and glorious the chill days of November—the japonica alba for instance—so there are human beings who blossom and ripen late in life. They are slow in coming to perfection, and slow to decay, consoling us for the

"Yes this war is a dr adful thing," said Mrs. Browne, who was in the bed room and had been reading the paper to him, "it will make silks and ribbons so dear."

He laughed at that quite heartily, and repeated it to Clara when she returned to the room and Miss Browne had gone, saying "the little lass is not heartless. She only lacks imagination to see things as they are. She cannot realize the suffering implied by the word war. She knows all about a beautiful ribbon, but nothing of wounded and dying men, or starving thousands."

Clara's eyes filled with tears. "I think more of my loss than theirs," she said "I am selfish, too, papa."

"It is natural my girl that you should shed tears for me, it would pain me if you did not grieve a little for the old father, but Bacon was right when he said, 'it is as natural to die as it is to be born,' and it's high time I was off. Not many men reach the age of eighty nine, as I have, and it may be that thousands of better fellows than I, are food for the sword in this war. Do not nurse my grief, my dear, and spoil your life by sorrow, but make the best of your passage through the desert, which has often for me blossomed like a rose. I hope you will not always be alone, but what ever troubles you have, or joys be good my child, be good; do not spoil your life by selfishness, for I should be lonely even in Paradise without you, I should grieve even at God's right hand if my child were excluded from Heaven. Think of yourself last and everybody else first and you will be happy.

This advice, like so much excellent advice, scattered daily and profusely through the lengths and breadths of the world, was worse than wasted because bestowed upon the wrong person. It was taken to heart, and coming from a dying father to a sensitive super-conscientious daughter had double weight. The last day of his life M. Montgomery made a sign that they should lift him and let him see his pet locusts once more as they swayed in the autumn wind. Life was ebbing fast when they raised him and when his head again touched the pillow he was dead. Thus ended a long harmless happy life and Clara a very unselfish woman was left with the command to renounce self and think only of others. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have taken the veil, so much did the last expressed wish of her father haunt her, but being a Protestant she lived on in the old home and turning the matter over in her mind decided to give half her income yearly to charitable institutions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHNNY SKAE'S BIG CHANCE.

Worth $10,000,000 Two Years Ago, To-day Working for a Good Living.

A little more than two years since Johnny Skae, whom everybody knows, would visit Carson several times a month and as he passed down the street from the railroad depot, with an independent swagger, and a more independent look in his eye, men would enviously gaze after him and express their convictions that he would soon outstrip any single member of the Bonanza firm in the possession of millions. This was when Sierra Nevada and Union were selling at from $250 to $300 per share, and Skae was supposed to hold 50,000 shares of the stock of those two mines. At that period he would have had no difficulty in realizing $10,000,000 in cool gold coin for his stock; but no, he was ambitious, and desired no longer to play second fiddle even to such a colossal financial power as the Bonanza firm. He fancied that the prospective dividends of the Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated mines would be greater by tenfold than those paid by the California and Consolidated mines. Johnny was oversanguine; he invested himself a 100 millionaire, whose millions were safely deposited in the bowels of the earth. Of that he felt certain. In the meantime he entertained his friends in regal style. He ordered them from San Francisco to participate in princely fish and champagne banquets, which were spread near the reservoir of the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Works, from which the luscious trout were taken, and in various other ways extended his hospitality to friends in such a manner that they privately called him "Prince John" In the midst of this, however, he did one prudent thing; and that was in settling $250,000 in bonds upon his wife. Believing that the stock of the mines of which he was so heavy a holder was sure to reach at least $1,000 per share, he hypothecated the same to the Nevada Bank, and purchased several thousand shares on a margin. Soon thereafter the market crashed, and it was not long before his stocks were quoted at $50 and $60 per share. Of course that nearly ruined Skae; but being a man of nerve and desirous of retrieving his lost opportunity, he kept on dabbling in stocks which at one time might have placed him in an enviable independent position, until he lost all that he had saved from the first blow; and it is even said that the $250,000 which he settled upon his wife went the way of the rest. Now Johnny Skae is in Arizona, in place of living in luxury and superlative elegance, seeking a bonanza which he probably will never find. It is only once in a lifetime that one man in a million is so enchantingly smiled upon by Fortune as Johnny Skae was two and a half years ago.—*Carson Appeal.*

DIVORCED AT TWELVE.

How a Little Erie Girl was Compelled by Her Grandmother to Marry Her Cousin.

(Erie Hersld.

Among the petitions for the dissolution of matrimonial banns which were considered Monday by Judge Galbraith was that of Flora Grace a child 12 years of age. Said the court: "This divorce is decreed on the grounds of fraud and coercion. It is a most remarkable case. I never heard of a similar one." Said the child in her sworn statement: "I am twelve years and five months old; my father's name is John Grace; mother's name is Hannah; have lived in Erie several years; have lived with my grandmother, Mary Rose Grace; Luciana Grace lived with my grandmother, too; my grandmother, Mary Rose Grace, Mr. Salcer and wife and Luciana took me one evening to Ald. Woods' office; they told me when they started that they were going to a lawyer; they said that they wanted me to get married to Luciana; I told them I did not want to, but my grandma and Mr. Salcer both said that I must do it; I did not understand what the meaning of getting married was; Luciana Grace and I stood up and Mr Woods repeated some words to us; I did not want to marry him, but my grandma said I must marry him; Luciana is a second cousin of mine; my father came and took me away from my grandmother's three days after I was married; after I was married, until my father came and took me away, my grandmother and I occupied the same room together; Luciana and I did not occupy the same room together and have not lived together; I go to public school No. 10; we went to another office the same night we went to Woods' office; it was A Dorman Ferrier's office, but he would not marry us. We then went to Woods' office, and he married us." This is the simple story of the child not yet out of short dresses. Alderman Ferrier deposed that he remembered the visit referred to in the child's deposition; that he was asked by a woman, whom he afterwards learned was the child's grandmother, to marry the little girl and a young man who was present. Says he: "They told me the young girl was fourteen, but she looked like a mere child and I declined to marry them. The woman said they were not to live together until they grew up. When I asked the girl if she knew what getting married meant she shook her head. I then explained it to her, after which she said she did not want to get married. The old lady seemed determined that they should marry." The father's story was: "I came from the city of Horta, Island of Fayal, Portugal; I came to Erie four years ago; my wife is still living in

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1881.

SCOTT ACT AMENDMENT.

An amendment to the Scott Act, introduced by Dr. Almon of Hallifax, has, after considerable discussion, been adopted in the Senate by a vote of 28 to 26. The amendment is to the effect that the sale of beer and light wines should be exempted from the operations of the Act. In commenting upon this amendment; which is certainly a considerable departure from the prohibitory nature of the Scott Act, the Montreal Gazette sensibly observes:

"There is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question. There can be no doubt whatever that if the people of this country could be induced to confine their drinking to beer and light wines, drunkenness, with all its concomitant evils, would practically disappear. That is a proposition which we think will be very generally accepted. On the continent of Europe, where light wines are the common beverage, drunkenness is almost an unknown vice, and where it prevails at all, it is in those districts where the people have acquired or are acquiring a taste for more ardent spirits. The question is whether the exemption now proposed to be made would really result in people confining themselves, where the Scott Act was in force, to the use of lighter beverages. If one could be assured of that, there would be a strong reason thereby for adopting the Scott Act as amended in every city and county in the Dominion. The fear, of course of those who are opposed to the measure is that licences to sell beer and light wines would practically be made to cover the sale of spirits as well, and that the Scott Act, in its prohibitory clauses, would become absolutely inoperate. There is no doubt danger that this would be the result. On the other hand, the experience of the Dunkin bill was that the effect of local prohibition was to drive people to the use exclusively of ardent spirits. Beer and light wines cannot very well be sold illicitly—they are too bulky; while every man can have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and drink to his heart's content. Anyone who has ever seen public gatherings such as agricultural fairs in townships, where the Dunkin act was in force, will admit how common was the practice of individuals carrying bottles of spirits in their pockets. The result, in so far as this obtained at all, was to force the use of precisely those beverages which are most dangerous and most deleterious, to the exclusion of those which even temperance men will admit are comparatively innocuous. We are inclined to think, therefore, that the effect of this clause would be to encourage, on the part of those who desire to use intoxicating liquors of any kind, the use of beer and light wines rather than of spirits, and to the extent that this was the result, good would undoubtedly follow."

NORTH PERTH CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting at Milverton.

The annual meeting of the North Perth Conservative Association was held at Milverton on Wednesday afternoon. All the municipalities in the Riding, excepting North Easthope, were represented. The election of officers for the ensuing year was the first business to come before the meeting, and resulted as follows: President, Geo. Draper, Listowel, re-elected; Vice-do., J. D. Pierson, Milverton; Sec.-Treas., A. St. Geo. Hawkins. The following gentlemen were appointed an executive Committee: Stratford, David Scrimgeour and James Robb; Ellice, Patrick McDonnell and Wm. Bambauch; North Easthope, David Carroll and Wm. Makins; Mornington, James Kines and Moses Lang; Logan, Robert Jones and Geo. Rock; Elma, Thos. J. Knox and Young Coulter; Wallace, John McDermott and John Willoughby; Listowel, R. Martin and D. D. Campbell; Milverton, V. Kertcher and Alex. West.

After other matters affecting the interests of the Association had been disposed of, the following resolutions were submitted to the meeting and unanimously concurred in:

Moved by Robert Keys, Esq., seconded by John McDermott, Esq., that this Association feels it its duty to recognize the able manner in which the Government of the Dominion of Canada have conducted the affairs of the country since they have been elected to office; be it therefore resolved that this Association desires to place on record its firm faith in our leader, Sir John Macdonald, and his colleagues; and that we express ourselves as fully satisfied with the faithful and thorough manner in which the legislation of the country has been conducted, particularly in respect to our fiscal interests and to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Moved by D. D. Campbell, Esq., seconded by J. D. Pierson, Esq., and resolved, that this Association desires to place upon record its entire confidence in our worthy representative in the Dominion Parliament, and extends its hearty congratulation to Mr. Hesson for the support which he has given the Government.

The foregoing resolutions elicited short and congratulatory addresses from Messrs. John McDermott, R. Keys, D. D. Campbell, J. D. Pierson, T. Mayne Daly, jr., and others, after which a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Draper for the capable manner in which he had discharged the duties of chairman. The meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

(Ottawa Correspondence Toronto Mail.)

MR. BLAKE EXPLODES.

As was anticipated a day or two ago, Mr. Blake exploded this afternoon on the subject of the tariff, and after a speech that was short but forcible, read an amendment which was feeble and long. The hon. gentleman seems disposed to record himself by means of resolutions, and to thus formulate his platform from year to year. As was suggested some time ago, Mr. Blake posed as a reductionist of taxation, and as a matter of course he was compelled to exaggerate the facts in order to support his theories.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

The Minister's reply was immediate though the assault was not expected this afternoon. The increase of the taxation—supposing it to be increased—would have been justified and made essential to maintain the public credit by the deficit of 1878 9, which, but for the change in the tariff, would have been $3,200,000, as well as by previous deficits. The apparent increase in the taxation is due to reasons for which the late Government would also have been responsible. They, too, would have purchased the River du Loup branch. They, too, would have gone on building the Pacific railway. They, too, would have gone on developing the North-West in their way. There is no doubt they would have done these things themselves; yet these are the things which have mainly contributed to the increase of the public expenditures which Mr. Blake takes false advantage of to put out a misleading resolution. The rate of taxation is now, considering the population, less than it was under the Mackenzie *regime*. The fact that there will be in June or July, 1882, at least $3,400,000 of surplus belonging to the people must be taken into serious consideration, when the expenditures of the country are considered. We have added, since 1874, some $60,000,000 to our public debt, $40,000,000 by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, and about $18,000,000 by the present Government. Yet the rate of taxation *per capita* is less than in 1875. Sir Leonard Tilley was loudly applauded for his confident declaration that the people of Canada would be very willing to wait a year or two longer before considering whether or not the taxation can be reduced or the protection lessened. His prompt speech was very effective and successful.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Mr. Blake had not apparently informed Sir Richard Cartwright of his intention to move his motion, as Sir Richard was not well prepared for seconding his leader. He was, as on a former occasion, subdued somewhat in manner. As his beginning at the Pacific slander was too much for the patience of the House, he did not continue on this line long. He repudiated the Finance Minister's theory that a surplus could be taken into consideration in calculating the public expenditure, but the House could hardly tolerate that. Nor was the House respectful when Sir Richard claimed that Sir Leonard was responsible for the expenditure of 1873-4, but that Sir Richard was not responsible for the expenditure of 1878-9. This was really too much for the credulity of the House. "Heads I win, tails you lose," is never popular as a form of argument in a budget debate. Nor was a very respectful hearing given to the statement that in order to get a surplus of two millions the people had been made to pay several millions more. Of course Sir Richard was loftily pathetic in his demand for a reduction of the shocking burthens of the people—which he omitted to state he had been mainly instrumental in piling up.

MR. WHITE OF CARDWELL.

There was an aptness that the House at once recognized in Mr. White's remarks that it was a singular thing that the only charge made against the Government was that in two years they had managed things so well that there was a surplus of two millions, which the Opposition demanded should be reduced. In 1878 Sir Richard, it will be remembered, was distressed because he had no income tax he could double to get a revenue. Mr. White's manner of disposing of Sir Richard's plea of "unfortunate legacies" in 1873-4 was unanswerable. If the Opposition had been really honest in their condemnation of the old Pacific railway bargain they had several opportunities of abandoning it, but they did not do so. They incurred wilfully great obligations, they failed in their policy, they broke down in their finances, and now they endeavor to lay the blame of their own actions on the shoulders of their opponents. In twenty minutes of forcible speaking Mr. White contributed a very valuable speech to the discussion.

DR. ORTON.

Dr. Orton rose at twenty minutes to six. But the House was restive. Sir John Macdonald, however, in demanding the attention of the House paid a high compliment to Dr. Orton for his invariably valuable information, and that gentleman proceeded to give what turned out to be a very valuable speech indeed. His statement, as follows, was valuable, that is, that in consequence of the National Policy the farmers of Canada had been afforded an enlarged home market for the following quantities of grain, so much less having been imported since the tariff was imposed:—Oats, 600,000 bushels; barley, 115,000 bushels; Indian corn and grains, 2,500,000 bushels; rye, 60,000 bushels; wheat, 2,900,000 bushels—the whole amounting to about 6,000,000 bushels. On the quantities imported of grains and flour a revenue of some $30,000 had been raised, which had been paid by the American farmers, and the Canadian were saved so much in taxation. After Dr. Orton had concluded the vote was taken on Mr. Blake's amendment, and resulted in a vote of 53 for and 131 against the amendment, which was defeated by a majority of 78 in a House of 184 members.

THE SAULT LINE.

The Northern, North-Western, and Sault Companies bill was reported by the committee this morning. This puts an end to a prolonged and vexatious controversy, and renders the building of the road among the immediate probabilities. The Ontario and Pacific Junction bill will come in with diminished powers to extend only to the North Ottawa.

THE CANADA PACIFIC.

The Syndicate Preparing to Push Forward its construction—450,000 Ties, 5,000 tons Steel Rails, 600 Freight Cars and 20 Locomotives Purchased.

Winnipeg, Man., March 12.—Parties to determine the value of rolling stock and other equipments to be transferred from the Government to the Canada Pacific Syndicate are expected to arrive about Tuesday next. The work will probably occupy about one week. On its conclusion the transfer of that portion of the road now being operated will be made. The new staff consists of the following:—R. B. Stickney, general superintendent; Gen. Rosser, late chief engineer of the Northern Pacific, chief engineer; William Hardee assistant general freight agent; J. G. Ogden, auditor; W. K. Baker, local treasurer. Mr. Stickney says that abundant preparations are being made for pushing forward the construction as soon as the transfer is effected, but he was not free to make announcements yet as to possible changes of route. The Syndicate has already ordered six hundred additional freight cars, one hundred of which will be box cars. These will shortly arrive. It is also arranged to purchase twenty additional locomotives, which will arrive as fast as built. It has purchased four hundred and fifty thousand ties, which are already got out, and made a contract for further unlimited quantities, for which cash will be paid on delivery. It has taken over five thousand tons of steel rails from the Government, and purchased five thousand tons besides. Trains loaded with rails and other material for the construction of the line between here and the Rocky Mountains are already crossing Red River, and every effort will be used to transfer as large quantities as possible to the western bank of the river before the approaching break up of ice necessitates a demolition of the temporary pile trestle bridge on which trains at present cross. Mr. Stickney hopes, by great energy, to accomplish the transfer of all material needed up till the time the permanent bridge now being built by the city of Winnipeg is completed, probably about the 1st of July. No positive arrangements are made as to steamboat connections yet, but probably harmonious arrangements will be settled with the Winnipeg and Western Transportation Company by which their boats will co-operate in the passenger and freight traffic and in conveying material for construction to points on the Assiniboine river. Gen. Rosser said that he will start west to inspect the proposed location of the road westward, which is already built for one hundred miles, after the return of Stickney from St. Paul, who goes there to-morrow morning to confer with the Directors. He adds that the length of road to be built during the approaching season will be only limited by the extent of facilities for conveying ties, rails, and iron for bridging westward, the country being almost entirely prairie. He intends to engage all the men and teams that he can secure and put them to work grading and ditching as soon as the frost is out of the ground, which will be in about four weeks. A large quantity of oats has been already secured for sowing. Gen. Rosser arrived last night, and has not, yet organized his personal staff. Great satisfaction is felt here at his appointment, as his character as a "builder" is well known to many of our citizens, and his past career in connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, Pittsburgh and Cornellville Railroad, and more especially the Brainard branch of the Northern Pacific Railway, affords every guarantee for energy and ability.

THE CZAR ASSASSINATED.

BLOWN UP BY A BOMB THROWN AT HIS FEET.

The Nihilists Succeed after Many Attempts.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

St. Petersburg, March 13.—As the Emperor was returning from parade in the Michel Menege, about two o'clock this afternoon, a bomb was thrown, which exploded under the Czar's carriage, which was considerably damaged. The Czar alighted unhurt, but a second bomb exploded at his feet, shattering both legs below the knee, and inflicting other terrible injuries. The Czar was immediately conveyed unconscious to the Winter Palace, where he died at 4.30 this afternoon. There were two persons concerned in the crime, one whom was seized immediately. The explosion also killed an officer and two Cossacks. Many policemen and other persons were injured.

A second dispatch from St. Petersbug says: The imperial carriage was attacked on Ekaterinofsky canal, opposite the imperial stables, while the Emperor was returning with the Grand Duke Michael from Michael Palace, in a closed carriage, escorted by eight Cossacks. The first bomb fell near the carriage, destroying the back part of it. The Czar and brother alighted uninjured. The assassin, on being seized by the Colonel of police drew a revolver, but was prevented from firing. The second bomb was then thrown by another person and fell close to the Czar's feet, its explosion shattering both his legs. The Czar fell, crying for help. Colonel Dorjibsky, though himself much hurt, raised the Emperor, who was conveyed to the winter palace in Dorjibsky's sleigh. A large crowd assembled before the palace and were kept back by a troop of Cossacks. The Imperial family were all assembled at the death bed. A council of the State was immediately convened, and all places of public resort are closed. An official messenger makes the following announcement: "God's will has been done. At 3.25 this afternoon the Almighty called the Emperor to Himself. A few minutes before his death the Emperor received the sacrament."

When Colonel Dorjibsky asked the first assassin his name he replied Rossakoff. Service will be held in the Winter Palace on Monday. Afterwards the new Emperor will receive the homage of the officers of State. The doctors' bulletin this afternoon stated that the Czar's legs were broken below the knee. The lower part of the body was severely injured and the left eye torn from the socket. The Grand Duke Michael was not hurt. The assassins were disguised as peasants. One report states that one of them was so roughly handled that he has since died. All the army officers have been ordered to remain in barracks. The Council of the Empire, under the presidency of the Czarewitch, is still sitting at midnight. The manifesto will be published on Monday.

London, March 13.—A St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that the Czar's right leg was nearly torn from his body and his left leg was badly shattered. A Cossack and a passer by were killed on the spot. The Grand Duke Michael was wounded. The officer of escort and the Cossack have since died. The Czar lingered about an hour and a half. All efforts to rally him failed. The only word he uttered after being struck was the name of the Czarewitch. The latter on leaving the palace after the death of his father was hailed as the Emperor by the crowd. He was sorrounded contrary to his custom, by a strong mounted escort. The people are intensely excited and indignant. The soldiery who greatly loved the Czar are furious. All the officials hastened to the palace to inquire into the condition of the Czar. Telegrams announcing his death were sent to all foreign courts and to every part of the empire. It is stated the bombs were made of thick glass filled with nitro glycerine. The assassins stood on the opposite sides of the road. The carriage was moving fast, and the first shell struck behind it, and the back of the carriage was blown out. The coachman implored the Czar to enter the carriage again, but he moved a few paces from the carriage to see the wounded of his escort. The assassin who threw the first bomb tried to point a revolver at the Czar, but the pistol was struck from his hand. The Czar seemed to regain consciousness before his death, as he motioned away the doctors who wished to amputate his legs. The Czarewitch and Czarevna drove to their palace after the death amid the sympathizing cries of the people. A company of guards sorround the palace. The Duke of Edinburgh and Grand Duke Alexis have left London for St. Petersburg.

Another despatch says: The two assassins of the Czar were immediately arrested. The glasses of the gas lamps in Michael garden, beside the canal, were broken to pieces by the concussion of the explosion. A cordon of guards was drawn around the scene of the murder. The streets are densely thronged with excited crowds. The utmost sympathy for the imperial family is everywhere expressed. The bells of the principal churches are tolling.

THE LAST MOMENTS.

Dr. Voiriachine, who was among the physicians first summoned to the Czar, immediately fetched the necessary instruments for amputating his legs, which were held by flesh only, the bones being broken. Blood flowed copiously from the lacerated wounds. India rubber bandages were applied first to the right leg below the knee, and then to the left. The Czar's right hand, on which was a glove, was found greatly lacerated. His marriage ring was broken to pieces, and driven into the flesh. The surgeons tied up the several arteries. At length, under the influence of sulphate of oxygen and ice, the Emperor opened his eyes and respiration became more apparent. Chaplain Bjanor availed himself of an interval of apparent consciousness to administer the sacrament, and for a moment hopes were entertained of the Czar's life, but a minute or two afterward his heart ceased to beat. During the final flicker of life the members of his family surrounded the bed. The archpriest recited the prayer for those *in extremis*, all present kneeling. The spectacle was heartrending.

THE OTHER INJURED.

Colonel Dorjibsky is confined to his bed, but is not seriously injured. The number of persons injured by the the explosion was greater than at first supposed. Several have since died.

THE ASSASSINS.

The *Novoe Vrenya* states that the man arrested yesterday confessed that he threw the first bomb, but denies knowledge of the person who threw the second. In addition to the revolver which this person attempted to use, a dagger was found on him. The name he gave is believed to be false. The *Golos* states that the prisoner is twenty-one years of age, and a native of Borovitchy, Government of Novgorod.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who were staying at the Clarence Hall, St. James, received the news of the Czar's death yesterday afternoon. The Duke immediately made arrangements for a special train to Dover, and left with the Duchess and the Russian Grand Duke Alexis at 8 p. m., to go direct to St. Petersburg. The Queen's drawing room, announced for Friday, is indefinitely postponed.

A SENSATION THROUGHOUT EUROPE.

The news of the Czar's death has created a most profound sensation throughout Europe. The whole European press, with few exceptions, express sorrow at the assassination. Even those journals with Radical sympathies deplore the assassination, and say that the effect of it will set back the cause of constitutional government many years.

ALEXANDER III'S MANIFESTO.

St. Petersburg, March 14.—The Imperial manifesto promulgated this morning is as follows:—We, by the grace of God, Alexander III., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Czar of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., hereby make known to all our faithful subjects that it pleased the Almighty in His inscrutable will to visit Russia with a heavy blow of fate, and call her benefactor, Alexander II., to Himself. He fell by the hands of impious murderers, who repeatedly sought his precious life, and made their attempts because they saw in him the protector of Russia, the foundation of her greatness, and promoter of the welfare of the Russian people. Let us bow to the unfathomable will of the Divine Providence and offer up to the Almighty our prayers for the repose of the pure soul of our beloved father. We ascend to the throne which we inherit from our forefathers, the throne of the Russian Empire and the Czardom and Grand Dukedom inseparably connected with it. We assume the heavy burden which God imposes upon us with firm reliance upon His almighty help. May He bless our work for the welfare of our beloved fatherland, and guide our strength for the happiness of all our faithful subjects. In repeating before Almighty God the sacred vow made by our father, to devote, according to the testament of our forefathers, the whole of our life to care for the welfare and honour of Russia, we call upon all faithful subjects to unite before the altar of the Almighty their praises with ours, and commend them to swear fidelity to us, and to our successor His Imperial Highness the hereditary Grand Duke Nicolas Alexandrovitch. Given at St. Petersburg, Anno Domini 1881, and the first year of our reign.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

The troops have taken the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor. The Imperial family to-day swore allegiance to Alexander III. The Court officials will swear their allegiance at one o'clock this afternoon.

THE CZAR'S SUCCESSOR.

The Czar's eldest son, who now becomes Alexander III, is very popular with the Russian populace. He is about thirty-three years old, and is commanding officer of the Imperial Guard of 40,000 men, the flower of the Russian army. He has three children, to whom he is devoted. His wife, a sister of the Princess of Wales, also shares his affection to a degre remarkable for a member of the Royal family.

So bitter is the feeling entertained by the Poles against the late Czar that the Polish members of the Austrian Reichstag threaten to withdraw if any expression of condolence with the Russian imperial family is attempted.

Small hopes are held out of the inauguration by the Czar Alexander III. of a domestic policy of a more conciliatory character than that pursued by his father. As to the foreign relations of Russia in the near future, the Czar is said to entertain anti-German sentiments, and it is altogether likely that his sympathies will be enlisted in the cause of Greece by the Empress, who is a pronounced Hellenophil.

MORNINGTON.

COUNCIL MEETING.—The Council met at Henderson's Hall on Monday, March 7th, according to adjournment. Members present—The Deputy-Reeve and Messrs. Kines and Johnson. The Deputy-Reeve was called to the chair, when the minutes of special meeting and last regular meeting were read and signed by the chairman. The clerk laid before the council the following papers:—Communication from the Clerk of Wellesley in reference to change of boundary of U S S No 20, laid over; communication from the Clerk of Peel, on same, laid over; communication from S. H. McKitrick, in reference to road scrapers, no action. The Reeve and Mr. Magwood took their seats at the council board. The Reeve was authorized to issue the following orders:—John Dunbar, $10, indigent relief; J. Grattan, $10, ditto; J. Kennel $4.08, gravel. The council went into committee on By-law for appointing Pathmasters, Poundkeepers, Fence-viewers, Mr. Kines in the chair, when the following parties were appointed: *Pathmasters*: J. Miller, A. Holmes, J. Shrenk, M. Whitney, J. Alexander, C. Kiper, J. Chalmers, M. Doering, T. Attridge, T. Daly, J. Kiper, G. Farrel, P. Dewer, J. Hamilton, R. Roulston, J. Roulston, A. Fleming, James Riddle, J. Farrell, J. Riley, H. Kelly, B. Maddess, jr., W. White, J. Davidson, A. Stewart, J. Gillespie, John Gibson, W. Rutherford, sr., A. McCulloch, Wm. Rutherford, jr., S. Loney, D. Barr, A. McCulloch, W. Lucas, H. Kerr, H. Pommer, S. Lowry, J. Riddell, J. Watson, J. Baird, C. Clockman, P. Reid, J. Eberwine, R. Moore, A. Harvey, jr., T. Simpson, P. Short, J. Knoblock P. Dougherty, J. Welch, M. Foerster, J. McLaughlin, W. Lytle, G. Smith, A. McDonald, J. Dunbar, A. McKee, W. Kines, G. Mack, J. R. Kerr. *Poundkeepers*—H. Doering, C. Kiper, J. Turnbull, W. Mitchell, T. Urquhart, T. Strachan, L. Smith. *Fence-viewers*—P. McLellan, H. Doering, J. McClay, R. Fleming, Joseph Kines, John Riley, H. Davidson, J. Kincade, J. G. Kincade, T. Hall, John Gibson, W. Rutherford, sen., A. Walker, sen., D. Kerr, W. Glenn, T. Strachan, E. Glenn, J. Neilson, D. McClay, W. Ghold and T. Stemler. The Reeve took the chair and the by-law was finally passed. Moved by Mr. Kines, seconded by Mr. Johnston, that this Council change Charles Riley from beat 18 to beat 14, and John Leggatt from beats 40 and 34 to beat 43—Carried. The Council adjourned to dinner, and after dinner met the Council of Milverton at Zaeger's hotel, to try and settle the debt between the two municipalities, but could not come to any settlement. The Council again met in Henderson's hall, for general business. The Reeve was authorized to issue the following orders:—Alex. Reid, $18.56, taxes refunded on account of fire; J. Dunbar, $35.00, salary as collector; S. Loney, $30.00 salary as collector. Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Kines, that this council now adjourn to meet again at Henderson's on Monday, the 4th of April next, at the usual hour.—Carried.

JOHN WATSON, Clerk.

FIRE AT TEVIOTDALE.—On Saturday last, about half-past two in the afternoon, smoke was seen issuing from a barn on the farm of Mr. Alexander Watt, at Teviotdale, followed immediately after by great sheets of flame. So firm a hold had the fire got before it manifested itself that any exertion to have stayed its progress would have been useless. The barn, together with the hay, &c., which was therein, was totally consumed. The fire is supposed to have been caused by sparks from the sawmill on the adjoining property.—*Telegraph*.

The Great Western excursion party, the first emigrant train of the season, arrived at Winnipeg on Thursday of last week. There were 250 souls all told in six passenger coaches, with two baggage cars. Six persons got off at Crookston for Dakota, and over half the remainder at Emerson, for the Pembina and Turtle Mountain Districts. Those arriving at Winnipeg go to the Little Saskatchewan and other western districts. Twenty-one cars of freight and stock followed close behind. The train left Toronto on the 2nd of March. They were four days bound in a snowstorm east and north of Chicago. The party was in charge of J. Knox, of Hamilton. The excusionists were none the worse for the fatigue, and speak well of their treatment.

On the Verge of the Grave.

Such was the Condition of Moses A. Walker, of Derry N. H., with congestion of the Lungs and Chronic Catarrh. Two bottles of the Constitutional Catarrh Remedy entirely restored him to health, and, to use his own words, "built up my whole system." The Remedy is for sale by all druggists.

A Ladies' Land League has been formed at Liverpool.

FORESHADOWED VICTORIES.

The Dreams of Boyhood Realized.

We have heard grim hard-faced men declaim against the visionary plans of youth, and against the dreams of boyhood! How few there are who, like Professor Holloway, can cast an eye around the world and say—"Behold the fulfilment of all my early dreams!" With him those dreams were prophecies. And we are likewise told that the mind of the first Napoleon was flushed with visions of imperial power even from the very earliest years to which his memory extended. But these are exceptional cases: and with the great majority of men the glorious dreams of boyhood produce no realizing issue.

With Holloway the case was different. The sufferings of the sick aroused his boyish nature into a fixed resolve to meet and conquer malady. His studies from his earliest years were controlled and stimulated by the desire of rescuing the human family from the fangs of physical prostration and decay. He found that all maladies took their rise from an impurity of *the blood*, and that, whatever might be the form of the disease, it could be reached and eradicated by a restoration of the vital fluid to its pristine and normal purity.

Having made this amazing discovery, he had now (as he then thought) but one further case, and that was, to find such a combination of curative principles as could, under any and all circumstances, be relied upon for rectifying the disordered condition of the stream of life. In the production of the vegetable kingdom alone he found the Universal Remedies he was in search of; and on the announcement of his discoveries, was greeted, with the praise which had hitherto been lavished upon his industry, but with a hovel of hate by those who saw, in the general adoption of his specific cures, the overthrow of all the fortunes which they had hoped to extort from their false profession of the healing art.

But the dreams of the young enthusiast were now too nearly realized to permit him to be beaten. He answered every calumny by pointing to a thousand cures, and at length by the aid of the press, his most virulent enemies were either silenced, or compelled to give a reluctant assent to the infallible efficacy of his Pills and Ointment for the cure of all external and internal ailments.—*New Orleans Bee.*

The Afghan war cost England £5,000,000.

That marvelous purifyer, **Burdock Blood Bitters**, will speedily change the sallow face to one of freshness health and beauty. It regulates the Bowels, acts promptly on the Liver and Kidneys and strengthens the system when broken down by Nervous or General Debility. Ask your druggist for a Trial Bottle, the cost is only 10 cents. Large Bottles $1.00.

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

John Gibson, of Millbank, has sold his farm to Peter Livingston, for $5,000.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough, and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

Mr. Wilson, leader of the Centre Presbyterian church choir, Elma, was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane the other evening.

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

"Hail beauteous, bounteous, gladsome Spring"—this was MarkTwain's prize poem—but the dire diseases incident to spring, spoil the romance. Burdock Blood Bitters is the prize remedy, the remedy prized by all who have tried it as the best Blood Purifying Tonic and System Regulator in the market. It cures all Blood Humors from the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple. Sample Bottles 10 cents, for sale by all dealers in medicine.

The wife of a Toronto inebriate recovered $60 damages from the saloon-keeper who supplied her husband with liquor after she had notified him not to do so.

Put it to Proof.

At a time when the community is flooded with so many unworthy devices and concoctions, it is refreshing to find one that is beneficial and pure. So conscious are the proprietors of DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption, of the worth of their remedy, that they offer all who desire a trial bottle *free of charge*. This certainly would be disastrous to them did not the remedy possess the remarkable curative qualities claimed. DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption will positively cure Asthma, Bronchitis, Stubborn Coughs, Colds, Phthisic, Quinsy, Hoarseness, Croup, or affection of the throat and lungs. As you value your existence give this wonderful remedy a trial by calling on J. H. Michener.

"If Sir John Macdonald was Premier of England he would settle the Irish question in a month." This remark, made at a missionary meeting in Toronto recently, called for thunders of applause.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM is composed of the most healing balsams and gums. The Balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered, and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of the throat and lungs. Thousands of bottles are used annually, and is considered one of the standard preparations of the day.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills need only a single trial to make known their capabilities. No outside sore or inward inflammation can long withstand the cooling, purifying, and healing influences exerted by these twin medicaments. Be the mischief recent or chronic, great or slight, painful or simply annoying, it will succumb before the curative virtues of these noble remedies, which can be rightly applied by any person who will attentively read their accompanying directions which are propounded in the plainest language, void of technical terms, and printed in the most legible characters. To the man of business, confined in his counting-house, and harassed by engagements, these Pills are invaluable; to the man of pleasure, addicted to free living, they are peerless.

One of the most important arrests made under the Coercion Act has just been effected, the prisoner being Mr. P. J. Sheridan, one of the traversers in the State trials at Dublin.

In cases of Chronic disease which doctors have failed to cure, **Burdock Blood Bitters** has achieved its greatest triumph. All diseases of the Blood Liver and Kidneys, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Piles, Female Complaints and all forms of lost Vitality are promptly cured by this renovating Tonic. Trial Bottles only cost 10 cents.

Use "Castorine" Machine Oil for all kinds of machinery, it is also excellent for harness and leather. Makes it water and weather proof. For sale by dealers.

The nomination in Carleton, N.B., is to take place on the 23rd and polling on the 30th inst., instead of as appointed before. The dates for East Northumberland are left unchanged, being on the 18th and 25 inst. for nomination and polling respectively.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

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

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

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

Taylor's Grand Trunk excursion party, numbering twenty-five souls, arrived at Winnipeg at an early hour on Saturday morning, having left Ottawa on the 3rd of March. They were seriously delayed by the snow blockade in Wisconsin. The party speak well of the treatment they received on the trip, and presented Mr. Taylor with a complimentary address.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. See other column.

HEADACHE.

Why become a suffering martyr to Headache, when **Burdock Blood Bitters** will surely cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone up the Nervous System, and distressing headache will be unknown? Sample Bottles 10 cents, Large Bottles $1.00.

The Directors of the Great Western Railway have issued a circular dealing with the agitation for amalgamation with the Grand Trunk. They doubt whether if £200,000 sterling would be gained yearly in working expenses, and say that they will not give up their American allies for amalgamation with the Grand Trunk.

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

A Long Time to Suffer.

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

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

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

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

ZOPESA, from Brazil, is now come into Canada. It is a mild pugative, acting as a wonder upon, and giving strength and energy to the Digestive Apparatus of the human stomach, correcting and increasing the acids. It is strongly Anti-bilious and carries off all surplus bile, tones up the liver, gives sound digestion and speedy health to the Dyspeptic and the Bilious. Ask John Livingstone for a ten cent sample bottle and test ZOPESA, the new compound, large eight ounce bottles 75 cents.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

March 17, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.	1 00 to	1 04
Spring Wheat, "	1 00	1 06
Barley, "	0 65	0 70
Peas, "	0 60	0 62
Oats, "	0 30	0 32
Flour, per brrl.,	5 00	5 50
Oatmeal, "	2 50	2 75
Cornmeal, "	1 75	2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 00	0 18
Eggs, per dozen,	0 15	0 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 00	0 45
Turkeys, per lb,	0 00	0 07
Geese, " "	0 05	0 06
Chickens, per pair,	0 25	0 30
Pork, cwt.,	7 00	7 00
Hay, per ton,	9 00	0 00
Wood, long,	2 00	0 00
Wood, short,	0 00	1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00	7 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 27	0 28

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

March 16 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 06 to	1 10
Wheat, spring, "	1 10	1 18
Barley, "	0 88	0 93
Peas, "	0 64	0 70
Oats, "	0 38	0 40
Rye, "	0 80	0 85
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	7 75	8 00
Beef, hind " "	6 00	7 50
Mutton, by carcase " "	6 00	8 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 20	0 24
Butter, large rolls,	0 00	0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 17	0 19
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 16	0 17
Potatoes, per bag	0 50	0 60
Hay, per ton,	12 00	15 00
Wool, "	0 28	0 29

STRATFORD.

March 16, 1881.		
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 07 to	1 09
Wheat, spring, "	1 05	1 06
Barley, "	0 60	0 75
Oats, "	0 33	0 34
Peas, "	0 65	0 70
Oats, "	0 27	0 28
Rye, "	0 00	0 00
Hay, per ton,	6 00	8 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 30	0 45
Butter, per lb,	0 20	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 18	0 20
Pork, per cwt.	7 00	7 50
Cordwood, per cord,	2 00	2 25
Wool, per lb.,	0 20	0 26

PALMERSTON.

| March 16, 1881. | |

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

J. G. Tremain sells coffee for 22c. per lb.

Don't forget that W. J. Stewart gives 13 lbs. of good Sugar for one dollar.

A SHOOTING gallery has taken up its quarters in Osborne's block.

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

Bring your Butter and Eggs to Tremain's—highest price given.

THERE was no meeting of the Town Council on Monday evening last, for want of a quorum.

W. J. Stewart gives 4 lbs. of good Tea for $1. Other Teas as cheap as the cheapest.

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

GONE WEST.—Mr. S. Smith, jr., left here on Tuesday last for Kansas, to accept a position as operator on the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway.

Choice sugar cured Hams and spiced Roll meat, at Tremain's, Wallace street; also pure Leaf Lard.

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

REMOVED.—Mr. Wm. Mitchell has removed his marble works to the stand formerly occupied by Mr. A. M. Morrow, opposite the Commercial hotel.

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

Butter, Eggs, Apples, Potatoes and Dried Meat taken in exchange, at highest prices, at W. J. Stewart's, and don't forget it.

MR. N. WALTON, blacksmith, has taken possession of the shop lately vacated by Mr. W. Walker. Read his announcement, which appears in our advertising columns.

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

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

W. J. Stewart has everything that is kept in a first-class grocery, as cheap as the cheapest, and will not be undersold by any house in the trade.

SPRING SHOW.—The directors of the Elma & Wallace Agricultural Society have decided to hold their Spring Exhibition of Horses and Cattle on Friday, 1st April.

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

Go to J. G. Tremain's, Wallace street, for Teas. His 50 cent Japan, worth 60c, can't be beat; 3 lbs. good green tea for $1; choicest Young Hyson 75 cents per lb.

CRICKET.—A meeting for re-organizing the Listowel Cricket Club will be held this evening at the Grand Central hotel. All interested are requested to be present.

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

YESTERDAY a dog made its egress from Mr. W. Bradley's store by jumping through the window, causing a crash among the crockery, in addition to breaking a large pane of glass.

Give W. J. Stewart a trial and be convinced that it is the cheapest place in town to buy your Groceries.

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

NEW MILLINERY STORE.—Mrs. Hampton is opening out a millinery and fancy goods store in the premises lately occupied by Adam's hardware store, next door to the Bank of Hamilton. Watch for her announcement next week.

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

AN assembly, under the auspices of the young gentlemen of Listowel, was held in the Osborne hall on Friday evening last. It was well attended by lovers of the light fantastic of both sexes. Prof. Holland's string band furnished the music.

When you want good Oatmeal, Cornmeal, or Buckwheat flour, go to J. G. Tremain's, Wallace street. He keeps Flour and Feed of all kinds.

A case of "tramp nuisance" occurred the other evening, the residence of one of our citizens being appropriated by Mr. tramp, who resisted dislodgement until a police officer was notified. He was thereupon relegated to one of the cells.

Don't be afraid to send your orders with your children to W. J. Stewart, as they will be dealt as fair with as if you come yourselves.

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

MR. E. B. SUTHERLAND, of this town, has been awarded the contract for the erection of the Wallace Cheese & Butter Manufacturing Co's. new buildings. The buildings are to be finished by the 20th April, the contractor is therefore preparing to rush things.

Green and Dried Apples and Potatoes in abundance; also the best of Butter always on hand at W. J. Stewart's. Goods delivered free.

PASSED.—The name of Miss M. Draper, of Listowel, was omitted from the list of candidates who passed the recent second-class professional examination at the Normal School, Toronto. We have since learned that this young lady passed successfully, and has obtained a second-class certificate.

Get your Glassware and Crockery at Tremain's, Wallace street—a large stock of all descriptions on hand.

DRAUGHTS BY TELEGRAPH.—On Monday evening a draught match was played over the wires of the Dominion Telegraph Co. between the Listowel and Teeswater draught clubs. Messrs. R. Ferguson and S. Davidson had charge of the board at this end of the wires. Two games were played, Listowel taking the first, and the second resulting in a draw.

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

NEW HALL.—A new hall is being fitted up over Mr. Jas. Lee's harness shop for Court Royal Oak Canadian order of Foresters. The hall will be handsomely furnished, and when completed the Court will have very comfortable quarters for their meetings. The Court is in a flourishing condition, and is rapidly increasing in membership.

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

ARRESTED.—A person named John Stewart was arrested here on Wednesday for breaking into the Great Western station at Walkerton on the night previous and stealing a number of railway tickets. When arrested most of the tickets were found in his possession. He was taken back to Walkerton and upon being examined before a magistrate, he was committed for trial.

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

SOMETHING NEW AND OLD.—New goods for the winter wear, consisting of dress goods, shawls, mantles, overcoats, boots, hosiery, furs, robes, ladies', gents', misses' and children's fur caps, clouds, mufflers, and a thousand and one other things, all of which will be sold at a small advance on cost, at the old reliable store, No. 3, Main st., Listowel.

JOHN RIGGS, Proprietor.—42.

MR. FRED. ALLGIER, who has for some time past occupied the position of salesman in Mr. John Riggs' dry goods establishment, left here this week for Stirling Falls, Muskoka, where he purposes starting business for himself. Previous to his departure, he was entertained to an oyster supper at the American hotel by a number of his friends in town. We wish him all success in the enterprise in which he is about to embark.

WE learn from Mr. McBeth Green, the agent of "The Farmer's Stock Doctor and Live Stock Encylopædia," that this work is taking well with the farmers in this vicinity. It is a work which every farmer and stock raiser will find of much service. We understand that the publishers have exceeded their first intentions, and have included, in addition to its other valuable contents, chapters on the management of bees.

CENSUS ENUMERATORS.—We are authorized to state that the list of census enumerators for North Perth, as published last week, is correct. On Wednesday next the Commissioner for the Riding, John Read, Esq., of Stratford, will be at Milverton, for the purpose of meeting the enumerators in that vicinity and furnishing them with requisite instructions. Mr. Read will meet the enumerators for Elma, Wallace, Listowel and Palmerston, at Listowel on Thursday next.

THE EX-MONK.—F. G. Widdows, ex-Franciscan monk, lectured in the Osborne hall on Thursday evening of last week, to a small audience. Those who were present express themselves as being highly entertained with Mr. Widdows' musical renditions, he being an excellent singer. His discourse on Roman Catholicism is said to have been very interesting. We understand that Mr. Widdows intends revisiting Listowel in the autumn when he will no doubt obtain a more numerous audience.

I. O. O. F.—Arrangements have been made by the Grand Lodge Independent Order of Oddfellows, for the holding of lodges of instruction at various points throughout the province. We understand that Listowel has been named as one of the places where such a convention of Oddfellows will be held. J. B. King, Esq., Grand Secretary, is the instructor for this district, and will be in Listowel on Wednesday, 6th April. All the lodges in the district are expected to send delegates, it is therefore likely that there will be a large gathering of Oddfellows here upon that occasion.

RESULT of an examination in Arithmetic, held in the senior department of Listowel Public School on Friday last; maximum 70:

S. Riggs	70	W. Hess	50
W. Winter	70	M. Gamble	50
W. McConnell	70	R. Kells	50
B. Large	70	J. Coutts	40
R. Morris	70	J. Dick	40
A. Gundry	70	C. Walton	40
W. Johnston	70	V. Legatt	30
E. Welch	70	M. Green	30
E. Brook	70	C. Tilt	30
L. Wehe	60	C. Green	30
J. Bogues	60	M. Sutherland	30
A. Walton	60	J. McIlwraith	20
M. Reid	60	M. McDowell	20
M. Campbell	60	M. Jackson	20
H. Cluule	60	L. Hodgins	20
A. Moore	6	L. Malcolm	10
C. Culbert	60	A. Poole	10
E. Tilt	50		

THE ROARIN' GAME.—On Tuesday morning an interesting match of curling was played on the rink, the contestants being our municipal dignitaries vs. the High and Public school Boards. After a tussle of some three hours duration, the trustees found themselves in the minority. However, they trust to get even with the "fathers" upon the return match. The score stands as under:

RINK NO. 1.

Wm. Little,		Wm. Hess,	
R. Woods,		Wm McKinney,	
A. S. Deavitt,		Geo. Draper,	
T. E. Hay, skip	22	D. D. Campbell, skip	8

RINK NO. 2.

A. McDonald,		J. E. Terhune,	
T. G. Fennell,		J. P. Newman,	
L. Bolton,		A. Austin,	
J. A. Hacking, skip	14	R. Ferguson, skip	21
Total,	36	Total,	29

FOR THE NORTHWEST.—On Wednesday the second Great Western Railway excursion train took its departure for the Northwest. Upon leaving London there were upwards of 400 people on board, some of whom intended settling below the boundary line, but the destination of the greater part of them was in the Canadian Northwest. The party from this vicinity comprised nearly one hundred persons. They left Listowel and Newry stations on the afternoon train, and were accompanied as far as London by Mr. John Livingston, jr., town agent G. W. R., who ticketed them through. On the following morning (Thursday) another large party left here per G. T. R., in charge of C. Hacking, town agent, to join the Grand Trunk special at Stratford. They took three car loads of freight along with them. The party were composed principally of residents of the township of Egremont.

TYRONE.

The following are the names of the three highest in each class at the monthly examination held on the 28th of February: Fifth class—1 John O'Grady, 2 Joseph Ryan, 3 John Foerster. Fourth class—1 Mary E. Faulkner, 2 Minnie Wood, 3 Bridget Ryan. Sr. third class—1 Bridget O'Grady, 2 Christina Davidson, 3 Arthur McDonald. Jr. Third class—1 Thomas Ryan, 2 Francis Vaughan, 3 Agnes Vaughan. Second class—1 Frank Foerster, 2 Peter Foerster, 3 Jessie Wood.—COM.

PALMERSTON.

BUSINESS CHANGES.—Within the last month there have been several changes made between business men. Mr. Carter of (Carter and Fair) bought out Mr. Kerr's share in the foundry. Mr. G. S. Davidson sold his grocery and liquor store to two young men, Jas. and Richard Johnston. They are well known in the town and sorrounding country, and have every prospect of doing a good business. Mr. G. S. Davidson has purchased the stock of Carter & Fair, consisting of dry goods, groceries, crockery, glassware &c. Mr. John Warren, who sold his stock of groceries to W. J. Pritchard last fall, has now started with a general stock of goods, and expects to do a good business.

WALLACE.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Richard Grothier, who resided on the 3rd con. of Wallace, died on Tuesday evening last, rather suddenly. Only a week ago the deceased was apparently as well as ever, and being but 43 years of age, it was far from being expected that death would so soon overtake him. But man's expectations are not always in harmony with the will of Providence. A sudden attack of inflammation of the bowels, the seriousness of which had not been apprehended in time to be combated by medical skill, terminated fatally within the short period of four days. The deceased leaves a wife and two children.

A FAREWELL SURPRISE.—Mr. A. McFall's neighbors took rather abrupt possession of his house on Friday evening, 11th inst. Mr. McFall had no indication of their coming, and his surprise may be well imagined when he found his home filled to overflowing by his friends and neighbors. The ladies had made ample provision for the wants of the inner man, and a repast well worthy of them was spread before an appreciative assemblage. After tea Geo. V. Poole came forward and read an address on behalf of those present, expressive of the deep regret felt for Mr. McFall's departure, he being about to remove to the far west, and tendering him their best wishes in regard to the future. Geo. Follis, Esq., then presented Mr. McFall with a family bible, as a token of the high respect in which he is held by his neighbors, and Jas. Robinson, Esq., on behalf of the ladies, presented Mrs. McFall with a tea set. Mr. McFall made a suitable reply, and after some further time was spent in social chat, all dispersed, well satisfied with the entertainment of the evening.—COM.

To the Editor of the STANDARD—*Sir:* In the letter of "Pro Bono Publico," published in your issue of the 25th ult., I am asked to state when and in what law suit the township has had to pay $450 for lawyers' fees. In reply I beg to refer P. B. P. to the lawsuit which the township had with the Great Western Railway Co., and he will find from the books of the township that the amount paid by the township for lawyers' fees in that suit was $458.08, being $8.08 more than I stated in my last. As to the other Railway matter hinted at by P. B. P., and as to the people's interests being sacrificed, I would refer him to the By-law of the township which gave the bonus to the Stratford & Huron Railway Co., and there he will see that the interest on the debentures became payable from and after the dates of the issuing of the Engineer's certificates, and the interest which was lately paid on these debentures became due according to these bertificates, and although unprovided for, had to be paid in order to save costs. By giving this a place in your paper you will oblige.

GEORGE FOLLIS.

GLENALLAN.

The social given at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday evening last was a grand success. The receipts footed up to $26.

Findlay McGregor is announced to make his appearance here on the 16th inst., to give one of his popular entertainments at Northgrave's hall.

CONCERT.—The residents here will have the pleasure on the evening of the 15th inst., of listening to the strains of the Moorefield band, who purpose giving their first entertainment here.

FANTASTIC.—A ball took place on the evening of the 14th at Northgraves hall. Quite a number took part in tripping the light fantastic toe, to the strains of the excellent music provided on the occasion.

Mr. John McCahon, an old and respected resident of this neighborhood, will receive the congratulations of his many friends at a supper to be given him at Gallop's hotel on the evening of the 18th inst. We believe it is his intention to accompany Mr. James Gibson to Berlin.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.—A large number of the friends of James Gibson, Esq., met in the dining hall of Northgrave's hotel on Thursday evening, 10th inst., to entertain that gentleman at a complimentary supper, he being about to take up his residence in Berlin. The hall was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, bunting, mottoes, etc., giving it a pleasant and inviting appearance. About sixty persons sat down to a well spread table, which all admit was a credit to mine host. After ample justice had been done to the luxuries provided, the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal and complimentary toasts were disposed of. James Cross, Esq., occupied the chair, and filled the post with his usual well known ability. On his right sat the guest of the evening, while Geo. Allan, Esq., occupied the vice-chair. Letters of apology were read from a number of prominent gentlemen from a distance, who from business engagements and the unfavorable state of the roads were unable to attend. "The Queen" was the first toast, the company responding by singing God Save the Queen. "Our Future King and all the Royal Family." Song, Rule Brittania, by Messrs. Mannell and Watkins. The health of the Governor General and Lieutenant Governor were drank in the usual loyal and patriotic style. Song, Canada our Home. "Dominion and Local Parliaments." Song by Mr. Smith. "Army and Navy," responded to by Capt. Geo. Allan. Song, Red, White and Blue, by Messrs. Watkins and Mannell. "Our Guest," who, coming forward, expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of his old friends and acquaintances, and regretted that he could not find words to express his feelings on this occasion; but after a very pleasant and able address, brought his remarks to a close by wishing all present prosperity in the future. Song, He's a Jolly Good Fellow, by all present. "The Medical Profession," responded to by Dr. McWilliams. Song, (comic,) by Mr. Smith. "Our Agricultural Interests," responded to by Messrs. McBeth, Love and Bailey. Song, Speed the Plow. "Our Manufacturing Interests," responded to by Jas. Allan, Esq., Messrs. Gordon, of Drayton, and Barrett of Glenallan. Song, (sentimental) by Mr. Smith. "Our Host and Hostess" brought forward Mr. Northgrave, who in a few well chosen remarks thanked the large company for their attendance, and wished the guest and all present long life, health and prosperity. Song, by the company, He's a Jolly Good Fellow. The assemblage dispersed at an early hour, after singing Auld Lang Syne, all feeling satisfied that the evening was pleasantly spent.—COM.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Rev. Dr. Wild preached last night on the end of the world, and argued that in progress of time, especially when the millennium came, the intellectual development of the human race would be such as to interfere with the reproduction of the species. Men would accordingly decrease in number, and at the last, when only a few millions were left, the destroying angel would quietly extinguish those living: During the sermon the Doctor referred contemptuously to some of the theories advanced by others regarding the last day, and among others to that which held that the race would die off until only one man—the last man—remained. "Who'd bury him?" asked the doctor, with intense emphasis, passing on without further comment to other matters. As a *Mail* reporter was leaving the church after the service, he came up behind two small boys who were discussing the sermon with much interest. The preacher, be it remarked, had laid stress upon the divine power which had created the earth and all upon it. Said small boy number one: "Wasn't that a great note about the last man, Tommy?" Said number two: "I smile. By jinks it would be a snap to write the old man and ask if the divine power what created the world couldn't give the survivor a funeral! Eh?"—*Mail.*

NEXT TO GAS.—Everybody likes it. I am selling American high test burning oil same price as Canadian, in order to introduce it.

J. A. HACKING.

SALE REGISTER.

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

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

BIRTHS.

SCHMIDT—In Wallace, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr J. G. Schmidt, of a son.

MOORE.—In Listowel, on the 14th inst., the wife of Robt. J. Moore of a son.

MARRIAGES.

SPEARS—THOMLINSON—In Wallace, on the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. H. Berry, Mr. William Spears of Wallace, to Essie, daughter of the late James Thomlinson, of Maryborough.

WATSON—FOLLIS.—In Elma, on the 9th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. H. Berry, Mr. Jno. A. Watson, cabinet maker of Listowel, to Esther A., daughter of Stewart Follis Esq., of Elma.

DEATHS.

DAYS—In Gorrie, on Wedensday, March 9th, 1881, of erysipelas, Mrs Hannah Days, aged 63 years.

GROTHIER—In Wallace, on the 15th inst., Mr. Richard Grothier, aged 43 years.

DUNLOP—In Fordwich on the 16th inst., Uriah Dunlop, aged 3 years.

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

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure
ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,
And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

SERVANT WANTED.

A good general servant. Apply immediately to MRS. WM. DIXON,
11. Dodd Street.

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

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

MECHANIC'S ASSEMBLY!

An Assembly for the mechanics of the town will be given in the
OSBORNE HALL,
—ON—
FRIDAY EVG., MARCH 25, 1881.
Dancing to commence at 8.30 o'clock.
First-Class Music will be in Attendance.
TICKETS, 50 CENTS.
All are cordially invited to attend.
W. R. RILEY, Treasurer. A. E. WALKER, Secretary.
Listowel, Mar. 17, 1881. 11a.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!
THE
Blacksmith and Wheel-wright
BUSINESS
Carried on by Wm. Walker at his well-known and commodious stand in Listowel, will now be carried on by the subscriber.
Horseshoeing, Plough-work
AND GENERAL REPAIRING
will be made a specialty in the business.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED,
and a fair trial is only needed to prove our ability to please and satisfy you. An early call from our and Mr. Walker's old customers is especially and respectfully solicited.
N. WALTON.
Listowel, March 16, 1881. 11.

Dissolution of Partnership!

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us the undersigned, as general merchants, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to D. Roy and A. McDonald, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said D. Roy and A. McDonald, by whom the same will be settled.
Dated at Listowel this 26th day of February, A. D., 1881.
Witness, J. W. REID. D. ROY, J. H. McDONALD, A. McDONALD.

In reference to the above dissolution, we have to announce that we have bought out Mr. J. H. McDonald's interest in the above mentioned business, and have admitted Mr. John McKenzie as partner in the new firm, and we will continue the business as usual under the style and firm of Roy, McDonald & Co.
D. ROY, A. McDONALD.

SPECIAL FOR THE LADIES!

We have added a millinery department to our business, and have engaged Mrs. Leslie to look after your interests in that line. Our stock will be large and well selected, and will be ready for inspection in a few days. Be sure and give us a call.
ROY, McDONALD & CO.
D. ROY. A. McDONALD. J. McKENZIE.

PERSONAL.

I have to announce to the public that I have again entered into the dry goods business, in connection with the firm of Roy, McDonald & Co., (Mr. Roy taking my position as manager of our Banking House.)
To my old friends and the public generally I have to say that I will be much pleased to have them call and see me, and I will do my best to make it profitable to buy goods from our house. I have been buying goods for the last month for the new firm, and have succeeded in getting a choice lot of goods, and at bottom prices, and will sell them wholesale and retail at a small margin on cost for cash or trade.
I have associated with me as active partner, Mr. John McKenzie, who will devote his energies to the clothing department, and as he is well known as a first-class cutter, anyone wanting anything in that line could not do better than give him a call.
A. McDONALD.

PERSONAL.

I beg leave to notify the public that I have taken a partnership in the new firm of Roy, McDonald & Co., and will make the manufacturing of ordered clothing a specialty.
Mr. McDonald and I have just completed the purchase of a fine lot of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, which are arriving this week, and as they have been bought on the best of terms we will be prepared to sell them cheap.
In making this announcement of the change I have made, I cordially invite all my old friends and patrons to give me a call before leaving their order elsewhere, as I am sure that I can make it to their advantage to do so.
JOHN McKENZIE.
Listowel, March 16, 1881. 11.

BBB
Burdock BLOOD Bitters
Burdock Healing Ointment should be used in connection with Burdock Blood Bitters for curing Ulcers, Abscesses, Fevers, Sores, &c. Price 25 cents per box. T. MILBURN & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
FARMING IMPLEMENTS!
STOCK, &C.
There will be sold by Public Auction, on the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 26, 2nd con. Wallace, on
FRIDAY, MARCH 25th, 1881,
the following property, viz.:
One Standard Separator Threshing Machine, with horse power and attachments complete, McDonald & McPherson's make, Stratford. This machine has only run two seasons, and is just as good as new; will thresh 100 bushels of wheat per hour.
1 span of horses 8 years old, 1 set of team harness with Scotch collars, 1 lumber wagon, 1 truck wagon almost new, with iron axle, 1 iron plow with steel board and wrought iron point, 1 set iron harrows with four sections, 80 teeth, 1 pair bob sleighs with box, 1 pair bob sleighs without box, and a variety of smaller articles.
TERMS—Sums of $5 and under, cash; over that amount credit will be given till the first day of January, 1882, upon approved joint notes. 8 per cent. discount for cash on sums over $5.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m.
T. E. HAY, Auctioneer. CHAS. WETTLAUFER, Proprietor.
Wallace, Mar. 1, 1881. 9c.

TRUTHS.
Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters ever made.
They are compounded from Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symtoms are what the disease or ailment is use, Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable use the Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.
Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine every made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.
Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.
For sale by all druggists.

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

FARM FOR SALE.

Being lot 33, 9th con. Elma, 175 acres; 140 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation, balance well timbered. The farm is well drained and well watered. A good substantial frame house, 32x22, with kitchen 16x24. The house is new and well finished, with excellent cellar. Frame barn 80x36. Two orchards on premises, one in bearing. The farm is well fenced, and is altogether one of the most desirable properties in the township. Terms reasonable. For further particulars apply on the premises, to
WM. BUCHANAN,
45 Donegal P. O.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

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

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

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

IN NEW PREMISES!
WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to parties purchasing in large quantities.
Call and see him in his new premises.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1880.

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

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

REMOVAL!
J. P. NEWMAN,
Has
Removed to His New store!
On the Old Site, West of Campbell's Block, Main Street, where he has
Opened out
AN EXTENSIVE STOCK
—OF—
BOOTS & SHOES
Comprising all the Newest Styles in Ladies', Men's and Children's wear, and which he will sell at
BOTTOM PRICES!
First-Class Workmen Employed.
Repairing Promptly Attended To.
Remember the Stand,
Mechanic's Block, Main St., South Side.
J. P. NEWMAN.
Listowel, Sept. 12, 1879. 33.

WILLIAM LITTLE,
Successor to LITTLE BROS., & Co.,
WALLACE STREET LISTOWEL,
MANUFACTURER OF
First-Class Carriages, Wagons
made from the best material, sold
On Most Reasonable Terms.
ALSO
HORSE-SHOEING & REPAIRING
Promptly Attended To.
Listowel, 1880. 17.

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

FRIEND W. BLACK,
The famous, favored, fortunate fellow, furnisher of four Ferrotypes for fifty cents, having taken possession of the
PHOTO GALLERY
One door west of J. Armstrong's grocery, and having thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, putting in the best instruments, back-grounds and accessories that can be procured, is now prepared to supply the public with First-class Photos at the lowest possible price.
From an extensive experience in some of the best galleries in Ontario, he feels confident of being able to give entire satisfaction to the public.
AMBROTYPES.
Having the latest and most improved instruments for making this popular style of picture, I defy competition, as I give
Four Large Ambrotypes for 50 CENTS.
Just as large as you get anywhere else for 25c. each.
All work guaranted first-class or no charge.
W. BLACK.
39. Photographer.

MAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL
GERMAN PATENT
National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

Lot No. 32, 3rd con. of Grey, containing 100 acres, 60 acres cleared and in good state of cultivation; good house; frame stable, an granary; log barn; young orchard of about 40 trees; well watered, small creek running across it. School house quarter mile from property; three miles and a half from Listowel. Will be sold at a reasonable figure. Terms, half cash and balance to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to.
NATHANIEL HARRIS.
Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 30.

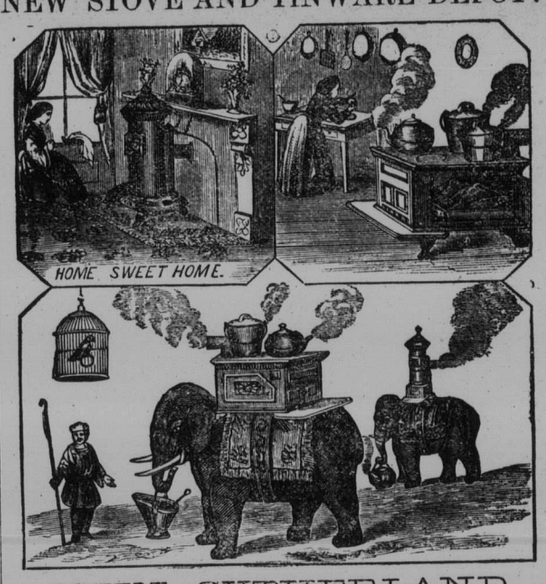
VICTORIA
BUCHU & UVA URSI
THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND URINARY ORGANS.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being west half of lot 22, 4th con. Elma, containing 50 acres. 40 acres cleared and in good cultivation; good house; frame stable an granary; log barn; young orchard of about 40 trees; well watered, small creek running across it. School house quarter mile from property; three miles and a half from Listowel. Will be sold at a reasonable figure. Terms, half cash and balance to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply to.
NATHANIEL HARRIS.
Listowel, P. O., Oct. 20, 1880. 30.

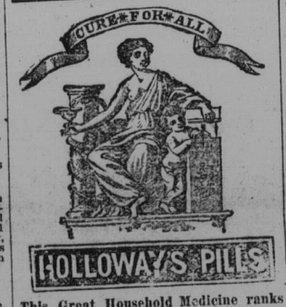
HOLIDAY GOODS!
FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,
FIRST-CLASS CUTLERY,
ELEGANT LAMP GOODS,
SKATES FOR THE MILLION,
And other Choice Goods Suitable for the Holiday Trade.
S. BRICKER & CO'S HARDWARE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

NEW STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT!



JOHN SUTHERLAND
Has pleasuoc in informing the public that he has opened out in the Masonic Block, Main Street, Listowel, and is now prepared to sell
STOVES for BOTH WOOD & COAL, TINWARE of ALL KINDS,
and everything in his line AT BOTTOM PRICES!
Eavetroughing and Repairing Promptly Attended to.
AN EARLY CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
REMEMBER THE STAND—Masonic Block, one door west of Bricker's Hardware; store recently occupied by Walter McMillan.
Listowel, January, 1881. 4.

SPRING ARRIVALS
—AT THE—
ONTARIO HOUSE!
Full Lines in Every Department.
OPENING OUT THIS WEEK!
Further Announcement Next Week.
GEORGE DRAPER.
SIX APPRENTICES WANTED, TO LEARN MILLINERY.



This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessities of Life.
The famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the
Liver, Stomach, Kidneys
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.
For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,
Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,
it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,
Gout, Rheumatism,
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
And are sold by all Vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.
The trade marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.
Purchases should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on
FRIDAY, APRIL, 1ST, 1881.

LIVERY, HACK & BUS BUSINESS.
R. & W. WOODS,
having purchased the Livery and Hack business from Jas. Pelton, wish to inform the public that they are prepared to supply
Rigs of Every Kind on Shortest Notice, and at Reasonable Rates.
They will also run
A BUS AND HACK,
to and from all trains. Good rigs and gentle horses at all hours.
STABLES—Mill street, opposite Town Hall Listowel. 3.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,
having leased the
DOOR AND SASH FACTORY
from Mr. Milne, is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in
DOORS, S

THE HEAD WAITER.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

CHAPTER III.

THE APOLLO.

The Apollo was not a music hall of the first class, although the entertainment provided for its patrons was very much like the amusements at establishments in more fashionable thoroughfares. It had its lion comiques; its Florries, Jennies and Totties, in their vivacious songs and ballads; its seedy, seedy tenors; its sword swallowers and acrobats; its man with the wooden dolls; its black singer and his banjo; and its "duologists"—all the same weary, never ending programme, patent to East as West. I believe the listening night after night to these people for whom I had no love, and for whose talents I had not a scrap of admiration, had tended to soften my brain with its terrible monotony. I had had twenty years of it; fancy twenty years of incessant lion comiques, and all the tag rag of the profession in their rear, and then wonder that I was not a wise man!

Why, the visitors were not wise, much less the man who waited on them. I despised them in my heart; a few of them I hated. I knew them all by sight. They came twice or thrice a week—God knows for what!—and sat with bleared eyes and open mouths; a vacuous, beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking gang, who roared with laughter at the weakest jokes, and applauded with all their might the silliest of antics. I was a Timon of Athens in their midst, but they were not aware of it. I had disliked my vocation and the people by whom I was surrounded, for many years, without uttering a complaint, until Jessie came to take her part in this existence with me, and then my hatred and my horror came rapidly to the front, and it was not an easy task to hide my feelings.

I had had a hope that Jessie would be quickly tired of the Apollo—quickly "sick of it." There was an instinctive good taste in her which would revolt—I was sure of it—against the vulgarities and buffooneries of the singers; she would have satisfied her curiosity quickly, and seen the charms of home again by very contrast with this artificial world.

I was mistaken: it was one more of the many mistakes of my life, and I did not understand Jessie so well as I could have wished, and there were more sides to her character than it was in my power to discover. I was no judge of character—of women's I was especially ignorant. Well, I had only one to love and work for and think about besides my little girl—what wonder if women were enigmas to me? i might have understood Jessie, you may think, at least, but I did not; I only thought I did.

Jessie found some amusement in the singers and dancers at the Apollo; it was a new existence, and the novelty of it all had a strange effect upon her. She was an excitable little woman, with whom excitement seemed to agree. Her despondent fits passed away; she was singing about the house again only her songs were the hideous ditties of the night before. She worked hard throughout the day. She did not in any way neglect her child; she was more affectionate to her. And yet the experiment of change was hardly satisfactory. I was very glad that she was better in health, but I should have liked her less at the Apollo.

She was a quiet, demure lady enough there but people looked at her, and wondered at her, and of course the chairman, after awhile, and one or two gentlemen of the orchestra—oh, they were pretty gentlemen, poor fellows!—exchanged a few passing civilities as she became known to them by sight, known to them by hearsay, as old Durnford's wife. I had nothing to be jealous about. Jessie was amiable and pleasant, and her manners were not the manners of many of the women at these places; she had a civil answer to a civil question, and an honest smile for those friends she made by degrees, and who smiled honestly after. Still, I was secretly unhappy, jealous of any one who spoke to her or looked at her, and she made friends, as I have said.

Now and then it happened that a stranger would address her—a man with an extra degree of impudence in him, or an extra glass of spirits—but he was generally put in his place and told to mind his own business by Jessie. My young wife was vain, probably, but she did not seek for the attentions or admiration of the stranger, and no one had a word to say against her for a long while.

For a long while only—the slander came in its time, and the suspicions followed, and there was no peace of mind for me from that day. What could an old duffer like Durnford expect, who brought his young and pretty wife to the Apollo! Oh, the grand chorus of "I told you so," that I had to listen to and endure!

One evening I had been extra busy at the Apollo; it had been Mr. Wheezy's benefit and there was extra attractions, and a host of Wheezy's bibulous friends to support them and Wheezy, and the place was crowded in every hole and corner. I had had some difficulty in keeping a place for Jessie, and presently she was almost lost to my sight by the men and women who hemmed her round with the camp-stools we had been compelled to bring in to accommodate our numerous patrons. I had no time to speak to my wife that evening; I was content to glance at her now and then when passing by.

It was close upon nine o'clock when I met her in the lobby beyond the swing glass door which led into the hall. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Jessie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm going home—that's all."

"Has—has anybody offended you?" I inquired. "Has anything been said on the stage that—"

"Don't be ridiculous, Jacob," she cried, piteously; "nothin's the matter, only I don't feel very well, and the place is dreadfully hot, and I thought I should faint."

"You look like a ghost," I said, "or as if you had seen one."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, so sharply that I went back a step or two in dismay at her violence.

"I don't mean anything but that you are very pale," I explained.

"Yes, I dare say I am," she said. "I—I thought you were throwing off at me. Good-night. I am going straight home."

"Don't sit up for me; I shall be late tonight with this confounded benefit."

"I am afraid you will. No, I shall not stop up."

"And—"

But she did not want to hear any further instructions; she hurried away like a woman eager for fresh air, and I went slowly down the lobby, thinking of her. The swing glass door was opened suddenly as I approached it, and it was only by a sidewise movement that I escaped collision with a gentleman who came striding from the hall.

"Here, you, sir, which way has she gone?" he asked of me, peremptorily.

"Which way—has who gone?"

"Jessie—I mean the lady who came out just now," he said. "You must have passed her."

I turned faint and ill myself, I think, for I lost sight of this man for a moment, and the lights in the lobby looked to me like hazy moons struggling to shine through a thick mist.

"You idiot—don't you understand?" the man said, passionately.

"Do you know the lady?" I asked, slowly.

"What the devil's business is that of yours?"

"The devil's business—ah! very likely it is," I answered, thoughtfully; and the man stared at me, and fancied I was mad. Yet I was very cunning in my madness, and an awful liar.

"The lady has gone into the balcony up stairs; she thinks she can see better there."

"Thanks, old man; why didn't you say so before?" and as he hastened away he pitched a shilling into my tray as a reward for my piece of information.

I could have almost laughed at this, only my thoughts were many, and were heart-sickening after a time. I had so much upon my mind, so many doubts crowding in upon the orders for drink, so many customers to attend to, or to neglect, and such strange thoughts of home and Jessie.

I tried to think it all a mistake—that this man had only been attracted by her fresh young face, her strange position there, her isolation; but the mention of her Christian name, his anxious search in the gallery above-stairs, the grave expression that he wore now—I watched him more closely than any one could have thought possible that busy night—convinced me almost that there was a motive for his search not born of a rake's passing fancy for a pretty woman.

When he came into the stalls again, as if expecting to find her in her old place, he scowled at me for an instant, and then vanished into the street.

I returned home very tired that night, and very much bewildered. The hall had been open till two by special permission of the police, and it was close upon three when I reached home. To my astonishment, Jessie was in the front room, stitching away as for dear life.

"Sitting up!" I said, in my astonishment.

"Yes; I couldn't sleep. I thought I would get on with my work. It was better than lying staring at the ceiling, wasn't it?"

"Well, perhaps so," I replied. "Do you feel pretty well now?"

"Oh, I'm well enough."

I did not ask her any more questions; I did not allude to he gentlemen who had been in search of her, and had given me a shilling for false information; I waited for her to tell her story, if she had one, and she never said a word. Perhaps it was all fancy—probably it was, I tried to think—and he was unconscious of the admirer who had suddenly sprung up in her path. She did not go to the Apollo for two or three weeks after this; she did not care about it, she said; she was tired, or had too much work to do.

I was glad to hear her say this, though I was sorry to see how despondent and fretful she grew once more; and my suspicions seemed to die away until he again came to the Apollo. I recognized him at once; I believe I knew he was there before I had seen him, by a death-like coldness that came upon me suddenly, as if some spectre had glided into the place. At all events, my knees knocked together when I had seen him, and there was a choking sensation behind my rusty neck.

He did not know me; but I knew him, and what he had come for. He stood at the glass doors, and looked at the stage from time to time, but his quick, eager glance toward every newcomer showed he was waiting for some one, or in search of some one. Waiting for some one as if by appointment, I feared; and if Jessie had entered the hall that night, I should have gone dead off, I'm certain. But no one came, and I was very glad.

He lingered there till a late hour. I was keenly watchful of him, though in his pre occupation he did not observe me. From this night forth I should know him anywhere; under any circumstances of life, under any aspect of death, in his fashionable dress, or in his coffin, that man would never be forgotten or mistaken for another. He was a handsome man, of some eight-and-twenty years of age; hardly like a gentleman in appearance, though dressed like one, and striving hard to pass for one. He was not one of "the real sort"; and a waiter knows the real sort more quickly than anybody else. The real sort, after all, is rather scarce; at the Apollo it was very scarce indeed, although sometimes found in an inebriated condition. with its hat on the back of the head, strolling in to oblige Florrie and Tottie, and to cry "Bravo!"

This man I did not like, though I could not make him out. He was not a betting man, for the men who came to bet, who were known on every English race course, and who patronized the Apollo, passed him without recognition; the "season tickets"—male and female—did not nod to him, and he took no notice of them; to the waiters he was a stranger; the professionals who came in after their "turns" did not shake hands with him and hint that they were thirsty; he was not known to the police

He was there the next night—then he missed two nights, and came in late on the Saturday, well dressed, carefully gloved, with a hat intensely shiny, a white flower in the button-hole of his coat, and a diamond breast pin which one could see was a diamond at any distance off.

He disappeared again for a week, and I thought he had gone away—given up his search, perhaps—for good. I was exultant, though it did not seem to matter much now that Jessie did not come, and then I grew nervous, and stupid, and completely dazed, when she suddenly startled me by entering the hall one evening.

"I could not stand it any longer, Jacob," she said, half-apologetically even; "I should have gone mad all alone in that room if I had kept indoors another night. I couldn't keep at home—I couldn't really."

"Very well," I said; "of course it is better to have a little change when you feel in that unsettled state."

"Yes, I think so;" and then she glanced nervously round, and continued at strange intervals to look about her in a scared way which I did not like. I did not ask her any questions; if I had any counsel of my own to keep, I kept it, God knows, very well.

I was as sure as I was living that he would come that night in search of her, but he did not; I was always wrong, it seemed. I could have believed I had set him aside—almost forgiven him—the next week. The week after that—one Tuesday evening, when Jessie was in the hall, he passed me whilst I was getting in my orders at the outer bar. They would meet at last, then and I should not see their meeting. I should only suffer the torments of the damned in guessing at it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SAME MAN.

Had not Harry Plantagenet, general manager of the Apollo, been at my side at the very moment, and asking me innumerable questions, and hinting that I was not sufficiently energetic in seeing that my waiters went round regularly for orders, I might have thrown down my tray on the floor, and followed swiftly on the heels of the man who was in search of Jessie Durnford. I don't know what restrained me—habit, the custom of my class, the divinity that hedged Plantagenet, and made a divinity of him; but I did not return to the hall until the manager had had "his say" out, and my tray was heaped with bottles and glasses. I went down the lobby with very shakey legs, and with my shocking sensation, of which I have already spoken, getting the better of me rapidly. Why my heart should beat so terribly fast was hard to explain. I was very fond of Jessie, but I could trust her, surely. And she was fond of me, in her way, and if in a different way, still fond. In all our wedded life even in this hateful place to which I was bound hand and foot, she had never given me real cause for jealousy, had never shown herself to be one of that hateful class of women ever craving for the attentions of the men. I had been jealous once or twice, being an old old fool, as you know, but I had always seen afterward, and very clearly, how completely I had been mistaken. Perhaps I was mistaken now—God grant I might be! If I should not see them together, I should think it one more of my delusions. I was full of fancies, and this might be another of them.

All these thoughts passed through my brain in the lobby. I pushed open the inner door presently, and glanced toward the seat where I had left Jessie last. Then I stood for a moment, more like a statue than a man, although the glasses jingled on the tray a lively measure, as if mocking me. They were side by side, as I hoped they might not be—as I fancied that they would not be, and feared they would—side by side, and talking very earnestly together, but with grave faces which were out of place in this den of the frivolities.

It was Jessie who saw me first, whose eyes had been upon the entrance all the while but had failed to perceive me until I had come to a full stop. She colored, and forced a smile, even beckoned to me at last; but I resumed my progress slowly across the hall, fulfilled my orders, took my money, gave my usual grateful thanks for every donation to the waiter, and went slowly out of the hall again without looking in their direction.

I was too busy to speak to her at present, she would conclude, and I should come to her on the first moment of my leisure. She did not think that I should watch her—I who had never watched her in my life, and to her had only shown implicit trust and love. But I stole up stairs with my tray under my arm, and entered a private box near the stage, where a good view of the hall could be obtained. Standing in the shadow there, I could see what went on below. They would wonder at the bar what had become of me. Let them wonder to their lives' ends, for what I cared for any of them now!

I could see my wife and her companion very plainly. What could they have to talk about with such intentness that even Leopold Filberts, in his screaming ditty, "I'm a Scorcher," ailed to attract a scrap of their attention? They were in a world of their own, far apart from this one; they were not at the Apollo. The great Leopold might have been a scarecrow set up there, for what they knew of the matter. Good God! what had the man to say to her that she should take her handkerchief from her pocket to stanch tears, that she should try to hide them from him, and that he should gesticulate and talk loudly, until she had him speak in a lower key? What was the secret between those two?—how long had it lasted, and when did it begin?"

I was standing motionless at the back of the box, when the door opened, and Mr. Plantagenet burst in, raving and frothing at the mouth. He had an unpleasant habit of frothing at the mouth when very much put out, which he was on this occasion.

"What the foul fiend and all his imps are you hiding here for?" he exclaimed, adding much more forcible language, also, that I will not repeat in this chronicle.

"Don't you know everybody is looking for you," he went on, "and nothing is being done? What the devil are you up to, Durnford? Are you drunk, or mad?"

"Not drunk, only going mad, sir."

"Well, of all the confounded— Ain't you well, old cove?" he asked, suddenly, and in a friendly tone, as he looked more closely at me. There must have been something very strange in my face to frighten him.

"No—yes. I'll come directly don't trouble about me."

"What are you staring at? What's up down stairs? What is it?" he inquired, taking his place by my side, and looking down into the hall from my own point of view. There was a pause, then he burst into a loud laugh.

"Oh! oh! I see now. The green-eyed monster, is it, Durnford?"

"Who is the man talking to—my wife?"

"Bless if I know. You should not bring your wife here if you don't like any one talking to her. Serve you right."

"Yes, so it does. But don't you tell me so again."

Harry Plantagenet was twice my size and twenty years my junior, but he backed rapidly out of the box as if afraid of me, or of the sharp edge of the tray I still clutched in my hand.

"Stash it, old man. I shall send for the police if you go on like this—I shall indeed."

"Send for them if you like."

"Are you coming to your work, or not?" That's all I have got to say at present."

"I'm coming."

"I shall report you on Saturday to Wheezy, mind you."

"You can do as you please, sir," I said, less disturbed now, and more coolly insolent. I followed him out of the box and down stairs. I went about my business oddly enough, but in some sort of fashion. I found the courage to go into the hall again as if nothing had happened.

As if nothing had happened! As if my whole life was not changed from that accursed night. As if the blight had not settled on me and her forever, and there was no getting it away.

When I was in the hall, she beckoned to me. She was smiling, and like her usual self. I might have fallen asleep in the private box and dreamed it all, for what evidence there was now of any trouble to her. I went toward her this time; I was very cool and self-possessed on my own account now, and there was no guessing either what had come to me.

"Jacob, I have met an old friend to-night; such an old friend!" she added, lightly—"Mr. Rushton."

She indicated the man by her side with a graceful wave of the hand, and said to him:

"This is my husband, Mr. Durnford. He is a waiter here—the head waiter."

She looked steadily at him, as if she were defying him and his opinion of me; but he answered, graciously, far too graciously to my taste:

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Durnford. I dare say you remember my name?"

"I have not heard it before in all my life. Any orders, sir?"

The reader sees how cool I was, I hope.

He did not take any notice of my inquiry, but thought, probably, that I was a little too eager for business. It was Jessie who spoke next.

"How forgetful you are, Jacob! Why, I have spoken of Mr. Rushton a hundred times to you. He was our walker at Miller's. Weren't you?"

"I was Jessie, and no mistake," he replied. "And a hateful berth it was."

I suppose I must have looked a little strange now, for my wife said:

"He used to always call me Jessie in business. But that won't do now, Mr. Rushton," she added, turning to him.

"No, I suppose not," was his reply. "I beg pardon, I'm sure."

"Are there any orders?" I inquired.

"What will you take yourself, to begin with?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you," I replied; "I never drink in business hours."

"Well, get a bottle of fizz for me, and for the good of the house," he said.

"A bottle of champagne for you and the lady? Yes, sir. What brand?"

"Oh, any brand; I'll leave it to you."

"Very good, sir."

I would treat him as a customer, not as a friend, this Mr. Rushton, of whom Jessie had never said a single word in her life, whose name had been scrupulously kept back from me. I was quite certain. I went away for the wine. When I returned he was sitting alone, and Jessie had disappeared.

I did not affect any surprise. I placed the two glasses before him, and uncorked the bottle. He was the center of attraction now; a man who drank Champagne at the Apollo was something out of the common, except on benefit and race nights. Even Cabdy from his chair, looked toward him with evident interest.

"Mrs. Durnford has gone home," he said. "She desired me to tell you that—that she shouldn't stop any longer."

"Ten and sixpence, if you please," I replied.

"There's your money. Won't you—" And he pointed to the second glass I had filled.

"I don't drink Champagne," I answered, as I walked away from him.

I went to the front door of the Apollo, and looked up and down the street, but there was no sign of Jessie. I went back to the hall to make sure that he was there drinking his Champagne, from two glasses, in so lazy splendor. Had he got up to go, I should have followed him bareheaded about the streets, I am sure; but he remained, and my wife was safe without him. When I reached home that night she was asleep, with her child, which she had taken out of her crib, nestling by her side. Though I was not used to praying much, I knelt down and prayed that night.

I hardly know now for what I prayed. It seems such a long time ago, and my memory is not what it was.

CHAPTER V.

"AN OLD STORY."

By degrees I heard all about Mr. Rushton. Jessie was disposed to be communicative now, and I asked a great many questions. With the answers I ought to have been particularly satisfied, but I was not, for I did not believe them.

I did not tell her that I distrusted her statement, but I did. I had watched her from the box—I had been an invisible witness, like an unseen spirit, to much earnestness and grief, and she never spoke of that. Mr. Rushton was alluded to as a vain man, a "big silly," one that she had never agreed with in business; but I was on my guard, and her air of indifference did not deceive me. I deceived her by feigning to believe—as I used to believe—everything she told me.

Mr. Rushton had left business altogether. He had come into property by the death of his father a Lincolnshire farmer, and was "oh! very rich, indeed." I did not doubt that and was sorry for it. He had met her by accident that night, which was true enough, or about half the truth. It was he who had scared Jessie weeks before, and from whom she had fled; but I did not allude to this suspicion, or seek to confirm it. He and Jessie had been lovers once, I thought—before my time of courtship of her; there had been a quarrel, a drifting apart, his obstinacy and her high spirit refusing to make any advance to a reconciliation; and then a desperate plunge of dispair, and a secret marriage with me. That was the story I had made out of it all, and it was so near the truth that, save some petty details, not worth the mentioning, that I need not dwell upon it again. I saw it all so awfully clearly, even at that time, and those two thought that I saw nothing.

The ice was broken, and they met at the Apollo pretty frequently, and meant no harm, neither he nor she, to begin with, I verily believe now. But I doubted them from the beginning—I thought the worst at once, and waited for my proofs. I had lost confidence very desperately.

What my life was for the next six months is difficult to guess at—it was a watchful, distrusting, awful life, that aged me with a wondrous rapidity. I kept my misery to myself pretty well; not even Jessie knew that I was jealous. It would have been as well if I had told her—if I had sobbed forth my suspicions, or flamed out in my wrath; but I was content to let matters stand, and see what it would all come to. I saw that they were friends; I knew they met frequently, but it was at the Apollo, and before my face. There was nothing sly about it.

There was some ugly talk at the hall, and some jesting words of warning, but it was only a big joke to the Apollo lot. They fancied I bore it very philosophically, and was an easier fool than they had even thought, when my heart was a great black blot that beat with thoughts of murder.

I suppose, looking at it all in soberer fashion, it was poor Jessie who was the fool. She was young, vain and wilful, and I did not try to check the impulse toward the old lover—this man with whom she had quarrelled and made it up—until it was too late. When I interfered, the fancy had grown to love again, and I was powerless I don't think that she even knew how strong her passion had become for him until I interfered at last, and said she must not go to the Apello any more. This was on a Sunday night, when we had time to talk together a little. Then I thought I would speak up.

"Not go! Why not?" she inquired.

"They are talking about you at the hall."

"Let them."

"And I don't like that Rushton forever sneaking after you." I said; "it looks bad, and people make worse out of it than it really is."

"Can't I speak to an old friend, even with you near me, without being talked about, I should like to know?" she cried indignantly.

"I don't think you can."

"Perhaps you suspect me too?"

"Yes, by God, I do!" I answered solemnly.

She drew a long breath and turned as white as death. I had spoken out at last, and to some purpose.

"You—you dare to think it?" she cried at last. "What have I said or done that you should treat me like this?"

"You have gone back in your heart to the man you loved before me." I said. "You are not happy out of his sight, or in my own, and I will not bear it any longer."

"I shall speak to any one I choose," she said, indignantly. "He is an old friend, and I will not turn away from him. Not for anybody. Not for you."

"You love him?"

"I do not."

"He and you shall not meet again by my permission. That I swear."

"Swear away," she answered, defiantly. "I have a will of my own, as well as you have."

"Ah! but you don't know me," I said. "Look here."

I took from my waistcoat pocket a small vial, and her eyes dilated with a new horror as she gazed at it.

"What is—that?" she gasped forth.

"Poison," I answered; "more than enough to kill him. And I had made up my mind to kill him last night."

"Jacob!" she screamed.

"I have been buying this by degrees—a little here and there, at chemists' shops and should have put it in his first glass of wine and water—he is fond of whiskey only I could not get a chance last night. There were so many people about. But on Monday," I added, "I shall have better luck."

"You would murder him?"

"I would kill him like the rat he is. Why not?"

"Great Heavens!"

She went away from me shudderingly to the furthermost end of the room, with every particle of color bleached out of her face; she put her arms round her child, and looked away from me. Presently she fainted away, and lay like a dead thing in my arms I was alarmed now; but oh! if she had only died that night, it would have been so much the better for her!

When she recovered consciousness she said to me,

"Jacob, you never meant to kill him?"

"Upon my soul I did," I answered.

"Don't come near me; get away from me! let me think!" she whispered; and I went and sat before the black and empty fire grate all that night, and brooded in my turn of what would come of it. Perhaps it would end happily for everybody now. I had not wished to frighten her; I had only told the plain truth, and she would take it as a warning.

I went to the Apollo on the Monday, feeling sure that she would come there no more. I had asserted my rights, and stopped this folly for good and all. She had come so frequently of late that her absence was remarked before the evening was over.

"Mrs Durnford has not honored us tonight," Mr. Plantagenet said. "She is not ill, I hope?"

"She is quite well, thank you."

"Have you seen Mr. Rushton about?" he asked. "I wanted to see him myself very particularly."

My wife's name had suggested the other, and Rushton had made himself friendly with the manager and chairman and one or two of the "artistes," being profuse in his treats.

"No. I haven't seen him."

"I have seen Rushton, Planty," said our new tenor, coming in at this moment.

"How long ago?"

"Oh, about three quarters of an hour ago, outside the hall. The little lady was waiting for him there. What's the row?"

Mr. Plantagenet coughed, but the tenor was a dull man, and did not know that I was the husband of her they called "the little lady," at the Apollo. He went on in his blundering way.

"I don't know what the deuce was up between them, but she would not let him come in here," he said. "She hung on to him like a mad thing. Some other woman, I suppose, Planty?"

"And what became of them?" I asked, suddenly and harshly

He stared at me haughtily for my intrusion on the conversation; he was a great man in his own opinion, though in mine he could not sing one single note fit to be heard

"This is the little lady's husband," said Plantagenet, with a wink.

"Oh! the devil!"

"And what became of them? If you don't tell me," I said, suddenly clutching him by his white cravat, "I'll shake the life out of you."

"Here! hold hard," he cried. "They went away down the street; that's all I know. Let go the tie, will you, you drunken old idiot. Planty, collar him, can't you?"

Plantagenet put his arms around me, and dragged me from the tenor, whose white tie came off in my hands. They were both furious but I was very mad.

"You'll get the sack for this, Durnford," bawled the manager, "we've stood enough of your larks these last three months—blowed if we ain't.

I heard no more. I ran out bare headed into the street; it was raining fast, but I did not heed it, or turn back. I went straight home, carrying the tenor's tie in my hand; I tottered up stairs to find the front room dark, the back room dark everything as dark as hell's mouth. I went down stairs to the landlady, and asked if Mrs. Durnford had come home.

"She has been out, and come home, and gone out again, Mister Durnford," was the answer given.

"Oh, has she? and where's little Jessie?"

"She took her with her last time. She woke her out of her sleep—which I thought very strange, and said so—and made her dress and go out with her."

"Did she say what for?"

"Only that she must take her—that's all," replied the landlady. "Has anything happened, sir? Good Lord! how gray you look!"

I did not hear any more I fell forward in the passage. I did not know any more for many a long day.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

I had had a long illness, and been for a long while at death's door, they told me when I came to myself. I had been as "mad as a hatter," little Bailey said—he had been the boy in livery who sold bad cigars and programmes at the Apollo, and he was the only one of all the lot who had looked for me, and wished to know what had become of me. I had been out of my mind for three months. I was an inmate of the mad ward of a London work-house, where it was thought I should soon die, and give no more trouble to anybody.

But I recovered—that is, to an extent. I did not get very strong, but the little sense that I had ever had come back to me, although there were some who did not think so to the last.

Well, it is the last I am coming to now, and they who read this can judge for themselves. What their opinion is don't matter much—I am waiting now the Higher Judge, who will forgive me, or condemn me, according to his will. I plead guilty—that is all.

I was well enough to leave the work house at last, but I was hardly well enough to get my own living. People glanced askance at me—Caffins only took me on as an "extra," when they were very busy, and to the Apollo I never went again; I never passed their doors, even; I have gone half a mile round rather than pass them; a poster on the walls concerning the amusements of the place has turned me sick and giddy. Still, I got a living somehow. I was right in my head again—I was quite sure of that myself—and could not obtain a living I had the power to get away from it all in a few moments. The vial which I had shown Jessie was still with me. I had found it in the pocket of my Sunday waistcoat, in the old home, to which I went back for the worldly goods which had been left me after the expenses of my illness had been paid to the parish. I took a pride in paying off every penny of that; and then I sold off the things I did not want a heap of Jessie's dresses, and a child's frock or two—and changed my quarters for good.

It was a hand to mouth existence for the next five or six years—looking back at it, I hardly know how I lived. I had but little to do; I grew very weak and very strange, they said; but that was their excuse for not having me any longer on the regular staff at Caffins's; and I was changed so that the Apollo people passed me in the street and did not know me. My hair had got as white as snow, and I looked a man between seventy and eighty, I stooped so much, and tottered so feebly when I walked. It would soon be the Union again, they thought, but I said I was not going to the Union any more. I had prepared against it.

What my thoughts were of my wife and child I need not trouble anyone with—they were never out of my mind, you may take for granted. I grieved for little Jessie—for she might have been left to me; I grieved for my wife, and wondered where she was. I bore only hatred in my heart for the man who had taken her away. There came a day when I learned the news all at once. It was in the busy Christmas-time, when waiters were at a premium, and even I was sure of work. Jessie had been away from me for a clear six years—an awfully long six years it had been to me. I was engaged at a moment's notice, at a private fancy ball in the west of London. Caffins had the entire control of the refreshment department, and had been ordered to stand no nonsense for no expense.

"You'll do pretty well if you keep quiet, Durnford," said my employer—"and in the background a bit."

"Why in the background, sir?" I asked, respectfully.

"Well, you don't look a first-rate sort of waiter now," said Caffins, bluntly, "and I have orders to do things first rate. But you know how things ought to be done, and can instruct the others."

"As head waiter, sir?"

"God bless my soul! no," cried Caffins; "don't I say as a general help, and in the background? For mercy's sake don't put yourself forward. See how old and shabby you are."

"Very well, Mr. Caffins. I think I understand."

I understood that I should not please Caffins as an extra much longer, and I went in a morbid condition to my duties. I even put my vial of laudanum in my pocket, in case I should not give satisfaction to the real head waiter—a stuck up ignoramus who knew nothing of his business.

I obeyed my orders, and kept in the background, as they wished me, though Jacob Durnford had never pushed himself where he was not wanted. The ball, which was an expensive affair, and a showy one in many ways, was held in a large private house in Fulham. With all its lavish display, its hired orchestra, its fancy dresses, its numerous guests, its light and life and glitter, it was wanting in style and fashion, and at last even in decorum. The men looked like gentlemen, some of them, but the women were wild creatures, extravagantly dressed and jeweled and painted, and they laughed and screamed lonely as the night stole on. A few of them I had seen before at the Apollo, or in the streets, late at night, leading to the Apollo; more of them might have come here, but the rest were dead! There dawned upon me slowly the thought that at such a semi-respectable or semi disrespectable place as this she might appear with him. It was likely—it was more than likely; and as the impression deepened on me, I sat down, and with a cold sweat as of death upon me.

"What's the matter, old man? Come over bad?" asked one of the young waiters.

"I feel a little faint," I replied "it will soon pass off."

"They'll be having supper in another hour. If you pull round by then, that'll do. You ain't much use just now."

"I know that. Here, Tompkins!"

"What's the row now?"

"Have all the company come?"

"How the blazes should I know?"

"I don't call this a respectable lot—do you?"

"Oh, lor—here's old Durnford shocked!" he cried. "Shall I get you some brandy, or some smelling-salts for your delikit constitooshun?"

"I'm not shocked, Tomkins," I said. "I've lived too long in the world to be shocked at anything."

"That's lucky."

"But they're awfully mixed here, Tomkins, don't you think? There are four or five of the women who used to sing at the Apollo, and half a dozen who came there—seasons, you know—and—"

"Ain't they a right to enjoy theiselves as much as anybody else?" said Tomkins, virtuously indignant now; "or hasn't the master or the missis of this crib I don't know which it is—a right to ask whoever they like to their own 'ouse? Hasn't—"

"It's a missis, if you wants to know, Tomkins," said a third waiter coming up.

"Oh! is it? I heard this was a Mr. Rushton's place, and the missis was—"

"Rushton!" I yelled at them both—"did you say Rushton? Did either of you two men say Rushton?"

"He's off his 'ed now," said Tompkins; "the master said we should have a job with him if we didn't keep our eyes open."

"There's no Rushton here, Durnford," said the new comer, "though why it should matter to you if there was, I don't see. Rushton bolted away two years ago—couldn't stand his lady's tempers, the servants have been telling me—and she took up with Scowles, the banker, until he died. She passes for a lively kind of widow now."

"And keeps this company?"

"It will pay. She's a fine woman, and they do say as how Lord Cheeseborough—that's him with the gray mustachs—comes here pretty reg'lar to dinner, and—there he is talking to her now. That's Cheeseborough—awfully tip top."

"Where?" I cried, struggling to me feet, and breaking a few glasses with my hands in my strong efforts to rise. "I should like to see that woman."

"Oh, you always was a chap after the gals!" said Tomkins, laughing, as he hurried away. I turned to the other waiter; I should have been glad to clung to his arm, but he had gone also, and left me alone. I tottered to the door of the ante room which looked into the ball room, and peered through some heavy curtains which hid the view a little. I should have scared one poor soul had she looked toward me then.

Yes, it was she. She was there, in a blaze of jewels, and with flowers—God's beautiful flowers—upon her head, and looping up her dress. This was the wife of Durnford the waiter—the woman who had run away from him. She was laughing shrilly at the remarks of the man with the gray mustache, who was bending over her, and it was not the old true, honest laugh which had echoed in our home together. Ay, and it was not a happy face, for all the beauty of it, and for all the splendor about it and her.

I could say, "Poor Jessie!" even then, and with scalding tears in the furrows of my cheeks. I did not envy her prosperity, or contrast it to a disadvantage with my utter penury.

At the moment, a little hand touched mine, a fairy face looked up to mine, and a child in a ball dress, the only child of all that community—stood before me.

"Please, waiter, will you give me a little lemonade, mamma says?"

"Mamma!—which is your mamma, child?" I asked, very eagerly now, and with my soul turning into ice. The face was like the woman's I had been gazing at, like that of my little Jessie who had been stolen from me.

"Why, the lady who lives here, to be sure."

"Your mamma?"

"Yes."

I crawled very slowly to the refreshment table. The waiters were all away; only the little girl was with me now—my own child!

"You are very young to attend these parties, little one," I stammered forth in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, I go everywhere with mamma," said the child, full of confidence even to me; "she takes me everywhere—to all the theaters, and concerts, and balls—I'm to dance all the evening here—and she can't bear my being out of her sight, so please let me have the lemonade."

"What a life! what an example! Oh, my God! better this child in its innocence in Heaven than on earth with such a mother!"

I muttered this—I thought this—I was sure of this. As I poured the lemonade into the glass, I remembered the vial of poison which I had bought to destroy Rushton some six years ago, and I thought again that it was saving my child to take her from this life. Madness, if you like—I don't know, even in all my misery, if I were wrong, but I can not brood too much upon it.

As I turned my back toward her I poured the poison into the glass, and with a strange "God bless you!" passed it quickly across the counter to her. The child looked afraid of me at last.

"Why do you look like that? Why do you say God bless you'?" she asked, in a low tone.

"I don't know," I said; "I am fond of little children. I had a little girl exactly like you once, and her name was Jessie."

"My name is Jessie, too."

"Ay—it's a pretty name. Will you kiss me for my little Jessie's sake?"

"Oh! no, no!—I couldn't," said the child, shuddering violently, and retreating backward step by step. "I—I couldn't touch you."

"Drink your lemonade, then," I urged; "you haven't tasted it."

"N—no No, I will not take it. I will go back to— Oh, mamma! mamma!" she screamed, as some one came rustling swiftly into the room, "this man has frightened me so dreadfully!"

"This man has!" cried my wife's voice. "How dare you—how—"

There was a full stop, and then the woman in her jewels glared at me as at a dead man risen from his grave.

"Is—it—you?" she gasped forth, huskily, at last.

"My name is Jacob Durnford, madam," I replied.

"Great Heaven! what has brought you here?"

"Honest work."

"You must go away at once. Here is money—take it; here is my diamond bracelet—sell it; but don't disgrace me before these people."

"The disgrace came to you years ago, madam; you should be used to it," I said, pushing away her gifts. "I want nothing from you. I am going now."

"What is that in your hand?"

It was the vial. For the second time in my life I held it up toward her, foreshadowing a crime. And she remembered at once.

"Ha! you have come too late," she cried; "he is beyond you; he is thousands of miles away. If it had not been for that, hould have never left you, though I have loved him all my life. I was afraid you would kill the wretch."

"I did not come for him."

"Then— Oh, Christ!" not for Jessie! Not for my little Jessie!"

She glanced wildly from me to the child, from the child to the glass of lemonade, and then shrieked forth, "Oh, you have poisoned her. Murder! assassin! Help!"

"I thought she was better in God's hands than yours," I said sternly, "but—"

She screamed again for help, and the death like swoon came on her as her guests rushed to her assistance, with white faces and staring eyes.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"The lady has fainted," I exclaimed; "the heat of the room was too much for her."

I stole my hand to the glass of lemonade and knocked it over, and whilst the child—my child—was sobbing out an attempt at explanation, I crept away from them all, and no one sought to stay me.

I saw them never again; but I think still that in God's hands my little child would have been safer than in her mother's, and that it would have been merciful to place her there.

In this work house ward, to which poverty and ill health have at last reduced me, I try to think it out like this; but the moral of it all still baffles me. A rumor reaches me that in a quiet foreign village my wife and child have been seen; a grave, decorous, almost religious woman she is now, they say. Possible—just possible; but I shall never know for certain.

THE END.

THE SNAKE TRADE.

The Serpent Business in New York—Death of a Veteran Dealer.

The snake season opens later than usual this year. The weather in all parts of the world has been so cold that no attempts have been made to gather the serpent crop. Late advices, however, say there is some activity in the South American market. One of the leading city dealers expects his first order of forty anacondas, assorted sizes, in about three weeks. Prices rule about the same as last year—from $30 to $300—according to length. Sizes vary from 8 to 30 feet.

The trade will actively set in about the 1st of April, and continue brisk until about June, when the traveling shows will all be on the road. In the early fall, when the side shows are getting ready for the country fairs, the snake merchants again enjoy a prosperous trade.

The recent death of Patrick Mooney, the pioneer snake merchant of the city, was a great loss to the trade. Mr. Mooney was an Irishman by birth, and started in the animal and snake business in Newry, Ireland, when a young man. He lived more than a quarter of a century in this country, most of the time in this city. He traveled extensively in his earlier life, and collected serpents in nearly every part of the globe. As a rule, he did not handle venomous reptiles, but the boas and anacondas sometimes proved nearly as dangerous. He bore many scars on his hands and body from their teeth, and he used to tell thrilling stories of his escape from the coils of the monsters that wrapped around his body. He used frequently to take a good sized anaconda from its box in his store and frighten spectators by letting it coil around him. He always took good care not to let the snake get a purchase with its tail on any adjacent object against which to squeeze him.

Mooney knew all about snake pathology, and rarely lost any of his serpents from disease. It was rather startling to the nerves to step into his shop and see him holding open the capacious mouth of a boa, and touching up canker spots, from which the reptiles frequently suffer. He lost the slippery reptiles in other ways than by disease, however. In spite of all precautions, they would occasionally escape from captivity.

Mooney found one fine anaconda dead one morning several blocks from his store. An excited crowd had followed it and stoned it to death, not knowing whence it came.

On another occasion Mooney arrived at his store and found that five snakes were gone. After a long search they were discovered coiled up inside of a long stovepipe that lay in a rear storeroom. The reptiles braced themselves and resisted all efforts at getting them out. As snakes go without food a month at a time, the prospect of coaxing them out was not promising. Finally the rivets in the side of the pipe were cut, and the reluctant snakes were gotten out.

Another snake once escaped, and was missing for six months.