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Mrs. LAWDER, of Lindsay, who has become a permanent resident amongst them, and that she is prepared to receive Pupils and give instructions in the Piano Forte, and in Singing, on the most improved principles.

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The undersigned beg leave to inform his Friends and the Travelling Public that he has taken the above well-known Hotel, and trusts, by strict attention to business, and by endeavoring to fill it with the most comfortable and convenient of guests, to merit a share of public patronage.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, and other family provisions, at the highest market prices.

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BEGS leave to inform the Public that he will continue to purchase Wheat, Pork, and other farm produce, at the highest market prices.

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BANKS HOTEL, Main Street, Oakwood. Good Stabling and a careful Outfit.

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These and other GROCERIES are of the same superior quality they used to be.

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The undersigned have entered into partnership as Attorneys, Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc., under the style and firm of McNAS & McDONALD.

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Procure information obtainable from any of the Public Offices, and also from the various Departments.

For parties who are unable to devote their own time to travelling to Quebec, business with the Crown and other Government departments, which often takes months to do, and at a small cost, by employing a resident agent.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, ASSIGNMENTS, DISCHARGES, LEASES, MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, at the "Canadian Post" Book Store.

Poetry.

A MODERATE MAN'S WASTE.

Let others sigh for wealth and fame, I seek no vainly for the world's praise; I only ask a simple cot, A little, grassy garden-plot, A crystal fountain by the door.

Literature.

Ranahan, the Murderer.

Frank O'Shaughnessy's Famous Run.

On June 13, on John Brooke, of Cephalia, in the County of...

On the morning of the 13th, he was bringing his cow to pasture, after she had been milked, about eight o'clock in the evening, and within a few paces of his own house, he was suddenly stopped by three men, one of whom sprang up from behind a stone wall, and knocked him down with a bludgeon.

On turning the corner of the garden hedge, he saw two men, one of whom he recognized for the life of you, if you see me again, don't speak to me, or let on in any way whatever that you ever saw me before, and tell Norris the same.

For a moment I stood, surprised at the resolution and precision with which he had run through the above questions, and the sudden confidence with which he jumped over a stone wall, and disappeared.

At the time, and he was dressed very differently from the other two, and he was a remarkable man. As Mrs. Brooke rushed towards the spot, this man stopped and turned towards her, lifting a stick, and calling to her on no account to come on, or he'd stretch her alongside her husband.

She had a decided opportunity, however, of remarking the man who struck her husband with the stone; his face was towards her at the time, and he was dressed very differently from the other two, and he was a remarkable man.

The widow, as may be supposed, was inconsolable; and early on the following morning a Mrs. Kearns, who lived within a field or two of the spot, and who had remained at the wake, prevailed upon her to take her arm and go forward with her. Mrs. Brooke sat by the fire at John Kearns's, swinging backward and forward in her grief. Soon after a man came into the house, and Mrs. Kearns said:

"Good-morrow, Mr. Ranahan. Sit down, sit, if you please, and take a cup of tea." This is a sad business which has happened to me.

Ranahan sat down at the end of a form, and stretched out his hand to take the tea. Mrs. Brooke, just then raising her head, started up immediately and staggered backward towards the fire-place, where she swooned away.

Ranahan at once rose up, and turning on his heel abruptly quitted the house.

When Mrs. Brooke came to herself, Mrs. Kearns pressed her to take tea, but all she could get from her was:

"My God! to come and sit at the table with me—to come and sit and eat with me! The murder of my husband!—how could I sit at the table with my two eyes, not three feet from me; the sight'll never leave my heart until I die."

Four days after this occurrence there was a large meeting of the magistrats and gentry of the county, convened by the Lieutenant, and some very proper but useless resolutions passed upon the occasion. Mrs. Brooke was in attendance, and described the affair, stating what took place at the house of Mrs. Kearns on the following morning. Her information was taken upon oath, and a warrant made out against John Ranahan.

A subscription was entered into, and names were freely put down, with sums respectively opposite each, amounting to no less than £1300 in the total, for the purpose of forming a reward fund. The Government, too, came promptly forward, and offered a reward of £100. Here the matter rested—as matters of a similar nature generally do rest, about the same point.

So things lay from the latter end of June until the beginning of January in the following year. Neither tale nor tidings could be got of John Ranahan.

About six months after this I received certain offers from an informer named Cleary, and having come to terms with him regarding the reward, I received a paper containing my instructions. I looked at the paper and read the following:

"Go to the village of Shradonook, to-night, be low the Red River, and you will get him in the house of Mrs. M. Terman. It is not quite half-way up the village, on the left-hand side. It is the third house from the river, and you cross the road, and is the only house which has a newly-plastered and white-washed window. Search well; if he's not got the night, you'll never see him, as he is to cross the lake before daylight in the morning, to take shipping for America."

"This appears to be all very well and right," said I; "but where is the Red River, and where is the village of Shradonook?"

"Well, you'll take the bridge road along the foot of the mountain from Drumbois, leaving the lake upon your left, and you'll come to the Red River after about eight miles. Make no mistake, for there are several small rivers at this time of the year coming down from the mountain, but you'll pay no heed to them. When you come to the Red River you'll see a foot-bridge of very large stones, for the River's very smart beimes. Well, the village is not a hundred yards beyond the ford, just below the Tinker's Leap. But what am I talking of, says Sergeant Deernon, of the Drumbois police, know it well; take him with you, that saves a great deal of talk. Bring Norris with you, too; he knows Ranahan. Don't let the men speak a word, or he'll be on you in a moment, that sits the night through, he'll be on you upon the black foot above the village, to give him warning if they hear any one coming; but at this late night, they think they are all safe. I know they'll be taking a drop, and will be off their keeping, but be very cautious. I'd advise you not to be there too soon—not before one o'clock at the soonest, or later than four; and bring a strong party with you, for he swore that thirty police would not bring him out. When you get to the village, go at once to the house, and make no delay when you get him, but bring him away with you as fast as ever you can, before it's known that he's taken—mind that; but I see two heads stooping down, and I must be off. One word more: for the life of you, if you see me again, don't speak to me, or let on in any way whatever that you ever saw me before, and tell Norris the same."

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Miscellaneous.

The London Times, in an article on colliery accidents in Great Britain, says that it is terrible to think that upon an average nearly twenty lives are lost in the coal mines of this kingdom every week of every year.

On the 10th of November, the day after attaining his majority, the Prince of Wales, through his agents, took formal possession of the estate he purchased some time since in Norfolk. The summer retreat, which is deprecatingly called the Prince's "Shooting Lodge," cost only the trifling sum of \$1,100,000.

The Nashville, which has been for some time caged in the Quebec River, above St. Johns, has been sold for \$20,000 to a private company of merchants. She has been cut down, and armed with a 100lb gun forward and a smaller gun aft; and she is intended to fight her way, laden with cotton, through the blockading fleet.

TELEGRAPHIC AND EXPRESS COMMUNICATION WITH BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The Montreal Gazette, in an article on the mission of Canadian delegates to England, says: "If we are not misinformed, the news which has just come to the present momentary position of the Province with the provincial financial agents is satisfactory, and that one result of the railway agitation will probably be the establishment of communication with British Columbia, both by telegraph and express without much cost to ourselves."

The pen with which President Lincoln signed the New Year's Proclamation of Freedom—a steel pen with an ink-sprayer, broken, wooden handle—has been received by George Livermore, of Cambridge, Mass. His claim to its possession is founded upon his historical research, as to the favorable opinions of the founders of the Republic respecting negroes as citizens and soldiers, a copy of which was presented to the President while he was engaged in writing the Proclamation.

DISCOVERY IN A CHURCH.—Messrs. Grover & Gardner, commission merchants of Boston, have recently suffered the loss of \$45,900 through the dishonesty of a clerk, John Tyro, who collected that amount of the Government of Washington, sold the draft that was payable about January 1, at a banking house in that city, and then left for New Brunswick, N. J., where his wife and child were living. He remained at that place for one day, and then went to New York, where he bought gold with his green backs, and a speculator for Canada. It is supposed that he has made good his escape to Europe by this route. Other delinquencies have been discovered, which will run up losses sustained by various parties, through his agency, to \$70,000.—Boston Paper.

BRUNSWICK SPRING.—A most remarkable mineral spring has been discovered on Bear Creek in the County of Russell, which will, at some future day, no doubt be a second "Saragosa." It is situated on lot 3, in 2th Concession of Gloucester, and presents some features entirely new—to us at least. Every fifty-five minutes it boils up, and its effluvia is then applied, the whole surface becomes at once ignited; the bubbling continues for about an hour, and then subsides. During the whole time, a rambling noise resembling a distant wagon is heard, which becomes louder and louder until the climax is reached. Mr. D. Eastman has bought the property, and is erecting a fine hotel contiguous, and as it is only 12 miles from Ottawa, the whole distance over a good road, we have no doubt it will soon attract a great number of visitors.—Prescott Messenger.

AN EPISODE OF RICHELIEU.—One day the poet Desmarets who was then very young, succeeded in obtaining an audience of the cardinal. When the poet was ushered into the presence of the minister, and when the latter, with his usual courtesy, inquired to what cause he owed the pleasure of the visit?—Monsieur, said the poet, I have come to solicit your opinion on the appointment of controller-general? Astonished at the boldness as well as the magnitude of this request, the cardinal frowned and fixed his eyes sternly on the young petitioner, said:—And what had you hoped for, young man, in making such an audacious request? "I had hoped," replied the poet modestly, "for something that your eminence will regard as a compliment, and grant me—I had hoped for the pleasure of a refusal; they say your eminence refuses so often." "I am so used to it," observed Richelieu, flattered by the compliment—a compliment by no means displaced, as the sequel proved; for from that day the cardinal took Desmarets into favor, and later, gave him in reality the very appointment which the poet had solicited.—Sixpenny Magazine.

A STRANGE STORY.—We have been informed by a gentleman on whose veracity we have the highest reliance, that the following fearful narrative is substantially correct.—About two years ago a Mr. Harvey settled on the east shore of Lake Nipissing, about three miles from the head of the upper Trout Lake. Animated by the ambition of our backwoodsman, he combined the double employment of a pioneer farmer and a hunter. The latter capacity it is said he received to a considerable extent, the ill-will and hostility of the Indians, a large settlement of those people being situated on the south shore of the bay on which his location was placed. About a year ago he was married, and he brought his wife to live at his residence. One informant and another gentleman saw them there this last fall and spent a night at their house. It was remarked by the gentleman who gave us the outlines of this story, that it appeared strange that Harvey had not sent his wife to the settlements, as an interesting event was imminent, and no assistance was to be obtained within 20 miles, the household attending being confined to an Indian boy. On St. Stephen's day (the day after Christmas) Harvey took his gun and four deer hounds, saying he would return before dark, and left the house, as supposed, on a hunting expedition. Half an hour after his departure he was followed by the Indian hunter, but he soon awakened her, and made her sit up in the bed.

"You forgot to shave yesterday, Mary," said Harvey, as he entered the room.

"No, nor to-day either," was the remarkable reply.

"Are you in the habit, Mary," I continued, "of wearing this black coat and trousers, pulling them from under the bed-clothes, and these Wellington boots to match? for if you are, you may as well put on now. Come, Ranahan, my fellow, the game is over! Get up and dress yourself."

(Concluded in our next.)

STRANGE CLAIRVOYANT WARNING.

I was running a night Express train, and had a train of twenty-eight passenger, and two baggage cars—and were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed of which she was capable. I was a section of the road, usually considered the best to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right, and I was not at all alarmed. I was not at all alarmed, and could see no danger, nor anything threatening danger, and there I could see five miles in the day time, I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of it, then called a child's name; but like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me, if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to stop. I shut off, and blew the whistle, and accordingly I came to a dead halt, got off, and walking ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody of what was the matter. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nervous grasp, and it came down on the track, and it was not until I saw that it was a wheel, the thought of which never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track. This wheel led to the stone quarry, from which stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and which wheel had been spiked, and was needed at any time; but it was always kept locked, the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was, wide open; and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have collided with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequence, had I not done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally ruinous.

"This is my experience in getting warning from a source that I had not, and cannot divine. It is a mystery, however, for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, or say whence it came.—Life of an Engineer.

LINCOLN BARRING SEWARD.

Old Lincoln said a good thing the other day. He is always cracking his jokes with Seward about his sixty days' Secretaryship. Seward has been keeping the bird will be all over "inside of sixty days."

He asked Mr. Lincoln, "Well, Mr. President, when do you think this civil war will end?"

"The safe side, I have thought it all over, and I have made up my mind that if I were Napoleon, Napoleon, McClellan does not turn out second Napoleon. McClellan—we shall have an end of this war inside of a trillion of years."

Mr. Seward smiled knowingly, as he always does when he runs against anything he does not understand, and soon after went over to the State Department, and in a paper his translator clerk said, "Inform me, exactly how many sixty days there are in a trillion of years." The translator retired, and that evening went to Mr. Seward's residence, and sent in the following note:—

"For Governor Seward—There is not sufficient room in the State Department to make the calculation required, and the number has doubled in price, and has concluded not to order any more, but to cast your request upon a trillion of seconds, and to say nothing about minutes, hours, days, weeks, or months, or years, except incidentally. I find that in a trillion of seconds there are 31,697 years, 52 days, 1 hour, 46 minutes, and 10 seconds."

Mr. Seward smiled, and in a note to Lord Lyons, who was dining with him, told the joke and added, "The President is a terrible wag."

NO ROOM FOR LOAFERS.

These words recently met our eyes as we passed a working shop in the city. No room for loafers. Sure enough, there is no room for loafers anywhere in this working world. They are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance in the country store, spitting and spewing about the store, and at the post-office are in everybody's way. They are forever out of place, except when in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore. They form no part of man's necessities, and their presence is a nuisance. While all the world around them is going forward, they are standing still, or rather gliding imperceptibly backward into seedy vagabondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is only used which keeps our faculties bright, and the idle man gets dull, stupid, and muddy-headed. Yet, some of these fellows seem to think very well of themselves. You see them strutting along the sunny side of the street, lounging at the corners, hanging about the doors of the hotels, or the entrance to the theatre, with fine clothes upon their backs and a well satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances. The poor creatures look down upon a working man as being of an inferior order! No doubt the drowsy loafer despises the busy man, until they are driven from the hive to starve, while the workmen feed upon the honey. A loafer setting himself above a man that labors with his hands! Why, he is as far beneath him as, in the order of creation, the sloth is beneath the common horse. A young mechanic, in his working dress, and with his eye on his hand, is every way a more agreeable object than the most puffed-up loafer in existence. There is always room for him. He's never out of place, for he is keeping step with the movements of the universe. He has a aim, a purpose, and he stands for something. His faculties are trained to use, and he is of value to the world for what he can do. The skillful workman is to the loafer as the manufactured article is to the raw material. He has an additional value above that of mere mischief. The world does not get on without him, while it would be ruined by a loafer in it, and he'll be better for his absence. Reader, what do you don't loaf!