

NOTICE  
THE Notes given at Francis Napier's sale became due on the 10th of this month. Payment of the same will be received up to the 10th December; and if not then paid the Notes will be handed to an attorney for collection.  
FRANCIS NAPIER,  
Deaver Settlement, Dundee.  
NOTICE.  
THE Notes rendered at Mr. Robert White's sale fall due on the 7th December and are in the hands of James McGerrigle for collection. Prompt payment is expected.  
JAMES MCGERRIGLE.  
Oranston, Nov. 21.

FOR SALE, east half of lot No. 25, 1 1/2 miles from Cavazille, and 1 mile from Cheese Factory. For particulars, apply to ALLAN MCNICOL, St. Anicet.  
FARMS FOR SALE, in the County of Huntingdon.  
200 acres more or less.  
100 " " " "  
50 " " " "  
140 " " " "  
95 " " " "  
Apply to ANDREW SOMERVILLE,  
Huntingdon, 19th Oct.  
FARM FOR SALE.  
THAT splendid Farm known as the Lamb Farm is now for sale, in the parish of St. Jean Chrysostome, county of Chateaugay, situated less than 400 yards from the Russelltown Plats Presbyterian church, and within 1 1/2 miles of St. Jean Chrysostome village. This Farm comprises lots E and F in the 5th range of Russelltown, and is over 400 arpents in extent. About 100 arpents is in standing wood, including a good sugar. It is well watered, being bounded to the north-east (most of its length) by the English River, and crossed by the Allen Brook. Good out-buildings and a never failing well of good water.  
Terms liberal. Possession given on or before the 1st of April next. A large portion of the price can remain at interest for a term of years, secured by mortgage.  
Mr. William Buchanan, on the premises, will show the farm to persons desiring to examine it. For information, as to terms of sale, title, surveys, plan, &c., apply to James R. Gibb, Agent to the estate of the late A. Robertson, 28 St. Francis Xavier street, Montreal.

Dr. O. E. Wells, Dentist.  
(Licentiate Dental Association Province Quebec.  
Dental Licentiate Medical Council, Great Britain and Ireland.)  
Condensed Nitrous Oxide gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. When to be replaced by new ones, teeth extracted and gas administered free of cost. American teeth, S. S. White's, inserted at \$10 a set. Office, first house south of upper bridge, Huntingdon, opposite the Foundry.  
1865 DENTISTRY, 1881  
H. W. MERRICK,  
DENTIST,  
FORT COVINGTON, N. Y.  
At home the first 25 days of each month, until A further notice. Artificial teeth inserted on any of the first-class bases now in use and the best of material used. Teeth extracted without pain or danger by the use of liquid Nitrous Oxide gas.  
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BEAUHARNOIS.  
Insuring only Farm and Isolated property  
PRESIDENT—Daniel McFarlane, Esq.  
Directors—George Cross, John Ferns, Donald McLaughlin, Andrew Oliver, John Symons, John White and John Young.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Andrew Somerville, Huntingdon.  
Agents—William Edwards, Franklin; Robert Middlemiss, Rockburn; Thomas Clarke, Ste. Philomena; Robert Small, Trout River; F. Clancy, N. P., and J. A. Y. Amiral, N. P., Huntingdon; F. T. Boardman, Vicars; William Blacket, Allan's Corners; John Davidson, Dundee; J. I. Crevier, N. P., St. Anicet; Arthur Herdman, Herdman's Corners; J. C. Bruce, Huntingdon; William Cameron of Dundee, and E. H. Bisson, Esq., Notary Public of Beauharnois; James Barr, Covey Hill.  
Parties wishing to insure their property, are requested to apply to the agents or Secretary.  
Caskets and Coffins.  
A LARGE assortment is now on hand and will be sold at moderate prices. Those requiring the like will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere. Burial Boxes and Plates always on hand. First class Hearse.  
D. SHANKS,  
Dominion Block, Huntingdon.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.—It is a common remark with whoever speaks concerning the matter that Franklin county was never better off financially than it is today. The year's prosperity has been great. All produce has brought liberal prices, and most of our harvests have been abundant. Hay was an enormous crop, hops largely exceed the yield of last year, grains gave a bountiful harvest, potatoes alone are below the average. The dairy season has been excellent, the pastures having held green and luxuriant thru all the summer, and the flow of milk having exceeded that of last year by probably ten per cent. Our hop crop alone is worth from half to three-quarters of a million of dollars, our dairy products \$350,000, our potatoes as much more, and our hay as much as the hops, but a small part of it is directly converted into money. Add to this that work has been abundant for all who would seek it, and wages somewhat higher than during preceding years, and we find that there is justification for the remark quoted in the first sentence of this article. Possibly a word of caution in this time of prosperity may not be out of character. Money that comes easily is apt to go readily. Men are wont to rush into extravagance if they find themselves unexpectedly and wonderfully prosperous. They often not only expend all their ready cash, but run into debt to purchase property they do not need, and would be better off without, or to prosecute some enterprise which might better be deferred or postponed altogether. The experience of the recent past—if men will but recall it—must warn them of the folly of taking such a course now, simply because the year has dealt kindly and lavishly by them. Purchases at high prices and extravagant living during flush times made many a man trouble and disaster when hard times shut down on our country four or five years ago. Unless men would invite repetition of that time, they must not rush into the conditions which then led to it. It is rather the part of wisdom to study safety and practice frugality. Discharge your debts, invest what balance you may have where it will be secure, and contract no obligations which you will not be able to readily meet at any time for payment. Then will our prosperity be real and prove permanent, and panic, if they come, will find us ready to meet and defy them.—Palladium.

# The Canadian Gleaner

NO. 832. HUNTINGDON, Q., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881. \$1.50 A-YEAR.

WORTH KNOWING.  
I HAVE pleasure in announcing great success in my establishing the Price Cut System. My customers are delighted to get good goods very cheap. No time lost in buying, and not at all afraid of being over-charged, cheated, or deceived. That the community at large has realized the great reduction in the prices of all kinds of daily necessities is well known, and admitted by everybody (except the former merchants). It is most wonderful to see how strangers from a distance (whom I never saw before) will come to my store to purchase, owing to what they heard from their neighbors of the great goods, one price, very cheap, and no advantage taken on goods of which they do not know the just value.  
I have determined to show my gratitude to the public for the large share of patronage they have given me by granting a 5 per cent. discount on all purchases over \$1, for cash only, commencing on Friday the 18th inst., until further notice.  
As my goods are all marked in plain figures, customers can see for themselves their prices and so be secured from the humbug too often practiced.  
My stock, as usual, is well assorted, consisting of Groceries, Dry Goods, the latest styles of Dress goods, Clothing, Lace Ties, Gloves, &c., &c. Also a large and well selected stock of Boots and Shoes in all kinds and prices. A splendid line of Ladies' French and Glove Kid Buttoned Boots. Also a large supply of Ready-made Clothing in Boys' and Men's Suits, Ulsters, Overcoats, Persian Lamb and Sea Seal Caps, Wool and Felt Hats of the latest styles. A good assortment of English and Canadian Tweeds, Crockery, Glassware, China Sets, Lamps and Chimneys, Globes, &c., &c. The only place to get the L'Basile glass chimneys that won't break.  
Remember the place—the Montreal Cheap Cash Store—the old Cunningham stand.  
K. FREEMAN.  
Huntingdon, Nov. 16.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.  
SEALED TENDERS, addressed Secretary-Treasurer of the Town Saluberry of Valleyfield, will be received until the 20th December next, for the construction of the Town Hall or Market, at Saluberry of Valleyfield, according to the plans and specifications attached, and the same can be taken at the office of the undersigned. The conditions of payment will be made known at the same office.  
The Council of the said Town does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order,  
Z. BOYER, Secy.-Treas.  
Valleyfield, Oct. 25.

ARCHD. MCCORMICK, V.S., would respectfully inform the public that he has taken up his permanent residence at Durham, where he is always to be found, excepting Tuesdays, when he will be at his father's, St. Louis, and Fridays, when he will be at Moir's Huntingdon. Office: John C. Lockery's, next door to Hugh Walsh's, Durham.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER, \$1.50 A-YEAR, And have reading for the long evenings

THE SCOTCH FARMER IN 1881.  
Heel! there's the factor and the laird,  
Baith deavin' me about the rent,  
As if I was some tinkler caird  
That might be aff afore they kent,  
Wi' eaddy-cart and dirty tent,  
Ye'se get yer rent, sirs, never fear;  
Yet hoo the siller's to be raised,  
Unless ye roup aff my gear,  
I wana, for my heid's half-crown,  
Wi' thoct, and doonert-like and dazed.  
I'm no a thrawart Irish cuiff  
To keep frae any man his due,  
An' hee the siller in my loof;  
Ye'se get it, plack and hawbe too,  
As word and bond were gien to you.  
Yet what to do I wana, sirs;  
Nae doot it's hard, too on the laird;  
Yet cuttin' doon some aiks and firs  
That's on the 'in', an' might be spared,  
Hee cutt'ull thru ye, if he cared,  
But what wi' dowgs and horse and guns,  
An' furdies, and his Lunnon horse,  
An' girls' tae dress, and wastefu' sons,  
Wi' a' his rents he's no that crouse,  
And manna hand the siller loose.  
But what to do I dinna ken,  
An' what to turn I canna see;  
My neighbours willingly wad lea'  
If they had any cash to gie,  
But lik ene is as pair as me.  
I had some notes ane o' the bank,  
But they're a gane this year an' mair;  
The guidwife's stock's toom an' bank,  
Ance well-stuffed as an easy chair.  
An' noo she's doon wi' trouble and care.  
Was ever sic a year afore?  
In spring the yeows war weak and dry,  
The lambs they dee't jist by the score.  
There wassa fadder for the kye,  
But what wi' their price to buy.  
Then simmer, it was wet and cauld,  
Wi' scarce an hoor to win the hay;  
An' autumn hardly ance devald'  
To pelt and rain on, night and day.  
Till stooks were sproutin' green as May.  
Three times! had to saw the neeps,  
An' ret the craps' nait o' the best;  
The tatties promised to be leaps,  
But noo they've gane like a' the rest,  
Jist rottin' wi' that awfu' pest.  
I gat naist naisthing for my woo',  
An' mutton bairly paid the cost;  
I gat the sticks at least, naist doo,  
But they were siller wair than loo.  
The railways ate up half the roast.  
Nae sic a year afore I've passed,  
For a' my plans they turned oot ill,  
An' I'm a broken man at last;  
An' they may hae the land that will,  
While I'm ret the craps' nait o' the hill.  
I'll pay my rent; there's nae shall say  
My father's son is in his debt;  
There's horse and kye, and corn and hay,  
An' cart and plough may gang the gate;  
But a' be' paid up sune or late.  
And yet his hand that, for nae fault,  
I had be driven frae the heath and doer;  
For forty years my father dwelt  
In this an' house, and his afore  
For generations three, or more.  
The lan' is no jist lan' tae me;  
It is their life and thoct and swat  
That in its bonnie fields I see:  
They had it mosey, sour, and wat,  
An' made it what I noo look at.  
It wassa worth a shillin' then,  
For lika note I pay for't noo,  
I didna grudge the laird his gain—  
He did his part, I mean alioo;  
I only think, what can I do?  
They speak o' takin' aff the rates;  
I had be jist be' kep' up the rents,  
They talk o' taxin' foreign ails,  
An' that means monee hungry Lents  
For workin' folk, at a' events.  
There's nae licht there; nor can I see  
Frae what sirt we're to look for licht;  
I thoct "hypothec" ance would dee,  
I thoct be jist be' kep' up the rents,  
But that relief is unco slicht.  
I'd gang an see the minister,  
An' hae a wee bit crack wi' him;  
But, then, there's naething gars him stir  
Except the kirk, to keep her trim,  
Whatever else may stink or swim.  
Wae's me! there's Ailie's temper gane—  
I thoct be jist be' kep' up the rents;  
The lassies too, sit dowie an' lane;  
I've stoop't the schullin' o' the loons—  
But there's a Higher Poo'er aboon'e.

## NOTES OF A VISIT TO ROME.

HAVING now taken a general survey of the environs and topography of the modern city, I resolved, according to the programme I had made before I came to Rome, to see the Forum Romanum—the centre of the commercial and political life of the ancient Roman world, and the site of the ruins of its metropolis. With this end in view, on a bright and beautiful morning, (for the weather during my stay was delightful), I left my hotel in the via del Babuino, passed thru the via d'Arco, and entered the Corso, which runs north and south from the Piazza del Popolo to the Capitoline hill. The ruins are to the south of that classical height. The Corso is one of the few streets in Rome which possess those conveniences and safeguards in modern cities—side foot pavements. Tho' it was early the Corso was noisy lively with pedestrians of various costumes, complexions and pursuits. Vehicles of all kinds were rattling over its much frequented thoroughfare. It abounds in all kinds of shops of the upper class style, many of them occupied by jewellers. In almost every one of them I saw photos of the late Pope, in every variety of coloring and position. There was no mistake about his genial and benignant countenance. As a man and the head of the Roman Catholic church, Pio Nono was popular, but his government in political affairs was unpopular and was ultimately rejected by the Romans. Here and there in the Corso were squares, palaces and churches, all more or less interesting in themselves and their historic associations. The General Post Office is situated in the square of the column of M. Aurelius near the Corso. It is a handsome building with stately Ionic columns in its facade. Near the Post Office, but built in another square, is the Chamber of Deputies, fitted up in 1871 for the sittings of the Italian Parliament. Here, too, are the Railway and Telegraph offices. Here, too, is an obelisk 84 feet in height, and one of the most ancient in the city. It was originally the property of Psammetichus I., and was erected by him seven centuries before Christ. After a pleasant and interesting walk of an hour I was in front of the asphaltic steps which form the central approach or staircase to the square of the capitol. At the foot of the steps are two (one on each side of the scale) Egyptian lions. Near the one on the right the patriotic reformer, Rizzini, fell. At the top of the steps on each side are groups of the horse taming Diocouris. I afterwards saw six fables of them at a fountain on the Quirinal near the Royal Palace. To the left of the highest steps, surrounded by a few scrubby shrubs, is a caged wolf—a living reminiscence of the legendary foundation of the city of Romulus, and a sign that, with all their civilization and power, the Romans were to manifest in their eventual history something of the wolf's nature, in their love of rapine and thirst for blood. The square of the capitol, designed by M. Angelo, is not large. It is, nevertheless, very attractive and instructing. It contains the trophies of Marius, and the statues of the Emperor Constantine and his son Constans. Here, too, was placed the first ancient milestone of the Appian Way. It is supplied by a modern counterpart. The most striking object is, however, the bronze equestrian statue of M. Aurelius in the centre. It was once gilded, but the gilding has disappeared under the corroding tooth of time. It is admirable in its proportions, finished in its execution, and remarkable for its excellent state of preservation. Like every square in the city, the Piazza of the capitol has its flowing fountain, over which is a sitting figure representing Roma. It was near this historic spot that Gibbon, in a musing mood, determined to write "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." The buildings around the square are comparatively of recent construction and are used for municipal offices, dwellings, an observatory and a museum. The best known room in the museum is the "room of the dying gladiator", named from the statue in the centre, which represents a wounded Gaul and was found in the gardens of the versatile Salustius. The ancient structures that rose on and around the Capitoline summit, in proud and stately magnificence and strength, are overturned—never to be rebuilt. The fortress and temple of Jupiter, the former reared by Romulus, the latter begun by him and completed and embellished by Augustus—are no more. The temples of Saturn and of Concordia, with (an arch and a few pillars only remaining) the Portico of the twelve gods, have shared the same fate. With the demolition of these sacred fanes and hants of the gods, came the overthrow of the Roman Paganism, which for centuries had been the religion of Europe. Nor did the lofty buildings, constructed for civil or political purposes, escape the ravages of time and the ruthlessness of man. They, too, have ceased to exist, and are only to be seen as ruins. The Tabularium, (or roll house) which contained the state archives, is destroyed. Some of its vaults in degenerate days were used for the storing of salt and in their immediate vicinity a kiln was lately discovered, where, in the middle ages, it was supposed the marble from the palatial edifices on and around this historic hill were burnt to make lime to build houses for the people of Rome. To what base uses great men and art ornamented marble may return! Gone, too, is the Senate House, where Caesar, the greatest and most gifted of the Roman generals, was slain, and where Cicero, the most brilliant and egotistical of Roman orators, poured forth his rounded periods and artistic eloquence, *Sic transit gloria mundi*. From the square of the capitol there are two streets which lead down to the Forum. The way on the west side is called the Via del Campidoglio. It passes near the "Rock Tarpeian", famous in ancient times as the place of public execution. It must, however, have changed in its appearance since then, as there is little now to make it formidable to any one. I fear its true location is unknown. I took the way on the north side and returned by the way on the west side. It is called the via dell' arco di S. Severo. From this arch

the design was taken for the Arc du Carrousel, in Paris. On the left, on a slope of the Capitoline, I entered and inspected the historic Mamertine prison. A tawdry church has been erected over it. It was known in the time of the Kings as Tullianum, or the well-house. It afterwards became a prison. It consists of two chambers, which are very narrow, very strong, and placed the one above the other. To the lower dungeon the only access in ancient times was thru an opening in the stone floor of the upper. It was here that Jugurtha died of starvation and the confederates of Cataline were put to death. The legend, adopted in the 15th century, that asserts that in the time of Nero St. Paul and St. Peter were prisoners within its dingy walls, rests on no historic basis. It is a frightful Roman Bastille, whose prisoners must have heard the tumult of noises which came from the Forum a few yards to the south-west. We have now before us, in the Foro Romano, the most memorable spot in the annals of Europe. It was at one time a deep and marshy valley—half lake—half swamp—dividing the Capitol and the Palatine. Mayhap it was in prehistoric times the crater of an active and afterwards of an extinct volcano. The elements of fire and water were chief factors in its formation—a physical presage of the fiery passions that were to be exhibited and the copious tears that were to be shed by those who made it the grand centre of their power and civilization and the favorite site of their noblest monuments. It was the great throbbing heart of the Roman world, whose pulsations were felt from Parthia in the east to remote Britain in the west, and from the forests in Germany in the north to the sands of Libya and the waters of the Nile in the south. It is surrounded more or less by the encircling arms of the famous seven hills. It comes before us in history as a meeting place between the Sabine colony on the Quirinal and the Roman colony on the Palatine, and it sustained this character as a meeting place for a thousand years. It was here, in the construction of the Maxima Cloaca, that in order to drain the Forum more perfectly, Tarquin first applied the arch principle to Roman structures. The arch was ever after held in high esteem by the Romans and their modern descendants. It might be regarded as one of the marked symbols of their architecture, and as a type of their progress, power and policy. The Romans were a nation of bridge-makers as well as road-makers and the Pontifex Maximus, or President of the Roman hierarchy, by their energy, courage and faculty for order and government, to unite the nations into one great empire that, like a huge Colossus, bedrode the world. If the principle, that a place is to us what we are to a place, no locality will illustrate it better than the deeply interesting classical scene before us. The history of the Roman Forum is more or less a miniature of the history of the Roman world. It is a mosaic of its architecture during the monarchy, the republic and the empire. In extent it was small when contrasted with the stirring events that transpired on its quiet tessellated surface. In length it was about 150 yards, and in breadth about 50 yards, stretching from the foot of the Capitol, in a southerly direction, towards the Colosseum. It is now largely covered with rubbish to the depth of 40 feet, the part of it has been laid open by excavations made in recent times. It was bounded by streets, the most famous of which was the Via Sacra, leading to the Capitol. At first it was lined with butchers' stalls and the booths of other traders, but when the city increased in population, wealth and splendor, these were relegated to more suitable quarters and gave place to elegant buildings occupied by money-changers and goldsmiths. The gods, too, had their temples there, and the Pontifex Maximus, or President of the Roman hierarchy, had his stately residence on or near the same spot. Here, too, stood the golden milestone giving the distance to the chief cities of the world. Then, for gaining space and meeting the increased traffic, came Basilicas or law courts, the ruins of some of which are now in course of excavation. All that now remains to tell of the ancient magnificence of the Foro Romano are a few broken and entire pillars, a few stone barriers, the new rostra and the rostra Julia from which Mark Antony delivered his celebrated oration on the death of Caesar. And yet, tho' it is a ruin, it was on that Via Sacra that skirts its western side that there marched the proud and pompous processions, bright with all the emblazonment and glitter of a military display, of those successful warriors whom the Senate honored with a triumph. It was here, too, that the tide of imperial trade and commerce ebbed and flowed. Here, too, were celebrated brutal gladiatorial shows and the imposing oases of some of the nobles. Here patrician and plebeian met in the struggles of political life, and plaintiff and defendant had their causes argued in the open air. Here were suspended the 12 tables with the laws, and burning questions on the rights of man and of property were discussed and settled for a time, for Romans had a land difficulty and a land bill to meet as well as Britons in our day. They were the great lawyers of the ancient pagan world and their jurisprudence has been incorporated more or less into the jurisprudence of every civilized nation on the globe. I inspected the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine. From the extent and depth of the ruins, it is easy to infer the size and grandeur of the original pile of buildings. I saw the famous arch of Titus, constructed in memory of his capture of Jerusalem. Every Jew, when he passes it, makes a gesture of contempt, and so would I if I were a Jew. Near it is the arch of Constantine the Great, built to perpetuate his victories over his enemies. We now pass near the site of Nero's Golden House and of the famous imperial gardens on and near the Palatine. We are now at the Colosseum or Flavian Amphitheatre, so called because constructed in the Flavian period of the Imperial regime. It is a huge edifice and covers six acres. It has eighty arches and rises in four tiers to the height of 140

feet. The four orders of architecture are represented in the four tiers—one order in each tier. Founded by Vespasian, completed by Titus, in the close of the first century of our era, it was the largest theatre, and is one of the most imposing ruins in existence. It could accommodate about 90,000 spectators—a large number certainly, but Rome then must have had a population of 1 1/2 or 2 millions of inhabitants. When it was inaugurated 5,000 wild beasts were slaughtered in holiday sport. The value of its materials is at the present time estimated at 2 1/2 million dollars. To prevent it from falling into greater decay it has been supported by brick buttresses at the expense of several of the Popes. I enter and take my stand on the arena or stage, and realize the vast proportions of the interior. On the first tier or podium the Emperor sat along with the grandees of Rome. When he inverted his thumb, the fallen gladiator was put to death amid the plaudits of the audience. I am glad it is a ruin, for its history is redolent of blood and cruelty. The only act of a redeeming nature connected with it was that of an old man who rushed into the arena and was the occasion, by his self-sacrificing courage, of putting an end to the carnival of blood connected with the encounters of the gladiators. When I was walking around in the arena, an Italian asked me if I would not purchase a comic brooch. I asked him *Quanto costa?* ("How much?") He answered me by crossing his thumbs, making the letter X, thereby signifying that 10 Lira was the price. Here we have the key to the Roman notation in the position of the fingers to express as on a natural basis any small number that might be required. The Emperor with his inverted thumb and the pedlar with his thumbs crossed confirmed my belief that the Romans, ancient and modern, had a language independent of speech, a language unfolded and cultivated by them, because of the many strangers who visited Rome who were ignorant of Latin and Italian.  
I then went and visited the Pantheon. It is in a perfect state of preservation. It was built by Agrippa 27 B.C. It has a piazza before it which, on market days, is thronged by the peasantry around Rome. I saw some of them, and they appeared very primitive and picturesque in their garb and sandals. There is also a portico which is supported by 16 Corinthian columns of granite, 13 feet in circumference and 39 feet in height. I entered the interior, which is lighted by a single aperture in the centre of the dome. The walls are 20 feet in thickness, and their surface is broken by seven large niches, in which stood the statues of the gods. Raphael and other celebrated artists find a resting-place in the Pantheon; and here, too, a short time before I visited Rome, all that was mortal of Victor Emmanuel was interred within its ample wall. Thus old and new Rome meet and the world moves.  
J. B. M.  
Huntingdon, Que.  
The strangest phenomenon seen for a long time in our view in Vienna. "Der Gummimensch", or the india-rubber man, is quite the queerest fellow imaginable. He is a pale, flaccid man, with red hair and a bilious complexion. He can seize the skin of his chest with both hands, pull it away from his body about 18 inches, and raise it to the level of his head; and yet, when he leaves go, instead of this skin hanging in horrid folds, it goes spreading itself again, so that not a crease is to be discovered. The skin of his nose he can stretch 6 inches, the skin of his fingers 2 inches, so that his hand looks like Nos 29 or 30. The medical faculty are highly exercised about this man. There has not been such a case for two centuries.  
The editor of an Italian newspaper, having given offence to one of his fellow-citizens and political antagonists, lately received a letter from him couched in these terms:—"Sir, I cannot send my seconds to such a scoundrel as yourself. Heroby, therefore, I smite you. That is the sole object of this letter. It conveys to you, on my behalf, a sound slap on either cheek. I remain, &c." This epistle appeared in the next morning's issue of the victim's journal, as well as the following truculent reprisal also:—"Inimitable adversary, you have struck me in writing. Similarly, I hereby discharge all the six barrels of my revolver at your head, and kill you by letter. As soon as you shall have perused this note, you may consider yourself a dead man."  
Moses Thompson became a hundred years old a few days ago. He is a negro, and for half a century has been a preacher, most of the time in Arkansas. His people regarded him as an inspired prophet, and he ruled them in religious matters like an autocrat. He said that he was exempt from death, but on his hundredth birthday would ascend bodily and resplendently to heaven. A large crowd assembled at Lonoke in an open field in expectation of a supernatural spectacle. Thompson wore a white robe, and was very ecstatic, singing, praying, and exhorting by the hour. He was to rise at noon according to his programme, and he attributed the failure to a rain storm which was at that time raging; but the people could not be persuaded that so important an affair would be postponed on account of rain, and they jeered and chased away their prophet.  
A New Haven young woman has twice postponed her marriage after the wedding guests had assembled, giving no reason except that she is not quite ready. The affianced husband is hopeful.  
In Germany, as well as in England, the work of revising the standard translation of the Bible has been going on for some time; and Luther's Bible, it must be remembered, is clothed by popular opinion with even more sanctity than our own Authorized Version. The German Revisors, who are mostly university professors, hold their meetings every spring and autumn in various towns of Central Germany. About ten years ago they terminated the revision of the New Testament, and they are now occupied at Halle upon their final consideration of the Old Testament.

PREMIER NORQUAY'S TOUR THRU MANITOBA.  
PREMIER NORQUAY last month made a tour of the western part of the Province of Manitoba, and a few nights since, at a meeting of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society of St. Andrews, Man., he gave an address, in which in an interesting conversational way he narrated the chief incidents of the trip, and described what most attracted his attention. The first place visited was Stonewall, about twenty miles north-west of Winnipeg, which was described as a beautifully situated village, with twenty-five or thirty houses, and an industrious, thrifty population. An important feature of Stonewall is its fine quarries of building stone. Proceeding westward, and passing thru the settlements of Meadow Lea and Woodlands, it was noticed that the intention of the C. P. R. Company to remove their located line had seriously affected the villages that promised to rival Stonewall in growth and importance, and they were now being gradually abandoned. Portage la Prairie showed in a marked degree the characteristic of thrift, industry, enterprise, and confidence. Its population of 2,500 had good grounds for believing as they do that their numbers will soon increase to 10,000. The conflict for supremacy going on between the eastern and western portions of the town will have no more effect than to promote the growth of both, so that the gap will soon be filled up and the two indissolubly united in one harmonious whole. Property on Saskatchewan-avenue about the middle of October could be bought at \$30 per foot; less than a month later the price had advanced to \$75 per foot, and was freely purchased at that enormous figure. A syndicate of three persons bought a plot in the village for \$30,000, and a few weeks later each of the three persons realized a cool \$50,000 on the transaction. These were evidences of the spirit of advancement that pervades Portage la Prairie. For ten miles west of Portage the land was very thickly settled, and it was not difficult to find standing places where one could in a cursory glance see between two and three hundred stacks of grain. Some farmers had ten or fifteen large stacks in one field, each of which would average 200 bushels of grain. The productive capacity of this portion of Manitoba is something incredible. No one is considered a farmer here unless he can raise in one year in the neighborhood of three or four thousand bushels of grain. After passing thru this territory the land is more suitable for stock raising. The Sand Hills, thirty-six miles further on, is a region comparatively unproductive. The Big Plains settlement, still further west, bids fair to be as important as any other nucleus in the North-West. At first the land was believed to be too light for successful cropping, but the test has shown that as good crops can be raised here as anywhere in the Province, and the settlers are satisfied. Brandon, five months ago, comprised only an adventurous Englishman and a small pile of lumber. Its growth has been marvellous. Twenty miles west is the ambitious little town of Rapid City. The land between the two places, while of a fair average quality, is remarkable for the absence of unproductive patches, no ponds, or brush, or timber here interfere with the tiller of the soil. In the vicinity of Rapid City the land is more broken, but exceedingly productive. The city has about 100 houses, many of them of a substantial and imposing character. The people are public-spirited and contented. The next point of importance westward is Shoal Lake. The lake, it is asserted, will cure those afflicted with rheumatism if they bathe in its waters. The country is not thickly settled, for the reason that much of the land is of inferior quality. West of the lake the land possesses better advantages than to the east of it. There is evidence, however, of much of it being in the possession of scrip holders, who are waiting to realize large profits on their investments. At the village of Shoal Lake there is a Mounted Police station and here the Indian Commissioner has his headquarters. The main object of the settlers is to raise their village into a town of importance. The next prominent place west is Birtle, on Bird Tail Creek. It has three hotels, a public hall, and a saw-mill. It is making a strong effort to secure railway connection. Twelve miles further on is Fort Ellice. Crossing the Assiniboine and turning northward the route lay thru the most beautiful and most fertile region of Manitoba. It only requires railway facilities to make it the most flourishing district of the Province. South-west of Ellice the land is much inferior. The C. P. R. crosses the Assiniboine 25 miles south of Ellice. West of this point, for a distance of five or six miles, there is sufficient timber for settlement purposes all along the line of road, and it is remarkable how evenly divided the country appears to be, between farming and meadow land. Crossing the prairie to the Qu'Appelle, little is noticeable beyond the unvarying richness of the soil, the absence of timber, and the profusion of grass.  
In closing the lecturer summed up the results of his trip by saying that when they analyzed the natural features of the country they could not but arrive at the conclusion that Manitoba and the North-West were destined to become the home of a numerous and thrifty population. Good land largely predominated over the poor. There were poor spots, but they were so limited in extent that they formed no important barrier to settlement.  
There is as much nourishment in one bushel of beans as in five bushels of potatoes. The whole of Thessaly, the province east of Greece, has now been occupied by Greek troops, without disorder or resistance. The Christian inhabitants are, of course, delighted, and welcome the troops with enthusiasm; while the Mussulmans have declined to emigrate. They find their property quite secure, and are as pleased as the Greeks at the absence of the brigands, who have disappeared

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ROBT. SELLAR, Proprietor, Huntingdon, Que.



## The Canadian Gleaner.

HUNTINGDON, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1881.

The nominations on Friday passed over quietly, the only tendency to disturbance being manifested at Quebec. No fewer than 15 constituencies were uncontested, and out of these 10 supporters of the Government were declared elected. Two seats, the county of Quebec and Beauce, were lost to the Liberals, apparently from neglect to provide candidates, as both at last election voted the Reform ticket by sweeping majorities. On Monday, the Liberal candidate for Laval withdrew from the field, so that it may be said 16 seats have been decided. As another day will decide the fate of the remainder, any surmise or comment would be superfluous. That the Conservatives will obtain a sweeping majority seems to be inevitable.

Goyette, whose candidature for Beauharnois was ridiculous, withdrew before nomination day, and Dr de Boucherville took his place, and goes to the poll with Bergevin. Both are Conservatives. For Chateaugay, the old member, Dr Laberge, Mr LePailleur, and Mr James Steel were nominated. The contest lies between the two first named, and whatever votes Mr Steel gets he takes from the Doctor, who also labors under the disadvantage of facing the contest with imperfect organization. All depends upon how the Liberal vote is brought out. The county of Chateaugay is Liberal to the backbone, has proved itself so in repeated contests during the past 18 years, and possesses the power to defeat this last Conservative manoeuvre if it is only properly directed. A full and united vote will carry the day; a small and divided one means defeat. We have cause to know that the Liberals of St Malachie, at least, realize the situation and will do their duty.

The election of a member for Huntingdon was a very common-place proceeding. The paper nominating Dr Cameron, signed by 31 electors, was filed with the returning officer, and no other coming in, at the expiry of the hour Mr Somerville declared him elected. Dr Cameron was not present and there were not half a dozen spectators. Such unanimity of opinion and good-feeling is rarely seen.

The vexatious news comes from Prince Edward Island of another bank disaster, the cause being the familiar one of large advances to men-of-straw. The bank was a small one, its paid up capital being only \$120,000, but its liabilities amount to nearly a million. Depositors and bill-holders can only be paid by enforcing the double-liability clause on the shareholders. The cashier has run away and is made the scapegoat, tho the directors appear to be equally to blame. \$700,000 are reported to have been given in loan to persons from whom nothing can be collected. The disaster to a small community like Prince Edward is a great one.

The official decision in the Orange case confirms the view we took of it in last week's paper. After holding good the pleas as to informality, the court gives, as a further reason for confirming the judgment of the Superior court,—

That it appears by the evidence adduced in this case that the Royal Orange Institution in the said declaration mentioned is an unlawful combination and confederacy, inasmuch as it is proved that the members of the said Association, according to the rules thereof, are required to keep secret the acts or proceedings of such Association, and are bound so to do by an oath or agreement not authorized by law; also, that the said plaintiff, David Grant, admits that on the occasion referred to he acted as a member of such institution, and that he was, in fact, a member thereof.

In a formal manner the highest court in the Province thus places on record its decision that the Orange Institution is illegal under existing statutes. What course the Grand Lodge will pursue is unknown, but Mr Doutré frankly admits that it will be useless to appeal the case unless the defendant will consent to its being done on the point of the illegality of the Order, which, of course, Mayor Beaudry will not do. He has safe ground on the informality and will not risk a reversal of the judgment by abandoning them. Mr Doutré recommends, as the Gleaner did, that the Orangemen either conform with the law by dropping the element of secrecy or else get the law changed.

It was anticipated that Sir John Macdonald would have announced to the convention at Toronto his intention to dissolve the present House and hold a general election next summer. The term

of the present Parliament does not end until 1883, but many Conservatives seem to think it advisable to hold the elections before the reaction sets in to the present prosperity. The ostensible reason would be, that many capitalists hesitate to invest in factories owing to uncertainty as to the maintenance of the N. P., and that a triumphant endorsement next year of the present Administration would go far to re-assure them. In one of his speeches at Toronto Sir John gloried in a circumstance of which he might well be ashamed, namely, the alliance he effected with the Ultramontanes of this Province, and by means of which he has had so long a season of almost absolute power. He said—

Looking back to 1851 I can call to mind that there was successfully effected by the Liberal Conservative party a union with the Conservatives of Lower Canada. From that date we have marched on together, side by side and shoulder to shoulder—the orthodox true blue French-Canadians, and the orthodox true blue Liberal-Conservatives of Ontario (Cheers.) We have marched on together, I say, and on most occasions to victory. The consequence of that union was that we settled the burning question in both provinces—I say burning question, because religious questions always arouse the feelings, the course of the measure was successful, and when in the various burning school question in such a manner that from that time Catholics and Protestants have been able to work side by side, and teach their children in their own fashion and in their own way. The consequence of the liberal policy of our measure is that in no country in the world is there less friction between religious denominations, and in no country has education been more freely disseminated among the rising generation free from suspicion and proselytism, and free in every other respect, than in Canada. And in carrying this great measure you may remember how I was attacked. I was called a traitor to my religion, a traitor to my country. It was said that I was under the influence of the priesthood, that I was a mere slave to Lower Canada. But I had the consolation of knowing that my measure was successful, and when in the various vicissitudes of my political life I was driven into Opposition, the Government and the newspapers, which had attacked, abused, and reviled me and those with whom I acted, not only carried out the principle we adopted but extended it much further. When the course I have mentioned to you was found necessary to unite both provinces, I formed an alliance with the man whom you all know—I wish to God he were standing beside me now—(hear, hear, and cheer)—who acted with me, who fought the battle with me—Sir George Edmond Cartier—(loud cheers)—my friend and brother, with whom I had not only a political connection, but a personal affection—passing the love of women.

If there is little religious friction in this Province, it is because the priesthood, as a return for the support they have given Sir John, have got all they wanted and rule supreme. The statement about education being freely disseminated is one of Sir John's jokes. If no elector were allowed to cast his vote in this Province who could not sign his name, the doom of Conservatism would be sealed.

The Pacific Railway Syndicate are advertising the first issue of their bonds, ten million dollars, bearing interest at 5 per cent. They are secured by mortgage on the farm-lands given by the Government to the Syndicate, and may be exchanged for land. The city papers puff these bonds and advise those seeking investments to take them, as the security is undoubted. Should the Syndicate be unable to sell their lands as they anticipate, what will the mortgage be worth, and unless their holders understand farming, of what value the privilege to exchange them for wild land in the Far West.

The trial of Guiteau is still in progress, and may not end this week. A vast amount of evidence has been taken to make out that he is insane; apparently to little purpose, for it is sufficiently clear that the fellow knows the difference between right and wrong, and, therefore, however ill-balanced he may be, responsible for his acts.

The Land Leaguers meet in convention this week at Chicago to deliberate on the best method of "freeing Ireland." Several delegates have gone from Canada. At next election, like Mr Doherty, they will be eligible as Conservative candidates.

WITH regard to the paragraph from the Palladium, copied in another column, we would be inclined to go a little further than it does, and not only emphasize the duty of all, in the present prosperity, to pay off their debts, but to suggest whether the present is not a suitable time to abandon the credit system altogether. If farmers realized how greatly they lose by taking credit, they would never ask it. As it is, all in business have to give more or less credit and as all lose by it, they have to make up their loss, in part at least, by charging more for their goods than they otherwise would, so that it comes that the cash buyer helps to make up what is lost by slow-pay and no-pay. From what we know of the working of the credit system, we have no hesitation in saying that the farmers of the county of Huntingdon would save forty thousand dollars at least each year by refusing to take credit. Why they should not endeavor to stop this leak, is incomprehensible. One of the few good features in the Granger order is its effort to establish all dealing between man and man on the cash system; its urging the farmer neither to give nor take credit. It is not necessary to join a secret society to act on so equitable and advantageous a principle. All that is needed is a conviction that the credit system is a losing one, both to him who takes and him who gives credit, and an awakening of the conscience to do what is right in the ordinary dealings of daily life. When the country was newly-settled, when the farmers were

struggling for existence, credit was unavoidable; circumstances have changed since then, and there is now no justification for its longer survival.

THE heat of the election contest in Chambly has been the cause of bringing to light a most discreditable episode in connection with the obtaining of the charter for the South Shore Railway and Tunnel Company. Dr Martel, the Conservative candidate, accused the former member, Mr Prefontaine, who is seeking to be re-elected, with having accepted a bribe to support the said charter, which he denied, whereupon the Doctor wrote to Mr Senecal to confirm his assertion, when that honest gentleman replied as follows:

MONTREAL, Nov. 26th, 1881.  
MY DEAR MR MARTEL,—I have just received your letter informing me that you charged Mr Prefontaine with having acted as intermediary between his political friends and me to effect a change of opinion with them on the merits of the bill incorporating the South Shore Railway & Tunnel Company, and asking me to sustain your affirmations.

I regret that the secrets of these negotiations have transpired, but I will not hesitate in fulfilling the duty you impose upon me. I was in company with Mr Chaffee, the representative of the company which was to connect the North Shore Railway with South Eastern Railway and the railroads of the South Shore, and it was not without much surprise that we learned of the open hostility of the members of the Opposition against that measure. Our advocate confirmed our impressions by making us acquainted with a conversation which he had had with Mr Prefontaine, at that time member for the county of Chambly, in which the latter declared that his political friends would be opposed to us if we did not furnish them with the sum of fifteen hundred dollars to be distributed among certain Liberal journals so as to acquire for the project the sympathies of the members of the Liberal party. Mr Prefontaine, who was then walking up and down in the lobbies of the House waiting for our reply, soon received it. I transmitted to himself the sum of one thousand dollars which he was to distribute between L'Electeur and L'Union de St Hyacinthe, and I paid five hundred dollars to another of his friends so that that sum might be transmitted to La Patrie. I am ignorant whether that money reached its destination; but I know that the Opposition, with but few exceptions, voted for our charter.

During the following session the details of this transaction transpired, and the name of the Hon Mr Mercier was mixed up with it. I have no doubt whatever of Mr Prefontaine's role in the conclusion of this affair. When that gentleman came to Montreal in company with his lady towards the end of the last session, and told me, "If the accusation for the \$1,500 comes before the committee, neither as a witness nor otherwise; I ask you for twenty-four hours notice to resign."

This is, in the clearest terms possible, the history of my relations with the Tunnel charter, and you may accept this information as being precise and undeniable. I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,  
L. A. SENECAI.

Accepting Mr Senecal's statements as correct, he unconsciously condemns himself, for the man who gives a bribe is as bad as he who takes it. That the charter for our railway should ever have been tacked on to the tunnel scheme, and so come under the control of Senecal, will be all the more regretted in the face of this fresh revelation.

Since the foregoing was in type, we observe that at an election meeting at Longueuil on Tuesday Mr Chapleau reiterated Mr Senecal's charge, when Mr Prefontaine rose and gave it an unqualified contradiction.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD assures the Dominion that the millions that have been and are to be lavished on the Northwest and its great railway, will be repaid, principal and interest, out of the sale of its lands. As all actual settlers are to get 160 acres for nothing, the sale of the land will depend upon immigrants who are not satisfied with that quantity and who have money enough to buy more. How many such wealthy immigrants are likely to come? Taking the advances of the four old Provinces to open up the Northwest at 30 million dollars, 15 million acres of land, more than is arable in the whole Province of Ontario, would have to be sold to cash buyers at \$2 an acre. When it is further considered that the Syndicate have got 25 million acres of the pick of the lands, it is apparent settlers who have money will give them the preference. That a fraction of the money spent on the Northwest will, after a number of years, be repaid by the sale of its lands is probable, but the bulk of the millions being now wrong from the older Provinces is absolutely lost to them, and Sir John knows it.

Owing to a scarcity of Canadian coins, American silver has been used as change in this county for some time past, but of late has become so plentiful that it is accumulating in the hands of traders, who find they cannot get rid of it in Montreal at less than 6 per cent. discount. On trade dollars 8 to 10 cents discount is taken.

Post-office Inspector King visited this section last week with regard to the re-arrangement of the mails. Since the building of the Grand Trunk branch to Ste Martine, the stage has been run to Caughnawaga at a heavy loss, and its withdrawal has become inevitable. It was thought at first the Grand Trunk might run the train to Ste Martine to suit it, and that that village, in place of Caughnawaga, would be made the eastern end of the route, but the company has peremptorily refused to entertain all propositions to that end, as they mean to work the branch in conjunction with the Hemmingford line, which is the cheapest for them and the most convenient for those living near Ste Martine. Seeing that it is impossible to get a morning train from the city to Ste Martine, the Department has only the alternative of supplying the Chateaugay district from Valleyfield, and this Mr King is likely to effect. He proposes that a bag be made up in Montreal for Durham and Huntingdon each morning and sent by the early train. The bag would reach Valleyfield by noon, when the new stage would start for Durham and Huntingdon, reaching the latter place by 4 o'clock p.m. The present hour of leaving Huntingdon, 7 o'clock in the morning, would be retained, and passengers for Montreal would get there by half-past 6 in the evening. This arrangement as regards all the country west of Durham would be an admirable one, in fact an improvement on the present service, but there is the drawback that the offices between Durham and Ste Martine would not be so well supplied as they are now by the stage passing their doors twice a day. The likelihood is that Howick and North Georgetown will have an evening mail in connection with the Ste Martine train, and that Allan's Corners will be supplied from Durham. Mr King shows much anxiety to meet the wants of the people of the District, and the service he proposes will, under the change of circumstances, be accepted as a great boon. Should the Department approve of his plan, of which there is little doubt, tenders for the new stage line to Valleyfield will be advertised for, and it will probably come into operation in the course of a couple of months. It will be observed that the Grand Trunk has changed the hour of leaving Ste Martine to 9 o'clock a.m., which will enable passengers as far west as Durham to catch it easily.

A man, by the name of James Ball, who has been in the employment of Julius Scriver, Esq., mysteriously disappeared on the evening of Tuesday, the 22nd instant, from the village of Hemmingford. His disappearance cannot be accounted for, as he was a most exemplary man in every respect; was a member of the Presbyterian church and lived, so far as any person could judge, worthy of his profession; was strictly temperate, and one of the most industrious, methodical, trustworthy and thoroughly capable men Mr Scriver ever had. It would seem that, wherever he went or whatever he did with himself, had been premeditated, for he made some preparation. It had been his habit to visit the stable just before going to bed to arrange the horses for the night, and keeping the lantern and key of the barn at his own house, but, on the evening of his disappearance, he did all his work at the barn and locked up about dark, taking the key and lantern into Mr Scriver's house instead of his own. His wife expected him to supper at a fixed time, and as he did not put in an appearance, at once suspected that there must be something wrong, for he was so punctual and methodical about his meals as everything else. He was then looked for about the premises, but as it was supposed he had been called away a short distance and would soon return no regular search was made for an hour or more. Before eight o'clock, however, a whole regiment of men with lanterns turned out, and every nook and corner of all the buildings and grounds of Mr Scriver and, indeed, nearly the whole village were thoroughly searched but without finding any trace of him, and up to the present (Tuesday, 29th) no tidings of him have been received. His wife, who is quite an old woman, is almost heart-broken, and cannot account in any way for his disappearance. She says that they have always lived harmoniously together, and that on the day of his leaving nothing unpleasant occurred between them. He is an Englishman, only 41 years of age, tho he looks at least 10 years older, thick set, about 5 ft. 5 in. high and his beard is somewhat gray. He went away in his gray working-clothes and (his wife says) without any money.

Road Inspectors should see that the fences along those parts of the roads where the snow-drifts gather, are taken down at once. This is a duty sadly neglected by many, with the consequence of impassable roads as the winter advances. Last year the fences on the road to Athelstan were not touched until after the first heavy snow-storm, when it was too late to be of much benefit.

In the recent State election, John G. Boyd, attorney-at-law, of New York, and formerly of Hinchinbrook, was elected to the Albany Senate, on the Democratic ticket, for the 5th District.

The last trip of the ferry boat from Dundee was made on the 21st Nov., one day later than last season.

WEATHER REPORT BY DA SENECAI.			
	Temperature	Rain	Snow
	Highest	Lowest	Inches
23 Nov	27	10	0.00
24 "	29	15	0.00
25 "	18	1	0.00
26 "	35	27	0.00
27 "	33	16	0.00
28 "	13	0	0.00
29 "	51	10	0.00
24th Nov	—Mild and snowy.		
25th	—Bright with keen frost. First real winter day.		
26th	—Cloudy and inclined to thaw.		
27th	—Snowed and rained all day, accompanied by a strong west wind.		
28th	—Bright and frosty; zero being touched for the first time.		
29th	—A remarkable change in 12 hours. Bright and genial and pleasant as a day in Spring.		
30th	—Cloudy and mild, with showers.		

The Rev Messrs Casey and Cattach were honored by being invited to take part in the annual Presbyterian missionary meetings, held last week in Montreal. Their addresses were effective and eloquent.

James Ross, M.D., son of Wm. Ross, Dewittville, has passed a creditable examination before the Royal College of Physicians, London, England, and obtained the degree of L.R.C.P. He is daily expected home.

### THE CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

HELD in Toronto on the 22nd and 23rd ult., was highly successful, the attendance being large and composed of representatives from every part of Ontario. The proceedings were conducted with closed doors, but a number of the resolutions passed have been published. They endorse the National Policy, approve of the contract for building the Pacific Railway, condemn the Independence cry, and pass a sweeping censure on the Mowat Administration, for its management of the Provincial finances. The convention closed with a dinner to Sir John Macdonald, who made a long and characteristic speech, glorifying himself and ridiculing Blake and his other opponents. The portions of public interest are subjoined:

#### TO BUILD THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

We made a selection from the three great markets of capital, and we have formed the strongest and most enterprising body of capitalists that ever built a railway from the beginning of railways to the present time. The whole country sees it, the whole country knows it. At this moment they are laying down a mile and a half of railway every day, and should no unexpected accident or misfortune happen, they intend and believe they will have the whole railway constructed from the Red river to the foot of the Rocky mountains before the snows of 1882 fall. (Loud and continued cheering.) Don't be mistaken. Don't suppose I have made a mistake in the year. They expect by next Fall to have built the railway and have it running between Winnipeg and Fort Colgarry. They are bound to build that railway in ten years, and they are bound to build it round Lake Superior. They are bound to do so, and gentlemen, I have it from the board that altho at first when they entered into the contract with the Canadian Government they had a great deal of hesitation, and a great deal of doubt as to the expediency of building the road to the north of Lake Superior, they now see that the Canadian Government was right. I have a letter from the board telling me the tenacity of the Canadian Government was the cause of the road being so located, and that we were right, and they were wrong; and so strongly are they now convinced of the desirability of having a railway every inch of which shall run over Canadian soil—(applause)—that they say in a letter to me, that if the Canadian Government proposed to them to give up that portion of the road, they would refuse to do so, because it is essential to the success of the line as a whole. I have further to tell you that later surveys have shown that the railway can be built not far away behind Lake Nipigon, but on the lake shore, and looking into the very waters of Lake Superior, and that that route is in fact preferable in every respect. It is going to be more costly; but they say they are willing to bear the additional expense, because if they constructed the road via Lake Nipigon they could only attack it from one end, and it would take the whole ten years, but by building the railway close along the lake shore they can attack it in a hundred different places, and carry by water from one point to every point along the whole line of the railway supplies to build the road. (Cheers.) I have a letter to-day from the president authorizing me to make that statement to this meeting, that they hope and believe in consequence of this change they will be able to build the road in five years instead of ten. (Continued applause.) Gentlemen, I need not tell you how delighted I was with that announcement. As I said to-day in the convention, it is pleasant to everybody, and especially consolatory to a man of my age. I stated last year on my arrival at Quebec that I hoped to look down from above on the completed railway. I now have some chance, if I remain as strong, please God, as I now am—I now have some chance of travelling over it in person before I am just quite an angel! (Laughter and loud cheering.) I want to say something to you about the

#### LAND POLICY IN THE NORTH-WEST.

We cannot please the Opposition; we do not intend to try to please them—(laughter)—but we intend to try to please the people of Canada, and intend to do justice to the settler in the North-West, and to develop that country as speedily as possible. If we sell the lands up there the Opposition say, "You are giving the lands away to speculators, and keeping out the settler," and after we had concluded the bargain as to the railway they said, "The land is worth \$2.50 an acre, and you have given it away for \$25,000,000 to the syndicate." We believe the land is capable of receiving every settler we can get, and giving him a full grant, and at the same time of allowing us to sell a sufficient quantity to repay every cent that the four old provinces of Canada ever expended, or will expend, in opening up that country and in building the railway. We are going religiously to hold to the home-stead and free grant system of giving every head of a family and every man of eighteen years and upwards, upon his becoming a settler, 160 acres of as fine land as the sun ever shone upon. All he has got to do is to settle upon and work it, and after three years' occupation, if he builds a house (and we will not be particular as to the size and quality), and has cultivated a reasonable portion of the soil, he gets his patent free, and will stand one of the freeholders of this great country of freeholders. (Cheers.) We are going

to aid colonization companies who show they have the capital, that they mean business, and that they do not intend to become mere middlemen and to speculate at the expense of the immigrant by holding the lands at a high price. We will, I say, assist such companies who will give the necessary guarantees to the Government that they are in earnest, and that they mean to bring the immigrant and put him on the land. (Cheering.) Then, gentlemen, we are going to sell certain portions of that land, and fund the proceeds, and out of those proceeds we are going to pay the interest, and ultimately the principal, of every dollar that the Dominion of Canada has expended or will expend in building the railway and developing the country. (Loud cheers.)

#### IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

I will not trouble you with a disquisition on that subject just now, but I tell you Imperial Federation is utterly impracticable. (Applause.) We could never agree to send a number of men over to England to sit in Parliament there and vote away our rights and privileges. I am, as far as this question goes, up to the handle a Home Ruler. (Applause.) We will govern our own country. (Hear, hear.) We will put on the taxes ourselves. If we choose to misgovern ourselves, we will do so—(laughter)—and we do not desire England, Ireland, or Scotland to tell us we are fools. (Laughter.) We will say, if we are fools we will keep our folly to ourselves; you will not be the worse for it, and we will not be the worse for any folly of yours. (Cheers.) But Mr Chairman, there is a new phase to this question. The gentleman who, two years ago, in his Aurora speech, and in others, talked of Imperial Federation, now begins to give no uncertain sound in favor of

#### INDEPENDENCE.

The two things—Imperial Federation and Independence—will not work together exactly. We cannot federate with England, and yet be independent of England. (Hear, hear.) I do not exactly like the last croak of this gentleman. I would rather hear him speak of Imperial Federation, because there is something loyal about that. In Independence there is neither loyalty nor sincerity. Independence is a farce. Canada must belong either to the British system or the American system. Here we are with four and a half million people, lying alongside of fifty-five millions; the most unhappy position we could be placed in; the most crushing to its energies and its intellect, the most destructive to its prosperity, is that of living next door to and at the sufferance of a powerful neighbor. Look at Europe, and you see the position which small nations occupy. Look at Belgium and Holland, Belgium trembling for fear France will take her, and Holland in fear of Germany. (Hear, hear.) There is no spirit, there is almost hopelessness, in those countries. And I say, looking at the question of independence, that if we had to make a choice between independence and annexation, I would rather that we should have annexation and join with the United States at once, than be here a small nation, a dependent nation, obliged to raise the platoon of an army and navy, obliged to have foreign ambassadors at an enormous expense, and after a brief existence to be absorbed, and as Mexico will be absorbed. (Applause.) Gentlemen, there is one thing more I will say before I sit down, and that is that I believe not only the Conservative party but the whole country will rise as one man against the veiled treason of independence. (Cheers.) Veiled treason was an expressive term used by Lord Beaconsfield, and it describes exactly the position of those men who endeavor to shake the institutions under which we prosper, and under which we hope to die. Sir, I can quite understand that a person who is not bound to the soil may change his country; but when a man has lived in the country, has become a citizen and a subject, unless there is oppression, unless there is wrong doing, he is bound, by all the principles that combine men into nations and into great political societies, to adhere to the institutions under which he is living, and not vainly, wrongly, illegally to seek to overthrow them. (Loud cheers.) But if that is true with respect to the men living in the country, how much more true is it of the men who have held office—her Majesty's Government, who have taken the oath to bear true allegiance to Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, who have sworn as Privy Counsellors of Canada that they will disclose any conspiracy against her Majesty, her person, crown, or dignity? (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Why, sir, the first overt act, the first desire to carry into action such a principle would render a man liable to indictment, and I would be sorry to see my friend Mr Blake obliged to stand on his trial under an impeachment prepared by my friend Mr Mowat. (Laughter and cheers.) But Mr Chairman, these gentlemen are not sincere in this matter. I believe Mr Blake sincerely desires to remain under British rule the institutions under which we live in Canada. It is merely a means to get up a new cry. The tariff cry is burst, the railway cry is burst, and what have they to do but to get up some new cry, some new herring to drag across the trail of the political dog? They may lead away the old grey Grit hound, but the good old Tory hound will follow the fox to the end. (Loud laughter.)

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Irish farmers are singing songs of triumph over their oats and potatoes. Such crops have not been known for 30 years. Potatoes are selling in some towns for three pence a stone, and in others for three halfpence. Whether this amazing crop is due to the imported seed of the far-famed Champions, or to the weather, it is difficult to say, but the fact is indisputable. All this is in striking contrast with the crops in England and Scotland. During the hunt of the Kildare hounds three hounds were poisoned at Salinas.

The master of the hounds stopped the hunt, and cancelled the fixtures for the future. A mob of 500 attacked the Armagh Hunt Club at Ballymacnabb, and many horses were severely stoned.

Belfast, Nov. 23.—Lord Cowper, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, aluding to-day to the state of Ireland, said he held no hope that the Government would be able to present to relax coercive measures. He continued, "I am afraid things do not look very bright. Dissatisfaction and ill-feeling are deeply seated, but it is also our duty to do as much as possible in one generation to remove that dissatisfaction, and if possible the prejudices of the Irish people. I am confident that some day the problem will be solved and Ireland contented." At a banquet in the evening Lord Cowper knighted the Mayor of Belfast. He reiterated that he had no intention to retire.

Seven men have been arrested at Dunmore, county Galway, for illegal drilling. A large amount has been subscribed for their defence.

The Times says:—"It is only too plain that after a brief interval of hesitation a considerable section of the people of Ireland have decided to adhere to the policy of the 'No Rent' manifesto. A plan of dealing with recalcitrant tenants, county by county, has already been adopted in Leitrim and Cavan, where two flying columns of 500 soldiers each and police have been detailed for protecting those engaged in carrying out the law. In many places it is notorious that to pay rent at all is as dangerous as it was some time back to pay more than Griffith's valuation. The cattle of a parish priest have been mutilated because their owner denounced the Kilmainham manifesto. If we have to deal with a thoroughly disaffected, disloyal population, of whom the tenant farmers and their families do not form over half, it is idle to expect order to be restored by holding out a hope of a general reduction of rents. The means at the disposal of the Government are boundless, and they are backed up by the resolute spirit of the whole people of Great Britain. If the existing powers of the Executive are inadequate others must be granted. One thing only is impossible, that Ireland should be delivered over to a lawless faction openly aiming at the disruption of the Union."

A Protestant church in a rural district of County Cork was wrecked by a party of men.

Private reports show that rent is more freely paid. A significant case has occurred on Pollard Urquhart's estate. 30 laborers were dismissed because Urquhart got no rents. The laborers thereupon compelled the farmers to pay up.

#### NEWS BY ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

In the French Chamber of Deputies in a discussion regarding the validity of the election of M. Boscher de Langie (Monarchist), Bishop Freppel claimed for the clergy the same rights as other citizens enjoy. He maintained that they were entitled even from the pulpit to recommend the faithful to go and vote in fulfillment of their duty. Several members of the Left denounced this doctrine. M. Waldeck Rousseau, Minister of the Interior, declared that the Government was unable to remain indifferent to such doctrines, involving the intervention of the clergy in elections. The Ministry were absolutely of opinion that the clergy should remain within the limits of the Concordat, and intended to use all legal means to impose upon the clergy respect for the law and constitution. (Applause.) M. Boscher de Langie's election was nullified by 402 to 93.

Madrid, November 26.—In the Senate, to-day, Guell-y-Rente, a Cuban Senator, asked the Government whether it was disposed to open negotiations with England for the restitution of Gibraltar. The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that the Government would act in accordance with the best interests of the country and the maintenance of good relations with the friendly Powers. He said he regretted the question of the restitution of Gibraltar had been raised. Spanish resources and the country's position in Europe did not justify any member in touching on so delicate a matter.

Rinderpest is epidemic in Lower Austria.

A heavy gale prevailed throuth the United Kingdom on Saturday and Sunday, doing considerable damage to property. Nearly the whole pier at Folkestone was washed away. Many wrecks on the coast. At Portadown the roofs of houses were carried across several streets. At Sligo a schooner was blown ashore and a bridge partially destroyed. At Derry-head one Moran was killed by his horse being blown down. Part of the roof of the railway terminus at Limerick was carried away. Similar reports have been received from Newry, Lurgan, and elsewhere. At Dublin the storm was the severest known for many years, and at Spiddal, County Galway, it was the worst experienced for half a century.

Berne, Nov. 25.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt here yesterday. The walls of many buildings were cracked.

Advices from Yokohama, Japan, report that the English princes left Tokio, where they had been the guests of the Japanese Government for seven days for Yokohama on the morning of the 29th October, and were present at a regatta held in their honor by a local amateur club on the 31st. The Mikado visited the Bacchante, on which ship the Princess are midshipmen, where he had luncheon, and afterwards witnessed the men drill and perform sundry naval exercises.

#### CANADA.

There lives in the parish of St Raphaels, Glengarry, Ont., a Mrs McRae (widow of the late Finlay McRae), who is now in her 93rd year, she having been born on the banks of the river St Lawrence in the year 1788. She is supposed by many to be the oldest native Canadian living of Old Country parentage.

A cable despatch announces that the Governor-General, accompanied by the Princess Louise, will sail from Liverpool by the steamer of the 12th of January, arriving at Halifax on or about the 20th of that month. This will allow his Excellency an interval of rest before the meeting of Parliament, which will be convened early in February.

The son of a well-known merchant is about establishing, in the neighborhood of Quebec, an apriary on a somewhat extensive scale. This gentleman has been engaged for the past six months studying the culture and care of bees with the well-known Mr Jones of Beeton, Ontario. Mr Jones sold out of his apriary last year no less than 37,000 lbs of honey.

At the Brockville fire the other night four young women took a hand at the brakes, and performed the work of heroes.

A well-fed hog rose up in his sty and dropped a regretful tear; The beautiful snow has come, he said, And slaying will soon be here.

Montreal, Nov. 23.—The Montreal Abattoir Company, whose buildings are now finished at a cost of about \$270,000, expect to find some difficulty from the local butchers, who have so long held a monopoly and slaughtered beef on their premises. The latter do not look with favor upon the breaking up of the old-fashioned methods of slaughtering in unselected buildings, and have opposed the Abattoir Company at every turn. In order to obviate the difficulty some members of the company proposed the organization of a new auxiliary concern, to be called the Slaughtering Company. This, with its enormous capital, will compete with the butchers and supply stores in many parts of the city. This once started the butchers would likely be compelled to wheel into line.

Mr Mulligan, of Toronto, is an old pensioner of the British army, in which he held the rank of Sergeant-Major. Before Manitoba was formed into a Province, with admirable forethought, he bought up a large quantity of land for a mere cipher, in the vicinity of what is now the city of Winnipeg, and, of course, he is now a wealthy man. Within a few weeks he has made the following sales from his estate in Winnipeg:—411 acres for \$25,000, 12 acres for \$20,000, 2 acres for \$4,000, 1 1/2 acres for \$3,500, 2 lots for \$1,700, 6 lots for \$1,200. He is now negotiating the sale of 370 acres for \$200,000.

The following statistics of the growth of Methodism in Montreal were laid before a recent meeting:—"The first regular congregation was formed in 1808, when a church was built in the rear of the French parish church, Notre Dame street, which building is now occupied as the office of the Fabrique. The membership of this church was sixteen. Ten years later, in 1818, the church numbered 86 members, 400 per cent. of an increase. In 1828 there were two churches, with 150 members, 87 per cent. of an increase; in 1838, churches, 3, membership, 514, an increase of 240 per cent.; in 1848, churches, 3, membership, 800, an increase of 74 per cent.; missionary returns, \$1,474; in 1858, churches, 3, membership, 657, a decrease of 35 per cent.; missionary returns, \$1,574; in 1868, churches, 8, membership, 908, an increase of 38 per cent.; missionary returns, \$5,944; in 1878, churches, 12, membership, 1,667, an increase of 84 per cent.; missionary returns, \$7,879.

Wheat is 90c in Winnipeg, altho it has fallen to 85c, in West Lynne. Oats are scarce, and command 70 to 75c; barley is quoted at 75c; fresh butter, 30 to 35c; cheese, 16c; eggs, 30c; beef and pork (retail), 20c; beef, \$9 to \$9.50 per cwt.; pork, \$11 to \$12; mutton, \$14; veal, \$10; venison is quoted at 20 to 25c per lb; chickens and geese, 20c per lb; turkey, 25c; prairie chicken, 60c a brace; wild duck, 50 to 60c; fish, 6c to 8c each; apples, \$4 to \$5 per bbl; potatoes are in demand at \$1.25; turnips, 40c; carrots, 50c; onions, \$2 to \$2.50; hay, \$8 to \$10 per ton; soft wood, \$5.50 to \$6; tamarac, \$6 to \$6.50; coal, \$18 per ton.

The following letter appears in the Witness signed by Chiefs John and Michel: We, the undersigned chiefs of the Iroquois band of Indians at Oka, held a council on the 23rd inst. with our people, for the purpose of taking some measures to prevent the French-Canadians from chopping the wood in our commons. And we instructed yesterday Mr Vankoughnet, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, and if the Government does not interfere in this matter immediately we fear there will be some more trouble very soon, for our people are determined this time to stop them, for they say that they will not endure this kind of work any longer.

On Saturday, the Pioneer Beet Root Sugar Company of Coaticook, forwarded the first barrel of beet root sugar manufactured in Canada to the Minister of Agriculture at Quebec. This was done to secure the subsidy of \$7,000 per annum for ten years guaranteed by the Provincial Government to the first factory in the Province in operation. The sample, altho from the first "jet" made was nearly a pure white, altho containing the impurities of the pipes.

The Canada Pacific Railway Co. has ordered thirty locomotives in Glasgow, Scotland, to be delivered early next year. Montreal, Nov. 25.—Society circles in Montreal are just entering upon a season that promises to be one of unusual gaiety and festivity. Arrangements are now in progress for a round of social parties on a grand scale that will continue throuth the winter, and add materially to the pleasure of living here. The times are so prosperous that people who two or three years ago were economizing in every possible shape or form, are now able to expend money. The season of social pleasure was most successfully inaugurated to-night by a brilliant ball given by Mrs Foster, wife of Mr John Foster, railway contractor, of Sherbrooke street. In order to accommodate the four hundred ladies and gentle-

men guests, the Queen's Assembly rooms on St Catherine street were taken for the occasion, and were tastefully fitted up. The company, which composed the élite of the city and province, assembled about 10 o'clock, and shortly after the dancing commenced. The toilets of the ladies were extremely elegant, many being imported from London and Paris. The ball went off with great éclat. Next week, there are three weddings of more than ordinary distinction on the tapis, on the week following another grand ball, and the week after two fashionable weddings. A grand fancy ball will be the principal feature of the season.

Brighton, Ont., Nov. 28.—This afternoon an old man named Isaac Bedot was driving home from Trenton with a load of hogs in his wagon. He had been drinking heavily and was consequently unable to manage his horses. He turned them out of the road and upset his wagon, and when found he was lying under the box of hogs with the wagon on top of him, quite dead. He had such a firm grip of the lines that the bits had to be taken from the horses' mouths before they could be loosened from his grasp.

A hunter from Rimouski named Perrault, had a narrow escape a few days ago in an encounter with a bear. Sighting Mr Bruin in the woods the hunter fired a bullet into his body which merely wounded him and did not prove fatal. The bear turned on his assailant, and Perrault in his turn drew his hunting knife and plunged it into the animal's body as it closed with him. The stroke of the knife was well directed, but the hunter fell beneath the animal's carcass and was unable to extricate himself. When found by another party of hunters, several hours later, Perrault had lost consciousness.

Halifax, Nov. 22.—There was a large gathering at St Luke's Cathedral to-day of persons desirous of seeing the marriage of the Right Rev Llewellyn Jones, Bishop of Newfoundland, to Miss Elizabeth Alice, second daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. The bride's dress was an ivory white satin train over a Spanish lace petticoat, orange blossoms at the neck and sleeves, a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, and tulle veil completely covering the dress. She wore a pearl necklace, brooch and earrings, the gift of the bridegroom's sister. The bridesmaids wore dresses of ivory white gauze, trimmed with Spanish lace and water lilies, hats with Spanish lace, turned up with dark green and trimmed with water lilies. Each carried a basket of lilies, and wore a gold bracelet the gift of the bridegroom. A large number of beautiful and costly articles were presented to the bridal pair.

During the approaching winter no ferry boat will be run between Caughnawaga and Lachine, the Beauharnois Navigation Company having so decided. The Company's steamer, the Beauharnois, has been sold, and its place will be taken by a new steamer named the Star.

#### THE CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS.

ABOUT nine o'clock on Monday morning the booming of a gun called the Indians of Caughnawaga to council, and before ten the school-house was crowded with warriors. Pipes were lit, and in a few minutes the room was so full of smoke that it was almost impossible to see. Chief Louis opened the meeting by reading a judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench, by which a sentence of 30 days imprisonment passed upon an Indian, Louis Carrot, was quashed. He stated that some French-Canadians had chopped wood on the Reserve to the value of \$400, and that altho the agent, Mr Geo. Cherrier, had been spoken to on the matter he had taken no steps to obtain compensation; that the agent had arrested Indians for chopping wood in the common while he allowed white men to do so; and that he had hired some Indians to build a fence on the railroad track and would not pay them. While Chief Louis was speaking, the Indians never spoke a word and apparently were quite unconcerned, but when the Indian agent came in, they became rather excited, and three or four of them were speaking at a time. When quiet was restored, Joseph Foster accused the agent of partiality towards his own relations and his fellow countrymen, the French-Canadians, and stated as an example that he had given barley and potato seed to his friends when it properly belonged to the Indians.

The agent called him a liar, whereupon a dozen dusky braves sprang to their feet and gathered around him, shouting and gesticulating. Matters were beginning to look serious, when a burly Indian came forward and asked them to keep their temper. Foster said he was not a liar, but the agent was, and repeated his statement, and asked the warriors to confirm it, which they did. He also said that the agent, at the annual distribution of money and blankets, gave some to his own friends, who had no right to it. What was the use of having Chiefs when the Agent controlled the place? The Agent never called a meeting of the Chiefs, as he ought to do, but totally ignored them. The Chiefs had no voice in anything.

Moses, the village crier, said the Agent did not treat the Indians like men, and when asked how he expected a certain case to go, he had said that "Pigs could never win a case." The Agent denied that he had ever called the Indians "pigs," altho Moses declared that everyone in the tribe knew it was true.

The matter was then dropped, and the Indians having aired their grievances, proceeded to the election of a Chief. A difficulty arose, one of the men claiming that only the band interested had a right to vote, while the whole seven bands had been called to the meeting. However, this was satisfactorily settled by Wise Sakohentatene being elected by acclamation.

The meeting was brought to a close by Mr Cherrier reading a proclamation from the Government to the effect that the time

had come when the Chiefs had to make their own regulations regarding the building of fences, roads and bridges.

If the complaints of the Indians are well founded, they are not treated with the consideration which their services to the country entitle them to; at any rate, the question deserves a Government inquiry.—Star.

A tale of almost unequalled self-sacrifice comes home from the Transvaal. Dr. Landon, of the Army Medical Department, was wounded at the Majuba Mountain on the day when Sir George Colley was killed. The bullet struck his spine and paralyzed his lower limbs. Knowing he must die, he called to the orderlies near him and caused himself to be propped up against a bowlder. There, in the very presence of death, with his own hand he forced the morphia solution into the wounded arm of Corporal Farmer, and thus, suffering most acutely, he died.

#### BIRTHS.

At Hinchinbrook, on the 17th ult, the wife of Mr S. Boyd, of a son.

At Edwardsburg, St. Chrysostome, on the 25th ult, the wife of John Tooton, of a son.

#### MARRIED.

At Montreal, on the 23rd ult, by the Rev A. B. Mackay, of Crescent street church, Mr Wm. A. Baker, second son of David Baker, Esq., of Dundee, to Miss Jane M. Reid, youngest daughter of the late John Reid, of Montreal.

At the residence of Mr James Merson, farmer, the bride's brother-in-law, Elgin, on the 30th ult, by the Rev J. B. Muir, A.M., Minister of St Andrew's church, Huntingdon, Mr Harrison D. Town, farmer, Springfield, Mass. U.S.A., to Miss Elizabeth Adams, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Adams, of Sorel, Province of Quebec.

Montreal, Nov. 22.—Flour is unchanged. Best city bag \$3.65 @ \$3.75. Butter tenn downwards, and holders now perceive that heavy losses are inevitable. Creamery and dairy selections are in demand for shipment to Boston and New York, but ordinary qualities are a drug. Creamery 23 @ 25c; choice dairy 18 @ 20c. Ordinary 12 @ 17c. Owing to prices standing in England, choice is somewhat firmer, and holders will not accept current prices. For choice September and October make 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2c is offered without takers. Poor quality is sold at a sacrifice. Skins 4 @ 5c. Eggs 24 @ 25c. On Bouscquet market prices are higher, and all the way from \$4 to \$5 was asked for choice winter fruit, with a few sales at \$3.50. Oats were offered in abundance at slightly easier rates, sales being effected at from \$1 @ \$1.10 per bag. The latter figure was obtained only for choice lots as the supply was much greater than the demand. A few lots of Buckwheat were noticed, but the inquiry for that grain was limited at from \$1.15 @ \$1.30 per bag. A fair business was reported in Beans at from \$1.80 @ \$2.10 per bushel, as to variety. Buffalo Beans, Lining and Trimming. Crockery—best assortment in the country. Christmas, New Year, and Sunday School Cards. Poems and Story Books, suitable for Gifts, Prizes, &c. Albums—Photograph and Autograph. Dress Goods and Linings.

Montreal, Nov. 28.—There was an unusually small number of beef and mutton critters offered on Viger Market to-day over 225 of each sort, and they seemed to be nearly all culled. There was only one carload of fairly conditioned cattle offered and these found ready sale at from \$3 1/2 to 4 1/2c per lb. The lean stock were difficult to sell even at the lower rates of last Thursday as the butchers seem to have enough of this kind of beef on hand for the present. Mr McLaughlan, of Perth, sold 19 head, dry cows and heifers, at \$19.50 each or about 2 1/2c per lb. Mr Devlin, of Ottawa, sold a carload of ordinary cattle at \$23 each, or rather less than 3c per lb. Dry cows which will dress 400 lbs to 450 lbs sold at from \$18 to \$24, pretty good fat cows at from \$28 to \$35 and leanish two and three year-old steers from \$18 to \$26 each. More than half of the cattle offered on this market to-day were not sold at noon. R. Nicholson bought 30 lambs and a few sheep at \$4.05 per head; another lot of pretty fair lambs were bought by A. Daoust at \$3.75 each. Several city butchers have lately been contracting for large numbers of good lambs and fair conditioned sheep for their winter supply, paying from \$3.50 to \$4.25 each for the lambs, and from \$4 to \$5.80 for the sheep. There are not many live hogs on the market, and prices range from \$5.75 to \$6.50 per 100 lbs. Mr Devlin sold a lot of good large fat hogs at the latter figure. Dressed hogs are rather scarce, and bring from \$8 to \$8.25 for country killed, and \$8.40 to \$8.50 for city killed.

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TOLD IN NEW ENGLAND.

We are sitting together in the porch, under a perfect canopy of cherry-blossoms, and looking round on fifty acres of new-flourishing land as one could find in New England, where—unlike the land in old England—there is no crowding and no scarcity of space. We have several Englishmen in the state, and the old man opposite me is one. The newspaper, every corner of which has been carefully examined, is laid down upon his knee; and the thoughtful, far-off look, which I have noticed often before, has gathered in his frank, kind eyes.

Their dreamy glance wanders out beyond the rich orchard-trees, beyond the distant beeches, now so softly clothed, and then it comes back slowly to the wooden bridge below us, where a young girl leans upon the rails, watching a boat rowed rapidly against the stream. As the boat passes the bridge, she bends lower over the rails, and talks for a few minutes with the young man who rows. As he looks up to answer her, a quick, bright flash mounts in his face; and she, seeing it, and understanding it well, smiles a little to herself as she goes on her way. A slight, dark-haired, happy-looking girl she is, whose light feet hardly stir the wild-flowers as she dips into the orchard shadow, whose clear voice, singing as she goes, sounds like a bird's voice in the forest, so glad and so content is it.

Pulling strongly, but with a short, nervous pull, against the tide, the young man rows on, with only one quick, loving glance at the girl's retreating figure. A lithe, active-looking young fellow he is, his fair curling hair and happy blue eyes making him look younger than his years. I do not know exactly how it comes about—I do not know whether I begin to speak of them or my companion does; whether he reads my interest and my curiosity in my face; or whether the silence and beauty of the scene and time open his heart to speak to me now of the life of which he hardly ever speaks—but, while we sit under the clustering blossoms, he tells me of it, and so I understand at once what has often puzzled me, the link between the old man beside me and the young one who smiles up at him, as the boat passes on, with the loving glance—half trusting, half protecting—which I have often noticed.

My farm in England in those days, the old man says, was but a small one, surely; but to me it was the pleasantest and dearest spot in all the old country. I had to work hard, of course, but the work was what I loved, and I had thought I loved about me. My worst thought was that my children never seemed to love it. Jessie married and went out to America almost as soon as she left school, and you may guess that that was a sore parting when she was our only girl. Gradually I began to see that Harry—the he would not say a word of it to vex me—didn't care about the labor; and I fancied he was always hankering after a less laborious life, where the work would be for his head instead of for his hands and feet. He had different ideas from his fathers of what was advantageous to a young man. For me they were country air, early rising, and the healthy appetite of a farm life; for him they were books and music and other refinements, the want of which I could not even understand.

But Harry never worried me with any discontent that he might feel. He worked well with me and under me; but I could find out that he talked a good deal to his mother about the sort of life he would have chosen if it had been given to him to choose his own. And the mother, though she could not understand his longing, and would not have left her sunny little home for the grandest town house in the world, always listened to him gently, and encouraged him to talk on, until the feeling wore itself away, and he went out to his mowing or threshing or harrowing, and was just my own ready, helpful lad once more. And when his day's work was over he would take off his heavy boots, and sit in his blouse and slippers by the fire on winter nights, or at the open window in the summer twilight, his young head bent over some book or other, I watching him astonished, because I had never opened such a one thru all my life—watching, rather frightened sometimes, when it struck me he had to slight a figure for a sturdy farmer's son, or when I noticed how delicate was the face bent earnestly above the open book, or how different from mine were the fingers that lay upon the page.

I could not help thinking very doubtfully how such a farmer would manage the land when I should be taken, and how his mother would fare then. This wonder was not to perplex me long, for the mother was taken first. No need to tell you about that; and, even if I tried, I think I could not. I could not tell even what that loss was to Harry; much less could I tell what it was to myself.

I was saving money then—putting by a good bit more years—and it was a very pleasant thought to me that I should have something to leave the children, let the message come when it would. I suppose everyone who has a little feels inclined to make more, so when Lawyer Watkin, whom everybody talked so much about, saying he had been at all day, in which he could rise, he said, until he was a rich and clever man; and I should have ease and comfort now. Ah, what a night that was! I went out, taking some of my little vanishing store, and bought us each a rasher and some beer; and then we spread a great feast, talking all the time, and often having to stop in our work to laugh at each other.

But Harry, in his excited gratitude, could not eat his share, after all. He made a worse attempt than he had done even thru all that anxious time of trial; so I ate mine alone, carefully clearing up every fragment, and smacking my lips until the happy smile upon my dear lad's wasted, burning face was almost more than I dared look at.

How he worked thru that week with every power he possessed of mind or body!

nearly reached its end when the news came that Watkin had disappeared—disappeared with the savings of half the county, no one penny of which could ever be returned to any of us.

I had lost all I possessed, and was a beggar in my old-age. A few words will tell that misery. Yet that was not my hardest thought when I heard the sickening tale and saw the poverty in many houses. I was marvelling in doubt whether there could be a heaven to look upon such misery wrought by one man, to let him live in ease upon the widow's mite and the hard-earned saving for the orphan children. But I have felt since, knowing how he lived and how he died, that Heaven's justice is too far above our comprehension for us to dare to question it.

It was on a dismal February morning that I went into the house at home with weak and tottering feet, and laid a heavy hand on Harry's arm as he waited breakfast for me.

'Harry, we have not a farthing of our own, my lad. We are two of the poorest on earth at this moment.'

'I think all he said was trying to comfort me; but I did not hear a word, for every evil thought I had was busy with him that had done this thing, and the evil words would come crowding from my lips at last.'

'But we are beggars, Harry! I cried, fiercely, when he tried to tell me that the loss of the money was better than to hear my words.'

'No, we are not,' said Harry, firmly, 'for we have never begged and never will. There's plenty of work in the world, father, and we both work well.'

I look into his sad, quiet face, and again my thoughts grew hot and wicked when I felt how that fiend had robbed him, and that the world would not help him if this blow should kill me. Then my strength and anger gave way, and I fell forward on the table sobbing like a very baby.

From that day nothing prospered with us, and when they came to take possession of our home, we were turned out almost penniless upon the world. We had heard only once from Jessie and her husband since their arrival in America, and they seemed to be striving very hard, yet scarcely earning a bare subsistence. Yet, poor as they might be, I think if we had had the power, Harry and I would have gone out to them, because we felt so utterly lonely; but we had not. We tried first to obtain employment near our old home, but it was of no use; and at last we went up to London. I don't know why, except that, as there were more people there, we thought there would be more chance of work. All the way, even in the noisy, crowded third-class carriage, Harry's face was bright and hopeful.

He had been the stronger since our trouble came, in spite of my hard hands and sinewy arms.

But how slight and delicate he looked among the folk we travelled with, and how different from their rough manners was his gentle care for his old father!

That was not the last time I saw him bright and hopeful, tho afterwards it came only by fits and starts between his toil-some, tiring walks about the city, where he sought early and late for work to do.

'Wait patiently and bravely, father,' he used to say; 'it will come at last, and bring enough for us both.' For he would not hear, while any hope lasted, of my seeking employment too.

'It is time your hands were resting,' he would say; 'and it will be happiness for me to work for both.'

I used to beg him to let me walk back again into the country and get hard labor on some farm; but it hurt him sorely when I spoke of it. And so, at last, seeing him grow thinner and more restless and eager every day, I gave it up, really afraid to leave him. But when he was safely away I went out too, and got odd jobs sometimes about the streets, and so could bring home a sixpence or threepence now and then. I pretended it all came out of the little store which was vanishing so fast—for on the first day, when, unthinkingly, I told him what I had done, he laid his arms across the window of our attic, and the loose glass shook and rattled with his sobs. After that I never dared to tell him I had been trying to get work; and so we went on, while Harry's face grew sharper and paler, and yet his bright and gentle smile was always ready as a greeting for me.

One night—a soft, fair summer night it would have been in this country—Harry came into our bare, sunless room with quite a changed look on his face; and I knew before he spoke what he was going to say to me, when he put his slender hands upon my bent old shoulders and brought his lips close to mine—so close that I could not help it, wifeless and daughterless as I had been so long, motherless and sisterless as he had been; his girlish, gentle face, I say, was close to mine, and I kissed him as if he had been a daughter instead of a son. For years afterwards in my dreams I felt the clinging, answering touch of his lips, and was thankful in my heart that, in his happiness that night, he could kiss me as he would have kissed his mother.

He had got employment at last—work which he had been at all day, in which he could rise, he said, until he was a rich and clever man; and I should have ease and comfort now. Ah, what a night that was! I went out, taking some of my little vanishing store, and bought us each a rasher and some beer; and then we spread a great feast, talking all the time, and often having to stop in our work to laugh at each other.

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He would come in panting to his dinner, having run all the way from the office, and, with a face all full of eager happiness, he would talk to me for a few minutes at our meal, and then run off again. It seemed as if he could not eat now, any more than when he was in such doubt and anxiety; yet he looked so glad that I could not fret about him. Even when he came to me at night—his office-work over for the day—he worked on still.

'Harry,' I would say, 'you will be a great man fast enough now, without losing all your resting-time. You take only half of the hour allowed you for your dinner; you are at the office sooner than you need be, and stay later. This is too much for you.'

'I have been idle so long, father,' he would answer, gently, 'that it is a pleasure to work now.'

But, for all that, he would shut his book suddenly, and propose a walk out into the country, which was, of course, always a treat to me.

On Saturday night Harry came home, flushed with a keener happiness and eagerness than ever. His master had praised him highly, and had given him pleasant, appreciating words which were intensely sweet to Harry, and had paid him. He brought this, his first-earned money, up to me, and the thin fingers were hot and trembling when they opened to lay the gold before me.

'Father,' he said, brokenly, 'I wish it could give, in its spending, the happiness it has given in its earning.'

'All this, all this, my lad!' I exclaimed. 'You never told me!'

'No,' said Harry, in a quick, trembling voice, as he clasped his hands together to keep them still, 'I wanted a surprise for you. I earned it all, father; and I shall go on, earning and earning until you want for nothing.'

'But, if you never rest, dear lad, you cannot work,' I said, touching the gold softly and gratefully, but not taking it up.

'This is Saturday night,' he laughed, 'and I can rest. Don't you think, father, that we can go to church to-morrow, out in the country somewhere, where the air is pure and the birds are singing?'

'Yes, yes,' I said, eagerly, 'let us go where we can think of the old home.'

'And of the happier one to come,' added Harry, softly. And for an instant I felt a strange, new longing for that restful, sorrowless home of which I knew my boy was thinking.

I felt sure he was too much excited to sleep that night, and every now and then I rose on my mattress, to listen, and to try to look at him. But he lay quite still, and in the morning fell asleep. Silently I lay and listened for his fitful breathing, and when at last I rose in my restlessness and looked down upon his sleeping face, I knew that he would wake in heaven.

I don't know how I knew it. I felt then that I must have known it all night, and been preparing myself; yet, when the bells rang all around me, bewildering and deafening me with their call to that service which Harry and I were to have gone together to hear, I knelt moaning and re-belling beside the little bed where my boy lay dead.

[It would not be well to tell of the days that followed.]

Strangers helped me to carry him to his grave, and then I crawled back along the city streets, hating the glare of sunshine that smote upon my desolate, stooped head. Then there came long days of which I know nothing, until I crept from the hospital back to the room where we two had lived, and begged that I might have it once again.

It was harder for me now to find work to do, partly because, having only myself to work for, I did not care to try so hard to find it. Slowly—after my own were gone—I parted with my dear boy's things, but I never touched the sovereign he had brought me on that last night. I never touched it except to look at it now and then, and to lay it tenderly against my hungry, shaking lips. It was as sacred in my eyes as if it had been the dying gift of my favorite child.

One day a new purpose entered my heart. I had been watching a crossing-sweeper receive many a gift from the passers-by, while I stood unnoticed and unheeded, when I made a sudden determination.

Let I should go back from this if I left myself time to debate, I hurried away, and with my last shilling bought the widest, strongest broom I could obtain for it. I found a crossing near the Great Northern Station, and I kept it as clean as if it had been under cover. I was but a feeble old man, but to have seen me sweeping on a muddy day, you would have said my strength was inexhaustible. I said to myself that if kind hands paid me for the power of crossing there with unsoiled boots, they should be served in earnest. And kind hands did pay me, and sometimes a kindly smile rewarded me. Perhaps it grew out of watching for these, and getting used to a few who passed me every day, but I got at last to think a great deal of the passers, to wonder about the sort of work they went into the city to do, and about the homes they went back to in the evening. It wasn't very natural, perhaps, in an old man like me, but I had no one else to think of, except some one whose memory brought tears into my eyes, and Jessie, who was so far away that my thoughts could not follow her, in a strange country and a strange home of which she had told me so little.

At a very short distance from my crossing there was a row of dusty houses, all of them, I think, lodging-houses. I never quite got to know the people who kept them, for lodging-house keepers in London don't seem to go out much; but there was a sour-looking woman I used often to notice at the door or window of No 7—a woman who almost daily passed me, the never once had she offered me a half-penny; and I grew to dislike her so much at last that I almost rejoiced when I saw

that the card with Apartments on it was often in her windows than any of the others. 'And no wonder! I used to say, whenever I saw her savage face.'

One morning, before I began my work, as I looked around me on the familiar scene, I noticed that the card which had been for so long in the window of No 7 was gone. 'Not for long,' I said, involuntarily to myself; 'nobody stays with her for long.' And then I forgot all about it until the evening, when I was getting a bit tired, and standing for a few minutes resting on my broom, and watching the crowd of passengers coming out from the station-yard. Suddenly the sight of one young man walking alone, and coming slowly toward me, struck me with a shock, and made my heart beat, so that I put my hands to still its pain. The fair delicate face was so like Harry's face, the slight figure recalled my own boy so suddenly and so strangely, that no wonder my pulse galloped and my head reeled. He came on walking listlessly with a dejected, weary look, which it is sad to see on any young face, and was doubly sad to me to see on this one. As he came up to me, quite naturally and almost unconsciously, he put his hand into his pocket, and looking at me with a smile—a very flitting pleasant one—he put a penny into my hand, which actually shook at his touch.

I remember holding the coin almost in a dream, while I followed him with my eyes. I saw him go into No 7, and I turned away with a sigh because he had chanced to seek his home there.

Day after day he passed me on his way to or from the station, and always, when he passed one way, he held the penny toward me with the same slight pleasant smile. And always did I look longingly for him, that I might see, for a few minutes, the face which reminded me of my own son.

These few minutes got to be the brightest bit of my day, until at last that was clouded, because the face I loved to watch grew to have a fretting look upon it, and the smile which I had grown accustomed to came very rarely. And now, seeing more, and guessing more, than I can tell, I used to avoid him when he came, always trying to look upon him from the first moment he came within my sight until he left it, but trying to be out of his sight when he crossed. His daily gift to me was but a half-penny now, and the sight of it always brought the tears into my weak old eyes. Weeks went on; the change came very slowly, yet I saw it always. I noticed now that whenever he left his lodgings he had a parcel with him, and often the woman I disliked would stand upon the step and talk loudly to him as he went. When I saw this I always knew what she was saying, and would hasten away that I might not see the worn face that day.

He was carrying his things gradually away. I knew it well enough, and my heart grew sorer and sorer.

There was but one thing I could do—that one thing I would do, for Harry's sake. The morning after I had made that resolution, I could hardly do any work for keeping my hand upon my pocket—the pocket where lay the precious sovereign which my boy had earned for me.

He came at last. It was one of those mornings when I saw the woman standing with him in the narrow passage, speaking with a raised voice and angry face, and I wasn't surprised that he came out and walked towards the station more tired than ever. I stood right in his way to-day, and thanked him pleasantly when, with his gentle smile, he put the half-penny into my hand. He had almost reached the entrance to the station when I came up to him, panting, the sovereign in my hand.

'Look, sir; you dropped it just as you passed me; I was barely in time to pick it up. I saw it was yours, and I was afraid of missing you. Quick, please, sir, for I've left my broom.'

I shall never, so long as I live, forget his face. Much as my own boy had suffered, I knew that I had never seen pain like this upon his. Flushing oddly, he thanked me with dry, stiff lips; and, tho he quickened his pace, I was back at my work before he was round the corner, sweeping with all might and main, and looking at nothing but the dirt which I collected, for it didn't matter that I should see that thru the tears.

He never passed again, and tho I still caught myself often looking for him, I never had really expected him after that morning. Winter had come and was near, and I cheered myself by dreaming that Harry's sovereign had saved him from disgrace, and perhaps from sin; but oftener I felt that, to make so little change in a life's fortune, there must needs be strength and energy to will and work the change.

It was a chilly March night. I had been very low and depressed all day, and very slowly I went from my crossing half over London to reach my old room. As I entered the court I had a sort of consciousness that I was being followed, and I remembered that the same consciousness had been upon me once or twice during my walk. I stayed a moment on the step, listening, for it was dark now; but, hearing nothing more, I mounted the stairs. I made myself busy lighting a fire and tidying up the room; and, when that was done, and I sat down to rest, I was all at once aware that the door had been pushed open a few inches, and a little packet put inside.

I took it up and opened it, wondering. In part of an old torn envelope there lay two half-sovereigns. I turned them over and over, tho, of course, I knew from whom they came. Then he had guessed that the money was mine! But why did he not bring it back himself, and tell me he had guessed? How had he won it back? Where was he? Was he now a prosperous man, who could well afford to repay such a loan as this, or was he leaving himself penniless once more? He would hardly have returned money so if the

payment had been easy to him. I took up the torn paper again, and examined it carefully. There was part of an address written upon it, but only six letters were distinguishable—'—rew's St.'

I puzzled over it a long time; but I had not lived a year in London without picking up the names of most of the streets—that is a sort of geography which the poorest of us know the best—and so I guessed that the writing had been 'St Andrew's street,' and that it was not far away—a poor and shabby street, keeping its own ground with a negligent obstinacy, back to back with the streets bright and alive with wealth and life and energy.

I started in the early morning, leaving my broom at home, and made my way from house to house. They all seemed just alike, high and bare and shabby, only that outside some few of the windows a broken wooden box stood on the sill, with fading, brown stalks straggling over it. Not one had the smallest look of home about it. I spent the whole day in this street, trying to find the man whose name I did not know, and it was dusk before I succeeded at last.

Finding an old man, like myself, at the door of one of the unsearched houses, I began to talk with him, and got on to describing, carelessly, as it were, what was my errand. With a shrug of his shoulders he pointed up the stairs behind him, and I went oddly subdued and depressed by the man's silent gesture. Should I find the young form lying still and motionless as I had seen Harry's lie on that summer Sunday morning, which always was so present to my thoughts? I found the room at last, and beside the bed, where he lay moaning in a fever, a woman stood angrily demanding money that was due to her.

'But I haven't it,' I heard the sick man whisper. 'If I had it, I would pay you. I will pay you when I have it.'

'Give me what you had yesterday,' she rejoined; 'you can't have spent twenty shillings since then. You wouldn't spend it in a hurry after saving it for so long.'

'It was not mine,' the sick man cried, as he raised his fevered head and appealed to her in desperate earnestness. 'Oh, believe me when I tell you this, and let me be! Search the room and take all there is, only let me lie here without your hard words piercing my head. I will pay all when I am strong again. Have pity for a little time, and leave me!'

I could scarcely breathe for the great lump that had risen in my throat. Only wanting to be left there alone! Asking for nothing—doctor, medicine, food—nothing but to be left untended, uncared for, in that desolate room, where there was not even a glass of water to cool his dry, parched lips!

I beckoned the woman out to me, and gave her the very money she had been inquiring after; and then she went away, still grumbling a little for form's sake; but afterwards, for the long days and nights thru which he fought for life in that gloomy attic, she was almost gentle in her manner to him.

A kind and pitiful doctor, to whom I appealed, attended him thru all that time with untold kindness, and on the very first day that the April sunshine found its way into St Andrew's Street, he tottered from his bed upon my arm, and sat beside the dingy window looking out upon the old green box of withered stalks. I left him so, and hurried to my work. It was doubly needful now that I should waste no time, because I had not myself alone to work for.

I entered my room for the first time for many days, and all the old loneliness came back upon me as my eyes fell on the empty bed that had been Harry's. I thought of many things, drearily, miserably wondering whether it would not have been better to let the sick man pass the gates to which he had been so near; wondering whether I should mind it much when I lay here alone to die, as I must do when the old arms, which were so often tired now, had grown useless in their work. But somehow, as I sat there on Harry's empty bed, even these thoughts grew changed; for round every thought of mine was such a deep glad memory of my boy, that the gloom seemed always to be kept back by the knowledge that he had reached the happy, restful home of which he had spoken on that last Saturday we were together.

I had just risen to leave the room when I heard the unusual sound of a tap upon my creaking door, and I opened it to meet the postman face to face. I remember that I had a paper to sign, and that I signed it; but how or where I cannot tell. I remember that the man smiled a good bit at my awkward excitement, but I don't remember that I did anything with my letter until I sat down again beside the cloudy window in St Andrew's Street, telling my good news to the friend who had grown so strangely dear to me, and watching how the wan face flushed and paled, and flushed again.

'You guess what that letter was, and what it contained?'

Jessie and her husband were prospering in New England, and had written to entreat us—Harry and me—to go out to them. When they wrote, they had just received Harry's letter telling of our loss, so you may imagine how kind and loving their letter was. It was days and days before I could read it all, for the mists that always came between my eyes and the unfamiliar words of love and sympathy. Money was enclosed, not only for our passage, but for everything else that we could possibly want, and I began at once to think of these preparations, for the date upon the letter was a very old one, and it seemed to have been half over England in its search for me.

What a time that was, while I prepared for our voyage, and while Harry—his name was Harry, too, and tho for long I could not utter it, I have grown now to be glad—almost rapidly recovered his strength in his eager desire to help me, while I talked by the hour of the fresh, pure air to which I should take him; of the un-

laborious toil which in a fair new home would make life pleasant to him; of my own gratitude because I should have a home in my old age among those I loved, and yet need not leave behind me one whom I was growing equally to love. We set sail together on a bright May morning, and before we reached here Harry was as well and active as any one on board.

Jessie's surprise and grief at her brother's death was very great, but she, too, grew soon to love her father's friend, and now no one is welcomed as he is in her pleasant home. You know how well he is succeeding in all his undertakings here, and you know also how well he is beloved in all the state. To see him now, and to think of him as he lay in that—But I never will think of it, concluded the old man, except just to be grateful. As I said, he added, looking along the river to where the boat had, an hour before, disappeared in the bend of the stream, Jessie loves him now as she loved her only brother, and her daughter, little Jessie, as I cannot help still calling her, has given him all the warmest, gladdest love of her heart; while as for me—But no wonder; is there a son in all the state more fond and true and tender to his father than is my adopted son to me? I was thinking, as I watched her and little Jessie talking together a while ago, she on the bridge and he in the boat below her, what a help and comfort he had been to all of us, what a peaceful, love-filled home he will bring Jessie to, and of their earnest, pleading wish that I should never leave it. And when I thought upon the life behind, and on the peace around, and on the brightness and glory coming, I felt that the earnest and unselfish life of my own dear lad had not been lived in vain.

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Our Flannels and Shirts cannot be beaten for price and quality. Whites from 25 up. Prints from 5c up. Waiving and Carpet Cotton very low.

Call and get our prices for Dress Goods, Mantle and Ulster Cloths, Ready-made Mantles, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Fringes, Cords and Tassels, Black and colored Silks and Satins, grey and black for trimming, Lace, Ribbons, Ties, &c.

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Overcoats and Suits at all prices. Mitts and Gloves in Kid, Buckskin and Yarn. Undercloths and Pants from 50c up. Dress and Flannel Shirts, Canvas Jackets and Jerseys, and a nice assortment of Silk and Merino Undercloths. Our Tweeds, Worsted Suitings, and Overcoatings, are worthy of your inspection.

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Men's Long Boots from \$1.50. We sell the celebrated riveted-skin Boots and Shoes, for men, women and children, (warranted never to slip.) Ladies' Fine Buttoned Boots in Kid, Oiled, and Calfskin. Children's Fine Shoes in variety. Goat, and Calfskin. Black Moccasins, Overshoes and Rubbers in abundance.

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Our Lady customers have long complained of the trouble to get pure spices. By buying from us they can secure the pure article, as we now grind our own spices. We keep genuine Java Coffee in the Bean, and will grind it for you free of charge. Our stock of Teas, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Raisins, Currants, Essences, Citron and Lemon Peel, Dried Coconut and Chocolate, will be found of No. 1 quality. Christie's Discents always in stock.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, we are Yours truly, HUNTER BROS.

P.S.—The highest price paid for Beef Hides, Sheep Pelts, and all kinds of produce. We will also buy from the 10th to the 15th December, all good, well dressed Geese and Ducks that may be offered. We also want a quantity of Geese feathers.—H. Bros. Huntingdon, Nov. 15.

RECHARD & MCCORMICK, Advocates, No. 112 St. Francis Street, Montreal, P.Q. J. S. Archibald, M.A., B.C.L., D. McCormick, B.C.L. Mr McCormick will attend the Courts in Beauharnois, Huntingdon, and Ste. Martine. Accounts for collection may be addressed to the firm, Montreal, or M. S. McCoy, Huntingdon.

NOTARIAL.—The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he will be in attendance at his office in the County Building, Huntingdon, every Thursday, and remain while he is detained by business. I. I. CREVIER, N.P.

DAVID BRYSON, Licensed Auctioneer for the District of Beauharnois, Montreal, and of the Counties of Huntingdon, Chateauguay and Beauharnois. Sells in the English and French languages. No higher charges made for extra distances to travel as all his time is at his disposal for that business. All communications addressed to David Bryson, Howick, P.Q., or to David D. Bryson, Agent, Ormstown, P.Q., will receive immediate attention.

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PARTIES intending to have sales will do well to entrust them with the undersigned. Speaks both French and English. Letters addressed to Huntingdon post-office will be promptly attended to. D. SHANKS.

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NOTICE

ALL parties indebted to the estate of the late Dennis Moriarty, or holding claims against the same, are hereby requested to inform the undersigned without delay. I. I. CREVIER, N.P. St. Anicet, Nov. 22.

The Temperance Hymn and Song Book, TO be used at the meetings in Huntingdon this winter, for sale at the GLEANER Office at cost price, 10 cents. NOTICE. At a meeting of the representatives of the estate of the late A. Henderson, Esq., it was decided that all Notes and Accounts due the Estate must be paid on or before the 15th December next. Costs will be incurred by all parties in default after said date. F. H. HENDERSON, } Attorneys W. S. MACLAUREN, } for said Estate. Huntingdon, Nov. 24, 1881.