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A RHYME OF THE TIME.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things,—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakspere was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Bramah,"
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweete styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

—Scribner's Bric-a-bric.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

And the Cavaliers, if they were "lads that loved the moon," loved her not so much for the peaceful and poetic thoughts that she inspired, as for the assistance afforded by her light to those homeward-bound wassailers who had been vindicating their loyalty by drinking deeply to the King's health, and to the detriment of their own. Ere Humphrey was half way home to his lodging he was arrested by the sounds of revelry and good fellowship issuing from the portals of a venerable edifice, where dwelt a grave and portly Churchman, now the courteous host of wild Lord Goring, and for whom the reckless guest professed and entertained the profoundest respect, because, to use his own words, "the Doctor could drink like a trooper and behave like a King, besides being a thorough master of his own profession, of which," quoth Goring, "I do not pretend to be so good a judge." His lordship was even now at the height of his revelry, and was trilling forth in his rich sweet voice, unimpaired by all his vices, a jingling Cavalier melody, in the chorus of which the worthy Doctor's deep bass predominated, and to which, preoccupied as he was, Humphrey could not refrain from stopping to listen:—

Ho! fill me a flagon as deep as you please,
Ho; pledge me the health that we quaff on our knees;
And the knave who refuses to drink till he fall,
Why the hangman shall crop him—ears, love-locks, and all.
Then ah ... we'll string,
And the rebel shall swing,
For the gallants of England are up for the King!

Ho! saddle my horses as quick as you may,
The sorrel, the black, and the white-footed bay;
The troop shall be mustered, the trumpets shall peal,
And the Roundheads shall taste of the Cavalier's steel.
For the little birds sing,
"There are hawks on the wing
When the gallants of England are up for the King!"

Ho! fling me my beaver, and toss me my glove,
That but yesterday clung to the hand of my love,
To be bound on my crest—to be born in the van,
And the rebel that reaps it must fight like a man!
For the sabre shall swing,
And the head pieces ring,
When the gallants of England strike home for the King.

Ho! crush me a cup to the queen of my heart;
Ho! fill me a brimmer, the last ere we part;
A health to Prince Rupert! Success and renown!
To the dogs with the Commons! and up with the Crown.
Then the stirrup-cup bring,
Quaff it round in a ring!
To your horses! and ride to the death for the King!

And as they shouted the concluding verses a party of five or six riotous Cavaliers emerged arm-in-arm from the deep archway of the gate opposite to where Humphrey stood. They were whooping, laughing, and jesting; and although they had left their worthy entertainer staid and sober as became a Churchman, were themselves more than half drunk. Goring had lighted a torch, and with more gravity was brandishing it in the moonlight, as he said, to see "what sort of night it was." Wild Tom Lunsford, leaning on his long sheathed rapier, which bent and swayed beneath his weight, was ranting out some playhouse verses in praise of "Cynthia's mellow light;" and Black Will Scarthe, the fiercest of partisans and most savage of *condottieri*, was rocking himself against the wall, muttering fearful [illegible] deathless ven- [illegible] or persons unknown, [illegible] expressions of fervent admiration and undying regard for young Lord Francis Villiers, whom by some strange perversion of his drunken brain he persisted in addressing as Prince Rupert, and clothing in the attributes and endowments of that distinguished leader. Lord Francis laughed till his sides ached.

"Take him away, George," said the young nobleman to Goring, "or he will be the death of me. Why, Will?—Black Will!—does not know thy friends from thy foes, man? Here be I, thy sworn comrade and companion for these three hours past, and thou canst mistake me for the Prince Palatine; he who would have tried thee at Edgehill for cowardice and hanged thee at Lansdowne for plunder. For shame, man, for shame!"

Black Will scowled fearfully, and his right hand closed involuntarily on the hilt of his rapier; but drunk as he was, he knew he must pay the penalty of associating with his betters, and submit if necessary to be their butt. So, although he winced and ground his teeth, he ventured on no open demonstrations of resentment, even when Goring aimed another shaft at him tipped with the venom of lanes, and bid him remember the woman whose ear rings he tore from her head in the Low Countries.

"Fore George, Will, thou hadst a narrow escape that time of the riding-school and the strappado! Had she gone with her complaint to Monk instead of me, thou hadst been sped—he would have hanged thee to the nearest tree; and had she been a likely wench, Will, even I must have seen justice done, and the halberds up. But she was a swarthy quean, black-browned and ill-favored as Will himself, my lads! So we buckled to, and the Stadtholder's drunken chaplain married them; and she followed the army as Dame Scarthe, and Will had the ear-rings for a marriage portion, and he never got rid of her till we lost all our baggage at Breda; and she kicked Will out and took the command of the enemy's woman troop.' Egad, she was the veriest Tartar of them all! And thou wast not over sorry to be free once more, Will, for i'faith she was thy master!"

"At least, General, she was never thy mistress," answered Will, with a sneer and a savage scowl; "and that is more than can be boasted of many a daintier dame that rode a pillion in the rear of our troop. But enough said my masters. Look you here—a sail, a sail!" And Black Will as he spoke staggered to his legs, and pointed to a white dress fluttering rapidly away in the distance, accompanied by the tall dark figure of a man; and signing to his companions to follow him, proceeded rapidly in chase, though with wavering and uncertain steps.

"Let them go," said Lord Francis, in whom, drunk or sober, the instincts of a gentleman predominated. "'Tis a lady from the court or an honest citizen's wife at the least. If thou layest a hand on her, Will, I will cudgel the soul out of thee, by all the gods of love and war!"

"After midnight, my lad," laughed out Tom Lunsford, recently returned from his imprisonment amongst the Puritans, and mad with delight to find himself once more surrounded by congenial spirits, wicked and reckless as his own, "after midnight every sail's a prize! Black Will has not been on the Spanish Main for nothing, and he knows buccaneer's law better than his prayers. Down with the bunting! up with the hatches! —share and share alike, and no quarter!"

"Then here goes to be first aboard the prize!" exclaimed Goring, limping nimbly along despite his lameness, and waiving the rest on as he was used to waive his troopers forward in a charge, with shout and jeer, and strange, quaint, fearful oaths. The other Cavaliers whooped and laughed in the spirit of the jest, pushing and bantering each other as they hurried on in full pursuit of the rapidly retreating chase, making such way, notwithstanding reeling steps and singing brains, as promised soon to bring them alongside.

Meantime, pale and sick, her little heart beating fast against the arm of her protector, her knees knocking together, and her limbs failing at her need, the frightened woman, no other than our old acquaintance Faith, tripped rapidly on. She was returning from her nightly duties with her mistress to her own lodging in another street, and escorted by her faithful cavalier, the imperturbable Dymocke, had enjoyed and perhaps prolonged her moonlight walk to an unjustifiable extent. A moment ago she had been expatiating to her admirer on the beauties of Oxford, and the bewitching delights of a town; now she would have given all she possessed to be safe back at quiet Boughton, or anywhere else in the world out of hearing of those alarming footsteps; Like the hare closely pursued by the noisy pack, her heart sank within her, and her natural impulse was to sit down in despair and give in. The poor girl said as much as she clung closer and closer to the tall spare form against which she leaned.

Dymocke was staunch to the backbone. "Don't leave go of my belt," said he, grasping a goodly oak cudgel, the only weapon he had with him, in his brown bony hand, and preparing, with his usual grave demeanor, for a tough resistance. "Keep you behind me, my lass; and if it's wild Lord Goring himself, or the devil, whose servant he is, I'll ring twelve o'clock on his pate if he offers to lay a finger on you. Only don't ye leave go of my belt."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the foremost of their pursuers came alongside.

"By your leave, kind madam," said a soft sweet voice, in the gentle accents of a courtier, while a white hand, adorned with a rich lace ruffle, unceremoniously lifted the veil which covered Faith's drooping head; and a perfumed moustache and good-looking face, somewhat flushed with wine, approached closely to her own, with the evident purpose of stealing a kiss. Dymocke's cudgel was aloft in an instant, but ere it could come down, Goring's quick eye had caught the movement, and his ready hand seized the uplifted wrist, and grappling with Faith's defender, he sought to trip him up with one of those tricks of wrestling which give the initiated such advantage in a personal conflict. The nobleman had, however, met with his match. Dymocke's tall, wiry person was toughened by constant exercise into the consistency of steel; and while his length of limb gave him every facility for performing all feats of skill and agility, his extraordinary coolness of temper enabled him to detect the slightest weakness on the part of his adversary, and make ready use of it for his own benefit.

They had scarcely closed ere Goring measured his length upon the pavement; and though he regained his feet in an instant, that instant had sufficed to place Dymocke, with his blue uplifted cudgel, once more upon his guard.

Goring's smile was not pleasant to look upon at his right hand stole towards his sword. In another moment the wicked blade was flashing in the moonlight, winding under the guard of honest Dymocke's cudgel with quick glittering passes, all athirst for blood; at the same time a blow from Tom Lunsford's sheathed sword on the back of the serving-man's head somewhat stunned him; while Black Will Scarthe, winding his arm round poor Faith's waist, strove to detach her by main force from her protector, to whose person she clung with a tenacity that much impeded his efforts for their mutual defence. The other Cavaliers stood around, laughing and shouting, and laying wagers on the event of the skirmish.

'Fair play!' cried Lord Francis; 'two to one is no even match. Give the knave a sword, some one; or do you, Goring, borrow my riding-wand!'

'Hand us over the wrench,' exclaimed another; 'she does but hamper her man; and cold steel is an ugly neighbor for bodice and pinners."

"Take her away from Black Will," laughed a third. "Look how she trembles, like a dove in the clutch of a night-hawk."

"A rescue! a rescue!" shouted a fourth; "here comes a heron for the hawk. 'Ware beak and talons, general, this is one of your high-flyers, and he'll soar his pitch before he has done with you, I'll warrant him!"

Even as he spoke, Humphrey Bosville, who in the outraged couple had recognised his own and Mistress Allonby's attendant, strode up, pale and breathless, his blood boiling with indignation, and all the soft feelings that had so lately pervaded his being turned to fierce and ungovernable wrath. Tearing away a good yard of Flanders lace as he seized him by the collar, with one turn of his wrist he put Black Will down on his back in the kennel as if he had been shot. Giving Lunsford at the same time the benefit of a push from his muscular shoulder that sent the tipsy, laughing Cavalier staggering into the middle of the street, he confronted Goring with scowling brows and flashing eyes, and bade him put up his sword for shame, drawn as it was against an unarmed man.

"I claim the quarrel for myself, my lord," he exclaimed, "whatever it may be. This man is my servant, this damsel belongs to the household of Sir Giles Allonby. Gentlemen, I take you all to witness! Lord Goring has put an affront on me that I am compelled to resent.'

With these words, he stepped quietly up to the astonished nobleman, who had now sheathed his rapier, and was listening to him with his usual air of amused nonchalance, and drawing his glove from his left hand, smote Goring gently with it across the cheek; then erect and defiant, stood with his hand upon the guard of his sword, as if ready to draw and encounter the violence he had provoked.

'Gentlemen, dear gentlemen! for the love of Heaven!' pleaded poor Faith, now fairly frightened into tears. 'Oh Captain Bosville, I entreat you, sir. The gentleman meant no harm. It was an accident; nothing but an accident from beginning to end!'

Faith was sufficiently a woman to feel very uncomfortable when fairly engaged in a broil, however ready she might be to enter upon its commencement; and although she little thought to what ulterior disturbances the admiration she had excited might lead her intuitive tact told her that there was danger in the Captain's flushed brow, and mischief in Goring's pale, smiling face.

He kept his temper beautifully: he always kept his temper when he was *really* angry, that bold, bad man. Saving that his cheek, was a shade paler, while the well-known smile deepened the furrows round his mouth, and that he caressed his sleek moustache with one white hand, even his old associate, Tom Lunsford, could not have told that aught had occurred to ruffle the general's equanimity, or that there was *murder* lurking beneath that passionless exterior.

"This is no case for chance medley, Captain Bosville!" he remarked, in quiet and studiedly polite tones; "no offence that can be wiped out in a couple of passes, with a buff-coat on for defence, and perhaps a scratch on the arm for satisfaction. Are you aware that a file of musketeers and ten yards is the punishment for mutiny in the Royal army? are you aware that you struck your superior officer?"

"I am aware that I have been insulted by a *gentleman*, and resented it as becomes a Cavalier," was the bold and unhesitating reply. Such an answer was a conclusive argument in the days of which we write. Fairfax, Cromwell, Monk, some few of the Parliamentary generals, might have deemed their position excluded them from the duty of causelessly risking their lives on a point of honor; but perhaps there was hardly an officer of the Royal army who would not have felt, like Goring, that in a case of private brawl it was incumbent on him to waive all considerations of relative rank and military discipline; to take and give that irrational and, after all, inconclusive satisfaction which the ordeal by battle affords.

And yet there are many arguments to be urged by the advocates of duelling, which, in an imperfect state of society, it is difficult to refute. The practice has come down to us from the days of chivalry, when, in the absence of wholesome legal restraint, of an irresponsible tribunal to which to appeal, the God of battles was called upon to arbitrate between man and man, to vindicate the oppressed in the person of a champion, and to teach the oppressor, though backed by scores of warriors sheathed in steel, that his own good sword and his own right hand alone could avail him in his quarrel. The combat, *a Poutrance*, was in those days the representative of justice and the laws. It was never disputed that, upon the same principle by which nations were justified in going to war to protect their honor or their rights, private individuals might avenge their insults and redress their wrongs. Shriven by priest, and armed by squire, the champion rode into the lists, strong in his own rectitude and the justice of his cause. He had no morbid fear of bloodshed, no shrinking horror of death as the *worst* evil that can befall that compound of body and soul which we call a man. If he had less reason than his descendant of the present day, he had more faith; which is the nobler quality of the two? The former can scarcely compute time, the latter boldly grasps eternity. So he clasped his iron vizor down, and laid his lance in rest, and the marshal of the lists bade him good speed with the solemn adjuration, "God defend the right." But now we have the law to redress our wrongs, and public opinion to avenge our insults. Well, if it were really so. If there were not many a mortal stab aimed at the defenceless, of which no legal tribunal can take any cognizance, many a deep and lasting injury inflicted, for which public opinion offers no salve or compensation, wounds dealt with a poisoned weapon, which spread and throb and fester, and of which the world and its laws take neither notice nor account. Where is the ordeal by battle, then? "Why," we are tempted to exclaim in our agony, "why can we not have it out, man for man, as nature's first law, the law of self-defence, would seem to prompt?" Policy, expediency, a high state of civilization, the inadequacy of the redress, the chances of the conflict, all these are empty terms, signifying nothing; they do not in the least affect the combative impulse inherent in man. There is but one good reason, and that a conclusive one. If God hath said "thou shalt not kill," we must beware how we presume to interpret his command to suit our own views. The question becomes one, not of morality, but religion; not of policy, but salvation. Hard is the struggle, bitter is the victory. God help him who has to encounter the one and win the other. And God will help him who makes His law the standard of his actions and the guide of his own rebellious heart.

"Well crowed!" remarked Goring aside to Lunsford, by no means displeased to find his antagonist thus disposed for combat, and involuntarily owning that respect for courage which is felt and acknowledged by every brave man, and that Goring was brave as his sword none will be found to deny. "Well crowed, indeed," he repeated. "Captain Bosville, I should be sorry to baulk you; Sir Thomas Lunsford has the length of my weapon; he lodges over against the tall old gates yonder. By the way, there is an absurd order about duelling, which will oblige us to go a mile or so outside the town. I told Crispe how it would be if he took the liberty of running Fred Aunion through the body within the precincts. 'Gad, the King would have shot him if we could have done without our useful 'Nick.' We must not fall into the same trap, Captain Bosville. Tom Lunsford shall inform your friend of the place, and for time, suppose we say tomorrow morning, or rather this morning at daybreak. Fair damsel, I kiss your hands" (to Faith, who was hovering white and trembling on the skirts of the conversation); "Capt Bosville, my service to you. Tom, I shall run him through the brisket as sure as he wears boots" (aside to his friend); and with a courtly bow of his plumed hat, and a pleasant laugh, Goring strode off on the arm of Sir Thomas Lunsford, leaving Humphrey standing as if he were transfixed at the extraordinary coolness and carelessness of his formidable antagonist.

Whilst they proceed to the lodgings alluded to, opposite the great gates, there to discuss their future measures over a posset of burnt sack and a pipe of true Virginian tobacco, we will accompany Bosville to the apartment of his comrade, Effingham, on whose assistance he seemed instinctively to rely, and to whose friendship in any matter of real danger or difficulty he had never trusted in vain. Late as was the hour, Effingham had not yet returned to his lodging, and it was with a feeling of impatience and annoyance which none but those who have been similarly situated can appreciate, that Humphrey sat him down on a hard high-backed chair to beguile the moments till his hosts arrival with a dry discourse on cavalry tactics, the only literature the soldier's quarters afforded, and his own pleasant reflections on the scrape into which his chivalry had led him, and the dangerous enemy he had provokeed, matter sufficient for grave cogitation, yet through it all there ran a golden thread of dreamy contentment, in the thought of Mary's fair bewitching face.

CHAPTER XIII.

'FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

And where was George Effingham? The man of the sword, the upholder of tyranny, the confirmed malignant, an officer in the very army of Belial, a lost sheep, a brand deserving of the burning, a sinner in the last extremity of reprobation, for whom there was neither hope nor pity? What had he spent his evening, that strange, dark, enthusiastic man? Let us follow his footsteps after he bade Humphrey farewell, when the latter was on his way to Merton College, and discover what startling scenes, what contrasts of life, and morals, and manners, and even men, loyal Oxford can afford.

With a stealthier step than usual, and many a backward glance, strangely at variance with his wonted bold, frank bearing, Effingham strode swiftly along the most untrodden frequented streets and narrowest lanes of the fair old town, nor did he slacken his pace or stop to acknowledge the greeting of friend or comrade, till he found himself in front of a low, dismal habitation, adorned with a heavy frowning porch, and a door ominously clamped and fastened with iron. Descending three very dirty steps, he pushed open the door, which gave way at once, and entered a small dingy apartment, to which a bare counter and a pair of rusty scales alone seemed to affix the character of a shop. An ill-favored woman presided over the former, and to Effingham's mysterious inquiry, "Are the children gathered?" returned the equally mysterious reply, "Even so, thou sojourner by the way, and there is water even in Zin for the children of the congregation?" This appeared sufficient reason for the cavalier officer to proceed, so passing through the shop, he traversed another door of equal strength and thickness, and descending a winding flight of steps, found himself in a roomy vault or cellar, supported upon strong massive arches, and lighted by the gloomy flicker of a few scattered torches, fixed at intervals in the damp reeking walls.

The vault was full, nay, crowded to the very steps, down which the Cavalier made his way; and though the contrast afforded by his gay habiliments with the sombre garb of those around him was sufficiently striking to excite remark, his arrival seemed to provoke no more attention than a momentary stir, and as it were, a buzz of approbation amongst the assemblage.

They were no weak enthusiasts, no empty fanatics, no vacillating casuists, those men of iron gathered together in that dark vault, and now absorbed in prayer. "Tis a strange compound, that Anglo-Saxon constitution, of which a dogged tenacity, an unconquerable fixedness of purpose, constitutes so essential an element. In all relations of life, in all climes, under all circumstances in war, trade, art, or mechanics, it wrests for itself the premium of success, and even religion, which softens the human character as it exalts the intellectual and divinar part of man, which tempers the wayward will and subdues the mutinous heart, fusing the moral being into one harmonious whole, did not totally eradicate that unbending fixedness of purpose to which, under Providence, it owes its present purity, and the veneration with which it is upheld by our determined countrymen.

The flaring torches reddened many a bold and thoughtful brew amongst those who now turned to scan Effingham, with an eager yet satisfied gaze. As his foot reached the lowest step his hand rested on the shoulder of one whose quiet smile, as he assisted the Cavalier's slight stumble, and whose Scriptural admonition to "take heed lest he fall," were characteristic of the confidence and self-dependence of his party, a confidence based upon things not of this world, a self-dependence peculiar to those who are persuaded that "God is on their side."

He was a low square-built man, with wide shoulders and deep chest, and all the appearance of physical strength, without which solid foundation the finest moral structure is too apt to crumble to the ground. His wide forehead, prominent about the temples, from which the thin iron-grey hair receded daily more and more, denoted that ideal organization which can derive from *belief* as full a satisfaction as coarser natures can from *knowledge*, whist the broad cheek and firm wide jaw could only belong to one whose unconquerable resolution would prompt him to suffer for the right, ay, even unto death, without yielding a hair's-breadth of his tenets, or giving way an inch in his argument. His deep-set eyes of light grey, shaded beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, glittered in the torchlight with a ray of enthusiasm such as those alone experience who live more in the inner than the outer life, and his smile as he greeted Effingham was calm, and even melancholy, as that of one who had done with the empty vanities of the world, but paid his attribute to its courtesies, as one who rendered, though somewhat grudgingly, "unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's."

He was dressed in a suit of the darkest hues, and simplest cut, with high riding-boots drawn midway up his leg; his narrow band was of the plainest and coarsest linen, and he wore neither lace neckerchief nor ruffles, nor any such vanities, to relieve the sameness of his attire. A strong buff belt, however, about his waist contained a pair of serviceable pistols, and a long straight cut-and-thrust sword completed the equipment of one who was never unwilling to carry out the promptings of the spirit with the arm of the flesh. A black skull-cap sat close round his head, the closer that, in accordance with an inhuman decree of the Star Chamber, he had lost both his ears, and the contemptuous epithets applied to his party by the Cavaliers bore with him a cruelly-appropriate signification. It was an ignoble punishment, and yet who can withhold admiration from the Spartan constancy of the martyr? A shouting populace, ready as the "many-headed monster thing" ever is to heap obloquy and insult on those delivered over to its tender mercies, pelts with rotten eggs and deal cats, and other filthy missiles, the helpless sufferer who has been subjected to the pillory for his political opinions. Does it exact no resolution, no constancy, none of that British quality for which we have no other word than *pluck*, to sustain the jeers, the violence, the aggravated insults of a mob? Yet the victim never quails nor winces. Erect and defiant he faces them all, and faces them the more creditably that his position is, to say the least of it, ridiculous as well as painful. So the officers of justice release him from the pillory, to usher him up a flight of steps on to a wooden stage, where stands a brazier, a table with a volume lying thereon, and an ominous-looking figure in a mask, armed with a long knife. Here must he recant his heresies, burn with his own hands the book he has written to support them, or sustain the full amount of punishment awarded for his misdemeanor by the collective wisdom of Church and State. Again the light gleams from his eye, the inner light that in the infancy of faith illumined the face of Stephen "as it had been the face of an angel." Again the head is reared erect, and a proud refusal hurled in the very teeth of judges and executioner. What though the quivering hand must be branded, and the cruel red-hot iron seethe and scorch into the hissing flesh? Not a groan escapes the martyr, and he raises the mutilated member as a testimony in the face of earth and heaven. But the penalty is not yet exacted—the sickening ceremony not yet over; mercilessness as the Red Man's tomahawk, the bright steel flashes round his head. The red blood flows free and fast, and a punishment degrading but for the offence of which it is the award, concludes, amidst the shudders and disgust of the spectators, moved from their previous brutality by the courage and constancy of the determined sufferer.

Such an ordeal had Effingham's neighbor but lately undergone. Who shall say that forgiveness for his enemies formed one of the petitions he seemed so fervently and abstractedly to offer up?

He was a specimen of the highest order of those enthusiasts who, under the progressive denominations of Independents, Brownists and Fifth-Monarchy Men, deluged England with blood for conscience' sake, and eventually by their fanaticism effected the Restoration of that very dynasty which they deemed synonymous with Antichrist and sin.

All fanatics, however, were not necessarily martyrs, nor indeed by any means willing to become so. Another step as he shifted his position brought Effingham in contact with a worthy of a far different calibre, and one whose outward demeanor, as it savored of the extreme of sancity, was but little in character, to use his own favorite expression, with the "carnal self-seeking of the inner man." He was a fat, unctuous looking personage, with a broad flat face, to which the pale shining hair was plastered with grave precision, and on the surface of which a stereotyped expression of hypocritical gravity accorded ill with the humerous twinkle of the eye and the sensual curve of the thick full lip. Though his garments were of the darkest color and the plainest workmanship, they fitted closely round a plump well-fed figure such as argued no mean appreciation of the good things of this world; and while, in accordance with the evil times of the times, he wore a long straight sword in his belt, the weapon was dull and badly cleaned; and balanced on the other side by a huge clasped bible, hung with no small amount of ostentation, and continually referred to on the most trivial occasions by the wearer.

Sanctimonious in his demeanor, wresting the words of Scripture to the meanest and most practical affairs of daily life, his religion was but a cloak of convenience and affectation, under which a course of self indulgence could be carried on with the greater security and satisfaction. A man of peace by profession, his calling absolved him from the dangers of bearing arms in the civil war; a man of God, as he impiously termed himself, his assumed sanctity forbade suspicion and remark. One of the elect in his own estimation, he could indulge his sensual vices unchecked, and, as he strove to persuade himself, unpunished; and lastly, though but an atom in his own proper person, as a component part of that mighty body which was then shaking England to her very foundations, he enjoyed a sense of power and self-aggrandisement inexpressibly dear to the aspiring vanity of a selfish and ignoble nature.

Such were the extreme types of the Puritan party, and of every shade and grade between the two—from the high devoted martyr to the base and cowardly hypocrite—was that powerful faction constituted which overturned the dynasty of the Stuarts, which recruited Cromwell's Ironsides, and sent its dogged representatives to the Rump Parliament, which raised the son of a Lincolnshire grazier to the throne of Britain, and then, bursting asunder like a shell from its own internal violence, after fulfilling its deadly mission, and shedding rivers of the best and noblest blood in England, recalled the son of the very sovereign whose head it had taken on the block, and handed over the country whose liberties it had saved to the mal-administration of a good-natured profligate who inherited not one of the high and generous qualities that had cost his misguided father life and crown.

Effingham's entrance, we have said, caused a momentary stir and excitement amongst the congregation, but it soon relapsed into the deep and mystical silence which had prevaded it before his arrival. To all appearance the assemblage were absorbed in inward prayer, and an occasional sigh or broken interjection of more than common vehemence denoted the strength and fervency of their devotions. There were no women present, and the general aspect of the men was stern, preoccupied, and forbidding; yet the Cavalier officer could not but remark that a feeling of deep though unexpressed satisfaction prevaded every countenance when a loud sonorous cough and the rustling of a Bible's leaves heralded the principal event of the meeting—a discourse upon those topics of religion which, when mingled together, afford such stimulating food to the appetites of those who hunger for excitement as for their daily bread. How strange it is, how suggestive of man's fallen state, how disheartening, how humiliating, to reflect that meek-eyed religion—she whose "ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace"—should so often have been perverted to excuse the worst and fiercest passions of our nature, should have been made the mask of vice and the cloak of cruelty, should have been so disguised as to lead her votaries to the commission of nearly every crime that can most degrade and brutalize a man! A few of the oldest and gravest of the assemblage now cleared a space around a high-backed chair which had hitherto stood unoccupied, and a pale thin man, on whose brow the sweat stood in large drops, and whose attenuated features seemed wasted with the inner workings of the spirit, whilst his glittering eye assumed a wild gleam not far removed from insanity, mounted this temporary pulpit and looked proudly around him with the commanding air of an orator who is sure of his own powers and the favorable attention of his audience. The light from a neighboring torch gleamed upon Caryl's high pale forehead, and brought into bold relief the intellectual cast of his head and face, and the contour of his spare nervous figure, while the deep cavernous eyes flashed out from their recesses with a brilliancy that had in it something more than human. Careless, almost squalid in his attire, no weapon of flesh-ly warfare glittered by his side; but those white trembling fingers clasped the holy book with an energy and a grasp that seemed to say, "this is my sword and my shield, my helmet and my breastplate, the weapon with which I can smite or heal, can destroy or save, can confound an army or hurl a sovereign from his throne;" and while his eyes roved over its leaves with rapid and nervous eagerness, a deep "hum" of satisfaction and approval resounded from the grim, stern, defiant casuists that constituted his audience.

For a minute or so he stood erect, his eyes closed, his lips set tight, but the muscles of his face twitching and working with the strength of his emotions, as he wrapped his soul in the garments silent and enthusiastic prayer; then swooping from his high-wrought pitch and pouncing as it were on a text from the holy volume which quivered in his hand, he plunged at once into such a discourse as suited his own excited and transcendental imagination no less than the fierce and dogmatic appetites of his congregation.

"My brethren," he began in a low and tremulous voice, which gradually as he warmed with his subject rose into loud sonorous tones, clear and commanding as a trumpet-peal, "my famished brethren, hungering and thirsting after the truth, whom the minister of the Word must nourish, as the pelican in the wilderness nourisheth her brood with the life-blood of her own devoted breast. My brethren, who look to me for bread as the children of Israel looked to Moses in the days of their wanderings, when manna fell from heaven plenteous as the night dews and "man did eat angels' food," who cry to me with parched lips and fainting souls for water even as the people of God cried to their leader on the arid plains of Rephidim, and chid him to his face for that there was no water and they must die—what would ye here with me? Am I Moses, to stand between you and the Lord? Is this place Sin, between Elim and Sinai, that the dews of heaven should fall upon it as bread, white, like coriander seed, with a pleasant taste as that of wafers and wild honey? Is there not a rock like Horeb from whence should flow living waters that ye might drink and be satisfied, and depart rejoicing on your way? I trow not. Even as the defilement of Sodom, so is the defilement of Oxford; even as the punishment of Gomorrah, so shall be the fate of this accursed town! Peradventure there may be ten righteous men in the city, yet it may be that to-day the city shall not be saved for ten righteous men's sake. And now again, what would ye here with me? Silver and gold have I none, yet such as I have will I freely bestow upon you." He paused, wiped his brow, opened the Bible as if at random, yet a close observer might have remarked there was a leaf turned backward to mark the page, and hurried on. "'I will cut off the inhabitant of Ashdod, and him that holdeth the sceptre from Ashkelon, and I will turn mine hand against Ekron, and the remnant of the Philistines shall perish.' Is it not Caryl, my [illegible] I speak to you now—poor despised, coffed at and reviled by Malignants beaten with stripes, outraged by men of blood, and brought here into Oxford manacled and guarded, with his feet tied under a horse's belly. No; Caryl's voice is weak and small, his frame is feeble, and his spirit faint, but his is the voice of prophecy, loud as the shouts of an army, clear as the trumpet-peal in the day of battle—a prophecy that shall not fail the children at their need, a prophecy that is even now working out its fulfilment, a prophecy that shall avenge us of our enemies and put to shame them that despitefully use us and persecute us. Who is the inhabitant of Ashdod—who is he that holdeth the sceptre in Ashkelon? Hath not Ekron deserved punishment, and shall the Philistines not perish like the very dogs by the way-side? Hearken unto me, and I will expound to you the interpretation thereof, ask your own hearts and they shall answer, even as the strings of a lute respond to the skilful fingers of the player. The inhabitant of Ashdod is he that cometh from afar to despoil the children of the congregation, to delve the holy places with his horses' hoofs, to work out his appointed portion of wickedness here, and receive his reward from the master whom he serves hereafter. Who is the bitterest enemy of the chosen people? Who is the merciless wolf that ravens round the sheepfolds in the wilderness to rend the lamb from the shepherd and lap the warm blood of the innocent? Who is he that rideth upon horses through the slaughter, and halteth to drink strong drink, and ravisheth the poor and the fatheless? whose flesh shall be torn by eagles in the day of battle, and his proud head laid low in the dust beneath the heel of his enemies? I wot ye know him well, the man of war from his youth upward, the spawn of her of Bohemia, whose words, like Jezebel's are ever, 'Take! take! —slay! slay!' and whose latter end shall be even as the latter end of Ahab's godless queen. Ye have seen him in his power and the pride of his might. Ye have fronted him, armed with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; ye have turned him back, though he came on at the head of his men of war like the whirlwind that sweeps everything before it save the rampart whose foundations are in the living rock; and ye have seen the weapons of Satan shivered upon the panoply of Truth. But ye shall see mightier works than these; ye shall see vengeance for the anointed, and the inhabitant of Ashdod cut off, and the wicked Rupert stretched like Sisera upon the earth, and his horses and his horsemen scattered like chaff before the wind in the triumph of the children of the congregation."

A deep hum of applause here greeted the preacher, whose *argumentum ad hominem* met with the usual success of such appeals in popular assemblies. Many an eye was turned with looks of mingled triumph and curiosity on Effingham, whose interest, although externally he appeared unmoved, was powerfully awakened, and whose whole attention was rivetted on Caryl as he resumed his discourse.

"And what of him that holdeth the sceptre in Ashkelon? Shall he escape the vengeance of the pursuer, and yet abuse the trust that hath been confided to him by God and man? Shall he break the strong fence of the vineyard, and trample down the vines and the wild grapes, and shall not the thorns rend his garments and pierce his feet, and justice overtake him, and his inheritance pass from him and know him no more? Hath not London been visited by the pestilence that walketh at noonday?—and is not Oxford like the scorpion's nest, which nourisheth only evil, and calleth aloud to be purged and cleansed from its iniquity by the hand of the avenger of blood, who maketh no long tarrying? He who hath ruled over Ashkelon should have swayed a righteous sceptre, and done justice between man and man, leaving to Naboth his vineyard and to the poor his ewe lamb; but a hand hath held the scales, and the man Charles hath been found wanting. An eye hath meted out the measure, and hath seen that it is short, so the sceptre shall be taken away, and he that holdeth it shall be cut off, and Ashkelon shall acknowledge no human sovereign, for the fire that is sent upon Judah shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and a new kingdom shall be raised up—a structure not built with hands, imperishable and unfading, the true vineyard of which ye alone shall gather the vintage who are steadfast to the end—a Commonwealth of the saints who shall inherit the earth, and have dominion here below, and own no lord and master save only the Lord of Hosts whose servants and whose soldiers ye are. Will ye work in the heat of the noonday for wages such as these? Will ye run with the swift for so noble a prize, and do battle with the strong, ankle-deep in blood, to obtain so glorious a victory? I trow ye will; the voice within me calls ye to the fight, and ye shall smite and spare not; and he that attaineth to the end the same shall have his reward."

Once more the preacher paused, once more there was a deep stir amongst his audience—a murmur of suppressed approbation, and then the solemn silence of profound attention. His eye was turned full upon Effingham now, and with the tact of a practised orator who intuitively recognizes a convert, he seemed to address his discourse more particularly to the cavalier.

"'I will turn mine hand against Ekron,' and what is Ekron that it shall prevail against the hand of the Lord? Hath Ekron a talisman that shall insure her from pestilence and famine, from the hunger that wasteth the cheek, and the dead-sickness that eateth the heart away? Are her walls loftier, her defences stronger than those of Jericho, which crumbled into dust at the trumpet-blast of the hosts of Israel? Hath she men of war that shall stand against Joshua, or a Goliath in whom she trusteth for her champion against the soldiers of the truth? Even now is the young David herding his flocks who shall overthrow the boast of the heathen, even now is the running water smoothing the pebble that shall sink into the forehead of the Philistine, and bring his gigantic frame, ringing in its armour, to the ground. Shall Ekron stand, though her garners be filled with provender and her arsenals stored with arms? Though she be garrisoned by cruel Lunsford, who hath sold himself to Satan that he may work deeds of blood, slaughtering the faithful at their very prayers, and burning their churches to light him on his journey to the bottomless pit, where his master awaiteth him with his wages; and reckless profligate Goring, who hath made a present of his soul to the devil, and refused for aught so valueless to accept any guerdon in exchange; and hoary Colepepper, on whose forehead is set the mark of the beast, graven to the bone by the godly swordstroke of one of the troopers of the faithful; and zealous Lucas, who serveth the darkness rather than the light, and who very soon shall have his reward; and Astley, the high priest of Baal, whose head is white with many winters, and who gnasheth with his teeth upon the prophets, and cutteth himself with knives, and calleth upon his gods to do him justice in the fore-front of the battle, as one who weareth of his life, and who knoweth not of that which is to come; and Rupert, with his magic and his witchcraft, his familiar spirit, and his spells of the black art—who eateth the substance of the faithful, and dasheth their children against the stones—shall his magic save him in the day of vengeance? Shall the devil, in whom he trusteth, shield him from the outstretched arm and the consuming fire? Though the evil spirit hath entered into the body of the white dog,* and in that shape watcheth over him as well ye know, in the battle and the leaguer, in the camp and the council chamber, summer and winter, day and night, yet shall the time come at length that it shall turn and rend him; and the latter end of the sorcerer shall be worse than the beginning. And shall men of war such as these save Ekron from the fate that is hanging over her? or shall counsellors whose wisdom is vanity, or priests who worship false gods, and at the best are but whited sepulchres, be a bulwark to stem the wrath of the Avenger? I trow not. Ekron shall fall with a crash that shall shake the land to its extremities, and shall bury in her downfall the false prophets who have reared her, and the councilors who counselled evil in her palaces, and the men of blood who have defended her on her ramparts, and the daughters of Sin who have made mirth and revelry in her halls, and the Sovereign who hath forsaken his faith and abused his trust upon his throne. On her ruins shall be erected a new Jerusalem, another kingdom, of which ye, the faithful and the abiding, shall be the princes and the peers, the priests and the senators, reigning upon earth in the radiant glory of those whose garments have been cleansed in the washing of blood, and purified by the ordeal of fire. Will ye triumph over your enemies, and spurn beneath your feet him whose chariot-wheels have passed over your necks, and

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

A very Successful "Harvest Home" Celebration in Connection with Christ Church.

On Monday last the congregation of Christ Church held the first Harvest Home celebration that has taken place in this town. The custom of holding "harvest homes" is young in this country as yet, butweare happy to notice that such a pleasantand at the same time very expressive way of recognizing and returning thanks for the especial blessings which a kind Providence annually vouchsafes to His creatures, is rapidly spreading throughout the Anglican Church in Canada. It is a custom which is worthy of encouragement, and one which might be adopted to good purpose by other denominations as well as the Church of England. The sight of a church tastefully adorned with the fruits of the harvest cannot but awaken thankful hearts to a sense of their obligation to the "Giver of all good things," and the holding of special services of praise and thanksgiving in connection with these "offerings" of the harvest bounty with which God has blessed the husbandman affords an opportunity for appropriate recognization of his goodness. Christ Church on this occasion was tastefully decorated with grain, fruits, flowers and other species of ornamentation. Festoons of braided grain in the ear hung around the walls of the church in "rustic neatness;" miniature sheaves of wheat, formed into St. Andrew's crosses, with clusters of corn suspending from them, also adorned the walls. The pulpit and reading desk were prettily trimmed with festoons of leaves and berries, and on the top of each was placed elegant bouquets of flowers, also blooming and foliage plants. In the chancel and also in the windows, collections of fruit, vegetables and flowers were displayed in great profusion and with happy effect. Vines, hanging baskets, etc., etc., also contributed to the adornment of the Church. Over the chancel, in letters of fleecy wool, mounted on a coloured curtain, and surrounded with a border of maple leaves, was the text, "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness." This was surmounted with a crown and cross made of the heads of wheat. The decorations throughout were extremely tasteful and in perfect harmony with the plenteous harvest which they were intended to typify, and too much praise can scarcely be given to the ladies who cheerfully undertook and so successfully performed the work of decorating.

The church was well filled with people in the afternoon at the hour appointed for holding the special thanksgiving service. Besides the incumbent, there were present Revds. Messrs. Ryan of Brussels, Pigot of Moorefield, Spencer of Palmerston, and Caswell of Millbank, all of whom assisted in the service. Harvest hymns were sung during the service by the church choir. Rev. D. J. Caswell preached the sermon, which was a very able and appropriate discourse, taking for his text:

2ND COR. IX. 11.—"Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God."

It is remarkable, said the reverend gentleman in prefacing his discourse, that in the olden days, when the Church of God was under the Mosaic form, there were three distinct festivals in the year in which the harvest season was especially recognized, and that two out of the three great festivals celebrated by the Israelites were appointed to be observed in connection with the blessings of the harvest, and in recognition of the mercy shown in crowning the year with His goodness. These festivals were, (1) Pentecost, which was also called the Feast of Harvest, because it was held at the close of the wheat harvest, and the first-fruits of that harvest were presented before the Lord in the form of new loaves of bread made from its products; and (2) The Feast of Tabernacles, which was celebrated at the close of the whole harvest season, when the products of the field, orchard and vintage were gathered in. And yet it was not so remarkable, the reverend gentleman proceeded to say, that two of the three greatest festivals of those olden days should have been kept up in memory of God's bountiful provision in the abundance of each returning harvest, when we call to mind the great fact that all men are intensely interested in the results of of the labors of the husbandman. Why is it, that when we look about us we perceive that the agricultural societies of the day which are now holding their annual exhibitions, are not made up altogether of practical farmers, unless it be that all men of every class and occupation feel an interest in the results of the harvest products? The goodness with which God crowns the labors of the husbandman were never intended to be bestowed wholly upon those who are engaged in gathering in the fruits of the earth; but the harvest is God's supply for the wants of all men, and *all men*, down to the poorest, even to him who on account of old age or illness is unable to gain a livelihood, are intended to be supplied out of the goodness of God's provision. All men therefore are interested in the results of the harvest; and whether our lot is cast in the scattered population of the country districts, where the direct results of abundance or of scarcity are soonest felt, or amid the busy haunts of men in town or city life, we all must feel that we are dependent upon the merciful provision that God makes for His needy creatures; and it is becoming to all alike to express their thanksgiving to God, "the Giver of every good and every perfect gift." For this purpose we were assembled here to day, for we had met together "to render thanks for the great benefits we have received at His hands, and to set forth His most worthy praise." And not only were we here to do so today in the way in which we are called upon at every religious service to remember our dependence upon God, and to render thanksgiving to Him for His continued goodness; but especially on this Harvest Thanksgiving had we assembled and met together to set forth His most worthy praise Who has been pleased to crown this year of our Lord, 1879, with His especial goodness, and to have bestowed upon our country the richest harvest which she has seen for many years. And just as in the days of the Hebrew Church, so we feel it our most bounden duty in Christian lands to have our special day of thanksgiving to Almighy God, the Father of all mercies, that we may give Him "most humble and hearty thanks for all His goodness to us and to all men." God's goodness has spoken to us this year like a voice from Heaven above, and shall we turn a deaf ear to that voice? The return of the harvest season is the voice of God, telling us of His continued bountifulness, telling us that He has not forgotten us, but in His Providence He has sent the means for the support and comfort of our lives. We gladly gather in the rich and abundant provisions of the harvest, and shall we not recognize the voice of our Heavenly Father, "Who knoweth that we have need of these things," and Who "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not?" Shall we not listen as He speaks to us of the lessons He would wish us to gather from the bountiful harvest? For thus it is that God has voices in Nature speaking to us. The Psalmist tells us of the voices of the night which speak of God, for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." There is "no speech or language where their voice is not heard." Thus the silent voices of nature are employed in uttering the praises of their Creator, or telling of the great power of Him Who sustains and governs all things. As we listen to hear the little brook, the mellow voice of the rippling waters has spoken of God's power, no less than the thundering tones of the mighty cataract. We have heard it in the humming of the insect or the melody of the warbling birds, no less than in the winds that tune the harps of nature as they sweep through the veteran trees of the forest. We have heard it in the waving corn as it is ripening for the sickle of the husbandman, and as it moves in the silent summer air, no less than in the deep-toned bass of the stormy sea as it rolls its mighty waves upon the shore. These voices speak forth God's praise. David, who lay as a shepherd boy under the starry sky at night watching his flocks on Bethlehem's plains, heard the voices of nature, and has penned his glorious psalms calling upon all nature to sound His praise: "O, praise the Lord of heaven; praise Him in the height. Praise Him all ye His angels; praise Him all His hosts. Praise Him sun and moon; praise Him all ye stars and light." "Praise the Lord upon earth, ye dragons and all deeps, fire and hail, snow and vapors, wind and storms, fulfilling His word." And surely if all animate and inanimate creation can praise the Lord, Who is their Author and Upholder, *man*, more than any other part of creation, should be grateful to God for his high position as a son of God by creation, and, since the fall, for his privilege of sonship by adoption. Man is laid under special obligation to give all his powers to the exaltation of the name of Jehovah. "O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

The voice of God in the harvest has been speaking to us this year especially. For several years of the past He has been pleased to withhold His bounty, and whilst there has not in any year been any danger of famine in the land, yet there has been at least such scarcity as ought to have led men to see how, with all their planting and sowing and reaping, the great success of their labors comes from God. It is God "that giveth the increase." For just as on Gideon's fleece the dew fell whilst it was dry on all the ground, so let us never forget that God has it in His power at all times to limit the area of His bounty, to give richly or to withhold, to crown the labors of the thankful soul with abundant success, and to narrow the income of the greedy and ungrateful man. God does not always do so, but He has it in His power by His control of the harvest bounty. And if the months during which the grain is growing and ripening are anxious months for the farmer whose hopes are depending on them for the future of himself and family, are they not also anxious months—to speak in reverence—for our Great Father in heaven, who sees a thousand millions of His children on earth waiting upon Him for their daily bread? With what unfailing goodness He makes His arrangements, sending the showers upon the springing or ripening grain, tempering the wind and checking the frosts and the ravages of the insects, and pouring down the genial influences of the sunshine, causing the seed to "bring forth and bud and blossom and cheer the heart of man." While men rest at night from their labors God's goodness is never at rest, for "He that keepeth Israel neither "slumbers nor sleeps." And if in His arrangements of all these things He may at times send rain in too great abundance, or the howling winds go by in the great fury of their destructive power, how can we, short-sighted men, tell but that all this was necessary for the welfare of men in the great mass? The greatest good of the greatest number of men may be the rule by which God orders these things. How can we tell but the furious wind and destructive flood have been the very best means of saving us from plague and pestilence that God could have devised. The bitter medicine oft brings the quickest cure; and the bloodiest warfare has often been the means which God has used for bringing liberty and happiness to down-trodden nations.

It is impossible from our standpoint to judge what is best for all men, or for the greatest number of men. Whilst we would choose that which would be for the growth and prosperity of the crops in our own particular locality, it might be for the destruction or retarding of those of our neighbors of a hundred miles away. And whilst the weather might be genial and favorable for the growth of the products of the field, the deathly influences might be collecting themselves for the destruction of our families by a pestilence in the calm but dark and quiet recesses in which they hide, and which only the fury of the hurricane could dispel. Man may be growing very wise and very strong, and by the vast advancement which he is making, in the improvements of machinery and in the discovery of nature's secrets, may be building himself up in wealth and power, but he cannot undertake the ruling of all things in this world yet. He requires a God in Providence as much as ever he did. The highest skill of men could never produce a harvest to supply the cravings of a thousand million appetites during the twelve months of the year. Man cannot temper the wind and the frost, and direct the rain and the sunshine so as to produce a result such as is necessary for such vast supplies. It is true that man by his labor and by his skill can do much towards a favorable result, but it is God that "giveth the increase," and it is just as true in this nineteenth century as ever it was, that of the vast population of the earth it may be said "these all wait upon God and He giveth them their meat in due season." The bountiful provision of God in the harvest has a voice telling us of His goodness, and telling us of His power to supply or withhold the abundance which He has at his command. That voice, like the "still small voice" which Elijah heard, tells us that He is "the Lord God merciful and gracious," and that He remembers His promises, as made to our race in the person of Noah after the great deluge, that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." And if that voice tells us that God has in some degree withheld from us His bounty, and we have had a failure in our anticipations of reaping abundance, let us remember that as in the olden days He claimed this way as His own of showing His displeasure, so He may do so still because of our sinfulness, because of our worldliness, because we have set our hearts upon the gifts rather than the Giver. Shall we in our stubbornness disregard this voice? Shall we go on unheeding of God's merciful way of dealing with us? Since His goodness has not led us to repentance, is He not justified in using the seemingly harsher means, in withholding His goodness, in depriving us of His bounty, until we are led to feel our dependance upon Him, that it is He who is able to "send rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness," or to withhold them at His will? Shall we not then listen to his voice, and gladly accepting His goodness, or accepting His wisdom in the withholding of His bounty, thankfully say that even this has been greater than our deserts, and turning unto the Lord with all our hearts, rest not till we have found His favor in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and, as the Saviour Himself said to a great sinner long ago, "sin no more lest a worse thing come upon us?" For as we gaze upon the beautiful flowers and the rich, ripe fruit and grain, in all their varieties of color and tint and glory, speaking forth the praises of their Creator (and in God's House where they ought to be on every such Harvest Home Festival Thanksgiving, so as by an outward and visible sign to speak of God's goodness to our hearts so dull of comprehension,) Oh, let us not forget that God expects from each of us that we "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," and so show that we have turned away from those sins that hinder and prevent our growth in the heavenly life, and that in our christian life from day to day "the fruit be unto holiness" so that "the end may be everlasting life." As in the harvest of temporal things God has shown us His abundance, so it is also true that in spiritual things in connection with the church of God "in the means of grace and the hope of glory," He has showered blessings upon us, and it is but reasonable that he should look for fruit. We have been "enriched in everything to all bountifulness which causeth through us thanksgiving to God," and we are here to-day, to express that thanksgiving for temporal blessings, but let us not fail to call to mind the rich spiritual blessings which we have enjoyed during the past year, and let us search our hearts to see whether we have appreciated our privileges, whether we have "redeemed the time," and "applied our hearts unto wisdom," whether in any sense it may be said that our fruit is unto holiness. And let us observe how in one very practical way we may apply the plummet to our lives and judge whether we have been benefitted by all the blessings we have enjoyed, and whether we have come up today with truly thankful hearts. The Hebrew of old, when he came up to the feast of thanksgiving, gave proof of his earnestness by carrying with him some gift for the priests, or to be devoted to use and service in the Temple of the Lord. This is what is understood by the language used in Deut. xvi, 16, 17, where it is directed, in the appointments of the three great feasts, "and they shall not appear before the Lord empty." "Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he has given thee." Thanksgiving, then, it appears, does not consist of grateful feelings and words towards God for His past favors and mercies merely, but was only accepted when accompanied by some substantial proof of the gratitude expressed by a gift to God's House or His servants who ministered in His house. This seemed reasonable and appropriate, for those who were thus devoted to His service and gave their time and talents to the work of God's church (as the clergy do at the present day), have no opportunity of gain even when an abundant harvest is reaped, and only in this way of receiving presents from those who are abundantly blessed, can they be expected to see any advantage in a larger harvest, or can they be expected to join in Harvest Thanksgiving.

It seems appropriate that in connection with the services of a public Harvest Thanksgiving some good object be presented before the minds of the worshippers, in order that they may have opportunity of presenting their thank-offerings before the Lord and giving substantial proof of their earnest and grateful hearts. The very language of our text brings out this idea. St Paul in this part of the epistle is expressing thanks to the Corinthian Christians for the very liberal contribuiton they had sent to the aid of their persecuted Jewish Christian brethren in Jerusalem. And he went on to represent the giving of such alms as the sowing of so much seed, saying that "he that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." The giving in such a case for the help and support of God's service at home or in a distant and needy district, is a cause of thanksgiving to God, both on the part of those who thus receive help, and, as a true expression of thanksgiving, on the part of those who give. In both cases God, who is "the giver of ever good and every perfect gift," receives the praise and thanksgiving, as He should. Let the voice of the harvest speak then to us to-day, telling us of God's bounty expressed towards us, and urging us to devise liberal things and express our gratitude to God by giving "heartily as unto the Lord" to the support of his good cause in the world.

Then too, let us not turn away from this subject without listening to the voice of God's Holy Word that tells us of the Great Harvest time at the end of the world. We are all preparing for that Harvest-Day. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Some of us are nearing the end; we are sowing the last seed we shall ever scatter, and soon the Great Day of Harvest shall dawn upon us, and reveal whether in our selfishness and penury we have retained all the good we could gather for ourselves, or whether in imitation of our Blessed Master we have scattered seeds of kindness among our fellow men and done good in our day and generation; for God accepts this as the best evidence of our thankfulness for His bounty when we show a similar bounty towards our fellows in their time of need. And then when the Great Day of Harvest shall dawn upon us, as true disciples and servants of our Blessed Saviour, we shall receive the welcome approbation, "Well done good and faithful servant, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

At the conclusion of the services, cakes and fruit were distributed among the Sunday School children, who were congregated on the church grounds. This concluded the harvest thanksgiving celebration at the church, the dinner and subsequent entertainment taking place in Mr. Bricker's hall in the evening. The spread made by the ladies in the hall was excellent, two large tables being laden with the choicest delicacies that the inner man could desire. The generous disposition evinced by a number of the farmers of Wallace and their families on this occasion was most commendable, the bountiful repast provided being largely due to their liberality. Great credit is also due to the ladies of Christ Church for the splendid arrangement of the tables, and for the highly satisfactory manner in which they catered for so large a gathering of people. Ample justice having been accorded the cold chicken and the sundry other dishes equally calculated to satiate the most fastidious appetite, the hall was put in order for the next part of the programme, which consisted of an entertainment of a various character. Rev. Mr. Cooper fulfilled the functions of chairman. The choir sang an opening selection. Short addresses were given by Revds. W. J. Pigott and D. J. Caswell, also by D. D. Campbell Esq. Soles were rendered by Miss Cousins, Miss McKenzie and Miss Morey. The instrumental music of the string band was highly entertaining. A number of tableaux were also introduced. The representation of "The Seasons"—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—had a very pleasing effect, while those of a comic nature afforded much merriment. The festival was brought to a close by singing "God save the Queen." The people of Christ Church are to be congratulated for the success which attended this their first Harvest Home Thanksgiving celebration, and as it is understood that these festivals are to become an institution of the Church, all who participated in the rejoicings on this occasion cannot but wish for like success in the future.

The capture of Cabul by Sir Frederick Roberts is fully confirmed. He visited the citadel on Saturday, and made a public entry into the city on Sunday. The Afghan troops have been completely routed, and the tribes assembling to fight have returned home. The Ameer is now detained as a prisoner, and the fact that his most intimate personal friends were leaders in the revolt may be accepted as pretty conclusive evidence that his own friendly professions have been feigned throughout.

PAYING THEIR ASSESSMENT.—We believe that all the bondholders of the Port Dover and Lake Huron Railway are paying up the assessment which is being levied upon them to meet the claim which North Norwich is forcing against them. This is sensible, as it would be the sheerest folly for any of the bondholders, who really own the road, to allow it to go to a forced sale. The Port Dover in connection with the Stratford and Huron Railway will yet become a very important line of railway.—*Woodstock S Review.*

TERRIBLE RAILWAY CATASTROPHE.

Collision between an Express Train and a Yard Engine on the Michigan Central Railroad—Great Loss of Life and many People injured—A large number of Canadians on Board.

Detroit, Michigan, Oct. 10.—On the Michigan Central railroad, a short distance from Jackson, about one o'clock this morning, the Pacific express train bound west, collided with an engine, telescoping the baggage and express cars and pitching the remaining eleven coaches on top of the others. The first coach was filled with emigrants, most of whom were killed or severely injured. Many occupants of other coaches are injured. It is supposed that twenty or 25 passengers are killed and 20 to 30 wounded, majority of the number are thought to be emigrants and second-class passengers. Physicians were at once summoned from Jackson and a special train carrying phycians left Detroit at 5 o'clock. A large force of employees of the railroad together with a number of citizens of Jackson are on the ground extracating the bodies. Up to noon 18 bodies were recovered. Ten from the emigrant car are not yet indentified. The indentified are: Miton Gilbert, Detroit, engineer; C. B Smith, Jackson, fireman; John Rva, wife and daughter, Philadelphia; Mrs. Garland and her ten-year-old daughter, Philadelphia; Louis Mongan, Buckingham, Canada, and infant daughter; Mrs. Geo. A. Jones, Penn., one of her children, 18 months old, killed instantly, another badly bruised. The engineer and firemen of the switch engine escaped by jumping off. The train was made up of seven Wagner sleepers, four passenger coaches and mail and baggage cars. The tender of the express engine was telescoped into the baggage car about half its length; this car in its turn forced its way into the mail cars, and these crowded the first passenger coach to the right on to the embankment, and crushed back through the two following. The passengers in the first coach were comparatively unharmed, the harvest of death being reaped in the second and third coaches. The fourth coach escaped with slight damage, and none of the Wagner cars were injured. The accident was caused by the switchmen having charge of the making up of the freight trains occupying the main track with the switch engine and caboose, understanding that the Pacific express was considerably behind. The express train, however, had made up nearly all lost time.

Among those who were wounded in the terrible collision were the following from Canada: Wm. Binney, Galt, Ont., sprain of left ankle and contusion of left leg and slight bruises about the head. H. Miadas, of Canada, cut and bruised. Robt. Neil, of Trenton, Canada, injured on back and body. Miss E. Parnell, of St. Catharines, severely injured about the head and knee. Hormisdas Maisseneuve, of Anger, Ottawa Co., Ont.; bound for Roscommen, unmarried, severe cut over right eye, contusions about the right knee and thigh. Palmot Maissonneuve, brother of the above, fracture on the left leg, both bones, contusions about the right knee and leg, cut on chin, and severe scalp wound. Mrs. J. F. Parnell, of St. Paul, Minn., *en route* from Toronto, where she had been visiting her sick father, contusion of scalp. E. J. Parnell, Bangor, Mich., on his way from St. Catharines, Ont., fracture of left leg and dislocation ankle joint. Mrs. E. J. Parnell, cut over left eye and knee sprained. The Parnells had with them three children, none of whom were injured, except one, which is thought to be somewhat injured internally. The doctors are of the opinion that all the wounded will soon recover.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 11.—Following are the names of the killed in addition to those already reported by the Michigan Central disaster. The total number as far as known is fifteen:—Mrs. Catherine Spartline, Westminster, Mich.; Edith Spartline, aged six, and Mr[illegible]line, aged four; William G. E[illegible], Mrs. Green, Leroy, Vermont. The total number of wounded is thirty one. The wounded are nearly all doing well, but more deaths are likely to result. The best of care is being bestowed upon them by the railroad company.

SMITTEN AT SIGHT.

A Farmer's Daughter Recovers a Large Sum for a Broken Vow—Balm for a Wounded Heart—A Warning to all Impressionable and Wealthy Men.

James Blair, a well known wealthy citizen of London, was sued at the Middlesex Assizes for breach of promise, the plaintiff being M. M. Woodman, a single woman of Goderich. At the time of making the acquaintance of the girl, the defendant was living with her father in the Township of Colborne, County of Huron. The plaintiff was a young lady of good repute and gentle birth, well educated, and in every respect the equal of defendant. In March, 1876, defendant visited the farm of plaintiff's father and there made the acquaintance of plaintiff, then about nineteen years of age. He visited the house on business with the plaintiff's father. He appears to have been smitten at first sight. After having inspected the farm, it was about twelve o'clock, and with the usual generosity of country people, he was invited to take dinner, which he accepted, and during the meal he evinced signs of admiration with the family, but which of the daughters he was enamoured of did not become quite apparent. He left, taking the names and addresses of both daughters, and about a week afterwards he sent plaintiff a book of "Moore's Melodies," as a slight token of his esteem. The young lady politely wrote him a note of thanks, and that drew from him a letter full of love and sweetness. He also sent several pieces of music, and in one letter he said he felt like embracing her in an "ecstasy of joy." He also sent her a pair of gloves in a letter, accompanying which, he expressed himself in endearing terms. In the month of June he wrote to say that he was coming to visit the family, and used in his letter, among other terms: "I am often persuaded, my wants will be administered to by my sweet Minnie, and that my aching head will be allowed to rest upon the sweet innocent bosom of my sweet Minnie." Plaintiff met defendant on the bridge at the entrance to the town of Goderich, when a poetical effusion was presented by him to the plaintiff, entitled, "The meeting on the bridge." In April, 1877, defendant came up to plaintiff's house, about 9 o'clock on a Sunday morning, giving her the materials for a handsome dress. He could not succeed in getting his letters back, but at a second visit, he induced plaintiff in her mother's absence, to burn the letters in a stove, upon the promise that he would send her one more letter, which would amply recompense her for all the rest. After the letters were burnt, defendant commenced to cool off. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff and $4,500.

THE IRISH LAND TROUBLES.

Monster Anti-Rent Demonstration at Navan.—The Landlords Threatened.

New York, Oct. 13.—A *Herald* cable special has the following description of the anti-rent demonstration in Ireland yesterday;—

Navan, Oct. 13.—The scene witnessed here to-day was more like an uprising of the people than a monster proclamation of Ireland's discontent with her rulers. From daylight crowds poured into the town, all on foot. Every man, woman and child carried green boughs. Every house was shrouded with greenery; even the meanest hovel hung out garlands. The chapel was thronged all the morning with a devout congregation. At the service the priest begged the people to maintain the greatest order throughout the day. At 11 o'clock the place was thronged with frieze-coated country people, who formed a parade and marched behind the band. The uniforms were white and gold, the exact counterparts of those worn during the Emmett celebration. Two miles from the railway station was a densely packed platform, occupied by a committee of priests and members of the popular deputation. Triumphal arches stood in every corner bearing the mottoes, "Down with the land robbers," "Parnell for Ireland," "Ireland for Parnell," "Home Rule," "Liberty for the people," and so forth. As soon as the whistle of the arriving train was heard, the band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Mr. Parnell was received with frantic outbursts of cheers, and enthusiastically carried to a carriage waiting outside. The party, including Messrs. Sullivan, O'Connor, Power, O'Sullivan and Biggar, were preceded by a triumphal procession, which escorted them into town. The windows were thronged with ladies. Many priests were noticeable. Along the road to the hotel a woman rushed forward to shake hands with the hero of the day. Thousands came from Dublin, Drogheda, Athboy, Dundalk and Belfast. It is computed that 30,000 people were in the town. The streets were constantly paraded by armed police, who, however, were allowed to pass unnoticed.

London, Oct. 13.—The *Times* of this morning, in a leading article, thinks that England may have to revise its policy of conciliation toward Ireland.

Dublin, Oct. 14.—Five hundred tenants of the Marquis of Sligo and Earl of Lucan met near West Piert, county Mayo, Connaught, and solemnly pledged themselves to pay no rent until a reduction is granted proportionate to the great fall of prices. Notices are posted at Warner Point, County Down, Ulster, that any man coming into the county to pay more than £1 an acre for land may bring his coffin with him.

MORNINGTON FALL SHOW.

The Fall Show in connection with Mornington Township Agricultural Society was held at Millbank on Friday last. The weather was all that could be desired, and the show was likewise, as the very large attendance on the grounds can testify. In several of the departments of most importance at any agricultural fair, namely, in the exhibition of horses, sheep, fruit and ladies' work, the display was equal if not superior to that usually made at some of our best county shows. There were no less than nine carriage teams shown; in other classes the show of horses was also large and the animals first-class. The exhibition of sheep was also excellent, as will be readily inferred from the names of the prize takers. In the fruit department, the display of apples surpassed that of any exhibition held in the county this season. The exhibition of ladies' work was also in advance of the usual display made at township fairs, and bore ample proof of the fine taste of the fair sex of Mornington. We understand that the number of entries was about two hundred in excess of any previous year, which certainly speaks well for the first occasion upon which the Exhibition has been held at Millbank.

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES—Agricultural team, H W Peterson, 2 Jno Hammond. Buggy horse, D L Kastner, 2 G Helm. Carriage team, H W Peterson, 2 Dr Johnston. Saddle horse, P Birmingham, 2 Geo Magwood. Heavy draught filly or gelding, 2 years old, P McLellan, 2 Jno Hamilton. 1 year old, J G Reiner, 2 F Wahl. Brood mare, R Fleming, 2 A Oakley. Foal, A Oakley, 2 R Fleming. General purpose filly or gelding, 2 years old, Jno Roe, 2 D L Kastner. Colt, A Oakley, 2 R Fleming. Gelding or filly, 1 year old, A Miller, 2 Jno Farrell. Brood mare, A Oakley, 2 Jno Williams. Foal, A Oakley, 2 W Hastings.

CATTLE.—*Durham*—Aged bull, J T Wilford, 2 Geo Magwood. Yearling bull, A Anderson, 2 Jno Williams. Bull calf, Geo Magwood, 2 Jno Williams. Milch cow, W R Elliott, 2 Geo Magwood. 2 year old heifer, W R Elliott, 2 Jno Stewart. Yearling, W R Elliott, 2nd do. Heifer calf, Geo Magwood. *Grades*—Milch cow, R G Armstrong, 2nd do. Two year old heifer, Jno Davidson, 2 R J Armstrong. Yearling, Thos Hall, 2nd do. Heifer calf, Thos Hall. Bull calf, Jno Farrell, 2 T Hall. Yoke oxen, W Passmore. Yoke steers, W McKee, 2 J Turnbull. Herd of cattle, R J Armstrong. Fatted ox, P Birmingham, 2 Thos Hall. Fat cow, W Hastings, 2 R J Armstrong.

SHEEP,—*Leicesters*—Aged ram, W Coutts, 2 Thos Garbutt. Aged ewes, W Coutts, 2 T Garbutt. Shearling ewes, W Coutts, 2nd do. Ewe lambs, T Garbutt, 2 W Coutts. Ram lamb, T Garbutt, 2nd do. *Cotswold*—Aged ram, A Anderson, 2 H Doering. Shearling ram, W R Elliott, 2 G Eberwein. Aged ewes, H Doering, 2 A Anderson. Shearling ewes, R Armstrong, 2 W R Elliott. Ewe lambs, W R Elliott, 2 A Anderson. Ram lamb, 1 and 2 John Hamilton. Fat sheep, W Hastings, 2 R J Armstrong.

SWINE,—*Berkshire*—Aged boar, W Coutts, 2 A Anderson. Aged sow, W Coutts, 2 A Anderson. Boar pig, W Coutts, 2 A Anderson. Sow pig, A Anderson, 2 W Coutts. *Suffolk*—Aged sow, V Kertcher. Boar pig, 1 and 2 A Miller. Sow pig, 1 and 2 A Miller. *Any Breed*—Aged boar, A Miller. Boar pig, A Miller. Sow pig, 1 and 2 A Miller.

GRAIN—Treadwell wheat, W McKee, 2 J T Wilford. Fall of any kind, Hugh Kerr, 2 R Armstrong. Spring wheat, T Strachan, 2 A Rennie. Peas, R Armstrong, 2 A Miller. Black oats, J T Wilford, 2 R Armstrong. White oats, W Rutherford, 2 A Rennie. Barley, D Alexander, 2 J McKee. Timothy seed, D Alexander, 2 T Strachan. Fall wheat flour, V Kertcher. Spring wheat flour, V Kertcher.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES—Early rose potatoes, H Doering, 2 C Riley. Chili, D Ferguson. Any kind potatoes, C Riley. Turnips, W Rutherford. Cabbage, J Ritter. Field carrots, J Kollman. Mangolds, T Tucker. Onions, D Alexander. Beets, A Miller. Pumpkins, T Tucker. Squash, T Tucker. Citron, J T Wilford, 2 S Loney. Cauliflowers, J Ritter. Watermelon, T Tucker. Garden carrots, T Tucker, 2 D Alexander. Tomatoes, T Tucker. Corn, J C McLachlan.

Dairy Products—Fresh butter, W Hastings, 2 *W* McKee. Tub butter, A Miller. Factory cheese, V Kertcher. Dairy cheese, D Alexander. Honey in comb, W Rutherford. Honey strained, J Turnbull.

FRUIT—Crab apples, D Alexander. Snow apples, Jos Hamilton, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Gravenstein, Ella F Hutchinson, 2 J T Wilford. Fall apples, 1 and 2 J T Wilford. Spitzenburg, Ella F Hutchinson, 2 J T Wilford. Northern spy, J T Wilford, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Winter apples, J T Wilford, 2 T Strachan. Collection of apples, J T Wilford, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Fall pears, H Kelly, 2 Hugh Kerr. Winter pears, S Loney, 2 Dr Johnston. Collection of pears, J T Wilford. Grapes, P Mulcahey. Maple sugar, J T Wilford.

IMPLEMENTS—Lumber wagon, Goddard & Green, 2 A Rush. Double carriage, Jno Porter. Single buggy, Jno Porter. Iron axle wagon, Geo Minchin. Iron beam plow, Schaubb Bros. Cutter, Goddard & Green, 2 Jno Porter. Gang plow, J Kollman. *Horse* hoe, Geo Munchin. Combined reaper, Thompson & Williams.

POULTRY—Geese, Jno Kerr. Ducks, P Mulcahey. Turkeys, John Kerr, Cochins, R J Armstrong. Brahmas, P Mulcahey. Spanish, *Wm* Coutts. Barnyard fowls, A Miller.

MANUFACTURES—Single harness, *Wm* Fink. Double harness, Wm Fink. Coarse boots, Geo Schinbine. Fine boots, 1st and 2nd do. Bricks, Geo Daniel. Coverlet, Geo Helm. Full cloth, 2nd J T Wilford. All wool flannel, J T Wilford. Union flannel, Geo Helm, 2 Jas Hood. Blankets, D Ferguson, 2 T Strachan. Crochet, Wm McKee, 2 T Tucker. 2 loaves bread, Jno Brunell, 2 Robt Rennie. Home made soap, Geo Helm. Assortment cooper's work, P McTavish. Tinware, John Ritter.

Ladies Work—Shirt, D Alexander, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Pair socks, Ella F Hutchinson, 2 D Ferguson. Pair mits, Thos Strachan, 2 D Ferguson. Woolen quilt, T Tucker, 2 D A'exander. Cotton quilt, Ella F Hutchinson, 2 W McKee. Braiding, P McTavish, 2 P McCulloch. Berlin wool work, J Coleman, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Tissue flowers, Ella F Hutchinson. Flour mat, J G Reiner. Hair flowers, Wm Hastings, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Feather flowers, Ella F Hutchinson. Pencil drawing, Thos Hall. Crochet work, Thos Hall, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Sofa cushion, A *C* Steele, 2 Adam Chalmers. Canvas tidy, 1 and 2 Miss Rutherford. Assortment Berlin wool work, R J Armstrong, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Tatting, Thos Hall, 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Embroidery in cotton, 1 and 2 Ella F Hutchinson. Recommended—Canaries, H Kelly; Mavis, N McCullough.

JUDGES — Horses, Phineas Cornell, Stratford; Thos Garbutt, Peel; J Glester, Wellesley. Cattle and sheep, Jno Campbell, Wellesley; R Hay, Maryboro; Moses Harvey, Elma. Grain, roots, etc., J N Zinkham, N Easthope; J G Reiner, Wellesley. Ladies' work, Jas Bridon, Milverton; R T Fish, Linwood; Geo Doering, Wellesley.

PEEL AND MARYBORO' FALL SHOW.

The Peel and Maryboro' Agricultural Society's Fall Show was held in Glenallen on the 9th inst., and proved a grand success. The morning dawned with a heavy mist hanging over the vicinity, but fortunately it did not rain much during the day. About eight o'clock exhibitors and visitors began to arrive, and during the afternoon the attendance was far beyond the expectations of the officials. The show of live stock was excellent. The different classes of horses, cattle and sheep deserve special mention, there being quite a number of the prizeanimals from Guelph and Walkerton exhibitions on the ground. In the inside department the show of grain, roots and fruit was real good; the dairy produce, though not largely represented, was of excellent quality. The display of ladies' work was very fair, and by next year the officials hope to be able to extend this department of the prize list to greater dimensions.

PRIZE LIST.

HORSES—Brood mare, 1 Abraham Oakley, 2nd do Draught foal, 1 John Watson, 2 Isaac Wiseman. 6 purpose foal, 1 A Oakley, 2 Henry Simmer. Roadster foal, 1 Thos Hambly, 2 John Williams. 1 year old agr'l purpose colt, 1 Alex Miller, 2 A Oakley. 1 year old roadster colt, 1 Thos Hambly, 2 John Elliott, 2nd do. 2 year old heifer, 1 Wm Elliott, 2 John Mulloy. 1 year old heifer, 1 Wm Elliott, 2nd do. Heifer calf, 1 Isaac Wiseman, 2 Wm Elliott. Herd cattle, Wm Elliott. *Ayrshires*—2 year old bull, 1st Archibald Parks. Bull calf, A Parks. Cow, A Parks. 2 year old heifer, A Parks. Heifer calf, A Parks. *Grade Cattle*—Cow, 1 John Watson, 2 John Meldrum. 2 year old heifer, 1 John Slimmon, 2 John Watson. 1 year old heifer, 1 Edward Sanderson, 2 J L Gibson. Heifer calf, 1 John Slimmon, 2 George Farr. Fat cow or steer, George Farr. Village cow, W S Sutherland. Herd cattle, John Slimmon.

SHEEP—*Leicester*—Aged ram, 1 Thos Garbutt, 2 Jacob Brown. Ram lamb, 1 Thos Garbutt, 2 James Gibson. Shearling ram, 1 Truman Widerman, 2 William Powley. Pair ewes, 1 John Watson, 2 Thos Garbutt. Ewe lambs, 1 Thos Garbutt, 2nd do. Shearling ewes, 1 James Gibson, 2nd do. Pen sheep, Thos Garbutt. *Cotswold*—Aged ram, 1 Isaac Deavitt, 2 Samuel English. Shearling ram, 1 Wm Elliott, 2 Wm Powley. Ram lamb, 1 Isaac Deavitt, 2 Samuel English. Pair ewes, 1 Isaac Deavitt, 2 Samuel English. Shearling ewes, 1 Wm Elliott, 2 Reuben Armstrong. Ewe lambs, 1 Isaac Deavitt, 2 Wm Elliott. Pen sheep, 1 John Meldrum, 2 John Watson. Pen sheep, Wm Elliott. *Southdown*—Shearling ram, J L Gibson. Ram lamb, do. Ewe lambs, do.

SWINE—*Berkshire*—Aged boar, 1 John Fleming, 2 Jacob Brown. Boar pig, 1 John Fleming, 2 Richard Sanderson. Sow pig, 1 John Mulloy, 2 John Fleming. Aged sow, 1 Thos Richardson, 2 Thos Ney. *Suffolks*—Aged boar A Parks, 2nd do. Boar pig, 1 William Fisher, 2 A Parks. Sow pig, 1 A Parks, 2nd do. Aged sow, Wm Fisher. *Poland China*—Brood sow, J L Gibson. Boar, J L Gibson. Litter Pigs, A Parks. *Any other distinct breed*—Aged boar, 1 A Miller.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Ladies kid gloves for 50c. per pair at Bean & Gee's.

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

Remember where Smith ke ps his shop,
Next door to the Golden Lion,
And when in town be sure and call,
You'll thereby save some coin.

The cheapest place to buy groceries, wines and liquors is at the Toronto tea store. McMillan, Duncan & Co.

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

Coal oil, 20 cts; 5 gallons 90 cts.; medium, size crimp top chimnies, 5 cents; good burners, 10 cents; at Hacking's drug store.

Smith has lamps and coal oil too,
To light your cheerful home,
And Potts and Kettles, if you choose,
To boil a nice soup bone.

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

Wineeys at 6c. per yard and upwards at Bean & Gee's.

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

All ye who do get married,
Just say unto your honey,
Let's go to Smith and buy a stove.
And save both time and money.

FIRE! FIRE!—Mr. B. F. Brook being determined to rebuild the Listowel Woolen Mills, and needing capital, desires all persons who are indebted to him, to call and settle accounts within two months; otherwise his accounts must be placed in other hands for collection.—22.

WALL PAPER.—A large variety of English and American wall papers has been received at Dr. Michener's book and drug store. An unlimited number of patterns to select from, and at the very lowest prices. No trouble to show goods. An inspection invited.

And if in rural districts,
Your lot it should be cast,
To Smith you should always send
For tinware that will last.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—A fine collection of steel engravings are on view at the warerooms of Messrs. Hess Bros. Parties wishing to embellish their rooms with really handsome engravings, should inspect this collection. A large variety of Chromos are also on exhibition, and will be sold very cheap. Call early.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS! Made to order at Bean & Gee's.

Now if some eave-trough you should need,
Smith will do the job right well;
And if you to his shop make speed,
You'll find the truth I tell.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

PRINCESS LOUISE will sail for England to-morrow.

200 pairs of Boots & Shoes at cost.
34. CLIMIE, HAY & Co.

DON'T forget that $1.50 in advance will pay for the STANDARD up to January 1881.

MR. J. G. TREMAIN, who has disposed of his business in this town, has gone to Moorefield, where he is going largely into grain buying.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!—Climie, Hay & Co. will after Monday the 22nd inst. sell their teas, sugars and general groceries at cost for cash. 34

Mr. J. P. McMillan, barrister, Guelph, has been appointed County Crown Attorney and Clerk of the Peace for the new county of Dufferin.

BIGGAR of Guelph, won the championship medal by defeating E. W. Johnston of Hamilton, in the athletic contest which took place in the Royal city on Monday.

NOTICE.—Parties indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts immediately, as I have liabilities to meet and must have the money.
37. JAS. ARMSTRONG.

AN entertainment, under the auspices of the Laidies' Aid Association of the C. M. Church, will be given in Bricker's hall on Monday evening, 27th inst., the programme of which will be announced next week.

LADIES! LADIES!—Be sure and see our Dry goods, Mantles, Shawls, Furs, and all kinds of goods which we offer at cost for cash on and after Monday, the 22nd inst. The best bargains ever offered in Listowel. CLIMIE, HAY & Co. 34

ENTERTAINMENT.—A social and enter- [illegible] be given by the Ladies' Aid [illegible] Church on Thurs- [illegible] next, in the basement of the church. Every necessary preparation will be made for a good time.

CRICKET.—Listowel cricketers defeated the Harriston club pretty badly last week. The score stood: Harriston, two innings, 91; Listowel, first innings, 73; second innings, without a man out, 22. The game was played at Harriston.

INDUCEMENTS STILL IN FORCE.—A. McIlwraith still continues to hold out the inducement of a ten per cent rate of discount upon all farmers' notes paid in advance. Foundry jobbing accounts are due 1st October. As regards these the watchword is "pay up." 38-c.

THE trial of George Anticknapp, for the murder of his wife in Arthur on the 19th of June last, came off at the Guelph assizes last week. The prisoner was declared acquitted on the ground of insanity, and has been sent to the Rockwood asylum at Kingston.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—We are requested to announce that a meeting of the Listowel Literary Society (prospective) will be held in the Mechanics Institute rooms on Monday evening next, to appoint officers and to put the Society in working order. A large attendance is requested.

AUCTION SALE.—Messrs T. & J. Swan announce by posters their intention of selling by public auction, on Thursday, 23rd Oct., their farm of 100 acres in the 1st con. of Wallace; also a brick cottage and lot on Herbert street, and their large livery stables on Mill street in this town. Thos. E. Hay will conduct the sale.

MR. GEORGE ZILLIAX has recently bought out Mr. J. G. Tremain, and is now conducting business on an extensive scale. Besides catering to the wants of the public at the Royal, George is running the large flour and feed store, and is also one of the most active grain buyers on the Listowel market.

PULPITS.—Several pulpits in the Listowel churches were occupied by strangers on Sunday last. In Knox Church, Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Toronto, officiated. Rev. Mr. Large, of Kincardine, preached in the M. E. Church; and Rev. Mr. Yewens of Elora, conducted the special thanksgiving services in connection with Christ Church.

GENTS! GENTS!—Now is the time to buy your clothing at Climie, Hay & Co's. On and after Monday the 22nd inst. we will sell our immense stock of English, Scotch and Canadian tweeds, overcoats, ready made clothing, hats and caps, and all gents' furnishings at cost for cash. Suits made to order, a perfect fit guaranteed. CLIMIE, HAY & Co. 34

MILLBANK.—Mr. J. G McLachlan has recently withdrawn from the Millbank Agricultural Works, Mr. Kollman being now sole proprietor. Mr. McLachlan is still remaining in the village, not having as yet decided upon what enterprise he will turn his attention to. Mac. has the "go" in him, and what he don't know about agricultural implements is not worth knowing.

IMPROVEMENT IN PLOW MANUFACTURE.—A superior brand of steel, the "Eagle Steel" has been introduced at the LISTOWEL FOUNDRY for plow moulds. It has been proved where used unrivalled in hardness for wear, and in the ease and brightness with which it cleans. No call for heavy cast metal moulds where steel of this quality is obtainable. Steel before metal has hitherto been the rule in our neighboring townships, and with this steel it ought still to keep the lead.

HIGH SCHOOL BOARD.—A meeting of the Listowel High School Trustees was held on the 13th inst., at which all the members of the Board were present. The sale of the old High School property to the town for the sum of $405, was approved of by the Board, and the Chairman and Secretary were authorized to convey the same to the purchaser. The account of James Crozier and assistant, amounting to $17.50, for conducting examination for admission to High School, was ordered to be paid. Mr. Crozier, head master, handed in his report, showing the total number of pupils on roll to be 87; average for September 62; made up as follows: outside of district 7, Wallace 9, Elma, 9, Listowel 62. On motion of A. D. Freeman, seconded by R Ferguson, it was resolved that the school should be conducted by two teachers only, and the Secretary was instructed to notify the third teacher that her services will not be required. It was moved by A. Hemsworth, seconded by John Watson, and resolved, that James Crozier be re-engaged at a salary of $1,000 per annum; and that A. M. Springer be engaged for the next year at a salary of $600.

VAGRANTS.—Business at the police court was exceedingly lively during Friday and Saturday of last week, no less than eight cases—and pretty "hard cases" at that—being disposed of. They were nearly all railroad navvies or vagrants who have come into the neighborhood to get work on the new road. We hear of one or two clothes lines having been stripped lately, and would warn citizens to look well to their fastenings during the sojourn of these gentlemen in the vicinity.

AND STILL THEY GO.—The second large party within two weeks left Listowel via the G. W. R. for Manitoba on Thursday morning. The following persons composed the party, namely: Mrs. John Broadfoot and family, Mr. Mitchell sr., Mr. R. R. Ross and family, Mr. Wm. McKee, Mrs. Pedan and family, Mr. Jas. Stewart, Mr. George Johnston and Mr. George Crawford, twenty-five persons in all. Two car loads of freight were sent forward a day or two in advance. Mr. Jno. Livingstone jr. ticketed the party through to Winnipeg. Intelligence has been received from members of the party who left here a fortnight ago, of their safe arrival in Winnipeg within three days after taking the cars at the Western depot. They also speak highly of their treatment while en route.

INCENDIARIES.—It would appear that Listowel is still infested with incendiaries. A few nights ago attempt was made to burn down the post office, at least there are strong grounds for believing that such an an attempt would have been made had it not been aborted by an early discovery. Mr. Hacking was awakened by his dog making an unusual noise, and upon going outside to ascertain the cause, found a large armful of shavings piled against the north-west corner of the building. The shavings were saturated with oil, evidently prepared for igniting. Possibly the thing may have been a hoax, but considering the feeling which at present prevails in this town against incendiaries, parties caught at such work may expect very little mercy shown them.

DELEGATION.—Messrs. Elliott, Irving, Johnston and Gordon, delegates sent out from England and Scotland with a view of ascertaining the prospects for a large immigration of tenant farmers to this country, visited Listowel this week in the course of their tour through the province. These gentlemen are thoroughly acquainting themselves with practical information about agriculture as it is conducted in Canada, and for this purpose are making a personal inspection of the farming districts. While in this neighborhood they visited among others the farms of Mr. D. D. Hay, M. P. P. and Mr. D. D. Campbell. The delegation, we are pleased to say, are favorably impressed with what they have seen of the Province, and no doubt the report which they will carry back with them will influence numbers of the tenant farmers of the old land to seek homes in this country. As most of these tenant farmers are possessed of small capitals, their presence here would be a desirable acquisition to the agricultural community.

THE BAND.—We are requested to announce that the Listowel Brass Band is about to suspend for lack of funds, and to notify members having any band property to return the same to the band room on Tuesday evening next, 21st inst. We regret that such a course has been found necessary; but bands cannot exist without funds, and unless our townspeople come forward and lend a helping hand immediately, the dulcet strains of the Listowel band will in all probability be heard nevermore. The town Council appropriated the sum of one hundred dollars, to be paid in quart r y instalments to the band during the present year, but this august body has seen fit to hand over one-half of this sum to an outside band for a single day's service, and thus our town band has been deprived of the necessary funds to pay their instructor. Without questioning the propriety of such action on the part of our municipal fathers, the citizens must admit that the small amount required to keep our present excellent band intact should not be allowed to cause the loss to the town which will otherwise follow. We would suggest that an attempt be made to raise the "needful" by means of a subscription list.

TOWN COUNCIL.—An adjourned meeting of the municipal Council of the town of Listowel was held on Thursday evening, 9th Oct., all the members present except councillor Lee. After confirmation of minutes, accounts were read from several parties, and referred to Finance committee. Thomas Male made application to be appointed caretaker of the cemetery grounds—referred to cemetery committee. The petition of D. D. Hay and 62 others was read, asking that Samuel Morey be allowed something additional to the amount already paid him for building tanks—petition fyled. The award of the arbitrators in the matter of opening streets was read, showing that the amounts awarded to the claimants were as follows: To Dr. Nichol $470, Hess Bros. $244, Aaron Tremain $144. It was moved by A. McDonald, seconded by T. E. Hay, that the award given by the arbitrators, Robert Cleland, James Livingstone and Robert Smith, in matter of opening streets, be received and adopted—carried. It was moved by T. E. Hay, seconded by A. D. Freeman, that the Mayor, Reeve and councillors Binning and Page are hereby authorized to negotiate with Mr. Thompson for the purchase of his property for street purposes, and to pay for same as required—carried. The Mayor was instructed to pay the several parties the awards for their land as directed by the arbitrators. It was moved by T. E. Hay, seconded by A. D. Freeman, that the mayor's liberal offer of his property for street purposes free of cost to the town be accepted—carried. The Finance Committee reported recommending payment of the following accounts: John Nichol, fire inquest, $23; Wm. Hamilton, one year's salary, $41.50. Mon treal Telegraph Co. $1.31; Little Bros., supplies to Fire department, $10.25; S. McLean, meals to immigrants, $1.20; R. Hemphill, special constable's fees, $2; Thos. Poole, fixing sidewalks, etc., $15; J. W. Brisbin, $12.-12; J. M. & A. Climie, lumber, etc., $86.-25. The Committee also referred the application of R. Woods for $50, reward for furnishing evidence to secure the conviction of W. T. Stewart, of Listowel, back to the Council; and recommended that the account of Jacob Loree be not entertained. It was moved by Adam Austin, seconded by Jacob Heppler, that the report of Finance Committee as now read, be abopted—carried. It was moved by A. McDonald, seconded by Dr. Nichol, that the application of R. Woods for the reward in regard to the Hess fire, be received and the amount paid—carried. By-law No. 45 for the collection of rates was introduced, passed through its various stages and finally adopted.

$12,000 worth of goods must be sold in the next six weeks at CLIMIE, HAY & Co's. 34.

GOWANSTOWN.

RAILWAY BUILDING.—After a satisfactory settlement with Mr. Edward Anderson, the Stratford and Huron Railway Company have started work in earnest in this section of the road. Over fifty men are boarding at the two hotels here. The grading is not anything like the work of the Western Company so far, and trouble may be anticipated unless a change be made. A number of the adjoining farmers have their teams at work on the road.

The amount of fall wheat sown in this neighborhood is surprising, and if present appearances indicate the crop for next year, farmers have good hope for the future. This township is already celebrated for the production of this particular cereal.—COM.

STRATFORD.

HEAVY PENALTY FOR ILLICIT DISTILLING.—On Friday last George Robertson, of Logan, was arraigned before the Police Magistrate upon a charge of illicit distilling. Upon Thursday last Collector Caven and officer Elwood, of Stratford, proceeded to Robertson's farm in the township of Logan and caught him on the spot. They destroyed the apparatus and the material, arrested Robertson, who was arraigned as above stated. He was found guilty and sentenced to 6 months in jail or a fine of five hundred dollars. Illicit distilling is not so profitable a business if found out.—*Herald.*

MARYBORO'.

BARN BURNED.—A few nights ago Mr. James Martin of con. 10, Maryboro, had his new frame barn burned, with contents, supposed to be the work of a tramp. It's understand the person accused has been secured. This is the second barn this gentleman has had destroyed in a mysterious manner.

Jacob Delmage, of the Teviotdale Hotel, has exchanged the same with Wm. Thompson of Palmerston, for a farm in this township. Thos. Lake of Arthur, has leased the Hotel.—COM.

ST. MARY'S.

HORSE STEALING.—A horse and buggy belonging to Mr. M. Harrison was stolen from Knox Church about half past seven on Sunday night. Mr. Harrison and Chief Mitchell at once started in search of the thief, but failed to get any trace of him. About 10 o'clock, as two young men were driving home from Stratford, they found the rig about three miles east of here and drove it home. It is supposed there is a gang of horse thieves and highway robbers working in this vicinity, as three men were seen in Mr. Harrison's buggy shortly after it got out of town. These same men are supposed to be the ones who gagged and robbed young Dawson a few nights ago.

ELMA.

The Municipal Council of the Township of Elma met at Newry on Saturday 4th Oct., members all present; minutes of last meeting read and adopted. A circular from the President of the Ontario Agr'l College was read, giving an account of the workings, and directions for sending pupils to the same; also a communication from A. L. Wilson, M. A., relating to Municipal papers; no action. Thos. Hawthorn's claim for $30 damages to horse, was considered, but Council would do nothing in the matter; claim fyled; A grant of $20 was given to the Elma Agr'l Society, and $10 to the Elma & Wallace Society. Wm Stewart was re-appointed Collector, salary $65. Orders were issued for the following accounts, namely: T. Linsham $23, for gravel; Messrs Idington & Nickle $1 advice in drainage matter; A. L. Argo $1.56 lumber; J. Vallance $2.80 for gravel; J. Keith $2.75 for gravel; P. Twamby $6 for gravel; A. Mitchell $6.70 for gravel; A Middleton $31.94 for gravel; Wm Dunn $15.80 lumber for roads and bridges; T. Hunter $1.50 repairing culvert; Geo. Foulstin $4.40 for gravel; T. Beck $5.94 for lumber; J. Guinhelder $2 for culvert; J. Nixon $2.50 for culvert; J. Mawhiney $1.75 discount on cheques; Jas. Nixon $1 for fixing culvert; R. Hall $2.50 serving drainage notices on Reeve of Grey; C. C. Williams $3.18 for postage, telegrams and nails; R. L. Alexander $31.20 for two days to Stratford, drainage matter, going to Toronto and interviewing Commissioner of Public Works in the matter of drainage debentures, 3 days with Clerk preparing application papers, filling and signing debentures. T. Fullarton $8.88, being 60 cents for box of envelopes, 25 cts. express charges on papers to Government, $6 filling and preparing debentures. The Council then adjourned to meet again when called by the Reeve.

THOS. FULLARTON, Clerk.

SECOND CROP.—A second crop of peas can be seen growing on the farm of Mr. Charles Ratell of this township, standing over a foot in height and in full bloom; pods are also beginning to grow. It is something unusual to have a second crop off one field in this country, but under the prosperous times which has dawned simultaneous with the advent of the National Policy occurrences like this are of course in order.

BIRTHS.

ARMSTRONG.—In Listowel, on the 14th inst., the wife of Mr. James Armstrong, of a daughter.

KILLGORE.—In Mornington, on the 9th inst., the wife of Samuel Killgore, of a daughter.

BARNES—In Listowel, on the 11th inst., the wife of J. H. Barnes, of a daughter.

BARTLEY.—In Wallace, on the 12th inst., the wife of Robert Bartley, of a son.

COUSINS.—At Trowbridge, on the 15th inst., the wife of Fletcher Cousins, of a son.

LOVE.—In Listowel, on the 12th inst., the wife of George Love, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

DAVIDSON—LOWRY.—At the Manse, Harriston, on Wednesday, 1st inst., by Rev. John Baikie, Mr. Alex. Davidson, to Miss Louisa Lowry, both of Maryborough.

BELL—GRAHAM.—At the residence of the bride's parents, near Newry Station, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. R. Renwick, Mr. Wm. Bell to Miss Johanna Graham, all of Elma.

MISS UNSWORTH, late of Oshawa Ladies College, is opening a class in Listowel, for instructions in

PENCIL AND CRAYON DRAWING, Painting in Oil, &c.

Terms very moderate. Call at Mr. James Green's, Raglan street. 36-A.

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,
Barristers, Listowel.
Listowel, Sept. 19, 1879. 34.

TO THE PUBLIC!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the Canadian Sewing machines shown by me were not judged at the Fair in Listowel. I would not allow the judges to look at them, as I considered them incapable. I took my machine there to show the public the quality of work done by them, and on the second day of the exhibition did show work performed by the Wilson A. and Osborne A. Machines. On the fine work on silk the Singer machine did not do as well, and the coarse work the Singer could not do at all, as many witnesses will bear testimony. Having the New York Singer in my show room, and having sold them for two years, I am well acquainted with that machine, and am prepared to put down from one to five hundred dollars that I can beat the New York Singer with the Wilson A. or the Osborne A.

ALEX. MORROW.

Parties wanting Sewing Machines will

SAVE MONEY!

by calling at my Sewing Machine Emporium, as I keep all the best Machines made, and will sell them at from

25 to 30 PER CENT. LESS

than the same machines can be bought elsewhere.

ALEX. MORROW,
West End Grocery.
Main street. Listowel Ont. 37.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being south half of Lot No. 51, 1st con. Grey, containing 50 acres; 30 acres cleared. Frame house on premises; well watered. Four acres of fall wheat in ground. Half mile from Molesworth, seven miles from Listowel. For further particulars apply to the owner on the premises, or Molesworth P. O.
JOHN BROATCH.
Molesworth, Oct. 10, 1879. 37.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

Emery' Bar to Boston Bar.....29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton.....29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat.....28 miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry.....40 miles

Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order.
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. 37-f.

VIENNA BAKERY!

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

The partnership of MESSRS. BELL & DAVIDSON having been dissolved,

D. M. DAVIDSON

Begs to inform the public that the business will in future be carried on by him, and thankful for the liberal patronage in the past trusts that the public will continue their dealings at the Vienna Bakery. Bread delivered daily to all parts of the town.

Cakes, Fruit, Biscuits, Confectionery, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.,
Always kept on hand.

WEDDING CAKES MADE TO ORDER.

Socials and entertainments supplied at reduced rates.

Everything Got up in First-Class Style,
And prices moderate. Give the Vienna Bakery a call.
D. M. DAVIDSON,
Main St., Listowel.

N. B.—Parties indebted to the late firm will please call and settle their accounts immediately. 35.

MESSRS. TALLMAN & LENENTINE

Have much pleasure in announcing to the public the unprecedented success that has attended their opening of business in Listowel.

THE MAMMOTH CHINA HALL AND GROCERY

Has already become the favorite of its patrons, and is fast becoming the leading and popular house in the trade,

NOTED FOR ITS LOW PRICES!

carefully selected goods, and exceptionally large and varied assortment, consisting of full lines of Crockery, Stone, China and Glassware, in all the latest patterns of American, English, French and German goods, giving customers all of the advantages of large City Houses at lower prices.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

stands unrivalled for quantity, quality and complete assortments, comprising as it does many lines not usually found outside of the city trade, all of which properly belongs to a first-class Grocery House, and will be sold at prices hitherto unknown to this trade. All are invited to give this stock their careful inspection, learning for themselves the advantages to be gained by dealing with

TALLMAN & LENENTINE.

Farmers Produce taken in exchange for goods. Butter and Eggs wanted.
Listowel, Aug. 29, 1879. 31.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

As the term of partnership of the firm of

CLIMIE, HAY & CO.,

Expires on the first of NOVEMBER, they have decided to offer the whole of their

IMMENSE STOCK OF DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,
READY-MADE
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,

AT COST FOR CASH!

As this is a genuine clearing sale every person desirous of

SECURING BARGAINS,

should call at once while the

STOCK IS COMPLETE.

Sale to Commence on MONDAY, the 22nd inst.,

and continue until the whole stock is cleared out. Butter and eggs taken at cash value. Butter graded.

N. B.—We beg to remind our customers that their accounts become due on the 1st of October, and must be paid promptly; also all past due accounts.

CLIMIE, HAY & CO.
Listowel, 17th Sep. 1879. 34.

NEW GROCERY!

J. J. MOORE

Having commenced business on Wallace street, is prepared to supply the public with all kinds of

FRESH GROCERIES, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,

Superior quality of TEAS, of all grades. COFFEES, SUGARS and SYRUPS—pure and low priced, on hand; also a large quantity of good MAPLE SYRUP at $1.10 per gallon. Biscuits, Spices, Pickles, Tobaccos, etc., etc.
FRUITS—Fresh, Canned and Dried—all varieties and in any quantity.

Family Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, etc., etc.

Remember the place and give him a call. Opposite Scott's Bank, Wallace Street.
J. J. MOORE.

THE

CHEAPEST PLACE

IN LISTOWEL.

TO BUY

SPADES, FORKS, SHOVELS, NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC., ETC.

SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY

and anything you want

in the Hardware line

IS AT

ADAM'S HARDWARE,

Opposite Hess Bros. Factory, Main Street

Call Before Buying Elsewhere.

C. J. GUNDRY,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELLERY, ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, AND FANCY GOODS.

Particular Attention to

Repairing in above Lines

MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL.

Listowel, July 25th, 1878.

FIRST-CLASS FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale a splendid Farm of **200 ACRES**, being lot No. 4, in the 4th con. of Elma; 70 acres cleared, free of stumps and in good state of cultivation; 15 acres of fall wheat in the ground; 125 acres of hard-wood timber; 5 acres of excellent cedar. On the premises are two frame dwelling houses, large barn, stables and shed; large orchard of apples, pears and plum trees in bearing; well watered; 5 miles from Listowel, ½ mile from Trowbridge. The property will be sold in one or two parcels to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. Terms easy. For further particulars call on or address,
WHITFIELD MCCORMICK,
Lot 11, 7th con. Elma.
Newry Station, P. O. 34.

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—

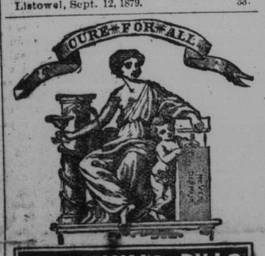
BOOTS & SHOES

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.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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.

NEW MILLINERY!

MRS. M. A. BULLOCK

Has received a very elegant stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

For the Fall and Winter Trade, and thanking the ladies of Listowel and vicinity for their generous patronage in the past, would invite them to call and see her new stock.

—Prices Very Moderate!—

Two Doors East of Bank of Hamilton.
Listowel Oct. 9, 1879. 37.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.
SMITH & GEARING,
16. Barristers, Listowel.

LIME FOR SALE.

The Subscriber, thankful for the liberal patronage of his friends in the past, begs to inform the public that he has now on hand at his Kilns, near

NEWRY,

any quantity of

FIRST-CLASS LIME!

Price at Kiln, 10 cents per bush. until other arrangements are made. Will be delivered at LISTOWEL at 14 cents per bushel.
J. McCARTY,
Lime Burner, formerly of Galt.
Newry, July 22, 1879. 26

FRAMERS WANTED.

A NUMBER of workmen wanted to frame. Apply immediately to
F. G. LIGHTHART.

Parties wishing to have barns or outhouses built, or any description of framing done, will find it to their advantage to call upon Mr. Lighthart.
Corner Hay & Main streets, Listowel. 25,

WANTED IMMEDIATELY!
AT THE CAMPBELL MILLS,

500 Cords Four Feet Wood.

Must be four feet long from point to scarf.

THREE HORSES For Sale. Will exchange for Wood.
D. D. CAMPBELL.
Listowel, June 4, 1879. 19

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A commodious wagon shop, nearly new, also ¼ acre lot in connection, in the village of Molesworth; a good stand for business; will be sold cheap.

Also house and two lots for sale in the town of Listowel, corner of Inkerman and Division streets; house, rough-cast; one-fifth acre in each lot; stables on premises, also a number of fruit trees. For further information apply to JAMES McELVENEY, Molesworth, or at the STANDARD office. 51

R. MARTIN,

REAL ESTATE AND

INSURANCE AGENT.

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

One hundred acres will be sold by the undersigned, situated in the township of Mornington. 75 acres cleared and free of stumps, 25 acres of good hardwood bush; frame barn 40x60, shed, frame, 26x30, frame house, with stone cellar, 24x36. This farm is close to a railway station, within ½ mile. Two acres of orchard. Apply to
R. MARTIN.

$1,550 will purchase 4 acres of land in the Town of Listowel, laid out in 18 lots of one-fifth of an acre, with brick house thereon, 20x30, 1½ stories; also a stable and hot house. The land is very suitable for a vegetable garden. Apply to
R. MARTIN.

$2,300 Will purchase 67 acres of good farming land in the township of Elma, 2½ miles from Newry Station, with 55 acres cleared; a new frame barn 38x58, and about one acre of orchard. Terms, $1,000 down, balance in 5 years at 7 per ct. Apply to
R. MARTIN.

$375 Will purchase a good frame house in Listowel, 18x27, 1½ stories, with frame stable and a quarter acre of land. This property is a bargain. P. S.—If not sold at once, will be rented at $4 per month. Apply to
R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $2,000 at 8 per cent. Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease. Apply to
R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.
Apply to R. MARTIN

Office on Main St.,
LISTOWEL,
Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 51

FARM FOR SALE.

Lot No. 19, 14th con. of MORNINGTON, containing about 100 acres; 45 acres cleared and in an excellent state of cultivation; balance covered with good hardwood timber. Good frame building, orchard and other conveniences. About 8 miles from Listowel, on the boundary line. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to the owner.
PETER LILLICO,
26 Listowel.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE! ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.
10 GEORGE DRAPER.

500 TOWN LOTS FOR FOR SALE.

Also a number of

PARK LOTS

situated in the best part of the town.
14 Apply to PETER LILLICO.

WAR! WAR! WAR!
Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,
and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. O. STATION.
14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

OUT OF THE FIRE!

LISTOWEL WOOLEN MILLS.

MR. BROOK desires to inform his customers that the wool in his charge at the time of the fire has been saved, and that all orders will be filled with the least possible delay. He has effected arrangements whereby he will be able to continue the business as formerly, and all orders left at his office on Wallace Street, for

Roll Carding, Carding & pinning

will receive prompt attention.

He also desires to inform his customers and the farming community generally that his stock of

CLOTHS, FLANNELS, ETC.,

was saved, and will be exchanged for wool as formerly. Orders are solicited.
B. BROOK.
Listowel, June 12, 1879. 29

TO THE FARMERS AND OTHERS.

Go to the

PORK PACKING HOUSE,

for your

Sugar Cured Hams and Sides,

GREEN AND SMOKED.

Cheap for Cash.

Remember the place—
F. CHAPLIN,
Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel.
Listowel, Aug. 8, 1879. 28

GLASGOW HOUSE!

CAMPBELL'S BLOCK, LISTOWEL.

NEW FIRM

W. & J. MACMILLAN,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

READY-MADE
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

The public can rely upon getting

GOOD VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY.

Remember the Stand, and Call Early.

W. & J. MACMILLAN,

Glasgow House, Campbell's Block, Main St., Listowel.
Listowel, Oct. 3, 1879. 36.

BEAN & GEE

Beg to call attention to their

NEW STOCK OF COLORED LUSTRES

in all the

LATEST FALL SHADES

from 12½c. per yard and upwards. These goods are

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUE

and will repay your early inspection.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM.
Listowel, Aug. 15, 1879.

R. McMILLAN & CO.,

Have removed to the

CAMPBELL BLOCK, MAIN STREET,

where they have opened out a splendid stock of

NEW FALL GOODS

Not time to enumerate new arrivals this week, but will be pleased to meet their old customers, to whom they are now prepared to offer greater inducements than heretofore.

—REMEMBER THE PLACE—

Campbell's Block, Main Street, South Side

R. McMILLAN & Co.

Listowel, September 5, 1879.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

NATIONAL POLICY TRIUMPHANT!

Good Times Returning Under Good Government.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

I cordially thank my customers and the public for the liberal support. I have received from them for the past eighteen years, and solicit a continuance of the same, I have now received my

FALL & WINTER GOODS
—IN—

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Millinery, Ready-Made Clothing,
Furs, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, &c, &c,

And as I intend going out of some branches of my business on the 1st JANUARY next I will commence on

MONDAY, 6TH OCT,
—TO—
SELL OFF MY WHOLE STOCK OF GOODS
AT COST FOR CASH. PRODUCE OR APPROVED CREDIT
At three months, until my whole stock is disposed of.

A Grand Display of First-Class New Millinery.

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

GEORGE DRAPER,
LISTOWEL, October 3, 1879. 36.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

—WE ARE OFF TO THE—

M—A—N—C—H—E—S—T—E—R — H—O—U—S—E—!

NEWRY STATION.

J. L. MADDER is rushing off his Stock at FEARFUL PRICES, consisting of Dry Goods Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Ready-Made Clothing, at better Bargains than ever.

Crowded House from morning till night. Everybody satisfied, and say that MADDER gives

THE BEST BARGAINS AND THE BEST VALUE!

WEST OF TORONTO.

—NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.—

J. L. MADER.

NEWRY STATION, May 21st 1879. 17

FROM OVER THE SEA.

The British Guarantee and the Canada Pacific—Trades Unions in England—Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade—The Negro Question in South Africa—Bismarck and His Dog.

No British Guarantee of Canadian Pacific Railway Bonds.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 20 says:—According to a communication printed the other morning, it seems that the Government has discouraged the proposal to appeal to Parliament for a guarantee of a loan to construct the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This might have been looked for. If this system were now commenced, without any definite reason, we might next be asked to guarantee a trans-Australian railroad, with much the same prospect of profit. It seems, therefore, that the railroad is to be built on the land-grant principle, and that 100,000,000 acres of land and all the minerals are to be appropriated for this purpose. An Imperial Commissioner is asked for, to act with the Home Commissioners, and it is thought that in this way money may be obtained here for the purpose. Possibly; but the first thing is to encourage the set of emigration along the line of the proposed road. This the Canadian Government is doing, in some degree, by its aid to representative farmers who go out to explore the farms of the West. There is, however, room for much more energy in this direction, and thus alone can the enterprise be made profitable. The direct trade across the continent will never pay; that has been seen clearly in America. It is the development of local traffic that must be looked to. So far, Canadian railroads have been dead failures commercially. They have been built at much too high a cost for the country, and very badly managed as well. It is to be hoped these mistakes will not be made in the present instance; but, unless a good American engineer and a trustworthy American contractor are employed, it is to be feared that there will be no improvement. Englishmen seem not to have learned how to build cheap railways in new countries. They want everything to be grand at once, as if they were providing for the wants of an old settled country.

Trade-Union Crimes and Follies in England.

Says the London *Gazette* the shooting of a workman engaged in the glass trade in Manchester has directed attention to the tyranny of the trade union of this particular industry. In other branches of manufacture the complete failure of the unions to keep up wages against a falling market has thrown discredit upon their operations. One unsuccessful strike after another has impoverished the men without altering the conditions of the hiring of labor. Business has been retarded, and orders have been driven away; and that is the beginning and the end of these mischievous proceedings. In the glass trade, however, the union seems to have been more successful. According to the masters, at any rate, bad workmen are forced upon them, whether they wish to employ them or not; and when an American agent makes his appearance offering drinking-glasses at 1s. 3d. a dozen which the English manufacturers can only produce at 2s. the men refuse to enable the master to face the difficulty. Worse still, by insisting upon the appointment of a drunken or incompetent workman to a "chair" in a glass factory the Union renders valueless the labor of three other persons. Yet if under such circumstances a "chair" is stopped, a strike is threatened. This is the statement of the masters, and it certainly deserves the serious consideration of the Unionists at a time when the feeling against "rattening" and unfair restrictive rules is far stronger than it was.

Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade.

A Dublin letter says: "It appears that the peasantry are not the only class just now in Ireland that are stared in the face by starvation. The last remaining manufacture of Ireland is, we are told, dying out. The poplin trade, once so famous and flourishing, is year by year passing away, and the poplin weavers of Dublin are all but starving. The secretary of the trade appealed to the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the present Viceroy of Ireland, to use the prestige of her high position in helping to revive this languishing national industry. To-day her Grace replies, in a letter full of womanly sympathy and of [illegible] and suggestion. She says [illegible]on of Irish poplin trade [illegible] to be due mainly to the caprices of fashion, and she understands that it is on this ground an appeal is made to her for aid. She says her services are wholly at the disposal of the poplin-weavers of Dublin, and that she is ready to take the lead in any reasonable plan that may be proposed for the encouragement of the manufacture of Irish poplin. Meantime, she suggests that those concerned in the manufacture must do something in the way of departing from the old lines on which they are working. She reminds the poplin manufactures that it is not in the power of individuals to revive a drooping trade; and she suggests a livelier exhibition of energy and taste on the part of the manufacturers themselves; "for it cannot be denied," her Grace observes, "that there is a want of novelty and variety of design in the patterns, and it is an undoubted fact that in ordinary poplins for a court dress we are now showing the same patterns as were furnished to her Majesty the Queen at the time of her wedding."

The Negro Question in South Africa.

(London Spectator, Sept. 20.)

Sir Garnet Wolseley's determined persistence has been rewarded. Cetewayo was captured, Aug. 28, in the southeastern corner of Zululand, by a detachment of the First Dragoon Guards, and the Zulu war may, therefore, be considered at an end. No other chief has the same ascendancy, and the new policy of acknowledging the independence of each head of a tribe, under the general supervision of a British Resident, will probably, for a time at all events, prevent the growth of a new Kingship,—that is, if the settlers of the Transvaal and Natal can be prevented from making raids upon the weakened tribes. The duty of the British Government now is to compensate the Zulus for invasion by securing them milder and juster Government, security from the Swazies on the north, and exemption from disturbance through British land-claims. It will then only remain to defeat Secocoeni, pacify the Pondos, conciliate the Boers, and devise some method of meeting the grand difficulty of all, the geographical shape of the South-African Dominion. It is a triangle, with the apex civilized and the base barbarian, and it may be necessary, say for twenty years, to prohibit immigration from the north. Otherwise all efforts at improvement will be destroyed by the steady push of unknown barbarians from Central Africa.

Prince Bismarck in Vienna.

The meeting between Count Andrassy and his illustrious guest at Vienna was a cordial one, and arm in arm they walked to the Court carriage, a private brougham of the Emperor's, that was waiting to take Prince Bismarck to the hotel where he was staying. "Hardly were the two statesman seated," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and ready to start ere down went the window on the near side, and a stentorian voice cried out, "*Mein hund! Wo ist mein hund?*" If anything had befallen that famous dog while Prince Bismarck's attention was momentarily turned into another direction it is my firm belief that it would have been all up with the Austro-German alliance, and the incensed Chancellor would have taken the next train back to Berlin. Sultan is, however, an experienced traveller and has a very good notion of how to take care of himself. In a twinkling he was at the carriage door, and, assisted by the two Court flunkeys, he sedately took his seat on the rug at the feet of the two gentlemen inside. Judge of the stupefaction of the crowd assembled outside the Imperial Hotel on seeing the four-legged occupant of the Court brougham leap out with a bark, and contrary to all etiquette, greet the nearest bystanders in a most unpleasantly demonstrative style. I never saw such a ridiculous sight in my life. People fled in all directions, for Sultan has a bad reputation. He nearly upset the Congress by an unjustifiable attack upon the Russian Plenipotentiary, and since then he has maimed one of the Berlin Foreign Office officials for life because he sat down on the chair usually occupied by Prince Bismarck. The worst of it is that he is not the genuine historical favorite of the Chancellor, but only a spurious imitation. Sultan—the original Sultan—I learn was poisoned a couple of years ago, and nothing can shake Prince Bismarck's conviction that it was two social democrats who did it. This is no banter of mine, but a well authenticated fact known to every Berliner. It is, doubtless, to preserve Sultan the second from a similar fate that six Berlin detectives arrived here last night and, together with the police of Vienna, have taken unwonted measures of precaution in the neighborhood of the Hotel Imperial. They were certainly not wanted for the safety of Prince Bismarck, who runs no risk whatever. He has, on the contrary met with an unexpectedly friendly welcome from the people, who, wherever they got a glimpse of the Prince, cheered him vociferously. Prince Bismarck's hat made quite a sensation. It is a soft felt wide-awake, with a formidable brim, unique of its kind. The Prince declined the Emperor's invitation to stay at Schoenbrunn, wishing, I suppose, to be at liberty to receive and go out as he pleased. He went to the Foreign Office at eleven this morning and was closeted with Count Andrassy for more than three hours. At four this afternoon he went with the Princess and his son to Schoenbrunn, to dine with the Emperor, with whom he exchanged calls in the course of the day. Prince Bismarck is looking rather old and worn, and his gait is by no means so sprightly as it was six months ago. He is, nevertheless, in the best health. I saw something very like a tear in the Prince's diplomatic eye last night as the crowd greeted him with a ringing cry of 'Hoch, Bismarck!' Between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy business is transacted without the least difficulty. They are perfectly at their ease together, and I am told that there is never any fencing or reticence on either side. I can readily believe this of Count Andrassy, and I dare say Prince Bismarck is under less restraint with him than with any other statesman of the day. The fact that the Count is taking a leading part in the negotiations—or it is perhaps more correct to say in the *pourparlers*—that are going on here just now proves that, although out of office, he will not altogether abandon power; indeed, I fancy that after the Count's retirement Trerebes, his seat in Hungary, will be an important branch establishment of the Ballhaus Platz in Vienna. That will, at all events, be the case as long as Prince Bismarck is Chancellor of the German Empire. Prince Bismarck, as I already mentioned, is accompanied by the Princess and his son, Count William Bismarck. The latter is, physically, very much like his father, and is very popular in Berlin. He is a member of the German Reichstag, and is frequently on the special committees of that assembly. 'Count Bill,' as he is called in Berlin, distinguished himself during the Franco-German war as a common soldier in the ranks, and his fate was often a cause of anxiety for Prince Bismarck. He is now constantly with his father, and a friend of the family, lately describing him to me, assured me that 'Count Bill' was a chip of the old block."

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S FAMOUS SPEECH.

The following is a fuller report of the speech delivered September 19th, a cable summary of which has already appeared in our columns:

I know it may be said that, after all, we don't fear the competition of Europe but we do fear the competition of America. (A Voice—Hear, hear.) We are told that our present agricultural system has failed in consequence of sustaining three classes. That is unnatural. That is a complete fallacy. Whatever may be your tenure three profits must be obtained from the land; and the question arises whether it is not better that the profit should be represented by three classes than by one. I hear every day that it is impossible to compete with America. (Hear, hear.) There may be other causes which have prostrated our energies at the present moment. I will not give any decided opinion upon the matter. It is a singular circumstance that at this moment the greatest apprehension is felt in the United States that they cannot compete with Canada. The taxation in America is so high—(hear, hear)—the rate of wages so high—(hear, hear)—that it is impossible, according to some of the best American authorities, for them any longer to continue a successful competition with Canada. What is the position of Canada? If we are to be fed from beyond our shores it is at least a satisfaction that we should be fed by her Majesty's subjects. The situation of Canada is most peculiar. Since the surrender of the Hudson's Bay Company and the settlement of their affairs, the Dominion of Canada became possessed of what I might almost describe as an illimitable wilderness and a wilderness of fertile land. Now, a very peculiar circumstance to be noted is that the Dominion of Canada is not in favor of peasant proprietors. (Hear, hear.) What the Dominion of Canada wishes to institute is a great yeoman class. It has legislated for that purpose—its legislation has now an influence for that purpose; and let us see what is their legislation. Every honest man, of fair character, who goes to Canada has a right to apply to the Government agent, to claim, and to obtain, a quarter section of land, which consists of 160 acres, which he receives on the condition that at the end of three years he shall have reduced it to perfect cultivation; that in the interval he will raise a substantial building on the land. At the end of these three years a Government inspector visits his allotment, and if he has fulfilled the conditions he is permitted to receive another quarter section of 160 acres, and on payment of a dollar an acre, and on no greater payment even if the value of the land in the interval had greatly increased. Thus the yeoman was launched, you will observe, but from the first moment this is not a small business. The holder of the allotment must deal with hired labor. Hired labor is less in Canada than in the United States. In the United States the rudest laborer you can conceive would get 12s a week, and a skilled laborer 16s or 18s. The first thing that a yeoman does is to calculate the value of his freehold, which will depend on the amount he has paid during those six years of hired labor, the amount expended on building, and the hard money paid down for the last quarter section, and at 4 per cent. he writes off the interest. What is that but rent. (Hear, hear.) I will mention a very curious circumstance which I have heard from the very highest authority. Some years ago the cultivation—the extreme cultivation—of the Western States alarmed this country by affecting prices. The production, which was extreme, has been reduced one-third, generally speaking, and in the same States one-half of the chief pioneers, who advanced so greatly the cultivation of the extreme Western States of America, have sold their farms, and have sold them at thirty-eight or forty dollars an acre, and therefore you will see there is a basis of rent included in such an arrangement. They are now repairing to the illimitable wilderness of Canada. You ask me what is my reference? It is a practical one, and I think you will, upon reflection, deem it to be a wise one—that when you are suffering from foreign competition it is wise not to take precipitate steps, and to take care that you do not conclude that that is permanent which is only transitory, especially when we see circumstances so transitory that the very place of competition is doubtful. When you hear through me—I will not say from me—that Canada expects to be completely successful in beating the United States from the European markets, it is wise for us not to take any precipitate steps. I have had an opportunity lately of conversing with a gentleman who may be considered the highest authority in this matter, which is as political, I might almost say, as statesmanship. He told me he was quite perplexed, after the deepest enquiry, as to what would be the result to Canada if two hundred million acres of the wilderness were gradually brought into cultivation. He said there were some who thought that America would be destroyed in that case. As regarded Canada itself, he said that if the influx of population were to go on, and these fertile acres placed at their disposal he could not tell what would be the consequence. The population would demand not only sustenance, but extravagant and extreme sustenance, as always happens—for example, in California, and wherever money was made quickly; and for his part, he said, he should not be astonished, because of the impulsive character of humanity in the United States, if that wilderness which now so alarms us would soon be occupied by consuming millions. What we should take into consideration is the influence of five ruthless seasons on our land. We always heard that the interest of the farmers and the owners of the land were identical, and that between them there were feelings of regard and affection. I have always and do most solemnly and sincerely believe in this assertion; but if ever there was a time when that sympathy should be shown it is the present. It would be not merely a great danger for ourselves, it would be a great danger for England if the farmer class should be ruined either in influence or in numbers. (Cheers.)

—A careless telegrapher caused a panic in a domestic circle in New York the other evening. A young woman telegraphed from Philadelphia to her mother in this wise: "Have received no letter. Am worried." The message received by her mother was this: "Have received no letter. Am married." The mother was surprised at this sudden announcement, and she gave the daughter a large piece of her mind. The operator had mistaken "worried" for "married," no doubt thinking the meaning was the same, and had wired the mother the surprising intelligence.

—The exemplary husband riseth in the early morning, girdeth his loins and washeth the household linen for his wife, while she enjoyeth her slumbers, or watcheth over the boiling of the household pot. It is his duty. —*G. Schmidt.*

TERRIBLE SUICIDE IN RUSSIA

How a Despairing Lover Slowly Burned Himself to Death—Cursing His Love With His Last Breath.

A most extraordinary suicide has just taken place in the Russian town of Jhitomir under exceptionally fearful circumstances. The story is told by the St. Petersburg *Zeitung*:—"A few days ago a well-dressed traveller arrived at the Hotel de France, stating that he was Mr. Joseph O——, a colonial agent, and that he wished to stay a short time in Jhitomir upon business. A room on the second floor of the hotel was assigned to him and he spent two or three days in walking about the streets, although the weather was unusually wet and stormy. On the fourth evening he retired to his room early and locked himself in. Next morning he was called at his usual hour, but returned no answer to the summons. After a good deal of futile knocking and shouting the hotel proprietor became alarmed at his tenant's protracted silence, and caused the door of the room to be broken open. A terrible spectacle presented itself to the assembled household. Mr. O——'s body was lying on the bare bedstead, from which the mattress and bedclothes had been removed; one of the sheets partly covered the legs of the corpse, which was otherwise in a state of nudity, its left hand pressed tightly upon the region of the heart, and its right hand convulsively clutching the hair. The eyes were wide open, fixed in a glassy death stare, and the features distorted with agony. An oppressive odor, as of scorched fat, pervaded the room. No wound was perceptible on the body, but the chest was transversely tarred in several places by dull red stripes. As soon as the police, accompanied by the local medical officer, had made its appearance on the scene of this horrible tragedy, the corpse was turned upon its face, when the cause of death became for the first time apparent to the terror-stricken spectators. A deep and broad burn was exhibited in the middle of the back, and the spine was found to be completely carbonized. Upon the floor, underneath the bedstead, were discovered the wicks, embedded in a little blotch of cold stearine, of three candles, which had been taken out of the candle sticks and fixed up on a planking upon a layer of melted grease, and the flame of these candles Mr——had laid upon the skeleton framework of his beadstead, and suffered his spine to be slowly consumed until he died. A manuscript, placed upon a table close to the bed, contained not only a *resume* of the reasons which prompted this unfortunate man to undergo self-inflicted martyrdom, but minute details of the torturing process by which he had chosen to destroy his life. It was written in four languages—German, Russian, Polish and Czechish—and commenced in a firm bold handwriting, the last few pages, however, being scarcely legible, having evidently been penned in dire agony.

The first paragraph, in German, ran as follows:—"I thought it would cease, but it ceases not. So be it, then. Hereby I propose to solve an important question—namely, are suicides in their right senses, or are they the victims of mental aberration? Thus the question is commonly put, but I fancy that it does not touch the real point at issue. A man makes up his mind to put an end to his life when he finds that he takes no interest in it; when he cannot discover in the whole wide world the least thing which awakens sympathy in his breast. The question, therefore, is not whether the suicide be mad or sane, but whether or not he has anything to live for from life. I hope for nothing in life, but my intellect is perfectly clear. (In Russian). There is still another question to solve. (In German). Are suicides cowards? That lover who allowed himself to be dragged to death by a horse before the eyes of his betrothed affords no proof to the contrary. Perhaps he would have cast himself loose from the cords that bound him had it been in his power to do so. That other fellow, who burned himself to death in Odessa, was probably no coward, for he might have thrown away the petroleum lamp and thus saved his life. Yet his clothes were already on fire, and the straw he was lying upon was smouldering; still he may have wished to escape death, had it been feasible. Now, a burning candle, to the flame of which the backbone and spinal marrow are exposed, must certainly make an end of life; that sort of death must be attended with atrocious sufferings, and the person inflicting such agony upon himself having no power to contend with but his own proper will and pleasure, can at any moment interrupt the process by the slightest movement of his body. I will submit myself to this torture. (In Russian.) Should I not succeed in enduring the pain, the question, will be settled, at least for the present, in the sense that suicides are cowards. But if my corpse exhibiting proof that I have obtained death by two agencies—by burning candles, as ministering factors, and by my dominant will, which has not blenched before excruciating torments—that will be proof positive that men may die of their own free choice. Let me begin!" Here the writing became irregular and progressively more and more illegible. "I arise from my fiery couch amid hideous sufferings, but still not so terrible as I had anticipated and feared. I arise, but not to save myself. No! life is as obnoxious to me as ever. But I must send you (in Czechism), my mother, my father, a last farewell; my last remembrance, my last sentiments are dedicated to you!! I think also of those who are the unwitting cause of this my dreadful death. Unwitting—for they knew not that their love was indispensable to my life. I die without their affection, like a fish without water. like a creature of God without air. My breath fails me. Farewell! You will follow me soon. Consideration of your feelings—you, who alone love me—has prevented me for a long while from thus putting an end to myself. I cannot do otherwise. It is so easy to follow the dead. But it would be better were you to forget me. Think not of me! I am dying; the experiment will succeed—the worst pains are past. I do not suffer so much now. Pain has at length become my friend. I repeat it—I am in the full possession of my faculties—my heart beats as steadily as usual, but my pulse seems to me a little deranged. Poor Werther! the star-gemmed still interested him! I also have gazed at it—it is a desert there above, like here beneath, like every where; aye, as in my heart and everywhere else! (In Polish.) I return to my strange, silently burning bed. I must put something under the candles to raise them up a little. Only one thing annoys me, that one cannot die nobly and pleasantly—the evil smell of my own consuming body offends my nostrils. (In Czechish.) Mother! father! forgive me! (In German.) Perhaps I should also set down that I forgive the being who has caused my death. But that would be a lie. I curse her; and if spirits have the power to return in ghostly terrors, oh! I will do so, and leave her no single moment's peace. It would have been so easy for her to make me happy, or at least contented. If I could remain alive my life should be vowed exclusively to vengeance on her. But I am going to my rest. Be she accursed with my last breath!" Such were the last words scrawled on this extraordinary document by an obviously dying hand!

THE BUTCHER WHO LOST.

A humped-shouldered old man, followed by a dog which seemed to have fasted for a year past, entered a Woodward avenue butcher-shop the other day, and the man made some inquiries about the price of smoked hams. The butcher saw the dog, of course, and who ever saw a butcher who didn't want to know all about a dog?

"Is that a good coon dog?" asked the butcher as he patted the shy canine on the head.

"Oh, no—he's a trick dog," answered the owner.

"Is eh? What tricks can he do?"

Oh, a dozen or two. He has one very peculiar trick, though. Would you like to see him do it?"

"I would, that. What is it?"

The man directed the butcher to put a pound of nice beefsteak on a sheet of brown paper and place the whole on the doorstep. He then said to his dog, which had watched matters very keenly:

"Now, Cato, I am about to call upon you to perform a trick. You have never gone back on me yet, and I have perfect confidence in you now. Cato, do you see that meat?"

Cato saw it. He walked over to it, seized it in his mouth, and as he went up the street it was hard to tell dog from dust.

"Hum! yes!" muttered the butcher; "do you call that a trick?"

"I do," confidently replied the man.

"Well, it's a blasted mean one!"

"Just so—just so," said the man. "You couldn't expect such a good looking dog as that to be around playing tricks on a guitar or a jewsharp, could you? I'll see you later about the hams."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A little girl who is a "lady" by reason of being a daughter of a noble English house, has betrayed a remarkable procivility. All the canary birds were dying, and the governess discovered that the darling had been making pincushins of them while they were alive.

EMIGRATION OF FARMERS TO CANADA.

Appointment of Delegate from the Stewartry.

(From the Kirkcubrightshire Advertiser, Friday Sept. 12, 1879.)

A meeting of the farmers of the Stewartry called by Mr. Thomas Grahame, representative of the Canadian Government, was held in the town hall, Castle Douglas, on Monday afternoon, for the purpose of appointing a delegate to go out to Canada and report, to those who sent him, upon the agricultural advantages and resources of the country. There were nearly 300 present. Mr. Maxwell, of Munches, Capt. Clark, of Dunmuir, Mr. Biggar, of Chapelton, and Mr. M'Kie, of Dunjarg, were in the body of the hall.

On the motion of Mr. Lusk, Howell, A. Skirving, Esq., of Croys, was called to the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Mr. Thos. Grahame, representative of the Canadian Government.

The Chairman said it was quite an unexpected thing for him to occupy that position. He had observed from the newspaper that a gentleman present at the dinner after the agricultural show at Kirkcudbright had stated he had come from Canada to give the farmers of this country some important information, and asked them to meet him at Castle-Douglas that day, when he would fulfil his promise. No doubt there was a general feeling in the Stewartry, as well as in other parts of the country, that farming was in a very depressed state, that there were too many tenants for the farms, and the farms might be too dear of themselves. This gentleman would tell them of a country where farms were more plentiful, and various other particulars connected with Canada. He had much pleasure in introducing Mr. Grahame to the meeting.

Mr. Grahame, after expressing his regret that the time to choose a person as delegate and the date of his sailing was so limited, said that when he was in Kirkcudbright ten days ago he had only received his first instructions, but since that time his second instructions had arrived, and it was necessary that the delegate should be ready to sail on Thursday first. He then read the letter from the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. H. Hope, which was confirmed by a letter from the Prime Minister, showing that he had complete authority from the Canadian Government. Since he had been in the country three delegates had already gone out, and on Friday, at Annan, Mr. R. W. Gordon, Comlongan, Mains, had been selected, and if they selected a delegate that day, and another was selected at Jedburgh on Tuesday, he would telegraph to Liverpool and secure berths for the three. He would now proceed to give them some information regarding our great North American dependency, and particularly to invite the farmers present to select a delegate to go out and to report to them on his return regarding the agricultural prospects of the country, with a view to the emigration of such farmers as the report satisfied, and who had sufficient means to enable them to settle there. The expenses of the delegate would be paid by the Canadian Government on his (Mr. Grahame's) certificate that he had been duly selected by not less than 25 farmers. The delegate, on going out, would proceed direct to Ottawa and place himself in communication with the official department of agriculture in the first place. Facilities would be given him to visit any of the older provinces he might wish to see, all reasonable expenses in obtaining necessary information being defrayed by the Government. The farms which were especially available to Englishmen were in these older districts, and the reason why so many offered themselves at this time was because large numbers of the farmers there who had families had gone up to the newer North Western territories, where land could be got for little or nothing, in order that they might have holdings for all their sons, which they would not be able to get in the older settlements, and many no doubt had shifted simply through their fondness for a pioneer life. The value of the farms they had left, and which were open to enterprising Englishmen, varied from £2 and £3 to £18 per acre, according to the state of the clearance, the buildings, and the nearness to a market. As to the amount of capital requisite, it would vary from £300 and £400 up to £1,000; but of course if the farm was rented much less capital would be required. Mr. Grahame next dwelt upon the suitability of the Canadian soil and climate for successful agriculture. The development of the cattle and sheep trade with this country had been enormous of recent years, and it was but in its infancy. Farmers from this country, with their superior knowledge of the breeding of cattle and of the kind of animals likely to suit the English market, would have a great advantage over the Canadian farmers. He anticipated that in the future, not only beef and mutton, but store stock would be sent over to this country in considerable quantities, and that in a few years America would be no farther distant in regard to exporting store stock than Ireland was thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Grahame then proceeded to describe the crops of this colony. In the spring there are springing wheat, barley, oats, peas, and in some instances Indian corn, buckwheat and rye. The root crops are the same as here. Hay operations commence about the middle of June and last till the end of July. The grain harvest is from the middle of July to the beginning of September. In the months the farmers are engaged thrashing, ploughing, and putting away their roots and fruits. One article sent over to this country in large quantities was the winter apple, from which many of the farmers made a great deal of money. He then gave some statistics of the extent and fertility of the soil, which was sixteen times greater in extent than the whole of Great Britain, and not one-tenth of that land had as yet been inhabited or broken up at all. Speaking as to the produce per imperial acre of the various crops, Mr. Grahame said autumn for winter wheat would realize 25 to 40 and 45 bushels per acre; oats 30 or 40 up to 80 bushels; hay 1½ to 6 tons per acre; and roots about the same as in this country. Wages were also similar to those paid in Britain; but an important consideration was that the same amount of work was not required to cultivate the land as in this country. One matter which they could not be indifferent to, was the fact that the system of Government was the same as our own; they would not transfer their allegiance from the Crown of England by going to Canada. As they were aware the home Government had recognized the gravity of the crisis in farming by appointing a Royal commission of inquiry and representatives of that Commission had already gone out to the other side of the Atlantic to obtain information; and he urged that it would be well if the farmers of the district, looking to future contingencies, were to take advantage of the opportunity now afforded them. Canada was specially adapted to men with large and growing families, and perhaps, not too great means to maintain them. The population of the agricultural districts had greatly increased, and the land being all occupied competition for farms became so keen that the rents were higher than they ought to be. He therefore thought it would be infinitely better for all concerned if a large number went out to Canada. It would be better for those who emigrated, better for those who remained behind at home, and better for the landlord, who would then have things settled upon a stable foundation, and not to be continually asked to remit rent. (Applause). Regarding the climate he had heard many anxious inquiries; but although they had greater extremes of weather in Canada it was a very healthy climate. Winter, instead of being what it is here, was an enjoyable season, with a strong cold, clear and exhilarating air, and by no means prejudicial to the health. He had, for instance, driven out his own young family to a distance of twenty or thirty miles in the winter months and they had never been one bit the worse; on the contrary, many people who in this country had been ailing had been much improved in health since their arrival in Canada. There were not only the skating and sleighing tours of which they must all have heard, but a great deal of work could be also done during the winter months by the farmer in the shape of cutting his wood for fuel or for marketable purposes, and carting it in; and various other descriptions of work of a similar character were engaged in. On the other hand, summer, although warmer than they had it here, did not continue for a very great length of time, and the close vicinity of the larger inland lakes was great preservative of the health of the inhabitants; and it was a fact that during the time the British troops were stationed in Canada there was less of sickness or mortality among them than there had been during their sojourn in any other country; and he (the speaker, a stout, jolly, well-built, and altogether substantial-looking man) might offer himself as a speciman (though the youngest of a family of sons) of the kind of men they produced out there. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Grahame, in conclusion, said that whoever was chosen must be prepared to leave on Thursday, the 11th inst., his latest instructions from the Canadian Government stating that it was necessary all the delegates scould be in Ottawa by the 23d inst., the day on which the great exhibition of stock, grain, &c., commenced. Although the cereals were all in the barns, a good many of the crops and a great number of the Autumn fruits were still in the fields, and the delegates would have every opportunity of obtaining the description, quality, and extent of the grain produce by seeing it thrashed in the barns. He wished them to select a person in whom they had every confidence, and on whose report they could rely, for a report of that character would be much more satisfactory than any statement made by a person like himself, who might be interested in exaggerating something what. Mr. Grahame then intimated that he would be glad to answer any questions that might be asked.

The chairman said he thought the offer by Mr. Grahame, on behalf of the Canadian Government, was a very good one, and the next thing would be to select a delegate.

Mr. Lusk, Howell, said he did not expect to take any part in this movement, but he was sure they were exceedingly indebted to Mr. Grahame for his interesting address, and the large numbers who had turned out to hear him showed the general interest taken in the subject. No doubt the agricultural depression would cause shiftings, which a few years ago would not have been thought of, and it was well the subject had been brought before them. He thought it was most desirable they should appoint as delegate to proceed to Canada a gentleman having a knowledge of agriculture, of sound judgment and observation, and one who would be able to tell them something of what he had seen on his return to this country. He had much pleasure in proposing that Mr. James Biggar, jr., of Chapelton (tenant of Grange farm, Kirkpatrick-Durham), be selected as their delegate. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Craig, Hightae, seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Graham proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding.

The Chairman having briefly acknowledged the compliment,

Mr. Biggar said he was willing to undertake the duty of going as their delegate to Canada. He was aware there were many who were better qualified and had more experience than himself, but were unable to go in consequence of the short notice. He would be ready to go, and give a conscientious report, which he hoped would be satisfactory to those who were sending him, and also to the Government which had taken upon itself to pay the expenses.

The meeting then terminated.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A marked race-prejudice is shown against the negro immigrants by the farmers, who are mainly Republicans in politics. Among the small white farmers of the Louisiana hill-parishes and the German settlers in Texas there is exhibited the same antipathy to negro neighbors. It may be set down as a fact that any community of white men who themselves work in the fields subject to being brought into competition with a race considered to be inferior. One of the objections raised by Kansas farmers to negro settlers is that the blacks are immoral, and they fear the results of an association of the children of the two races in the public schools. Ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, a life-long abolitionist and "pronounced" Republican, said to the writer that he was opposed to a pauper immigration of any nationality or of any race, and therefore had no sympathy with the enthusiasts who would open Kansas to the pauper negroes of the South. The most potent reason against negro immigration in the minds of the leading men of Kanesa is a well-grounded fear that the news of a numerous settlement of blacks in that State would serve to turn the tide of white immigration into Nebraska and Minnesota. A declared inclination on the part of the present administration in Kansas to invite a large immigration of negroes would immensely strengthen the feeble Democratic opposition, even if it should not result in a division of the local Republican party.

The employment of Chinese in the cotton fields of the South has often been mooted; but, to our knowledge, the only practical test, on a large scale, of the alleged superiority of Mongolian over African labor has been made in Texas, where about three hundred Chinamen, imported originally to build a railroad, have been employed as laborers on cotton plantations. These Chinamen have proved to be diligent and satisfactory. They are physically inferior to the negroes, but make up their deficiency in strength by unremitting industry. As tenants they are very shrewd, requiring that the land they rent be measured by disinterested persons, and confirming the surveyors' report by an independent measurement of their own. They will not submit to extortionate prices, and make their purchases where weights and measures, as well as prices, are satisfactory to them. The Chinaman contrives in some way nearly always to have a little ready money, and is accordingly able to buy his goods where he pleases, and to avoid getting into the power of the grasping merchants. The Chinaman is willing to work six days a week, while the average negro tenant is likely to make a holiday of Saturday as well as of Sunday. One of the evils of share-farming has been the readiness of the negro tenant to take a holiday when the mood came upon him. Yet the plodding, patient Chinaman, although honorable in meeting the letter of his contract, is not looked upon with favor by the majority of the planters. They prefer the negro race, to all the peculiarities of which they have become used, and regard with disfavor the Chinaman, who is of alien religion, and destitute of every trace of American feeling.—*F. B. Guernsey, in International Review for October.*

AN INDIAN STORY.

"I once had what I believe was a marvellous escape from being bitten by a cobra. Lord Tom Norris, an old friend of mine, and I were riding along the road one moonlight night. It occurred to us that a horse race would be an agreeable variation to the routine of our somewhat monotonous horseback excursions. We were not exactly tearing along at a break-neck speed, but the race was quickly ended. Before we had galloped a hundred yards my horse struck his foot against something, rolled over, and I 'came a cropper.' I was a good deal shocked, and when I recovered myself my horse was out of sight. Neither I nor Tom Norris had the least idea in what direction he had gone, and while my friend galloped along one road I started on foot on another. I had walked about a mile, and was just passing the little post office, when I saw something nearly four feet high directly in front of me. It was like an upraised stick, and when in my haste I had nearly walked over it, it shot straight toward me. Mechanically, I raised the short stick I carried in my hand and struck at it. I took no aim whatever, and I am not all sure that I did not shut my eyes, like a young cricketer, as I delivered the blow. But it hit its mark, and, as I afterwards found, saved my life. For a cooly who came up a few seconds later with a torch held his light to the ground, where a full grown cobra lay writhing helplessly with its back broken. I was startled on that occasion; but I was far more disturbed at another time when, as it afterwards turned out, there was no snake there. It was the worst season of the year for venomous creatures, when Tom Norris and myself were occupying a small bungalow in Jubbulpore. We slept in the same room, each of us having a lounge, and it was about 2 o'clock in the morning and pitch dark when I was awakened by something striking me on the back and falling, as the sound seemed to indicate, in a coil upon the floor. "What's that?" exclaimed my friend, who awoke at the same instant, and I made no reply, for I had the strongest possible dislike to say what I believed it to be. "What's that?" he asked again, and then I answered, "I think it's a snake, and he has bitten me; will you get up and go for a light?" Tom Norris lay still for a while; then he said: "Now, look here, old fellow, if a cobra has bitten you, he won't do you the least additional harm if he bites you again, but what is the use of my being bitten too? Hadn't you better get up and go for the light? Could any logic have been more reasonable? I at once got up, and after some trouble procured a light, and we began our search for the snake. But first Tom Norris examined the place where I had been bitten, and his face grew very grave, for there were the two punctures, and it seemed clear that the snake had injured me. We hunted about the house for ten minutes, and although I felt myself growing drowsy I began to hope that I was not a cobra but some less venomous reptile that had bitten me. At last the mystery was solved. As we entered the bath room a wild cat, that for some incomprehensible reason had taken refuge in the bungalow went flying, half mad with fright, out of the window, carrying half a dozen panes of glass with her in her exit. In her confusion she had evidently jumped upon the bed, and her claws had penetrated my back, making two little holes precisely like the bites of a cobra. To say that I was relieved would give you a very poor idea of my sentiments as the cat sprang through the window. All my drowsiness vanished, and I slept no more that night. —*Exchange.*

—Of the seven million Hebrews in the world statisticians say there are five millions in Europe and a million and a half in the United States.

RUSSIA ARMING FOR A LIFE-AND DEATH STRUGGLE—ITS ARMY OF 3,000,000.

(From Le Messanger de Vinne.)

Russia is at this moment in the midst of great military preparations. Her arsenals are day and night at work. Private letters, that come from perfectly trustworthy sources, tell us that she has already a store of guns and ammunition sufficing for 3,000,000 of men. Moreover, in a single year she has cast no less than twenty-five hundred cannon on a model newly introduced from England. Against whom are these preparations levelled? Are they at Austria, Hungary, or at Germany? One is tempted for an instant to believe that the Russians mean to bring at once to a head the issue which is certain to rise between them and the Hapsburg dynasty with reference to the limits of their respective spheres of activity in the east. But, if our news be true, the sentiment which really governs them is one of jealousy toward Germany, whose influence in Europe they view with distrust. Prince Gortschakoff cannot forgive himself for having with his own hands pushed the Iron Chancellor to power and having put within his grasp the incredible successes of to-day. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, believes that his work would be incomplete unless he conquered the Baltic provinces. Thus the two great statesmen, allies in the past, rivals in the present, are linked by this common hope—that by creating a powerful division in a foreign country one may contend with the Socialism of Germany, the other with the Nihilism of Russia. That is the duel which is now in the air, as surely as was that of France and Germany after Sadowa.

POWERFUL LYING—THE CAREER OF THE "REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN."

(Congregationalist.)

The wonderful life power inherent in some forms of lying has had striking illustration lately in the case of that "Rev. Joseph T. Inman," known to a few parties in New York as T. M. Allison, who has so long imprudently advertised his nostrums from the "Bible House," where he never had a room. The thing became such a nuisance that the Bible Society secured a perpetual injunction against Allison's further use of its name in his advertisements. The Post Office authorities at "Station D" also withheld for a time the stacks of money letters addressed to the "Rev," and tried hard to check the swindle, but they were defeated in the end. In the midst of all these movements, one Dr. McAllister, who had for years had a small medical practice in Brooklyn, died in that city, and the fact came out that he was the "Rev. J. T. Inman," *alias* Allison. He was well connected, and his own family and friends disclaim all knowledge of his connection with this business; though how they could account for his extravagant style of living, on the income from his little practice, remains a mystery.

In the legal proceedings instituted by the Bible Society, Allison, as he was then called, acknowledged that he had received no less than $250,000 by his advertisements. Nor did he blush at the confession that he had never been a "missionary," had never seen "South America," had never known such a person as the Rev. J. T. Inman, and that the whole story told in his circulars was pure invention. One of the most singular things about the affair is that he could secretly carry on his game for years, well known across the ferry as Dr. McAllister, and on this side, by those who knew him at all, as Allison. Even his associate in the business, who had been with him for years, first as an office boy, then as a factotum, and, when it became necessary in his contest with the post office officials, as partner, never dreamed that he was any other man than Allison, till, on attending his fun