The Canadian Post.

VOLUME XXV. WHOLE NO. 1300.
CIRCULATION, OVER 5,000.

LINDSAY, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1884.

TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR.
ABSOLUTELY IN ADVANCE.

A. Campbell.

PICKING UP
A POCKET BOOK

is supposed to be one of the easiest and most sudden ways of acquiring wealth. So it is, for the time being. But the chances are nothing to depend on. The pocket book may be empty; it may be stuffed full of paper not worth a cent; it may be advertised and you keep it at your risk, and it may get you into a heap of trouble before you are through with it.

When you come to study it out you see the chances are not worth taking. The surest way to acquire wealth is by economy. It not only ensures the accumulation of money but teaches good habits in its spending. But rich or poor, living expenses must be met, and if in buying you can save you're practising true economy and gaining money.

The art of storekeeping is to keep sharp eyes on the stock that it be not overloaded, and to gather customers to take away large lots. Count the handles going from our doors. You can't do it. Such a quantity of goods leaving us every day requires often replenishing. Freshness comes to every part of our stock from its often handling. Then, too, freshness in stock is an element of its goodness. Some goods—even of staple kinds are not so good if laid on the shelves for months.

Going where the crowd go to buy is not a bad idea, for it means, good value, cheapness and freshness. All lines of groceries are cheap enough with us for even the oldest inhabitant to say "I never saw things so cheap before."

Just now you'll be wanting for preserving, certain things. We've "GEM" JARS in all sizes, at cheap prices, warranted tight and sound. Then if you're after SUGARS bear in mind that we have three cars to sell—and sugars are lower than ever before. Not only sugars do we sell cheap—but everything else is close-pared in price.

Let us remind you that if you're needing anything for your table that we've CROCKERY and GLASSWARE,—a large stock. You may think this reminder about crockery old news. So it would be were it not that our stock is being replenished almost daily. The new news we offer about CROCKERY is that we'll make the prices to help the goods go out speedily.

A. CAMPBELL,
FAMILY GROCER.

Lindsay, July 23, 1884.

Marriage Licenses.

GEORGE DOUGLASS,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
MANILLA, ONT.
Manilla, Aug. 2, 1883. 67-1y.

J. BRITTON,
(of the firm of Britton Bros., Jewellers, Lindsay,)
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
FOR THE COUNTY OF VICTORIA.

J. Riggs.

MY MOTTO.
SHORT & SWEET.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

as you must know you have to pay for those very large advertisements, and not the merchant.

WHAT I WISH TO SAY IS:

There has been
A GREAT REDUCTION
IN
WALTHAM
and all kinds of WATCHES. Also in JEWELLERY, RINGS, CHAINS, CHARMS, etc.

Now is your time to buy from
J. RIGGS,
Kent-st., Lindsay.

Lindsay, June 23, 1884, 1881, 91.

Britton Bros.

MENDING TIME.

Your Watch!
SEE THAT IT IS RELIABLE.

A watch to be of service should keep time—not only keep time but keep it correctly.

If it does not run smoothly bring it to us. One of our specialties is WATCH REPAIRING. We attend personally to this department and give you a satisfactory job every time.

If you're going from home for a holiday, see to it that your watch is in order before you part your gripsack and buy a ticket.

An irregular running watch may miss you many trains, spoil steamboat connections and bring general gloom on your excursion.

Have your watch cleaned at regular intervals. It needs it just as much as any piece of machinery and more, on account of its delicate construction.

If you have'nt a watch, buy one speedily from us. We have a fine stock of the famous WALTHAM WATCHES, the most reliable, the most durable,—the best built and the handsomest watch made.

And whatever you want—repairing, cleaning or buying—come to

BRITTON BROS.
The Jewelers.

Lindsay, June 25, 1884. 94.

Godard & Elgie.

IF YOU WANT TO
FURNISH
—IN THE—
Latest Styles
—TRY—
GODARD & ELGIE,
96 & 97 Yonge-st.
TORONTO.
Who Show the Largest Stock of
FURNITURE
in the Dominion.

Toronto June 3, 1884.—92-1y.

New Advertisements.

MUSIC.

MISS DEANE
is prepared to give lessons in INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC at her father's residence, Lindsay-st. House made convenient for pupils. Terms made known on application.
Lindsay, Aug. 7th, 1884.—1300-4.

WANTED.

A GRAIN BUYER AT BLACKWATER.

Must be a practical man and a good judge of grain. For further particulars apply to
A. McDONNELL, Lindsay.
Lindsay, July 2, 1884.—96-tf.

APPLES! APPLES!

APPLES!

CHARLES DONALD & Co
70 QUEEN-ST., LONDON, E.C.,
will be glad to correspond with Apple Growers, Merchants and Shippers, with a view to Autumn and Spring business.

They will also give the usual facilities to customers requiring advances.—90-3mos.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.

DR. G. S. RYERSON,
L. R. C. P. S. E.,
Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat, Trinity Medical College, Toronto; Surgeon to the Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary, Consulting Surgeon (ex officio) to the Institutions for the Blind, Brantford, and for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville Ontario; late Clinical Assistant, Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefields, and Central London Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital. May be consulted at his residence, 347 Church-st., Toronto. Hours: 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 to 4 p.m., with regard to all diseases of the eye, ear and throat. DR. RYERSON will be at the RUSSELL HOUSE, LINDSAY, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd.

Toronto, July 25, 1884.

MR. J. A. GREGORY
Is Collector and Canvasser for THE CANADIAN POST, and is authorized to grant receipts for subscriptions, etc., and transact ordinary business.

The Canadian Post.
CHARLES B. RUSE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

THE Mystery of Shifting Pool

A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

Chapter I.

Angel of the Sky,
Such as thou standest—pale in the dawn light—
Which rounds the rebel's work with Maker's wrath.

"Martha Mistake, you are found guilty by your own confession, and on the clearest possible evidence, of the murder of an infant, name unknown, in the Shifting Pool, in the village of Lovell, five and a-half years ago, and though the recommendation to mercy will be forwarded in due course, I can hold out no hope that the sentence I am about to pass on you will be commuted." And the judge proceeded to pass sentence of death in the usual way.

Sordid and inexpressibly mean in the faint light of dawn looked the court in which these words were spoken; the sentence itself seemed too fine a thing for the wretch who received it, her lips parting in an audible "Thank God!" as the judge ceased to speak, and, jerking aside the black cap, drew his scarlet robes about him, and instantly left the court.

A clamor of tongues broke out on his departure, and a trampling of feet set in toward the one narrow exit; not a glance of curiosity, not a word of pity was flung toward the prisoner in the dock; every emotion usual to the occasion seemed to be in abeyance, as jurymen, and spectators, and officials hurried to quit the place where for so many weary hours they had been incarcerated.

One person alone kept his place—a man in the prime of manhood and full intellectual vigor, who throughout the trial had sat by the judge's side, keenly watching the progress of the case, and still kept his gaze fixed on the prisoner, who, in the very act of removal, had thrust aside the gaoler's arm to look back and return that curiously intent gaze.

For a minute she hesitated, plunging in his eyes a strange look, to which he had no clue; her lips moved, she made a hair gesture as though to beckon him, then turned suddenly and left the dock with a firm step.

'One of those retarded intelligences that think much and speak little; that combine the simplicity of thought with the directness in execution of a savage or a child. Unloved, as a virgin she had been able to bring the whole forces of her nature to a difficult undertaking, and so far has—succeeded.

So thinking he arose and made his way to the Assize Inn, where he found the judge already retired to bed, his wig suspended above him on the bedpost.

'Is that you, Eyre?' he said, opening his eyes. 'I wish I could have hanged those twelve fools as well as the woman. Nine hours' deliberation and recommendation to mercy on the face of such a summing up as mine was! You'll turn in now, of course?'

'No; my horse is waiting. I'm bound for home.'

The judge made a wry face.

'So you're still—still—— I wonder what it is like?' he added, as one thinking aloud.

'Try it,' said Mr. Eyre, with a smile.

The old bachelor shook his head.

'Women,' he said, 'are—are—' but the remainder of his sentence was cut short by a snore.

'And now for Madeap,' said Mr. Eyre, as he sprang into his saddle—'Madeap, sunshine of my breast.' But even as he spoke the governor of the gaol hurried out and begged of him to defer his departure for five minutes as the condemned woman had been asking eagerly to see him.

'She has been so inveterately silent,' he said, as Mr. Eyre dismounted, 'that I fear if this opportunity of hearing the truth were missed another might not occur, and so ventilated to detain you.'

'Oh, she won't confess,' said Mr. Eyre carelessly. 'I have been studying her; she fears only lest her crime be discovered to the parents, who are guiltless in the business, or I'm much mistaken.'

'If the summing-up had not been so very clear,' said the governor, 'she would have got off; as it is, that recommendation to mercy may save her neck yet.'

'Not it,' said Mr. Eyre; 'I shall send a private line to town guilty she is and hanged she shall be.'

These words—for the cell door was at that moment thrown open—were heard by the prisoner.

'Shall it?' she said, lifting her head from her knees, and fixing on him a strange look as he entered.

'Ay,' he said, 'your crime was an inhuman one, and your life pays the forfeit.'

'If all were known,' she said, 'I should no more die on the gallows than you.'

'Then tell all,' said Mr. Eyre, instantly. 'Reveal the facts that prove your innocence—denounce the guilty and let the parents be brought forward! Ay,' he added, pursuing her rising terror, 'and they shall be if they are living.'

'They're dead,' she said, in uncontrollable agitation, 'and I did it—I laid the baby down by the pool and it was drowned; and I pleaded guilty—you can't alter that; and if you tell anybody I said there is others behind, I'll say that you lied, for all that you're a great gentleman and a magistrate, and I'm only a poor serving woman that——'

'So it was your mistress's child that you drowned,' he said, following each thought as it painted itself on her face.

'Who said it?' she cried, starting back as if a bullet had struck her. 'If any come here after I'm dead tell them—tell them—I thought I'd a sort of claim on you,' she went on, sullenly, 'because 'twas you that gave me up to justice and put the rope round my neck; and because there's that in your face as has seemed natural to me all through, and puzzles me yet; but I'm sorry now I sent any one to beg a word with you.'

Her arms fell to her sides. The narrow mean face suddenly became fixed and sharpened to an intensity of expression that almost reached power; still thinking intently, her right hand stole to her throat and gripped it, while a faint smile crossed the intensity of her gaze, as one who in secret nourishes a pleasant thought.

'When's my hanging to take place?' she said, abruptly.

'Saturday.'

'Those fools recommended me to mercy,' she said, slowly; 'I want you to look to it that none of that rubbish comes between me and Saturday.'

'Nothing will; it's fixed as fast.'

'Four days,' she said, thinking hard, 'lot's might happen in four days. You're a magistrate,' she added suddenly; 'could'nt you give an order that nobody's to be let come and see me before I die, not if they banged ever not and if I die between this and Saturday—for folks die as quick at home as on the gallows—couldn't you make them bury me quick, so them that come mightn't be able to take a look at me?'

Mr. Eyre glanced around at the tall narrow grating, the straw pallet, the wooden bowl and spoon; no, there was no instrument of self-destruction here—not even a beam whence she might simulate that awful leap in the dark which in all human probability awaited her.

'And so you would commit a second crime rather than face some unknown person—probably the mother,' he said, looking at her fixedly.

'No, no!' she almost screamed; 'if anybody came after I'm dead it couldn't be the mother. Tell her that 'twas my own child I drowned in the pool. You'll have more on your soul than you know of if you tell her any different. I'm mad,' she muttered, 'to tell you this, and may be you'll tell her and I'll have died for nothing, and she will live on believing what's worse than the truth.'

'You did not hate this woman,' said Mr. Eyre, still watching her, 'yet you killed her child; what then was your motive for the deed?'

'Love,' she said. 'I'd have given my heart's blood for her, and I'd have lost my soul to punish him.' Her eyes had the fixity of a tiger's, her body the crouch and spring of one, as she looked straight before her, seeming to see what to Mr. Eyre was invisible.

'So it is the old story,' he said. 'And you, poor wretch, thinking to revenge yourself on him, have only called down punishment on what you loved. But what brought you to love?' he added, suddenly.

'I got a clue,' she said, 'but it was a false one. It's been a black, bitter mistake (like my name) from the beginning.'

'You came here in search of the father,' said Mr. Eyre.

'I'll tell you no more,' she said doggedly; 'and though there's one or two questions I would like to ask you I won't do it. I'll leave nothing behind me as she could know me by, if she came after I was gone. I'll be just a nameless woman as neither she nor you could be sure was her as she was looking for.'

'Your conviction will to-morrow be in every paper,' he said, 'and draw momentary attention to your crime. Your absence from her, too, may have excited her suspicions. In all human probability you will see her before you die.'

'To-morrow,' she said, below her breath. 'Aye, but to-day's mine.'

'Not so,' said Mr. Eyre, rising; 'for since your intention is known, means will be taken to defeat it. You will be closely watched, and the escape you meditate rendered impossible.'

'You're a hard man,' she said looking up. 'Have you got a wife, or a child, or any that may want pity shown to them some day? I'm thinking they'll get hard measure if they're judged by the mercy you have shown to others; and though your high, God-a-mercy's higher. Perhaps He'll call me afore I'm fetched on Saturday.'

'Miracles are rare in these days,' he said, as he struck the door with his whip. Then added, as the turnkey hurried to unlock it, 'You have nothing more to say?'

'No; that's all,' she replied bitterly. 'One ruined life, two broken hearts, a murder, a hanging—that's all; and enough too for one man's holiday work!'

'And who is the man?' he said, pausing on the threshold of the now open door; but the woman had sunk with a sullen silence, her face shrouded on her knees.

'She has confessed nothing but what we knew or guessed before,' said Mr. Eyre to the chaplain, who was waiting without; 'but a watch must be placed in her cell, and relieved night and day till the end. Should a stranger come to see her, send for me immediately.'

'Colonel Busby is interesting himself about a memorial,' said the governor, as as they crossed the courtyard, 'and talks of himself taking it to town.'

'Pooh!' said Mr. Eyre; 'he'd better stay at home. Though if he goes he'll take no harm; for no creature smarts so little as a fool.'

'Here he is,' said the governor, repressing a smile, as at that moment a short, pursy man rushed through the gates and unfurled a scroll on which a number of names were inscribed.

'We want your signature, Eyre,' he said breathlessly. 'You see I began betimes, knowing the verdict was a foregone conclusion. But with the recommendation to mercy to back it, I flatter myself that this will put a very different face upon the matter.'

'On what ground do you base your application?' said Mr. Eyre quietly. 'The woman pleaded guilty. If she did not actually drown the child, she deliberately abandoned it to its death; the crime's all one in the eyes of the law.'

'But the length of time that has elapsed,' said Colonel Busby, "the certainty that there are others in the back ground as guilty as herself—probably in this very neighborhood." His side-long look fell before Mr. Eyre's glance, as the latter said:

'You will not count on me. Indeed, I'm about to send a private line to town, pointing out the facts of the case, and how the gross ignorance and stupidity of the jury is responsible for the error of justice contained in a recommendation to mercy.'

Colonel Busby turned pale. Mr. Eyre's influence in high quarters was well known, and did he choose to exercise it, the memorial, though vouched by every signature of note in the country, was so much waste paper. With a brief good morrow to the two gentlemen, for dawn was now giving place to day, Mr. Eyre mounted his horse and rode off at a good pace, pausing, however, on the outskirts of the town to burst out laughing, as if at a sudden recollection.

'How true,' he said aloud, 'how true that with stupidity and a good digestion we may front much.'

'Twixt dew and bird
So sweet a silence ministered,
God seemed to use it for a word.

Between the darkness of night and the brightness of morning, there is in spring and time of full summer a space that surely outweighs, in its peace and beauty, all the hours that have gone before, or will come after.

It is that in which nature still slumbers, yet trembles each moment toward awakening—when no quiver of leaf, nor cry of bird, nor footfall of her lightest creature, breaks the intense stillness—when in the hushed pause between earth and heaven, man involuntarily hearkens for the voice of God, but finds it not; then looking upward and descrying that Presence made manifest,

In light instead of sound.

draws as nigh unto his creator as human being may.

Nothing moves but the dawn, whose outgoing breath is that wan pellucid blue that overruns the heavens—whose footsteps fall in hyacinth and gold on the edge of the sky, and who climbs with a measureless calm, a grand austerity that oftimes lifts to its own peace the soul of him who lonely worships from below.

(continued on second page.)

—A dog savagely attacked R. Rierson, reeve of North Crosby, on Saturday. He bit the man in several places and finally catching his hand, held and grounded it until dragged to a pile of stones and beaten on the head until insensible. The man then fled for help and was pursued. He shot the animal, however, as it rushed furiously towards him.

LOCAL NEWS-LETTERS

MINER'S BAY.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

NOW OPEN.—The bridge at Moor's Falls is now open for travel, having been thoroughly overhauled. Mr. Munn, the foreman, has done the work well; thanks to the Ontario government.

VROOMANTON.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

GRIST MILL.—Mr. Hilts has built a large addition to his mill and has given it a complete overhauling. He has purchased a new engine and boiler and is now prepared to do work second to none in the country.

PERSONAL.—Miss McCarthy is home visiting her parents.

BUSINESS.—Mr. D. M. Billings, general merchant, is building up a large business here, he keeps everything usually found in a first-class general store and is now disposing of his millinery business to make room for boots and shoes.....Mr. Jardine the blacksmith is also doing an increasing business.

MANILLA.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

RECOVERING.—All will be glad to hear that Mrs. R. Hodgins is recovering from her serious illness.

HUCKLEBERRYING.—On Friday a large party of the younger people left here to go picking huckleberries.

IN TRAINING.—Mr. R. Edwards, the sporting man of the village, has two horses in training on his track. He has lately purchased a fine sulky. We hope to hear from Robert's horses yet.

PIC NIC.—The citizens propose having a grand pic-nic to Lake Simcoe this week.

HARVESTING.—All are busy harvesting. Mr. C. Johnston has threshed already. Who can beat this.

CANVASSING.—Mr. Allan McLean has been canvassing this district in favor of the Scott act.

PERSONAL.—Mr. A. Clark jr. is expected home this week.....Mr. Wells, a relative of Mrs. Ockenden is at present visiting here.....Miss E. Clark our former teacher is visiting friends here.

BRECHIN.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

FAREWELL PARTY.—Our young and highly esteemed friend, Mr. McGinty, has concluded to leave us and remove to Lindsay. On his departure the venerable hostess, Mrs. Roach, gave him a party, and prepared a sumptuous supper for the many guests. They all enjoyed themselves very much, and spent a most delightful evening. Billy has the good wishes of the people here, young and old. He was one of the "boys."

COLT SOLD.—Mr. Thomas Roach sold his excellent colt to Mr. Gordon of Sunderland for $230.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J. Gattie, father of Mr. A. Gattie, of the Brechin House, paid this place a visit last week.

CROP PROSPECTS.—The crops in this vicinity never looked better than they do at present, and there is every indication of a bountiful harvest.

INCREASING.—The population of our town is increasing. Two families have moved in during the last week, one into Mr. Bernard's house and one into Mr. Gaudrie's.

THE NEW PRESBYTERY.—Work has been commenced on Father Davis's house. Mr. Doyle has several men at work, and intends pushing it through at once.

OMEMEE.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

FISH.—On Saturday last two of our town sports took a spurt of about three miles up the river for the purpose of enjoying about an hour's fishing, but before they reached their destination they succeeded in capturing two or three nice fish with the trolling line. Reaching the place they had in view they tried still fishing, and finding the fish biting so quick and as they were hauling the finny creatures up so lively, they remained their all day without anything to eat, and arrived home at nine o'clock at night with the small number of eighty-two On Monday last the same two gentlemen caught forty-two nice bass. Now, we would like to know if Smiff of the Bobcaygeon Independent can best this. If so, we would like to hear from him at once.

OBITUARY.—It is again our painful duty to chronicle the death of one of the oldest settlers of this place, Mr. Samuel Cottingham, who passed away on Tuesday morning last in his eightieth year. Mr. Cottingham was much respected by all who knew him, which was no small number, and his widow has the sympathy of the whole community in her sad bereavement.

NEW BUILDING.—It is the intention, we believe, of Mr. J. D. Thornton to build a new house in the place where the cottage stands on his lot nearly opposite Dr. Cornwall's, and when completed it will be one of the finest residences in town. The work of tearing down the old one has already been commenced, and we hope before long to see a grand edifice in that lovely garden.

EXCURSION.—A firemen's excursion is spoken of to be some time soon from this place down the river to Crowley's island in Pigeon lake, by way of the steamer "Ontario." We think if the captain of our hook and ladder company was to get to work he might arrange it to come off on our civic holiday, when all our business men and employees would no doubt be present and spend a free and easy day; i. e., free from business and easy in mind.

WOODVILLE.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. T. Edwards, of the Eldon House, are visiting at Midland.....Mr. P. McSwayn left for New York.....The Misses Jackson from Lindsay have been visiting here during the week.....R. Campbell and R. McIntosh have returned from Montreal.

SELLING OUT.—Mr. John Scott is selling out his entire stock, and we regret to learn that he contemplates leaving here.

LIVERY.—Mr. H. Edwards is enjoying the largest livery business north of Toronto. Hank is a good fellow.

BUSINESS.—It is conjectured that there will be a branch of the Cannington woollen mills started here. The junior partner of the firm has been here and thinks the prospects good.

QUERY.—Why does the Cannington pop-waggon stop so often at the dressmaker's shop?

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.—Mr. W. J. Williamson has started butchering here and is doing very well.

TROTTING RACE.—A match trot for $100 a side is to be trotted on the driving park here on the 25th inst., between James McKey's three year old filly "Maid of the Mist," sired by Almont Marion; dam by Toronto Chief jr., g. d., the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence, g. g. d. by Tipoo, and Joseph Fee's three year old filly, "Jennie Lind". "Jenny" is in the experienced hands of Mr. G. A. Maybee of this place, and is undergoing a careful and thorough preparation and is taking her work well. She is a big feeder and full of vim and endurance. Mr. Maybee thinks it will take a forty-eight month three-year old to down her on the 25th.

A BIG DAY.—The Woodville trotting association has gone to a big expense in rebuilding their track, especially arranged for the big contest that is to take place on the 25th inst., and can now boast of one of the best half-mile tracks in Canada. Mr. Fee's mare in the hands of Mr. G. A. Maynee is receiving very careful attention and he feels quite confident he is handling the lines of the winner, and is always ready to back up his opinion with another dollar or two. The Stanley big daughter of "Almont Marion" has not arrived yet but is expected daily. A box stall at the Eldon house has been engaged for her. There is a number of other horses at work training on the new track. A lover of the trotting horse can spend a pleasant hour or two any morning by taking a walk down to the park. A good number of them intend competing in the speed ring at the coming exhibition in Lindsay.

SUTTON AND VIRGINIA.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week, while a game of cricket was being played between the bachelors and benedicts of Sutton, Mr. James Anderson met with a serious accident. While reaching to catch the ball he missed his footing, breaking his ankle and the small bone of his leg about three inches above the ankle. This at once put a stop to the game, as Mr. Anderson was an active cricketer and a great support to the club.

SUICIDE.—On Friday morning last Mrs. Woolf, an old and feeble woman and a resident of Sutton, committed suicide by drowning herself in the mill race. She is said to have been under the influence of liquor at the time.

VICTORIA CORNERS.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

OBIT.—We find it our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. John Willock, who departed this life at 12 o'clock on Saturday night. The funeral services took place on Monday afternoon and her remains were interred in their last resting place at Fenelon Falls. By her death we feel that a friend and neighbor has been taken from our midst, and we feel to sympathise with the family and friends connected.

SCHOOL.—Two of our scholars from this place, Miss Martha Cullis and Miss Maggie Gillis, attended the recent entrance examination and both were very successful in passing, the former having succeeded not only in standing first on the list of the Oakwood candidates, but also succeeded in taking the highest marks of any candidate in the county. The latter also passed very creditably. This speaks well for the progress of our school and for the instruction given by our teacher, Mr. Maybee.

SUNDERLAND.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

QUOITS.—The championship game was played here last week between S. Kivel and Philip St. John. The score at the finish was:—Kivel, 61; St. John, 48.

PERSONAL.—Miss N. Welsh started on a trip east on Tuesday.....Rev. Mr. Patterson spent a few days here during the week.....Mr. M. Murphy of Toronto called here during the week.

SHIPPING.—Mr. Wm. Gordon on Tuesday shipped a fine car-load of horses for the American market.

IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. Andrew Mills has given his house a complete overhauling, and is refreshing it throughout with a coat of paint.....Mr. Wm. Taylor has built a handsome picket fence in front of his residence, and also a new stable.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—There is a man in this neighborhood who should be looked after for the manner in which he keeps his hogs. The appearance of the poor starved animals is disgraceful.

RECOVERING.—Mr. W. J. Jeffrey, who has been seriously ill the past few weeks, we are happy to say is recovering.

BEAVERTON.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

PERSONAL.—Mr. W. A. Depew, who has for a year past been assistant agent at the station here, has been appointed to the agency at Tamworth on the N. T. & Q. railway. He left on the 1st inst., and his departure is exceedingly regretted. We congratulate the citizens of Tamworth upon securing such an obliging and courteous official, and especially do we congratulate the ladies of Tamworth, as Willie has always been a favorite with the fair sex. We all wish him every success in his new situation..... Dr. Grant and wife left here on Tuesday evening for three weeks' holiday.....The Rev. G. C. Patterson, M. A., pastor of Knox church, left on Thursday of last week for four weeks' holiday.

A NEW FLUME.—Mr. Proctor is expending about $1,000 in repairing his mill-dam and putting in a new flume. Work is progressing favorably.

SIDING.—Mr. W. Taylor has at last succeeded in convincing the G. T. R. that it would be a great benefit to them and to him to have a siding from the main line into his brick and tile yard. Mr. Stephenson, the superintendent, was here on Tuesday and promised to have the siding put in.

EXCURSION.—The lacrosse excursion to Barrie on Friday last, per steamer "Enterprise," was a success. Of course our boys will go through the Peterboro club as they did the Barrie team on the 1st inst.

THE BARLEY.—Farmers in this vicinity are complaining of the barley being colored by the late heavy rains.

CIVIC HOLIDAY.—Friday, 8th inst., is by proclamation of the reeve a civic holiday in this place.

LACROSSE.—The Checkers lacrosse club of this place took three straights from the Barrie club on the grounds of the latter on Friday last. The victory was an easy one. The Checkers are to play the Peterboro club on Friday next and expect better luck this time.

SCRAPS.—Steps are being taken to have the town wharf repaired. If this is done we may look look for many excursions on the lake by moonlight.....The Grand Trunk railway company refuse to put their wharf into shape, and the council will force them to do so.....All our merchants are making heavy fall importations.....Messrs. Bruce are shipping off the best of their fall wheat—some 10,000 bushels.....Mr. W. Taylor has orders for 500 cars of brick and tile.

BARN-RAISING.—On Thursday, the 24th ult., preparations were made for raising the frame of a new barn on the farm of Mr. John Proctor, adjoining the Midland Railway and on the shore of Lake Simcoe. Owing to the lateness of the hour when preparations were advanced far enough to commence work earnest, it was found impossible to accomplish all that had been contemplated, although a large number of men expert in such work had come from far and near to lend a helping and a willing hand. Some bents having been raised that afternoon, the raising of the others was postponed until the following afternoon. Accordingly, a large force of men were on the ground again at the appointed time and worked skilfully and energetically and with a will. Up went one piece after another of the structure, until the whole of the frame stood out in large and complete proportions. A liberal, yea, profuse table was spread by Mr. Proctor at the conclusion for all hands, which was well patronized. When all had refreshed themselves, it was proposed to name the barn, as other buildings of the same kind been. This was accordingly done in proper form by Miss Mary Cockburn, daughter of A. P. Cockburn, Esq., M. P., and neice of Mr. Proctor, the Rev. Geo. Love beginning preliminaries by a few well chosen and happy remarks suitable to the time and place. On his concluding, Miss Cockburn stepped forward and saying "I name this building the 'Lake Simcoe barn,'" went through the old and customary ceremony that is used in launching vessels, of breaking a bottle of champagne on the object named. Cheers were then given for Mr. Proctor, Mr. McRae, contractor, Miss Cockburn, and Rev. Mr. Love, after which all adjourned. This, we understand, is the largest barn in this part of the country.

PICNIC.—The annual picnic was given to the children of St. Paul's English church school on Thursday, the 24th ult., at Barber's grove, Beaverton. The children first assembled at the church, where a short children's service was held, and then were conveyed to the grounds, where games were improvised and a superabundance of prizes provided for the winners in the trials that were made of their running, leaping, jumping, etc. When this part of the programme had been concluded, a bountiful repast was spread, at which the children regaled themselves to their hearts' content. During the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Love and Mrs. Love were unceasing in their efforts to promote the happiness of the children. In this they were aided by Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, Miss Kerr, Miss Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tisdale and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

SANDRINGHAM.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

THE PULPIT.—The Rev. John Gillies of Lorneville preached in the school-house here on Sunday, the 27th ult., in English and Gaelic, to a very large audience. His text in English was Ecclesiastes I., 2, from which he preached a very impressive sermon. The service in Gaelic highly pleased the Gaelic-speaking portion of the audience. It is to be hoped that he will be able to preach occasionally in this neglected part of the vineyard.

PERSONAL.—Mr. P. McEachern, teacher of the Coll. Inst., Toronto, is home for his holidays and will remain until the 1st September.....Miss Annie Cameron is home from Toronto on a visit to her friends here.....Mr. Wm. Flett of North Verulam was visiting his friends in this section lately.....Mrs. McDonald went with Mr. Flett, her son-in-law, to Verulam to visit her daughter and family and old acquaintance.

IMPLEMENTS.—Mr. John Goodhand purchased a reaper from Mr. W. H. Wright, agent for the Watson company.

ILL.—Master Archie McEachern, son of Mr. Donald R. McEachern, who has been ill for some time, is not improving very much.

DOWNEYVILLE.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER CONNOLLY.—On Sunday evening, about five o'clock, a number of the parishioners presented Rev. Father Connolly with an address and a well filled purse. Among others present were Messrs. Wm. Lehane, D. Scully, T. Houlihan, Eugene Shine and Patrick Flynn. The following address was read by John C. Leary:—

To the Rev. Father Connolly, parish priest of Downeyville.—REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—We, the congregation of the parish of Emily, having learned with sorrow that you are to remove from us to another sphere of labor, wish to testify our recognition of your labors since you came among us. During the five years it has pleased God to spare you over us, you have been most zealous and untiring in promoting our spiritual and temporal welfare. The manifest improvements in your parishioners through your care and piety, clearly show that your labors have been abundantly fructified. Our presbytery and its surroundings, on which you have bestowed much care and toil, and which we fondly hoped you would long enjoy, is a source of pride and pleasure to us, and reflects much credit both on you and your congregation.

We beg you, dear father, to accept the accompanying purse as a feeble token of the fatherly care you have exercised over us, your uniform gentleness and many kind qualities of head and heart, which shall ever be remembered by us.

In conclusion, we pray that you may be long spared in the ministry to continue your good work to the end, to the glory and honor of God and the edification of those committed to your care.

In reply Rev. Father Connolly thanked them for their kind wishes for his future success, and reminded them that the purse was not necessary to show their regard for him, and said that although parting for the present, he hoped that he might often meet them again. He referred to the good feeling that existed between himself and his parishioners and spoke in flattering terms of his successor, and hoped that Father Brown's success would be greater than his had been. After thanking them heartily for their address and purse he bade them all good-by. Father Connolly, during his ministrations here, has made himself much endeared to his parishioners by his many acts of kindness, and in leaving here carries with him the respect and good-will of the entire community.

BOWMANVILLE.

ACCIDENT.—A sad accident occurred here on Tuesday afternoon, whereby a young man eighteen years of age, son of Mr. John Gamble, market clerk of Port Hope, lost his life. It appears that he was anxious to reach Whitby on account of the civic holiday, and missing the regular train he tried to reach it by a freight at the station here. He endeavoured to get aboard it after the train was in motion, but fell on the track, when both legs were cut off below the knees. The father was immediately summoned from Port Hope, but the boy was dead before he arrived. He only lived half an hour after the accident.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.—On Sunday last the Rev. Father Brown, who has been pastor of the Roman Catholic church here and in Port Hope for the last 15 years, officiated for the last time here; immediately after mass the following address accompanied by a purse, was read in a clear and distinct voice by Mr. A Mitchell Junr.:

To the Reverend Joseph Brown, P. P. REV. AND DEAR PASTOR.—Your Catholic flock having heard with feelings of sincere sorrow that your connection with the parish is about to close, we take occasion therefrom to covey to you our deep and lasting sense of the manifold benefits, spiritual and temporal we have derived from your wise and prudent administration during the fifteen years you have had charge of this part of the parish. While we gratefully acknowledge your fatherly and uniform kindness, your spiritual zeal in obeying the call of duty on all occasions, and your solicitude in everything that could promote the welfare of the congregation, we cannot forget to speak of your untiring efforts to bring back the strayed sheep to the fold, nor of your impressive sermons which could not fail to produce good fruit in the hearts of the most demoralized. Rev. and dear sir, we are well aware that you have done many good deeds that are too meritorious to remain untold, and which we might recount with pleasure, but it will suffice to say that we have always regarded you as an upright priest, a safe guide and a faithful friend, and we also deem it a duty to add that your entire conduct merits, as it commands, our esteem and regard, and that our appreciation of the services you have rendered to religion and morality will not die away with the impulse of the moment, but remain unabated as long as we live. The separation will be painful to every member of your flock, but it gratifies us to know that you have won the respect and good will of all creeds and classes in the community, and that your good qualities, both of head and heart, will win friends for you wherever you go. In conclusion we beg of you to accept this purse which we regret is far too small, but we know you will receive it as a tribute of affection from your sincerely attached friends. Wishing that a bright future may await you and that your final reward may be one of peace and eternal rest, we now come to say that fond but sad word, farewell.

Signed on behalf of the congregation.

WM. ELLISON, A. O'LAUGHLIN.
JOS. KELLY, JAMES MCCARTY.
A. MITCHELL, JR. PATRICK MARA.
G. FARRELL. WM. ROACH.
JAMES KELLY.

The reverend gentleman made a very feeling and touching reply in which he gave full vent to his deep sense of gratitude, not only to his own devoted people for their generous offering and constant fidelity during the long years of his pastorate, but also made due acknowledgement for the courtesy and kindness received at the hands of many outside his own congregation, both here and in Port Hope, where many of the most influential Protestants have made strenuous efforts to induce the reverend gentleman to reconsider his decision and remain in Port Hope. He has however fully resigned his charge and will be succeeded by Rev. Father Connolly, whom he will replace at Downeyville.—[Statesman.

(Additional news-letters on sixth page.)