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**FOR SALE.**  
I have for sale a very nice PHAETON.  
Price according to the times. Call and  
see it.  
L. C. BATES.  
Stanstead June 1, 1875.

**New Paint Shop.**  
THE subscriber has opened a Paint Shop  
in his new building, where orders for  
all kinds of Carriage and Sign Painting  
will receive prompt attention. First class  
workmen employed.  
J. S. PIERRE.  
Stanstead Plain, May 5, 1875.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
THE subscriber begs to inform his  
friends and the public, that the re-  
pairs on his building are now completed,  
and his  
**Photograph Rooms**  
Open for their inspection and patronage.  
WM. E. WEST.  
Derby Line, Vt. June 10, 1875.

From Punch,  
**BRITANNIA OBJECTS**  
To the Admiralty Circular, of July 31, to  
captain of H. M. S. ships on the subject of  
Fugitive Slaves.

"Eh! what!" cries Britannia, rubbing her  
eyes.  
With a look of exceedingly startled sur-  
prise.  
"Supplementary Slave Trade Instruc-  
tions!"  
I thought I had settled that little affair.  
A pretty postscript, my lords, I declare!  
But I don't see my countersign set any-  
where.  
To these newest naval productions.

"My will I conceived, was made clear to  
the world.  
That, wherever my Union Jack was un-  
furled,  
The slave should find freedom there-  
in."  
That's a fair and square rule which all  
quillblanks should quell.

But as for this roundabout 'Circular'—  
It would take a Sea-lawyer its bearings to  
tell!  
One thing, though, it plain-it's a blunder!  
"No need for tall talk about ruling the  
waves."  
But, at least, my 'broad rule' does not re-  
cognize slaves.

Whether stretched on green land or blue  
sea.  
A legalized on a free British ship  
Is a novel conception not easy to grip.  
Re-visit the chains he has managed to slip.  
Rather rebel at the notion!

"With slave-owning powers," my sea-gods  
Will find it stiff work to keep terms—if we  
try.  
I hold them in scorn, and they hate us.  
O! I fancy I see a committee of 'acks  
On a fugitive wretch coolly turning their  
backs.  
Or looking palaver, like shore-going  
quacks.  
With a view to 'determine his status!'"

"My ships may not court the poor run-  
away thrall.  
But, if once he's on board, upon Britons  
I prey to the sharks to surrender.  
I demand to the 'chains' of the shackle and  
lock.  
And to 'rights' which are based on the  
blackest of wrong.  
One may be just a trifle too tender.

"Let them look to their 'chattels!' my  
lords, and kind  
To some trifle of trouble,—as well may  
they succeed  
When honest intent counters villainous  
guile—  
It is not my intention to shirk it.

"No, my lords; your solicitude's thought-  
ful and kind,  
I regret the writ is not more to my mind.  
When you give me old rule a new read-  
ing,  
I might be consulted. At present I hold  
That your course in the case is a little too  
bold;

You had better hark back, for your coun-  
sels are  
And your gospel's obscure and mislead-  
ing.  
"What philanthropists fought for,  
and legalists confirm.  
Shall not be evaded by wriggle and squirm  
Nice quibbles, or polite parrying.  
My law is writ large for all nations to see,  
Ashore or afloat, 'neath my flag all are free!  
That's a very plain rule, and you'll reckon  
with it."

"If you think it requires any altering!"  
From *Chamber's Journal*,  
**Denny's Intentions.**

IN TWO PARTS.  
PART ONE.

Silverbridge is built on a tleslope of a  
hill, and is a street which is as steep  
as the side of a house. Looking down  
from the crest of the hill, you see a  
row of quaint old-fashioned houses on  
either hand; a gilt clock jutting out  
from the front of an ancient building  
like the sign of an inn, its supports  
adorned with fancy scroll-work and  
quaintly twisted and gilded. At the  
bottom of the street the bridge, and  
a hill rises sharply up from the  
bridge, a broad "down" whose lower  
slope is covered with houses, but  
which crowns the houses with corn-  
fields, turnip fields and copses. Be-  
low the town, the river winds through  
an alluvial valley; and above are  
meadows and park-land, asier-hills  
and pastures, dotted with clumps of  
trees, tall elms and, home-loving pop-  
lars, but the towns itself lies just in  
the gorge of the river, up one hill  
and down the other, with a few streets  
branching out laterally. There is a  
church at the top of the town of warm  
red brick, ugly and comfortable;  
there is a church in the middle of the  
town, ancient and odd, with a spire  
of elank, and narrow Norman arches,  
and a choir like a crypt, vaulted, and  
groined, and banded with stone; there  
is a church at the bottom of the town,  
almost in the river's bed, brown, and  
squat, and ugly too, but with a cer-  
tain air of fitness about it; and then,  
on the northern slope of the hill,  
above the river, is a great square Nor-  
man keep; and under the keep, astride  
of the stream, which flows through  
its inward parts, is the King's Mill, a  
large brick building, with four coaz-  
ing out of all its pores. Beyond the mill  
and the castle, where the river takes  
a sweep, turned by the inevitable flank-  
ing of the down, are chalk pits and car-  
riage works, and a row of cottages,  
resting under the shade; and a road  
at the foot, which winds its way be-  
neath an avenue of elms, with glimps-  
es of the river and the fat meadows,  
and hills beyond, blue and ethereal.

Half way up the High street of Sil-  
verbridge, stands a house of red brick,  
with many twinkling windows. A  
double set of stone steps, protected by  
an iron railing, gives access to the  
front door, on which a large brass  
plate bears the legend—"Mrs. Col-  
tash's Preparatory School."

It is a bright sunny summer's day,  
and the chimneys are celebrating the  
half-hour after noon in drowsy tink-  
ling cadence; the door is ajar, and  
colours of brass plate upon it shines open,  
and a boy in a suit of gray knicker-  
bockers descends the flight of steps.  
He is about ten years old, and has a  
very healthy face, rather smeared  
with ink, and somewhat overcast at  
present, as if he had been kept in,  
and expects a lecture from his father.

er when he gets home. With the  
idea of putting off the evil hour as  
long as possible, although with an un-  
easy consciousness that he is only in-  
terfering with his misery, he loiters on  
his way down High street, looking at all  
the shop windows as he passes, and  
lingering a long while at the confection-  
ers, admiring the frosted cake, and  
the buns, yellow with saffron, and  
contorted thick with sugar and spice.

When he reached the corner of the  
street, the cross street that ran under  
the castle and the quaries, he stops  
again to watch a carriage that is com-  
ing along the road. It was a some-  
what peculiar vehicle, the like of which  
has not been built for many a  
long year. I fancy that in days gone  
by it would have been called a pony  
chair, and was upon little wheels, the  
pair behind about as big round as  
Cheshire cheeses, another in front like  
good sized casters; a shaggy little pony  
was in the curved shafts, and was  
coming along at a pace something be-  
tween a walk and a shamble. The  
driver appeared to be a young man,  
that represented a latent collar; a  
faded brown overcoat showed beneath  
an old fashioned blue coat, adorned  
with brass buttons. He was neces-  
santly twitching the reins; each twitch  
the pony acknowledged with his ears.  
Every now and then, he half rose  
from his seat, and lashed out at the  
pony with a little whip. At the lash,  
the pony swished his tail, but did not  
quicken his pace. Perhaps, however,  
but for these constant stimulants, he  
would have come to a standstill also  
sooner.

Charlie Blake, the youthful hero of  
this story, stood with his mouth wide  
open, watching his curious equipage.  
He knew very well who the man was,  
and had often seen his turn-out; but  
it was a source of perpetual amuse-  
ment and wonder to him. Old Denny,  
the man was called; and his pony's  
name was Bob; and the little fat  
spaniel, that was panting along half a  
mile behind, was Carlo; and they  
lived at the Manor farm; and Denny  
was said to be enormously rich; worth  
millions, according to the traditions  
of the boys.

Denny's keen eyes, searching every-  
thing he came across, espied the boy,  
standing with his eyes and mouth  
wide open, at the curb by the corner.  
"Hi! boy!" cried Denny, drawing up  
his little carriage to the side when he  
perceived to twitch and lash, the pony  
came to a stand, "Hi, boy, come  
here."

Master Charlie was a little alarmed.  
Perhaps his conscience pricked him  
as to fail on old Denny's apples, or  
as to stonies thrown at his pigs, and he  
dreaded some instant retribution.  
Anyhow, he looked rapidly round  
him as if meditating flight; but he was  
fascinated by the old gentleman's eye,  
and felt himself glued to the pave-  
ment.

"Come here, boy!" cried Denny  
once more; and Charlie felt himself  
constrained to obey. "How old are  
you, boy?"

"Ten; at least I am eleven next  
birthday."

"Well, never mind. Have you had  
the measles?"

"Yes; me and Polly had them to-  
gether last term."

"Have I dropped one, eh? Hutton  
has I dropped a shilling?"

"The shilling you said you'd  
give me."

"Did I say I'd give you a shilling?  
Come, come, my boy; remember An-  
nias and Sapphira. Hutton, he won't  
do, after all, if he tells fibs."

"The boy must have thought you  
said so. Here, Blake," said Hutton,  
good naturedly, putting his hand into  
his pocket. "You'll see if we can't  
find you a shilling."

"I won't have it now," said Char-  
lie independently. "And as for fibs—I  
know who tells the most." Saying  
which, he took to his heels, and didn't  
look back till he had got right over  
the bridge.

When he reached home, he found  
that he had been dining wrong, and  
that his father was very cross. After  
the atmosphere had cleared a little,  
he told his adventure, leaving out the  
part about the shilling, for, as he  
hadn't got it, he didn't feel inclined to  
be rebuked for not refusing it. Mrs.  
Blake was pleasantly excited about it.  
"Hi! boy!" she said to her husband,  
"perhaps he means to make Charlie  
his heir! and people say he's worth  
no end of money."

Polly clapped her hands; she was a  
couple of years younger than Charlie.  
"How jolly that will be! Fancy Char-  
lie with a fortune! You'll give me  
some won't you?"

Charlie flushed to the temples. A  
hazy golden vision, a mixture of for-  
tunes and Fanny Hutton floated before  
his eyes; he felt for the moment a su-  
perior being. He would have no cold  
mutton then, and fat should be a thing  
unknown.

Polly's keen eyes detected Charlie's  
inflation; she called him Fortunatus  
ever after, and chaffed him unmercifully  
about his expectations.

Denny took a great deal of notice  
of Charlie after that, and often asked  
him to the Manor farm, never giving  
him better entertainment than a stale  
gingerbread nut, and a glass of sour  
beer, but putting him through his  
feelings in a way that he had learned at  
school, with great assiduity. Charlie  
would have shirked these visits, but  
for the canal which ran through the  
farm, and was full of all kinds of fish—  
Jack—like young sharks, brilliant  
perch and bream as big as the kitchen  
belly; and there he'd fish all day  
long whenever he got a holiday, and  
lying under the shade of a tree by the  
canal bank, would watch his float, and  
dream of being a rich man and old  
Denny's heir.

The Manor farm didn't exactly be-  
long to Mr. Denny; but it was good  
as his everybody said. It belonged to  
the cathedral of Bineseter, or to the  
bishop, rather, and Denny held it

under a lease—a bishop's lease, as  
they called it about here—paying  
twenty-five pounds a year as rent—  
Holdings under these bishop's leases  
were always reckoned as good as free-  
hold. It was one of the best farms in  
the county, this of Denny's, consist-  
ing of five hundred acres and more of  
excellent land; although a couple of  
hundred years ago it had been a range  
of barren sand fields, producing nothing  
but a few firs and birch trees, and  
abounding only in rabbits. It had  
been let at a shilling an acre then,  
and was let at the same rate now, al-  
though the land might well be said to  
be worth forty shillings or more in  
these days.

Denny drove Charlie over to Bine-  
coster one day when he went to pay  
his rent, and they dined with a digni-  
fied old gentleman in a white cravat,  
who had something to do with the  
dean and chapter. He had a very fine  
garden, not by his house, which  
was in the center of the farm, but be-  
yond the city walls—a garden kept in  
the extremity of neatness and good  
order. There was a summer-house  
there too, that was furnished as com-  
fortable as a sitting-room; and here  
the two old gentlemen sipped their  
wine, whilst Charlie ran in the garden,  
and was as well as the intention of  
immediately carrying out his resolu-  
tion.

"Don't do that, Charlie—please don't  
for my sake; don't Charlie! Sit down,  
and talk reasonably; for I have got  
something to tell you; I have heard  
of something for you."

Charlie threw himself on the sofa  
again. "Well, let's hear it!" he cried.  
"It's all bosh, I darsay."

"You know Mr. Markham, whose  
daughter I teach, is an African mer-  
chant."

"Well, go on."

"I have spoken to Mrs. Markham  
often about you. She is such a nice  
woman, and she takes quite an  
interest in you."

Charlie groaned. "Well, go on."

"I wouldn't tell you before, Charlie,  
because I didn't want you to leave me,  
but after all, it is better that you  
should risk something than go on in  
this way. Mr. Markham has ships  
which go to the coast of Africa—  
the west coast, you know; Sierra Leone,  
and so on."

"The white man's grave," I know."

"Well, it appears that they want a  
clerk or something out there, at a salary  
of a hundred and fifty pounds a  
year. They have lost six within the  
last few years, but then Mrs. Mark-  
ham says they drink, and were dis-  
appointed."

"And you would be willing for me to  
go, Polly?"

"I shouldn't like it, Charlie; but"—  
"He turned his face to the sofa  
cushion, and thought bitterly for a few  
minutes. Polly wouldn't have him go  
for a while, because it would wound  
her pride, to have a brother a private  
soldier; coming to see her perhaps, in  
his starting scarlet uniform, as if she  
were a servant-maid; but she didn't  
mind his risking almost certain death  
in quasi-genteel occupation."

"I'll go, Polly," he said at last, "if  
they'll have me; I'll go like a bird.  
As you say, anything is better than  
this."

But there was a little difficulty  
about Charlie Blake's appointment at  
the African coast. He had imagined  
that he would be engaged with alac-  
rity, like a volunteer for a forlorn hope;  
but he found that there were half-a-  
dozen applicants for the place, and al-  
most as much fuss in diling it up as if  
it had been a bishopric. Mrs. Mark-  
ham had, however, privately assured  
Mary Blake that she would take care  
that Charlie had the preference. Mary  
had written to Fanny, some time ago,  
telling her that Charlie was going to  
the Gold Coast, and coloring his pros-  
pects with the hues of hope; and she  
had received a note from Fanny since  
saying she was sorry Charlie was go-  
ing away, and begging him to accept  
her warmest wishes for his welfare,  
and so on.

Mary and her brother were sitting  
at tea one evening talking over the  
future, and the few days that they  
would spend together, when they  
heard a vigorous rattle double-knock  
at the door, and the mistress of the house  
came and announced that a gentleman  
of the name of Hutton wished to see  
Mr. and Mrs. Blake.

Mary colored brightly; she thought  
at once came into her mind, it was  
Tom. Charlie was struck with sud-  
den thrill of hope and excitement;  
Denny was dead, and had made him  
his heir, and Hutton had come to tell  
him the news.

It wasn't Tom Hutton, but the old  
gentleman, as he was beginning now  
to be called. He'd no particular news,  
he said, but he was in the neighbor-  
hood, having a little business at Man-  
chester, and he thought he'd come  
over and see them. "Yes; he'd have  
some tea, but nothing substantial, as  
he had only just dined. And how was  
Charlie getting on? Poor! he must  
be down-hearted. A young man,  
steady and of good abilities, was sure  
to get on in time; but it wanted time.  
There were many inquiries after them  
at Silverbridge."

Mr. Denny was constantly asking af-  
ter the Gold Coast? Going to the  
Gold Coast? Nonsense. It was  
madness for a young fellow like Char-  
lie, and with his prospects, to fling  
away his life, or at all events his  
health, in a pestiferous place like that.  
If, indeed, he had a chance of making  
a fortune in a few years, and coming  
home to spend it, then it might be  
worth while to encounter the risk;  
but for a salary and a small one—  
that wouldn't do at all.

"That's all very well, Mr. Hutton,"  
quoth Charlie; "but what am I to do?  
I have been trying for the last six  
months to get something and have  
failed. It's a sort of heavy despair;  
I know; but anything's better than  
this; give me bread and cheese at  
home, and I'll stop there."

"Well," said Hutton, "can't offer you  
very much; for you know nothing  
about law, and you wouldn't be much  
use to me at first. But I'll give you

to live upon, you and I, and it's a  
great comfort to be together."

"Do you think, Polly, that I can  
stay here any longer, to live upon  
your scanty earnings? You could be  
very comfortable, but for me, by my  
money, and by-and-by you'd get mar-  
ried."

"That isn't at all probable, Charlie,"  
said Mary coloring a little; "I'm not  
likely to meet anybody here who would  
suit me, or whom I should suit."

"Who said anything about here?  
Polly, when did you hear from Hutton?"

"Well, I had a letter this morning."  
And did she say anything about  
Tom?

"Nothing particular. He's gone into  
partnership with his father, that's all."  
"I wonder whether you'd be so kind  
about corresponding with Fanny, if  
she hadn't got a Brother Tom?"

"Charlie, I assure you that there is  
nothing whatever between us; you  
know as well as I that Fanny never  
loved me because I've got a brother Char-  
lie."

"Oh, Polly, if I thought so! But  
what would be the use of it. No: I  
can't do anything to keep myself, or  
anybody else; I'll go and list for a  
soldier." Charlie jumped up, and looked  
for his hat, as well as the intention of  
immediately carrying out his resolu-  
tion.

"Don't do that, Charlie—please don't  
for my sake; don't Charlie! Sit down,  
and talk reasonably; for I have got  
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the Gold Coast, and coloring his pros-  
pects with the hues of hope; and she  
had received a note from Fanny since  
saying she was sorry Charlie was go-  
ing away, and begging him to accept  
her warmest wishes for his welfare,  
and so on.

Mary and her brother were sitting  
at tea one evening talking over the  
future, and the few days that they  
would spend together, when they  
heard a vigorous rattle double-knock  
at the door, and the mistress of the house  
came and announced that a gentleman  
of the name of Hutton wished to see  
Mr. and Mrs. Blake.

Mary colored brightly; she thought  
at once came into her mind, it was  
Tom. Charlie was struck with sud-  
den thrill of hope and excitement;  
Denny was dead, and had made him  
his heir, and Hutton had come to tell  
him the news.

It wasn't Tom Hutton, but the old  
gentleman, as he was beginning now  
to be called. He'd no particular news,  
he said, but he was in the neighbor-  
hood, having a little business at Man-  
chester, and he thought he'd come  
over and see them. "Yes; he'd have  
some tea, but nothing substantial, as  
he had only just dined. And how was  
Charlie getting on? Poor! he must  
be down-hearted. A young man,  
steady and of good abilities, was sure  
to get on in time; but it wanted time.  
There were many inquiries after them  
at Silverbridge."

Mr. Denny was constantly asking af-  
ter the Gold Coast? Going to the  
Gold Coast? Nonsense. It was  
madness for a young fellow like Char-  
lie, and with his prospects, to fling  
away his life, or at all events his  
health, in a pestiferous place like that.  
If, indeed, he had a chance of making  
a fortune in a few years, and coming  
home to spend it, then it might be  
worth while to encounter the risk;  
but for a salary and a small one—  
that wouldn't do at all.

"That's all very well, Mr. Hutton,"  
quoth Charlie; "but what am I to do?  
I have been trying for the last six  
months to get something and have  
failed. It's a sort of heavy despair;  
I know; but anything's better than  
this; give me bread and cheese at  
home, and I'll stop there."

"Well," said Hutton, "can't offer you  
very much; for you know nothing  
about law, and you wouldn't be much  
use to me at first. But I'll give you

seventy-five pounds a year, and you  
can go on with that till you get some-  
thing better. That's bread and cheese  
for you. And you'll be on the spot to  
look after old Denny, and see that he  
keeps you in mind."

Charlie and his sister talked the  
matter over till late that night, and  
came to the resolution that it would  
be better to accept Hutton's offer, and  
throw up the African business. Next  
morning came a note from Fanny to  
Mary, begging her to use her influence  
with Charlie to make him give up the  
Gold Coast. Charlie had many well-  
wishers at Silverbridge, and things  
would be sure to turn out well, if he  
didn't give away to despair. She knew  
her papa was going to make him an  
offer, and he would be wise to take it.  
And if Mary Blake would come and  
live with her brother at Silverbridge it  
would be "awfully jolly," and the good  
old times would come back again.  
And with a view to effect such a desir-  
able consummation, she had been  
making enquiries in the village, close to  
the brook of the Grange, whose daughters  
were now growing up, wanted a non-  
management governess to take the  
management of their studies. She would  
be only too glad to have "Miss Blake."  
Seventy pounds a year. And there is  
a set of three charming little rooms at  
the postoffice in the village, close to  
the Grange, and a mile from Silver-  
bridge; the curate and his sister used  
to lodge there. "I've pretty nearly set-  
tled it all," wrote Miss Hutton; "and  
if you disavow me now, I shall be  
having all kinds of actions for dam-  
ages brought against me. So you must  
come."

It was really very nice to be the  
subject of all this good-will. And now,  
with Charlie's seventy-five pounds a  
year, and Mary's seventy,

CLUB RATES.

The figures in the first column give the price of each periodical by the single subscription; those in the second column the price of each periodical with the JOURNAL, all postage included.

The Legislature of Quebec met on Thursday, but transacted no business except the election of Speaker, Dr. Fortin being elected without opposition.

The official return for Montreal West gives Thos. Workman 2,300 Thos. White 2,250 Maj. for Workman 50. Rejected ballots 74, the most of them being intended for Mr. White.

Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, are holding meetings at Brooklyn, N. Y., which are attended by immense crowds. The work thus far has not been attended by much excitement.

The Court of Appeals have confirmed the judgments of the court below in the cases of Montreal Centre, Argenteuil and Chambly. In the two latter cases the members were not only unseated but disqualified.

Some excitement has been raised by the dropping from the books of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, two names mixed with the Scandal case, viz. Mrs. F. D. Moulton and Dea. West.

Some revival of the miserable scandal is predicted from the action of the Congregational Union, who are reported to have appointed a committee to examine into the matter.

A shocking drowning accident took place at St. Famille, Island of Orleans, a short time ago. The market steamer Montmorency, which plies between Quebec and the parishes on the north shore brought down a large number of market people on Saturday.

The Canadian Methodist Magazine.—The November number of this popular Magazine opens with a chapter from Dr. Ryerson's forthcoming History of English Puritanism.

The United States elections held last week resulted as follows: Massachusetts which last year elected a Democratic Governor, elected a Republican Governor by a plurality of about 6000, and increases the strength of that party in the legislature.

New York, which was very strongly Democratic last year, gives a mixed result. The state ticket is Democratic but anti-Tammany, while the Republicans will have a small majority on joint ballot in the legislature.

New Jersey elected a Republican legislature. Wisconsin is very close, but probably Republican. Kansas, Republican. Maryland Mississippi and Virginia went Democratic by considerable majorities.

A fire at St. Catherine's, Ont., Sunday morning, destroyed the main building of the St. Catherine's school works, owned by Hunt, Cairns & Co., loss on building and machinery \$30,000, and on stock \$5000; machinery insured for 18,600, building \$500 and stock 18,000. Sixty men are thrown out of work.

It is supposed that ninety persons were lost by the sinking of the Pacific, mostly from British Columbia.

The address in reply to the speech was made by Mr. Landrey, seconded by Mr. Ogilvie.

Mr. Jolly moved an amendment, in substance that aid should be asked of the Dominion Government to build the North Shore and Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railroads, inasmuch as they formed part of the Pacific line.

The debate continued until a late hour, when the House adjourned. The Prince of Wales has reached Bombay, and received an enthusiastic reception from the English authorities and some seventy native princes and chiefs.

In the Stantard Election case, the Court has dismissed the preliminary objections with costs.

Thomas F. Burke, who was recently discharged from the New York custom-house, has been amusing himself by playing the role of an Irish agitator in Montreal, where, on Friday evening, he forced almost to riot pitch a hall full of Irish Catholics by telling them that the Irish Catholics of the United States were beaten in their attempt to have the common school system of the United States changed to suit the pope by a secret society of know nothings, and declaring that the freedom of Ireland could never be achieved without revolution.

The authorities of Montreal have at last shown a disposition to prevent any attempt at interference or riot on the occasion of the Guibord burial. The police have been furnished with 100 breech-loading rifles, and will be instructed to use them if necessary to prevent or quiet any disturbance.

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Dartmouth College N. H., has been the scene of disgraceful proceedings on the part of students. Some ten of them were arrested at the suit of J. B. Parker, for alleged improper conduct at an auction at his book-store.

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The prospects of the new volume is very attractive. Each number, 96 pp. 8vo., will contain a short story, essay on social and religious topics, paper on popular science, recent travel and discovery, especially in bible lands; and brief biographies of prominent characters, by good writers.

Electric Magazine.—The Electric for November contains a frontispiece a fine portrait of Holman Hunt, the famous English painter; and this is accompanied in the letter press with a brief sketch of his life and art theories.

The number leads off with a notable and highly interesting article on "Napoleon Bonaparte," based on the recently published Memoirs of the Count de Segur. The Count was in close personal association with Napoleon during almost the entire period from 1800 to his fall, and he reveals much that is both valuable and interesting concerning his inner life and personal characteristics.

F. R. S.; Birds of Passage; Asking; Tennyson's Queen Mary; Ocean Circulation; by Dr. W. B. Carpenter; Not to Be; and an amusing paper, entitled Shylock the Jew-Ed. Mrs. Alexander's Her Dearest Foe, and Miss Fraser-Tyler's Jonathan, both striking stories are continued; and the editorial departments are well filled, as usual.

WIDE AWAKE, the Boston juvenile magazine, for November, comes like a wonder-box, packed full with delightful pictures and stories and poems. The number opens with a poem, "The Sad Story of a Little Girl," by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, the most eminent of American female poets.

The fall has been unusually cold, wet and disagreeable, and everything seems to indicate that an early winter is about upon us. Already has the "mountain" been whitened with snow, the earth is adamant under our feet, the wind has an icy chilliness, and the air has that transparency, and peculiar deep blue tint which usually accompany the cold weather of early winter.

Montreal, Nov. 5th. The fall has been unusually cold, wet and disagreeable, and everything seems to indicate that an early winter is about upon us. Already has the "mountain" been whitened with snow, the earth is adamant under our feet, the wind has an icy chilliness, and the air has that transparency, and peculiar deep blue tint which usually accompany the cold weather of early winter.

There is a lull in the political atmosphere after the contest in the Western division, and the parties are recruiting their energies preparatory to renewing the strife in Montreal Centre. The Western division has always been very stoutly contested.

Travelling sewing machine and look agents have become such a nuisance in some parts of the country that they are the subject of standard jokes in the press, and people learn to shun them as they would an evil spirit.

On returning to the Lower House, the usual formal motions were made and passed, and the speech from the Throne read.

New York, Nov. 7. There is no little nervousness in this city and Brooklyn, caused by the rapid spread of the small pox. Our physicians are visiting their family patients, and re-vaccinating old and young as a measure of safety; and the teachers in our public schools are unusually vigilant in their scrutiny of all the scholars whose faces may give the slightest evidence of eruption.

A rather clever thief has lately fallen into the hands of his legal enemies at Montreal. The device by which his droll second was wont to entrap the unwary possessor of money or valuables was quite peculiar. The Lyons railway station, about dusk, was the scene of his manœuvres, which consisted in the exposure for sale of certain patent watch chains.

For the Journal. Letter from North Carolina. Most of the letters that I receive from Canada inquire about the negro.

Most of the people of this section of the country are making use of negro labor both pleasantly and profitably, and desiring no change, while the few who are determined to be dissatisfied and make the negro the scapegoat of all their bad management and worse farming.

The negro is about one-fifth of the population in this County. I have not seen one drunk or heard of a case of stealing or any other crime since Christmas. While in Ontario, Canada, three weeks, I saw a drunken white man most every day, and sometimes two or three of them.

The difficulties experienced by the North Shore and the Montreal, Ottawa and Western Railway Companies in negotiating their bonds, having forced these Companies to give up the several works undertaken by them.

I have caused an Act to be drawn up which, while scrupulously respecting the rights and privileges of both Catholics and Protestants, will modify the administration of the Department of Public Instruction and render the working more efficacious.

The public accounts for the past fiscal year will be duly audited, and you will be called upon to grant the necessary supplies. I am glad to be able to inform you that, in spite of the financial crisis, the finances of the Province are in a satisfactory condition.

Satisfied that you will devote yourselves to the performance of your important duties with the zeal, the wisdom and that spirit of devotion to our glorious Sovereign which distinguished your predecessors, I earnestly pray that, with the blessing of Divine Providence, your labors may procure to the people of this Province an increase of happiness and prosperity.

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Quebec Legislature. QUEBEC, Nov. 5. This day, at three o'clock p.m., His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor proceeded in State to the Chamber of the Legislative Council, in the Parliament Building.

Most of the letters that I receive from Canada inquire about the negro. How does he live, is he dangerous, and what part of the population, &c. As I remarked in one of my previous letters, I regard the negro the best laborer for this country.

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Shocking Tragedy at Kokomo. INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 4. The Kokomo Tribune publishes the following: David Robinson came to town yesterday and bought a new suit of clothes and a revolver, after which he went home and showed the purchases to his family and ate his supper.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8. A private dispatch received here this evening announces the total loss of the steamer Pacific between Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco by foundering at sea last Thursday. The dispatch says all on board were lost.

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THE BLOOD owes its red color to minute globules which float in that fluid and contain in a healthy person, a large amount of iron, which gives vitality to the blood. The Peruvian Syrup supplies the blood with this vital element, and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—To give it strength and lustre, to improve its texture, to prevent its falling out and quicken its growth, is a short but not an unimportant, the growing personal charm of both sexes—this is the work Dr. Cassell's Food will accomplish, if faithfully used. There is a stimulating property in this preparation, which greatly assists the growth of the fibres, at the same time rendering them smooth, silky and elastic.

Never insult a man because he is poor in purse or raiment; for beneath a ragged coat it may be that a muscle lies concealed that could put a man on the oldest man in the business.

AKIS—At his residence in Stantard, Oct. 28th. Thomas Akis, Sen. aged 77 years and 6 months.

There has passed away, with the fading leaf, another of the names of Barnston. She was the daughter of apt. John Heath who moved in with his family early in the year 1801.

How fitting that such a ripened life should close with the ripened year, that she should sleep in the arms of Jesus, as the leaves were softly dropping to their graves.

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Masonic Hall, -Stantard, Q. GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. 4, F. & A. M. Regular Communication, Tuesday, Nov. 9, 1875. -Evening Meeting. T. HINMAN, Sec'y. Lake Magog Lodge, No. 39, F. & A. M. MASONS HALL, MAGOG, Q. Regular Communication Thursday, Nov. 11, 1875. A. O. HOYT, Sec'y.

WE have the pleasure of informing our friends and the public, that we have removed the portion of stock saved from the late fire, into the Brick Store, opposite the Russell House, known as the "Child's Store," where we will be happy to serve them as heretofore, and having greatly reduced prices, we hope all requiring any such things we have in stock will give us a call, as we are confident our prices must effect sales and give entire satisfaction.

THE Winter Term of this School will commence on MONDAY Nov. 22d. For further particulars apply to J. N. JENKS, Principal. Barnston, Nov. 8, 1875. 58w3

A good BERKEY MILCH COW. For particulars inquire at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the School Commissioners of the Township of Stantard, will be held at Messrs. Hout's, Griffin's Corner, on MONDAY, Nov. 15th, at 10 o'clock, for the transaction of general business. D. A. MANSUR, Sec'y-Treas. Stantard, Nov. 8, 1875.

Notice is hereby given that I have relinquished to my son CHARLES A. SEWTER the remainder of his minority, and shall not claim his earnings or pay debts of his contracted after this date. Stantard, Nov. 1, 1875. 68w3

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Masonic Hall, -Georgville, Q. MOUNT ORFORD LODGE, Regular Communication, Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1875 -Evening Meeting. S. F. COPP, Sec'y.



