NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Opened—Allans, McKinnons and McMorrans.

Notice to Contractors—F. Braun.

Daniels' Hotel, (late St James.)

Sale by auction of Timber Limits, &c—A Rowe.

The Ottawa Times.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1872.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

The opinion of Sir Alexander Cockburn, British Arbitrator, dissenting from the decision of the other members of the Tribunal, at Geneva, has not yet been published. Count Sclopis, Jacob Stampfli, and Charles Francis Adams, were the three arbitrators who voted to allow damages in the case of the *Shenandoah*. Sir Alexander Cockburn and Mr. Evarts left Geneva on Saturday. Sir Roundell Palmer is looking greatly fatigued.

London journals this morning rejoice over the conclusion of the *Alabama* claims controversy, and express the hope that the foundation has been laid for a permanent and good understanding between the two nations now, that all necessary reparation has been made to America. The *Standard* however, thinks that the Tribunal should have awarded damages only for depredations of the *Alabama*.

It is asserted that the Czar of Russia will demand an abrogation of the Treaty of Paris, for the purpose of co-operating with Austria and Prussia.

The London *Times* in its editorial on the result of the labors of the Geneva tribunal says:—"While England has been held responsible for the depredations of several confederate cruisers, we yet retain the conviction, that morally, she is not to blame. The United States Government claimed damages for losses caused by a dozen vessels, but the Court of Arbitration held England liable unanimously only in the case of one vessel. This is plain evidence of the belief in the genuineness of our neutrality during the war in the United States; it disapproves of the flagrantly unjust accusation to unfriendliness in the American case presented at Geneva. We cheerfully consent to pay the sum awarded as tending to obviate difficulties in future.

An indignation meeting is to be held in Dublin on the 22nd inst., to protest against the course of the British Government towards the Press in Ireland.

From the recent report made by M. Dupeyre upon the work done by the various French Courtsmartial up to the 12th July, it appears that more than 9,000 Communists have been condemned by the present Courts, of whom 72 were sentenced to death, 192 to penal servitude, and 952 to transportation and confinement in a fortress.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER ELECTED FOR PROVENCHER.

A telegram received yesterday afternoon announces that Sir George Cartier was elected for Provencher County (Manitoba) by acclamation, no other candidates being nominated.

The London *Advertiser* is so thoroughly Grittish that it cannot refrain from having a fling at the Roman Catholics of the Province, now the elections are over. It says the "sole ground for suspecting Mr. O'Donohoe of Fenianism was *his religion!*" We never before knew that a man's religion had anything to do with his being a Fenian; on the contrary we know that no true member of the Roman Catholic Church could be one. We trust Mr. O'Donohoe's co-religionists will appreciate this insult from the Grit organ. It is pretty well known why Mr. O'Donohoe was suspected, and why in 1866 the detectives watched him very closely.

A Grit contemporary says:

"Riel has been largely supplied with funds from Ottawa for the purpose of defeating Attorney General Clark. He is spending money lavishly, most of it being in Royal Canadian Bank bills. He is in almost daily communication with John A. and Langevin as he was while they were engineering the rebellion three years ago. John A is determined to get him elected; and has promised him an amnesty, which he has already received from the Imperial Government. Anything for a vote!"

If for "Ottawa" we read "Toronto," and "Mackenzie" for "John A." we shall be far nearer the truth. It is now pretty generally understood where the "Royal Canadian Bank bills" come from.

RECEPTION OF SIR GEORGE CARTIER.

Sir George Cartier arrived here last evening by the 6:20 train. He was accompanied by Colonel Osborne Smith. His welcome at the station must have been highly gratifying to the honourable baronet. A guard of honour of the Governor General's Foot Guards was in attendance, accompanied by the band. Most of the Militia staff officers were also present, together with the Mayor, wearing his chain of office, and most of the members of the City Council. When Sir George alighted he was received with enthusiastic cheers and other demonstrations of welcome from the large crowd of citizens assembled. A procession was formed, headed by the Band and guard of honour, with a number of Firemen bearing torches, and amid the blaze of fireworks and the loud cheering of the people, the procession passed up Sussex Street to the City Hall.

A meeting of the City Council was held at 6 o'clock, at which the following address was agreed upon and presented to Sir George upon his arrival at the City Hall.

To the Honorable Sir George Etienne Cartier, Baronet, Minister of Militia and Defence.

The Corporation of the City of Ottawa desire to express their unfeigned satisfaction at your return to the capital, and beg to express the hope that your health has so far improved as to give assurance of early and perfect re-establishment.

On behalf of the citizens we beg to express our full appreciation of the important services you have in the past rendered to the country, and sincerely hope you may long be spared to continue your valuable labours for its welfare.

EUG. MARTINEAU,
Mayor.

City Hall, Ottawa, Sept., 16, 1872.

Sir George Cartier replied thanking the good people of Ottawa for their enthusiastic welcome. It was not the first time he had experienced their kindness. He trusted that the Almighty would restore him to his former health, and if so, he would be found as of old in his place in Parliament battling in behalf of the interests of the Dominion. (Cheers.) He alluded to his late defeat in Montreal, but said that he did not care much for a local defeat so long as the great Conservative party of Quebec triumphed as it had done (Cheers.) It was a gratification to him and to those who had been associated with him in laying the foundations of British American Union to know that their policy had been approved of by the people, as the result of the late elections showed that it had been.

Honble James Skead, Mr. Currier, M.P., and Mr. Alonzo Wright, M.P., then made some appropriate remarks, after which three cheers were given for the Queen, Sir George Cartier, the Governor General, and the Mayor.

The honourable Baronet was then conducted to his home, after which the crowd dispersed.

Among those present were the Honble. Mr. Skead, Mr. Currier, M. P., Mr. Alonzo Wright, M. P., Mr. W. McKay Wright, M. P., Colonel McPherson, Colonel Wiley, Colonel Stuart, and other well known citizens.

THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT.

It is now nearly nine months since the present Ontario Administration was formed. The Opposition which Messrs. Blake, Mackenzie, and their followers had offered to Sandfield Macdonald's Government was based upon certain professed principles which the Blake-Scott coalition were expected to carry into effect as soon as they succeeded to office. One of these principles, viz., that which declared all coalitions to be immoral, was violated at the very outset, when Mr. Scott, a Conservative, was offered a seat at the Council-Board. None of the other promises and pledges which were more or less directly given by Mr. Mackenzie and his Grit colleagues have been carried into effect. None of those great and startling reforms which they were always calling for when in Opposition have been inaugurated. On the contrary, after plunging the province in debt, after having been guilty of acts of political dishonesty such as were never heard of in Canada before, and, last though not least, after having made use of all the influence which their position gave them during the recent Dominion elections, the Grit leaders have basely deserted the ship. A more inglorious record than theirs it would be impossible to find. After having accomplished nothing, after having disgraced the province by their unprincipled attempts to corrupt the electors of Proton, they are content to leave Ontario to its fate. Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie having to resign office, we have left Mr. Scott, a Conservative, Mr. Crooks, a totally inexperienced man, and Mr. McKellar, who stands charged with having obtained money from Mr. Millar, a merchant of London, in a very questionable manner. Under such circumstances as these can we wonder that the people of Ontario have lost faith in the Grit leaders?

We notice that several journals of all shades of politics are already debating as to who is likely to be the leader of the new Ontario Government that will have to be formed. We see that the *Globe* is apprehensive that Mr. M. C. Cameron will be called upon to form a new administration, and it proceeds at great length to try and prove that no Cabinet could be formed with that gentleman as its leader which would be acceptable to the people of Ontario or truly represent their sentiments. We do not propose to follow the *Globe's* example and dictate to Governor Howland as to the course which he should pursue, confident as we are that his own good sense and intimate knowledge of the state of public feeling will guide him aright. But we must say that the arguments of which the *Globe* makes use are exceedingly unfair. It is indeed true that the Blake-Scott Administration had a large majority in the Assembly last session, a fact which arose partly from Mr. Scott's presence in the Cabinet which disarmed the hostility of many members who would have been opposed to a thorough going Grit Administration, and partly because there was no organized opposition formed. But it is also well known that the Sandfield Macdonald administration was defeated by a "fluke," and that had all the members of the Legislature been present it would not have been overthrown by the narrow majority which their opponents were enabled to command. One thing is certain, viz. that a majority of the people of Ontario have become throroughly disgusted with Grit rule, and would have little confidence in an Administration formed under the leadership of Mr. McKellar or any other Grit politician. Doubtless Governor Howland is well acquainted with this fact and will act accordingly.

THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

So far as heard from, the autumn manœuvres have proceeded most satisfactorily. There have been fewer blunders than there were last year, and the strategy displayed by the generals has been of a less eccentric and impossible character. In two ways this annual bringing together of 30,000 or 40,000 troops in various portions of England must have a good effect. In the first place it will render the military profession more popular and will thus do something towards recruiting the army. In many of the little villages and hamlets of Wiltshire and Berkshire through which the contending forces passed, such a sight as a body of armed men had not been seen since the day when King James the Second's army mustered upon and near Salisbury Plain, and the wondering inhabitants were almost struck dumb with astonishment as they saw regiment after regiment of infantry march along the dusty roads, and squadron after squadron of gay lancers and dashing hussars galloping across the stubbles. Then, too, the British private soldier had always been regarded as a very low type of humanity. If a man was good for nothing else he was supposed to be "fit food for gunpowder." When, therefore, the worthy rustics heard that about forty thousand of these unruly, dissolute characters, as they were supposed to be, were to be let loose among them, they trembled for the security of their property, if not for their lives. It is gratifying to find, however, not only that these fears were altogether uncalled for, but that everyone bears testimony to the order, discipline, and civility displayed by the troops. Instead of being found the most immoral and disorderly of mankind, the British soldiers engaged in the Autumn Manœuvres have taught the countrypeople a lesson, and have shown the beneficial effects which result from habits of order and self restraint. One of the episodes of the campaign which appears to have most surprised the villagers has been the sight of Prince Arthur, "the Queen's son," galloping about discharging the duties of a staff officer with as much activity as any of his brother officers. His Royal Highness is acting as Brigade Major of Parke's Brigade, and the duties of the office are neither few nor light. As far as heard from, the invading army appears to have had rather the best of it and to be gradually forcing its victorious way towards London. However, before this, a change may have occurred and the capital may yet be saved.

THE ENGLISH COAL SUPPLY.

It is now about eight years since the public mind of England was startled by some one hinting that it was possible ere many cycles had past away, that the coal supply of Great Britain might become exhausted. Various learned men and experienced geologists gave their opinion as to the length of time which it would probably last, one of them Professor Taylor computing that there was sufficient coal to last for 1,727 years, while another *seven*, Mr. Jevons, declared that in his opinion the coal supply would be exhausted about the year 1975. In 1866 a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the subject. The four principal questions which they were called upon to solve were as follows: 1st—How much coal does the United Kingdom contain altogether, and how much of it is available? 2nd.—Does coal exist under any other strata where we may reasonably expect to get it? 3rd.—At what rate are we using our coal? 4th.—How can we improve our mode of working, and thus economise it?

To answer these questions satisfactorily involved a considerable amount of labor, and rendered necessary an extensive knowledge of geology, mechanics, political economy, and statistics. The members of the Commission, however, worked industriously and well, and not long since made their report. In answer to the first question they say that Great Britain possesses about 146,480,000,000 tons of coal, of which 90,207,000,000 tons are immediately available. Even a greater quantity than this could be obtained were it possible for human life to be sustained at a sufficient distance beneath the earth's surface. It is believed that 4,000 feet may be reached, though at present there is no colliery in Britain deeper than 2 058 feet. At a depth of 3,000 feet the temperature becomes 98 degrees or blood heat. The quantity of coal used annually in England amounts to 95,000,000 of tons, 35,000,000 of which is employed in the iron trade alone. At this rate there would be no danger of the coal supply becoming exhausted for many centuries, but inasmuch as the quantity used every year becomes larger, the Imperial authorities are exercising a wise discretion in endeavoring to find some means of checking the great waste which undoubtedly occurs, and providing some means of economizing fuel.

The New York *Times* a few days since paid a high compliment to the Canadian Immigration Department, which we will feel much obliged if our Grit contemporaries will copy. The *Times* alludes to the economy practised by the Canadian Immigration offices as follows:

The report of the Canadian Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, which gives the expenditure in detail of the Department during the year 1871, exhibits a curious contrast to our more cumberous and expensive system of disposing of emigrants arriving at this port. Thus, we find that the total expense of the Quebec agency for the year was $36,263 70. For this sum 31,020 emigrants were relieved and forwarded to their destination, $20,343 91 being expended for transport alone. The Montreal agency assisted 2,719 persons, at a total expense of $3,384 52. The Toronto agency passed 26,591 emigrants and expended only $616 24; the Kingston agency, $1,387 65 on 3,335 persons, and the Hamilton agency $1,671 85 on 1,090. These economical expenditures may, perhaps, be accounted for when we find one of the agents charging only $90 for expenses during a tour of fourteen days, and another stating, in answer to an enquiry, that his office accommodation is in every way satisfactory."

DESERTED THE SHIP.

Just now the good ship Ontario is in a bad way. Her master and one of his principal officers have deserted her and left her in the hands of men, some of whom may be good enough in their own way, but have had too little experience in sailing state ships to do so successfully. When Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie went into power, it was on the understanding that they would carry into practice certain principles for which they had clamored most vehemently while in opposition. After they had been in power for some time and no signs of carrying out these principles appearing, people began to complain. They were naturally anxious to see some of those governmental reforms, to witness that political millenium, which were to be introduced by those purists who had been so loud in their declamations against corruption. And they were met with a plea for a time. Give us time, quoth he of Isolated Risks fame; "Rome was not built in a day." By specious arguments they had succeeded in gaining power, and at the same time in raising public expectation to such a pitch that it would not be appeased by mere appearances. Now they find they cannot meet the demands which their loud-mouthed professions justify the public in making upon them, and they—acknowledge themselves at fault and call in wise men to assist them out of the difficulty; not at all; but basely desert the ship altogether to escape the consequences of the error which they have not the manliness to confess. This is about as base a betrayal of public confidence as could well be committed; and it required such man as Blake and Mackenzie to commit.

A man named Hughes, from Port Credit, was committed to gaol on Tuesday last, for attempting to shoot his wife. The prisoner and his wife have not agreed very well for some years past, and his wife had often left him and returned again. The day he attempted to shoot her she had gone to assist a neighbor to do some sewing, which so enraged him that he went after her, and as she went outside the house to see what he wanted he levelled a pistol at her head, which was fortunately knocked out of his hand by some one standing near them at the time, thus preventing any serious harm being done. Prisoner is an old pensioner, very much addicted to drinking.—*Brampton Times.*

Cumnor Hall, famous by its relations to "Kenilworth," has been levelled with the ground, and its site devoted to agriculture.

It is rumored that the Isle of Man is to be a convict station, and that the Port Erin breakwater and the Ramsey and other harbor works will be completed by the convicts.

The Birmingham *Gazette* says that the china and earthenware manufacturers in the Staffordshire potteries have added ten per cent. to their prices.

The death of a celebrated converted cannibal is announced in New Zealand. His name was Tersin, and he was supposed to be quite one hundred years old, as he could remember the visit of Capt. Cook.

Col. Clive's Wife.

I.

(Continued.)

"You think, like the others, then, that I have been telling lies?" exclaimed Col. Clive, throwing his head back proudly, while the hot blood mounted slowly to his cheek. "You wrong me by that doubt, Laura. I spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, that day before the magistrates, when I told them that I knew no more how Philip Anstruther met with his death than the child unborn. I said then, and I say now, we went half-way down the pier at S—— together, speaking passionate, revengeful words, I own, and parted at last with hot anger in both our hearts; but from that moment I never set eyes on him again. He went on to the end—to the unfinished part of the pier, as I believe—and I retraced my steps by the way that I had come; but whether he made a false step in the twilight or whether the wind, which was blowing hard at the time, actually blew him over the parapet—whether he died by accident, or by his own act, or by the hand of another, God only knows. I never even heard of his death till two nights afterwards when, just as I was stepping on board the Havre steamer at Southampton, I was arrested on the charge of having murdered him.

By way of answer, Laura Sartoris laid her cold hand upon that of her companion.

"Poor Harold," she said softly, "it must have been very hard for you to bear."

He had placed her in the chair from which he had so lately risen, and they were now sitting side by side.

I have not yet told the reader what Laura Sartoris was like. Perhaps he may be fancying her all this time to be a tall, beautiful girl, of stately height, and with noble, aristocratic features. But she was nothing of the kind—not a girl at all, but a woman of three-and-twenty years old at least; not beautiful, not even pretty: a little *mignonne* creature, with a pale face, and gray eyes, and wavy auburn hair—hair that looked simply brown in the shade, but in the sunshine warmed into a sort of golden red. Many persons could see no kind of beauty in that face. Women seldom looked at it a second time; but there were some men who maintained that Laura Sartori's face was better worth looking at than any other woman's in the world—that once seen, it could never be forgotten; and the gray-haired soldier sitting by her now was one of these. She was not looking her best just then, for her only claim to beauty at any time lay in the charm of her expression, in her glowing cheeks and laughter-loving eyes. But there was not a smile on her cheeks now; her cheeks looked thin and worn; and the dancing light in her eyes had been quenched as if by many tears. Harold Clive saw and noted all these changes with a heavy heart, and yet he thought she had never looked so nearly beautiful in all her life as she did that afternoon.

His hand closed fast upon her trembling fingers; that little hand of hers seemed a sort of sheet-anchor for him to hold on by. "And poor Laura, I might say," he resumed, answering her last words, "if you were not so unselfish that you have made me forget your sorrow in my own. Your goodness in coming here to-day would be simply incredible to me did I not know that you acquit me of having, by thought, word, or deed, wilfully injured the man who was to have been your husband."

"We will not speak of that now, Harold, if you please," Laura answered, blushing a little for the first time. "I did not come to talk about the past, but of the future, and there is no time to lose. Tell me what you think yourself; how will it go with you at this dreadful trial?"

They had spoken in low tones from the first, but now their voices sank almost into a whisper, so that not one word could reach the ears of the man Keith, who kept his silent watch at the extreme end of the long room, pacing up and down like an automaton and apparently taking no notice of what was passing before his eyes.

"How can I tell?" Harold answered, with a little bitter laugh, which grated strangely on his companion's ear. "If it were any other man than myself who was to be tried, I shouldn't hesitate to say he would be acquitted; but some men seem to have the luck of it in this world, and some don't. I'm one of the last. At school it seemed with some of the fellows that to wish for a thing was to have it, but with me it was always the reverse. It's been so ever since I can recollect. My mother died when I was a year old, and my father never seemed to care whether I was alive or dead. Except for the accident of having inherited a large share of wordly wealth, no one can call me a fortunate man. But I must have been born under an unlucky star indeed, if they can succeed in making me out guilty upon the scraps of circumstantial evidence that they have got against me as yet. That we were both seen walking down the pier—quarrelling if you will,—that I was observed later to come back alone, looking worried and anxious; that poor Philip's hat and handkerchief, stained with a few drops of blood, were found the next morning wedged among the piles at the end of the pier; and that I was overtaken forty hours afterwards at Southampton on my way to Havre, having taken my passage nearly a week before, are not quite proofs enough, I should say, if I know any thing of Scotch law, to convince twelve honest jurymen that I murdered a man in cold blood whom I had known ever since he was a boy."

"There would be no fear at all of the result," said Laura, speaking in a low, hoarse voice; "the lawyers all say so; except for the evidence that I must give."

"You give evidence!" he exclaimed, looking strangely startled. "What do you mean, Laura? I don't understand."

"Don't you know? Has no one told you? Oh, this is the worst of all!"

"I have not seen Leslie for several days, and this must be something new. Tell me, child, what can you have to do with it? We left you at the hall-door of his uncle's house, if you recollect. I saw there was something wrong between you and Anstruther, and I felt that when he seized your hand and kissed it in my presence, it was meant for a studied in-sult to you as well as to me. But that was all; you never saw us again after that moment."

"Unhappily I did," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "You must have wandered about the park for some little while before you went down to the shore; for I had time to walk quietly to the old boat-house, which they turned into a sort of arbor last year, before you and he went out through the little wicket-gate by the side of it, which opens on to the sands. I was sitting there reading when you passed out. You did not see me; but I saw you, and heard you too. I could not help hearing, for you were talking loudly. O Harold! you were speaking passionate, angry words."

"What was I saying?" he asked abruptly.

"You both used high words, but he was the worst. He muttered something that I could not hear, and then you turned upon him and said he should answer to you for those words before you parted from him that day. I would not let you know I was there. I thought it would make things worse perhaps if I interfered, but I would give all I have in the world now if I had spoken to you, or to have been anywhere else in the universe than in that wretched boat-house when you spoke those dangerous words. You did speak them, or have I only dreamed that you did?" she asked eagerly.

"Hush; Laura, hush," he said, for she was growing wild and excited. "I did speak them, I recollect it all now. He taunted me with my having told you of something he had wished to keep from you, and I indignantly denied the charge. Then he called me a liar and a coward, and I answered him in the very words you say. My old, hot temper has been the ruin of me, if, as you say, this should become known."

"It will be known sooner or later, if it is not known, as I much fear, already. I have been very ill, Harold," she added humbly, "and have been delirious at times. I may have told those words in my dreams, for I dream of nothing else, and I know that I have been watched—perhaps it is only natural that it should be so—by Philip's relatives. There have been spies about me who must have carried the tale to other ears—because—because" her head sank lower and lower till it was fairly hidden in her hands, and she broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

"Because they have summoned you as a witness against me? Is that what you mean to say?" Col. Clive asked gently.

She only bowed her head in bitter grief by way of answer.

He let her cry on for a little while in silence, but the shadow drew sadder than ever as he watched her tears.

"O Harold! it is so dreadful. What can I do?" she sobbed at length.

"You can speak the truth, and leave the rest in God's hands, Laura, my darling," he answered, laying his hand for a moment on her head. "And that is what you must do. I would not have those pure lips sullied by a falsehood, though I had to die twenty times over."

"Yes, it is what I *must* do," she answered bitterly. "I know that well enough; I shall have to speak the truth, as you say, whether I will or not. It will be dragged from me, forced from me, word by word, by those cruel men. Ah, Harold, they will never let me tell them the other things I know about you; how good and kind you are; that you would never wilfully hurt any living creature; that I have known you to sit for hours and hours playing with a soldier's sick child; that you swam more than a mile once to save a dog's life. They will never let me tell them these things, but they will make me say those other dreadful words, which I know you never meant, over and over again, and they will be your ruin—I know they will—and then I shall always feel as if your blood were on my head!" she exclaimed, once more bursting into tears.

"Laura, Laura, you must not talk like this," he answered, speaking as calmly as he could; for his heart was beating violently, and he was deadly pale "You are making yourself ill again, my poor little girl. It was no fault of yours that you were in the boat house that day and heard my foolish words, which, as you say, meant little or nothing; and, perhaps, after all, you are exaggerating the effect they will produce."

"No, no, I am not;" she answered despondently. "What they will drive me to my will kill you, I know it will. I cannot, will not bear it," she added, lifting up her head, and choking back her sobs. "It must not be. There is one way, and only one way in which I can save you, if you will let me."

"There is *no* way," he replied a little sternly, "if it is to be at the sacrifice of the truth. I have told you before, Laura, and I tell you again, you shall not perjure yourself, even to save my life. If you are called upon to bear witness against me, you must just speak the truth, and then,—if it must be so, God's will be done."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Laura spoke again. "There is one way," she faltered, "by which"—

"The truth can be suppressed—not with my consent," he interrupted, scornfully.

"Harold be patient, and hear me out," she pleaded. "There is one way by which not the truth, though it would only be a half truth after all, but my evidence could be suppressed." She was speaking quite calmly, but her head was turned away from him

"Laura, what *do* you mean?"

She might have been in the witness-box already for the close, eager questioning of those eyes which were fixed on her; she could not look at him.

"Won't you help me, Harold? Can't you guess what it is I mean?"

He sat staring at her with a bewildered expression, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead once or twice before he answered:

"I was never a good hand at riddles in my best days, as you know, and I should be worse than ever now. These two or three weeks in this den have deadened all my senses, I think, and robbed me of the little wits I ever had. You had better not let me try to guess, or I might make such a wild hit as would frighten you away forever. Tell me plainly what it is you mean, Laura. Don't keep me in suspense."

I do not think he was speaking the strict truth himself, then. I believe that he knew what her meaning was, long before her answer came. But he was trembling from head to foot, and, if possible, he was paler than before. She looked up at him then, with a face as white as his own, and in a low voice, which never faltered, she said,—

"If I were your wife, Harold, they could not make me give evidence against you."

He started up from his chair with every feature in his face quivering, and took one or two impatient turns across the room, before he could trust himself to speak.

"What mad, wicked folly is this, that some one has been putting into your head?" he said in a hoarse whisper. Then he stopped beside her, and once more laid his hand upon her head.

"You have been very ill, poor child, and delirious, as you have said. You are dreaming still, it seems to me, and don't know what you are saying. My wife?"

"No, I am not mad, as you think. Don't hate or despise me, Harold," she pleaded. "It is the only way."

"Despise you, my darling! If you only knew!"

She caught his hand as he was breaking away from her again. "Once, years ago, you asked me to marry you," she said.

(To be continued.)

ARREST OF THE MURDERER PATRICK F. DEIMESHEY, AT GRENVILLE.

Yesterday, about 12 50 a.m., Adolph Pinard, of the Ottawa Police Force, succeeded in arresting Patrick F. Deimehey, at the Grenville Station, where he had gone with a marriage party. Having the photograph of the prisoner and the description of his person, there was no difficulty in determining his identity. Pinard touched the collar of Deimehey's coat and asked him for the contents of his pockets, which were given over without any resistance whatever. No firearms were found on his person. His valise was examined, and a striped shirt found, covered with blood stains. Dermehey is 24 years old, short, dark complexion, brown bushy hair, and has the general appearance of determination of character. He served two years in the army during the American War. He was in the employ of George H. Favor Providence, R. I., who was murdered September 5th, 1872. The facts are these. At noon of the above date Favor was missed and no clue to his whereabouts was known until a week afterwards, when his body was discovered in the cellar of his sash factory, considerably mutilated about the head. The prisoner was seen to remain almost constantly about the cellar for two days, when he suddenly disappeared. The safe was examined and the contents, only $110, found wanting. A reward of $1500 was offered, and immediate action taken by the detective force in the United States and Canada.

The prisoner was traced to Ottawa and subsequently to Buckingham, after this to Grenville, where he was snugly secured by our Ottawa man. He was brought back to Ottawa last night by the *Queen* handcuffed, and confessed he had taken the money, but had not committed the crime

The *Scotsman* says that there have been already slight falls of snow on Ben Nevis.

Our neighbours across the line 45 have just set a good example. The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says that the Mercantile Library Association of the city of Boston has recently opened a reading room for the exclusive use of ladies. The room is brilliantly lighted, is hung with many fine portraits and pictures, and its broad library tables are bountifully supplied with the standard magazines, foreign and domestic, as well as all the fashion books of the day.

LOVE MEMORIES.

Ay lad, it was here that we lingered
In the still of that sweet June night,
Till the larks were up, and the cloudless east
Was flushed with rosy light;
And a red breast was out on the hawthorn there,
A trilling a low sweet lay
To his mate and the wee brown birds that slept
In the nest on the bending stray.

It was at your grandfather's wedding, lad,
That, Jenny and I had been,
And I was the bravest of all the lads,
And she of the girls was Queen;
And homeward we walked through the dewy fields,
When the dancing and mirth were o'er;
And I stood with her dear little hands in mine,
Here, under the porch by the door.

There was never a soul astir in the house,
But all was as still as could be;
And even although they had all been awake,
They never could have seen her and me;
For the ivy was thick, and we whispered so low,
Oh, they ne'er could have heard us there,
As she gave me a wild red rose from the flowers
She had worn in her beautiful hair.

O the passionate love of life's spring tide!
Though now I am old and grey,
Each low murmured word I remember as well
As if it were yesterday;
How I thrilled at the touch of the soft brown locks
That over her shoulders curled,
And trembled for joy when I dared to kiss
The rosiest lips in the world.

Get me a bit of the blossom, lad,
That wreathes on the hawthorn tree,
And leave me here till I dream awhile
Of the life that was never to be.
For the shadowy phantoms of long ago
I see through a mist of tears;
Your hope lies hid in the coming, lad,
But mine in the bygone, years.

Extensive stock of Wool Carpets, in two and three ply; also ex. Super, which we are offering at last season's prices. Call and examine.

RUSSELL & WATSON'S

THE ADIRONDACKS.

A correspondent speaking of the scenery of the Adirondacks says. "To have a new and beautiful revelation of the Summer's glory, on the eve of its departure, was something for which to be devoutly thankful. And this revelation was our first glimpse of the Adirondacks. Never was the blue sky brighter, and never looked the mountains grander or more inviting; those in the distance dimly and softly blue, those nearer by covered with luxuriant verdure. To describe all the choicest bits of beautiful scenery which presented themselves to our delighted and wondering eyes as we whirled rapidly along, would be a vain task to attempt. To endeavour to write down, in commonplace words, the admiration and enthusiasm with which the glory of the Adirondack region inspired us, would be like reducing one of Beethoven's grand symphonies to simple prose. And yet, we stood only at the gate, not in the heart of the mountains. On either side was an ever changing panorama of beauty—the trees just tinted with the fresh red glow of Autumn; the fields and waysides covered with wild flowers, a profusion of golden and red blossoms, flung with a lavish hand into Autumn's lap, the last gift of the departing summer; and little lakes without a ripple to disturb their woodland dreams; and narrow streams down which the water came tumbling over the rocks in angry rapids, like a human life fretting itself away in never ending turmoil and grief; and fairy-like bridges spanning the dark and troubled waters, like that sweet hope of peace and happiness hereafter which spans the heaven above a troubled soul. All this, and much more, we saw with wonder ing eyes, and grafted upon our hearts, to live there, a pleasant memory for ever.

The middle class examination for women at the Cambridge University, England, shows very gratifying results. The number of candidates has been yearly on the increase, the number this year being 154, as compared with 127 last year.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, at his residence, on Victoria Island, Hugh Fitzpatrick.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday, the 18th instant, at 9 a. m. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend without further notice.

A CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE TONIC.

Without Phosphorus no thought, say the Germans and they might add, no action, since Phosphorous and its compounds are known to be the motive power of he nervous and muscular system. They constitute more than half the material of the human body, being sound in every tissue, and their presence is absolutely essential to nutrition, as they promote the conversion of albumen in the food into fibrine, which is the vitalising agent of pure, healthy blood. They are now coming into universal use in Europe and America in the treatment of Scrofulous, Consumptive and Venereal diseases, which are caused by impoverished or poisoned blood; and in diseases of women suffering from irregularities, obstructions and exhausting discharges, in pale puny children, and that condition of nervous and physical prostration resulting from bad habits, excessive use of stimulants and tobacco, and all that train of evils known as a fast life. The great reliability and promptness in its effects is immediately and permanently restoring the devitalized constitution, has made DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALISAYA, a great favorite with the Physicians and public. Sold at $1.00.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Improvements in Canal Basin Ottawa," will be received until THURSDAY, the 19th inst.

The work will be clearing and excavating the Basin, and Cedar Pier work.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Rideau Canal Office, Wellington Street.

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

(Signed), F. BRAUN,
Secretory.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Sept 14, 1872. 2076 3

DANIELS' HOTEL,

(LATE ST. JAMES,)

Corner of Metcalfe and Queen Streets.

CENTRE TOWN, OTTAWA.

Good Sample Rooms and every accommodation for travellers. Thoroughly refitted and refurnished throughout.

S. DANIELS,
Proprietor.

Ottawa, Sept 17, 1872. 2076 3m

SALE BY AUCTION OF Timber Limits, Timber, &c., to close business of AUSTIN and GRAHAM.

Attention is invited to the above sale, which will take place at the Union House, Ottawa, on WEDNESDAY, 18th September, instant, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Specifications of Timber and particulars of supplies, &c., may be had on application to.

AMOS ROWE,
Auctioneer.
Or JOHN FAIR,
Accountant, Montreal.

Sept 14, 1872. 2076 2

JUST OPENED!

NEW DRESS GOODS

Twilled Poplins,
Worsted Twills, Wool Repps,
Empress Cloths, French Merinos,
Fancy Dress Goods, Plaids,
Lustres, &c, &c.
A specially choice assortment.

FLANNELS AND TWEEDS

A very large Stock laid In before the r

Lace Collars, Lace Sets,
Lace Lappets, Linen and Muslin,
Sets and Real Laces, in great variety.

FANCY WOOLLEN GOODS, all the latest Novelties.

CARPETS AND HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

See our new patterns in Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths.

Allan, McKinnons & McMorran,
20 SPARKS ST.

Four cases Cornices, Poles, Cornice Ends and Stair Rods. Just opened at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

The newest designs in (English) Oil Cloths, from 80c to $1 40 the square yard, at
RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

To Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

DAY & MARTIN'S
NAVAL AND MILITARY
Paste Blacking.

One trial will establish its vast superiority in respect of both excellence and economy over any other Paste preparation.

It will go half as far again, and give a much more brilliant and *lasting* polish than any other paste compound.

Can be had of all Grocers.

PRICE 10 CTS. PER ¼ LB. TIN.

It is par excellence the
Best Paste Blacking in the World.

Wholesale of C. T. BATE & CO., Ottawa.
Ottawa, Sept. 13, 1872. 2073d

SINGING CLASSES.

MR. H. G. TIEPKE begs to inform the public of Ottawa that an elementary SINGING CLASS for GENTLEMEN will be organized next Friday Evening, Sept. 13th, at 8 o'clock, at the Piano forte Warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimers.

Timely notice will be given of the organization of Ladies' Classes.

For terms apply at Messrs. Nordheimer's Music Store.

Ottawa, Sept. 12, 1872. 2072a

WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, 1.25
Oxford Shirts with two Collars $1.75.
Regatta Shirts, $1 50.
Gents three Ply all Linen Collars, 20 cents.
Youths Linen Collars, 10 cts.
Three Ply Linen Cuffs, 30 cents.
Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Fronts, Dickeys, &c., made to order, at the
OTTAWA SHIRT STORE.
JAMES ANGUS,
The only practical Shirt and Collar Cutter and manufacturer in Ottawa.
Merchants' Bank Block, Sparks Steet-corner Metcalf.
Ottawa, Sept 7, 1872. 2068

FOR SALE,
THE FOLLOWING
TIMBER BERTHS
COULONGE:

A splendid Timbered Limit—License No. 445 of 1871-2, containing about fifty square miles. As extensive improvements have been made this Limit can be worked either from Coulonge or Gatineau Rivers. There are good and sufficient Storehouses built thereon containing a sufficient supply of Pork, Flour, Hay, Oats, &c., &c., for the shanties. Also, Shanty Materials, with Horses, Sleighs, &c., &c., to be had by the purchaser at a fair valuation.

GATINEAU:

License No. 443 of 1871-2, containing 24 square miles.

License No. 444 of 1871-2, containing 27½ square miles.

These Limits together would afford a supply of Logs for years to any mills situated below the Chaudiere, and are easy of access.

The above Limits will be sold together or separately, to suit purchasers.

For terms and conditions apply to
H. V. NOEL,
Manager Quebec Bank, Ottawa.
Ottawa, Sept. 3, 1872. 2065d

FOR SALE
AT
N. FAULKNER'S, York Street,
Ducks' Cotton Tents,
Bags and Blankets.
Ottawa, Sept 7, 1872. 2068 tf.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JOHN BOLLS, of Sherbrooke, an Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, J. A. ARCHAMBAULT, of the Town of Sherbrooke, Official Assignee, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month.

J. A. ARCHAMBAULT,
Assignee.

Sherbrooke, 11th Sept., 1872. 2073tf

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Ottawa, Tuesday, 10th day of Sep., 1872.

PRESENT:

His Excellency the Governor General in Council.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs and under the provisions of the 8th section of the Act 31 Vic., cap. 6, intituled; "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Out-Port of Peterboro', heretofore under the survey of the Port of Port Hope, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into a Port of Entry for all the purposes of the said Act.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,
Clerk, Privy Council.

2075

$500,000
Cash Distributed a.
THE
GRAND GIFT CONC
A FIXED FACT.
SEPTEMBER 28 THE D
YOUR TICKETS NOW OR N.
The vast sales of tickets already made increasing demand for them from all having determined the trustees that the GIFT CONCERT for the benefit of the LIBRARY OF K