The Stanstead Journal.

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The Stanstead Journal.

L. R. ROBINSON, Publisher,

Journal Building, Rock Island, Stanstead

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THE FAIRIES' FROLIC.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

"We've nothing more to paint mamma!
We've nothing more to paint!"
One bright September morning,
The fairies made complaint,
"The woods are green, the rocks are grey,
The sky is fresh and blue.
We've nothing more to paint, mamma,
We've nothing more to do!"

The eyes of Mother Nature
Were sad and full of dreams:
Mixed with her dusky tresses,
The silver lay in gleams,
Within a sunny hollow,
On soft and fragrant grass,
She sat with idle fingers,
And watched the hours pass.

But when the little fairies
Came flocking to her feet,
She smiled in tender pity,
And said, in accents sweet:
"Why should I check you longer?
Soon come the frost and rime:
A few short hours are left us,
This is the fairies' time.

"A few short hours of sunshine
Before the ice-king's breath
Will chill our leafy woodlands
To stern and silent death.
All spring you've done my bidding,
And through the summer hours,
With rose and azure colors
Decked out my bridal flowers.

"I need you now no longer,
Your mother's work is done;
The summer's toil is over,
Go, frolic in the sun!
Dance, play, and take your pastime,
On meadow, grove, and hill;
This is the fairies' hour.
Go, revel as you will!"

Then, oh, the silver laughter!
And, oh, the twinkling feet!
They kissed their mother's tresses,
They kissed her eyelids sweet.
Then tripped a fairy measure,
The merry little crew,
And, spreading wings of azure,
Swift fled as morning dew.

"The world is all too solemn,
The world is all too green;
Let's paint it with such colors
As never yet were seen,
Now that mamma is napping!"
The little fairies said,
"Let's paint the elm trees yellow,
And paint the maples red.

And paint the oak dark crimson,
Dye golden brown the brake,
The moose a dusky purple,
The woodbine scarlet make!
The world is all too sombre,
The world is all too green;
Let's paint it in such colors
As never yet were seen!"

And when, in crisp October,
Their mother in amaze,
Aroused and gazed about her,
The world was all ablaze,—
Gold, scarlet, russet, purple,
Beneath the arching blue.
This was the fairies' pastime,
The roguish little crew!
—Christian Register

"Said Aaron to Moses
Let's cut off our noses."

Aaron must have been a sufferer from catarrh. The desperation which catarrh produces is often sufficient to make people say and do many rash things and many rash things and many continue suffering just as if no such cure as Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy existed. It cures every case from the simplest to the most complicated and all the consequences of catarrh. A person once cured with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will not be apt to take cold again, as it leaves the mucous membranes healthy and strong. By druggists.

They Never Do.

On one of the telephone circuits in the western part of the city, where four subscribers use the same line, one of them was called up by a second on a matter of business.

"You say you paid $2 per yard?" queried the first.

"No, I didn't say exactly."

"But my wife wants to know. Give me the exact figures."

"I will the first time I see you."

"But why not now?"

"Because Mrs. L., who is on the line, is always listening at her telephone to hear what the rest of us say, and my wife doesn't want her to know."

"Oh, that's it. I thought you might be afraid of Mrs. B. That's one of her tricks, too, though I guess both of them are away to-day. Good bye."

"Hold on there!" called a voice as the trumpets were about to be lowered. "I am Mrs. L., and I want to tell you both that you state a deliberate falsehood, when you say I listen! You are no gentlemen, and my husband shall make you apologize!"

"And hold on some more!" called a second voice. I am Mrs. B. and any one who says I listened to other people's talk has got to prove it in court! Make up your minds to hear from me!"

Four trumpets were carefully lowered from four ears and hung up on four telephone boxes, and deep silence brooded o'er the land.—*Detroit Free Press.*

According to an exchange a pinch of snuff sufficient to produce a good sneeze will cure hiccough.

"Oh! lions don't trouble me much," remarked a courageous Frenchman, "I met one once in the desert, a splendid fellow, and what do you think I did? Simply whipped out my penknife and cut off his tail!" "And why not his head?" "Oh! a hunter had saved me that trouble by doing it the day before!"—[French Paper.

Willard Freemire of Vermontville, Mich., discovered a bee tree, but was refused permission by the owner to cut it down. Finally he got leave to cut off the limb sixty feet from the ground and six inches in diameter, containing the honey. This he accomplished by firing seventy-five balls from a rifle through the limb.

THE UNDERTAKER'S STORY.

[London Truth.]

Perhaps I am more sensitive to the horrible than most of my fellow men—am, in fact, more easily wrought upon. At all events, I have fancied that at times, when I have been telling this experience of mine, I could detect certain indications that some of my hearers were of that opinion; but I have not yet so far failed in charity as to wish any of these scoffers put to a similar test.

I had run over to Paris, had spent a couple of weeks in that bright city, and was on my way home again. I took a night train from Dover to London, and in the compartment which I occupied there was but one other passenger—a sharp intelligent-looking man, with a very grave face. We got into conversation after traveling more than half the distance in that silence which is invariably adopted by Englishmen when they meet. After discussing general subjects, a remark of my companion led me to say that he seemed to have had a very wide experience, and among nearly all classes of society.

"Yes," he answered slowly, and with marked hesitation. "Yes, I am an undertaker. I have had a good deal of experience, and have had my share, I think, of remarkable adventures. I never take this ride from Dover to London without a very painful recollection of one such."

We had still nearly a half hour's ride before us and his manner, as much as his words, aroused my interest.

"Do you care to tell it?" I asked.

A quick, involuntary shudder gave to his voice a slight tremor, as he answered, "I wish I could keep from thinking of it, but I might as well tell it as sit here quaking in silence over the awful memory of it." He paused a moment, drew a long, shuddering breath, and then he commenced:

"A litle over a year ago what I am about to relate happened to me. I had established a very good business, chiefly among the upper class of trade people—though, of course, I did not decline any call upon me that promised a reasonable profit. I received one day a telegraphic despatch from Paris asking me to take charge of a dead body that was to be sent from Paris to London for burial. I was to meet it at Dover on the arrival of the night boat from Calais, and make all the arrangements for its further transportation by rail, and I was referred to a well-known banker as security for my expenses.

"This looked like good business, so I lost no time in getting the necessary permits and went to Dover in the evening. I had some details to attend to there in order that everything might be in readiness and no time lost after the boat rarived. Then I had nothing to do but wait. I sat up reading to keep myself awake.

"It was a beautiful still night in the late fall, with an almost full moon, I remember and the boat got in on time. I received the box containing the body and saw it placed in one of the luggage vans of the train: and in due course arrived with it at Victoria station. One of my wagons was there waiting to take the body to my place, where I was instructed to keep it until morning, when the proper parties would call to make arrangements about the burial.

"So far of course, there was nothing specially remarkable about the affair.

"It is a little unusual in such cases not to find some one connected with the deceased accompanying the body; but I hardly gave that matter a second thought. I had no doubt but that the right person would appear later in the day.

"When I got to my shop, it still lacked two hours of daylight, and as I felt no slight responsibility, I didn't think of going home, but made myself as comfortable as possible in my office for the rest of the night. You must bear in mind that all the sleep I had secured was a broken, uneasy slumber on the journey from Dover to London, and when I went to sleep in my chair, after stirring the fire into a blaze, I slept very soundly—very soundly, that is, for awhile, and it was still dark when I woke up in a sudden and startling way.

"Have you ever wondered," the undertaker asked, turning his eyes full upon mine for the first time since he had begun his story, "what mysterious influence that is which makes you feel another presence in the same room as yourself, though you heard no one and see no one? It's a queer feeling at any time, but I don't know of any occasion when it can seem more queer and awful than when it comes to a man locked up in the dead of night with nothing but black plumes and grave clothes and palls and coffins about him." He turned his eyes to the floor again, and a cold tremor crept through my own flesh in the brief and ominous pause he made before he went on in a lower voice:

"This was the feeling I had when I suddenly awoke from sound sleep to full consciousness with a chilling shudder of horror. I was sitting before the fireplace, with my back to the door that led from the office to the shop. I had purposely left the door ajar. The fire had died down to a dull glow, and it seemed to me that a breath from the Arctic zone had penetrated the room. I cannot describe the kind of cold it was. My very bones seemed to be ice. And then I felt that presence."

The undertaker seemed terribly affected even now by his recollections of that sight. It was impossible to resist the infection, and my own flesh was creeping in a very uncomfortable way. He made a strong effort to recover himself and steady his voice, but, in spite of all it trembled with an ever deepening terror as he went on curdling my very blood in sympathy.

"I had turned the gas out when I sat down in my chair to sleep, so that the only light in the room came from the dying fire. I became aware of that presence the very instant I awoke. Mind, sir, this is not a dream. I was as fully awake as I am at this moment. The thing was there! It was between me and the door. I had got to turn my head to see it. But I knew it was there! Who it was, or what it was, I didn't know; but I was sure that some living thing was standing behind me motionless in the dim, ghostly light, and was looking at me. My God, sir! it was awful to sit still and feel this thing, and try to make up my mind to turn my head toward it! I am pretty well accustomed to corpses, but I can tell you that I did not feel just then that the corpse out in the other room was any company for me.

"Well, there I sat—feeling that horrible gaze fixed upon me in utter silence, and the deathlike cold creeping through my veins—striving, struggling to nerve myself to look around and face the thing whatever it was."

"Were you ever locked up in a tomb at night?" the undertaker suddenly asked me. I could only shake my head in response; I could not speak.

"I have been," he said, "but it was nothing—nothing to those few minutes, while I sat palsied with terror, with that thing behind me! At last, in a kind of nervous spasm, I sprang to my feet and turned toward the door. The sight froze me! There is no other word for it—I was rigid. I could no more stir than I could arrest the motion of this train now and instantly. My very heart stopped its beating. I wonder I did not drop dead myself, for there—not six feet from me—with the livid pallor of death on its face stood the corpse!

"Then it began to approach me. It did not seem to walk—it glided; and not till it reached me did it make a single apparent movement. Then—just stand up, will you? I can illustrate better what occurred." I did so, and he rose at the same time, and we stood facing each other in the compartment. I was dimly conscious at the moment we were crossing Battersea bridge. The undertaker, as he went on, repeated upon me the actions he described.

"Then this dead thing, he said to me, "slowly lifted its arms and laid its icy fingers on my cheeks and moved them gently downwards to my shoulders pressing in hard against me all the time on either side, as I do now to you, and wherever the hands lay they seemed to draw the very life out of the flesh beneath them. Slowly—oh, how slowly—they glided on downward from my shoulders to my breast, beneath my coat, like this. Try to conceive it—try it, if you can. Wherever they touched they drew something away from—some virtue seemed to go out of me. And then the frightful thought came to me that I was dying by piecemeal!—that I was parting with something dear to me as life—bit by bit I could feel it ebbing, and at last the horror grew to a conviction. This ghoul was drawing my life's blood into his own veins! was sucking my substance! What I lost he gained. He enriched himself by making me poor, and it would end—"

"Victoria!" shouted the guard, opening the door.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the undertaker, "we are in! I must hurry to catch my train out." He seized his satchel and was on the step before I could get my breath to say: "But the story! I want to hear the end of it."

He was on the platform now, "Oh, there isn't much more," he called back. "The ghoul succeeded—that's all!"—and he was gone before I could say another ward.

As I followed a porter to a cab, and all the way home, I tried to conceive what the undertaker could mean. How could the dead man have succeeded? Here the undertaker was, alive and well, and telling me the story. It was very annoying and disappointing to be so balked after being so wrought upon. The undertaker had left me no address, so I was apparently doomed never to know the solution.

Only "apparently" however. When I got out of the cab at my own door, I could find no loose change to pay the driver, yet I had some when I took the train at Dover, my well furnished pocketbook, though that, too, I had at Dover, was gone as well; and my watch and chain had followed suit.

It is painful to lose confidence in human nature in this way.

Unnoticed Danger.

Mr. Le Roy F. Griffin, in the Chicago *Current*, comments very sensibly on household dangers as follows:

"Far too many houses, both in city and country, are positively dangerous. Many city houses stand on made land, or at least that which was formerly swampy. The foundation walls, when there are any—for houses often stand on posts alone—are built of solid masonry, but with no cement either outside or in. Such walls are porous, and soak up water nearly as rapidly as a sponge. Then it slowly trickles down the inside, emitting malaria, forming a fine soil in which all manner of fungoid growths flourish. The rooms over such places are first-class disease breeders, and every home should be frequently examined to see that this source of danger does not exist.

"Then, drain pipes often leak in the cellar and basement. This adds the danger of the rooms above. The two fiends, stagnant water from the sewers and the water filtering slowly in through the walls, work in concert to sap the life of the little ones, and to fit them to yield to the first disease.

"The walls of the rooms themselves in far too many houses, are disease breeders. A neat and tasty paper upon the wall make a room inviting and adds to home comfort. But unfortunately, even when the paper is made free from poison—and good paper can be so made—the paste with which it is attached is just the home for the minute organisms which produce certain diseases. This is bad enough where there is only a single layer of paper, but when, as is often the case, several layers of paper and paste are spread upon the same wall, outside of one another, the danger is multiplied many times. Such walls are really masses of festering filth. The best wall is, undoubtedly, the plain plastered wall.

"All cases like these demand caution. Those who are responsible for homes cannot be too careful. The health, often the life, of loved ones, children particularly, depends upon rigid exclusion of all these lurking places of diseases and breeders of death. Beauty should be, and is consistent with perfect safety in the home."

Wealth in Waste.

A peculiar class of book hunters haunt the large junk shops in search of rare or odd books and the popular monthly magazines. These genteel chiffonieres, if they may be called such, occasionally strike valuable finds in old literature, which costs them at the rate of 6 cents per pound. Another class of buyers look up the monthly parts of magazines, and upon completing the set dispose of them, usually to the Cornhill second-hand book-stores. These buyers often tackle a pile of old paper stuff that keeps them busy for a week or longer, and it is often the case that their labor is unrewarded. The law of compensation seems to be a factor in the old junk business, for many people get a good living from other people's waste, and some even get rich out of it. Even the old tin cans, which were formerly condemned as useless, and millions of which have been planted in the creation of the Back bay district of Boston, are now utilized, and the metal sheet made from them can be japanned, or tinned, or galvanized, or treated in any way that the material made from the original ore is treated. Out of the iron are made buttons, shoelace ends, show cards, tele phones, electric lights and letter boxes small ware, etc. There are parties in Boston who make the collection of old tin, tin cuttings and old tin cans a regular business, and make money out of it. The material is sent to New York, where it is utilized. So the utilization of tin-plate cuttings and the recovery of the tin has grown out of the same channel of scientific thought and experiment that long ago took the rags from the dunghill and converted them into sheets of paper.—*Boston Herald.*

In order to get ahead of Wiggins we now predict that January will be snowy. We shall point with pride to this prediction further on.—[Philadelphia Call.

A Fisherman's Tale.

WHAT A BOSTON SKIPPER SAYS OF HIS EXPERIENCE IN CANADIAN WATERS.

The following letter which appeared in the Boston *Herald* conveys a different impression to many statements that have appeared on the subject:—

So much has been written and printed about the experiences of American fishermen in Canadian waters, and the indignities put on them, I wish you would open your columns and give your readers an insight into the other side of the story. I sailed from Boston to North Bay on June 16, not knowing just what the cutters would do or how the law would be interpreted. I neared the coast with fear and anxiety. The first land sighted was Whitehead, and immediately cries came from aloft: "Cutter in sight, ahead!" I rushed to the deck found the vessel which proved to be the Howlet, commanded by Capt. Lowry, nearing us rapidly. At time of sighting the cutter we were standing in shore. She hoisted her flags to let us know what she was, and we immediately "about ship" and put to sea to get out of her way, for fear we might be placed on the prize list of the captures. We finally headed up for Port Mulgrave in Canso expecting to receive rough usage from the authorities, but to our surprise found Collector Murray a perfect gentleman, willing to assist me as far as he could without encroaching on the Canadian laws. From there we put in at Port Hawkesbury and boarded the cutter Conrad and asked the captain for instructions in regard to the three-mile limit, and what privileges, if any, we had. I was answered, in a courteous and hearty way, that he did not have them aboard, but would go ashore in a few moments and get me a printed copy of the regulations, which he did, and assured us that if we followed them we would be unmolested; that he was there to see that the law was not violated, but not to cause unnecessary annoyance. After receiving instructions from the captain, thanks to him, I went to the custom house and entered my vessel, paying twenty-five cents. I found a very pleasant gentleman in the collector, who did all in his power to relieve my mind and make us comfortable. Souris was our next port of landing, where we also reported and were well treated.—From there we went to Malpeque, where we found another gentleman in the collector. We met the cutter Howlet at Cassumpece, and had several interviews with her commander, Capt Lowry, whom I found a quiet, just and gentlemanly officer. My vessel was one of the fleet ordered out of harbor by him. At that time it was as good a fish day as one could ask for, and

THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE PLAIN,

that at such times we had no right to remain in harbor. At no time is there much water to spare on the bar, and it is a common occurence for vessels to ground in going in or out, and that some did touch was due to ignorance of the channel or carelessness on the part of captains. At the time the order was issued the weather was fair, but before all the fleet could work out through the channel, one of the sudden changes in weather, so much to be dreaded on such a coast, came, and the cutter rescinded the order and the fleet returned. It has been printed in a Boston paper that, owing to being forced to sea by the cutter's orders in bad weather my schooner, the Andrew Burnham, fouled two Englishmen and narrowly escaped serious damage. If true it would look like a hardship. It was simply this: In getting under way, in a small and crowded space, finding I would not have room, I dropped our starboard anchor. That not holding, we let go the other, and it brought us up all right; not much in this to point to as an outrage or danger from stress of weather. I believe Capt. Lowry to be a man who would carry out all the requirements of the Canadian laws, but I saw nothing in my experience in those waters that could be considered as being arbitrary, or taking a mean advantage of his official athority to annoy any one. Capt. Lowry has been a master of vessels for twenty-five years, is a man of high reputation as a seaman, and as good a judge of whether the weather is favorable for a vessel to go to sea as any man who walks a deck, and when he ordered the fleet to sea he went himself, and I know he would not order a vessel to leave harbor if there was any danger of loss of life or property. We reported at Cassumpece, and were treated the same as at all other ports we touched at. If our vessels would attend to reporting at the Custom house, the same as they do in our ports, no trouble would be met with.

IF WE HAD "FREE FISH"

it would give the Canadians some recompense for what our fishermen want viz., the right to go anywhere, use their harbors, ship men, get provisions land and mend our nets, buy salt and barrels, and ship our catch home by rail or steamer without expense or annoyance, the same as we have heretofore.

If we had had that privilege this year, myself and vessel would have been $5,000 better off this season, and all the fishermen in the bay would have been in the same boat with me. I do not say that I am too honest not to fish within the three-mile limit, nor do I believe there is a vessel in the fleet who would not, if the cutter was out of sight. I made two trips to the bay, both of which were very successful, and I lived up to the requirements of the law as well as I knew how, and did not find them obnoxious, or to interfere with my success, and everywhere I went I was courteously treated by the officials—especially so by both the cutters. Should it be a bay year next season, I hope to meet them again. Those who openly preached that they would go where they pleased, do what they wanted to in spite of law or cutters, shipped men, smuggled or openly fished inside of the limit, and indulged in the satisfaction of damning the cutter, the captain, the government and everything else when they knew they could do it with impunity, and that the men they were talking to could not resent it by word or blow, were looked after sharp and were not extended the courtesy that was shown so many of us.

In the interest of fair play, I could not help writing you and asking you to give this to your readers, if not taking up too much of your valuable space.

Very respectfully.
Capt. NATHAN F. BLAKE,
Schooner Andrew Burnham, of Boston.
Boston, October 6th, 1886.

Origin of a Famous Saying.

John Randolph had had a discussion with a man named Sheffey, who was one of his colleagues, and who had been a shoemaker in early life. Sheffey had made a speech which excited Randolph's jealousy, and Randolph, in replying to him, said that Sheffey was out of his sphere, and by way of illustration had told the story of the sculptor Phidias. "This sculptor," said Randolph, "had made a noted figure, and having placed it on the sidewalk he secured a hiding place near by, where, unobserved, he might hear the criticisms of those who passed upon his statue. Among those who examined the marble was a shoemaker, and this man criticised the sandals and muttered over to himself as to where they were wrong. After he had gone away Phidias came forth and examined the points that the shoemaker had objected to and found that his criticism was correct. He removed the statue to his studio and remedied the defects. The next day Phidias again placed it upon the street and the shoemaker again stopped before it. He saw at once that the defects he had noticed had been remedied and he now began to criticise very foolishly other points about the statue. Phidias listened to him for a time, and then came forth with a Latin phrase which means 'Let the shoemaker stick to his last.' And so," concluded Randolph, "I say in regard to my colleague."—*Carpenter's Letter in Cleveland Leader.*

The earthquake was a failure, but the total eclipse of Wiggins was a grand success.—[Philadelphia Call.

In the race of life it doesn't take very long for poverty to overtake laziness.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A bean-pod raised at Leroy, Ill., this season is said to have measured two feet and three inches in length.

The president has just purchased a magnificent upright piano for his country house. It cost $5,000 and was built to order.

There is a man in Wisconsin who is the owner of sixty newspapers. And still we send money to the Charleston sufferers and allow such abbject poverty as this to go unrelieved.—[Lyon Union.

"I never heard o' puttin' spittoons on the side o' the house before!" remarked an old countryman, as he walked up to our telephone transmitter and made a bull's eye the first shot.—[Hammond, Ind., Tribune.

Thomas Wilkinson of Adrian, Mich. shaved for the last time about six years ago. Since then his beard has grown at the rate of about an inch a month. Thomas must be a hirsute monstrosity. He is becoming a candidate for Barnum, and will doubtless advertise himself as "the bearded woman."

The proceeds of a celebration at Mt. Pulaski, Ill., amounting to $7,000, all in silver, were placed it a wagon to be taken to a bank, when the horses became frighted and ran away and the money was scattered broadcast over the street. It was gathered up by the people and when counted at the bank was only sixty cents short.

All About a Bustle.

"They may say what they please," said a Mount Clemens belle, "about the nuisance of bangs and the agony of the ears sawed off with a military collars, but all the bother they ever gave me was just pure fun to what I went through with last Sunday with one of these new-fashioned bustles."

"Can't you tell us your experience?" we asked. "The many readers of the Free Press—"

"No, no," she interrupted, frowning, "you mustn't put it in the paper now. But it was really too dreadful. You see, I had gone on to Chicago to visit my friend Katie B——, and the first thing she told me was that I needed building up."

"You were in delicate health?" we inquired.

"Oh, no!" she answered, impatiently. "I didn't set out enough, and where I did set out it wasn't in the right place. What I needed, she said was one of the new style bustles, but it was Saturday night and too late to buy one, and I couldn't have gone to church the next day if Katie hadn't offered to stay at home and lend me her bustle. The next morning she came into my room holding up a whitish-brown bag.

"'What's that?' said I. 'The new patent, elastic, adjustible, india-rubber, inflatable bustle,' said she. 'It's only been worn once, and it's perfectly splendid. You'll be certain to like it.'

"'But what makes it stick out?' said I.

"'Air,' said see. "Look here."

"'Then she put her mouth to a little pipe and began to blow and blow, and when she had puffed away about fifteen minutes the thing had swelled out to the size of meal sack. 'It's as light as a feather,' said she, giving it a little tap that sent it bounding across the room.

"'But I don't think I should like such an animated background,' I objected. 'It's rather too lively for me.'

"'Nonsense,' said she; 'when strapped on it's as firm as a rock.'

"Well, she fixed the thing on me and said it made me look like another being, which I think, likely, it did. 'It's just gorgeous,' said she, 'only, perhaps, it's a little—a very little—too big. But you needn't mind that; lots o' girls wear them even bigger.'

"So I wore it just as it was, and I must say when I looked at my shadow going to church a and saw how stylishly it poked out behind I felt pretty lofty myself. When I got to church I had to sit on the very edge of the seat, for, as Kate had said, the 'patent inflatable' was as firm as a rock—Eheu! But it was such a comfort to know that I was properly built up. Well, we got along—the bustle and I—pretty comfortably, all things considered, until the sermon was nearly through. But just as the minister was saying, 'Finally, brethren,' I heard (O, mercy!) I heard—a sound."

"A sound!" we exclaimed. "That was strange, indeed. Did the preacher drop his Bible?"

"O no," she answered, shaking her head. "It was a most dreadful sound, like—the—hissing of a teakettle."

"That must have been horrible," we cried.

"O, you can never know. Everybody turned round—everybody, I mean, but me, I looked straight at the minister. I suspected, I knew, I felt what was going on, and I didn't dare to move for fear of a worse explosion. I looked as cool as I could, but really and actually I thought I'd burn to a cinder before that awful sound at last died away in a long, leng fiz-z-z, and I found myself still alive. When all was silent again I tested the extent of the damage by slipping back in my seat, and when I found I could sit up close to the back I knew that the worst was true. My bustle, my beautiful bustle was busted."

"It was pitiful," we said, sympathetically.

"O, I should say it was. When I looked in the shop windows, going home, there I was as straight as a lead pencil and all the boys behind just killing themselves. Mercy! they needn't talk to me about military collars. I'd rather have both ears sawed off than to go through the vicissitudes of one of those 'patent elastics' again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

There is an artesian well 1,000 feet deep in Aberdeen, Neb., that throws out numbers of fish that look like the ordinary brook minnow.

A Nebraska farmer says that acres of corn are growing this year without ears. It is probably tired of hearing about low prices.

The following item is clipsed from the Los Angeles *Express* of September 16; "Died—Mrs. Dr. White, September 5th, of typhoid fever, caused by Los Angeles drinking water."

Use the surest remedy for catarrh—Dr. Sage's.

The Stanstead Journal.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 21, 1886.

Compton rolled up an old time Conservative majority for Mr. McIntosh of over 600!

The closeness of the election will lead to a close scrutiny of the votes where majorities are small. Several contested elections are already threatened.

The recent gales have been very destructive to shipping on the coasts of England and Ireland and the Atlantic coast of the United States and on the great lakes.

The number of deaths by the Sabine Pass disaster and at Johnson's Bayou and Taylor's Bayou, are said to exceed 250 souls. A great many dead cattle and other animals are floating about in the swamps.

The conservatives of the Eastern Townships have the satisfaction of knowing that they have held their own in Missisquoi, Brome, Stanstead, Compton, Sherbrooke, Richmond and Wolfe. Mr. Cameron who opposed his political friends in the Riel cry, is re-elected and will probably enter the House as an Independent. Should Mr. Mercier be called to form a government, the English speaking members will be nearly a unit in opposition. Mr. Mercier now disdains any race distinction, and talks smoothly of peace and concord, but his tactics are pretty thoroughly understood, and will hardly gammon the English.

Stanstead County Election.

The election passed off very quietly in this County, and evidently with a smaller vote than usual, Mr. Ozro Baldwin is elected by a majority of 118. At the Rock Island poll 101 votes were cast with only one spoiled ballot. Beebe Plain Municipality gave its first Conservative majority in this election.

S. & S. Mutual.

The 51st annual meeting of the Stanstead and Sherbrooke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., was held at their office on the 6th inst. The President's report states that the losses of the year were $16,800.10, to cover which and current expenses, an assessment of 8 per cent was laid. He also stated that the directors had concluded to separate the business of the Company into two classes, one covering farm properties, private residence and other non-hazardous risks, the other covering commercial and hazardous risks.

Parties insured in one will not be liable for losses in the other class. The by-law was submitted and adopted, and covers the points mentioned above. In addition to farm properties and isolated risks, the first class includes schools, churches, asylums, court houses, jails, hopitals, nunneries, banks, registry offices, and other risks considered non-hazardous.

In the commercial and extra hazardous class are included shops, stores, workshops, factories, machine shops, mills, foundries, tanneries, storehouses, warehouses, printing offices, photograph rooms, hotels, restaurants, bakeries, theatres, concert rooms, places of amusement and public meetings, livery stables, auction rooms, breweries, railway buildings, lumber, bark, and all other risks not falling within the "Agricultural and Isolated class." The old board of directors were re-elected, H. B. Brown, President, and F. P. Buck, Vice President.

Went Down in the Gale.

The latest reports show that the effects of the recent storm on the south and west coasts of England were terrible. A Norwegian bark foundered off Tintigel, Wales, and her entire crew consisting of 15 persons perished. Ten bodies have been washed ashore on the Glamorgan coast. The British ship Malleny was wrecked in the Bristol channel and 20 persons were drowned. The bodies washed ashore have been stripped of valuables by wreckers. The Norwegian bark Fredrikstad from Musquash, N. B., for Swansea was wrecked off Padstow, and 19 persons were drowned. The bark Alliance was also wrecked off Padstow, and four lives were lost. The other persons on board were saved by a life-boat. Another large bark was seen to be in distress, the crew being huddled together on the deck. The vessel foundered yesterday morning and it is believed that from a dozen to 20 persons were drowned. The gale prevented the people on shore from rendering assistance. The cries of the doomed men were heard distinctly by those who watching the vessel from the shore.

The steamer "Saale," which sailed from Southampton on Thursday for New York, has on board £344,000 in gold.

Jas. Wilson's flour and oatmeal mills at Fergus, Ont., with 8000 bushels of wheat, were burned yesterday. Loss heavy; light insurance.

The project of connecting Ontario and the United States by a tunnel under the river, which at present forms the boundary between the two countries, has been for several days actively considered by several railroad men at Detroit, and it is said that work will soon be commenced.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The final returns of the elections have seemingly settled the point that the Ross Government will have a small majority in the House, the parties being nearly equally divided. The Riel cry has been a success for the Liberals in the French Counties, coming very near bringing them into power. Below will be found a list of the members. Chicoutimi does not vote until the 10th of November, but is regarded as safe to elect a Conservative. C stands for Conservative, L for Liberal, I for Independent and N C for Nationsl Conservative:

Constitu'y.	Member.	Majority.
Argenteuil	Owens, C	Accl.
Bagot	Pilon, L	95
Beauce	Blanchet, C	200
Beauharnois	Bisson, L	20
Bellechasse	Faucher, C	...
Berthier	Sylvestre, L	1
Bro ne	Ly ch, C	300
Bona enture	Martin, C	57
Chambly	Rocheleau, L	36
Champlain	Trudel, N C	31
Charlevoix	Morin, L	...
Chateauguay	Robibdoux, L	221
Chicoutimi	Polling Nov. 10th	...
Compton	McIntosh, C	618
Dorchester	Larochelle, C	Accl.
Drummond and A.	Girouard, L	...
Gaspé	Flynn, C	Accl.
Hochelaga	Villeneuve, C	89
Huntingdon	Cameron, I	100
Iberville	Demers, L	Accl.
Jacques Cartier	Boyer, L	134
Joliette	Bazinet, L	66
Ka nouraska	Gagnon, L	...
La prairie	Charlebois, C	26
L'Assomption	Forrest, L	...
Laval	Leblanc, C	200
Levis	Lemieux, L	130
L'Isle	Marcotte, C	6
Lotbiniere	Laliberte, L	100
Maskinonge	Caron, C	75
Megantic	Johnston, C	191
Missisquoi	Spencer, C	105
Monte al	Richard, C	450
Mont agny	Bernatchez, L	...
Mo morency	Desjardins, C	70
Montreal West	Hall, C	153
Montreal East	David, L	203
Montreal Centre	McShane, L	364
Napierville	Lafontaine, L	106
Nicolet	Dorais, C	260
Ottaw	Cormier, C	400
Pontia	Poupore, C	600
Portneuf	Tessier, L	100
Quebec Centre	Rinfret, L	340
Quebec East	Shehyn, L	Accl.
Quebec West	Murphy, L	10
Quebec County	Casgrain, C	194
Richelieu	Cardin, L	30
Richmond and Wolfe	Picard, C	300
Rimouski	Martin, C	57
Rouville	Lare u, L	91
Shefford	Brassard, L	74
Sherbrooke	Robertson, C	Accl.
Soulanges	Bourbonnais, N C	4
Stanst d	Baldwin, C	118
St. Hyacinthe	Mercier, L	509
St. Johns	Marchand, L	200
St. Maurice	Duplessis, C	300
Temiscouata	Deschenes, C	197
Terrebo e	Nantel, C	312
Three Rivers	Turcotte, I	15
Two Mountains	Beauchamp, C	Accl.
Vaudreuil	Lapointe, C	200
Vercheres	Bernard, L	32
Yamaska	Gladu, L	284

RECAPITULATION.

Conservatives	31
Liberals	29
Independe ts	4
Chicoutimi	1
Total	65

Echoes of the Election.

Mr. Brassard, the Liberal candidate in Shefford county, obtained a majority of 74 over his opponent Mr. Savaria.

The full return in Missisquoi gives a majority of 124 to Mr. Spencer, the Conservative candidate, over Mr. Charles McCorkill, the Liberal nominee.

On Wednesday evening last while a procession of electors of Three Rivers was returning from a public meeting the mayor of Three Rivers, Hon. Mr. Malhoit, was assaulted by some of the supporters of Mr. Turcotte and so seriously injured that he has since been confined to his bed, and even doubt is entertained as to his recovery.

Saturday was declaration day in Montreal West. The final summing up by the returning officer, Mr. Ryland, gave the following totals of the votes cast:—Hall 1,981, Stephens 1,854, Robertson 959, the official majority for Mr. John S. Hall, jr., the Conservative candidate, being 127 over Mr. Stephens, and 1,022 over Mr. Robertson. The deputy returning officers at three polls neglected to place their statements within the ballot box. Had these returns been included in the official count the vote would have stood: Hall 2,037, Stephens 1,886, Robertson 1,024, so that the actual majority obtained by Mr. Hall over Mr. Stephens was 151.

Final returns from Bellechasse county confirm the election of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice.

The *Gazette* says it is believed that the official count in Beauharnois county will give Mr. Bergevin, Conservative, a majority of seven votes.

Mr. Marcotte, the old Conservative member, has been returned in L'Islet by six majority. The returns up to Saturday evening gave the constituency to Deschene, Rielite.

Meyer Karl Rothschild, the head of the famous family of Rothschild, who died in Frankfort on Saturday, was a grandson of Meyer Anselm Rothschild the founder of the family.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution has had a spasm,—some members of the new Legislature propose to pay the repudiated bonds of the state. "Wickedly absurd!" cried the constitutionalist. "An attempt to create a heroic crisis!"

An unknown fishing craft capsized off Cape John, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld. on Tuesday last and all hands went down.

Awful Work of the Storm.

The wind and rain storm that raged with such destructive violence on the Gulf coast Monday and Tuesday nights of last week, set off in a northerly and northeasterly direction and did great damage in places West yesterday leveling telegraph wires, blowing down buildings and wrecking shipping. But all this was nothing compared with the destruction wrought on the Gulf coast. Sabine Pass, Tex., at the mouth of the Sabine river that divides that state from Louisiana, appears to have been almost wiped out of existence. The wind rolled the waters of the Gulf in upon the town from the south and the turbid waters of the Sabine river and lake on the north broke through the banks and completed the disaster. Over 50 lives were lost out of a total population of about 400, and most of the buildings were wrecked. Cameron parish, comprising a large section of marshy lowland along the Gulf coast of Louisiana also suffered terribly. All the members of seven families perished in the flood, and many others unknown were swept away, while thousands of cattle were drowned and valuable crops were ruined. Not a house was left standing within five miles of Lake Sabine, it is reported. Terrible losses of life and property are also reported at Johnson's Bayou, which is in Cameron parish and near Lake Sabine. Rescuing parties are being sent to all these places.

THE DISASTER AT SABINE PASS.

News received at Fort Worth, Tex., from Sabine Pass is to the effect that the greater part of the town has been washed away and about 60 or 70 persons drowned by the terrific storm of Tuesday night. The waters from the lake and the Gulf rushed into the place with great rapidity and dislodged the foundation of nearly every house. All telegraphic communication east of Beaumont is interrupted. The damage done by the storm at Beaumont is also considerable, a number of houses being blown down and many of the principal lumber mills damaged. The track of the East Texas and Sabine railway is washed away for miles in a number of places, besides damage being done to bridges and depots.

Lake Charles, La., report says that the loss of property along the Cameron parish (La.) gulf coast, and for some distance west of Sabine Pass, Tex., by the storms of Tuesday night was fearful. The mailboat from Cameron parish reports that the water at Calcasieu Pass was eight feet deep at the light-house and that the entire country east and west was submerged Tuesday night, drowning thousands of cattle and ruining crops. No lives were lost at Leesburg and Calcasieu Pass, but the following are reported lost at Johnsons Bayou, La. The entire families of Alfred Lambert, Marion Lukes, George Striever, Charles Blanchet, Radford Beery and two families by the name Franeswar, besides many others whose names have not been ascertained.

The storm of Tuesday did great damage to crops and property along the Mississippi river from Port Eads to Point a la Hache, La. The terrific force of the wind and great waves lifted from their places many of the great concrete blocks weighing several tons each, from the huge wall by the side of the jetties, and hurled them into the sea. The land all about Port Eads was submerged and people had to flee for their lives. The loss to crops, especially rice, and other property in the vicinity will reach $200,000.

A Plague Stricken City.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—A Times special from San Francisco says: Private advices received in this city state that cholera is still raging fiercely in Corea No idea can be formed of the extent of the scourge. It has more than decimated the capital, where, out of a population of 200,000, the death rate rules at the frightful average of a thousand per day. About as many Coreans as there are people in the State of California have been swept away already, and it is hard to say where the plague will stop. Corea is described as an appalling pest spot." Never was there a more frightful record of the ravages of disease on mankind. The story of the plague of London is beggared by what is now going on in Seoul. They are beginning to give over the task of burying their dead and the city is threatened with positive extinction.

An ancient custom prevails in Corea. Upon a high hill in the capital, about dark are lighted four distinct fires. These are the terminal signal fires of as many series flashed along the hills of Corea from its remote provinces to indicate that north, south, east and west, within the realm, all is peace.—As soon as these are kindled the palace bell is rung, and officials go before the King to transmit the information thus received.

Cashier—All methods of advertising seem to have failed in our case. What is the next thing to be done? Head of the concern—I don't know. We might call attention to the firm by giving out that you are several hundred dollars short in your accounts. Cashier—Don't you think something purely fictitious would answer as well? —[Tid Bits.

The loss by fire at Salisbury, Md., Sunday night is placed at $1,000,000.

What May Happen.

There is a vast amount of twaddle written and spoken about the constitutional duty of the Lieutenant Governor in the present Provincial crisis. The Lieutenant Governor can take no arbitary action. He is not supposed to know how the members are going to vote until they declare themselves on a division. Whatever his private opinion may be, officially he knows nothing about it. So much is certain. If the Government feels it is beaten it may resign at once or quite legitimately in view of the very closeness of the result hold on until beaten in the House. If, however, the Government should feel itself vanquished common decency would suggest that it make no appointments for its friends in the interim. It may continue to administer the departmental work, but should do nothing more. Again we trust we shall hear nothing of "deals" with the independent Nationalists. No buying of them off by either side if such should be possible. If Mr. Joly were at the head of the Liberal party no fears of a deal on his side would be entertained, but Joly is gone and his methods went with him. Let these so called Nationalists make their own choice and let the Government stand or fall by the result. We fully confess we are sadly disappointed at the prospect of having such a pliable and elastic man as Mercier at the head of the Government. We are disappointed at the success of the diabolical race and religion cry. We are disappointed too at the prospective ruin of the only decent Conservative Government the Province has had for many years; ruined by the hypocritical cry of a clique of fanatics, a cry that has swept the Province like a cyclone. But, not, withstanding all this, the ballots of the people should be respected. If Merier is chosen by the people let him have a chance. If the Nationalists know that their constituents prefer a Liberal Conservative Government let them act accordingly; but, for the sake of decency, let there be none of the buying off business, of which the air is full of rumors.—*Mont. Star.*

CONDENSED NEWS.

Prairie fires have thoroughly scorched Manitoba this season.

Prevalence of exceptionally warm weather in England and France.

The Swedish Government proposes to introduce a bill against Socialists.

The dedication of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty will take place October 28th.

Seven factory buildings in New York were burned last night involving a loss of $200,000.

A beggar's house in New York was broken into the other night and robbed of $2000.

The Londonderry corporation has adopted an address of loyalty to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

At Pesth on Friday there were reported 36 new new cases of cholera and 20 deaths, and at Trieste 4 cases and 2 deaths.

The French Government has demanded that China shall not restrict the trade in opium in Yun Nan and Tonquin.

"Jack, of the frost family, isn't far from the 'simmon—Brer 'possum is also close by," is a weather indication from the South.

An Orange county (N. Y.) farmer carried to market six barrels of apples, none of which weighed less than a pound apiece.

Thursday's storm was the most severe for many years and much damage was done in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and elsewhere.

Five frogs, alive and kicking, were found in a cavity in a tree one foot in diameter recently felled at Red Bluff, Cal. The wood around them was solid.

Owing to the brewery strike at Detroit no shipments of the beverage are made, and a telegram makes the astonishing assertion that "Detroit is suffering for want of beer."

Three members of the French Ministry have resigned on account of a vote in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday on a measure concerning the strike at Vierson in Chere.

A miner in El Dorado county, Cal., who has struck a rich lead, has to carry the pay dirt on his back two miles over a steep hillside, but it pays him $100 a sack. He has taken out over $6000.

At Eastport, Me., Friday ten sardine factories, two hotels, thirty dwellings, the Custom house and post office and a number of stores were burned; loss $500,000. The fire raged for ten hours.

A panther escaped from a menagerie in Chambery, the capital of Savoy, yesterday and ran through the streets, creating a great panic. The beast bit many persons and scalped and killed a policeman before he was captured.

Prominent grape growers of Hammondsport, N. Y., estimate that 500 tons of the Catawba, Concord and Diana varieties were frozen on the shores of Lake Keukua Saturday night, when the mercury went down to 20 degrees above zero.

It is reported that the shareholders of the Inman Steamship Company at a meeting at Liverpool yesterday resolved to wind up the affairs of the company, and that Peter Wright & Sons of Philadelphia have purchased the business for £250,000.

Mr. Gladstone is said to be seriously ill.

The Chicago anarchists are to be executed December 2d.

It is said that the feeling in France in favor of war with Germany is rapidgrowing.

George Bancroft, the historian, celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth on October 3d.

An explosion occurred on Saturday at Altaft's colliery, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. Seven men have been found dead, eight have been rescued and seventeen are missing. In all probability the missing seventeen lost their lives.

The claim of the national authorities on the State of Vermont for arms furnished in the closing years of the Rebellion is met by the counter claim that the warlike preparations consequent in the St. Albans raid should have been made at the expense of the General Government. The presentation of a demand for $50,000 is talked of in Montpelier.

Montreal Markets.

Montreal, Oct. 18, 1886.

Flour—	
Patent	4 10@4 40
Superior Extra	3 90@3 85
Extra Superfine	3 70@3 75
Fancy	3 60@3 65
Spring Extra	3 50@3 55
Superfine	3 15@3 20
Strong Bakers'	4 05@4 25
Middlings	2 15@2 20
Wheat Canada red winter	76 to 79
Canada white winter	77 to 78
Oatmeal per brl	4 10@4 50
Cornmeal "	0 00@0 00
Oats perbus	28@30
Corn do	53@54
Barley do	55@60
Rye do	60@61
Peas do	66@65
Beans (white)	0 00@0 00
" (coldred)	00@00
Potatoes per bag	00@00
Salt (coarse)	00@00
" (Fine)	00@00
Tallow rendered per lb	5c@6c
Eggs fresh per doz	18@20
Ashes pots per 100 lbs	3 70 to 3 80
Hogs dressed 100 lb	5 80@6 75
Sheep live weight per lb	3½@4
Pork mess per brl	12 50@13 25
Hams city cured per lb	11@12
Lard in tubs and pails, per lb	8@9
" in tierces per lb	00@00
Cattle live weight, per lb	3½@4
Beef mess per brl	0 00@14 50
" prime mess brl	0 00@0 00
Hay per 100 bundles	10 00@12 00
Straw " "	5 00@6 00
Hops	8@10
Butter—	
Townships choice new	18@19
" fair to good daries	14@17
Western Dairy choice new	13@14
" medium	12@13
Creamery fancy fresh per lb	22@23
" fine " "	19@22
Cheese—	
New per lb	11@12
Skims " "	6@7

BIRTHS.

COOPER—In Rock Island, Oct. 14th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cooper.

MARRIAGES.

LITTLE—VANCE—In Derby, Oct. 18th, by Rev. Geo. S. Chase, Mr. Dellworth U. Little and Miss Ruth A. Vance, of Hatley.

REXFORD—MERRIMAN—In Barnston, on the 7th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Ai Rexford of Georgeville, and Miss Orie Merriman of Barnston.

SABALL—BLAKE—In Lowell, Mass., Oct. 13th, by the Rev, E. R. Thorndike, Mr. John W. Saball to Miss Rosa H. daughter of Gilbert Blake, all of Stanstead.

WOODGATE—RILEY—At St. Patrick's church, Washington, D. C., Oct. 5th, by the Rev. Father Whelan, Mr. George J. Woodgate, formerly of Rock Island, and Miss Mary Riley, of Washington.

DEATHS.

GAGNON—In this village on the 6th inst. Mary J. infant daughter of Moses and Kate Gagnon, aged 1 month and 2 weeks.

HOWE—In Hatley, Oct. 7th, Phebe Jane Howe, widow of the late Sylvester Howe, in the 64th year of her age.

Dearest mother we shall miss the,
All the way our feet shall tread;
But we would not, could not wish thee
Back upon thy suffering bed.

Thou wast wearied of the conflict,
And thy spirit longed to soar
To the mansions of the faithful,
There to rest forever more.

New Advertisements.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given that the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Examiners of the County of Stanstead, will be held at the Town Hall, Stanstead Plain, on TUESDAY, the second day of November next, at 9 a. m., for the purpose of examining Candidates for Elementary Diplomas.

Applications and certificates of character must be sent to the Secretary of the Board previous to the meeting.

Candidates will be required to pass in drawing.

A. N. THOMPSON, Secretary.
Stanstead, Oct. 20, 1886. 26-2

A GREAT SUCCESS!

AS per announcement, Mr. Laurance was at my store on Saturday last — We had a grand sale of the B. Laurance PEBBLE and other

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.

Parties coming a distance of 25 miles to be fitted felt amply paid.

That these are the best make of spectacles in the world, there is no doubt. Hereafter shall keep in stock, a complete assortment, and be happy to guarantee to everyone a perfect fit. No one can afford to neglect their eyes or wear inferior glasses. Come and be fitted perfectly with the best.

Would also call special attention to my Boot and Shoe department, which is now very extensive. Am offering the greatest inducement in a ladies fine French Kid button boot at $3.00, which are good value at $4; other lines correspondingly low.

My stock of heavy goods is more than ever large, at lowest prices, for instance,

Good Family Flour, warranted,	$4.75
New Salt in large sacks,	75c
New Lime, per bbl.	1.10

WINTER APPLES

To arrive in a few days, at from about $1 to $2 per bbl. Don't forget that I sell for cash cheap enough to please you.

Butter bought for cash at the highest market price any day.

Potatoes and Eggs wanted.

My Mill is in first class order for grinding all kinds of Feed.

Remember the places

STANSTEAD PLAIN, STANSTEAD STATION, DERBY LINE STATION.

Your humble servant,
AMOS J. LAWRENCE,
Oct. 20, 1886

New Advertisements.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Public Auction at the residence of the late Benj. Smith, one mile west of Way's Mills, on

Thursday, October 28th, 1885,

At 10 o'clock A. M., the following property

14 extra milch Cows, 5 two years old fat Steers, 3 two years old Heifers in calf, 6 Calves, two pairs steer calves well matched, pair yearling steers, 1 six years old driving horse, 1 eight years old work horse, 2 yearling colts, 75 bu wheat, 150 bu Barley, 150 bu oats, 450 bu mixed grain 30 baskets corn, 40 tons hay, 1 double wagon nearly new, 2 single wagons, 2 sleighs, pair work harnesses, 2 single harnesses, farmer's boiler, a lot small Farming Tools and Household Furniture.

Terms made known on the day of sale.

A. Y. SMITH,
W. A. SARGENT, } Executors.
G. H. SMITH,
EDWIN HOWE, Auctioneer.

MANHOOD

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

Just published, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the radical cure of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance, &c.

The celebrated author, in his admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practise, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured: pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents, or two postage stamps. Address

The CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 450 2126y1

The Remedial Compound,

IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best

FEMALE POPULATION.

THE REMEDIAL COMPOUND consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued in ninety-nine cases in a hundred a positive and permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of *Falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements* and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the *Change of Life*. It will dissolve and expell tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to *Cancerous Humors* there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact, it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures *Bloating, Head-aches, Nervous prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.* That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It is impossible for a woman, after a faithful course of treatment with this medicine, to continue to have weakness of the uterus, and thousands of women to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of this remedy.

For the cure of *Kidney Complaints* of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

It dissolves calculi, corrects the chemistry of the urine, restores the normal functions of the kidneys, and prevents the organic degeneration which leads to *Bright's Disease.*

One trial will charm and excite your Enthusiasm.

Remedial Compound is prepared in Pill and Liquid form, $1 per bottle, $7 per doz. Pills (sugar coated) by mail 50c per box.

Address REMEDIAL COMPOUND CO.
Stanstead, P. Q. or Derby Line, Vt.

REMEDIAL LIVER PILLS (sugar coated) cures Torpidity of the Liver, Headache, Billiousness, &c., they are quick, mild no gripeing, and should be used in connection with the Remedial Compound. By mail 25c

Either of the above remedies sent on receipt of price, or had from Druggists generally. 25

CALL AND EXAMINE

H. W. THOMAS'S

—STOCK OF—

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

All are invited to make a close inspection

Ladies in want of House Furnishings, Carpets, Rugs, &c., &c., cannot fail to suit themselves.

Lace Curtains from $2 to $8.00, in White and Cream Guipare.

Lambrequin Plush 60 cents per yard, cord fringe and tassels to match.

Josephine 4 Button Kid Gloves, $1.

A large assortment of

Mantle and Dress Trimmings,

In Plush, Striped and Fancy Velvets, Silk and Velvet Brocades.

A grand display of

FALL MILLINERY,

[Show Room up Stairs.]

Hats, Bonnets and Dress Caps

made to order.

CRAPE WORK A SPECIALTY.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Special discount to the trade.

N. W. THOMAS.
Main and Child Streets, Coaticook. 25

STOVES and RANGES

AT the Line Tin and Stove Store. A good assortment of Cook Stoves, Box and Double Stoves,

Hollow Ware.

Sinks, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Zinc and a full line of Stove Furniture,

TIN WARE

In all of its variety, Agate Ware, Wooden Ware, Japan Ware and fancy Planished and Pressed Ware in variety.

Having secured the services of Mr. C. H. BAILEY am prepared to do all kinds of

JOB WORK

In a good, workman-like manner at the most reasonable prices

All wanting any work done, or a stove or any goods in my line, will do well to give me a call as the prices will be quite reasonable and I will guarantee satisfaction.

Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM HODGDON.
Derby Line, Vt. and Rock Island, P. Q.
August 25, 1886. 18

New Advertisements.

NOTICE.

ALL parties indebted to the Estate of the late Rev. ARIAL MOULTON, are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all claims against said estate are to be duly attested and presented to the undersigned within thirty days.

FANNIE R. MOULTON.
Stanstead, Oct. 8, 1886. 25-3

The Stanstead & Sherbrooke Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The members of the above Company are hereby notified that the following rates of assessment have been levied on all Deposit Notes in force at the undermentioned dates to cover the losses and expenses of the year ending 1st September, 1886.

September	15th,	1885,	½ per cent.
October	15	"	"
November	15	"	"
December	15	"	"
January	15	1886	"
February	15	"	"
March	15	"	"
April	15	"	"
May	15	"	"
June	15	"	1 "
July	15	"	"
August	15	"	"

8 per cent.

The said assessments, forming eight per cent. on the original amount of the Deposit Notes (endorsements for cancels being deducted) are hereby required to be paid at the office of the Company in Sherbrooke, or to an Agent of the Company duly authorized, forthwith.

By order af the Board,
GEO. ARMITAGE,
Sec'y and Treas.
Sherbrooke, 6th October, 1886. 25w2

STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE,

STANSTEAD, P. Q.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Opens Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1886.

Affords English, Commercial, Scientific and Classical courses.
Superior advantages in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing, Painting, and French.
Special facilities for young ladies.
The College Building, large and commodious, recently improved and furnished with excellent system of heating.
Location one of the most beautiful and healthful in the Dominion.
Terms moderate. Send for CATALOGUE, containing full information, to
Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, Principal.

$4.99

I have just received a car of a new brand of warranted roller process

Flour!

Which I will sell at the above price. Remember every barrel is

WARRANTED.

All kinds of

FEED, LIME, SALT, &C., &C.

cheap for cash. My

Grocery Stock

is complete, and as you all know by this time, is sold at a very small profit. Large sales and small profits is the way we get our bread and butter.

$4.99

Buys a good barrel of Flour.

Tobacco Department

A 16 oz plug of B. & L. Tobacco for	50c
A 16 oz bag of smoking,	25c
A 16 oz plug of smoking,	35c
1 pound good chewing,	35c

About 30 other kinds at low prices.

8 bars best Soap,	25c
3 bars Siddalls,	25c

$4.99

I am selling a new

T

for 35 cts which takes the cake for a cheap tea. 3 pounds for $1.00

I have also a good stock of

Hardware

Iron and steel, nails, glass, horse shoes etc, which I shall be pleased to sell cheap.

Please call and examine stock and prices

FRED. T. CASWELL.
Derby Line, Sept. 23, 1886. 91

A good barrel of Flour for

$4.99

FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at the D. W. Mack place, situated at the junction of the roads meeting at Hutchinson's and Comstock's Mills, consisting of a good set of buildings and about 85 acres of choice land in a fine state of cultivation, running water at the buildings and good sugary. Property will be sold with or without the crops. For particulars inquire of C. R. RUTTER on the premises. 19

Stanstead, August 31, 1886.

TAKE NOTICE.

HAVING purchased the stock of the late T W WYMAN, we will continue the business at Stanstead Plain, under the name of

PARSONS & TERRILL.

R C PARSONS, GEO F TERRILL

We have gone all over the stock, and have reduced the prices to hard pan, and think if you will give us a call that you will say that a dollar will go much farther than you ever knew it to before in this shop. We have also 5-10-15 and 25 ct counters, on which can be found everything from a thimble to a bear trap. If you do not believe it, come and see.

Stanstead, Sept. 8, 1886. 20

Farm For Sale!

THE undersigned offers for sale his farm, being East one-half of Lot No. 8, in the 14th Range of the Township of Stanstead. Said farm is pleasantly situated about 5 miles from Stanstead Plain on the stage road to Coaticook; is conveniently divided into tillage, pasture and wood land, with a sugar orchard of about 400 trees and a lot of cedar timber thereon; there is a fine trout brook running through it and a fish pond unsurpassed by any in the Townships. Said farm is under a good state of cultivation and buildings in good repair, with good water on the premises. The property will be sold at a bargain, and on easy terms. For further particulars apply to C. A. SEARLES.

Beebe Plain, Aug. 23, 1886. 18

New Advertisements.

--SUPPOSING--

YOU ARE IN NEED OF

A RIFLE,
A SHOT GUN,
REVOLVER,
SHELLS WADS,
SHOT, POWDER,
Caps. Primers.
CARTRIDGES, &C.
OR WANT TO RENT A SHOT GUN
THEN TRY
FLINT & LAYTHE

P. O. ROOMS,
Derby Line, Vt.

Wanted.

A GOOD WORK HORSE in exchange for a Buggy.

MARK HALL.
Rock Island, Sept 29, 1886. 23-3

H. C. WILSON,

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.,

—Dealer in—

High Class American and Canadian Pianos & Organs.

Henry F. Miller, Heintzman & Co. and Emerson Pianos.

ESTEY ORGANS! BELL ORGANS!

These Instruments always in stock

Lowest Prices and Liberal Terms!

A Special Discount on all Sales

During Dominion Exhibition at Sherbrooke.

Write for latest Catalogue and Price List.

H. C. WILSON,
Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Odell's Block, - Opposite Market.
19

CLEARING OUT SALE!

As I am going out of business at

AYER'S FLAT,

I offer the balance of my stock at unheard of prices.

Mens' Rock Island Roots, $2 45.

Good all-wool Flannel from 25 to 28 inches wide, 20 to 25 cts. per yard.—Good Union do 16 cts; Shirtings 7, 8, 9 and 10 cts, 6 papers pins or mixed needles 10 cts; thread 3 cts.

Fourteen pounds Redpath's extra granulated Sugar $1,00; 4 bars Dingman's Electric Soap 25 cents; 9 bars do 50 cts, 1 lb whole Cinnamon 12 cts 2 lbs Candy 25 cts; 20 lbs Whiting 30 cents; 20 lbs Resin 30 cts; Rising Sun, Sunbeam and Brilliant Stove Polish 3c. Diamond Dyes 6 cents, 12 qut. Dish Pan 16c. Washdish 6c, Water ladles 5c, Fire Shovels 5c, Dust Pans 8 to 12c, and a quantity of other Tin Ware equally cheap. 3 boxes Matches 25 cents, clothes lines 5c, 4 Mop sticks 25c, Brooms 15 cents. These are new goods bought within the last three weeks and for which I paid 100 cents on the dollar.

And Now about my Bankrupt Goods.

I have added about $2,000 worth of Goods within the last 15 days which, with the bankrupt stock on hand before, makes me about $8,000 worth, that cost me less than 60cts on the dollor, and they

MUST BE SOLD.

Will sell my Prints and Summer Dress Goods at from fifteen to forty per cent less than they cost at wholesale. Wide English prints five to eight cents per yard.

Fall and Winter Dress Goods, Tweeds, Table Linen, Cretonnes, &c. at less than wholesale prices. Silks, Satins, Corsets, Hamburgs, Lawns, Muslins, Dress Trimmings, etc. from twenty to fifty per cent less than the wholesale price.

Cottons Clear Down!

Balance of ready made clothing at from 25 to 40 per cent less than the same cost at wholesale.

$300 worth of men's and boys' wool hats at from 25 to 40 per cent less than the invoice price. A large lot of Boots and Shoes cheaper than ever. Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, cheap, cheap, including stoves. The place to buy paints, oil varnish, &c.

The largest stock of Patent Medicines in in the Townships, outside of drug stores, and from thirty to fifty per cent cheaper than at any other establishment.

What Goods I have that were bought will be sold as cheap, or cheaper than formerly, and my bankrupt stock at from 20 to 50 per cent less than the invoice price.

Remember that I bought for lest than 60 cents on the dollar, that I am going out of business and the goods must go. Those that come first will have the best assortment to choose from, as I shall not sort up after this. If any one tells you that they will sell you new goods bought regular as cheap, or anywhere near as cheap as I will sell the balance of my stock, you may know that they are willing to tell anything to get trade.

NO CREDIT.

I want averybody to come, but if anythinghapens that you cannot come be sure and send your money

The store must be closed before cold weather sure, and you will not have such a chance again to get goods for the Fall and winter. A large lot of Wall Paper at about half

Local Directory.

Pass. & Mass. Valley Railway.

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 North, (Mail)	7 00 p m
Going South, (Express)	10 15 p m

ARRIVE AT STANSTEAD.

From Express train North,	6 50 a m
From Mail train South,	6 50 a m
From Mixed going South	12 30 a m
From Mixed going North,	3 00 p m
From Mail going North,	7 25 p m
From Express going South,	10 40 p m

LEAVE STANSTEAD JUNCTION.

Night Express north,	6 17 a m
Mail train south,	6 39 a m
Way Freight south,	12 25 p m
Way Freight north,	2 50 p m
Mail train north,	7 13 p m
Night Express south,	10 30 p m

10 minutes difference at Smith's Mills.

POST OFFICES.

The Post Offices at Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, havedaily mailsfrom Boston and Montreal and all intermediate points. Time of arrival and departure are governed by the time tables 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. Mr. Chambers,) Sunday services, Stanstead, 10-30, a m 7-30, p m.
Episcopal—(Rev. W. T. Forsythe) Sunday services, 10 30, a m 7, p. m. Wednesday Evening service at 7 30. 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 30 p. m.
Catholic—(Rev. Mr. Dufrense) Sunday services, 10, a. m., 2 p. m.
Methodist Church, Beebe Plain—(Rev. T. J. Mansell,)—Service every Sabbath at 10.30. Social meeting at 7 p.m

SOCIETIES.

Oriental Lodge, I.O.O.F.
Derby Line, Vt.,
Meetings every Monday evening at 7½. Members of the order are cordially invited o attend. F. T. CASWELL, *Sec'y.*

Frontier Encampment, No. 13, I.O.O.F
Derby Line, Vt.
Meetings second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7½ P.M.
F. T. CASWELL, *Scribe.*

Masonic Hall, Stanstead, Q.
GOLDEN RULE LODGE,
No. 5, F. & A. M.
Regular communication Tuesday, Nov 9, 1886.
C. M. THOMAS, *Sec'y*

COURT MAPLE, No. 15, C. O. F.
Stanstead Plain, P. Q.
Meetings at Court Room, Flint Lane, first and third Wednesdays of each month. All brethren are cordially invited.
C. L. EEKHOFF, W. R. S.

Border Lodge, No. 151, I. O. G. T.
Rock Island, Que.
Meetings at Chapel, Maple Avenue, every Monday evening at 7:30.
Members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
J. C. HOLLAND, *Sec'y.*

Local Department.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1886

New Advertisements.

Executor's Sale—Edwin Howe.
Public Notice—A N Thompson.
Manhood—Culverwell Medical Co.
A Great Success—A J Lawrence.

— Just received at the JOURNAL Office a choice stock of linen stationery, black and red inks, pencils, etc. Cone inks at 50 cts per doz.

— We are having fine weather again.

— Mr. J. J. Webster is about moving from Newport to Boston.

— Work has commenced on the new Odd Fellows' building at Derby Line.

— Mr. Camp of the Newport *Express*, is taking a vacation trip through the West.

— Some in this vicinity are taking advantage of excursion rates to visit "The Hub."

— Thos. Fiske of Vergennes, Vt., had three tons of honey, the product of his bees this season.

— A court of the Canadian order of Foresters was installed at Magog, on Wednesday last.

— G. R. Caswell and family have closed their house for the winter, and taken quarters at Foster's hotel.

— The Provincial election muddle reminds one of "Yum-Yum's" song "Here's a pretty state of things."

— WANTED—Two good Coat Makers, to whom good wages will be paid. W. B. LEBARON, North Hatley.

— Rev. Geo. Dunlap exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Drisko of Derby, on Sunday.

— Returning Officer Shurtleff's official return of the election in this county, will be found in another column.

— It is the close season now for fish, and it is intimated that all persons caught fishing will be dealt with according to law.

— Angus R. McLeod was killed by a train on the International road one day last week. The man had been drinking heavily for several days, and had laid down on the track.

— George Heath, the young assistant of Mr. Chase, the station agent here, had the misfortune to have one of his feet badly injured on Monday at Stanstead Junction. He undertook to step upon the pilot of the engine when the train was moving, but slipping, his foot was caught by one of the wheels and badly crushed. It is thought his foot can be saved.

— The "race and revenge" cry was more of a success than was anticipated, but is a bad cry notwithstanding its success.

— A new clerk arrived at the Rock Island House last Thursday, who for the present demands considerable attention. See births.

— Mr. Calvin Richmond of Derby, while assisting to set up a threshing machine on Saturday, had a shock of paralysis, and has been unconscious since.

— Mr. Reuben Holman, formerly of Brown's Hill, was recently married to Miss Fuller, of Newbury Park, Cal. Mr. Holman is postmaster at Newbury Park, and proprietor of the Halfway House between Los Angelos and Ventura.

— Friday evening, the 22d, inst., the Rev. Mr. Dunlap will deliver the opening address of the S. W. C. Literary Society, in the College. Subject—"Martin Luther." All are cordially invited to be present. Admission free.

— Mr. and Mrs. Chandler of Chicago, have returned home from their trip to Europe, which was taken in consequence of the ill health of Mr. Chandler, who returns without being benefited by the trip. Mrs. Chandler will be remembered here as the daughter of Mrs. L. K. Benton of Stanstead.

— Mr. F. Rae of Compton, had his team stolen on Monday evening of last week by Frederick Kemp, who drove to Coaticook where offered the team for sale, which led to his arrest. He was taken before a magistrate and chose a speedy trial which took place before Mr. Rioux, on Wednesday, when he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to six months imprisonment.

— The depot at Cowansville was entered by burglars on a night recently, the safe blown open and $15 obtained. The modern burglar is an ill used person, and should change his profession to something that pays better. He is nowhere when compared with the "American colony" in Montreal, who have retired on fat "takes" in banks and other trusted employments.

— The two supposed burglars recently arrested mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. W. T. Knight in the vicinity of Smith's Mills, were arraigned before Mr. Justice Rioux on the 9th and gave their names as William Shaw and George Ireland. A preliminary examination was held. Mr. Somerville of East Hatley identified some of the clothing found upon the parties as having been stolen from the store of Somerville and LeBaron on the night of the 21st of September, also articles now in the hands of the police. Mr. George Rogers testified as to the arrest of the men in Stanstead. He made a partial search of their persons and saw articles since identified by Mr. Somerville, and various articles useful to burglars, such as bits, fuse, powder, revolvers, blowpipe, dark lanterns, &c. The case was adjourned to Monday, when W. T. Knight testified as to these men and two others having been at his house on the day they were arrested and had dinner there. He had been warned to look out for some suspicious characters, one of the men who had escaped answering to a description he had received, he telegraphed to Rogers. When the parties started after dinner he followed them and when he saw Rogers coming, arrested Shaw, Rogers arrested Ireland, the other two making their escape to the woods.

Mr. Wm. Guilbert of Magog identified some of the articles found upon prisoners as having been stolen from his store. The case was further adjourned until the 20th.

Magog.

The first snow of any amount, came on the night of the 15th; the ground was white.

Our election passed off very quietly, Magog still showing her colors with a good round majority for Baldwin.

Mr. Samuel Hoyt and wife started for Kansas, Saturday. Mr. Hoyt has spent his winters there for a long time.

The news from Mr. Johnson, who went to Minneapolis, is that his health is improving.

Lang and Bullard have opened an oyster saloon in Lang's store.

There is to be a private school opened in Lang's hall.

It is said there will be no seining far lounge in the lake this year, to supply the fish hatchery, the eggs to stock the fishery are to come from Georgian Bay, and all fish-law breakers are to be prosecuted with unusual vigor.

The work on the Methodist church is being pushed forward rapidly by Mr. Wallace of Waterloo, who has the job. It is being built on Merry street, nearly opposite the Catholic church.

Mrs. L. H. Drew had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, by slipping from the sidewalk.

Mr. Gilbert's store, Drew's carriage shop and the C. V. R. station were broken into last week; the thieves did not fare very well, but did a lot of damage to the safes.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad car was exhibited here on Saturday.

Thanksgiving services were held in the Episcopal church, Friday night, Rev. Mr. Thorneloe, of Sherbrooke, being present.

OFFICIAL RETURNS,

Election for Electoral District of Stanstead, Oct. 14, 1886.

		Baldwin.	Lovell.	Tot'l vote
Coaticook,	No. 1	33	79	112
"	" 2	56	52	108
"	" 3	71	48	119
"	" 4	24	51	75
Dixville,		79	28	107
B. S. H. Barford	No. 48	39		87
"	So. 107	19		126
B. C. Barnston	No. 1 50	76		126
B. S. H. "	" 2 24	64		88
B. Corner "	" 3 69	33		102
W. Mills "	" 4 64	43		107
Hatley	No. 1 51	57		108
"	" 2 30	37		67
"	" 3 26	79		105
"	" 4 35	29		64
Stanstead Plain,		53	46	99
Beebe Plain,		38	32	70
Georgeville	No. 1 22	37		59
Fitch Bay,	" 2 31	63		94
Griffin's Corner	" 3 24	56		80
Libby's Mills,	" 4 44	42		86
Rock Island,	" 5 58	42		100
Mansur S. H.	" 6 30	45		75
Magog East,	107	31		138
Magog West,	111	39		150
Totals,	1285	1167		2452

Majority for Baldwin, 118.

OTIS SHURTLEFF,
Returning Officer.

Hatley.

Never before has an election of a Member to Parliament passed off as quietly, and with so much general indifference, as did that of the 14th inst. in this Township, at least in the East part of it. In the North and West parts of the Township, there were meetings and discussions, but not much enthusiasm. In the East division, only about two thirds of the voters cast their ballots, and for the first time tor many years, there was a small majority of votes polled for the Liberal candidate there, and that as the result of the want of action on the part of the Conservatives, only a very few of whom used any exertion to secure the election of their candidate.

Last Saturday was appointed for a "squirrel hunt," and although the day was cold, stormy and windy, and but little game of any kind was killed on that day, a large amount of game was brought in and counted, with the approval of the parties.

The weather has a decidedly wintry aspect. The ground was white with snow on Saturday, and was slightly frozen, and a flurry of snow was in the air during a part of the day. The weather is milder now, but still cool and cloudy.

A young man by the name of Gilbert Witherell, died of typhoid fever, at Ayer's Flat on Saturday last.

Mr. Joseph Cox of Massawippi, lies at the point of death, having been sick more than six months.

The gorgeous appearance which the forest leaves assumed only a week ago, has now entirely disappeared, the recent high winds having deprived the trees of their foliage and beauty.

CHARLESTON VILLAGE, Oct. 13.

MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR:—We in this vicinity are indebted to the Quebec Woman's Christian Temperance Union for a visit of Mrs. Walker, of Rhode Island, who has been much engaged in the temperance work in that state, and which has resulted in the Constitutional Amendment to the laws prohibiting the sale and manufacture of alcohol, within the limits of the State. This lady lectured here on the evening of the 6th, to a full house. The lecture was instructive and entertaining, and carried the audience along with it. The language was fluent, and had much of pathos, with a vein of humor running through the whole discourse. Some amusing stories were told, and the speaker was often interrupted by the rounds of applause.—Mrs. Walker is a power for good wherever she goes, and should she again visit our town, I would bespeak for her a good audience.

I take this opportunity to tender my thanks to the Trustees of the Methodist church in this village, for the liberality which they have always shown in opening its doors to temperance meetings, harvest festivals, and in short, to all such gatherings as tend to the cultivation of the spirit of "Peace on Earth, good will to Man."

An Associate Member of the
W. C. T. U.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT AILS ME,"

says many a sufferer. "I have the 'blues' frightfully; I am troubled with headache and dizziness; I have lost my appetite; there is a bad taste in my mouth constantly. What is the matter with me?" We will tell you; you are "billious." Get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," use it faithfully, and you will soon be a new man again. All druggists have it.

Archibald Forbes has written a book entitled "The Kings I Have Met."—It would be interesting to know whether he met them with queens or aces.

There is a very religious restaurant in Boston, on the walls of which there is an odd jumble of texts of scripture and items from the bill of fare, something as follows: "He Shall Feed His Flock Like a Shepherd—Hot Sausages, 10 cents." "If you be Obedient ye shall eat of the Fat of the Land—Hot Apple-sauce, 5 cents." "God moves in a mysterious way—Hash 10 cents." "Be careful for nothing—Coffee and Cakes, 10 cents."

"Mr. Lightweight, can I get trusted for another ton of coal!" "Chestnut?" "Yes, I know I've asked you a great many times, but—ah, excuse me; yes, chestnut, please."—[Chicago News.

Quebec Central Railway.

The Favorite Route to Quebec, the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, St Leon Springs, Etc., Etc.

Only Line Running Parlor Cars to Quebec

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1886,

TRAINS WILL LEAVE SHERBROOKE,

EXPRESS—Leaves Sherbrooke, 8.15 a m, arrive Beauce Jct. 12.20 p m, arrive Harlaka Jct 2.05 p m, arrive Levis at 2.29 p m, and arrive Quebec by Ferry, 2.30 p m. arrive Riviere de Loup 6.30 p m, arrive Cacouna 6.40 p m.

MIXED—Leaves Sherbrooke 7.15 a m, arrives at Beauce Jct. 4.30 p m, arrives St. Francis, 7.45 p m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT SHERBROOKE,

EXPRESS—Leaving Quebec Ferry 2.15 p m, leaves Levis, 2.45 p m, Beauce Jct 4.40 p m, arrives Sherbrooke 8.40 p m

MIXED—Leaves St. Francis 6 a m, Beauce Jct 7 a m, arrive Sherbrooke 3 p m.

QUICK TIME! NO DELAY! BEAUTIFUL SCENERY! SURE CONNECTIONS!

Passengers leaving Stanstead by Pass. R'y. morning train, make sure connections at Sherbrooke.

Connections at Harlaka Jct. and Levis with the Intercolonial Railway for River du Loup, Cacouna and all Sea Bathing points on the St. Lawrence, at Quebec with the Saguenay Steamers for all points on the lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, with Canadian Pacific R'y, for Three Rivers, St. Leon Springs and points west, and with Richelieu Co. Steamers for Montreal and the West.

Reduced rates during the Summer Season on Tourist Tickets to

QUEBEC, RIVIERE DU LOUP, CACOUNA, MURRAY BAY, HA HA BAY, CHICOUTIMI, ST. LEON SPRINGS, &C.

Apply for full information and list of Excursions at Union Ticket Office, Sherbrooke

J. R WOODWARD,
Gen. Manager.

J. H. WALSH, A. G P. A.

Insurance Agency.

REPRESENTING the following standard Companies:

Stanstead and Sherbrooke Mutual, The Fire Insurance Association of London, England, and The Royal of England. All classes of risks taken at the lowest rates.

J. A. C. GAGE, Agent.
Fitch Bay, July 20, 1886. 13

SILVER ACORN.

STILL AHEAD, and is without doubt, the best Cook Stove in the market for the money. Persons desirous of buying, will do well to call and see it before purchasing any other. We are the only firm handling this stove in this vicinity, and make it our leader. Also Parlor Stoves, Double Stoves, Cook Stoves, Cylinder and Coal Stoves in great variety; pumps, lead pipe, Agate and Hollow Ware, Tinware, coal hods, stove pipe, hot air drums, and other things too numerous to mention.

To Farmers intending to set Evaporators if you want a fast boiling, wood saving Evaporator, call and see the

Ingalls Ligtning Evaporators,

which we are selling on easy terms, also sap buckets, sap spouts, nails, and all

Sugaring Utensils.

Save money by ordering early; the above to be sold for a very small advance over and above cost for the next 30 days. Don't forget we are the only party that keep the Silver Acorn.

HALL BROTHERS.
H. H. HALL.

E. C. HALL,
Stanstead, Dec. 22, 1885. 84

JUST RECEIVED!

One car load choicest

ROLLER PATENT FLOUR,

'SNOW FLAKE'

At $5.00 per barrel.

Also one car choice

SEED OATS.

One car of

FINE SHORTS.

And all will be sold at the

Very Lowest Prices.

W. T. KNIGHT.

Smith's Mills, Que.

THE HOLIDAYS

Are near at hand, and remember that

Jas. A. Gilmore's

Is the place to buy your

Choice Groceries.

Flour of all grades. Fresh Confectionery as usual, as pure as sugar can make and as low as the lowest. Nuts of all kinds, Canned Fruits, Potted Meats, Pickles, Ketchup and Sauces, Fruits, all kinds, such as Bananas, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Cranberries, Raisins. Pork, Lard, Hams, Bacon Dried Beef, Tripe, Bologna & fresh Sausage, smoked and salt Fish and Oysters. As for my Teas Coffees and Spices, I am as usual at the head, for instance, that 50c tea, who can beat it both for strength and flavor; and then next comes the old reliable 35c tea, or 3 lbs for $1 that is so well known among you all. I have also a 25c tea which is a great bargain.

Perfumes and Toilet Articles,

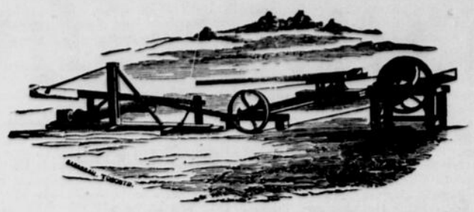
Pocket Cutlery and Smokers Articles, Toboggans, Indian Moccasins, Snow Shoes and Children's Sleds.

Cigars, cigarettes, fine cut and plug Tobaccos, in great variety.

All kinds of Farm Produce for sale, and taken as cash in exchange for goods.

Wishing you a merry X mas, and thanking you all for you past patronage, and soliciting a continuation I remain, yours,

JAS. A. GILMORE.
Rock Island, Dec. 1, 1885



The above cut represents my celebrated

SWEEP SAWING MACHINES,

which without exception is the most perfect machine of its kind in the market, made of the best material, steel shafts, babbeted boxes, with all the modern improvements. Is strong and durable, and fully warranted Will cut from 25 to 40 cords of stove wood per day. Also by use of a belt, any machine which can be handled with two horse power, can be run, such as circular saw, hay cutter, churn, farmer's grinding mill, cylender for threshing grain, &c. The price being so low, they are within the reach of nearly all farmers, and without any question a profitable machine. They are giving entire satisfaction, and meeting with ready sale wherever introduced.

For full particulars address,

G. A. LeBARON.
Manufacturer.

HEAD OFFICE, Beckett's Block, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

The Stanstead and Sherbrooke Mutual FIRE INSURANCE Co'y.

ESTABLISHED IN - - 1885

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

G. H. ALLEN, Waterloo. JOS. BEDARD, Richmond. Lt.-Col. B. T. MORRIS, Ascot. C. A. BAILEY, Cookshire. E. P. BUCK, Sherbrooke, Dr. T. M. PRIME, Knowlton. H. B. BROWN, Sherbrooke. S. H. C. MINER, Granby. M. F. HACKETT, Stanstead. H. B. BROWN, Pres't. H. C. MINER Vice-Pres't. GEO. ARMITAGE, Sec.-Treas. GEO. POMROY, Local Agt. for Stanstead East. J. A. C. GAGE, Local Agt. for Stanstead West.

All losses liberally adjusted and promptly settled. Risks carefully taken and large LINES avoided.

The Eastern Townships MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

HEAD OFFICE - BEEBE PLAIN, P. Q.

C. H. McCLINTOCK, President and Treasurer, Beebe Plain.
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C. F. COPP, Secretary. C. A. JENKINS, Stanstead, Agent

By the MUTUAL system profits remain with the policy, being a Home Company. Losses by Lightning, whether fire ensues or not, paid by this Company.

LUMBER YARD.

I HAVE established a Lumber Yard at my store, and shall keep in stock all kinds Dimention Lumber,

Plank, Joist, Shingles, Clapboards.

Planed and Matched Boards, Lath, &c., all of which will be sold at market prices.

FRED T. CASWELL.
Derby Line, May 26, 1886. 5

J. W. BACON,

House Painter and Paper Hanger.

PAPERING and Decorating Ceilings a specialty. Tinting that will not crock or rub, in all shades.

Having been absent for many years and therefore a comparative stranger in these parts, I beg to refer to the following well known citizens: W C Webster, Coaticook, L E Parker, Hatley, Eugene St Dizier, Massawippi.

Massawippi, June 9, 1886. 7

New Groceries, Provisions

—AND—

WOOLEN GOODS!

THE undersigned having disposed of his meat business, has purchased large additions to his stock of

Groceries and Provisions,

and will keep in stock, a line of

Flour, Corn, Meal, Middlings, Bran

Oat meal, salt Fish, dried Beef, Tripe, Teas, Coffees, Spices of all kinds, canned goods, Confectionery of all kinds,

Tobacco and Cigars,

All kinds of Fruits in their seaso, green and dry, and in fact all the articles usually kept in a first class

GROCERY STORE,

Also, a good line of All Wool

Cloths, Blankets and Yarn.

These are first-class goods, and will be sold cheap for cash, or in exchange for wool. Also Nails, Screws, Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils,

Stationery and Blank Books,

Patent Medicines, and a variety of articles not necessary to enumerate. Smoke the

Pure Havana Pearl,

the best cigar for the money in Canada. Call and see goods and get prices.

C. A. SEARLES.
Beebe Plain, Q., June 8, 1886. 7

The Standard Bred Hambletonian and Clay Stallion

"STANSTEAD."

PEDIGREE.

STANSTEAD, better known as "Best's Volunteer," but registered under the name of "Stanstead, No. 3790," in Wallace's Registry, 212 Broadway, New York, under Rule 7 in Volume 6 A. T. R., was foaled in 1875. Sired by Volunteer, 55, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam Venus, by Nonpariel, 3576, son of Cassius M Clay.—Stanstead inherits the combined trotting qualities of the Hambletonians and Clays, the best trotting stock the world has ever produced; he is a direct descendant of Volunteer, who has produced more trotters with records below 2 20 than any other stallion known, viz:—St Julian, 2 12¼; Gloster, 2 17; Alley, 2 19; Bodine, 2 19½; and eighteen others, with records of 2 30 or under.

DESCRIPTION.

STANSTEAD is a solid Mahogany Bay, of good disposition and a natural trotter, having shown in a trial of speed, as a four-years-old, 2 39. He is about 15¾ hands high and in fair condition will weigh 1100.

While strongly made, with a heavy mane and tail, he shows no coarseness in any part and is as quick as any colt, and when at speed his action is simply perfect, with a bold and fearless way of going; and many of his colts, although but two years old, inherit with uniformity his marvelous qualities.

STANSTEAD will make the season of 1886 as follows:—Mondays, from 8 a. m. till 1 p. m., at Fitch Bay; at 4 p m at Georgeville; Monday night till Tuesday noon, at Harvey Austin's, Peasley Corner; Tuesday nights till 3 p m Wednesdays, at John Hall's, Bolton Centre; night till 5 p m Thursdays, at E. C. Perkins', Mansonville; Thursday nights till 1 p m Fridays, at D. M. Murray's, Potton; remainder of the week at the proprietor's stable, Harvey's Wharf, Lake Memphremagog, about 4½ miles from Beebe Plain.

Terms—$10 to warrant, $8 for the season, to end the 15th of August. All accidents to mares at the owner's risk. All mares disposed of before time of foaling are supposed to be in foal and are chargeable. All mares by the season to be settled for by the 31st Dec. 1886.

H. TOMKINS.
Beebe Plain, June 1, 1886. 6

NOTICE.

THE highest cash prices paid for

HIDES AND SHEEP PELTS.

G B. MONTLE.
Stanstead Plain, Aug. 17, 1886. 17

Rock Island Machine Shop.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

THE undersigned has leased the well known Rock Island Shop, where he is now prepared to do all kinds of Job Work and Repairing. Threshing and mowing machines a specialty, and all kinds of mill work done to order.

Call and see me.

J. C. HAY.
Rock Island, June 22, 1886. 9

FOR SALE.

MY Woolen Mill at Way's Mills, Barnston, P. Q, with steam and water power, so it can be run at all times of the year. A good custom business in Yarns and Tweeds; also three dwelling houses, two barns and gardens. Being desirous of retiring from the business, I offer the whole or a part of the above property at a very low price. For price and terms apply to

L. S. WAY.
Way's Mills, Q. April 22, 1886. 1

HAYING Tools

—OF ALL KINDS—

—and—

Best Quality,

—at—

LOW PRICES!

—o—

HORSE RAKES,

MOWING MACHINES,

HAY TEDDERS.

GRIND STONES.

—o—

DRY GOODS!

GROCERIES

Hardware

HATS and CAPS!

BOOTS AND SHOES!

PAPER HANGINGS!

CROCKERY and GLASS!

&c., &c., &c. Cheap at

GEO. S. CARPENTER'S.

Derby Line, Vt., June 28, 1886.

JOURNAL

STEAM PRINTING HOUSE!

The Stanstead Journal.

A live Newspaper, devoted to the interests of the Eastern Townships.

$1 a Year in Advance.

A First-class Advertising Medium.

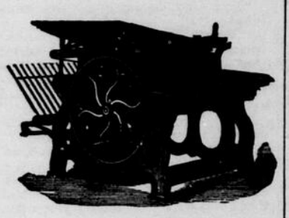
JOB PRINTING.

Our Job Office is well fitted for general

JOB PRINTING,

Having good Presses,
A variety of good Type,
And good Workmen,

We solicit orders from the public generally which we trust we can fill satisfactorily doing everything from a large Poster to a fine Address Card.



Particular attention given to

COMMERCIAL PRINTING.

A good Stock of Bill Head, Letter Head Statement and Plain Note Papers kept on hand, and will be printed as cheap as good stock and good work can be furnished.

ENVELOPES

Printed or plain, furnished as low as the cost of Stock will permit.

In short, we are prepared to furnish on brief notice

Posters,
Handbills,
Flyers,
Circulars,
Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Programmes,
Receipts,
Notes,
Pamphlets,
Address Cards,
Ball Cards,
Business Cards,
Tickets,
Labels, &c

Colored and Bronze Work

Done at reasonable rates.

BLANK BOOKS

—AND—

STATIONERY.

We have just received from well known Canadian manufacturers a good line of

BLANK BOOKS,

Consisting of Ledgers, Journals, Day Books Record Books, Quartos, &c., &c.,

which we can sell at low prices.

Also, a good stock of Foolscap, Commercial Note and Octavo Note Papers, both ruled and plain.

A stock of Envelopes, in White, Amber, Canary, and Buff Papers, from 12 inch down to 3's.

Papers and Envelopes sold at wholesale rates by the quantity.

A good stock of Stephens Black Inks in quarts, pints, half pints and cones.

Gillott's Pens by the gross,

Card Stock by the sheet or cut to order.

A quantity of fine cut cards, all sizes.

Pencils, Writing Pads, etc.

Call for these goods at the

JOURNAL OFFICE.

H. Kathan,

THE

Mammoth Store

ROCK ISLAND.

I HAVE RECEIVED a good stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER

GOODS,

—That I will sell—

CHEAP!

Call and see them.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

Just Received

From Megantic, a lot of

TIMOTHY SEED.

Also Alsike and common Red Clover Seed

White Russian Seed Wheat,

ENSILAGE SEED CORN,

A variety of Canadian Peas, Beet and Mangold seeds, and a full line of Field and Garden Seeds.

A Fine Display fo

DRESS GOODS.

Of all descriptions, suitable for the season.

—PRINTS—

In great variety,

BARGAINS

In Linen Towelings, Napery, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Hosiery. Brown and Bleached Cottons, Ticking, Denims, Drilling, Cotton Warp, Yarn, Knitting Cotton, &c.

THE BEST STOCK OF

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

Laces, Edgings, Kid, Lisle Thread and cheap Gloves found in the country.

My Stock of Clothing

Is complete, and will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.

Boots & Shoes,

For Ladies, Gents., Misses, Boys and Children, in all varieties and prices.

A Large Stock of

Umbrellas and Sun Shades, in great variety and at all prices.

MY GROCERY STOCK

Is complete. All goods as represented.

Head-Quarters for Downer's Kerosene,

Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

FURNITURE,

Of all descriptions, including Parlor Sets, Chamber Sets in Walnut, Ash and Painted, Tables, Lounges, &c.

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Plain White Stone China, Colored and Gilt Dinner Sets, China Tea Sets, White and Colored Toilet Sets, Common Plates, Teas, Bowls, and Pitchers.

My Stock of Hardware

Is complete in all its branches. Call and get prices before going elsewhere.

1 Car Corn,
1 " Oats,
1 " Midlings,
1 " Bran,
2 " Flour,
1 " Lime,
50 Bushels Hair,
10,000 Brick.

Higgins' Eureka Dairy Salt, Liverpool Salt, Butter Tubs, Churns and Dairy Utensils.

1 Two-Horse Lumber Wagon

—For sale cheap.—

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, at cash prices.

C. H. KATHAN.
Rock Island, April 29, 1886.

'49,

The Gold-Seeker of the Sierras.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Just as Carrie was about to sing she glanced down the trail and paused; her eyes opened to their widest extent.

"The Vigilantes!" cried the girl, as she looked down the trail over her shoulder. All started to their feet as they heard a sullen tread. The Vigilantes strode into the yard, Gully at their head.

"There!" he shouted, as he pointed at Devine. "That's the man that robbed me."

"You are the prisoner of the Vigilantes!" said the captain of the company. "Iron him, men!"

Here the old miner's voice rang out: "Stop! One word! You all know me. I've been here since '49. This boy—what do you want?"

"The man who robbed me of my papers," shouted Gully.

"We want the robber," said the captain, respectfully.

"Yes, we want the robber. I want my papers," roared Gully.

The old man snatched the papers from his bosom, and as he held them aloft cried: "Here they are, and I am the robber!"

"What! You, old '49'?"

"Yes, I! Old '49.'"

CHAPTER XI.

VIGILANTES.

The morning must succeed the night.
All storms subside. The clouds drive by.
And when again the glorious light
From heaven's gate comes bursting through,
Behold! The rains have washed the sky
As bright as heaven's bluest blue.

The sun next morning burst over the mighty Sierra summits to the east, and down into the little mining camp, in possession of the so-called Vigilantes, with a glory and splendor unknown to any other land on earth. What cares nature for the petty battles of poor, scheming, plotting, and ever unsatisfied man?

Snowe had come post-haste as he had promised. He had established himself for the night, along with old black Sam, in Mississip's hotel, while "'49" was kept a prisoner in his own cabin by the Vigilantes, waiting trial for his life.

"'49" had not even yet had the heart to reveal himself to his boy. He would "strike it" yet in the old tunnel, and then, with heaps of gold, he would take him to his heart.

Devine had left "'49," with Carrots at his side, under guard in his own cabin, and sought the shrewd but crabbed old lawyer. The two were returning to the cabin together, where "'49's" trial was to be held. The young man was full of concern. He knew better than did the old lawyer how quick, merciless, and cruel are the Vigilantes.

"These Vigilantes," he said to Snowe, "are blood-thirsty; I am so afraid he may have to suffer."

"Nonsense. Never fear. I never lost a case or made a mistake in my life. No, sir. Never lost a case," retorted Snowe.

"It's fortunate you came. Of course, he has no money to defend himself with. But I tell you he is innocent. And rather than see him suffer, I will proclaim myself the guilty party. You will, you must save him. If he dies, I die with him."

"Stuff! gammon! rubbish! You've got to live; go to-night to your mother at the railroad station. Left her there till I could come on and fix up this bother about the heiress. She wants to see you, you young rogue, of course; only two hours away, but it's awful 'stageing.'"

"Yes, I must see my mother; poor, dear mother. But you will save '49'?"

"Save him! Of course I will save him. I never made a mistake, and never lost a case, I tell you."

"Oh, I am so grateful, so thankful you have come," and tears stood in the young man's eyes.

"Yes; you see your mother got alarmed about you when we got your letter. And it did seem to me you had made a fool of yourself. Yes, fool—that's the word. Why, I'd just like to see these Californians twist me around their fingers as they have you. I'd give them law! law!! Yes, sir, law! And now, let me see this old '49'!"

And the brusque and blustering old lawyer attempted to enter the cabin. The guards crossed their guns on his breast.

"I am a lawyer; must see the prisoner; client of mine. I'm a lawyer—lawyer. Do you understand?"

"A lawyer, humph!" muttered the captain.

"Judge Snowe," whispered Devine, "it is useless to tell them you are a lawyer. Vigilantes never allow lawyers to interfere or even be present at any of their trials."

The old advocate was for a moment struck dumb.

In grim silence the guard hustled him off down the trail, black Sam limping after him.

"A lawyer! He must be a stranger in California. A lawyer to interfere with the Vigilantes! Why, we'd never get done," muttered the captain, as he turned and began to read some papers.

"The last hope gone!" sighed Devine, as Gully, entering, shook hands and talked aside with the captain.

"Well, Captain Hampton, I say, bring him out, and give him a fair trial," said the wily villain, with a smirk.

"You will not, you dare not take that old man's life?" gasped Devine, aside to Gully.

"I? No. Of course I shall not attempt any such thing. The law—the honest miner's law—the law of the Vigilantes must take its course. If a man can be knocked down in this camp and robbed of his property, it's time we knew it."

"But you know he is not guilty."

"Listen. You and I know a great deal more, perhaps, than either of us care to tell. If this old man prefers to die in your place, I am the last man to rob him of that privilege. Yesterday I reached out the olive branch. You chose to knock me down and rob me. He chooses to take the responsibility of your act, trusting his gray hairs will save him. Well, I hope they may. We let him rest all night in his own cabin. We will give him a fair trial now."

"You, with your mockery and show of justice, are the devil incarnate," hissed Devine.

"Bring the prisoner out and place him at once on trial," ordered the captain.

The guards opened the cabin door; "'49" came forth from his cabin between the guards, followed by Carrots, weeping.

"Pretty hard on the old man, eh, Carrots?" sneered Gully.

The girl turned on him suddenly, the fury of a tigress gleaming in her expression. Her hands were clinched and her eyes aflame as she cried:

"Now, look here; '49' never wronged anybody in his life. He didn't rob you. He didn't hurt your head that way, and you know it. You got drunk at your weddin' last night and fell into a prospect hole. Wish you'd broke your neck."

"Have you any witnesses for your defence?" asked the captain, in kindly tones, to the silent old prisoner.

"Yes, he has!" cried the girl, as Colonel Billy tottered up the trail.

"What witnesses?" asked Gully.

"Total wreck!" answered the colonel, taking his place beside "'49."

"Hello! Come back to be hung, have you? What can you swear to against his open confession!" cried Gully.

"What do you (hic) require a gentleman to swear to? I'll oblige you; nothin' mean about old Colonel Billy (hic) in a case like this."

"I tell you, boys," cried Carrots, as she turned and appealed to the miners, "he didn't do it. '49' hasn't been in that tunnel for a month. His back's too stiff; got rheumatix. Why, he can't stoop down." And here she bent her neck and reached her face to "'49," who had seated himself on a rock, and whispered sharply in his ear: "Say yes. Don't shake your head like that. Yes, he's got rheumatix so he can't get up when he's down, and he can't get down when he's up. And the idea that he could whip that yaller dog there!"

"Carrots, don't—don't call names," protested "'49."

"Well, he is a dog, and a yaller dog at that. And a yaller dog is the meanest kind of a dog. Yes, yaller dogs sucks eggs," shouted the furious girl.

"Well, I'm a witness. I swear that '49' didn't do it. I swear that the (hic) yaller dog did it himself," blurted out the colonel.

"No, no! It's all right, boys. It's all right. He has been robbed. It was bad, bad. I'm sorry. But he got it back; and I don't deny it," said "'49."

"But you shall not suffer for my—my—" interposed Devine.

"Shoo! speak low. And listen to me, Charley. In the right-hand corner of the further end of the tunnel—I saw by the rocks only yesterday that we are on the edge of a vein, a seam, a river of pure gold."

"Bad, bad! It's in his head again," said the colonel to himself, as he tapped his forehead.

"My dear old pardner, let us forget the tunnel," pleaded Devine.

"Forget that tunnel? Forget my twenty-five years of life wasted there! My wife? My baby in the—" He stopped and shook his head, and then said to himself: "No, there is no baby there now. The baby is here. Charley I have a favor to ask," he continued. "You will do it?"

"If it costs me my life!"

"No, it's not like that. You go now, into the tunnel and bring me the last quartz specimen that fell from your pick—"

"But I cannot leave you."

"Stop! You said if it cost you your life. And yet here you refuse to—"

"Forgive me. I will go. But whatever happens you shall not die." And the young man, after whispering a few words in Carrie's ear, bounded away in the direction of the tunnel.

"There's a great lawyer come, '49,'" said Carrots, hopefully.

"I don't want no lawyer. I want you to listen to me, Carrots."

"Yes, I am listening all the time. What is it?"

"Carrots, in the furthest right-hand corner of the tunnel—" But the crowd was impatient. The Vigilantes were waiting, and Gully, who had been conferring with the captain, came forward and said:

"Well, if you insist, of course we must proceed. Have you any other witnesses?"

"I have no witnesses but myself, accusing myself."

"Yes, you have (hic) plenty of witnesses. I am a standin' witness. I swear that I was with '49' all day yesterday, every minute."

"Can you swear to that?" asked the captain, eagerly.

"Certainly (hic) I can, and I do."

"Hold up your right hand."

In a loud voice, and holding up his left hand, the colonel testified; "I swear that '49' and me yesterday—"

"Hold up your right hand."

The colonel turned around and shifted his old hat from right to left, and again held up his left hand.

"I swear—"

The captain became angry and impatient, and, forcing up his right hand, roughly cried, "Will you be sworn now?"

"No; I'll be hanged if I'll be sworn."

All for a moment was still. Then the captain signalled Gully to tell his story.

"Well, upon the oath of our Order, I swear that on last evening, I, on this very spot, after I had been robbed, accused a party of robbery, and that this old man drew this package from his breast, which had been taken from me not an hour before, and said he was the robber." And, with a great flourish, the pompous and highly-perfumed gentleman threw the papers on the table.

"No, I was there. I heard it all, and I swear he never said it," cried Carrots, springing to her feet.

"Did you say this?" asked the captain, kindly, for he preferred "'49's" word to Gully's oath.

The old man answered, bowing his head, "And I say it now."

"You hear him?" shouted Gully, as he stood in line with the Vigilantes.

There was a silence and a solemnity that were painful. The honest and kindly captain of the Vigilantes, uncovering his head, solemnly asked: "What shall be his sentence?"

"Death!" answered the first Vigilante, uncovering.

"Death!" answered the second, solemnly.

"Death!" said the third, with bowed head.

"Death!" sadly murmured the fourth.

"I vote for life," said Gully, as the captain called for his vote, "but, you see, my voice is powerless. The majority rules in our Order."

"I am satisfied," said "'49," calmly.

"No, no," cried Carrots, appealing to the Vigilantes. "He is my father, my mother, my all! If you take his life, you will kill me."

"Now just (hic) look at that poor gal," hiccoughed Billy. "Here! He's some account. If you want to hang anybody hang me. Nobody cares for me. (Hic.) Total wreck! Total wreck!"

"Take this man away. He ain't worth hanging," said the captain, impatiently, as he pushed the intrusive comet on in its orbit about the camp.

"Pretty low down, boys; pretty low down (hic); ain't worth hangin'. Ain't worth hangin'. Total wreck! Total wreck!"

"But I tell you I will come in! I ain't a lawyer. No I ain't. I am a witness. Yes, I am a witness." And, fighting the obstinate guard with his umbrella, Snowe, with black Sam at his heels, was once more upon the ground. Charley did not go back to the tunnel to seek for the mythical heaps of gold, but found the old lawyer, and persuaded him to return.

"Yes," said Sam, getting behind Snowe. "Yes, he's a witness. He ain't no lawyer dis time, he ain't. He's a witness, sah."

"Snowe, by the seven fiends! But what of it? I've got the girl. I can afford to laugh at them all now!" cried Gully, pale as a ghost and with quivering lips. He had been too busy with his schemes of villainy to perceive the newcomer.

"Yes, I'm a witness. Keep me back if you dare, and I'll send the last mother's son of you to State prison. Yes, I'll give you law, law, till you're sick of it," shouted the lawyer, with a flourish of his umbrella.

"But you ain't no lawyer—shoo!" whispered Sam in his ear.

"No, no! I'm a witness." He crossed to the table, took out his glasses, and gazed at the papers with a long and curious gaze. Then sniffed the air took off his glasses, polished the crystals with his coat-tail, and then, doubling them up, took in a long breath.

It was Gully who was troubled now. "Great heavens!" he muttered, as he advanced cautiously. "I must get those papers from that table or I am lost."

"No! I'm a witness!" shouted Snowe suddenly in his startled ear. "Not a lawyer; a witness!"

"If you will let me have this property of mine—those papers, I—"

"What! Tom Gully, the villainous Gully!" And Snowe put on his glasses to gaze.

"Yes, Lucky Tom Gully. Perhaps you will know me when we meet next."

"Well, I think I shall. But as I rarely visit state prisons, perhaps we will not meet again soon."

Gully disdained to answer, but made an effort to get the papers.

"He wants his papers," said "'49." "It is just right he goes 'em back. I don't deny it sir. It's hard, just as we are about to strike it in the tunnel. But, sir, you're a lawyer; take the tunnel, and see that Charley ain't swindled out of it, sir."

"Now you just hold on, '49'!" cried Carrots. "Lawyers is smart. And I learn tell they can make black things look white sometimes. You jest take them papers, Mister, and see if you can't save '49.' Do, do, do! Them's the papers that makes all the trouble."

Snowe looked at her a moment through his glasses, and then clutched up the papers, as if a bright thought had just entered his brain.

Suddenly the old lawyer stopped, started, puckered his mouth, and gave a long, low whistle of surprise and delight and Gully knew that at last the tables were turned, and that the game was lost. He snatched up his hat and turned to go.

"What's your hurry, Store-clothes?" cried Carrots.

"Stop, these are my papers!" roared Snowe. "Gentlemen of the jury! Gentlemen of the villainous Vigilantes' jury! Mine! My papers! There's my name! My papers, stolen from me by that man."

"But lawyers are tricksters sometimes," said the captain, after stopping Gully.

"We lawyers are your legislators in peace, your generals in war, and your gentlemen always," and Snowe bowed profoundly.

"And these are your papers, you assert, stolen from you by him?"

"My papers, stolen from me by that fragrant and highly-perfumed thief. There! That's my signature. And there! That's his odor. Smell him?"

"Yes, and it was I who knocked him down in the tunnel yesterday, and took those papers from him," cried Charley, in great excitement.

"And it served him right," observed the captain, releasing "'49."

"Oh, '49'! '49' and Charley!" cried happy Carrots. "I want to kiss and hug you both. I'll hug '49' and kiss Charley!" And she suited the action to the word.

CHAPTER XII.

GNOME-LAND.

In the earth and underground,
Full a mile or more below,
Where the busy gnomes abound,
Where their strange gold houses grow:

Where the smoky gnomes sit grum,
Rabbit-faced, knock-kneed, and low;
Where the days may never come,
Where the nights may never go.

There with gleaming rod in hand—
Smitten rock, and earthquake shock:
A stream of gold, a gladdened land;
A Moses and the desert rock.

But the end was not yet, by any means, with Gully, or the old lawyer, or "'49." Each was still full of purpose and endeavor. The old lawyer must find and save his heiress. Gully must leave Belle to herself, and save himself in sudden and precipitate flight. And old "'49" must strike it in the tunnel, and with heaps of gold claim his son, and forthwith seek the true and tender woman that even yet leaned her face in her palm and waited, weeping there, by the mantelpiece.

With this purpose "'49" set out the moment he was released, and taking Carrots with him, once more entered the tunnel to test the rotten quartz that had been discovered there.

Charley followed with "'49's" gun. He felt that there was still trouble in the air, and he must not be unprepared.

He stopped at the mouth of the tunnel, and the old man went on. It had been a bright, warm morning, and the snow was melting upon the mountain. The mouth of the tunnel was dripping more than usual. The girl saw this, and hesitated to enter. Those born on the border, where life depends on caution, are wary of the elements, and exceedingly watchful. Devine, however, noticed nothing unusual, and the girl was silent. As they lingered there, waiting for they knew not what, looking askance, looking down, starting and coming back, saying little nothings, getting bothered and blushing, as lovers will do, a rattlesnake slid down the steep, dripping hillside, rattling as he ran, as though fearing a foe that no venom could reach. The young man lifted his gun and shot the reptile through the head.

Carrie at last, as if playing hide-and-seek, and laughing at her own fears, lowered her pretty head, and, darting forward, disappeared in the dark and forbidding tunnel, while Charley shouldered his gun and sauntered away.

She reached the old man. He was stripped to the waist. He was wild with excitement and delight. No, he knew it was there! It could not escape him after all those years. She had never seen him so strong and supple in her life.

He caught her in his arms and sat her upon a pile of quartz in a corner, and then bowed down at her feet and called her a little queen. He said he had set her on a throne of gold.

How she cried, and how she clung to his neck and kissed him there; half a mile away, in the dark and dripping earth, she was thinking of what had just passed. He was thinking of what was to come.

Then how they did plan and build their castles of gold! Building as such castles are always built. For not a particle of gold had as yet been found.

Charley should know nothing about it! No, not one word, till he was right certain he loved Carrots almost to death. As if she did not know that already!

At last her apron was spread out and filled with quartz, as if it was gold. And "'49," taking the candle from his hat, filled the old hat, as a boy merrily fills his cap with golden apples; then, taking the candle in his hand, they started for the mouth of the tunnel. They had to stoop over as they groped along. Now and then the old man would stumble under his load and almost fall. Then Carrie would banter and laugh merrily at his tall figure, which was ill-suited for groping along with a great load. And thus stumbling, falling, laughing, and bantering each other like school-children, they drew near the mouth of the tunnel.

Carrie missed a shaft of light, so familiar to them both, as they turned a little angle in the tunnel. But she said nothing. She still tried to laugh, as she stumbled, but it was such a laugh as might come up from a grave. She hastily staggered on a few yards further. She stopped; then she hurried on, and suddenly found she stood almost to her knees in cold, muddy water. The girl dropped her quartz with a dull splash, and hastened back to where the old man stood holding up the candle before his eyes and trembling in every limb. The water had followed her back, and was rising fast.

She took the candle, which was about to fall from his trembling hand. They looked each other in the face, but neither spoke. They both understood too well the awful truth.

She turned and waded down the sloping tunnel till she stood in the water to her waist. There was no light, no sound—nothing. The mountain-side had slid down and shut them up in a living tomb. No power on earth could roll away the stone. She felt that they would never, never pass through the mouth of that tunnel any more. She returned to "'49" and took him by the hand. "Come! come back!" she said; "see, the water is rising fast."

"But what can we do back—back there?" pleaded the old man, piteously, as he dropped his quartz and mechanically allowed himself to be led back deeper into the heart of the mountain.

She did not answer. What, indeed, could they do back there, but sit down and wait an hour, and then—die?

Both were silent. He was thinking of his boy. Oh, if he only knew! If he only knew of the gold that was to be his and hers!

She was thinking of the green trees above her, as she groped back ahead of the water that slowly crept along the tunnel after her. She was thinking of the flowers—of the flowers she had gathered for him. She was thinking of the bright and beautiful sun.

Oh, but to see the sun again! Oh, but to look up out of a chasm in the earth, and see a single ray of light! Oh, but to be a bird! But to be a squirrel, and leap from limb to limb! Now that the world was shut out from her, she remembered how beautiful it was.

She thought if she could only see a single little flower nodding in the sun, she could sit down and love it, and love it tenderly all her life.

The old man was dazed—helpless. She led him back to the extreme end, and there they crouched down together to wait. To wait for what? Death!

The water came, touched their feet, their knees, the air escaping through the crevices in the rocks above. The candle burned to its socket, and dropped through the iron ring into the water with a strange cry, as if it died in despair.

The tunnel was now totally dark. The girl felt about, and drew up from the water and heaped up a pile of rocks in the highest corner. She placed the old man on this, and sat at his feet. The man put out his long bony arms, wound them about her, and drew her as far as he could from out the water. She felt the cold tide touch her bosom, and then she knew that all would soon be over. "Maybe we'd better try to pray? Can you pray, '49'? Father, can you pray? Then pray for Carrie, for she is not fit to die;" and the girl's heart, for the first time in all her life, began to fail her as she clung to the old man's neck.

"Child! that confession is your prayer for both." And the two drew closer together — closer together in death, even, than they had been in life.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CLOUD OF DUST.

Ay, you are stricken! Yes, I know
Your wounds are deep. Silent you bleed,
Alone, and mortally. And oh,
Sweet friend, God knows you need
Compassion while you fight and bleed.

But know, dear, stricken, bowed-down friend,
The worst that ever may befall
Is death, which happeneth to all.
Dear, honest, high-born death, sweet friend,
While God stands waiting at the end.

Young Devine had stood a moment leaning on his gun after the girl darted away in the tunnel, thinking of her, her beauty, her simple truth and sincerity, loving her with all his heart. Then he shouldered his empty weapon and started to the cabin. As he did so, there was a crash! He ran back, and his blood froze with horror as an avalanche from the mountain side thundered down and covered the mouth of the tunnel. The terror that fell upon him at this sight was beyond words.

The young man almost fell in a swoon. Then remembering that the girl was buried there, he tried hard to think what to do. Were they crushed and utterly dead? Or were they still alive, and doomed to die by inches there? He looked at the avalanche before him. It would take hours at least to remove it and reach them.

Suddenly the thought of the other side flashed through his brain—the other tunnel. He remembered the strokes of the pick he had heard so often from that other tunnel—the tunnel of their mortal enemies. He dashed down at incredible speed and around the point, and reached the mouth of it.

There was a man washing out a panful of earth down by the stream in the edge of the willows. Devine shouted with all his might, but the man did not hear. This was drunken old Colonel Billy. The terror of the Vigilantes had made him prodigiously industrious. He had resolved to reform. So he had not time to hear or look up.

Devine turned to dash into the heart of the tunnel where he hoped the two men, Dosson and Emens, were at work.

At that moment these two men were coming out. They were bowed down, loaded down, and were cursing each other and quarrelling fiercely. He set his gun against the wall and darted past them. They did not see him, for the sunlight dazed them; and then they were too deep in their deadly hate. He shouted to them as he ran into the tunnel, but they did not hear.

They were loaded with gold. They had struck the vein. And these men were but hardened and embittered by their good fortune. Each wanted it all. One hated the other for the fact that the other should have half of this mountain of gold.

As Devine groped on, deeper and deeper into the tunnel, he heard a pistol-shot behind him. He wondered at this. Could they be shooting at him? Then he remembered that they were in a deadly quarrel. Possibly they were at death-grips.

He soon reached the end of the tunnel, for it was not nearly so deep and long and crooked as the other, and was entranced to find a candle there, still burning in the little iron ring in the wall. He caught up a pick with all the strength and fury of a madman. He dashed his full force against the wall before him. Water was oozing through; and under his feet where he stood were sheets and seams of shining gold.

Again he struck. Again and again. But the wall was a wall of stone. It had no heart. It had stood there thousands of years amid earthquake and tempest. Why should it yield to his prayers? He flung down the pick and hastened out in despair.

At the mouth of the tunnel there lay Emens dead. Dosson was gone. The man who had been so listlessly working at the edge of the river was also gone. His great Mexican wooden bowl lay floating in the stream. Old Colonel Billy's hat lay where he had been panning out. Who had killed Emens? And where was the murderer hidden?

The dead man lay there with a bullet through his brain. Heaps of gold were around him. His eyes were wide open. He did not care for this gold now. He lay there staring helplessly up to heaven.

But Devine had not time to attend to the dead. The living must be looked after. Leaving the gun still leaning against the wall, he hastened back again and around to the tunnel of old "'49," wild, desperate. He hardly knew what he did now. But the flinty wall before him in the Dosson tunnel had broken his heart with its obstinacy. Breathless he came to the mouth of their own tunnel, where he had last seen Carrie enter. Ah! for help now from enemy or friend! But no human being was in sight or hearing. And what had become of Colonel Billy?

Colonel Billy, who had been seen working so industriously on the edge of the willows, near the mouth of the tunnel, had not heard the hot quarrelling any more than he had heard the shout of young Devine for help. He was working, not only for bread, but for character, and for—drink. He was thirsty, and when he was thirsty he could work very hard. He had not tasted whiskey for half a day. He perhaps had not tasted bread for a whole week. Yet that was not such a hardship.

But he did hear the pistol-shot. He dropped the great wooden Mexican bowl in the water, and sprang up. He wheeled about, peered forth from the willows, and saw a man reel, fall, and another bend over him. He saw that this was Dosson. He saw, also, that he had a smoking pistol in his hand.

ALL SORTS.

TO LET.

I

She had my heart—she rented it awhile;
A fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle tenantee.
And half in mischief, half in truth, in guile,
When she departed, carried off the key.

II

And so I have a vacant heart "To Let";
The sign is pasted up all over me;
And yet I can no worthy tenant get—
Because it's locked and she has got the key.

III

L'ENVOI.

Now hath my heart to me grown worthless quite,
No other tenant would I have save thee.
Forgive your landlord's accidental slight;
Come back and you shall have it, dear, rent free.

A hen in the garden of a woman has a "shoo" her enough chance of being run out.

Appropriate name for a barber—Wilcutt

West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment, is a remedy that no well regulated household should be without, as it is a positive cure for rheumatism. It is invaluable for sprains, cuts, bruises, scalds and all diseases requiring external application. 25 and 50c. per bottle. All druggists.

Architectual points of a newspaper—its columns.

"Will the coming woman marry?" asks a contemporary. Just ask her.

West's Liver Pills, the world's best remedy for liver complaint, sick headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. Purely vegetable sugar coated, 30 pills, 25c. All druggists.

There is nothing that makes a man so warm as talking continually about the heat

What tree would seem best to represent the spendthrift? The willow.

Highest Praise

The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for summer complaint in the market, and add that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for cholera morbus dysentery and all bowel complaints.

The locomotive works wonderfully well, considering it is fed only on coal victuals.

A man whose business is pressing—the tailor.

The latest gastronomic feat is frozen watermelon for breakfast.

Beware of calomel and mineral poisons. West's Liver Pills are purely vegetable.—Always reliable and effectual. All liver diseases readily yield to this magic power. All druggists.

A rousing speech—Get up, breakfast's ready.

When is a long-afflicted man like a cobbler? When he is mending.

In a Dangerous Condition

Any man, woman or child is in a dangerous condition when neglecting a constipated state of the bowels. There can be no perfect health without a regular action of this function. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by imparting a healthy tone to all the secretions.

One thing about women you can be pretty sure of—that is, men.

A millionaire is miserably poor in presence of an assessor.

Thousands of testimonials and an increasing demand attest the popularity of West's Cough Syrup, the popular remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Try a 25c bottle. All druggists.

The burglar is a hospitable fellow. It is always open house with him.

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According to the laws of Ohio, boycotting and blackmailing are synonymous terms.

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As a speedy cure for dysentery, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, colic, cramps, sick stomach, canker of the stomach and bowels, and all forms of summer complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.—Dealers who sell it, and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits.

If a watch company should get into financial difficulties could it do business on tick?

West's World's Wonder, the magic cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, burns, bruises, wounds all diseases requiring an external remedy. 25 and 50c. All druggists.

Circus tumblers are afflicted with a vaulting ambition.

In Good Repute

James McMurdock, writing from Kinsale; says: "Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy for disease of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

A number of soldiers have been arrested at Belfast for rioting.

Consumptives, do not despair. There is hope. Try West's Cough Syrup. It will cure in early stages. Procure a $1 bottle of your druggists and be cured.

Some men are born great, but as a general thing they soon begin to shrink.

Fatal Attacks

Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of diseases, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as cholera morbus, billious colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, etc., that often prove fatal in a few hours That ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract Wild Strawberry should be at hand, for use in emergency.

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Prussia and the Vatican have signed a convention terminating their religious dispute.

A Modern Miracle

In a recent letter from R. W. Dowton, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of dyspepsia after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

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