

DAILY GAZETTE

MONTREAL.

Not to any address in Canada or the United States during the Present Session of the Dominion Parliament on...

ONE DOLLAR

GAZETTE'S Parliamentary Reporter, Correspondence, admitted the following will give each morning a prepared impartial report of the proceedings of the previous day. Address RICHARD WHITE, Director Gazette Printing Montreal.

The Watchman.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892.

HALLIDAY'S WELCOME.

The steps of the largest ticket steamer in San Francisco, a sun-burned, farmer-like man of many years of age, stood lost in thought, moreover, if one judge from the nervous contraction of the broad white forehead, and the anxious, wandering glance of his eyes. Trouble in his face was so evident more than one stranger stepped up and down the steps, turned and looked curiously back at him. At the sight of the ticket agent came up from the street, nearly over the abstracted man. Both tried to apologize; both, after one stare of utter astonishment at the man, held out a hand in friendly greeting. "Halliday!" cried the agent, as hearty as his look of welcome. "Well, I am glad, old fellow, to see you for your own ghost at first."

Suppose you saw the report of my wife that explosion in the mines, Burnham?" replied Halliday, rather absently. "I am sure I did, and sorry enough to see it. What did the reporters say?"

"We not to blame. A Ben Burnham was killed at the time. He was an English laboring man, a home or friends. I was away from mine, and knew nothing of the matter for nearly six months. I heard it I was afraid that the papers had copied the account. I saw that they did. Everyone in the village, Charley, believes me to be true."

"Your wife and boy, Ben," began the man, with a puzzled stare. "You must have told them the truth." "I have not heard from Lucy for a year," said the other, gloomily. "I kept that trouble to myself till you and I were boys, together, and I can trust you. I sent her home, regularly. For a year she has never acknowledged its truth."

"In reality he was scarcely gone ten minutes, although it seemed an age to the wretched man who waited to hear from his lips his doom. Then the cottage door flew wide open showing a snug interior of warmth, light and comfort. Down the path, over which a sudden gust now whirled heavy drops of rain, a fair, rosy woman came running with extended arms, and after her came Charles Burnham, with a baby boy carefully wrapped in his heavy overcoat, and shielded in his arms from the rapidly increasing storm. "Ben! Ben! Oh, thank God that you are alive, and safe at home again with the child and me!" cried the weeping, laughing woman, as she sprang into the arms that were mechanically held out to receive her. "I thought you were dead, the papers all had it so. But how could you think that I had married anyone else, dear? How could you?"

"It was your cousin Lucy—same name—you remember her, Ben; little dark girl with lots of curls," said Charley, half choking under the stout pulls that the boy was giving to his beard and comforter. "Here, take him before he kills me quite."

And so, only half comprehending, as yet, his own exceeding happiness and good fortune, the weary, storm-tossed man went joyfully with wife, child and friend, in at the open, waiting cottage door.

AS THE CHILDREN SAW IT. "You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything, said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard. "This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hussling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now." "Preachers had a hold of you?" "No, sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?" "I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. Failing at the saloons, I remember that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.' He took a bottle with which he ran away and filled with water. Pretty soon he turned and entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said: 'James, why will you do this way?' 'Whizzer way?' he replied. 'Gettin' drunk,' 'Who's drunk?' 'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?' 'I hurried away, The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God.'—Ark. Traveller.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Boarder—"It looks now as if the weather had settled." Landlady—"Yes; it has a very good example."

However high the barriers of exclusiveness may be the rains of money will soon beat them down.

Ikey (slipping a ring on her finger)—"Now we're engaged, Rebecca, ain't we?" Rebecca—"Not till fader examines the ring, Ikey."

Cause for laughter—Jessie—"What are you laughing about?" Bessie—"Before Charpie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of him."

"Doctor," said a lawyer to a clergyman, "if the parson and the devil went to law, which do you think would win?" "The devil, sir, for all the lawyers would be on his side."

"Ay, ay, it's an awful loss," sighed Widow McFie, as she bent over the kitchen fire, "but I have se comfort left. I ken whacar my pair John is on thae bitter cauld nights; and I ken, too, that it's nice and warm for him!"

Mother—"Mary, that young man is too presumptuous. We will have to sit on him." Mary—"Leave that to me, ma, I'll attend to it when he comes next." Ma looks suspiciously at her daughter, but says nothing.

A boy who could not be made to understand what "conscience" meant was asked at last—"What is it that gives you an uncomfortable feeling when you have done something wrong?" "Father's cane," was the answer.

Doctor—"How is the patient this morning?" Nurse—"Well, he has been wandering a good deal in his mind. Early this morning I heard him say, 'What an old woman that doctor is!' and I think that was about the last really rational remark he made."

In a town not one hundred miles from Brechin a woman bought two pigs, and a few days later one of the piggies died. A neighbour, listening to the owner's mournful tale of her lost young grumphy, remarked, "Ay, you may as weel gie up keeping swine, for since they begin to die wi' ye, ye seldom ever get them to live again."

A certain worthy named Sandy was very fond of telling stories of his young days. One night he was telling of his twin brother, Jamie, who died while young. He said that they were so like each other that even his mother hardly knew the one from the other, and when Jamie died they were not sure which of the two it was, and, says Sandy, in all sincerity, "Maybe it was me, for onything I ken."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Heslop murder trial cost the country \$8,000.

Hamilton's rate of taxation this year is 20 mills on the dollar.

Baseball at Hot Springs, Ark., Friday—Chicago 10, Cleveland 2.

Brockville's rate of taxation this year is 19 1/2 mills on the dollar.

The Missouri Legislature before adjournment endorsed Mr. Cleveland for the presidency.

Over 800 colonists reached Winnipeg Friday night to take up farms in Manitoba and the North West.

Six train wreckers caught in the act of tearing up the track on the Mexican Central railroad were promptly shot.

from her. I know how heartbroken she will be over this; the child will be her only comfort, for a time— "Ben, you have the kindest heart on earth," said the agent, and the tears stood in his eyes, "and you'll want a friend to see you through this dreadful business. I'll get a furlough and go back to Vernon with you, my dear boy."

A month afterwards, Charles Burnham's prediction was fulfilled. Thompson, the mine agent, levanted suddenly, leaving a set of beautifully kept (and falsified) books behind him, but carrying away the investments of the miners for the past six months. It was plain enough to the two friends where Ben Halliday's unacknowledged remittances had gone to.

"Poor Lucy," said the bereaved husband, as they were starting on their journey home, "we mustn't be too hard on her Charley. She may have been driven to—such a step by actual man. All my fault. I never ought to have trusted any stranger as I trusted this villainous agent. God forgive him, I cannot! He has ruined all my life, and hers too, for she will never know another happy hour after she hears the truth. And yet it must be told. Ah, this isn't the kind of a home-coming that I looked forward to, when I went to the mines."

The close of a dull, rainy day in autumn saw the two friends safe once more in the little New Jersey village, where they had both been born.

As they alighted from the stage coach at the porch of the old-fashioned tavern, a strange landlord came out to welcome them, in the place of the rotund, jolly old "Uncle Gorham" whom they had known in their boyhood. But the tavern was "Gorham's" still, as in the olden time.

"Shall I order supper here?" asked Burnham, when the host had left them in the private room they had ordered.

"No, No! Come with me at once, Charley. I cannot rest or breathe until I have found out where she is," replied his friend nervously. "We can inquire at—the house where I used to live. The new people there will tell me."

The next moment they were hurrying down the one street of the village, where lights were already burning in the cottage windows, and family groups were seated comfortably at the evening meal.

Ben Halliday gave a gasp of pain as he pointed to a neat gray house with green blinds, and a side verandah that stood in the midst of a pretty fruit orchard, at some distance from the street.

"There it is! It would kill me, I think, to go up to that door; and not find her there. There's the orchard I planted for her; how the trees have grown; and how nice the garden looks. There never was a happier man in this world, Charley, than when I lived there. Go, Charley, go and ask if she—if her people still live at the farm. I can bear to talk it over with them, perhaps, they were always fond of me."

He rested his folded arms on the stone coping of the orchard wall, and bent his head down with such a groan of bitter, hopeless misery, that Charley Burnham hurried away, with eyes almost too dim to see the cottage path.

In reality he was scarcely gone ten minutes, although it seemed an age to the wretched man who waited to hear from his lips his doom.

Then the cottage door flew wide open showing a snug interior of warmth, light and comfort. Down the path, over which a sudden gust now whirled heavy drops of rain, a fair, rosy woman came running with extended arms, and after her came Charles Burnham, with a baby boy carefully wrapped in his heavy overcoat, and shielded in his arms from the rapidly increasing storm.

"Ben! Ben! Oh, thank God that you are alive, and safe at home again with the child and me!" cried the weeping, laughing woman, as she sprang into the arms that were mechanically held out to receive her. "I thought you were dead, the papers all had it so. But how could you think that I had married anyone else, dear? How could you?"

"It was your cousin Lucy—same name—you remember her, Ben; little dark girl with lots of curls," said Charley, half choking under the stout pulls that the boy was giving to his beard and comforter. "Here, take him before he kills me quite."

And so, only half comprehending, as yet, his own exceeding happiness and good fortune, the weary, storm-tossed man went joyfully with wife, child and friend, in at the open, waiting cottage door.

AS THE CHILDREN SAW IT.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything, said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard. "This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hussling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very

different man now." "Preachers had a hold of you?" "No, sir, no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the reformation?" "I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling for a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. I would not have stopped at this, but my friends had to hurry away to catch a train. To a man of my temperament, a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. Failing at the saloons, I remember that there was a half-pint of whisky at home, which had been purchased for medical purposes. Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing. 'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.' He took a bottle with which he ran away and filled with water. Pretty soon he turned and entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the little girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said: 'James, why will you do this way?' 'Whizzer way?' he replied. 'Gettin' drunk,' 'Who's drunk?' 'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged an' we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?' 'I hurried away, The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed that I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God.'—Ark. Traveller.

Boarder—"It looks now as if the weather had settled." Landlady—"Yes; it has a very good example."

However high the barriers of exclusiveness may be the rains of money will soon beat them down.

Ikey (slipping a ring on her finger)—"Now we're engaged, Rebecca, ain't we?" Rebecca—"Not till fader examines the ring, Ikey."

Cause for laughter—Jessie—"What are you laughing about?" Bessie—"Before Charpie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of him."

"Doctor," said a lawyer to a clergyman, "if the parson and the devil went to law, which do you think would win?" "The devil, sir, for all the lawyers would be on his side."

"Ay, ay, it's an awful loss," sighed Widow McFie, as she bent over the kitchen fire, "but I have se comfort left. I ken whacar my pair John is on thae bitter cauld nights; and I ken, too, that it's nice and warm for him!"

Mother—"Mary, that young man is too presumptuous. We will have to sit on him." Mary—"Leave that to me, ma, I'll attend to it when he comes next." Ma looks suspiciously at her daughter, but says nothing.

A boy who could not be made to understand what "conscience" meant was asked at last—"What is it that gives you an uncomfortable feeling when you have done something wrong?" "Father's cane," was the answer.

Doctor—"How is the patient this morning?" Nurse—"Well, he has been wandering a good deal in his mind. Early this morning I heard him say, 'What an old woman that doctor is!' and I think that was about the last really rational remark he made."

In a town not one hundred miles from Brechin a woman bought two pigs, and a few days later one of the piggies died. A neighbour, listening to the owner's mournful tale of her lost young grumphy, remarked, "Ay, you may as weel gie up keeping swine, for since they begin to die wi' ye, ye seldom ever get them to live again."

A certain worthy named Sandy was very fond of telling stories of his young days. One night he was telling of his twin brother, Jamie, who died while young. He said that they were so like each other that even his mother hardly knew the one from the other, and when Jamie died they were not sure which of the two it was, and, says Sandy, in all sincerity, "Maybe it was me, for onything I ken."

NEWS ITEMS.

The Heslop murder trial cost the country \$8,000.

Hamilton's rate of taxation this year is 20 mills on the dollar.

Baseball at Hot Springs, Ark., Friday—Chicago 10, Cleveland 2.

Brockville's rate of taxation this year is 19 1/2 mills on the dollar.

The Missouri Legislature before adjournment endorsed Mr. Cleveland for the presidency.

Over 800 colonists reached Winnipeg Friday night to take up farms in Manitoba and the North West.

Six train wreckers caught in the act of tearing up the track on the Mexican Central railroad were promptly shot.

MEMORIES. Enshrined in my heart are the joys of life's morning; Rare jewels selected from years that have flown; On pathways of childhood they clustered, adorning The scenes that I thought were forever my own.

How well I remember the brook in the meadow That laughed in the starlight and danced in the sun; The buttercups bending and greeting their shawdow, When through them the soft-footed zephyrs would run.

The droning of beetles and honey-bees humming; The robin's clear whistle at birth of the morn; The chorus from swallows that daylight was coming; The grey bird's faint piping from under the thorn.

These—these were all music that happily blended With warble and bobolinks fresh from their nest, And when all the day birds their choral had ended, Nightingales quietly sang them to rest.

O hush of those eventides, sacred and holy, O bliss of my bounding heart's innocent glee, No wealth of this wide world those home scenes so lowly Again can restore for one moment to me.

But memory brings them by her invitation, And charms me afresh with a glimpse of the past, And thus by her magic gives this consolation, The free, golden hours of childhood may last.

Then, swift as the day beams, stern winters are over, The daisies are peering from under the snows; Again the broad acres of blossoming clover In rivalry vie with the beautiful rose.

Again I hear the voices of loved ones departed; Just why they forsook me I do not divine; Again I see faces of his children, light-hearted, Their bright, merry glances upturning to mine.

But sweet is the converse we hold in the gloaming; Both poutful and aged together appear; They come from all regions where they have been roaming, And some from that Unseen, so far—yet so near.

And when on Eternity's voyage I enter, Unfurl my glad sails on its limitless sea, On me my affectionate memories centre, My someone one have loving remembrance of me. —Psyche.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

Dr. Kate Mitchell says:—"Alcohol is one of the worst drinks a nursing woman can take, both for her own sake and more especially that of her child, who cannot altogether escape the influence of this drug.

The old-fashioned way of making tea is a heaping teaspoonful of tea and one for the pot for each pint of tea. Four boiling water upon the tea and cover for two or three minutes, but do not allow it to boil before using.

Children should never be allowed to go to bed with cold feet. A nurse should have instruction always to feel the feet of the little ones before they are put to bed. Cold feet may mean nothing, and then again they may be the precursor of some serious illness.

The American coacs require to be boiled, otherwise an undissolved sediment is deposited. The addition of an equal quantity of arrowroot or corn-starch to the American coac, with five minutes' boiling and the proper sweetening, gives a perfect breakfast beverage.

It sometimes happens that a fish-bone, accidentally swallowed, will remain in the oesophagus, and be troublesome. In such cases, as soon as possible, give four grains tartar emetic dissolved in one-half pint of warm water, and, immediately afterwards the whites of six eggs. This will not remain on the stomach more than two or three minutes, and probably the bone will be ejected with the coagulated mass. If tartar emetic is not convenient, a spoonful of mustard, dissolved in luke warm water and swallowed will answer every purpose of the emetic.

For Scotch collops mince finely two pounds of good beefsteak, freeing it from all sinew or gristle, and, placing it in a stewpan, stir it constantly and sharply with a wooden spoon, to prevent the meat from getting lumpy, over the fire till the meat is thoroughly hot; now rub a spoonful of flour smoothly into about a breakfastful of water flavoured with a little mushroom catchup or Worcester sauce; stir this into the meat—which must now be seasoned rather highly with pepper and salt—put the lid on the pan, and let it all stew gently, stirring it occasionally, till the meat is cooked. Then dish it with fried croutons of bread arranged round it and a couple of nicely poached eggs on the top, or else piled up within a wall of browned mashed potato or well-boiled rice. The secret of this dish lies in the initial stirring, without which it will be lumpy and tough.

SQUINT THIS WAY, PLEASES!

LARDINE MACHINE OIL.

Farmers, Threshers and Mill Men generally should try the celebrate LARDINE MACHINE OIL. It does not Gum or Clog Machines, and wears equal to Castor Oil.

McCULLS - CYLINDER - OIL.

Guaranteed to be better and cheaper than Tallow. Try above Oils and you will use no others.

McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but not called up.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$67,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holder ever expects to be called upon to pay.

The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Table with 6 columns: Year, Losses unpaid at close of each year, Cash available for paying losses at close of each year, Money Borrowed, Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value, Investments each year.

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual collected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

S. CORNELL, Agent Royal Canadian Company.

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsager, east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of

Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroideries, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

A. W. HETTGER.

W. F. McCarty, The Jeweller,

returns hearty thanks to his many friends and customers who have so liberally patronized him during the past year.

He has at present a larger and more complete stock of

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY

than ever before. See his Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Silver Cases,

containing the Finest Grades of Movements manufactured.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS WEDDING RINGS ETC.

Our Silverware should be seen, and prices quoted before you buy your Christmas presents. Repairing a specialty.

W. F. McCARTY, The Jeweller, Lindsay

REWARD for... TULLY... R. Storehouse, Lindsay... Peas, Barley... Red and Als... over and Potat... SH paid at the Storehouse... 18th, 1890.—36-ft... FOR SA... TABLE FARM... No. 23 in the 5th... containing 100 Acres... in a good... and in a good locality... place all necessary build... further information to... Wm. BEAMISH... On the pre... 30 1890-1-ft... AETN... Insurance Company... \$35,900... Canadian Standard 7,600... OTTAWA, - 3,400... FORCE - 117,600... ES, 1890 - 21,200... DOWNMENTS... Government Reports for... the AETNA LIFE has... settlement of MATU... NTS than that paid by... British Companies com... vidence is required of... of the AETNA... Policies. Ends paid Every... D. MACMURCHY... General Age... MAKES OF...ianos... Guelph... New York... Berlin... New York... Woodstock... New York... Toronto... Boston... Brattleboro... New York... to order... musical judge... people to be... INSTRUMENT... cent. LES... county... RUP... shoe store.