NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dry Goods Special Sale—J R Stitt & Co.

Customs Department—R S M Bouchette.

House Wanted to Rent.

Notice to Contractors—F Braun.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil—Thomas.

The Ottawa Times.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1872.

☞ See first page for interesting reading matter.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS.

The latest account of the burning of the palace and monastery of the Escurial states that the corps of engineers from Madrid arrived in time to be of effective service. They managed to confine the fire to the part it had attacked, and saved a considerable portion of the building. Many valuable books had been removed, and it is hoped that the whole of the library will be saved, but with a portion of the books and manuscripts in a damaged condition.

A Conservative member of the English Parliament, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Adderley, who was under-Secretary of State in the last Disraeli Administration, made a speech on Wednesday night, at Bursleim, in which he fully endorsed the result of the Geneva Arbitration, and said that the world's prosperity depended upon a cordial understanding between England and America. He further maintained that those who had fitted out and resped advantages from the vessels that had caused the litigation should bear the burden of the award.

The Right Hon. Sir James Shaw Willes, one of the Puisne Justices of the English Court of Common Pleas committed suicide yesterday morning in a fit of insanity, caused by a paroxysm of gout in the brain.

President Thiers is said to intend to urge upon the conservative deputies, at the next session of the Assembly, the proposition of proclaiming a permanent republic, based on strictly conservative principles. M. Casimer Perriér, of the Right Centre, is also said to be using his best influence to further these views of the President.

The resignation of Mr. Mori, the distinguished Japanese Charge d'Affaires, which has been tendered to President Grant, has far more significance than appears on the surface. It is at least to be suspected that the decision of the high-toned Japanese official was based far more upon the experience of the wretched United States civil service, as illustrated by the American officials foisted upon his country, than upon any actual necessity of yielding his position to any "older and more experienced diplomat than himself."

Authorized discount on American invoices, 13 per cent.

Mr. Charles Perry, of Peterborough, has been appointed a Collector of Customs.

The Grand Trunk receipts for the month of August last amounted to $693,042, against $677,278 during the corresponding month of 1871.

The publisher of the Brantford *Daily News* (Grit) has been publicly reprimanded by the Grand Jury for the indecent attacks made by him on Mr. Imlach.

Statement of the Revenue and Expenditure of the Dominion of Canada for the month ended 30th September, 1872:—

Revenue:—	Amount.
Customs	$1,160,402 70
Excise	351,387 84
Post Office	43,592 14
Public Works, including Railways	131,344 34
Bill Stamps	22,258 98
Miscellaneous	40,581 52
Total	$1,749,772 52
Expenditure	$1,329,567 06

PIGS AND POLITICS.

The Honble. George Brown has some pigs. They are fat black Berkshire pigs, and very fond Mr. Brown is of them. When he is weary of abusing the "shivering wretches" at Ottawa, he is wont to retire to his farm, and gaze with fond affection upon these animals as they increase in fatness and laziness. His love for them was lately rewarded by their receiving the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition, and we may imagine how the bosom of our Canadian Cincinnatus swelled with honest pride on the occasion. But in an evil hour one of the Toronto *Mail's* "hired scribes" cast discredit upon those precious pigs. He affected to doubt whether they were the best exhibited, and straightway, swiftly as ever Achilles rushed to the rescue of his friend Patroclus, the Editor of the Montreal *Herald* flew to do battle on behalf of Mr. Brown and his pigs. "Such journalism," said he, "can only excite contempt and destroy the weight of comments upon subjects of more apparent public interest." Exactly. The *Mail's* reporter ought to know that while the criticism of other pigs was allowable and proper, the weight and obesity of Mr. Brown's swine ought never to have been called in question. No "sleuth hound" of a "Tory" journalist ought to invade the sacred precincts of that honorable gentleman's pig-stye. We trust the *Mail* will apologize for the wrong done to these Grit grunters, and that the Montreal *Herald's* championship will be properly appreciated, if not by the pigs themselves, at all events by their proprietor.

After this touching exhibition of friendship on the part of the *Herald's* editor, we hope we shall hear no more of the selfishness and cold-heartedness of politicians. So dear is the Grit leader to that gentleman, that his affection for him extends even to his pigs. He will not permit a stray dart of criticism to be hurled at them without resenting it. "Love me, love my dog," is an old and generally recognized maxim. "Love me, love my pigs," is evidently the *Herald's* reading of it.

May we be allowed to express the hope that neither Mr. Brown, nor the very interesting animals in which he takes so much delight, have been materially affected by the criticisms of the "Tory organ." We sincerely trust that they (of course we mean the pigs) are now reposing in blissful ease upon the best of good straw at Bow Park. And, in truth we hope that Cow may grow fatter and tain such beastly proportions as shall set at defiance the carping criticisms of "Tory" scribes, and render unnecessary the friendly intervention of the Montreal *Herald*.

THE EFFECT IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The desire for admission into the Dominion, which the result of the Nova Scotia elections has produced in the Island, is being fostered by the local press.—*Prince Edward Island Correspondence of Toronto Globe.*

We can easily imagine the "wigging" which the unfortunate night editor of the Toronto *Globe* must have received from the Hon. George Brown after having allowed such a paragraph as the above to creep into the columns of his paper. That Prince Edward Island correspondent must also have received a rebuke for having ventured to tell the truth in such a plain and thoroughly *un-Globe-like* manner. He evidently is not aware that the first duty of a *Globe* correspondent is to suppress every fact which is likely to be unpalatable to the Grits, and is calculated to aid the cause of Union and Progress.

The great fact remains as stated however, nor was it necessary that the *Globe* should inform us of it. Only a day or two since, we published a long and ably written article from the *Newfoundlander*, showing the arguments in favour of Confederation which the Union men of Newfoundland deduce from the result of the late elections in Nova Scotia. There can be no doubt that both in Prince Edward Island and in Newfoundland, the fact that Sir John Macdonald's Administration has been sustained, and Mr. Brown and his allies put to the rout, has strengthened the cause of Union immensely. It is easy enough to understand how the people of the two islands argue the matter. They consider in the first place, as they fairly may do, that unless the people of the Dominion of Canada had been well governed by the present Administration, they would not have again given them their confidence, and more especially when they notice the wonderful change which has taken place in Nova Scotia, must they feel convinced that the results of Union have been in the highest degree satisfactory. In the second place the fact that the present Dominion Government has been sustained by a large majority, renders it tolerably certain that the same men whose ability and prudence have thus far done so much to promote the prosperity of those Provinces which are already included in the Dominion, will remain at the head of affairs, their presence affording a reliable guarantee that the same even-handed justice towards all the Provinces and the same progressive spirit, will characterize Canada's policy in the future as in the past. If the elections had gone against the Government, if the people of Nova Scotia had shown themselves to be as biterly opposed to Confederation as they were in 1867, the people of Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland might very fairly have concluded that the experiment had not resulted satisfactorily, and would have felt less disposed than ever to unite their fortunes with ours. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that they would have been as ready to place confidence and reliance in a set of untried men like Mr. Mackenzie and the other Opposition leaders had they come into power, some of whom, indeed, are not only "untried," but are actually opposed to that British American Union which it would be their duty to strengthen and build up.

No, there can be no doubt, as the *Globe's* correspondent states, that a strong desire for admission into the Union has been the result, in Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, of the recent Ministerial triumph in Nova Scotia. The Ministerial victory was a victory for the cause of Union also, and a glorious one it was. Had Mr. Brown and his friends been successful, our know how the Annexationists, the Independents and the Anti-Unionists would have taken their up parables against Confederation. They would not have been slow to point out, that the defeat of that Government which had been charged with the important task of making the newly formed Union a success, was an unmistakable proof that Confederation did not answer, and that the Nova Scotians were as hostile to it as ever. But when they see, as they do, the Ministerialists carry almost every constituency in Nova Scotia; when they see, as they do, Dr. Tupper, the champion of Union and a prominent member of Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet, no longer standing almost alone in his native province, but coming back to Ottawa with a splendid following, can we doubt the nature of the lesson which every man of ordinary common sense must learn therefrom? They must perforce come to the conclusion that the Union has been attended with satisfactory results, and that the members of the Dominion Government have done their duty in an honest and patriotic manner. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues have extended the boundaries of Confederation to the extreme Western shores of this continent, and we believe that the result of the late elections and more especially of the grand Ministerial triumph in Nova Scotia, will so strengthen the hands of the Unionists in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, that before any great length of time has elapsed they will be seeking for admittance into the Union. Had the Opposition been triumphant, had the Anti Union allies of the Ontario Grits carried the day in Nova Scotia, all hope of the final completion of the work of British American Union must have been postponed for an indefinite period.

"THE ONLY RELIGIOUS DAILY."

The Montreal *Witness* has long been remarkable for two things. First, on account of its presumptuous assumption of being the "only religious daily in Canada;" secondly, because it has always been the most unreliable and unscrupulous journal published in Quebec. The New York *Witness*, however, published and owned by the same person as its Montreal namesake, bids fair to rival it in unreliability. The falsehoods it has lately been promulgating respecting the Dominion and the Dominion Government, are as base as any that have ever appeared in the *Globe*. The following is an extract from one of its articles:

The Conservative party, which, under the lead of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Geo. E. Cartier, has governed Canada for many years, and the New Dominion, since its formation, *appears to be pretty well demoralized.* Sir Geo. E. Cartier was defeated in his own constituency of Montreal East, and has not been able to find another, either in his own Province of Quebec, or any of the old provinces. *He has therefore had to get himself returned for* few half-breed French Canadians in the Province of Manitoba.

Referring to this article the Kingston *News* says:—

The *Witness* has not the honesty to state that Sir George Cartier was returned for Provencher without any effort on his own part and that it is unlikely he will ever sit for it. "The Finance Minister, Sir Francis Hincks, was beaten in *two constituencies in Ontario,*—[What two constituencies?]—and had to get himself returned for one in Vancouver's Island, which, it is said, is inhabited by a few Indians, *and has only some sixteen qualified voters.*" The statement that Vancouver Island has only *sixteen* qualified voters has been shown to be one of the *Globe's fabrications*, but then we never expected to find such a glaring misrepresentation copied into any moral or religious paper. "*This Finance Minister, however, has had to retire from the Ministry on account of getting the country into a financial muddle of the worst kind.*" Nothing like going from home for news. We were not aware that the Finance Minister had retired from the ministry much less that the country was in a "financial muddle" of any kind, except that having a large and increasing surplus might be so considered by our Gotham contemporary, who is not accustomed with such muddles in new York. "*Some other members of the Cabinet have also had to retire.*" Our readers are aware that, *not a single member of the Cabinet has had to retire*, and will thus be able to judge of the animus of the *Witness*. As the Ministry will be sustained by a majority of from 40 to 50—the sneering remarks of the *Witness* in conclusion that it is because they have "the handling of the funds for constructing the Intercolonial and other railroads" are unfalled for. We regret that the politics of the *Witness* lead it to so wilfully *misrepresent* facts.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY HISTORY.

Kingsville, Oct. 1st..

To the Editor of the TIMES:

DEAR SIR,—On Thursday last an event occurred in this place, the like of which has perhaps never before happened in Canada. In order to give you an account of it it is necessary to go back to a period in the early history of this western country.

Somewhere about the year 1780 two Germans named respectively Krautz and Wigle, landed on the shore of Lake Erie, near where Kingsville now stands. The former was a Hessian of Burgoyne's legion, who had surrendered at Trenton, and upon being liberated, clung still to the cross of Great Britain, rather than to the new banner of the young Republic. The latter was a tory resident of Pensylvania, whose love for British institutions forbade his continued residence upon the soil of the revolted colonies.

After Krautz (whose cognomen has since become anglified to Scratch) had become settled in Canada, he went home to Germany and returned within a few months with his regular discharge from the army.

Each of these sturdy old pioneers were the fathers of several sons and daughters, and two of Wigle's sons married daughters of Scratch's, and one of Scratch's sons married a Wigle, and to make use of a *Wellarism* an average of fifteen children to each couple was the consequence. In short, the progeny of these two original couples, at the time of writing, cannot be very far short of fourteen or fifteen hundred. About two years ago, John Wigle (of the second generation) died at the advanced age of ninety-four, leaving three hundred and eighty odd children, grand, and great-great grand-children.

About the beginning of this century two of the old Scratch (not the sulphurous one) daughters were married to two brothers named Friend, who soon after the war of 1812 moved to the southern part of Ohio, the whole of which was at that time little better than an unbroken forest. This branch of the family multiplied and flourished to almost an equal extent with their Northern relations, there being a very large number of them in and about Cincinnati, besides many in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

The difficulty of communication prevented any great amount of intercourse between the Northern and Southern branches of the family until the era of railroads and steamboats, since which time there has been more or less visiting to and fro; but, owing to the extensiveness of the family, it was almost impossible for any one of them to see anything like all of his relations during a visit of ordinary length. In consequence of this, it was arranged between the two families that at an appointed time they should hold a pic-nic, at which as many of the American branch as conveniently could would be present to meet their Canadian relations. Accordingly, Thursday last having been appointed, sixteen of the heads of families came and met six or seven hundred of their aunts, uncles, cousins, &c., &c., which, by the way, was not many more than half of this very interesting little family. The occasion was certainly one full of interest to all in this locality.

After the dinner, which was a splendid one, spread out on a table considerably over a hundred yards long, was disposed, addresses were delivered by Col. Friend of and Charles Friend, Esq., of Cincinnati, and Rev. Messrs. Downey and Hunt, Col. King and others of Kingsville. The affair was altogether an unique and pleasant one.

I believe it is intended to hold a reunion of the same nature next year.

K. A. S.

Four cases Cornices, Poles, Cornice Ends and Stair Rods. Just opened at

RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

THE McKELLAR SCANDAL.

From the London Free Press.

The most of us have heard something of the eloquence of silence. It is, under certain conditions, a very expressive term. When a man of high character, of acknowledged worth, of honesty and integrity unimpeachable, is charged with the commission of some disgraceful crime by a common loafer, his most dignified denial, his most effective defence is that of contemptuous silence. Mr. McKellar has now, for about eight weeks, had a most serious and damaging charge hanging over his head, and he seems to affect this style of defence. It is one of those base, dishonouring crimes that degrade a man socially, and expel him from respectable companionship hopelessly. If established against the Hon. Commissioner of Public Works, it will debar him forever from holding any office of honor in this country, as no honorable man would associate with him. And even as the case now stands, the *onus* of defence remains with the accused, and unhappily for Mr. McKellar, his record is not of that stainless kind that is essentially necessary to render the line of defence adopted by him an effective one.

From what was published some seven or eight weeks ago, it would appear that Mr. McKellar, in company with a clergyman who took an active part in the undertaking, borrowed, on behalf of the Elgin Association, from Mr. Millar and some other philanthropists, the sum of $10,680, to be regularly-paid in instalments with interest, but this money, which now amounts to upwards of $17,000, has neither been repaid nor accounted for. Without the fullest explanations therefore, this transaction presents an extremely ugly aspect, and forces itself obstrusively upon one's mind as a deliberate swindle. Now it might be well for Mr. McKellar and his admirers to remember, that with a ragged reputation such as his, the roll of injured innocence and dignified silence will be utterly thrown away. Mr. McKellar must be brought to the bar, must plead guilty or not guilty, and must defend himself as best he can against every count in the indictment. This affected contempt for the charge, supported, as it is, directly or indirectly by Haviland, Rauth & Co., and the well known Canadian statesman, Sir John Rose, will avail nothing in this case. Mr. McKellar cannot, with impunity, set at defiance the public sentiment in favour of honesty, decency, and morality, and continue to fill a conspicuous and responsible position in the Government of the country.

The defence set up by the organ was worse than Mr. McKellar's silence. It was ill junged, inconclusive, met not the question at issue squarely, and consequently, only deepened and darkened the clouds already gathering around his head. It amounted to little more than denying McKellar's legal ability, and asserting that Mr. King had lost money by the speculation. Very likely this may be true. It is somewhat in accordance with the opinion given by the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, whose legal advice when taken, amounted to this—that there was little hope of obtaining anything by a civil process, but that a criminal prosecution might be instituted. When the standing and social influence of the parties bringing this charge are considered, the accusation becomes a serious one, and for the honor and good name of our Province, a full and complete defence, or an immediate withdrawal from office and public life ought to be demanded from Mr. Mckellar at once.

There is a petty attempt being made in some quarters to ascribe this charge to the hostile feeling of the "Tories." This is but a poor kind of evasion. All classes of society are alike interested in having this question cleared up. Every true Reformer must feel that the fair fame of the Province is being compromised by continuing Mr. McKellar in the Ontario Cabinet with this damaging and unexplained charge still affixed to his character. He himself cannot fail to see that his own honor is attained, that his colleagues in office are suffering in consequence, that their usefulness is being impared, and that the Legisiature of Ontario at home and abroad is being injured by the association

My Grandmother's Ring

'On the day before the funeral, I went for the third and last time to finish my work. As I went through the Hall, the study door was pushed partly open, and a little child peeped out. I caught a sight of the darkened room, and the squire sitting by the fire with his head resting on his hand, but he turned quickly and called the little lad, and the door was shut to again. I can remember, as though it were yesterday, the rosy little face peering out at me, and the dull muffled sound of my own tread as I went up through the silent house to the room where the body lay. It was a large and lofty room; and all the furniture now in it, the great carved bedstead, the chairs, yes, and the windows, too, were hung with white, and folds of white muslin had been thrown over the tall mirrors. Every thing was white except where the coffin stood in the middle of the room, and even there some lilies and white roses had been scattered. There she lay as I had placed her the day before—the lady who used to come smiling into our houses, and who had never met us without a kindly word. Death had not changed her much, and her still face looked as calm and peaceful as if she had been sleeping. The housekeeper had come up, and stood watching while I softly swept aside the flower-blossoms, and set about my work. Presently, it was needful that I should move one of the hands which were crossed upon her breast, and, as I lifted it, I saw glittering on the little finger of the other hand a diamond ring. It had been hidden till then, but I saw it now plainly enough—a splendid ring, with two sparkling diamonds, and an emerald in the middle. I looked up in wonder at the housekeeper, and she nodded sadly. "Yes; it was a fancy of my mistress's. The squire gave her that ring the day they were married, and she has worn it ever since. She always said that she would have it buried with her when she died." "It was not on her hand yesterday," I observed. "No; the squire brought it up last night, and put it on her finger his own self." 'It is a beautiful ring;' and I bent down to look at it more closely. 'Yes; it's worth a small fortune, as I've often heard my lady say,' Mrs. Winter made answer.—'But I must go now. Shall you be long about it, Morris?' 'Not very long;' and I hastily took up one of my tools. 'I will send Clare up to give you any help you may want,' she said, and went away.

'But when she was gone, I stooped down again for a third long stare at that ring. Then I moved a step or two back, and stood playing idly with the hammer in my hand. It seemed to have bewitched me. I forgot where I was, and what I had to do. I forgot everything till I heard a step coming along the passage, and I had only just begun my work when Clare came in. It was done. The nails were screwed home, the sweet face was hidden under the coffin lid, and I was walking fast across the park in the cool evening twilight. I began to whistle as I strode along, to wonder whether my mother would have waited supper for me; but in the midst of my wonder, my thoughts wandered off to something quite different, something I didn't want to think about just then; so I looked up at the great oaks, and tried to guess at their value; but the next moment came the recollection that the noblest of those big trees, with its huge girth of trunk, and its wide-spreading branches, was worth nothing compared to—well—to a certain white stone which seemed to be still sparkling before my eyes. I had been reared honestly, if ever a lad had, and thief would have been nigh as bad a name to me as murderer; but yet, somehow, I couldn't for the life of me get that ring out of my head. I thought of it buried in the ground, doing no one any good, and of what I might do were it mine to sell. My mother shouldn't pinch and fret herself any longer to make both ends meet; my father couldn't sigh as he saw the loads of wood going past our door to the carpenter's at Hilbury; and Margaret—Margaret and I would be as happy as the day was long, married and settled in the dear old house. But bah! What rubbish all this was, when the ring would be in the Squire's vault to-morrow night, and we were like to be on the parish before many months were over our heads. When I had come to this, I had come also to the stile leading to the fir-wood. I would not give myself time for any more such fancies; so I put my best foot foremost, and soon was clear of the wood, and tramping along the raised path that led to my father's door.

The old people were very low that night, for they felt the mistress's loss all the more for their own troubles. "They say it was quite sudden, Phil," my father said, as he cut the cheese and passed my mug of beer. "Mr. Stark the butler was down in the village this afternoon, and he said she had only been ill for three days, and no one thought of danger till an hour or two before she died. The squire would have sent off then for some grand doctor, but just as the groom was starting she died, all in a minute as it were." "She isn't much changed, is she, Phil?" my mother asked. I didn't half like talking about her, but I made shift to answer pretty quietly: "No, not a bit. Except for her being so white and still, you'd scarcely know she was dead; but I'm just tired out, so I think I'll be off to bed;" and I left them together, and climbed up the steep staircase to my attic.

I was tired enough, but I couldn't sleep. Even when I did doze off for a few minutes, it was only in a confused dream, in which I always saw that ring. Now I was digging for it madly in a huge heap of shavings; now I was in church with Margaret, and the parson said I must read the marriage service for me till I put the ring on her finger; and now I was buried, pressed down by the damp stifling earth, but holding it tight. I got up at last in the early dawn and pushing my window open, leaned out for a breath of air. I thought it was the close hot room that had oppressed me, and I threw on my clothes, and went down to the river for a bathe; but when I got there, I didn't care to go into the water, and sat down instead upon the bank, staring at the rushes for a good hour. I didn't fight against my fancies now. The temptation had got me, body and soul. Ah, well! I didn't know then, as I do now, that it's the first thoughts which do the harm. If a man once lets himself go on thinking of what he ought to drive out of his mind at once, he's lost. He can't get rid of his ugly notions afterwards. When I walked away from the river, I was a changed man, hardened and reckless. The day was not like other days. The busy little village looked dull enough with the shop windows closed, and the people, each with some bit of black about them, standing loitering at the street-corners, watching for the funeral procession. My father and mother went to the churchyard, but I had to be up at the Hall. It was a very quiet, simple business. When the old banker at Hilbury had been buried the year before, there had been twice as many carriages and plumes; but the squire had always hated fuss and show, and he was too heavy-hearted now to think of anything but his own grief. His sister was there, and my lady's brother, and one or two cousins, and these, with the doctor and the parson, and some of the old servants, made the whole party, except the little fair-haired boy who held his father's hand when they went down into the vault—that same vault, Miss Hester, in which your own mother was laid but yesterday. You know where it is in the churchyard, not a stone's throw from the chancel windows. Well, it was all over, and the heavy stone had been let fall again, and when the crowd scattered, there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

We went home by and by, and the shutters were taken down, and father and I sat down to our bench; but somehow, neither of us were in the mood for work. He never did much now, though he liked to potter about amonst his tools, and watch all that went on. To day, he soon put them by, and stood leaning over the half-door looking down the street, while I planed and hammered, or sat idly twirling the foot-rule between my fingers. 'Ah, lad, you've not much heart for carpentering to-day,' my father said at last, as he turned his head and caught sight of my listless figure; 'but there'll be more need for work than ever there was, and I doubt the squire will not be much at the Hall now.' 'Maybe not,' I made answer, and then I got up and walked straight away to the lathe. I didn't want to talk or be talked to, for a strange savage feeling had got hold of me, and I was half afraid of myself. So the day wore on, and the evening came, and my mother looked into the workshop, and bade me come to supper. When it was over, father reached down his pipe from the mantelshelf. He and I mostly had a smoke together on the green in the twilight, and I saw that he was waiting for me, but I did not mean to go out with him to-night; so I spoke up in a dogged kind of way and said: 'I promised to get over to Kettlethorpe, to take the order for that linen press; there'll be time to get there and back before dark.' 'Nay, nay, my lad,' father answered; 'sure there's no such haste.' 'Yes there is;' and I spoke the more sharply, as I saw father's wondering look. 'It wont do to let a job slip into Cleig's hands, for want of looking after it ourselves.' 'Well, well;' and the old man made no more objections, for I think he saw that my mind was made up. At the door I turned to say: 'Don't you sit up, mother. I may be late, if I happen to light on Tom Hill.' 'You ain't going to the public, Phil?' she asked anxiously. 'I can't tell,' says I, and shut to the door, just hearing father's words: 'Let the lad alone, missus; he'll come to no harm' so I tramped up-stairs. I had something to do before I went out, and I wanted to do it quietly.

(*To be continued.*)

Our stock of Carpets is now complete, and is one of the largest and best assorted ever offered in the city, having placed our orders early last autumn, we are enabled to sell much under present prices.

RUSSELL & WATSON.

Hearth Rugs, Coca and Wool Mats, of every kind, shown in great variety, at

RUSSELL & WATSON'S.

AMUSING.

A Centre ornament—your nose.

Illegal corn measure—a tight shoe.

Power of Evil—a power of attorney.

A Man of Standing—The street car conductor.

In Arizona there are "many men of many miles."

Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master.

When is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

Sea-side Views—That visitors should be plundered unmercifully.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, axe (ask) it.

The man who was filled with emotion hasn't room for his dinner.

When a lady faints, what figure does she need?—You must bring her 2.

A few months ago a famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there?" he said in tones of thunder, to a sergeant; "cobwebs?" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them there to catch the flies and prevent their teasing the horses."

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sank. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?" and down he went.

There is more than one way of "talking of religion," and a better way, evidently, than the old English lady had found whose husband was wasting under a lingering disease. The rector expressed a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do, indeed, sir; often and often. I wakes up in the night, and says:—John, John, you little think of the torments as is preparing for you."

A story is told of two travellers who were assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel. Before retiring, one of them knelt down to pray, and confessed long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveller, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed—"What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

Q. I am a lover rejected. Pray what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal," like some lovers true? A. Oh no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage—your chance is still good. Remaster your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl!

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

During a late conference at Worcester the following conversation was overheard between two newsboys: "I say Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it's plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it."

Dry Goods Special Sale

—AT THE—

REGENT HOUSE,

30 Sparks Street.

The partnership heretofore existing between JAMES SINCLAIR and J. R. STITT having been dissolved, the business will henceforth be carried on by the subscribers, J. R. STITT & CO., The stock having been purchased at a large reduction, will, together with a large assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods,

Just imported, be offered very much under ordinary prices. An inspection will satisfy the public that this is not a mere sensational advertisement, but actual fact. The sale will commence on

Monday, the 7th Instant,

And continue during the month of October.

JUST OPENED:

New Dress Goods,	New Millinery,
do Silks,	do Feathers and Wings,
do French Merinos,	do Mantles,
do All-Wool Poplins,	do Shawls,
do Empress Cloths,	do Costumes,
do Serges, in new shades,	do Flannel Dressing Gowns,
do Tartans, all the Clans,	do Ribbons,
do Wincies, Fringed, etc,	do Laces, real and imitation,
do Velvets,	do Sash Ribbon,
do Velveteens, in all colors,	do Silk Ties,
do Flannels,	do Gloves and Hosiery,
do Blankets,	do Fancy Woollen Goods,
do Cloakings,	&c., &c., &c., &c.

J. R. STITT & CO.,

Ottawa, October 7, 1872. 30 SPARKS STREET.

The Cleveland *Herald* says:—He is a Canadian, Antoine Lesperance, and haileth from Canada. He hath but one arm, and goeth from house to house, and store to store, and soliciteth alms. Officer Miller, of the West Side police, arrested him on Saturday, on the charge of being a common beggar. He took him to the station, and searched him to see how many jack-knives, bits of tobacco and chunks of cold meat he had in his pockets. The marvelous transformation in the fairy tale of Cinderella here had their only well defined and authenticated parallel. Under the magic touch of this patrolman the jack-knives and tobacco were metamorphosed into Canada bank bills and specie to the amount of $611.98, and the chunks of cold meat were resolved into a bank book calling $715,69 from the Ottawa Branch of the Quebec Bank, Savings Departments, the united grist thus ground out by officer Miller being $1,327.63 all good as gold. An investigation will be had before Judge Towner to see if the exportation of some portion of these funds to British territory cannot be prevented.

BIRTH.

On the 5th inst., the wife of Frederick White, of a daughter.

THE REASON WHY!

Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya is called a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, because Phosphates constitute more than half the material of the human body, and are absolutely essential to the growth of Bone, Muscle and Nerve, which cannot attain full development without them. They promote a good appetite, perfect digestion, create pure, healthy, vitalizing blood, and supply the waste constantly going on in the system as the result of mental and physical exertion. Being combined with Calisaya, the Peruvian Bark, the only specific for Chills and Fever, and that condition of Nervous Prostration and General Debility arising from low vitality and exhaustive diseases, it forms an elegant and agreeable, invigorating Tonic, purely physiological in its action, that may be taken safely under all circumstances, and all diseased conditions of the body, as it builds up the constitution in the same manner as our daily food. Sold by all Druggists at $1.

WANTED—A medium sized HOUSE, Brick or Stone. Apply at TIMES Office.

Ottawa, Oct. 7, 1872. 2093 3

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Intending Contractors are hereby informed that in December next, Tenders will be received for the execution and completion of certain portions of the works connected with the enlargement of the Welland Canal, between Port Colborne and Thorold; also for parts of the new line to the eastwards of the present canal, from what is called Marlatt's Pond through the valley of the Ten Mile Creek to Brown's Cemet Kiln's, thence *via* the Thorold and St. Catharine's Cemetries to near Port Dalhouse.

The works are to be let in sections of a length suited to circumstances, and the locality.

The location surveys are now in progress, and at some places sufficiently advanced to admit of contractors examining the ground before winter sets in.

When plans, specifications, and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them, and be furnished with blank forms of Tender, at this office; or at the offices of the respective resident Engineers on the works.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 4th October, 1872. 2093 3

Thomas' Electric Oil!

WORTH TEN TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF IT? IF NOT, IT IS TIME YOU DID.

There are but few preparations of medicine which have withstood the impartial judgment of the people for any great length of time. One of these is THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, purely a preparation of six of some of the best Oils that are known, each one possessing virtues of its own. Scientific physicians know that medicines may be formed of several ingredients in certain fixed proportions of greater power, and producing effects which could never result from the use of any one of them, or in different combinations. Thus in the preparation of this Oil a chemical change takes place, forming a compound which could not by any possibility be made from any other combination or proportions of the same named oils, or any other ingredients, and entirely different from anything ever before made, one which produces the most astonishing results, and having a wider range of application than any medicine ever before discovered. It contains no alcohol or volatile liquids, consequently loses nothing by evaporation. Wherever applied you get the benefit of every drop; whereas with other preparations nearly all the alcohol is lost in that way, and you get only the small quantity of Oils which they may contain.

S. N. THOMAS, Phelps, N.Y.

And NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, Ont., Sole Agents for the Dominion.

Note—Eclectric—selected and Electrised.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

Notice is hereby given, that the Quarterly Meeting of the Board of Trade, will be held in the CITY HALL, on MONDAY, the 7th instant, at four o'clock p. m.

Members are earnestly requested to attend.

By order,

G. H. PERRY,
Secretary *pro tem*

Ottawa, Oct 5, 1872. 2092

BEFORE assuring your life, examine the new Tontine Savings Fund Assurance, just introduced by the Equitable Life Assurance Society, by which an Endowment Policy is granted at ordinary Life Rates.

Office, Reading Room, Russell House.

R. C. W. MACCUAIG,
General Agent for Eastern Ontario.

Ottawa, October 5, 1872. 2092

OTTAWA FALL RACES,

Will take place over

Mutchmor's Driving Park,

ON

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

October 8th and 9th, when

$1,800 in Purses will be run for,

Entries close at 9 o'clock, Saturday Evening, 5th instant, at the Russell House. Pools will be sold by Messrs. Bermingham and Falls.

Entry forms, and every information, can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

EDWARD C. BARBER,
Secretary-Treas.

Ottawa, Oct. 5, 1872. 2078tf

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, 20th Sept., 1872

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 13 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,
Commissioner of Customs

FIRST EXHIBITION

OF THE

APPLETON NEW SILENT

Sewing Machine

AWARDED

FIRST EXTRA PRIZE,

AND

EXTRA HIGHLY COMMENDED.

MANUFACTURED AT

Hamilton, Ont.,

BY THE

Appleton Manufacturing Co.

☞ EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED.

Oct 4, 1872 2091 3

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That I, the undersigned, am the owner of the west half of lot number five, in the ninth Concession of Osgoode, in the County of Carleton, under and by virtue of a Patent from the Crown, and that Thomas Willson, of Gloucester, the purchaser thereof, at a sale for taxes, alleged to be in arrears in 1869, has no title thereto, all the taxes on the said lot having been previously paid; and further, that I will take proceedings in Equity, to set aside said sale for taxes.

CHARLES GOULDEN,
Ottawa.

Ottawa, Oct 3, 1872. 2091 6

Nos. 13 and 28.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

HAVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire success: Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes can not be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

Nos.	Cures.	Cents.
1.	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	25
2.	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	25
3.	Crying-Colic or Teething of Infants	25
4.	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	25
5.	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6.	Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting	25
7.	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	25
8.	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	25
11.	Suppressed, or Painful Periods	25
12.	Whites, too Profuse Periods	25
13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15.	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	25
16.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues	50
17.	Piles, blind or bleeding	50
18.	Ophthalmy, and Sore or Weak Eyes	50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
20.	Whooping-Cough, violent coughs	50
21.	Asthma, oppressed Breathing	50
22.	Ear Discharges, Impaired hearing	50
23.	Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings	50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness	50
25.	Dropsy and scanty Secretions	50
26.	Sea-Sickness, sickness from riding	50
27.	Kidney-Disease, Gravel	50
28.	Nervous Debility, Seminal