

Stanstead Journal.



Commenced 1845. Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 7.

ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883.

WHOLE NUMBER 1931.

Stanstead Journal.

L. R. ROBINSON, Publisher,
Journal Building, Rock Island, (Stanstead)
Terms:
One year (advance payment) \$1.00
If paid in six months, 1.25
At the end of the year, 1.50
Subscribers in the United States will
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Of all descriptions done at moderate prices

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year, \$7.00
Special rates to business advertisers by
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additional to regular prices. No objection-
able advertisements received and nothing
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SOLICITORS OF PATENTS
And Counselors in Patent Causes,
BEEBE PLAZA, QUE.

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MAGOG, QUE., 23

JOHN FLINT CORE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Residence—Over E. T. Bank Office—
Two doors South, 37

CHAS. A. MOULTON,
DENTIST.
DERBY LINES, VERMONT.
Office over Post Office, 1900y.

GEO. BROOKS, R. D. MOELLER, JR.,
BROOKS & MOELLER,
Wholesale Dealers in Flour, Grain, Pork,
Fish, Salt, Oils, &c.
LENSVILLE, QUE. 881

JOHN C. FOSTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
DERBY LINE, VERMONT.

Edwards, Dickerman & Young,
ATTORNEYS.
NEWPORT, VERMONT.

H. W. MCGOWAN, M. D., C. M.,
M. C. P. S.,
Graduate of the University of McGill
College. Office Beebe Plaza, 78

C. E. TOWLE,
Provincial Land Surveyor,
Will attend to private surveys in the
vicinity of Stanstead. Office, at
Registry Office, Stanstead Plaza.
Stanstead March 5 1879. 14

J. F. MOULTON,
DENTIST.
Stanstead Plain, Que. 35

JOHN W. McDFEE, C. M., M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Stanstead, Que.
Post Office address Derby Line, Vt. 4

CHAS. O. BRIGHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
Derby Line, Vt.
special attention paid to Collections.
Prompt remittances made.

TERRILL & HACKETT,
ADVOCATES,
Stanstead, Plain, Que.

L. C. GIBBY,
Dealer in
BASKETS AND COFFINS.
Both home and foreign manufacture.
Rock Island, Que.

E. R. JOHNSON,
ADVOCATE,
Stanstead Plain, Que.

H. M. HOVEY,
ADVOCATE,
Rock Island, Que.
P. O. Post Office address, Derby Line, Vt.

L. H. RAND,
UNDERTAKER, Fitch Bay. A choice
stock of COFFINS AND CASKETS
kept constantly on hand. Prices reason-
able.
Fitch Bay, May 9, 1882. 95

H. S. HUNTER,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
HARNESS WORK.
Furniture Upholstered to Order.
Stanstead Plain, Que.

PHOTOGRAPHS!
THE subscriber is better than ever pre-
pared to please all who call on him for
Photographs, Tintypes, Frames,
&c. Copying as usual.
W. E. WEST, 17
Derby Line, Nov. 3, 1880.

T. W. NURSE,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
in Coffins and Caskets, has in Stock
all the latest Solid Black Walnut and
imitation Rosewood Caskets.

Trimnings and Linings to match.
The same of the best quality and parties
wanting these articles will find it to their
interest to call on him in the old Paper
Mill Building, Railroad Street,
Rock Island, July 26, 1882. 1906

THIS PAPER may be found on the at
Advertising Bureau (Beebe & Co's Newspaper
contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising
Agent, 41 Park Row (Times Building)
New York, is authorized to contract for ad-
vertisements in the Stanstead JOURNAL at
our best rates.

For the Journal.

HOMESICK.

TO S. C. M.

Canada! Land of my birth,
My long-loved home!
Gladly would I return,
Thou dearest spot on earth.

Oh, Lake! Of all that's fair, most fair
Thou sheet of azure hue,
Reflecting heaven's own blue!
What memories cluster there!

Ye mountains, high in air!
Like a lost vision bright
Return ye to my sight!
My childhood's home was there.

Home of my youthful years!
Alas! no more my own,
To stranger's hands thou'rt gone,
For memory's sake these tears.

Thou holdest, oh my native land,
The dust of dear departed dead;
Thy soil hath drunk the tears my sor-
row shed,
When twice I lowed 'neath the afflicting
hand.

Sad, sacred spot! where cold and still,
Each in his narrow bed,
Lie the lamented dead.
Place strangely dear! "God's acre" 'neath
the hill.

Friends tried and true! all ye
Who sympathize have showed
To lighten sorrow's load,
Your words of comfort, deeds of love,
Will never be forgotten.

If I, on time's swift pinions borne,
Should never be permitted
Thy loveliness again to see,
I could not cease for thee to mourn,
Oh Canada, my home! S. M. F.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

THE "Green Dragon," at Orpington,
assumed to be an inn, was really little
more than a wayside stopping-place.
Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor,
was therefore not a little surprised and
flurried when, upon a raw October
afternoon, a young man presented him-
self at the bar of the "Green Dragon,"
and asked languidly if he could be ac-
commodated with a bed and a sit-
ting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a
big man with red face and gray hair;
"yes, I think we can manage to give
you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" queried the
young man.

"And a sitting-room?" echoed the
landlord, in a tone of one who is con-
sidering some great undertaking; "one
minute, if you please, sir."

And Mr. Hunter disappeared into
the little room adjoining the bar, there
to hold counsel with some second per-
sons, the upshot being that, in a few
minutes, Mrs. Hunter, and a few Hun-
ters just out of the crawling state, issued
forth, bearing respectively working
materials, socks in progress of being
mended, tin whistles and decapitated
dolls.

"You can have this room all to your-
self, sir," said Mr. Hunter triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb
you," replied the traveler.

"Don't you mention it!" replied the
landlord, in a tone of once genial and
confidential; "we would not turn a
customer away from our doors. You
see, we do not have much parlor com-
pany."

"And this is the only room you
have that is disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only
room at present. Susan! call for the
gentleman's fire."

The traveler was glad enough to
enter the apartment and to draw close
to the fire the one dilapidated arm-
chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession,
and a writer from choice, was not really
more than thirty, though he looked
considerably older; for the dark hair
and beard were streaked with gray,
and the face, with its regular, hand-
some features, wore a look of intense
mental weariness.

For some time he leaned idly
back, his hands clasped behind his
head; at last he rose and took from
his bag a pocket, and diary, which he
opened and availing himself of pen and
ink which stood upon the table, made
the following entry:

"October 17, 1874.—Got up late.
Called on the Brainstons; George was
out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie;
went like a fool to Richmond, and like
a fool haunted the well-house. It
looked just the same as in the old
days; but I heard children play-
ing in the garden. The house, I be-
lieve, is let to city people. Came back
to London; dined at the Pall Mall;
went to the club. Got back to cham-
bers late; wrote a column 'Review.'
A weary, weary day. Shall I never
know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the
diary a letter written in a delicate
hand and addressed, "Arthur Seton,
Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This letter he
regarded with a long, sad, loving look;
then, resting his head on his hand, he
read it through very slowly. It ran as
follows:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR:—If you will
be so suspicious, so jealous and excit-
ing, I cannot see how we are ever to
be happy. Faith without works is dead,
and love without faith is no blessing,
but a weary burden. I am tired of
cross words and looks. Some women,
I believe, like the feverish excitement
of quarrels, but I only wish for peace.
This miserable jealousy is quite un-
worthy of you. Do try and put it
away; and remember, that love

once wounded, is sometimes hurt past
hope of recovery. I received your ar-
ticle quite safely, but I cannot speak
about it now. You have made me
too sad, too weary, and even a little
indignant.

"Yours affectionately,
"ALICE CLAREFIELD."

He replaced the letter, closed the
diary, took up his pipe and began
smoking. The early part of the day
had been fine and mild, but toward the
afternoon the sky grew leaden and
the wind shifted to the northeast.
Now the wind was rising and the rain
was falling—a cold, penetrating, im-
pudent, determined rain.

For want of something better to do,
Seton began to write a letter, but he
made slow work of it. For minutes
together he sat holding the pen listless-
ly, leaning his arm wearily upon the
table, listening, as we all listen when
alone, to what sounds may be going
on near us, from a feeling that is
not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly what must have been a
very light vehicle dashed swiftly down
the road and drew up at the door of
the "Green Dragon," while the voice of
the new-comer became audible.

Seton, however, could only catch a
few disconnected words, such as
"caught in the rain—delicate—shelter
—Chiselhurst—closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord
presented himself upon the threshold,
and said in a very pointed manner:

"If you please, sir, a young lady,
driving over to Sevenoaks in a light
open trap, has been caught in the rain,
and her servant wants to know if I can
give her a sitting-room while he drives
back to Chiselhurst for a closed car-
riage."

"And this is the only one you have?"
rejoined Seton. "Oh, ask her in by all
means. However, I am sorry the
room smells so of smoke," he added,
as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't mention it, sir, and thank
you very much," replied the landlord.

In another moment the door opened
again—the unexpected intruder en-
tered—a lady tall and graceful hav-
ing a pale, Madonna-like face, and
golden hair shining like an aureole
round a classic head.

Seton's face had grown white to the
very lips, and his voice quivered per-
ceptibly as, extending his hand, he
said:

"This is a very unexpected meeting."
"Very unexpected indeed," replied the
lady, removing her wet mantle, and sit-
ting down on the leather sofa. The re-
cognition had been mutual, but women as
general things, have more self-possession
than the sterner sex.

"Let me recommend this chair," said
Seton, laying his hand upon the one
from which he had just risen.

"No, thank you; I prefer sitting
away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell
so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a
pause, "but, you see, I did not expect
the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by
way of answer, and Seton folded ab-
solutely and put into an envelope a
blank sheet of paper.

"The country is very beautiful around
here," he answered, writing his own
name with great care upon the en-
velope.

"We have only been back from the
continent six weeks," she observed,
after a pause. "Mamma has taken a
house near Chiselhurst. I was driving
over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I
was caught in the rain and induced to
ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"
"Mamma is quite well, thank you."
Then after a pause, "Are you stopping
here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an as-
sumption of gayety in his tone, "but
I'll tell you all about it. My friends
kindly took it into their heads that
I wanted fresh air and exercise—so
bound me over on my word of honor
to walk from London to Hastings in a
week. I acquiesced in everything now,
so, of course, acquiesced in this, and
this is my first day of hard labor and
imprisonment."

"But you used—" began the lady,
then she colored a little and seemed
unwilling to finish her sentence; "you
a weary, weary day. Shall I never
know a moment's forgetfulness?"

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very lips, and his voice quivered per-
ceptibly as, extending his hand, he
said:

"I suppose the carriage will soon be
back," said Alice, presently, and speak-
ing with effort; "our coachman drives
very fast."

"Yes; your term of imprisonment
will soon be up," rejoined Seton, rest-
ing his arms upon the mantelpiece,
and examining with critical interest a
photograph before him.

"How the time passes!" said Alice
in a low voice, as if speaking to herself.
Then with a sudden energy, "I cannot
tell when we shall meet again. Before
we part, answer me one question.
You are looking worn and weary—
are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through
the freight his eyes flashed on her as
he said, in a low, harsh voice:

"From your lips that question is an
insult."

"Of which you need not fear the re-
petition," she rejoined, with cutting
formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went
on. "Do you know, ever since you
have been here I have bitten my lips
through and through to keep them from
speaking of the past? This meeting
was not my seeking, and it seems to
me unmanly to take advantage of this
opportunity."

"We are sometimes so much mis-
taken," she said, hurriedly, but her
words were hardly audible, and she
continued:

"Alice, you have treated me badly.
On that day, now three years ago,
when I gave you my love and believed
in yours, I was frank with you. I told
you how wild and irregular my life
had been and how full of faults I was.
You reclaimed me—you transformed
my days—you made life pure and fair;
and then, because some thorn in my
love hurt you, you threw it all away
and left me to perish miserably. She
would have interrupted him, but he
silenced her with a gesture and went
on: "And now, when we meet after
three years, you ask me if I am happy.
If I loved you once I shall love you
forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both
sides," she said quietly.

"Yes, there were," he replied; "but
I was reading your last letter only to-
day. Oh, how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your an-
swer to that letter?" she said passion-
ately, her voice quivering and her
breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for
word," he answered quickly; "I know
it was written on the impulse of the
moment."

"But I have it by heart." Then,
very slowly: "You said if your love
in its heart and strength, was a little
exciting, mine was cold and tedious;
in fact, no love, only a cold, sluggish
affection. You almost thought I was
right, and that we could not be happy.
I am naturally proud," she went on,
"but a woman with less pride than I
could not have acted differently. Only
one course was left to me, to be silent."
"Well, it is all over now; we shall
probably never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship,
then?"

"No, thank you; you are very gen-
erous, but I do not want that gift."

He threw himself wearily into a
chair, and for a time there was silence.
Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that
we are only aware of its existence
when it has ceased to be. Arthur
Seton looked upon himself as a man
without hope. It seemed to him that
his life could not be more desolate
than it was, yet he who shall say what
feeling, of which he was not directly
conscious, may have sustained him
during the last three years? Now
everything seemed gone—there was
nothing left to him but death.

Presently a carriage came down the
road, carriage lamps flashed through
the dusk and grew stationary opposite
the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in
and announced that the carriage had
come for the young lady, and had done
the distance wonderfully quick. Then
the door shut, and they were alone to-
gether again.

Softly and distinctly Seton heard
her speak his name. "Arthur!" but he
did not move; it seemed to him that
he would keep back all his love, clench
fast his heart till she was gone, and
then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't
you come? Are you not going to for-
give me?"

He groped his way toward her. She
stretched out her hand and drew him
to her. Then he bent down; she raised
her face, and the hearts and lips so
long disunited came together in a long
passionate kiss. He knelt down by
her, her head sunk upon his shoulder,
and for many minutes they remained
thus, lost in love's profound peace and
mystery. And the couples continued to
pop, and the waggoners on their way
to London tramped in and out of the
bar, and good-nights were exchanged
between customers and landlord, and
as Arthur folded Alice's mantle around
her, she said shyly:

"You are coming back with me to
see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered joyfully.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter
had been preparing all the afternoon

and of which she was not a little
proud, remained unoccupied; but the
payment was lavish and the day's
labor was not regretted.

Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten ride
to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy
evening. The rain ceased, and strange
voices were abroad in the wind, sing-
ing jubilantly over love re-risen and
redeeming. The clouds drifted away,
and the pure, sweet moonlight quiver-
ed over wet fields and trees, and seem-
ed love's benediction.

The reader is left to imagine the
arrival home. Arthur was a favorite
with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old
days of quarrels would always take
his part. When dinner was disposed
of Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household
duties and went to her room. There
she sat down before the fire and wept,
dear soul, over the happiness of her
children. Down stairs these two were
very quiet. To them love was a solemn
thing, and they were silent lovers. The
moments went swiftly on.

Presently Alice said, as she looked
up in Arthur's face:

"You are not going to continue your
walk to Hastings this week?"

He answered with a smile.

"But dear, I have pledged my word
of honor to do so."

"I command you to break it."

He did so; but none of his friends
brought it as an accusation against him
that he for once in his life had broken
his word of honor.—Second Century.

The Rights of Employers.

The frequent discussion of the
"rights of labor" that are heard, seem
to be all one side and employers do
not appear to have any rights that are
entitled to respect. But the fact never-
theless remains that employers owe
duty and service in consideration for
the wages they receive, and slighting
of work, absence from their appointed
place or any other neglect is not only
a breach of contract to which they
have agreed to do so much for so much
pay, but is at the same time filching
money from their employer's pocket,
which he may need to pay the very
wages they are suppose to earn. A
writer in Cotton, Wool and Iron, calls
attention to several faults in this di-
rection to which those who work in mills
are especially liable. One is the stop-
ping of a machine while the attendant
enjoys a chat with a visiting friend,
inflicting not only direct pecuniary
loss but seriously impairing necessary
discipline. Another is the case of in-
veterate smokers, who take advantage
of the regular absence of agent or over-
seer to indulge in their favorite habit
in the boiler room or some convenient
out-building. Still another is the not
uncommon practice of asking out for
an hour, for which the workman's time
is rarely set off, and if it was, language
would be used more expressive than
eloquent. But on the other hand, if a
hand remains in for an hour extra he
will expect an extra eighth. The
writer referred to gives it as his ex-
perience that if a hand has lost what
would make a full day's time, or more,
in the month, and should be paid by
mistake ten cents short, he would prob-
ably start at once for the office to have
the matter corrected. "Is this as it
should be?" he asks. "Our idea is,
and always has been, that a laborer
has a right to sell his labor to those
whom he chooses, and for such price
as he is willing to accept. When this
is done, we claim that he should deliver
his time with a good will and full
content, just as a groceryman would a
barrel of flour; then he can, with a
clear conscience, accept his pay in full,
and not till then."

"No, thank you; you are very gen-
erous, but I do not want that gift."

He threw himself wearily into a
chair, and for a time there was silence.
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So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter
had been preparing all the afternoon

Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander.

Burdette, the sensible funny man,
thinks wives have a monopoly of "ad-
vice" so he kindly offers a little to
husbands thus:—

The world is full of 'advice to wives,'
and even the cheap commodity of
courtesy addressed "To married peo-
ple" is most one-sided, and intended for
the ears of the weak sex only. We
can hardly pick up a paper without
reading the old reiterated injunction
"always meet him with a smile"
(whatever may be his delinquencies);
to be "always neatly dressed" (what-
ever work on hand); to never com-
plain to him" (whatever the weight of
your cares), and all the rest of it,
which everybody knows so well. For
the sake of a more evenly balanced
state of things, let us administer a lit-
tle of the same dose to the other side
of the house, on the old principle that
"what is sauce for the goose is sauce
for the gander."

Husbands should always appear be-
fore their wives in a neat and becom-
ing attire. Remember that was one
of your chief attractions during your
courtship. A man is not at all beau-
tiful en dishabille, and how can you
expect to retain a woman's love if you
suddenly drop all the blemishes that
won it. Husbands, be neat.

Never wear a clouded or angry
countenance in the presence of your
wife. No matter what the cares and
anxieties of the day have been, be-
fore her you should be all sunshine.
Thus you will make her happy, and
forget your own troubles. In her
own sphere she has petty vexations to
bear that would break the spirit of any
man alive. Don't add the burden of
yours too.

If the children are noisy and peev-
ish,

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

Mass. Valley Railroad LEAVE STANSTEAD. Express going North, 6:30 a.m. Mail going South, 7:30 p.m.

Methodist (Rev. Mr. Pletcher) Sunday services, Stanstead, 10:30 a.m., 7:00 p.m. Episcopal (Rev. Geo. Thorndyke) Sunday services, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.

Post Offices. At Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, have daily mails from Boston and Montreal and all intermediate points.

Oriental Lodge, I.O.O.F. Derby Line, Vt. Meetings every Monday evening at 7 1/2.

Frontier Encampment, No. 13, I.O.O.F. Derby Line, Vt. Meetings second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7 1/2 P.M.

Masonic Hall, Stanstead, Q. GOLDEN RULE LODGE, No. 5, F. & A. M. Regular communication Tuesday, Jan. 23, 1883.

CLUBBING LIST, 1883. Below will be found a list of periodicals which we can furnish in connection with the JOURNAL for the ensuing year.

Special Announcement. We offer the JOURNAL in combination with the American Agriculturist for \$2.25 a year, which includes postage on both.

Mr. Fred. Pierce's long tandem-five horses—excellent consideration attention upon the streets, as it is understood that he proposes to drive them at the Montreal carnival, which takes place this month.

Mr. Charles Merrill the special superintendent appointed by the County Council upon the petition of this village for incorporation, met those interested at the school house last Saturday, the 13th.

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Good Time—The clock on the Methodist Church has not been altered since early summer until this week having lost only twelve minutes in that time.

We trust the people of this vicinity will not forget the Dramatic Entertainment that is to be given Thursday evening, 18th, at the Town Hall, Stanstead, by the Dramatic Club.

A. B. F. Kinney, of Rochester, Minn., while on a hunting expedition in the fall, shot and killed a buffalo that weighed over a ton, a deer and antelope without number.

Rev. Mr. Monk, will lecture at the Town Hall again on Friday evening. Subject: "The fact and doctrine of Spiritualism from a Christian point of view. Admission 25 cents.

We learn that the Rev. G. H. Wells of Montreal is to lecture for the Stanstead Young People's Association on the 30th inst.

The officers of Frontier Encampment, No. 13, were installed on Friday evening, the meeting being attended by the members of the Order generally with their ladies.

Mrs. McKinstry will give her course of Historical-Propheatical lectures in the church at North Hatley commencing Tuesday evening the 22d inst.

Small pox is said to be prevailing among the lumber shanties in the Mattawan district.

Edwards, the mutton who eloped with a young white girl from Rochester, Vt., a few days ago, was captured at Willsboro, N. Y., and the girl restored to her parents, and Edwards sent to jail.

The National Bank of Derby stockholders four per cent. among its stockholders on the 1st of February.

Sarah R. Drown, of Bury, committed suicide the other day, while insane.

On Wednesday of last week a French Canadian named Anril Barthelemy, attempted suicide in the store of Messrs. Leche & Mitchell, Sherbrooke, shooting himself with a pistol loaded by one of the clerks.

Dr. J. Chamberlin, of Freleighsburg, died on the 14th inst, in the 84th year of his age. He was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, physician in the Eastern Townships, and has been distinguished in the practice of his profession.

There will be a donation visit at the house of Mr. S. J. Bartlett, Cassville, on Wednesday, Jan. 24th, afternoon and evening, for the benefit of Rev. Mr. Gruekshank.

The weather during the past week has been very cold, the mercury being below zero nearly every morning and on Thursday and Friday mornings 22-3 below.

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We had a regular blizzard from the S. W. on Saturday, which was hard to face, although not extremely cold. The roads were badly drifted before night rendering travel difficult.

The directors of the Agricultural Society met on Saturday, and organized the band by electing S. J. Bartlett, Esq., President; T. L. Hoyt, Esq., Vice President; and by re-appointing E. H. LeBaron, Secy.-Treas.

A very pleasant evening was spent on Thursday evening last, the visit and donation to Rev. Leroy Bean, the house being filled with friends of the newly wedded pair.

Last Sunday afternoon during the hours of divine worship, several children were sliding down the hill in this village, using such blasphemous language, to the great annoyance of at least one lady living in the immediate vicinity.

A slight inaccuracy appeared in the last Journal concerning our recent Municipal election, the names should be, C. W. Chase elected in the place of E. P. Davis, and Francis Duque instead of A. L. Wright.

The week of prayer was observed by meetings held daily in the Union church under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Flanders, Methodist minister of this place.

The mission offerings of St. Luke's Sunday School were sent for the past year to the Shingwauke Indian Home. The printed card certificates to be given to every scholar contributing one cent or more weekly.

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A part of the Best Sugar works were sold at sheriff's sale on Friday. The E. T. Bank were the purchasers. A Mr. Mahew of Barford was thrown from his sleigh and considerably hurt on Tuesday, while driving down Main street.

While Mr. F. Lamoinne was moving a pile of stones on Monday, a very large one slid from its place and struck him in the face, breaking his jaw knocking out several of his teeth and cutting his lips and cheeks badly.

Mr. Henry Lovell was elected Mayor at the meeting of the Council on Tuesday evening.

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Christmas & New Year's Greeting TO ALL. FRESH GROCERIES. AT LOW PRICES. THOUSANDS OF Apples.

Christmas Cards and Toys, in endless supply—remember We Won't Be Undersold. Fresh Oranges, Lemons, Eggs, Nuts, Raisins, Biscuits and new Canned Goods.

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Clark's Journal Bindery, State Street, Montpelier, Vt. Blank Book Manufacturing, Paper Binding and General Job Work a Specialty!

First-Class Stock and Workmanship! New Year is close at hand and now is the time to get your Magazines and Sheet Music bound. Leave them at this Office as soon as may be.

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Warranted Not To Leak. CALL AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG TEA-POT! Boobe Plain.

Where you can buy your TIN WARE of all kinds, made in a superior manner. SUGAR TOOLS of every description.

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Are you Drowsy, dull and out of sorts? Are you bilious, nauseated and made sick by the thought of food?

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FALL & WINTER GOODS. Reduced Prices! WT KNIGHT'S, Smith's Mills.

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For Sale Cheap. A FULL set of second hand Timmings Machines and Tools. The subscriber offers for sale cheap for cash or on reasonable terms.

ESTRAY. CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, a pair of white and black Steer Calf

