

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.

Advertisement Rates—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.

Business Directory.
MILLBROOK.

Kerr & Taylor, dealer in every variety of Shell and Heavy Hardware, Coal, Lamps, etc.

John Gillott, Cabinet-Maker, Undertaker & Coffin 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 Grist Mill. Flour and Feed for Sale. Cash for Wheat.

Dezell & Brasher, Groceries, Liquors, Crockery, Glassware, Bakers, &c.

Wm. G. Russell, manufacturer of General Machinery and the Lever Steam Machine.

David Finlay, dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Provisions, Coal Oil, etc. Ferguson's Block.

W. Carew, Butcher. Fresh Meat always on hand. Cash paid for Pork.

Mrs. E. Gott, opposite the Post Office, Confectionery, Fruit, Jewels, Fresh Oysters, etc.

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 & Brooker, Bricklayers and Contractors. Contracts taken in the country.

E. Hales & Co., Brick and Tile Manufacturers, Contractors, etc.

J. E. Neesham, House Painter, Grainer, Paper-hanger, etc., and general work done.

D. G. Greer, Boot and Shoe Maker. First-class workman, and work warranted.

James Breakey, Boot and Shoe Maker. All kinds of Boots and Shoes for sale. Agent for the *Wagner A. Sewing Machine*.

Samuel Russell, Agent for the "Frans & Pope" Knitting Machine, for the Counties of Durham, Northumberland, Peterboro', Victoria and Haliburton. Knits a sock in 7 minutes.

Fair & Co., Millbrook Foundry, Manufacturers of the "Young Champion" Wood Sawing Machine and Horse Power, Johnstone's Self-rake Reaper, Wood's Self-rake Reaper, and all kinds of Agricultural Implements. Repairing done.

ARCHIBALD WOOD
ISSUER OF
Marriage Licenses,
MILLBROOK, C. W.

J. W. Sootheran,
Clerk of the Township of Cavan.
NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, ETC., IN B. R. CONVEYANCE,
INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT.
Office in the Town Hall, Millbrook.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.
Dr. Breerton,
Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c.
Bethany.
Office—at the Drug Store. Residence—at Mr. Kellier's.

RAILWAY HOUSE!
GEO. CAMPBELL, Proprietor, Bethany.
Large Music Hall, next door; charges moderate.

Campbell & Vance's Grocery and Liquor Store, under the Hall.

CANADA
AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—245 St. James St., Montreal.

The Canada Agricultural is truly a Farmer's Company, and should be patronized and supported by them. It is Safe, Prompt and Honorable, in all its transactions.

It is managed by men who have made a study of this peculiar class of insurance, and who thoroughly understand the wants and requirements of the Farmers.

EDWARD SING,
Agent, Ballyduff.

WM. SCOTT,
Butcher, Millbrook, (Shop, at his residence).

The highest price paid for good Fat Cattle, Sheep, and Pork, and customers furnished with the most reasonable terms.

DURING THE SUMMER,

Will regularly visit Centreville and Bloomfield, with Fresh Meats, once a week.

MAKING CALLS ON THE ROAD.
Millbrook, December 9, 1874.

FITS CURED FREE!

Any person suffering from the above disease is requested to attend Dr. Price, and a trial bottle of medicine will be forwarded by Express, FREE!

Dr. Price is a regular Physician, and has made the treatment of

FITS OR EPILEPSY
a study for years, and he will warrant a cure by the use of his remedy. One, two and three years' old cases. Warranted genuine. Price List of all hardy varieties free.

WILL CURE YOU,
no matter how long standing your case may be, or how many other remedies may have failed.

Circulars sent gratuitously with **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE.**

Address
DR. CHAS. T. PRICE,
167 William street, New York

SALEM! SALEM!!

Taking it all in all, the best hardy grape for general cultivation. One, two and three years' old vines. Warranted genuine. Price List of all hardy varieties free.

I. H. BABCOCK, Lockport, N. Y.

Millbrook Messenger,

VOLUME XVI. Millbrook, Ont., March 24, 1875. NUMBER 12.

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

QUEEN'S AMRS HOTEL,
MILLBROOK,
JOHN REYNOLDS, Proprietor.

J. Reynolds would inform the Public that he has leased Mr. Thorn'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. 47

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. y116

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 in all its branches.
Coffins, Shrouds, &c.,
Kept constantly on hand, and furnished at short notice.

HEARSES FOR HIRE.
Having made arrangements with Mr. John Gillott, Cabinet-maker, Millbrook, especial attention will be paid to Undertaking in Cavan and Manvers.
J. T. GEORGE,
Leland's Buildings, Walton Street.
Port Hope, October, 1874. 28

Millbrook Steam
Sash & Door
FACTORY.
W. BATESON.

INFORMS the Inhabitants of Millbrook, and the Public generally, that he has added Steam Power to his Factory, and has 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 Planing, 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. y18



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 Wools, Berlin-wool Patterns, Braids, Beads, and other Goods in this line.

Fresh Oysters, by the plate or can. Blackberry Jam, Strawberry Jam, Elderberry S, 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.



KERR & TAYLOR
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
(Successors to A. McBean, Jr.)
Are now receiving large additions of New Goods, and hopes 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. y133

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. Sw18

Loyal Orange Association.
DISTRICT OF CAVAN.
Days of meeting, of the undermentioned Lodges.

No. 79, at Lodge Room, Millbrook, on the First Friday in each month.
No. 282, at Raper's Hall, Millbrook, on the first Wednesday of each month.

MILLBROOK
Livery Stable!

HENRY ATKINS,
PROPRIETOR,
Horses, Buggies, and Carriages, to be had at all hours.

Particular attention paid to Commercialmen
FUNERALS ATTENDED.
Millbrook, October, 1874.

Do you want an Auction Sale Bill, neatly and quickly done?—go to the Messenger Office, Millbrook.

On the Hills
BY B. F. LEGGITT.

Along the hillside the tender green
The winding footpath stays,
Still struggling upward toward the heights
We climbed in other days.

Across the clover fields of bloom,
The rarest colors pass,
All silently as shadows drift
Above the waving grass.

Upon the wayside rocks I lean
And watch the sunset glow,
So like the golden light that fell
On us so long ago.

So fair, and yet the perfect grace,
The olden landscape seen,
The years will never bring again,
Nor yet the loss restore.

A YOUNG HERO.
Brutality Subdued by Courageous Innocence.
(From Chambers' Journal.)

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seen' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the season' of an Englishman, put it how yer will."

I am standing on the upper deck of the Austrian Lloyd steamer, looking my last upon pyramidal Jaffa, as it rises up in terrace after terrace of stern gny masonry against the lustrous evening sky, with the foam-flecked breakers at its feet. Beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail, and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the stalwart chief engineer, as thorough an Englishman as if he had not spent two thirds of his life abroad, and delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No; they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, pursuing his criticism of the Dalmatian seamen; "and what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck, neither, not when it comes to a real scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o'course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshian stand to his gun arter every man in the battery, berry'n' himself, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed wasn't a man at all!"

"What was he then?—a woman?"

"No, nor that either; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough, too—some on 'em at least. My old 'ooman, now, saved me from a lubber of a Portugee as was just a-goin' to stick a knife into me, when she cracked his nut with a hand-spike. (You can hear her spin the yarn herself, if you likes to pay us a visit when we get to Constantinoople.) But this 'un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad not much bigger'n Tom Tl'ud, only with a spirit of his own 'ud 'n' blowed up a man-o'-war a bit. Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late 'o startin'; so that, altogether, as you may think, the cap'n wasn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate either; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-going sort 'o chap, as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin', as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"Tom," says he, "what d'ye think? Bless if we ain't found a stowaway! (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides themselves aboard outward bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)"

"The dickens you have!" says I. "Who is he, and where did yer find him?"

"Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'." Such a little mite as he is! I could almost put him in my back-pocket, poor little beggin'; but he looks to be a good plucked 'un for all that!

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man Jack 'o the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'st'le, and in the middle stood the fat-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among all them big fellers, was a little bit 'o a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face 'o his own; and it had'n't been so woful thin and pale. Br, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha'

thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, milkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young 'un wasn't a bit afeard; he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' hisn, for all the world as if he was France Halfred himself. Folks did say afterwards, (low'erin' his voice to a whisper) (as how he comed o' better blood nor what he ought; and, for my part, I'm rather o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common stee'-Harrah (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like him. You might ha' heard a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he in his grimmest voice, "what's brought you here?"

"It was my step-father as done it," says the boy in a weak little voice, as steady as could be. "Father's dead and mother's married agin, and my new father says as how he won't have me but about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and giv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I get to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address."

"And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We'll believe every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there wasn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate that seen me swaller the scraps with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff'; and then he says to him: 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you.'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says quite quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin' but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see through the mate, and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Keeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now! But aboard a ship, o'course, when yer're told to do a thing, yer've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone in to a wall, 'you see this mate here, well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, if the mate out then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Keeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now! But aboard a ship, o'course, when yer're told to do a thing, yer've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone in to a wall, 'you see this mate here, well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, if the mate out then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Keeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now! But aboard a ship, o'course, when yer're told to do a thing, yer've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet-again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite feebly: 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and bust out a cryin' like a child, and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

"God bless you, my boy," says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you would'n't tell a lie to save your life! Well, it's to be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kept his word too. When we got to Halifax, he found out his aunt, and gave her a lump of money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as regular as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him and not bearing him a bit of grudge—it's about as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin yer pardin', its time for me to be going below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

A Shot for a Life

Where the Kentucky-river cuts its way through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who, with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful throughout the region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in thearder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, more than one fierce warrior had been seen sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening the childish prattle of the little one, or else engaged in making her some toy or plaything from the willow twigs or plant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as if though he was within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose red ring step and bloodshot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering to the log steps threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire-water, which was, of course, refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and demanded with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced he would murder the whole household. Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessary yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from exacting in front of his hearth a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk, Branson sprang at him, knocked him down with a blow of his fist, and then quickly disarmed and bound him where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile attempts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sank into a drunken sleep. He did not awake before the next morning, and before he did so the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored the weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, and his wrists, as though the settler, left a feeling there, took up his tomahawk, and disappeared in front of the house.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife, turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! Don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler, lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard, he muttered—

"Like it! Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered; but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else, to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed, and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler, one day, while returning through on the hills, and passing through a dense piece of timber not far from the house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, but it quickly disappeared when he advanced to where he was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Branson would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his

discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and would, perhaps, any good result. He simply told her he had discovered a bear track near by, and that she and the child must stay within, or close to the house during his absence.

Several days afterwards, Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber, down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good cause, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and, as he arrived in sight, they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led him several miles, and, when he at last got a shot that finished the brute's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his gun to one side, he started out to reach at once his wife and child, and to get home as early as he could.

Taking a near cut, he reached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently, he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the woods. Thus it was that, when within a short distance of his home, he heard a sharp piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a wild shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was further to fear.

Near the end of the cabin, facing the cliff of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face as pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of the Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all a woman said, and Branson saw that a bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of her only child, Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father yet for a moment quailed, and covered under what his quick senses told him was the agonizing grief of the little one, who was so quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his hideously painted countenance the full purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glancing through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of fierce triumph he still pressed upwards.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was this man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations. The stranger, a man rather below than above the ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his clothy fitting buckskin garments, stepped quickly forward a few paces, and firmly plucked his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle, as though preparing to fire.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

"It's our only chance. I know that Indian, was the quick reply, and the sharp click! click! of the hammer, as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused for a moment. This opportunity was seized by the unknown. Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his heavy chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one second, as it gained its position, the rifle wavered, then instantly became as immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statue like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out, the white smoke drifted away, and as the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly and instantly, and then pitch forward on the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Darcie Boone," he said, and was gone.

The Manvers Standard,
is printed every Thursday, at the Manvers Office, Millbrook, by ALFRED E. HAYTER at \$1.00 a year, when paid in advance. It not paid in advance, Two Dollars a year.

Advertisement Rates—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.*

Exchange, will, for the present, please address *Millbrook, Ont.*

The Standard circulates in a wealthy, prosperous, and reading community.