Markdale Standard.

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The Markdale Standard.

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

In time to meet the early mails.

It contains the latest Foreign and Provincial News, Local Intelligence, County Business, Commercial Matters and an Instructive Miscellany.

$1.00 in advance, $1.50 in three months, $2.00 if not paid till the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the option of the publisher, and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held responsible for the years subscriptions until they comply with the rules.

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C. W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Drs. Sproule & Armstrong,
PHYSICIANS, Surgeon, Accouchеur &c.
OFFICE Medical Hall; residence at Markdale House.
Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Legal.

JOHN B. McMILLAN,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, IS NOW ready for attending to all kinds of law Office at Kay's Hotel.
Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

J. MASSON,
BARRISTER, MASTER AND DEP. REG. in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office, Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Street, and in Markdale, over McFarland's store, on Friday and Saturday every week. 57-ly

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

Lane & Rowe,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, AND CONveyancers, Markdale.
Office: McFarland's Block.
Money to lend, on Farm Security, at 6 per cent.
LANE, Q. C. J. W. ROWE.

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 the most satisfactory manner, and upon reasonable terms. 1-y

Miscellaneous.

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

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

R. H. Galbraith,
AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Walkerton Station. Auction sales attended to in all parts of the County, on reasonable commission. Rates moderate. Clocks, Organs, and Sewing Machines; also Grass and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds.
Walkerton, Jan. 27, 1881.

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

T. E. DAVIS,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). After completing 13 buildings he now is still on the track and is still prepared to build brick of stone and brick, plastering and brick pointing. Those contemplating building will find it to their advantage to give him a call.
Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Sts., Markdale. 16-y

W. H. Steinhoff,
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTER. Commands taken in town or country.
Durham, Oct. 12, 1881. 7ly

SAVE YOUR COMBINGS.

Mrs. T. G. Morgan begs to announce to the Ladies of Markdale and vicinity that she is prepared to work up their combings into switches, puffs and curls, terms moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Residence corner of Main and Queen streets, opposite Mr. Bowes'.
Orders by Mail promptly attended to.
Markdale Sept. 1, 1881.

Hotels.

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

ROYAL HOTEL,
MEAFORD, Ont.
D. J. McGillis, - - PROPRIETORS.
Every accommodation for the travelling public. The bar is well stocked with the choicest Wines and Liquors and the best brands of Cigars.
Free bus to and from all trains.
Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
PRICEVILLE, Ont.
Large and commodious Sample Rooms. Good Bed Rooms, &c. The Bar and larder will be supplied with the best the market affords; good Stabling and attentive Hostler's.
THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor
Priceville, Oct. 31st, 1880.

JOHN HANBURY,
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR, (stone and brick). Plastering particularly attended to in town or country.
Estimates on work free.
Dundalk, September 2nd, 1881. 1

Miscellaneous.

Wm. Lucas & Co.,
BANKERS,
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.
E. G. LUCAS, Manager.
Dundalk, Sept. 1, 1881. 1-ly

DUNDALK
Meat Market!
NEXT Door to Hanbury's Boot and Shoe Store, Dundalk. Beef, Pork, Mutton, and Sausage always on hand. Fish and Poultry in their season. Meat delivered to any part of the Town.
N. B.—Farmers having Fat Cattle or Sheep to dispose of, would do well to let me know, as I will pay Cash for such. 16 ly.
W. RUNDLE,

E. HUMFHRIES,
FURNITURE

Undertaker!
AND CABINETMAKER,
Has now on hand a full stock of COFFINS of all sizes and prices. Ghrouds, Gloves, Crape, and Coffin Trimmings, constantly keep on hand for sale. Also a full stock of

Household Furniture.

Picture Framing a specialty.

A STOCK OF
Watches and Clocks!
which will be sold very cheap for cash. A call is solicited.
Dundalk, Sept. 2nd, 1881. 1-41

F. F. TEEPLE'S

CARRIAGE WORKS,
DUNDALK, ONT.
The subscriber is prepared to supply the public with
WAGGONS,
DEMOCRATS,
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CUTTERS,
BOB-SLEIGHS,
Together with all kinds of repairs in wood or iron on short notice, at reasonable rates.
F. F. TEEPLE.
Dundalk, Sept. 2nd, 1881. 1-ly

REMOVED, REMOVED.

J. C. ATKINSON,
TAILOR,
Having removed to Main Street, is now prepared to fill all orders on the shortest possible notice.

—LATEST—
Fashion Plates!
RECEIVED REGULARLY.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remember the Place
NEXT DOOR TO NELSON'S STORE,
MAIN STREET.
Dundalk, Nov., 1881. 13-6m.

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-CLASS
HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT,
always on hand, and sold at moderate rates.
☞None but good workman employed and the best of materials used.
Markdale Nov. 18, 1880. 1o

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
ON
Every Working Day.
By Thomas Smith.
Except Fridays and Saturdays until noon when he will be in Flesherton.

☞Orders filled for Toomb Stones.
Markdale, July 21, 1880. 45-3m.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

ROBT. ASKIN,
MARKDALE,
Has opened out a First-Class
Furniture!
—AND—
UNDERAKING ESTABLISHMENT,
And therefore has supplied a want long felt, especially in the Undertaking Line.
COFFINS,
CASKETS,
SHROUDS,
and all
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS,
supplied on the shortes notice.
A Splendid Hearse
for hire at moderate rates.

FURNITURE!
From the Common to the
Best and Latest Styles,
in everything in the line.
Call and see for yourselves.
ROBT. ASKIN.

CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS!
IN GREAT VARIETY.
THE CHEAPEST!
BECAUSE THEY ARE
THE BEST.
IN THE MARKET.

Any Number or Style!
Promptly supplied from stock on the shortest notice. All manufactured by skilled mechanics, with good material in the
Latest and most improved Stdle.

Special attention is also directed to the large and very superior stock of second growth
HICKORYA ND WHITE OAK!
purchased from one of the best factories in Canada, sufficient to manufacture over fifty Waggons and Carriages for the coming season. Intending purchasers should not fail to make an inspection of my stock and save money.

SPECAL ATTEDTION TO REPAIRING & HORSESHOEING.
☞Kemember the place—second door to Butter & Rae's.
D. J. SHANAHAN,
Proprietor.
Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
Happy New Year.
THE Subscriber desires to call the attention of those about to commit matrimony, that he is prepared to furnish
WEDDING CAKES,
and every other article of confectionery suitable for such occasions, in the
Most Artistic style,
and of a flavor and quality that cannot be surpassed.

SOIREES,
AND
Surprise Parties!
Supplied with every desirable article of Confectionery on the shortest notice, and at reasonable rates.

IN THE
Article of Bread!
I DEFY COMPETITION,
And will deliver it at the residence of all who may favor me with their patronage.
A DUNLOP.
Markdale, Dec. 15, 1881. 60-3m

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

CHAPTER XV. *Continued.*

The passion within her was rising now, strong, but surely rising. Her hands were clenched, her eyes bright in the creeping dusk, her voice deep, suppressed, and intense. Edith Talbot clasped her two hands caressingly round her arm, and looked beseechingly up in her face.

'Not houseless, not friendless, Katherine, darling, never that while my brother and I live. Oh, come with us, let Morecambe be your home let me be your sister, I love you, dear—indeed I do and never half so fondly as now. Come with us, and give up those dark and dreadful thoughts that I know are in your mind. Come, Kathie—darling—come.'

She drew her friend's face down and kissed it again and again. And Katherine held her tight for one moment, and then let her go.

'It is like you Edith,' she only said, 'like you and your brother. But then it was always the weakness of your house to take the losing side. I do not say much, but, believe me, I am very grateful. And now, my little pale pet I will send you home—you are worn out in your loyal fidelity to your fallen friend. I will send you home, and to morrow or next day you will come back to Scarswood.'

'To-morrow or next day! But when I come back to Scarswood shall I find Katherine here!'

Katherine was standing where the light fell strongest. She turned abruptly away at these words.

'Where else should you find me! You don't think Peter Dan—nay, I beg his pardon, Sir Peter will turn me on the street for a day or two at least. Here is your brother, Edith—I don't want to meet him, and I would rather be alone. You must go.'

The words sounded ungracious, but Edith understood her—understood the swift impetuous kiss, and the flight from the room. She wanted to be alone—always the impulse of all wild animals in the first throbs of pain. And though Katherine showed in no way nor even much looked it. Edith knew how the wound was bleeding inwardly, and that it was just such strong natures as this that would suffer most, and would suffer mutely.

'Going to stay all night at Scarswood alone, deuced strange girl that,' the squire grumbled. 'Never shed a tear since it all happened, they say—a woman that doesn't cry is a woman of wrong sort. She got Otis to fetch around that coxcomb Dantree, but now that she got him fetched around, what is she going to do with him? She's got to walk out in a day or two and leave that little cad of and attorney lord of the manor. She never says a word or lifts a finger to help herself. And I used to think that girl had pluck.'

'What would you have her do? What can she do?' his sister demanded, impatiently. 'What can any woman do when she is wronged, but break her heart and bear it?'

'Some women are devils, just that,' the young squire responded, gravely; 'and I believe to my soul Katherine Dangerfield has more of the devil in her than even the generality of woman. If Messieurs Dantree and Dangerfield have heard the last of their handiwork, ther I'm a Dutchman. If Katherine Dangerfield can't have justice, take my word for it, Miss Talbot, she'll have revenge.'

His sister said nothing—she shivered lene the her sables and looked wistfully towards Scarswood. She loved her friend truly and greatly, as girls rarely love; and, as Katherine had said, it was ever the way of her chivalrous race to take the losing side—a way that in troubled times gone by has cost more than one Talbot his head. A vison rose before her of Katherine alone in those empty, dark rooms, where death had been so lately, brooding with that pale, sombre face over her wrongs.

'With her nature, it is enough to drive her to madness or suicide,' Miss Talbot thought. 'I will go back to-morrow and fetch her with me, say what she will. To be left to herself is the very worst thing that can happen her now.'

Katherine was not alone, however. There had followed their carriage to Scarswood another, and that other contained the heir and the late baronet's lawyer. Mr. Mansfield, the Castleford solicitor, was talking very earnestly, concerning that unsigned and invalid will.

'You will pardon the liberty I take Sir Peter, in urging you to do this poor young lady justice. Probably you need no urging—you have been her friend, who so recently thought yourself her cousin. Your late excellent uncle was my friend since your earliest youth—I know and you know how he loved his daughter—Katherine, I mean. I trust and believe, Sir Peter, you will do her justice.'

The smile on the face of the new baronet might have damped the old solicitor's hope could have seen it, but the fast-closing night hid it as he lay back in the cushions.

'How, pray, Mr. Mansfield?'

The sneer was just preciptable. It was there, however, and the lawyer remarked it.

'By giving her at once the three thousand pounds he wished to leave her in that unsigned will, if will it can really be called, drawn informally by himself, and speaking of her only. I suppose the knowledge of this woman Vavasor's power, and his dread of her, prevented him from making his will properly, months ago. But to those three thousand pounds, the remains of his late's wife's portion, you, at least, Sir peter, have no shadow of moral right. Legally, of course, every thing is yours, but law, as you know, is not always justice.'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Mansfield,' the other interupted cooly; "law and justice in this case go hand-in-hand. My late lamented uncle tried his best to defraud me of my rights—you can't deny that.'

'He is dead, Sir Peter, and you know the old Latin proverb: "Speak no ill of the dead."

'If truth be ill, it must be spoken, though the dead had been a king instead of a baronet; and I claim that I have a legal and moral right to everything—everything, you understand Mr. Mansfield—this three thousand pounds and all. I think, on the whole Miss Katherine Dangerfield has every reason to be thankful for the life of ease and luxury she has led—she who, for ought we know, might have been a beggar born. There is no need to get angry, Mr. Mansfield—I am speaking truth."

"Then am I to understand, Sir Peter," the lawyer said, raising his voice, "that you refuse to do her even this scant justice—that you mean to send her forth penniless into the world to make her own way as she best can? I am to understand this?"

"My good fellow—no," the young baronet said, in the slowest, laziest and most insolent of tones; "nothing of the sort—I shan't turn my late fair relative into the world. She shall live and reign over Scarswood and me by her charming presence as long as she pleases. But you will kindly allow me to make my own terms with her, and be generous after my own fashion. May I ask if it is to visit and condole with Miss Dangerfield that you are on your way to Scarswood now? I suppose we must call her Miss Dangerfield for convenience sake—her own name, if she had a legal right to a name, being enveloped in a delightful cloud of mystery any romance. I wonder how she finds it to be a heroine?"

"Sir Peter Dangerfield," the old lawyer began hotly; but the old baronet waived his hand authoriatively.

'That will do, Mr. Mansfield. I have been in your office, I admit, and I have been an impoverished attorney while you were a well to do solicitor; perhaps you had a right to dictate to me then. Our relations have changed, I deny your right now. Be kind enough to keep your temper, and for the future, your advice.'

And then Sir Peter folded his small arms across his small chest, and looked with the malicious delight of a small nature through his eye glass at a discomfited solicitor.

'Owe him a good many home thrusts,' the baronet thought, with a chuckle. 'I think I have paid off one itstalment at least, I shall pay off all I owe before long.'

They reached Scarswood—dark and gloomy the old house looked up in the chill, gray, wintry twilight. A crescent moon swung over the trees, and the stars, bright and frosty, were out. No light gleamed anywhere along the front of the building; except the soughing of the night wind, no sound reached their ears.

'If one believed in ghosts, Scarswood looks a fit place for a ghostly carnival to-night.' Mr. Mansfield thought; 'It is like a haunted house. I wonder can poor Sir John's shade rest easy in the tomb, with his one swe lamp at the mercy of this contemptible little wolf?'

'I am going to the library, Mansfield,' the new baronet said, with cool familiarity. 'If you or, Miss Dangerfield wants me, you can send for me there. Only this promise; I will come to no other terms with her in your presence What I have to say to her, I shall say to her alone.'

He opened the library door, entered and closed it with an emphatic bang. The elder man looked after him on the landing.

'What does the little reptile mean? I don't half like the tone in which he speaks of Katherine. He doesn't maen to—no, he daren't—no man dare insult her in the hour of her downfall.'

He sent a servant to announce his presence, the French girl Ninon: she came to him in a moment, and ushered him into the room where Katherine sat alone.

It was her old familiar sitting room or boudoir, all fitted up with crimson and gilding, for she had ever liked bright colors. The firelight leaping in the grate alone lit it now, and before the fire, lying back in a great carved and gilded chair, Katherine sat. The bright cushions against which her head lay threw out with startling relief the gastly palor of her face, and the dead black of her dress. How changed she was—how changed—how changed out of all knowledge. And there were people who had called her cold, and heartless and unfeeling because he had sat with dry eyes and still face beside her dead. 'Unfeeling;' and worn and altered like thy.

She looked round and held out her hand, with a faint shadow of her former bright smile, to her friend.

'My dear, he said, very gently, 'I do not intrude upon you too soon do I? But I could not wait. I came with Sir Peter straight from the funeral here. As things stand now, the sooner your affairs are settled the better.'

She lifted her head a little and looked at him.

'Peter Dangerfield here—so soon. He is in haste to take possession. Does he intend to remain all night? and am I to leave at once?'

'You are not to leave until you see fit, for a thousand Peter Dangerfields. I don' know whether he intends remaining over night or not; certainly not, though, I should say, if you should object.'

'I! What right have I to object? The house is his and everything in it. He is perfectly justified in taking possession at once, and turning me out if he sees fit.

'He will never do that, my child; and I think—I hope—I am sure he will act as common justice requires, and give you at once the three thousand pounds your father bequeathed to you in that unsigned will.

She half rose from her chair; a light flashed in her face; a rush of passionate words leaped to her lips. Mr. Mansfield drew back. It was the old fiery temper breaking threw the frozen calm of those latter days of despair. But all at once she checked herself; she who never before had checked a single emotion. She sank back slowly into her seat, and a strange set expression hardened her mouth.

'You think so, Mr. Mansfield; you thind he will be generous enough for that? And it is in his power not to give it if he likes—those three thousand pounds?'

'Certainly, it is in his power; but no one save the veriest monster would think of acting a part so thoroughly mean and base. He has come into a great fortune suddenly and unexpectedly, and you have lost one. Surely no wretch lives on earth so utterly despicable as to wish to retain also the portion of the late Lady Dangerfield. Sir John's last effort was to sign that will; it ought to be the most sacred thing on earth to Sir John's successor.'

She listened very quietly, the shadow of a scornful smile on her face.

'Mr. Mansfield, I am afraid there is some thing wanting in your knowledge of human nature, in your opinion of Sir Peter Dangerfield. You forget how long this new mad rionet has been defrauded of his rights as heir presumptive. You forget that same months ago I refused to marry him; that I even insulted him; my abominable temper, Mr. Mansfield.—You forget he owes me a long debt, and that it is in his power to repay me And I think Sir Peter is a gentleman who will conscientiously pay every debt of that sort to the uttermost farthing.'

'My dear Miss Dangerfield—'

'And that is still another injury,' the girl said. 'I have presumed to wear an honorable and ancient name; I, a nameless waif and stray, born in an almhouse or a hovel, very likely. And you think he will really give this three thousand pounds to me? Did he tell you so, Mr. Mansfield?

'No, he told me nothing.' The old lawyer shifted away uneasily as he spoke, from the strange expression in the large, steadfast eyes. 'He said he would see you alone, and make his terms with you. I infer from this that he intends to do something. He is in the library; shall I go and send him here, or would you rather it were to morrow?'

She was silent a moment, looking into the fire, her mouth set in that hard, straight line. He watched her uneasily. He could not understand her any more than the others. Was she going to take it quietly and humbly like this? she, who two weeks ago had been the proudest girl in Sussex Was she going to accept Peter Dangerfield's dole of charity and thank him for his generosity? or did those compressed lips, the dry, bright glister of those eyes, speak of coming tempest and revolt? He was out of his depth altogether.

'Well, my dear,' he said, fidgeting, 'shall I send him or—'

She looked up aroused from her trance.

'Send him by all means,' she said 'Let us see how generous Peter Dangerfield can be.

He got up, walked irresolutely to the door, hesitated a moment, then came suddenly back.

'And Kathie,' he said impeutously, if you should fling his miserable dole back in his face, don't fear that you shall ever want a home. I have no daughters of my own; come with me to Castleford, and brighten the life of two old humdrum people. Come and be *my* daughter for the rest of your days.'

He gave her no time to answer; he hurried away and rapped smartly at the library door. Peter Dangerfield's small, colorless face looked out.

'What is it?' he asked. 'Am I to go up stairs?'

'You are,' responded Mr. Mansfield, curtly; 'and as you deal with that poor child in her trouble, may the good, just God deal with you. I shall remain here and take her home with me if she will come.'

Peter Dangerfield smiled; an evil and most sinister smile.

'I think it extremely likely she *will* go,' he said. 'The two-story brick dwelling of Mr. Mansfield, the solicitor, will be rather an awkward change after the gaiety and grandeur of Scarswood, but then, beggars mustn't be choosers.'

He walked straight upstairs, still a smile on his face—still with that exulting glow at his heart.

'You have had your day, my lady,' he said, 'and you walked over our heads with a ring and a clatter. You queened it right royally over us, and now the wheel has turned, and my turn has come. There is not a slight, not a sneer, not an insult of yours, my haughty, uplifted Miss Dangerfield, that I do not remember; that I will not repay to-night.'

He opened the door without ceremony, and walked in. The room was brightly lighted now; she had lit the clusters of wax tapers in the chandeliers, and stirred the fire into a bright blaze. With its crimson and gold hangings and upholstery, its rich velvety carpets, its little gems of paintings, its carved and inlaid piano, its mirrors, its lights, its warmth and perfume, it looked, as he opened the door, a rich and glowing picture of color and beauty. And in the trailing black dress, and with her white, cold face, Katherine, the fallen queen of all this grandeur, stood and looked at him as he came in.

She had left her seat, and was leaning lightly against the mantle, her hands hanging loosely, clasped before her. On those wasted hands rich rings flashed in the firelight, and on the left still gleamed Gaston Dantree's betrothal circlet, a heavy band of plain gold. It was the first thing Peter Dangefield saw. He laughed slightly and pointed to it.

'You wear it still, then, my fair Cousin Katherine. And he will recover, Otis says. Well, who knows? You were madly in love with him when you were a baronet's daughter. He may prove faithful, and think better of jilting you when he recovers, and we may have the wedding after all. Let us hope so. He has used you badly; infernally, I may say—but then your angelic sex is ready to forgive the man they love seventy times seven.'

He took his place opposite her, and they looked each other straight in the eyes. It was the grave defiance of two duelists to the death.

'Was that what you came here to say, Sir Peter Dangerfield?'

'No, Katherine—I wonder if your name realy *is* Katherine, by the way; I must ask Mrs. Vavasor; I came here at old Mansfield's request to talk business and money matters. How nice it is for you, my dear, to have so many friends in the hour of your downfall; the Talbots, the Mansfields and that heavy dragoon, De Vere, who will do anything under heaven for you—well, except, perhaps, marry you. And you looklike a queen uncrowned to-night, my tall, stately Miss Dangerfield; not good looking, you know, my dear—you were never that—but majestic and dignified, and uplifted, and all that sort of thing. Ah! how are the mighty fallen, indeed! Only a fortnight ago you stood here ruling it like a very princess, on my soul, monarch of all I surveyed; and now, there isn't a beggar in the streets of Castleford poorer than you.'

She stood dead silent, looking at him. How his eyes gleamed; how glibly his venomous tongue ran. His little form actually seemed to dilate and grow tall in this hour of his triumph.

'And that other night,' he went on; 'do you remember it, Kathie? Oh, let me call you by the old familiar name to the last! That other night when I—a poor, pettifogging attorney, as I think I have heard Mr. Dantree call me—I had the presumption in the conservatory to as you to be my wife. It was presumption, and I richly deserved the rebuff I got for my pains; I deserved even to be called a 'rickety dwarf.' No one knows it better than I. You the heiress of Scarswood, and I not worth a rap. If I had been good-looking, even, like that angelic Dantree, with the face and voice of a seraph; but ugly and a dwarf, and only an attorney withal, you served me precisely right, Katherine. You adored beauty, and Dantree was at your feet; you worshiped him, and he worshipped your—fortune; a very common story. What a pity the Fates did not make us both handsome instead of clever. What chance has brains against beauty, particularly in a woman? You served me right, Katherine, and now, in return, I am to come before you to-night, and offer you three thousand pounds; mine to give or keep as you please.

He paused, his whole face glowing with sardonic light. Hers never changed.

'Go on,' she said in a perfectly steady voice.

He came a step nearer. What did that strange demonical light in his eyes mean now? She saw it, but she never flinched.

'Katherine,' he said, 'I can do better for you than that. What is a pitiful three thousand pounds to the late heiress of eight thousand per annum? I can do better for you, and I will. Why should you leave Scarswood at all; why not remain here as mistress still—with *me*?'

'Go on,' she said again in the same steady tone.

'Need I speak more plainly?' He drew still another step nearer, and all the devil of hatred and malignity within him shone forth in the gleam of his eyes. 'Then I will; it would be a pity for us to misunderstand one another in the least. Last September I asked you, the heiress of Scarswood, to be my wife. You refused; more, you grossly insulted me. To-night I return good for evil; let us forgive and forget. As lord and master of Scarswood, I offer you again a home hero, this time not as my wife, but as my *mistress*?'

The atrocious word was spoken.—His hate and revenge had given him a diabolical courage to say what he never would have dare to say in cold blood. But at the last word he drew back. He was a coward to the core, and she had shown herself before now to have the very fury of a panther. And they were alone—she might murder him before he could reach the door. His first impulse was flight; and she saw it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The twenty municipal libraries of Paris, containing in the aggregate 70,000 volumes were visited in 1881 by 251,000 readers, an increase of more 100,000 over the year 1880. In recognition of this striking evidence of their utility the annual grant was increased from 85,000 to 95,857 francs.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your Bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.—*Duke Herald.*

THE PUBLIC!
Will be reminded that
W. F. DOLL
is showing a stock of
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES
That will compare favorably with any retail store in Canada.
Altogether his Stock is
LARGE, TASTY, AND WELL ASSORTED.
An inspection of his store will repay anyone.
He is giving special discounts during the holidays.
W. F. DOLL.
Flesherton, Dec. 23, 1881. 67-ly

GET VACCINATED.

Just at present small-pox appears to be prevalent generally over the country. The newspapers and medical men are discussing whether or not vaccination should be practiced. Do not wait, however, to read the outcome of these discussions, but proceed to vaccinate yourself and family at once. Do not take the chance of having been vaccinated before. It is a too loathsome disease to dally with. There was a lady on the train with us, going to Bismarck, Dakota, who had received a telegraphic dispatch that her husband was lying sick there at the hotel. Judge of the general consternation, when, upon our arrival, and a physician had been called into the hotel, he pronounced it a case of small-pox. There were lively times there for a few moments. The husband had come from Montana, where small-pox prevails the year round, in some of the Swedish settlements, because the immigrants bring with them from the old world a prejudice against vaccination. The following week we proceeded into Montana where most alarming reports reached us of dead and dying small-pox victims. Go to a reliable doctor who will furnish pure virus, and have him vaccinate you at once.—*American Agriculturalist for February.*

HOW TO KILL WHEAT MOTHS.

I know of but one efficient remedy for this insect, and that applies as well to the weevil and to the Angoumois Grain-moth, which is said to do no little damage in the southern and southwestern part of our country. I have frequently seen every kernal of corn samples from the Gulf States perforated by this latter moth larva. The remedy proposed is Bisulphide of Carbon. We have only to pour a quantity of this into the bin at the bottom of the grain to kill all the insects. It is very penetrating and volatile, and equally deadly to all of the insect tribes. I think that a half pint of the liquid would destroy the insects in a bin of 50 to 100 bushels of grain. Not having experimented with grain in such quantities I cannot give the precise quantities of the liquid to be used in different sized bins of grain, but this can easily be determined by trial. To apply the remedy it is desirable to pour the liquid in at the bottom of the grain. To do this we can take a hollow iron cylinder—a gas-pipe will do well—and fit into it a wooden rod which shall be a little longer than the iron tube. One end of the rod is to be made sharp; now place the rod inside of the tube, and, with the sharp end down, force them both to the bottom of the grain; then having withdrawn the rod, turn in the liquid through the tube, which should be pulled out. The insecticide of course is left at the bottom of the grain, and, being very volatile, soon diffuses through the mass and converts the bin into an insect cemetery. PROF. A. J. COOK *in American Agriculturist for February.*

FORCING RHUBARB.—Outside of places where there are professional gardeners, the forcing of vegetables is very little known in this country. People in general are content with "things in their season," and do not trouble themselves to force or retard. Perhaps the easiest vegetable to force is rhubarb; and by taking a little trouble, material for pies and sauce may be had some weeks in advance of the supply from the open ground. The things needed are clumps of rhubarb roots, soil, and a dark warm place. The roots should be dug before the ground freezes, but in most places there is usually "open spell" this month when it may be done. As fine rhubarb as we ever saw was forced in a barrel or cask; the roots packed in on a layer of soil and surrounded by it, the cask covered tight, and set near the furnace in the cellar. A box to hold the roots, and set in a cupboard or closet in the kitchen will answer; or a box or barrel may be placed in the kitchen. Keep moderately warm, and see that the roots are sufficiently moist. A few roots will give an astonishingly abundant supply, much more tender crisp and less violently sour than the outdoor crop.—*American Agriculturist for February.*

The will of a recently deceased Dumfriesshire laird has been causing considerable discussion in the south of Scotland. The testator seems to have been a most eccentric person, for, a few months before his death, he threw a parcel to his forester which contained stock to the amount of £17,000, on which that fortunate servant is now living in luxury. He, in the same easy way, gave his coachman a check for £3,000, his shepherd scrip for £13,000, and a check for £3 000 to the aforesaid shepherd's brother. Shortly after he died, and on his will being opened, it was found that the good luck of the shepherd was far from exhausted, as except legacies of £6,000 each to the coachman and the brother, he was left the whole property, about £80,000. He now finds himself possessor of the estates on which he commenced his career as "the wee herd laddie," and in right thereof he has been appointed a Commissioner of Supply for the county.

Never neglect a Cough or Cold as they are very apt to lead to serious Lung troubles. Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops have a wonderfull effect in relieving and curing Coughs Colds and all affections of the throat and Lungs. As Dr. Carson is a well known Canadian physician of over 25 years successful practice there is little wonder that his remedies are so popular with the Canadian people. A. Turner and Co. Special Agents for Markdale.