

The Millbrook Messenger,
 published every Wednesday by ALFRED E. HAYTER, at his Office, in Millbrook, at \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance. It not paid in advance, Two Dollars a year.
 Advertisements—Eight cents per line, first insertion; Two cents per line, each subsequent insertion. Liberal discount allowed on Advertisements inserted for three, six, or twelve months. Advertisements measured by a scale of solid Brevier.
 JOB WORK, of all kinds, neatly and expeditiously executed. Parties from a distance can have their work done with them.
 As an Advertising Medium, the Messenger is unsurpassed.
 Orders by mail solicited.

Millbrook Messenger,

VOLUME XVI.

Millbrook, Ont., March 17, 1875.

NUMBER 11.

The Manners Standard,
 is printed every Thursday, at the Office, in Millbrook, by ALFRED E. HAYTER at \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance. It not paid in advance, Two Dollars a year.
 Advertisements—Eight cents per line, first insertion; Two cents per line, each subsequent insertion. Liberal discount allowed on Advertisements inserted for three, six, or twelve months. Advertisements measured by a scale of solid Brevier.
 All letters on business, must be addressed Millbrook, Ont.
 Exchanges, will, for the present, please address Millbrook, Ont.
 The Standard circulates in a wealthy, prosperous, and reading community.

Business Directory.
MILLBROOK.
 Kerr & Taylor, dealer in every variety of Shell and Heavy Hardware, Coal, Lamps, etc.
 John Gillett, Cabinet-Maker, Undertaker &c. Coffins on hand. Hearse furnished.
 H. Atkins, Livery Stable. Horses to be had at all hours. Charges moderate.
 Thomas Gillott, Cabinet-Maker and Undertaker. Coffins on hand. Hearse furnished.
 James Webber, Merchant Tailor. Cloths furnished when required.
 John W. Wallace, New Brick Mill. Flour and Feed for Sale. Cash for Wheat.
 Deyell & Brother, Groceries, Liquors, Crockery, Glassware, Bakery, &c.
 Wm. G. Russell, manufacturer of General Machinery and the Lever Stump Machine.
 David Finlay, dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Provisions, Coal Oil, etc. Ferguson's Black.
 W. Caruth, Butcher. Fresh Meat always on hand. Cash paid for Pork.
 Mrs. E. Gott, opposite the Post Office, Confectionery, Fruit, Jewelry, Fresh Oysters, &c.
 G. W. H. Anderson, Tailor, East of the Bridge. Cloths and Trimmings furnished.
 Wm. Scott, Butcher. Fresh Meats always on hand. Cash paid for all kinds of Cattle.
 W. H. Greer, Photographer. All the latest improvements in the Art. Pictures enlarged.
 L. S. Clary, Carriage Maker, Sign and Ornamental Painter; Mrs. Johnston's Block.
 Willcox & Brother, Bricklayers and Contractors. Contracts taken in the country.
 L. Hales & Co., Brick and Tile Manufacturers, Contractors, etc.
 I. E. Neelam, House Painter, Grainer, Paper-hanger, etc., and general work done.
 D. G. Greer, Boot and Shoe Maker. First-class workmen, and work warranted.
 James Buckley, Boot and Shoe Maker. All kinds of Boots and Shoes for sale. Agent for the Wm. A. Sewing Machine.
 Samuel Russell, Agent for the "Fanny & Pope" Knitting Machine, for the Counties of Durham, Northumberland, Peterboro', Victoria and Haliburton. Knits a sock in 15 minutes.
 Fair & Co., Millbrook Foundry, Manufacturers of the "Young Champion" Wood Saws, Machines and Horse Power, Johnstone's Self-rake Reaper, Sprague Mower, with tilting motion, Small Cheap Horse Power, to drive Straw Cutters, &c., and all kinds of Agricultural Implements. Repairing done.

Dr. BURROWS,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
 Premises formerly occupied by Dr. Benson,
 William St., Lindsay.
 Chronic Cases successfully treated.
 Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and Ear.
 Millbrook, Dec. 15, 1874.

QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL,
 MILLBROOK,
 JOHN REYNOLDS, Proprietor.
 J. Reynolds would inform the Public that he has leased Mr. Thom's New Brick Hotel, and has thoroughly furnished it with New Furniture. The Hotel will be kept in first-class style, and will be found worthy of general support.
 Hay and Oats always on hand, and a careful Hostler in attendance.
 Millbrook, Dec. 15, 1874.

J. G. HALL,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
 OFFICE—Next to Division Court Office, Millbrook. Office hours, from 10 to 6.

MONEY TO LOAN,
 On security of Real Estate.
 P. CAMERON,
 BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.,
 NEWCASTLE, ONT. 43

P. CAMERON,
 BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.,
 NEWCASTLE, ONT. 43

J. WRIGHT,
 BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, &c., Port Hope, Ont.
 January 27, 1875.

DR. JOHN N. THOMPSON,
 GRADUATE of Trinity College, Toronto, MEMBER of Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, Mount Pleasant, Cavan, Ontario.
 FALLIS & SCOTT,
 Auctioneers, &c., &c., Millbrook.
 Sales attended in Town and Country. Immediate returns made.
 DR. HERRIMAN,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, JOHN ST., PORT HOPE.

FURNITURE
 AND
UNDERTAKING.
 J. T. GEORGE,
 KEEPS constantly on hand a large and varied stock of
FURNITURE,
 Of the Latest Styles, which he will sell at the lowest rates.
UNDERTAKING,
 Attended to in all its branches.
Coffins, Shrouds, &c.,
 Kept constantly on hand, and furnished at short notice.
 Funerals furnished and delivery made at any Station on the Midland Railway, with or without attendance of Hearse.
HEARSE FOR HIRE.
 Having made arrangements with Mr. John Gillott, Cabinet-maker, Millbrook, special attention will be paid to Undertaking in Cavan and Manvers.
 J. T. GEORGE,
 Lelean's Buildings, Walton Street, Port Hope, October, 1874.

W. H. Greer
 RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that he has purchased the
MILLBROOK PICTURE GALLERY,
 (for many years carried on by E. W. Russell) and also his Negatives, from which re-prints can be had, at any time.
 Photographs taken, in latest styles, and Pictures Enlarged, with good taste.
 Millbrook, May 4, 1874.

W. BATESON,
 INFORMS the Inhabitants of Millbrook, and the Public generally, that he has added Steam Power to his Factory, and his present facilities for making all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Window Blinds and Frames, Ornamental Brackets, or any kind of work usually made in such establishments, is most complete.
 Contracts taken for Building, and all material furnished, when required.
 None but first-class, sober men employed.
 Custom Planning, done at short notice and all kinds of Moulding made to order.
CASH FOR DRY LUMBER.
 All Machinery Work turned out of this Establishment, at Peterboro' or Port Hope prices.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

W. BATESON,
 FACTORY.
 Custom Planning, done at short notice and all kinds of Moulding made to order.
CASH FOR DRY LUMBER.
 All Machinery Work turned out of this Establishment, at Peterboro' or Port Hope prices.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

W. BATESON,
 FACTORY.
 Custom Planning, done at short notice and all kinds of Moulding made to order.
CASH FOR DRY LUMBER.
 All Machinery Work turned out of this Establishment, at Peterboro' or Port Hope prices.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

W. BATESON,
 FACTORY.
 Custom Planning, done at short notice and all kinds of Moulding made to order.
CASH FOR DRY LUMBER.
 All Machinery Work turned out of this Establishment, at Peterboro' or Port Hope prices.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.



CALL AT
Mrs. GOTT'S,
 And see her splendid Stock of
TOYS
 Of every description, Fancy Goods, in great variety, tip-top Stock of good Jewelry, and every description of Fruit & Confectionery.
 Berlin Woools, Berlin-wool Patterns, Braids, Beads, and other Goods in this line.
 Fresh Oysters, by the plate or can.
 Blackberry Jam, Strawberry Jam, Elderberry Fruit, and Tomato Ketchup, cheap.
 Cash paid for all kinds of Fruit.
 Agent for the Webster Sewing Machine.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

NEW
Hardware Store!
 In Millbrook.
 Of every description, Fancy Goods, in great variety, tip-top Stock of good Jewelry, and every description of Fruit & Confectionery.
 Berlin Woools, Berlin-wool Patterns, Braids, Beads, and other Goods in this line.
 Fresh Oysters, by the plate or can.
 Blackberry Jam, Strawberry Jam, Elderberry Fruit, and Tomato Ketchup, cheap.
 Cash paid for all kinds of Fruit.
 Agent for the Webster Sewing Machine.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.



KERR & TAYLOR
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
 (Successors to A. McBean, Jr.)
 Are now receiving large additions of New Goods, and hope to have a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore given the Establishment.
 The Public are invited to call and examine the Stock, before making their purchases.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

W. H. Greer
 RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that he has purchased the
MILLBROOK PICTURE GALLERY,
 (for many years carried on by E. W. Russell) and also his Negatives, from which re-prints can be had, at any time.
 Photographs taken, in latest styles, and Pictures Enlarged, with good taste.
 Millbrook, May 4, 1874.

W. H. Greer
 RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that he has purchased the
MILLBROOK PICTURE GALLERY,
 (for many years carried on by E. W. Russell) and also his Negatives, from which re-prints can be had, at any time.
 Photographs taken, in latest styles, and Pictures Enlarged, with good taste.
 Millbrook, May 4, 1874.

Loyal Orange Association.
 DISTRICT OF CAVAN.
 Days of meeting, of the undermentioned Lodges.
 No. 73, at Lodge Room, Millbrook, on the First Friday, each month.
 No. 983, at Raper's Hall, Millbrook, on the first Wednesday of each month.

MILLBROOK
Livery Stable!
 Horses, Buggies, and Carriages, to be had at all hours.
 Particular attention paid to Commercial men.
FUNERALS ATTENDED.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

HENRY ATKINS,
 PROPRIETOR,
 Horses, Buggies, and Carriages, to be had at all hours.
 Particular attention paid to Commercial men.
FUNERALS ATTENDED.
 Millbrook, October, 1874.

Courage to do Right.
 We may have courage, all of us,
 To start at honor's call,
 To meet a foe, protect a friend,
 Or face a cannon ball;
 To show the world one hero lives—
 The foremost in the flight—
 But do we always manifest
 The courage to do right?

To answer No, with steady breath,
 And quick, unflinching tongue,
 When fierce temptation, ever near,
 Her siren song has sung?
 To care not for the bantering tone,
 The jest or studied slight;
 Content if we can only have
 The courage to do right?
 To step aside from Fisher's course,
 Or custom's favored plan,
 To pluck an outcast from the street,
 Or help a fellow-man?
 If not, then let us nobly try,
 Henceforth, with all our might,
 In every case to muster up
 The courage to do right.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.
 "The Lover's Leap," said I, as I stood on the north shore of Cornwall, looking up at a picturesque headland a considerable number of feet above the sea's level, and hanging threateningly over its foamy surface, now there was a full tide. "A name," I added, "decidedly original and—"
 "True," emphatically interrupted the tall, handsome Cornish woman by my side, with whom I had been conversing, and who had been my informant respecting the name of the projection which I had just sketched.
 "True?" I repeated, perceiving she was quite serious. "Then, do you remember the origin of the title?"
 "Perfectly. I was a child at the time; but it made such a commotion, and was so often repeated, that it would almost have impressed a baby's memory. If you like, I'll tell it you. It's become a legend here; we relate it to most travellers who care to listen."
 Declaring nothing would please me better, I put down my sketch-book, and the Cornish woman and I, seated on a boulder, the sea flapping the beach a little distance off, she began as follows:
 "About thirty years ago there lived in the village yonder, where you are staying, two brothers; they were twins, yet as unlike as the sea in its calm and storm. It is supposed that children so born are usually a strong affection for each other. In that case, William and Richard Redruth were an exception. They were so utterly dissimilar in character, that it would have been impossible to have been otherwise.
 "Richard was a handsome, open, generous hearted, honest young fellow, possessed of that energy and steady application at work which is the foundation of success. William was a dark haired, heavy browed, with a restless, roving spirit, a quick temper, and fierce vindictive nature. Though also a fisher, he earned little; for he never settled steadily to it, but would start off for days. When he returned it was with an empty craft, and a livid, feverish face, as one who had met and braved perils.
 "Different in everything else, unfortunately, the brothers had one strong liking in common—this was their love for Margaret Semper, a fisherman's daughter, the beauty of the village, and of so gentle, kindly a disposition, that even William Redruth was an altered man in her presence. He, as well as Richard—with others for that matter, but they did not count—strove to win Margaret Semper's favor. At last she made her selection, and it was not only the handsomest and most prosperous fisher in the village, but just the one to obtain the love of such a girl as Margaret. It was to him she gave her heart and hand.
 "When the fact of her engagement became known, William Redruth and his boat abruptly disappeared. Days passed; nothing was heard of him, though one old fisherman declared that, happening to go to the beach late for something he had left in his boat, he there saw the figure of a man very like William, creeping along in the darkness of the rocks. He had called to him, when the shadow had instantly vanished.
 "The fisher so stoutly affirmed this, enlarging upon the gliding, shadowy appearance, that many believed Wm. Redruth had put an end to his life, and that his spirit was haunting the place.
 "Opinions on this point were divided, when a few mornings later the people in the village were astonished to see Richard Redruth, who had gone fishing early, returned quickly and unexpectedly to land. Upon his running the boat on shore, he explained that he had got some distance out to sea, when he discovered it was making water rapidly. He endeavored to find where the leak was sprung, but in vain, and with the greatest difficulty kept it under while he tacked and made for land. On examining the boat with the fishers, it was found in a most unlikely place, while it was perfectly inaccessible to any one inside the boat. How had it come?
 "Richard Redruth looked very grave, but said nothing. The village however, formed its own opinion, for there were some who remembered to hear William Redruth exclaim, 'If ever Margaret Semper should choose my brother, before the wedding day,

one or other shall be beneath the sod!' The flaw was mended, a fortnight passed by, and nothing was seen of William Redruth, either his shadow or his ghost, to which ever the Cornish mind tended. He was beginning, indeed, to be forgotten, owing to another excitement—Margaret Semper and Richard's approaching wedding; the day of which had been fixed.
 "As I have said, Richard Redruth was one of the most well-to-do fishers in the place; yet each day he worked harder and more untiringly, for he desired to be rich now for Margaret, and no wealth he thought too great for her. Daily his boat was seen to quit the shore, and return with its shining freight, as bright as the silver—it was to bring the fearless fisher.
 "Even on the eve of his marriage he made no difference.
 "This is my last trip, Margaret," he said, as she stood by him on the beach. "To-morrow you will be my own little wife! It will be a large freight I shall bring to-night."
 "Fondly they embraced, never dreaming how next they should meet; though, when he had gone, and the day stole onward, a vague dread came over Margaret—a dread for him. The holy joy of the coming morning so filled her heart, she feared anything occurring that should now part her and Richard.
 "Noon passed, evening drew on, and with it dark, threatening clouds, presaging storm—for hours piled in the west—began as the sun set to sweep up like a funeral pall over the heavens, while the leaden sea beneath moaned as one in trouble.
 "Eagerly, with anxious heart, Margaret scanned the broad expanse in search of Richard's boat. In vain; the white specks which so frequently deceived her were but the crests of the sea, yet small though angry waves. Why did he go to day? she sighed—why on this the eve of our marriage? The hour has long passed that he named for his return. Then she remembered the circumstance of that mysterious leak, and her anxiety grew in intensity.
 "At last, throwing a shawl around her, she stole down unperceived to the shore. It seemed to bring her nearer her lover, as already the darkening evening was shutting the sea from sight at the cottage.
 "Apparently, the beach was deserted by all save herself, and with restless spirit she walked along the edge of the waters, her gaze fixed seaward, her ears keenly sensitive to the gradually rising wind, and other sounds that declared a tempest at hand.
 "Ignorant of the shadow which had been dogging her steps for some while, and was yet noiselessly following, she climbed the rock.
 "Darker, darker grew the evening. The billows broke with a louder sound; the wind wildly tossed her loosened hair and shawl. Where was Richard?
 "Anxiously she gazed out on the storm crest, endeavoring to pierce the gloom she pressed her hand over her eyes, then turning, prepared to look again, when, with a cry of startled alarm, she sprang back, for, standing by her side, the dark features more threatening even than the night was William Redruth.
 "You fear me, Margaret, and with good cause, he said coldly. 'It is long I have been waiting such an opportunity. Each step you have taken I have followed, until you reached this rock. Margaret Semper,' he added, turning toward her, 'if you ever leave it alive, it must be after you have sworn to become my wife!'
 "Trembling in every limb, but by an effort assuming a calm, undaunted bearing, the young girl answered, 'are you mad, William Redruth? To-morrow is my wedding-day and Richard's. Do you imagine even the fear of death could make me false to him?'
 "Then here you perish!—you never shall be his—never!"
 "This is folly, William, and unlike you. What harm have you ever received at my hands that you should treat me thus?"
 "The greatest—your rejection of me for him!"
 "A woman can no more control her heart than can a man," she answered. "I loved Richard; I would, if you would let me, love you as a brother."
 "Brother? he interrupted fiercely; 'brother!—yes; I will accept that affection, Margaret Semper, but not from you as Richard Redruth's wife; never—never!'
 "The wild energy of his manner augmented her alarm, and passing him, she strove to quit the rock, but, catching her wrist, he held her with a grasp of iron.
 "No! he said; 'I have sworn it! She shrieked aloud.
 "Your cries are useless, he remarked; 'the winds and the waves are my allies. Scream as you may, you cannot be heard!'
 "Kneeling at his feet, yet in his clasp, she prayed, implored, unpraised, and entreated; William Redruth had but one answer.—Be mine, and you are safe; if not, you die!"
 "Oh William William!" she wept, "once you said you loved me—can you, then, treat me thus?"
 "It is because I love you—because I will never see you his!—be rejoined hoarsely. "Look, Margaret, and re-

fect speedily, for the base of this rock is already surrounded!
 "Looking around, she saw with horror his words were true; the waves, with their dancing, mocking crests were on each side of her.
 "'Mercy, mercy!' she shrieked.
 "'For the last time I ask you, Margaret—will you renounce Richard, and be mine?'
 "'No!' she answered, dropping, exhausted, despairing at his feet—'Rather the cruel death with which you threaten me.'
 "'It is no vain threat, Margaret; the death shall indeed be yours. A few moments, and you will see.'
 "There was a pause of some seconds, then, before the wretched girl, half-insensible from terror, divined his intent, seizing both her hands he lashed the wrists securely together. Afterwards releasing her, he said, 'Farewell, Margaret; I failed with Richard, but I cannot miss now. He must wait long for his bride to-morrow.'
 "'William—William Redruth!' she cried; 'do not leave me.'
 "But already he had sprung into the waters—she was left on the rock alone.
 "It was a fearful time that followed, almost beyond description—certainly, enough to banish reason. Margaret shrieked and prayed. The uproar of the elements sent her words back upon herself, appearing to mock her agony. Those frantic moments were interspersed by brief intervals of calm, wherein the past swept before her like a panorama.
 "All the while the moments slipped by, and the waves rose higher and higher; at last, one dashed over the rock, and did not retreat. It left her feet in water; the rock was beginning to be covered.
 "Wildly, despairingly, she flung out her arms, and prayed for succor for mercy. Then, kneeling, helplessly wept.
 "It was hard to die thus; made harder by the knowledge that the morrow was to have been her wedding-day.
 "Now the waves began to break over her, threatening to hurl her from the rock. Madly she strove to cling to it, but her hands, so tired, rendered her almost powerless. In a few moments all must be over.
 "That idea gave her back strength, and, with a last effort, she shrieked aloud in her agony, till the rocks rang with her voice.
 "Richard, Richard, aid me! Am I to die thus, never again to see you? Richard, Richard!"
 "What was that?"
 "She sprang to her feet, every pulse beating with hope, with joy. It was a voice in reply; it was Richard's voice, uttering her name.
 "Once more it sounded: It came from above; and raising her face, she beheld on the headland the tall, strong figure of her lover outlined against the dark, laden sky.
 "Her heart sank. Before he could get round to the shore for his boat, all would be over.
 "Oh, Richard!—dear Richard! she called; 'be comforted. Seeing you, I can die happy! But help is too late! Farewell—farewell!"
 "The figure had gone. Like an arrow it had darted from the top of the headland, and plunged into the sea beneath. Margaret uttered a scream of alarm then hoped—recollecting Richard Redruth was one of the best swimmers in Cornwall. Love now would make him strong.
 "With difficulty keeping her position, each second covered by the waves she waited. The beating of her heart was as the second hand on the dial of eternity.
 "Ah!—what was that which struck against her so heavily? It was a body—that of William Redruth!
 "With a scream of remorse, Margaret Semper fainted.
 "Struggling through the surf, Richard sprang to her relief, guided by that last cry. His arms were already about her, as consciousness departed, and with difficulty he bore her safely to the shore.
 "The wedding did not take place the next day, for Margaret Semper was prostrated by a severe nervous fever. But it did take place a few weeks later, and was one of the happiest and gayest in all Cornwall, despite the evil plots of William Redruth, as to whose fate there was no longer any mystery. In springing from the rock, his head must have struck violently against some hidden boulder; for the next morning, when the tide went down, he was found drowned, with a wound on his temple, at the very foot of the Lover's Leap."

The first annual show of the Ontario Poultry Society opened at Guelph on Tuesday. The Mercury says: "Altogether there are about five hundred coops full of birds, all of which are of the first quality. The show is pronounced, by those competent to judge, to be far ahead of anything that has ever been seen in Canada heretofore. It is said to be superior to the show held in Detroit last January, and is fully equal to the recent show at Buffalo, except in the quantity of pigeons and games. Nearly every class of poultry is represented both as regards quality and quantity."

Probabilities.
 Do not dictate to an editor how to run his paper; should you do so, however, the probability is you will be told to attend to your own business.
 Read the advertisements in your paper, and the probability is you will find the place you want in order to purchase something that you have long been in need of.
 To ask an editor to insert a puff in his paper without pay, is like a man asking another to work for him for nothing, and the probability is you will get an indignant 'N.' to your appeal.
 If you have a friend in a printing office, never call to see him in the hours of composition, for he is then earning his bread and butter. Should you do so, the probability is he will wish you were—well, no matter.
 If you enter a printing office, under no circumstances whatever, meddle with the types, for you may make pi; should you evade the warning however, the probability is you will get more new curses than prayers.
 Never borrow newspapers from your neighbors. If you are in the habit of doing so, break right off, for if you shall continue to do so, the probability is, that your last hours of life will be full of remorse, fear and death.
 Never allow yourself to become a delinquent subscriber; should you do so and die, the probability is that the proprietor will inform your friends of your shortcomings. And again, your chances to become a citizen of heaven, would be slim, as it is the unparagonable sin.
 If an agent for a newspaper calls on you, and asks 'How do you feel?' about subscribing for the periodical, tell him you feel 'so so,' and will do so, accompanying the remark with the cash. The probability is he will leave you his thanks and retire in a cheerful frame of mind.—W. C.—In American Newspaper Reporter.

New and Valuable Printing Press.
 A new printing press made in Liverpool, Eng., by Duncan and Wilson, for the Christian Union newspaper of this city, is a remarkable novelty in this class of mechanism. It prints, folds, pastes, and binds the paper inside of a cover, which it also prints; and delivers the numbers, thus completed, at the rate of 5,000 copies per hour, and may be worked up to 6,000 per hour. The whole machine is 27 feet long, 7 feet high, and the cost is \$20,000. The folding apparatus is so disconnected whenever necessary, and the machine used to print without folding. Various attempts have been heretofore made to attach folding machines to printing presses; but this, we believe, is the first successful example of the kind.—Scientific American.

During the storm on Monday week a train took about twenty-four hours to get from Orillia to Barrie. On the journey an additional passenger made its appearance on board, in the person of a baby, who selected the occasion for coming into the world, no doubt from motives of curiosity as to what was delaying the train.
 Mr. S. S. Peck has been gazetted registrar of Haliburton, and official notice is given that registrations in that county must be made after the 6th of April at the office of the registrar, at Minden.

Think of a Queen's first signature to a death warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the document ink of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a dying mother's expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheritance curse on his first borne, black with the lost colour of the grey hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassionate writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner in writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the sport where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Think of a Queen's first signature to a death warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the document ink of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a dying mother's expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheritance curse on his first borne, black with the lost colour of the grey hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassionate writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner in writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the sport where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Think of a Queen's first signature to a death warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the document ink of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a dying mother's expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheritance curse on his first borne, black with the lost colour of the grey hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassionate writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner in writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the sport where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Think of a Queen's first signature to a death warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the document ink of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a dying mother's expostulation with a wayward son, written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheritance curse on his first borne, black with the lost colour of the grey hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and of all the other impassionate writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner in writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid-ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the sport where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—Macmillan's Magazine.