NOTICE.

Go to J. P. Roper's for Cheap Groceries, Pork and Sausages. Fresh Bread, Buns and Cakes constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Pork and all Farmers' Produce.

How Not To Drown.

Four years ago I was floating in the surf at Atlantic City, gazing up into the sky and thinking only of its beauties, when feeling somewhat tired, I easy-d to stand up, but failed for the very excellent reason that I had nothing to stand on. I had, without noticing it, floated out beyond my depth. I am a very indifferent swimmer, and make it a rule not to venture into water where I cannot secure a foothold when I need one. Yet I found myself, not through any foolish venturesomeness, beyond the furthest line of bathers. Of course I immediately struck out for shore. After swimming until I felt thoroughly exhausted, I found that I had made very little progress, and I also discovered that the bottom of the ocean was too far beneath me to be any practical benefit as a basis of traveling. Now what would you do under such circumstances? Shout for help, you say. Exactly! That, I suppose, is what any well-conditioned, sensible human being would do, and yet I found myself actually ashamed to do it. I was positively morally weak enough to permit a consideration of what my fellowmen would think of me to overpower the natural sense of self-preservation. I fancied that I might be laughed at for crying for assistance before I was actually sinking beneath the waves, and so I struggled on until a sudden convulsive twitching in the calf of the left leg told me that I had a cramp. Then I shouted "help" quite lustily and shouted thrice. Nobody heard me and nobody paid any attention to me. Thanks to my good fortune, however, I remained perfectly cool, else I would not be talking to you now. I was able to recognize on the shore the faces of people I knew, and, although I experienced no sense of fear, I felt fully satisfied that I would never see them again.

Now, by all recognized rules and regulations, in such cases made and provided, the events of my entire life should have passed before me in instantaneous review. I'll guarantee that you never read a novel but what, when the hero or villian is sinking beneath the waves, he thinks, with lightning like rapidity, of every act in his career. "And as Reginald felt the cruel waters closing above him, all the deeds of his life, both good and bad, passed before him as though a panorama was being moved by some magic hand." That is about the way it generally reads, you know, and is what should have happened to me. But I am inconoclastic and cruel enough to say that I had no such experience. I found that my mind was absorbed with but one thought, to the exclusion of all other sensations. I thought of absolutely nothing but of getting ashore just as soon as possible. After my first unheeded cries for help I again felt ashame l to call again, but made another effort at swimming. In my cramped condition I found this fruitless, and so I again cried for assistance, but kept perfectly still in the water while I did it. Had I struggled I would have lost breath enough with it my life. My last shout was heard. I saw a sudden excitement on the beach. I saw men point their arms toward me. I saw others run into the water. I saw a man bring a coil of rope. I could identify the individuals who were doing these things. I watched them coming toward me and simply endeavored to keep as quiet as possible. In this way I managed to keep afloat till they got me and dragged me to shore.

What I wish to demonstrate is that the very poorest swimmer among you is perfectly safe in the water if he only keeps cool and does not struggle when nothing is to be gained by such efforts.—Philadelphia News.

The Irish Judge and the Prisoners.

Rather a good story which is going the rounds was wont to be a standby of Justice Porter, the well known legal bon vivant of Dublin. It concerns a rare old Irish Judge on the Northwest Circuit, who loved the hunting field more than he did the stupid, sleepy court room. His clerk was like minded, and a zealous pair they made. One fine morning the clerk whispered to the Judge: "Yer Honor, old Billy Duane's meet's to day at Ballykillmulligan, and they've a fine dog fox." "How many's in the docket?" asked the judge excitedly. "Twenty, for rioting and breach of the peace, yer honor." "Thin," said the judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me let him off with a week in jail?" "The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk. "Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile." The twenty Fenians were brought into court, a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight with counsel and jury to the bitter end. The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called by the clerk: "Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile. "Guilty, Yer Honor; God help me," said the crafty prisoner. "Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room "I fancy I can let you off with a week." The man thanked the judge and stepped down to the hotel for the accommodation among the other defendants. Why, none of them expected to get of with less than five years in limbo. Here was a chance to profit by "His Honor's" pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge the crimes in a batch. "Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the judge, sternly. "We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in a chorus. "Fourteen years' transportation apiece," exclaimed the the judge, with a click of his jaw—"Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

The Oppressed Crofters.

President McGregor, of the Scottish Land League of America, says; I found in the Highlands of Scotland 3,000 crofters—small farmers who have no leases of their land and are at the mercy of tyrannical landlords. I travelled from isle to isle of the Hebrides and saw all the crofters. I spoke fifty times to them in Gaelic. At Skye I held a tremendous meeting that lasted seven hours. The crofters are in the utmost destitution. Some of them have actually to gather whelks for their food. They can't get oatmeal. They say they will bear oppression no longer. They are determined to kill all the deer, because the deer eat their crops. They have to take turns with their wives keeping the deer off at night. They intend to surround the deer by a cordon of men and drive them into the sea. The Queen, they say, pretends to sympathize with them, but they don't see any fruits of it. They defie evictions must cease. They will not use violence, but passive resistance. If they are sentenced to prison they will have to be carried."

Poor Houses.

Chief Justice Cameron says the increase of insanity in the country arises from "our living too fast." He believes that each county should have a House of Industry. In former times, he pointed out to the Grand Jury at the Brant Assizes, there was a law compelling the establishment of such institutions in every county, but the dislike of members of Parliament to offend in certain counties led to its being made discretionary, and he was under the impression that it was to be regretted.—Hamilton Times.

Latest From Ireland.

The Duke of Abercorn has resigned the position of captain of the Irish Eight at Wimbledon.

The Presidency of Maynooth College has been conferred upon Dr. Brown, the Vice-President.

Swine fever has made its appearance in the neighborhood of Kildysart, Clare, and its fatal consequences are everywhere visible.

Ballinasloe Fair, the largest in Ireland, commenced on the 6th ult. The total number of sheep sold was 28,291, and the number unsold 8,442.

Mr. R. J. Lane, Q. C., died in Dublin on the 1st inst., at the ripe age of 83 years. He was not only father of the Munster Bar, but father of the Bar of Ireland.

The Cork Steam Packing Company has dismissed 80 of its employees on account of loss of business resulting from the boycotting of the company by the cattle men.

Mr. Henry Lyons, D. L., Croom House, died suddenly in London on September 26th. He was on his way home from Baden, where he had been sojourning for some time. He was proprietor of the mills at Croom and bakeries at Limerick.

Latest Scottish News.

It is proposed to widen Broomielaw Bridge, Glasgow, fifteen feet on either side, so as to double the line of cart traffic.

An accident, by which four men were more or less seriously injured, occurred on the 8th inst. at the works of the Forth Bridge.

John Young, coal agent, Blairgowrie, has been apprehended and imprisoned at Perth on a charge of having killed his wife in a quarrel.

Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, presided at meeting of the Bank of Scotland, held on the 6th inst., when a dividend of 14 per cent. per annum was declared.

The great Huntley estates in Aberdeenshire have been disentailed, and were to be offered for sale in Edinburgh last week. They extend to 70,000 acres, and are divided into four portions.

The Dundee Town Council has agreed to offer the freedom of the town to the Duke of Argyll, on the occasion of his visit to that town on the 12th of November to open the Armistead course of lectures.

On the 5th inst. Lord Binning, eldest son of the Earl of Haddington, and who served in both the Egyptian and Soudan campaigns, was presented with a sword of honor by the tenantry and workpeople on the Haddington estates.

The Earl of Fife on the 9th inst. formally opened the new Town and County Hall, Elgin, a building which has just been completed at a cost of $8,000. At the conclusion of the ceremony Lord Fife was presented with the freedom of the city.

The Indian Policy.

Hayter Reid, the assistant Indian Commissioner, arrived from the east on Sun day. He is rearranging matters on the different reserves through which he passes, and establishing a policy to be pursued by the different agents and instructors in the dealings with the Indians during the coming winter. A sharp line is drawn between the Indians who remained quiet and those who who were turbulent last spring. The argument used to the latter is, you thought you could live better if you only drove the Government and the white man out of the country. Try living without the assistance of the Government for a while." The turbulent Frog Lake Indians have been returned some of their arms stamped "I. D," given a little ammunition, and sent north into the woods to get a living for themselves, with orders not to expect any Government assistance hereafter. Those who remained peaceable and were likely to become farmers are being gathered in more closely, and will be better looked after than before. The settlement of Frog Lake is abandoned, but that at Onion lake is kept up. The horses have also been taken away from the hostiles and will be used in freighting by the department, the Indians, however, getting the benefit of their work.—Edmonton Bulletin.

How to Administer Medicine to Syrlne

If the medicine cannot be given in his food, as when he has no appetite, or is in great pain, it must be administered direct. To do this is quite difficult, and most farmers give it up, or adopt the homepathic treatment; because it is so much easier. When properly managed it is not very hard either, for the pig or the attendant. The pig is caught by a slipnoose in a strong rope which goes through the mouth, and holds back the tusks. He will pull back with all his might, and the rope must be made fast white short, to the top of a post or fence Then his legs are secured so that he cannot spring forward. Now if an old shoe with a hole in the toe is given him to chew upon he will champ away as angrily as possible and the medicine can be poured down his mouth through it—a little at a time, or he will choke, and strangle, and cough. Another way is to hold the pig in the same way or as for ringing, and pour the medicine into the nostril, through an oil can, such as is used for oiling machinery. Either of these methods render it possible to give medicine to a pig as effectually as to any animal, and it is not probable that his rage will have any effect, as in the case of a struggling child.

The Scott Act in Bruce.

The Walkerton Herald speaks thus pertinently of the operation of the Scott Act in Bruce:—"Several seizures of whiskey were made at the show grounds last week, by Heffernan, the Scott Act prosecutor. It was melancholy to see the large number of young men staggering about under the influence of liquor during the Exhibition. There were far more than in any previous year, or perhaps it was noticed more on account of the temperance law being supposed to have done away with it. It is quite evident that drinking has not been stopped, or even checked, by the Scott Act in this county. It is a matter of public report that Messner's brewery at Formosa, in this county, is doing a largely increased business this year, under the operation of the Scott Act. Last year Mr. Messner brewed twice a week, whereas this year he averages over five times a week. Sometimes he brews every day, and on several occasions he had to brew twice a day."

The Duke of Argyll on Highland Depopulation.

The Duke of Argyll, in a letter to the London Times, endeavors to show that there has been no depopulation in the Highlands in consequence of the extension of sheep runs and deer forests. The Duke maintains that, instead of dimmishing, the population of the Highlands is increasing. This, he contends, is notably the case in the counties of Argyll, Inverness and Sutherland. The census returns, however are against him. Argyll in 1831 had a population of 100,000 it has now only 76-1465. Any increase of population there has been in the county has occurred in the towns of Campbelltown, Oban and Dunoon, not in rural districts. The same remarks apply to the counties of Inverness and Sutherland, and indeed to all the Highland counties. If there has been any increase of population within the last half century the towns will be found to account for it all and more.

SKILFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government, an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and, strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspation. The sufferers feels tired all the time, and sleep does not appear to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermited condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Often times there is a palpitation of the heart, and patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening upon intestines becomes closed or nearly so. Although the disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand have no cancer but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, E. C. This syrup strikes at the foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with Dyspepsia; but after a few does of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

Yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 29th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak highly of its medical virtues; one customer described it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydfil.
To Mr. A. J. White.

Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness.

Preston, Sept. 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. Boker.

To A. J. White, Esq.
Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies,
Oct. 24th, 1884.

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have derived great benefit from "Seigel's Syrup." For some years I have suffered from liver complaint, with its many and varied concomitant evils, so that my life was a perpetual misery. Twelve months ago I was induced to try Seigel's Syrup, and although sceptical, having tried so many reputed infallible remedies, I determined to give it a fair and fair trial. In two or three days I felt considerably better, and now at the end of twelve months (having continued taking it) I am glad to say that I am a different being altogether. It is said of certain pens that they "come as a boon and a blessing to men" and I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the statement. I can truly say, however, that Seigel's Syrup has come as a "boon and a blessing" to me. I have recommended it to several fellow-sufferers from this distressing complaint, and their testimony is quite in accordance with my own. Gratitude for the benefit I have derived from the preparation prompts me to furnish this unsolicited testomonial.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours ever gratefully.
(Signed) Garrett Berry,
Baptist Missionary,
A. J. White, Esq.

Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White—Dear Sir,—I was for sometime afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health. I remain, yours respectfully.

(Signed) John H Lightfoot.

Rev. D. J. Macdonel on The Liquor Question.

At the sixth annual meeting of the Toronto Christian Temperance Mission, held at the Metropolitan Church on Tuesday evening Oct. 28th, Rev. D. J. Macdonel moved the following resolution:—"That we would in the strongest possible manner urge upon the properly constituted authorities the duty of enforcing the penal clauses of the law against the unlicensed sale of liquor and against its sale in licensed houses during the prohibited hours or times, and that we would respectfully call on the Crown and the License Commissioners the importance of much greater limitation in the number of hotel and shop licenses so as to confine hotel licenses exclusively to hotels for the accommodation of the farmers and the travelling public, and to secure that shop licenses shall be in the hands of a better class of dealers; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to his Worship the Mayor and the Chairman of License Commissioners." He thought a great deal could be accomplised by high licenses, reduction of the number of licenses, and a discrimination against distilled liquors. He did not hesitate to express his disapproval of the Scott Act and prohibition. Toronto was now one of the soberest cities in the world and had been improving under the present system during the past thirty years. Tampering with the laws would bring about harm. Good had been done during the past by moral and religious force. He was shown a pamphlet recently, entitled, "The Scott Act and Prohibition is the only hope of Canada." He would like to know if they had lost faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. They ought to stop this belittling of the moral and religious forces; and trying to get the state to do what the church fails to accomplish. If Canada were to be filled with with men who could control themselves and curb their appetites it wond be done by religion and not by legislation. As a minister of Christ he opposed the Scott Act. He believed it would do harm.

Rev. H. D. Powis seconded the resolution, which was carried.

England's Navy.

An examination of the navies of Europe seems to disclose the fact that England might cope with any other naval combination of the European nations. England has built and is building forty-six warships of 340,000 tons, against forty-four ships of 340,000 for France and Italy; forty-five ships of 320,000 tons of France and Germany; and forty-four ships of 318,000 tons of France and Russia. And this without counting those fleet Atlantic liners available for fighting cruisers in the event of war.—N. Y. Tribune.

At a meeting of the Canadian Women Suffrage Association held at Toronto last week it was decided to call a public meeting of ladies on Thursday, November 19th, for the purpase of organizing in furtherance of the movement, and of discussing the desirableness of bringing out lady candidates for the office of school trustees at the next elections.

THE REMOVAL.

Your children will live to decorate the sepulchres of the (Scott Act) men whom you now vilify.—Oakville Independent.

When merchant bodies leave their shop,
And counter-hoppers counters hop,
Clap up the shutters with a whiff,
Don their skull cap or Christie stiff,
And o'er the street betake their way,
To join the roisterers at play
Upon the lovely village green,
A varied crowd as e'er was seen;
One evening—long will I remember
About the first week in September,
I joined a merry, jovial pair,
Who tasted Tommy's wholesome fare,
And steered about the Brampton whiskey
Till noisy grown, slate and risky;
The landlord's wrath began to pour,
Out went the light, and *bang* the door,
And staggering, each pursued his way,
To sleep debauchery away.

September air was chill and damp,
Low burned my early lighted lamp,
The fire still burned—its crackling song
Rung welcome out and lingered long.
Beneath the blankets soon I bound,
Surveying still the scene around,
But soon was lost to all its charms,
And Morpheus clasped me in his arms.

A long, long sojourn—days, months, years—
Flew o'er me full of hopes and fears;
First one bereavement, then another,
Departed parents, sister, brother,
A granite reared its sacred head,
High o'er the flowery burial bed,
Stern ruin there had never strayed
Though time had passed his fifth decade.
Alone I run life's luckless way,
Calm—waiting the approaching day,
When dust returns to mother earth,
The soul to him who gave it birth,
Until, with journeying weary grown,
Upon a mound I sat me down,
Where proud Ontario's waters break,
And Oakville looks upon the lake.
Long there I sat in musing rife,
And backward viewed my chequered life—
Since first in childish desperation
I took the task of respiration,
And chirped and cooed upon the knee
That nursed my tender infancy.
Alas! Alas! it kindles grief,
To think what follies and mischief,
What useless rovings, idle fancies,
Shortcomings sad and foul mischances,
What drinking bouts and fateful crisis,
Had I but heeded sage advices,
Would ne'er have stained my fragile bark,
While sailing o'er life's ocean dark.

But to my tale—the wind blew high,
The darkening clouds o'ercast the sky,
The rain in torrents downward poured,
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
Ontario howled, the hills around
Prolonged the most unwelcome sound.
When suddenly before me stood
The queerest shape seen since the flood,
Dark, there it stood, now changing dun,
Now to a darker shade it run;
What seemed its legs loud-rattled, *whack*;
The dismal sound re-echoed back;
One shoulder held a tombstone black,
The other grated *clack, clack, clack*,
And in the air a coffin toss,
One side and both the endboards lost.
No word of recognition gave
The darksome wanderer of the grave;
But, easing down the endless coffin,
The time-worn tombstone slowly doffin',
Sat down with an obeisance meet,
Not by my side, but at my feet,
And then out in the storm wild rung,
"*I am the shade of Willie Y*—"

Fell death has stared me in the face,
I've almost been in his embrace,
At Bacchanalian feasts proof stood
Against the downward rolling flood,
A life of trouble and mishaps,
Victorious lived o'er fortune's slaps;
But when the ominous accents hoarse,
Fell from the sprite, its wanton course
Cold ran my blood in every vein,
While faster fell the drenching rain.

At length, quo' I, "Friend, where're ye bound?
Some shelter surely can be found
To shield us from the dreadful storm,
Some snug retreat, rain-proof and warm."

"No doubt," quo' he, "such may be found
When pining in the mouldering mound;
But woeful 'tis that ye should bear it,
I've no such comfort in the spirit.
Did ye but see the desolation
Of my deserted habitation,
It's been so long alone, forgotten,
The whole affair's completely rotten;
The rain pours in, and snowy blizzard,
And little Walsh and Geordie Tizard,
Jocosely in their garden mound,
Drink off their toddy round by round.
And venture on a stake, their bet,
How long, cold-shivering, they'll sit,
Out on a limb, and sadly mourn,
Ere to my den I may return:
Besides, Bill Mac has grown quite proud,
And Rolly Orr purloined my shroud."

"Good Lord," quo' I, "is that the way
They've teased you round from day to day:
Methought a righteous chap like you,
The first and foremost of the crew
Who nobly fought the Scott Act strife,
And nobler propped the church in life,
Would silent sleep till Gabriel's horn
Toots in the resurrection morn."

"Sdeath man," quo' he, "it makes me sad,
Then drives me almost raving mad
To think but of the Scott Act folk,
And they who bore the Christian yoke,
When full with magisterial lore,
The battle's brunt I firmly bore.
But, hear me, sir, a great mistake,
Poor mortals ays are prone to make,
In seeking to win Heaven's prize,
By erring human enterprise.
As one a passage bilk a seaman's
Might work from here out to Van Diemen's,
Instead of hearkening to the word,
"Lake little children" (saith the Lord)
Until they've grown so proudly good,
Their sighing, praying, canting blood,
Refusing to perform its function,
Old Nick slides round with flattering unction,
Takes off the soul without a groan,
To tread the spirit world alone.
Roaming and waiting judgment just,
As sinful beings ever must."

"But, sir," quo' I "the temperance throng
Are surely not so badly wrong;
The pious, earnest, earnest classes,
Of honest men and pretty lasses;
Who nail their colors to the mast,
And to the devil drunkards cast,
Must near at last the Heavenly throne—
A fair reward for service done."

"Ha, ha," laughed he, "ye little know
The gait that Scott Act people go;
The prohibition that they pride in
Is but their 'better part of hidin'.'
See them behind the scenes, my friend,
Their life ye cannot well commend.
I tell it not in idle frolic,
But toothache, diarrhoea, colic,
And such diseases, always handy,
Are made pretext for drinking brandy,
While whiskey, Holland gin, or ale,
To warm their blood and make them hale,
Abstaining lads and sober sisters,
Whose tongues the very name o'r blisters,
Drink smartly off their stated doses,
When Satan makes their diagnosis.
Perhaps some conscientious qualm
May turn an old one from the dram,
But still most drink—both man and woman—
This is the Scott Act folk in common."

By this the storm had ceased to blow,
The darkling monster rose to go;
The coffin to one shoulder lifted,
The tombstone to the other shifted,
Then turning said, "To God be leal,
For me, I'm moving down to Peel,
To find some graveyard not neglected
Where burial places are respected."

Now, who may read this tale of truth,
Be ye in hoary age or youth,
Leave earthly gods and such like quirks
To block Zulus and Pagan Turks,
And learn, the precious text receiving,
Salvation is but by believing
That from October till October,
'Tis God alone can keep you sober.

And ye who bellow in the kirks
With long-drawn faces, silly smirks,
Proclaiming by man's legislation,
A sure escape from just damnation,
Remember what sad fate befel
The Golden Calf of Israel,
And would ye dwell where wisdom lurks,
Lean firm on Faith and less on works.

And you, ye godly Scott Act dames,
Who glibly give poor Frailty names,
You need not cock on high your snout,
And pass poor devils with a flout,
For sure as death, and determination,
To them you're not the least temptation.

To you, ye prohibition wallowers,
As motley's Falstaff's noted followers,
Who at camp-meeting, social, fair,
Deal slyly in the drinking ware,
I'll send some day a rhymed epistle—
Meantime I'm off to wet my whistle,

Esquesing, Oct. 26, 1885.

—AMMI BADD.

It it proposed to hold an exhibition of Canadian live stock in London, England, in connection with the Indian and Colonial Exposition next June.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned is going to be disolved as soon as the Stock, Book Debt, and Liabilities can be adjusted and put into shape. On and after the first of October, 1885, no goods shall be sold but for Cash or Produce, and all parties owing us are respectfully requested to call and settle their accounts at their earliest convenience.

We hold an immense stock of GENERAL DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, MANTLES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, CARPETS, BOOTS and SHOES, and FURS.

Our stock is New and Suitable for the Fall and Winter Business, and in order to effect a clearance and reduce the stock, Great Bargains will be given

We remind the public that our Millinery Department is A 1, superintended by a first-class hand, and we have got the proper stock.

Our Dress and Mantle Making Department is superintended by a first-class hand new arrived, and we guarantee satisfaction in style, fit and finish.

Our Ordered Clothing is ahead of all competition both in price, style, get up, finish and durability. We respectfully solicit inspection and patronage, and the public can rely upon getting bargains.

McLEOD, ANDERSON & CO.

Threshing Machine
—AND—
LUBRICATING OILS
OF ALL KINDS.

Best Value in Above at

W. H. MACNAB'S HARDWARE, Milton.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure.
COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
Has the Advantage of being Palatable
and easily digested, and these two well-known remedies being combined, are more potent in their remedial effects than if taken separately, and increase flesh and strength with remarkable rapidity.

ITEMS.

The Great Eastern, the largest steamer in the world, was sold by auction last week in London for £26,500.

Bradstreet's trade review for the week says there must be lower temperature before business improves much.

The name of Canon Liddon is prominently mentioned as to be appointed to either of the vacant bishoprics of Ely or Manchester.

The new through postal system on the Canadian Pacific railway between Winnipeg and Montreal was inaugurated on Monday.

The U. S. Customs authorities refuse to allow Canadians to cross the frontier when unprovided with certificates of vaccination.

The storm which raged on the Labrador coast from the 11th to the 15th ult. is reported to have caused the loses of 20 vessels and 100 hundred lives.

King Alfonso's condition is again causing serious alarm. His lungs are affected, and he will probably pass the winter months at Cannes or Hyeres, in the south of France.

AN UNPROFITABLE TRIP.—William Graham, a young man from Bronte, came to the market to-day with a load of potatoes drawn by a horse with galled shoulders and unfit for work. P. C. Campaign saw the

The United States Government has intimated to Spain that if her sovereignty of the Caroline Islands is recognized, the American Protestant mission must be respected and the freedom of religion permitted.

A special to the Mail considers Mr. Parnell's success in inducing the Athenry convention to accept his candidates in preference to the local nominees as one of the greatest triumphs of the present election campaign.

There is great excitement at Atlanta, Ga., over the liquor question. Business men generally are opposed to prohibition. Should the law, as passed by the legislature, be adopted, it will be illegal for drug stores to sell whiskey or bandy, and for physicians to administer either compound.

King Christian's arbitrary prorogation of the Danish Rigsdag has temporarily averted the threatened revolution; but many intelligent statesmen believe that a republic will be established in Denmark before the expiry of twelve months.

Tuesday's despatches from Vienna and Berlin fail to confirm the report that the Czar has promised to recognize Prince Alexander as the governor of Eastern Roumelia. The story is generally discredited, and it is considered more probable that the young prince will either be forced to abdicate or be murdered.

Late intelligence from the Labrador coast states that the extent of the disaster caused by the recent gales is much more serious than was at first reported. About seventy fishing vessels have been wrecked or sunk, and probably three hundred lives are lost. To make matters worse numbers of the fishermen's home on shore have been levelled to the ground or washed away. The homeless people are in terrible suffering, have been deprived of every means of and support.

Iowa's census returns show that the population of the "country" is diminishing, and that of the cities and villages is increasing. Has the prohibitory law anything to do with this? The law is enforced in "country," but, as a rule it is not enforced in the larger towns. The inference would seem to be that those in the "country" who are "very thirsty" can't stand the strain.—Portland Oregonian.

The system of selling the poor by auction still prevails in Digby, N. S. It is worked in this fashion:—A person is unable to support himself. The county authorities immediately advertise that he is for sale. That is to say, that the county announces its readiness to receive offers for his support the county to pay the amount per month specified by the successful tenderer, and the tenderer to take the pauper, feed him and make whatever he can out of him. The lowest tenderer gets the pauper. Sam Slick inveighed against this system years ago, describing it as the white slave system, and latterly attempts have been made, but without success, to abolish it. In view of the abuses said to have crept in under it, a commission has been appointed to inquire into it. The report of this body will be looked for with interest, as will also the action which may possibly follow it.

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5.50 P. M. 7.21 A. M. 3.3
7.04 P. M.
Stage leaves for Hornby, Drumquin, Omagh, Boyne, &c., at 9 o'clock a m.
Sunday Train C.V.R., go. East 7.31 a.m. West 2 27 p.m

VOLUME 25.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING.

BY E. P. ROE,
Author of "His Sombre Rivals," "From Jest to Earnest," &c., &c.

Her father had whispered, significantly, when they met, "Stella, I must see you before you give Mr. Muir further encouragement;" and she, feeling that it might be among her last chances, for the present, of showing Graydon favor, was lavish of it. But it was not the preference of strong, true, womanly choice; it was rather the half defiant aspect with which forbidden fruit might be regarded.

As the great clock was about to chime the hour of midnight the dancing ceased. Arnault seemed determined to have the last word, and Graydon interposed no obstacle. The former walked on the piazza by Stella's side for a few turns in moody silence. Her father still sat at his post of observation. Mrs. Wildmere had been with him part of the time, but he had not had much to say to her.

"Mr. Arnault," said Stella, satirically, at last, "I will not tax your remarkable powers for entertainment any longer. I will join papa, and retire."

"Very well, Stella," was the quiet reply; "but before we part I shall speak; now is the point than if I had talked hours. By this time another week the question must be decided."

She bowed, and made no other answer.

"Stella," said her father when they were alone and he had regarded for some moments her averted and half pallid face, "what do you propose to do?" There was no answer.

After another pause he continued: "In settling the question, represent your mother and myself by a cipher. That is all we are, if the logic of your past action counts for anything. Again I ask, What do you propose to do?"

No matter how pretty and flattered a girl may be, she cannot alter gravitation. There are other facts just as inexorable. Shutting your eyes to them, or any other phase of folly, will not make the slightest difference.

"I think it is a horrid fact that I must marry a man that I don't love."

"That is not one of the facts at all. Stock-gambler as I am, and in almost desperate straits, I require nothing of the kind. Knowing you as I do, I advise you to accept Arnault at once; but I do not demand it; I do not even urge it. If you loved me, if you would say, 'Give up this feverish life of gain, I will help you and suffer with you in your poverty; I will marry Graydon Muir and share his poverty,' I would leave Wall Street at once and forever. It's a maelstrom in which men of my calibre and means are sucked down sooner or later. The prospects are that it will be sooner, unless I am helped through this crisis."

"I believe you are mistaken about the Muirs being financial a gear."

"I am not mistaken. They may have to suspend during the coming week."

"I know that Graydon Muir has no suspicion of trouble."

"He is but a clerk in his brother's employ, and has just returned from a long absence. Mr. Muir is one of the most retiscent of men. I have invested in the same dead stock that is swamping him, and so know whereof I speak. Should this stock decline further.—should it even remain where it is much longer,—he can't maintain himself. I know, for I have taken pains to obtain information since I last went to town."

"But if the stock rises," she said, with the eagerness of a speculator's daughter, "he is safe."

"Yes, if."

"How much time will you give me?" she asked, the lines of her face growing hard and resolute.

"This is to be your choice, not mine," said her father coldly. "You shall not be able to say that I sold you or tried to sell you. Perhaps it would be terribly hard for me to lose my footing and fall, and I feel that I should not rise again. Arnault worships success and worldly prestige. You are a part of his ambitious scheme. You must make your choice in view of the following facts: You can go on living here, just as you are, two or three weeks longer, daily with opportunity. By that time, unless I get relief and help, I shall reach the end of my resources, and creditors will take everything. The Muirs cannot help me, and I don't believe they would in any event. I am not on good terms with Henry Muir. If they go down now they will be thoroughly cleaned out. Arnault has long been devoted to you, and you could have unbounded influence over him if you acted in the line of his ruling passion. It would gratify his pride and add to the world's good opinion of him if I prospered also. In plain English, we may all be in a tenement house in a month, or I on safe ground, and you the affianced wife of a rich man."

"Well," said Stella, coldly, "you have given me facts enough. It's a pity you couldn't have brought me something better from Wall Street after all these years."

"What have you brought to me during these past years," he demanded sternly, "but constant requests for money, and the necessity for incessant effort to meet new phases of extravagence? You have not asked what was kind, merciful, and true, but what was the latest style. Few days pass but I am reminded of you by a bill for some frippery or other; but how often am I reminded of you by acts of filial thoughtfulness, by words of sympathy in my hard battle of life when I am present, or by genial letters when absent? I have spent three hot days in the city seeking chiefly your interest, and a more mechanical, perfunctory thing never existed than your kiss of greeting to-night. There was as much feeling in it as in the quarter by which I handed to the stage-driver. What are the motives of your life but dress, admiration, excitement, a rapid succession of men to pass under your baleful fascination, and then to pass on crippled in soul for having known you? Un