



The Jarvis Record.

"BOUND TO PROSPER."

\$1.00 per annum, in advance.

\$1.50 at the end of the year.

VOL. IV.

JARVIS, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1882.

NO. 25.

"THE JARVIS RECORD,"

Is published every Thursday, in Jarvis, opposite the Post Office, and contains the very latest Foreign and Local News, choice and interesting and short stories, poetry, agricultural and domestic information. It is the

LARGEST PAPER
In Haldimand or Norfolk Counties.

TERMS—\$1 per annum in advance, and for all extra in advance 1 cent extra will be charged each week.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year	45 00
One column six months	25 00
One column three months	16 00
One-half column one year	27 00
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One-half column three months	9 50
One-quarter column one year	16 00
One-quarter column six months	10 00
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FRANK N. PETTIT,
Editor and Publisher.

MATHESON BROTHERS
BARRISTERS, and Attorneys-at-Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public,
Conveyancers, etc., etc. Smees, 101
Ontario Street, Simcoe, and corner of Main
and Market Sts., Port Dover. Port Dover
office under the management of James D.
Riddell, J. W. Matheson will be at the Dover
office every Thursday.

JAMES MILLS
JARVIS, ONTARIO.

Chemist & Druggist,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
Agent for Canadian and American Express
and Montreal Telegraph Companies.

W. R. SMART
Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, etc.
JARVIS, ONT.

OFFICE IN WHITTAKER'S BLOCK.
Jarvis, August 23, 1881.

**Fashionable Hair Dressing
AND SHAVING PARLOR.**
Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shampooing
done in a manner that is certain to give entire
satisfaction, by

WILLIAM WILSON,
Opposite the Norfolk House, Simcoe.
Razors Honed, Hair Dressing a Specialty.

C. MCILVERLY & SON
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES
Of all kinds.
No. 1 Ansley's Block, Port Dover.

To our customers and the public generally—
We are pleased to inform you that we have

A VERY LARGE STOCK
Of Boots and Shoes on hand, of the
VERY BEST QUALITY AT LOW PRICES.

We have no desire to trespass upon your
time by giving a more comprehensive review
of our preparations than to say that they are
of a most complete character and in
every particular equalled by any in the
town. We have given special attention to
the production of solid leather goods. Our
prices will be very reasonable as we

Will Not Be Undersold
By any one. In Ordered Work we take the
lead, and make a specialty of

FINE SEWED WORK.
Gentlemen, give us a call for a Boot
or Shoe, we are second to none in the county.

**Trunks and Valises always on
hand.**

CHAS. MCILVERLY & SON,
Port Dover, Jan. 25, 1882. 7-ly

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address Tutz & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE HIDDEN HAND!

CHAPTER LIV.

Ten days later Molino-del-Rey, Casade-Mata and Chapultepec had fallen. The United States forces occupied the city of Mexico. General Scott was in the Grand Plaza, and the American standard waved above the capital of the Montezumas!

Let those who have a taste for swords and muskets, drums and trumpets, blood and fire, describe the desperate battles and splendid victories that led to this final magnificent triumph!

My business lies with the persons of our story, to illustrate whom I must pick out a few isolated instance of heroism in this glorious campaign.

Herbert Greyson's division was a portion of the gallant. Eleventh that charged the Mexican batteries on Molino-del-Rey. He covered his name with glory, and qualified himself to merit the command of his regiment, which he afterwards received.

Traverse Roewe fought like a young Paladin, when they were marching into the very mouths of the cannon that were vomiting fire upon them, and when the young ensign of his company was struck down before him. Traverse Roewe took the colors from his falling hand, and crying "Victory!" pressed onward and upward over the dead and the dying, and springing upon one of the guns which continued to belch forth fire, he thrice waved the flag over his head, and then he planted it upon the battery! Captain Zuten fell in the subsequent assault upon Chapultepec.

Colonel Le Noir entered the city of Mexico with the victorious army, but on the subsequent day, being engaged in a street skirmish with the leperous or liberated convicts, he fell mortally wounded by a copper bullet, and was now dying by inches at his quarters near the Grand Cathedral.

It was on the evening of the 20th of September, six days from the triumphant entry of General Scott into the capital, that Major Greyson was seated at supper at his quarters, with some of his brother officers, when an orderly entered and handed a note to Herbert, which proved to be a communication from the surgeon of their regiment, begging him to repair without delay to the quarters of Colonel Le Noir, who, being in extremity, desired to see him.

Major Greyson immediately excused himself to his company, and repaired to the quarters of the dying man.

He found Colonel Le Noir stretched upon his bed, in a state of extreme exhaustion and attended by the surgeon and chaplain of his regiment.

As Herbert advanced to the side of his bed, Le Noir stretched out his pale hand, and said:

"You bear no grudge against a dying man, Greyson?"

"Certainly not," said Herbert, "especially when he purposes doing the right thing, as I judge you do, from the fact of your sending for me."

"Yes, I do, I do," replied Le Noir, pressing the hand that Herbert's kindness could not withhold.

Le Noir then beckoned the minister to hand him two sealed packets, which he took and laid upon the bed before him.

Then taking up the larger of the two packets, he placed it in the hands of Herbert Greyson, saying:

"There, Greyson, I wish you to hand that to your friend, young Roewe, who has received his colors. I understand?"

"Yes; he has now the rank of ensign."

"Then give this parcel into the hands of Ensign Roewe, with the request, that being freely yielded up, they may not be used in any manner to harass the last hours of a dying man."

"I promise on the part of my noble young friend, that they shall not be so used," said Herbert, as he took possession of the parcel.

Le Noir then took up the second packet, which was much smaller, but

much more firmly secured, than the first, being an envelope of parchment, sealed with three great seals.

Le Noir held it in his hand for a moment, gazing on the surgeon to the mysterious packet, while spasms of pain convulsed his countenance. At length he spoke.

"This second packet, Greyson, contains a—well, I may as well call it a narrative. I confide it to your care upon these conditions—that it shall not be opened until after my death and funeral; and that when it has served its purpose of restitution, it may be, as far as possible, forgotten. Will you promise me this?"

"Oh my honor yes," responded the young man, as he received the second parcel.

"That is all I have to say, except this—that you seemed to me upon every account, the most proper person to whom I could confide this trust, I thank you for accepting it; and I believe that I may safely promise that you will find the contents of the smaller packet of great importance and advantage to your yourself and those dear to you."

Herbert bowed in silence.

"That is all. Good by. I wish now to be alone with our chaplain," said Colonel Le Noir, extending his hand.

Herbert pressed that wasted hand; silently sent a prayer for the dying wrong-doer; bowed gravely, and withdrew.

It was almost eight o'clock, and Herbert thought that he would scarcely have time to find Traverse before he should beat to quarters.

"He was more than an hour ago anticipated; for he had just returned from the Grand Cathedral, when he was full upon the young ensign."

"Ah! Traverse, I am very glad to meet you! I was just going to look for you. Come immediately to my rooms, for I have a very important communication to make to you!" Colonel Le Noir is supposed to be dying. He has given me a parcel to be handed to you, which I shrewdly suspect to contain your intercepted correspondence for the last two years," said Herbert.

Traverse started and gazed upon his friend in amazement; and was about to express his astonishment, when Herbert, seeing others approach, drew the arm of his friend within his own, and they hurried silently on toward Major Greyson's quarters.

They had scarcely got in, and closed the door, and stricken a light, before Traverse exclaimed, impatiently:

"Give it me!" and almost snatched the parcel from Herbert's hands.

"Whist! don't be impatient. I dare say it is all stale news!" said Herbert, as he yielded up the prize.

They sat down together, on each side a little stand supporting a light.

Herbert watched with sympathetic interest while Traverse tore open the envelope and examined its contents.

They were, as Herbert had anticipated, letters from the mother and the betrothed of Traverse—letters that had arrived and been intercepted, from time to time, for the preceding two years.

There were blanks, also, directed in a hand strange to Traverse, but familiar to Herbert as that of Old Hurricane; and those blanks enclosed drafts upon a New Orleans bank, payable to the order of Traverse Roewe.

Traverse pushed all these letters aside with scarcely a glance and not a word of inquiry, and began eagerly to examine the long-desired, long-withheld letters from the dear ones at home.

His cheeks flamed to see that every seal was broken, and the fresh aroma of every heart-breathed word inhaled by others, before they reached himself!

Look here, Herbert! look here! is not this insufferable! Every fond word of my mother, every delicate and sacred expression of—of regard from Clara, all read by the profane eyes of that man!"

"That man is on his death-bed, Traverse, and you must forgive him!"

has restored your letters."

"Yes, after their sacred privacy has been profaned! Oh!"

Traverse handed his mother's letters over to Herbert, that her foster-son might read them, but Clara's "sacred epistles" were kept to himself.

"What are you laughing at?" inquired Traverse, looking up from his page and, detecting Herbert with a smile upon his face.

"I am thinking that you are not as generous as you were some few years since, when you would have giving me Clara herself; for how you will not even let me have a glimpse of her letters!"

"Have they not been already sufficiently published?" said Traverse, with an almost girlish smile and blush.

When those cherished letters were all read and put away, Traverse stooped down and "fished up" from amidst envelopes, strings and waste paper, another set of letters, which proved to be blanks enclosing the cheeks of various dates, which Herbert recognised as coming anonymously from Old Hurricane.

"What in the world is the meaning of all this Herbert? Have I a nabob uncle turned up anywhere, do you think? Look here!—a hundred dollars—and a fifty, and another—all draughts upon the Planters' Bank, New Orleans, draw in my favour and signed by Largent & Dor, Bankers!—I that haven't had five dollars at a time to call my own for the last two years! Here, Herbert, give me a good whack to wake me up! I may be a little out of my wits, but I am not a nabob!"

"Perfectly," replied Herbert laughing.

"Well, then, do you think that crack upon the crown of my head that I got upon Chapultepec has not injured my intellect?"

"Not in the slightest degree!" said Herbert, still laughing at his friend's perplexity.

"Then I am a hero of a fairy tale, that is all—a fairy tale in which waste paper is changed into bank notes, and private soldiers' prince-palatines! Look here!" cried Traverse, desperately, thrusting the bank cheques under the nose of his friend; "do you see those things and know what they are, and will you tell everything in this castle don't by enchantment?"

"Yes, I see what they are, and it seems to me perfectly natural that you should have them!"

"Fam!" said Traverse, looking at Herbert with an expression that seemed to say that he thought the wits of his friend were arranged.

"Traverse," said Major Greyson, did it never occur to you, that you must have relatives in the world besides your mother? Well, I suspect that the checks were sent by some relative of yours or your mother's, who just begins to remember that he has been neglecting you?"

"Herbert, do you know this?" inquired Traverse, anxiously.

"Do, I do not know it; I only suspect it to be the case," said Herbert, evasively. "But what is that which you are forgetting?"

"Oh! this—yes, I had forgotten it. Let us see what it is!" said Traverse, examining a paper that had rested unobserved upon the stand.

"This is an order for my discharge, signed by the Secretary of War, and dated—ha-ha-ha—two years ago! Here I have been serving two years illegally, and I had been convicted of neglect of duty in sleeping on my post, I should have been shot unlawfully, as that man, when he prosecuted me, knew perfectly well!"

"You are a man, as I said before, lies upon your death-bed! Remember nothing of this!" But that order for a discharge—now that you are in the way of me and the war is over—will advantage of it!"

"Decidedly, yes! for though I am said to have acquitted myself passably well at Chapultepec—"

"Gloriously, Traverse! You won your colors gloriously."

"Yet, for all that, my true mission is not to break men's bones, but to set them when broken!—not to take men's lives, but to save them when endangered. So, to-morrow morning, please Providence, I shall present this order to General Butler, and apply for my discharge."

"And you will set out immediately for home?"

The face of Traverse suddenly changed.

"I should like to do so! Oh, how I should like to see my dear mother and Clara, if only for a day; but I must not indulge the longing of my heart. I must not go home until I can do so with honor."

"And can you not do so now? You, who have triumphed over all your personal enemies, and won your colors at Chapultepec?"

"No, for all this was in my legitimate profession! Nor will I present myself at home until, by the blessing of the Lord, I have done what I set out to do, and establish myself in a good practice. And so, by the help of Heaven! I hope within one week to be on my way to New Orleans to try my fortune in that city."

"To New Orleans!—and a new malignant fever, of some horrible, unknown type, raging there!" exclaimed Herbert.

"So much the more need of a physician! Herbert, I am not the least uneasy on the subject of infection! I have a theory for its annihilation."

"I never saw a clever young professional man without a theory!" laughed Herbert.

The drum was now heard beating the tattoo and the friends separated with hearts full of revived hope.

The following morning Traverse presented the order of the secretary to the commander-in-chief, and received his discharge.

And then, after writing long, loving, and hopeful letters to his mother and his betrothed, and entreating the former to try and find out who was the secret benefactor who had sent him such timely aid, Traverse took leave of his friends, and set out for the Southern Cities, once more to seek his fortune.

Meanwhile the United States Army continued to occupy the City of Mexico, through the whole of the autumn and the winter.

General Butler, who temporarily succeeded the illustrious Scott in the chief command, very wisely arranged the terms of an armistice with the enemy, that was intended to last two months from the beginning of February! but which happily lasted only the conclusion of the treaty of peace between the two countries.

Colonel Le Noir had not been destined soon to die; his wound, and inward canker from a copper bullet, that the surgeon had at length succeeded in extracting—took the form of a chronic festering disease. Since the night upon which he had been so extremely ill, as to be supposed dying, and yet had rallied, the doctors felt no apprehensions of his speedy death, though they gave no hopes of his final recovery.

Under these circumstances, there were hours in which Le Noir bitterly regretted his precipitation in permitting those important documents to go out of his own hands. And he frequently sent for Herbert Greyson in private to require re-assurance that he would not open the packet confided to him before the occurrence of the event specified.

And Herbert always soothed the sufferer by reiterating his promise that so long as Colonel Le Noir should survive, the seal of that packet should not be broken.

Beyond the suspicion that the parcel contained an important confession, Herbert Greyson was entirely ignorant of its contents.

But the life of Gabriel Le Noir was prolonged beyond all human calculus of probabilities.

He was spared to experience a more effectual repentance than that spurious one into which he had been frightened by the seeming rapid approach of death. And after seven months of lingering illness and gradual decline, during the latter portion of which he was comforted by the society of his only son, who had come at his summons to visit him, in May, 1848, Gabriel Le Noir expired a sincere penitent, reconciled to God and man.

And soon afterwards, in the month of May, the treaty of peace having been ratified by the Mexican Congress at Queretaro, the American army evacuated the city and territory of Mexico.

And our brave soldiers, their brows crowned with victorious wreaths, set out upon their return to home and friends.

CHAPTER LV.

Meanwhile, what had our young adventurer been doing in all these months between September and June? Traverse, with his two hundred dollars, had set out for New Orleans about the first of October.

But by the time he had paid his traveling expenses and fitted himself out with a respectable suit, professional black, and a few necessary books, his capital had diminished three quarters.

So that when he found himself settled in his new office in a highly respectable quarter of the city, he had but fifty dollars and a few dimes left.

A portion of this was expended in a cheap sofa-bedstead, a chisel washstand, and a spirit-lamp coffee-boiler, for Traverse determined to lodge in his office and board himself—which will have this additional advantage," said the cheerful fellow to himself—besides saving me from debt, it will keep me always on hand for calls."

The fever, though it was October, had scarcely abated; indeed, on the contrary, it seemed to have revived and increased virulence in consequence of the premature return of many people who had fled on its first appearance, and who in coming back too soon to the infected atmosphere, were less able to withstand contagion than those who remained.

That Traverse escaped the plague was owing not to his good fortune, but to his industry, his habits of temperance, cleanliness, and cheerful activity of mind and body.

Just then the demand was greater than the supply of medical service. Traverse found plenty to do. And his pleasant young face and confident manners won him great favor in sick-rooms, where, whether it were to be ascribed to his "practice," or to the happy influence of his personal presence, or to all these together, with the blessing of the Lord upon them,—it is certain that he was very successful in raising the sick. It is true that he did not earn five dollars in as many days; for his practice, like that of almost every young professional man, was among the indigent.

But what of that—what if he were not running up heavy accounts against wealthy patrons?—he was giving to the poor!—not money, to himself, as poor as any of them—but his time, labor and professional skill, he was giving to the poor!—he was sending to the Lord, and he killed the wealthy! And the most successful specimen that every made a fortune on "Change, never invested time, and labor of money to a surer advantage."

This I would say for the encouragement of all young persons in similar circumstances—do not be impatient if the "returns" are a little while delayed, for they are sure, and so rich that they are quite worth waiting for, nor will the waiting be long. Give your services cheerfully, also, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Traverse managed to keep out of debt; he regularly paid his collection, and his landlady bill; he daily purchased his mutton-chop or pound of beef-steak, and broiled it himself; he made his collar; swept and dusted his office; put up his sofa-bed; blacked his boots; and oh! miracle of independence, he mended his own gloves, and sewed on his own shirt-buttons—for you may depend that the widow's son knew how to do all these things; nor was there a bit of hardship in his having to wait upon himself, though if his mother and Clara, in their well-provided and comfortable home at Willow Heights, had only known how destitute the young man was of female aid and comfort, how they would have cried.

"No one but himself to mend his poor dear gloves! Oh—oh, too-hoo-hoo!"

Traverse never alluded to his straitened circumstances; but boasted of the comfort of his quarters and the extent of his practice, and declared that his business had already exceeded his outlay; which was perfectly true, since he was resolved to live within it, whatever it might be.

As the fever began to subside, Traverse's practice declined, and about the

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