The Stanstead Journal.

Established in 1845. Vol. XLIV.—No. 51. ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889. WHOLE NUMBER, 2288.

The Stanstead Journal.

L. R. ROBINSON, Publisher.

Journal Building, Rock Island, Stanstead.
U. S. Address, Derby Line, Vt.

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Abner's Way.

"I don't care! It is mean for Uncle to be so stingy! There' I've said it if I didn't mean to. And what else is it? We havn't had a regular Thanksgiving since I can remember. Never had anybody more than Aunt Nancy or Grandma Carr, in all these years; and I did think maybe we could this year. But, of course, they won't think of such a thing, and wouldn't do it if they did!"

She sat on the cellar stairs, this tearful, indignant maiden—Nannie Holcomb, one Monday morning in November. It was a bright, bracing day, and and some small rays of sunshine penetrated even the cellar's semi-darkness. One particulary lively sunbeam—its capricious course determined by the fluttering clothes on the dryer outside, went dancing up and down among the bins and barrels as if to inspect their contents or, more likely, in a kind of sunny ecstacy over the harvest wealth therein displayed. And, in truth, there was good reason for exultation, or as grieving as Nannie thonght, thanksgiving. There were long bins of potatoes, sound, shapely, sizable; barrels, red and gold russet; boxes of beets, showing their ruddy skins through clinging soil, and big, dull colored turnips. There were great heaps of golden pumpkins shining in the gloom like globes of solidified sunshine, and smaller piles of winter squashes of paler tints and lesser size. There were baskets of late pears in the warmest corner, and boxes with conspicuous coverings whence came a fragrance as of grapes. Through the gauzy doors of a swinging cupboard might be seen the golden bulk of the last churning, and by their side, on a long tray, were combs dripping with translucent honey.

"Enough here, anybody would think to keep Thanksgiving with," went on the girl, "only 'twould be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for I don't believe Uncle Enos has saved out any turkey; and I should think he might!"

And the girl lost herself in regretful revery once more. She was a pretty girl, this little Nannie, though the small hands were a trifle red with much housework, and the soft brown hair blown into tangled waves by the wind as she had gone in and out, the fair cheek tear-stained now, and the brown eyes red with crying. Enos Carr had taken her into his heart and home in her desolate, orphaned babyhood. Very comfortable she had found the latter, all these twenty years, despite its sober quietness. Very pleasant it had been to grow up in it, to assume one by one little housewifely cares as a daughter might, and finally to find herself mistress, with undisputed sway over all things in-doors, and not a little influence in out-door affairs. Yes, the homewas certainly a pleasant one. She loved it well. And Uncle Enos's heart—well, it seemed to her a good one in it way. He cared for her of course, in his own staid fashion. She did not think it was in Uncle Enos to love anyone very enthusiastically, perhaps. And Abner was as like him in most ways as son could be like father. Abner was younger and quicker to comprehend, of course. He had his own ways, quite unlike those of any other who Nannie had ever seen. He was very thoughtful of her comfort; very careful that she should not overwork. He studied with her, history and literature and botany and mineralogy and music. He read the papers to her, and talked over their contents. He helped her care for her plants, and got her new rare ones. He brought her dainty trifles, new music and late books, whenever he went to town. Nannie did not like to think what life might be without Abner—he was so kind and cousinly, though he wasn't really her cousin nor a relative at all. He was Uncle Enos's son by his first wife; she, the neice of the second Mrs. Carr.

It was funny, Nannie mused, that Abner didn't think they ought to keep Thanksgiving by having their relatives with them. There were just three or four families who would make such a nice little company. Aunt Nancy and Uncle and Aunt Guyson, with Nell and Frank, and Aunt Kate and Ned. Ned was home this year, which didn't always happen, and he would come of course. Nannie knew he would be glad to, for he had walked home from church with her only the night before, and he had said that the country was lonely, or that their farm was. He hoped it might not be always.

Nannie had not cared to consider what he meant, but she would have liked him to come to their house for Thanksgiving. That would make things a little less lonesome for him.

There were steps and voices outside, and Nannie remembered in a panic that the roll-way was open. She would have fled upstairs, but she caught the mention of her name. It was Abner's voice first:

"Good weather for Thanksgiving, isn't it, if it only holds. Father, I don't know but we ought to invite the folks over, and make Thanksgiving ourselves this year. Uncle Joe had us all last year, and it's our turn and I think Nannie would like it."

"She hasn't said anything about it to me. I thought maybe 'twould make too many chores for her," returned the elder man.

"No, nor for me, but I think she'd like it, and I don't believe she'd mind the extra work."

"Might ask her, anyway," said Uncle Enos. "Well, I'd like to see our folks together again, I believe what's left, after all, and at my own table, too. And maybe it is dull for Nannie sometimes, though you seem to do what you can for her, Abner."

What Abner said Nannie never knew. She took advantage of the clock's striking to run away up stairs. She was not surprised when Uncle Enos proposed, at noon, a Thanksgiving family party, and she assented very readily, declaring she shouldn't mind the work, especially with Ann Chantry to help during the days that intervened.

She was surprised, however at Abner's thoughtful kindness for her, used as she was to it. She wondered anew at the ways he found to help her. She set it down once more to "Abner's way." For the "way" included, she had found, a marvelous, protecting tenderness, as unobtrusive as sunshine. It was very good in a busy time, too. And, on the strength of it she allowed herself to be persuaded to go with Uncle Enos next morning to invite their guests. It was a delightful drive, and Uncle Enos was the best of company. If she had ever thought him cold or distant she forgot it that day. Once only he pained her.

"I suppose it is lonely for young folks here at the farm," he said, "especially women folk. We're so contented always, Nannie, we haven't thought, or I haven't that you might be getting lonely. You could go to the city for a good long visit this winter. Your Aunt Letty would delight to have youwith her; and you could go to school then, if you like, or anywhere else."

But Nannie cried out against it. Kind as the words were, they somehow hurt her cruelly. Didn't she belong at the farm? Leaving it or them had not entered her mind. Was not her place there with them? She did not this, of course, but her heart was sore at the thought.

Their friends were easily persuaded to come for Thanksgiving dinner at the farm. Ned and his mother lived on another road, and were last to be visited. It was ten o'clock as they drove up the lane.

"I'm terrible thirsty," said Uncle Enos as he returned his massive silver watch to his pocket. "If you don't mind sitting in the wagon a few minutes, there's a cold spring over here in the meadow that I'd like to get a drink from, as I used to when I was a boy. We're so near the house you won't be afraid, and you can go in without me if you will."

But Nannie would rather stop in the wagon. They had come by a way that was little traveled, and had stopped on a side of the house that was little used, save that an outer kitchen, which Aunt Kate seemed not yet to have abandoned for warmer winter quarters, was on that side. It had no windows looking in that direction, however. It was unfinished, and the loosely fitted boards of its rough walls—it was a "lean-to"—let out the odors of the morning's cooking, and the sound of voices as well. They were distant and indistinguishable at first, but soon a voice that she knew, questioned, with masculine impatience:

"Breakfast ready?"

"As soon as I get the butter and cream. I've kept things here for you and'll have 'em on in a minute. I didn't know just when you'd be down. I knew you'd be tired after yesterday's hunting."

The last words were almost lost in a vanishing diminuendo as the speaker evidently hurried away to milk-room and pantry for the missing articles.

"No steak, of course?" grumbled the masculine voice again. Was this Ned's way? "You might try to have something decent, seems to me. I aint here every day."

"There's cold meat and an omelette. I didn't know as you'd care." Then even more timidly, "You're not going out to-day, are you?"

"I'm off for town at noon. Shan't be back until the last train comes up to-night. What's up now?"

"Nothing, only I wanted you to see Lawyer Pratt about those notes, and we have got to have another deed made out, of the south meadow, that your father bought of Jones you know. They've straightened the road and made changes around. And I thought maybe we could go over to the graveyard."

"Bother! I shan't go there, anyway. The other things can wait. Or maybe you can attend to 'em. I don't see why not."

Nannie did not catch the whole of the mother's complaining protest of rheumatic pains, of work at home, of inability to comprehend and arrange those business matters, and dislike so attempt it, for Uncle Enos came back just then, and they went round to the side-door and went in. Nannie more than half expected that Ned had not finished his breakfast, but his manner betrayed no embarrassment of interruption. He was as attentive and genial as ever. If she could have but forgotten that just-heard conversation, it would have been a pleasant call. As it was Ned found it hard to account for her sudden coldness, and wondered why, if she cared so little, she took the trouble to invite them at all, or even to accompany Uncle Enos. But they accepted the invitation notwithstanding.

What a pleasure after that to go back to the farm! to find Abner waiting to welcome them with cheery words, which were no pretence, since with them, Nannie well knew, both thought and deed accorded; to find Abbie Chantry, on whom the whole neighborhood relied for help in emergencies, there at work already, and the day's work well under way. Just enough had been done to materially lighten Nannie's burdens, yet not enough to seem to encroach upon her authority as mistress of affairs. It was always so. That, too, was one of Abner's ways. And there came a sudden consciousness of his goodness—of his instinctive divination of her thought and mood and liking, and provision for them all—and of all the silent tenderness which had wrapped her like an atmosphere these many years, of which, because of its very naturalness, she had been unmindful. Whether it was his way toward all womankind, or whether there was in it something kept for her only, Nannie did not try to determine.

The next two days were happy ones; so cheery, somehow that Nannie wondered if Thanksgiving itself would be any brighter; and she questioned it after all, the day would not have been pleasanter spent just by themselves—though perhaps they ought to have their relatives—and said as much to Abner, who answered a little surprised:

"I did think so at first, for father's sake. It reminds him so of mother, you know," he said gently. "It was their wedding day, and she died too at Thanksgiving time. But I think he was willing to have the folks this year," he concluded more cheerfully.

"Oh, Abner! I never knew it!"

It was all she could say, and he bade her not to mind. But she was hurt and pained and sorry and ashamed all at once. That was the reason then, why they never kept Thanksgiving with very noisy gladness. And she had thought them hard and close and unfeeling. Could she ever make up for it? She would try, and all her life, if they would let her. Of course she could not say this to Abner—then. There came a time when she could and did, for he asked her something very like it. It was weeks afterward, to be sure, but this Thanksgiving time helped to hasten it; for it was a very cheery Thanksgiving party. All the guests enjoyed it, none more, however, than the three who were not guests, but hosts and hostess. Perhaps it needed just the presence of strangers to show them how much they were to each other. For it was a little later, as I said, that it was decided that nothing but death should part them—these three. Of course the vows to that effect were to be given and taken by only two of the household, but the father seemed somehow a party to the compact. It was his gain and joy too, he said. Perhaps it was because the younger man, despite his proud consciousness of ownership, was so generous in his love. For this, too, was Abner's Way.

Consanguinity in Marriage.

Consanguineous marriages are contrary to wisdom. At least this is the preponderating verdict of medical and popular opinion in the nineteenth century. Such marriages are objectionable, revolting and more or less incestuous, and therefore deserve decided disapprobation. At the Episcopal general convention the subject was broached, but finally its consideration was deferred until the next meeting three years hence. Meanwhile clergymen of that denomination will undoubtedly give the topic a thorough investigation, in order that they may treat it intelligently. Popular sentiment, however, will be more prohibitory in its influence than the mandate of a denomination.

The bibliolatrist of the Rochester Union has been investigating the matter from a scriptural standpoint, and this is what he finds:

An examination of the records of the Old Testament leaves no doubt that marriages in the Patriarchal day between next of kin were encouraged and alliances with aliens were denounced. Nehemiah cursed the Jews who married strange wives (Neh. xiii, 25); Solomon was censured for having taken wives from among foreign nations (Neh. xiii, 26); the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were told that they had transgressed and increased the trespass of Israel in taking strange wives unto themselves (Ezra x, 10). And not only were consanguineous marriages recognized and encouraged by the patriarchs, but polygamous alliances were also freely entered into. Abraham married Sarah, his own sister; Nahor, his niece, Milcah; Jacob his two cousins, Judah his daughter-in-law, and Amram wedded his aunt and became the father of three of the most illustrious characters in Hebrew history, Moses, Aaron and Miriam. The more advanced law of Moses afterwards prohibited these marriages between near relatives (Lev. xviii, 6), but neither the Old Testament nor the New contains any positive injunction against polygamy.

These illustrations of the practices in Biblical times afford no justification whatever for consanguineal unions several thousand years later. The race is older and wiser than it was then, when these examples occurred.

In regard to polygamy, which is incidentally mentioned, the equal division of the sexes is a powerful and unanswerable argument in behalf of monogamy. Where polygamy is practiced civilization is retarded. This is the universal experience. It is purely the outgrowth of licentiousness, and at war with all the sacred principles of love, duty, justice and progress.

The effect of intermarriages on royalty is pertinently quoted. Royal blood is notoriously polluted. The Hohenzollerns have been afflicted with scrofulous maladies for generations which were transmitted from the Czar Paul of Russia. Dr. Seeger of New York says: "At the present moment there is scarcely a single royal family in Europe which is not afflicted with some hereditary disease, produced, as a rule, by too frequent intermarriages between near relations," and that "both from a normal and physical point of view the blood of the peasant classes is of far more generous and healthy a quality than that of the aristocracy of royalty."

Enough has been said, it would seem, to deter young people stocked with common sense from falling in love with their relatives.—[Troy Press.

Chicago five-year-old boy (only child): "Mamma, I wish you'd get me a little sister, I'm so lonesome." Same boy (at a subsequent period, sitting upright in his bed at 11:30 p. m. and shaking his fist at his sweet little sister in the next room): "If I'd known what a howler you was goin' to be you can just betcher life I never would have ordered you!"

W. C. T. U.

GLEANINGS BY THE COUNTY W. C. T. U.

The Executive Committee of this society met by appointment at the home of Mrs. Blodgett, superintendent of legislation and petition work. The meeting opened with devotional exercises. Correspondence was read from Magog, also from the president and treasurer of Fitch Bay Union. The first business was the appointment of supts. of departments, which was left over for County Convention. After discussion the following appointments were made: Evangelistic work, Mrs. Sutton, Coaticook; Social work, Mrs. Spalding, Derby Line; Work among R. R. and steamboat employes, Mrs. Cummings, Beebe Plain; Temperance work in Sabbath schools, Mrs. Massie, Magog; Dept. of franchise, Mrs. Putney, East Hatley. Some plans were suggested with regard to the work at R. R. stations, which will doubtless be carried out, if practical, by our efficient superintendent. Considerable discussion ensued regarding the Constitution. Decided that, as we have already adopted the Constitution provided for local unions, we shall at the next annual convention submit such changes and by-laws as shall bring our society into good working order and into line with the County Unions. Notice was given that the following would be submitted at that time, viz., that our County convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, two delegates from each local union, and one additional delegate for every twenty paying members, and a delegate at large for every organized town union. It was suggested that a prize of some kind be given to the union that can show the largest increase for the year. Mrs. H. M. Hovey was appointed auditor. And now sisters let us get to work. Let us hear from these new superintendents, and from the old ones, through the medium of "our column." Let us try and answer the oft-repeated question. "What are you doing?" To our own satisfaction if to no other. In order to accomplish this, what is our first and greatest need? Is it not "More love, Oh Christ to Thee, more love to Thee." I have forgotten the exact words, but the idea remains as set forth in a recent eloquent sermon preached in the Methodist Church on Stanstead Plain. "Unity of Spirit!" with one heart and one mind. To this attitude alone is promised the Pentecostal blessing. Oh, for a fresh baptism on work and workers.

H. M. EMERY,
Cor. Sec. Co. W. C. T. U.

THE DEMOREST CONTEST.

The key-note has been struck boys and girls. Young men and maidens put your ear to the key-board and catch an inspiration from the fair young Minnesotian who won the hearts of the audience, though failing to receive the diamond medal. At the recent great National Convention in Chicago, a diamond medal contest was entered into by seven young people. The report speaks of No. 5 as a recitation which thrilled the vast audience into deepest sympathy on "The failures of the past." Eloquently was the story told, and the young speaker uttered it as unconsciously and feelingly as if she were telling a history with which she had been acquainted all her way along, and just said it right out of her heart to a circle of friends. No. 7 who was the youngest contestant, won the prize, the marks for "gesture" bringing up the number above the others. In reply to the friend who felt that Miss Mellville had been wronged, she said: "Oh, I became so interested in the subject while preparing for the contest that if my recitation helps aay one to see the truth, that's all I want." That, girls, has a "prize" which it is out of the power of any man to offer or any committee to award. And none to the boys and girls of Hatley, (I might say of Stanstead County, only my jurisdiction in this line does not extend so far.) I want to say that you are invited to take part in this same kind of a contest. Mr. Demorest, the millionaire, invites you, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of your town earnestly seconds the motion, and the Town Superintendent of Juvenile Work is anxious to bring the matter to an issue. The rule and regulations governing these contests are carefully printed in the book of recitations from which all selections are made. Copies of this book already been sent to several school teachers in the town, we hope that they might be induced to take up the work; others will be furnished on application. If six contests can be held within the next six months, we might be in a position to have a gold medal contest at the next annual Township Convention. I should be pleased to correspond with teachers, parents or leaders of temperance societies on this subject.

Yours for Education,
MRS. H. M. EMERY,
Superintendent of Juvenile Work in Hatley W. C. T. U.

A GRAND REPORT.

At the last annual meeting of the Oakland, California Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, the energetic superintendent of press work, reported as follows: "Since being honored last December with the superintendency of the press of the Oakland Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and as official reporter for the state. I have written about 200 columns of original matter, filling W. C. T. U. columns in the Oakland Tribune, Enquirer, and Western Christian Union, and reports and correspondence for the Pharos, San Francisco Chronicle, Examiner, Call and Alta. The San Jose Times, the Christian Advocate, Occident, Herald of Truth, Union Signal, Pacific, Truth, Prohibitionist, Voice, Berkeley Advocate, Herald, Illustrated Pacific States, Rural Press, and Mining News. Also, through the kindness of Messrs. Palmer & Ray, have secured the insertion of temperance items taken from the National Bulletin, edited by Miss Mary Henry, of Evanston, Ill., in 120 state papers. I wish most earnestly to publicly thank the editors of these papers for their generosity in giving space to the W. C. T. U. work."

A Denial From Hon. Mr. Chapleau.

In an interview, Hon. J. A. Chapleau denied that there was any truth in the articles lately published in Liberal papers in Montreal and Quebec concerning alleged "secret negotiations" for the payment of the Jesuit claims. Mr. Mercier, at the Club National, had quoted from a letter sent to Rome on the subject of the Jesuit claims, as if that letter was an official document from his (Mr. Chapleau's) Government or himself.

"Did you write any such letter yourself?"

"No, sir; I said what I had tosay on the subject when I spoke at St. Hilaire, but I can tell you that I have never corresponded or communicated with the reverend fathers with regard to that question; that I have never urged any claim in favor of that order; that I was of opinion that the Jesuits had no claim to that property, nor to any compensation for it, and that I was confirmed in my opinion by no less a personage than the eminent Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Simeoni. All this, of course, is said without any disparaging motives towards the Jesuit Fathers, because I admire their virtues and eminent qualities.

THE REAL QUESTION,

however, was this: By the abrogation of the order the Jesuits had lost their rights, although, being for educational purposes, their estates could not be forfeited to the state. The Jesuits were only the trustees, but the trust could not disappear with their own existence. What I wanted was to restore the estates to their proper destination, viz., education. I took the proper means to find out how the church authorities would view the question, and I may say the court of Rome was quite willing to let us arrange it in that way, which was in accordance with the views of the Archbishop of Quebec, now Cardinal Taschereau. There was no secret about the matter, I can assure you. I would have put the same proportion aside for Protestant education, but it would have been

A MERE PROVINCIAL ARRANGEMENT

between the Government and its administrators, because I knew from the first that Archbishop Taschereau had been authorized to settle with us in a manner that would conciliate all interests. As to the crushing proof against me, let L'Electeur publish it, but we want documents, not humbug. I have already given my authorization to Mr. Mercier to publish my two letters in the case."

Mr. Chapleau will probably publish a complete history of his connection with the Jesuit Estates question, which it is said will contain documents never yet published, and which are expected to surprise many people in Canada and more especially the Mercier Government.

A Poor Time to Squeal.

Representative William Engle, of Bangor, is what is known as a self-made man; he has demonstrated that a foreigner can, in this land, rise to position of honor in business and politics, by the pursuing of an honest and upright course as between man and man; and Bangor fathers, when instructing their sons who are just branching out for themselves on the proper course in life, often take the record of Mr. Engle as one worthy of imitation.

Mr. Engle is an extensive lumber operator and one fall when up in a clearing he ran across a man who had a barn full of hay to sell. It looked nice on the outside, and Engle struck a bargain whereby the man was to press it and then deliver to Engle's teamster for $17 per ton.

Later in the season he went into his camp, and there he found a lot of pressed wire grass, which, he said, was not fit for a horse to sleep on.

"What's this?" he asked of the foreman.

"Why, that's some hay you bought."

"I bought?"

"Yes, that's some Davis toted in."

"Well," said Engle, "I always thought I was a fool, but I never was fool enough to buy that stuff for hay."

But he had bought it. The interior of that hay now was a big fraud, and when the seller struck Engle for a settlement he was told he was a cheat, and he couldn't get a cent.

But there came a time when some settlement must be made, and after much discussion it was agreed the whole matter should be left to one W. G. Davis, an honest backwoodsman, who had toted the material in.

Engle was delighted—for this man Davis had worked for him for years, and William was quite sure a good big slice would be knocked from the bill which amounted to several hundred dollars. They found Davis out in the hovel, and after opening up to him the proposition, all took shingles and began to whittle, while Engle told his story in the true legislative style.

The seller couldn't say much; he thought the hay averaged well and would have opened the mow if he had been asked to do so, and on the whole made bad work of a poor case.

Then Davis, the juryman, whittled awhile; after which he cocked his eye toward the lumber king and asked:

"Bill, you accepted the hay?"

"We-l-l, y-e-s, my man did."

"And you have fed it out?"

"Yes, the man did. He didn't have any other feed."

Davis whittled awhile and then said; "You bought the hay, Bill, accepted it and all winter you have been feeding it out, and betwixt you and me William, I think it's a darn poor time to squeal."

Engle says he saw the point; says Peters couldn't have beat the decision—and he paid.—[Lewiston Journal.

The Brazilian Manifesto.

The manifesto of the republican government of Brazil is as follows:

Fellow-citizens: The people, the army and navy and the provinces have now decreed the fall of the imperial dynasty and the suppression of the monarchical system. This patriotic revolution has been followed by the formation of a provisional government whose first mission is to guarantee order, liberty and the rights of the citizen.

The formation of this government, until a definite government has been named, has been made with full regard to the competent material. The government is simply composed of temporary agents, who will govern and maintain peace, liberty, fraternity and order. The attributes and extraordinary faculties invested are for the defense and integrity of the country and the preservation of public order. The provisional government promises to use all means in its power to guarantee security of life and property to all the inhabitants of Brazil, native and foreign, and respect for individual political opinions, excepting the exigent modifications necessary for the good of the country. The army and navy, the ordinary functions of the department of justice, the civil and military administrations, will continue under their existing organizations, and respect for those holding position will be maintained.

The Senate and state council are abolished and the Chamber of Deputies is dissolved. The provisional government recognizes and acknowledges all national compromises under the late government and all agreements with foreign powers. The public debt, internal and external, will be respected; also all existing contracts and obligations legally made.

Deodoro Fonseca, chief of the provisional government.

Emperor Dom Pedro made the following reply to the communication of the new government informing him of his disposition: "In view of the address handed me on the 17th, at 3 o'clock p. m., I resolve to submit to the command of circumstances—to leave with all my family for Europe to-morrow, leaving this beloved country, to which I have tried to give firm testimony of my affectionate love and my dedication during nearly half a century as chief of the state. I will always have kindly remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperity." The king of Portugal has offered Emperor Dom Pedro the use of his palace at Lisbon. The provisional government delivered to the emperor a draft for 500 contos to enable him to live well, and independently of the gift already mentioned.

Senhor Campos Salles, the new minister of justice, who has been absent, has arrived at Rio Janeiro. He was received with enthusiasm and has taken possession of his department, having declared before the president and ministers of the supreme tribunal his adhesion to the new order of things. Like declarations have been made by all generals and magistrates. The national guard and most of the prominent public men in all the provinces are in accord with the present course of events. Count d'Eu has resigned. He is likely to leave Brazil.

A Government Employe who is an Excellent Ball Catcher.

One of the handsomest of the horses which drag Uncle Sam's mail wagons about is a big fellow named Tom. Tom would be an ornament in any walk, or trot, of horse life. While his actions give token that he appreciates the honor of working in government position for the good of the people, they also indicate that he feels that there is good deal of drudgery attached to the honor.

Tom is happiest when waiting at the postoffice for the load to be put into his wagon. His great superiority over his fellows is then more noticeable than at other times. The moment he has finished his lunch of oats he begins to ask in a way, not easily to be mistaken, for some one to come and play with him. If no one responds, he taps the tires of the front wheels with nervous raps of his hind feet. This usually brings some of the drivers to the front. They all know that Tom wants to play ball. Catching is his favorite pastime when off duty. There is not a base ball crank in the country who likes to watch a game more than Tom likes to play as catcher.

A horse catching ball plays at a disadvantage. A dog's mouth was evidently made to enable him to catch anything thrown to him. A horse's wasn't. It is apparently a painful effort for a horse to open his mouth more than two or three inches. Tom has practiced until he can get his jaws twice as far apart as an ordinary horse usually does. The pitcher stands ten or twelve feet away, not in front, but on one side of Catcher Tom. Tom lays his head over sideways, opens his mouth to its widest extent, and when ready—so some of the drivers say—winks one eye for the pitcher to proceed. If the ball is thrown with any degree of accuracy he will get it every time. When he "muffs" it he is very angry with the pitcher.

It took Tom some months to acquire this trick. He is not particular what he catches, if it is an apple, or even a banana peel, he stops the game long enough to eat it. If it is a small ball, a wad of paper or an orange peel, he holds it until the pitcher comes up, being unable with all his genius to gain proficiency in throwing.

The larger the audience the more Tom seems to enjoy playing ball. He does not, however, like to have other attractions about to detract from the interest which he is regarded. The other day when he was catching in the presence of quite a crowd, one of a pair of mules standing near picked up a piece of newspaper and began to devour it. The boys at once deserted Tom, and began to hunt around for paper to feed to the mule. Tom refused to catch the ball when the pitcher threw it to him, and, it is said, wouldn't play again for two days.—[New York Times.

The Arizona Kicker.

We extract the following items from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

ANOTHER CUT.—We desire to announce to the readers of the Kicker that we have made another cut in the price of bar soap, and for the next two weeks shall offer six bars for a quarter. This is one bar ahead of anything yet offered west of Chicago, and, while it brings the profits way dowe to zero, we expect to reap some little honor from our enterprise. The grocery which we run in connection with the Kicker is coming rapidly to the front, and it is only a question of a few weeks when it will stand at the head. Our goods are fresh, warranted full weight, and prices lower than anywhere else.

HE WAS CORRECT.—There was considerable astonishment exhibited by our people the other day when the Governor of Arizona shook hands with us in front of the postoffice, and we have noticed a considerable change in the demeanor of certain people towards us ever since. The Governor was correct. We are no clam-shell hidden in the drifts, and he appreciates the fact. He knows and respects the power of the press. He knows that a great paper like the Kicker, having behind it, but under one and the same roof, a grocery, feed store, butcher shop, crockery store and gents' furnishings, must wield a mighty influence for good.

The people in this burgh who have been looking upon us as a one-mule power had better get their eyes open.

CAME TO GRIEF.—The suit of the Widow Gibbs against us for breach of promise, damages $15,000, came up in court last Friday. The suit was instituted six months ago by the court ring, which has sought our downfall ever since the first issue of this paper. That is, they put the widow up to sue us, and have advanced the money as it was needed.

When the widow was put on the stand she testified that on the night of February 21, 1887, we asked her to marry us. She insisted that the date was correct, and that nothing could change her mind about it. We then exhibited the records of the jail to prove that on that day and night, and on all next day and next night, we were a prisoner, having, as some of our readers may remember, departed from the line of virtue and gone on a bender. This exhibit knocked the widow out in the first round, and confounded her supporters, and we don't believe they will tackle us again after that fashion.

As for the widow, she was only a cat's-paw, and we have sent to her heuse a basket of groceries, a clothes line, a set of cups and saucers and a sack of flour to prove that we have no malice.

IT WILL BE VERY QUIET.—Our city election, which takes place next Tuesday, will be a very quiet one, and the singular spectacle of two tickets almost without candidates will be presented. As both tickets were made up of ring candidates we felt it our duty to publish, as far as we could secure it, a history of each. Our biographies included thirteen out of the sixteen candidates, and the publication was only three days old when most of them were hunting other localities. They averaged all the way from murderers down to barn-burners, and we are not likely to be troubled with them again.

What is left of the two tickets is fairly clean and honest. We are sorry we had to interfere, and thus place the parties in such a queer fix, but we felt it a duty we owed to the public.

A WASTE OF MONEY.—Some person who has a grievance against The Kicker left an infernal machine on our door-step one night last week. It was a starch box filled with giant powder and two pounds of bullets, and was so arranged as to explode when the cover was lifted. We took it in and started to open it, supposing some modest admirer had left us a box of fruit or confectionery, but on second thought concluded to soak it for a while. This action saved our life. Not only that, but it prevented the destruction of our institution and probably of much surrounding property.

We have made every effort to trace the fiend who put up this job, but so far without success. We realize that there are many men in this community who hanker for our life, but we hope to disappoint them. If they feel that they must have it, why not fire buckshot into our bedroom window, ambush us at night or pick a quarrel on the street? This plotting to scatter our bloody fragments over our large and excellent stock of groceries is both unkind and unreasonable.

DIED.—In this city, October 28, 1889, Pete Shumaker, aged 54 years, 8 months and 14 days. Pete was the individual who attacked us on the 21st in front of the postoffice with a cavalry saber, being offended at an editorial criticising the policy of the Czar of Russia towards Turkey. We let daylight into him in four places, and we paid his doctor bill and funeral expenses. He sleeps well. He is better off. Death loves a shining mark. Eastern papers please copy.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Stanstead Journal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

Thanks to the Montreal Gazette for its Almanac for 1890. It is like their previous issues, a handy manual for Canadians.

The Montreal Herald office was burned out on Saturday, with a loss of $25,000. This is the third time the Herald has suffered from fire in seven years.

Hon. George Pendleton, of Ohio, ex-Minister to Germany, died at Brussels Sunday evening. He was a distinguished Democratic statesman of Ohio, having served many years in both Houses of Congress. He was a warm promoter of civil service reform and was the author of the bill which passed Congress in 1881. He was an accomplished gentlemen of varied scholarship and fine manners.

The Witness hits its friends as well as foes in its struggle to get up a new party. It refers to its old friends, Messrs. Fisher and Duffy as "willing actually to defend the Jesuit Acts with all their monstrous infringements on our constitution." At present the Witness belongs to an association who claim the power to dictate to constituencies their choice of representatives. Constituencies in the Eastern Townships have usually claimed and exercised the right of choice, and we are not convinced that they are yet willing to yield to a self-constituted board of managers.

The Brazilian Republic has adopted the title of the United States of Brazil, and is the fourth United States on this continent. There are the United States, the United States of Mexico, the United States of Columbia and now the United States of Brazil. This copying of the title of the "original and only" United States, shows a singular want of originality in nomenclature. The Brazilian republic still continues to suppress all cablegrams to newspapers and exercise a close censorship over correspondence, which does not indicate the perfect confidence reported in the new state of affairs. They have been recognized by the United States, but the Brazilian representative in the Pan-American conference has declined to act with that conference until he receives further instructions. These things indicate that although to all appearance the population generally do not take much interest in the retirement of Dom Pedro or the revolutionary tribunal now claiming to be the government.

There is a gathering of the clans in Brome County. Besides the advocates of the regular candidates of the two political parties,—the Liberals evidently endorsing the Nationalist views by endorsing Mr. Mercier and his expensive administration and their candidate, Mr. Duffy, having fully accepted him as his leader. The Conservatives have nominated Mr. England, a reliable business man of the County, who if elected, will do all in his power for the promotion of good government in this Province. On the temperance issue he has received the endorsement of the temperance people, who at one time thought of bringing a third candidate into the field. The Liberal candidate, Mr. Duffy, is backed by Mr. Fisher, the member for Brome in the Ottawa house, although it must be rather hard for him to endorse the Quebec Premier.

Brome, although regarded as nearly or quite equally divided, has always given Mr. Lynch, their old member, a hearty support, and it is believed that they will on this occasion give Mr. England a majority of their votes.

The *Times* case before the English court was concluded on Friday, Sir Henry James ending, his speech, which has covered the entire case, Parnell vs. *Times*, for libel. During his closing remarks Sir Henry said that Mr. Parnell paid William Redmond $850, and had promised that Mr. Redmond would be called to explain why the payment was made, but Mr. Redmond had never been called. Sir Henry then went on to show, step by step, how the Clan-na-Gael had become paramount in the body which represented the Irish-American movement, and had controlled and directed its operations. He emphasized the fact that Mr. Parnell did not denounce the use of dynamite and quoted from an article in "The Irishman," praising Mr. Parnell for the stand he had taken. He admitted, however, that Mr. Parnell was probably unaware of the appearance of the article, "The Irishman had said that Mr. Parnell's silence regarding the agitation in America was the best proof of his statesmanship and sagacity." Sir Henry concluded his speech at 3.30 o'clock. Presiding Justice Hannen said that the court would not call for any further evidence, and congratulated the counsel on the completion of their tasks. He added: "We must bear the burden a little longer. One hope supports us conscious that throughout this great inquest we have sought only the truth, we trust that we shall be guided to find and set it forth plainly in the sight of all men."

The Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, is rapidly going to decay, notwithstanding the efforts made to preserve it. The climate is too severe.

We have been favored with a copy of the finding of the Coroner's jury in the case of Charles A. Calkins, deceased, in which they declare "That the said C. A. Calkins came to his death on Saturday, the 23rd of November, from a certain bullet wound in the neck, producing blood poisoning; and that the bullet was fired into the neck of Charles A. Calkins by one Wm. Wallace Blanchard, on Monday the 18th of November inst., with the intent of taking the life of said Calkins. And they further find that said Calkins had every possible attention from his friends and family, and that the public have no reason to suspect or believe that anything whatever of an unpleasant family nature occurred on said Monday leading to this sad event. This is the substance of the finding, signed by the Coroner and the jury, A. G. Woodward, Coroner; C. A. Kennedy, Foreman; C. Copp, H. W. Elder, Chas. H. Gordon, A. A. Gignac, Fred. T. Allen, Albert E. Cooper, Fred. Brown, Wallace Huckins, Russell Rexford, Samuel B. Norton, Elie S. Mazurette, O. Garceau, son, Jas. A. Gilmore.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22, 1889.

Rumors that the President or Secretary Blaine favors the candidacy of this, that or other candidates for the Speakership of the House have been denied by both gentlemen, and a great feeling of uncertainty is in the air. The later candidates in the field are making war in common against Mr. Reed. They say he has always been against Western interests; that he is opposed to extended silver coinage, etc. They add that his claim of title to the speakership because he was the banner bearer when the honor was only an empty one, is absurd. They claim that the honor was only given him before at his earnest solicitation, as he believed it would help him to be elected to Congress. This talk comes mostly from the friends of candidates other than Mr. McKinley, whose policy it is to be on good terms with Mr. Reed, so that in the event of the election of either, the other will have the best committee of the House. Trading for committeeships will be brisk for the next two weeks. While all the candidates talk confidently of their chances only three or four have any real faith in themselves.

Congressional visitors to the Executive Mansion complain bitterly of the difficulty of seeing the President. They say that he has no time to give any one but his cabinet officers. As these gentlemen have the entree at all hours, it would seem unjust that they monopolize the two hours given to other visitors. Almost every morning the carriages of two or three cabinet officers can be seen around the White House from 10 to 12 o'clock. A Congressman who calls with a constituent and is turned away day after day naturally feels mortified. It humbles him and injures his strength at home.

The new Senators will begin their legislative careers by asking such Senators as have seen the shortest service to combine with them for a re-organization of the force of Senate employees. The civil service system has restricted the number of offices available for rewarding followers that a new deal is demanded. Old Senators, like Edmunds, Allison, Sherman and Hoar have gobbled up all the offices in sight and their followers have held them for a score of years. Senatorial courtesy in this matter as in others, is bound to receive a rude shock. The present officers of the Senate are greatly exercised over the rumor.

The fight for the exposition of 1892 was definitely opened yesterday by the arrival of Colonel Jones and Governor Francis, of Missouri, the missionaries who are to give their reasons for their faith in the merits of St. Louis. Their headquarters are at Williard's. The Chicago representatives have been here for some time. The interests of the windy City will be looked after by Ex-First Assistant Postmaster General Allen E. Stevenson.

The finance committee of the National Board of Promotion of the Three Americas exposition has issued a circular, urging all the citizens of the District of Columbia to sign a memorial to Congress, asking that Washington be selected as the site for the World's Fair in 1892. The memorial proposes the issuance of $15,000,000 of District of Columbia bonds as as a guarantee fund for the expenses of the exposition in case Congress should think it necessary.

There has been considerable discussion in Vermont papers in regard to the reasons why there are so many deserted farms. The Barre *Enterprise* soves it in this paragraph:—

Some of our neighbors are sorely puzzled to find a reason for our deserted farms. The reason is simple. Our young men have constitutional objections to doing hard work. Almost every one of them will study to get rid of the labor their fathers performed. It has already become irksome to ride the farm machinery with which most of the heavy work is done. A strong and healthy hired man wants about thirty dollars a month to stand around and see the corn grow and spit tobacco juice into the eyes of the potato bugs, and if he walks into the field or milks after the whistle blows he wants an advance in wages. Farms will be cultivated better when it does not take all that three farms produce to pay for the help on one.

DR. TALMAGE AGAIN AN EDITOR.—Beginning with January 1st next, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., will become one of the editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. The famous preacher will have a regular department each month, written by himself, with the title "Under My Study Lamp." His first contribution will appear in the January number of the *Journal*. Dr. Talmage's salary is said to be one of the largest ever paid for editorial work.

Heavy rains caused a flood at Elmira, N. Y., last week which did considerable damage, and interfered with railroad travel.

For the Journal.

William Cleveland.

One by one the links that bind the living present with the associations of the past are being severed and the aged men and women who have served as land-marks in one local history pass that "bourne from which no traveler returns." On Nov. 1st, there passed from our midst, in the fullness of years, one who through the course of a long and active life was connected with the interests and progress of Coaticook, and in still greater measure with those of the adjoining town of Barnston. One of Barnston's pioneer settlers was Vester Cleveland, who cleared the place now known as the Town Farm. There, on Feb. 22d, 1806, William the third child in his large family was born, and there grew to manhood. Upon attaining his majority he began life for himself upon the adjoining farm and by that untiring energy and perseverance, which were his marked characteristic, aided by sound judgment he succeeded in securing to himself and family a more than comfortable competence. Mr. Cleveland was ever interested in public affairs. Before the establishment of a town council in Barnston he and the late Aaron A. Adams were the chosen representatives of Barnston for some years at the County Council. In discharging the duties of the Commissioners Court he was associated with William Buckland and Lucius Chapman both of whom preceded him to a higher than earthly tribunal. As a boy of thirteen, Mr. Cleveland was present and helped in cutting down the first trees where the prosperous town of Coaticook now stands. His father and the late Rich Baldwin, Sen., being the first persons to utilize the water power, which is such a factor in Coaticook's prosperity, by erecting a saw mill thereon. Later on Mr. Cleveland and his brother Samuel erected the second mill where the Sleeper mill now stands.

Early in life he married Sarah Baldwin who still survives him. They had nine children of whom four are still living Chester Cleveland, of Barnston, Mrs. Thomas Bryan, of Rochester, Minn., Geo. B. Cleveland, of Johnville, Que., and Mrs. A. H. Thornton widow of the late John Thornton, Esq. of Coaticook,

Funeral services were conducted at his late residence in Coaticook, on Sunday, Nov. 3rd, by the Rev. T. J. Mansell, after which the body was taken to Barnston where close to the scene of his life's labors it now rests.

C. M. B.

At the residence of Dr. S. A. DuBois, in San Leandro, Cal., on Oct. 24th, Dr. Charles Dexter Ball was united in marriage to Miss Emma Louise Rankin. Dr. Ball is a native of Stanstead, Que., but for two years past has been a resident of Santa Ana, Cal., and has built up a fine practice. Miss Rankin is a native of Richmond, Que. She has been a resident of Oakland and of San Leandro for three or four years. Miss Mary V. Stuart and her brother, Mr. Henry W. Stuart, of Oakland, Cal., assisted at the ceremony as bridesmaid and groomsman.

TEMPERANCE IN BROME.—The funniest thing in the Brome contest is that each candidate is said to be opposing the other in the interests of temperance.

Mr. England is a total abstainer, Mr. Duffy is not.

Mr. Duffy is a supporter of the Mercier Government, which has forced upon the unwiling people of Montreal scores of saloons that are not wanted; Mr. England is not.

Six hundred children died of measles in July and August last, in Lota and Conoret, Chili.

Two or three violent cases of hydrophobia are reported at Marblehead, Mass., and one death.

Miss Caroline Hillegas, who died at Charleston, S. C., last week, was 115 years old. She was a teacher in the public schools of Charleston for many years. She outlived all her relatives.

Two white men in Edgefield, S. C., were convicted of murder last week and sentenced to be hung. The press dispatch says these are the first white murderers convicted in Edgefield county for forty years.

Poachers were unlawfully shooting on the grounds of Edward Cunningham of Milton, Mass., last Thursday. He remonstrated and ordered them off. One of them shot his dog and ended by shooting Cunningham himself, who died Saturday.

According to the returns, Sampson, Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, stands elected by the extremely narrow margin of 22 out of a total of 780,000 votes. This ought to be an expressive lesson of the value of the individual vote in an important canvass.

Samoa and Montana are laboring simultaneously under the disadvantage of dual governments. In Samoa, it is the old quarrel between the rival Kings; in Montana the Senatorial aspirations of Democratic millionaires who operate the mines are at the bottom of the trouble.

The saud bag scare has now taken possession of New York. The police recently undertook to deny that sand bagging existed at all, but the other evening a man who had been sand bagged and very badly hurt came into the newspaper offices and gave an account of his sensations. Now the police are looking for the villains who practice the murderous game.

Mr. Smalley says that the discussion of Socialistic questions increases in volume in London. The Times allows the Socialist party to use its columns for airing all their absurdities. The general question of ownership in land is also very actively debated. Herbert Spencer has, however, retired from this latter discussion in rather bad condition. Prof. Huxley is writing whole books on the vexed subject.

Disastrous Fire at Lynn, Mass.

LYNN, Mass., November. 26.—What promises to be the most disastrous fire Lynn has seen for years started at 12 o'clock in the four story wooden building of Mower & Brother on Almont street. The building is 200 feet front and 100 feet deep. The six-story brick block, known as Mowery's block, adjoining, is on fire. It looks as if Bennett & Barnard's large four-story wooden factory would have to go and also two other large wooden factories on Almont street, one being occupied by the Consolidated Adjustable Shoe Company. Some predict that the flames cannot be stopped until they reach Union street. In that event one side of Central square will be wiped out. There is a heavy wind blowing. In the wooden building where the fire started are located Mower & Bro., Florimond B. Mower, shoe manufacturer; A. Cherbury, shoe manufacturer; G. H. and J. M. Bennett & Co., slipper manufacturers, and one or two small concerns, including a machine shop.

12.30 p. m.:—The fire is beyond control and spreading rapidly, at least twelve large buildings are in danger. In the brick building known as Mowery's block is located the Central National Bank.

12.35 p. m.:—Bennett and Barnard's factory and five or six other wooden buildings are on fire.

— GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—There are few people in Canada who do not see this entertaining annual. It has just made its appearance for the eleventh year; and in many respects the new book is ahead of any predecessor. The illustrations are abundant; and all of the contents are of a very amusing character. A new feature is the calendar of "Remarkable Events," which runs through the year, and which, alone, is worth far more than the price. In this department it is certainly entertaining and helpful to be told the day and year when pancakes were invented, when the half-holiday agitation was started, or washing-day instituted, or stolen sermons first used, or Frank Smith was ruined by the street railway (Jan. 15, 2096) or mother-in-law joke invented, or Chicago morally reformed (A. D. 5969) or boot-jacks first used as a cat cure, or the streets of Toronto finally fixed, or Friday discovered to be an unlucky day,—information on all of which, as illustrations, may be found in the January calendar. And the other months are quite as communicative. This book contains 32 pages, and sells at all book stores at the old price, 10 cents; or, send to publishers, Toronto, and receive the book, post-paid, by return mail.

The Journal and American Farmer.

Any new subscriber to the JOURNAL paying in advance, or any old subscriber paying up arrears and a year in advance, can have, if they desire a year of the FARMER, a monthly of sixteen pages, published at Fort Wayne, Indiana, FREE. The American *Farmer* contains much useful matter far farmers. Its regular subscription is $1.00, thus giving two papers for the price of one. Sample can be seen at this office.

A cave discovered near Chico, Cal., is said to rival the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

BORN.

HARTLEY.—At Stanstead Plain, on the 17th inst., a son to Mr. and Mrs. Charley Hartley.

DIED.

PARKER.—At Newport, Vt., on the 24th inst., of diphtheria, Lindsay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Parker of Hatley, aged 8 years.

We acknowledge thy wisdom, thy justice, thy power;
Pity us, Lord, in this trial hour.
Our Father in Heaven, our cry is to thee,
"From doubt and from darknees thou only cans't free."

He was the light of our house, the life of our home,
The hope and the promise of things yet to come.
Bright golden visions filled our hearts with delight—
Alas! they are vanished like a dream of the night.

We give him back, Lord, he was the gift of thy hand;
'Tis ours to obey, 'tis thine to command.
We give him back to thee, thy promises tell
It is well with the child, it is well, it is well.

We shall meet him again, we shall meet him again,
In the Bright Land of Promise where stars never wane.
May the thought in our hearts never grow dim,
Though he comes not to us, we are going to him.

We shall see him again, sgain shall be pressed
The form of her boy to a fond mother's breast.
And the father shall watch with fostering pride
The steps of the son who walks by his side.

We thank thee our Father, thou hast answered our cry,
The billows so threat'ning now peacefully lie;
So, buoyant with hope, life's duties before,
Better nerved for our work, we bend to the oar.

CLUBBING LIST.

Our clubbing arrangement has always been a popular feature of the JOURNAL, and we again offer, for the accommodation of our patrons, such publications as we have found most popular among our readers in connection with our own paper at reduced clubbing rates. Cash must in all cases accompany the order, and our responsibility ceases after receipt of one number of the publication ordered by the party ordering. They are sent direct from the office of publication, and there is no danger of inconvenience or error. Old subscribers paying all arrearages to date will be entitled to the same rates by paying one year in advance. The figures in the firt column represent the subscription price of the publication named, while those in the second column represent the club price with the JOURNAL for one year:

The Century,	$4 00	$4 60
St. Nicholas,	3 00	3 60
Harper's Magazine,	4 00	4 35
" Bazar,	4 00	4 35
" Weekly,	4 00	4 35
" Young People,	2 00	2 75
Scribner's Magazine,	3 00	3 50
The Cosmopolitan,	2 40	2 40
The Cottage Hearth,	1 50	1 55
American Agriculturalist,	1 50	2 15
The Independent (New York),	3 00	3 60
Detroit Free Press (weekly),	1 00	1 65
Montreal Gazette (weekly),	1 00	1 55

This is by no means a complete list. We are able to club at reduced rates with nearly every periodical published on this continent. Ask for price of what you want.

The English syndicate is still at it, and during the past week the Lamson Store Service Co., and the H. H. Warner Medicine Co., have changed hands.

The Sheriff of Warren county attended a theatre at Oil City, Pa., with a prisoner shackled to his arm a few nights ago. They were on their way to the penitentiary.

On the person of a woman recently arrested in Manitoba was found "a bottle of ether, a bottle of vitriol, two razors and two self-cocking revolvers." She was going for a man she claims as her husband, and her name is Mrs. Tough. Who says there is nothing in a name?

HOUSE BUILDING and repairing, also steam fitting and all kinds of pipe work done at reasonable rates.
HUGH CLARK,
Camperdown House,
88w2 Georgeville.

FARM FOR SALE.

A Good 100 acre farm, situated 3½ miles from Derby Line in Holland. For particulars inquire of the undersigned. It will be sold cheap and on easy terms.
L. R. KELLY
Holland, November 18, 1889. tf88

MUNICIPAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Stanstead will be held at the house of C. R. Ruiter, Smith's Mills, on
MONDAY, DECEMBER 2ND,
at 10 o'clock a m., for the revision of the voters' lists and the transaction of general business.
WM. T. KNIGHT,
Sec'y-Treas.
Office of the Municipality of the Township of Stanstead, Smith's Mills, November 26th, 1889.

STOLEN!

FROM the stable of the undersigned on the night of the 22nd inst., one old
BROWN MARE,
with Hollow back and String Halt, one American-made
TOP PHAETON,
and a nearly new harness. Any information affecting the above will be suitably rewarded.
I will pay $100 for the *recovery* of the property and *apprehension* of the parties.
HENRY LOVELL.
Coaticook, November 23rd, 1889. 88w1

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
OF CANADA.

THE direct route between the West and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleur, Province of Quebec; also for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward and Cape Breton Islands, New Foundland and St. Pierre.
Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points in 30 hours.
The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travelers.
New and elegant Buffet sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains.

CANADIAN
European Mail and Passenger Route.

Passengers for Great Britain or the Continent leaving Montreal on Friday morning will join outward mail steamer at Halifax on Saturday.
The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces and New Foundland; also for shipments of grain and produce intended for the European market.
Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route; also freight and passenger rates on application to
N. WEATHERSTON,
Western Fr't and Pass. Ag't,
93 Rossin House Block, York St.,
TORONTO.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 14th Nov., 1889.

1890.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the fashions, its numerous illustrations fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget or wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1890 Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick and Mary Lowe Dickinson will respectively furnish a series of papers on "The Daughter at Home," "Three Meals a Day," and "The Woman of the Period." The serial novels will be written by Walter Besent and F. W. Robinson.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
PER YEAR:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order.
Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.
Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 each.
Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.
Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.
Address:
HARPER & BROTHERS,
NEW YORK.

FARM FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 293 acres, first-class in every respect. Inquire of Elias Dresser, or the proprietor,
H. I. HASTINGS,
2278m3 Way's Mills.

As Safe as Efficacious.—The Indigenous Bitters, being compounded of nothing but vegetable ingredients, cannot become injurious if taken for too long a period or in too liberal doses.

W. H. PAUL.
Veterinary Dentist,
Barnston.
Will be at Rock Island every Saturday 85m2 until further notice.

PLOUGHS.

WE have in stock and are constantly making the
CELEBRATED WOOLLEY PLOUGH.
These ploughs are acknowledged by the best farmers in this County to be the best general purpose plough in the market.
The low price at which they are sold places them within the reach of all.
We are making several kinds of side-hill ploughs as well.
We have in stock and are prepared to make to order on short notice threshing machine cylinder teeth and lag links.
THE FRONTIER AXLE CO.
Rock Island, Que., Sept. 16, 1889. 59

Journal Job Printing Department.

BUSINESS MEN
AND OTHERS,
WE WANT TO DO YOUR
P·R·I·N·T·I·N·G·!
We will do it Promptly!
We will do it Cheaply!
We will do it Nicely!
CALL AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

FALL AND WINTER.

WE bow our thanks to our many patrons for past favors and respectfully call the attention of the public generally to the fact that we are now showing the finest line of staple and fancy
DRY GOODS
ever imported into this county. In WINTER SHAWLS we have a line which embraces the two essential qualities elegance and cheapness. We have shawls at all prices and guarantee every one to be perfect. A word is sufficient. A fine line of TWEEDS, CLOAKINGS, &c. Talk about your
UNDERWEAR!
We have the largest line and the best goods you ever saw, at 50 per cent. below ordinary prices. People are becoming educated up to the fact that they can save from 25 to 100 per cent. by purchasing our goods and very little comment is necessary
Flannels! Flannels! Flannels!
In flannels we carry an excellent line and are offering them for less money than it takes to buy oil for the machinery used in their manufacture. A complete assortment of
Boots and Shoes,
including everything from the cheapest to the best. Dongola and French Kids, ladies' felt goods, etc. Splendid variety at your own prices. Speaking of
TRUNKS AND VALISES,
People talk about them, go to every dealer in town to look at them and get prices, but always come around to Melloon's to buy them. Any kind you want, including telescopic bags and club satchels.
Tinware, Hardware and Groceries
of all kinds. Call and get a good trade in tea and tobacco. Don't fail to carry away a pound of our best 25c. tea on earth.
Yours for bargains,
F. W. D. MELLOON,
Rock Island, Que.

DO YOU READ
THE COSMOPOLITAN,
—THAT—
BRIGHT, SPARKLING
YOUNG MAGAZINE?
THE CHEAPEST
Illustrated Monthly in the World.
25 Cents a Number. 2.40 per Year.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is literally what the press universally calls it, "*The Best and Cheapest Illustrated Magazine*" in the world.

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY
SUBSCRIBE!

The Cosmopolitan per year	$2.40
The Stanstead Journal per year	1 00
The price of the two publications	$3.40
We will furnish *BOTH for ONLY.*	2.40

The Cosmopolitan furnishes, for the first time in Magazine Literature, a Splendid Illustrated Periodical at a price hitherto deemed impossible.

TRY IT FOR A YEAR.

It will be a liberal education to every member of the household. It will make the nights pass pleasantly. It will give you more for the money than you can obtain in any other form.
Do you want a first-class Magazine, giving annually 1,300 pages by the ablest writers and cleverest artists—as readable a magazine as money can make—a Magazine that makes a specialty of live subjects?

Send $2.40 to this Office, and secure both The Cosmopolitan and The Stanstead Journal.

Young professional and business men seeking paying locations, should read the "Business Opportunities" shown in *The Cosmopolitan*. They are something never before given to the public.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby forbid to harbor or trust my son, Frederick Audette, on my account as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.
Her
MRS. JOSEPH × AUDETTE.
mark.
E. J. TINKER, Attest.
Derbe Plain, Nov. 5th, 1889. 85w1

Closing Out Sale by Auction.

HAVING decided to close out my doors sash and house finish busines, I sha l offer for sale on Wednesday, December 18th, 1889 at 10 o'clock a. m. sharp, unless previously disposed of by private sale, the following: All of my manufactured finish such as doors, sash, brackets and mouldings, all kinds of each, also all of my manufactured lumber embracing choice assorted lots of 1 inch and 2 inch butternut, ⅞ inch, 1 inch and 1¾ inch brown ash, ⅞ inch, 1 inch, 1¼ inch, 1½ inch and 2 inch pine, 1 inch and 1½ inch bass, ⅞ inch 1 inch and 2 inch black cherry, 1 inch spruce, 1 inch and 2 inch birch, 1 inch and 2½ inch maple, one good power mortice machine, one three-sided moulding machine, one planer, matcher and moulding machine combined, two bench saws, one swing saw one sand paper machine, one sand drum, one turning laythe, one eight horse power engine and boiler, lot shafting, pullies and belting, all in first-class repair, one emery wheel, machine for grinding planer knives, moulder knives, etc, a lot of paints, colors, glue, glass, paint brushes, etc. Will also offer my residence situated on a rise of ground on the East side of the river, overlooking the entire village, finished throughout, a fine location. Two brown ash chamber sets, one bedstead, two spring beds two mattresses, two tables, rocking chairs, chairs, lounge, double stove, cooking stove, with reservoir, a lot of stove wood, 16 cords four feet dry hard wood, 3 box stoves, lot of stove pipe, two eight day clocks, one New York Singer sewing machine, new lamps, lanterns, one pair traverse sleighs, three seats one new steel gear, top buggy, run a very little, one good five-years-old cow, comes in early, about the first of March. Will also sell my famous stallion Prince. A finer draft horse can not be found. In fact I shall sell everything I have got so come along and bring your friends. The machinery can be seen running any day up to auction day. Sale positive.
Terms of sale—All sums under $25 cash; over that amount good approved endorsed notes with interest at 7 per cent. for 3, 6 and 12 months.
E. B. DOLLOFF.
Fitch Bay, Nov. 18, 1889.
E. F. G. BODWELL,
87w2 Auctioneer.

THOROUGH-BRED BERKSHIRE.

FARMERS wanting the services of the finest boar in the County, will do well to remember that it does not cost any more than to use a mongrel. Drive up to Morrill's Octagon and halloa to "Pat."
FRED. MORRILL.
Way's Mills, Nov. 12, 1889. 86w2

BEEBE PLAIN ACADEMY,

WILL re-open on Monday, September 9th, under the charge of
Mr. A. B. WARDROP.
Thorough elementary, commercial, mathematical and classical courses of instruction by competent teachers. Terms moderate.
H. W. ELDER,
75tf Chairman of School Commissioners.

QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY

The favorite Route to Quebec and all Points on the Intercolonial Railway.

THE only line running sleeping cars between Sherbrooke and Quebec without change.
On and after Monday, November 11th,
TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:
EXPRESS leaves Sherbrooke 8 05 a m, arrive Beauce Junction 12 35 p m, arrive Levis 3 00 p m, arrive Quebec (ferry) 3 15 p m.
PASSENGER leaves Sherbrooke 11 45 p m, arrive Beauce Junction 4 35 a m, arrive Levis 7 00 a m, arrive Quebec (ferry) 7 15 a m.
MIXED leaves Sherbrooke 8 15 a m, arrive Beauce Junction 5 00 p m, arrive St. Francis 6 45 a m.
TRAINS ARRIVE AT SHERBROOKE,
EXPRESS leaving Quebec (ferry) 1 00 p m, leaving Levis 1 35 p m, arrive Beauce Junction 3 32 p m, arrive Sherbrooke 8 15 p m.
PASSENGER leaving Quebec (ferry) 8 00 p m, leaving Levis 8 45 p m, arrive Beauce Junction 10 55 p. m, arrive Sherbrooke 4 00 a m.
MIXED leaving Quebec (ferry) 1 30 p m, leaving Levis 2 p m, arrives Beauce Junction 5 50 p m, arrives St. Francis 6 45 p m.
All trains are heated by steam from the locomotive.
CONNECTIONS:
At Levis and Harlaka Junction with the Intercolonial Railway for all points in Maritime Provinces. At Quebec with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway for all points North of Quebec; with Canadian Pacific Railway for Three Rivers, &c., &c.
QUICK TIME! NO DELAY! SURE CONNECTIONS!
FRANK GRUNDY,
J. H. WALSH, General Manager.
G. F. & P. A.
Sherbrooke, Nov. 7th, 1889. 2286

GRAND FALL OPENING
At the Junction!

WE beg to thank our customers for their liberal patronage during the past six months, and would say that we have one of the finest selected stocks in the Townships, which comprises corn, oats, middlings, bran, pork, lard, hams, bacon, the leading brands of
FLOUR,
such as "Pillsbury's Best," "Onyx," "King of Patents," "White Bread," "Norval," "Sea Foam," &c.; also roller oatmeal. Fish, coarse and fine salt. We have a complete line of groceries, boots shoes and rubbers, crockery, glassware, hardware, paints, oils, varnish, putty, glass, smiths' coal, iron, steel, horse nails, horse shoes, clothing, ready-made and made to order, tinware, furniture, patent medicines, Persian lamb caps, raccoon coats and Japanese robes, and a complete line of small wares, all of which will be sold as cheap as can be found elsewhere. We only ask our customers and the people generally to call and inspect our stock to be convinced that we mean business and all we say. Respectfully,
GORDON & HOWIE.
Stanstead Junction, Oct. 14th, '89.

PROGRESSIVE.

WE have recently spent a small fortune in repairing and fitting up our mill for the benefit of our customers and are better than ever prepared to do the best of work at the lowest possible price. Bring your
CUSTOM GRINDING
to the Rock Island Grist Mill. Nobody dares suggest that they can compete with us, either in price or quality of work. We keep constantly on hand all kinds of
Grain, Feed, &c.,
and are offering them for less money than you can buy the bran from the ordinary dealers. We guarantee satisfaction in every instance and respectfully solicit a trial order.
STEPHEN A. GREENLEAF,
Practical Miller,
Rock Island, October 9th, 1889.

F. T. CASWELL
Pays for this space to let
Y·O·U
Know that he has Leased the
DEPOT GRIST MILL,
And will keep constantly an hand a big
STOCK
—OF—
Corn, Flour,
Corn Meal, Cracked Corn,
Bran, Shorts,
Middlings, Salt, etc.
—IN BOTH—
CANADA AND VERMONT.
All to be sold at the lowest possible price. Please give me a call.
Yours truly,
F. T. CASWELL.
November 4th, 1889. 2286

BANANAS!
PEARS!
Grapes & Lemons,
SWEET POTATOES
—AND—
CRANBERRIES!
JUST RECEIVED AT
C. H. KATHAN'S.

CEREALS!
CEREALS!
Hecker's Self-raising Buckwheat Flour,
" " Griddle Cake "
Bowdlear's wheat groats, Fould's wheat germ meal, Ta-Ka-Kake or sugar corn meal for griddle cakes or corn cakes. Try it! Guaranteed to please!
C. H. KATHAN.

WANTED!
CUSTOMERS
TO PURCHASE:

50 pieces extra good ginghams,	7c.	per yd
120 " gray cotton from	3½	"
40 " good shirting at 9 and	10c.	"
Bleached cotton from	5c.	"
Best English prints from	8 to 9c.	"
All wool tweeds	40 to 50c.	"
10 yards good dress cambric,		50
Ticking from		10
6 papers mixed needles,		10
6 " pins,		10
Best Japan tea, per pound,		43
5 pounds best Japan tea,		2.00
4 " " fine "		50
10 " good baking soda,		25
1 " whole cinnamon,		12
Dingman's soap,		05
Matches,		08
Diamond Dyes,		06
12 quart dish pan,		15
1 " water ladle,		05
Burdock Blood Bitters,		65
Carter's Little Liver Pills,		15
Thomas' Electric Oil,		15
Jacob's Rheumatic Liquid,		15

—AND A—
STORE FULL OF GOODS
at equally low prices. As I sell for pay down I do not have to charge an extra profit on sales to
THOSE WHO PAY CASH
to make up for bad debts, as credit stores have to do.
FLOUR VERY CHEAP.
Remember the "Old Kezar Store," next to Ayer's hotel.
M. McKENZIE.
Ayer's Flat, February, 1889.

An Awful Sore Limb

Skin entirely gone. Flesh a mass of disease. Leg diminished one-third in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies in two months.

Cured by Cuticura

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from the knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one-third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your Cuticura Remedies and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as ever it was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of disease to be seen.

S. G. AHERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Skin Disease 17 Years

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used the Cuticura Remedies, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case. L. R. McDOWELL, Jamesburg, N.J.

Another Marvellous Cure

The Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap have brought about a marvellous cure in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful Cuticura Remedies.

ED. N. BROWN, 720 N. 16th St., Omaha, Neb.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, are a positive cure for every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 75c.; Soap 35c.; Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimoniale.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

HOW MY BACK ACHES.

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing plaster. 30c.

Local Directory.

Boston and Maine Railroad,

Passumpsic Division.

COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 7.

LEAVE STANSTEAD.

Going North, (Express)	6 05 a m
Going South, (Mail)	6 05 a m
Going South, (Mixed)	12 00 m
Going North, (Mixed)	2 15 p m
Going South, (Accommodation)	4 10 p m
Going North, (Mail)	9 40 p m
Going South, (Express)	9 40 p m

ARRIVE AT STANSTEAD.

From Express train North,	6 50 a m
From Mail train South,	6 50 a m
From Mixed train South,	12 30 p m
From Mixed train North,	2 50 p m
From Newport, (Accommod'n)	7 05 p m
From Mail train North,	10 05 p m
From Express train South,	10 05 p m

TRAINS LEAVE STANSTEAD JUNCTION.

Passenger Night Mail train north,	6 17 a m
Passenger Mail train south,	6 39 a m
Way Freight train south,	12 25 p m
Way Freight train north,	2 40 p m
Pass. Qu'b'c Express train north,	9 52 p m
Passenger Night Mail train south,	9 54 p m

10 minutes difference at Smith's Mills.

POST OFFICES.

The Post Offices at Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, have daily mails from Boston and Montreal and all intermediate points. Time of arrival and departure is governed by the time table of the Railroads. Daily mail to Coaticook by stage, leaving at 8 a. m., and returning the same evening. Daily stage to Island Pond, leaving at 1, p. m., arriving at 11, a. m. Mail from Holland and Morgan, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—(Rev. W. J. Jolliffe, Sunday services, Stanstead, 10 30, a. m. and 7, p. m.

Episcopal—(Rev. W. T. Forsythe,) Sunday services, 11 00, a m., and 7 00, p m.—Wednesday Evening services at 7 30 p m At Beebe Plain, Sunday service at 2 30, p m., and at 9, a m. the second Sunday in each month.

Congregational—(Rev. G. H. Dunlap,)—Sunday services, Rock Island, 10 30, a m., and 7, p m.

Catholic—(Rev. Mr. Dufresne,) Sunday services, 10, a m., and 2, p m.

Methodist—(Rev. T. J. Mansell,) Sunday services, Beebe Plain, 10 30, a m. and at 7, p m.

Local Department.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

All notices of entertainments, sociables, meetings at which money is taken at the door or otherwise, or other advertising matter, inserted in local columns, whether from regular correspondents or others, will be subject to a charge of ten cents a line If inserted more than once, five cents a line each subsequent insertion.

— Flint & Laythe's new drug store at Derby Line is nearing completion.

— Beef cattle are worth more in Canada than in Vermont, so say the Vt. papers.

— Mr. and Mrs. F. W. D. Melloon returned from their wedding tour last Friday.

— Rev. Geo. S. Chase will preach at the Union Church, Beebe Plain, on Sunday, December 1st.

— Hon. Geo. Wendling will deliver the next lecture of the Newport course to-night (Thursday.

— G. C. Derrick, representing Robert Miller, Son & Co., (and half a dozen other firms) Montreal, was in town last week.

— Dr. Blackstone, who has been staying at the Derby Line Hotel for a few days, returned to his home in North Troy last night.

— Charles C. Colby, Esq., arrived home last week, after a somewhat lengthy absence in Europe, most of the time being spent in London.

— Capt. H. E. Foster had his left thumb amputated by Dr. Rutherford of Newport last Friday. He aceidentally hurt the thumb some time ago, but blood poisoning was the final cause of amputation.

— Mr. W. F. Armstrong of Worcester, Mass., was in town last week. Since his last trip (in July) he has had a two months struggle with typhoid fever, and for several days was not expected to live.

— Mrs. O'Leary's house near the railroad track at Smith's Mills was destroyed by fiire on the night of the 16th inst. The fire is supposed to have originated by sparks from the locomotive of the night mail train. No insurance.

— Wanted immediately, one copy of the JOURNAL of date October 10th, 1889. Any person sending in a paper of that date will confer a great favor.

— The B. & M. have put on their heated car for shipping fruit between Boston and this place. It leaves Boston at noon on Wednesdays and arrives here at noon on Fridays of every week.

— Desiré Neveu has purchased the "Nurse" shop, which he has occupied as a furniture manufactory for several years, from T. B. Rider, of Fitch Bay. The bargain was made over two weeks ago, but the deed was not drawn up until recently.

— Mr. Harper of the Montreal *Witness* Editorial Staff, who was in town on Monday and Tuesday, favored the JOURNAL office with a call. Mr. Harper was looking the ground over and considering the advisability of holding an "Equal Rights" meeting in this place.

— Among the arrivals in town during the past week were A. R. Cowles, dealer in musical instruments, Barton, Vt., Edward E. Jameson, representing the Campbell Printing Press and Manufacturing Co., New York; A. Whitney, Barton; H. B. Brown, Wm. H. Wiggett, W. E. Loomis, A. H. Evans, Sherbrooke; F. L. Gibson, piano tuner, St. Johnsbury; J. V. Bridgeman, Boston; Mrs. E. E. Cleveland, Newport; H. M. Taylor, C. E. Grant, Montreal.

— Charles Calkins, the man who was shot near here on the Beebe Plain road on Monday of last week, lived until Saturday morning, dying at 6 o'clock on that day. Coroner Woodward having been notified came on the mid-day train and summoning a jury, held an inquest in the afternoon. The verdict of the jury, was, in effect, that the deceased Charles Calkins came to his death from the shots fired from a pistol in the hands of William W. Blanchard. The funeral of Calkins took place on Monday, the body being removed to Charleston, Vt., for burial. A sad ending of a drunken frolic, and one that should have its influence upon those who drink, as well as those who sell intoxicating liquors. If it were a solitary instance, the lesson would be less impressive, but the newspapers of the day abound in details of crimes of every kind committed by unreasoning creatures whose brains are steeped in alcohol, and under whose influence men become as bad as the fiends pictured by Milton in "Paradise Lost," or Dante in his "Inferno."

Local Business Notices.

— Oysters 35c a quart at F. T. Caswell's.

— A splendid axe 50c at F. T. Caswell's.

— If you desire custom—advertise in the JOURNAL.

— 8 lbs sweet potatoes for 25c at F. T. Caswell's.

— Car winter apples just received at F. T. Caswell's.

— If you want anything—advertise for it in the JOURNAL.

— Boys' overcoats as low as $2.50 at T. & C. O'Rourke's.

— Splendid lot of coon coats at T. & C. O'Rourke's, Derby Line.

— Fur robes, fur caps, fur trimmed overcoats at T. & C. O'Rourke's.

— If you want peace of mind and good digestion, pay your printer's bill.

— Jas. A. Gilmore, grocer, Rock Island, is paying 22 cents per dozen for eggs.

— If you have anything to sell—let the people hear of it through the JOURNAL.

— Latest style ladies' ulsters and jackets at T. & C. O'Rourke's Derby Line store.

— Gents' youths' and boys' ulsters in great variety at T. & C. O'Rourke's Derby Line store.

— Parties desiring Western tickets will do well to call on D. M. Bisbee. Derby Line Station.

— FOR SALE.—A good piano at a great bargain. Inquire of Mrs. W. E. West, Derby Line, Vt.

— There will be an Oyster supper at the Cassville School House Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th. Admission 25 cents.

— LOST.—In the Rodgers neighborhood between this place and Boynton, on Monday, a roll of leather. Finder will please leave at this office.

— Extra quality blotting paper in large sheets (post) or cut to order, any smaller size desired, in large or small quantities at the JOURNAL office.

— A CARD OF THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Parker, of East Hatley, desire to thank their many friends who showed them such great sympathy and kindness in their late affliction and bereavement, the death of their only and beloved child, Lindsay.

— The ladies of Christ Church will hold their annual bazaar and supper at the Town Hall, Stanstead Plain, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, December 4th and 5th. Many fancy and useful articles will be offered for sale at prices considerably below value. Music by the Stanstead Orchestra.

W. H. Pray, a half witted young man of 22 living at Weymouth, Mass. buried alive a three years old son of Philip Fisher, last Thursday. He has been arrested. These "harmlesly insane" persons are about as dangerous, after all, as the gun that isn't loaded.

Grover Cleveland has been referee in a case where the broker C. H. Venner made fraudulent returns to one of his customers, G. B. Phelps. He decides that Venner must not only pay over the amount fraudulently obtained but lose his commission also. To most people this will appear a righteous verdict.

Georgeville.

The entertainment given by the scholars of the Georgeville school last Friday evening drew a full house, notwithstanding the storm and deep mud. Under the careful training of Mr. Chamberlin the children did famously. Thanks are due to the friends from Magog who braved the storm and mud and rendered valuable assistance. The proceeds are to be expended in the purchase of maps and curtains for the school room.

The fall at this writing still continues open. Although considerable rain has fallen there has been but very little frost and only two or three snow storms—and those quite light.

H. D. Clark has opened a shoe shop here and has engaged his father, G. W. Clark, to work for him.

East Hatley.

The whole village was deeply shocked on Sunday morning last, at the news of the sudden bereavement which has come upon the home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Parker. Just as the bells were ringing for church, a telephone from Newport, Vt., brought the sad message that little Lindsay, their only and idolized son, "died this morning." Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their little son, left home on Tuesday morning for the above place, intending to return the next day, but symptoms of the dread disease, diphtheria, rapidly developed, and although on Saturday news came that he was much better, nearly all hope was dispelled in the evening by the dispatch that he was sinking fast. Lindsay was a special favorite with all, and his quaint wise sayings were eagerly handed about from one to another. The remembrance of his bright, earnest ways, and the sad circumstances of his death, caused a feeling of wide spreaed grief. Seldom, perhaps, has the spectacle been presented of such a weeping congregation unless upon a funeral occasion. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon and was largely attended. An impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Smith from the words "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me." Loving messages of entreaty had been sent by the dear little fellow to all his dear friends "to be good and meet him in Heaven where Jesus is." Among those who attended the funeral from a distance were Rev. F. A. and Mrs. Reed, the latter appearing to be in about her usual health. It was good to see their faces among us again.

Several cases of diphtheria are now in progress in the village. The Health Board Committee have ordered the closing of the schools for two weeks; also that a proper mode of ventilation be arranged for the school rooms and the outbuildings be thoroughly attended to. I mention this as a hint aud a warning to other school boards.

Ayer's Flat.

Quite a force of carpenters are employed upon the three buildings that are being constructed here.

The mild and open fall is favorable to stock-raisers. The probability is that hay will not rule very high in price the coming winter.

There was a Congregational church organized at this place on the 21st inst. Twenty-one members that for merly belonged to the Stanstead North Church and thirteen new members constitutes the present membership. The services were conducted by Rev. Thomas Hall, assisted by Rev. J. G. Goffin of Waterville. This move was considered a necessity, and will not in any way conflict with the work in other parts of the mission field.

East Bolton.

TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK.

There was a large party of friends and neighbors that met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Channell on the 25th ult. to surprise them on their 35th wedding anniversary. A set of silver knives and forks, silver castor and other valuable gifts were presented to the worthy couple, and a very good visit was enjoyed until a late hour when all left, hoping to meet again at their golden wedding, and when that time arrives "may I be there to see."

Still they come! T. Williams and family moved into their new house the morning of the 8th inst., and that afternoon and evening about one hundred of their friends made them a surprise visit, bringing plenty of baskets well laden with the good things of this life, also a set of dishes, knives and forks, spoons, glassware and a number of useful articles, money, etc., to present to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, as tokens of good will. A pleasant visit was enjoyed by all, and a short speech was listened to with pleasure from Mr. Duffy, the Liberal candidate for Brome. S. A. Fisher, M. P., was present, also many other distinguished guests.

The Methodist Church, which has undergone such extensive repairs was re-opened on Wednesday last. An able sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Watson in the afternoon, and a tea meeting was held in the evening. Proceeds were for the repairing of church. Good music and singing, also able speeches from Revs. Morehouse, Watson and our former well-beloved pastor, Mr. Adams, made the evening pass swiftly away.

The funeral sermon of Nelson Brill, who died of congestion of the lungs the 10th, was preached at Millington the 13th, by Rev. Mr. Oakley. The church was crowded. A wife and little child mourn his loss.

Hatley.

There is but little news to report. We were sorry to hear that Mr. L. E. Parker, of Hatley, had lost his only son, a promising boy of eight years, who died while on a visit with his parents, at Newport, Vt., on the 24th inst., of diphtheria. Our sympathies are extended to the parents now left childless by this bereavement.

We are informed that two children of Mr. Green, the Principal of the Academy at Hatley, are having diphtheria. Whooping cough is in the family of Rev. A. Stevens, and a young child of Mr. Gravlin, near Massawippi died of the latter disease last week. This open weather, with emanations from the moist surface of the earth, may cause sickness of which this section has been comparatively exempt for a long time.

The alterations and additions to the school building and public hall in Massawippi village are so far advanced that the schools of both departments are expected to commence on the first Monday in next month.

H. I. Hastings and his nephew Matthew Hastings, with two young sons of the former, left Ayer's Flat station on Monday the 18th inst., for South Dakota. They took two cars loaded to the full with household goods, farm implements, etc., and thirteen horses and colts.

Mrs. Lindsay is yet at Massawippi, and does not seem to improve in health. She is very weak and emaciated.

I notice that the Fishery Inspector has publicly stated that Mr. Alphonso Burbank, who it had been reported by some parties, had complained against persons for illegal fishing, has not so complained. He is therefore exonerated from the charge.

Magog.

Magog is not far behind other places with fine weather. Levi Rexford handed your correspondent a fine boquet of full bloom dandelions on the 18th of Nov. The people in Colorado had better come back to cold Canada.

A very enjoyable social was held in St. Luke's Parsonage on the 13th. The proceeds $10 for the Parsonage fund.

Quite a serious accident happened at Beach's works at the warehouse last week. Some timber fell and hurt John Gustin quite seriously. Van Blarcasne's hand was quite badly hurt.

Mr. Martin is building an addition to the Drew shop, to give him room for his sash and door business. We are also to have a saw mill on a large scale, which is badly needed here, there is so much building here now and the lumber has all to be brought from out of town.

The Print Company are putting in more machinery to do a larger business. They are working night and day in the Cotton mill. The Print Works have to work over time.

Mrs. Louise Drew has gone to Boston for a visit.

George Johnson has returned from Minneapolis; says he likes Canada best.

There is to be a concert in the Union Church Nov. 28th, in aid of St. Luke's Parsonage fund.

We have now three policemen with new uniforms, but where are they when they are needed? Echo answers—where.

Lake Magog Lodge A. F. & A. M., will hold a public installation of officers on the 27th Dec.; after the ceremonies, they will adjourn to the Park House, were Jamieson will provide supper. The Magog Orchestra will furnish music. Visiting brethren will be cordially received.

Smith's Mills.

A very pleasant gathering took place at the house of John Eaton on Friday evening last, it being a social for the benefit of the Rev. J. H. Williams, the Methodist minister of Georgeville and Smith's Mills circuit. And although the roads were very bad, and the evening dark and stormy, yet the house was densely crowded. After all had partaken of an excellent supper of chicken-pie, cake, coffee, etc., Mr. Williams was made the recipient of a beautiful French China tea set and colored glass lemonade set. This was purchased by the young people of this place, and presented by Miss M. E. Jenkins on their behalf. As this was a complete surprise to Mr. Williams he replied in a very feeling manner, saying his heart was too full for words. His very estimable mother also thanked the young friends for their kindly remembrance of them. Then Mr. B. Hitchcock presented him a purse containing over $16 in money, and reminding him that there were bags and boxes containing chickens, butter, potatoes, etc., etc., brought to him by the good people of Smith's Mills and vicinity, and giving him, in their behalf, a warm welcome to this circuit. Mr. Williams replied in his usual happy style, saying that from the first of his coming among us, he had always felt at home with the people of this place, and he heartily thanked all who had taken so kindly an interest in the welfare of his mother and himself. Perhaps it would not be out of place for me to say, and I know I voice the sentiments of all in so doing, that seldom have we had with us on this circuit a young man of such sterling integrity, and that has won such a place of love and respect in the hearts of our people as has Mr. Williams in the short time he has been with us; and we hope this may be strengthened as the time of his stay increases, and that his work with us may be crowned with abundant success and prosperity, and the blessings of the Divine Master for whom he so truthfully and earnestly labors.

About Our Neighbors.

Hon. E. L. Pacaud of Stanford, Arthabaska, is dead. He was Legislative Councillor for the Kennebec Division.

D. C. Robertson of Lennoxville, formerly editor of the Sherbrooke Gazette, a talented young lawyer, has opened an office in Huntingdon.

The store of Messrs. E. & T. Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt., together with its contents, was reduced to ashes on Friday night of last week. Loss, $75,000; wholly covered by insurance.

Smelting has been commenced in G. H. Nichols & Co's. works at Capleton, built last summer. This firm have also laid the foundation of fresh chemical works of double the capacity of the present one.

The four-years-old son of George Bedard, Sherbrooke, was fatally burned on Saturday evening, 16th inst. Its mother went out for a short time and on returning she found its clothes on fire, and such injuries were caused by the burning as to result in death.

The annual meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association, was held in the County Hall, Cookshire, on the 21st inst. It was largely attended and the speeches are said to have been excellent. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: A. Grenier of Piopolis, President; A. McIntosh of Waterville, Vice-President; W. H. Learned of Cookshire, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Huntingdon Gleaner is authority for the report that a headless rooster is now living in the parish (Laguerre) and apparently enjoying good health. It is stated that the neck has healed up and that it receives food down the open gullet. Thirteen days after decapitation the owner, John Leahy, sold the curiosity to Brian O'Connor for about a hundred dollars, so says the Gleaner.

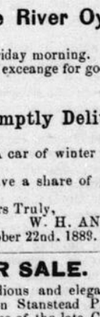
George Hill, an English boy, aged 18 years, employed at Millward's nine cent store, Sherbrooke, was arrested last week and committed to jail for stealing goods from his employer. Hill is a poor boy and was formerly employed in the Times office, Richmond. His employer took him to Sherbrooke, dressed him up respectably and gave him good wages, for which the boy repaid him in the manner above stated.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly Railway Company was held at Waterloo on the 13th inst., when the following were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. G. G. Stevens, Hon. J. Gregory Smith, H. L. Robinson, A. H. Moore, J. W. Hobart, E. C. Smith, J. G. Cowie, D. D. Ranlett and Geo. T. Childs. At a meeting of the new Board of Directors, held subsequently, Hon. G. G. Stevens was elected President and J. P. Noyes, Secretary-Treasurer.

Mr. Edward Dale of Sherbrooke, brother of Fred Dale, G. T. R. ticket agent, for a long time manager of R. D. Morkill & Co's. store, committed suicide by shooting himself while laboring under temporary insanity on Monday evening of last week. Mr. Dale was a man of sterling integrity, always courteous and obliging, and possessed the confidence and good will of the communtity at large. He was forty-seven years of age and leaves a wife and three children. Coroner Woodward held an inquest and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

"Mr. Orville R. Dupp," said the man with the bill in a loud, harsh, menacing voice, "you said you would certainly pay this if I would call this morning!" "I know I did," said the miserable man, "but my wife is out somewhere with my pocketbook buying me a birthday present."—[Chicago Tribune.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 2272-47

THE TWO

GRAND OPENINGS!

Or the One that Did

AND THE ONE THAT DID NOT.

THE subscriber has turned his back to his old place of business and has moved into his large and finely appointed store where he has opened up one of the largest and finest stocks of goods ever brought into this County, which he is selling at the rock bottom figure. Here are a few of his prices: Mens heavy thick boots $1.75, nice tea 30 cents, water white and crystal kerosene oil, four gallons for $1. I can supply any goods you can name, and all at bottom prices. Space does not admit of further detail. Call and see my stock and hear prices.

The opening that did not occur was when those blasted burglars broke into my two stores and tried to open my safe. The thing did not open worth a cent However they made

Hoyt's Compound Cherry Balsam

suffer. When you get a cough medicine so good that burglars take it, it must be pretty good. Only 50 cents a bottle and for sale everywhere. Ask for it and take no other. It breaks a cold and wins a heart every time. Thanking all for past favors and soliciting your commands,

Yours respectfully,
C. N. REMICK.

Barnston, October 10th, 1889.

LADIES' CLOAKS!

JACKETS!



ULSTERS!

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

NEAT! GOOD!



STYLISH! CHEAP!

MENS' FUR COATS,

OVERCOATS, ULSTERS,

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

Ready-Made Clothing and Underwear.

Great Inducements to Cash Buyers.

WE keep everything the trade of the country demands, and are leaders in the PRICE REFORM MOVEMENT. Consider the interest of your money-bag and give us a call.

PIKE BROTHERS,

ROCK ISLAND, QUE.

—GO TO—

W. H. ANNETT,

STANSTEAD,

—FOR YOUR—

Flour, Corn, Shorts, Bran, &c.

A choice stock of

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,

Nuts, fruit, etc., always on hand at the lowest cash prices. Just received a new lot of

Boots and Shoes

cheap for cash. We have also a large stock of canned goods, patent medicines, fancy goods, stationery, etc.

Providence River Oysters

received every Friday morning. Farmers' produce taken in exceange for goods at the highest prices.

Goods, Promptly Delivered

free of charge. A car of winter APPLES to arrive shortly.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage, I remain,

Yours Truly,
W. H. ANNETT.

Stanstead, October 22nd. 1889. tf83

FOR SALE.

THAT commodious and elegant dwelling house on Stanstead Plain, formerly the residence of the late C. A Richardson, N. P., and now the property of the undersigned.

This large and beautiful house with barns attached are in a perfect state of repair and supplied with all modern conveniences, the house has fine cellars and furnace, two cisterns and a well, is in a fine location with a garden in rear, and is the most desirable residence on Stanstead Plain. Supplied with lightning rods and lately insured for three years.

Also 13 acres of fine arable land (in grass) with a large and well built barn thereon, fronting on the street leading past the above residence and in rear of the residence of Dr. Jno. Meigs.

Will be sold together or separately. Address or call on

A. N. THOMPSON,
Registry Office,
69tf Stanstead Plain.

CENTRAL STORE.

I Beg to announce to the people of Way's Mills and vicinity that I have purchased the store which I formerly occupied, and am now prepared to sell goods as cheap as the cheapest, as I have no high rent to pay. My goods consist of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Tweeds, cashmeres, worsteds, lansdowns, ginghams, prints, &c. Ladies' and gents' furnishings, boots, shoes.

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

I am acknowledged by all as giving the best tea for the money of any place in the county. Flour, salt, fish.

Tinware, stoves, hardware of all kinds. Everything that is kept in a country store.

Thankful for past favors, I still solicit a share of the same.

Respectfully yours,
O. E. WEBSTER.

Central Store, Way's Mills, April 3, '89

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the undersigned are hereby notified that the same must be settled by the 15th of December next, or they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Georgeville, Nov. 18th, 1889. 87*4

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEREAS my wife, Alice Stevens has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account after this date.

SIMON BENNETT.

Stanstead, Nov. 18th, 1889. 87*2

—GO TO—

W. T. KNIGHT,

SMITH'S MILLS,

FOR YOUR

FLOUR

AND

SHORTS.

A CHOICE

ROLLER PATENT FLOUR

FOR ONLY

5.75 PER BBL.

NEW ARRIVALS OF

WINTER GOODS

AT SPALDING'S.

FINE all wool dress goods at 40c. per yard; good styles do. from 15 to 20c. Jersey flannels, plain and striped for childrens' cloaks. Astrachan cloths in black, brown and grey for cloaks and trimming the same. Black and grey fur trimmings by the yard. A large variety of under flannels in cheap, medium and good goods. A splendid line of

CHRISTMAS GOODS,

In towels, napkins, silk handkerchiefs, ladies' cheap and medium cost fancy linen handkerchiefs.

Fancy ribbons, plushes, velvets, felts and stamped linener goods for fancy work.

Ladies' flannel lined shoes and slippers.

Ladies' and gents' fancy slippers for Christmas presents. Mens' heavy wool boots and overs.

A good axe 50c., a good Scotch cap 50c. My 25c. tea

EASILY TAKES THE LEAD.

Starch 5c., sulphur 5c., saltpeter 10c., cream tartar 20c. An endless variety of

5 and 10 Cent Glassware,

And useful kitchen goods. Nice assortment of lamps for Christmas presents Christmas cards and lots of little stuff.

Providence River Oysters

Fresh every Friday. Please look my stock over.

WM. SPALDING.

Derby Line, Vt., Dec. 10, '88.

NEW FIRM!

THE undersigned have entered into partnership and will continue the business formerly carried on by P. Hitchcock & Son, our Wm. A. Stevenson having purchased Mr. Paul Hitchcock's interest in the above named late firm.

We respectfully solicit a continuanec of of the liberal patronage given the late firm at the old stand.

We are receiving from market additions to our already fine line of goods and offering the same to our customers at

GREAT BARGAINS!

Our prices are down to a living standpoint and we invite the public to call and inspect our superior stock, which comprises everything usually kept in a general store.

HITCHCOCK & STEVENSON.

Massawippi, September 5th, 1889. tf69

SOMETHING NEW

AND SAFE IN

WESTERN INVESTMENTS

I Have for sale carefully selected notes, secured by chattel, real estate mortgage, or personal endorsement, also by the guarantee of The Topeka Commercial Security, Company of Topeka, Kansas, a concern, comprised of some of the financially strongest men in Kansas, with a paid up capital of $100,000.

These secured notes range in value from $200 to $500, and in time from four months to three years. They will earn the purchaser

SIX PER CENT.

if unguaranteed by me, or five per cent. with my personal endorsement. They have the advantage of most Western investments in that they are perfectly safe and are of convenient sums and periods to suit all kinds of investors, at the same time enabling the purchaser to get a good return for his money.

The West, with its unprecedented crops needs money to move them and it can afford to pay a high rate of interest for its use. This plan enables eastern capital, through an

Entirely Safe and Legitimate

channel, to share in its prosperity.

I shall be in this vicinity for a few days and shall be pleased to talk with any one on this subject, or you can write me here or at 30 South Market St., Boston, Mass.

For the Company I can refer to the First National Bank and the Merchants' National Banks of Topeka, Kansas. For myself, to the Market, Atlas or Boston National Banks of Boston or the Derby Line National Bank.

WM. A. PIERCE.

Derby Line, Vt., Sept. 3, 1889. tf76

"OVERHILL FARM" FOR SALE.

THE above well-known farm is offered for sale. It is situated two miles East of Stanstead Plain, entirely in Canada, and consists of 200 acres, 45 of which are in wood-land containing a sugar place of over 600 trees. All necessary farming implements are for sale with the farm. Owner is going into business and therefore offers it for sale. For particulars apply at the farm or by letter to

S. SCOTT JOSEPH,
53tf Rock Island, P. Q

YOU WON'T KNOW YOURSELF

When you are clothed in one of our

ELEGANT SUITS

Made to order by our new tailor, who never fails to get a perfect fit.

FEW things change the looks of a man more than the clothes he wears. An ill-fitting, botchy suit of clothes suggests slovenliness, while a nice neat suit works

A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION.

A hundred years hence it won't matter what you were in 1889, but it does matter here and now. It is therefore

A Question of Personal Comfort,
A Question of Social Importance,
A Question of Good Taste,

HOW SHALL I DRESS?

There can be only one sensible answer to this question: Dress in good taste and correct style and

DON'T LEAN TO EXTRAVAGANCE!

We do not cater to dudes, but we offer sensible buyers the two-fold advantage of a perfect fit and low price.

J. B. DALY & CO.

Stanstead, May 14th, 1889.

HELLO!

NEW FIRM TO THE FRONT.

JOHNSON & LEE, having bought all interest in Way's woolen mills, are now prepared to do all kinds of work in the woolen line, such as

Spinning,
Carding,
Dressing,
Dyeing.

Having re-fitted all of our machinery and employed experienced help, we feel satisfied that we can give you as good value as any mill in the county.

We shall run our team as usual through the wool season.

Hoping to receive a share of the patronage, we remain,

Yours, &c.,
JOHNSON & LEE.

Way's Mills, April 30th, 1889.

N. B.—We shall pay 25 cents a pound for wool in exchange for goods.

Come, bring your wool and get your cloth,
Come, make your trade and nothing loth.

—NEW—

DRY GOODS

ESTABLISHMENT.

J. LANDSBERG, of Freleighsburg and Sherbrooke, has opened up the new premises in the Art Building, where he will show a first-class stock of

Dry Goods,
Carpetins
Millinery

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

which he will dispose of at a very small advance on cost. Orders from a distance will have their best attention, and on all purchases express charges will be paid by them. Purchasers should give them a call before purchasing. Samples sent by mail on apilication. Address

J. LANDSBERG,

Sherbrooke, Que.

April, '88. 1889

DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

Copyrighted, 1888, by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and Published by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.



THE hounds were out, and all Fort Rossiter "society" was with them. The day was faultless—neither too warm nor too cloudy: a brisk westerly breeze sent the cloud shadows sailing steadily across the broad prairie sea and keeping the veils and skirts of the Amazons of the party a-flutter. Three there were of these, the rest of the sisterhood preferring to follow the hunt by buggy or buckboard, though frankly expressing their envy of the fortunate riders. Mounted on her own spirited little bay, admirably fitted as to habit, and sitting squarely and well, Mrs. Belknap would have been the center of observation of all the cavalry officers even had she not been, as she incontestably was, the beauty of the garrison. The colonel had offered Mrs. Lawrence one of his own horses, and therefore was accorded the right of being her escort. Mrs. Sprague was similarly indebted for her "mount" to Capt. Stryker; and a very bright and beaming little body she was as she rode over the springy turf at the side of the dark haired troop leader.

"Hard lines on Perry, isn't it?" said Mr. Graham, as he trotted up beside Mrs. Belknap and took his place for the moment with her bevy of cavaliers. "First time he ever missed a hunt, I reckon."

"He needn't have missed this one," said Parke. "It was my week, and I told him to go; and Capt. Stryker said so, too; but"——

Here Mr. Parke broke off suddenly and looked in mild wonderment in Dana's face, for that young gentleman had managed, unseen by Mrs. Belknap, to swing free his right foot and give the speaker's left a vehement kick. Too late, however. Mrs. Belknap had heard it.

"Are you cavalrymen all so little to be trusted?" she asked, with a brilliant smile upon her flushing face. Exercise and excitement had lent unusual sparkle to her eyes and color to her cheeks—"she is positively beautiful today," as Mrs. Lawrence confessed to the colonel at the moment.

"I had a note from Mr. Perry this morning saying he was grievously disappointed, but that some troop duty had been assigned to him which could not be transferred and he must stay and finish it."

"What he said is true, Mrs. Belknap," promptly asseverated Mr. Dana. "The papers have all to be in readiness for muster on Monday, and the saddle kits put in shape for inspection."

"Only in Capt. Stryker's troop?" softly inquired the lady, with eyelids rising incredulously.

"No, of course not. One officer is back at the post from each troop. It happened to fall on Perry in his."

"I fancy I should prefer serving in some older captain's troop if I were Mr. Perry. It seems that while your other captains stay home and look after their companies, Capt. Stryker has a subaltern attend to his while he comes a-hunting."

"On the other hand, we fellows have a dozen things to do in our troops that Capt. Stryker does himself in his. It's as broad as it's long, Mrs. Belknap," said Dana. He did not fancy her criticising the methods of his cavalry associates, and was possibly a little piqued at the decided annoyance she showed at Perry's failure to attend. Meantime, Stryker, all unconscious of her censure, was chatting laughingly with Mrs. Sprague and exchanging shots with the colonel and Mrs. Lawrence. The four were getting on admirably together, and seemed too much absorbed in their own fun to note the fact that Mrs. Belknap and her knot of four or five satellites had been gradually edging away toward the right, and that the rest of the hunt was becoming widely scattered.

"It is time we stirred up a jack rabbit at least," said the colonel. "Suppose we veer over toward the northwest a little. Whatever we do, we want no chase down there toward Dunraven; those wire fences would spoil it all."

"I wonder if those people never hunt?" said Mr. Farnham, who had joined the quartet: he always kept close to his colonel, as befitted an aspirant for the adjutancy. "Englishmen are generally game for all sorts of sport."

"I can see horsemen out there on the prairie to the east of the ranch," said Stryker, whose eyes were keen, "and I could have sworn a moment ago that I saw a horsewoman."

"Nonsense, Capt. Stryker!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, yet with a quick glance at Mrs. Sprague. "What could you have taken for a 'lady on horseback?' Do you suppose there could be ladies at Dunraven and we not know it?"

"Hardly possible," answered the captain, "and therefore I doubted the evidence of my senses. Yet something very like a lady followed by a groom rode down the slope into the valley about ten minutes ago. She is out of sight in the timber now. If Perry were only with us I'd send him off there to see."

"Yes, we miss Perry on our hunts," said the colonel to his lady friends. "He is one of our best riders and most enthusiastic sportsmen. He will be out, will he not, Stryker?"

"Yes, sir. There is really no necessity for his staying in, and I so told him; but he felt that he ought to, at least, until certain work was finished. Then he said he could ride eastward and join us. Hurrah! there they go!"

Far out to the front, straight to the east, "a gray streak with a white tip to it" went shooting into space as though launched from some invisible bow drawn by giant power. A big jack rabbit, all legs and ears, had listened quivering and trembling to the sounds of the approaching hunt, until an enterprising terrier, foremost skirmisher of the line, fairly tumbled over him as he crouched behind a little bunch of weeds: then with one mighty leap and the accompaniment of a wild yelp from his discoverer he sprang forth into a race for his precious life. "Hoy! hoy!" yells the sergeant as he sights the quarry. "Hurrah!" shout the nearest huntsmen, and, with one simultaneous impulse, skirmishing curs, stealthy, springing hounds, eager steeds, and jubilant riders—men and women—away goes the entire field sweeping in pursuit. At first all is one mad rush until it is certain that the rabbit is a veteran who understands well the maxim that "a stern chase is a long chase" all the world over.

Close behind the master of the hounds, all eyes fixed on that bounding tuft of gray and white a few score yards ahead, bending over their horses' necks and keeping just enough pressure on the bit to prevent overriding the huntsman, ride Parke and Graham, two "light weights," who have coursed many a mile of prairie. Just behind them, a little to their right, rides Mrs. Belknap, her veil fluttering straight out behind, her glorious eyes flashing, her dark skin flushed with triumph and the exhilaration of the dashing pace, her little hands wound about in the reins she holds so firmly. Splendidly she sits her fleet racer, and Dana has to urge and spur his clumsier troop horse to keep in close attendance. These four are well in advance of all the others. Back of them, gallantly urging on her sturdy sorrel, comes Mrs. Sprague, with Stryker riding warily alongside and watching her "going" before he will satisfy himself that it is safe to trust her to her own guiding. Level as the prairie is here, he knows that a mile or so ahead there are "breaks" leading down into the valley of one of the innumerable tributaries of the Washita. Then the story may be different.

He looks up in surprise at the thunder of hoofs close alongside, and Mrs. Lawrence, with excitement in her eyes, overtakes, then passes them on the way to the front. "See!" he points to his partner, "see that dark shadow across the prairie out there. We cannot ride at this pace when we pass that hollow; the breaks set in still farther." He glances over his shoulder and signals to the nearest officer to follow Mrs. Lawrence and look out for her, and the gallant does his best, but all are at top speed; the colonel and the heavy weights—infantry and cavalry—are beginning to lose ground, and still that gray "puff ball" far to the front seems inch by inch to be slipping away from his pursuers. Will he keep his determined course, up hill and down, straight away to the east, or will he lose heart, tack, veer, double and twist? If he swerve he is a lost rabbit!

Far to the rear, yelping, panting, distracted by this time, the terriers and mongrels, the original leaders, have fallen. The field, too, is strung out nearly a mile deep at the end of the first six minutes' run, for some of the laggards have given up and are disposed to wait for the coming of the buggies and buckboards. Here at the front all is tense excitement. All eyes are on the rabbit, for now or never will the crisis come. The horses are breathing heavily, but with no thought of slackening speed. "Watch him now as he sights that arroyo!" shouts Graham to Parke, for far out to the right front a ravine bursts off to the southeast, and one of its shallow contributors stretches obliquely across the rabbit's frenzied vision. "Veer that way; he'll take it sure!" shouts the huntsman; and, sure enough, no sooner does he reach it than the gray victim darts down the winding shelter, as though hopeful that his sudden twist would throw his pursuers off the sight; scent the greyhound has none. The move is disastrous; "Hi!" shout the leading riders, waving the pursuit to the right front, and, obedient to signal, the foremost hounds sweep in long curve into the coulee, striking it many a yard farther down than where the harried chase first dived into its treacherous shadows.

And now those hounds who were out on the right flank are up in line with the very leaders, and bounding along the level at the side of the ravine, yet keeping wary eye upon the chase. So, too, the horsemen. Making a deep curve in the ravine five hundred yards ahead, and confident that Bunny will blindly rush along his winding track, they strike out across the prairie, gaining twenty horse lengths by the move; and now, with two or three of the oldest hounds, Parke, Dana and Mrs. Belknap are darting on abreast of the chase. "Keep out there to the left, some of you!" shouts Dana. "He'll spring up the other side quick as he sees us. Drive him back." And, obedient to the signal of his waving hand, two of the leading troopers breast the slopes to the east, calling half a dozen hounds with them. Darting around a bend, Bunny's agonized eyes catch sight of the hounds and horses on the right bank, and like a flash he whirls, scampers up the opposite slope, and shoots out on the prairie again just in time to meet the hounds and troopers who have anticipated the move.

Now he is wild and demoralized. Once more he dives into the ravine and sends the dust flying into the very faces of his pursuers, for now the leading hounds are so close that the foremost jaws are snapping the air at his every bound. A quick turn to the right and up the slope throws these leaders far—too far—beyond; they sweep around in long curve; but, though he has thrown them off, the hunted, senseless, helpless wretch has forgotten the trailers in the rear; they spring across the angle he has made, and are close as the original pursuers, and much the fresher. Wildly, madly now he twists and turns, first up one bank, then the other. Far to the rear the coming riders see the signs of his breaking down, mark the scurrying to and fro of horse and hound. "Come on!" they shout. "He's gone now, and we can be in at the death!" Mrs. Lawrence on one side of the ravine is as far to the front as Mrs. Belknap on the other. One of them must lose the brush; he cannot die on both sides at once. The dark beauty has had more than one rasping disappointment in the last two days; it would be intolerable now that, after all, Mrs. Lawrence, and not she, should prove the victor.

Bunny makes one frantic rush up the slope to the right, and, with half a dozen hounds at his very heels, spins in front of her eyes, catches sight of two fresh antagonists fronting him, whirls suddenly about to the right, and almost dives under her horse's heaving barrel as he once more plunges into the ravine, down the rugged slope, up the gentle ascent to the other side. There half a dozen long, lean muzzles gleam close behind him; he falters, wavers; a sharp nose is thrust underneath him as he runs, a quick toss sends him kicking, struggling into the air, and in another instant, with piteous but ineffectual squeak and pleading, he is the center of a tumbling, snapping, fang gnashing group of hounds, and his little life is torn out almost before Graham can leap from his saddle, beat them back with the visor of his cap, then, seizing the still quivering body by the legs that would have saved could that empty head only have directed, holds poor Bunny aloft in front of Mrs. Lawrence's snorting steed and proclaims her "Queen of the Chase."

And this, too, has Mrs. Belknap to see and strive to smile; while down in her heart she knows that it could not so have happened had Perry come.

CHAPTER XI.



RIDING eastward just before noon, somewhat comforted in conscience because of his self denial of the morning, Ned Perry scanned the distant prairie in search of the hunt. It was nearly luncheon time, and he expected to find the party making its way to the little stream whither the baskets, boxes and hampers had been dispatched by wagon some hours before; but when he sighted the quartermaster driving homeward in his buggy he learned from that bulky veteran that rabbit after rabbit had been run, and that the whole party had finally decided to give dogs and horses a cool drink down in the Monee valley before starting northward across the prairie.

"They must be getting down into the valley two or three miles east of the ranch just about now, and will go due north from there, unless they stir up more game along the Monee. If I were you," said the quartermaster, "I'd ride over to the lunch stand. You won't get there much before the crowd."

Perry thanked him for the information, but, so far from accepting his advice, the young officer turned his horse's head in the direction of Dunraven, and was speedily riding thither with an alacrity that he himself could hardly explain.

In his brief talk with the colonel after parade on the previous evening Perry had told him what he could of the characteristics of Messrs. Maitland and Ewen. The odd letter which had been sent by them had given the commanding officer cause for much thought, and he was desirous, evidently, of gathering from Perry's observations as complete an idea as was possible of their life and surroundings. And still Perry had found it impossible to volunteer any description of Miss Maitland; he could not bear to speak of her until—until he knew more of the doctor's purpose in his visits to the ranch. He had been detained by his commander just long enough to make it necessary for him to go direct to the Spragues' without leaving his helmet and saber at home. They were waiting dinner for him as it was, but Mrs. Belknap took no note of that circumstance; what she saw was that he had avoided even passing within hail of her piazza both before and after parade.

Now, though conscious of no intention of avoidance, Perry rode forth to the meeting of this day with some little misgiving. In the first place, he knew that he must strive to make his peace with this slighted lady; and yet, in view of all he had seen and heard in the past forty-eight hours, how utterly dwarfed had that affair—his laughing flirtation with Mrs. Belknap—become! Had any one told him his attentions to her and her marked preference for his society were matters that people were beginning to talk of—some with sly enjoyment, others with genuine regret—he would have been grateful for the information, instead of resentful, as, with most men, would be the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But he knew nothing of this, and had too little experience to suspect the comments in circulation. She was most interesting—up to the day before yesterday; he loved to ride or dance with her; he enjoyed a chat with her more than he could tell. A most sympathetic and attentive listener was Mrs. Belknap, and her voice was low and sweet and full of subtly caressing tones. She had made him talk to her by the hour of his home, his hopes and ambitions, his profession and his prospects, and had held him in a silken bondage that he had no desire to escape.

And yet, as he rode out on the breezy plain this brilliant day, he found all thought of her distasteful, and his eyes, far from searching for the flutter of her trim habit in the distant riding party, would go a-roaming over the intervening shades and shallows down in the Monee valley and seek the bare, brown walls of Dunraven far across the stream. It was odd indeed that he should have sought this, the longest way round, on his ride in quest of his companions from the fort.

Once again he looked at the isolated clump of buildings from his post of observation on the bluff; once again he saw across the stream and through the trees the barbed barrier that had caused both him and his men such laceration of flesh and temper; once again he saw the shallow valley winding away to the southeast, decked with its scrubby fringe work of cottonwood and willow; but this time, three miles away, its accustomed solitude was broken by groups of riders and darting black specks of dogs, all moving northward once more and already breasting the slopes. He should have turned away eastward and ridden across country to join them, but down here in the valley, only a short distance away, absorbed in watching the hunting party, sat Mr. Ewen on a pawing and excited bay. Whatever coolness his rider might feel at this discovery, it was not shared by Nolan; he pricked up his ears and hailed his fellow quadruped with cordial and unaffected pleasure, a neigh that the English bred horse was so utterly uninsular as to whirl about and answer with corresponding warmth. Ewen caught at his heavy Derby and jerked it off his bullet head with an air of mingled embarrassment and civility, replacing it with similarly spasmodic haste. Perry coolly, but with a certain easy grace, raised his forage cap in response to the salutation, and then, seeing the manager still looking at him as though he wanted to say something and did not know how to begin, gave Nolan his head and rode down to short hailing distance.

"We meet on neutral ground out here, Mr. Ewen. I suppose your exclusive employer over yonder can hardly prohibit your answering civil inquiries after his health?" And, though he meant to be distant, Perry found himself smiling at the oddity of the situation.

"Do you know, I was just thinking about you," answered Ewen, "and wondering whether you were with that party down yonder? The old gentleman is better, thanks. He had two pretty bad nights, but is coming around slowly."

"And Miss Maitland—how is she?"

"Rather seedy. She has had a good deal of care and vexation of late, I fancy, and this is no place for a young girl, anyhow."

"Well, you have some appreciation of the true character of Dunraven as a residence, after all!" answerry Perry. "Now, if you can give me any good reason why she should live in this utterly out-of-the-way place, you will lift a weight from my mind."

"Oh, they don't live here, you know," spoke Ewen, hurriedly. "She comes here only when her father does. It is her own doing. She goes with him everywhere, and will not leave him. She's all he has, don't you know?"

"I don't know anything about it. You Dunraven people seem averse to any expression of interest or courtesy from your fellowmen, but I'm free to say I should like to know what on earth there is in American cavalrymen to make them such objects of aversion to your master; and I would be glad to know how it is such a girl as that is dragged into such a hole as yonder."

Ewen sat in silence a moment, studying the young fellow's face.

"You deserve a better welcome there," he presently answered, "and I don't know that I can do better than to tell you the truth—what I know of it. And let me tell you that if the old man knew of my speaking of it to any one, I'd lose the most lucrative but least attractive place I ever had. Do you see?"

"Then perhaps you had better not tell me. I do not care to pry into secrets."

"Oh, this is no secret. It was that that drove him here; everybody knew it in England. You were mighty shabbily treated at the ranch, and you requited it by preventing what would have been a bloody row, and by lending us a helping hand. Even the old man recognizes that, and I think he'd be glad to say so to you, and see you, if you were not just what you are—a cavalry officer."

"Why, what on earth can we have done? If any of our cloth have wronged Mr. Maitland in any way, it is our right to know it and take it up."

"It wasn't your cloth, old fellow," said Ewen, thawing visibly, "but it was the cavalry all the same that broke his heart and his pride, and made his life the wreck it is, and drove him from his home, shunning the sight of his fellow men, all these years—exiling her, too, in the prime of her young life. Mr. Perry, there are only three or four of us at Dunraven who know the story, but we have only sympathy and pity—no blame—for him, though he is the hardest master I ever served."

"How did it happen?" asked Perry.

"All through his son. There had been more of them, but there was only the one—Archie—when the Lancers were ordered to South Africa. He was a youngster, only 17, they tell me, and he had just been gazetted to his cornetcy. The old man was all wrapped up in him, for of the three boys the eldest had died only the month before the regiment was ordered on foreign service and the second had been killed in India. Both these two who were gone had made themselves famous among their comrades by their fearlessness and high character, and the old man, of course, could not ask Archie to quit the service just when orders for dangerous duty came. The boy went to the Cape with his corps, and got into the thick of the Zulu war just at the time of the massacre of the Twenty-fourth at Isandlwhana and the fight at Rorke's Drift. I was at home then, and all England was quivering with grief over such needless sacrifice as was made of that regiment, and all ready to fall down and worship such fellows as Chard and Bromhead, who made the superb fight almost at the same time.

"They say old Maitland wanted to go himself, as volunteer or something, with Lord Chelmsford, but it couldn't be done. His father had fought at Alma and Inkerman, and his grandfather had led the Guards at Waterloo. The whole tribe were soldiers, you know; and now Archie was with the Lancers in Zululand, and the Lancers were going to wipe out the disasters of the first fights of the campaign, and Archie was to uphold the grand old fighting name and come home covered with glory. He was the heir now, and Miss Gladys was but a little girl. I have heard it all from Mrs. Cowan; she was their housekeeper in those days, and a sort of companion, too, to Mrs. Maitland, who was very delicate. The old man was very fiery and proud and full of fierce denunciation of everything that had gone wrong in the campaign; and he offended some people by the way he condemned some officer who was a friend of theirs, and there were others who thought he talked too much; but he fairly boiled over when the news came of how the prince imperial had been abandoned by his escort, and that a British officer and a dozen men had run two miles at top speed from a beggarly little squad of niggers before they dared look round to see what had become of their prince, whom they had left to fight the gang alone. That was old Maitland's text for a month. If any son of his had ever been of that party he would disown, disgrace, deny him, forbid him his sight, cut him off forever. And right in the midst of it all—a judgment, some people said—there came the awful news that Cornet Maitland of the Lancers was to be court martialed for misbehavior in face of the enemy.

"Of course the old man only raged at first; said it couldn't be true; 'twas all some foul invention or ridiculous blunder; but he ran up to London and saw somebody at the Horse Guards—that's our war office, you know—and came back looking a century older and simply crushed to earth. Mrs. Cowan says they showed him the official report of a general officer who was called upon to explain why he had not sent certain troops to the relief of an advanced and threatened post, and he replied that he had sent the order by Cornet Maitland, of the Lancers; had given him an escort of a dozen men and strict injunctions to push through by night, at all hazards, though the way was beset with Zulus, and that he neither went through nor returned, but was found hiding at a kraal two days after, only twenty miles away. The escort returned, and after much cross-examination had told the story, separately and collectively, that the young officer had become utterly unnerved towards midnight by the reports from scouting parties and others; had declared to them that it was simply madness to attempt to push through; they would be massacred to a man; and, though they announced that they were stanch and ready, he refused, and ordered them to bivouac where they were for the night, and in the morning he had disappeared. They declared they supposed he had gone back to camp, and after waiting a day they returned, reporting him lost.

"When found at the kraal he was delirious with fever, or pretended to be, said the general, and he was brought in under arrest and the trial was to proceed. I don't know how it turned out. He was not court martialed, but permitted to return to England. It was said he told a very different story; that he had begged the brigade major who detailed the escort to let him have half a dozen of his own Lancers instead of the pack of irregulars they gave him; he did not trust them, and feared they would abandon him as they had the prince; but the staff officer said the order couldn't be changed—these men knew the country and all that sort of thing, you know; and there was one fellow in the Lancers who stuck to it that he believed Maitland had tried his best to get through alone. But 'twas all useless; somebody had to be held responsible, and the failure was all heaped on him.

"Meantime, there had been fury at home; old Maitland had written casting him off, repudiating—cursing him for all I know—and the next thing there came a messenger from the captain of his ship at Southampton. They brought his watch, his ring, his sword and portmanteaus, and a letter which was written on receipt of that his father sent him—a long letter, that the old man never read to any living soul, but broods over to this day. The young fellow bade them all good-by; he would not live to disgrace them further, if that was what was thought of him at home, and leaped overboard from the steamer the night after she weighed anchor—no one aboard could tell just when, but he was writing in his state room as she cleared the harbor, and the steward saw him undressing at 9 o'clock. In the morning everything about his belongings was found in perfect order—his letter to the captain of the ship, the portmanteaus, watch, ring, clothing, etc., just as he described in that letter—and he was no more seen. It was the conviction of all that he must have leaped overboard in the darkness when far out at sea.

"Then Mrs. Maitland bowed her head and never lifted it again. Then, all alone, and fiercely rejecting anything like sympathy, old Maitland took to travel—came here to America, wandered around the world, shunning men as he would these prairie wolves; and when he had to go to England he would see no one but the attorneys and solicitors with whom he had business. Here at Dunraven he is more content than anywhere, because he is farther from the world. Here Gladys is queen: 'twas she who named it, two years ago, for her mother was a connection of the earl's. But Maitland even here hates to have his name mentioned; and that is why I say he refers all business to me and keeps himself out of everything. Do you see what a weight he carries?"

Mr. Ewen had grown red with the intensity and rapidity of his talk. He removed his hat and mopped his face and brow with a big silk handkerchief, and then glanced again at Perry, who had listened with absorbed interest and who was now silently thinking it over, looking curiously at Ewen the while.

"Have I bored you half to death?" asked the Englishman, somewhat ruefully. "I never told that story before, but it has been smoldering for years."

"Bored? No! I never was more interested in my life. I was thinking what a different sort of fellow you were from the man I met out yonder the other day. Did they never do anything to clear the matter up? In our country it never would have been allowed to rest there."

"It was too far gone; and when the boy killed himself the thing was used by all the government papers—you'd call them 'administration organs'—as a confession of judgment. When the Lancers came home there was some talk, but it was soon hushed. Maitland had shut up the old place by that time and gone no one knew where, but I read it in one of the London papers—Truth, I think—a story that two of the irregulars had quarreled with their fellows and after the war was over told a tale that made a sensation in Cape Colony. They said that the young officer was a maligned man; that up to midnight he had pushed on, but every scout and patrol they met warned them that thousands of Zulus were ahead, and that it was madness to try. The men began whispering among themselves, and begged the sergeant to attempt to dissuade the Lancer officer; and he did, and they all began to talk, but he refused to listen.

"At last they halted at a little stream and flatly refused to go a step further. He ordered, begged and implored. He promised heavy reward to any one of their number who would come and show him the way. Then they heard the night cries or signals of some war parties across the fields, and the sergeant and most of the men put spurs to their horses; the others followed, and they rode back five miles until they were within our patrolled lines; then they bivouacked, supposing, of course, the Lancer had followed them. But he hadn't: he never joined them all next day, and likely as not he had done his best to get through that strange country by night alone, and had tried to carry his dispatches to the detachment. They knew they must tell a straight story or be severely punished. They were twelve against one when it came to evidence, as the sergeant pointed out, and so they agreed on the one that sent him to Coventry.

"Some of the Lancer officers got hold of this and swore they believed it true; but meantime the government had had the devil's own time in tiding his lordship the general over the numerous blunders he had made in the campaign, and the Lancers were summarily ordered off elsewhere. There was no one left to take up poor Archie's cause at home, and the thing died out."

"By the Lord Harry, Mr. Ewen, it wouldn't die out here! We Yankees would resurrect such a thing if it were old as a mummy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Lady of Lyons."

It is remarkable how so many of our leading performers have all eagerly come at last to attempt these favorite characters. The interval between the days of the classical Macready and the "romantic" Irving is filled by a regular line of distinguished players. It must be admitted that there is a certain "high flown" strain in particular passages, certainly "bombastic," and which are almost impossible to deliver without provoking a smile.

Such is the well known description of the palace with which the suitor attempts to dazzle the imagination of his mistress. To the ordinary player this is, of course, inexpressibly dear, and perhaps the most precious morsel of "fat" in the whole. Mr. Coghlan, who played the part with Mrs. Langtry, judiciously leveled down the strained tone into a more prosaic shape, with excellent effect. A rather ludicrous tradition seems to have been jealously preserved by all performers of the character. When Claude returns from the wars and meets his mistress, it is obvious that the mere change of costume would not prevent instant recognition, which is, however, happily averted by the device of sheltering his face behind his cocked hat and spreading plumes.

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