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Markdale, Dec. 15, 1891.

e heard amidst the thunder crash Thy majesty and might ;-But when Thy heart bends low to bless, In pitty strong and deep, I feel the holy tenderness

Tis love's sublimest joy to seek The erring and the blind ; The strong is merciful and meck-The mighty ever kind. O blessed be the Master's name Who taught our lips that prayer-I too the holy sonship claim, I too thy pity share.

CHAPTER XVI. Continued. I firs knew her-a little the elder, think-a d just married. She attractive; most people liked her; a great heiress, she was the wife of the much more wisely.

tured to offer her my humble sympa-'Where was young Mr .---?' and I athy, and called my-her husband

got the answer I looked for. Mr wretch, Do you know how he recieved -had joined the-Rifles, and gone

first moment-and she had reason. away and leaving you, Harriet,' won't happen again, and I have hosts will be charmed with.'

'I thanked her and took the presents-took everything that was given as well as though she had told me brother into the army, and out

There, Katherine! that is my story, that is the secret of my hatred of your mother. Don't you think she

ed promptly; 'at the same time. waiting maids.

Mrs. Vavasor sprang to her fee That random arrow had sped home no waiting maid-you know notl

'It is true !' exclaimed Katherin also rising. 'You were a waiting mai sent. My mother was a lady, brother was an officer in the Rifles, my father lives and will reher Harriet Lelacheur !'

among your many aliases. As I have the rest. As surely as we both cover my father and punish you. Dangerfield, on Gaston Dautiee. shall one day be avenged for all I am only a girl, alone in the won keep my word. Secretly and in work, and when my time comes mercy you have shown will be dealt back to you. Now good night, Mrs Vavasor. We understand each other

She opened the door, looked back once, darkly, menacingly, then it closed after her, and she was gone, Ninon sat up for her mistress. was close upon midnight when that in and around the widow's cottage, it mistress reached Scarswood. But she was daintily neat and clean. The last stomach, second the liver; especially felt no fatigue some inward spirit, rays of the chill January day came the first, so as to perform their funcwhether good or evil, sustained her.

she said kindly, to a very capricions in his coffin the man would hardly only thing that will give reflectly heal and newspapers.

hold were not yet astir-and walked riet, you look sleeply, don't let me rapidly down the crisp, frozen avenue should have chosen my Henry to 'I remember her laughing as she lances through the brown boles of the she thought with that glow of pride went out, then my eyelids awayed and and tree, gilded the windows and turrets widowed mothers of only sons always fell, and I slept the sleep of the drug- tall chimneys of the old hall, making feel No doubt she knew, if others a wonderful bright and fair picture of are too stupid to find out, how clever 'The noon sunshine of the next day early morning beauty, had she but he is, how good, how thoughtful, how

But she never looked back.

A frost-bound and lonely road, ut-

terly forsaken this bleak January atternoon, on the very outskirts of Castleford, a full quarter of a mile from any human habitation, and flanked on one side by a low, gray Methodist chanel set in the centre of a grave yard. The white and gray headstones glimmered athwart the wintery gloaming, now, like white and grey ghosts. Mrs.Otis, sitting placedly before her cleasant fire, got up as Dr. Graves came noisily in. She was the neatest of all little women, done up in a dress of bombazine, a spotless white neckerchief and widow's cap, and a pale, placid motherly face.

'Good evening, Dr. Graves, I thought it was Henry. Come to the fire; bitterly cold, is it not, outside? My patient-well, I don't see much improvement there, but Henry says he im bles that feel them deepest. What ever, at last seeing he had fairly stopproves, and of course Henry knows she has left to live for-roble l of all at best. Take this chair; dc, and try one blow?

Dr. Graves took the cushioned than they dreamed he felt. rocker, and spread Limself luxuriantly to the blaze.

mito the hard world and earn the bread and beef off every day life. Nurse ry governess or something of that sort;

she chances not to be Sir John's real

Ous, and it is the way of the world to speed the misserable sinner who falls with a parting kick. Still in this ca-e a few have come forward and offered her a home generously enough. T Talbots, for instance, and old Mansfield the lawyer. But she is a young woman of a very uncommon stamp, ma'am, and charity is charity, gloss it over as you may. She has acted very strangely from the first; in the last way any reasonable man might expect. But you can never tell, by what you previously knew of her how a woman will act in any given emergency The Turks and other heathers who don't treat them as rational beings are in the right of it. They are not! Don't laugh, Mrs. Otis, it is nothin to laugh at. There is that young wo-Quick tempered, passionate. proud, generous, loving, just the sort of young woman to break out into tears and hysterics, and sobs and re-

proauches, making the place too hot for everybody, tearing her hair and rending her garments. Well, how does she act? She sits there like a a tear, and broads, broads in sullen silence. Women who don't cry and scold are women to be distrusted ma'am. If I had seen her in hysterics honestly doclare she frightens me. Now then, ma'am, I will take a look at our wounded snake in the grass, and be off before it gets any later and

It was an awfully death-like face any otherclimate. Hop Bitters is the

KEEP THE FEET DRY. so productive of colds, and ling troub neglected cold or damp feet is Pleasent to take and al

SCRIPTTRE CONFIRMED.

An English tlergymen who traveled kind! No woman could ever be more ago in company with Dr. Moses D. tender in a sick room than he; and if Hoge, of Richmond, Va., describes he possible for earthly drugs to one of the scenes in their travels in bring this unfortunate young men the following words : "When Jerus sat by Jacob's well, he could see the I doubt it; I doubt. He looks like but dusty path across the plain which He had trave'led. On his right hand as he looked back, stood close by She started forward. The front Grizim, the most prominent object in hall door opened, quick footsteps sight, to which the weman vouldsurely crossed the passage, the sitting room have pointed as the stoke. We saw the site of its temple from the place Otis, booted and spurred, stood pale as where we rested. Ebal rose behand us, the white road between it and Gerizim leading straight into Shecened cry, but Henry Otis' eye turned hem, now Nablem, about half an hour off. We spent the day a-cending to the summit of Gerizim, tested the acoustic property of the valley between the two mills, on which were set the blessings and the curses mentioned

round, Henry is the one to do it. But

death, and knows nothing nor nobody.

Hark! here is Henry now.

a ghost before his mother.

·Find whom here?

I mean Miss Dangerfield.

Henry! Good Heaven!

Yes-run away-to her death.mo

He spoke bitterly; more bitterly

'When I think of her and of him

surely murderers as ever Cain was.'

made her appearance before the land

herself. Her French maid, Ninon, let

she was gone. Search has been inade.

ards commit suicide, and whatever

blood flows in MissDangerfield's veius

there is not a drop of coward in it.

She will live and to terrible purpose

as Peter Dangerfield, Gaston Dantree

and that other little villain Vavasor

wherever she is in this, is not in the

As he took up his gloves and hat,

with the last emphatic words, there

sentiment was it that sent Henry Otis

to answer it with such a very unpro-

fessional bound? He threw it open;

and-ves-there in the spectral, win-

try dusk before him stood the tall,

slender, sombre figure; its black robes,

its white face, and great solemn eyes

He could not speak a word ; the un-

utterable relief of seeing her alive and

there, for a moment almost unman

ned him. It was she who spoke first.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

thy natural action to these two organs.

ed him for ever after his life long.

and I want to see him.'

u that faint, sweet voice that haunt-

'May I come in ? It is very cold,

there stood Katherine Dangerfield.

other world, take my word for that.'

came a rap at the door.

My own opinion is that she has may

away with herself.

broke out of his voice now.

in Deutcronomy xxvii. I'was on the s'ope of Mont Grizim, while Dr. Hoge went some distance up that of Mont Eba, he s ace between : s bei g between buil and three quarters of a mic. Ineced as I saw the Doctor riedown from the spot on Gerzm where we stood across the valley and creen up the side of Ebal till his horse looked no bigger than an aut, it seemed almost foolish to mak: toe experiment we contemplated. I failcied it would be impossible to hear his voice over the chasm beneath us. We had arranged to give signals. He was to take off his hat, which was covered with larg white puggery, for me to begin : but the distance be-It is not those who tween us was too great for me to dismake the most outcry over their troutingnish any such in lication Howp d. I read aloud slowly one of the psalms for the day, feeling all the

valley. The Lord is my shepherd,

the traitor-the dastard !'-he looked his friend whom he had left with me. angrily towards the sick room-'I feel This was a severe test, made more so by a party of Turkish If she is dead then Peter Dansoldiers who hearing me, came out of rerfield and Gaston Dantree are as some barricks, which lay beneath us, and began talking. 'Mr. Henry Otis,' exclaimed Dr. When I rejoined the Doctor, I found

remarked on the difference between service it must have been when the 'Even he would hardly do the thousands under Joshua, from that. Miss Talbot left her at Scars- those hills!

wood, and went home with her broth-No article ever attainet such unbounded popularity in so short a time as Burdock Blood Briers, and that and blood purifiers. It is evident that this redicine begins its work at ice, and leaves no desirable effect

WHY FARMERS DO NOT SUC-CEED. gave the girl money, bade her good

The Southern Farmer's Month'y con-

Why some farmers do not succeed They are not active and industrious. They do not keep up with improve-

They are wedded to old methods. They give no attention to details.

They will not make compost. They let their fowls roost in the

They out off greasing the waggon. They starve the calf and milk the

They have no method or system They have no ears for home enter-

They see no good in a new thing.

They milk the cows late in the day They have no time to do things

THE CAUSE OF COLDS.





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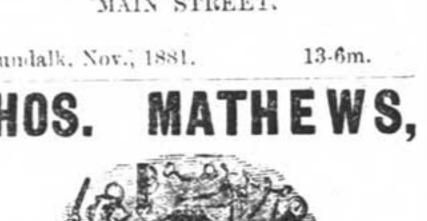
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"OUB FATHER." Tis then, and only then, we turn Our tear wet eyes, to Thine,

and all that name implies we learn-So human, yet divine. I've seen Thee in the lightening flash That rent the heart of night;

Of love that makes me weep, here alone, and he was-where

Your mother was just my age when not handsome, but somehow she was did myself for a time. And she was handsomest man in England, and she loved him-ah! well, as you loved poor Mr. Dantree, perhaps, and not

'I lived with her, never mind

what capacity; I lived with her, and knew more of her than any other human being alive, including her husband. Indeed, after the honeymoon -and how he used to yawn and smoke during the honeymoon he saw as little of her aspossible. She was the woman he was married to, and the woman he loved was as beautiful as all the angels, and not worth a farthing. It is a very old state of things, Miss Dangerfield; nothing novel about it .-Your mother was frantically jealous, and having the temper of a spoiled child, made his lor-I mean, your father's life a martyrdom, with endless tears and reproaches. When she sat sobbing sometimes, swelling her eyes, and reddening her nose, once I ven-

it? She jumped up and slapped my 'I am glad to hear it,' Katherine said, with composure. 'She served

·Ah! no doubt! You would have done the same, I am sure. Well, it was about that time the ron ance my life began. Your mother's broth. er came from Ireland to make her visit, and we met. He was only twenty; I was your age, seventeen. He was handsome and poor-your mother had got all the money, he all the beauty of the family. I was-my modesty makes me hesitate to say considered pretty in those days-that is, in a certain gipsy style of pretti It was a style that suited at least, and earth turned to Paradise,

and we were among the blest.

'I don't need to tell you what fol lowed, do I ?-the meeting by chance the appointments the twlight walks, the moonlight rambles, the delecious blisful folly of it all ? No need to tell you your own experience is recent Let me skip the seutimental and keep to harl facts. A month passedcourtship progresses rapidly with two people of twenty and seventeen. were engaged, and we must be married at once, or life would be insupportable. But how? Youths of twenty don't, as a rule, marry their sisters' She is down in the world, Mrs. ler own ghost, the landlord says, than clandestirely and yet legally in England, expect under very great difficul ties-under perjury, in fact. As deeply as he adored me, he was not pre-

pared to perjure himself on my account. We must try a Scotch marriage for it-there was nothing elseand think about the legality after ward. He was poor-I was poorer What we were to live on after mar riage was an unanswearable question We never tried to answer it-we must married first at all risks-time en ugth to think of all these prosaic de-

'No one suspected our secret-his folly and my presumpton, that what they termed it. We had fixed the day of our flight-we had packed our portmanteaus-in less than week we would be in Scotland, and united as fast as Scotish marriage can unite, when of all of a sudden my la-your mother's sharp, grey were opened and saw the truth. note of his to me fell into her hands and she opened and read it. Fot an honorable thing to do-eh, Katherine ? It told her all-of our flight in

two days, of our preposed marriage-'I have told you. Katherine, you are like your mother. you are. You have taken all your troubles quietly, and made no outery no plaint. She took things quietly, too. Three hours after she got that note she came to me, quiet, composed, and

'Harriet,' she said, 'I am going to the country for a day-only a day. Pack a few things and be ready to accompany me in an hour.' what would he say when he came; back ? But it was impossible for me to disobey, and then—only for a day. As she parted with the girl, she We would be back in time after all.

'For a day ! Katherine, she never 'You have been a good gir!, Ninon,'

filled my room when I awoke. I had turned to see. not been to bed. My head ached, my eyes felt hot and heavy-I was unused to opium in any shape then, and its effects sicker ed me. I struggled wearily with memory. With a sharp pang I recollected it was the day fixed for my wedding day, and

And she had done it all. The first low of that fire of quenchless hate that has burned ever since kindled my heart then. Lwent down stairs sul , nly enough, and asked the rector's lady for my mist-for your mother, And the rector's lady -in the secret too-laughed in my face, and told me she was gone. Goee! While I slep she was far on her way back to town. and I was left behind, without a peu my in my pocket, a prisoner in tha

stupid Cornish rectory.

'Katherine, I shall rass over thi time. It is nearly twenty years ago, but to this day I can't look back with out some of the frantic misery and pain I endured them, I was only seventeen, in love, and a fool, but the ains of fools are as hard to bear the pains of wise men. I understood all-I was never to see him again She had found us out, and this was her plot! I threw myself face down apon the floor of my room, and lay here for twelve hours, neither ing, and then I got up and went down stairs and-kept silent, still, and wait

'Two months passed away-two months. A short time enough. ough, as I recon time enough nowan eternity then. My order of release came at the end of that time. Old Markham, the butler, was sent for me, and I was taken back to town asked him just one question on the

out to Canada a fortnight before. 'I said no more. I went back to I meantown, and your mother and I met. She looked a little afraid of me in the 'You must forgive my running 'It was a whim of mine, a prac tical joke, knowing how you hate country, you child of London.

to me, and bided my time. I knew. low she had laughed and ridiculed her England, I knew it all, and she knew that I knew it, but we never spoke of -hever once- until the hour of her

'From you -yes,' Katherine answer think she did exactly right. She knew what you were, doubtless, and took the only means of saving her brother. Gentlemen and officers

'It is false !' she gasped. 'I was and I know all I desire know at pre-

cognize her old servant when he sees Mrs. Vavasor stood white, terrific dumb. Good Heavens! what a for she had been to speak at all to such a girl as this. 'You see I know your real name

found out that, so shall I find out all and stand here, I shall one day disdevote my life to that purpose-to finding enemies on you, on Peter bitter, cruel wrong you have done me without friends or money, but I shall dark as you have worked, so I sha

She had an uncle a rector there; he mistress. Thank you for all your look more ghastly, more utterly bloodit to me graciously, with her own closet, her bridal dress among them. lect face kept its dark Southern beau

she knew-Dr. Graves and all-sh

CHAPTER XVII. "RESURGAM." 'And how is your patient to night, Mrs. Otis ? Any change for the better Dr. Graves asked the question blustering in like the god of the wind.

A high gale roared without, a few feathery flakes floated past the window stormy twilight. In the little sitting room of the window Otis' cottage a bright fire burning cheerily, the red, warm light streaming through the window curtains far out upon tie frost bound road.

said, 'only you. And I was sure should find her here. mean young man? don't vou know? She ran away eith er last night or this morning from both exclaimed

(Where is Henry? I wanted to see · Oh, among his poor patients somewhere; he will be along to tea presently. Any news to-night, doctor?

'You mean the Scarswood Tragedy, of course, ma'am-nobody in Sussex. I believe, talks of anything else latter ly. No, no news, and no news in this case does not mean good news. The funeral is over, as you know, and there is no will, and every thing falls to that pitiful, pettifogging little screw of an attorney, Peter Dangerfield; every of presents for you that I know you thing, Mrs. Otis; everything. He is Sir Peter now; and among all the baronets who have reigned at Scarswood since the days of James I., don't believe such a baronet ever disgraced a good old name. She has not got a rap, not a farthing, ma'ampoor as a church mose, and poorer, for church mice can steal, if they get a chance, and she can't. She has got to work now, Mrs. Otis; got to go out

> she is not qualified for even that, poor But, Doctor Graves, this seems a little too dreadful; to cruel. are all her friends; all our resident gentry? Must all desert her because

> stone, never says a word, never sheds I would have puttied her; as it is, I

He jumped up and stalked away to a large airy chamber opening off this cosy sitting room, Like everything through the muslin curtains and fell tions perfectly and you will remove at | well. upon Gaston Dantree, lying motion- least nineteen-twentieths of all the

Two Organs .- Regulate first the rail. alls that mankind is heir to, in this or crops.

door was flung wide. and Mr. Henry 'Henry,' the word was a low, frigh-'Is she there? Who is that?' He strode across the room to the inner chamber, then fell back with a look of sick disappointment. 'Dr. Graves,' he 'Run away!' the widow and doctor 'Women have ben driven to their committed suicide for less than she

while that I might just as well have Months addressed the House of Commons ago he had lifted his eyes to the dark- from Lambeth Palace. ly brilliant heiress of Scarswood, and Then I paused, I had understood the been mad enough to fall in love with Doctor to say that he would recite the her. To him she had looked the fair- 31st Psalm, and turned to it in my est, brightest, best of women, and not prayer book. Great was my surprise, his own mother, even guessed it. But when from that little dot on the hill some of the sharp, cruel pain of loss side I heard in his voice across the

Graves with asperity, 'will you restrain he had heard me plainly. Indeed he

this incoherent language and violent manuer, and tell us in a composed Christian way what has happened Miss Dangerfield went home all right after the funeral, with Miss Talbot. mained in the valley between us, dis-Did she run away herself, in the night, tinguished every syllable with the or did Peter Dangerfield turn her greatest case. What a scene and 'Scarcely that, I think,' Henry Otis blessings and the curses, were said by

er. About nine o'clock she suddenly lord of the Silver Rose, where the woman Vavasor has been stopping, asked to see her, and was shown to her room shut up together till half-past ten .-Then Miss Dangerfield left the house

night, and left her. In the morning tains the following admirable suggestions, which farmers should duly 'And my opinion is, she has done nothing of the sort!' curtly interposed Dr. Graves. 'Only arrant cow-

They think small things not impor-They take no pleasure in their will yet find. Katherine Dangerfield, work. They regard labour as a misfortune

> They weight and measure, stingily. They are wasteful and improvident. They let their gates sag and fal!

They have no shelter for stock. They do not curry their borses They leave their ploughs in the They hang their harness in the

They don't know the best is the

They never use paint on the farm, They prop the barn door with &

They don't believe in rotations of

Are getting overlested in hot rooms or crowded assemblies, afting in a draught, or cooling, the rapidly after exercise, mulling up warm and changing to lighter wrappities, ould The Parisians have esten 250 jack- and amp feet. To matter west in asses the past year. If a Parisian says the cause Haggard's Protoral Balance