The Canadian Post.

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The Canadian Post

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

AT THE OFFICE, KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

Terms: $1.50 per annum in advance; $2 when more than 6 mos. credit.

Terms of Advertising.—First insertion, per line, [illegible]; each subsequent insertion, 2 cents.

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[illegible]ements sent without written instructions [illegible] until forbidden, and charged for full time.

[illegible] discontinuing advertisements must be [illegible] otherwise the publisher will not be re[illegible].

CHARLES D. BARR, Editor & Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

W. M. DONNELL, Jr., Barrister, [illegible] Office, second door west of the Ontario [illegible] Lindsay. [illegible]

JAMES McKIBBIN, CROWN LANDS AGENT. Office in the [illegible]

[illegible] & GEO. DUNSFORD'S LAW [illegible] Chancery Office, over C. Britton's [illegible] Lindsay.

GEORGE DORMER, Barrister, At[torney], [illegible] Solicitor in Chancery. Office, [illegible] Lindsay.

KETCHUM & BARRON, Barristers, [Attorneys] at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. [illegible] Kent Street, over Mr. Beall's Book [illegible]

[illegible] KETCHUM. JOHN A. BARRON. [illegible]

ADAM HUDSPETH, Barrister, [illegible] Attorney, Solicitor and Notary Public. [illegible] three doors east of the Ontario Bank. [illegible]

ARTHUR O'LEARY, Attorney at [Law] [illegible]

D. [illegible] McINTYRE, Barrister, At[torney] [illegible]

MARTIN & SMITH, Law, Chancery [illegible] [illegible] Brown & [illegible] R. F. Jewett's. [illegible]

ALEX. A. McDONALD, Attorney [illegible]

M. DEANE, Civil Engineer. Special [illegible] Railway Engineering. [illegible]

JAMES DICKSON, P. L. Surveyor, [illegible]

W. [illegible] BEAR, M.D., Physician, Cor[oner], [illegible]

J. A. WILSON, M.D., Physician, [illegible]

DRS. MARTIN & DeGRASSI. [illegible]

G. [illegible], M.D. [illegible]

D. [illegible] KEMPT, C.M., Graduate [illegible] Lindsay.

DR. [illegible] M. HART, Graduate Trinity [illegible]

E. BENSON, M.D., Surgeon and [illegible]

Business Cards.

W. M. [illegible], Land Agent for [illegible] Union School [illegible]

R. S. PORTER, [illegible]

G. [illegible]'S LIVERY STABLES, YORK STREET, LINDSAY. [illegible] good horses on hire. BRIAN QUINIGLE.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 57 Park [illegible] GEO. P. ROWELL [illegible]

WILLIAM A. SILVERWOOD, [illegible]

Shaving and Hair Dressing.

JOSEPH RIGGS' new Shaving and [Hair Dressing] Establishment, Adam's new [illegible]

Money to Loan.

MONEY TO LOAN at 6 per cent [illegible] Apply to [illegible] R. F. Jewett's. [illegible]

MONEY, MONEY. [illegible] Apply to [illegible] McINTYRE, Barrister. [illegible] Ontario Bank.

MONEY TO LOAN. [illegible] on Farm [illegible] Apply to KETCHUM & BARRON, Barristers, Kent Street, Lindsay.

J. [illegible] GILCHRIST, Appraiser for [illegible] Building and Saving [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE AT EIGHT PER CENT. [illegible] payable at Lindsay, or [illegible] Apply to E. D. ORDE, [illegible] Street, Lindsay.

MONEY TO LOAN! $10,000 Private Funds to Loan on Easy Terms. MORTGAGES BOUGHT. [illegible] FLEARY, Solicitor, &c.

Auctioneers.

JAMES [illegible] POWER, Licensed Auc[tioneer] [illegible]

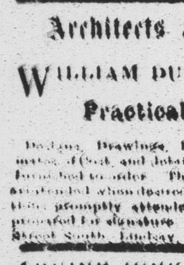
M. SANDERSON, Auctioneer, Bro[ker], [illegible] Accountant and Commission Mer[chant], [illegible] Collected. [illegible]

Veterinary Surgeons.

D. MENZIES, Veterinary Surgeon, [illegible]

J. M. CATHER, Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary School [illegible] Agent for Live Stock [illegible] Company.

JAMES A. GOING, M.R.C.V.S.E., VETERINARY SURGEON. Office removed to 1st house in [illegible] Separate School [illegible] Russel Street, Lindsay, where he may be found day and night to attend calls.



Graduate of the Edinburg Veterinary College, Scotland. 740-1

Architects and Builders.

WILLIAM DUFFUS, Practical Architect.

Designs, Drawings, Plans, Specifications, Estimates, [illegible] and details of all kinds of Buildings furnished to order. The erection of buildings superintended when desired. Measurement and valuation promptly attended to. Contracts carefully prepared for signature. Charges Moderate. Market Street South, Lindsay, April 1871. 695

IRVINE JUNKIN, General dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, PROVISIONS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c., &c. Joseph Street - - - Bobcaygeon

Hotels.

RAILROAD HOTEL, King Street, opposite the Railway Station. J. Maunder, Proprietor. Choice liquors and cigars. Commodious sheds and good stabling. 759-1y

TREMONT HOUSE, William Street, Lindsay, Ont. George Ricker, Proprietor. New House, new furniture, first-class accommodation. Good stabling, and an attentive hostler. 750-1y

VEITCH'S HOTEL, Corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, Lindsay, Ont. Edward Veitch, Proprietor. New House and new furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors and cigars. Large sheds and good stabling. 746-ly

LINDSAY HOTEL, Corner of Kent and Mill Street, Lindsay, Ont. This Hotel has been re-opened with entirely new furniture, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Choice ales, wines, liquors and cigars. Excellent stabling. Charles Mallette, Proprietor. 720-1y.

VICTORIA HOUSE, Coboconk, Jno. Keys, Proprietor. The best wines, liquors and cigars always on hand. Good stabling and a careful hostler. The patronage of the travelling public solicited. 718-1y

WEEKS'S HOTEL, Kent Street, (formerly known as Veitch's). Most central hotel in Lindsay. One dollar per day. Stages leave daily for all points. Attentive hostlers. 746-1y

GLOBE HOTEL, Next Door to J. Chisholm's store, is now fitted and furnished. Public patronage solicited. A good stable, driving shed and enclosed yard. 746-1y J. McCARTHY, Proprietor. Room yet for a few respectable boarders.

MARKET HOTEL, Kent street, Lindsay, John Irvine, Proprietor. Every attention paid to travellers; the table and bar supplied with the best. Good roomy sheds. 746-1y

DOMINION HOTEL, William St., opposite C. L. Baker's store, Henry Irwin, Proprietor. Good liquors and cigars. First-class stables, and an attentive hostler. Parcels forwarded to stages for north and west. 704-1y

QUEBEC & OTTAWA HOUSE, Fenelon Falls. John Swanson, proprietor. First-class accommodation for travellers. The best liquors always on stand. Good stabling and attentive hostlers. 704-1y

Real Estate.

FOR SALE TOWN LOTS. Opposite the Post Office, one occupied by P. J. Ayres as a [illegible]maker, and a vacant lot adjoining. Very [illegible] of town and on a leading street, desirable [illegible] Apply to Mr. Ayres on the premises, or to W. J. THIRKELL, Druggist, or JAS. H. DUNSFORD, Lindsay.

FOR SALE. A Desirable Garden Lot containing 1¼ acres, being a portion of Lot 18 in the 6th Con. of Ops, [illegible] Apply to JOHN WALDON, Lot 2, in 4th Con. Ops. April 2, 1874.

TO LET THE "TOLEDO HOUSE," LINDSAY. Is now ready for occupation. Every improvement necessary has been made, and the House will be let only to a competent man who will keep it in first-class style. The premises must be seen to be appreciated. An inspection invited. T. KEENAN, Lindsay.

TO RENT. I have always on hand merchant shops, offices and dwellings, to rent on moderate terms. Also have FOR SALE A large number of VALUABLE TOWN LOTS. Centrally situated, including the Brick Dwelling now rented to the Rev. Mr. Smithett; as also the House occupied by Robt. Hudspeth, Esq. Only sufficient to secure a sale will be required down. T. KEENAN. Lindsay, 2nd April 1874. 760 Lindsay.

FOR SALE A BARGAIN. LOTS 1 AND 2 on the EAST SIDE OF LINDSAY STREET, directly opposite the Post Office. There is a BLACKSMITH SHOP on one Lot. This is a very Desirable Business Stand, being very near the centre of the fast growing town of Lindsay. For particulars, inquire of P. J. AYRES. Lindsay, Feb. 9, 1874. 753-tf

FOR SALE THAT SPACIOUS VILLA ON RUSSELL STREET, EAST, formerly occupied by Judge Lacourse, and now occupied by D. Thomas, Esq. The house is two story white brick with basements, contains twelve rooms and kitchen, and has good frame outbuildings, all built in 1871. There is a never failing well of water. The house has a southern aspect, and is in every respect a first class family mansion. There is half an acre of land attached. For particulars apply to S. C. WOOD. 760-tf Lindsay.

THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY offer for sale on conditions of settlement GOOD FARM LOTS IN DYSART AND ADJOINING TOWNSHIPS AT FROM $1 TO $2 PER ACRE.

In addition to many good roads already constructed, the Company last year completed a road through the township of Dudley and Harcourt opening up a large tract of excellent hardwood land, and connecting the settlement in Harcourt with the village of Haliburton. The Buckhorn road leading direct from the county town of Peterborough is to be completed this year under instructions from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Other roads already give access from Toronto, Ottawa, Peterborough, Lindsay, Coboconk, and other points to and through a great portion of the Company's territory.

The Company's townships form one rich municipality covering to the settlers constant improvement to the country in new schools, roads, &c.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE IN THE VILLAGE OF HALIBURTON, Where there are churches and schools, telegraph and good postal communication. Town hall, grist and saw mills, hotels, stores, &c. Access from Toronto by the Toronto & Nipissing Railway by morning train to Coboconk, thence by stage to Minden and Haliburton. For further information apply to CHAS. JAS. BLOMFIELD, Manager C. L. & E. Company, Peterborough. Or to ALEX. NIVEN, P. L. S., Agent C. L. & E. Company, Haliburton, Ontario. 710-1y

For Sale.

FOR SALE A HORSE. Five years old, bay, black mane and tail, fair size, general purpose. Also a SINGLE BUGGY, as good as new or nearly so, with a seat to turn down for children, one set second hand single harness. One New Democrat Wagon, got up first-class style. Suitable for a carriage with a slight alteration. Either of the above will be sold cheap. For particulars apply to JOHN HAISLEY, Sadler, Lindsay. 759-tf

Stores and Tinware

GET THE CROWN DRUM HEATER. E. McFEELY'S New and original COLD AIR DRUM HEATER, the CROWN can be used on all kinds of Box Stoves or Cooking Stoves, and thoroughly heating all the cold air in the shop or room it is used in from fifteen to thirty minutes, as all the cold air rapidly passes through the heated Drum, and keeps continually passing through till it becomes agreeably heated, and only using about two-thirds the quantity of wood to do so that you are obliged to use without the CROWN HEATER. The inner construction for hot air is original in design, and cannot fail to prove the best hot air drum radiator and fuel saver now in use. As the price of wood is increasing I can with the following home testimonials cheerfully recommend their use during the coming cold weather: they are cheap compared with the heat and comfort they give.

PRICE—SIX EIGHT TEN OR TWELVE DOLLARS According to size required. Patent applied for. Manufactured only by the Subscriber, at the Stove and Tin Shop, and Coal Oil Depot, William Street, Lindsay. E. McFEELY.

We, the undersigned, are using E. McFeely's Cold Air Heater, the CROWN DRUM, and cannot say too much in its favour, as it does all that it is advertised for: [illegible]; John Kennedy, Merchant, Kent Street; John Maguire, Harness Maker, William Street; Charles D. Barr, "The Canadian Post," and others.

Painting.

ALEXANDER SKINNER, Painter, Glazier and Paper Hanger, (Lately from Scotland,) Respectfully intimates that he has commenced business as above in Lindsay, and hopes from his practical knowledge of House Painting in the "Old Country" to merit a share of public patronage. RESIDENCE—Colbourne Street, first house west of Dr. Martin's. Orders addressed to Box 39, P. O., Lindsay, will receive prompt attention. 756-1y

WILLIAM H. LEE, HOUSE AND CARRIAGE PAINTER, GRAINER, GLAZIER, AND PAPER HANGER. Having served a full apprenticeship at my business I am now prepared to execute all orders neatly, cheaply, and promptly. References as to workmanship can be given. RESIDENCE, North William Street Lindsay. TERMS REASONABLE. 722-1

Insurance.

NORTHERN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN. Established 1836. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. Present Capital - - $10,000,000. Fully subscribed by nearly 800 shareholders whose individual responsibility is unlimited. Capital to be increased to $24,000,000 in consequence of the growing magnitude and importance of the Fire business.

Amount of Premiums for 1871 .... $1,182,291
1872 .... $1,352,135
Thus showing an increase of premiums in 1872 of $169,844
Funds invested 5,944,261
Deposited with the Dominion Gov't 150,000
Which latter amount is invested in first-class securities for security of their Canadian policy holders.

Last sales of stock in London, Eng., were at £19.10.0 for £5, or nearly 300 per cent. premium.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PROPERTY INSURED at as low rates as in any other first-class Stock Company. Losses promptly paid without reference to London Board. H. A. WALLIS, Agent for Lindsay and County Victoria, who will be found at Mr. E. D. Orde's office, Lindsay. 750-1y.

A FARMER'S COMPANY! Farmers, insure your property in the Agricultural Insurance Co. A Stock Company entirely devoted to your interests. Insures nothing but Farm Property and Detached Residences. Chartered and commenced business in 1853. CASH ASSETS, - $1,000,070 27. Mr. Langton's report shows over $100,000.00 deposited as especial protection to Canadian Policyholders. Head Office for the Dominion of Canada,—Kingston, Ont. J. C. COOPER, President. ISA. C. MUNSON, Secretary. We would refer you to the following gentlemen in regard to the responsibility of the Company:—D. Fisher, Esq., Cashier Ont. Bank, Bowmanville. Wm. Kerr, Esq., Mayor of Cobourg. C. L. Baker, Esq., Lindsay. W. J. Thirkell, Esq., Lindsay. Wm. T. Fish, Cobourg, Agent for the Counties of Prince Edward, Hastings, Northumberland, Durham, Ontario Peterboro' and Victoria. L. M. CATHER, Agent Lindsay and Ops. Office on Melbourne Street, third street south of the Post Office. A. RODGERS, Woodville, Agent for Mariposa, Brock, Thorah, Eldon and Mara.

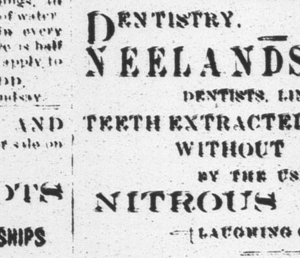
THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE. THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Capital	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds	15,000,000
Invested in Canada	250,000
Yearly Income, over	5,000,000
Daily Income	13,700

Rates and Premiums as low as in any other respectable Company. The settlement of loss prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of this company afford those insured in it perfect security against loss.

THE LIFE DEPARTMENT Has been introduced into Canada, and particular attention will be paid to this branch of the business. For particulars and to effect Insurance apply to JAMES HEAP, Agent for Lindsay and Co. Victoria.

Dentistry.



DENTISTRY. NEELANDS & MAY, DENTISTS, LINDSAY. TEETH EXTRACTED POSITIVELY WITHOUT PAIN BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE [LAUGHING GAS.]

J. Neelands, while in New York, made a special study of this gas under Dr. Colton, who was the first person who ever used it in extracting teeth. He has an establishment devoted solely to that purpose, and in six years has administered it to fifty thousand persons without an accident or failure.

It has been given at the office of Neelands & May to about 1300 persons, and nearly all have expressed their utmost satisfaction with the result. No pain whatever is experienced.

Teeth beautifully filled with gold on a new principle. Artificial teeth inserted which look beautiful as well as useful in mastication.

An excellent preparation for sale for preserving the teeth and gums in a healthy state.

Charges moderate. Patients from a distance will please call early in the day.

OFFICE NEXT DOOR TO S. & O. BIGELOW'S STORE. Remember the place. J. NEELANDS, L.D.S. HAROLD MAY, L.D.S.

Factories & Planing Shops.

NEW CHAIR FACTORY. J. & R. BEGLEY, Have leased part of Mr. McFaddyn's new machine shop, (formerly Crandell's,) opposite the Midland Railway Depot, where they intend to Manufacture Chairs & Bedsteads BY WHOLESALE & RETAIL. Chairs repaired and painted. All Job Turning done with neatness and despatch. J. & R. BEGLEY. Lindsay, July 16th, 1873. 733-1y

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY. Wm. HERLIHEY Begs to inform the inhabitants of Lindsay and Victoria County that he has commenced the manufacture of Carriages, Waggons, Sleighs, Cutters &c., at his place of business, just east of Lindsay street and the Conway House, and west of Needler & Sadler's mills. All work ordered will be got up in the BEST STYLE AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES. JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. The subscriber solicits a share of public patronage, confident that any description of work ordered from him will give entire satisfaction. WM. HERLIHEY. Lindsay March 1873.

THOMAS FEE. SAW MILL, PLANING MILL AND Shingle Mill. His brick-built stand seems to command The travelling public's eye; In his mill yard he is prepared To pile the lumber high; And in his line saws panned pine, Plain tongue, and groove for floors; All moulding kind, sash, frames, and blind, And fancy pannel doors; His shingle mill is running still, By steam power in its wrath; Keeps pile on pile all ready [illegible], Sawed shingles, [illegible] and lath; And Fee can fit a building [illegible], Will do it quick as [illegible]; For one and all, who please to call, And pay the ready cash.

ONE DOLLAR—The [illegible] to New Subscribers for the remainder of the [illegible] for One Dollar.

Music.

MRS. E. BENNETT ROBERTS, (Organist to St. Andrew's Church,) from the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LONDON, ENG. RESIDENCE—McDonald's block, over Mr. Keith's Agricultural Warehouse. Mrs. Roberts is ready to take Concert engagements as accompanist or solo-pianist for the winter season.

Railways.

MIDLAND RAILWAY OF CANADA. Time Table. TAKES EFFECT ON Thursday, the 16th April, 1874.

GOING NORTH.	Mail.	Mixed.
Port Hope, depart	8:30 a. m.	1:40 p. m.
Millbrook "	9:35 "	3:00 "
Omemee "	10:30 "	4:10 "
Lindsay "	11:05 "	5:00 "
Cambray "	11:25 "	5:25 "
*Oakwood "	11:43 "	5:48 "
Woodville "	12:00 "	6:10 "
Beaverton "	12:35 "	6:45 "
Orillia arrive	1:30 p. m.	8:00 "
GOING SOUTH.	Mail.	Mixed.
Orillia depart	2:30 p. m.	5:30 a. m.
Beaverton "	3:40 "	6:45 "
Woodville "	4:05 "	7:20 "
*Oakwood "	4:20 "	7:40 "
*Cambray "	4:35 "	8.00 "
Lindsay "	5:00 "	8:50 "
Omemee "	5:35 "	9:35 "
Millbrook "	6:30 "	11:00 "
Port Hope arrive	7:30 "	12:15 p. m.
GOING NORTH.	Mail.	Mixed.
Port Hope depart	9:45 a. m.	5:10 p. m.
Millbrook "	11:05 "	6:30 "
Peterboro' "	12:00 p. m.	7:25 "
Lakefield arrive	12:35 "	8:00 "
GOING SOUTH.	Mail.	Mixed.
Lakefield depart	1:20 p. m.	7:50 a. m.
Peterboro' "	2:10 "	8:40 "
Millbrook "	3:00 "	9:35 "
Port Hope arrive	4:10 "	10:50 "

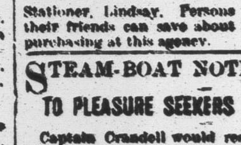
CONNECTIONS.—At Port Hope with Grand Trunk Express trains, East and West, morning and evening, and Steamer "Norseman," leaving at 9 a. m. for Rochester, N. Y., connecting with trains on New York Central Railroad. At Lindsay with Steamer Vanderbilt and other steamers in Inland Navigation Company for Fenelon Falls and Bobcaygeon. At Woodville with the Toronto and Nipissing Railway. At Millbrook, with trains for Peterboro' and Lakefield. Trains run by Port Hope time, which is Twenty Minutes slower than the Grand Trunk time.

ADOLPH HUGEL, President. H. G. TAYLOR, Supt. of Trains.

*Flag stations. 747-1y

Navigation.

THROUGH TICKETS at lowest rates in connection with the ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIPS to and from Great Britain and Ireland. Sold by R. S. PORTER, Stationer, Lindsay. Persons wishing to send for their friends can save about $7 on each ticket by purchasing at this agency. 762-tf



STEAM-BOAT NOTICE FOR 1874. TO PLEASURE SEEKERS AND TOURISTS.

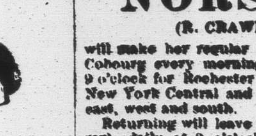
Captain Crandell would respectfully notify the pleasure seekers and tourists that he has taken the greatest pains in overhauling and repairing his Steamboats, to promote the comfort of passengers, and is now prepared to sell single and family tickets for the Summer at a moderate and reduced price to parties wishing to avail themselves of the scenery of the inland waters, believing that they would find it much cheaper to purchase such tickets. Since the opening of the Lock, by which thirty miles have been added to our navigation, this route has proved very popular. It is the shortest and quickest route to the Grand Trunk going East and West, and it is by far the most pleasant and healthful. Parties wishing to avail themselves of these tickets should purchase at once, as there will only be a limited number sold. The tickets will enable their holders to avail themselves of either of Capt. Crandell's boats on all occasions excepting excursions. Tickets can be purchased on the boats.

Ticket Rates—Season ticket for one adult	$10
Lady and Gentleman	12
Invalids	6
One Child from 6 to 13 years of age	3
Children under 6 years	Free

Refreshments can be had on board if required charge extra.

758 GEO. CRANDELL, Proprietor.

SEASON 1874. DAILY LINE TO ROCHESTER. COMMENCING ON OR ABOUT 1st APRIL. THE NEW LAKE STEAMER



"NORSEMAN," (R. CRAWFORD, Master,) will make her regular trips on this route leaving Cobourg every morning at 7.30 and Port Hope at 9 o'clock for Rochester connecting there with the New York Central and Erie Railways for all points east, west and south. Returning will leave Charlotte, (Port of Rochester), daily at 9 o'clock, p. m. except Saturdays when she will leave at 2 p m for Brighton. Dealers in stock will find this the cheapest and most expeditious route to Boston, Albany, New York, etc. For further information address, R. CRAWFORD, Port Hope, or C. F. GILDERSLEEVE, Kingston. 759

Groceries.

VICTORIA GROCERY AND LIQUOR STORE. The subscriber begs to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has always on hand a complete stock of STAPLE GROCERIES, Cured Meats, Herrings, Cod-Fish and Mackerel. A choice assortment of PALE AND DARK BRANDY. Port and Sherry Wines, Holland and Old Tom Gins several brands of WHISKEY. BOTTLED ALE AND PORTER, &c. The attention of hotel keepers and others is invited to this stock. PLASTER AND SEEDS of all kinds always on hand. The cash system will be strictly adhered to. CASH FOR FARMERS' PRODUCE. JOHN CHISHOLM. Kent Street, next to the Globe Hotel.

NEW GROCERY AND Confectionery Establishment! The subscriber begs to thank the people of Lindsay for the liberal patronage conferred on him; and to assure them he will spare no pains to merit a continuance of the same. BISCUIT MACHINE. Having purchased one of the best biscuit machines made the subscriber is now carrying on the manufacture of BISCUITS of all kinds on a large scale, and is prepared to fill all orders promptly. Special attention will be paid to this department. A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF Family Groceries Constantly on hand. Also CANDIES AND CONFECTIONERY. WHOLESALE & RETAIL. FRESH FRUITS In their season are daily arriving. Parties wanting Lemons, Oranges, Apples, &c., can have their wants supplied. The country trade supplied. JOHN CORNICK. The highest price in cash paid for produce of all kinds.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart,
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word, unspoken, is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that doubting lurks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can ye let its chafing silence wind
Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words like treasures in the mines,
Are valueless until we give them birth;
Like unfound gold their hidden beauty shines,
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless flute—
But oh! what pain when at God's own command,
A heart string thrills with kindness—but is mute.

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry, to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak,
And He will bless you—He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A tip-top band—Hat band.

Loose habits—Dressing-gowns.

When a lady faints what figure does she need? You must bring her 2.

A haunted distillery is frightening the inhabitants of Waynesboro, Pa.

"Your money or your books!" remarks a highwayman at the Custom House.

Bridgeport is sure that spring is coming because she is to have a circus April 20.

It is a sure sign of an early spring to see a cat intently watching a small hole in the wall.

It is computed that 11,364 old hoop skirts are annually thrown into the lake at Cleveland.

If it wan't for the Acheenese and the Temperance war the entire world would now be at peace.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in the witness-box, "how should I know anything about anything I don't know anything about?"

"Mynherr, do you know for what we call our boy Hans?" "Do not, really." "Well, I tell you. Der reason dat we call our boy Hans, dat ish his name."

When a Maryland doctor spells it "accufortus," is it any wonder that patients die on his hands? Another doctor spells corrosive sublimate "coros of sublimate."

A pack of wolves in Sherbourne County, Minnesota, chased a couple of lawyers five miles, and the New Orleans *Republican* thinks it showed a lack of professional courtesy.

A St. Paul locomotive threw a man one hundred and eighty feet through a tressle-work bridge and didn't hurt him, which is another recommendation for Western climate.

They were going to put a man out of a San Francisco theater for creating a disturbance, when a voice cried, "He's all right he's killed a Chinaman!" and they let the man alone.

Passengers to the Pacific by rail breakfast in Sierras with twenty feet of snow around them; four hours later they find wheat four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

A vagabond, seeing the motto, "Opportunity makes the thief," said, "Not always. I found a big anchor and chain cable on the wharf the other night, and didn't touch it; and then there was nobody about neither."

The other day a countryman asked one of Barnum's men, "Where is the mummy?" The latter replied, "He is dead," and the inquirer passed on, perfectly satisfied, for he couldn't expect that even Barnum could prevent an occasional death among his curiosities.

A model husband from the land of fiction.—"He admired his wife so much that he used to light the candle three times every night to look at her; and he became a very celebrated bankrupt two or three times."

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked: "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

An unconscious play upon words was made the other day by a little girl while relating to a sympathizing lady the loss of two pet calves. "What caused their death?" asked the lady. "Oh!" was the answer, "one was hooked to death and the other died on its own hook."

The Siamese twins were Baptists. "But," says the *Presbyterian*, "suppose one had been a disbeliever, how could the other have been immersed?" But another says they were not Baptists—they were United Brethren.

A gentleman being asked by an old lady with rather confused ideas as to horses and dogs, if his dog was a hunter, said "it was half hunter and half setter; that he hunted until he found a bone, and then set down to eat it."

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our 'species,' you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection."

"That dog of yourn flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he's not mad. What has he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

An exchange prints this sensible paragraph: Correspondents will oblige us very materially if, in their articles, they will confine themselves to the use of either 'we' or 'I.' The indiscriminate use of both is vexatious. Neither is it necessary to quote every other word and italicise the rest."

EQUALLY DECIDED.—"Now, Willie dear," says Fanny, "do have a little courage; when I have a powder to take, I don't feel it any more than you do, but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do." "And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I don't."

A man in Haverhill, N. H., who had recently buried his wife, on hearing of the sudden death of his nearest neighbor's better half, hastened over to his house to console him. After he beheld the lifeless remains of the lady, he remarked: "Wal, we have both lost our women, and all we hev gut to do is to find two more."

A Norfolk farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a country meeting, and inquired into its having possibly been taken by mistake, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: "Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. E. I have got a hat which is not his; if he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

Set to music.—Some one has got hold of the newspaper bore and set him to music as follows:—

"He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line
And where he's forced to grieve,
He takes the strangest liberties,
But never takes his leave!"

If cremation comes in the Philadelphia *Ledger* will have to produce a new style of obituary verse. The following has already been suggested:—

"The boast of heraldry,
The pomp of power,
And all that beauty,
And all that wealth e'er knew,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The path of glory leads out to the flue.

* * * * *

"And this is all that's left of thee,
Thou fairest of earth's daughters;
Only four pounds of ashes white
Out of one hundred and fourteen and three quarters!"

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." *Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists London."

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London." *Cassell's Household Guide.* 732

HORSES SAVED.—The lives of thousands of horses have been saved during the past year, and the credit is due to "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy." This preparation is [illegible] used, and exacts from all the highest praise. Nothing of the kind has ever before been half as successful or given such universal satisfaction; it cannot be equalled. We can confidently recommend it, and would advise all who own horses to keep a supply of it on hand—it may be the means of saving your horse's life. Remember the name, and see that the signature of Hurd & Co., is on each package. Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine Dealers. 746-1y.

"JUST AS GOOD."—One of my friends who had been using your (Fellows') Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for Consumption, was induced by one of our druggists to take another preparation of Hypophosphites, which he said was "just as good, if not better." The use of half a bottle taught him, that if he would consult his safety, he must return to your Syrup again. GEO. C. FOUT, Mansion House Hotel, Baltimore, Maryland.

CONSUMPTION, so prevalent and so fatal, is dreaded as the great scourge of our race, and yet in the formative stages, all pulmonary complaints may be readily controlled by using "Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers." They will relieve the worst cough in a few minutes, and have a most beneficial influence on the bronchial and pulmonary organs—but they must be used in time. Public speakers and singers will also derive great benefit by using them. Sold by all druggists and country dealers. Price 25 cents per box.

THE GOOD TIMES HAVE COME AT LAST. [illegible]

MY HERITAGE.

I

Immediately after the death of my great-uncle, Theodore Stanfield, I, Theodore Stanfield the second, left our noisy metropolis to take possession of the fine old estate of the deceased, in the interior of Virginia, near the base of the Alleghanies.

My great-uncle was a native of Baltimore, and, in many respects, was no ordinary man. He was liberally endowed by Nature, and had not only the advantages of a classical education, but also of extended foreign travel. After completing his course at Harvard, he spent several years abroad, cultivating a very decided natural taste for literature and the arts, especially painting. To his varied accomplishments, he added an amiable disposition, a handsome person, and a considerable fortune. How sad that it was not given to him to win the heart, upon the possession of which depended his earthly happiness!

He was more than thirty years of age when he met a young girl, who was destined to have a large share in his inner life, although it was not appointed that she, whose image had made so deep an impression on his sensitive nature, should ever be his. He loved, as is often the case with men, without the object of his affections being distinguished by any extraordinary qualities. Alice Mason was remarkable—if she was remarkable for anything—rather for her youthful freshness, and a pleasing, sunny expression, than for regularity of features; nevertheless she was in his eyes, the most attractive of women. But his devotion was unrequited, and, a few months later, when my uncle had buried the brightest of his earthly hopes, the pretty Alice Mason became the wife of George Harrison, a young Baltimore theologian, who had recently been called to take charge of a congregation at Covington, Virginia.

From this time my uncle began to withdraw from society. Within a year he left the city, and purchased a large plantation, near the pretty village of Covington, in order to be near her whom he had not ceased to love. His estate was soon the finest in the whole country round. Every improvement he made—and he made many—evidenced a sound practical judgment or a cultivated taste. Nowhere was to be found a more elegant country mansion, surrounded by more beautiful grounds. But, although the rare fruits and flowers of his garden and conservatory were to be found in the sick-rooms of rich and poor, he persistently avoided all society, in spite of the earnest solicitations of his friends, and devoted himself more than ever to reading and study.

My father, who was his favorite nephew, having married and located permanently in New York, was very desirous that his uncle should become a member of his household, or at least should desert his Virginia mountains, and fix his residence somewhere in the vicinity of the metropolis; but all such propositions met with a kindly yet decided refusal, accompanied with the assurance that no place, near New York or anywhere else, would please him so much for a residence as his estate near Covington. When I was born, my father made another effort to get him to absent himself from his hermitage for a time, and make a visit to New York; he urged him to be present at my baptism, as I was to be named after him; and my mother, I have been told, in the goodness of her compassionate soul, had chosen a beautiful young girl to stand by his side, as godmother, hoping that her charms might entice him from the gloom in which he had taken refuge since the loss of his dear Alice. His reply came promptly, but, as my parents feared, he declined coming to us for even a day. It seemed he had determined to live and die on his estate, and so he did. In his letter, he announced that he had made his will, bequeathing to his great-nephew, Theodore Stanfield, his entire and very considerable fortune.

I never visited him but twice. Both times were during my boyhood, when I was sent to him, rather by his kindly permission that at his request. The first time was while my parents went on a summer tour, through New England and Canada, for my mother's health; and the second was during the cholera season of 1833, when my mother insisted that her only son should not remain in the city.

The weeks I spent at Covington during my childhood were vivid in my recollection as I, for the third time, found myself on my way thither. My great-uncle had given me such a reception as a kind-hearted but grave and thoughtful bachelor might be expected to give a child; but, being accustomed to companionship and amusements, and the noise and bustle of a large city, it was several days before I could become resigned to the strangely quiet and monotonous life I was compelled to lead in my uncle's house. It often seemed to me as though I found myself in an enchanted castle, such as I had read of in some of my story-books, and that all that was beautiful and grand about me would disappear as soon as a strange sound or loud voice should resound in the silent halls. My uncle was very kind to me, and, although there was always something formal and distant in his manner, he told me much about the foreign lands he had visited, that interested me, and showed me pictures of distant scenes that he himself had painted.

In his study there hung a picture—and it was the only one in the room—that I, as it was concealed by a red curtain, had never seen. One day I was so bold as to ask him if he painted this picture too, and if I might not see it as well the others. His face assumed a momentary expression I did not understand, and his voice trembled slightly but he was not unwilling to grant my request.

"Certainly; why not?" said he.

He drew the curtain aside, and my eyes beheld a blooming female head. A pair of large brown eyes looked down smilingly upon me; her rich dark hair fell in disorder about her shoulders, and, if there was around her half-open lips the shadow of an expression akin to scorn, still the mouth was so sweetly lovely that I, in my childish imagination, could have thought it was about to speak to me. I was too much absorbed to indulge in observations; indeed, my eyes were wet with tears, as they sometimes were in my boyhood, when my feelings were suddenly and deeply moved. I only exclaimed:

"Oh, uncle, I never saw anybody so beautiful!"

"Do you think so?" said he, in a tender tone, "and yet her face was ten times handsomer than the art of any painter could have represented it."

With an involuntary, long-drawn sigh, he let the curtain fall back over the portrait, and, during my stay at Covington, I did not see the lovely face again.

The news of his death reached me during an extended business-tour in the west. I was, therefore, unable to follow his remains to their final resting-place, but my parents were present at the funeral, and, with evident emotion, my mother told me that death, in ending the last sorrow of his life, seemed to have beautified and rejuvenated his noble features; that the lips, that once in vain had confessed his love, were wreathed with a strange peaceful smile.

Completely lost in my reveries, I had not noticed that we were at a station, and that the train had stopped.

"I think, sir, that you wish to get off here," said the conductor, politely touching me gently on the shoulder. "We are at Covington."

I thanked him, and hastened toward the village, leaving my baggage for the present, at the depot.

I always had an excellent memory for localities, and, great as were the changes that had taken place in and around Covington, since my last visit, I had no difficulty in finding the way to my new possessions. I soon reached the well-remembered point at which my uncle's lands—I had not yet learned to say "my" lands—began. They lay on both sides of the road, which was now lined with stately maples. I turned the corner, and the house, that till now had been concealed by trees, stood before me. It was a fine two-story mansion, with spacious side-wings, surrounded by wide verandas. Broad stone steps led to the principal entrance, and as every thing was in good repair, and had the appearance of being well kept, the aspect of the house was exceedingly elegant and inviting. The thought that it was mine, awakened within me a feeling of pride and joy for which, the next moment, I felt like reproaching myself.

I found the door locked; but in response to an energetic pull at the bell, it opened, and the old housekeeper with her good-natured face, who had faithfully served my uncle for many years, stood before me.

"How do you do, Mrs. Williams?" said I, reaching out my hand.

She did not answer immediately, but fixed her eyes upon me with a half-embarrassed, half-inquiring look. Suddenly, her features lightened up, and she asked, eagerly:

"Ah! you are Mr. Theodore—are you not?" and, when I answered in the affirmative, she added, "I'm sorry you did not let us know you were coming, so that we could have had everything in order to receive you, and that we might have sent the carriage to the depot for you."

I spent the first three or four days in wandering about the fields, and in the adjacent woods; then came a rainy day, and I took refuge in my uncle's study. The curtained portrait hung where I had seen it eighteen years before. It seemed to me almost sacrilegious to draw aside the drapery; but I could not resist the temptation to see if my recollection of the lovely face was correct. The features were the same as I remembered them; but they wore an expression of self-denial, a look of entreaty, that I could not recall, and that did not harmonize with the descriptions I had received of the exuberant, careless Alice Mason. Perhaps this had been her expression later, or possibly my uncle had retouched the portrait in accordance with an ideal of his imagination. At all events, it seemed to me now more beautiful than formerly, and I thought I should never tire of gazing at it.

I was not romantic. The cold, matter-of-fact atmosphere of the business-life I had led for several years had not failed to produce its natural effects on me. If I had never doubted that I should, some day, marry, I was equally determined that the future Mrs. Theodore Stanfield should be a lady of position and fortune; and yet I could not help thinking, as I looked at the portrait, how happy I should be if a pair of such eyes should look lovingly on me, although they might belong to poverty—eyes that for a lifetime had been able to enchain the heart of a strong, proud man. Then I smiled at the thought that a woman, who, if she still lived, must be old, gray, and wrinkled, should inspire me with so much enthusiasm: and a certain curiosity—I could not call the feeling anything else—made me wish to learn something of her later history. Was she happy with the man whom she had preferred to my rich and accomplished uncle? Mrs. Williams would have been able, doubtless, to satisfy my curiosity; but I wished to obtain the desired information through some other channel. Naturally reticent, and having no intimate friend, was it improbable that my uncle might have expressed on paper that to which he did not allow his lips to give utterance? I seated myself at his writing-table, and began a careful examination of his papers.

I did not err in my conjectures. In a separate drawer I found a number of sheets of paper, which, although they bore no date, and were very irregularly written, evidently constituted a sort of diary. It seemed, that, when his sufferings had been greater than he could bear, it was here he sought consolation.

The beginning was cheerful and full of hope—he had seen her; life had new charms for him; the sunshine was brighter, and the clouds less opaque. How deep, how ardent, was the love she inspired in him! To him she was something more than the pretty, light-hearted girl she seemed to others; in his eyes she was the most perfect of women, adorned with every thing that is pure, noble, and holy.

Then he described how he approached her; how, by delicate and thoughtful attentions, he sought to convince her of his interest; and, finally, how with a heart full of misgivings, he had ventured to tell her of his love, and to beg hers in return; but—all in vain. On the very next page he spoke of her betrothal with the young minister, George Harrison—"a man worthy of her love," said my uncle. "God grant that her union with him may be long and happy!" The diary said nothing of her marriage; but from a paragraph on one of the following pages it was inferred that he had painted her portrait. He said:

"I was at church to-day. I knew I should see her; but I could not stay away, although I knew the sight of her would deepen a wound that I fear, will never heal. I went early, and chose a seat that enabled me to watch every expression of her face, and to hear even the lowest tones of his voice. I had been in my seat but a few moments when they entered. She leaned on his arm as I once hoped—Heaven help me!—she would lean on mine. Never had her beauty made such an impression on me as now, when she had given her love for ever to another. My painting falls far short of doing her justice; I must increase the brilliancy of her lovely eyes and try to heighten the angelic expression of her dear, noble brow. Did I wish that she were mine? May Heaven forgive me, if I did!"

Then followed long pauses—sometimes pauses that extended over years. Once he saw her with her first-born, a handsome boy, in her arms.

Some months later, the child died—and how beautiful and noble were the expressions of my uncle's sympathy for her whose grief he would himself have gladly borne!

And there came many such trials. Five children, one after the other, she followed to their last resting-places. Their little graves lay side by side, under the windows of the parsonage; and when, in the spring, the earth celebrated its resurrection *fete*, and Nature renewed the divine promise, "Thy dead shall live" then were these little hillocks decked with fragrant flowers, while the birds chanted anew the requiem of the loved ones that were here entombed.

In spite of all these bereavements, the married life of Alice Harrison seems to have been very happy. Nor was her old age destined to be childless. The youngest of her children, a daughter was spared to her, and grew up, with the large, soft eyes and the musical voice of her mother, to be the joy and consolation of her parents.

On the last page of the diary was traced that monument that neither in the heart nor on paper can be effaced—the tears of a strong, proud man. Alice was dead! The grave had closed over the lovely features, over the sweet smile of her who to him had never grown old. She, whom he had loved with a love so pure, so divine, had never been his, and yet, now that she was gone, it seemed to him as though all that made life endurable was no more! How beautifully touching was the faith expressed, on the last page of the diary, that there is a glorious life for the just and good beyond the trials of this mundane existence; a land beyond the grave, where all is peaceful, joyous, and happy!

That evening I inquired of Mrs. Williams who their Presbyterian minister was at present.

"Mr. Harrison is still," said she; "he is getting old, and, since the death of Mrs. Harrison, he is very much broken down, but we all love him, and, so long as he lives and is able to preach, we wish for no other."

"When did Mrs. Harrison die?" I asked.

"Hardly a year before your uncle," she replied. "He never could get over her death. Some people say he took it more to heart than her own husband. You have, perhaps, never heard that your uncle loved Mrs. Harrison when she was Alice Mason. He never ceased to love her, and, after she died, we all saw he was not long for this world."

The following Sunday I went to church; more, I must confess, to make the acquaintance of the minister and his daughter than to assist at the services.

That morning I saw Bertha Harrison for the first time.

The minister seemed to be a quiet, thoughtful man. There was something extremely prepossessing in his mild, venerable features, and in his clear, melodious voice, which was rendered more sympathetic by a slight tremulousness produced by his declining years. But more than by him was my attention absorbed by a youthful, almost childish face, that, full of devotion, looked up to him from one of the side-pews nearest the pulpit.

Bertha Harrison was strikingly like the portrait in my uncle's study, the surpassing loveliness of which had made so deep an impression on me when I was a boy, the chief difference being in an expression of greater gentleness and seriousness in Bertha's fresh young face. She seemed to possess just those charms with which my uncle's imagination had endowed her mother. Her large, clear eyes betokened a soul loyal and pure, patient and forbearing—one of those true, feminine natures that spread joy and gladness on all around them.

An opportunity to make her acquaintance soon presented itself, for, a few days later, the venerable minister made me a visit, which I, very naturally, did not delay to return. I was not slow to discover, the first time we met, that she possessed a very active intellect and an inquiring mind. She was thoroughly familiar with the contents of her father's library, and the few classic works it contained had awakened in her an ardent love of the beautiful, and a desire to extend her acquaintance in its broad domain. I was so fortunate as to be able to gratify her wishes, for one would rarely find so large and well-chosen a collection of books in a country-mansion as my uncle had left me.

From the well-filled shelves on which he had systematically arranged them, I chose one volume after the other, to carry it to the parsonage. This enabled me to see Bertha very frequently, and the more intimately I became acquainted with her, the more I admired her rich, impressionable nature, her refined taste, and delicate perceptions.

I know now that I already loved her, but at that time I did not acknowledge it, even to myself, for, as I have said, I had long since determined that the future mistress of my heart and house should be a lady of wealth and position. Never had I dreamed of finding her in the person of the artless, unpretending daughter of a country minister. Having thus, as I believed, definitely settled this important matter concerning my future, I continued to enjoy the delightful present. I visited the parsonage almost daily, in order either to read something to Bertha or to listen to her musical voice, and watch the ever changing expression of her mobile features, and this, too, with an interest I never sought to account for.

If her artless, joyous nature was an inheritance from her mother, it was doubtless the judicious direction of her excellent father that had fitted her for the more serious duties of life, and had imbued her young heart with those qualities that constitute the greatest and most enduring female charms. I often observed the good old man, whose thoughts and desires seemed to have little in common with earthly things. As the sun was sinking below the horizon, he usually seated himself at the western window of the house, and looked out upon the church-yard. But he did not see the graves; his eyes were fixed upon something far beyond them—upon the golden gates of heaven, through which he hoped soon to pass into the land of peace, and be united with the loved ones who had gone before.

"He is thinking of my mother," said Bertha, one evening, to me, as we passed the window where her father sat; "she loved him so tenderly," she added, "and now that she is gone, life seems to him so lonely, he longs to be with her again."

Involuntarily I fixed my eyes on my young companion, and thought how she, whose heart seemed to me so true and tender, would some day love and be the joy and sunshine of a happy household, but that this household should be mine—that was a thought that never entered my brain.

The summer was long and exceedingly pleasant. I had arrived at Covington wearied by the excitement and experiences of the busy and fashionable world, and I had there found quiet and recreation. The autumn, with its cold winds, had come to rob Nature of her verdant mantle, but I was too happy to note the flight of time or the change of the seasons.—And yet how suddenly this quiet, peaceful life was destined to have an end!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FENELON FALLS.

LABOUR QUESTION—VICTORIA RAILWAY.

From our Own Correspondent.

The working men in this village have formed a union and have issued circulars detailing the price of labour as fixed by their Union. It is very unfortunate that a dispute of this character should arise between the employers and employees. We hope that the matter may shortly be settled between the parties and our village spared the evil effects of such catastrophes.

To-morrow (Wednesday) evening the inhabitants of this village will assemble at Scully's Hall to hear the reports of our delegates appointed to attend the meeting recently in the interest of the Victoria Railway. There appears but little doubt but that the bonus asked by the Company will carry with a large majority, as this is beyond a question the best scheme Fenelon Falls has ever had to provide herself with railway communication.

CAMERON.

BUSINESS—FALL WHEAT.

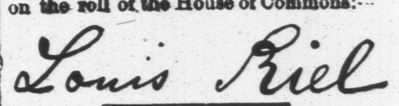
The enterprising firm of Bowles & Northcott are turning out a large number of first-class solid pine land-rollers this spring. They have superior facilities for procuring first-class logs for the purpose and have also made an improvement in coupling the two sections which is very advantageous in rough or knotty ground. They have also entered into the undertaking business.

Mr. John Brown, we are informed, has ordered a new hearse and will soon be ready to attend funerals.

Fall wheat does not look very prosperous just now, and very poor hopes are entertained by the the farmers as to its coming out safe. It is nearly certain that the sown wheat will be a failure.

RIEL'S SIGNATURE.

As Riel is exciting a good deal of interest just now we have procured the following facsimile of his signature on the roll of the House of Commons:—



AFFAIRS AT OTTAWA.

THE OPPOSITION AND ITS LEADER—THE RIEL MATTER—DISORGANIZED TORIES—AN "INFERIOR MEMBER"—HILLYARD CAMERON NOWHERE—THROWING SIR JOHN OVERBOARD—CLAPTRAP FOR FARMERS—DR. ORTON—THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

OTTAWA, 14th April.

From our Special Correspondent.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE OPPOSITION.

We have now heard several tales as to whether or not Sir John Macdonald is to take the leadership of the Opposition permanently. First we were told he would not and then that he would, but as a matter of fact there is really some doubt about the subject yet. During the first examination of Mr. Clarke, Attorney-General of Manitoba—I mean before the Easter Recess—Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper and Mr. Mitchell were present, although they took no part in the matter; and Mr. John Hillyard Cameron, who in days not long past was their leading henchman, acted as legal adviser and general prompter to Mr. Bowell. But when the most important stage of the proceedings was reached at the re-assembling of the House after Easter, where were Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Cameron? They were not in their places in the House of Commons, and the liberties of the people of which as leaders of the Opposition they are supposed to be the custodians, might go to the dogs for them. True, Mr. Mitchell was present upon one occasion, and with his usual want of caution, to use a familiar expression, "put his foot in it." His supposed leader and the whole party had up to that time been careful to offend neither Mr. Riel's friends nor his opponents by uttering a single word on the question, and they had been particularly solicitous not to indicate in any way whether or not the late Government were committed to the granting of an amnesty. But when nobody was there to keep Mr. Mitchell quiet, he let the cat out of the bag on very small provocation, and asserted with great vehemence that the Government of which he was a member had never made any promise of the kind. Now, this is just what everybody wanted to know, and what if positively known would clear the way to an immediate and satisfactory settlement of all the trouble. But then we know that although Mr. Mitchell was nominally a member of Sir John Macdonald's Administration, he was one of what Sir Hugh Allan described as the inferior member, upon whom it was useless to waste powder and shot; and we also know that there were many things done by that Government besides selling the Pacific charter upon which Mr. Mitchell was not consulted. The probability therefore is that he was not taken into the confidence of his more prominent colleagues with regard to the Riel affair, and whatever might be the wisdom of that course so far as they were concerned, seeing Mr. Mitchell's weakness for blabbing, the fact deprives his assertion of any importance which might otherwise attach to it as that of a member of the late Ministry. Therefore we may consider ourselves as much in the dark as ever with regard to that important point.

MR. HILLYARD CAMERON.

But Mr. Hillyard Cameron's position is even more strange than Mr. Mitchell's. He is an ex-grand master of the Orangemen, at the first he directed and advised Mr. Mackenzie Bowell as to the proper questions to put to the witness, arguing on points of order in their defence, and pointing out in what particulars they were pertinent to the inquiry. When the point was reached at which his advice and guidance would have been of some importance, however, not only was he not there, but he did not leave a single man on the Opposition benches who was able or desirous of taking his place; and surely, in all conscience, some such man was needed, for no one will accuse Mr. Bowell with having too much information upon common subjects, much less upon extraordinary cases. With very few precedents to guide him and no knowledge of the law, how could he be supposed to be able to form a correct judgment on law and fact? The prevailing idea is that the whole party—they are not a large proportion of the House to be sure—finding themselves likely to be in an awkward fix, have intentionally abstained from taking any part in the matter, and their leaders have absented themselves from the House with a similar preconcerted purpose.

Then there also comes the rumour that, notwithstanding the announcement that Sir John was to continue as leader, there is still a likelihood of his being compelled to retire. I have heard from pretty good authority that at a recent caucus of Conservative Senators a resolution was passed calling upon him to abdicate at once else they would resign their allegiance to the party, and I have also heard it stated that when the document was presented to him he was in high dudgeon. The assertion that it was his own desire to retire is a little too transparent. Sir John Macdonald is far too vain ever to seek to sink into oblivion, which to all intents and purposes would be the effect of his retirement at the present time.

FARMERS' BENEVOLENT COMMITTEE.

The new member for Centre Wellington has been trying to make his fame as a public speaker at an early period in the session. He is perhaps about as miserable an orator—save the mark!—as you could well suppose, and the inordinate opinion he has of his own capabilities does not assist him to overcome the difficulty which this fact gives rise to. As a matter of fact it was with very bad grace and but ill-disguised uneasiness that he was tolerated when, on Thursday last, he made a buncome speech in favour of protection to farmers, and moved for what Mr. Casey happily termed a "farmers' benevolent committee." Mr. Orton will find that he is not talking to a mass meeting of electors, and the knowledge will come to him in a way that will not be particu-