

The Stanstead Journal.

VOL. LI.—No. 44.

ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

WHOLE No. 2648.

TOWN TOPICS.

Mr. H. E. Betters from Brooklyn, N. Y., is in town.

Mr. A. W. Grindley of Hatley was in town last Friday.

Miss Eva Gale, of Quebec, is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Ball.

Miss Carter, of Chicopee, Mass., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. Jondro.

Mr. F. H. Rider of Fitch Bay, was in town on Monday, and gave us a call.

Miss Edna Caswell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Caswell has been very sick with pneumonia.

Members of the Fortnightly Club will bear in mind their usual meeting next Tuesday evening.

Mr. G. W. Clark, who has been on the sick list some time has been taken to Montreal for treatment.

Mr. Bliss Anderson is pressing hay at Albert Lincoln's this week. He has a new press which is doing extra good work.

Mr. J. M. Gilmore and family are about to move into Mrs. Ray's tenement lately occupied by Conductor McLane.

Found, between Derby Line and Mrs. Leslie's, a lady's box. The owner can have it by paying for this ad. Charles Ward, Derby Line.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Society, will meet Friday afternoon and evening with Mrs. A. P. Ball. All will be welcome.

Mrs. Ray is moving into her new tenement on Railroad Street. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bangs will occupy that part of the house vacated by Mrs. Ray.

If you appreciate having at your disposal the best printing plant in the Townships give us your work and recommend us to others if you are satisfied.

George Neveu left on Tuesday for Lowelltown, Me., where he has secured a situation in Mr. French's mill. He has charge of the planing and matching machines.

The friends of Mr. A. B. Sweeney, who is in Dr. Spendlove's hospital, Montreal, and for whom considerable anxiety has been felt, will be pleased to learn that he is improving.

Next Thursday will be Thanksgiving in Canada and the United States. We publish two short Thanksgiving stories and a Thanksgiving poem on the 3rd page of to-day's paper.

A Japanese Tea will be given at the residence of Mrs. Spalding, Derby Line, by the ladies of the Methodist Church, Friday evening 27th inst. A good programme is being prepared.

Rev. W. T. Forsythe will preach on Sunday afternoon, November 22, at the house of Mr. J. McIntyre, Jr., (near the Terrill sugar grove) Stanstead, at 2.30 o'clock. All are invited.

C. H. Gordon, who was refused a license to keep a temperance hotel by the Beebe Plain Council, and then fined for keeping travelers, defends his position on another page in to-day's JOURNAL.

Mr. G. Riley Caswell, the well known lumber manufacturer and Mrs. Lavina West, widow of the late William E. West, were married at Derby Centre last Saturday, and left for Montreal by the noon train. The JOURNAL extends congratulations.

The old track from the bridge to the S. and D. L. Station was thrown up last Saturday and all trains are now running over the new rails through the woods. The gravel train left Monday, and the steam shovel has completed its work and departed.

Hiram L. Batchelder is the newly appointed Chief of Rock Island's Police. Hiram is making some of the wayward toe the mark. He is no respecter of persons, and as a result of his vigilance, diverse law breakers have lately lodged at Château Tomifobia.

It is alleged by some of the Municipal officers that the new station at Rock Island was not built on the exact spot selected by the Municipality's representatives. They claim that the building was placed about a rod south of the place selected for the evident purpose of avoiding as much rock excavation for the cellar as possible. There is also a little difference in opinion between the railway Company and the Municipality as to whether the latter should extend their highway to the station building or only to the yard limit which would be virtually assisting the Company to grade their yard. Municipal officers say that the Municipality does no work except upon roads it owns and controls, and it is apparent that they would neither own nor control any part of the Company's yard.

Mr. E. H. LeBaron of Massawippi, was in town on Wednesday and gave the JOURNAL office a pleasant call. Mr. LeBaron will be 82 years old on the 6th of next month. He does a general insurance business and for a man of his age is exceptionally bright and active.

Mr. James H. Carter, Secretary of the Lake Massawippi Fishing Club, was in town last Friday. This club is making efforts to prevent illegal fishing in Lake Massawippi. Notices have been posted throughout that part of the county to give offenders fair warning. Mr. Burton J. Badger is the officer in charge.

Mr. Herbert A. Clark, the new assistant agent at the Rock Island and Derby Line Station, is a nephew of General Manager Mackinnon of the Boston & Maine system. That Mr. Mackinnon should send a relative here is a compliment to the place, and if station agent Beerworth was at all inclined to be vain he might consider it a compliment to himself.

Messrs. J. B. Goodhue, T. J. Norris, E. W. Hoyer, F. W. D. Melloon and John Raymond represented Tomifobia Gun Club at the Sutton tournament last Thursday. They did good shooting, and came within three birds of capturing the E. T. league cup. In the "aggregates" Hovey and Raymond tied for second money. T. J. Norris tied for third money in aggregates with A. W. Westover, the crack shot of Sutton Junction. Goodhue was a prize winner in the merchandise match. The first prize in this class went to Mr. Hall of Waterloo.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The subject of the address for next Sunday evening will be "Conversation." Service and school for Bible study in the morning as usual.

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church are engaged in preparing a box of clothing toys &c. for the children of the Day nursery, Montreal. This is a good work and should merit the warm sympathy and support of all the ladies of the congregation.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28.

For the first time in the history of the Dominion and the United States it has been agreed that the same day should be observed to give thanks for national blessings. No doubt the day will be generally observed. A service will be held at 11 o'clock that morning in the Methodist Church Stanstead.

GEORGEVILLE.

Mrs. Amasa Perkins who with her husband recently moved into the house of their son-in-law, Wm. Bissell and who has been in poor health for several months with heart disease, died on the 15th inst. She had entered her eightieth year only a week before. Her funeral was held on Tuesday last at the residence of Mr. Bissell. Rev. J. H. Williams of Hatley conducting the services. The interment was at the Macpherson burial ground. Her husband three married daughters and one son survive her.

There was no service at the Methodist church last Sabbath as the pastor, Rev. Mr. Davis, was called away by the sudden death of his father at Piedmont, Que., on Saturday.

The many friends of George Thorneloe of Sherbrooke, are pleased to learn of his election as Bishop of Algoma. Mr. Thorneloe passed his boyhood days here. His father being the founder of the Episcopal Society in this place and it was through his efforts that the church was erected.

This is the Indian summer temperature 63° on Tuesday.

G. E. Hand was severely hurt, last week, while moving the horse power of Achilles and Parson machine. While descending a hill the forward axle of the wagon broke and in attempting to jump his foot caught throwing him off his balance and he fell striking on the top of his head, fortunately on a soft piece of ground; he was badly shaken up and bruised and it was a wonder he was not killed outright.

CASSVILLE.

Our cheese factory is closed for the season; some of our neighbors are now patronizing Mr. Baldwin's creamery.

Mr. Nelson Bartlett left for Boston last Saturday morning to accompany his wife home who has been quite sick there, but is now convalescent. We shall be pleased at her return, as she has been greatly missed.

The poverty supper, under the auspices of the P. of L., at Mr. Austin Libby's, was well patronized there being seventy-five present. All report a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are visiting Montreal.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The address to the students last Thursday evening, delivered by the Rev. W. T. Forsythe, was good in every way and greatly enjoyed by all who had the privilege of hearing it. It was instructive and inspiring, and well adapted to the young people. Mr. Forsythe is highly appreciated at the college.

The Rev. G. Ellery Read is to give the address on Thursday evening of this week.

The visit of Rev. Dr. Hart to Stanstead has been a delight to every one who had the pleasure of meeting him. On the evening of his arrival at the college, the Lady Principal gave a quiet tea in his honor. In the course of the evening Dr. Hart kindly gave the company the opportunity to ask him any questions about the Chinese Empire they might desire, and the amount of information obtained in this way was great and the facts elicited of highest interest.

The address given in the lecture room of the Methodist church, on Friday called together a large company who listened to Dr. Hart, as he told his thrilling story, with intense interest. The effects upon the students was most powerful. Returning to their rooms at the close of the service the young men immediately called an informal meeting and organized a scheme for rendering practical help to China. On the following morning their project was submitted to the teachers and lady-students who heartily consented to cooperate with them. The plan is to engage a native teacher for their missionary work who is to labor under the direction of Mr. Hart, and whose support is to be furnished by the college circle. Already the amount necessary to meet the expense for one year has been provided. Missionary meetings are to be held once every month, and, from time to time, reports from the missionary employed are to be read and discussed. Saturday afternoon Dr. Hart left for Halifax followed by the prayers and good wishes of everybody. The young men and boys gathered on the steps of the college to see him off, and with three rousing cheers expressed their admiration for the man who for the love of his kind, had turned away from a future bright with promise in his native land, to endure the hardships and sufferings for those who in very deed lay down their lives for others. Mr. Hart has not a very high admiration for Li Hung Chang whose ability he readily admits. It is evidently a case of distance to lend enchantment. The last might almost be called 'missionary work' for in addition to all that has already been recorded another branch of the work was represented on Saturday afternoon. A large and influential gathering of the members of the Women's Missionary Society took place in the college parlors. The principal feature of the occasion was an address by Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) Williams of Sherbrooke.

Mr. David Mitchell, the enterprising lumber merchant of Forestdale spent Sunday and Monday at the college. Mitchell brought his only daughter Miss Dora to begin her studies. Masters William and Gordon Buchanan from Chaudiere Falls have joined their brother Ernest who entered the Model Grade last September.

Miss Margaret Sutton is aiding the teachers most efficiently in turning out men of letters. Nearly every member of the football team has taken the degree S.W.C. and the campus at times look as if an animated alphabet had taken possession for the purpose of dancing a jig.

Mr. C. Lee Brainard of Boynton has taken up his residence at the college and is taking the Commercial Course.

WAY'S MILLS.

We regret to learn that Walter B. Sargeant went Friday, Nov. 13, to the Montreal hospital to be treated for appendicitis. He has suffered severely from this disease for some months past.

'Si' Aldrich passed suddenly away, Nov. 8, at the residence of a relative in Glover, Vt., with heart failure. His remains were brought home Nov. 12, and buried in the Burbank burying ground.

The Eureka cheese factory closed Nov. 7, after a satisfactory season to the Patrons. The high price of cheese during the latter part of the season overbalanced the low price in the spring. The cheese was of the finest quality and sold for the highest market prices.

Will Brown is moving on to his farm known as the Charles Davis farm.

C. S. Edwards did not return from Boston, but sailed Nov. 3, for his native home, England, where he will spend the winter.

BEEBE PLAIN.

Walter Wilson, of the old and reliable firm of H. C. Wilson & Sons, musical dealers of Sherbrooke, was in the place last Saturday. He put in a very elegant upright piano at Henry Tompkins', for his daughter Eva. Henry says he would rather pay the Wilson's \$75 more than any other dealer, knowing them to be perfectly reliable. Walter is one of the finest young men in the Province, and that is sufficient guarantee that any instrument he sells will be first class.

There will be a chicken-pie social at the vestry of the Methodist Church this evening. Every one is invited. A good time is expected.

The reception for Rev. Mr. Harte at H. W. Elder's, last Monday evening was a pleasant affair. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. Oysters and other refreshments were served, after which music, both vocal and instrumental, was much enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Forsythe, of Stanstead, made remarks and presented Mr. Harte with a very fine book from his friends. Mr. Harte responded in a very feeling manner, after which the company dispersed, feeling that a very pleasant evening had been spent.

Mrs. Amasa Ruitter of Smith's Mill's is spending a few days with friends here.

Will Day is happy. The cause of his happiness is a fine boy.

We regret to hear that Lewis O. Blake is on the sick list. He is attended by Dr. Whitecher.

C. H. McClintock is home for a few days. He reports business for the Colonial Mutual Life, good.

Rev. Mr. Harte left on Wednesday by team for his new charge at St. George, P. Q. Every one here regrets Mr. Harte's departure. Mrs. Harte and child remain for a few days longer.

At the prayer meeting at the Methodist Church last Wednesday, at the request of the W. C. T. U., prayer services were held for schools and colleges.

Rev. P. H. Allin attended special meetings at Fairfax last Monday.

Rev. A. Lee Holmes will preach at the Methodist Church here morning and evening, and also at Griffin at 1.30, and at Marlow at 2.45, next Sunday.

From another correspondent.

Elder Sornberger will (D.V.) preach in the Advent Church, Nov. 29th at 2.30 P. M. All are invited.

MOE'S RIVER.

Rev. Mr. Roland preached his first sermon to the Free Baptists in the town hall on the 15th.

Mr. John Gommell, after being given up by several doctors, is now improving under the new treatment which has been very successfully used in several instances about here.

Mr. Joseph Shaw is still very sick.

Mr. Gilbert Hill has sold his farm and will soon return to the North-West with his family.

All who took advantage of the excursion to Boston are again home, but will have enough to think of for some time, being there through the exciting time of election, and attending the Food Fair which was said to be the most successful venture of its kind for years, being the city's chief attraction, not excepting the subway. A very conservative estimate of the number of people in attendance, since the opening day, is 275,000. There were over 30,000 in attendance the last day and evening. The fair has been conducted in aid of the Old Colony and Lowell Grocers Association. It has been the most successful fair for years and the management deserves great credit for its painstaking efforts from the first. What made it a little more interesting to the ladies was that the first 400 who arrived at the door were placed in single file along the street and when the doors were opened at 10 o'clock, as they passed in, each one was handed a handsome souvenir spoon with the stamp of the building on the inside. In all over 12,000 silver spoons were given away. Your humble correspondent can now be classed as one of the 400. A pleasant feature the last day, was the presentation to Chief Marshal, E. D. Woods, of a large crayon likeness of himself, finely set in a gilded frame. The gift was in recognition of the many acts of kindness rendered by Mr. Woods. The fair was in operation five weeks.

JUDD'S MILLS.

Mr. C. L. Clark, of St. Johnsbury, is spending a few days at his farm.

Miss S. B. Noyes has returned home after spending a number of weeks with her sister at St. Johnsbury.

Remember the Sunday School at 3 o'clock next Sunday, and all come.

FITCH BAY.

Fine warm weather and lots of mud. Mrs. A. M. Perkins, who has been sick for a long time, died on Sunday last, at the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. Bissell. The remains were buried at Georgeville on Tuesday.

F. O. Rand is confined to his room with Grippe.

Mrs. Dr. Codd is quite sick at this writing.

Mrs. R. W. E. Wright is visiting friends at Lennoxville.

Cards are out for a wedding on Wednesday evening. Fred J. Brown and Miss C. M. Farrell are the contracting parties.

V. E. Morrill will deliver his illustrated lecture "Camp Fires of Napoleon" at Fitch Bay, Friday, Nov. 27th, commencing at 7.30 P. M.

SMITH'S MILLS.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Ticehurst was celebrated on Thursday the 12th instant at their home. There were about twenty relatives and friends who partook of the bountiful repast, and can justly say they did justice to the viands set before them. The elderly couple got quite a goodly number of presents useful as well as ornamental. One in particular worthy of mention was a purse of money. The day was all that could be expected at this time of the year, and every one departed wishing they might attend their sixtieth anniversary.

SOUTH BARNSTON.

Elder C. Clark preached in the church here last Sunday. Though it was stormy, we had a very good congregation and an interesting meeting. Elder Theakston preached Sunday evening. Not understanding that he was to be here, but few were out. He preached a very able and interesting discourse, taking for his text I Tim. IV. 10, his subject being the "Silver Dollar."

Elder M. L. D. Hastings will preach next Sunday, Nov. 22, at 10.30 A. M., and directly after the sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. We hope all of the church members will make a special effort to attend, and also all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ, are welcome to partake with us of the emblems of his broken body and spilt blood.

Alice Sisco was quite sick last week with tonsillitis. She was attended by Dr. McDuffee and was able to commence her school in Heathton this week Monday.

John Sisco is home for a short vacation.

W. J. Kinney and wife, of Barford, and Mrs. M. S. Horne and daughter, of Heathton, spent November 12th with their sister, Mrs. O. W. Heath, it being her birthday.

Some of the ladies from here visited the Ladies' Aid of Heathton, which was held at Mrs. Sarah Hill's, Nov. 5. They reported a very pleasant time, and are thinking some of organizing an Aid here.

Among the bundle of papers from N. B. and N. S. containing favorable mention of Mr. V. E. Morrill's entertainments, which E. J. Heath brought home with him, we notice this allusion to Mr. Heath. "A very accurate idea of a coming entertainment can generally be formed from the appearance of its advanced agent. Professor Morrill is fortunate in this respect, for in E. J. Heath, Esq., he has a most excellent manager, whose natty appearance and gentlemanly address, lead those who meet him to expect something good. On Monday evening they were not disappointed."

C. A. Kezar is home from New York where he visited his son George. He found him well and prospering. We are always glad to hear of the prosperity of any of the boys who have left us.

Mr. Andrew Belknap is quite feeble and is failing.

Elder F. W. Fairbanks was here on Monday calling on friends who are always glad to see him, as he always brings a ray of sunshine with him. He does not believe in long faced Christians.

Josiah Aldrich died very suddenly last week in Barton, where he was working. His funeral was conducted by Elder M. L. D. Hastings at the Ball Brook school house.

From another correspondent.

The annual meeting of the South Barnston Mission Tent will convene at 1 o'clock P. M., Saturday, Nov. 21st at the chapel. All interested in this line of work are hereby urged to attend this meeting. Revival services will be held at Bean school house, one mile south of Heath Corner, by Elders Hastings and Fairbanks.

AYER'S FLAT.

Sam Hetherington is about to move his family to Baldwin's Mills.

A social dance was given by one of the young gentlemen of this place last Friday evening. The young people report a pleasant time. Miss Helen Ayer was the belle of the evening. Miss Kate Hetherington has returned from visiting friends at Boynton.

Mrs. S. Davis is still at her brother's H. G. Ayer.

Quite a fall of snow on Sunday, but not enough left to make a snow ball to-day.

Scott Worthing lost a gold bug off his coat and because of it was unable to attend the party last Friday evening. The party having the bug will be rewarded by leaving it at Clough's store. He wonders, he wonders why, why.

V. E. Morrill will deliver his illustrated lecture "Camp Fires of Napoleon" at Ayer's Flat on Tuesday, Nov. 24th. Entertainment will begin at 7.30 P. M.

A. E. Fish has put in an assortment of furniture in the Hall over the Post Office. The quality seems very nice and the prices cheap.

HEATHTON.

We are having quite stormy weather and the roads are getting very muddy.

Mr. John Thompson is very sick, but is under the able care of Dr. McDuffee.

Mr. James Cilley is not so well as he was when he first came home.

The school was closed last week owing to the sickness of the teacher.

Mr. D. Aldrich and wife, of Burke, Vt., were the guests of Mr. John Corliss and other friends here over Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Aldrich of Lyndon, Vt., is stopping with his sister, Mrs. John Corliss, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Currier and daughter, of Boston, Mass., is visiting at Mr. C. M. Bean's at the present writing.

Mr. E. Horn has been home on a visit, but is back again at his work where he will spend the winter.

Quite a number of the young people attended the social at Mr. Demick's last week and enjoyed themselves very much.

Rev. Mr. Fairbanks will conduct meetings in the Bean school house all of next week, commencing Monday evening.

MASSAWIPPI.

The Massawippi Fishing Club has been organized for the prevention of illegal fishing. A. N. Thompson is president, J. H. Carter Secretary, and Burton Badger overseer.

Wm. Meigs has moved from this place to Brown's Hill.

We had a light fall of snow on Sunday last, but the weather cleared off warm the next day when it disappeared.

Mrs. Wm. Frappier is on a visit to her mother who lives near Canaan, Vt.

Blanche St. Dizier is home from the Stanstead College for a few days.

From another correspondent.

In the death of Mrs. Myrick (née Polly Woodward) a woman of rare qualities has gone from our midst, one who was always cheerful, quiet, and peaceable, and it is well worthy of mention. The self sacrifice and devotion manifested by her niece, Miss Eveline Woodward, who for years has deprived herself of all recreation and amusements which young people in general enjoy, for the sake of always being ready to minister to the wants of "Aunt Polly," and smoothing her pathway of the declining years, and well and faithfully has she performed her duty, and we hope in her last days that she may have some one to do for her what she has done.

C.M.C.

FAIRFAX.

Rev. Mr. Stafford has been holding meetings at Fairfax school house on Saturday evening with Mr. W. Wood as Teacher.

Charles Lincoln, Bert Brown, and others took in the Boston excursion. The man whose face beams with pleasure above all others in Fairfax is Charlie Peck he is the happy father of a fifteen pound boy.

Mrs. Bigelow who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Doran of this place, has returned to Smith's Mills.

Our school with Miss N. E. Buckland as teacher is a success there being about 20 scholars attending.

A. D. Johnson, the colored Bishop of the Independent M. E. church at Fort Scott, Kansas, who was recently arrested for making false pension affidavits, was sentenced on Saturday to two years in the penitentiary.

MR. GORDON SPEAKS.

Thinks it is Unfair to Compare Him With Donald Morrison.

To the Editor of the Stanstead Journal.

As your correspondent signing J. G. R. in your last issue referred to my case, making a parallel case with that of the late D. Morrison, I feel it my duty to make a few remarks as to the comparison. Donald Morrison deliberately and in cool blood shot and killed one of his fellow men. I gave one of my fellow travelers a meal of victuals when he was hungry to prolong life instead of taking it. I think the public will agree with me, when they read the following facts of correspondence, that there is a very marked dissimilarity in the two cases.

COMMUNICATION.

GEO. H. HOUSE, ESQ., Mayor of Beebe Plain:

Sir:—Not having addressed you before on the subject of my prosecution I propose to do so now. In the first place I went to work and remodeled the house and furniture at about \$800 cost, and had a house keeper who was up to date in keeping it. I was acquainted with all the business men and commercial travelers, and we soon built up a good little trade for the place and our chance to do it. The first thing you people did was to try and prevent me getting my license. As the law stood then you could not do so and I went on. However, the law was changed and you could prevent me and did go positively against me.

Matters went on and as I was furnished and qualified in every respect to do the work of catering for the camping (which all did the same in the village) I receiving letters from the best people, including ministers, and manager of "World's Crisis" of Boston, we kept on until it was over, when my wife went away for a five weeks' visit. We had entirely closed the business for several days when the prosecution was served. Now, supposing your legal friend and adviser of Beebe Plain was honest and wanted to do a Christian and brotherly act for the benefit of the place and people, why didn't he come to me and say that I must stop (if I had not already done so) or I would be prosecuted. Not so, there was no money in that or such a course for him. He says now he was not the man who did it, but he told me he was; also five other good men of Beebe Plain. Ask him who went to J. Fales and others for proof after the suit was planted by him, and they refused to do him any service but referred him to take that big, stout Montreal grocery man. Allowing this to be true, which can be proved, who did it. Again, my two little teams were in his way as the public preferred them to his as far as they went. Now to come to the finale, the Provincial Government who felt a gross insult to the public as well as myself, proposed to remit my fine by my paying costs, which was consented to by me and your legal friend, (however when he found that if any was remitted all the fine must be, he opposed the whole arrangement.) You, in the capacity of Mayor, only had to recommend it to be done in writing, but you refused and to strengthen your hands and do away with the delicacy you might feel in using your official position beyond modesty, got up a petition to support you in doing right, signed by all the best citizens of Beebe Plain and the surrounding locality, sustaining the good reputation of the house I had kept, also asking you to comply with the recommendation of the Provincial Government in remitting my fine. It was presented in due form and even altered to please you and your friends. What did you do? You ignored all the people who compose the life sinew and back bone of Beebe Plain, mostly for one, and wholly for two or three persons who you well knew were not my friends. How is this for a chief magistrate, a man of all others who should have sand and backbone enough to stand up against all private interests and personal prejudices. Well they say he drinks, lots of people drink. Why do all these people come and continue to come back to "Gordon's Hotel," (another hotel is there) such as ministers, stock brokers, managers of banks, etc., if he acts so very bad. My dear Mayor, this is the proof and facts which cannot be done away with and sooner or later you will be obliged to learn the truth of it that it will not help Beebe Plain or its business, or a credit to you.

Yours truly,

C. H. GORDON.
Beebe Plain, Sept. 27, 1896.

Who signed my petition for a license last April? One was no less a percentage than the Mayor himself, with about 30 others. He lived very close by and sent his men to my house for meals and lodgings. Why did he change his mind so suddenly after the prosecution? Some of our prominent "legal lights" of Beebe Plain could easily explain. Again in regard to his remarks of my playing hide and seek. After my house was closed I had nothing to do here that my fami-

ly could not do, and have been in Brome County arranging and fixing up the home of my aged mother for the winter, returning to my family occasionally. Not much hide and seek about it as I told the Collector when I got all these arrangements completed I would go and board with him to satisfy the law. J. G. R. advises reading the Municipal Code. Was ever honorable Council directed by the Municipal Code to build our sidewalks by hiring men by the day instead of advertising and selling the building of them by tender? J. G. R. speaks of low-priced eloquence. This same simple minded fugitive from justice did an average business of \$10,000 a year for 20 years and did not receive one cent from his father or other friends either. Neither by cash nor other credit. How will that compare with the former's chances and record?

Yours truly,
C. H. GORDON.

RECIPROCITY.

If Mr. Fielding's New York interview was intended as a feeler to test the sympathy of the United States public on the matter of reciprocity with Canada, he must be disappointed at the result. The New York newspapers, which have thought the subject worthy of comment have used it only as a text to repeat the hundred and twenty year old invitation to British Americans to cast in their political as well as their commercial lot with the people of the Republic. This attitude by the United States press is not at all strange. Its opinions as to the position and sentiment of Canadians have been formed by the writings of denationalized Canadians like Erastus Wiman and Francis Wayland Glen, the speeches at United States banquets of such amiable indiscreets and Messrs. Laurier and Longley, and the election campaign utterances of the whole lot of Liberal leaders and the Liberal press. For twenty years almost every Liberal election manifesto has had a declaration of some kind intended to show that free admission of Canadian products into the United States was absolutely necessary to Canada's business prosperity and political stability. The sentiment of the people of the United States is today as strongly in favor of the union of the British Provinces in the Republic as it was when, in the Declaration of Federation creating the United Government special provision was made for the admission of Canada into the association of States. The tone of Liberal political discussion for years has been calculated to create the impression in the United States that Canada must get free admission into the United States market or perish, and it would be in keeping with Washington statesmanship to act on such an impression, and, in the hope of securing the greater political end in view, refuse commercial concession which Liberal utterances can be quoted to show would directly aid in preventing the growth in Canada of an annexation feeling. There is a possibility—indeed a probability—that the exaggerated language of Liberals themselves, in speaking in Canada of the advantages of reciprocity, may actually serve to prevent the success of their efforts to secure it. If such should turn out to be the case the chief sufferer would be the Liberal party. The experience of the past six years has shown that Canada can get along very well without reciprocity, if, indeed, it has not shown that there are times when not to be closely commercially bound to the Republic is an actual benefit.—*Montreal Gazette.*

THE CLARENCEVILLE TRAGEDY.

Notwithstanding the denial of the authorities that Coronor Marks was summoned to Quebec by Attorney-General Peltier in connection with the Clarenceville tragedy, and that they knew nothing whatever about his movements, it is now positively stated that he was sent to the Eastern Townships to assist them in endeavoring to unravel the mystery of the Edy murders and that the result of his mission has been so successful that the fullest light will be shortly thrown upon the whole dark and bloody crime. He is said to be just now preparing his report to the Attorney-General. On the other hand High Constable Gale of Quebec, who has been working upon the case ceaselessly for the last three or four years is still laboring at it and collecting evidence scrap by scrap, which it is claimed will lead to the arrest of the guilty party before long.

Extra hired help is often needed at harvest time as badly as during the haying season, yet some farmers will allow produce to spoil rather than hire a day's labor. The plenty of the harvest season seems to inspire a reckless spirit, and like a man with a full pocket-book, the farmer feels "flush" and allows valuable odds and ends of the crop to be wasted. A careless harvest is often followed by a hard winter.

The remains of Mrs Dufresne, daughter of Ira Mooney, of Bolton Centre, were brought from Deloraine, Man., where she died, and buried at Bolton Centre on the 7th inst.

TURKISH TALK.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Sultan has promised to execute sweeping reforms in his dominions, his promises are still looked at askance by those who have had experience of his artfulness and lack of good intention, and this in spite of the fact that orders have already been given for the putting into effect of some of the reforms promised. Cynical observers of the situation do not place much faith in the claims that Great Britain had a prominent party in the concert of the powers. They maintain that Russia acting through France is the country that deserves credit for forcing the Sultan to do something, besides making promises that he never intends to fulfill. If this is really the case there is no doubt there will be a radical change in the Turkish policy for Russia is really the only power of which the Sultan stands in fear.

The fact remains that it was Mr. Honotaux the French Foreign Minister that the Sultan first promised the granting of reforms more sweeping in their nature than those promised to Great Britain months ago, but none of which was put into effect, and that already some of these last promised reforms are now being carried out.

How to Prevent Croup.

SOME READING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUR MOTHERS. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is a terror to young mothers, and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving the remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by J.T. Flint, Derby Line Druggist.

Some time during the night of November the 7th inst. a sum of money amounting to two hundred and forty dollars, in some mysterious way was taken from the house of Charlie Marshal at East Bolton. The family was in the house at the time. The pocketbook that contained the money was found at side of the road in the morning and it is said that the money was in a room that was occupied by the family that night.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia, for two days, not hardly being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth \$5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at fifty cents per bottle by J. T. Flint, Derby Line Druggist.

The Hamilton times does not see that the settler who goes out and deliberately slaughters a deer to get food for himself and family is more to be condemned than the city chap who goes out and hounds down a deer or stalks and kills it for the pure fun of taking life. It may not be orthodox but it sounds like good sense.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to any one suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil, 678 Selby Ave. St. Paul, Minn. For Sale by J. T. Flint, Derby Line Druggist.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by J.T. Flint, Derby Line Druggist.

The sentence of Mrs. Castle, the wife of a San Francisco millionaire to three months in a London jail for shop lifting is evidence that the English law has not yet discovered the subtle distinction between kleptomaniacs as it afflicts the rich and theft as is practiced by the poor.

Well Satisfied with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray. I began using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and was so well satisfied with the results that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It requires only an occasional application of



AYER'S

Hair Vigor to keep my hair of good color, to remove dandruff, to heal itching humors, and prevent the hair from falling out. I never hesitate to recommend Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Nebr.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the Complexion.

NOTICE.

I, the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer of the Stanstead County Agricultural Society having received the Government Grant I am now prepared to pay all prizes for 1896. GEO. ROBINSON, Secy-Treas.

Ayer's Fair, Nov. 10th, 1896.

Public Notice.

Public Notice is hereby given that I shall not pay any debts contracted by any one without a written order from me. MRS. M. S. HORNE, 47 1/2

Hootton, Nov. 10, 1896.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

Excelsior Egg WILL KEEP EGGS FRESH FOR 12 MONTHS. There is no danger in giving the remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by J.T. Flint, Derby Line Druggist.



IT IS NO PICKLE.

You simply treat the Eggs with PRESERVER, and lay them away in a basket or box.

LAY DOWN A SUPPLY WHEN THEY ARE CHEAP.

Call for book giving full information, free of charge. Sold by C. H. Taylor, Stanstead.

MILLINERY.

MISS H. A. TINKER is home from Boston with a choice assortment of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.

A LARGE LINE OF HATS, BOTH TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED, and everything new in Millinery Novelties. The newest things in Fancy Work, Underwear, Gloves and handkerchiefs.

Please call and examine. Foster Block, Derby Line, Vt.

A Canadian Company IS THE BEST.

Our Assets are invested in Canada.

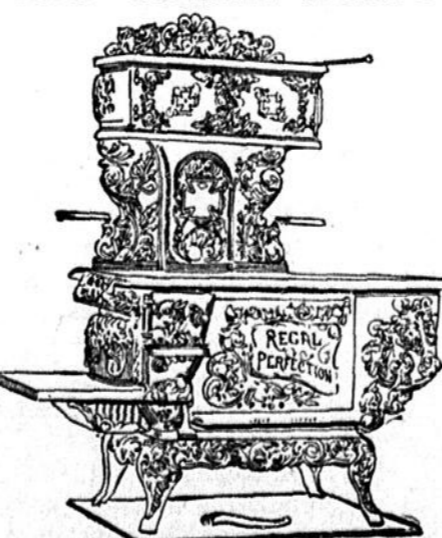
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Free Silver does not Affect a Canadian Company.

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GEO. GOODERHAM, J. F. JUNKIN, President, General Manager. LACHANCE & FINLAY, Managers for the Province of Quebec, 121 St. James St., MONTREAL.

No Man Knows...



THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., LTD., BROCKVILLE, ONT. FOR SALE BY ROCK ISLAND HARDWARE CO.

the perturbation of spirit a woman suffers in cooking with a bad stove. Our constant aim has been to furnish the best article possible for the use intended. The "REGAL PERFECTION" ... RANGE ...

for coal or wood, fulfils every requirement. The design and ornamentation of this range are in advance of anything previously attempted. The ovens are large and provided with draw-out rack, oven doors lined with tin, fire box provided with genuine duplex grate and it is a perfect and sure baker. Fully equipped with oven shelf, tea pot shelf, foot oven door trip, door hearth and extra large broiling or toasting door with mica frame, made with four or six cooking holes. Send for descriptive catalogue.

P. A. Bissonet's Advertisement.

Grand Display of DRY GOODS.

Largest Assortment Ever Shown Here. **STYLISH JACKETS** Fall and Winter Jackets for \$4.75 up. **All the Novelties in DRESS GOODS,** Cloakings and Cape Cloths. Lots of Clothing for Men and Boys at prices to suit the times.

P. A. BISSONNET.

You Can't Travel on the Valley Road

But you can travel on the Road to Fortune if you take my advice. Save money by buying of one who don't want the earth. I'm your man.

FURS FOR LADIES. Capes and Coats. Muffs and Collars. You can afford to buy them to look at. **GENT'S FURS,** Coats, Caps, &c. Big line of Gloves, Boots and Shoes, Underwear.

DRESS GOODS.

New line just opened. Some tempting bargains. You must see them. My prices? They have been the talk of the town for years.

FRANK MELLOON.

The Hatley Man is 'Way Off

in his explanation of the "Great Excitement at Kathan's. The remarkably Low Prices offered this Fall would cause an excitement even in Hatley.

Here is one of them:

A Good Clothes Wringer

For \$1.50.

Full line of

ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR

Received and coming daily. Too busy waiting on customers to write ads this week.

Further Particulars Later.

KATHAN'S, ROCK ISLAND.

AT THE FAMILY BOARD.

Though summer has gone with its verdure and flowers And mute are the birds that made vocal the bowers...

piest. It seems to me that I have never seen such a cheerful, sunny room since in all my wanderings about the earth.



THE BUFFET.

dressed as Miss Mohitable, she was so prim and severe even, and upon whom her 55 years or so sat none too lightly.

"Twan't always like this, Benny," chirped Aunt Mary 'Lisher, as I drew up my chair to the cheerful tea table one evening.

"Lor, mother, what talk!" said Hitty, with severe countenance. "I sh'd think ye'd be afraid to make light of serious things."

"An blessed be the name of the Lord," rejoined Aunt Mary 'Lisher reverently. "I ain't makin' light of serious things, Hitty. Of course I'll go, in his good time, but it ain't nothin' to worry over."

"Yes, indeed," she muttered, drawing out and filling her pipe, which lay concealed behind the lamb. Then there was silence for a few minutes, while she stuck her head up the chimney and refreshed herself with a few whiffs of the weed.

"That ain't the only time neither," she insisted, shaking the ashes out of the pipe. "What makes me think so is that air Thanksgiving dinner that I was invited to up to Cousin Izzy's."

The "living room" was, as it should have been, the brightest and the sunniest. It seems to me that I have never seen such a cheerful, sunny room since in all my wanderings about the earth.

devour us, she was so glad to see us. 'Come right in an set down,' said she; 'make yerselves right to hum, Cousin Mary; we ain't goin' to make no strangers of ye.'

"But there was the big table, all a-shinin' with silver an' decorated with green stuff with red berries (some of 'Liz'beth Ann's work, who allers had a sort of hamsterin arter water, as she called it) an' a big gobdier turkey at both ends."

"Well, what with the visitors an' all, there was 13 of us to the table. An Cousin Izzy's oldest son 'Dan', he up an' said: 'Ma, we've had no sort of luck this year. They's just 13 of us here. I'll git up an' eat in the kitchen. I see 'Liz'beth Ann figgetin' with her napkin, an' Cousin Sally turn kinder pale like, but the major, he up an' roared out with a voice you could 'a' heard a mile: 'Pshaw, Dan, I don't be a fool. There ain't no bad luck in odd

HOME IN THE TROPICS

THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE WEST INDIES.

How a Scotchman Entertained a Yankee. Turkey With the Temperature at Ninety.—Parrot Potpie—The Experience of a Naturalist Far Away Over the Sea.

"What's that you say? A stranger here and sick with fever? Let me have a look at him." It was a strong, hearty voice that I heard on the other side of the partition separating my small bedroom from the living apartment of the Widow Higham's boarding house.

"Pardon me, sir," he said as soon as he caught sight of my prostrate form. "but I hear you have been a month ill, and the doctor tells me you need a change of air. Now, I have come to take you down to my estate. The steamer starts at 2. It is now 11. Can you be ready to go with me?"

The passage from my sickbed to the

stand. Lie there quietly while I go and get your medicine."

"My good friend's house was situated on a gentle knoll in the center of a vast estate in a beautiful valley midway between the coast and mountains of the St. Vincent. What with the incense breathing air, the nourishing food and the various beverages which were offered me under the guise of "medicines" my convalescence was rapid, and within two weeks I was on my feet and about.

"This letter received from home about this time reminded me that the 'old folks' were about preparing for the annual Thanksgiving, and, this fact having been casually mentioned to my



BEARING BETWEEN THEM A GIGANTIC PLATTER.

friends, they were curious to know the why and wherefore of that New England feast.

As they themselves were of a similar sturdy stock to our pilgrim ancestors, they could readily appreciate the significance of this rendering unto the Giver of all good heartfelt thanks for the bounties of the year. "It is a good old custom," said my host, slapping me heartily between the shoulders, "and it's good for the Yankees why isn't it good for the Scotchmen too? Gad, we'll have a celebration of our own. What say you, mother? Have we any fat turkeys in the pen? Thanksgiving without turkey, I understand, is like a Boston Sunday without beans. Isn't it so, young man?"

I assured him that he had hit rather near the truth of it, and that the two made a good combination, turkeys being an American product and beans derived indirectly from Scotland itself. "But," I added, "if you haven't any turkeys, guinea fowl will do; a fine plump guinea pullet isn't to be sneezed at, served brown and with its own sauce."

"That is so, but we'll have the turkeys; yes, and the guinea too. And what's the matter with your taking your gun up into the woods and trying for a few brace of wild pigeons? Parrots, too, are mighty good, and the woods above the spring head are alive with them."

That proposition met with my approval, for it was to study the birds of the island that I had come to St. Vincent, and it was while hunting a rare bird on the mountain top, and living in a cave the while, that I had contracted the troublesome fever which came so near to carrying me away from all the haunts of birds as well as of men.

The day before the date set for Thanksgiving, just at the breaking of a glorious dawn, I set off, mounted on one of the plantation ponies, for the "high woods" above the sources of the river that flowed through Rutland Vale. An intelligent colored boy went along as guide and kept pace with my beast as he climbed the steep path into the mountain forests. Beneath the great trees, after the forest was reached where the wood giants threw out their broad arms 100 feet and more above our heads, we tied the pony and ascended the ridge, where it was too steep for him to travel.

There we were welcomed by a handsome, motherly woman, the chery consort of my hospitable host, and I was made at home at once. Through the house and around the verandas romped a troop of children, of ages varying from 2 to 12 years, a blithesome, merry lot, who were for the moment rather abashed at the coming of a stranger. But only for the moment, and they soon swarmed over their father, and shyly greeted his companion, while expectantly awaiting the doling out of the goodies he had brought them from the town.

"Ten of them, all sound as roaches, every one," said the happy father, as he picked up an armful and pranced about the veranda. "But come in. Here is your room. Get into bed now, and don't you get out till I tell you to. Since I've usurped the doctor's place, you must obey my orders, you under-

to herself as she saw me coming. "Done mek mo' wuk fer ole nigger woman. Ain't no T'anksgivin' fer nobody only do Backras. Dey's de ones fo' gib t'anks; not we uns. We do all de wuk, wuk, wuk. Dey gits all de grub."

"Hello, Auntie," I said cheerfully. "You seem to have a lot of game on hand today. Hope it isn't going to make you too much trouble. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, you know. We want one of those parrot potpies, such as you used to make when you cooked for the governor."

She pursed her fat lips up for a retort uncomplimentary, but I just slipped a dollar into her greasy palm and her features underwent a lightninglike change of expression.

"Oh, no, me massa. Ain't no trouble 'tall. Me likes to do do T'anksgivin'. God bless yo', massa. Heah, yo' Ebenezer, yo' Horatio! Come heah quick. Step libly now. One ob yo' pluck dem crabs. T'adder one shuck dem crab, an dem crawfish. Gut heap ob t'ings toe do befo' tomorrow by sun up, sho's you'se bawn niggers."

There were toil and turmoil all night long in the smoke begrimed cookhouse, but in the morning, as fat old auntie emerged with the coffee and crackers, her face was shining and her head neatly done up in a frostily laundered bandanna of more hues than a rainbow ever dared disport since the time of Noah and the flood. She was "as neat as a pin," and her long train of sable hued, half naked attendants of all ages, from 6 to 16, were as clean as a souse in the river could make them. Breakfast was excellent, but it was merely a preliminary spread to the dinner, which was served at sunset, just as old Sol tipped us a last wink before he sank (red and glowing from his all day journey) beneath the waters of the Caribbean sea. The table was set out on the broad veranda near a sweet scented frangipani and lighted with great candles shielded from the evening breezes by huge glass cylinders.

The youngest of the children had been put to bed, but there were half a dozen left, who gazed expectantly upon the array of glass and silver and behaved like born princes of the blood. Aside from our own family there were three poor neighbors who had seen better days and a trembling old man, a pensioner upon the bounty of his host.

After all were seated, our entertainer rose and proposed the health of the president of the United States, along with that of the queen of England, to whom the colony of St. Vincent held allegiance. This was drunk with a will, in punch made from the planter's own rum, limes and sugar. Then, at a signal from the hostess, the satle procession (which had, individually, been pecking in at all the doors and windows) was formed between the cookhouse and the table. First there came in a solemn faced tot of 9 or 10 years, bearing on her head an immense tureen containing crab soup a la Rutland Vale. She was closely followed by a dozen other toddlers, each with a dish and a spoon, which they deposited in front of each person and deftly removed when no longer required. They had been well coached by the cook, and performed their duties with admirable exactitude, not making a single mistake. Like a procession of woolly headed, two legged, black ants, they marched in and out, one line bearing food, the other empty plates and platters.

At last there was a most extraordinary bustle among the servants, and the line of waiters divided right and left, while two of the largest dorky boys marched between their dusky ranks. Each one bore himself with an air of exaggerated importance, each ebony face was illuminated with a gorgeous grin composed of vermilion and ivory white and each bore aloft, held high above his woolly pate, a dish of vast dimensions with a crust atop of appetizing crispness. These were the pies, the interior of one being composed of the pigeons I had shot, the other of the parrots. After they had been deposited the grinning waiters hastened back to the cookhouse and soon returned bearing between them a gigantic platter upon which, brown and toothsome and garnished with sprigs of parsley, lay a handsome turkey. Close behind this interesting group waddled old Auntie Jude, herself carrying a smaller platter containing a pair of guinea fowls, their rich brown bosoms bursting with tenderness.

But I have no space for details. It was a feast fit for the gods. And when it was all over my friend and I sat a portion of the night out on the veranda.

It was years ago, but I still recall the delicious fragrance of the night air, I can still, in memory, see the nocturnal vampires sweeping in and out the nispero trees and yet hear the subdued cries of the night birds in the hills behind the valley. And, mingled with the sweet scents of the tropic night, there come to me now—even after the lapse of many years—the savory odors of that Thanksgiving feast in the faraway island over the sea. FRED A. OBER.

Economy.



Jack—Now, Dick, as this is Thanksgiving day, suppose we have some tame duck and— Dick—Hold on! How much will they stick you for that? Jack—Two dollars and a half. Dick—Whew! Let's get a wild duck and tame it ourselves.

THIRTEEN AT DINNER

A NEW ENGLAND REMINISCENCE.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

Everybody in Misery Cove knew Aunt Mary 'Lisher, relict for 50 years and more of Elisha Dewberry and who lived with her daughter Hitty in the old house on the Gloster road. The Cove was very full of old folks, but not all of them were thus made appellationally distinctive—only the salt of the earth.

There, for instance, were Aunt Nancy Ben, Aunt Betsey Isrul, Aunt Mary Sam, Aunt Abigail Richard, and so on, every one a relict of some good man long since departed, for the "Covers" did not believe in a surplussage of words in their daily speech, and so, instead of saying, "Mary, the widow of Elisha," they referred to her as plain Mary 'Lisher, affixing to her own premonition that of her deceased husband. Those good people who were still blessed with conjugal partners were addressed without the distinguishing prefix of aunt or uncle.

It seemed to me, when I became old enough to reason, that I had been born into a community composed entirely of relations, more or less remote, but when I had at last successfully wrestled with the problem I found that our family was not connected by marriage with any other in the village. I mention this in passing merely that the reader may not be plunged into the genealogical slough in which I wallowed until extricated. Aunt Mary 'Lisher, then, was not my aunt at all, but an adoptive relative, as it were. However, that made no difference in the eyes of childhood, which accepts things as it finds them and asks no impertinent questions of the gods who bring gifts in their hands.

Aunt Mary 'Lisher was a little, worn and wrinkled old woman, with a kindly face, from which peered two bright black eyes, and a form bent nearly double with the infirmities of years. She was somewhere between 70 and 80 years of age when I first knew her, but if I had been asked at that time I should have said she was at least 150.

My first acquaintance with Aunt Mary 'Lisher was, you may say, a sympathetic one, dating from a certain day when I saw her in my father's shop. It was the ordinary country store, in which, besides the common groceries, was carried a small stock of bottled medicines, essences and such like "notions." It seems that Aunt Mary 'Lisher had one or two infirmities in addition to those which people of her age generally carry—she was addicted to the use of opium and tobacco. And, as her blood relations had decided antipathies against the drug and the weed (in a vicious way), they had forbidden all stores and shops in the township to supply the old lady with her tippie and her smoke. The shifts she was driven to in obtaining them—for get them she did—were sometimes pitiful to witness, and from perhaps an innate sympathy with the "under dog" in a fight I took sides with her as against her relatives and my worthy parent. So it happened that whenever I was on duty in the shop, and Aunt Mary 'Lisher would come (as she always did twice a week) ostensibly to purchase an ounce of tea, or half a pound of sugar, she went home much happier than if my father had been behind the counter.

It may not seem, then, at all unreasonable that she should hold a reciprocal



AUNT MARY 'LISHER'S HOME.

affection for one who ministered to a cherished though depraved appetite and that I was a welcome guest at the old house on the Gloster road. It still stands, with its paneled chimney and "overhang" second story, as guiltless of paint or whitewash as when first erected, over 200 years ago. In the coveyard adjacent its living contemporary, an elm tree with spreading branches and as graceful as in youth, protects the ancient well sweep which supplies the house with water. The "living room" was, as it should have been, the brightest and the sun-



numbers. Set down, ye numskull, or I'll trounce ye. So there wasn't nothin' to do but keep right on a-eatin, an I must confess that I didn't let no fear of bad luck interfere with my appetite, for them turkeys was done to a turn, an the chickens was so tender they 'a most fell to pieces when you p'inted at 'em. An as for the Injun puddin'—my! It does beat all what an educated cook can turn out of a brick oven! Ye can't cook an Injun puddin' no other way to save yer neck in to let it set in a brick oven heated overnight with good hemlock wood. Then there was the punkin pie, yellor as gold an' two inches thick, an the custards, an the pandowdy, an the dewdups (peaches an' pears of Cousin Sally's own preservin')—why, it was well nigh 4 o'clock when we got through an went into the settin room to crack walnuts an' butternuts on the andirons."

"Well, mother, after ye've said an done all, I don't see ye've proved anything. Whatever happened, anyway?" "Happened, Hitty? Why, everything happened. There was Samwell, he was run away with an broke his neck; 'Dan' he up an' had fever an' died; 'Liz'beth went to the 'ylum; Cousin Izzy an' Cousin Sally are dead; the major's gone, too, an' Mary Ann, 's well 's Samarithy Jane; an' there ain't more'n three of us left out of the hull 13 that set down to that dinner at Cousin Izzy's. If that ain't onlucky, then what is, I'd like to know?"

"But weren't there any young folks at the dinner?" I asked, availing myself of the silence that ensued to say a word. "No, Benny; not what ye might call reel young. Samwell, I s'pose, was the youngest, an' he was clus on to 'Liz'beth Ann's age, p'raps about 45." "An' how long ago was it, auntie?" "How long? Lemme see. It was three year before Hitty was born, an' that would make it—" "Mother! Ye do beat the Dutch! As if this boy'd care how long 'twas! Here, Benny, take a cookie and run along; it's gettin late, an' your folks will want ye. I declare, mother, I'm ashamed of ye, fillin his head with such notions. As I said when ye begun that long rignarole, there ain't no number onluckyer 'n another. So there!" BEN BOWDOIN.

little coast steamer was a blank, but the sea breezes revived me, and by the time we had arrived opposite the estate of Rutland Vale, my new friend's plantation, I was able to walk, with an assistant at either arm. A couple of horses were in waiting. I was helped into the saddle of one of them, and then supported to the "great house," which was about half a mile from the landing.

There we were welcomed by a handsome, motherly woman, the chery consort of my hospitable host, and I was made at home at once. Through the house and around the verandas romped a troop of children, of ages varying from 2 to 12 years, a blithesome, merry lot, who were for the moment rather abashed at the coming of a stranger.



"DONE MEK MO' WUK FER OLE NIGGER WOMAN."

ed at the coming of a stranger. But only for the moment, and they soon swarmed over their father, and shyly greeted his companion, while expectantly awaiting the doling out of the goodies he had brought them from the town. "Ten of them, all sound as roaches, every one," said the happy father, as he picked up an armful and pranced about the veranda. "But come in. Here is your room. Get into bed now, and don't you get out till I tell you to. Since I've usurped the doctor's place, you must obey my orders, you under-

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 One year (advance payment) \$1.00
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BRIGHTER DAY IS DAWNING.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: No one now doubts that the brighter day is dawning, and it is the common remark that never before has the business shown so great a change for the better within a single week. To the change of conditions and of spirit described last week there has already answered a large increase in the working force and in the volume of trade. Dispatches telling of about 500 establishments which have opened or have materially enlarged their force though they filled many columns, gave only partly of the fact, for throughout the country the gain has been surprising, even to the most hopeful.

It is not mere speculation or hope that starts the fires, and starts the wheels, for orders which have been accumulating for months, with the necessary replenishment of dealers' stock now greatly reduced, would employ the whole reducing force for a time and increase in number of hands at work means increase in purchases for consumption. Monetary anxiety and peril being removed, the business world has that confidence which is worth more in practical influence than several thousand millions of currency in circulation.

At a council of Ministers at Ottawa on Friday last, Mr. J. B. Richard, of Wotton, was appointed Collector of Customs at Sherbrooke.

The Manitoba school question is settled, or said to be, as has been said before, between the Dominion and Provincial Governments. Mr. Sifton, a prospective Minister of the Interior will be the constituency of Brandon at the bye election, soon to be held.

The rumor started in Quebec on Friday, by *L'Electeur* (Lib.) that a crisis existed between Lieut. Gov. Chapleau and his ministers, is stated to be devoid of any truth whatever, and it is said that the best of harmony prevails between his Honor and the Government. The former is still detained at Spencerwood through illness. There the ministers called on him when necessary.

Mr. Bryan, who beat the record in speech making in the late Presidential election, is said to be having a serious time with his voice. He has grown very hoarse since he left off speech making. The vocal cords have suffered from over exertion. It will require time and care, his physician says, to reduce the inflammation. He has also aged in appearance, looking four or five years older than when he began the campaign. It is said that he will take to the lecture platform for a time, and that his addresses will not be of a character that will take him out of the list of eligibles in 1900.

The Educational question will be an important one in the next Provincial campaign. The electors of the Counties of Brome and Missisquoi should be sure to pledge every candidate of both parties who comes before them to use his best endeavors to assist, regardless of fealty to party, any good measure that has for its bettering of the Educational System in the province. Quebec shows a greater percentage of illiterates than any other province and Missisquoi shows a smaller percentage than any other county, and therefore should be in the van in the crusade for better schools, more efficient and better paid teachers—*Coteauville Observer*.

It is understood that the Manitoba school question has been settled, but in what manner has not yet been made public. Attorney General Sifton of the Manitoba Government, acted for that Province, and it was said he would leave for Ottawa to be sworn in as Minister of the Interior, having resigned his office in the Manitoba Government. He will be expected to represent Brandon in the House of Commons.

It is well to have the school matter settled, and if it has been done in the interest of the Manitoba schools, everybody ought to be satisfied. The education question never ought to be mixed up with politics or creeds, but should be arranged on a fair basis as between Catholics and Protestants.

Max O'Rell says that if a reporter should publish a detailed account of what a French woman wore her husband would feel called upon to challenge him to mortal combat. In this country the reporter who fails to fully describe a lady's costume is sometimes obliged to fight her whole family. This goes to show that newspaper reporting in any country is a ticklish business.

LEGISLATURE OF QUEBEC.

The sixth session of the eighth Legislature of Quebec was formally opened at three o'clock on Tuesday last. His Honor Lieut. Gov. Sir Joseph Adolphe Clapleau opened the Session in the regular form.

In the Legislative Council Hon. V. W. Larue moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne. In the Assembly Mr. E. Bouffard, M.P.P. for Montmorency moved the address in French.

The members of the Legislative Assembly were summoned to the Council Chamber by the Gentleman Usher of the Black-Rod. In the Red Chamber, the Lieut. Governor read the address in French and English.

The following is the speech from the Throne.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:
 Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am happy to welcome you here and to see you once more assembled in the Legislative building, which has witnessed your zealous efforts for the welfare of the Province throughout the parliamentary period soon about to expire.

In the course of the session, which I came to-day to open, my Government will submit to you a bill respecting the establishment of a special fund for the more effectual diffusion of instruction in poor municipalities and amongst the working classes for improving the condition of teachers, and generally for the purpose of giving a further and an energetic impulse to primary education.

You will also be called to legislate upon a reorganization of the public departments, which will amongst other things, allow of closer attention being paid to the management of the forests and other resources of the Province, and of greater revenue being derived from them.

Agriculture and colonization which have made such extraordinary progress for some years, will advance with still more rapid strides in consequence of this departmental re-organization; and my Government convinced that the welfare of the whole country depends in a great measure on the prosperity of the rural population, will ask you to be generous in voting the items of supply relating to the very numerous and deserving class of settlers and farmers.

In virtue of various acts of the Legislature, Land subsidies, subsequently converted into money subsidies, were granted to certain railway companies, and represent an aggregate amount of over three million dollars, payable when these lands shall have been allotted, sold, and paid; that is to say after very heavy expense will have been incurred for surveys and administration, my Government having been requested to carry this legislation into effect, proposed to the railways interested, who might be willing to accept the same, to commute their rights for amounts smaller than those mentioned in the statute, but payable immediately, or as they become due.

The principle of this arrangement has been accepted by the companies and you will be called upon to consider a bill to allow of the effecting of such commutation.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:
 Every facility will be afforded you to obtain information respecting the financial part of the administration; the public accounts will be submitted without delay for your examination, and the estimates for the year 1897-98, together with supplementary estimates for the current year will be laid before you.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:
 Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

Emigration agents are making strenuous efforts to induce our hardy and industrious population to leave the province in order to settle in countries as far distant as Brazil. To arrest this regrettable movement and to further promote the settlement of our wild lands, my Government will submit a measure to make a homestead of every lot hereafter conceded by the Crown, on certain conditions, and to make such conditions easier than in the past.

The last report of the commissioners appointed to revise and codify the laws respecting civil procedure will be laid before you, with a view to the final adoption of the work of the commission by the Legislature.

The efforts of my Government to restore equilibrium between receipts and expenditure have been fully successful, and a surplus has even been realized.

I therefore have much pleasure in informing you that a bill will be submitted to you for the removal of the tax on transfers of real estate, which had to be imposed in 1892.

My Government hopes also to be able to convert the debentures of this Province, now outstanding, into securities payable at a more remote date and bearing a lower rate of interest, which will have the effect of very considerably reducing the annual charge for interest upon the public debt, and

will introduce legislation which will facilitate such conversion.

Nevertheless it is my duty to state that the constant increase of the population and consequently of the unavoidable expense for the administration of justice, the care of the insane, the providing of means of communication and the development of public instruction and agriculture render more and more imperative the readjustment of the federal subsidies, payable under section 118 of British North America Act. In accordance with an order of my Executive Council, passed on the second of October last, I placed myself in communication with the Government of Canada on the subject.

Copies of despatch which I sent to Honorable Secretary of State on this important matter will be distributed to you.

I also placed myself in communication with the Federal authorities in reference to the delimitation of the northern boundaries of the Province of Quebec, and I am happy to say that, by an order of His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council, dated the eighth of July last, the rightfulness of our claim was admitted, and the territory claimed by my Government or its equivalent was acknowledged as forming part of the Province of Quebec.

It is the duty of the men of this generation to provide for the destinies of those to come. However remote may be the advantages to be derived from the decision I have just mentioned, the fact may be considered as of more than ordinary importance.

I now leave you to your important labors: I pray Almighty God to bless them and I trust that this last session of the eighth Parliament of the Quebec Legislature will be inscribed on the brightest pages of the Parliamentary annals of the Province, as having been most fertile in proofs of your devotedness, your wisdom and your loyalty.

A Canine Alliance.

I had some 30 years ago a bright little black and tan terrier, who used to be my constant companion both in walks and rides. His friend was my pony (though often very jealous of him) and he had also an ally in a bigger dog, belonging to a friend of mine, whose name was Tiny, and a foe of another dog, who was an enemy of my little Jim. This dog flew at him on one occasion, and my dog, seeking refuge with his master, was trodden on by the pony and so much hurt that for three weeks he was invalided and unable to walk. On the very first walk after the accident, Tiny being his companion, my dog ran most boldly into the garden where his enemy lived and was at once set upon by him. Tiny calmly waiting outside the hedge. Directly my dog ran back, pursued by his foe. The latter was immediately seized and shaken by Tiny, Jim calmly looking on. From that time the persecution of my dog entirely ceased. He was left unmolested.—Letter in London Spectator.

English Farming 1797.

In many of the English counties dairy farming was conducted on a large scale. Cheshire then as now was celebrated for its cheese, though much of the so called Cheshire cheese was made in Staffordshire and Lancashire. "Such quantities are made of it that London alone is said to take annually 14,000 tons. Vast quantities are also sent to Bristol, York, Scotland, Ireland, etc." There is also mention of Stilton cheese, "called the Parmesan of England." It is noteworthy that even the delicacies of the day were mostly of home production. Among these there is mention of Lemster, of Leominster, bread and Webber ale of Hereford. Of beverages small beer was the most popular, except in the island of Guernsey, which, we are informed, "is full of gardens and orchards, whence cider is so plentiful that the common people use it instead of small beer, and the more wealthy drink French wines."

Devonshire was noted for wine and perry, and Herefordshire cider was sent to all parts of England. Of Hampshire we are told that "its honey, except that gathered on the heath, bears a high price, and of this the inhabitants make most excellent mead and metheglin." The latter was considered a wholesome liquor and was especially esteemed by the people of Flint. Staffordshire produced a speciality in the shape of mineral water, which is thus described, "The country yields freestone, rocks of limestone and a kind or ironstone as big as the crown of a hat, containing about a pint of cold, sharp, pleasant liquor called 'mush,' which the workmen are fond of."—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Grand Trunk Railway has given an order to the Westinghouse Air Brake Company for brake equipment on ten thousand cars, and four hundred engines. Before long air brakes will be on all freight cars of this road.

Horseless mail wagons will soon be running in New York. The motive power has not yet been made public.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Various Toothsome Ways to Prepare the Delightful Bird.

If you have the spirit of thankfulness in your own heart, and want to awaken a corresponding glow in the heart of your Lord and master, you will serve your turkey boned and so get rid of much of the difficulty in carving.

An easy way to bone a turkey is to slit the skin down the back with a sharp knife, and, raising one side at a time with the fingers separate the flesh from the bones until the wings and legs are reached; unjoint these from the body, and, cutting through to the bone, turn back the flesh and remove the bones. The flesh may be reshaped by stuffing. Stuff with force meat made of veal and a little pork chopped fine, and season with salt, pepper, sage or savory, and the juice of a lemon. Sew in shape, and press the wings and legs close to the body, and tie all firmly, so that the upper surface may be smooth and plump. Lard the breast with narrow strips of firm, fat pork, and bake until thoroughly done, basting often with salt and water and a little butter. Serve with a giblet dressing, to which has been added a cup of strained tomatoes.

To make a giblet dressing for roast turkey, put the giblets and neck in a saucepan with cold water and add an onion, salt and pepper, and a slice of dry bread that has been made very brown in the oven. Boil until the giblets are done, then strain the stock. Chop the giblets fine and put them and the stock back into the saucepan, dredge with a little flour, add the brown gravy from the bottom of the pan in which the fowl was cooked, after skimming off the fat. Serve hot in a gravy boat.

A good, old fashioned stuffing is made by mixing with a loaf of stale bread half a cup of butter, an egg, salt, pepper, sage, and thyme or celery to taste, all brought to the consistency of mush by the addition of hot water.

An oyster dressing is considered an improvement upon the old recipe. It is made by adding to half a loaf of stale bread crumbled, half a cup of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Drain off the liquor from a pint of oysters, heat it and pour over the bread crumbs; add an egg and mix all the ingredients well together. A little sweet milk is a great improvement. Most delicious of all is a chestnut stuffing, the rich nuts giving a peculiarly delicate taste to the fowl. To make it boil the chestnuts, remove the shells and brown skins and mash them. Mix them with a few grated bread crumbs and moisten with sweet cream, add a little butter and season with pepper and salt. In filling the turkey do not crowd in the stuffing. Sew up the openings and tie or skewer the legs and wings in shape. Rub thickly with butter and salt and dredge with flour. Place in a dripping pan and put half a cup of water in the pan. Use a moderate oven and cover the turkey with another pan for the first 40 minutes. Baste frequently and turn the bird occasionally to expose all parts to the heat. It should be tender and moist and a golden brown all over when done. Garnish the dish with small balls of fried sausage or fried oysters and parsley. Serve with a giblet dressing and cranberries.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

S. S. Memphis Wrecked.

The S.S. Memphis from Montreal to Avonport was wrecked on the shore of Dunlough Bay, Ireland, and will prove a total wreck. The vessel struck on the evening of the 18th. It is known that twelve of the crew were lost. The cattle forming part of the cargo were drowned and their bodies are floating ashore. Dunlough Bay, near Nigger Head, is on the South coast of Ireland. The Memphis was loaded with Canadian produce, including 350 head of cattle, butter, cheese, wheat, flour, etc., and had a crew of 30 men.

This Week at Clough's

Eighteen cents a dozen paid for fresh Eggs, Butter, Hides, Pelts, and general produce, both in and goods sold as below:
 Montreal onions per pound 1 cent, Best Salmon 16 c., Good Laundry Starch 16 c., Fletcher's Best Candles 15 c., Surprise or Comfort Soap, bar 3 c., Glycerine Soap, bar 3 c., Best Canned goods per Can 5 c., Thirty pounds Redpath Muscovado white Sugar, \$1.00.
 Ladies' Cashmeres \$1.00, Men's Knit Shirts 25c., Men's 18 1/2 Style Suits warranted 2.50, Men's and Youth's Overcoats \$1.50 to 2.00, Lantern Globes 6c., Horse Whip good value 4c., Horse Whip Paw hide tip to butt 4c., Steel shovel round points 20 c., Water Lade 2 c., Boiler Curtains 2c.
 Only 25 Sets left of the cheap 44 pieces Tea Sets. Call or write and secure one.

A. G. CLOUGH,
 Ayer's Flat.

Sheriff's Sale

CANADA
 Province of Quebec, (In the Superior Court
 District of St. Francis.)
 No. 994.
 CHARLES H. BLOUNT, Plaintiff,
 vs.
 SAMUEL B. NOTTON, Defendant.
 PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that has undermentioned Lands and Tenements which have been seized in this cause will be sold at the church door of the Parish of Sainte Cour de Jesus, in the village of Stanstead Plain, on the 27th day of November instant, at ten of the clock in the forenoon to wit:
 THAT certain tract of land known as the residuum of a part of the lot number one (1) in the Sixth Range of the Township of Stanstead; bounded on the South and East by the main line of the Massawippi Valley Railway, and on the North by the highway; after deducting therefrom those parts thereof sold to the Massawippi Valley Railway Company and to James A. House, and to Charles H. Blount, with the buildings thereon.
 Sheriff's Office,
 Sherbrooke, 9 November, 1896.
 JOHN MCINTOSH,
 Sheriff.

LIBERATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have relinquished to my son, Albert Taylor, the remainder of his minority, and shall not claim his earnings or pay any debts of his contracting hereafter.
 A. J. TAYLOR,
 Magog, Nov. 12, 1896.

HAY PRESSING.

The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has an improved hay press and is now ready to press hay or straw at reasonable figures. I guarantee to do extra good work.
 BLISL ANDERSON, care W. W. Wilson.

DIED.

MYRICK—At Massawippi, Nov. 8th, 1896, Polly Woodward, widow of Beaumont Myrick, in the 85th year of her age.

5 Lantern Globes for 25c Lamp Chimneys
 Small size 4c
 Large size 7c
FRANK RESH, Stanstead.

HAVING JUST RETURNED
 From Montreal and Boston I am

NOW OPENING
 A LOT of New Goods, Ladies Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Corsets, Fancy Goods,

Millinery,

All in the Latest Styles and thoroughly UP-TO-DATE, which I shall sell at prices to suit the hard times.

A TRIMMED HAT only \$1.00.

Other articles in proportion. Trimming a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed. No trouble to show goods.

MISS M. J. ELDER,
 Beebe Plain, Que.

WE HAVE IN A FULL LINE OF

Millinery Goods

And will sell them lower than ever before. Prices are right.

We can sell a fine felt Hat trimmed up in style for Only One Dollar.

Children's Hats a Specialty.

Call and see them at **DREW'S,** FITCH BAY.

Great Bargain at AUCTION!

Valuable Woolen Mill and Machinery, Also

Three Dwelling Houses, Barns, and Out-Buildings.

I shall sell by order of the Executors of the Estate of the Late HIRSHAM DAVIS, at Ways Mills, Que., at 2 o'clock P. M.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1896

The above named property without reserve: The Machinery consisting in part of 1 six-ten-horse-power Engine, mostly new, made by Leonard & Sons, with 3 Horse 1 Broad Loom, 1 Carding Machine, 3 Wool Carders for same, also 1 Carding Machine for custom work, 1 Ficker, Bells, Dye Vats, and other appliances. The Mill is fitted to run by water or steam power, but with a small outlay can be run the year round by water.
 This affords a rare opportunity to any person understanding the business to engage in the manufacture of Woolen Goods with a moderate outlay.
 The Village of Ways Mills is situated on the daily stage route from the town of Clifton, on the G. T. R. Railroad, to Stanstead, Plain, on the B. & M. Railroad, about eight miles from each and five miles from Ayer's Flat Station, on B. & M. Railroad, and contains two churches, school, two Stores, saw and grist mill carriage and blacksmith shops, post-office, creamery and cheese factory, etc.
 Terms liberal and made known on the day of sale.
 E. HOWE, Auctioneer.

Quebec Central RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Time - Table.
 On and after Monday, October 5th, 1896, trains will run as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE SHERBROOKE.

EXPRESS—
 Leave Sherbrooke, 8.00 a. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 9.00 a. m.
 " St. Francis, 1.00 p. m.
 " Levis, 1.55 " "
 " Quebec (Ferry), 2.30 " "
 Pullman Palace Car from Springfield to Quebec connecting at Sherbrooke with Pullman Palace Car from Boston by this train.

ACCOMMODATION—
 Leave Sherbrooke, 11.30 p. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 12.40 a. m.
 " Levis, 8.00 " "
 " Quebec (Ferry), 8.15 " "

WAY FREIGHT—
 Leave Sherbrooke, 8.10 a. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 11.00 a. m.
 " Sherbrooke, 8.45 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE SHERBROOKE.

EXPRESS—
 Leave Quebec (Ferry), 1.30 p. m.
 " Levis (Q.C.R.), 2.00 p. m.
 " St. Francis, 2.50 p. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 6.55 p. m.
 " Sherbrooke, 7.50 p. m.
 Pullman Palace Car from Quebec to Springfield connecting at Sherbrooke with Pullman Palace Car from Boston.

ACCOMMODATION—
 Leave Quebec (Ferry), 6.30 p. m.
 " Levis (Q.C.R.), 7.00 p. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 2.40 a. m.
 " Sherbrooke, 4.00 a. m.

WAY FREIGHT—
 Leave Benoue Jct., 6.30 a. m.
 Arrive Dudswell Jct., 2.10 p. m.
 " Sherbrooke, 3.30 p. m.

Connections made at Dudswell Junction with the Maine Central R.R. so that passengers leaving Sherbrooke in the morning make quick connections for Coombsville, Sawyerville, etc.

For tickets and further information apply to the Company's Agents.
FRANK GRUNDY, J. H. WALSH,
 General Manager, Gen'l Pass'g Agent.

J. T. F. L. I. N. T.

T. & C. O'ROURKE'S
 Advertisement.

We wish to call attention to the great Advantages we are Offering this season in our

Custom Department.

We have the Best Stock of New Goods the market affords, and to close the estate of the late T. O'Rourke we must reduce our stock. To do this we are quoting the lowest prices ever offered in this part of the country.

The Largest Stock of Irish Frieze Ulsters and Overcoats

Ever shown in this place. They must be sold regardless of price.

All we ask is a call and we will convince you.

T. & C. O'ROURKE

PLAIN AND FANCY CROCKERY

A New Line just received; none better in this part of the country.

A SPECIALTY IN Dinner and Tea Sets.

Take a look at these goods; then if you want to buy we will make an object for you to trade with us.

Fine Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery.

WE LEAD IN TEAS.
 Cranberries always on hand. Oysters at Wholesale and retail. We keep Hovey Bros.' Pork and Lard, Pork Loins, Sausage and Hams. These goods are the best.

PARKER'S,
 ROCK ISLAND.

Business and Professional Cards.

DR. J. E. C. TOMKINS, (McGill) Physician and Surgeon, Office opposite Christ Church, Stanstead Plain. Bell Telephone No. 60. H. C. RUGG, M. D., C. M., Physician and Surgeon. Office opposite residence of Hon. M. F. Hackett. Stanstead Plain, Que. Bell Telephone No. 84. DR. T. D. WHITCHER, Beebe Plain, Vt. Telephone connections. RALPH M. CANFIELD, M. D., L. R. C. P. (London) Etc. Office hours 12 to 2 and 6 to 7 P. M. Stanstead, Que. C. R. JONES, M. D., C. M., Hatley, Que. JOHN W. McDUFFEE, C. M., M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Stanstead Plain, Que. Post Office address, Derby Line, Vt. C. I. MOULTON, L. D. S., Dentist, Stanstead Plain, Que. DR. L. A. LAPALME, Physician and Surgeon, Stanstead Plain P. Q. Office and Residence at Dr. Confield's sold place. ERASTUS P. BALL, Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of Montreal Veterinary College. Office at Lee Farm, Rock Island, Que. U. S. P. O. address Derby Line, Vermont. M. F. HACKETT, Advocate, Solicitor, &c., Stanstead Plain, Que. Will attend all courts in the District. Collections a specialty. H. M. HOVEY, Advocate, Rock Island, Que. U. S. P. O. address, Derby Line, Vt. W. C. HERBERT, Advocate, Office first door north of residence, Stanstead Plain, Que. Bell Telephone No. 55. ALONZO D. BATES, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Derby Line, Vt. Office opposite Derby Line Hotel. THOS. KIRK, Civil Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor. Office at Stanstead Hotel, Stanstead, Que. A. LEOPOLD, (Graduate of Laval and McGill) Mining Engineer, Head Office, Quebec. Branch Offices: Sherbrooke; Montreal, 17 Place d'Armes Hill, for all matters relating to mines. CHAS. M. THOMAS, Notary Public, Commissioner Superior Court. Office at the Court House, Stanstead Plain. L. H. RAND, Undertaker, Beebe Bay, Que. A complete assortment of Fine Funeral Furnishings always kept in stock. FRANK CORMIER, Practical Blacksmith, Libby Shop, Rock Island, P. Q. Particular attention given to horse shoeing. All work warranted.

For Sale or to Exchange. A small place, with good buildings, about three-quarters of a mile from the village of Beebe Plain. It has a neat house, barn and under ground stable, and about three-quarters of an acre of good land. I wish to exchange this for a small farm with suitable buildings. For further particulars apply to the Publishers of this paper. Notice. The repairs to our Grist Mill are completed and our mill is now open to the world for custom grinding. Bring us a trial load, and if we cannot grind it better and quicker than any other mill in the Township, we will do your grinding for a year for nothing, Day and night service. Yours, J. H. MERRILL. Reward. A reward of ten dollars will be paid for evidence which will lead to the detection and conviction of the person or persons who committed a Public nuisance in and about the school building at Cassville. By order of the School Board of the Township of Stanstead. C. A. JENKINS, Smith's Mills, Nov. 11, 1896. Seeley's Treas. 47-3 For Service. Imported Oxford Down Ram for service at Dufferin's Heights farm three miles north of Stanstead Plain.

SAVE FEED. By having your HORSE'S TEETH cared for. Horses with defective teeth or some mouth cannot masticate their food properly, and are never in condition. I have the best tools for horse dentistry that money can buy, and will use them for a reasonable price. Examination and advice free. E. AUDINWOOD, Rock Island, P. Q., and Derby Line, Vt.

MONTREAL MARKET. Montreal, Nov. 17th.—The cheese and butter market is quiet. At the wharf 2,500 lbs. cheese sold yesterday at 9 3/4 to 9 1/2 c. The butter situation is unchanged. For finest creamery in boxes, buyer's and seller's views are apart, the latter asking 19 1/2 c. to 20 c., and the former bidding 19 c. to 19 1/4 c. The demand for eggs was fair and the market continues active and firm. New laid sold at 20 c. to 22 c., choice candled and Montreal limed at 14 c. to 14 1/2 c. Western limed at 13 c. to 14 c., and culls at 8 c. to 10 c. per dozen. The market for potatoes was quiet, the demand being chiefly for small lots at 30 c. to 35 c. per bag. Turkeys sold at 8 c. to 9 c.; ducks, 7 1/2 c. to 8 c.; chickens, 6 1/2 c. to 7 c., and geese, 5 c. to 6 c. per lb. The market for dressed hogs was quiet at \$4.75 to \$5 per 100 lbs. The grain market is unsteady. There was no change in the Manitoba wheat market; dealers and millers paying 70 c. to 75 c. for No. 1 hard at 17 c. freight rate points. Peas, per 60 lbs. \$0.52 1/2 to \$0.53 No. 2 c. to \$0.29 1/2 to \$0.26 1/2. FLOUR. Winter wheat \$4.90 to \$5.10 Spring wheat, patent \$5.20 to \$5.30 Straight roller 4.40 to 4.65 Straight roller, bags 2.10 to 2.25 Extra bags 1.75 to 1.85 Manitoba strong bakers 4.50 to 5.00

THANKSGIVING.

PURITANS DID NOT ORIGINATE THE IDEA.

The National Festival Sprang From an Old Hebrew Custom—Feasts of Demeter and the Harvest Homes of the Saxons and Celts Were Similar.

The story of the first Thanksgiving in New England loses none of its interest as time rolls on. With each anniversary a new charm beckons in persuasive power to old colony days in Plymouth. It is a land of lingering visions; of scant stock of Pilgrim fathers, survivors of the hundred souls and more washed by the Mayflower on the bleak New England coast when winter prevailed against them so that their clothes froze, many times like coats of iron. But hark to a clank of cutlasm and horselet of steel! What, ho! Miles Standish, "clad in doublet and hose and boots of cordovan leather," striding again with martial air, and yet once more doth the hurrying pen of the stripling, John Alden, "with the dew of his youth and the beauty thereof," indite epistles filled with the name and the fame of Priscilla, the "loveliest maid in Plymouth."

Two hundred and seventy-five years have passed since the faint line of the Atlantic coast shimmered before the straining eyes of the Puritan forefathers, but it is not hard to picture their first Thanksgiving in the golden autumn of 1621. The cruel, hungry winter (there was a row of graves, and their number was almost half of the entire company) was passed. Summer smiled on their cornfields, and autumn brought an abundant harvest. It is a joyous description that Edward Winslow, the historian of the Plymouth colony, writes of the pioneer Puritanical Thanksgiving that followed: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (William Bradford) sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time amongst other recreation, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some 90 men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon the captain (Miles Standish) and others."

Governor Bradford completes the picture by enumerating the blessings which induce the Thanksgiving ceremony: "They began now to gather in ye small harvest they had and to fitte up their homes and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good plenty, for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad others were exercised in fishing about codd and bass and other fish of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All ye Sommer ther was no waste, and now began to come in store of fowle, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterwards decreased by degrees) and beside water fowle ther was great store of wild Turkeys, of which they took many, beside venison, &c. Beside they had about a peck of meal a weeke to a person, or now since harvest, Indian corn to ye proportion."

Not one of the American holidays is so suggestive of the love of home which is dominant in the national mind as Thanksgiving, but in history the festival does not find its exclusive home here. The Thanksgiving idea is an old one. The New England Puritans, in commemorating a day of thanks, were only following in the footsteps of the Hebrews, who annually observed a feast of tabernacles or ingathering. Thanksgiving lives in the classic authors in allusions to the feasts of Demeter. Harvest Homes were held by the Saxons and Celts, and what more beautiful picture of an aboriginal autumn festival could there be than the story of Hiawatha's feast of Mondamin: Homeward then went Hiawatha To the lodge of old Nokomis, And the seven days of his fasting Were accomplished and completed, But the piece was not forgotten Where he wrestled with Mondamin, Nor forgotton near he neglected Was the grave where lay Mondamin, Sleeping in the rain and sunshine, Whose his scattered plumes and garments Faded in the rain and sunshine, Day by day did Hiawatha Go to wait and watch beside it: Told the birds of his woe and his grief, Kept it in his mind as an ill omen, Kept it in his heart as a warning, Kept it in his soul as a punishment, Kept it in his hand as a talisman, Kept it in his eye as a spell, Kept it in his ear as a song, Kept it in his foot as a step, Kept it in his hand as a staff, Kept it in his eye as a star, Kept it in his ear as a bell, Kept it in his foot as a drum, Kept it in his hand as a sword, Kept it in his eye as a shield, Kept it in his ear as a horn, Kept it in his foot as a shoe, Kept it in his hand as a bow, Kept it in his eye as an arrow, Kept it in his ear as a drum, Kept it in his foot as a shoe, Kept it in his hand as a bow, Kept it in his eye as an arrow.

LINEBORO.

Arthur McLeod is home from Barre on a visit to his brother Alex. The air of Graniteville is full of very sweet music. It must be the echo of Mrs. Fred Hall's new piano that went by the other day. The social at Fred Hall's was a success. A large crowd was present, and the proceeds were about 13 dollars. A fine time was enjoyed by all. Quite a number from Beebe Plain were present. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Longeway and family wish to thank the friends and neighbors for their kindness during the sickness and burial of their aunt. Bertha Longeway is on the sick list. Old Mr. Tyler is very low at this writing. Wm. Kilbourn has moved his family in with his parents for the present. Wm. has returned to Lisbon where he is in business. A fine head stone was sent from Rutland to this place to be set for Mrs. Clarinda Derriek last week. Leon Stroples, who has been sick for the past two weeks, is able to be out. Wm. Haselton is putting up a barn on his place. The Moir Granite Company set a very fine monument at Marlow cemetery for Mr. Jacob Shaw last Friday. Rev. Mr. Howard, of Sherbrooke, made a flying visit at this place last week. His wife is quite sick with quinsy sores in her throat. The Band of Hope social at Mrs. Steven Salls' last Friday evening, was a grand success. Over sixty took supper. The children furnished a fine programme of speaking and singing. One piece entitled, "To the Front, Little Men and Women," played by Bertha Longeway, was sung by thirty children. All went home feeling happy. We are glad to hear that Miss Nettie Brodie arrived at Liverpool safely and in fair health. Mrs. Fred Goodall of Charleston, spent two days last week at Alex McLeod's. Walter Parmenter, better known as Walter Spooner, is at present in a hospital being treated for appendicitis. He writes that he is doing well and expects to return home in a few weeks. Quite a number went from this way to Beebe Plain to the Episcopal social. A fine time was enjoyed. Mrs. Fred Aller has gone to Beebe Plain to visit her old neighbors. Mrs. George Hurlbut, her son Homer, and daughter, of Province Hill, took dinner at the home of Mrs. Geo. Longeway last Tuesday. Written in Memory of Mrs. Angelina Noakes. Farewell, Aunt Lina, you have gone to rest, And laid beneath the cold green sod; We hope your soul is with the blest, Around the throne of God, And when death's cold stream you crossed, You were free from care and pain; Although we deeply feel the loss, It is your Eternal gain. Now shall we wipe our weeping eyes, And wait for the happy day, When we shall meet you in the skies, Where all our tears are wiped away. All nature is sad and seems to mourn, With heavy clouds in spread, Our dearest friends go on by one, And number with the dead.

BROWN'S HILL. Your correspondent was wrongly informed about Mr. Radway's pig having a dish cold in its throat. It was only a straw twisted around the wind-pipe and what seemed to be a little raveling with the straw. Mr. Marshall has commenced to move on to his farm which he lately purchased of Mr. Keet. EAST BOLTON. John Briant Jr., had a fine four year old colt die, by getting a sharp stick stuck in it while running through a fence. Mrs. E. V. Peasley has been visiting her son Elwin at Newport Maine. James W. Peasley son of Edwin Peasley has just arrived home from California, after an absence of five years. The September and October cheese sold for 10 1/2 at the Millington factory.

Harper's Weekly. "Election Night in New York" will form the subject of a full-page drawing by W. T. Peters in Harper's Weekly dated November 14th. Portraits of the new Governors will occupy a page; illustrations by Remington, Klepper, and others will accompany an article on the "Horse-Show;" and the second instalment of S. R. Crockett's story will be given, with illustrations by Rosina Emmet Sherwood. Harper's Bazar. During November the Bazar will be especially rich in fiction, publishing Thanksgiving stories by Harriet Prescott Spofford and Alice Brown. There will be a play for amateur acting by Caroline Ticknor, entitled "One Disinterested Friend." An article interesting to all colonial dames, and especially to New-Yorkers, will be entitled, "What We Owe to the Low Countries," by Mary P. Ferris. Winter fashions will be amply illustrated, and much attention will be given during November to toilets for social functions. The Thanksgiving Number will be of double size, and will have a specially decorated cover. It will include a paper by Virginia Van de Water on "The Thanksgiving Dinner."

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS. Three young Sherbrooke ladies are going as missionaries to Corea. Willard Bros. have closed their saw mill at Bolton Centre for the winter. The Gardner Tool Co. are setting up the machinery in their new shops at Sherbrooke. G. T. Armstrong has sold his interest in the Sherbrooke Yarn Mills to John McDonald. James Duffy, one of the pioneers of Danby, South Durham, died on the 1st inst., aged 77 years. The Cookshire Council has decided to procure firemen's suits for the nozzlemen of its volunteer fire brigade. At the recent meeting of the Provincial Synod, Rev Canon Thorneloe, of Sherbrooke, formerly of Stanstead, was elected Bishop of Algoma. Mr. Jamieson has purchased from the Cotton Co. the old fish hatchery at Magog and will move it to the Park House converting it into a barn. The Coaticook man Souce, who had trouble with the customs authorities some little time ago over smuggled tobacco, was sold out under the sheriff's hammer last Tuesday. The bursting of a large fly wheel at the Richmond electric light station on the 10th inst. deprived that town of light for one night. The attendant had a narrow escape from the flying pieces. A by-law providing for putting in a water-work system has been passed by the Municipal Council of Cowansville and the rate-payers will vote on the 28th inst. The water is to be brought from springs upon lots numbers 316 and 317 in the Township of Dunham. Samuel Bilton of the township of Cleveland was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 11th inst. Coroner Woodward was summoned. Dr. Hargrave, who had attended deceased, certified that death was from heart disease, and the Coroner gave orders for burial. Mr. Bilton was 61 years old. An overheated electric wire set fire to the stables of the Canada Hotel, Waterloo, on the night of the 6th inst. Fortunately the stable men were doing their chores at the time and the flames were promptly extinguished, otherwise a serious conflagration might have followed as the wind was blowing a gale at the time. At the annual meeting of the Shefford Cheese Syndicate the following officers were elected: Maxime Archambault, president; R. A. Curtis and J. R. Sanborn, vice presidents; C. H. Parmelee M. P., secretary-treasurer. There are 19 cheese factories and 3 creameries in the syndicate. 526 tons of cheese and 134 tons of butter were made during the past season. The Court House and jail at Sweetsburg are undergoing extensive repairs. The tin roof put on thirty two years ago, when the building was erected, has been replaced by galvanized iron. The old roof has been leaking badly for two or three years, and in some places the board were rotted so badly that they had to be replaced. It took 9,600 lbs. of galvanized iron to cover the roof. The Court House will be refitted with a new set of sash and windows. Gilbert Fortin of Eastman was prosecuted at Sweetsburg, the other day before Judge Mulvena for selling liquor in contervention of the Scott Act. M. H. Thomas Duffy appeared for the Alliance and the respondent defended himself. Though the proof and the law were both against Fortin, he addressed the Court at considerable length in both languages, making an eloquent and forcible plea to have the complaint dismissed, but it was a wasted effort. It was a second offence and the Court imposed a fine of \$100 and costs. Two men were killed at Niagara Falls by an explosion of dynamite in the office building of E. D. Smith & Co., contractors in charge of the extension of the wheel pit and tunnel of the Niagara Falls Power Co., on the 14th. In addition to the two men killed, another was fatally injured, and three others seriously injured. All were men connected with the Falls Power Co., one of the killed being Mr. Hakken Hammer, general manager, a native of Denmark. Washington, of the West, is suffering from too much rain. Trains are delayed, the tracks being under water in many places. The damages to railways in western Washington is very large, miles of track being under water. Seventy-two cents is about the Minimum price being paid for no. 1 hard wheat, this is four or five cents in excess of the export value, but the farmers get the benefit and are happy. The distress in India is increasing as well as the prices of grain. The failure of crops was caused by drought. Buffalo has just received electric power from the great electric power generated by the falls of Niagara. Italy and Abyssinia have made peace on terms very satisfactory to the latter.

BARGAINS AT GILMORE'S DERBY LINE.

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS Clothing, Boots and Shoes and Gents' Furnishings. \$6.50 Men's All-Wool Suits \$6.50 Suspenders and Tie Thrown In. Men's Ulster for \$6.00. A bargain at \$10.00. Also a full line of Boys and Children's Suits and Overcoats at the same low prices. In Boots and Shoes we have some big bargains. Can sell you a Boy's all Solid Shoe for 80c., or a Youth's for 70c.

Attractive Neckwear, Shirts that fit, Collars and Cuffs, Gloves and Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Underwear that is seasonable and comfortable, and at prices never before heard of. Come and see us before you buy any of the above goods, and we will save you money. Yours truly, JOHN GILMORE.

Now that we have the Railroad WE ARE GOING TO DO BUSINESS. Call and See us. No matter if you don't buy.

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW

That when you do want clothing you can buy it here for less money than at any other place. Why? Because our expenses are less, and we are better prepared to do so. We have a nice line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths For all kinds Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Remember This!

Our workmanship is second to none. We have been here long enough to prove that we can turn out a fit equal to anybody. We appreciate the liberal support given us in the past and solicit a continuance of your valued patronage.

J. A. MANY & CO., Tailors, STANSTEAD PLAIN.

JUST RECEIVED! NEW ONE CAR FURNITURE

Containing General Assortment for Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom, and Kitchen, in Oak, Birch, Ash, and Elm, which will be sold cheap. Having added this line to our already large stock, we invite you to call, inspect, and note prices. 1 Upholstered Parlor Suite, \$25.00 Cane Rockers, 1.25 1 Bedroom Suite in Birch, latest style, 12.00 Kitchen Chairs, Hard Wood, .35 Other lines equally low. We sell Lantern Globes for 4c., and brooms for 6c., but our best bargains are not in these. Clothing, the balance of this year will be a specialty. We will sell a good Suit, an Overcoat a Cap, and a pair of \$2.00 Boots, all for 88.85. A few more of those Ladies' Cloaks left—Bankrupt Stock—good style, less than cost. We are selling Flour a few days longer less than same quality costs at the mills. Middlings and Corn cheaper than same quality is sold elsewhere. Tinware, Earthenware, and Glassware, cheap. Silverware given away. Ask for a card that tells about it. Respectfully yours, A. E. FISH. Ayer's Flat, Nov. 17th, 1896.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

30 Men's Fine All-Wool Tweed Suits, Bought "Job," Cheap at \$10, \$5.00 Your Choice for \$5.00 15 MEN'S SUITS, Bought same as above, . . . \$3.50 Worth \$6. Choice for . . . \$3.50 LARGE LINE OF MEN'S FRIEZE ULSTERS, Worth \$10.00. Only \$5.00. If you want a Bargain in Clothing inspect these goods. They are as represented. We are showing a line of Underwear second to none in this section, in Children's and Ladies' especially. 12c. and upwards for a Child's heavy warm garment. Packed Butter and Maple Sugar wanted. PARKER & KNIGHT. Hatley, October 6, 1896.

W. C. T. U.

THE TRAINING OF OUR BOYS.

BY BETH YEVOH.

Why is the moral training of our boys, in the world at large, more liberal than that of our girls? Why is it that an impure thought or expression in a boy is excused, when the same thought or expression coming from the lips of a girl is met with serious disapproval? Why is it that boys are taught that what is unseemly in girls is decidedly proper and seemly in themselves?

I asked one good Christian mother a second time to consider these questions with me, and she answered, "Why rub yourself against the thorns and wound your flesh, when your entire life sacrificed on this point will make no change? 'Boys will be boys' you know."

The same old answer! It seems to me that women do not try to make an effort to shield in any manner the young lives of their sons, and that in the eyes and hearts of an unthinking world, there is little help to stay the boy and to keep him pure in heart and soul, until he reaches manhood.

There are thousands of brave and noble men and women, working unremittently for the redemption of the depraved and fallen woman. God prosper them and give them strength for their grand work! Are there any trying to rescue the immoral man? That would be a herculean task? Not at all. When our sons are taught from the cradle that purity is as sweet in them as it is in their sisters, then we may expect a safeguard for our daughters. As a rule boys enter into the vices of men with a chuckle from their fathers and a wink, and perhaps a little sigh, from their mothers. Why does the moral ruin of a daughter cause so much sorrow and so many heart breaks, when that of a son is scarcely noted? Surely, there is some time in a boy's life when he is pure and knows nothing of the vices of his sex.

You may ask why I am pleading for the boy instead of the girl. Why? In the first place I love the stout-hearted brave boy as well as I do the sweet and confiding girl. Secondly, because the girl has received for generations what the boy needs, instructions in purity of character from the very cradle. Again, boys make our men, men rule our great nation, and—I am loth to say—ruin our girls. And let me go further, these same debased, self-depised and sex-shunned women ruin our young boys. A boy trained from his earliest recollection to purity in thought and action will make a man who will be as chaste as he would have his own wife, sister and mother to be, and no moral sin will lie at his white door, crying out against him as he crosses the threshold.

What would I do? I am asked. I would choose my boy's associates as I would his books—as, there is another point, yes choose his books; let them be the best the very best. Give the young child the works of our best authors, and instead of hours spent on the street, give him the pleasure of your own society, either in a pleasant walk or car ride, if one cannot afford a carriage, or a quiet evening in the home, with an hour in general conversation, reading or harmless games. If possible, give him a corner of his own; where he can put away his treasures; allow him to have his companions, whom you know to be suitable for him to associate with, to come into his home; put the thoughts of your personal comfort and quiet aside sometimes, and exchange thoughts and ideas with these same boys, remembering that they need the encouragement of wise mothers and fathers. Give them the company of the sweet-minded girl, one who is the true daughter of the true mother; she will bring into his life the harmonizing influence, which does not come to him from his mother. To her he owes respect and courtesy, but the gentle girl will teach by her presence the true politeness and courtesy with which he must meet women when he has passed to the state of manhood.

As the ship builder builds his vessel staunch, that it may withstand the fierce waves and billows of the great sea, and carry its precious freight safely from shore to shore, so I would build or mold the character of the boy from his cradle, that he might be such a bulwark of moral strength, that the fireside of his neighbor would be as sacred to him as his own.

I would give my boy for a motto, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," that which does not belong to you. I regret to say that I have known parents to cheat in small(?) ways, and boast of it before their children. One example comes very strongly before me. A very young and beautiful woman wed a handsome artist for his face alone; they were constantly on the wing, as numerous artists are, and a large family of boys were given them.

When the children were old enough to enter their father's studio, they were taught the use of the camera, and the father would leave his studio with one of the young sons, and with

the others, go out upon the roads attending county fairs, etc.

This father had many opportunities to cheat the honest and unsophisticated farmers, and he never misde a chance. He taught his son the art of cheating on a small scale, as well as the art of the camera, and upon his return to the bosom of his family, would rehearse the exploits of petty fraud before his gentle wife and the smaller boys. It is needless to say that she was shocked, but she was too gentle to overcome the dishonest influence of her husband. The sons, when grown to manhood, never did anything so very terrible, yet they never hesitated to touch, taste, and handle all that came within their reach, whether it were their own or their neighbors. The honest mother element is not strong enough to overbalance that of the conscienceless father's principle. They were men with whom I would trust neither my purse nor my daughter.

On the other hand I know a boy who was taught to handle not that which was not legally and lawfully his own. This man never for one moment forgot his early training, and has the true principle of right and honor in him. The old adage, "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," is true for boys and girls as well as twigs.

Washington, D. C.

"Chinese" by the Way of South Africa. From distant South Africa comes the following: It is not quite new, if it did come so far, but we print it, partly because it always stimulates, and partly to oblige the sender, J. G. Taut, who is a young stamp-collector of that distant place where we have so many other Round Table members—Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa. Here is the story:

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons as follows: "To Fuen-huen, the eldest one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest son, one-ninth thereof." When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants, and it puzzled these three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to the wise neighbor, Suen-punk, for advice. Suen-punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen, and said:

"Now we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart." So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and went his way.

"Now Nu-pin," said the wise man, "take your third and go." So Nu-pin took six elephants and travelled.

"Now, Ding-bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone." So Ding-bat took two elephants and drove him home again.

Query—Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?—Harper's Round Table.

**Rebuilding
The Old and Broken-down House
Keeping the Structure in
Good Condition.**

**Filling It With Health, Comfort and
Happiness.**

When a house becomes dilapidated and beyond the possibility of repair, it is removed to make room for a structure that will have strength and permanency.

Our bodies when not cared for, become frail, weak and broken-down, and when the work of rebuilding is not commenced in time, death surely claims the wasted and worn-out frame and it is removed forever.

Can we rebuild our wasted bodies? Yes; the work can be done even though the spark of life glimmers but fitfully and feebly. This work of rebuilding is done through Paine's Celery Compound. That marvellous medicine which has brought new life to so many in the past. This heaven-sent remedy acts directly on the great nervous system, giving new strength to every nerve, makes fresh vitalizing blood, increases weight, and gives fresh power to every bone and muscle.

When this is accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound, it is easy work to keep the rebuilt house or human structure in good condition. Ordinary care in diet, sleep and general living will surely keep up the good work. Then will the rebuilt man or woman be filled with true health, comfort and happiness, and life will be worth living.

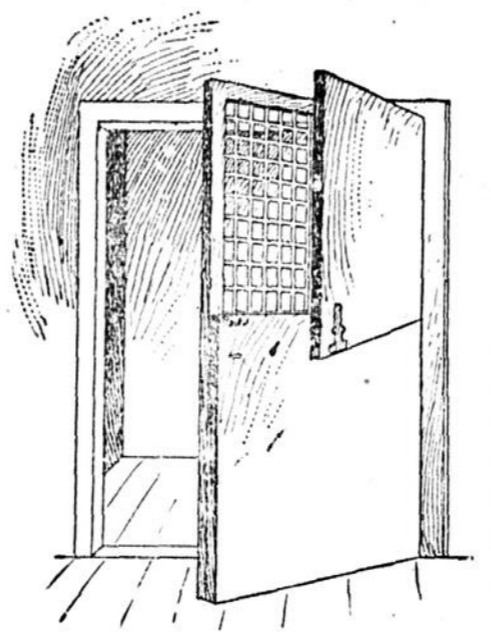
Will you dear reader rebuild your broken system? The work can be accomplished by you if you call to your aid Paine's Celery Compound. No physician is required to aid you, and you have no heavy bill to meet after you are made well and whole. The work has been done for thousands of others; will you have your share of the good that it bestows?

FARM AND GARDEN

INSIDE THE STABLE.

Ventilation Without Drafts—A Good Stable Floor Is Described.

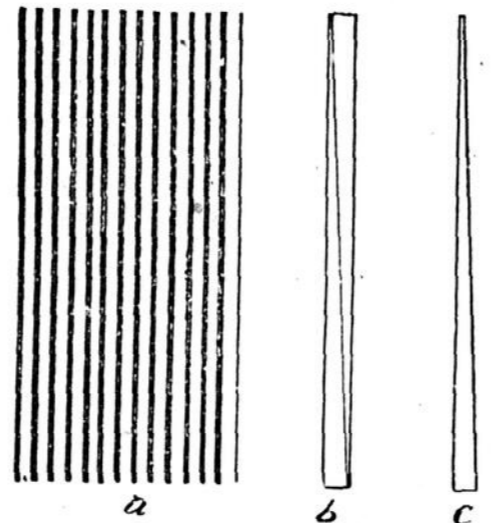
Where box stalls are constantly in use there are many days, not only in summer, but in winter as well, when it is a serious problem to keep the inmates comfortable. There may be a ventilating shaft in each stall and a small window, but even with these exits for over-



VENTILATING A BOX STALL.

heated air there will be days when the inmates of box stalls will suffer for a freer circulation of air, particularly in winter, when it is not always practicable to open stable windows. Under such conditions a contributor to the New York Tribune tells that the best plan is to open the box stall out into the interior of the stable by using such an arrangement as shown in the illustration here reproduced.

The door to the stall is cut into two parts, while attached to the lower half, but extending to the top of the doorway, is a grating of wire supported by the framework that is screwed to the lower half of the door. The upper half shuts into place and bolts to the lower half, when the whole swings as one door. During the day the upper part of the door can be kept open and shut at night for warmth. This not only affords good ventilation during the day, but permits the occupants of such stalls to be seen at any time without opening the stall doors. The same arrangement is useful for poultry houses, sheep pens,



IMPROVED STABLE FLOOR. etc. In the case of small animals common wire poultry netting can be used for the grating.

The improved stable floor shown in the second cut was originally illustrated and described in The Country Gentleman. The first tier of plank, which may be two inches thick, is laid with an incline of three inches to the rear. These plank are the full depth of the stall, including the manger. The length will vary from eight to nine feet. Over this are laid pieces like C in cut. These pieces are four inches wide and three inches in depth and as long as the stall or plank of first tier. They taper to nothing at one end and are laid an inch apart. B shows how two pieces are taken out of one stick by sawing diagonally any good, hard, tough wood 3 by 4 inches. A shows the floor when complete. In cleaning this stall it is necessary to have a kind of mattock to fit into the spaces in the grating. This improvement is more noticeable when used for stallions and geldings.

When to Sow Winter Wheat.

Winter wheat should never be sown until after frost has come. Some years this may postpone seeding until pretty late, but if the ground is worked thoroughly until the time of seeding there is no danger that the plant will not get all the growth needed before winter. We have seen many more wheat failures from too early seeding than from keeping the seed out of the ground too late. There is some danger of the wheat getting too large a growth if sown too early, but the greater danger from this is that the Hessian fly will lay her eggs, causing the wheat to crinkle down when the worms hatch next spring. No eggs are sown by the Hessian fly after frost comes. If it were not for scattered grain in wheatfields, the fly might easily be starved out by delaying all wheat seeding until after frost. There is much less scattered wheat since the wheat harvest; g machines have come into use. If all would unite in delaying seeding, the Hessian fly pest might be exterminated.

Staves For Tub Silos.

Some lumber dealer will make a good thing if he will manufacture suitable staves for a round "tub" silo and offer them for sale at reasonable rates. There is sure to be a demand for such staves. We know several parties who would have built the silos this year if they could have bought the staves readily. It is evident that this form of silo is going to be very popular, and there will surely be a great demand for first class staves all ready to put in place.

FERTILIZER FARMING.

Chemicals and Clover Insure Prosperity. An Improved Rotation.

A New Jersey farmer who believes in chemicals and clover believes that the usual five years' rotation—corn, potatoes and wheat one each and hay two, and most of the fertilizer is applied to the potatoes—may be improved upon. This is the way he writes about it to Country Gentleman:

As wheat is considered a no money crop, would there not be more money if the rotation should be changed to four years, and instead of following potatoes with wheat they should be followed by grass, sowing timothy and clover in the fall without grain, after the potatoes are dug? Then hay can be cut for two years, and then the sod be planted with corn again. If the rotation must be five years, why not have two years of corn, which is more of a money crop than wheat, letting one corn crop follow the other, and to keep up fertility of the soil, and even make it better, sow crimson clover in the corn at the last working and have it to turn under the following spring? Should any one say that will give too much nitrogen, the answer would be that it would render it unnecessary to purchase any for the potato crop which is to follow, as a good crop can be secured by the use of only potash and phosphoric acid. Some will say that it is impracticable to sow grass after potatoes and secure a good crop the next season, but my neighbors and myself for a number of years have practiced this with good results, and the practice is extending.

I cannot find it profitable for myself in this section to grow small grain, and no more corn than enough for my teams. I keep no stock on my place but my teams, one cow and breeding hogs to pasture my orchards. I depend for crops on fruit, cabbage, potatoes and asparagus and well understand that all are not situated the same. But I cannot understand why the majority of farmers cannot reduce their expenses for manures very materially by simply using more clover and avoid purchasing nitrogen. I have given up buying horse or stable manure and depend wholly upon chemicals and clover for plant food. I depend on potash and bone in addition to the clover, of which I sow 80 to 40 acres each year solely to plow under and to supplement it. In using the two chemicals, potash and bone, I do not consider it necessary to mix them, but make two applications, which is as easily done as to make two applications of fertilizer, as some do to potatoes—1,000 pounds each time. For most crops I prefer to have all fertilizers put on broad cast.

Protecting Tender Plants.

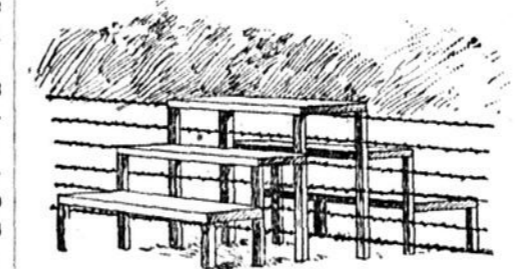
T. H. Hoskins, writing from Vermont, tells Rural New Yorker that he doesn't consider the barrel method so safe as laying down and covering with earth. He writes: To avoid fracture in bending down it is well to make a slight mound, over which the plant may be gently and carefully bent and there secured by holding or by crossed stakes until the covering is made firm. It is a good plan to leave these stakes in place all winter, as the elasticity of the bent plants may cause them to throw off the earth when softened by rain. Where snow can be depended on to stay all winter it is easy to get a good protection for tender plants by placing obstructions so that the snow will drift over the bent down plant or shrub. This way is best where available, as the snow cannot injure the tenderest plant, while soil may not be quite safe.

High Quality of Eastern Apples.

There is a great apple crop in all the eastern states this year, and in those bordering on the Atlantic coast the quality is generally excellent as compared with the far western fruit, which a few years ago, when our own apples failed, flooded the eastern markets. The dry western climate will indeed produce a very fine appearing apple, but on tasting the fruit it will be found to lack the juiciness and high flavor of fruit grown where the east winds from the ocean bring a moist atmosphere and abundant rains. The growing of luscious fruit needs something more than irrigation to supply the roots of the trees with needed water. There must be moisture in the atmosphere as well, so as to check excessive evaporation from the fruit as it is growing on the trees. At least this is the view taken by The American Cultivator.

Crossing Wire Fences.

The want of an easy mode of crossing wire fences where it is not deemed advisable to place gates is felt where lands are subdivided into small inclo-



STILE FOR CROSSING FENCE. A current stile described in an Australian exchange is here illustrated. As will be perceived, this style can be easily constructed by any man who is handy with tools. If sawed timber be not available, broad slabs will answer the purpose.

News and Notes.

The building of silos is being so simplified and cheapened that after awhile every small farm can have one. The tub silo seems to be a step in this direction.

The fifth session of the national irrigation congress will be held in Phenix, A. T., on the 15th, 16th and 17th of December next.

The New York Farmer reported that a Utica company is manufacturing cheese without a rind.

John D. Lyman of New Hampshire thinks the pine is safe from sunstroke after the second year.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. FLETCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Licorice -
Kochia Salt -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
St. Catherine's Seed -
Warm Soda -
Clarified Sugar -
Vanilla Essence -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

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FORT FRAYNE

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U.S.A.
AUTHOR OF "FOES IN THE RANKS" AND "FROM THE RANKS" ETC.

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[CONTINUED.]

"Ha!" Wayne laughingly interrupted and then suddenly fell back again into his old moaning way. "And yet, you know, there was something I wanted to ask you that night, and I was so confoundedly absentminded!"

"Oh, very," said she, "for you mentioned that there was something you wanted to ask me, and I've been wondering what it could be for 20 years."

"Do you know," said he delightedly, "so have I, so have I." And here he leaned beamingly over her, and his eyes fell off and dangled at the end of their cords. "It was only tonight," he went on, "it came to me that it was something connected with this ring—my class ring, you know. It's odd I can't think what it was. Why, your hand is trembling!" Coyle she upraised it to meet the coming ring, and then again he faltered.

"I remember, I was holding the ring just like this when somebody called to me that I'd better hurry!"

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "Indeed you'd better hurry." But he was still wandering in the past.

"It seems to me—oh, they'd sounded officers' call, and that meant the devil to pay somewhere, don't you know." But Lucretia was writing now, despondent again, for still he went on: "You know, I fancied until the very next day that I'd left the ring here." And, snatching the action to the word, he slipped it on her finger. "And yet the very next day, when I was on scout, I found—I found it here." And with that he again replaced it on his own finger. Lucretia's face was a sight to see. There was an instant of silence, and then, failing to note the expression of her face, looking into the dim recesses of the past, he again wandered off.

"Of course I might have known I couldn't have left it on your finger without even seeing—without even seeing if it would fit—without—And here he lost the thread of his language entirely, and, groping for his glasses, finding them, distractedly he tried to fit their spring on Lucretia's finger. Fenton, who had joined the group of on-lookers, could stand it no longer. Bursting into a roar of laughter, he came toward them, and, thus interrupted, poor Wayne dropped both hand and eyeglass, madly trying to fit his own ring into his own eye and look through that under the impression that it was a monocle.

"What on earth are you people laughing at?" he inquired.

"Laughing at? At your trying to make a spectacle of Lucretia's hand, you inspired old lunatic," was Fenton's unfeeling answer, and poor Lucretia, unable to stand the raillery at the moment, turned and fled to the dressing room, leaving Wayne to confront his tormentors as best he might.

But while music and laughter reigned within the wooden walls of the assembly room and many young hearts were able to cast aside for the time being the oppression that had settled upon the garrison earlier in the evening, and while in some of the barracks there were sounds of merry-making and Christmas cheer, there was raging in many a breast a storm as wild as that that whirled the snowdrifts in blinding clouds all around and about the guardhouse, where a score of seasoned troopers, silent, grim and by no means in love with their task, were keeping watch and ward over their little batch of prisoners, especially of the cowering wretch who had been stewed away in the upper room, an utterly friendless man.

Over across the wind swept parade, among the rows of wooden barracks, was one building where no laughter rang and about which, wary and vigilant, three or four noncommissioned officers hovered incessantly. Here were quartered Crow Knife's few remaining comrades of the Indian troop. Here were gathered already a dozen of his kindred from Big Road's transplanted village, forbidden by the fury of the storm to return to their tepes up the valley, banished by the surgeon from the confines of the hospital, where they would have set up their mournful death song to the distraction of the patients and refused by the colonel the creature comforts they had promptly and thrifflily demanded, except on condition that they consume them in quiet and decorum at the Indian barracks and deny themselves the luxury of their woe. Tomtom and howl were stilled, therefore, while the funeral baked meats went from hand to mouth and disappeared with marvelous rapidity, and indeed but for its exciting effect upon the warriors the colonel might as well have accorded them the right to lament after their own fashion, since the howling of the tempests would have drowned all human wail from within the wooden walls. But while they had promised to hold no aboriginal ceremony over Crow Knife's death and meant to keep their word they had refused to pledge themselves to attempt no vengeance on his slayer. Well they knew that throughout the garrison nine out of ten of the troopers would have cared not a sou had some one taken Grace from the guardhouse and strung him up to the old flagstaff without benefit of clergy, but this would not have satisfied Indian ideas, hanging according to their creed being far too good for him.

Two of the best and most trustworthy Indians were placed by Leale, with the surgeon's consent, as watch rs by the tier of the soldier scout, but the others, to a man, were herded within the barracks and forbidden to attempt to set foot outside. Close at hand in the adjoining quarters the men of two troops were held in readiness, under orders not to take off their belts, against any sudden outbreak, but the few who first had

talked of lynching or other summary vengeance had soon been hushed to silence. What was feared among the officers was that Grace had been told by some of the guard that the Indians were determined to have his scalp, and that the soldiery so despised him that he could not rely upon them to defend him. Sergeant Grafton was confident that Grace hoped in some way, by connivance perhaps of members of the guard, to slip out of the building and take refuge among the outlaws at the grogery across the stream. Having killed an Indian he had at least some little claim, according to their theory, to a frontiersman's respect.

Returning to the guardhouse, as he had promised Will, Malcolm Leale was in no wise surprised at Grafton's anxiety and even less to learn that Grace had begged to be allowed to have speech with his captain.

It was a ghastly face that peered out from the dim interior of the little prison in answer to the officer's summons. At sound of footsteps on the creaking stairway Grace had apparently hidden in the depths of the room and only slowly came forward at the sound of the commanding voice he knew. Hangdog and drink sodden as was his look, there was some lingering, some revival perhaps of the old defiant, disdainful manner he had shown to almost every man at Frayne. Respect his captain as even such as he was forced to do, look up to him now as possibly his only hope and salvation, there was yet to his clouded intellect some warrant for a vague sentiment of superiority.

Outcast, ingrate, drunkard, murderer though he was, he, Private Tom Grace, born Royle Farrar, was legal owner of all that his captain held fairest, dearest, most precious in all the world. Leale's love for Helen Dauntton was something the whole garrison had seen and seen with hearty sympathy. It would be something to teach this proud and honored officer that he, the despised and criminal tough, was, after all, a man to be envied as the husband of the woman his captain could now only vainly and hopelessly love. It was his plan to bargain with him, to invoke his aid, to tempt the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, but for a moment, at sight of that stern, sad face, he stood abashed.

"You wished to see me," said Leale, "and I will hear you now."

"I've got that to say I want no other man to know," was the reply after an interval of a few seconds, "and I want your word of honor that you will hold it sacred."

"I decline any promise whatever. What do you wish to say?"

"Well, what I have to tell you interests you more than any man on earth, Captain Leale. I'm in hell here; I'm at your mercy perhaps. My life is threatened by these hounds, because by accident that knife went into that blind fool's vitals. It was only self defense. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"No. I was the object, I clearly understand," said Leale. "Go on."

"Well, it's as man to man I want to speak. You know I never meant to harm him. You can give me a chance for justice, for life, and I—I can make it worth your while."

"That will do," was the stern response. "No more on that head. What else have you to ask or say?"

"Listen one minute," pleaded the prisoner. "They'd kill me here if they could get me, quick enough—Indians or troopers either. I must be helped away. I know your secret. You love my wife. Help me out of this—here—this night and neither she nor you will ever—"

"Silence, you heard! Flick back to your blanket where you belong. I thank God my friend, your father, never lived to know the depths of your disgrace! Not a word!" he forbade, with uplifted hand, as the miserable fellow strove once more to make himself heard.

"For the sake of the name to which you have brought only shame you shall be protected against Indian vengeance, but who shall defend you against yourself? I will hear no more from you. Tomorrow you may see your colonel, if that will do you any good, but if you have one atom of decency left, tell no man living that you are Royle Farrar," and with that, raging at heart, yet cold and stern, the officer, heedless of further frantic pleas, turned and left the spot.

But at the porch the captain turned again. Wind and snow were driving across his path. The sentries at the front and flank of the guardhouse, muffled to their very eyes, staggered against the force of the gale. It seemed cruelly, to keep honest men on post a night so wild as that for no other reason than to protect the life of a man so criminal. The members of the guard, who had resumed their jeering around the redhot stove the moment the captain disappeared, once more sprang to attention as he re-entered and called the sergeant to him.

door to let him out, Grace could be heard on the upper floor, savagely kicking again at his bars.

"That man has more gall than any man I ever met, sir," said Grafton. "He's kicking because we refused to send to the barracks for his share of the Christmas cigars."

"Did you search him before he was sent up there?" asked Leale. "Has he matches or tobacco?"

"Nothing I could find, sir, but other and sharper men have been confined there, and I'm told that somewhere under the floor or inside the walls they've hidden things, and he's hand in glove with all the toughs of the garrison."

"Very well. I'll notify Captain Farrell," said Leale briefly, "and he will attend to it," and he left the building on this quest just as the second relief came tramping out into the storm, leaving the guardhouse, its few minor prisoners on the lower floor and that one execrated criminal, his old colonel's first-born and once beloved son, cursing at his captors in the tower, all to the care of the members of a single relief, and the sentry on No. 1 set up his watch cry against the howl of the wind, and no one a dozen yards away could have heard, nor did it pass around the chain of sentries, nor was there other attempt to call off the hour that memorable night. For long days after men recalled the fact that the last hour called from under the old guardhouse porch was half past 10 o'clock.

Meantime, having had two dances with his now pleading and repentant sweetheart and having been cajoled into at least partial forgiveness, Will Farrar had sought his colonel to say that he really ought now to return to his guard, at least for a little time, but Fenton, conscious of the shadow that had overspread the garrison earlier in the evening, seemed bent on being joviality itself.

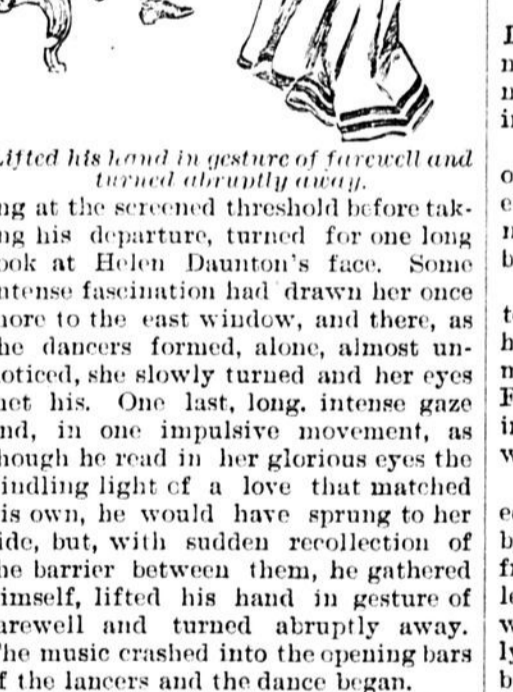
He bade the boy return to his immediate commanding officer and obtain her consent before again coming to him, and Kitty flatly refused. She was dancing with Martin at the moment, and that left Will to his own devices, and, after a fond word or two from his mother, he had stepped back of the seat occupied by her little circle of chosen friends and was standing watching the animated scene before him. Close at hand, not a dozen feet away, stood Helen Dauntton, who screened from observation of the spectators. It was at this moment that Leale again came striding in, glanced quickly around until he caught Will's eye, and the young officer promptly joined him.

"Is Farrell here?" he asked.

"He came in a moment ago. Yonder he is now, sir," answered Will, indicating by a nod the figure of the officer of the day in conversation with some one of the guests at the other end of the room.

"Then ask him if he will join me in five minutes at the guardhouse. I need to see him," said Leale, and the youngster sped promptly on his mission.

The music had just sounded the signal for the forming of the sets for the lancers, and with soldierly promptitude the officers, with their partners, began taking their positions. Floor managers had little labor at a garrison hop. Ellis Farrar, who had reappeared upon the arm of Captain Vinton, mutely bowed her head and accepted Ormsby's hand as he led her opposite Will and his now radiant Kitty, and Malcolm Leale, halted.



Lifted his hand in gesture of farewell and turned abruptly away.

For a moment longer Helen stood there. Again that powerful fascination seemed to lure her to draw aside the curtain and gaze forth across the white expanse of the parade to where the guarded prison stood, within whose walls was caged the savage creature whose life was linked so closely with those of many there besides her own. Then the thought of that other, the man whose love, all unwittingly, she had won and the fear that, glancing back, he might see her shadow as when he came, caused her to draw hastily away. In all that gay and animated scene, as none other she faced the merry throng, Helen Dauntton stood alone. The dance went blithely on. Chat and laughter and the gliding, rhythmic steps of many feet mingled with the spirited music of Fort Frayne's capital orchestra. Even Mrs. Farrar's sweet face, so long shadowed by sorrow, beamed with the reflected light of the gladness that shone on many another. Longing to be alone with her misery, Helen turned to seek the seclusion of the dressing room and had almost reached its threshold, when, over or through the

strains of the lancers and the howl of the wind without, there came some strange sound that gave her pause.

Somewhere out upon the parade she heard the distant, muffled crack of the cavalry carbine. Another, another farther away, and then, mingling with them, a hoarse, low murmur as of many voices and of commands indistinguishable through the gale. Louder grew the clamor, nearer came the sounds; then the added rush of many feet in the adjoining barracks of K troop, the quick, stirring peal of trumpet, sounding some unfamiliar call. Overstrained and excited as were her nerves, fearing for him against whom the wrath of the garrison was roused, she could only connect the sounds of alarm and confusion with him and his hapless fate. She started forward to call the colonel's attention, for among the dancers the sound was still unheard.

Again the shots and shouts, the rush of hurrying feet on the broad veranda without. Again and nearer, quick and imperative, the thrilling trumpet call. Then, close at hand the loud bang of the sentry's carbine and the stentorian shout of "Fire!" And then, just as the music abruptly ceased in response to the colonel's signal, bursting in at the door, followed by a couple of troopers, came Rorke, rushing for a ladder that had been in use during the day.

"It's that madman, Grace, sir!" he cried in answer to the look in his commander's face. "He's fired the tower, and he's burnt to death."

Springing to the window, Helen Dauntton dashed aside the curtain, and, all one glare of flame, the guardhouse burst upon the view. A black ladder, slung against the blaze, was being raised at the instant the curtain fell from her nerveless hand. Will seized his cap, made one leap to the door, despite Kitty's frantic effort to seize him; then, missing his saber, whirled about and rushed from point to point in search of it. Divining his object, the girl threw herself in front of the settee, behind which she had concealed it, and, when he sought to reach around her, desperately, determinedly fought him off. Seizing a cap, the colonel vanished into the night. Throwing over his shoulders the first mantle he could lay his hands on, which happened to be Lucretia's, Wayne followed his leader. Will, delayed and maddened, only succeeded in capturing his saber by forcibly lifting Kitty out of the way; then he sprang to the doorway to join the men hurrying from distant points to the scene. Ormsby, too, had rushed after the colonel, and only women were left upon the floor. These, horror stricken, yet fascinated, had gathered about the eastward window, where Helen Dauntton crouched, unable to look again upon the frightful spectacle. It was Ellis who hurried aside the curtain, just as old Rorke, re-entering, sprang to the middle of the hall.

"Come away, ma'am! For the love of God, miss, stand clear of that window! The poor devil's climbed to the top, and the cannon powder's in the tower."

With a moan of despair, Helen burst through the group and toward the open doorway, as though she herself would hie to the rescue. Rorke, with one leap, regained the threshold and thrust her back.

"My God, can no one save him?" she cried.

"Save him, ma'am! It's sure death to the man that dares to try it. Any moment it may blow up. They're rushing clear of it now. The colonel's ordered them all back. No! God of heaven, some one's climb the ladder now! It's Captain Leale! Oh, don't let him, men! Drive him back! Oh, what use is it? Did man ever live that could turn Malcolm Leale from the duty he deemed his own?" And away rushed poor Terry. Ellis sprang to her mother's side just as, to the accompaniment of a shriek from Kitty's lips, there came a dull roar, followed by a sudden thud and crash of falling timbers and delirium supervened. In the week that followed that hapless holiday Ellis hovered on the borderland 'twixt life and death, and no man could say that the fatal Christmas tide might not claim still another of the Farrars.

And that week was one of woe to poor Jack Ormsby. He haunted the neighborhood of the Farrars; he hung about the gateway, importuning the doctor, the colonel, Kitty, Will, anybody, for tidings of the girl he loved. His fine, alert, intelligent face was clouded with the dread and sorrow that overcame him. He could not see Mrs. Farrar—she rarely moved from her stricken daughter's side—but twice he saw and talked with Helen, and once, with her, walked out to visit the new made grave. All that week the shadows cast by the glare of the guardhouse flames seemed to wrap Fort Frayne in gloom, and people gazed upon the black ruins only with a shudder.

The Indians, ever superstitious, had professed to see the hand of the Great Spirit in the clouds, pointing remorselessly at the spot and warning them of further wrath to come as a consequence of the unavenged murder of a chief-tain's son. Cowboys and hustlers, angered against the garrison because it had interposed between them and their purposed punishment of Big Road's band, saw here a capital opportunity of embroiling the red men with their white defenders. By dozens, in shivering silence, wrapped in their blankets and seated on their scraggy ponies, the warriors had looked on at the solemn little ceremony, and within another day by scores the cowboys and settlers were spreading the story that the white chief had buried Tom Grace with all the honors of war, despite his crimes and misdemeanors, simply because he had killed the son of an Indian chief—the son of the chief whose people killed the colonel of the Twelfth when he attacked the fleeing village on the Mini Posa three long years before. It was the white soldiers' way of taunting the red man. It was proof of his real feeling toward the Indian.

"Look out for yourself, Big Road!" said these astute, frontier statesmen. "Chief Fenton and his soldiers have

word with which the doctor turned to his commander after one brief look into Malcolm's eyes.

"Blind!"

CHAPTER XIII

Jack Ormsby did not go east by the first train after the Christmas ball as had been his purpose, but he saw no more of the lady of his love. Late that dreadful night, rousing for a few moments from the stupor into which she had been thrown by the announcement that it was her own brother who lay there downstricken in the midst of his career of crime and shame, Ellis Farrar, little by little, realized the whole miserable truth, that he, her brother, was the man who had wrecked Helen Dauntton's life—Helen, who, to spare that invalid mother an added sorrow, had hidden from her the name of the man whose brutal blows and curses had rewarded her love.

More than all did Ellis realize that the lover, whose loyalty and devotion she herself had repaid with scorn and contempt, had suffered her words in silence rather than betray another woman's confidence and thereby divulge a truth that would overwhelm with shame all who bore the name of Farrar. Then it was that, hysterically weeping, she broke down utterly, and before the setting of another sun the mother and all the household learned from her lips that it was all that was left of Royle Farrar that now lay there, cold and stiff and still in that bare, echoing ward of the old hospital, awaiting the last volleys of the solemn trumpet salutation to the soldier dead.

Only a corporal's guard formed the firing party when, just before sundown, the remains of Private Grace were laid in the bleak, snow covered cemetery out on the rolling prairie, but more than a dozen men in the crowded garrison knew by that time that the folds of the flag were draped over the mortal remains of a colonel's son.

It was an awestricken group that gathered about the hospital when the bearers came forth with their burden and placed it in the waiting ambulance and the firing squad presented arms. The idea of the recreant, the would be murderer, Tom Grace, being buried with military honors had not occurred to the garrison as a possibility. Yet here was the little escort; here were the trumpeters—the band had been mercifully excused; here were pallbearers from his troop instead of from among the garrison prisoners, as might have been ruled when one of their number died; here were old Terry Rorke and some of the senior sergeants of the regiment; here indeed, with pallid face, was young Lieutenant Farrar, with him Mr. Ormsby, the adjutant, quartermaster, the surgeon and one or two veteran captains, Major Wayne and even Colonel Fenton himself! Whoever heard of such an array as that attending the obsequies of a criminal? Fort Frayne was mystified and talked of it for hours, but the story told itself before tattoo, and the mystery was done.

They had buried the firstborn of the colonel whom all men loved and honored and mourned, and old Fenton himself decided that, as Grace had never yet been tried and convicted and could never appear before an earthly tribunal, he must be considered as innocent and so issued the order that no military honor should be denied except the band. It was too bitterly sold for them to attempt to play, for the valves of the instruments would freeze at once, and it was deemed best that no sound of the dirge music should reach the ears of Marjorie Farrar. Neither she nor Ellis knew when the funeral took place, Mrs. Farrar learning only on the following day, Ellis not until weeks thereafter, for, as a result of all the long, gradual strain, culminating in the shock of that tragic night and the realization of the wrong she had done the honest man who had so loved her, her strength gave way, and brain fever and delirium supervened. In the week that followed that hapless holiday Ellis hovered on the borderland 'twixt life and death, and no man could say that the fatal Christmas tide might not claim still another of the Farrars.

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only lured you here within range of their walls that they may the more readily sweep upon you some bitter morning and put you and your warriors, your women and children to the sword." In the intense cold of the three days that succeeded the blizzard, there was no interchange of visits, so to speak, between the fort and the Indian village, but the emissaries of Ben Thorpe had been busily at work. Big Road and his warriors had been bidden to attend the stately funeral of their kinsman and friend, Crow Knife, on the morning after Christmas, and had flocked to the scene and lifted up their mournful chant when the volleys flashed and the crowd of attendant soldiers bowed their heads in mingled homage and sorrow. That was as it should be, but what did it mean that his slayer should then be accorded equal honors—aye, that more officers—chiefs—were present at Grace's grave than when the son of a Brule warrior was laid to rest? This they could not fathom, and this, despite the strained relations that had resulted in the death of Laramie Pete, the cowboy emissaries proved eager to explain in their own way and to explain to attentive ears.

"Old Fenton thought he'd done me when he moved that bloody band up here to the fort," said the cowboy king to his admiring audience over at the saloon across the Platte. "If I don't pay him off with compound interest within the month and make him wish he hadn't monkeyed with my business, call me a covote. He and the stuck up gang he heads will wish to God they'd left those Indians where they were."

And five days after Christmas Colonel Fenton heard of goings on within the village that gave him cause to summon his adjutant and officer of the day, to double his sentries on every front and to realize how much in these few years he had learned to lean for counsel and support on Malcolm Leale; for now the colonel was forbidden, as was everybody else, to see him even for a moment. Not only had the flash of the explosion wrecked his eyesight, but there was grave reason to fear that he had inhaled the flame. Captain Leale was suffering torment, yet bearing his burden without a moan.

A troubled man was the veteran post surgeon all that woe-filled week. Ellis Farrar, delirious in burning fever, Malcolm Leale prostrate on a bed of pain, blind and breathing only in agonized gasps, Mrs. Farrar looking so fragile and weak that it seemed as though a breath might blow away the feeble flicker of her life, others of the women more or less overcome and shocked by the events of the last few days, and now, right in the midst of it all, came indications of trouble in the Indian village up the stream—povvowing, speech-making and dancing by night, runners flitting to and from the Big Horn, messengers darting in from other tribes—and when Fenton sent for Big Road to come into the office and explain the chief's tempers, expressed himself as suspicious of a plot to separate him from his people and to hold him as hostage at the fort.

If Colonel Fenton desired to talk, let Colonel Fenton come to the council lodge at the village, but leave his soldiers behind. Big Road's old men had seen visions and had heard warnings, his medicine chiefs had been signaled by the Great Spirit, his young men were excited and alarmed, his women were weeping and gathering their children to their knees. If the white chief meant peace and friendship, let him show it by coming to his lodge with gifts in his hands instead of guns. He (the white chief) was rich, and his horses and his young men were fat and strong. Big Road was poor and his people were hungry and cold, his ponies dying. Fenton indeed would have gone with only his adjutant and interpreter and a single orderly but for the warning of a Brule girl who had left her people a few years before to follow a soldier lover and had made her home among the whites, a patient, sorrowing woman, ever since his untimely death. The Amerys had provided for her in every way, for the soldier was one of the captain's troop, and she had grown deeply attached to them, even though now occasionally visiting her kindred.

It was at Luncheon, talking to his wife, that Amory told of Colonel Fenton's purpose of riding over to the village that very afternoon, and the story was repeated in the kitchen, where it reached the ears of the Indian girl. In an instant she had darted out of the house and gone to the colonel's, where she frightened Lucretia out of her seven senses with the first words she uttered: "They kill the colonel! He no go!" Luckily, Wayne was at hand to soothe, support and explain. Other officers were sent for, and, despite Fenton's pooh-poohing, so strong were their arguments that at 2 o'clock a messenger was dispatched to Big Road's balliwick to tell him the colonel had heard that which made him say to the Indian chief that now the only way in which he would meet him would be at the adjutant's office, as originally proposed, or else alone and unarmed midway between the fort and the village, no soldiers or warriors being allowed to approach within 200 yards, unless, indeed, Big Road himself should propose an adjutant for each. If this was satisfactory, let the time be set for 3 o'clock and Fenton would be there.

The half breed messenger came back in half an hour. "Big Road would send his answer by a squaw," and that was Big Road's way of saying that the white chief was an old woman. Utterly forgetful now of the service Fenton had rendered his people and him, duped by the visions of his medicine men and fuddled with the liquor lavished on him by the cowboys, Big Road was hot for war.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Trial.

"I am not going to give him up without a trial," said the woman as she instituted proceedings for a divorce.—Richmond Dispatch.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Some people may have been surprised to learn by a recent cable despatch that an attempt upon the life of Monseigneur Bartholomeos, the new Armenian Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, had been made by his own co-religionists and countrymen. This attempt, criminal as it was, is explained by the unpatriotic conduct of the Patriarch, who, like Monseigneur Archikidian, the Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, was a tool of the Turkish Government. It will be remembered that his predecessor, Monseigneur Azmirlian a strong defender of the persecuted Armenians, was compelled by the Sultan to resign from his office, a few months ago, and sent in exile to Syria. Bartholomeos, though not elected by the council of his Church, was appointed by the Porte temporarily and as *locum-tenens* of the Greek Orthodox Armenian Patriarch. Soon after he betrayed his people under the following circumstances: When the Armenian Committees saw that the Europeans did not wish to intervene in their favor, even after the massacres in Anatolia, they formed the audacious plan to overthrow the Sultan, with the assistance of the liberal Musulman party of the "Young Turkey." It was resolved by the secret Committees, "Hinterhak," the Bell, and "Brochak" the Banner, that an attack should be made upon Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace, on August 31st, the anniversary of Abdul Hamid's enthronement—for it was easier on that day of celebration to approach the palace. But a denunciation of the conspiracy was sent to the Turkish authorities, which then obtained from Monseigneur Bartholomeos certain indications which led to the capture of a member of the secret Committees. At his house papers were found which, without revealing exactly the nature of the plot and the date of the future exploitation, was sufficient to leave no doubt as to its existence. This discovery caused the issuing of an imperial "irade" or order, which was communicated confidentially, on August 24, to the prefect of police and other chiefs of the Turkish administration not suspected of belonging to the reformist, or Young Turkey, party. The "irade," required them to be ready to move for the defence of Islam, threatened by the "Glaours," and notably by the Armenians. A general massacre of the latter was threatened on the 26th of August. It was in the hope to prevent it that the two Armenian Committees, always well informed by their detectives, resolved the attack upon the Banque Ottomane. They expected that the European embassies would be forced at last to interfere. They were deceived in that expectation, as is now known; Stamboul was deluged in the blood of the Christians. It must be noticed that the storming of the Banque was not the pretext for the massacres—which lasted several days—since they had begun early in the same day at the Constantinople faubourg at Psamatthia.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish the following books November 17th:

"The Mystery of Sleep," by John Bigelow; "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," by James Barnes; "An Elephant's Track, and Other Stories," by M. E. M. Davis; and, in the new and uniform library edition of Mark Twain's works, "Tom Sawyer Abroad; Tom Sawyer Detective, and Other Stories.

"Proposed Improvement of the White House" will be the subject of a paper in the next number of Harper's Weekly. Prominent architects will show, with the aid of carefully prepared drawings, how the present building may be enlarged so as to afford sufficient room for the President's family, for the transaction of official business, and for official receptions and entertainments. The same number of the Weekly will contain a review of the Horse Show, by Caspar Whitney, with a double-page illustration by W. T. Smedley.

Harper's Bazar to be published November 21st will be a Thanksgiving issue. It will contain stories by Mrs. Spafford (Mrs. Craig) and Alice Brown; "The Thanksgiving Dinner," by Virginia Van de Water; and "Homeward Bound," by Theron Brown. A number of beautiful illustrations from the Horse Show may be expected, with a descriptive article showing the part Fashion plays, and telling about the elegant toilets displayed at this annual New York fete. There will also be an anticipation of the holiday season in a paper on "Simple Christmas Gifts."

The excellence of the short stories and articles announced for publication in Harper's Round Table for November 17th will commend the paper at once to the attention of the reader. Probably one of the most interesting of the stories is "The Battle of Glen Freon," by the Marquis of Lorne; Franklin Matthews will contribute (in the series of articles entitled "Impor-

tant Trifles on War Ships") a description of the manner of sighting and firing large guns, explaining in detail that wonderful little machine a range-finder; S. Scoville, Jr., will contribute an article on "Boxing for Boys;" and Arthur Willis Colton a very laughable story under the title "That Disreputable School-house Stove." Among the other features will be found a description of the French boys' games; a true story of one of Queen Victoria's dogs; and the second instalment of James Barnes' new serial story entitled "A Loyal Traitor."

Harper's Magazine.

The Christmas number of Harper's will contain part third of "The Martian," with six illustrations from the author's drawings. An entertaining article on "President Kruger" will be contributed by Poultney Bigelow, and Dr. William Jacques will describe the process of obtaining electricity direct from coal. W. D. Howells will give personal recollections of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in the article entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Two well illustrated papers will be those entitled "Wild Ducks and Tame Decoys," by Hamblen Sears, and "How the Law got into the Chaparral," by Frederic Remington. In "A Middle English Nativity" John Corbin will describe miracle-plays performed by strolling actors, in which the English drama had its beginning. There will be six short stories, a "Christmas Carol," etc. The number will be bound in an ornamental cover especially designed in colors by Howard Pyle.

Great Britain and Venezuela.

Sir Edward Clark is enduring, with fortitude we trust, some rather violent criticism because he said in a speech, last month, that the report of the Venezuelan Commission must be against England.

There is hardly any one at all familiar with the controversy, and who is not prejudiced in behalf of England, who does not believe that Sir Edward Clark is right so far as he goes. Mr. Cleveland has appointed a Commission for the purpose of finding out, if there is a boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, where that boundary line is. It is quite probable that the report of the Commission will be that the boundary line cannot be determined by a judicial process, and that it must be fixed upon by convention. This is probably the truth of the matter, and it is also true that most of the British claims, including the Schomburgk line are exaggerated and indefensible.

Our own ill-mannered and causeless interference in this matter seems to have been overlooked and pardoned, and it will be, as we have said before, that good will come out of it all. Great Britain, at all events, recognized our right to a word in the international affairs of the American hemisphere, and more than that, is probably glad enough to think we may eventually be induced to participate with her in repelling whatever efforts Continental Europe may make for the purpose of gaining or increasing territorial possession on this side of the Atlantic. It now seems likely that the question between Venezuela and Great Britain will be arbitrated, and that alone will be occasion for rejoicing. Furthermore, if the affair should end, as is also likely, in a general treaty of arbitration between this country and Great Britain, the ill-feeling and chagrin occasioned by Mr. Olney's diplomatic methods might be forgotten in the glory of his success. Sir Edward Clark's speech is not noteworthy as the hasty and ill-considered word of a prominent English politician but because it indicates a growing disposition in England to respect the rights of a small power like Venezuela when urged by the United States. It may be that eventually Great Britain will be induced to live, up to the requirements of the Paris award in respect to the protection of the seals.

Our Own Artist.

A Child Can Use Diamond Paints.

You can gild silver, bronze or copper fancy baskets, frames, emblems, gas fixtures, lamps, furniture, household ornaments and statuettes by using Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Copper Diamond Paints, which are manufactured by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes.

By the aid of Diamond Dyes you can make old things look like new. None of the fifty cent paints surpass them either in quality or quantity, and but few are as good.

With a ten cent package of Diamond Paint and a bottle of Diamond Paint Liquid, even a child can double the worth of many a household ornament.

When buying any of the Diamond Paints, buy at the same time a bottle of Diamond Paint Liquid with a large size camel's hair Brush, sold at ten cents. Each bottle contains enough liquid to mix two or three packages of paint.

The New York Horse Show.

The Canadian jumper Ladylike, owned by Adam Beck, got one of the principal prizes at the New York horse show, on Friday last. The award for the best high jumper, a class that was restored this year. She went over 6 feet 6 inches clear. The only other horse in the final with her was S. S. Howland's Ladybird. Beck's mare is a fine hunter, and went over the obstacle in splendid style, rising well with a good take-off and clearing the rails like a bird. The applause was deafening and fully deserved, for she jumped in the best style seen in the garden in a long time, going over as if it was an ordinary fence in a day's hunt.

Barthorpe Performer, owned by Hon. M. H. Cochrane of Hillhurst, Compton, got the junior in the reserve championship for Hackneys. He is an all-round goer and has the color of a century-old mahogany table that has had generations of polish bestowed upon it. The champion ribbon went to a yearling, Patriot, a son of Cadet.

Lady Dagmar, Mr. Cochrane's other prize winner, is of the best Hackney mare on the continent. She is by Dargalit, out of Depper. She was a prize winner in England previous to her importation by Mr. Cochrane, in 1891, and since then she has won many honors. In 1893 she was the champion hackney mare of the New York show, but this year came second to Mr. Stevens' Cathleen, an imported mare, which has carried off champion honors at the London Show.

A large factory of furniture was burnt at Berlin, Germany, on the 12th the fire originated from the imprudence of a boy who was washing his hands in benzine near a gas jet, when the benzine ignited causing an explosion. The loss was \$75,000, and a hundred and fifty persons are thrown out of employment by the fire.

The latest planned sky scraper in New York is to be a thirty-three story office building, with six additional floors underground. This monster building will have a frontage of 120 feet. The frame work will be solid steel.

Canon Thorneloe, of Sherbrooke, formerly of Stanstead, was elected Bishop, in succession to Bishop Sullivan, in the missionary section of Algoma. The election was held by the Lower House of Synod of the Church of England, in the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. It took five ballots to settle the matter, as there were two other candidates voted for.

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

Prof. Robertson, the Agricultural and Dairy Commissioner, holds that the improved lands of Canada are capable of feeding twenty-five millions of people.

You may eat cheap food and not be seriously hurt by it; but you cannot take cheap medicines without positive injury. If you use any substitute for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, you do so at the peril of your health, perhaps of your life. Insist on having Ayer's and no others.

While deer hunting yesterday near Pine Tree harbour, on the Saugeen peninsula, young Royal Gawley, of Spry, shot his brother Richard, mistaking him for a deer. The bullet entered the shoulder, going through the lungs, the unfortunate man dying in a few hours.

About two years ago, the Rev. Mr. Surf, of Blue Springs, Nebraska, lost his hair after fever, and became nearly bald. He finally resolved to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now has as fine hair as could be desired. This is certainly a fact worth remembering.

On the 10th ult. the British mercantile steamer Boyne, while off Smyrna, took on board a boatload of escaped Armenians. Immediately after the Turks demanded their return. The captain of the Boyne refused, and the United States warship Mineapolis supported his refusal, and said the refugees should safely leave the port if he had to bombard the town.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, one of the most popular grain and lumber dealers in Ontario, was drowned at Colborne yesterday morning. He is supposed to have fallen from his own wharf in a fit of dizziness.

W. M. St. Martin, who has been in Sweetburg jail since Sept. 1st was brought before District Magistrate Mulvena the other day and convicted of indecent assault on his 14 year old niece. He was sentenced to three months with hard labor.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fact that it is in every wrapper.

The Only One To Stand the Test.

Rev. William Copp, whose father was a physician for over fifty years, in New Jersey, and who himself spent many years preparing for the practice of medicine, but subsequently entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, writes: "I am glad to testify that I have had analyzed all the sarsaparilla preparations known in the trade, but



AYER'S

is the only one of them that I could recommend as a blood-purifier. I have given away hundreds of bottles of it, as I consider it the safest as well as the best to be had."—Wm. Copp, Pastor M. E. Church, Jackson, Minn.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla
When in doubt, ask for Ayer's Pills

For Sale

THE VACANT BUILDING LOT opposite the Bixby Place in Derby Line. CHARLES W. HOLMES.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

Passumpsic Division.

Commencing OCTOBER 5, 1896, trains will leave Stanstead and Derby Line as follows:

5:35 a.m. for Montreal (C. P. & G. T.), Quebec (G. T. & C. C.) and Sherbrooke, Boston and New York.
12:00 p.m. for South.
1:40 p.m. for Island Pond (G. T.) and Montreal (C. P.).
3:30 p.m. for Newport (accommodation) and Montreal (C. P.).
9:45 p.m. for North for Boston and New York.
Trains arrive at Stanstead & Derby Line From South—6:20 a.m., and 2:10, 7:30 and 10:10 p.m.
From North—6:20 a.m., and 12:30 and 10:10 p.m.

H. S. HUNTER

UNDERTAKER

and Undertakers' Supplies

Horse furnished at moderate rates.
Stanstead Plain, P. Q.

OLD TYPE

For sale at the "Journal" Office in large or small quantities. It makes

THE BEST BABBIT

and can be bought at a low price. Lay in a supply while you can get it.

For the Best

Fruit and Confectionery,

Nuts, Canned Goods,

Tobacco and Cigars

Go to

NEELANS'

DERBY LINE.

Fitch Bay, P. Q.

To any one wanting anything in my line such as

House Finish of All Kinds,

Rough and Dressed Lumber,

House Hardware, Nails, Putty, Glass

and Everything a Painter Wants for Buildings or Carriages.

We would say, get the lowest cash price of any dealer in Stanstead County, and then come to us and we will go them one better for cash.

No lye or South wind about this. Come and see.

E. B. DOLLOFF.

April 1st, 1896.

THE MONTREAL BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Corner of Victoria Square and Craig St.

ESTABLISHED : 1864.

This College is the largest, best equipped and most thorough Commercial College in Canada. The permanent staff consists of nine expert teachers (two French and seven English) who devote their time exclusively to the students of this institution. We send free to all applicants a Souvenir Prospectus containing full information, new price list, and photographic views of the departments in which the Theoretical and Practical Courses are taught. Studies will be resumed on September 1st. Address, J. D. DAVIS, Principal, Montreal Business College.

Caswell & O'Rourke

OFFER **Bargains** IN

CAPES AND CLOAKS.

Largest Assortment in town.
All New, Stylish and Perfect Fitting Garments.
Underwear and Hosiery.

New Fall Styles of Wrappers.

Largest Stock to Select from.

100 Pairs of WHITE and GRAY BLANKETS at 50c. per pair.

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Just SEE and then THINK what

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| 1 Moffat's Imperial Range No. 9. | \$38.00. |
| 1 Elegant Parlor Stove. | 12.00. |
| 1 Acme Frying Pan No. 9. | 0.25. |
| 1 Heavy Steel Frying Pan No. 9. | 0.40. |
| 4 Sad Irons 22 lbs. | 1.10. |
| 1 Wash Boiler copper bottom. | 1.50. |
| 1 Wash Board | 0.25. |
| 1 Pair of Wash Tubs. | 1.25. |
| 1 Wood framed Clothes Wringer. | 1.45. |
| 2 Iron Pots. | 1.20. |
| 2 Agate Pots. | 1.00. |
| 2 Water Pails galv'd iron | 0.50. |
| 1 Nickle plated copper Tea Kettle. | 1.20. |
| 1 " " " " Pot. | 0.80. |
| 1 " " " " Coffee " | 0.85. |
| 1 Broom. | 0.25. |
| 1 21 Quart Dish Pan. | 0.50. |
| 1 Patent Covered Roaster. | 1.00. |
| 3 Bread Tins. | 0.35. |
| 2 Agate Pudding Pans. | 0.70. |
| 1 Wire Toaster. | 0.25. |
| 1 Gem Pan. | 0.35. |
| 1 Dover Egg Beater. | 0.20. |
| 2 Water Dippers 1 at 5c., 1 at 15c. | 0.20 |
| 1 Bread or Cake Box. | 0.90. |
| 1 Agate Wash Dish. | 0.25. |
| 1 Set Mrs. Pots' Nickle plt. Sad Irons. | 1.10. |
| 9 Lengths Stove Pipe. | 0.90. |
| 2 Elbows. | 0.30. |
| All for | \$69.00. |

It affords us much Pleasure to have you call and examine our goods if you do not purchase.

ROCK ISLAND HARDWARE CO.

D. M. LOCKHART, Manager.

NEW FIRM

The Undersigned beg to inform the Public that they have bought the stock in trade of the well known store of 913 and are receiving daily New Goods RED HOT from the MAKERS.

Rifle and Shot-gun Powder 30 cts. per pound.
Smokless Powder, Shot, caps, Cartridges, etc.

Look at our Tinware, large Copper Bottom Boiler \$1.10, worth \$2.00 We were not to blame, but the man selling steel ranges after seeing the prices of our stoves took a drink, poor fellow, and died. Our line of dry goods is complete. Nothing better in the market. We buy the best and the price is below 'fence posts.'

Advertisement.

Car load of Flour just in. "THISTLES" is our leader, it has no equal. Shorts, Bran, and Middlings. 23 lbs. Redpath Sugar \$1.00.

Cold Winter is coming we feel for you. If you are hungry come in and we will feed you; Naked, we will clothe you; Thirsty, we can give you the best drink of TEA you ever had since water was turned into wine.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

H. N. RICKARD & CO.