Markdale Standard,

E. D. WILCOX,
MARKDALE,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Electro - Plated Ware,
SPECTACLES, ETC.
Engagement and Wedding Rings a Specialty.

VOL. 1.--No. 48. MARKDALE, AUGUST 12, 1881. WHOLE No. 48

The Markdale Standard.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDY MORNING
In time to meet the early mails.
The latest Foreign and Provincial News, Intelligence, County Business, Local Matters and an Instructive Story.

In advance, $1.50 in three months, if not paid till the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arreages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, except in the case of parties refusing papers without paying arrears, or parties who may be held responsible for the years subscription until they comply with the rules.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One column, one year	$50 00
do do	27 50
do do	15 00
do do	8 00
do do	4 00
One inch and under, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	15
Space to ten lines, first insertion	75
Each subsequent insertion	25
Ten lines, first insertion per line	8
Each subsequent insertion	2

The number of lines to be reckoned by the number measured by a scale of solid agate.

Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. All transitory advertisements must be in the office of publication by noon on the Thursday morning preceding publication.

C. W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Medical.

Drs. Sproule & Carter,
Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs &c.
OFFICE - Medical Hall; residence at Temple House.
Markdale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

DR. PURDY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, EUGENIA P. O.
6-tf.

Legal.

Chas. R. Wilkes,
Barrister at Law, - Owen Sound.
OFFICE—Millers's building, over Robinson's Store, Poulet Street. 1-y

Frost & Frost,
BARRISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., Owen Sound, have resumed at Markdale. Office open every Thursday, as usual.
J. W. Frost, LL. B.
Formerly Crown Attorney. 1

James Masson,
BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Owen Sound.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

James Lamon,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, Notary Public, &c.
Money loaned at lowest rates on personal and real estate. Lands bought and sold. Land seeker introduced free of commission.
DUNDALK.
September 21st, 1880. 1

Conveyancers & Land Agents.

Wm. Brown,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, &c., Commissioner in B. R. &c.
Conveyancing in all its branches promptly attended to and carefully executed.
Money to Lend on Real Estate security.
Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Alexander Brown,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Commissioner B. R. &c. Conveyancer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Farmers' Notes, and Land Sales, Punctually attended to and charges made very moderate.
Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

George Corbett, Jr.,
MONEY LOAN AND GENERAL AGENT Owen Sound. Money to Loan at low rate of interest. Principal payable at the expiration of years, and interest half yearly, or principal and interest repayable by instalments.
A number of desirable Improved Farms for sale. 1-y

J. G. Sing,
DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL LAND Surveyor, Draughtsman and Valuator, Markdale. Having purchased the Land Surveyor Charles Rankin's book of original Field Notes, Plans, Instructions, &c., of all his Surveys within the last fifty-five years, I am prepared to make Surveys in strict accordance therewith. Profiles and Estimates for Roads, Bridges, and Specifications for Bridges, furnished on application. Money to Loan at 8 per cent interest. Letters, or left with G. J. BLYTH, Esq., will be promptly attended to.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Dentistry.

Mr. James J. White,
Assistant to Dr. Cameron, Owen Sound, WILL BE AT THE REVERE HOUSE, Markdale, on the last Wednesday in each month, when he will be prepared to perform operations required upon the mouth in a most satisfactory manner, and upon reasonable terms. 1-y

Hotels.

REVERE HOTEL,
MARKDALE.
SPROULE, - Proprietor.
This popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and now second to none in the county. Good stabling and attentive ostler. First-class accommodation for commercial travellers. Terms $1.00 per day. 17-ly

ROYAL HOTEL,
MEAFORD, Ont.
C. McGIBB, - - PROPRIETORS.
Accommodation for the travelling public. The bar is well stocked with the finest Wines and Liquors and the best brands of Cigars.
Stage leaves to and from all trains.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
PRICEVILLE, Ont.
Large and commodious Sample Rooms: Bed Rooms, &c. The Bar and larder supplied with the best the market affords. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler's in attendance.
THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor.
June 21st, 1880.

Boot and Shoe Shop.

The subscribers beg to inform the public generally that they have opened a shoe shop on the premises lately occupied by D. Fraser, on Mill street, where they are prepared to take orders for all kinds of work in their line. Repairing done promptly.
Shoe Work a Specialty.
As a strictly cash business we can afford work at bottom prices. A call respectfully solicited.
W. McLEOD & CO.
Markdale, Aug. 4th, 1881. 4t.

T. E. DAVIS,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). Plastering and Country Jobs promptly attended to. Stonecutting a Specialty. Estimates on all work, free. Satisfaction guaranteed. ☞ Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Streets, MARKDALE.
December 31, 1880. 16-y

W. L. Smith,
GENERAL AGENT AND DEALER IN Nursery Stock, Williamsford Station.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1

GEORGE WILSON,

BUTCHER
Mill St., Markdale, next door to McDougal's Harness shop.
☞ Meat delivered at any house in town.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

VETERINARY.

F. Z. NIXON.
Veterinary Surgeon
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Calls by Mail or Telegraph promptly attended to.
RESIDENCE, DUNDALK
35-3m.

Wm. Lucas & Co.,
BANKERS,
MARKDALE.

Money Loaned
IN large or small amounts, at all times, on good endorsed notes, or on collateral security.

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT.
Allowed on Savings Deposits.
☞ Drafts issued and Collections made on all points, at lowest rates.
WM. LUCAS & Co.
September, 1880. 2-y

GEORGE NOBLE,
INSURANCE AND LAND AGENT,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the County of Grey.
AGENT for the following reliable Companies:
CITIZENS', of Montreal,
AGRICULTURAL, of Watertown, and
TRADE & COMMERCE, (Mutual) of Toronto.
A number of Choice Farms for sale, also Village Lots.
Auction Sales conducted in Town or Country on Shortest Notice. Charges moderate. Bills, Blank Notes, and Stamps provided.
GEO. NOBLE.
MARKDALE, May 20th, 1881. 36-ly

WM. FOX,
Plain & Ornamental Plasterer
Estimates for stone and brickwork on application. Satisfaction Guranteed. Residence—Queen Street, Markdale.
Markdale, Sept. 17. 1880. 1-y

Meat for All
AT
W. B. Sarjent's.
The subscriber returns thanks to the inhabitants of
MARKDALE
and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the past five years, and begs to remind them that he is prepared to supply their wants in his line as
CHEAP
as any one north of Toronto.
Fresh and Corned Meats
delivered promptly on receipt of orders.
SAUSAGE & POULTRY
always kept in their Season.
☞ Shop on Mill sreett, opposite the "Revere Hotel."
☞ Cash paid for Fat Cattle and Sheep
Again thanking you for past favors he trusts by faithful attention to your wants to merit a continnance of your support.
NOTICE.—Farmers having fat sheep or cattle to dispose of will leave their address at Sargeant's
W. B. SARJEANT.
Markdale, Sept. 17th 1880. 1

J. MONTGOMERY,
BAKER,
THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to the inhabitants of Markdale and surrounding country for their patronage during the past eight years, begs to intimate to them he is how prepared to supply the Public with
FRUIT, POUND & PLUM CAKES,
either plain, or
Iced and Ornamented,
and a large
Variety of Other Cakes
always on hand, Also,
BISCUIT!
of every description, from the best manufacturers in Ontario. Also, a large and varied assortment of the
CHOICEST CONFECTIONERY!

BRIDES' CAKES!
supplied on the shortest notice, and got up in the best style that is done this side of Toronto.
Tea Meetings, Socials,
AND
OTHER PARTIES,
supplied on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
JOHN MONTGOMERY.
Markdale, Nov, 18, 1881 9-ly

John H. Heard,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Cutters, Sleighs, Buggies,
WAGGONS, CULTIVATORS,
HORSE RAKES, PLOUGHS,
HARROW AND
All kinds of Farming Implements
Manufactury and Depository, Durham and Hill streets.
FLESHERTON.
TO MY PATRONS.—Always ahead of any in my trade, and having the largest and most convenient Factory in this locality, I am prepared to sell Carriages and Implements of every descriptron in the best style of any in the market, and at prices as low as any according to the quality of the work.
Having upwards of twenty years' experience, I am confident that purchasers will get the advantage in having the very best made.
Parties in want of a carriage or Implement will do well to give me a call, as there are none in the market which will compare with them in quality, style and finish for the price. 11-1y

SHTOP! HOW YOU VAS!
T. MULARKEY,
QUEEN STREET,
MARKDALE,
Keeps constantly on hand
CHURNS, BUTTER-TUBS
WASH-TUBS, &c., &c.
Repairing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
AGENT FOR
D. MAXWELL'S
CELEBRATED
REAPER,
MOWER, and
RAKE,
—ALSO—
Ploughs, Harrows, Gang, Drills Etc. Etc.
Markdale, June 9, 1881. 39 1y

Province of Ontario Directory
For 1881-82,
TO BE PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER, '81,
Price $5.00.
MR. LOVELL, at the request of several Merchants and others of the Province of Ontario, of the City of Montreal, &c., begs to announce that his firm will publish a PROVINCE OF ONTARIO DIRECTORY, in November next, containing an
Alphabetical Directoy
AND A THOROUGH
CLASSIFIED
Business Directory
of the Business and Professional men in the Cities, Towns and Villages of Ontario, with a
CLASSIFIED
BUSINESS DIRECTORY
OF THE
CITY OF MONTREAL.
The same care and attention bestowed on the Dominion and Provincial Directories of 1871 will be given to this work. Subscribers names respectfully solicited. Terms of Advertising made known upon application.
JOHN LOVELL & SON, Publishers.
Montreal, December, 1880.

THOS. MATHEWS,

WISHES to tender to his numerous customers his sincere thanks for their very liberal patronage during the 15 years he has been in the Harness Business in Markdale, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same, feeling confident that he can give *Entire Satisfaction*. Everything usually kept in a
FIRST-CLAS
HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT,
always on hand, and sold at moderate rates.
☞ None but good workman employed and the best of materials used.
Markdale, Nav, 18, 1880. 1o

Sheep and Cattle.

FARMERS having good fat Sheep or Cattle to sell, will find it to their advantage to leave there names and address at McCutcheon's Hotel, Revere House, Markdale, as the undersigned are still on the war path, and will positively pay the highest prices.
C. W. & A. SPEERS.
Sept. 17th, 1880. 1-y

BROAD GAUGE AT LAST!
SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
Just arrived at the
"BELFAST HOUSE."
Also a fresh stock of
Groceies, Provisions,
CANNED FRUIT,
BISCUITS
—AND—
CONFECTIONERY,
Any amount of Cumberland cut
Side Pork.
FOR SALE. ALSO,
POTATOES.
MALT AND RYE WHISKEY,
THE BEST IN TOWN.
BRANDY,
CIDER,
ALE,
PORTER,
TEAS and
SUGARS,
CHEAP.
WILSON BENSON.
Markdale, March 17, 1881. 3-ly

$2 Watches, Rose Window Ends, White metal Hunting Case, Imitation gold 20. Gold plated 25. Gold filled hunting case watch, one or another price 50. Valuable and expensive, $2000 very cheap. 281 Bowery, New York.

VIOLA'S REVENGE.

By the Author of "MY LADY'S SECRET," "A WAIF'S FORTUNES," "THE LADY OF GORMON LEA," &c.

But "my finny friend" had felt or seen the hook, and silently declined the invitation. The angler's thoughts went back to their theme.

Not that I cared at all. Never but once had I the hook in my jaws—up there on the Italian hill-slope, hard by the headless Apollo and the dry fountain and the broken column behind which I lay hidden after stealing her grapes. Viola—Viola!"

He had forgotten all about the fishing. He was wandering along leisurely, and the boy, following with the landing-net began to gape and wonder.

He would have wondered still more could he have seen what his master saw so clearly—not the pleasant green valley and the rippling brook, but the shimmering of soft Italian moonlight, and two statues, one headless, and one with a relentless pointing forefinger bidding him "go."

"Here!" cried Lord Armidale; and the lad, awed by the imperious ring of his master's voice, drew near with trembling hesitancy. "Take my rod carefully to pieces, and carry it and the basket to the house. The sun is getting too hot for the sport."

It was a poor excuse, addressed in point of fact not so much to his attendant as to himself—a poor excuse for one who had so lately borne with indifference the blaze of sunshine on the banks of old Nile. He laughed harshly at the weakness of it as he threw himself upon the ground and dug his elbows into the thick grass of the aftermath.

"Viola!"

He murmured the name once or twice, and he wondered the while whether it would not have been more truly well with him if he had wedded that Italian maiden, whose individuality possessed so strange a fascination.

His aunt, old Lady Rivers, whose wealth had almost cleared the estate of debt, might in that case have disinherited him. Instead of being able to lord it in the halls built by dead and gone Armidales, he might now be rusticating in a little white Italian villa and asking himself sorrowfully how three or four dark-eyed lads and lasses might be reinstated in the position which should be theirs by birth. Yet the picture had an odd charm.

He had been prudent, and he had prospered accordingly; but he knew that something was lacking in his life. Never again might it be sweet and full as in that brief pastoral of long ago. The lips of many fair women might be pressed to his; but never again would their warmth thrill him as the touch of her lips had done. His intelligence might thrust and parry with keen feminine wits; but never would the wit delight him like that curious combination of ignorance and of learnig, of meekness and of pride, of utter loveing abandonment, which changed with such curious facility to utter contemptuous hate.

"Viola, Viola!"

He covered his face with his hands, shutting out the fair English landscape, and, in an instant, he stood again in that sultry southern land, watching one who slept in the shadow of an idle fountain, her head pillowed upon wild flowers and tangled weeds.

Then the restless features lighted up with archness and mirth, the dark eyes flashed with swiftly-aroused anger, melted with sudden contrition, and glowed with the love-light which long lashes tried vainly to conceal. Vivid, as though the years that had passed were but days, was every heart-photograph. There was a strange melancholy pleasure in turning them over and over—pleasure that became each instant more and more like pain, until he grew impatient of of his own weakness and raised his head.

"Viola!"

It was a whisper of astonishment. For a moment he thought he was the subject of an optical illusion. Not a dozen yards away, clad in virgin white, watching him from above a gate which barred further progress, stood the Italian maid herself. Lord Armidale sprang to his feet and advanced towards her, hat in hand; but the rapturous eagerness of the first few steps changed with almost ludicrous rapidity to confusion and uncertainty.

"I—I fear I am trespassing," he said.

It was a lame speech when he was as convinced of her identity as of his own—a lame greeting after five years estrangement; but between recognition and utterance there had been time to remember the cause of the estrangement and to note embarrassing changes in her appearance and demeanour.

"You are tresspassing; but I believe my father is not disposed to resent liberties of that description," she answered.

It was Viola; there could be no matter of doubt. Had he felt any, the sound of her voice would have dissipated it. Full, mellow, sweet, low-pitched, but essentially feminine, he would have recognized it amongst ten thousand.

But, oh, the coldness, the smooth indifference with which she spoke! And, oh, the marble pride which sat enthroned upon her calm features!

"You are—you are——" he stammered.

"Yess, I am Miss Burgot," was the frigid reply; and the beautiful eyes took note unsympathetically of his discomfiture.

Then he understood the depth and breadth of that old offence of his—understood too, that it was her policy to ignore it, and that it behoved him as a gentleman to follow her cue. That old assault must be buried in oblivion; to mention were to revive it.

"I had intended to return your father's call to-day, Miss Burgot."

"If you follow the footpath by which I came, it will lead you to the Grange. You will find him at home, and I do not doubt that he will be delighted to see you."

Polite words which would have been cordial but for the complete indifference of the tone.

"May I be allowed to open the gate for you?" asked Lord Armidale.

"Thanks; I do not intend to prolong my ramble."

A sudden hope came to him. If she was about to return and the interview could thus be protracted, might he not possibly, with care and patience, break down this barrier of icy reserve and win forgiveness? He stood before her, bareheaded and humble, protesting by tone and gesture, as he might not do in words.

"Dare I venture to suggest that, as our routes are identical, we might find our way to the Grange in company, Miss Burgot?

"Our routes are not identical," answered the girl curtly; and with that she turned her back upon him, and went towards the brook, plucking a wild flower or two on her way, as though, having rebuked his presumption, it was too trivial a thing to remember for an instant.

So he went slowly and with many a backward glance along the field-path; but the glances were not returned; and the heart of Claude, Lord Armidale, was heavy within him.

"Better anger than indifference!" He was thinking that he would far rather see her stand--as when he last left her—with pointing finger and eyes aflame, driving him from her presence, than encounter this frigid disdain.

She was not so emotionless as he thought. Now that he was not near to see, Viola Burgot's eyes were shining like stars; her lovely face, unmasked, was working with anticipatory triumph.

"It is coming; at last—at last," she whispered. "After all these years, the hour of my revenge is at hand!"

CHAPTER VII.

Down in the hollow which hid the nearest village, just a mile by the shortest cut through the fields from Burgot Grange, nestled a little weather-beaten church of gray-stone.

Sadly in need of restoration was it; for, although the massive walls presented as bold a front as ever to the procession of centuries, the high-backed pews, the shabby pulpit with the gigantic sounding-board, and even the communion-rails were in the last stage of worm-eaten dilapidation; while the ancient gallery—the front seats of which had within the memory of man been filled with vigorous performers upon "the cornet, flute, harpsackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music"—was now deserted by common consent, lest the rustics therein assembled should some day fall through upon other members of the congregation below.

Until the advent of the present Squire, the little weather-beaten church had stood small chance of badly-needed renovation. Its Vicar was a meek retiring man, whose awe of the stern master of Burgot Grange was both ludicrous and pitiable. In secret he cherished a dream of the interior as it should be; but to render that dream a reality a strong subscription list would be required.

To broach to his only wealthy parishioner a scheme which would demand from him, as a preliminary, a cheque in three figures was beyond the meek Vicar's power. Even from his staunch friend Doctor Preece he hid the thoughts of his heart until the late squire had for some months been gathered to his fathers. Then, and not until then, did the Vicar unburden himself.

"I will discuss the matter with Miss Viola," answered the Doctor gaily.

During those months, Doctor Preece had faithfully fulfilled the parting injunction of his deceased friend—"You might give an eye to niece Viola—the niece I have never seen—for my sake," said Duke Burgot, as he lay dying.

In pursuance of that verbal trust, the Doctor and his charge had become cronies—allies—the firmest of friends.

He had conceived a sincere affection for her; and the quantitity of sincere affection in the girl's existence was lamentably small.

William Burgot was proud of his queenly daughter; he admired her, indulged her, and deferred to her every wish, but hardly with paternal tenderness. Miss Burgot's lovely face, Miss Burgot's majestic figure, Miss Burgot's magnificent voice had been the talk of the shire ever since she burst upon it like a brilliant meteor. But the brilliancy was cold: it did not attract true regard.

Unstinted love, proffered by half the eligible swains in the country, lay at her feet; unstinted hatred was lavished upon her by less beautiful women, evoking only a smile of disregard or disdain; but Doctor Preece was her only friend.

He did not understand her, he fancied that, beneath the pretty scornful indifference and aristocratic repose she had adopted as to the manner born, there seethed a lava-tide of Italian passion.

He thought that there was a life within a life, the inner life being made up of a mystery and a purpose. What the mystery, what the purpose, it was not for him to ask, but simply to win the confidence of his dead friend's niece so effectually that, should she ever need help, she might come to him.

In rough, honest fashion, ignoring the rebuffs with which she met his first advances, he made her understand that in trying to win her esteem and liking he was fulfilling his duty to the dead.

It was smooth sailing for Doctor Preece after that. He was surprised at the eagerness with which she acceded to his representations that the long-cherished desire of the meek Vicar's soul ought to be gratified.

He knew that, although a Protestant in creed, the spiritual fervour was not fed by the cold ritual and austere services of the little gray church in the hollow.

He had heard her speak of the chapel in the monastery, its dim religious light, its kneeling, emotional worshipers, its incense and its flowers, and the rich waves of harmony which spread through it when old Spezzio laid his white fingers upon the organ-keys. He believed that she loved no other house of prayer; and he was surprised and touched to find that for his sake she could entertain such genuine interest in the scheme.

"Here is papa's contribution to head the list," she said, the second time the project was mooted, putting into the Doctor's hand that cheque in three figures for which the Vicar had not dared to beseech the late Squire. "I will solicit all the people I know for subscriptions, and we will make you up any deficiency by holding a bazaar and concert.

So it came to pass that, within one month of the formal introduction of Lord Armidale to Viola Burgot, his lordship's name figured on the list for a subscription which was only second in munificence to that of her father; also that upon a certain day the village in the hollow wore quite a gala aspect, whilst the carriages of half the shire paraded its one long straggling street. The bazaar was in full swing.

On each side of the village schoolroom—a long, low, narrow room, its whitewashed walls hidden by many-coloured flags and by curiously and wonderfully made paper adornments—was a row of stalls, presided over by aristocratic maids and matrons, who played at shopkeeping with infantile delight and cheated their customers with serene composure and roguish glee. Dawdling from stall to stall, laughing, jesting, flirting, haggling, and disbursing with the best of grace in the world the loose silver they had come there to throw away, went a well-dressed throng of ladies and gentlemen who would be quite content if, by way of value received for their money, they passed an enjoyable afternoon.

Doctor Preece was there, of course, acting as an amateur showman, inducting credulous people who were willing to pay a shilling for a peep into a mysterious recess in which about forty works of art with high-sounding titles were supposed to be on exhibition, whilst from behind the green-baize curtain which screened them came bursts of laughter to pique the curiosity of the outer world.

Mrs. Robert was there, and "dear Clara" attired exactly alike, in most becoming costumes, wearing dainty little caps, and looking more like sisters than ever as they presided at opposite stalls.

William Burgot was there, chatting with neighboring Squires, and made much of by spinsters of all ages. Who does not know how to appreciate a middle aged widower with fifteen thousand a year? In fact everyone was there except Lord Armidale.

Bright eyes were looking for him longingly. "Dear Clara's" hopes were buoyant, for had he not renewed his visits to the Grange with more than the old frequency?

And was it not evident that the attraction was herself, not that frigid Italian adventuress, with her airs of an empress and her monosyllabic disdain, which kept barely within the bounds of civility? And had he not promised "dear Clara" after much entreaty, that he would certainly look in for an hour, if only to suffer himself to be fleeced for a good cause by her pious hands!

The "adventuress" was on the *qui vive* likewise. Besieged at the head of the room by a crowd of masculine adherents, to whom she unblushingly sold at fabulous prices button-holes of flowers and useles knick-knacks, she answered with repartee and bandinage their insipid jests and compliments; but her deep-fringed lustrous eyes wandered over to the door-way, looking for a head crowned with sunny golden hair, a noble head, modelled after the ideal type of ancient Greece, although beauty of feature and graciousness of expression were tempered by an air of careless, but imperious command.

She saw it at length, visible above the dead level of the throng. Lord Armidale was exchanging frequent salutations, pausing here and there, but steadily approaching her.

"Does she love him?" thought Dr. Preece; and the worthy man was perplexed. He saw her lovely face pale and harden, saw her hands tremble for an instant, saw the eager welcoming light in her beautiful eyes, but the light was cold and fierce.

"She is a curious enigma," said the honest man with a sigh.

"Would you accord me the extreme favor of an introduction to the enigma? Any fellow would be charmed to study it," said a voice at his elbow.

The voice belonged to an upright soldierly looking gentleman, to whose personal appearance no exception could reasonably be taken, unless upon the ground that his bushy upturned eye brows and his scanty upturned moustache gave him somewhat the aspect of a middle-aged stage Mephistopheles. So thought Viola Burgot, when, after a moment's reflection, Doctor Preece asked permission to introduce Colonel Petitt.

"I warn you, Miss Burgot," said the Colonel, with an urbane smile which, oddly enough, confirmed a slight prejudice the girl was conscious of feeling towards him, "that silver and gold have I none.' Fair banditti have extracted the last coin from pockets that are never too well supplied with cash. I requested the honour of an introduction because your name was once 'familiar in my ears as household words.' Twenty years or more ago, your father and I were boson-friends."

"Did you know my mother?" asked Viola, forgetting her prejudice in awakened interest. Would he be able to tell her a little about that poor Italian girl-mother whose young life had been sacrificed that a babe might be born into the world?

"I had not that happiness. Your father and I were ensigns in the same regiment before he sold his commission. He was in Italy at the time I remember."

"He will be very glad to renew his acquaintance with you."

"To tell the truth," laughed Colonel Petitt, "I need to be reassured upon that very point. When a poor man renews his acquaintance with a rich one, the gladness is usually on the side of the former. I confess to disappointment at not seeing him here this afternoon. Twenty years could not so disguise an old friend that I should fail to recognize him instantly."

"Yet he stands within ten paces," said Viola, smiling.

"No!"—and the Colonel's eyebrows were elevated until he looked more like Mephistopheles than ever as he scrutinised all the masculine faces within the given distance. A gesture from Viola brought one of the gentlemen towards her.

"Papa," she said, "let me present you to an old acquaintance; Colonel—Colonel——"

She had forgotten the name; and the Colonel did not supply it. Extreme wonderment was written upon his features, while upon those of William Burgot was a kind of vague and troubled bewilderment.

"You must pardon my haziness of memory," apologized the Squire slowly. "A sunstroke from which I once suffered, whilst serving in India——"

"I do not remember it said the Colonel sharply; "nor do I remember your features; my memory must be affected also. And yet, Burgot, we were like brothers during that year we served together in the old seventeenth."

With the words—as the two men stood gazing at each other's faces—there came into William Burgot's eyes a flash of recognition—of recognition, coupled with something that looked like fear.

"I remember now," he said slowly. We were both young slim fellows in those days; but time has made me fat and round, whilst you are little altered. No wonder you did not know me, Pettitt"

"Not in the least," said the Colonel. The flash of recognition, confirmed by the spoken name, was surely evidence enough that this man was his old comrade! Yet why had he turned so pale? Why did his voice quiver? Why that look of apprehension?

"Nor I you, at first," continued William Burgot. "But, although your identity escaped me, and although my memory has of late failed me strangely—a fact I ascribe, on the principle that any excuse is better than none, to sunstroke in India—I have not quite forgotten the past. Do you remember that night in the trenches at Luckimpore?"

"Remember it!" cried the Colonel; and for a moment his resemblance to Mephistopheles was obliterated. "Why, man, you saved my life!"

"Don't mention it," said William Burgot, with a pallid smile. "Where are you staying?"

"At the one wretched inn this wretched village boasts."

"Then you must change your quarters to Burgot Grange. I will send a carriage for you at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. What do you say?"

"That I gratefully accept your offer."

"It is settled then. Excuse me now; there is a man at the bottom of the room to whom I must say something. We shall have plenty of leisure to-morrow to chat about old times"

"May I pass you? Many thanks," said the courteous, high-bred tones of Lord Armidale. But the Colonel did not hear. He was watching his old comrade's retreating figure.

The crowd was thinner now, and William Burgot's portly frame moved through it with ease; passed at once into the open air, stopping to speak to no man at the bottom of the room.

"Hang me if I understand it!" muttered the Colonel. "If he is William Burgot, what on earth is he afraid of? If he isn't William Burgot, how on earth came he into possession of the family property? How could he recollect me, or that affair at Luckimpore? And now I think I seem to know his features, and they are not unlike those my old chum. Well, there is a secret somewhere and I will improve the shining hours by ferreting it out. Secrets are mines of wealth sometimes to the fortunate holders."

(*To be Continued.*

CREAMERIES FOR ONTARIO.

BY PROF. L. B. ARNOLD.

It is but a few years since the prairies of the West were of all places on the continent the most notorious for bad butter. Now the West and Northwest rival the best localities in the East in the excellence of their product. The change which has come over the character of Western butter is due to the introduct of creameries—a result common to their introduction. Wherever the co-operative system of butter making has been adopted similar consequences have followed invariably though not always in so marked a degree. It is not because as good butter cannot be made in families as in creameries that the average product of the latter so much excels that of the former. It is because the latter are conducted by trained experts, who are provided with the best facilities and most approved apparatus for doing the work, while in families butter-making is generally but one of a thousand household duties to share the attention of the housekeeper, usually with but poor facilities and little or no training.

Butter-making in Ontario now approximates somewhat the former condition of that art in the West. Its general product is heterogenous in quality, and the average character is to low. There are localities and individuals here and there that have devoted special attention to butter-making, that turn out goods fine enough to grace a royal table. These examples stand out in bold relief as indications of the capacity of the Province for assuming a high standard in the butter-making world. What is wanting is the introduction of creameries. In these there is now a sad deficiency, there being very few yet introduced. I have seen enough of Ontario to know positively that there is no good reason why it may not reach the highest pinnacle of fame in the production of butter. Grass is nowhere sweeter or more abundant, and nowhere retain its freshness for a greater portion of the season, and water is everywhere plenty and good. Nature has done all that is necessary, if dairymen will only do their part as well.

The co-operative system of cheese-making, coupled with an application of the best skill and intelligence and enterprise, has given to Ontario a proud distinction for the excellence of her cheese. No better cheese is made on the American continent than is now annually turned out of the factories of Ontario. The same distinction might as certainly be reached in the production of butter if the same skill and efficiency were applied to that branch of dairy industry.

To make such an advance, the co-operative system must be applied the same as it is in cheese-making. It can never be attained by the slack and unequal skill which prevails in private dairies. Whenever the creamery system is adopted it will be found that an improvement in quality, and consequently in price, will speedily follow, with no increase in cost in the manufacture. This should be a sufficient inducement to strive for them.

In the States the existence of creameries has improved a great controlling agent in regulating the relative production of butter and cheese. So many factories contain both cheese-making and butter-making apparatus, that they can easily change from cheese-making to butter-making, or the reverse, to such an extent as to prevent a very excessive production in either. Whenever a given quantity of milk will net more turned into butter than it will made into cheese, it is converted into butter; but if cheese nets the most, it goes into cheese. This easy change from one to the other is often the occasion of larger returns to the dairyman than he could otherwise obtain. The aggregate profits of dairying are thus increased, and the annual returns rendered more certain and even. The dairymen of Canada may as well avail themselves of this advantage as their neighbors in the States, and it would be very gratifying to see them do so. Co-operative butter-making is the necessary agent to effect such a result.

AUGUST

The summer season now reaches its climax, and is prolific in developing bowel complaints. Over-indulgence in fruit, immoderate drinking of iced waters and summer beverages, in a few hours prouced fatal ravages among children and adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most reliable remedy for all forms of summer complaints. Safe, pleasant and prompt in its effects. All dealers keep it.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A MISSING DAUGHTER TURNS UP AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR'S ABSENCE—STOLEN BY INDIANS.

ST. JOHN, Aug. 4.—Twenty-eight years ago a little girl, Annie Halliday, six years of age, whose parents reside at Chates cove, N. S., was missing, and some three hundred men turned out to look for her, but she was not found, to the great grief of her parents, and after all hope had died out her funeral sermon was preached. A few days ago word was sent to the family that Annie was alive and living with some Indian families within a few miles of her former home. Two of her brothers proceeded to the place and found their longlost sister the wife of a young Indian, and mother of two children. She went with them to the old homestead, which she recognized, and told how she was stolen by Indians. She refuses to forsake her Indian husband, and her parents are troubled how to act to get her to remain with them.

THE LATE DR. PUNSHON.

HIS LIFE AND WORK RECORDED BY THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

As the names of deceased brethern were taken up by the Wesleyan Conference, in session in Liverpool, the first name mentioned was that of Wm. Morely, Punshon, M. A., L. L. D. The obituary, which had been prepared by the editor, Rev. B. Gregory, was a chaste and able sketch of the character career of the departed. When it had been read, at the suggestion of Mr. Arthur, several stanzas of the hymn commencing

"Come let us join our friends above"

were sung, after which Mr. Arthur spoke with great feeling of his friendship with Dr. Punshon, who was in every respect a wonderful man. But he hoped they would not dishonor the Head of the Church by saying "We shall never look up his like again." He also bore testimony to Dr. Punshon's great discretion, While very few had his gift of speech, so few had his gift of silence. Dr. Pope having had to conduct several memorial services on the occasion of Dr. Punshon's death, had been led as a matter of duty to study his character, but what had been at first a duty had become to him a charm. The more he studied it the more he admired and wondered at it. Rev. John Kilner, one of the mission secretaries, said the Mission House had been a sad house since Dr. Punshon's death, and testified to his devotion to the minutest details of his duty. Rev. Wm. J. Morris, a young minister, referred to Dr. Punshon's sympathy with young men, and related a very moving instance of his passionate desire for the spiritual results of his ministry.

A SNAKE STORY.

The following snake story, in which the *mephitis americana* takes an important part, comes from the Township of Glanford, and its varacity is vouched for byone who is cognizant of the facts. Last Saturday on lot 12, con. 2, residence of Geo. Hazlett, was seen a skunk, which becoming frightened, took refuge in the hollow stump of a decayed tree. Mr. Hazelett and Benj. Solee, immediately determined to capture the beast, which was done at short notice, in consequence of the effluvia which prevaded the atmosphere thereabouts. The animal was laid out in state, and as it looked rather large they determined on opening it, which was attended with the astonishing result of finding twenty-seven live snakes. One of these escaped, but the remainder were killed. History does not record the fact whether the skunk and snakes will be stripped and left as an heirloom to coming generations, but their death is as true as true can be.—*Mail.*