Markdale Standard,

VOL. 2 .--No. 23. MARKDALE, ONT., FEBRUARY 17, 1882. WHOLE No. 75

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

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BANKERS,

Money Loaned

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

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT.

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WM. LUCAS, Manager.

September 23, 1880. 2 ly

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CARRIAGE WORKS,

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The subscriber is prepared to supply the public with

WAGGONS,
DEMOCRATS,
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CUTTERS,
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Together with all kinds of repairs in wood or iron on short notice, at reasonable rates.

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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

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Except Fridays and Saturdays until noon when he will be in Flesherton.

☞ Orders filled for Toronto Stones.

Markdale, July 21, 1881. 45-3m

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MANHOOD

JUST published a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the radical and nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage etc., resulting from excesses.

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EVERYTHING IN OUR LINE KEPT ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE.

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THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY.

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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.

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ROBT. ASKIN,

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Has opened out a First-Class

Furniture!

—AND—

UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT,

And therefore has supplied a want long felt, especially in the Undertaking Line.

COFFINS,
CASKETS,
SHROUDS,
and all

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS,

supplied on the shortest notice.

A Splendid Hearse

for hire at moderate rates.

FURNITURE!

From the Common to the

Best and Latest Styles,

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Call and see for yourselves.

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CUTTERS AND SLEIGHS!

IN GREAT VARIETY.

THE CHEAPEST!

BECAUSE THEY ARE

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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 Style.

Special attention is also directed to the large and very super or stock of second growth

HICKORY AND 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.

SPEC'AL ATTENTION TO REPAIRING & HORSESHOEING.

☞ Remember 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. 66-3m

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

CHAPTER XVII. *Continued.*

There was something so forlorn in her look, in her loneliness, in the soft plaintive tone—something so like a spirit about her, that the words he would have spoken died on his lips. She stood before him alive, but surely death was pictured on her face.

'Come in,' he said simply, and she glided past him, and into the presence of the other two.

'My child! my child!' Mrs. Otis said, with a motherly cry; 'thank Heaven, you are alive, and have come to us. Sit down, let me warm your hands. Oh! my child, what a fright you have given us all! Where in the world have you been?'

She sank wearily down in the chair and let her hands lie in the elder woman's warm clasp.

'I have been with Hannah,' she answered slowly at Bracken Hollow with my nurse.' And to-morrow I leave Castleford, and I could not go you know, without seeing Gaston, poor fellow. I would have come before, but I—I didn't know—my head feels all wrong some how, and I think I have been half asleep all day. And the walk was so long—so long, and so cold—oh me! and I was so dizzy and stupid all the way. How warm your fire is, and how nice it is to sit here!'

Her voice died drowsily away, her hood dropped against the back of the chair, her eyelids fell heavily. The three about her looked in one another's startled faces in dead silence. What did this mean?

'My child—Miss Dangerfield!' Mrs. Otis murmured. Oh, look up, don't be like that, Miss Katherine, Miss Katherine!'

'Yes, papa,' drowsily 'but I am so sleepy, and don't want to get up for breakfast yet. Has Gaston come? It is cold for him to ride from Castleford to-night—and he hates the cold, poor Gaston! Call me when he comes papa—I want to sleep now.'

Her eyes heavily closed again, her mind was wandering. Her troubles had been too much for her then, after all, and had turned her brain. Dr. Graves bent over her and shook her slightly.

'Katherine! Katherine!' he called, 'rouse up—Gaston has come—Gaston is here!'

She sat up and gazed at him, a bewildered look in her eyes.

'Who calls?' she asked, 'Oh, Dr. Graves is it you! Where am I? is papa sick again? Why, this isn't—' She looked around, memory seemed slowly struggling back. 'Yes, I know now,—this is Mr. Otis house—Gaston is here.' She rose up suddenly, fully herself. 'I am going away, and I want to see Gaston. How is he to night, Mrs. Otis?'

'Much as he has been from the first, Miss Dangerfield—little better, little worse.'

'But he will not die? Mr. Otis, you told me he would not die!'

'I think he will not I have seen worse cases recover. It is a sort of concussion of the brain. He does not suffer or at least is conscious of no suffering.'

'Thank heaven for that!' she said softly. 'May I see him at once now, and alone? I don't know when I will see him again; and, Mr. Otis, you have been so kind, will you take care of him till he is quite well again? I can't pay you now—I am poor—but some day, if I live, I will.'

'I need no pay. For your sake, Miss Dangerfield, I will care for him gladly. I would cherish a dog that had been yours.'

She held out her hand to him with the old bright grace.

'Thank you. I knew I might trust you. I must go before it gets too late, Please take me to him at once.'

He led her to the chamber door. White, cold, and motionless, in the fast fading day light, Gaston Dantree lay. She had not seen him since that fatal wedding night, and now she saw him again—thus. She stood an instant, then she entered and closed the door. They heard the soft rustle of her dress as she knelt beside the bedside, then silence fell.

No one spoke. The moments passed, the night had entirely shut down, the wind howled through the desolate churchyard, whose ghostly gravestones they could see glancing in the darkness. A hushed expectation held them—of what they knew not—a strange, prophetic awe. Mrs. Otis was the first to move. The mantel clock struck six, she turned softly and lit the lamp, and stood waiting again.

Five minutes—ten—no sign, no sound from that inner room. Fifteen—twenty—the two men looked at each other uneasily. Twenty-five—thirty. Then Dr. Graves spoke.

'She has been there long enough. It is no place for her in her present state. Mrs. Otis, do you go and tell her to come out.'

The little widow, full of foreboding, tiptoed to the door, and tapped. No answer. A second tap, louder; still no reply. A third tap—louder this time, but the only answer profoundest silence.

'Open the door, mother!' called the voice of her son, sounding strange and husky—open at once!'

Mrs. Otis obeyed—ever so little at first, and not looking in.

'May I enter?'

Still no response. Then she opened the door wide, and recoiled with a cry.

'Henry, the child has fallen—she has fainted!'

Henry Otis was in the room before the words were spoken. Katherine was lying on her face on the floor by the bedside, where she had softly fallen. In one second she was uplifted in Henry Otis' arms and borne into the light. Her head fell limp over her arm, her eyes were closed, her features rigid. He laid her upon a sofa—the two doctors bent over her—one with his hand on her heart, the other on her pulse. The heart lay still, the pulse beat no longer. Rigid, white, stark she lay, already growing cold.

'Oh, Henry, speak!' his mother cried. 'Doctor Graves, tell me, has she fainted?'

The elder doctor removed his hand from her heart, and stood up very pale himself in the lamplight.

'Not fainted, madam,' he said quietly: 'dead!'

Sir Peter Dangerfield sat alone in the library at Scarswood, the silken curtains were drawn, firelight and lamplight made the room brilliant, his purple easy chair was drawnup before a writing table littered with deeds and documents, and Sir Peter in gold bowed spectacles, was trying to read.

Trying—not reading. For ever between him and the parchment page, a face menacing and terrible kept coming—the face of Katherine, as he had seen her last.

Where was Katherine? Dead or alive, she had sworn to be revenged Was she dead? He shuddered through all his little craven soul and heart at the thought. Men had looked at him darkly and askance all day, and turned coldly away from him while he spoke. There had been whispers of suicide. What if while he sat here in his warm, lighted, luxurious room, she lay stark and frozen under the stars dead by her own hand?

There was a tall, smoke-coloured bottle on another table, with glasses. He was usually a very anchorite for abstemiousness, but he sprang up now, with a muttered oath, filled him self a stiff glass of brandy, and drained it at a draught.

'I wish to heaven I had given her that infernal three thousand, and be hanged to it!' he muttered, flinging himself back sulkily in the chair. 'Curse the luck! What's the use of a title and a fortune if a fellow's life is to be badgered out of him in this way There's that greedy little devil. Mrs. Vavasor, not a penny would she throw off. And now there's Katherine. I wish I hadn't said what I did to her. If they ever find—I mean if they find her—I'll give her that three thousand if she takes it, and have done with the whole confounded thing. But she's so confoundedly proud that likely she'll turn cantankerous and refuse. There's no pleasing a woman anyway, refuse it and you insult her, offer her it and you insult her more.

Oh, come in, whoever you are, and be hanged to you!'

This pleasant concluding adjuration was in response to a rap at the door. A tall, serious foot man in purple plush breeches and white stockings appeared.

'Dr. Graves, Sir Peter,' spake this majestic menial, and vanished.

Sir, Peter arose, as Dr. Graves, hat in hand very pale and solemn of visage, stood before him. News of Katherine at last. He grasped the back of his chair with one hand, and faced his visitor almost defiantly, as one who should say 'whatever has happened I at least have had nothing to do with it.'

'Well, sir?, he demanded.

'Sir Peter Dangerfield, I bring news of—Katherine. She is found.'

The little barnet's heart gave a great leap. Found, then she had not committed suicide.

'Ah' he said, with a look of sulky injury. 'I knew as much. I thought she wasn't the sort of girl to take arsenic or throw herself into the nearest mill stream. So she's found is she. And where has she been pray since she ran away from Scarswood?'

He resumed his chair, folded his arms and looked up at his visitor. But still Dr. Graves kept that face of supernatural solemnity.

'When she ran away from Scarswood, Sir Peter, she went to her old nurse in Bracken Hollow. About three hours ago, while I was at Ottis' cottage, seeing that unlucky chap, Dantree, she came.'

'She did! To see Dantree, too, I suppose. Extremely forgiving of her, I must say, but not in the least like Katherine Dangerfield. Perhaps she is going to turn romantic sick nurse to her wounded cavalier, and end by getting him to marry—'

'Stop, Sir Peter Dangerfield!' the old doctor said hoarsely: 'not another word. Katherine Dangerfield will never marry Gaston Dantree or any other mortal man. She is dead.

'Dead!' Sir Peter leaped from his chair as though he had been speared.

'Dead, Graves! Good God! I thought you said—I thought—'

His white lips refused to finish the sentence; he stood staring with horror-struck eyes at the elder man.

'Yes, Sir Peter—dead! Of heart disease, no doubt, latent and unsuspected This is how it happened:—She came to See Dantree before leaving Castleford—those where her words. She looked shockingly ill and haggard, and her mind seemed to wander a little. She fell into a sort of stupor as she sat before the fire and complained of her head. We aroused her after a little time, and she went into the sick room. She shut the door, and we heard her kneel down. There was a long silence; so long, so profound, that we grew alarmed. Mrs. Otis knocked again and again at the door, and received no answer, Then we opened it and went in. She had fallen on her face and was stone dead.'

'Great Heaven!'

'She must have been dead some already growing cold. I left her there when I found life utterly extinct, and nothing more possible to be done, and came here. It is shocking, Sir Peter—it is horrible. And only yesterday, as it were, this house was all alight for the wedding.'

And then the old doctor's voice broke, and he turned his back abruptly on Sir Peter and faced the fire.

Dead silence fell. The clock ticked, the cinders dropped, Dr. Graves looked fixedly into the coals, and Sir Peter sat stiff and upright in his chair quite ghastly to look at.

'Dead or alive, I will be revenged.' The horrible words rang in his ear like his own death knell. They meant nothing, perhaps; they were but the passionate, impotent rage of an outraged woman, who knew his cowardly nature to the full, but they did their work. Katherine was dead! and Katherine was vindictive enough to carry her hatred and revenge into that world of shadows whither she had gone, and come back from her grave and pursue him. Greater and wiser than poor little Sir Peter Dangerfield have devoutly believed in ghosts; *he* was superstitious to the core. And Katherine was dead—dead—dead! Great, heavy drops stood on his pinched, palid face, and his voice was husky as he spoke:

'Dr. Graves, there must be some mistake here—there *must*. She could not die in that way; it is too horrible—and she was so young; and so strong; never sick a day in her life, by George. Oh, it is impossible, you know; entirely impossible. It is a fit or a faint, if you like, not death. Let us go back and see what can be done for her; I will go with you. Let us be off at once. I tell you she can't be dead. I don't want her to die, It is a prolonged fainting fit, doctor; take my word for it; nothing more. Strong, healthy girls like Katherine don't drop off in a minute like that.'

'Sir Peter,' the old physician the old physician said quietly, 'I am sixty-five years of age, and for the past forty years I have seen death in all its phases—lingering and instantaneous. And I tell you she is dead. But we will go to her, as you say; you can convince yourself with your own eyes.

But still Sir Peter would not be convinced, would not, could not 'make her dead.' He hurried from the room, changed his dress, ordered round his horses, and in fifteen minutes the two men were galloping full speed through the keen frosty night into Castleford.

The town laid hushed and dark; it was close upon eleven now, neither spoke a word; the breathless pace did not admit of talk. They reached the Otis' cottage, its whole front lit, and figures flitted rapidly to and fro.

And Peter Dangerfield's heart under his riding coat was throbbing so rapidly, he turned sick and reeled dizzily for an instant, as he sprang from the saddle. The next he rallied and followed his leader in.

On the sofa in the little sitting room where they had first placed her, Katherine still lay. They had removed her hat and cloak, and loosened all her clothes, but over that rigid face the solemn seal of eternal sleep had fallen. They had closed her eyes and crossed her pulseless hands, and calmly as though sleeping, and fairer than ever in life, she lay. The haggard look had all gone, and a great calm lay upon it.

Sir Peter Dangerfield saw her again.

There were three persons in the room. Beside Otis and his mother, the old ex-Indian nurse from Bracken Hollow, sad, gaunt and gray, sat close by her nursing swaying ceaselessly to and fro, and uttering a sort of moaning cry, like a dumb creature in pain. She lifted her inflamed eyes and fixed them with savage hatred upon the palid face of the baronet.

'Ay,' she said bitterly; 'you are a fine gentle, now, little Peter Dangerfield, and you do well to come and look at your handiwork; for you are her murderer, you and that lying, false faced villain lying yonder, as sure as ever men were murderers.—The law won't hang you, I suppose, but it has hung men who deserved it less. I wonder you aren't afraid to look at her; afraid she will rise up from her death-bed and accuse you.'

He turned his tortured face toward her, quite horrible to see in its fear and ghastliness.

'For heaven's sake, hush,' he said, 'I never meant this. I never thought she would die. I would give all I am worth to bring her back to life. I could not help it—I would not have had it happen for worlds. Don't drive me mad with your talk.'

'Liar!' old Hannah cried, towering up and confronting him; double liar and coward. Who refused her her dying father's bequest? who offered her the deadliest and most dastardly insult it is possible to offer woman? and you say you are sory, and ask me not to drive you mad. I tell you if the whole town rose up and stoned you, it would not be half your deserts. I say again, I wonder that, dead as she lies there before you, she does not rise to accuse her murderer. Mr. Henry Ottis, this is your house, and she thought you her friend. Show yourself her friend now, and turn her murderer out!'

'Hannah, Hannah, hush?' interrupted Mrs. Ottis, scandalized and alarmed. Whatever Sir Peter might be, it was not in this good woman's nature to do other than reverence to the lord of Scarswood, the man of eigth thousand a year.

But her son stepped forward—pale, cold, stern.

'Hannah's right, mother,' he said, 'and he shall go. Sir Peter Dangerfield, this house is no place for you. You have come here and convinced yourself she is dead—driven to it by you and that man yonder, He is beyond the pale of justice—you are not and by Heaven you shall go!' He threw wide the house door, his dark eyes flashing, and pointing out into the darkness. 'Go, Sir Peter, and never set foot across this threshold of mine again. She turned to me in her hour, and she is mine now—mine, Go!—you coward, you robber and insulter of helpless girlhood, and come here no more!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEES AND DOCTORS.—The fees of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is $8.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and need of daily visits, over $1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the $1,000 and all the year's sickness—*Post*

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

OTTAWA, Feb. 9.

The speaker took the chair at 2.40.

On the arrival of his Excellency he assumed the throne, and read the speech as follows:—

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE:

"Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:
"Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

"The hope I expressed at the close of the last session that on the re-assembling of Parliment we should be able to congratulate ourselves on a season of peace and prosperity has been fully realized. Canada has been favoured with a year of great prosperity. Her farmers have enjoyed a plentiful harvest and remunerative prices. Her manufacturing and other industries have been, and continue to be, developed uder favourable auspices. Her trade and commerce have been steadily increasing, and peace and order prevail within her borders. For these various blessings we cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Giver of all good things.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"The Chief Magistrate of the United States has been cut off by the hand of an assassin, and it is fitting that the sorrow of our people for a loss which was not that of our friends and neighbours alone should be here adverted to as another instance of the sympathy which unites in brotherhood the British Empire and the American Republic.

THE NORTH WEST.

"During the recess I had the pleasure of visiting the Province of Manitoba, and of traversing the extensive prairies of the North-West, and from personal examination can sincerely congratulate Canada on the possesion of so magnificent and fertile a region, to be inhabited, I trust, in the course of years by millions of thriving, and contented subjects of her Majesty. The immigrants have not confined themselves to Manitoba or its vicinity, but are scattered over the country westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and from the international boundary to the banks of the Northern Saskatchewan. It is therefore thought that the time has come for the division of the territories into four or more provisional districts, with appropriate nomenclature. This subject will be submitted for your consideration.

CONDITION OF THE INDIANS.

"During my journey I was met by numerous Indian tribes, all expressing confidence in the continuance of the traditional policy of kindness and justice which has hitherto governed the aborigines. I regret, however, to say that the necessity of supplementing the food supply of the Indians still exists, and is likely to continue for some years. Every exertion has been made to settle the Indian bands on reserves, and to induce them to betake themselves to the raising of cattel and cultivating the soil. These efforts have met with a fair measure of success, but we can only expect by a long continuance of patient firmness, to induce these children of the prairie and the forest to abandon their nomadic habits, become self-supporting, and ultimately add to the industrial wealth of the country. The influx of a white population has greatly increased the danger of collision between the settler and the red man, and in my opinion renders an augmentation of the Mounted Police a matter of urgency.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

"The report of the commission appointed to investigate the existing system of the Civil Service will be laid before you, and a measure on the subject sumitted for your consideration.

READJUSTMENT OF REPRESENTATION.

"The decennial census having been taken last year, the duty of reconsidering and readjusting the representation in the House of Commons is imposed upon you. A measure for the purpose will be laid before you.

PUBLIC MATTERS.

"Several other measures of importance will be submitted to you. Among them will be bills for the winding up of Insolvent Banks, Insurance Companies, and Trading Corporations; for the consolidation and amendment of the laws respecting the Dominion lands; for the amendment of the Acts relating to the Supreme Court of Canada; and bills relating to the tenure of office of the judges of country courts, and to fugitive offenders within the Empire: and your attention will be called to the present anomalous position of the vice-admiralty jurisdiction.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY.

"The work of construction on that portion of the Canada Pacific railway between Prince Arthur's Landing and Winnipeg is being pressed to completion; and it is confidently expected that in July next railway communication will be established between these places. The section between Rat Portage and Winnipeg, one hundred and thirty-five miles in length, has been completed and transferred under the terms of the contract to the Canada Pacific Railway Company, by whom it is now operated. Considerable progress has been made on the remoter sections, and the vigorous prosecution of the work on that portion of the line during the present year provided for. In British Columbia the work upon the section between Savona's Ferry and Emory's Bar is being carried on with every prospect of its completion within the time specified in the contract; and the line from the latter place to Port Moody, which has been carefully located during the past season is now being placed under contract, with a view to its completion at the same date as the section from Savona's Ferry to Emory's Bar. Upon the sections to be constructed by the railway company the work has been most energetically carried forward. During the past summer the road has been graded for the distance of 318 miles, and of this 161 miles are completed and open for traffic. The company have in addition graded eighty-nine miles of branch lines.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

"I am pleased to be able to state that the traffic on the Intercolonial railway has largely increased, and that this line was during the last fiscal year, for the first time in its history, worked without expense to the country.

WELLAND CANAL.

"The works on the Welland canal were so far advanced that the waters of Lake Erie were introduced for its supply in June last, and in September the new portion of the canal between Allanburg and port Dalhousie was opened for traffic.

TRADE WITH BRAZIL.

"You will be pleased to know that a monthly line of steamers, which has been subsidized under the authority of Parliament, is now playing between the Dominion and Brazil with good hopes of a mutually profitable trade.

FACTORY LABOUR.

"The report of the Royal Commission issued to enquire into the question of factory labour, and into the best means of promoting the comfort and well being of the workingman and his family, with out under interference with the development of our manufacturing industries, will be laid before you, and I invite your earnest consideration of this report.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

"The accounts of the last year will be laid before you. It will be satisfactory to you to find that the expenditure has been less and the revenue considerably more than the estimates of last year, leaving a surplus of over four millions of dollars. A portion of this sum has been used in the reduction of the public debt by the redemption of matured debentures bearing six per cent. interest, and the remainder applied to the payment for public works chargeable to capital account. The necessity of issuing the debenture loan authorized by Parliament for these purposes has therefore been obviated. The estimates of the ensuing year will also be submitted, and will, I trust, be found to have been framed with due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service.

"Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:
"Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I now invite your attention to the general business which will come before you, with full confidence in your ability and patriotic desire to forward the best interests of the country."

After his Excellency had withdrawn the following new Senators were introduced and took their seats:—Hon. D. McInnes, Hamilton; Hon. Mr Ogilvie, Montreal; Hon. Mr. McKay, Colchester; and Hon. Mr. Skead, Ottawa.

It was decided that the address should be moved to-morrow, the House to meet at 3:30.

The House then adjourned.

The address in the Senate will be moved by Hon. D. McInnes, and seconded by Hon. Mr. Ogilvie.

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

"WHAT EVERY ONE SAYS MUST BE TRUE."

And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

A Jerseyman having a cow with only one eye bought a glass one from an animal stuffer, and put it into the cavity. One day he sold it to a cattle dealer for $40 and a keg of cider. Subsequently he followed the dealer and took the cow away from the stable, where she had been stowed for the night, and put her glass eye into his pocket. The dealer had him arrested for stealing. The accuser asked him if his cow had two eyes. "Certainly," said the dealer. The cow was brought, and, to the dealer's astonishment, proved to have only one eye. The cow was handed over to its former owner, who took her home. He played that trick several times—often enough to get money to pay his election expenses when he ran for sheriff. Subsequently the cow had a calf, and the calf had a glass eye just like its mother's. So the Jerseyman said.

A REAL NECESSITY.

No house should be without a bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil, in case of accidents. There is no preparation offered to suffering humanity that has made so many permanent cures, or relieved so much pain and misery. It is called by some the Good Samaritan, by others the Cure-all, and by the afflicted an Angel of Mercey.

An important instalment of women's rights has been put into force in Switzerland. In many cantons the age of majority for men has hitherto been as high as twenty-six; and, as women were altogether denied majority, no matter how old they were, the number of "wards" were very great. The duties of guardianship in most cases devolved on the communes, which now have been relieved of much than less idle; and for the future Swiss women at home and abroad, whether unmarried, married, or widows, will be civilly emancipated on their twenty-first birthdays. In the town of Saint Gall alone fortunes to the amount of upward of ten millions of francs were transferred to women; formerly in wardship, under the new law, on New Year's day.