Markdale Standard.

VOL. 2 .--No. 47. MARKDALE, ONT., AUGUST 3, 1882. WHOLE No. 99.

The Markdale Standard

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

In time to meet the early mails.

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

$1 in advance, $1.50 in three months, $2 if not paid till the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears 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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

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Quarter do. do.	15 00
Eighth do. do.	8 00
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Six lines and under, first insertion	50
Each subsequent insertion	15
From six to ten lines, first insertion	75
Each subsequent insertion	25
Over ten lines, first insertion per line	8
Each subsequent insertion	3

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid brevier. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. All transitory advertisements must be in the office of publication by 11 o'clock on the Wednesday preceding their publication.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description executed with neatness and despatch at the Office of the STANDARD, Markdale.

C. W. RUTLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Drs. Sproule & Armstrong,

Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheur &c.

OFFICE - Medical Hall; residence at Markdale House.

Markdale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

Dental Card.

Cameron & Knight,

DENTISTS, OWEN SOUND,

Gold Fillings a specialty, and all operations upon the mouth thoroughly and competently performed.

Mr. Knight will make regular trips to Markdale the last Tuesday in every month.

Dental Card.

Dr. T. F. Brown,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Of Woodstock, Ont., will be at MARKDALE on July 25, for One Week.

Teeth filled with Gold and Amalgam. Artificial Teeth inserted on Rubber Base. Natural appearance—Perfect Fit. Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

Legal.

JOHN B. McMILLAN,

ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, IS NOW ready for attending to all kinds of law business. Office—at Kay's Hotel.

Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

Frost & Frost,

BARRISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c., Owen Sound, have resumed at Flesherton. Office open every Thursday, as heretofore.

ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST, LL. B.

County Crown Attorney. 1

J. MASSON,

BARRISTER, MASTER AND DEP. REG in Chancery, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

MONEY TO LEND AT SIX PER CENT.

Offices—Owen Sound, in Vicker's Block Poulett St.; and in Markdale, over McFarland's Store, on Friday and Saturday every week. 57-ly

Creasor & Morrison,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c. &c.

OFFICES IN Owen Sound, Dufferin Block, over W. F. Wolf's Store and in

MARKDALE:

Over W. J. McFarland's Store on Thursday and Friday of each week.

Funds to lend on reasonable terms.

JOHN CREASOR, Q. C. DUNCAN MORISON

Markdale, March 15, 1882. 79-lv

Alexander Brown.

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Commissioner in B. R. &c. Conveyancer and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Farmers, Merchants, and Land Sales, Punctually attended to and charges made very moderate.

Priceville, Sept. 17. 1880. 1-y

Hotels.

REVERE HOTEL,

MARKDALE.

T. SPROULE, - Proprietor.

THIS popular Hotel has had a large addition added to it, thoroughly refitted, and is now second to none in the county. Good stabling and attentive ostler. First-class accommodation for commercial travelers. **Terms $1.00 per day.** 17-ly

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

PRICEVILLE, Ont.

Large and commodious Sample Rooms Good Bed Rooms, &c. The Bar and large well supplied with the best the market affords; good Stabling and attentive Hostler's

THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor

October 31st, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

R. M. Galbraith,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Williamsford Station. Auction Sales attended in all parts of the County. Goods sold on commission. Rates moderate. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines; also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds on sale.

Williamsford, Jan. 27, 1881.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To begin work at once on sales for Fall of 1882, for the

Fonthill Nurseries,

THE

LARGEST IN CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES—MONTREAL, P. Q., and ST. PAUL, MINN.

NURSERIES, FONTHILL, ONT.

We can start in addition to our already large force

100 Additional Canvassers,

And want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been, If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best references required. Apply to

STONE & WELLINGTON,

Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont. 80-106

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

W.M. LUCAS, Manager.

Sptember 23, 1880. 2-ly

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-lv

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING

ON

Every Working Day,

By Thomas Smith,

Orders filled for Tomb Stones.

Markdale, July 21, 1881. 45-3m.

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

$2 Watches, stem winders $2.50. White metal Hunting Case $5. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $12. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Value'ble catalogue free. THORPE'S & Co. 233 Bowery, New York.

Joseph Gibson,

PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL

PLASTERER,

WHITEWASHING—CALSOMINING in Shades and Colors.

All work guaranteed. Charges moderate.

Markdale P.O.

87-113

T. E. DAVIS,

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). After completing 13 buildings his season is still on the track and is still prepared to do all kinds of stone and brick work, plastering and tuck pointing. Those who contemplate building will find it to their advantage to give him a call.

Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Stetes, MARKDALE. 16-y

A PUBLIC MEETING should be called of the citizens of every city, town and village in the Dominion, to consider what should be done to prevent the hair from turning Gray—and falling out. If this important question received their earnest consideration they would unanimously decide that science had at last discovered something that would answer this purpose—and furthermore would recommend Cingalese Hair Renewer as being this something for restoring the hair to its natural color, and prevent its falling out. 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

GENTLEMEN,—

If you want a first-class

Buggie or Wagon

call at

MCKENNA & MASON'S

CARRIAGE WORKS

MARKDALE.

They can supply you with anything from a

Lumber Wagon

up to an

Extension Top Phæton.

To buy from them is to

SAVE MONEY!

They are both practical workmen, and employ none but

PRACTICAL WORKMEN

They guarantee their work Second to none for Lightness of Draught and Superiority of Finish.

They use nothing but First-class White Oak for Wagons, and thrice Extra Second Growth Hickory for light work.

The immense amount of work turned out of McKenna & Mason's shop is sufficient proof of the wide reputation they enjoy for doing good work.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST IN THE END

Poor cheap work we positively will not take.

Special attention given to Re-Trimming and Repainting all classes of Carriage Work.

Satisfaction guaranteed (or No Pay) in

HORSESHOEING

SHOP—On Mill Street opposite to Sproule's Hotel.

McKENNA & MASON.

THE NEW ARTIST

Cordially invites all those who are lovers of

GOOD PHOTOS

To come AT ONCE and give him a trial, for to do so is to be

Suited as they never were Before

All poor and cheap work despised by him.

Good work,

—AND—

MODERATE PRICES,

Is his motto.

All the Popular Styles made by

J. L. BROWNE,

Over the Standard Office, Markdale.

ROBT. ASKIN,

MARKDALE,

Has opened out a First-Class

Furniture!

—AND—

UNDERTKING 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!

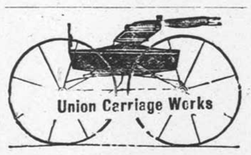
From the Common to the

Best and Latest Styles,

in everything in the line.

Call and see for yourselves.

ROBT. ASKIN.



Union Carriage Works.

All work manufactured from

FIRST CLASS MATERIAL

In the Lateat and Best Improved Style, and finished with

English Varnish.

Painting & Trimming Rigs

will receive prompt attention.

All Repairs executed in the shortest possible time consistent with good workmanship.

GOOD WORK A SPECIALTY.

Remember the Shop, opposite the Cheapside

D. J. SHANAHAN,

Proprietor.

Markdale, Dec. 2nd, 1881. 64.

T. B. Gilliland,

PROV'NC'L LAND SURVEY'R,

EUGENIA P.O.

Orders left at the Standard Office, Markdale will receive prompt attention. 86 100

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixer or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 20-lv

W. H. Steinhoff.

HOUSE, SIGN, & CARRIAGE PAINTER Contracts taken in town or country.

Dundalk, Oct. 12, 1881. 71

VETERINARY.

F. Z. NIXON.

Veterinary Surgeon

Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Calls by Mail or Telegraph promptly attended to.

RESIDENCE, DUNDALK

35-3m.

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.

EUGENIA

Grist, Saw and Lath Mills

Having made extensive improvements in my Grist Mill I feel confident I can give good satisfaction.

GOOD FLOUR ALWAYS ON HAND.

Chopping Done Every Day.

Custom Sawing and Bills Filled on the shortest notice.

LUMBER AND LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.

Cherry, Butternut, White Ash, Black Ash, Basswood, Pine and Hemlock Logs wanted.

69ly. M. AKITT, Eugenia.

WARNING!

There is great danger of taking cold from wet feet. If you want to

Guard Against Sickness!

Keep your feet dry and warm by procuring your

BOOTS!

—FROM—

KAY & THOMAS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Medicated Cork Soles, all sizes, kept on hand. Remember the place opposite the new STANDARD Office. 49

The Poet's Corner

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT

I know that the world—that the great, big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me—and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great, big world—
Will never a moment stop,
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top,

But for me—I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it *incog.*,
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim—
Here is luck to the bottom dog!

BABY'S FIB.

Baby, walking in the dark,
Heard one night a big dog bark.

"Let her creep," she softly said,
"In your bed, for she is faid."

Nestle close to mamma dear,
Baby sleeps, and knows no fear.

Rosy morning lights the skies
And opens darling baby's eyes;

Just as bright as any skies
Are our darling's starry eyes;

Just as fair as any day
Are the curls that round them play.

Nor when next night she walking thought
How nice to leave her lonely cot,

And creep into her mamma's bed—
Oh, shall I tell you what she said?

What a little baby fib
Trundled off her tongue, so glib?

Put the truth it must be told—
And baby's only two years old,

And the night was dark and long—
And she didn't know 'twas wrong—

So this is what the darling said,
Lying in her little bed;

Though no voice of dog was heard,
Though no sound the night air stirred,

Came a whisper in the dark;
"Mamma, she fink she heard dog bark."

Who could withstand this childish plea?
I'm certain neither you nor me.

In mamma's bed, all in the dark,
She creeps, "coz she fink she hear dog bark."

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

—:o:—

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'SIX YEARS TOO LATE.'

Poor little Rose, Indeed! In the dark she came gliding forward, so unlike herself—so like a spirit—so wan, so wasted—that with a shocked exclamation, he drew her to him and looked into her worn face.

'They told me you were ill, Rose, but not like this. If I had thought! If I had known—'

She flung her arms around his neck, and hid her face on his shoulder.

'Don't, Redmond. Don't look—don't speak to me like that. I don't deserve it—I don't deserve any love or kindness from you. I have deceived you shamefully. You will despise me—you will hate me when I have told you all.'

'Will I? I am not sure of that, when you have told me all I think I shall still be sorry to see those hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and wasted hands. Shall I light the lamps, Rose, or—'

'No no! no lights; such a wretch as I am should tell her story in the dark. Here, sit down in this chair, Redmond, and let me take this chair at your feet.

What must the story be like when the preface is so terrible? Out with it, Rose; I promise not to be too stern. It's the story, I suppose, about this fellow, Dantree?'

'It is. Redmond, I thought to have told you that other night, but I am a coward—a weak, pitiful coward. For seven years I have kept the secret I tell you to night, Redmond,' a great gasp. 'You asked me it Gaston Dantree was my lover, an I I said yes. I should have told you the truth; he was more than my lover. He was my—husband.'

The last word seemed to suffocate her. She crouched farther down as though shrinking almost from a blow. She had expected a great start—an exclamation of amaze and horror—either as hard to bear as a blow. 'Your husband! This a surprise. And for seven years you have been this scoundrel's wife?'

'For seven long, miserable years. Oh, brother, forgive me. I have done shamefully wrong—I have been a living lie—I have deceived the kindest grandfather—the dearest brother, but if you knew what I have suffered—'

'I can believe it,' he said; you have atoned for your folly indeed. Don't fear, Rose. I can only regret that you did not tell me long ago. Tell me now at least—all.'

'I wasn't quite eighteen, and just home from my convent school when I met him first, with all a girl's foolish dreams of beauty, and love, and romance. He was very handsome—with that dash, and ease, and grace of a man of the world. And if he had been a very Vulcan of ugliness, his divine voice might have won my dreaming, sentimental girl's heart. The aroma of conquest hung about him—married ladies petted and spoiled him—young ladies raved of his beaux yeaux and his Mario voice, and I—I fell in love with him in a reckless, desperate sort of a way, as later I suppose poor Katherine Dangerfield did in this very house. I was M. De Lansac's reputed heiress then, and just the sort of a prize he was looking out for. Very young, very silly, not bad looking, and the heiress of one or two million dollars—a prize even worthy his stooping to win. My grandfather detested him—forbade him the house—forbade me to see or speak to him. Then began my wrongdoing—I did see him I did speak to him—I loved him—you wouldn't understand if I told you how dearly, and—and—Redmond—I consented to a private marriage. He was afraid to lose M. De Lansac's heiress, and I was afraid to lose him. He threatened to leave New orleans and never return if I refused. I married him, and for a little time was happy in a fool's paradise. Only for a little while indeed. My grandfather, in the most unexpected and sudden manner, as you know, got married. Gaston was furious—no need to tell you how he stormed and raved, or the names he called M. De Lansac. I received my first lesson in his real character then. That year he remained in New Orleans—then little Louis was born, and all his hopes were at an end. He might bid good-bye to M. De Lansac's great fortune. He came to me one night—we met in secret on the grounds—like a man beside himself with rage and disappointment. He accused me of being the cause of it all; it was bad enough to be a beggar himself, without being deluded into marrying a beggar. He bade me savagely keep our marriage a dead secret.

He went to England, wrote me—I replied, got no answer, at length I wrote for my letters and picture; I received them by the very next mail, but not a single word from him besides.

I was ill after that, tired of New Orleans, weary of life. I longed only to see Ireland, to see you. Then I read in the English papers of Dantree's marriage to Miss Dangerfield, of Scarswood Park, Sussex.

How I lived through it all I know not. I read the story of her marriage and the tragedy of her death. How I longed to see and know that he was dead, that I should be free to end my days in a convent.

Miss Herncastle knows whether he is alive or dead, but will not tell me anything more.

'Well,' said Redmond, 'I pity you, I forgive you. I will find out whether Dantree be alive. As for Miss Herncastle, she is more sinned against than sinning, and I'm sorry for her too.

'I have,' he continued, 'no pity for Lady Dangerfield, none whatever. However, this house of discord is no place for us now. Pack up to-morrow and go to France. I'll find Gaston Dantree.'

'I have one farewell to make, Lady Cecil, I wonder if she is happy. Have you heard of her engagement to Sir Arthur? He proposed on the night of the masquerade, and was accepted.'

He stooped and kissed his sister's pale cheek, and then Redmond was gone.

As he was leaving he thought of the Torryglen romance, and—but just then he met Lord Ruysland.

'Ah, O'Donnell,' said the earl, 'glad to see you. Terrible affair been going on here. All through Miss Herncastle. She owns nothing truly, still we are certain that she persuaded Ginevra to go to the ball, and there impersonated the knight as Major Frankland.'

'Am sorry for Lady Dangerfield, she has been kind to Rose. and I hope this affair may be settled amicably after all.'

'Yes, I hope so.' answered the earl, 'but I doubt it. It's a confounded bore for me, now that everything is settled—'

He stopped suddenly.

'You allude to Lady Cecil's engagement, I presume,' O'Donnell supplemented, quite calmly. 'Rose has told me. My only surprise is that it should be announced at this late day as news. I believe I am correct in thinking it a very old affair indeed—of six years standing or more.'

Very few people ever had the good fortune to see Raoul, Earl of Ruysland at a loss, but for one brief moment he was at a loss now.

'Very old affair—oh, yes, very—ever since his father's death—in fact, it has been tacitly—er—understood—nothing definite—aw—too young, of course, and all that sort of thing. It was the desire of the late Sir John, as well as myself, and—er—the young people were by no means adverse to carrying out our wishes. All is happily settled now—the wedding will take place without any unnecessary delay. Are you going to Castleford at once? I should like to have a half hour's conversation with you about,'—he lowered his voice—'about Miss Herncastle; I have placed a detective on her track.'

O'Donnell found Cecil in the drawing-room singing just as she used to sing at Torryglen.

Cecil said 'I hope you admire my waltz—it is of my own composing. I call it the Rose Waltz, and dedicate it to Miss Rose O'Donnell.'

'I like it, but I liked the song I heard you singing as I came in better—my song, Lady Cecil. Do you remember the last time I sang it standing beside you in the little parlor at Torryglen, As I stand now? You playing, and your father asleep in his arm-chair—or was he only pretending sleep, and watching us? The last time, Lady Cecil, only I did not know it.'

She made no reply. She still played the Rose Waltz, but she struck the chords at random.

'I remember it so well. You were dressed in white as you are now. White is your fitting color, Lady Cecil. You had wild roses in your hair, and we sang together all the evening and scarcely spoke a word. You have changed since then—grown taller, more womanly, more beautiful; and yet—will you be offended?—I think I liked the 'Queenie of Torryglen' than La Reine Blanche of Scarswood.'

'Captain O'Donnell's memory is good,' she answered, 'better than I gave him credit for. I remember the evening he alludes to very well—the last though I did not know it either. And will he be offended if I tell him that I liked the Redmond O'Donnell who saved my life, who sang songs, who was neither blase nor cynical, much better than the dashing Chasseur d'Afrique of six years after. I fear time improved neither of us; I have grown worldly, you a cynic. What will be ten years hence, I wonder?'

He then spoke to her in allegorical language of their happy time at Torryglen, and when it came to the letters she received after their departure she said:

'Captain O'Donnell, what story is this? Is it—is it—'

'My own,' Lady Cecil! Yes; you need hardly ask the question, I think,' he said.

'Need I not? Yours? And what letter is this you talk of, written by my hand and signed with my name. I don't understand.'

'You don't understand. A few minutes ago you accused me of a defective memory. But I suppose a matter of such trifling import could not be expected to remain in your memory. I mean the letter you wrote me, rejecting my presumptuous suit—telling me of your engagement to Sir Arthur Tregenna, the night before you left Torryglen.'

'I never wrote any such letter.'

'Lady Cecil!'

'I never wrote any such—'

She paused suddenly. Over her face there rose a flush, her hands clasped together—she looked at him, a sudden light breaking upon her.

'The note papa dictated, and which he made me write,' she said in a sort of whisper. 'Redmond, I see it all!'

The old name, the thrill his heart gave as he heard it. In the days that were gone it had been 'Redmond' and 'Queenie' always.

In a broken voice she told him the story of that note.

'Queenie, if I had spoken—if you had known!'

'But you did not,' she interrupted coldly, 'so we will not discuss the question. Why have you spoken at all?'

'Because I could not hard, cold, immovable as you think me—I could not part with you again—this time forever—without knowing whether or no you really wrote my death-warrant six years ago. It was so unlike you—it has rankled so bitterly all those years, and of late the truth began to dawn upon me. Perhaps because the old sweet madness has never left me; and when we have parted—when you are a happy wife and I am back in Algiers—the happiness of knowing that Queenie was all I thought her—my little love, my true friend, and not even at sixteen a coquette, a trifler with men's hearts—will repay me for all I have lost.'

He stopped abruptly. She had covered her face with her hands, and he could see the tears that fell thick and fast.

'Sir Arthur Tregenna is my friend,' he said, his own voice broken. 'Heaven knows I have no wish to say one word he may not hear, but, Queenie, I must speak to-night for the first—the last time. I have loved you—I do love you—I will love you while life lasts. If fate had willed it otherwise—if rank and fortune had been mine years ago, they would have been laid at your feet, where my heart has been all these years. Free or plighted, I know how utterly, wildly impossible it would be for you to listen to me. It may be dastardly deed to speak at all, but I must. You pity me, at least. Ah! Queenie, I would not have the past changed, with all its suffering, its loss, its misery, if I could. The thought of you is the sweetest thought of my life. If I have distressed you by speaking, I am sorry. Forgive me, Queenie, for this and all the rest.'

'Forgive!' He asked no more. And in that instant, if he had said 'Come,' she would have left rank and wealth, father and friends, and gone with him to beggary. But not for the crown of the world would he have said it. He loved her—but honour more.

'Let this be our farewell,' he said gently; 'let our real parting be now. When we say it again it will be before the world. We will both be the happier, I hope, for understanding each other at last; you will think me no more a cynic and a scoffer—I will know you no more for a heartless coquette, Good-bye, Queenie; may God bless you and make you happy!'

He held out his hand; she laid hers in it—the other hid her face. 'Their hands clasped and the spirit kissed.' 'Good-bye!' she heard him say again, holding her hand hard. Then he let it go, walked to the door, looked back once at the drooping figure, and was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SATISFACTORY RESULTS IN MONTREAL.

Whilst Montreal is a model city in many respects, it is not exactly a quarter section of Paradise, as Capt. Geo. Murphy, Chief of Government Police can testify. A reporter of a Montreal journal waited upon this gentleman a short time ago, and put to him the following query:

"Chief, do you find the duties irksome and dangerous in your strange calling?"

"Irksome," replied Mr. Murphy, "I seldom find them; but that they are attended with danger is very true. There is danger to be faced, of course, from wind, weather and criminals, and the least of these dangers, is not those of exposure and bad weather. The heavy, moist atmosphere that gathers over the water is very conducive to rheumatism, and many of my men suffer from that complaint more or less. I believe our danger from exposure from this time forward is past, as St. Jacob's Oil, if applied in time in cases of rheumatism, has a wonderful way of knocking that malady out of people. It certainly relieved me of a pain in my shoulders."

ARTEMESIA COUNCIL.

The council met on Monday, July 3, in Flesherton town hall. Present, Messrs. Christoe, Elliott, Wright, Pedlar, and Webster.

Minutes and communications were read.

Payments made as under:

Mrs Thompson, for bread furnished to Boyles and Taylor	10 37
John Hargraves, gravel	6 00
W. J. Bellamy, salary	37 50

Orders for road jobs were passed, ward 3, $102.50; and for ward No. 4 $71.15.

Mrs Roseborough, Eugenia, was exempted from statute labour for present year.

Pathmasters to enforce the law respecting the performance of statute labour by farmers sons and others liable.

The reeve was authorised to issue orders for road jobs upon commissioners' certificate.

$20 to be spent on town line between gravel road and Nelson's sawmill, provided Proton expends a like sum.

$20 to be granted on townline Glenelg and Artemesia. The commissioner for ward 1 to grant $20 of ward appropriation, provided Glenelg does likewise.

Commissioner ward 2 may expend $20 if Glenelg spends $20; and may expend $100 on gravel road provided the Glenelg council will spend a like amount.

Gravel pit to be purchased from C. Bellamy if it can be procured for $85.

Council adjourned till Aug. 7, 10 a.m., Flesherton, when all school trustees rates are required.

A farmer at St. Foye says he has struck an effective plan to get rid of potato bugs. He puts baby's socks on the chickens' feet, then lets them run in the garden, where the chickens peck without scratching. This seems feasible.

A WOMAN'S REFUSAL.

No, Imprudence, you shan't have one
How many times must I refuse?
Away!
I say!
Or else you'll sure my friendship lose;
I cannot bear such forward fun,
So quick, begone! If not I'll run!
Why now, I'll have to be severe—
No, not a kiss to you I'll give:
Take care;
I swear!
I'll tell papa, as sure's I live;
I never saw a man so queer!
But are you sure there's no one near!

A HINT ABOUT WEEDS.

In harvesting Indian corn and wheat, we cut them long before the grain—the seed, is ripe. When the grain in either is fully formed, the stalks are cut; experience has shown that the ripening process goes on; the stalk contains sufficient nutriment to perfect the grains, and it does this after the plant is cut away from the roots. Indeed, the grain thus treated, oftentimes comes to greater perfection, than if the plant were left until the seed is fully ripe. What takes place with these crop plants, also occur with weeds. Many weeds, if cut up while in flower, still have nutriment enough in their stems and leaves, to perfect and ripen a crop of seeds. It therefore happens, that the mere cutting up of many weeds, and leaving them to dry upon the ground, does little towards their extermination. The common Purslane—or 'Pussley,' for example, has remarkable vitality, its very succulent stems will remain alive for weeks, and even continue to grow after they have been deprived of the root. It is one thing to cut up weeds with the hoe; it is equally important and it should always be done in gardens, to gather up the weeds by the use of a rake, and carry them to a brush heap, where they will ultimately be burned.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

CHATSWORTH.

Mr Freeman has sold a large stock of furniture to Mr Crane.

Sheep stealers are busy about here. Mr Gunn of Arnott, are again losers; this time two fine sheep were taken from a meadow.

A couple from Bentinck came here last Wednesday week in the hope of getting united in matrimony, but so many difficulties arose in finding the officials that the poor man gave it up at last, saying that "a day's marryin' was worse than a whole year's sparkin'."

The new warehouse has been leased another year to the present lessee for $240, being an advance of $40 on last year.

$7000 IF THE CASE IS PROVEN.

A remarkable case is now before an Australian court. A roman catholic merchant left by will a bequest of $7000 to be used to deliver his soul from purgatory. The executor, who is a sceptic and a humorist demands legal proof from the local priests that this has been done before he will pay over the money. The burden of an unexpected problem is thus put upon the church, as it is called upon to prove to the satisfaction of a law court that purgatory has an actual existence, that prayer has power to release souls from it, and that this particular soul has already been released..

The puzzle is a curious one, and the interested clergymen are much perplexed over the quandary in which they are placed.

The Irish crop reports become more favourable.

August 1 was observed at Meaford as a civic holiday.

The son of a Russian consul has been supplying the nihilists with dynamite.

About 200 people visited Toronto from Shelburne via T. G. & B. last Thursday.

Miss Anna Parnell has been prostrated with brain fever brought on by her sister's death.

The T. G. & B. traffic receipts for week ending July 22 were $9237, that is $3838 over the corresponding week of last year.

The Mormons are persecuting the Gentiles, and are determined to contest the new act. Openly they live with but one wife.

It has been found necessary to expel 400 lazy Russian refugees from Castle Garden, New York, after sheltering them there for six weeks.

Henry Hager, a Westminster farmer fell off his mowing machine last Friday, and got his arm entangled in the knife. The horses were stopped and he was released. Medical assistance arrived, but it was unavailing. He died soon after.

A negro preacher described hell as being ice-cold, where wicked froze to all eternity. When asked why, he said, 'Cause I don't care to tell dem people nuffin else. Why if I tell dem dat hell is warm, dey want to go right a way, some of dem rheumatic ole niggers, de very fus frost.'

A piece of paper containing a statement was found in the bush at Scarboro' a few days ago: "I, Walter Turnbull, stayed here on Sunday, 24h June, without money or food for three days, so my days are short. Should anyone see this give notice to Alex. Turnbull, Durham, Co. Grey. The bush was searched, but no trace of the writer could be found. Mr Turnbull of Durham has a brother Walter, but does not know where to find him at the present time.

Speaking to his constituents at Northampton the other day, Bradlaugh said it was within his power to go to the table of the house any day he choose and take his seat, and he should do so whenever he thought it would serve him in the fight in which he was engaged. He would give no previous notice of his intention because of the treatment he had received. He said that he would accept no compromise and agree to no truce.