

The Stanstead Journal.

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ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2305.

The Stanstead Journal.

L. R. ROBINSON, Publisher.
Journal Building, Rock Island, Stanstead.
U. S. Address, Derby Line, Vt.

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H. C. RUGG, M. D., C. M.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Stanstead Plain, Que.
Office one door South of the residence of C. C. Colby, Esq., M. P.
Connected by Telephone.

Dr. T. D. WHITEHEAD,
Beebe Place, Vermont.
Office at John Tinker's Post Office.
Telephone connections.

RALPH M. CANFIELD,
M. D., L. R. C. P. (Lond.).
Office at Residence, two doors South of the Court,
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Physician and Surgeon,
Stanstead Plain, Que.
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Veterinary Surgeon,
Graduate of Montreal Veterinary College
Office at Lee Farm, Rock Island, Que.
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M. F. HACKETT,
Advocate, Solicitor, &c.,
Stanstead Plain, Que.
Will attend all courts in the District. Collections a specialty.

H. M. HOVEY,
Advocate,
Rock Island, Que.
J. S. Post Office address, Derby Line, Vt.

JOSEPH L. TERRILL,
Advocate,
Sherbrooke, Que.
Will be at Stanstead every Monday forenoon. Will attend all courts without extra charge. C. M. Thomas, Registrar, will attend to my business in my absence. Address all letters to Sherbrooke.

Miscellaneous.

C. I. MOULTON, L. D. S.,
Dentist,
Stanstead Plain, Que.

E. S. MAZURETTE,
Notary Public,
Stanstead Plain, Que.

THOMAS KIRK,
Provincial Land Surveyor & Draftsman,
Stanstead Plain, P. Q.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. S. HUNTER,
HARNESS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER.
Undertaker. Supplies Furnished.
Stanstead Plain, Que.

L. H. RAND,
Undertaker, Fish Bay. A complete assortment of fine funeral furnishings always kept in stock.

D. C. LIBBY
KEEPS a good assortment of Caskets, Coffins and Undertakers' Supplies, all of which will be sold at low prices. Boxes furnished when required.
Rock Island, Oct. 13, 87. 2178

HANSON BROS.
Accountants, Auditors, &c.,
178 St. James St. Montreal.
Mutual, Government and Railroad Debitures and Bank Stock bought and sold. Special attention paid to the management of Trust and other Estates.

NEW MARLBORO HOTEL.
American and European Plan.
738 & 738 1/2 Washington Street,
Corner of Harvard Street,
BOSTON.
W. A. YOUNG, Prop'r.

A. H. CUMMINGS & SON.
Coaticook, Que.

MANUFACTURERS of Doors, Sash, Blinds and Window Frames, Mouldings, Blinds, and all kinds of House Finish. Hardwood Floor Boards and Matched Ceiling manufactured from kiln-dried lumber. All orders promptly attended to. We are bound not to be undersold.

SAMUEL E. ARNOTT, of Stanstead, is our agent for that Township.

BURDOCK INDIAN VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER.

THIS medicine, being composed of roots, herbs, and barks, has proved to be the best medicine made for the cure of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood. Highly recommended by Rev. Jas. Hepburn, E. R. Johnson, Esq., and several others of Magog. Manufactured by J. W. GREENLEAF, West Derby, Vt.

J. A. GILMORE, Agent,
Rock Island, Que. 2190

W. C. T. U.

"The Newest Promises and Perils of the Temperance Reform."

[CONCLUDED.]

A third peril is the negro vote of the South. We now have 8,000,000 of colored people in the South. Education in temperance is the thing most needed among the freedmen of the South.

The fourth form of mischief is the international activity of the liquor traffic in poisoning populations liable to temperance.

The next peril is the partnership of the national government in the profits of whiskey manufacture. We never shall be able to debar the liquor traffic in American politics until we cease to be silent partners in its gains.

The last emphasized peril is the national unity of the liquor traffic, and the application of its power as a whole to nearly every important local issue of a political kind in which the interests of the liquor traffic are at stake. The only adequate measure of relief from these perils is a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together of our educational, social and religious as well as of our political forces. We must reorganize politics. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties can be preserved in whiskey.

No political party that was on its knees to the slave power deserved support from honest and patriotic citizens, so no political party that is its knees to the whiskey power deserves support from men of intelligence, conscience and honor. Any political party that is more afraid of offending the whiskey vote than the temperance vote of the land, is a scoundrel of the scoundrels—a whiskey scoundrel—and, as such, unfit to be trusted with power, municipal, state or national politics.

Let us broaden our views of the temperance cause until they cover not only national but international issues. The world is a unit. There are no foreign nations. The sky is but the roof of one family. Every link of reform on which you tread here with a firm grasp will draw toward God's bosom links on the other side of the planet. Let us clasp the temperance reform and every issue allied to it, that we may draw universal manhood and womanhood into God's bosom so closely that the beating of His heart shall set the time of the entire heart of humanity.

A True Laddie.

BY JULIA M. THAYER
Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever do you think,
Learn to make and chew and drink?
Make a furnace of his nose,
And a chimney of his nose,
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever do you think,
Mad with drink, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street;
Wallow in the mire and sleet;
Hug the lamp-post, and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows
And his little life is like the rose,
Will he ever do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
And his body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honest bright,
Swears to love the true and right;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet,
Never, never will he sup
Horror from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl,"
Will he drown his angel-soul.

Just As It Happened.

A TRUE STORY.
When little Clinton was five years old, his mamma showed him a pledge roll, to which she had persuaded several boys and girls to sign their names. He seemed very anxious to see his own name written there, and after impressing upon him the solemnity of the act as well as the great benefit it would be to him, mamma put his chubby little fingers around the pen handle and guided it for him until his name appeared in full.

About a year afterward Clinton sat down to a dinner where, among the desserts, mince pie was served, and he heard those about the table tease mamma and sisters about refusing it. He wanted to know what was the matter with the pie. When told it had liquor in it, he looked very sorry, for he was fond of pie. One and another began to talk of it, arguing that little bit of liquor would never hurt him, and that if he never did worse than that he would do well. Dear little Clinton! He looked at mamma, but she dropped her eyes, realizing that the moment was one in which he must decide for himself; so he did not forget, however, to offer up a silent prayer that he who was tempted like as we are would help her boy in this first temptation. There was a pause—one look at the pie, and then the beautiful blue eyes changed their expression, and clearly and distinctly said the child, "Mamma, I will take some custard." God only knew the joy of that mother's heart when the decision was made, and angels seemed hovering near that evening, when Clinton on his knee and encouraged him to be always firm and to always dare to do right; and together they knelt and asked the Father's blessing and protection.

During the late presidential campaign some one asked Clinton which party he was going to vote with when he grew to be a man, and he answered, "Whichever goes against the beer saloons." God grant that not only this little boy, but the boys all over the land, may come out fully for that party which is to remove the curse of liquor from our country!

In four-fifths rows it will take about 3000 asparagus plants to the acre.

Paulina's Venture.

Aunt Betty was a slave, the cook in a family, living forty years ago, in a village on the borders of a southern state. She was one of the most striking figures among the negroes when they gathered in the evening under the great oak tree by the big spring—a tall, lean mulatto, with a little, piping voice and a timid, irresolute face. She always wore a huge calico apron of bed-ticking, and a red bandanna handkerchief about her white hair. She had one child, a girl of five, who had the singular beauty so often found in quadroons.

They belonged to Dr. Blake. His only daughter, Elsie, had no other playmate than little Polly, who was to be her maid when both girls were grown. In the meantime Polly, who was as fair as her young mistress, wore her cast-off clothes, ran and rode with her, sat beside her when she took her lessons, and even slept on a cot in her room. In consequence, when time was over, and Aunt Betty, much to her dismay, found herself free and obliged to earn wages and buy clothes for herself, she had a young girl of 15 on her hands, beautiful, full of energy and hope, and with the tastes and habits of a refined white child.

Dr. Blake was dead; his widow and daughter left the village, going down to Louisiana to live. "You will go with us, of course," Aunt Betty, said Mrs. Blake. "I cannot afford to pay Polly anything; but she will have her home with us until you can teach her to cook as you do, and then she can earn high wages in New Orleans."

"Thank you, Miss Laura," said Betty; "goodness knows it takes a load off my mind. I dunno nuffin 'bout money, 'n I never bought a picayune's wurf fob de chile in my life. Paulina, you suitin' go into de kitchen dis day!"

"Miss Laura, I don't want to be a cook," said Polly, coming up to her mistress, her voice hoarse with fright at her own temerity. Mrs. Blake stared at the girl, who was usually gentle and timid. It was as if she had started up to stop her path. "Nonsense!" she said. "Do what your mother bids you."

"Mamma," said Elsie, "I do not see why Polly must be a cook. She could earn as much money as a laundress or lady's maid."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Blake, thoughtfully. "I think not."

"I'm free now!" gasped Polly, vehemently. "Doan gwine away, Miss Laura. Just listen to me. You are making all my life for me in this minute. Lemme speak just once. I can read 'n write same as Miss Elsie. I can do sums 'n play on the piano—all her tunes. She taught me."

"Yes; you learned quicker than I did," said Elsie, laughing. "They say there'll be big schools for us now. Why can't I stay here 'n learn, 'n be like white folks? Why must I be a cook?"

She held out her hands, trembling. For the first time Mrs. Blake noticed that the girl's face was fine and strong, and her eyes full of intelligence.

"I have nothing to say in the matter, child," she said with a sigh. "You belong to yourself now. But you can hardly expect me to support you in your collegiate course. Now, you see, she continued, turning coldly to Elsie, the imprudence of teaching these people anything!"

Polly, alone with her mother, trembled at the old woman with the vehemence of her protests.

"We are free—free!" she repeated a hundred times. "There is to be a school where I can learn just the same things as Miss Elsie. If she was poor she wouldn't have to be a cook. Why must I? Why can't I be like white folks, Mamma?"

Aunt Betty cried and sobbed, and then fell to kneading her bread and praying at the top of her voice for the quiet soul of her child, who, like all her kind, was to see her like white folks.

"If you go with Miss Elsie she give you her clothes," she suddenly interjected into her prayer. "How you gwine to get frocks 'n silk apuns gwine to school, hey?"

"The more I know the more I can earn," said Paulina. "There are hundreds of ways of making money when you have been to school."

Betty, of course, yielded at last. Mrs. Blake and Elsie departed to return no more. Betty, who was famous as a cook throughout the country, went out as an expert to weddings, parties, etc., and made marvelous pickles, jams and jellies, which she sold at a high price. Now I am going to earn the money and you shall have a long holiday. She lifted the withered, yellow hands and kissed them.

Aunt Betty looked with awe at the quiet, neatly dressed girl. "Yoh look like white folks, foh sho!; dough I think you ought to wash some jewelry. I kin afford it. De dere stoh windab!"

"Never mind them now," said Polly. "All I need now is something to do. There was no place as teacher vacant. But I want to begin at once. I want to see you at rest, mamma. You've worked for me long enough. Now I am going to earn the money and you shall have a long holiday. She lifted the withered, yellow hands and kissed them.

It was impossible for her to find a place as teacher in the freedmen's schools. "Twenty graduates of the university are waiting for the first vacancy," said the principal. She went to the largest retail store of the town and met Peter Barr at the door. "You advertised for a book-keeper, Mr. Barr?"

"I did—I did. Walk in ma'am. I'm goin' to try a woman this time. They come cheaper, an' I'm in favor of giving the fair sex a chance. I suppose you have references?"

"Yes; I am sure you will find them satisfactory." She turned to the window to open her papers.

"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed Barr; "it's Betty's Polly. Hello, girl, are you a book-keeper?"

"I am sure you will find me competent, Mr. Barr," she said earnestly. "I ain't a doubt of it. But it's impossible! Your color, child; you hain't forgot that? I couldn't give you work. Don't be worried now, gal, 'n bid, kindly."

"You need saleswomen? Try me, Mr. Barr. If you will not trust the books to me, let me go behind the counter."

Barr scanned the neat figure and gentle face. "I bet you'd be a sight nicer and politer than them impudent wenches I've got there!" he broke forth. "But I couldn't do it at no price! If you was behind the counter now a customer would come before it."

Polly turned to go out. Barr, who had known her since she was a child, was touched by the tears that crept down her cheeks. "I need scrubbin' done. I could give you that?" he said.

"I can do no better I will scrub," said Polly. "But," she added, rather lately, "I am fit for better work than that."

Mr. Yeatts, the lawyer, had advertised for a copying clerk. She went to his office and showed him a page of her writing. "Very fair, clear and business-like," he said.

"I can also use the type-writer," she said. "Why, that's just what I want!"

"You don't belong here, I fancy; a new-comer like myself?"

"No. I was born here. I belonged to Dr. Blake."

"A slave! You're a nigger? Great Scott! You didn't expect me to emigrate a nigger? He sprang to his feet and hurried her out of the door. Two weeks passed in such efforts as these. Polly sometimes met with abuse or insult in her efforts to find work, but not often. Her mother was a favorite with the kindly people who had viewed her own efforts to gain an education and standing room in the world with an astonished amusement as they might have looked at a worm that was trying to stand upright. She came home one night and sat down in front of the fire with a set face.

"Yoh giv' up, darlin'?" said Betty. "Yes, I give up. There is no place for a nigger except in the kitchen," she said quietly.

"Yoh kin help me a lot, Polly," the old woman ventured, after a pause. "Polly did not speak for a few moments. "Mother," she said, "I'll make a place for myself! It is my head that is trained, not my hands, and I'll live by it! I'll give you rest. You shall have my holiday."

A week later the townspeople were surprised to see her out of the door. Two weeks passed in such efforts as these. Polly sometimes met with abuse or insult in her efforts to find work, but not often. Her mother was a favorite with the kindly people who had viewed her own efforts to gain an education and standing room in the world with an astonished amusement as they might have looked at a worm that was trying to stand upright. She came home one night and sat down in front of the fire with a set face.

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REPORTERS.

HOW THEY GET THEIR NEWS AND THE WAY IT IS GIVEN THEM.

There was a reporter doing the loaf act a day or two ago, and he did it barefacedly in the reporters' room. He was just dozing off when he was pulled back to consciousness by a tugging at his coat sleeve.

"Say," said the tigger, "just take it down and I'll give you a good item. Ready?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Well, this morning Mrs. Jinks, my wife, you know, and her daughter Sary, were driving out with the bay mare, named Kitty, along the river road, to see her aunt!"

"Those are all right. To see her aunt. Sary was driving the mare, and a little after they had passed, she threw one of her shoes."

"Sary did?"

"No; Kitty the mare; and Sary said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Jinks was?"

"The mare; and she felt so worried that she had half a mind to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare or Sary?"

"I mean Sary, of course. She kept on limping and going rather uneven until they were going down by the bridge—when she laid back her ears and—"

"You don't mean sary laid back her ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on then. Mrs. Jinks laid back her ears."

"The mare's ears! and just as they got to the bridge, the mare gave a tilt over to one side and, as Mrs. Jinks screamed, she let drive with both her hind legs against the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Jinks?"

"Kitty, the mare; and snapped both shafts off. The next moment, before Mrs. Jinks or Sary could save themselves she went over the side, turning a complete somersault."

"Are you speaking of the mare?"

"The mare turned a complete somersault into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken, and, of course, as Kitty went over she dragged the carriage with her, and Mrs. Jinks and Sary went floundering into the creek. The mare at once struck out for the shore, but Sary fortunately had presence of mind enough to grasp her by the tail, but she had the hind legs staggered."

"Not Sary?"

"No, the mare; and as soon as she was being towed past Mrs. Jinks she caught hold of her dress."

"The mare's dress?"

"Sary's dress. And it seemed for a minute the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Jinks hold on the mare's tail loosened somehow, and—"

"You said Sary had hold of the mare's tail."

"Did I? Well, so it was. Mrs. Jinks had hold of her dress."

"Whose dress?"

"Didn't I say Sary's dress? Well, then, Mrs. Jinks' hold loosened, and—"

"Her hold on what?"

"Her hold on the mare—no, I must be mistaken; Sary had hold of the mare's tail while she was swimming; and the mare had hold of Mrs. Jinks' dress—that is, Mrs. Jinks had hold of—well, anyhow she let go."

"Mrs. Jinks let go?"

"Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go, and she went to the bottom like a stone."

"If I follow your meaning, it was the mare that went to the bottom like a stone?"

"My goodness, man, can't you understand. It wasn't the mare; the mare swam ashore."

Curious English Marriages.

Of the many interesting matters that come under the notice of the registrar general, there is nothing more surprising than the frequency with which youth and age try the paths of matrimony together. Of 3,366 brides over fifty years of age who were married last year, one secured a youth of twenty-three were accommodated by men of twenty-one and fourteen others kept their choice of striplings below twenty-five. In one of the last-named cases the good lady was forty years older than her partner.

Turning to the veterans among the husbands, there is even greater disparity. There were never fewer than 369 bridegrooms above seventy years of age, and of these one took a girl of seventeen, another one of nineteen and four others kept under twenty-one. Between sixty and seventy years of age, 2,084 men married. Three of them took girls over eighteen, and twenty-seven others were content with partners who had not reached their majority. As many as 4,576 males whose ages ranged between fifty and sixty, were also brought to the altar, and here again a score of wives were in their teens. A hundred were not more than twenty-one, and 248 were under twenty-five.

Among other strange matches was one between a couple of octogenarians while three ladies of "eighty-five and upwards" got husbands whose ages were seventy-five, sixty-five and fifty-five respectively. Taking the gentlemen of "eighty-five and upwards" we find forty-one. But even greater contrasts are to be seen in the venerable Adonis of seventy who got a mate of twenty-one, and in the seventy-five-year old fellow who secured a blushing young damsel of nineteen.

At the other end of the scale we have a marriage between a girl of thirteen and a boy of eighteen, and another where the contracting parties were sixteen each, and a third where men of twenty-one saddled themselves with wives of fourteen. Two husbands of thirty took partners whose ages were under fifteen, while no fewer than seventy husbands of forty found wives from sixteen to twenty years of age.—[Manchester Courier.]

The Blacksmith's Claim.

The history of one of the Ballarat claims, called the "Blacksmith's Claim," because its first owner belonged to this craft, reads like a page of romance. The blacksmith, with a party of eight, all novices, sank the shaft in so irregular and unworkmanlike a manner that it was absolutely at the risk of his life that a man made the descent to the bottom. Without opening out a regular drive, they washed all the stuff within reach, and after realizing £12,800, offered it for sale; but so wet and rotten was the ground, so badly sunk the shaft, that at first no purchaser could be found.

At last a party of ten plucked up courage and bought all right and title to the claim and tools for £77. They entered into possession at noon on Saturday, and long before the sun had set had in their posse £2,000 worth of gold. By working day and night in spells till the following Monday they raised this to £10,000. Then, after the usual reckless manner of lucky diggers, they let this mine of wealth, and went on the spree for a week.

Their tenants made good use of the time at their disposal; they opened up two drives, and before the week was out were the happy possessors of £14,400, all taken out of the claim. The other party then returned, and after a week's work, during which they realized £6,000, they sold out to a storekeeper for £100, who put in a gang to work on shares, and these, laboring in a desultory fashion for a fortnight, took out £5,000.

At the end of that time, one of the party, an old hand from Van Diemen's Land, undermined the props, and next morning on returning to work the men found the whole of the workings had fallen in. The rest of the party appeared very calmly, and to have completely abandoned the claim, for no mention is made of their further proceedings; but it is related how the author of the mischief coolly marked out a claim 24 ft. square on the top of the ruin, and, working with a hired pack, sunk a shaft as straight as a die for the gutter.

The first tubful of wash dirt they found turned out 40 lbs. weight of gold, and the next two averaged 10lb. each; and as Ballarat gold was and is superior to any other at all times, fetching at least £4 an ounce, these three tubfuls of earth were worth £2880 to their fortunate possessor. Altogether, out of that small area, hardly larger than a good-sized room, was taken in a few weeks gold worth nearly £30,000.—[London Tid Bits.]

AN EDITOR'S APOLOGY.—We apologize for all mistakes made in all former issues, and say that they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers and set type and sweep the floor and write items and fold papers and write wrappers and make the paste and talk to visitors and distribute type and carry water and saw wood and read the proofs and correct the mistakes and hunt the shears to write the editorials and dodge the bills and dun delinquents and take cushions from the whole force and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say we have no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters and getting our living on gopherball soup flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar and a patch on our pants, and obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper isn't worth \$1 a year anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut.—[Squid Ragged.]

Mr. O'Toole's Embarrassment.

The humor of the Celt is proverbial, and there is scarcely a situation which the true Irishman fails to grasp to deal with in its proper light. On an old Colony train, a day or two ago, two natives of the Green Isle approached a group of men who were playing whist in the smoker.

"Is there any lawyer here?" asked one. One of the gentlemen looked up

The Legislature.

The Reichstag will meet on April 14.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements of our correspondents.]

Opening of a Noviciate of the Ursuline Order, in the Diocese of Sherbrooke.

J. A. D.

instead, March 22nd, 1890.

s, and from personal knowledge

se things have had their day and of the past; so also, Moral action, good in a degree, but it has failed to accomplish the end

Hon. Mr. Bowell was also a witness but he said nothing of any importance at all. The Committee met again Thursday.

Manufactured by Sleeper & Akhurst,
Coaticook, P. Q.
G. M. Moulton, Coaticook, General Agent
for the Province of Quebec.
G. B. HALL,
Agent for Stanstead and Barnston

ers to be a good blood purifier, I got a bottle and a box of Burdock healing Ointment, and after using three bottles and three boxes I was completely cured, and recommend B. B. B. everywhere. Mrs. W.

STEPHEN A. GREENLEAF,
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Remember the "Old Kezar Store," next
to Ayer's hotel.
M. McKENZIE.

Scaly Skin Diseases.

For a few days, covering face, head, and entire body with white scales. Skin red, itchy, and burning. Hair all gone. Sweat horrible. Cured by Cuticura.

Cured by Cuticura

My disease (psoriasis) broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my face, and down my neck. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed. It then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scales fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms; the skin would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two bottles Cuticura Resolvent, I could see a change; and after I had used six bottles, the disease was cured. I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the Cuticura Remedies cured it without any scars. I cannot express with any words what I suffered before, and what I feel now. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair and skin are as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of others who have received great benefit from their use.

Max Rosa Kelly, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new blood and skin purifier and parrot and best of humors Remedies, internally and externally, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an antiseptic Skin Beautifier, externally, have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scaly scales, itching, burning, and the skin would crack and bleed. What other remedies have made such cures. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 75¢; Soap, 25¢. Resolvent, \$1.50. Prepared by the FORTY-SEVEN CENT COMPANY, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 60 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, neuralgia, muscular pain, etc., relieved in one minute by the Cuticura. It is a Pain-Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster. 30 cts.

Local Directory.

Boston and Maine Railroad, Passumpsit 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 p.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, (Accommodation)	7 05 p.m.
From Mail train North,	10 15 p.m.
From Express train South,	10 05 p.m.

TRAINS LEAVE STANSTEAD JUNCTION.

Passenger Mail train South,	6 17 a.m.
Freight train South,	6 39 a.m.
Way Freight train North,	12 25 p.m.
Way Freight train South,	2 40 p.m.
Passenger Mail train North,	9 22 p.m.
Passenger Night Mail train South,	9 05 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 Holbrook 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, 10 a.m. and 7 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. B. Dunlap, Sunday services, Rock Island, 10 30 a.m. and 7 p.m.).
Catholic—(Rev. Mr. Dufresne, Sunday services, 10 a.m. and 7 p.m.).
Methodist—(Rev. A. Henderson, Sunday services, Beebe Plain, 10 30 a.m. and 7 p.m.).

Local Department.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1902.

All notices of entertainments, societies, meetings at which money is taken at the door or otherwise, or other advertising matter, inserted in local columns, whether from regular contributors 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.

Local Business Notices.

If you desire custom—advertise in the JOURNAL.

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

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.

Do you keep accounts. If not you ought to. A splendid 200 page ledger, cap size, for only 50¢; just think of it. Less than the paper alone would cost.

Going out of business, one of the largest jewelry stores in the State. These goods will be sold for two-thirds of their real value. H. H. CASWELL, Newport, Vt.

Best Boston sugar cured hams only 12¢ per pound. Use Flour of entire wheat superior to Graham. Useful and ornamental presents, pound cake Baking Powders at F. T. Caswells.

It is evident that "Harvard Bronchial Syrup" is the great remedy for "La Grippe," as well as for the every day coughs and colds. Mr. Lawrence is overrun with orders from all parts of the country. Use "Harvard" freely and no serious results will follow, but "La Grippe" will be "gitt."

Mr. A. N. Thompson is confined to his room with a bilious attack.

Mr. Webster W. Martin of Fairfax is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Geo. Fuller, Jr., has purchased the Bowley place on Railroad street for \$1000.

New maple sugar is plentiful in town now, but is at present held for good prices.

Several town matters prepared for to-day's JOURNAL are unavoidably crowded out.

Mrs. Geo. E. West and Miss Lillian West, of Newport, are visiting friends in this place.

Another serious case of diphtheria.

is reported from Barstow—the son of Royal H. Noyes.

Mr. Ozro Morrill who has been confined to his house for some time past is now able to be out again.

We notice that Druggist Laythe of Derby Line has put in a large stock of superior paints, oils and varnishes.

The Easter service in the Methodist Church will be conducted by the Sunday school on Sunday evening next.

Special services will be held in Christ Church, Stanstead Plain, every evening (Thursday excepted) at 7.30. All are invited.

Mr. A. J. Lawrence returned from his Ontario trip on Monday last. He reports large sales of Harvard Bronchial Syrup.

It is reported that Mr. C. O. Brigham is to be brought back to Derby Line, although his condition is none the more hopeful.

It is reported that the "castle" on Gibraltar Point is being pulled down and the material worth saving removed to Montreal.

The "sugar social" at the Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening of last week was quite largely attended. The "muck" was just fair.

Messrs. T. & C. O'Rourke have removed their stock of goods at Derby Line from Foster Block to rooms over R. C. Parsons' jewelry store.

Dame Rumor has it that Mr. A. N. Thompson, of Stanstead, is to succeed the late E. S. Thomas as editor and proprietor of the Cowansville Observer.

We regret to learn that Mr. Charles R. Brown, of Brown's Hill, Stanstead, met with a serious accident on Friday of last week. His ankle was badly broken by a falling or rolling timber.

New Spring tweeds and suitings are now being received at T. & C. O'Rourke's Rock Island clothing emporium. They can make you as nobby a suit as any city establishment.

Friends invited to call.

For the benefit of those interested we would suggest that no sugar socials be advertised next year until some reasonable hope of securing some of the new crop can be entertained. We speak in time.

E. E. Blakely, of Montpelier, was in town Monday, and formed a local board of the Vermont Savings Investment Co. Those who are interested are sure of a good and safe investment the stock being non-taxable.

The U. S. authorities made a raid on Cartwright's place at North Derby last week and arrested Cartwright for violation of the revenue laws. He is in jail in default of \$500 bail. He will have a hearing on the 7th of April.

I wish to inform the residents of Stanstead that I have left my husband, through his drunkenness, ill treatment and bad language. I wish also to let them know that all rumors he has circulated concerning me are utterly false. Mrs. ANTOINETTE BELWARR.

Some repairs and changes have been made at the Stanstead and Derby Line Station. The office has been separated into two compartments and new desks have been fitted up. The wood work was done some time ago, but the painting has just been finished.

Nomination by the newspapers seems to be the rule in Vermont, the press of the State now discussing the qualifications of two probable candidates for Governor. The question naturally arises, have these candidates established a "literary bureau," as was done in the late Presidential contest?

As a result of the visit of Mrs. Williams, wife of Rev. F. Williams of Montreal a week or two since in the interests of missions, a Women's Missionary Society was formed in connection with the Methodist Church, with Mrs. Mansell, President and Mrs. G. L. Masten, Secretary. There is much need of earnest work in the cause of missions, and we hope much good will be accomplished by this society, in raising funds and otherwise helping on the good work. We believe that consecrated men and women will be forthcoming ready to go into foreign lands to preach and teach if the means are provided to send them out.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. are circulating a petition to be presented to our Council asking them to grant no licenses this year for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this town.

Some sugar was made last week and the week before, but the weather is now too cold for sap.

Geo. T. Vincent, Esq., of Montreal, manager for the Province of Quebec for Messrs. Hanis, Sons & Co., of Brantford, Ont., manufacturers of harvesting machinery, has made contract with O. M. Moulton for the sale of their mowers, reapers and light steel binders for Stanstead and Compton Counties. He has several agents already engaged and we understand intends doing quite a large business in farm implements this season.

B. J. Smith intends building a new store on Child street, opposite his present place of business, this season.

O. Garceau is building a new front to the store lately bought by Mr. Labonty on Main Street. Mr. Labonty intends to occupy his new premises by the 1st of May.

Beebe Plain.

Mrs. Rooney, of Swetsburg, spent last week in town, the guest of Miss Elder.

Miss Ora Maloney, who has been teaching school in the Oliver Corner district the past year, returned home last week after completing a successful engagement. Miss Wardrop, who is teaching in Sutton, is home on a two weeks vacation.

Some twenty men have gone from this village to Knowlton to work for our public spirited townsman, Mr. J. B. Fregeau, who has taken a contract to haul ice from ten to thirty thousand tons of ice for the New York consolidated ice company.

The Methodist Society have decided to build a new church which, if all reports are true, be a credit to the society and village as well. The church they now occupy is very comfortable when once you get into it but in order to do so one has to climb a pair of awkward stairs; this coupled with the unchurlike exterior, has been an eyesore to many of the congregation ever since the comparatively new building was erected. We congratulate the promoters for the enterprising spirit which has prompted them in the undertaking, and trust all concerned will show their appreciation by putting their hand down deep in their pockets to help in the good work.

Georgeville.

Hollis S. Packard died March 18th, in his eighty-fourth year. He died at the residence of his son, Addison Packard, on the farm where he had lived continuously for nearly 54 years. Mr. Packard was a quiet consistent Christian man, a good farmer in comfortable circumstances. He was twice married and three sons and a daughter survive him and he lived to see his descendants to the third generation.

He was the oldest long time resident of this place, his whole life having been passed in this village and vicinity.

As B. H. Ives and his daughter, Miss Annie, were driving on the lake last Tuesday they got their horse into the reef below the village, and the next day Mr. Ives, a Frenchman living at the Chateau, got his horse into the reef above the village, both horses were rescued by persons who came to their assistance. Too much care cannot be taken while driving near the reefs.

Rev. Mr. Williams has gone to visit some friends of his who are preaching in Ontario or Michigan.

One day last week Henry Rediker's trotting mare "Sally Ann" made a file on the ice in 2.30. As Mr. R. has been lumbering and drawing wood with her this winter, this is doing pretty well.

East Hatley.

Sugaring has begun in earnest with some of our farmers. W. O. Fish has made the largest amount of any yet reported about here. He has made 418 lbs. from 450 trees.

The Sabbath school was reorganized last Sabbath and begins the 2nd quarter with good prospects of success. The school has not been closed during the winter, but only two classes have been sustained.

The Church of England Choir are preparing some fine music for Easter. They have a good accession to their numbers and ability, in the family of Mr. Green, teacher in the Academy.

The spring term of the school is progressing. As usual at this season of the year, the attendance is rather small in both rooms.

The Farmers Club meets regularly every Saturday evening. The discussions are of much practical interest and no doubt benefit result.

Well, it's about impossible to find anything to write about, you see it's the same old story and every knows it, "There's been a social and going to be another."

However we are very much interested in the productions of the neighboring correspondents and feel positive that some of them will result in the swifter advancement of the right.

Magog.

A large quantity of fish eggs have arrived for the hatchery. Mr. Wilmet made the hatchery a visit on the return from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where he had been to deliver fish eggs.

Mr. Goyette has moved into his new store on the corner of the new Second and Main streets. Mr. Gilbert will move into his this week.

G. W. Ayer has a very smart boy, and by being smart he saved his father quite a sum of money last week.

It is said the Mountain Maid will not run this summer for passengers. It is being fitted up to tow ore from the Memphremagog Co. mines.

Charles Syvan met with quite an accident to his hand at the Print works. He got his hand between the rollers in some way. No bones broken.

At the oyster supper in the Methodist Church a fine time was noted. Proceeds, \$36.

The woodchuck has proved a false prophet for once. The 40 days were out the 10th, and up to that time we had but six stormy days.

C. W. Albee, who went to Vancouver two years ago is now in South Bend, Washington Territory, in real estate business, which just suits him, as does the country.

Tom—Yes, that bond will be very difficult to redeem.

Dick—What bond?

Tom—The village bond.

Way's Mills.

I am in the sugar house boiling sap and glad to be under cover for it is cold as charity this morning, after yesterday's snow storm. Very little sugar has been made. People are waiting for old-fashioned sugar weather but it don't seem to come; peculiar weather has been in order all winter and still continues. It is very seldom we have as good weather for the past two weeks. It has been nineteen years since farmers had the pleasure of tapping their sugar orchards with the ground bare as it is now. It will be fun to sugar this year compared with a season when the snow is deep.

Business is rushing at the saw and grist mills of Levi Cramer. He has put on a night gang, so now the saw only stops to be filled during the twenty-four hours. Although there is an immense amount of logs in here nearly all the lumber that was for sale is contracted for before it is cut. Hiram Wheeler has already contracted the lumber for a large loan to Henry Lincoln to be got out next winter. He cuts it on the Lindsey farm just purchased. There will not be lumber enough here to supply the demand this summer.

Owing to the very low prices of dairy butter the past season, cheese factories are starting in all directions. There are to be four new ones in this town that I know of. One at Heathton with a large number of cows pledged under the management of W. W. Heath, who seems to be the leading spirit in this part of the town. Another at W. K. Baldwin's, managed by a man from near Montreal. One at Corlies, and one at Fred Martin's. The day of dairy butter has gone by. The products of the dairy, whether butter or cheese have got to be manufactured at a large factory where a uniform, gilt-edged article can be made; the only thing necessary is unity and co-operation among the farmers. I see that in Ontario farmers' clubs are being started where such things are talked up and measures are taken to advance the farmers' interest; why not in this County? The destiny of this county seems to be dairying, but improved methods are necessary.

As the time has now arrived when farmers have a good deal of "Stud horse" talk blown into them by men who travel the country with a cheap grade of horses, I have clipped an article from the Maine Farmer, which will be well for our farmers to read, but as it only speaks of the male, I would add that we should look over our mares and only breed them that we would like reproduced. There is now no scarcity of first-class stallions within the reach of all.

The temperance people of Richmond are making it warm for the whisky sellers in that vicinity; last week the "juice" men were called upon by officers from Sherbrooke armed with writs for the collection of the suspended fines which it will be remembered, were recorded nearly two years ago. The temperance people mean "fight" this time.

At the annual meeting of the Sherbrooke Lacrosse Club held on Thursday evening of last week the following officers were elected:—R. N. Hall, Esq., M. P., Hon. President; W. Blue, Esq., Hon. 1st Vice-President; J. S. Mitchell, Esq., Hon. 2nd Vice-President; G. R. O'Neil, President; C. H. Hibbard, 1st Vice-President; A. M. Richer, 2nd Vice-President; J. S. Somers, Secretary; T. J. Maguire, Treasurer.

Owing to the power contracted for being found insufficient to produce a light satisfactory to the local company the Richmond electric lighting enterprise has come to a standstill. The local company have refused to accept work. It is not known what the Royal Electric Company, who contracted for the installation of the system, propose to do about it, but the local company are opposed to being "bamboozled" and they are not to blame either.

Collector of Customs Barry of the port of Richmond, who it will be remembered, was reported dangerously ill some time ago, passed over to the "great majority" on Thursday morning of last week. Thomas Barry had held the office referred to ever since the establishment of the Customs port at Richmond some eleven years ago, and he is said to have been an excellent officer. He was considered quite an authority in Customs matters.

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 adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 101 Wall St., N. Y. For sale in Rock Island by C. H. KATHAN.

A New York paper contains a notice of the death of Frank G. Wiggins, a salesman in a commercial agency in that city, who died of an overdose of chloral taken, to quiet his nerves, and from ignorance of the nature of the drug took too much.

Mr. Wiggins was a singer whose services were in request. He was a native of this place, where he lived until grown up to manhood. His age was 38 years. He leaves a wife and three children.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice have started for Alderney.

About Our Neighbors.

The Cowansville Observer appeared in mourning last week.

Inspector of Customs Kavanagh is doing the Townships.

Traders all through the Townships complain that times are very dull.

A large ice house is being built on the shore of Brom Lake by a New York ice company.

Mr. George H. Allen, of Waterloo, has been re-elected unanimously by the Shefford Council Warden of the County for the ensuing year.

Athanasie Brunet, a Hereford mill owner, has assigned. The assets of his estate are hardly enough to pay the expense of putting him into insolvency.

Mr. Chas. Gibb, pomologist and philanthropist of Abbotsford and Montreal died at Cairo on the 8th inst., while on his way from Ceylon to Naples. Deceased was well known throughout the Province of Quebec.

The Customs collections for the port of Sherbrooke for February amounted to \$8,601. In point of size and importance this port now ranks third in the province, coming next after Montreal and Quebec.

S. A. Fisher, M. P. for Brom, one of the most prominent and experienced farmers in the Townships, will deliver a lecture on Ensilage before the Sherbrooke Farmers' Club in the Town Hall, Lennoxville, on the 4th April next.

Mr. Gabriel Marchand, Prothonotary of St. Johns, recently met with a painful accident at Montreal while attempting to board a train which was just moving out. He slipped and fell alongside of the track, fracturing his ankle and otherwise bruising himself.

John W. Lamby, merchant of Waterloo, has sold his stock to George Lavoie, who will continue the business. Mr. Lamby has accepted a situation as commercial traveller for a firm. Mr. Lavoie has been appointed agent of the Bell Telephone Company at Waterloo.

Philip A. Lyster was crossing the St. Francis River from Ross' lumber yard, Sherbrooke to the Ascot side one day last week with an empty bobbed, drawn by two horses, when the ice gave way and the whole team went into the river. One horse was drowned, although help was immediately summoned.

The Monmouth Ice Co. of Long Branch, N. J., is shipping thousands of tons of ice from Waterloo. They are also "staking" large quantities to be shipped as soon as the Central Vermont Railway can handle it. The ice is elevated by steam power, two stationary engines being used. Sixty-five men are employed.

On Wednesday morning of last week three men, Mr. Wells of New York and Messrs. Benoit and Marchand of Knowlton, were badly injured by the falling of a large timber which was being used in the construction of the new ice house at Knowlton. A fractured shoulder and broken legs and bruises were the damages caused.

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of lives have been permanently saved. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address respectively. T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE, BEEBE PLAIN, P. Q.

C. H. MCCLINTOCK, President and Treasurer, Beebe Plain.

MOSES BLOUNT, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS: C. H. McClintock, Beebe Plain; Moses Blount, Stanstead; S. N. Hunter, Fredericton; George Ball, Nicolet; John Lincoln, Granby; L. W. Wyman, Waterville; Moody Lovell, Coaticook; D. A. Manson, Mansonville; Frederick England, Knowlton.

C. F. COPP, Secretary.

H. F. HEALY, Stanstead, Agent.

By the Mutual System profits remain with the policy. Being a Home Company money paid for premiums remains in this Province. Losses by Lightning, whether Fire causes or not, paid by this Company.

ICURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—H. G. ROOTY, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

BLOCKING OR TABLETING A LARGE STOCK OF USEFUL CHRISTMAS GOODS

WE are prepared to manufacture all kinds of tablets or block any kind of paper at reasonable rates. Call at the JOURNAL Office.

GO TO—

W. H. ANNETT, STANSTEAD.

FOR YOUR—

Four, 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

clean 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 exchange 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, 1899.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

THE Royal of England Fire Insurance Company, invested funds \$28,000

