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H. B. OSLER, Q.C., City Attorney.
H. C. WYNNE. C. TREZEL. 48

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$20,000 to Loan ON FARM PROPERTY.
Aug. 21, 1879.

Dentistry.

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T. T. HARRIS, L. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST, Oakville, Ont. Attends every Monday at Royal Hotel, Georgetown, and every Thursday at Wallace House, Milton. Oakville Office over C. W. Pierce & Co.'s Drug Store.

G. S. THOMAS, L. D. S., Dentist, Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Ontario, will be in Milton on the last Tuesday of every month. Office in the Thompson House, where he may be consulted by those requiring his professional services.

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WALLACE HOUSE, Main street, Milton. John Wallace, Proprietor. 24

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49-ly

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E. MOORE, Proprietor.

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 20.] MILTON, COUNTY OF HALTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881. NO. 49

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NEW GOODS & NEW STYLES.
Don't fail to see the assortment of
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SUGARS,
AND SELLS THEM CHEAP.

MOYES SELLS CHEAP.

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FLOWERS
Of all descriptions. Orders filled on the shortest notice. The best brands of
CIGARS & TOBACCOES.
Always on hand.
Oranges, Lemons, Ice Cream and Summer Drinks in Season.
A share of your patronage is solicited.
46- D. BUTCHART.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
PALERMO, ONTARIO 14-

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For the County of Halton.
Office, Milton, Ont.

JAMES A. FRAZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the County of Halton. All orders left at the CHAMPION Printing Office will be strictly attended to
Nov. 22, 1877.

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I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Yellow Oil that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for preparing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address enclosing 4c. stamp, Lea Vandell & Co., 5 Brockton St., N. Y.

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National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.

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Fertilizing Company of Canada,
GUELPH, MANUFACTURERS OF
Super-Phosphate of Lime,
Crushed Bones & Bone Dust.
We take this opportunity of drawing the attention of Agriculturists, Horticulturists, Pomologists and Gardeners generally to the important fact that we are manufacturing a superior class of Super-Phosphate of Lime, &c., and are prepared to receive orders for spring seeding and use for the season generally.
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JOHN CROYDON,
Agent for Trafalgar Township.

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JUST WHAT all horsemen should know and have is a large bottle of Kennedy's Lightning Remedy. A book of 32 pages goes with each bottle that teaches the art of cyphering shorthand; this book also instructs anyone how to cure heaves in horses; remove a wart from a horse; to cure colic without medicine; to physick a horse; to make condition powders; to cure bone spavin, curb, splint, ringbone, sweeny, or tendon sprains; to make a run, rig out, or fit for a show; how to cure founder; all to be done without the use of the burning iron or knife; and not put the horse out of use, as you can work him every day or turn him out to grass. I will forward it to any address upon receipt of $1.00.
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I can cure any bog spavin or thoroughpin on a horse in 5 minutes.
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Use Kennedy's Dead Shot Rat and Mice Exterminator.

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TO YOUNG MEN.
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Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
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BURLINGTON
ROUTE
C-B-&-Q. C-B-&-Q.
Now on sale and during the season, Excursion Tickets, from Chicago and local points, to DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, and PUEBLO, AND RETURN, by any of 10 different routes, at wonderfully low rates. These tickets will be good going west within fifteen (15) days from date of sale, and to return until October 31st following.
Pullman Palace Cars are run by the Company from CHICAGO to COUNCIL BLUFFS, TOPEKA and KANSAS CITY, forming a line without a change of cars to DENVER, but one change of cars to COLORADO and PUEBLO. Dining Cars are attached to all through trains, in which meals can be obtained at the reasonable price of seventy-five cents.
For rates, further information, and elegant Map of United States free, address,
J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agt., 317 Broadway, New York, and 306 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
COLORADO

CONSOLATION.

Written on the Death of Miss Melissa Turnbull, Daughter of James Turnbull Esq. Nelson, (Who died at Waterdown the 16th April 1881) —to her bereaved mother.

Thy heart, dear mother, now is sad;
Fond hopes were blighted in a day,
Melissa now in shroud is clad,
And from thy sight has passed away.

Death came with all his matchless power
And seized with cold and ruthless hand
The rose just opening into flower
And changed the things that you had planned.

"God's ways are not our ways" 'tis true,
He in the future far can see,
His pleasure's best for me and you,
And to his will resigned we'll be.

Though hard to see the hand of God,
Yet he afflicts in tender love;
And while you pass beneath the rod,
He takes the dear ones home above.

Oh! How you miss Melissa dear,
Her, who was once your joy and pride;
Her kindly voice no more you hear,
No more she sits close by your side.

But oft upon the old home floor,
You'll think you hear that fond foot-step,
Or think she's coming in the door
For everything in memory's kept.

Her vacant place, Oh! who can fill?
Ah! No one, in a mother's heart;
Vacant her place, her voice is still,
No one to act Melissa's part.

Oh! Will those eyelids ne'er unveil
Those eyes to greet ones with tenderness?
And will those lips, so cold and pale
No more our lips so fondly press?

Oh, no! not in this world of sin;
But we may meet her by-and-by
Where, with God eternally shut in
We'll reign above the starry sky.

May 19th 1881.

THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

[Continued.]

'Yes,' he assented, when Colonel Egerton had repeated his coachman's evidence. 'And was Mr. Monkton really away when the fire broke out?'

'I see,' he muttered, when he possessed all the particulars obtainable. 'I see.'

'What do you see, father,' asked Kenneth, earnestly. 'What can be his cousin's motive in this contemptible slander of Scot Monkton?'

'Slander! Do you suppose that is all?'

'What else?'

'If Scot Monkton is taken up on this suspicion, and things go against him, he might make a deed of gift, to avoid confiscation; and of course this fellow, being the only one of the name, expects to come in for the property—he is pretty sure of it, indeed. And I tell you that *then* the mythical heir, for whose sake Kingswood is given up, may go to Erebus, for all the reigning Monkton will care.'

'Then, confiscation for felony is not abolished yet?' questioned Colonel Egerton, thinking over this scheme.

'Not yet; though in this case it would make no difference. The law is easily evaded, and, previous to conviction—if conviction be pretty certain—a prisoner has only to make what we call a deed of settlement. But Scot Monkton,' added the old lawyer, coolly, 'shall execute no such deed while T. & O. Bradford are his legal advisers.'

'And this,' fretted Miss Joan, 'is all through those papers.'

For justice's sake, let us hear no more of that waste rubbish!' interrupted Mr. Bradford. 'The papers were worth no more to Scot Monkton than Sourdet's hat was. And they say, in their malice, how could he know this until he read them? They say that, do they?' he sneered. 'Let them say it—fools like Levey, and rogues like Stanley Monkton. Let them say what they li e. Let them say that he has cleverly got rid of his enemy, and stolen valuable documents. Let them say it until they are tired of its sound, if they like; for we all know an old lawyer who wasn't born yesterday, eh? Doris,' he added, with a sudden change of tone, 'are you ready to go on an errand for me, my dear?'

'Quite ready, Mr. Bradford,' she said, earnestly. She had stood very white and silent through all this conversation; but now she came up to him, and looked as 'ready' as she said.

'Go down to the Black Birches, will you, and bring Miss Michael here to spend the rest of the day with you and Joan? Bring the child, too. Take no denial, for I want to talk to Mr. Monkton alone. I've a hundred things to discuss with him, beside this one wretched affair which brought me in such haste. Now, go, my dear; you will be more successful if you go alone. I cannot stand the presence of that fearful little woman and that staring child. Bring them both safely away, and I will go down there at once. Do you mind walking alone, my dear?'

Doris nodded as she left the room; she could not tell in words what a real relief to her the walk would be.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Solitude was such a treat to Doris now, that she involuntarily began to linger as soon as Kenneth had closed the shrubbery gate behind her and left her alone in the Larch Walk. The sun was low already, and the February moon, though her face was pale and wan, rose steadily and patiently even in the greater light, for she knew the night was coming, and her beauty would be brilliant when this fair glory of the setting sun should be forgotten.

Along the horizon the clouds stood like jagged and gigantic rocks against the soft green and golden light, and above stretched a wide, far view of silvery waters and a dreamy shore, which changed and moved and faded as Doris gazed, and yet was passing beautiful through all.

'It might be,' she said, as she went slowly on, her eyes upon this fair sky-picture, 'a glimpse of that angel-country where we shall all love each other, and where nothing dark, or mean, or suspicious——'

As she put into words, even thus indirectly, the vague and constant thought which puzzled her, the recollection of her present errand started up before her with a new distinctness. Mr. Bradford had made so light of it, in giving her her final directions, that she could scarcely have left home with any idea of importance in her mission; but now its imaginary weight grew out of her previous thoughts, and so, from that moment, her step never slackened until she had her hand upon the garden-gate at the Black Birches, and her eyes upon Scot, who, crossing the garden just then, met her.

'Many happy returns of the day, Miss Egerton.'

'Why?'

'Why!' he echoed, laughing he met her astonished glance. 'Is it an ordinary black letter day then?'

Though her own knowledge of the motive of her visit blinded her to any idea of his real pleasure (even though it shone in his eyes at that moment), Doris could understand him now; and she answered, with gravity, that she wished him many happy returns of the day, too—finding that easiest to say. Then she hurried, at his side, up the garden path, and passed the open door-way, over which the faded leaf of the osmunda slowly perished; though through all the ruth and ruin of the firs it had held its post.

'It was baking-day at the Black Birches, and Miss Michal, half enveloped in a white apron of no contracted proportions, fluttered beside the oven-door, sighing over each loaf as it came brownly forth to face the world, and contradicting Elizabeth with plaintiveness when the girl pronounced each one, as she carried it to the table, 'crisp and light.'

'I don't think, my dear,' the little lady said, resignedly, when Doris, standing in the blaze of the bright fagot fire, had anxiously and cordially, urged her request, 'that I ought to leave home this afternoon; there is so much to see to.'

'Please, Miss Egerton, indeed there's nothing but wat I can do,' put in Elizabeth, really wishful that her low-spirited mistress should have this change which Doris wished.

Then Scot (he stood before the fagot fire, too, just with the old easy thought-fulness, which left no room for either false pride or shame) joined his request to Doris', and made the entreaty easier for her; so that at last Miss Michal was tempted to acknowledge, with a pensive smile, that it was not of vital importance that she should 'see too' much that afternoon, and that, if Doris liked such a dull companion——

What answer was needed beyond the girl's gladness at this consent? And, though Scot seemed to wonder a little at it, he seemed glad, too.

'It will do you such good, Aunt Michal,' he said, warmly. 'Now, I will fetch Willy.'

'I suppose you must,' sighed Miss Michal, 'though I'm sure he won't have finished his copy. He ought to be able to write, oughtn't he?' she inquired of Doris, as Scot went quickly from the room, and they prepared to follow him. 'Yet, when I set him a copy, ten to one Scot comes and takes him off—if I let him. And I'm sure the scenes are utterly ridiculous which Scot makes of his reading lessons—if I let him be present. My only comfort is, that the child is so very grave himself, and that it takes a great deal to distract him from what he is told to. But I believe that's the very reason Scot does it. He actually says that no little boy can possibly learn to read and write until he knows how to laugh and play. If the child wasn't really a sober, conscientious little thing, he would be utterly spoiled.'

Sober and conscientious!

They had paused at the open door of the sitting-room, and Doris could not wonder another moment at the chosen term. The child sat rigidly in that painful attitude which is considered essential in a child's first writing-lesson. With every muscle strained, his fingers grasped the long pen, lest they should lose the position in which Miss Michal herself had placed them; and, while his wide and anxious eyes were fixed conscientiously upon the far-away top line which was held up for his imitation, the slow tears fell singly upon the blotted lines, or on his strained, stiff finger-joints. And all the while the narrow little breast heaved with excitement, and the thin cheeks flushed and paled with longing, because Scot sat on the table opposite, with his kind eyes full of fun, and because the child had said, 'No, he would not,' when Miss Michal told him not to think of anything else until the page was written.

So, looking strenuously away from his great temptation, he handled his pen with infinite labor, and dared not set his fingers free, even to wipe away those hot tears which defaced each line that he had written. 'If the child wasn't really a sober, conscientious little thing, he would be utterly spoiled.'

It had been Miss Michal's own speech, as Doris well remembered; yet Miss Michal herself had passed Doris, and, bending beside the child, had taken the strained fingers in her own, pushed away his chair, and given him his freedom.

When she and Willy went away to prepare for their walk, and left Scot and Doris alone together, Doris sat down before the blotted copy, and read the words aloud—,bid, bad, bud,' after which Scot, standing near her, reversed them solemnly—'bud, bad, bid,' and, when their different classification was exhausted, commented gravely upon their moral. And it might have been that, for both himself and Doris, the heart held no thought and pain, and longing, no effort and no hope beyond a new arrangement of these words.

'It seems to me,' mused Miss Michal to herself, as she passed back through the hall, 'that those two are laughing; yet I should think it would puzzle any one to tell why.'

It would, indeed!

She had called Willy into the kitchen, and made him sit before the cheerful wood fire, while Elizabeth warmed and put on his boots; and now the blaze from the dry branches leaped beyond the figures on the hearth, doing its best to leave a touch of its own warmth and strength upon Miss Michal's features, and of its own ruddy health upon the white face of the child.

'Listen, ma'am. Isn't it wheels?'

Elizabeth looked up to ask the question, while she knelt buttoning Willy's boots; but Miss Windish was drawing on her gloves placidly.

'There was an enormous stranger on the parlor grate to-day,' she said, 'so I knew he was coming. He can go into the parlor now to your master, Elizabeth. Miss Egerton and I are going out at once.'

'And if it's a lady, ma'am?' inquired Elizabeth, rising, and stroking down her apron.

'It's not a lady,' rejoined Miss Windish, with mild fervor. 'What is it you want, Willy.'

'May I say good-bye, just for a minute to Liath, please?' asked the child, standing pleading in the fire-light.

Miss Michal nodded without a word, and so he ran through the back door, and was bidding a solemn farewell to Liath in the Green Pits, when Miss Michal, small and limp, in a looped-up skirt and a boa of great length and foregone fashion, went in to join Doris.

'Ah, yes, I thought so,' she ejaculated, though she started a little at the loud knocking on the front door. 'I heard a carriage pass round from the farm gate. I dare say it's Major Porter. Scot, shall you go out with him if he wants you?'

'Impossible,' returned Scot; and then he caught himself smiling, because there had darted into his mind a fancy that Doris had waited almost breathlessly for his reply. 'I cannot leave home to-day. But why should it be Porter? Certainly that is not his knock. Soldier as he is, he would never discharge such a cannon at the door.'

'Are you ready, then, Miss Windish?' asked Doris, bright and content in the relief of finding that Scot would be at home to see Mr. Bradford. 'And is Willy ready?'

'Yes, he's ready,' sighed Miss Windish; 'but then he has to bid good-bye to Scot, and if he's as long over it as he generally is——'

The little lady paused abruptly, and, in her soft and silent way, moved back from the door as it was opened to admit two visitors. She had not been mistaken in that infallible augury of the morning, for he was emphatically a 'stranger;' and yet she had been deceived, too, for only a single banner had waved upon the bar of the grate, and here were *two* strangers.

They both glanced round at her, and in her quiet way she bowed—a small, fragile figure, but a calm little lady, nevertheless, in this moment of simple astonishment.

And Doris, sitting at the table, softly turned the pages of an open book, and waited.

Scot had risen from his impromptu seat on the arm of the couch near Doris, but he leaned there, waiting too. To him also these visitors were strangers, and—quizzical a little, though scarcely curious—he waited their errand.

'Mr. Monkton,' said one of the men, the elder of the two, pausing near the door, and speaking in haste, as if to forestall his companion, 'I am Superintendant Davies, of Milton, and this is Police-constable Hewis You, I presume, know why we are here. It is a most unpleasant business, but, if you will understand, to begin with——'

'What he understands, to begin with, won't make any difference in the unpleasantness of the business, I fear, and won't alter our warrant,' interrupted the younger man, approaching Scot. 'He shall read it himself if he likes, but we of course must do our duty.'

'What is that?'

'Arrest you,' said the constable, stepping up to Scot, and standing straight before him as he spoke.

The words had scarcely left the man's lips, when Scot rose from his leaning posture, threw his weight on his left leg and raising his closed right hand, struck out, straight as an arrow, and knocked the constable to the ground.

It was done so promptly as well as coolly, and so surely as well as easily, that it was no wonder the second man did not hasten to shorten, between himself and Scot, that space in which his fallen comrade lay.

'Step over him,' advised Scot. 'Come, I am ready.'

With a shriek of fear, Miss Michal started forward.

'Oh, Scot, my dear! oh Scot, remember they are two to one.'

'Two to one, certainly,' said Scot, very calm in the white heat of his passion; 'two cowards.'

'Of course, Mr. Monkton, if you behave to us in this manner,' began the elder man, coming slowly forward, 'I shall be forced to use means to insure your submission.'

'Handcuffs?' asked Scot, in a tone which made Doris' heart grow like lead, in literal fear of its curbed fury. 'A friend will have recovered his breath in a few minutes, and then, perhaps, if you come together, and with the irons in your hand, you may venture to do your duty. Two at one is the usual advantage on the side of innocence and justice. Try it.'

'We had no wish to use these,' said the superintendent, opening the handcuffs with evident unwillingness.

'Even saints and martyrs are at times forced to act against their wish for the good of others,' observed Scot, in a tone of easy banter, which was so horrible to Miss Michal, that she gave vent to another shriek.

'I would still rather not do it, if you would give us your word, the man resumed, glancing pitifully down on the little lady.

'Oh, you had better use them,' returned Scot, lightly. 'They are heavy toys to have carried so far for no purpose.'

'If you had not used violence——'

'But I did,' the young man interrupted, tranquilly. 'So take refuge in your life-preservers, because life is so precious.'

'Mr. Monkton, for your own sake——'

'That's kind—that's very kind and thoughtful of you,' Scot said, still in that bantering tone which was so terrible to Miss Michal. 'Do it for my sake, pray. I read to-day of a struggle between a madman and his keeper, which ended in the madman's death. They called it willful murder. What matter? They are simple words enough, and only two of them. I dare say you are used to such sounds, and not *afraid* of whispering them into a prisoner's ear, eh? Yes, put the irons on—for my sake.'

'Mr. Monkton, if you would kindly recollect that we are here simply in the discharge of our duty,' began the elder man; but by this time his companion had taken the manacles, and, opening them, had advanced without further hesitation, to put them on.

Scot coolly lifted his hand, and laid his fingers on the iron rings.

'Are they strong enough?' he asked; and in the next instant, swift as thought, with a true backward aim, he had flung the handcuffs through the closed window behind him.

As they went crashing through the glass, Doris suddenly fell on her knees beside Miss Michal, who sat staring into Scot's face with her eyes dry and wild. The scene was so far more terrible to the girl than any one could guess, that it was no little wonder she hid her face and sobbed, even here, where no comforting words could be uttered.

For the first time, Scot turned his eyes upon her, as the quick, suppressed sobs fell on that momentary silence; then he told the men that he was ready.

'You need not excite yourself,' he remarked to the younger constable, who had begun to mutter angrily to his companion; 'I am coming without the handcuffs. What have you waiting—a prison van?'

'Only a cab, Mr. Monkton,' put in the older man, hurriedly intercepting any other reply.

'How very pleasant!' said Scot, preparing to leave the room; while even the rougher of the men felt, through all his distrust, that close watchfulness was hardly needed now, for Mr. Monkton evidently intended to accompany them as unresistingly as if he were really bound.

But at the door Scot paused.

'Go and take your own seats,' he said to the men, in a voice so calmly authoritative that it was plain to see that, just then, he had forgotten their errand, and his own position.

The elder man passed on, as if glad to do so; but, as his companion made no step forward, the words which Scot had meant to say died in his heart, unuttered. But Doris had risen now, and, for a minute, her eyes met his, with a long wistful promise in their gaze—the promise of an undying trust, which alone there unknown even to herself.

'Do you not drive past the gate of the Kingswood Dower House?'

There are moments in our lives when action overtakes thought, and this was one for Doris. She stood beside the policeman, with a winning gentleness which even the rougher of them could not resist.

'Yes, we go that way, of course, miss.'

'Then will you kindly drive that lady so far? She and I were just going there when you arrived, and she will hardly care for the walk now, while I can walk very well, and will meet her there. I shall be so much obliged if you will do this.'

The men, though astonished a little, assented readily, and Miss Michal, far beyond the power of astonishment now, was assisted by Doris herself into the seat beside which Scot would presently take his place.

'Good-bye,' she said then, laying her hand in his, and leaving it in his clasp till the few simple words were said; 'I will give you good-bye to Willy, and take care of him. At the gate at home you will see that I have left another message.'

She had fancied she was going to cheer and encourage him; to remind him that injustice never prevailed for long, and that he would soon be back; or to utter, in a whisper, her own hope and prayer. But no; those were the only words that came, even though the men stood back, and she could speak unheard.

And Scot answered nothing but *good-bye*; for the words of wrath and irony were stayed while her sad eyes met his, and her hand lay so trustingly within his own.

Before the cab was out of sight, rolling along beside the river to the iron bridge in the park, Doris had crossed the stream and was flying up the Larch Walk; running as she had not run since—a little child, unfettered by long skirts—she had proudly and breathlessly competed with Kenneth in merry races down the Richmond garden.

'Loyd,' she called, with failing breath, summoning her own groom as she passed the stable, 'have the horses harnessed in the phaeton for Mr. Bradford—as quickly as possible. Help Evans yourself, that not a moment may be lost!'

Mr. Bradford, pacing the hall, impatient for Doris' return, put his arm around her as she darted up to him, and supported her while she regained her health; but as soon as he comprehended what she had to tell, he put her from him without a word, and left the house.

Then Doris, knowing he understood where to meet Scot, crept out again—without seeking Kenneth or her father or Miss Joan—and hurried back to the farm. And when she met little Willy wandering about the house, looking wistfully and patiently for Scot, she lifted him in her arms and cried over him as if her heart were breaking.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.

A writer in the *Scientific American*, in treating of the question, gives a simple plan by which any one can rid his premises of rats and keep the vermin away permanently. He says: "We clear our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas, and covering the rafters and stones in the cellar with it. In every crevice in which a rat may tread we put the crystal of copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a foot fall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of yellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier and exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruit and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap-grease is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon have them out. These precautions, joined to the services of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as chemists can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling, they are so liable to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."

If you are suffering with a cold do not fail to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam; it is daily relieving its hundreds through out our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable.

HOW HORSES EYES ARE INJURED.

It has been observed that of all domestic animals the horse is the most afflicted with diseases of the eye. Some of those ailments are hereditary, and from unknown causes, others—and these are of painful frequency—are not inherited, and their origin may be readily traced. Of this latter class of causes may be mentioned:—insufficiency or bad arrangement