QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.

BY DAVID LOVELL

'Another step, and you are a dead man!'

'By what authority do you bar my passage?'

'Authority! Ha, ha! If this ain't enough, holding out a revolver in each hand, with a hideous leer on his villainous face, I reckon I'll have to explain, forsooth. By the authority of the Royal Vigilance of the great overland road.'

It was one of those days when Ben Halliday and his gang of road agents served to impede the progress of stage and telegraph lines. A stagecoach was bright through and a message envelope over 1,000 miles. Couple Halliday's men into, when the drivers ran the gauntlet of road agents and Halliday's road lines, many of them human animals, generally expect the travellers are specially the road agents' prey, when a revolver pack on the trigger were worth more than chap all the wealth, the intrepidity and all the courage in his world.

Dick Hartford looked into the muzzle of the deadly looking onto the muzzle of the pistols, smiled and utter a laugh word. 'Well?'

'Don't you aggravate me, or I will fire, and serve you right!'

'Well, this yer fellow, now. Suppose he got ahead of me. Where'd I be?'

'Where the devil wouldn't have far to find out. Stop your grumbling.' Then to the captive. 'Do you want to see me?'

'I did not say so.' What a magnificent front the captive presented. His gaze was as clear and steady and level as though he were looking down right through Capt. Jim, away beyond the ranch, and off to the mountains in the distance.

'What have you got to say for yourself, anyhow?' Capt. Jim's sinister face clouded still more as he met the unwavering gaze of the captive.

'I'm dry. I'll take a drink if you have no objections.'

'That's cool enough. Here, perhaps that will oil your tongue.' Captain Jim extended his flask.

'I can't drink with my hands tied.'

'Barham, loose 'em.'

The fiery liquid scorched Hartford's throat, but he did not wince. But it brought the water to his eyes, whereat the gang laughed.

'You wouldn't laugh at me if I was done with any one of you.'

'A! A sassy cuss,' said one.

'Pets on a brass front,' said another.

'One of the kind that ought to pull hemp lively,' added a third.

'You haven't answered me,' said Jim. 'Boys, we'll go back and keep out of the dust.'

'Nothing,' replied the captive, as he walked in front of the leader.

'You are locked up, and the keys are lost,' said Capt. Jim, sneeringly. 'I think I know your business. I've a mind to send Bill Halliday your case. No, I'll send him your heart. This trip's a failure, and Ben ought to know it. If you won't talk.'

'I'll be first.' The words were flung at him so passionately that even Capt. Jim was moved to admiration.

'This is, then,' exclaimed one of the gang.

'You are seven to one,' said Hartford.

'We are in the majority mostly,' said Jim. 'But I'll give you a chance. You are plucky. Now, what does a milksop life do for you? Come along with us, share and share alike, and we'll give you excitement, and opportunity to show the stuff you are made of.'

'To make one of a gang of murderers who are afraid to cope man to man,' said the captive.

'One of the gang at that moment levelled his pistol at Hartford's head. But the leader ordered him to keep his fire until there was need of it. 'Let us do this thing in order,' said Captain Jim, as the scar on his cheek became livid, then a dull red. 'We'll ride down to the old place, and pull him up like a dog. You got what was on him?' Barham. Barham nodded. There was not a word said further. The party rode on perhaps twenty minutes, when the dells deepened, narrowed, and the rocks shut over the horsemen's heads. Then, at a word from Jim, the men dismounted. Advancing to Hartford, he said, with a jeeringly smile:

'Say your prayers, you have got five minutes to live. Mount that stone.' There was a ledge above the captive's head, with a jutting point, over which a rope was thrown, and a noose made at the end of it.

'Will you allow me to speak?'

'Blow away,' answered Capt. Jim. 'I may as well tell you we know all about you. You've travelled 1,500 miles to trap us. Ben Halliday has tried that game often. You gave yourself away. You expected to master the road, and the biggest boy among us mastered you. Now, fire away.'

'Well, then, let me predict what you and will be,' said the captive. With the noose around his neck, and gloating eyes and fiercely face for his audience, he spoke out clearly, deliberately. 'When you've murdered me you may prepare for the hereafter. There will be no rest for you. A man will come after me who will hunt you down like the cowardly dogs you are. He will never rest until you are driven out of the country, and his reach will sweep to California. Once he marks a man, that man's fate is sealed. He is not my friend. He knows my mission, and, if it fails, he will shoot every man down with his own hand whom he suspects of knowing anything about me, or my death. That's all. I'm ready now.'

'What's that?' exclaimed one of the gang listening.

'Up with him.' The rope tightened around Hartford's throat, he felt himself strangling, the color faded out, he was in a void, then shooting pains pierced his temple, myriad sparks played before his eyes, blended into brilliant colors, and still he could hear the voice of Captain Jim, now it was a stream of oaths, an exclamation. 'The Vigilantes are upon us!' a blurring of sounds, as he swam, or rather floated, out upon the great void, and then all was over.

It was true. A cloud of dust rolled up from Overland City, swept down toward the narrow defile from the rear and sent a shiver of fear through the road agents, who scrambled hastily to their saddles and galloped off in the opposite direction. All but one, Captain Jim, who deliberately approached Hartford as he lay on the ground where he fell when the crowd dropped the rope, and, placing a revolver against his temple, pulled the trigger. The pistol snapped fire, and Captain Jim rode off, turning in his saddle and aiming a second time at the apparently lifeless body of the prisoner, shooting him in the arm.

But it would have been better for Captain Jim had he never met the prisoner. For another party also Vigilantes, armed to the teeth and superbly mounted, encountered the road agents as they emerged from the defile, and, although the latter put their steeds to the gallop, urging them on with oaths and spurs, the Vigilantes surrounded them with lightening-like swiftness, and standing up in their saddles opened fire on the gang who returned it, and died like desperadoes as they were, either in their saddles, or dropping from their horses' necks. Capt Jim proved the most cowardly of the lot. He begged for quarter, but for answer was riddled by a dozen bullets.

When the fray was over, and Dick Hartford sat upright, listening to the account of the fight, one of the severest and sharpest the Vigilantes experienced, he was complimented upon his courage, and, in turn, thanked his rescurers. In reality he had performed his mission, but not in the manner he had planned. That he did not succeed in carrying out his plans was owing to the merest accident. The Vigilantes had been summoned at his instance, and were in time to save his life. 'A close shave, a devilish close shave,' as Bris Martin, the Captain remarked. 'A miss is as good as mile.'

ABOUT PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Mr. Noah Brooks is writing some very interesting reminiscences and making known for the first time several new and capital anecdotes of President Lincoln. "He liked to go to the theatre. It gave him an hour or two of freedom from care and office-seekers. He was on such terms with the managers of the theatres that he could go in privately by the stage-door and slip into the stage-boxes without being seen by the audience. Concealed by the friendly screen of the drapery, he saw many plays without public observation. Once, I remember, we were alone together at Ford's theatre, in a box directly under the one in which he was afterwards assassinated. He was in a remarkable flow of spirits, and many comical remarks on the progress of the play. Edwin Booth was playing in the "Merchant of Venice," and, as we sat, two or three of the supernumeraries who wore scarlet hose, were constantly in the line of sight. Finally the President said, 'I wonder if these red-legged, pigeon-toed chaps don't think that they are playing this play. They are dreadful numerous.' Just before the act drop went on each time, he consulted his programme and said, This is Act two eyes,' or 'Act eye V,' as the case might be. As we went home he said, 'It was a good performance, but I would rather read it at home, if it were not for Booth's playing. A farce or a comedy is best played, a tragedy is best read at home.' On another occasion, at the same theatre, Lincoln saw Forrest play Lear. But he was more impressed by Jno. McCullough's playing of Edgar than by the great tragedian's acting. With a certain simplicity of manner he asked 'Do you suppose he would come to the box if we sent word?' I replied that the actor would undoubtedly be gratified to hear a personal commendation from him. Mr McCullough accordingly was brought to the door of the box, all dressed in stage rags and straw as he was, and the President thanked him very cordially, and with discriminating praise, for the pleasure which he had received from the performance."

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MAN IN THE PROVINCE.

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of probably the oldest man in Ontario, if not in the Dominion. On Saturday morning last, James Dickson died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Caswell, in Palmerston, at the extraordinary age of 112 years, 2 months and three days. Deceased was born in Ireland on the 5th of January, 1766. His father, Samuel Dickson, was one of 5 Protestant teachers who, with a clergyman, were sent to Forkhill, in the County of Armagh, to instruct the inhabitants in the Protestant religion, all the teachers being learned men. Mr. Dickson himself taught English, Irish, Latin, French and Greek. Mr Dickson, soon after his marriage, kept the Spa Well, better known as the Black Lion Hotel, Dublin, and whilst thus engaged in business, during the closing years of the last century, was seized by a press gang and taken to a ship belonging to the royal navy, and like hundreds of others of that cruel system, was carried off to sea, without a chance of communicating with his wife or other relatives. Shortly after this he was in the squadron which, under Nelson, so crippled the French fleet; and it is believed that he served on board the flagship on which that great commander lost his life. Although made a sailor against his will, Mr. Dickson formed a strong attachment for a seafaring life, and on obtaining his release from the royal navy he entered the merchant service, and nearly the half of his long life was spent on the ocean, during which time he visited every quarter of the globe. His wife, soon after his sudden disappearance, went to reside on his father's farm, and when opportunities offered her husband visited her at the old homestead, where, on quitting the sea, he resided until he came to this country, about thirty years ago. His first wife died in Ireland, in 1829, and he remained a widower for eight years. He then married Esther McComb, whose death was recorded in these columns in January last. Till within a comparatively short time the old gentleman had possession of both his mental and physical powers, and it afforded him great pleasure to relate to his friends the adventures of his youth, of which he seemed to have a more vivid recollection than he had of later events. He was the father of 11 sons and 3 daughters, eight of his children being born at four births. One of his daughters, who died some years ago, also had twins four times. The funeral of deceased took place on Monday last, and was attended by a large number of friends and relatives. Although Mr. Dickson was for so great a part of his time at sea, and in a period when total abstinence was unthought of, he enjoyed excellent health, notwithstanding the quantity of rum he had consumed. He had seen, however, the evil results in others of indulging in intoxicating drinks, and used frequently to urge upon his descendants the desirability of abstaining from them. Longevity seems to run in the Dickson family. The deceased's brother Thomas, who was one of His Majesty's judges in the early part of the present century for 30 years, and father of the Irish bar for an equal length of time, died at the age of 108, never having suffered a day's illness. Their father died at the age of 119 years. As Mr. Dickson was born in the 6th year of the reign of George III., he had lived in the reigns of four English monarchs, two of which are the longest on record. His children have often heard their father tell that his great-grandfather had seen Henry the Eighth.—*Palmerston Telegraph.*

MORMONISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

From the Boston Herald, March 15.

A great deal is said in these times about the culture of Massachusetts people, but if the stories told about the people of Shutesbury, a small farming town in Franklin County, ten miles in a southwesterly direction from Athol, is true, the less there is said about it in the future the better it will be for all parties. The town numbers about one thousand inhabitants, is built upon a high hill, twelve miles from any railroad depot, and a more charming locality cannot be found in the State. In spite of the manifold advantages bestowed upon the town by mother nature, the state of morals among the residents is described as something revolting. Men have been living in adultery with other men's wives, while others, not being satisfied with one partner of their joys and sorrows, have indulged in the luxury of two.

To such an extent were these disgusting practices carried on that, as a last resort, the assistance of the State detective force was invoked by the town authorities, and the result has been that by the efforts of State Detective George Warren, assisted by Detectives Currier of the same force, a number of arrests have been made, and others will shortly follow. The case was first given into the hands of Detective Warren about six months ago, and he has been quietly working it since that time. Yesterday he arrested, assisted by Detective Currier, Charles H. Stowell and Jarvis Nelson Phelps, both for polygamy, and Frank Willis Pratt for adultery with Mary Matilda Pratt his uncle's reputed wife, although it is said they were never legally married. The prisoners were taken before Trial Justice Gorman D. Williams, who came from Green field for the purpose, and held in $1,000 each for trial before the Superior Criminal Court of Franklin County.

Besides these arrests the officers have evidence sufficient to convict several others of the same offence, so they say, and the prospect is that this Mormon settlement in embryo will shortly be broken up. It is stated, on good authority, that the Congregational minister of that town, the Rev. Mr. Olds, was called upon some time ago to officiate at the funeral of a town pauper, which he did; but, much to the surprise of the town authorities, a short time afterwards they were presented with a bill of $5 by the reverend gentleman for services rendered, which they were obliged to pay. The town authorities and the best citizens residing in the town were compelled to call upon the State force for protection as they say the poorhouse is rapidly filling up with paupers, nearly all of whom are born in the town. They say, further, that the number of illegitimate children in the town is increasing to an alarming extent. This story would seem to be supported by the arrests already made and the fact that more are to follow. It seems hardly credible that such a state of affairs would be tolerated for a week and yet these practices have been going on, so our informants state, for months and years.

FRENCH FISHERIE SIN NEWFOUNLAND.

Mr James Whitman, in an able article in the New Dominion monthly for April, after quoting Lord Palmerston's note on the Newfounland Fisheries question to the French Ambassador in 1838, says:

It might be supposed that this would have forever set the question at rest. In practise however, the French have set all these considerations aside, and continue to *enforce* their unwarrantable claims to an *exclusive* right of fishing along these shores, by means of a large naval squadron, kept upon the coast of Newfounland during the fishing season, she commanders of which seize and destroy the seines and nets of British subjects settled there, till, judging from the frequent complaints of the fishermen, confirmed by the commanders of English ships of war, these depredations have become so serious as to cause the gravest apprehensions that difficulties and bloodshed may at any moment occur, which might possibly end in war between France and England.

But the French claims do end here. Although the coast along which the French claim, and virtually enforce an exclusive right to fish, is settled by large numbers of British subjects, the French now prefer a claim, surely most extravagant, to prevent the inhabitants of Newfounland from any occupation of land within the disputed district, for mining, agricultural, or other purposes; in fact, a claim to the virtual and territorial sovereignty of the greater portion of the coast of the island—and despite the protests of the people and Legislature of Newfoundland, the English Government, through the Earl of Carnarvon, has issued an order forbidding the colonial authorities to issue any grants of land in that part of the island to British subjects. Now, since the full title and possession to the whole of the public lands of the island were specifically and solemnly conveyed by the Imperial Government to the people of Newfoundland with the concession of self-government, it is wonderful that this unfounded and arbitrary arrogation of power on the part of the French has been so long submitted to by the people and Government of Newfoundland. It is only to be accounted for by their earnest and sincere desire to aid the home authorities in effecting a peaceable solution of the question with France, and by the expectation that such a solution would be arrived at by such submission on the part of Newfoundland. This question has now been under negotiation for a century, and its solution, by the means so far adopted seems further off than ever, while it is admitted, as it has been to myself personally by a judge of the Supreme Court of the colony, that a bold and firm declaration of our rights once made and carried out by England, would forever settle the question with France. Nay, that even were Newfoundland herself to assert and prepare to enforce her undoubted rights, England would be obliged to maintain them, or relinquish her sovereignty of the island.

PROMPT PAYMENTS.

All persons indebted to me are informed that their Book Accounts are ready for delivery and must be settled with cash immediately. Having determined to abandon the credit system, no new accounts will be opened this year, but a liberal discount will be allowed to cash purchasers.

L. MAGUIRE.

RELIABLE GOLD JEWELRY

J. P. JOHNSTON

is now receiving Holiday Goods,

Gold and Silver Watches,

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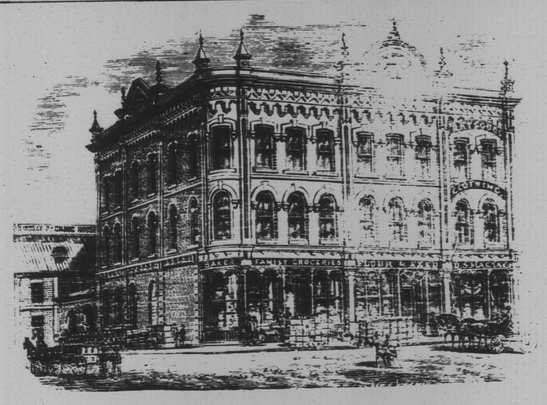

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Corner of Kent and Cambridge Streets, Lindsay.

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On and after

Wednesday, Nov'r 14, 1877

trains will

LEAVE LINDSAY at 7.10 a.m., and 3.15 p.m., arriving at Whitby at 9.50 a.m., and 6.15 p.m., and Toronto via G.T.R. at 11.07 a.m., and 11.07 p.m.

LEAVE TORONTO, via G.T.R., at 7.02 a.m., and 4.37 p.m., and Whitby at 10.05 a.m., and 6.45 p.m., arriving at Lindsay at 1.00 p.m., and 9.15 p.m.

This is the only direct route from points on the Victoria Railway and Lindsay to Toronto and the West.

Through tickets are issued by all the Company's agents for Toronto, and by G.T.R. Ticket Agents, Toronto, for all stations on this line.

Through Tickets to and from the East are issued between Lindsay, Mariposa and Belleville, Prescott, Kingston, Brockville, Montreal and Quebec at same rates as via Port Hope. No transfer charges

Baggage checked through.

☞ Ask for Pocket Time Table at any of the Company's Stations.

JAMES HOLDEN,
Managing Director.

Whitby, Nov. 13th, 1877. 1079-1y.

Midland RAILWAY OF CANADA.

COMMENCING on WEDNESDAY, December 5th, 1877, and until further notice trains will

LEAVE LINDSAY for Lakefield, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations at 5.30 a.m., 11.30 a.m., and 3.25 p.m. For Toronto and points on T. & N. R'y, Wanhaushene, Georgian Bay, and intermediate Stations at 1.00 p.m.

ARRIVE

From Lakefield, Peterboro', Port Hope and intermediate stations at 9.20 a.m., 1.00 p.m., and 6.45 p.m. From Wanhaushene, Georgian Bay, Toronto and intermediate stations, at 3.25 p.m.

For further particulars see Pocket Time Cards to be had at all stations.

Through tickets on sale at Lindsay to all points on T. & N. R. R. and G. T. R.

A. HUGEL,
President.

1083

VICTORIA RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

Taking effect on

Thursday, Nov'r 1st, 1877.

GOING NORTH.

Miles.	STATIONS.	MIXED. Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays only.	MAIL.
0	†Lindsay ..leave	7.00 a. m.	2.30 p. m.
4	†Lindsay Jn "	7.10 "	2.40 "
14	*Fenelon Falls"	8.00 "	3.35 "
19	*Fell's..... "	8.18 "	3.52 "
24	*Rettie's Bridge ... "	8.36 "	4.10 "
33½	†Kinmount ..arr.	9.15 "	4.45 "

GOING SOUTH.

Miles.	STATIONS.	MAIL.	MIXED. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
0	†Kinmount, leave	9.45 a. m.	5.15 p. m.
9	*Rettie's Bridge..... "	10.20 "	5.50 "
14	*Fell's..... "	10.40 "	6.10 "
19	*Fenelon Falls"	11.10 "	6.40 "
29	†Lindsay Jun "	11.50 "	7.20 "
33½	†Lindsay, arrive	12.00 "	7.30 "

†Telegraph stations. *Platform stations trains stop on signal only.

CONNECTIONS.

LINDSAY.—With Midland Railway for Orillia, Wanhaushene, Midland City, Peterboro', Port Hope, Toronto, and all points on the Grand Trunk and Nipissing Railways. With W., P. P. & Lindsay R. R. for Port Perry, Whitby, Toronto, and all points on the G. T. R. Passengers leaving Toronto at 7.00 a.m., via G. T. R., can arrive same evening at Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Minden. Returning in morning can connect with W., P. P. & Lindsay R. R., arriving in Toronto at 7.07 p.m.

FENELON FALLS.—Close connections with stage to Bobcaygeon.

KINMOUNT.—Close connections made with stage for Minden and Haliburton. Connection also with the Free Grant Territory, and English Land Company's Property.

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FOREIGN & DOMESTIC FRUITS

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Hamilton, March 15th, 1877.—1019-6m.

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ON WELLINGTON STREET,

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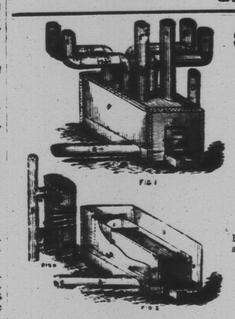
Circular and Square Sash and Frames, Doors and Frames, Window Blinds, Mouldings, Fancy Fence Pickets, Packing Cases and all kinds of Wood Turnings.

Contractors can be supplied with doors, Sash, Mouldings, &c., ready to set up. Also, PLANING AND MATCHING on the shortest notice.

As our machinery is all new and of the very best description, and as we intend to keep none but first-class workmen, we feel confident that we can turn out as good work as any factory in the Province.

GEO. INGLE & CO.



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The Great Englishremedy is especially recommended as an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave, all of which as a rule are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and over indulgence.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing WILLIAM GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ont. Sold in Lindsay by all Druggists. 1060.

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SO BAD THAT WHEN I ASLEEP I THOUGHT I SHOULD CHOKE TO DEATH.—CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

Constitutional Catarrh Remedy

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LITTLEFIELD & CO.,

I am 32 years old. I have had Catarrh 10 years. Have been weak and miserable and all run down with it, so that I did not feel like doing any work. I had continual discharges, and feared every night when I went to sleep that I should choke to death with strangling, so many times have I waked just in season to save myself from choking to death. Two bottles of your Constitutional Catarrh Remedy cured me. I feel perfectly well. Your medicine did the work. Nothing else ever helped me. I have recommended it to many others, and in every case its results have been as wonderful. I feel as if all sufferers from the loathsome disease of Catarrh ought to know of the almost miraculous virtues of your remedy. I reside at Manchester, N. H.

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ECONOMICAL SPECTACLES,

Patent Easy-fitting Eye-Glasses, Bi-focal Spectacles, to see equally well at all distances far or near, and patent Eye-testers.

This firm has appointed me sole agent for their goods in this vicinity.

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For sale Double and single Rifles, Breech and Muzzle Loaders. Shot guns—Muzzle Loaders—double and single—one inch bore down, barrels of various grades. Breech Loading Double Shot Guns of the best quality. Single Duck Guns, 4 feet barrels, large bore. More than 100 guns to choose from. We have just completed a Boring Machine of the latest improved principle, and are prepared to Bore Guns 6 feet down to short lengths and guarantee good shooting. Old worn rifles bored for shot guns a specialty. All repairs executed in a workmanlike manner on reasonable terms. Ammunition of all grades for sale.

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Begs to announce that his stock is full and complete

THE TEAS ESPECIALLY

have been selected with the greatest care and can be recommended as being rich, strong and pungent.

Whiskeys of the Finest Qualities

and of mature age, including the choicest of the famous

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Hennessy's Fine old Brandies	Guinness's Porter,
Martell's, do do	De Kuyper's Hollands,
Sazerac do do	Champagne, &c., &c.,
Jules Robin's do do	Choicest Brands.
Bass & Co's. Ales,	

Tavern keepers supplied at Montreal and Toronto prices. 1079

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