Victoria Warder

And Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

Published Every Wednesday by Joseph Cooper.] "OPINION IS THE GREAT PILLAR THAT UPHOLDS THE UNIVERSE." TERMS—One dollar a Year in Advance.

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The Victoria Warder

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

—BY—

JOSEPH COOPER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

At the Low Rate of $1 a Year.

IN ADVANCE.

JOB PRINTING!

Of Every Description Executed with Neatness and Despatch,

AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES

A Liberal Discount Allowed on Yearly Advertisements.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

THOMAS W. POOLE, M. D., CORONER, LINDSAY. March 1870.

VINCENT C. CORNWALL, M. D, OFFICE and Residence, North Side of King St., Omemee.

A. W. J. DEGRASSI, M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. CORONER. Residence—Brick Cottage lately occupied by Dr. Martin, Lindsay, Ontario.

DR. GEORGE A. NORRIS, GRADUATE of the University of Victoria College Licentiate Royal College Surgeons England, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Associate Coroner, County of Victoria, Ont.

E. A. HERRIMAN, M. D. PHYSICIAN, Surgeon and Accoucheur, Wellington Street, Lindsay. Office and residence—in the Blue Cottage back of the Methodist Church.

DR. J. M. HART, GRADUATE of Trinity College, Toronto. Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office—Residence, John Clendenning, Esq. Cambray.

G. TWEEDIE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, and Accoucheur, Oakwood. Residence and Office—The Brick Cottage, immediately west of the Bible Christian New Brick Church.

C. L. COULTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c. Medical Referee to the National Life Insurance Company Office in his Drug Warehouse, next door to the Ontario Bank, Kent St. Lindsay. Special attention given to diseases of the Heart and Lungs.

E. BENSON, M. D, GRADUATE of Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York, and of Victoria college, Canada, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office, One door north of Boynton's Hotel, Wm. St., Lindsay. Diseases of the Eye and Ear specially attended to.

LEGAL.

P. S. MARTIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for the Ontario Bank. Office, over Foley's Hardware Store, Kent St., Lindsay.

ARTHUR O'LEARY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, &c — Office, Knowlson's Block, corner Kent & Wm. Sts., Lindsay, Ont. Entrance, First Door on Wm St.

D. J. McINTYRE, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c, Lindsay. Office—Over Ontario Bank, Kent Street. Money to lend at 7½ per cent. on real estate securities.

MR. JAY KETCHUM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Notary Public, &c. OFFICE over Mr. T. Beall's Book Store, North Side of Kent Street, Lindsay.

FAIRBAIRN & POUSSETTE, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors &c. &c., Lindsay, Ontario. Office.—Over store of J. Lancashire & Co. ☞ Money to lend on improved Farm Property.

T. M. FAIRBAIRN, A. P. POUSSETTE. 1st June, 1872.

CAMERON & DORMER, BARRISTERS and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Hector Cameron, M.A. | Geo. Dormer, B.A.

DENNISTOUN & HUDSPETH, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors, and Notaries Public. Two doors east of Veitch's Hotel, Kent Street, Lindsay. J. F. DENNISTOUN. | A. HUDSPETH.

CHARLES B. ORDE, LAW, Chancery and Conveyancing office in same apartments occupied by E. D. Orde, Lindsay

AGENT.

JOHN KELLY, AGENT for the Gore District Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Associate Coroner County Victoria. Commissioner for taking affidavits, &c., &c., Little Britain.

C. KNOWLSON, AGENT for the Gore District Mutual Assurance Company, Issues of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner for taking Affidavits Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company, Conveyancer, &c., Omemee.

WM. LLOYD RUSSELL, LINDSAY Ont. Office, Corner of Kent and Wm. Sts., Land, Estate & General Agent, Auctioneer, &c. Lands, shares and Mortgages, Bought and Sold. Loans negotiated and investments made. Farm Lands and cultivated Farms in very desirable districts for sale. Special Attention given to procuring (through Agent in Toronto) Land Patents, the settlement of land claims, timber licenses from the Crown Lands Department.

References.—Geo. Kempt, Esq., M. P.; T. Matchett Esq., M. P. P.; T. Keenan, Esq., A. P. Cockburn, Esq.

MUSICAL.

MRS. B. T. STEPHENS, TEACHER ON THE PIANO-FORTE Kent Street, opposite the Drill Shed.—Lessons on the Organ and Melodeon given. Terms on application at her residence.

MUSIC LESSONS.

L. CAISSIE, Pianist and Organist, begs to intimate that he is prepared to give instructions at the residence of Pupils, and also at his own residence. For terms and further particulars apply at Kinlour's jewellry store.

HOTELS.

VICTORIA HOUSE.

WORKMAN'S Brick Block, (opposite Messrs. Foley's Hardware Store, (Cor. Kent & York Sts., Lindsay. New house & Furniture. The travelling community will find every accommodation. The bar supplied with the best wines, liquors, &c. Large shed & good stabling. An Attentive Hostler always in attendance.

EDWARD VEITCH, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, Re-Opened.

THE Subscriber, having leased and fitted up the premises adjoining the hotel lately destroyed by fire, is prepared to accommodate any of his old customers who may favour him with a call in as courteous and attentive a manner as ever. Excellent stabling, driving sheds, and cattle yards attached.

R. G. BELL.

DANIEL LACK,

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR!

BEGS most respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Lindsay and neighborhood that he has commenced business in the above line, and hopes by strict attention to all orders intrusted to him, to merit a share of their patronage. Particular attention paid to all kinds of Jobbing.

WM. DUFFUS,

PRACTICAL ARCHITECT,

CAMBRIDGE STREET, SOUTH.

(PRELIMINARY SKETCHES.)

DESIGNS, Plans, Specifications, Details and Estimates for Buildings of every class prepared in the most approved modern styles The Warming and Ventilation, as well as the erection of buildings superintended when desired.

Measurements and valuations promptly attended to.

CHARGES MODERATE.

FREDERICK BICK,

BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR!

BEGS most respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Lindsay and neighborhood that he has commenced business in the above line in this town, and hopes by strict attention to all orders intrusted to him to merit a share of their patronage.

☞ A Stock of Doors, Window Mouldings, &c, always kept on hand or made to order on the shortest notice.

ESTIMATES given for all kinds of work in the above line.

Lindsay, May 9th, 1871.

Anchor Line!

THE SAFEST ROUTE!

Cheap passages to & from Europe

THE ANCHOR LINE

of Trans-Atlantic Steam-Packet Ships, sailing regularly from

New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

☞ Passengers Booked in Lindsay at cheapest currency rates to and from every Railway Station in Europe and America.

Apply to

R. S. PORTER, Bookseller, Stationer and Newsdealer

NEW Book Store!

Sheet Music, Stationery, School Books,

ROOM PAPER.

Window Blinds, Wrapping paper, & Twines,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

All orders punctually attended to.

STUART MATHIAS,

Wholesale & Retail Bookseller and Stationer, Opposite Jewett House, Kent St. Next door to Corcoran & Ellis,

Teeth Extracted

POSITIVELY

WITHOUT PAIN.

BY THE USE OF NITROUS OXIDE (LAUGHING GAS.)

MR. NEELANDS

While in New York, having spent some time in the rooms of the Colton Dental Association, studied fully under Dr. Colton, the proper mode of manufacturing this gas, also the best manner of administering it to patients. Dr. Colton was the first person who ever used this gas for extracting teeth. He has an establishment in the Cooper Institute devoted entirely to extracting teeth, and in six years he has successfully administered it to forty-four thousand persons whose names are registered on a roll.

Mr. NEELANDS having had several years' experience in administering this gas, can, with pleasure and confidence, recommend it to the public as a safe and valuable anæsthetic.

Beautiful gold fillings inserted on a new principle.

All the operations connected with dentistry skilfully performed.

OFFICE.—Next door to S. & O. Bigelow's store, Kent street, Lindsay.

TheGardner!

PATENT

SEWING MACHINE.

The Latest! The Simplest! The Best!

SEWING MACHINE!

EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

This is the opinion expressed by practical Machinists, whose business leads them to examine the qualities of the different machines.

In offering the GARDNER SEWING MACHINE to the inhabitants of the County of Victoria, the agent feels certain it is unrivalled as a general sewer, whilst it has attachments for doing more kinds of Fancy Work, with greater comfort to the operator than any other machine. A trial will convince all that these are only plain facts, and the excellency of the machine will on a very short trial be apparent to all.

TO FARMERS

It is most useful, as it will do all kinds of Heavy Sewing, as also the most critical of fine work, as well as Cording, Braiding, Quilting, Hemming, Tucking, Frilling, &c.

The Gardner Sewing Machine is for sale at the store of

JOHN LYONS, Wm-st.

and at the Grocery House of

W. J. ROBINSON, Kent st. Next west of Jas. Watson's, corner of William and Kent Streets.

D. CAMPBELL, the general agent, is a resident of Lindsay, and can be found at either of the above places, and will be happy to give instructions to all parties purchasing a machine, from time to time, at their residences free of charge.

Terms so easy that all will be able to purchase.

JOHN JOHNSTON,

THE oldest established tailor in Lindsay. (Shop on east side of Wm. St.) is prepared to execute all orders. All work warranted to give satisfaction at reasonable prices.

L. M. CATHER,

Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary school Toronto.

By appointment, Veterinary Surgeon to the S. R. Agricultural Society.

OFFICE.—Melbourn Street, third street south of the Post office.

☞ Horses Examined as to Soundness.

AGENT FOR LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

BRYAN GUNIGAL'S

NEW Livery Stable, York St. Lindsay.—Horses and Carriages for hire on the most reasonable terms.

TEMPERANCE

Eating House

AND GROCERY.

Knowlson's Brick Block, William Street, LINDSAY.

FRED. J. JONES, Proprietor.

THE subscriber begs to inform the inhabitants of Lindsay and surrounding country that he has fitted up the store lately occupied by Mr. Dubuque, as a Temperance Eating House and hopes by strict attention to business, combined with cleanliness and civility, to merit a share of their patronage.

☞ Daily Papers and Magazines kept for the use of the public.

Also a well selected stock of

Groceries and Confectioner.

Which he intends selling Cheap for Cash.

FRED. J. JONES.

Lindsay, March 6, 1872.

GREAT

CLEARING SALE

at the

Bankrupt Stock Sale Rooms,

William St. Lindsay, during JULY and AUGUST.

Take Notice!

THE Subscriber having bought (for cash) at a large discount from cost, the new and valuable stock of Mr. J. P. CLARKE, who has retired from business; consisting of all kinds of

WOOLLEN GOODS, FLANNELS, TWEEDS, CROCKERY, TEAS, TOBACCOS, &c., &c.,

is enabled to offer them at such prices at cannot fail to be appreciated.

In addition to the above subscriber has also on hand the ballance of two or three bankrupt stocks, all of which will be quoted at figures that any one seeing and examining must become buyers.

Please call and inspect for yourselves as I am always anxious and pleased to show goods and abide result

G. C. BUCK

N. B.—Terms Cash. No second price All goods warranted to be as represented. Lindsay, July 9, 1872.

DAILY LINE TO

ROCHESTER.

THE NEW LAKE STEAMER

NORSEMAN!

Will on, or about the FIRST APRIL next commence her regular daily trips, Ice permitting, leaving Cobourg every morning at 7:30, Port Hope at 9 o'clock, for Rochester. Connecting there with the New York Central, Northern Central, and Erie Railways for all points East and South and South-west.

RETURNING.—Leaves Charlotte, Port of Rochester, every evening at 9 o'clock (except Saturdays, when she leaves at 2 p. m., for Brighton direct.) The steamer calls at Brighton, Mondays and Thursdays; at Colborne, every day, except Wednesday, at Whitby, Oshawa, Darlington, and Newcastle on Wednesday should freight offer.

Dealers in Stock will find this the Cheapest and Quickest route to Albany, Boston, New York., &c., &c.

Address R. C. CARTER, Port Hope.

FOR SALE!

TOWN Lot Number Twelve, on the South side of Bond Street,

IN THE TOWN OF LINDSAY,

containing one half acre of land.

This is a very eligible building site, being prettily situated on the slope of the hill near the new Methodist Church, and commanding a view of the whole town.

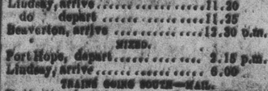
TERMS CASH. TITLE PERFECT.

Apply to

JAS. WATSON, or

E. D. ORDE, his agent.

Lindsay, March 20th, 1872.



MIDLAND RAILWAY

OF CANADA.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, May 27th, trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIL.

Port Hope, depart	9.20 a.m.
Lindsay, arrive	11.30
do depart	11.35
Beaverton, arrive	12.30 p.m.

MIXED.

Port Hope, depart	2.15 p.m.
Lindsay, arrive	6.00

TRAINS GOING NORTH—MAIL.

Beaverton, depart	8.00 a.m.
Lindsay, arrive	9.00
do depart	9.10
Port Hope, arrive	6.10

MIXED.

Lindsay, depart	9.00 a.
Port Hope, arrive	12.30 p.m.

R. G. TAYLOR, Supt of Trains

Poetry

Poor Isabel.

Under the shining moon, like some fair spirit sleeping,
Upon a bed of moss her nightly watches keeping,
Sat Isabel.
The night dew gleamed upon the flowers That sleeping waited sunny hours,
Which soon should chase their griefs away,
And cheer them with the welcome ray
They love so well.

Under the shining moon, her own sad griefs bewailing,
Sighing her heart away in sorrow unavailing,
Sat Isabel:
Like glittering pearls her teardrops fell
Upon her snowy breast, whose swell
Revealed a grief she dared not name;
A grief,—the secret of her shame,
Oh! sad to tell.

Under the shining moon, alone and melancholy,
Bathed in a flood of light, so mild, so calm and holy,
Sat Isabel:
Her long bright hair neglected lay
Toss'd by the breeze like golden spray
Playing around a marble shore,
Whence sound of life comes never more,
Save Sorrow's knell.

Under the shining moon, where once her arms entwined
The neck of him she loved, who proved, alas! unkind,
Sat Isabel:
On him her whole existence hung,
For him she wept, for him she sung;
Her virgin heart so pure and sweet,
She laid at her betrayer's feet,
She loved and fell.

Under the shining moon, where nightly sits the raven,
Perched on a rough-hewn stone, where some hand has graven
"Poor Isabel."
No more I see that fair form sleeping,
Herself and secret safe in keeping,
Are waiting 'neath that mossy cover,
All vain regrets and heartaches over.
Sweet maid, farewell.

Canadian Illustrated News.

Literature.

A MONTH IN STATE PRISON,

WHY I WENT IN WHY I CAME OUT.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGEN PRESS.

Did you ever hear of the Colby murder? Perhaps not, although the facts in regard to it were published far and wide, and the large reward offered for the detection of the murderer, as well as other circumstances connected with the case, gave it notoriety throughout the whole West.

A handsomer girl than handsome Nellie Colby was never seen in Georgetown. I say Georgetown, because I intend to conceal the real name of the place, acting upon the request of at least two individuals who were chief actors in the sad drama.

A tall, red-cheeked, black-eyed girl, with tresses which a romancer would call raven, with pearly teeth and little white hands, a form lithe and graceful, a voice soft and sweet as the song of a bird—was it any wonder that the old, the young and the middle-aged of Georgetown said, "God bless Nellie Colby!" whenever she appeared? And she was not praised entirely for her beauty. She was as good as she was lovely, the wealth of her father, Richard Colby, allowing her to give rein to her desire to aid and assist the worthy unfortunate, and to bring sunshine to dozens of homes in her own and neighboring towns which were far more used to the black shadows of poverty and degradation. Richard Colby was a retired merchant, living in a fine mansion just outside of Georgetown. His wife had long been dead, and all his love was given to Nellie, his only child. Her request was law to him, and her presence was his only enjoyment. No father's love could be stronger, and no daughter ever proved herself more worthy of a parent's affection and indulgence.

So much for the family. It would have been strange if handsome Nellie Colby had had no suitors. She had them almost without number. The leading lawyer of Georgetown, the banker over at K——, the minister who had arrived shortly before from Middleville, and I can't tell you how many more, were only too anxious to hear the word which should give them Nellie Colby for a wife. So much adulation might have worked to alter a less generous, pure, confiding and upright girl, but Nellie's noble qualities shone out the better for her many social trials. Firmly, but in a manner which did not wound again the wounded heart, she told the clergyman, and the lawyer, and the banker, that she had no desire to leave her father, or to break in upon the routine which was his happiness, and they went away feeling more than ever before that the girl had a heart found only once in years.

But was there ever a woman who could turn every one away? whose heart could not be made to tremble at some one's tender expressions? Pshaw! Think of me, almost an old man, three or four children playing and whooping about me as I write, and a quiet wife sitting over in the corner with her needle—think of me writing a love story! The more especially, as I long ago learned that success in my profession was greatly enhanced by one's quietly learning to steel one's heart against the power of money and the wiles of a handsome woman.

But in this case I am the historian as well as one of the actors, and I must not interrupt myself.

Well, there came a day when Nellie Colby's heart could not find words to dismiss a suitor—could or did not wish to. It was not a clergyman, banker or lawyer this time—it was handsome Earl Temple. Coming to Georgetown a year before, he had put out a modest little sign over the door of his office, bearing the words, "E. Temple, Physician and Surgeon," and thus proceeded to make the acquaintance of every man, woman and child in Georgetown who would take a kind "good-morning," or desired to feel the grip of a hand which had never yet wronged a human being. No one knew much about the new comer, except that he had but little money, was exceedingly generous with what he had, and that Georgetown was altogether too healthy a location to make the sign over the door return more than enough to foot the weekly bill of the buxom landlady around the corner. True, there was a legend that Earl Temple came of a good family, that he had wealthy parents somewhere in the East, that he was a young man of talent and education, and had established himself at Georgetown from an ambitious desire to win a name and a place among people by his own unaided efforts. But village legends seldom have any foundation to build on, and in time the people of the town forgot all about what Earl Temple had been, and loved and respected him for what he was.

There was no sickness at the Colby mansion, and people at last began to wonder what drew the handsome doctor up the shady avenue so often. If any one really doubted at first, there was no longer any cause to doubt after a time. When Nellie passed through the village leaning upon the doctor's arm, or he drove her and her father long rides into the beautiful country, the gossips put this and that together, and Dame Rumor said that Nellie Colby would one day be Mrs. Earl Temple. No one was prepared to say that the "match" was not a good one, that Earl would not prove a devoted husband and a filial son-in-law, and when the question was settled, it was satisfactorily settled.

It is not for me to say how handsome Temple won the girl's heart—how Mr. Colby one day joined their hands and blessed them, how happy every one felt around the big mansion—for this formed no part of the task which I undertook several weeks after the gossips knew that the marriage day had been set.

There came another stranger to Georgetown one day, one who did not receive the generous welcome extended to Earl Temple. He was a tall dark-haired man perhaps a little flashily dressed, with a proud aristocratic bearing, which looked more like despotism to the simple people of the village, and he took great pains that the information should speedily go abroad that he was extremely wealthy. He gave his name as Arthur Kingston, but subsequent events proved that he could have given a dozen others without seriously impairing his ready stock of *aliases*. One of the first acquaintances which Kingston made was Earl Temple. He dropped into the office, hoped that Earl would assist him in cultivating the friendship of other citizens, as he intended to make the place his future home; and the two were soon quite good friends. If Earl had stopped to ask himself if he prized the acquaintance of the stranger, he would have immediately answered 'no.' There can be nothing more than seeming friendship between an open generous nature and one which tries to shield itself behind a mantle of icy dignity, throwing off the reserve once in a while to let the presence of a villain be seen. Earl was not one to refuse an extended hand, or to withhold a kind word and a smile in reply, and so it came about that Kingston was seen much in his company.

'The man has no business among us,' growled a citizen and a firm friend of Earl's one day when the two were canvassing the strangers characteristics. 'If he has any money why don't he exhibit it. And if he intends to erect a large manufactory in Georgetown and settle among us, why don't he commence operations? He gets strange letters, goes to the city frequently, and once or twice I have seen him in the company of men whose faces would convict them of murder in any court.'

'Some judge Kingston too harshly, my friend,' replied Earl, 'I admit that there is something about him which repels me, even when I try to be sociable, and that his looks and his actions are against him. Still, one is not to blame that nature gave him a pair of wicked eyes and the appearance of a prowling tiger, I do not wish his friendship, neither would I offend him until convinced that our suspicions have some foundation.'

You may easily guess that Kingston was not long in ascertaining how matters stood at the Colby mansion, and that soon he became a visitor there himself. He called without invitation, solely on business, he said, Mr. Colby was the owner of a water power which Kingston was anxious to purchase, in pursuance of his intention to erect a large manufactory which would add greatly to the business and wealth of the village. He had, he stated, many thousand dollars lying idle and would cheerfully pay Mr. Colby a high price for the power in question.

Mr. Colby received the stranger in his usual urbane manner, and promised him the water-power at his own figures. Kingston wished to delay a few days, until he could advise with his friends; and when he left he received an invitation to call again and talk the matter over further. He did not, on his first visit, secure even a sight of handsome Nellie, but at the second call, it so happened that Mr. Colby was out, and Nellie was obliged to receive and entertain the stranger.

When Kingston left the house, it was with the determination to make Nellie his wife. He cared little for what the father might say, or the girl think. In his heart he resolved that if she would not accept him she should never marry Earl Temple.

Earl heard of the visit, of course, and from that hour he was no longer seen in the company of the stranger. In fact, it seemed as if both purposely shunned each other. But earl was not jealous. He had no cause to be. A handsomer face and a better address would have been needed to even start the tongue of a single gossip. Nellie's feeling was that of dislike and fear, and she hoped that the call would not be repeated.

Yet Kingston came again and again. Regularly each afternoon he strolled up to the mansion, consulting Mr. Colby about the waterpower, and finally grew so bold as to drop all talk of that subject and ask for Nellie, who never appeared in sight during his stay. Earl often encountered him at the house, but nothing occurred to create an open breach for two or three weeks, and then the difficulty grew to be a serious one. Earl had been called into the country to see a patient, and Kingston made his usual afternoon call upon the Colbys. The father, who was not feeling well, was enjoying a nap and Nellie sat in the shade of a tree growing at the margin of a miniature lake a few rods back of the mansion. Kingston found her there, and coolly took a seat beside her.

'Sit still, pretty one—don't fly away in such a hurry!' he exclaimed, as Nellie rose to her feet with something like resentment visible in her eyes.

'Your conduct is very strange, as well as insulting,' she replied. And the red roses came to her cheeks to make her look more beautiful in his eyes.

'Old friends needn't be so precise and particular that they can't sit together and talk love in the shade,' retorted the man, laughing in an impudent way. 'Come sit down here, my dear, and let us arrange for the wedding!'

Nellie was yards away before he finished the sentence, but as he rose up, she returned in company with Earl Temple. Hot words passed between the two men, a blow was struck, and Kingston went reeling to the ground.

'I will have a life for this!' he hissed, as he recovered his feet and stood for a moment; but he turned and left the grounds without further demonstrations.

That he was a villain there could be no longer any doubt; and while Earl received Nellie's warning to beware of his personal safety, she agreed that her father should know of the transaction, and Kingston should be forbidden the house in future.

That evening the stranger departed for the city, saying that he would return on the third day. On the third day soon after noon, Mr. Colby received a telegram from a neighbouring town, saying that a relative of his was seriously ill, and wished to see him and his daughter. Both were ready to go when some business affair detained the father, and Nellie went on alone, he promising to follow on the next train.

That night a fearful tragedy was enacted at Colby House. At eight o'clock, as sworn to by several of the servants, Earl temple came to ask after Nellie, and finding her gone, remained until a quarter to nine, chatting with Mr. Colby in the library. At the subsequent trial the head servant, William, testified that a few moments before Earl left he heard the master use the expression, 'Begone, sir!' 'Go away this moment!' accompanied by a stamp of the foot, as if the speaker were angry. He further testified that Earl displayed considerable confusion in his manner when leaving, but was free to confess that he might not have recalled the actions had it not been for the discovery made soon after, and the trial of the man for murder. At exactly a quarter to nine Earl left. William knew the exact moment, for he was just then winding the great hall clock.

Fifteen minutes after, on going to the library, William saw a terrible sight. Mr. Colby was lying at full length on the floor, blood pouring out from a broken skull and two knife wounds in the body, and the masters heart had long before ceased to beat. A murder had been committed, and half an hour afterwards every inhabitant of Georgetown was aware of the tragical event. A crowd surged up the avenue, surrounded the house, forced its way in to view the body and its surroundings, and for half an hour no one thought of the one who had committed the atrocious act. Then the constables made a show of searching, which amounted to nothing, and it was decided to send to the city for a detective to work the case out. The jury empannelled a jury, the body was deposited in a coffin, Nellie was telegraphed to, and then a despatch called me to Georgetown.

Seated in the office of the chief of police at C—— at ten o'clock that evening, a boy came in with a despatch which the chief handed to me, remarking:

'Here is a job for you. Colby, out at Georgetown, was murdered an hour ago. Go out on the half past ten train and see what you can do. The murderer has probably made his escape, but perhaps you can hit his trail.'

Half an hour after I was whirling away towards the village, and arrived there at eleven o'clock to find the excitement had scarcely abated. It may not be so with other detectives, but in my case, the moment I hear of a murder or robbery I form in my mind an idea of the looks of the criminal. I am sometimes mistaken, I admit that, but have been correct so often as to surprise my friends, and lead them to believe that I dabble in spiritualism and receive unseen aid.

Well, I formed an idea of how this murderer would look. Resting my head on the seat as I rode along, and closing my eyes, I called up a pretty perfect picture of Kingston. I had never seen the Colby mansion, but I pictured it out, even to counting the doors in the library, for despatch had stated the room in which the murder took place. Library rooms in private mansions differ, of course, as to size, arrangement of cases, and so forth, but still there is a general similarity which would strike the eye of any detective. I made up my mind that money was the incentive; that the murderer entered and departed through a door opening upon a veranda; that he was tall and dark, and that I should have an easy trail to hunt him down.

To be Continued.

A Japanese war steamship has been launched at Brooklyn.

The crops in the north of Ireland are said to look well.

A Kalamazoo judge fined a reporter for appearing within the bar in his shirt sleeves, the reporter, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had no coat, and the fine was remitted.

How the English Agricultural Labourer lives.

There is a previous question, to which I never could find an answer. It is, "How does the labourer in the west of England contrive to live?" How a man with a wife and four or five young children can feed, clothe, and doctor them all, bury one-half of those that are born (which is about the proportion of those who succumb to the hard struggle), pay the rent of the cottage and the cost of such fuel as is absolutely necessary,—this is a problem which I have never yet been able to solve, and for the practical solution of which I heartily wish everyone who, sitting at his own well covered table, denies that the labourer is badly off, might have just one month's personal trial. It is of no use to say, as some do, that the labourer is better off than he was fifty years ago. In the first place, I do not believe it. And even if he is better off than he was fifty years ago, the fact cannot be gainsaid that he is badly off now. Still less truth is there in all the boast about the privileges which he is said to enjoy. The fine fables which those interested invent about these privileges are of themselves quite enough to make it imperative that all wages should, as a very large number of farmers are now desirous, be paid in coin only. The labourer has got potato ground. Has he? Yes; but he pays for it per perch four and sometimes five times as much as his master, who lets it to him, pays his landlord. He has a run for a pig. Has he? Well, I have lived nine years in North Devon, and I never yet saw a labourer's pig run anywhere but in the stye. He has fuel given him. What sort of a gift is this? A farmer wants a hedge grubbed up. He says to John, "Grub it up in over-hours and take the wood for your labour." If the farmer paid the labourer in coin for the over-hours he spent in grubbing up this hedge, the sum paid would purchase twice as much wood as he ever got out of the hedge. But the carter has an addition to his wages of two quarts of cider a day, the labourer of three pints, every woman who works in the fields has one quart, and the boys just taken from school (long before they ought to leave it) never less than a pint, and more generally a quart. And whether they will or no they are forced, instead of the coin of the realm, to take this sour compound, often nothing better than the washings of the hogshead, which helps to cripple them up with rheumatism in middle age, habituates them even from childhood to spend what no intelligent member of a higher grade of life would think of spending, one-fifth or sixth of their whole income upon liquor for their own personal use alone, and not unfrequently whets their appetite for still deeper potations at the public-house. Grist—corn or tailings (that portion of the wheat which after it has been sifted, is not saleable in the market) is much boasted of as a priviledge. When the best wheat is high in price the labourer may reap a slight advantage from grist; but if, during the continuance of the bargain, which is always made for a year, wheat happens to fall, all advantage is lost. At any rate, it never can be an advantage to a man to be forced against his will to take anything in place of coin, with which they can buy when, where, and what they please. When all the romance of the matter is cleared away, the naked truth comes out, that so-called priviledge is a pretty shadow without a substance, and that the labourers in the West of England have nothing which will really do them any good over and above their bare 8s. or 9s. a week. Hence the fact, confirmed by the testimony of a very able medical man who has all his life long had large practice amongst the agricultural labourers, that as a class and with few exceptions, as soon as age or infirmity, often in middle age, disables them from work, they live the remainder of their life on the poor-rate, and when they die are buried out of the poor-rate. Hence a general absence of all feeling of shame at being paupers. Hence the notorious fact, that the rate is considered a sort of honourable heritage and right, so that young couples marry without any other prospect in case of accident or sickness. Hence the enormous amount to which in the western counties the poor-rate has reached, and the large proportion of out-door to indoor relief. The labourers of the west are a race of paupers, with one exception, however; namely, the county of Cornwall. Owing to the large number of mines and miners, and the presence of machinery, conditions which always sharpen men's wits and make them more independent, that county is an exception to the general rule of the west. The Cornish men say truly that, if Devonshire did not stop the way, Cornwall would be in the world.—*By Cuthbert Girdlestone, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

Is Your Soul Insured?

"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of the subject, "Pa, is your soul insured?" "What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father, "Why do you ask that question?" "Why, pa, I heard uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Won't you get it insured right away?" The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce; his barns were even now filled with plenty; his buildings were all well covered with insurance, but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had the day before taken a life-policy for a large amount, yet not one thought had he given to his immortal soul. On that which wasteth away and becometh part and parcel of his own native dust, he had spared no pains, but for that which was to live on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was a question he cared not to ask. Now, as he sits in silence his soul is stirred within him, and he mentally exclaims, "What shall I do to be saved?" Wasted years, golden opportunities unimproved, broken Sabbaths, a neglected Bible, the warnings of friends, and the voice of God's all-live providence unanswered, rushed to his mind, and he finds no peace until he throws himself into the arms of Jesus. Dear reader, have you had your soul insured? If you have houses, you have not neglected to pay a premium to secure you against their loss by fire. If you have stock in trade, you are wise enough to have it well covered by insurance; and if you have some loved friend to care for, perhaps you have taken a policy which will only be paid after your voice shall be hushed in silence, and your hands be folded across your breast, never again to be uplifted. You are wise in making these securities; but have you made sure of that everlasting home offered you by infinite love? Have you secured that policy given by covenant and by oath, and urged upon all, whether rich or poor, bond or free, in, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—*The Christian at Work.*

Are all Men Liars?

David tells us that he was hasty in asserting that all men are liars, but he might have said deliberately, observes the Saturday Review, that most men are liars or the unconscious accomplices of liars. The quantity of sheer unmixed lying which exists in the world is, we suspect, greatly under-estimated by most people; and of the quantity of false statement which is not quite lying, because it begins by a self-deception, few persons have a faint conception. The reason of this seems simple enough. For practical purposes we are obliged to assume that people speak the truth. A certain quantity of mutual trust is necessary in order to carry on the business of life; and we naturally make the mistake of confounding a provisional assumption, which for ordinary purposes, is accurate enough with a statement of actual facts, and then apply it to cases where it is more frequently falsified than verified. We infer from the practical necessity of trusting people in trifles they are always trustworthy in serious matters; and thus we exaggerate beyond all bounds the weight which should properly be attached to a simple unsupported assertion. If a respectable person—that is to say, a man in a black coat who has not been convicted of pocket picking—tells us the wild story of ghosts or rapping tables, the one hypothesis which the ordinary mind altogether refuses to admit is the surely not inconceivable one that he is a liar and a cheat. It is thought to be almost paradoxical to assert that any one outside, of the criminal, is ever guilty of downright falsehood. The weakness is certainly amiable; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a capacity to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, is not as rare as the habit of unequivocal lying.

Of the prospects of the crops in the Ottawa Valley the Ottawa *Citizen* speaks in glowing terms. It says:—"From all quarters we hear the farmers grumbling about the smallness of their barns and the scarcity of farm labourers. Throughout the Valley of the Rideau the yield of grain will be enormous, and will not be confined to any one particular kind. All the cereals appear to have grown with equal luxuriance. Mr. Nicholas Clarke one of the oldest and wealthiest farmers in the vicinity of Long Island, says he never remembers such a season of plenty in that section before. Scores of farmers who thought they were ruined by the great fire in 1871, will make a large profit out of the land from which the timber was cleared by it, as the fire was so fierce that it burned not only the timber above ground but the root below, and made it a simple matter to drain and plough up the new ground the first year. The only drawback to the yield of grain this season will be the excessive luxuriance of wheat, barley and oats on rich lands, where it will grow too rank and lodge. An immense quantity of agricultural machinery has been sold this season, and although labourers are scarce and wages high, the farmers will manage to save all their crops if the weather should be favourable. It is to be hoped that the season will continue dry, and when the farmers' waggons, loaded with grain, begin to make their appearance on our markets, citizens may count on their share of the general prosperity.

It will be gratifying to a large and widely distributed list of summer tourists to know that the infamous legion of hackdrivers who have fleeced and bullied everyone who has been brave enough to venture within sight or hearing of Niagara Falls, for a dozen years past, has been conquered and compelled to observe some of the ordinary principles of decency. So long and so shameless had been the career of those robbers, that Niagara Falls had become a terror to the travelling public. The very name of Niagara awoke in the mind of every one who had been there some recollection that would make the ordinary man grind his teeth, clench his fists, and—unless his moral balance was extraordinary—utter a malediction upon the Falls and all connected therewith. In the course of years all this began to tell sorely on the prosperity of the place. The American sojourner is not niggardly or ungrateful. He spends his money freely, and wants to see all that there is to seen, but he objects to being robbed. So, while the great hotels of Saratoga, Cape May and Long Branch, were crowded, the stately caravansaries at Niagara echoed with emptiness. Finally the village authorities and the hotel-keepers got their eyes open and began to see the cause. The hackmen were the worst of the nuisances, and were the first to be nipped. The village council has done itself the honour to pass an ordinance restricting and defining the privileges of the hackmen. Now let the Canadian authorities come to the front and abolish that world-renowned swindle known as the "Museum." Let it hang, or otherwise disable the gang who have for a few years past been inducing people, to put on an old oilcloth poncho and go under the Canadian Fall, at a cost of two dollars per minute. Let the other veteran thief at Lundy's Lane monument be sent into perpetual exile, and by the time these improvements are understood throughout the country, Niagara will be again included in the list of watering places which a man may visit without carrying a loaded revolver in each hand. Not even the most magnificent cataract in the world can successfully attract visitors as it is hedged about with the nuisances that have so long prevailed at Niagara.—*Cleveland Leader.*