Listowel Standard.

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IN A NEVADA MINE.

A Fall Down an Abandoned Winze and a Narrow Escape.

"All set?"

"All set, sir."

We dropped fifteen hundred feet and stood breathless on the hot underground station, blinking at the lights by which the miners worked; but only for a moment, for we were going down to the 2,000 foot level, below which the mine had been drained twenty five feet. So we clambered into the giraffe, the clumsy conveyance which carried rock and miners up and down the incline shaft. The incline had been run down to the 2,400-foot level, but now nearly 400 feet was flooded. The foreman gave a long, slow steady pull on the signal rope, and the engineer on the surface lowered us to the 2,000-foot station.

"We go along this lateral drift some distance," said the foreman, "before we strike that east cross cut you want to examine. It will be hard travelling, as the water has left a slippery sediment on the floor of all the passages, and timbers have fallen across the drifts and cross cuts in many places. Follow me close, because this level was honeycombed with prospect drifts in every direction when it was first opened, and its an easy and a bad level, too, to get lost on."

I needed no caution to keep close to my guide, for I was already nervous, I freely admit. The sights about the incline level were calculated to impress, or else I should say depress, anyone. The level had long been submerged, and the water had left the great timbers swollen and distorted into fantastic shapes. The nearly naked miners were battling hard to keep the headway made on the hot flood, which the jarring, ponderous pump was lifting day and night in an unending stream to the surface.

RATHER HOT WORK.

The water stood in the incline, about twenty five feet below the station. A gang of miners, leaving the cooling room on the station, would go carefully down the incline to the water's edge and work for a few minutes, while the gang they relieved would come up, dripping with perspiration, and rush to the cooling room for a reviving breath of fresh air forced down from the surface. The gang which went down traveled carefully, I say, for the night before one unfortunate man missed his footing and fell into the water. He was taken out in a moment scalded to death.

As near the water as they could work, the men extended the fresh air and water pipes and the compressed air pipe; laid the track on which the giraffe was to run, repaired the incline timbers, and cleared the incline of rubbish and sediment. They worked for a few minutes and then came back to the cooling room, to be replaced by a fresh gang. Such is the character of work in the depths of the Comstock flooded mines, where the solid rock offers the least resistance to the reach for gold, when compared to such obstacles as hot, stifling air and hotter floods.

I followed my guide along the drift, in which progress was made slow by pools of water, misplaced timbers and mud. We traveled on in silence, I keeping as close to him as I could, until one of the big brogans I wore was held so fast in the mud that I left it imbedded there in lifting my foot.

"Hold on till I fix my shoe," I said, and sticking my dirk like candlestick in a timber, I fished out the shoe and fastened it on my foot, after some time and trouble.

"This wouldn't make good barefoot traveling," I said, and took my candlestick in my hand again.

LOST IN THE DRIFT.

I received no reply.

"Hello, foreman!" I said in a louder voice. I was conscious of an uneasy feeling as I peered into the blackness of the drift both ways and saw no light. I was uneasy, because I realized that I did not know which way we had come or which way we had been going. In stooping down to fasten my shoe I had become turned around, some way, and unfortunately, had drawn my candlestick from the side timber before my uncertainty of mind had occurred.

"Hello! hello!" I cried, but the only answer was the dismal dripping of the water in the darkness, and a sound as though the uneasy spirits of a host of gnomes were crying out in torture and anguish at their dreadful confinement. Although my heart beat fast at the awful sound, I knew it was the noises made by the mysterious force that swells the ground, and crushes and splinters mighty timbers in the deep Comstock mines. "Hello! hello! hello!" I called again, but no human sound answered my cry. "Well," I thought, "I will travel along, and must find the foreman, or return to the station." So, holding my candle far in advance, I started along.

I was not surprised that I could not see the lights on the station we had left, for I knew the drift I was in had a slight curve toward the east, although its general direction was north and south. The curve had been necessary in order to effect a connection it was intended to make with a drift on the same level of another mine. The foreman had either gone far enough along the drift to be carried out of sight by the curve, or had turned to the east crosscut where he would certainly wait as soon as he discovered my absence. I half groped my slow way along, for my candle was burning blue and low—ominously low, it suddenly flashed upon me, as I recalled a well known miner's warning, "where a candle won't burn a miner can't live."

A FALL.

I know the explanation well enough to be the unusually small proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere, and I knew, too, that my flickering and blue burning candle was the only warning I would have, as asphyxiation under the circumstances would be painless. Startled, then, by this sudden, dreadful thought I turned hurriedly to the left, when I felt an opening, which I supposed must be the drift I was looking for. I made one quick step, but on to nothing! Instinctively I threw out both hands and grasped a rope they came into contact with. There was a whirl, a rattling of loosened rocks, and I felt myself plunge down into stifling utter darkness. Clinging desperately with arms and legs to the rope I felt myself stopped with a sudden jerk, and slowly turn round and round as the long unused rope twisted and unwound under the strain of my weight. I realized my awful position; I knew I had stepped into the mouth of a winze—a shaft sunk from an underground level—had caught hold of the windless rope, which had been only partly wound up, and was suspended over hot water below. "Would the water soaked rope bear me? Even if it did so, could I climb to the top?" So near to an awful death; knowing, if the rope held, that my only chance for life was by the most judicious use of my strength, the tremendous necessity of the occasion forced my mind into perfect calmness. Twisting the rope around my arms and one leg, I carefully felt with one foot and found that the winze was not more than four feet in diameter and untimbered. Fastening my hands into the swollen rope, I braced my feet against the sides of the winze and lifted myself slowly upward, carefully raising my hands, one at a time, for a higher hold. Again I braced my feet, and again exerted my ebbing strength for another advance toward life and from the horrid death in the hot black water below.

A TREACHEROUS LOOSE ROCK,

On which my right foot rested, gave way just as I had released one hand to extend it upwards. I fell with a jar that wrenched every joint in my body, but did not lose my desperate grip on the rope. The big brogans I wore were jolted from my feet, and for the first time I shuddered, for I knew by the sound as they splashed below that I was not over five feet from the water, and so had twenty feet to climb. Again I braced my feet against the winz. The rocks were rough and hot, and cut and burned my feet, but for that I cared not, as I found that without shoes I could find a better foot-hold, and make better progress. Slowly, seemingly an age between each advance, feeling my hands swell, and knowing that each second my grasp was less secure, I worked myself up, but at last I felt that the lifeless air and the terrible physical strain had so exhausted me that even for life that seemed so dear then, and which might be saved by one more effort, I could not make it. My arms and legs ached, as must those of the victim on the rack; in the black darkness I seemed to see blinding flashes of fire, and the blood was surging through my head with a hateful roar. For the moment I had no idea that I could ever make another effort; yet I did not let go the rope, but twined my legs around it all the more tightly. Although absolutely hopeless, my mind revolved in ghastly horror from the thought of the fast approaching moment when my relaxing muscles should cease to support me, and alone, in the silent darkness, I should drop helplessly into that black deserted hole. Aimlessly, almost, I stretched out one arm, and my heart gave a great bound when I found that I could not touch the sides.

I KNEW MY HEAD MUST BE ABOVE THE TOP OF THE WINZE!

Cautiously yet trembling with hope and excitement, I extended my arm around until I felt the wooden framework supporting the windlass. I drew myself, still hanging to the rope, toward the frame, wound one arm and then the other around the upright supports and carefully disentangled myself from the rope, put all the last desperate strength revived hope had given me into one extreme effort, and fainted as I felt myself lying safe on the rocky floor by the side of the mouth of the winze.

When I recovered my senses I found the foreman and two miners standing over me. "You got out of this just in time," said the foreman, "for it was the sound of that falling windlass that attracted our attention." By the lights which they had brought I saw that in saving myself I had toppled down the windlass. It had crashed down the winze as I had fallen safe to one side—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I would like to spoke a few words to Telescope Perkins, if he am in de hall to-night," said the President as the meeting opened.

The brother wiped off his mouth and advanced to the platform, and Brother Gardner continued:

"Brudder Perkins, I met you at 8 o'clock in de evenin' on 'lockshun night."

"Yes, sah."

"You war' what de white folks call slowed."

"I'se mighty sorry, sah."

"You were full of glory. You felt dat you had saved the kentry. Your clothes war' all mud. Your breaf smelt of skunks, an' you had to jump up an' down an' whoop to keep from bustin' yer biler."

"Lots o' white folks was doin' de same, sah."

"Sartin'—sartin'. You, an old ex slave unable to read and write was only followin' in de footsteps of intelligent, eddicated white men. Brudder Perkins, I war' walkin' 'round on lockshun day, an' I saw some curus things. I saw citizens who would not swallow ten drops of whiskey if life depended on it wote fur men who hev sold de pizened stuffober de bar fur y'ars. An' dat was savin' de kentry.

"I saw men who would turn a servant gal out doors on a winter's night, if dey heard a scandal 'bout her, walk up to de pells an' wote fur men who rent from two to half a dozen houses to women of bad character. Dat was gwine it straight!

"I saw men whose wives am breakin' deir hearts ober de wayward course of beloved sons, walk to de winder and stick in ballots fur candidates who am in cahoots wid blacklegs and de steady patrons of gambling houses. Dat was de glory of politics!

"I saw Christian men, who pray agin vice and shed teers ober de wickedness of society, wote fur candidates whose private lives am one long night of debauchery and corruption. Dat was standin' by de party!

"I saw ministers of de gospel cast wotes fur drunkards, libertines an' outlaws of society. Dat was supportin' de principle!

"I saw de honest, decent men of Detroit arrayed on one side, an' de thugs, thieves an' loafers on de odder, an' de honest, decent men war' swept away like chaff befo' a gale. Dat was an illustrashun of de beauties of de 'lective frachise!"

"But I won't do it again, sah," pleaded Brother Perkins.

"You kin sot down," quietly remarked the President. "Dat same night I heard Aldermen bawlin' like mules bekase some favorite candidate had pulled frew wi'd de aid of money an' whisky. Citizens who wouldn't let you in at de front doah rolled in de mud dat night like hogs. Men who hev sons to bring up met and shook hands an' rejoiced ober de 'lockshun of candidates who know de way into ebery saloon an' poker-room in Detroit. Blame you, Brudder Perkins—blame you fur follerin' de example of leadin' white folks! No, sah! Go an' sot down an' feel proud dat you come so nigh bein' an eminent citizen!"

ELECTION.

It took Sir Isaac Walpole and his bean-box just eleven minutes to elect the following candidates: Eder Fly, Col. Hockings, Prof. Taylor, Alabama Jones, Senator Kaniff, Artificial Smith, and the Rev. William Anderson.

A STRICKEN MEMBER.

The committee on election, reported that it had investigated the case of Glad Tidings Ward, an honorary member at Knoxville, charged with too much absence of mind, and the following letter was read:

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 2, 1881.

GENTS.—I think Mr. Ward means to do right, but his mind is so preoccupied that he picks up property belonging to others without seeming to know it. He has been found in smoke-houses and chicken coops and other out-of-the-way places at most unreasonable hours, and is now in jail for walking off with a hand cart without knowing it.

Very truly, J. H. H.
Alderman Fourth Ward.

The Secretary was ordered to strike Mr. Ward's name from the books and warn the other Knoxville members that the next one who displayed the least evidence of absent-mindedness would follow Ward in a hurry.

COMMITTEE OF CONFERENCE,

The Secretary announced a letter from New York asking if the Lime-Kiln Club was on friendly terms with Congress and prepared to work in harmony with it during the coming season. Reports to the contrary were abroad in the East, and friends of the club were anxious to know how matters stood.

"So fur as my offishul knowledge goes dis club an' Congriss am on de bes' of terms," replied Brother Gardner. "While I am opposed to any ideah lookin' towards de consolidashun of de two bodies, I still believe dat de welfar' of de kentry requires us to work in harmony. We am willin' to meet dat comparatively influenshul body half way in all matters lookin' to de good of de kentry. To prove to de kentry at large dat dis club does not desire to monopolize entire public attenshun doorin' de comin' winter, I will appoint Waydown Bebee, Giveadam Jones an' Holdback White as a committee to confer wid an equal number of Congrissmen to agree upon a mutual course to be pursued fur de nex' six months."

The Secretary was instructed to forward a certified copy of this action to David Davis, and to request that gentleman to name his committee as soon as convenient.

THE MUSEUM.

Pickles Smith, who has charge of the reception of relics and the care of the museum, reported that some fiend had entered the room by climbing over the roofs and carried away one of the two skulls of Oliver Cromwell, sent to the club from Boston. He had placed the case in the hands of the detectives, but thus far no clue had been obtained to the identity of the guilty parties. The Secretary was instructed to offer a reward of $5 for the return of the relic, and in case it could not be recovered, to procure a skull of some of the rest of the Cromwell family.

NOT ONE CASE.

The President stated that he had been asked on several different occasions, if the æsthetic lunacy had visibly affected the colored people of the north. His own personal observation had not furnished any evidence in the affirmative, but he would like to hear members express themselves.

Kyhaven Johnson said that a neighbor of his had run all over town to purchase a second hand bedstead, and that she had finally secured one twenty-three years old, but he thought from the hot water treatment given it she did not prize it as a relic.

Trustee Pullback knew of a case where a colored man had paid seven dollars for a coat supposed to be twenty-eight years old, but it afterwards came out that he expected to find money in the lining.

Elder Toots said that his third wife had evinced a desire to pay seventy-five cents for an old earthen plather which had come over on the Mayflower, but when informed that if she did she would go without shoes all winter she had said no more on the subject.

As far as could be ascertained from the best posted members, the colored element are entirely free from lunacy and not likely to be affected this year.

THE CLOSE.

The Glee Club struck up, Who Stole dat Dog o' Mine, and a collection was taken up for the benefit of two theological students about to sail for Liberia. Brother Gardner announced that by accident somebody had dropped two cents in money into the hat, and the coin was voted into the club incidental fund and the meeting adjourned.—M Quad.

BAR ROOM GREETINGS.

Some servant of the saloons has compiled the following casalogue of alcoholic passwords:

New Jersey—"Well, here we go!"—and they generally do.

New York—"My regards."

California—"How!"

Indiana—"Here's to us."

Washington—"Here we go."

Mexico—"A la selud de U." (Your health).

Illinois—"Another nail in the coffin."

Ohio—"I hope I see you well, sir."

Kentucky—"Time."

Maine—"Take it sly."

Boston—"To the club."

Wisconsin—"Here's looking at you."

Virginia—"Here's hoping."

Pennsylvania—"Here's to the old grudge."

North Carolina—"Here's all the hair off your head."

Nevada—"Here we jolt."

When playing for drinks—"Better luck next time."

Miscellaneous—"Boys-what'll-you-have?"

"Let's go and take a bowl."

"Name yer pizen."

"Gentlemen, please name your beverage."

"Gentlemen, will you join me?"

"Well, how will you take it?"

"Gimme some of the old stuff."

"A gin fizz, if you please."

"Whisky (if you can spare it)."

"Let us go and shed a tear."

"Here's another luck."

"Beer all the time—nothing but beer."

"Give it to me straight."

"Good-bye."—Virginia City Chronicle.

GIRLS WITH MOUSTACHES.

"Yes," said an eminent physician, when the topic was being discussed at a dinner table after the ladies had retired. "When you see a dark woman with large bushy eyebrows which nearly grow together, you may be pretty sure that she can grow an imperial if she will only take the necessary pains. Hirsute adornments are not so frequent in young women, although they sometimes occur. A girl often has a heavy growth of down upon the upper lip or the chin. It annoys her, and she keeps feeling it and pulling it continually. Perhaps she endeavors to clip it with scissors, or in some cases shave it away. The result is a heavier growth next time, which becomes so prominent that it must be removed. The most frequent place where the hair makes its appearance is on the upper lip or chin, although it sometimes appears on the side of the face and even on the throat. As a general thing, I believe those bearded women who are advertised by shows are frauds, but in the course of my practice I have seen more than woman who could raise a heavy beard if she only wished to cultivate it." "Do many women shave?" "Why, yes, a great many more than is generally supposed. They hide the traces that the shaving leaves with heavy coatings of powder and plaster. Whenever you see a lady, especially if she be middle aged, wearing a heavy coating of lily white, one of the conclusions is that she has been shaving, although it is not the only inference. One thing is certain, a lady who shaves must use powder in large quantities, and there are many ladies who shave."

PUNSTER'S HAND BOOK.

The Norristown Herald says: We are preparing a punsters' hand book for the use of new aspirants for paragraphic fame. When the great American humorist in embryo sees a patchwork paragraph in an exchange, built by a dozen different brilliant wits—a paragraph, for instance, on Boston, with its Hubbub, good fellows, spokesmen, never tire for wheel or whoa, a wag on the press, axle lots of questions, hold your tongue, etc.—when he sees such an effort he is seized with an irresistible desire to catch on with a pun of the same genius, but the pun fo: which he reaches may be elusive, coy and retiring that he grabs for the unattainable. It is for the benefit of such punsters the hand book is designed. The annexed brace of specimens will show the character of the work:

Undertaker—Shrouded in mystery; appalling; a grave subject; tomb much; a coffin fit, it is cemeter-al; brought to his bier; bury good; don't re-hearse any more corse jokes; a little mourne gravity; please don't feel so "stiff" about it; ghoul alone with such nonsense, etc.

Dressmaker—Only sew sew, basque in her smimles; a-hem; a needless remark, of corset it is; ruffle her temper; all tuckered out, jabot in his eye; a binding agreement; gusset 'll do, seams sew; a waist of time; don't train in that crowd; an un-bias ed opinion; give him the sack; up-braid her; such puns are enough to make an ap'-ron etc.

AN HEROIC ENGINEER.

On the night of October 17th a heavy passenger train on the Missouri and Pacific road struck something on the track as it entered the bridge across the Osage River. The engine left the track; broke through the bridge and was buried in the swift waters of the Osage, swollen by recent rains. That the whole train did not follow is due to the fact that the engineer stayed at his post, set the air brakes and went down with the engine. The fireman and the little son of the engineer jumped and were saved, though seriously injured. The little boy, a hero, by the way, says the last he saw of his father he was at his post. The name of this man who died that others might live is J. F. Wager, of Sedalia, Mo., a railroad veteran of thirty-five years' service. He leaves a large family, a widow and small children, in destitute circumstances. I wish to be one who will show an appreciation of such devotion to duty, and I inclose $10, which I trust the Republican will see reaches those for whom it is intended.—Correspondent of the St. Louis Republican.

OPTIONS.

A Sample of the Results of "Bucking Futures."

An exchange published a letter received by a grain commission house of a leading market, from a customer, who, like many others, had been tempted by the cry of short wheat and other crops to invest in the seductive option. The letter is in a humorous strain, and while not intended for publication, gives a fair example of the experiences of almost all who seek fortunes in the contest between the great "bull" and "bear" elements. The letter reads as follows:

NOVEMBER 8, 1881.

D. R. Francis:

Dear Sir: You letter informing me that you have drawn on me through the Citizens' National Bank for $300 is at hand. Your telegram had come previously, but had been left at my office by "my young man," and mislaid by the old woman who swept the office, and I did not see it or hear of it for two days. Hence ("hence" is a phrase used in clearing the throat), hence the delay. I was hustling or "rustling" around (as the case may be) to raise the amount to cover margin. I never "covered a margin" in my life, but I imagine it is a nice thing to do. I would just "bust" a hamstring to cover a margin once, just to see how it feels. I had not heard from my deal before until notified to prepare to cover. Mr. S. had agreed to manage it for me, and I, innocent soul that I am, had supposed that all was well. But this

SCOOPS ME.

It stingeth like an adder, and biteth like a serpent, and kicketh like a bay mule. In the language of Wilkins Micawber, I'm floored; and yet there is a good deal of education in it. It has a subduing influence on a man. I was just getting out of debt—got busted before by going security—and it was being remarkedb y my friends that I was getting too big for my breeches. I had already dogged a neighbor's cow and cussed an alderman. In six months more there would have been no such thing as living in the same town with me. But this margin business settles it. I'm as tame as an Alderney heifer. I wouldn't look around now if the Cardiff giant were to kick me. I'm afraid to look around, indeed, for fear that somebody will want more margins. I have been skulking in the suburbs like a yellow dog ever since I received your letter. I'm all broke up. Were you ever broke up? Well, you just try it once if you want to know.

And this was all done in Chicago May corn. Darn Chicago, anyhow. Where's O'Leary's cow? My voice for O'Leary and the cow forever. That town was organized to cheat and steal. I'm going to cut her from this on. I'll withdraw my influence, and my margins, and bust her wide open. But I am done with options. If a man ever says options to me again I'll break his back with a sausage grinder. I refuse to be insulted. I can stand a joke, but when a man taunts me with the afflictions which have borne me down when I was beginning to see daylight again, and taken from me the bread (May corn bread) that was to nourish and sustain me in the struggle, then I do get my war paint on in earnest. Call it anything, but don't say options to me. D— options and Chicago and May corn. D— everything. Hell hath no fury like a man whose deal has panned the wrong way. I feel like a slobbering idiot, and wish some one would kick me, so that I might pulverize him, and surprise the community by annihilating him. But I won't suicide. No, sir. Here goes for another tilt at the grasshopper for a living. Give my love to your little brother.

Truly and sincerely.

ON THE PLAINS.

Observations of a Trapper and Hunter of Twenty-Six Years Experience.

The reporter was prepared to see a red-nosed, brawny, quarrelsome looking fellow; hair hanging down upon his shoulders, moccasins, buckskin leggings and hunting jacket, blue shirt, open at the throat, and wide brimmed soft hat slanted down over one ear, and possibly a buck horn handled knife in his belt. Either such a man, or grizzly haired, weather beaten, bronzed and scarred old scout, who actually knew the difference between a hog wallow and a bear's den, the reporter was prepared to meet. He was expecting to have the fingers of his right hand crushed in a Colorado grip, and wasn't even going to wince. He had even composed a little address for the occasion, commencing "Hello, pardner! Hev yer got ther jerked buffler onten yer grinders yit? If yer hev cum round to Sloggin Sam's whisky ranch over in ther next canyun and git outside uv a dose of tantler juice," but he was wholly unprepared for the surprise that awaited him.

In response to the reporter's inquiry for S., one of the present in the room said; "I presume I am the man you are looking for."

The words were spoken in finely modulated, even tones, and the reporter was struck dumb with amazement as he beheld the speaker. A man apparently about 35 years of age, rather below the medium height, heavily and firmly framed, an animated, intelligent face, brown hair, tawny moustache, hazel eyes, modern and civilized clothing and French calf boots. Not a single indication that the man had ever crossed the Mississippi river, or what was more to the point, pretended to have done so.

"Mr. S.," said the reporter, "I would like to interview you in the interest of readers of the Free Press. Have you any objections to telling me someting of your adventures in the Territories?"

"None whatever, provided you suppress my name and residence." (The reporter gasped.) "I do not desire any notoriety whatever. I do not want children to come around hers and stare at me through the windows; nor people coming in here to ask me questions, and when I answer them tell me they don't believe me. Any information I can give you I will gladly give, but I must insist that it be done at no personal discomfort and annoyance to myself."

"You are not so old a person as I expected to meet."

"Nevertheless, I am 53 years of age. I was born in Lynn, Mass., and like nearly everybody else there learned the shoemaker's trade. In 1851 I went to California, being attracted by the gold diggings, and until 1855 I led the life of a miner. Then I crossed the mountains, and have since followed the life of a hunter and trapper, varied with occasional employment as a guide and scout. There are very few river valleys from Kansas to Puget Sound and Alaska in which I have not hunted and trapped. There is not a fort nor government outpost, nor tribe of Indians in all that region that I have not visited. In twenty-six years a hunter and trapper, continually moving, as he is, from one valley to another, sees a vast spread of country."

"But hold on," interrupted his listener. "How many times were you scalped by the Indians in those twenty-six years!"

"That is one reason why I requested you to suppress my name. Were it not for that people would be coming in here before to morrow night and calling me a liar, for I assure you that with the single exception of hating and revenging themselves upon their enemies, the Indians have never been guilty of a crime that they did not learn from the whites. When I first went among them, not one of them, not even the degraded Modocs and Diggers, would steal or lie. You could leave your arms, money, or anything else, exposed to them, go away and be gone for a month, and return with the certain knowledge that you would find your property where you left it. Officers would send their official reports hundreds of miles by Indian messengers. The Indian would roll the paper up in the smallest possible space, tie it into his back hair, tell how long he would be gone, and he would be back at that time. Give an Indian a package of money to carry 1,000 miles; say to him that if he wanted any of it to buy tobacco with, to take it but to deliver the remainder to a certain person and bring a receipt. Do you suppose that Indian would touch a cent of that money? No, sir; not if he didn't have a smoke while he was gone."

"Now I want to tell you something about the Indian agents, and the breaking of treaties. When I first went to one agency, the Indians were nearly starved, although the government was sending them plenty of provisions, of which they got about one quarter or one third. The remainder was condemned by the officer commanding the post, the agent turned it over to the post traders and settlers, who found a ready sale for it among the bands of trappers, hunters and miners that were continually crossing the plains. Then the officer, agent and trader divided the proceeds, and the Indians went hungry. One day they ran off some cattle into the woods, and were having a feast when a troop of soldiers from the agency overtook them and a fight took place; or, rather, it was a slaughter, for the Indians were wholly unprepared for fight. After a time the government sent out some peace commissioners, and the Indians were invited to come in under a flag of truce and form a new treaty. When they got in, what do you think they found? A cordon of cavalry sorrounding them and two ten pounders trained upon them. If they refused the terms of the treaty, there were the cannon and the soldiers. They were obliged to accede to its terms. Is it any wonder that when the government agents again commenced robbing them that they again revolted? There is money in being an Indian agent. It is for that reason that people secure the position. They go out there to make money, and they go in to make every cent possible by fair means or foul. They care nothing for the Indians, excepting that through them they can plunder the government. Probably not over one quarter, certainly not over one third, of the stores sent to the Indians ever reaches them. The rest goes into the covetous maw of the rascally Indian agents and their rascally fellow thieves.

"I never have met the tribe thas I could not go amongst in perfect safety, unless some of their number had been wantonly assassinated by whites. Then they are likely to take revenge on the first white man they meet. People in the States have not the slightest idea of the wanton murders committed by the whites. If an Indian kills a white man, the nearest post commander reports it to his division commander, and soon it is flashed over the wires, and spread upon the pages of every newspaper in the country. But let a white man kill an Indian, and the post commander doesn't think it worth speaking about. The plains are covered with reckless, lawless men who'd rather kill an Indian than a coyote. 'Bill,' will say one of these to a companion, 'see how near I can come to that thar cuss of a redskin,' as he espies a half starved Indian fishing from the bank of a stream. The rifle cracks, and as the savage tumbles into the stream and sinks to the bottom, the civilized exclaims, 'bared if I didn't hit the rascal.' And this happens daily and hourly. The Indians are being murdered out of existence."—Detroit Free Press.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Making Things Over.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now there's my old clothes, why can't you make them overfor the children instead of giving them away?"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find and finding things generally inside out.

"Maria," he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, where's the brown linen one I bought last summer?"

"Clothes bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one."

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones.

"Cut them over for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband; then in a voice of thunder, "Where have my blue suspenders got to?"

"Hung the baby jumper with them."

"Maria!" asked the astonished man, in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby have you?"

"O! no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully; "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants, and looks lovely."

Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy, or suggests making over—he has had enough of it.—Cleveland Weekly Leader.

Flogging and its Successor.

The War Office has published its substitute for flogging, and the persons who were attached to that penalty when inflicted on others will probably find much satisfaction in studying the component parts of its successor. It consists of field imprisonment No. 1, and field imprisonment No. 2. It may suffice to describe field imprisonment No. 1. Under this form of punishment the offending soldier may be kept three months tied up in straps, ropes, handcuffs and fetters. During that period he may for twenty-one days, with an interval every three days be fastened, in addition to his other fastenings, to a "fixed object" so that he cannot move for two hours a day. While this is going on he may further be dealt with as if he had been an ordinary criminal under the sentence of three month's imprisonment with hard labor. The ingenious Torquemada of the War Office who has devoted his leisure and his gifts to this subject may be congratulated on the skill with which he has accumulated horrors on horror's head.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Story of the Tomato,

A Pennsylvanian says: A good many years ago a man who had recently arrived from the Bermuda Islands was sent to York County (Pa.) Jail for some offense committed against the laws of the Commonwealth. He had with him a few seeds which he planted in the rich soil of the jail yard. Before the plants which sprang from the seeds reached maturity he was discharged, and no one knew the nature of them. They grew luxuriantly, bearing fruit of a large size and unusual appearance. As this strange fruit ripened its color changed from green to a brilliant red, and became an object of wonder and admiration to all the inmates of the jail. Mrs. Klinetelter, the lady keeper, cautioned all the prisoners against eating any of the fruit, as she was sure it was poisonous, and besides planted the seed, as she would endeaver to preserve specimens of it for him should he return in time. Just when the fruit was fully matured the Bermuda prisoner returned and asked to see the plant. The request granted, he next called for pepper, salt and vinegar, and eat of the supposed poisonous fruit with a relish that astonished the beholders. After enjoying the strange repast he informed Mrs. K. that the fruit or vegetable was the tomato, or love-apple, and it would be found wholesome and nutritious. The seeds of the remaining tomatoes were carefully preserved and distributed among the friends and neighbors of the lady, and thus this now popular esculent was introduced into the ancient and goodly borough of York. For many years thereafter it was cultivated for an ornament rather than for table use, but by degrees its merits began to be more fully understood and appreciated, and there, as elsewhere, it grew into general public favor.

An Inland Sea Serpent.

The Bangor (Me.) Commercial says the sea serpent has appeared again. It was in the Machais Chain Lake, and Mr. E. Hall, of Calais, was the individual who met with the encounter. It was broad daylight, 11 o'clock a. m., the hour when he beheld the spectacle, and, of course, he cannot be mistaken. He and another logger were on the shore of the lake when the serpant came round the point at great speed, and, with its head six feet in the air, bore down upon them. When very close to Mr. Hall and his horror stricken companion, the monster, on account of shallow water or another cause, suddenly turned and went down the lake and through ike a steamboat, leaving a great wake behind. The serpent, according to Mr. Hall and his fellow witness, was as big round as a pork barrel, not less than fifty feet in length and measured at least two feet across the head. Immense scales covered his back, which at one time appeared above the water.

A Machine that Wouldn't Sell.

Recently a Nevada man invented a lying machine, and went around trying to sell 'em. The machine was warranted to trot out a first-class lie on any subject, at a moment's notice. But it didn't sell well. He took it to a horse trader. Said the trader; "Come, you, go out of this. I tell the truth in my business." The inventor presented it to a lawyer, but he also looked horror-stricken and offended. A fishing party looked hankering at it, but their language was to the effect that they abhorred untruth. A young man who was engaged to three different girls also felt indignant at the offer. At last the disheartened inventor tried an editor. The writer flew mad in a minute.

"You scoundrel," he cried, "do you mean to insult me?"

"No," tremblingly answered the poor man.

"Then what the blazes do you mean by offering me that thing?"

"Why, I—I thought you might occasionally want to use it in your business."

"You wretch, what do you take me for?"

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a liar! I don't for a minute think, sir, you could tell a lie!"

"That's it!" cried the editor, "that's what I'm mad about! You conceited ass, you think you're able to invent a machine that I can't lie all around, and that without an effort. I never was so insulted in all my life! Get!"—Boston Post.

Failure of the Oyster Crop.

Lovers of the delicious bivalve will be disappointed to know that the crop of the Lower Peninsula has been materially affected by the recent dry spell. While fair oysters are gathered at Orisfield, and the shipments from this point are extensive, the crop elsewhere is very poor. When the supply of fresh water from the streams emptying into the bays in which the oysters grow is small, as during the present fall, the bivalves suffer greatly, becoming so salty in flavor as to be in a degree unpalatable. Besides this, they do not appear to thrive, and are rarely found in well-fattened condition. At the fisheries this serious impediment to growth is partially repaired by the use of artificial means in the shape of monitors, or flats. The oysters are taken from the rock in their present unprofitable condition, spread upon these flats and taken to fresh water and sunk. Here they remain several days in these feeding grounds. When raised to the surface they are found to be fat, palatable and ready for shipment. Another ingenious plan to bring fullness to the most dyspeptic-looking of the crop is, upon being shucked, to place them in a barrel with twenty-five pounds of ice. The barrel can be fastened tightly and put on the cars. The ice in the barrel will last for several days, and by the time the Western dealer gets his consignment the lean and hungry bivalve will have consumed the ice and built upon this sustenance a full smooth and nutritious mouthful. The present rains are expected to have a marked effect upon the oyster and materially reduce the prevailing high prices.—Philadelphia Record.

A Blonde-Haired Mermaid.

Mermaid—A sea woman; a fabulous marine woman represented as having the head of a woman with the tail of a fish. So says the lexicographer, and as such has been considered by all who live in this enlightened age, notwithstanding the fact that frequent mention has been made of these semi-moral and semi-finny beings by the most ancient writers, sung by poets and painted in glowing colors for the amusement of little folks in fairy tales.

A real mermaid in this advanced stage of navigation ordinarily would find it difficult to keep from the sight of human beings, and up to some two months ago succeeded in evading capture, when a native fisherman, a resident of Aspinwall, captured one of these beings and successfully preserved it. This wonderful curiosity arrived in this city on the steamship Netley Abbey, now lying at the head of Josephine street, and though the curiosity of Captain Horne, the owner, a Times reporter was yesterday allowed to examine it. The lexicographer's definition fully covers the case, and all doubting individuals can call and see for themselves. The silky blonde hair on the head of this curiosity still remains; the features of the face are perfect even to the teeth, the arms are the same as human beings, with claws resembling an eagle's talons in place of the finger nails. From the waist up the resemblance to a human being is unmistakable, and from the waist down the body is exactly the same as an ordinary mullet, with scales, fins, and tail perfect. Captain Horne came into possession of this wonder through Mr. Grosh of the Boston Ice company, stationed in the city of Panama. Several scientist yesterday visited the ship and examined this curiosity. It is probable that the great Forepaugh menagerie will have the wonder added to its collections.—New Orleans Times

Hoffenstein on Kind Men.

"I vas dalking de odder day, Misder Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he hung up a bunch of shoes in front of the sdore, "mit a frent uf mine vat vas in pisness in de country und he tells me if I work mit him he will gif me an inderess in de sdore. Vat you dink uf it, Misder Hoffenstein?"

"Herman," replied Hoffenstein thoughtfully, "dat man vas shust endirely more kind den vas safe. Venefer you see a man dat vas dat way it vas dime vile he dalks for you to do some dinking und a blenty uf it. Herman, my poy, I hav been in dis vorld more den forty years longer as you und I dinks dat I knows a guple of dings. De more I lif de more I nefer got any gonfidence in dese men vat come und vant to help you in pisness. I haf suffered in dat vay, und if you dakes my advice I vill dell you something."

"Vat, vas it, Misder Hoffenstein?"

"Vell, it vas dis. Venefer you meet a man dink dat he vas a rasgal und a liar und don't stop dinking dot vay undil you find he vasn'd. Ven you find he vasn'd keep von eye on him shust de same. Von uf dose kind hearded fellows came to me vonce ven I vas doing pisness in de goundry near Vicksburg, und he says: 'Hoffenstein, I heard de oder day dot you bought von hundred sheep.' 'Yes, I got dem,' I says. 'Vell,' he says, 'I haf a big field mit nothing in it und you can haf it for a sheep bardure if you vant und it won'd cost you anyding.' I danks Vilson for his kindness, und I sends all my sheep out var his basdure vas. My gr-a-c-ious, Herman, vat you dink; a railroad runs along de middle uf de basdure, und at night my sheep sleeps on de drack und de drain comes und kills a dozen uf dem at vonce. Vilson, de tief, eads all de meat he vants und den sells mutton to de beople around for dwelve cents a pound. Venefer de drains go by at night Vilson gees out mid a nigger und a landern und bicks up de sheep vat I haf been killed, und de nex day he comes to my sdore und dells me dat dey vas dying mid de rot und I must rub der legs mid garbolic salve. Dink uf dat man Vilson, Herman, und keep vatching your frend. Do vad I say, dake my advice und you won'd lose noding by it."—N. O. Times.

Why Ireland Wears the Green.

In your note on the Order of St. Patrick in yesterday's issue of your paper you suggest that the existing blue ribbon should be changed for a green one, on the ground that such an alteration would be well received by Irishmen. Will you allow me to point out that this suggestion arises from a totally unfounded, though very common, belief that green is the national color of Ireland? The truth, however, is that green was never heard of as a national or party color until 1798 when the United Irishmen adopted it for the following reason: The ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, as now depicted or emblazoned in the Irish quarter, the third, of the royal standard, and the revolutionary leaders being anxious to unite all classes of Irishmen, being in that respect the exact converse of the present agitators, and to join the Orangemen to the rest of their fellow-countrymen adopted green as their distinguishing color, which is of course produced by mixing gold and blue. At the time, therefore of the institution of the Order of St. Patrick, in 1783, the only and undoubted national color was dark blue, and that would probably have been the color of ribbon, but that it had already been appropriated by the Order of the Garter, which was originally light blue, but had been altered by the Hanoverian monarchs to its present color to distinguish their knights from those whom the two pretenders continued to invest with the old light

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1881.

OUR PLATFORM.

Resolutions Adopted by the Conservative Convention.

Before the delegates from the various constituencies in Ontario had separated after the work of the Convention had been completed, the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously carried :

Resolved, that we recall with satisfaction the proceedings of the Convention of January, 1878, at which resolutions were adopted favoring a national policy for the protection and development of the agricultural, manufacturing and mining interests of the Dominion. The policy propounded in that Convention was embodied in the resolution moved in the House of Commons by Sir John Macdonald in the session of 1878. It was accepted by the people at the polls after an exhaustive discussion in the press, at public meetings and in Parliament, during which no portion or phrase of that policy was left unassailed or undefended. It was carried into effect by the legislation of 1879, and has since been vigorously maintained by the administrative action of the Government. The assembled delegates, therefore, desire, in the most earnest manner, to express their gratification at the promptitude and energy displayed by the Government in making the National Policy the law of the land, and in enforcing the provisions of such law in thorough fulfilment of the promises made to the people.

Resolved, that the progress of Canada since 1879 in population, enterprise and wealth, as evidenced by the extension and multiplication of industries, the expansion of trade, the increase of revenue, the advance in the value of Canadian securities, as well as the restored confidence in the resources and future of the Dominion, has been so great that the delegates feel justified in attributing the country's remarkable prosperity, in a large measure under a favoring Providence, to the timely adoption of a wise and well considered national policy.

Resolved, that the delegates desire to express their strong conviction that the continuance of this prosperity greatly depends on the perseverance of the fostering policy of 1879, and that its reversal, in whole or in part, would check enterprise, alarm capital, make Canada again a slaughter market for the productions, manufacturing and agricultural, of foreign countries, and greatly tend to cause a recurrence of the depression which so heavily weighed down the energies of the country for several years before the adoption of the present patriotic policy.

Resolved, that the courageous and successful policy of the Government with respect to the Pacific Railway meets with the hearty approval of this association, the contract entered into by them for the completion and working of the whole line, while less costly in its terms than that made in 1873, and much less burdensome than the terms offered by the late Government of 1877, secures the rapid construction of the railway and the early settlement of the North-West, and relieves the Government from the risk and responsibility of maintaining the line as a public work. At the same time, while the contract reserved to the administration supervision over the location of the line, and over the rates for the carriage of passengers and freights it provides abundant guarantees for the selection of the most advantageous route, and for the adoption of the tariff best calculated to direct the great stream of trade through Canadian channels to cities and seaports.

Resolved, that the financial condition of the Dominion is so eminently prosperous that the Convention desires to express its gratification at the departure of the dark days of deficits and the return to a period of surpluses. The maintenance of an ample revenue will raise the credit of the country and enable the Government to reduce the interest on the public debt, provide for the prosecution of public works required for the material advancement of the country, and will afford an opportunity for reducing taxation without lessening the protection now ensured by the tariff to the varied industries of the country.

Resolved, that this Convention, having recorded its full approval of the administrative policy which has been so largely instrumental in promoting the prosperity of the Dominion, pledges itself to support the present Government by every legitimate means whenever it may be called upon to appeal to the country.

Resolved, that the Convention regard with apprehension the continuing increase in the public expenditure which has taken place under the administration of the present Provincial Government, while the revenue of the Province has remained comparatively stationary, and is of opinion that by the exercise of great economy that the expenditure may be materially reduced; also view with strong disapprobation the centralizing policy of the Ontario Government in seizing upon appointments not previously in the gift of the executive, and using them for the purposes of their political aggrandizement, and are of opinion that policy is inimical to the best interests of the Province, and fraught with danger to the rights and liberties of the people. The Convention desires to express its warm sympathy with, and approval of the course pursued by the Opposition in the Provincial Legislature, under the able leadership of Mr. Meredith, and pledges itself to continued and hearty support.

Resolved, that this Convention heartily and thankfully rejoices at the restoration to health of Sir John Macdonald, leader of the Liberal-Conservative party, the ripe statesman who, with wisdom, patriotism and success, has mainly shaped the policy and guided the legislation of Canada for more than a quarter of a century, and this Convention fervently hopes, that his life, in undiminished usefulness, may long be spared to his country.

Resolved, that this Convention desires, before dissolving, to express its abiding conviction that it is of the utmost importance to the Dominion that its connection with Great Britain be maintained, and its belief that the advocates of independence, with its consequent annexation to the neighboring States, represent merely an insignificant minority.

Resolved, that this Convention recommend that the candidate of the Conservative party in each Riding be selected by delegates as pointed out on pages 6 and 7 of the pamphlet marked private, distributed at this Convention.

Commenting upon the late Conservative Convention at Toronto, the *Canadian Spectator*, a thoroughly independent journal, says :—"The Toronto Conservative Convention was a conspicuous success. Delegates were in abundance, and all the speakers were well up to the point of enthusiasm. It is quite possible that in all this Conservative confidence the Liberals have discovered their ideas about a speedy general election. Were the natural time at hand Sir John could hardly desire a better hour for asking another lease of power at the hands of the electors. The country is prosperous and satisfied. Whatever Free Trade may be theoretically, practically it did not suit the Canadians. But the party of Mr. Blake's is so bound to Free Trade, pure and simple, that to put them into office now would be nothing short of national disaster. The electors know this; therefore Sir John Macdonald is in no danger of losing his responsible position."

NUTS THAT THE OPPOSITION CAN'T CRACK.

Excerpts from Sir Leonard Tilley's Speech at the Conservative Banquet.

THE SURPLUS.

During last year we redeemed of debt maturing, bearing five and six per cent interest, $1,250,000. We expended in public works a little over $8,150,000—on the Pacific Railway, and canals, and surveys in the Northwest. That is the total payment during the year, outside the ordinary expenditure, of $80,000,000. I told you $4,150,000 was a surplus, $4,750,000 was deposite in the Post Office Savings Bank, over and above the sums withdrawn, and $1,500,000 was increased circulation, making ten and a half millions to meet ten millions; consequently, we had not to go to either England or the United States to borrow a shilling. (Applause.) It was met from the surplus earnings of the people—we paying them 4 per cent. on that amount, deposited where it is perfectly secure, and in that way encouraging the industry of our people. Let me also say that the amount we saved on the million and three quarters dollars of bonds redeemed nearly paid the interest on the money borrowed from these depositors to pay off these claims. The interest paid last year notwithstanding we expended eight and a quarter millions nearly on public works, is only a few thousand dollars in excess of what it was last year. You will understand what our position is, and while the people have been able out of their abundance, I may say, by their increased earnings and ability to purchase, to pay two millions more than was estimated by the Government;—have been able to pay $4,000,000 more than was required;—that money, used in the reduction of our debt, and in public works, has saved the people of this country for all time to come in future taxation $175,000,000, which they would have had to pay had they not had this surplus for the reduction of the public debt, and the payment of this liability. Instead of the people being unnecessarily taxed, they have, out of their superabundance I may say, from their very prosperous condition, been able to do this and practically reduce our debt to that extent. Let me say further, under the operation of this policy by which we have established a surplus, our credit has been placed on so firm a basis, the value of our securities has so advanced—though in 1878 they were four per cent. or five per cent. less than the most favored Australian securities—they stand to-day second to British consols, and one per cent. ahead, and with our credit thus established, what are we prepared to do in the next four years. We have forty millions of bonds falling due, which the Government may redeem. They bear five per cent. and six per cent. interest. We shall be able to redeem this liability at four per cent., and in that way save in annual interest an amount equal to the interest on one-half the subsidy we are giving to the Syndicate for the construction of the Pacific Railway; and what is more, $4,000,000 of surplus for last year, with $5,000,000, I may say with certainty, in the present year, judging from what we have received up to the present moment, with the handsome surplus we may clearly look for the year after, notwithstanding there may be reductions in taxation during next session, these make 12½ millions of the $25,000,000 we are to pay the Syndicate. Consequently, when 1885 arrives we shall have reached the summit of expenditure for interest account, though the Pacific Railway will not have been entirely completed at that time. Let me here say when the road is completed under the operation of the present financial arrangement, we shall pay but $6,000,000 more interest than we are paying during the present year. This shows I think, pretty clearly that as far as our financial policy is concerned, it is sound and satisfactory. While our friends are expressing their great indignation at our large surplus, they would have considered it one of the happiest things that could possibly have occurred if they had half or quarter the amount.

THE SUGAR MONOPOLY.

Mr. Blake says we are oppressing the people, and illustrates the unfair operation of the tariff by the duty on sugar, when speaking at Toronto, and while in the Maritime Provinces, by the duty upon woollen and cotton goods. What does he say about sugar? He says that the iniquitous sugar tariff deprived us of $600,000 of revenue during the last year, and taxed the people $600,000 more in the increased cost of the article. I am prepared to state now, and have been since the close of the last fiscal year, that so far from this being the case, the revenue received from sugar during the fiscal year ending in June last was a little in excess of the revenue which would have been received under Sir Richard Cartwright's tariff. Once more, I am prepared to prove that the sugar consumed by the people of Canada—refined in the Dominion of Canada by our own labor, by our own capital, and by our own people—has been sold, and is sold, cheaper to-day than it would have been had Sir Richard Cartwright's tariff been in operation. That being the case, of course the whole difficulty is solved, and therefore you hear only little at the present time about the effect of the tariff on sugar. In the year 1877-8 something like $5,000,000 and upwards was sent out of the country for sugar; while during the last year it amounted to certainly $1,000,000 less. That $1,060,000 has been expended in the Dominion of Canada, and has employed 800 workmen in the refineries, and with the families of these workmen it practically supports 3,000 of a population, to say nothing of the men engaged in making barrels, or the impetus that has been given the coal interests in Nova Scotia. Another benefit resulting from the sugar tariff is that the sugar which was formerly brought through the United States is now imported directly from the West Indies. If the present tariff is attended at the point of the sugar tax, it will stand as firm as a rock. (Cheers).

WOOLLEN AND COTTON GOODS.

Then as to the question of our woollen and cotton goods, which formed the burden of Mr. Blake's lamentations while in the Maritime Provinces. We assert that so far as the manufactures of the Dominion of Canada are concerned, they are producing as good an article as they produced before the tariff was changed, and in some cases better, and I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that they are selling those articles to the poor and to the rich cheaper than they sold them before the National Policy came into operation. Under these circumstances I really wonder what our opponents have to make a grievance of; and I may state that Mr. Blake's mission to the Maritime Provinces, though he seems to view it with satisfaction, has been somewhat different in its results from what he fancies. Impartial men in those provinces have given in their adhesion to our party, and admitted that the argument was with us. (Cheers.) I do not hesitate to say that our position in the Maritime Provinces is better to day than it was before Mr. Blake visited them. We have no objection to him going again. (Cheers and laughter.) The people in those provinces gave him, as they give to every prominent man from any part of Canada, a fair and patient hearing, but we have confidence in our policy, and wish it to be freely and fully discussed, and when there is such a discussion of it we have no doubt as to the result.

THE TEA DUTIES.

I must say I was a little surprised when Mr. Blake attacked the tariff and contended that it bore oppressively on the poor man on account of the specific duties which are imposed, when his party while in power imposed a specific duty upon tea, which was ten times as objectionable. Suppose his statements as to these coarse goods were correct, nothing could be more indefensible than the imposition of a pecific duty of 30 per cent. upon the poor man's tea, and only 10 per cent. on that of the rich man, which was the case under their tariff. Gentlemen, we indicated last session that we proposed to reduce the taxation, and to make some alterations in the tariff if it continued to yield as it was doing, and to prove that this tariff is not only a protective but also a revenue one, when we found it was yielding substantially more than was required by the Government, we felt it would be our duty to do as we did in 1871 and to ask the removal of the duty on tea and coffee. It will be seen that we are in a position to do this when I tell you that the surplus has gone up to perhaps $5,000,000 during the present year, and that when Parliament meets we will be able to provide abundantly for all expenditures and for the liabilities that are coming upon us in the future, and at the same time to reduce the taxation borne by the masses of the people on such articles as are used by every man, woman and child in the country, without in the least degree affecting the policy that we have adopted. (Great cheering.)

RAILWAY MEETING AT BRUSSELS.

A large representative meeting of delegates interested in the extension of the Credit Valley from Elora *via* Listowel, Brussels, Blyth to Goderich, was held at Brussels on Tuesday evening. Nearly every municipality along the proposed line was largely represented by mayors, reeves, and influential business men. Among those present were :—From Goderich, H. Horton, Mayor; A. M. Ross, M. P. P.; T. Johnston, Reeve; A. McKenzie, D. McGillicuddy, N. V. Mitchell; from Blyth, W. Clegg, Reeve; D. B. McKibbon, C. Hamilton, Jos. Carter, D. Ernen; from Morris township, J. McCrean, Geo. Forsyth, Reeve; W. G. Hingston; from the township of Grey, Thos. Strachan, Reeve; Uriah McFadden, D. Dobson, J. Hyslop, Alex. Stewart; from Listowel, T. E. Hay, Mayor; D. D. Hay, M. P. P.; J. W. Scott, D. D. Campbell, W. G. Hay, W. Forbes, A. F. Clinne; from Millbank and East, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Johnston, Dr. Vardon, J. Hayes, J. G. Ryner, Alex. Bennett, John Peppler, Conrad Heimbrich; from St. Jacobs, J. B. Snyder, R. Y. Fish. The following resolution was moved by J. Leckie, seconded by Dr. Varden, of Wellesley, and carried :—"That this meeting is largely of opinion that an extension of the Credit Valley Railway from Elora to Goderich, of great importance in the interest of the country, and pledge themselves to an earnest promotion of the object. That a delegation be at once arranged along the proposed line to interview the Credit Valley Railway Company in respect to the project. That the said delegates be authorized to ascertain as to whether the said directors would prefer an extension of a line from Woodstock to Goderich or from Elora to Goderich, and on what terms in respect to bonuses, and which connection they will be prepared to encourage, the Goderich delegates by consent not approving or disapproving of the motion until it is decided which route the Company will adopt." It was moved by W. G. Hay, of Listowel, seconded by E. E. Wade, of Brussels, "That a committee consisting of J. Leckie, T. E. Hay, J. W. Scott, D. D. Campbell, W. Clegg, C. Hamilton, Dr. Holmes, Dr. Varden, F. C. Rogers and E. E. Wade, be appointed to arrange a delegation and an interview with the Credit Valley Railway Company." At the adjournment of the meeting the above Committee met and arranged for a delegation to go to Toronto. It was decided that after the Credit Valley Company appointed a day upon which they could receive a deputation, each municipalty interested would appoint its delegate.

ELLICE.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—A terrible and heartrending accident happened in this township on Friday evening last. A little child, aged six years and nine months, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo Goetz, was burned to death under the following circumstances: Mr. Goetz was at a neighbor's assisting to thresh, and Mrs. Goetz went out for a moment to see how the hired girl was getting on with her chores at the cow stable. When about to return to the house, her steps were hurried by the cries of her little son who was calling in vigorous and affrighted tones for her to come. As quickly as possible she reached the house, and was horrified to discover the little girl above mentioned in flames, her clothes having caught fire while she was attempting to replenish the waning fire. Mrs. Goetz immediately sent for Dr. Eby, but his efforts to save the little sufferer were of no avail, and after suffering excruciating agony for some time her little life went out. The burns entirely covered the little girl's body. Mr. and Mrs. Goetz have the sympathy of the whole neighborhood in this sad affliction.

ELMA.

Mr. Richard Moore has sold his two farms on the 6th con. Mr. Jno. Graham, who recently sold his farm on the 8th con., is the purchaser of the first 100 acres at $5,000, and Mr. Robt. Dunn has bought the second 100 for $4,000. Mr. Moore intends going to the Northwest.

SHEEP KILLED.—One night last week Messrs. M. Harvey and A. Simpson had the misfortune to have a number of valuable sheep killed by dogs. The animals were well bred, and their destruction has entailed a heavy loss upon these gentlemen.

Various rumors are afloat in reference to the approaching municipal elections. Our popular reeve, Mr. Knox, will probably offer himself for reelection and will no doubt be granted another term of office. The name of Mr. Whitfield McCormick is mentioned as a probable candidate for the Deputy Reeveship. For Councillors there is promise of a good batch of candidates.

S. Grant, of Ingersoll, bought the September cheese of the Elma factory for $3647.43—13¼ cents per pound.

HOWICK.

The funeral of Dr. McMichael occurred on Saturday morning last, the procession being escorted by the Oddfellows, the Forresters and Orangemen, besides a large number of friends from Gorrie and other places. The remains were buried in Seaforth by the Oddfellows of that place, assisted by the Gorrie and other lodges.

The following are the names of those chosen to represent the township of Howick at the Conservative meeting to be held in Wingham in December: Jas. Spance, S. Johnston, E. Phair, G. Henry, J. Foster, C. Wilson, P. Keating, J. Strong J. Leech, T. R. Gilpin, E. Sparling, Jos. Mahood, B. S. Cook, Geo. Strong, J. Croskery, and J. W. Green.

On Tuesday last the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McClelland was celebrated at their home a few miles south of Fordwich. Between thirty-five and forty of their children and grandchildren gathered around them on the occasion, and the minister who had performed the marriage ceremony for them fifty years ago, was also present. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, during the course of which some substantial tokens of love were given the old folks by their children.—*Enterprise.*

A Good Thing to Know.

Professor Herman, the wonderful magician, known throughout the world for his skill, used St. Jacob's Oil for a severe attack of rheumatism in the shoulder, and was cured by it. He considers St. Jacabs Oil a valuable preparation.

Given Away.

We cannot help but notice the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at J. H. Michener's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle *free of cost*, if you are suffering from Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. It will positively cure you.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Wm. Rutherford, jr., storekeeper at Millbank, is down with typhoid.

Save 2 cts. a loaf by buying your bread at H. D. Murray's.

Gents for your Shirts, Collars, Cuffs Ties or a stylish Hat go to the Glasgow House.

Wesley Nichol, of Palmerston, who eloped with his servant girl, has returned from Detroit with his wife.

For a good suit of Clothes either Ready made or Ordered at prices to astonish you go to the Glasgow House.

A tramp stole a number of articles from Millbank people, among them being a watch belonging to Mr. Davidson.

12 cts. a loaf—the cheapest and best bread in town—at H. D. Murray's bakery.

CAR load Standard White AMERICAN COAL OIL at Hacking's. Call and get price and sample gallon. You will be sure to like it. 43

Woodstock has been selected as the scene of the next annual Convention of the Western Ontario Dairymen's Association.

"There was a sound of revelry by night." And joy unmixed had added its delight. And history graved its grateful record when The Esterbrook's brought out their Falcon Pen.

H. D. Murray sells his bread at 12cts. a loaf, notwithstanding the late rise in the price of flour, and he continues to take the lead for excellent bread.

The Bank of Prince Edward Island has suspended, largely owing to overdrawn and bad accounts. Affairs are said to be in a bad state. The cashier has disappeared.

MANTLE MAKING.—We are now showing a large stock of mantle cloths, ornaments and trimmings. We are also prepared to cut or make mantles to order. Our stock of ready made mantles is large and prices low. Sign of 77, ROY, MCDONALD & Co

For a beautiful pair of Ladies Kid boots and Slippers or Goat Boots go to the Glasgow House.

The *Times* claims that St. Thomas is the most economically officered city in Canada. Its officials receive an annual income of $4,930, distributed as follows:—Police Magistrate, $1,200; City Clerk, $600; Treasurer, $350; Assessor-Collector $400; police force, chief-sergeant, and two men, $1,750; engineer, $400; auditors $30; sanitary inspector, &c., say $200.

"Must say it's the nicest thing I ever used for the teeth and breath," says everyone having tried "TRABERRY," the new toilet gem. Get a 5 ct. sample.

TO THE LADIES.—Our stock of Millinery is now fully assorted, and we respectfully invite you to call and have a look through our Show Room. We have some very stylish goods, and you will find our prices moderate. Sign of 77, ROY, MCDONALD & Co.

The Manchester *Guardian* announces that the presence of Lord Lorne in this country, and the long absence from ill-health and other causes that Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise has been obliged to make from Canada, has given rise to rumors that Lord Lorne will not return as Governor. There is no foundation for any such reports. It is understood that Lord Lorne's intention and desire is to serve his full term of office.

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

QUADRUPLEX TELEGRAPHY.—Mr. H. P. Dwight, general manager, has secured several sets of the quadruplex instruments for the use of the Great Northwestern Telegraph company. These instruments are now at work in the offices of the company in Toronto, and at Montreal. By the quadruplex four messages can be transmitted at once over a single wire, two coming in and two going out. This invention is of an immense value on routes where there is sufficient business to keep them employed.

Worthy of Praise.

As a rule we do not recommend Patent Medicines, but when we know of one that really is a public benefactor, and does positively cure, then we consider it our duty to impart that information to all. Electric Bitters are truly a most valuable medicine, and will surely cure Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, even where all other remedies fail. We know whereof we speak, and can freely recommend them to all.—*Exch.*—Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. H. Michener.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Sure relief The weak and enervated suffer severely from nervous affections when storms or electric disturbances agitate the atmosphere. Neuralgia, gouty pangs, and flying pains, very distressing to a delicate system, must readily remove by rubbing this Ointment upon the affected part after it has been fomented with warm water. The Pills, taken occasionally in the doses prescribed by the instructions, keep the digestion in order, excite a free flow of healthy bile, and regenerate the impoverished blood with richer materials resulting from thoroughly assimilated food—wanting which, the strongest must inevitably soon sink into feebleness and the delicate find it difficult to maintain existence. Holloway's Ointment and Pills are infallible remedies.

SEE TO IT! ZOPESA, (from Brazil) will cure the worst case of Dyspepsia. A single dose will relieve in a degree that shows its wonderful curative powers, and its peculiar action upon the Stomach and Digestive Organs. It is a positive and absolute cure for Costiveness and Constipation, acting in a remarkable way upon the system, carrying off impurities. As a LIVER REGULATOR its action are most remarkable. It tones and stimulates the Liver to action, it corrects the acids and regulates the bowels. A few doses will surprise you. Sample bottles 10 cts., at J. Livingstone's drug store.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—9y.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE is an unfailing food for the Brain and Nerves, and by its rejuvenating effects on these organs never fails to cure nervous exhaustion and all weaknesses of the generative organs. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

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

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

Decline of Man.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, and all diseases caused by indiscretions and abuse, are radically and promptly cured by the use of Mack's Magnetic Medicine which is for sale by all responsible druggists. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

Bucklen's Arnica Slave.

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

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Reader,—Dear Sir:—I would be very glad to get your measure for a suit of clothes. I do a large trade in this line. I have a first-class Cutter, and will guarantee a good fit to all who will kindly favor me with their orders. My stocks of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Worsted goods, &c., were never better than now, and the prices will be found as reasonable as any in the County. Please give me a call when you require clothing, or anything else in General Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., and everything in our power will be done to make the deal pleasant and satisfactory. GIVE ME A CALL, *and in the meantime, I am,*

Yours respectfully,
JOHN RIGGS.

DAIRY MARKETS.

London, Nov. 28.—The last cheese market of the season was held in the City Hall on Saturday last, when fourteen factories registered their cheese—7,623 boxes. The Liverpool cable for summer cheese advanced one shilling during the day, but on the whole the demand was much weaker than on the previous Saturday, and few transactions were reported. Sales were made of 300 boxes at 11¼ and 658 at 12c. Total sales, 958 boxes.

Little Falls, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The market was more active. Sales—Factory cheese, 6,500 boxes at 10½c to 12c; the bulk at 11½c; sales 550 boxes farm cheese, 10c to 11½c. 100 packages of butter sold at 28c to 32c.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 28.—Two thousand boxes of cheese were sold to-day at 10c to 11½c; leading price 11c; 1,500 consigned.

THE CANDIDATE.

Father, who travels the road so late?
Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;
Fit example of human woe—
Early he comes and late he goes.
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work.
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith, while his anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the working man.

Brothers who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate;
What is his record? How does he stand
At home; no matter about his land,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—he is our man,
Greet such a one as the welkin rings.
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:
Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can.
The horny hand of the working man.

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

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

	December 1, 1881.
Wheat, fall, Treadwell per bush.,	1 20 to 1 22
Clawson	1 23 1 25
Spring Wheat, "	1 22 1 25
Barley, "	0 65 0 75
Peas, "	0 70 0 72
Oats, "	0 37 0 38
Flour, per brrl.,	6 00 6 00
Oatmeal, "	2 75 3 00
Cornmeal, "	2 00 2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 18 0 20
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18 0 20
Potatoes, per bag,	0 70 0 75
Apples, per bag,	0 75 1 00
Wood, long,	2 50 2 75
Wood, short,	1 10 1 25
Hides, per cwt.,	7 00 8 00
Sheepskins	0 60 1 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 00 0 07
Turkeys, per lb,	0 00 0 05
Geese, " "	0 00 0 25
Chickens, per pair,	0 00 0 00
Pork, cwt.,	6 50 7 00
Hay, per ton,	10 00 12 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS

	December 1, 1881.
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 22 to 1 25
Wheat, spring, "	1 22 1 28
Barley, "	0 78 0 80
Peas, "	0 75 0 80
Oats, "	0 44 0 46
Rye, "	0 00 0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	7 00 7 25
Beef, hind "	5 50 6 00
Mutton, by carcase "	5 50 7 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 24 0 26
Butter, large rolls,	0 00 0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 20 0 21
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 24 0 26
Potatoes, per bag	0 85 0 90
Hay, per ton	9 00 14 00
Wool, "	0 23 0 24

GUELPH.

	December 1, 1881.
White wheat	$ 1 24 to 1 25
Trendwell	1 24 to 1 26
Spring wheat (Glasgow)	1 24 to 1 26
Red chaff	1 23 to 1 24
Oats	0 38 to 0 40
Peas	0 75 to 0 82
Barley	0 75 to 0 85
Eggs, per dozen	0 18 to 0 20
Butter, dairy packed	0 16 to 0 18
Butter, rolls	0 20 to 0 26
Potatoes, per bag	0 80 to 0 90
Wool, per load	3 50 to 4 50
Hay, per ton	11 00 to 13 00
Wool, per lb	0 23 to 0 25

STRATFORD.

	December 1, 1881.
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	$1 25 to 1 28
Wheat, spring, "	1 28 1 30
Barley, "	0 60 0 80
Oats, "	0 40 0 41
Peas, "	0 75 0 76
Flour, per brl	6 50 7 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 75 0 80
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 20 0 22
Eggs, per dozen,	0 18 0 19
Hides, per cwt.,	8 00 8 50
Hay, per ton,	9 50 10 00
Wood, per cord.,	3 00 4 50
Wool per lb.,	0 24 0 25

PALMERSTON.

	December 1, 1881.
Fall Wheat, per bush	$1 20 1 20
Spring Wheat, "	1 20 1 20
Flour, per cwt,	3 10 3 25
Barley, per bush	0 70 0 75
Peas, "	0 70 0 73
Oats, "	0 36 0 37½
Hay, per ton,	6 00 8 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 60 0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 18 0 20
Eggs, per doz.	0 03 0 18
Pork, per cwt.	0 00 0 00
Cordwood, per cord,	2 50 3 00
Wool, per lb.,	0 21 0 21

NORMAN'S Electric Belt Institution,

No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure

ASTHMA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LUMBAGO,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
INDIGESTION,
RHEUMATISM,
SWELLINGS,
INJURIES,
NEURALGIA, ETC.,

And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.

Medicated and other baths always ready for ladies and gentlemen.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

STEER ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, lot 7, 1st con. of Maryborough, about the 1st of November, a red and white steer, about a year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and remove the animal.

P. C. SKELLY.

Tralee, Nov. 28, 1881. 47c.

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

FOR SALE.

A thoroughbred Suffolk Boar Pig, about 3 mos. old; also a Leicester Ram Lamb. Apply to—

D. D. CAMPBELL.

Listowel, Nov. 8, 1881. 44.

DEXTER LIVERY STABLE.

The subscriber has opened a new livery stable in Listowel, in R. R. Hay's old stand on Dodd Street. It will be known as the "Dexter" stables, and is the place to hire good horses and first-class rigs. A number of new wagons and buggies on hand for sale, and will be sold cheap.

JAMES LOWRY.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE!

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS

Terms to suit buyers.

16. GEORGE DRAPER.

FARM FOR SALE.

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

NATHANIEL HARRIS.

Listowel, P. O., Oct. 29, 1880. 30.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

The Examination for admission to

THE LISTOWEL HIGH SCHOOL,

Will be held in the High School,

On Wednesday and Thursday, December 21st and 22nd,

Commencing at the hour of nine in the morning of each day. Candidates must notify A. B. McCallum, Esq., M. A., Head Master of the High School, not later than the 1st of December, of their intention to present themselves for examination.

DAVID P. CLAPP, B. A.,
Town Inspector.

Listowel, Nov. 15th, 1881. 45o.

STATE LINE!

Lowest Through Rates to EUROPE

Ocean and Inland Combined.

The elegant Steamers of this Line sail from NEW YORK

EVERY THURSDAY,

—FOR—

Glasgow, Liverpool, and Belfast

Passage.—Cabin, $60 to $75. Return tickets, $110 to $130. Second Cabin (everything furnished), $40. Return tickets, $75; Steerage at lowest rates.

Tickets Good for One Year.

Passengers going to the old country or parties wishing to bring out friends will find it to their interest to call on

J. LIVINGSTONE, jr.,
AGENT AT LISTOWEL. 15.

ST JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA

—FOR—

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

And for Purifying the Blood.

It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all diseases that arise from a disordered Liver or impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottes for five dollars. 48F.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.

CIGARS in endless variety and at prices that will suit the times, at D. W. PALMER & CO'S. Hotel Keepers purchasing Cigars will do well to give us a trial. 18

Mack's Magnetic Medicine

Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage,

SEE

BRISBIN'S

STOCK

—OF—

CLOCKS, WATCHES,
GOLD JEWELLERY,
CHAINS AND RINGS,
PLATED WARE,
SPOONS, KNIVES,
FORKS, BOOKS,
BIBLES, ALBUMS,
PICTURE FRAMES,
VASES, STATIONERY,
TOYS, FANCY GOODS

38 DIFFERENT KINDS CARD CASES.

OVER 2,000 DOLLS, ALL SIZES.

LARGEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES.

OPENING TO-DAY

CONTENTS OF TEN CASES imported direct from New York. Call and see the

GREATEST SHOW OF NEW NOVELTIES WEST OF TORONTO.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

FROM TWO CENTS TO $1 EACH.

J. W. BRISBIN,
WALLACE ST., LISTOWEL.

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1881.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

If you wish to sell your holiday goods you must advertise them.

If you want a good Watch, buy from Brisbin and save money.

THE Court of General Sessions for Perth opens at Stratford on the 13th inst.

Try Brisbin for Gold Rings, Chains, Guards, Earings and Brooches. Brisbin sells cheap.

MME. ELEANOR GEORGEN is annonnced to give a literary entertainment in Listowel on the 13th inst.

Smoke Old Chum cut plug; for sale at Kay's tobacco store.

MR. J. B. PINKERTON, late operator at the G.W.R. depot, now holds the position of operator at the G. T. R. depot in this town.

Brisbin sells plated ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons very cheap.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Adam Davidson, successor to D. W. Palmer & Co. Mr. Davidson is offering special inducements in teas, canned goods and other lines. Give him a call.

For fine cut chewing, U. S. A. is the best; for sale at Kay's tobacco store.

THE Gas Co. are extending their pipes along Dodd street to the residences of Mr. J. W. Brisbin and Mr. J. C. Hay; also along Raglan street to the Congregational Church, the gas being about to be introduced into each of these places.

Waltham Watches, full stock, lowest prices ever offered in Listowel, at Brisbin's.

Largest stock of celebrated French case pipes at Kay's tobacco store.

COUNCIL meets on Monday evening next. This being the last regular meeting of the year, considerable business will probably be got through with. Parties having accounts against the corporation are requested to present them.

A large stock of the celebrated carbonized brier pipes, for sale at Kay's tobacco store.

THE RINK.—We understand that Mr. Jas. Hay has leased the skating and curling rink, and that it will be conducted under his management this winter. Owing to the thaw, the opening of the rink has been postponed for the present.

For the finest brands of imported Havana cigars, go to Kay's tobacco store.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES will be held in Knox Church on Sabbath, 18th inst. Rev. P. Wright, of Stratford, will preach special services morning and evening. On Monday evening following it is proposed to hold the annual soiree, of which further notice will be given.

If you want a good and durable pipe, buy the celebrated celluloid mouth-piece; for sale at Kay's tobacco store.

TRACK laying on the S. & H. Ry. is now finished to Wiarton, the construction train having reached that village on Monday. It is somewhat doubtful, however, that the road will be opened for traffic farther north than Chesley before spring, as the road has yet to be ballasted.

For all the leading brands of plug smoking go to Kay's tobacco store.

MR. J. B. LOREE has accepted an agency for a very useful work in the household, entitled "The Complete Home Enclopædia of Domestic Life and Affairs," being a volume of practical experiences, popularly illustrated, by Mr. J. McNair Wright. Mr. Loree is now canvassing the town for subscribers for the work.

MASONIC.—At the annual meeting of Bernard Lodge, No. 214, A. F. & A. M., held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. M., Bro. Wm. Forbes; S. W., Bro. T. G. Fennell; J. W., Bro. A. M. Morrow; Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Bell; Treasurer, Bro. J. W. Scott; Secretary, Bro. Wm. Spears.

MEN is again "trumps" the indian summer like weather which set in on Monday having caused the snow to vanish in a very short time. The disappearance of "the beautiful" is much regreted, especially by our merchants, who, during the little while that it lasted; were kept as busy as bees. A return of genuine winter would be appreciated much better than the present unseasonable weather.

WE regret to hear that our townsman, Mr. F. E. Gibbs, has been confined to his bed during the past two or three days suffering from an attack of pleurisy. We trust that he will speedily recover. Mr. James Lee, another respected townsman, has been laid up for nearly a fortnight with erysipelas. We are glad to learn that he is now improving, and hope that he will soon be able to be about again.

MISSIONARY SERMONS.—The annual missionary sermons in behalf of the Primitive Methodist Church will be preached in this town on Sabbath morning and evening, Dec. 4th, by the Rev. G. Stilwell. Public missionary meeting on Monday evening, Dec. 5th, to be addressed by Revds. J. Markham, of Wingham, and G. Stilwell. Special collections in aid of mission at each service.

DR. BURNS' LECTURE.—Our citizens are reminded of the lecture, subject, "Faith and Free Thought," to be delivered by Rev. Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, in the C. M. Church this evening. The lecture is said to be an able effort, and coming from a gentleman who is accredited with holding advanced views on theological topics, it will have a special interest. Dr. Rossvally will also be present, and will sing in the Hebrew language.

FIRE ALARM.—Quite a little excitement was caused on Wednesday through an alarm of fire being sounded and a dense mass of black smoke being observed rising from the rear of one of the principal blocks in town. A large kettle of tar, which was being melted for pitching the roof of Mr. J. A. Hacking's drug store, was the cause of the disturbance. The tar having accidentally caught fire, the burning stuff spread over the ground for some distance, sending up a great cloud of smoke. It was extinguished, however, without any other consequence than the loss of about a barrel of tar.

CALEDONIAN CONCERT.—The anniversary of Scotland's patron saint will be celebrated by the Caledonian Society of this town with a musical entertainment in the Osborne hall this evening. The programme, which will be found in our advertising columns, contains the names of several talented vocalists. The presence of Mrs. Barnes will, we are sure, give great pleasure to our citizens, with whom she is a great favorite. Mr. Dromgole's musical talents are also highly appreciated here. The entertainment promises to be quite up to the musical treats given under the auspices of the Caledonians in former years.

DR. ROSSVALLY, converted Jew, attracted very large congregations to hear his discourses in the M.E. Church on Sunday last. The lectures of Jewish Rights and Ceremonies, delivered by him on Monday and Tuesday evening, also drew together very good audiences. The Dr's. conversion from Judaeism and the subsequent persecutions it brought upon him, as told by himself, elicited much sympathy from his hearers. His lectures on the rights and ceremonies of the Jews were highly interesting. Before and after each of the lectures the Dr. and his daughter entertained his audience by singing a number of sacred melodies in the Hebrew, German and English languages.

The largest assortment of plug chewing tobacco at Kay's tobacco store.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—The aniversary Missionary services held in Christ Church on Sunday last were well attended. Special missionary sermons were preached morning and evening by Rev. W. F. Campbell, missionary agent of the Diocese, the discourses being highly instructive. Mr. Campbell made a very able appeal in behalf of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, and also of the Church in the Northwest. The Rev. gentleman impressed upon his hearers in earnest and eloquent words the claims which these immense domestic mission fields had upon the Church in the older settled parts of Canada. Liberal collections were taken up at the close of each service.

Cut smoking tobaccos—Dominion, Standard, Prince Arthur, Old Virginia, V. T. C., Gold Flake, Choice Durham and Windsor Mixture; for sale at Kay's tobacco store.

RAILWAY MEETING.—A meeting of the leading citizens of the town was held in the town hall on Saturday evening last to discuss the proposed extension of the Credit Valley Railway from Elora to Goderich, in so far as it would be liable to affect the interests of this town. The Mayor acted as chairman of the meeting. Messrs. D. D. Hay, D. D. Campbell, J. W. Scott and others addressed the meeting, the remarks of these gentlemen being in effect, that the Credit Valley having become a "Syndicate road," its permanency is established; that there is danger of the Great Western and Grand Trunk Companies amalgamating; that if the Credit Valley is extended from Elora to Goderich it would be inimical to the interests of this town should it take any other route than *via* Listowel; and that in the event of it being constructed this town should be prepared to offer the Company a liberal bonus to bring the road here. The following resolution was submitted to the meeting, and carried. Moved by D. D. Campbell, seconded by W. G. Hay, and resolved, that this town will be prepared to give a liberal bonus and offer a profitable trade to the C. V. R. extension from Elora to Goderich, and that a copy of the resolution be promptly forwarded to the Directors of the C. V. R. Company. An influential Committee was appointed to cooperate and correspond with the various towns and municipalities along the proposed line with a view to the promotion of the scheme. A delegation was also named to attend the railway meeting at Brussels on Tuesday evening, a report of which is to be found in another column.

MUNICIPAL.—Ye candidate for municipal honors is already becoming quite numerous in town, notwithstanding that election day is a full month distant. There is every prospect of an exceedingly keen contest for the seats at the Council Board for 1882. With the exception of the Mayoralty, for which office the present incumbent is the only person as yet mentioned as a candidate, all the seats at the Board are likely to be contested. Mr. D. D. Campbell has consented to again offer himself as a candidate for the Reeveship, and as Mr. J. A. Hacking is in the field for re-election, a vigorous pull for the goal is more than probable. For the Deputy Reeveship, our enterprising townsman, Mr. George Hess, is a candidate for re-election. The electors acknowledged their appreciation of the enterprising firm of which Mr. Hess is a member by returning that gentleman last year by acclamation. This year he is offered opposition in the person of Mr. R. Ferguson, who, we understand, is in the field. So far the candidates for Council honors are understood to be as follows: West Ward—Messrs. John Binning, D. B. Dingman, Robt. Woods, E. B. Sutherland, W. G. Hay and Jonathan Thomlinson. Centre Ward—Messrs. F. E. Gibbs, T. G. Fennell, Jno. Riggs, J. P. Newman, and H. Heppler. The names of two or three other gentlemen have also been mentioned as candidates for the Centre, but whether any or all of them will respond to the solicitation of a "large number of the ratepayers," appears to be uncertain. In the East Ward the candidates annnounced are Messrs A. S. Deavitt, W. McKinney and B. F. Brook. The names of Messrs. J. W. Scott, Alex. McDonald, Peter Lillico and others are also mentioned.

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

BIRTHS.

ARMSTRONG—In Listowel, on 1st Dec., the wife of Mr. James Armstrong, grocer, of a son.

FENNELL—In Listowel, on the 24th ult, the wife of T. G. Fennell, Esq., of a son.

BRICKER—In Listowel, on 27th ult., the wife of Mr. Bricker, merchant, of a son.

DEATHS.

McKee—In Elma, on the 27th ult., Margaret McKee, aged 6 years.

HARVEY—In Carthage, on the 28th ult., Ellen Harvey, aged 7 years, 2 months, 29 days.

CALEDONIAN CONCERT!

OSBORNE'S HALL, LISTOWEL.

Friday Evening, December 2nd, 1881.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—INSTRUMENTAL.....Overture to Tancredi.....*Rossini.*
MISSES BELL.
2—SOLO.....The March of the Cameron Men.
MR. JOHN DROMGOLE.
3—SOLO.....The Flower Girl.....*Beirgnani*
MISS TILLA BRICKER.
4—SOLO.....Caller Herrin.....
MRS. JOS. H. BARNES.
5—SOLO....Thou Bonnie Woods o' Craigie Lea
MR. GEO. HAMILTON.
6—DUET....I heard a Voice in the tranquil night.....*Glover.*
MISSES BRICKER.

PART II.

1—INSTRUMENTAL.....Galop Brill'ante.....
.....*Sponholtz.*
MISSES BRICKER.
2—SOLO.....Within a mile o' Edinboro Toun.
MRS. JOS. H. BARNES.
3—SOLO.....Scotland Yet.....
MR. JOHN DROMGOLE.
4—SOLO.....Waltz Song.....*Menz.*
MISS KATE BRICKER.
4—DUET.....The Gipsy Countess.... *Glover.*
MISS WILSON AND MR. C. W. BARKER.
6—SOLO.....The Kerry Dance.....
Mr. Jos. H. BARNES.
7—The Bard's Poem.....REV. W. F. CLARKE.
Auld Lang Syne.

Accompanyist.....MISS BELLA MCKENZIE.
Chairman.....D. D. CAMPBELL, Esq.

Tickets, 25c. Reserved seats, 35c.
Concert Commences at eight o'clock.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1882.

THE REEVESHIP.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWN OF LISTOWEL:

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the undersigned, as candidate for the Reeveship of the town for 1882.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
D. D. CAMPBELL.

Listowel, Dec. 1, 1881. 47.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS, 1882.

THE REEVESHIP.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWN OF LISTOWEL:

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the undersigned, as candidate for the Reeveship of the town for 1882.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
J. A. HACKING.

Listowel, Dec. 1, 1881. 47.

THE DEPUTY REEVESHIP,

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

GENTLEMEN: In response to the request of a large number of the rate payers of the town, I have consented to again offer myself as a candidate for the Deputy Reeveship. Should I be elected, I shall endeavor to further the interests of the town to the best of my ability. Heartily thanking you for the confidence which you reposed in me by electing me by acclamation last year, I trust that my course has been such as to warrant a continuance of your highly esteemed confidence. I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE HESS.

Listowel, Nov. 23, 1881. 46

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WEST WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to the request of a large number of ratepayers, I have consented to allow myself to be placed in nomination as a candidate for the office of Councillor for the West Ward for the year 1882. Should I be elected, I will endeavor to further the interests of the Ward and of the Town, to the best of my ability.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
ROBT. WOODS.

Listowel, Nov. 29, 1881. 47.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE EAST WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—At the solicitation of a number of the ratepayers of the East Ward, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for Councillor at the approaching Municipal Elections.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
B. F. BROOK.

Listowel, Nov. 29th, 1881. 47.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WEST WARD.

Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the undersigned for re-election as Councillor for the West Ward of the Town of Listowel for 1882.

D. B. DINGMAN.

Listowel, Nov. 30th, 1881. 47.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WEST WARD.

GENTLEMEN,—In response to the request of a number of ratepayers, I have consented to allow myself to be placed in nomination as candidate for the office of Councillor for the West Ward, for the year 1882. Should I be elected I will endeavor to further the interests of the Ward and of the Town, to the best of my ability.

I am, gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
JNO. BINNING.

Listowel, Nov. 30, 1881. 47.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Stratford, Ont." will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the 23rd instant, inclusively, for the erection of Post Office, &c., at Stratford, Ontario.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of J. R. Kilburn, Esq., Architect Stratford, and at this Department, on and after Friday, 11th instant.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 5th November, 1881. b.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving tenders for above works is hereby extended until WEDNESDAY, the 7th December next,

By order,
F. H. DENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 16th November, 1881. 46b.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Valuable Farm Property.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in certain indentures of morigage, made by Francis Hammell to the Imperial Loan and Investment Company, dated the twenty-ninth day of October, A. D. 1877, and the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1878, respectively, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

—BY—

B. B. Sarvis, Auctioneer,

—AT THE—

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

—IN THE—

TOWN OF LISTOWEL.

—ON—

SATURDAY,

the 31st day of December, A. D., 1881,

at the hour of

TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following valuable freehold property, namely:

Lot No. one in the eighth concession of the Township of Wallace, in the County of Perth, and containing ninety-nine acres, more or less.

The property is situated in a well settled country, about three and one-half miles from Moorefield, and four and one-half miles from the town of Palmerston.

The soil is a good clay loam, is rolling and dry, and in a good state of cultivation. There is a spring creek running through the place, making it desirable for grazing purposes.

There is a house, barn and stables, all frame, on the place.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply at the offices of ROBERT MARTIN, Listowel, and the undersigned.

BOLTON, ROLPH & BROWN.
Vendor's Solicitors,
30 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.
Dated 19th Nov. A. D., 1881. 46c.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on

Friday, Dec. 2nd, 1881.

County Council MEETING.

THE REEVES AND DEPUTY REEVES comprising the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the

COUNTY OF PERTH,

Will meet in the

Court House, Stratford,

ON

Tuesday, 6th day of December next,

At the hour of 2 p. m., for the despatch of general business.

WM. DAVIDSON,
County Clerk.

Stratford, November 22, 1881. 46b.

THE BEST VALUE IN

STAPLE GROCERIES!

—AT—

JAS. ARMSTRONG'S

next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.

SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.

Large stock of

CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE

will be sold very cheap for one month.

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat Flour, &c., constantly on hand.

Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods.

MONEY TO LOAN

AT 6 PER CENT.

—ON—

FARM AND TOWN PROPERTY.

THE BEST OF

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT

AND GUARANTEE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St., Listowel.

29. S. M. SMITH.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Emery's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDER FOR WORK

—IN—

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY the 1st day of February next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on applications at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st of January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R." F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 21th, 1881. 43c.

IN NEW PREMISES!

WM. McKEEVER,

Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a

First-Class Butcher Stall

in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the

Choicest Meats of the Season

can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!

to Hotels and Boarding Houses.

Will not be Undersold.

WM. McKEEVER.

Listowel, 1881 46.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR,

having leased the

DOOR AND SASH FACTORY

from Mr. Milne, is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

MOULDINGS, ETC., ETC.

Custom Planing Done.

Contracts for all kinds of Building taken.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LUMBER.

A Lumber Yard in connection with the Factory, where a full assortment of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.,

Will be kept.

ORDERS SOLICITED

FACTORY—Elma street, near Climie's Mills.

E. B. SUTHERLAND,
Proprietor

OYSTERS! **OYSTERS!** OYSTERS!

—BY THE CAN OR DISH—

SERVED IN ALL STYLES AT ALL HOURS

—AT—

H. D. MURRAY'S BAKERY.

Hot Tea and Coffee and all kinds of Hot Lunches always ready at H. D. Murray's Bakery.

The best spot in town for good Bread—white and brown.

THE CELEBRATED CHRISTIE BISCUITS ALWAYS IN STOCK. BUNS, CAKE AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PASTRY.

CONFECTIONERY

of every description, from the best manufacturers.

CANNED GOODS

Canned Fruits, Canned Vegetables, Canned Fowl and Fish—large stock and selling at lowest prices.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON!

Socials and Parties supplied at special reductions. Orders for Weddings, Balls, &c., filled on short notice in first-class style.

TAND—ONE DOOR EAST OF BRICKER'S HARDWARE, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL.

H. D. MURRAY.

GREAT BARGAINS

—AT THE—

DOMINION HOUSE,

COMMENCING 1st DECEMBER.

FANCY VELVETS

at half price—$1 for 50 cents, beautiful goods, new and stylish.

BLACK KID GLOVES

A few dozen left at twenty-five cents, Numbers 6, 6½ and 6½.

JUST OPENED OUT

all colors in Wool Fringes, at 5 and 10 cents per yard. Feather Trimmings at 5 cents. Winceys 5 cents. Dress Goods 10 cts. Best 200 yard Cotton Spools 3 cents each. Women's strong shoes at 95 cents per pair. Full assortment of Children's rubbers, Misses rubbers and overshoes, Ladies' rubbers and overshoes, Men's rubbers and overshoes,—plain, fancy and wool lined—a large assortment and very cheap.

OPENED ON WEDNESDAY,

Children's Caps, Boy's Hats and Caps, Men's Hats and Caps, Tam O'Shanter's, Glengary's, Curling and skating caps.

TO ARRIVE SHORTLY

7,200 best cotton spools, all to be sold at 3c. 1,320 silk spools, black and 63 different shades, will be able to give you any color. What we want is CASH, and therefore will sell goods very cheap. Bargains in every department. All parcels in town delivered free.

JOHN C. BURT.

Toronto Tea Store.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has bought out the stock of

Groceries, Teas, Crockery, Glassware, Liquors, &c., &c.

—OF—

MESSRS. D. W. PALMER & CO.

—AT—

A GREAT REDUCTION,

and is prepared to give bargains second to no other retail house in the trade; special attention is invited to my large

STOCK OF TEAS,

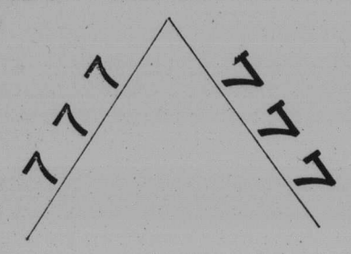
which I have marked down at very lowest figures. For quality and price, I defy competition in this line. The largest stock of

CANNED GOODS

in town. 25 cases canned Tomatoes, to be sold at cost; 10 cases canned corn; 10 cases canned Salmon; 10 cases canned Peaches; 5 crates Crockery, imported from Liverpool; 100 packages Salmon Trout; 50 packages White Fish; 50 packages Herring; all of which will be sold cheap for CASH OR TRADE. All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice. Soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

ADAM DAVIDSON.

DIRECT IMPORTATIONS.



This season we are importing the greater part of our goods direct from one of the Leading Dry Goods Houses in Glasgow, and we have to announce that our stock has arrived, and is now open for inspection, and we fell confident in saying that we have one of the finest stocks ever shown in Listowel. We cordially invite all to call and get a share of the piles of cheap goods that we are now showing. Hoping to be favored by an early call.

We are, Yours Truly,
ROY, McDONALD & Co.

$5,000.00

We are opening out in our show rooms in

LISTOWEL AND MT. FOREST

—OVER FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF—

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

which we have purchased for cash. Intending purchasers will save money by calling and inspecting our stock. We sell Organs and Pianos at a small advance over cost.

CALL AND SEE US & BE CONVINCED.

We are selling Pianos and Organs on

MONTHLY PAYMENTS

—on a Piano a payment of $10 a month, on an Organ $5 per month, till paid. Do not say you are not able to buy when you are offered payments as above. If you make a dollar per day you can save five dollars per month, and buy an organ and never feel paying for it.

SHOW ROOM: OSBORNE'S BLOCK, LISTOWEL.

GARDINER BROS.

GLASGOW HOUSE

THIS WEEK

Our stock will be found very complete in all Departments, viz:

DRESS GOODS,
DRESS TRIMMING,
VELVETS,
CLOAKING,
MANTLE CLOTH,
MANTLES,
SHAWLS,
WOOL WRAPS.

COTCH TWEED,
CANADIAN TWEED,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
GENTS FURNISHINGS,
HATS AND CAPS,
BOOTS AND SHOE,
GROCERIES, ETC.

EVERYTHING NEW IN MILLINERY.

These goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Call and see that we mean business.

WM McMILLAN.
Campbell's Block, Main St.

THE ONTARIO HOUSE!

I am daily receiving consignments of my

NEW FALL GOODS,

—IN—

MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, BOOTS SHOES, AND LIQUORS.

I cordially invite inspection of same, feeling confident that no house, doing a legitimate trade, will sell goods cheaper than I will.

GEO. DRAPER

Ontario House, Main St., Listowel.

JOHN GABEL,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Takes pleasure in calling public attention to his very large and complete stock of

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
FINE GOLD JEWELLERY,
FINE PLATED JEWELLERY,
SILVER & ELECTRO PLATED WARE,
CLOCKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FANCY GOODS, TOYS,
STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, &C.,

Which he has recently opened out in his new premises on

WALLACE ST., OPPOSITE SCOTT'S BANKING HOUSE.

—He carries one of the largest and most valuable stocks of genuine—

GOLD AND SILVER WARE

of any retail house in the trade, and as he buys and sells for cash, he is in a position —to offer—

THE VERY BEST INDUCEMENTS TO BUYERS.

Having a thorough practical knowledge of his business, and employing only first-class workmen—

IN MAKING AND REPAIRING WATCHES & JEWELLERY HE DEFIES COMPETITION.

SPECTACLES!

To suit all sights. Lazarus & Morris, Interchangeable and all other celebrated Spectacles, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames. Spectacles from 15c. up to $10. Engraving done FREE on all silver goods purchased from us.

In addition to his extensive stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery, he has lately opened out a splendid assortment of

FANCY GOODS & TOYS,

—ALSO A STOCK OF—

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

These goods have been bought to advantage, and are offered at prices that —CANNOT BE UNDERSOLD.—

AN INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK AND PRICES IS INVITED.

JOHN GABEL,
Watchmaker and Jeweller, Wallace St., Listowel.

S. BRICKER & CO.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

PLATED WARE, KNIVES, SPOONS, FORKS.

—AND—

CUTLERY OF ALL KINDS.

The best assorted and best value in town. Call and see them.

X-CUT SAWS, AXES, COW CHAINS, LANTERNS, COAL OIL, WHIPS, HOME BELLS,

and other goods in our line,

AT RIGHT PRICES

PURE EXTRACTED HONEY AT 15 CENTS PER LB.

S. BRICKER & CO.

REMOVED

TO LARGER PREMISES.

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Has been compelled by the rapid increase in his business to seek more commodious premises, and has removed his

STOVE AND TINWARE DEPOT

TO LARGE'S BLOCK,

ONE DOOR WEST OF TATHAM & CO'S. HARDWARE STORE,

where he has opened out a very extensive stock of

COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES,

TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

LAMP GOODS, COAL OIL, &c

WHICH HE WILL SELL

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

He is in a much better position than heretofore to wait upon his customers.

Eavetroughing and Repairing promptly attended to. Stoves set up and cleaned. All orders filled with dispatch. Don't forget the new stand—one door west of Tatham & Co's., and

GIVE HIM A CALL.

JOSEPH'S COAT.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

egistered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.]

Then the young men shook hands, and Joe went on again:

"When I got home there was a parson there. He's not a bad fellow for a parson, and I'm very sorry for what happened, but I was in an infernal temper, and he insulted me, and was horribly trying and annoying, and all that sort of thing; and gad, sir, I knocked him down!"

Cheston stared hard at Joe and burst out laughing.

"What a fire-eater you are, Bushell," said he. "Excommunication, you know. That sort of thing."

"He was a Nonconformist parson," said Joe guiltily, "and really, in cold blood, I've a great deal of respect for him."

The irreverent Cheston screamed with laughter, and by and by asked breathlessly:

"You must have had a row about it?"

"A row!" said Joe ruefully. "My mother told me either to apologise or leave the house and never go back again. I couldn't apologise. It was impossible."

"Especially under compulsion," said Cheston, still laughing. "If apologies were as plenty as blackberries, I wouldn't give an apology under compulsion. Well?"

"Well," Joe returned, "the long and the short of it is, I'm on the way to America."

"No," cried Cheston.

"Yes," said Joe stolidly. "I'm on the way to America." Then cheering a little, "I shall try my luck on the Pacific side, amongst the nuggets."

"By George, you know," said Cheston, surveying him with an eye of admiration and envy, "I should like that. What a lark it would be. Not," he added sorrowfully, "the governor wouldn't listen to it. In the words of Shedstone, or something like 'em—

I hould like for to follow you there,
And to toil where the gold nuggets breed;
But papa would be ready to swear,
And——

Hang it all! I'm full of those momentary flashes of genius. Aha! Got him!

And I know that I shouldn't succeed!

Besides, my son, I hav'n't got the rhino. But are you really going? When?"

"I'm really going, and I'm going now," said Joe. "Now, at once."

"I suppose," said Cheston, striving purposely to bury Joe's angry meanness of the day before, "I suppose you remember I owe you something? Thirty odd pounds I think it is. If you'll come round with me I'll let you have it."

"Well," said Joe, striving also to wipe out that ugly remembrance, "If you don't mind, Cheston, I'd rather you'd keep it until I ask you for it. I have enough to begin with, but I might get hard up, and in that case it would come in usefully. You be my banker, and when I find myself in danger of wanting the coin I'll send for it."

"God," said Cheston; and the two began to talk about California, and told each other what they knew of it—which was mostly more marvelous than true.

"But what," asked Cheston, "induced you to come to London? Isn't Liverpool the nearest way?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, "I suppose it is. But—" there he blushed a little, "you see it's altogether a little sudden for a fellow, and—and, in point of fact, I never made up my mind until I started to walk into town to catch this train. London is the first place a man tends to, you know, and it's a sort of axle whose spokes radiate to everywhere."

"Well," said Cheston, with that happy go lucky spirit which distinguishes the average young Englishman, and perhaps helps to make him what he is—the wonder of the world for pluck, and dash and enterprise—"It doesn't matter a great deal where a man goes, so long as he has the right stuff in him, and sticks to what he takes to."

"I'm not going to be beaten," said young Joe valiantly. "Money isn't everything in the world; and if I can't get much of it, I must do with little."

"Oh, yes," Cheston answered, "And besides that, your governor will turn up trumps at the finish. You're the only son, I think?"

"The only child," said Joe, with a tremor on his lip. "I mustn't stay away too long, after all, for they're both getting old, and a little bit frail, and it wouldn't be nice to come back and find them gone."

"You must write to me," Cheston answered cheerfully.

The conversation languished. Young Joe's heart once more began to fail him. He had fairly started now, and going back was more than ever impossible until he had at least done something. With little further speech they came to London, and went down to the luggage van together to secure their belongings. Cheston's came out first. Then, after a long delay, came one of Joe's properties—his chest. Then, after another pause, the van was cleared, and there was no sign of his portmanteau.

"Must have been put out at Rugby, sir," said the porter in answer to the young man's claim. "We can send back for it, sir."

Joe gave his address at an hotel in Cevent Garden, and was driven thither in a hackney coach. Cheston accompanied him, and that night they dined together. In the morning Joe made enquiries as to the easiest and quickest way to California and learned little that was likely to be of practical use to him, for he had no idea as to the right way of going about the business, and wandered rather listlessly about the docks, standing promiscuous treat to nautical-looking men who appeared to have nothing special on their hands. The best way, he concluded, would be to get to New York, and make a start for the gold fields thence. The route to New York at least was clear. Meantime, back to the hotel to see if the lost portmanteau had arrived, and, in case it had, to send the certificate of marriage to Dinah. For it was characteristic of Young Joe that, at the moment at which the portmanteau was known to have disappeared, he was resolved that it held the certificate, though whilst it remained in his possession he was most mournfully sure it did not.

No portmanteau for him at the hotel. No news of it at the railway station. No news of it next day, and next day still no news. And on the Thursday night the fast-sailing clipper ship Orinoco dropped down the Thames, and the portmanteau was finally left behind—and with it the last hope of Dinah's peace. Not so, young Joe inwardly declared. Cheston was with him on the deck, and was prepared to go as far as Greenwich, to keep heart and hope in him at the start.

"We'll have a bottle of champagne, Bushell, for doch an dhorras," said that young gentleman cheerfully.

Joe accedes, and they go below, and with laughter and clinking of glasses and good wishes and high hope they drink to each other.

"And here," cried Cheston, "here is the Rose of the Midlands, coupled with the name of the gentleman who will shortly return from Tom Tiddler's ground with his pockets full of nuggets."

Joe laughed, a little constrainedly, and drank, murmuring into the glass a word of tenderness for Dinah. He would fain have given his confidence to Cheston, but something withheld him, some fear perhaps of breaking down, or some childish dread of seeming sentimental, or reluctant about going at this final moment.

"You'll let me know how you get along," says Cheston; "and," drawing him aside, "You'll claim the coin whenever you want it, you know."

"All right," Joe nodded in return. New clinking of glasses, new good wishes. Wine makes the heart glad and the face to shine, and sets the little cords within tingling and ringing to tunes tender and hopeful, mournful and triumphant. On deck again, the inward orchestra playing "Good-bye, Sweetheart," "The Emigrant's Farewell," and "Cheer Boys, Cheer," in a strange laughing tearful medley. Steadfast lights ashore and shifting lights afloat, shining reflected on the transparent gloom of the river, many a time to be recalled by fancy, and looking already memorable and unlike anything seen before. Greenwich, and "good-bye"—the little boat dancing shore-ward into darkness, the great black hulk sliding suddenly down the river and towards the open sea.

And now for the first time in his life Young Joe felt alone. A man may be alone a thousand times without feeling it, or may feel it in spite of society. There are certain normal conditions of nature which we do our best to leave unrecognised. Silence is one, darkness another, solitude a third. We make raids into silence with a tremulous defiance, as a boy whistles to keep his heart up when walking in the dusk through a churchyard. We defy darkness in the feeblest ways, and she has her own in spite of us. One of these days she will creep at an extinguished sun and stifle the fading stars. And as for solitude, every human soul is so alone that no other can get into reach of it, but we make pretense of being gregarious and we forget our fears. These three great negatives, silence and darkness and solitude, are the eternal background against which we fantoccini disport ourselves, for Heaven knows whose amusement. We huddle together to forget these gruesome everlasting negatives; but when we are for a moment severed from the crowd, how the knowledge of them swoops down and shrivels us! Solitude, silence, darkness on the sea, and the hapless Young Joe in the middle of them.

He had never been at sea before, and he suffered physically. The Reverend Paul Screed was avenged already, and could he have appreciated his enemy's miseries, he would have been more than ready to forgive. Surely, thought Joe, there was nothing in the world—nothing, nothing, nothing—which could make it worth while to endure this helpless horrible nausea, this fruitless revolt of soul and body against a universe suddenly grown hideous and unbearable. "Ah, death I'd gladly welcome," sings the melodious Italian tenor in florid declamation to Leonora. Young Joe had no heart to sing it, but he groaned it, as with heavy eyes and pea-green countenance he lay in his berth surrendered to misery. Only one man in a hundred tastes the awful possibilities of sea sickness, but Joe was the one in the hundred who sailed aboard the "Orinoco," and the ship's lookout had sighted Kinsale Head before he was better. Then he began to recover pluck and appetite together, and the remainder part of the voyage went pleasantly enough. When a man has been as penitent for three or four days as he had been, penitence is apt to be worn a little threadbare. There is no emotion which cannot be out worn, and Joe had got through his stock of repentances too speedily perhaps. I knew a schoolboy whose one gustatory passion was cheese. Once being possessed of a spare half crown, he bought an egregious lump of Gruyere, and attacked it in the solitude of his chamber, and ate until he could eat no more. He has arrived now at man's estate, that schoolboy; and his youthful feast was enjoyed years and years ago, but if you show him Gruyere at this day you almost drive him from the table. He ate enough to last him for his lifetime. In like manner Young Joe was so greedy of remorse that his four days' feast of woe lasted him the voyage and for some time beyond it.

He landed in due time in New York, and before he had set foot upon American ground the crushing sense of solitude had retired in favor of an exhilarating feeling of independence. He had already been so long absent from Dinah without sending her a message that he felt it unworthy to write now, until he had begun to do something to atone for absence and silence. He was a little dismayed to discover that he was as far off from California, practically, as ever, and that he had not money enough to go there, except in the roughest and meanest way. Then, people with whom he talked set the chances before him in a discouraging manner, and in brief, his money melted with surprising swiftness, and, though employment was plentiful enough for those who knew how to work, he knew how to do nothing, and therefore got nothing to do. He wrote to Cheston and to Uncle George. Cheston kept his promise and sent the money he owed, and that also melted. Uncle George wrote a letter, which he took the precaution to post in Birmingham, lest the local postmaster should know the lad's address. In this epistle he set forth his deep sorrow at the fact that his brother and his sister-in law were still implacable. Young Joe's resolve to emigrate—according to Uncle George—had been the last straw which broke the camel's back, and they were now irreconcilable. The writer expressed his deepest regret for young Joe's prospects, but he sent no money.

Then came two or three days' semi starvation in New York, then an engagement as fire-mender at a brick-kiln some miles outside the city. This business in a rough and squalid way held body and soul together, but there was no chance for making a home for Dinah out of it. And so Dinah was still unwritten to, and the days and weeks and months went by. He had new remorses, but he had his work to do and his bodily discomforts to endure, and by and by memory grew less poignant. After some months he fell in with a lumber gadzer, and went with him to the Dominion and lived a rough backwood life, hardening his hands and toughening his muscles and growing a great beard. Anybody seeing him would never have recognized the spruce young Midland dandy, and he had almost forgotten himself.

By this time he was ashamed and afraid to write to Dinah. He was very unhappy about her often. He was very tender and sore in his thoughts about her always. But he never wrote, and he began to hope that she would forget him, and give him up for dead, and carry on her life without him. In one of his rare letters to Uncle George, a couple of years after leaving England, he mentioned Dinah so particularly that the old fox suspected him of an inclination to come back again. So he wrote in answer that Dinah Banks had married, and from that time forth he received no letters from his nephew. This rejoiced him, for with every day that passed he felt his hold upon his brother's fortune surer and more sure.

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CHAPTER V.

The Saracen's Head was a cheerful and comfortable hotel, proffering on its signboard good accommodation for man and beast, and fulfilling its promise liberally within. Sanded floor, huge open fireplace blazing with an enormous fire, after the generous looking fashion of the mining districts, where coal is cheap and a good fire is counted one of the first of household comforts. Big bare oak beams in the ceiling, with flitches of mellow bacon stuck flat across them, ripening to the rasher stage; shining onions in nets and reeves and hams in canvass jackets bearing them company. Prodigiously solid tables of dark oak, much battered by years of rough usage and irregularly gauffred at the edges by idle pocket knives. Heavy wooden settles, polished by the lounging shoulders of many generations of guests, and staunch to carry generations more. The present assembly—clad in thick flannel jackets, thrown open to show the gaudy lining of cheap felt carpeting, heavy ankle jack boots, mostly worn unlaced, with a big crumpled tongue hanging out, as though the boots were thirstier than their wearers, nondescript hats of felt, shaped like basons and without a pretence of brim—the present assembly sat smoking and drinking in a quiet contentment almost bovine. It was noticeable that most of the men were blazoned in a singular manner on the face, as if they had been tattooed, and the design had been half obliterated. Each man so marked had felt death's hand upon his cheek once at least. But that was commonplace, every day, and in the way of business, and as a general thing was not much thought of.

This was the Saracen's common room, and was rather out of the Saracen's own direct line of observation. He swung, with inflamed countenance, portentous turban, unnumbered jewels, and bilious eyes, above a brighter window round the corner, and behind the brighter window lay a snugger room — a sort of library of liquor, where bottles held the shelves instead of books. It was a mere bandbox of a room, and what with its jolly fire and crimson window blind, and its glitter of glass and gilt lettering, it glowed and sparkled on this wintry night with amazing warmth and brightness. For the wind was howling and the Saracen was pitching gustily to and fro outside, and shrieking rustily at the weather, and the rain beat at the windows frantically at times. All this redoubled the inner warmth and brightness, of course, and sent the inmates of the cosy room closer with comfortable shiverings round the fire. The inmates of the room were three in number. On one side of the fire sat an old woman, and on the other a young one. Between them an old man in a sleeved waistcoat sat back in an arm chair and scorched his legs with an aspect of much contentment. He was a fat man with a pale countenance, white hair, and a well filled rotund waistcoat. Every now and then with his fat hands he caressed the rotund waistcoat as if encouraging his digestive faculties, as you pat a horse when he has pleased you. The old woman was ruddy and neat and clean, in an old fashioned mutch cap with spotless crisp lace edges and having a white silk kerchief drawn squarely over her round shoulders. The young woman was pretty but wistful-looking, her face paler than it should have been; her eyes giving a kindly observer warrant to believe that they were more used to tears than eyes which had a right to be gay by virtue of their brightness and their beauty should be.

"Daniel," said the old lady, "what's the time?"

The old man stole a caressing hand across the rotundity of his figure and pulled out a fat pale watch. "It's nearhand on ten."

"Time them chaps was goin', then," said the old lady.

"Ah!" said the old man assentingly, "I suppose it is, missis. I suppose it is." He drew his legs from the fire, and stroked them persuasively, as who should say, "Will you carry me?" The legs apparently declined, for the feet went back to the fender, and their owner's hands once more offered a silent recognition of the efforts made by his digestive organs. A long drawn sigh seemed to admit that they were overworked, and that he had no wish to hurry them.

"I do declare, our Daniel," said his wife placidly, "you're gettin' lazier every day."

"Very like, missis," assented Daniel, "very like. A man do't get no suppler at my time o' life."

"I'm ashamed on you, Daniel," said the wife, half vexed, half laughing. "Dinah, light your father's candle, an' send him to bed." The girl rose to obey. The old woman, laying down the knitting which had hitherto occupied her plump white fingers, set her hands upon the elbows of her arm chair and made a motion to rise. By that time the struggle between the smile and the frown was over and the smile won. Her placeid and good humored gaze followed her daughter's languid motion across the room, when suddenly her hands relaxed their hold upon the elbows of the chair, and she sank back with a look in which terror and suspicion were singularly blended. The girl reached a candlestick from the mantelpiece, crossed the room for a spill of paper, returned, lighted the candle and set it in the old man's hand. Then stooping over him she kissed his cheek, and sat down in her corner. The mother arose and left the room. A moment later her voice was heard.

"Now, Willy-um, your mother'll be a sittin' up for you. George Bethell, you ought to ha' been abed an hour ago. Tummas, you're on the night shift, I know, an' it's time as you was gone."

"Let's have another half-gallint, mother," pleaded one solemn roysterer gruffly. "It'll on'y be a half a pint all round."

"Not another drop o' drink'll be drawed i' this house this night," returned the old lady with unusual acidity of tone.

"Missis," responded the young man first addressed, "yo' mote (must not) send Tum whum sober. His ode woman ain't used to it. Her'll have a fit, or summat."

"Haw, haw, haw!" from the assemblage. The old lady turned upon the wag with solemn anger.

"Willy um Bowker," she said "you'm worse than any on 'em, and to see so young too. It's known far and wide as nobody ever got drink to mek him unsteady at the Saracen's Head, neither Tummas Howl nor no man."

"Missis," said the wag with instant propitiation in his tone, "it een't like you to turn rusty at a joke. But we gone away dry to-night i'stead o' drunk, an' for my part I likin' to be about half-way." A murmur of general approval greeted this statement, and every man seemed to be in favor of the golden mean. But the old lady was inexorable.

"Drunk or dry," she said with much acerbity and decision, "you'll go as you are."

"Come on, chaps," said Mr. Bowker, who as yet was beardless. "Her's as good as a mother to all on us, an' what her says her sticks to. Good-night, missis, and no offense, as Tum said to the windmill last time he fell agen it."

"Good-night, masses," said each grave roysterer as he passed her. She answered each by name. "Good-night, 'Minadab. Good-night, Ebenezer. Good-night, Meshach," and so on through a list of the quaintest names, until the last had tramped up the sanded passage and had turned out into the rain. She blew out the candles, bolted the door behind the retiring guests, and returned to the smaller room. The old man had gone upstairs, and the girl was preparing to follow. The staircase, with steps of well scoured white sanded wood, opened into this snug little room, and the mother, closing the door, stood with her shoulders against it regarding Dinah. The girl looked at her meekly, but with an air a little startled.

"Our Dinah," said the mother, "I want to speak to you. You'd better sit down." The girl obeyed. "There's somethin' the matter wi' you. What is it?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, mother," answered Dinah, wearily.

"My gel," said Mrs. Banks, advancing, and bending towards her with an anxious tremulous severity, "you can't deceive me. There's somethin' the matter."

"No," said Dinah, looking puzzled; "I'm a bit dull. That's all."

"Dinah, you can't deceive an old experienced woman. There's something the matter with you, and somethin' very dreadful. Tell me this minute what it is."

"Oh, mother," said Dinah in an agitated whisper, "am I going to die?"

"It'd a'most be better if you was," said the mother. Dinah's face was white, and her eyes were wide open with fear, but at this she flushed suddenly, and shrank and cowered, with her arms drawn across her face. Her very ears and neck were red and white by turns, as she bent down.

"Is it that?" she sobbed; "oh, is it that?"

"Dinah! Dinah! you wicked girl," said her mother. "Tell me what it is!" Dinah bent lower and lower, and drew herself way as any defenceless thing drawn back into itself at the touch of an intruding finger. Her mother seized one of her hands, and strove to draw it from her face, but Dinah held her head down so resolutely, and drew her arms so tightly towards herself, that the old woman was powerless to effect her purpose. "Tell me who it is!" she repeated severely, relinquishing her hand. "It is young Joe Bushell—as has broke his father's and mother's heart, and made a huzzy o' you as well?"

"Oh, mother," cried Dinah, dropping suddenly upon her knees, and seizing the old woman by both hands, "we were married at Waston church last Whitsuntide." Dinah's mother dropped down upon her knees and faced the girl.

"You was married? At Whitsuntide? You an' young Joe Busuell?"

"Yes," cried the girl, and suddenly releasing her mother's hands, she fell forward upon the floor, and hiding her face again, cried passionately. The elder woman fell forward also, and clipping her by the waist strove to lift her, but again Dinah would not move. So they knelt there and mingled their tears.

"Dinah," said the mother whispering, "it never crossed my mind till to night when you got up to get your father's candle, an' then it come to me at a run. But, Dinah, I'm sorry for you, an' an' you'll have a bad time wi' your father an' the neighbors. Oh, you poor silly gell not to tell me as you was married! An' now he's gone, the Lord alone knows wheer."

"He'll come back again," sobbed Dinah. "If he's alive, he'll come back again."

"Haven't you heerd on him, neither?" asked her mother in surprise and fear.

"No," wept Dinah, "never since the day he went away. Oh, mother, do you think he's dead? They say he's gone to America, an' to might ha' been drowned at sea, or anything. Oh, I can't think as if he'd been alive he'd ha' left like this. And he promised to send my lines an' all, an' I've never heard a word."

"Dinah," said the mother in a horror-stricken whisper, "haven't you got your lines?"

"No," answered Dinah, still weeping. "He promised to send 'em the day he went away."

Then the mother lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

"Dinah, you're a ruined gell, and I'm a miserable disgraced old woman!"

The immortal Doctor Marigold remarks that in his father's days registration hadn't come up much. So far as the knowledge of poor Dinah and her mother went, registration had not come up at all. To this very day, in that part of England in which they lived, there are women who believe that the possession of their "marriage lines" is the only surety of their own honor. To lose their lines, in the belief of their simple souls, would be to invalidate the marriage ceremony, and to make their children illegitimate. Nor is this curious superstition confined to the downright ignorant classes, as you might fancy. Fairly well-to do people, who can read the newspaper without spelling the hard words at all, and who would with righteous anger resent the imputation of ignorance, still stick to the belief. Thirty years ago it was probably general.

Mrs. Banks, landlady of the Saracen's Head, was not by nature an imaginative or an inventive woman. Unless you choose to call the immortal allegories of Bunyan by that name, she had never read a romance in her life. Nowadays Mr. Wilkie Collins is to the fore to help anybody to an elaborate plot upon an emergency, and there is, indeed, scarcely a condition of life imaginable upon which modern fiction could not throw a light more or less direct and helpful. But feminine human nature existed on much the same lines as now before the popular novelist came into being. Necessity is the mother of invention, and here if anywhere in the world was a necessity of the sternest sort. At any risk, the family reputation must be saved; at any risk short of crime. It would be surely the very whitest of white lies if the mother could acknowledge her daughter's child as her own, and could thereby save her daughter's reputation. In any case, the material cost of the child's maintenance would fall upon the Saracen, and his shoulders were broad enough to bear without a tremor a score of such burdens. Dinah was the only child of her parents, and if she shared in the deceit she could rob nobody. So the old woman mellowed her plan, and slowly turned it over and then laid it out before Dinah.

"Dinah, my dear, we're in a peck o' trouble, and we shall ha' to get wesselves out on it as best we can. It nd break thy father's heart to know it, and it mustn't be let get to his hearin' at all."

"How can we help it asked Dinah, forlorn and pale.

The old lady revealed her plan in a sentence.

"He must be made to think as the child's mine." Dinah quivered at this. One of those amazing and mysterious instincts which make mothers what they are, awoke in her, and she felt as if her unborn baby were being stolen from her. The mother saw this and understood it, being a mother. "By yourself it'll be all your own. I must tell Daniel as I expect it. He'll be sore amazed, I doubt, but you must get away in the country when the time's comin', an' I must come to see you. Then you'll ha' to write to your father an' say as I'm took ill, an' can't come back again. Then, when it's all o'er, we can come back together, an' nobody 'll think anythin' about it."

From the first moment of Dinah's proclamation of the truth, there had been no shadow of doubt in the mother's mind. She believed the story unreservedly, and when Dinah told it in full, setting forth the errant Young Joe's reasons for concealment, she, though her anger burned against the runaway, forgave her daughter the folly of which she had been guilty.

The winter wore away, and through it all Dinah was kept almost a prisoner. Daniel was not often curious about her, but when he was his wife was equal to the occasion, and satisfied him easily. What should make him believe that a plot like the beginning of a melodrama was going on at the Saracen's Head? The spring began to hint that it was coming, and the time drew near.

"Our Daniel," said Mrs. Banks to her husband, "our Dinah is looking a bit delicate, don't you fancy?"

Daniel was a good husband, and agreed with his wife in all things. He had had five-and-twenty years of married life, and found that a policy of general acquiescence kept things smooth.

"Is her?" said Daniel. "Well, I thought I'd noticed it myself."

"I think o' sendin' her to Wardenbury," said Mrs. Banks, "for change of air like. What do you say, Daniel?"

"Very well, missis," said that easy man. "It'll do her a bit of good, mayhap, poor wench!"

"Mayhap it will, Daniel," said Mrs. Banks. "We'll go to-morrow."

Daniel was somewhat taken aback by this precipitancy. Commonly at the Saracen's Head a thing was mentioned, discussed, put by, mentioned and discussed again, and put into action long after in less sleepy places it would have been forgotten. He offered no opposition. He was accustomed to philosophise about women in his own way. "A woman," he had been known to say, "is like a pig. Her'll naather be led or drove an' it's as tryin' to a man to do one as it is to do the other." So, as a rule, Daniel said nothing, but encouraged his digestive apparatus by patting his waistcoat, and let things take their course.

Wardenbury was thirty miles off, and Daniel knew it vaguely as being Coventry way. Mrs. Banks had relatives there, and in the long course of her married life had paid it two or three visits. Daniel used to speak of himself as being "no great hands of a traveler." He had been born at the Saracen's Head, and had never been farther away than Birmingham. But though he was no traveler, and might had be been a demonstrative man, have run a risk of seeming hen pecked, he had his feelings as a husband.

"Mother," he advised, "I shouldn't go to Wardenb'ry yet, if I was you. Think o' your condition."

"Think o' your own condition, y' ode timberhead!" returned his wife, an' leave me to think o' mine."

"Well, think on it," said Daniel. Mrs. Banks bustled away to tell Dinah that matters were arranged, and to help her to prepare for the journey. The landlord of the Saracen was not in the least degree offended by his wife's outspokenness. Had she even called upon him to confirm her criticism he would probably have done it.

The morrow came, and Dinah was smuggled into the trap in the back yard. The mother followed. A shock headed stable boy called Jabez drove the pair to the railway station, and returned alone. Next morning came a letter to Daniel stating that Mrs. Banks would spend a day or two at Wardenbury.

"I knowed how it 'ud be," said Daniel. "Once let 'em goo a gaddin' about, an' thee mays't whistle for 'em afore they comin' back again." He had not the remotest suspicion. He had never read anything more romantic than an invoice for wines and spirits, and he had never seen a play. Even if he had, why should he suspect his wife and daughter. The day or two lengthened into a week, and then came the news that he was again a father. His old age was blessed with a son. He took an extra glass or two on the strength of it, and went about with an air of proprietorial gravity, crossed at times by an involuntary smile. Towards evening the neighbors dropped in as usual. Daniel imparted the news and was congratulated. He sat in his big arm chair with his hands resting on the crook of a thick walking stick and his elbows squared, and looked as if he thought he deserved the congratulations and had earned the applause of the world. There was an air upon him as of one who might boast that he could, but would not. The little snuggery was rather better filled than common that evening, and the health of the son and heir was drunk pretty frequently. Daniel could do nothing less than join. Liquor took little effect upon him: he was accustomed to it, and his inner man was toughened to its assaults. It floated his smile to the surface a little oftener, that was all. But when closing time came, and he was left alone, he gave vent to his joy and triumph. He struck his stick upon the floor with both hands, and arose; and laughed long and loud.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Daniel, shaking and beaming; "ther's life in th' ode dog yit."

That night shock-headed Jabez had to guide the landlord up-stairs, but on the morrow the old man had accepted the position of affairs, and awaited the arrival of the infant and his mother with an approach to phlegm. He had never received many letters, and had never had occasion to write many. The lack of correspondence did not effect him. Dinah wrote once or twice, but that was all, and mother and daughter came back with the infant, after little more than a month from the date of their departure. Dinah's restoration to health seemed little less than miraculous. Her languid heavy step was changed for one light and full of energy. Her face beamed and bloomed once more, and there was no trace of grief in her eyes. And surely never was sister so passionately devoted to a late born brother who came to step in between herself and wealth. For old Daniel, who, in a quiet way, was very well to do, made no secret of his intent to leave everything—or nearly everything — to the young stranger. He was ludicrously proud of the baby, and used to rock him in his cradle or watch him as he yelled and fought against milk warm water and soap, or crowed, in better moods, for kisses in his elder sister's lap. Dinah never allowed him to crow in vain. The old man was amazed sometimes by the almost savage fervor of the kisses with which she mumbling devoured the little pink body and the podgy little face and hands. Mrs. Banks and her daughter between them attended to the infant's wants with amazing ardor, and sometimes almost quarrelled for the possession of him.

Once Daniel overheard a colloquy between them.

"Dinah," said her mother, in a half cross, half appealing tone, "you might let me nurse the babby now an' then."

"He s mine," said Dinah defiantly.

"Why, Dinah," cried Mrs. Banks, seeing the old man looking in at the door, "a body might think as you was the mother as bore him. Give me the child, I tell thee." A meaning look passed between them. Dinah understood, and surrendered little George. But scarcely a day passed in which she was not in danger of betraying herself. She would sit for hours and hours poring over the little red snub-nosed baby face, reading a likeness to the absent Joe in features where your eye or mine could discover no atom of resemblance, and where she found one clearer than the truest photograph the sun ever made. It was curious and yet natural how the presence of the child stoned for the absence of the father. And yet there was a terrible cruelty in it. The child would never learn to call her "Mother."

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CHAPTER VI.

When Rebecca Bushell took her ultimatum to young Joe, then packing up for her departure in his bedroom, she saw, lying upon the bed, an old light overcoat, with its pockets turned inside out. In these pockets Joe had made hasty search for the certificate, and, not finding it, had cast the coat aside. The mother walked into the son's empty room next morning. It was just as he had left it the night before. All the drawers had been taken bodily from the chest, and were stacked disorderly on each other beside it. The mother, by natural instinct, began to abolish disorder, crying silently the while. Then wiping her eyes with her apron and looking round to see if all were straight, she noticed the light overcoat thrown across the bed. With native tidiness she took up the coat and straightened it, and observing a rent in one of the pockets, drew out a housewife and sat upon the bed to repair that slight mischief; folding the coat carefully, she placed it in one of the drawers, smoothed the pillows, adjusted the hangings of the bed, and left the room.

This empty chamber became sacred to motherly prayers and tears thereafter, when many heavy months had gone by, and Young Joe's silence had not been broken. Many a time she knelt there and followed him into she know not what danger and temptation, and many a time she opened the drawer to look at the coat, which was the only relic her only child had left her. By mutual consent of sorrow, husband and wife spoke little of the absent son; but Old Joe would yet break out at times, with a shake of the head:

"Becky, you was a little too hard on the lad."

"Joseph," Rebeca would answer, "he that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes."

"Yes," Old Joe would say in return, "that's well enough, but you was too hard on the lad."

So Rebecca bore alike her own burden and a load which was not hers. She had but one way with all her troubles—to cast them on the hands of that vast, vague, cruel unfatherly fatherhood who was the refuge of His chosen, and the scourge and overwhelming terror of all others. She went into her son's room, and there knelt down, and poured out her soul in silent tears; and after a while, seeing how she grieved, Old Joe troubled her no more.

The Reverend Paul Screed was less reticent.

"If is ordained," he would say, "that the saints shall be troubled, lest they become too much absorbed by the world:" and by a thousand platitudes of the sort he strove to console the inconsolable, probing a wound which could only heal by rest. The Reverend Paul was a good man, and tried hourly to be better than he was, but he had no touch of tact in all his clumsy nature. I looked up to him in my youth, and I respect his memory now, but I could find it in my heart to wish him and his kind an island to themselves, where they should vex none out of their own communion. Yet, within six months of the day on which Young Joe departed from his native town, the minister did as noble a thing as lay within him to do. He sat once more at meat with Old Joe and his wife, and dinner being over, the minister cleared his voice with a sorrowful ahem, and addressed his host and hostess.

"Mr. Bushell and Madam," he said, with a certain stiff formality which perhaps was the only manner which of speech possible to him, "it is part of our mortal burden to reflect that we have laid it chiefly upon ourselves. One part of my burden is that I helped to bring a heavy and an undeserved trouble upon people whom I value, and people who have borne my injury without an angry word. Even whilst I thought I was doing my duty as a minister of the Word, I was but revenging myself for certain slights and thoughtless witticisms which your own errant son had vented upon me. I spoke in anger and in bitterness, and I spoke as I have since had reason to believe, on no sufficient grounds. And it has been borne in upon me, my friends, that although it is unhappily beyond my power to undo the wrong I did, it is my duty to confess it humbly before you, and to beg your Christian forgiveness. I have long since forgiven the blow with which your son retaliated upon my sour impertinences. I trust that he has forgiven me my part. I confess my wrong doing, and I ask, humbly and with deep sorrow, for your pardon."

Mrs. Bushell had never been so near disliking the Reverend Paul as she was at that minute, for she had long since formed her judgment and forgiven, and this appeal set the old wound aching.

"Parson," said Old Joe, "say no more about it. There was faults all round."

"Ah, Joseph," said Mrs. Bushell, with tears in her eyes, "it's too late now, but I should have been a glad woman at this minute if you'd said me nay when I was that cruel to poor Joe."

"I'm master i' this house," said Old Joe, "and what I ought to ha' done would ha' been to ha' gi'en him a lickin' theer an' then, an' said no more about it."

When they had time to think about it, husband and wife respected the minister the more for his candid and manly confession, but neither that nor any other reparation could bring back Young Joe, who now began to live in regard to those three with something of the martyr's halo about him. The neighborhood knew the story, of course, and the neighbors put their own constructions upon it. Those who went to Ebenezer chapel, in which edifice the Reverend Paul habitually discoursed, held with their pastor. Those who went to church and those who went nowhere—the vast majority—held for the most part with Young Joe, and made a hero of him as well as a martyr. Had the young fellow returned within any reasonable time after his escapade, he would have been encountered by precisely that kind of qualified laudation with which it is now the practice of this enlightened and steadfast country to greet its home-returning warriors or colonial governors.

In those days of decent poverty when she first gave her hand to Old Joe, and set up housekeeping with him, Rebecca had mastered the practice of all virtues of industry, and even in latter years, when her husband became wealthy beyond the wildest and most extravagant hopes of his class, and when she might have surrounded herself with an army of servants had she chosen it, she still performed all but the roughest work of the household with her own hands. I like to think of the erect, personable woman in her afternoon black silk, looking, as she sat in state in the little parlor, almost too lofty for approach. At such times, when the scrubbing, scouring, and dusting, the washing, baking, mending, cooking—whatever may have been the business of the day—was done with, she would sit there with her big Bible or Holy War, in which volume, as I remember, she took an especial and unique delight, and would resign herself to a stern and stately meditation on high things. Whilst Young Joe was with her he vexed her often, and her heart ached with fear for his future many a time. But now that he was gone and gave no sign, these daylight vigils became a prolonged and prayerful pain to the mother's heart. Old Joe, who had no taste for parlors, would sit and smoke gloomily and alone, beside the kitchen fire. He too had his dreary vigils, troubled certainly, by no such spiritual agonies as his wife endured, but unlighted by those flashes of pious hope which sometimes illuminated her spirit. Now and then Brother George would look in, and, wooden, as he was, some qualms of conscience touched him, beholding the desolation he had helped to bring about. I do not wish as I have intimated, to paint George in the darkest colors. He had not enough of virtuous instinct to be a villain. There was nothing in him for himself to sin against.

"It's the best thing in the world as could happen to him." Thus George meditated respecting young Joe. It is the mean man's tribute to honor, the rogue's admission of the beauty of justice, that he cares to justify himself in his own mind. "It'll make a man of him, an' he'll have me to thank for it. It's a precious poor chance I've got o' seein' that hundred again. Eh dear, but I allays was a fool wi' my money." Thus he held his head in the sand, and persuaded himself that his conscience did not see him—an attitude more common than the superficial student might suppose.

It became more and more evident, as the time went on, that Old Joe and Rebecca his wife were breaking. Trouble told upon the woman earlier than upon the man, for though she bore it better, she suffered more intensely. She fell into langour. The household work, once gone through with such swift bustle, had to be committed to a stranger's care; she spent more of her time in her bedroom, and Old Joe sat, feeling lonlier than ever, by the kitchen fire.

Rebecca, though few people guessed it, had always been strongly attracted to young people. That young people were not attracted to her was natural enough, perhaps, though she felt it to be hard. But now, in this time of distress, Dinah Banks became her chief comfort. The clumsy servant wench, though animated by the best intentions, was a poor attendant in a sick room. A hippopotamus in clogs might have gone around as lightly, and she had one or two special faculties in the way of tumbling over fire irons, dropping dishes and the like, which were aggravated into supernatural exercise by her own desire to go about the sick chamber silently. Dinah, light-footed and soft-handed, was a welcome relief to the sufferer's nerves. The more Dinah came, the more Mrs. Bushell cared to have her there, and the better Dinah loved to wait upon her.

The thing which drew Dinah there, was the hope that she might hear something of her husband. No news came, but at last, on the anniversary of the day of his departure, Mrs. Bushell for the first time spoke of him.

"It's a year to-day," sh said, "since my poor lad went away."

Dinah, whose mind was full of the remembrance of the day (for women are true keepers of anniversaries, and have other saints' days than are set down in the calendar), trembled and turned pale at these simple words. Rebecca, lying with her eyes closed, and her thin hands folded below her chin, went on:—

"We're short-sighted creatures, and there's only one thing as we can be sure of, Dinah. It's all in the Lord's hands."

Then she lay quiet for a while, and Dinah quivered beside her. For not Joe's desertion of her, nor the failure of his promise, nor the danger of disgrace, nor the fact that fate had stolen her child from her, had weaned her heart from young Joe. She would believe no ill of him, but dreaded to hear of terrible mischefs which had happened to him.

"And now," said the old woman again, "I shan't be here long, and perhaps I shall know more about it where I'm goin to."

"Becky, you was a little too hard on the lad."

"No," said Dinah, laying a timid hand upon Rebecca's brow, "you must wait long enough to see him come back again. He can't have the heart to stay away for good, if he's alive," and at that Dinah broke out crying.

Rebecca opened her eyes, and her hands parted.

"Dinah, my poor gell!" was all she said.

And Dinah, pierced by a sudden revelation of instinct, read the stately heart of the rigid old Calvinist aright and knew its tenderness. She leaned over the bed, and laid her face softly in Rebecca's bosom, and the old woman and the young one cried together.

"I always knowed," said Rebecca, gliding back into the broadest accent of her childhood, "as you loved him, an' I know as he loved you. An' he wasn't a bad lad at bottom, Dinah, an' he never meant no harm; an' it was my cruel ways as made him angry wi' religion. The old woman's tears flowed freely, but she went on with no break in her voice. "Yo' seek help where help is to be got. Yo'll see him come back again some day, Dinah, an' yo' must tell him as whatever he did as was wrong his mother forgive him afore her died, an' whatever her did as was wrong to him, her asked yo' t'ask him to forget."

There she ceased again, and lay, stroking Dinah's wet cheek, and feebly drying the girl's eyes. Dinah had an impulse upon her to