ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

...powder. A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest United States Government food report. ...Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N.Y.

...WATCHES

Regulated Free of Charge.

...special attention given to the repairing of fine watches, jewelry, clocks, spectacles and all kinds of intricate work. Hand work executed in moderate prices. W. W. ROOT, ...Water Street.

...CLOTHING WASHED WITH SILVER WHITE.

...Water Street. Telephone 47. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to. Rubber heels to all scuffed shoes. Shoe shining, or other repairing while you wait. Rubber heels for boots and shoes are also at ...

W. W. ROOT, 7 Water Street.

...WORKS.

...Gives Personal Attention to all ... a thermometer constantly on exposure ... ...ever so many with the same ... ...Send in your ... ...guaranteed. Feathers cleaned and dyed ... ...before the last at Mills Hatter & Furrier, ... Rochester.

...ALL KINDS.

OWEN BINGHAM, dealer in Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars, No. ... by Screen, Watertown, N. Y.

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Diseases of the Eye and Ear,

...Office Hours: 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. ... p.m. to 5:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. ...especially invited. No. 1 Opera House ...Watertown, N.Y.

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Money to loan on Bond and Mortgage in small ...Attorney at law. Notary Public. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases and contracts drawn and ...acknowledgments taken. Office open evenings. ...

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John A. Bell

...Surgeon, Grad. Ont. Vet. College, ...

STATE VETERINARIAN.

...Office 84 Arcade, opposite Elmore House. Calls ...by telegraph or telephone will receive prompt attention ...day or night. Hall Door Telephone.

CHERRY MALT PHOSPHITES

A BRAIN, NERVE AND LIFE-GIVING TONIC

PLEASANT AND AGREEABLE TO THE TASTE.

...on the stomach and liver, increases the ...appetite, assists digestion, builds up the weak, ...frail and broken-down. Useful in *Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Insomnia, General Debility, Malaria, Lack of Vitality, Nervousness [Prostration and Exhaustion.*

CHERRY MALT contains blood making, life ...giving properties. Its friendly and health ...and can be used by the ...before with the life blood of Massachusetts heroes, and the spirit of revenge—so human and so justifiable—burned hot in our hearts.

With faces square to the front, with firmly set jaws, and with perfect step and perfect courage, our good regiment marched through this guilty city—clearing the pathway to the national capital of the last vestage of obstruction in this then hot bed of disunion.

That first night we spent in Washington, after marching past the capitol to sleep in a crowded hall beneath its very shadows, is no doubt well remembered.

Then our camp on Meridan Hill, with its heat and dust and salutary abominations, who does not recall it all? Are even to the old blackberry woman whose quaint cry of "Same old blackberry woman—same old blackberries—one cent cheaper," I feel confident has not failed utterly out of your memories.

But freshest of all the keen recollections of our stay in Washington will be that of the day when we listened to the far away sounds of cannon at the First Bull Run. What anxious hours those were! The very air seemed oppressive in its sultriness. It was a day of deep suspense followed by a still deeper gloom and sorrow, when we came to know that a great disaster had checked the advance and beaten back our army. The good President Lincoln passed across the avenue near where a few of us stood on his way to the War Department, with weary step and bowed head, the picture of mental agony. Washington was in a panic, and for a few hours it lay stunned and paralyzed with the blow our defeat had brought. The returning stragglers, knee high with reddish mud, without arms, and utterly demoralized, added a disheartening touch to the foreground of that picture of defeat—as we saw evidences of it at the Capitol. The wounded, following later, filled in the sad and lowering background, and surrounded in clouds and darkness, the Flag of our Union seemed for the moment to be drooping in peril on the borders of the exultant rebellion.

Comrades—it was your privilege and mine, in that dark period, to be present, ready and eager to march to the front to defend our imperilled Capitol, and to stand in serried ranks across the pathway of treason. If we were not at the first great battle of the war, we were the first to march southward over the Long Bridge across the Potomac to help restore order and insure safety to McDowell's badly broken army.

The fires about Arlington Heights knew us well for did we not help cut down the forests on hill and in valley about this fair spot? It was here that, on a bright morning, the welcome cry of "Sharpe's rifles" echoed through the camp! The longed for new rifles had come, it was said, and a wild rush was made for the approaching teams. Alas, as you know, The Sharpe's rifles turned out to be not very sharp axes—and we found the grip, and exercise with an unwelcome ax on a hot day not at all necessary for our comfort or happiness.

But the 35th men were equal to every duty, and our space of trees came down beneath their sturdy blows in grand form.

The winter at Taylor's Tavern, near Falls Church, Va., wore rapidly away in a mixture of mud and snow that made it unnecessary to black our shoes—or even go very far from our tents to answer to roll call. With dry roads in the spring of 1862 our marching days began again. That long and trying march and counter-march ending in the Rappahannock Station engagement was indeed trying. Col. Lord is not likely ever to forget the whizz of that sharp-shooter's Minie which struck down his fine horse, killing it instantly by a shot through the neck, while he stood by its side, with his hand resting on the saddle. The way the rebel gunners scattered their railroad iron amongst us there was a caution. How their missiles sounded! Whew! I think I can now almost hear them as they shrieked and roared over our heads and about the battery we were supporting! In what perfect order we marched down to the rivers bank and back through the blazing shells! I have often thought that the wounded artillery horses out loose and running madly over the hills in front of the rapidly worked guns, with the harness flopping about the poor brute, was one of the wildest sights of the war, in its way.

Our visit to Virginia's famous summer resort—White Sulpher Springs—afforded us a view of the place and a drink of the waters but our reception was a very lively one from the rumble rebel artillery boys on the heights beyond. Left the third spring under the inspiring music of those shells, and have never seen it since—we made better quick time from that day to this. Gordon came next with that dreadful trap into which so many of our troops marched, and which we barely escaped. It was a terrible slaughter—and all because somebody blundered.

The following night found us, as the sun went down in beauty, tired and foot sore about to break ranks for the day. "Attention!" rang out on the keen night air like a bugle blast! It rested. Load! command. "Fix bayonets!—and a thrill runs through the alert regiment. "Charge bayonets—charge," followed in tones that stirred our blood, and the 35th regiment with such a cheer as rolled over the plain like a chorus of victory, swept into that cornfield just in the nick of time to thwart a well planed night attack on our unsuspicious division headquarters of the artillery, and to save the line unbroken for the coming day's combat.

This charge of our regiment was a brilliant conception of Col. Lord's and it was a shame that this wise and important service did not win for him the star which would have shone as worthily as his in sights of rank. Suffice it for me to add that this charge undoubtedly as [illegible] battalion of artillery which were aiming the group of the rebel brigade that was just ready to pounce upon them, but the spirit and dash of our charge as we cheered ourselves irresistibly forward, fell on the utter route of the rebels, who declared, as our prisoners advised us, that "a whole Yankee division was sweeping down upon them."

This charge was a brilliant military movement and deserves a lasting place in the history of the bloody and hotly contested series of the battles of the Second Bull Run.

The whistling of bullets about our ears, as the daylight gave the rebel sharp shooters the range on the gray morning, sights of our tireless corps, reminded us that war's red tide was surging round us, and the work of warriors ready at hand. The wild havoc of that day a losing battle was played on a grand scale. All day long the roar of artillery, and the bursting of shells, and the sputter of rifles filled the air with the horrid music of destruction and death.

No regiment on that bloody and ensanguined field was steadier or did nobler service. It marched in perfect order from that hot bed of hell, in the words where the shells from friend and foe burst about us, with the crash an din which the "crack of doom" cannot surpass in the dreadful echoes that reverberated through that thick forest. While other regiments wavered and lost their formations, ours was as perfect in all its movements as when on a peaceful drill: and it was one of very few regiments that came in solid ranks from the front, while flying and wildly rushing teamsters were making pellmell to the rear.

The long night marches as we slowly fell back towards Washington, in mud and rain, and with a broken army surging around us, are an ever living memory with us all. And the heavy rain and heavier firing at bloody Chantilly, where we just escaped the swath of death reaped from the edge of the thick woods to our left and rear, will also recall a stirring afternoon's duty.

Then came the long march back over the Chain Bridge past the White House and up Pennsylvania Avenue, past the Capitol in its stately grandeur—that noblest edifice in all the world—round through Maryland amid heat and dust, on through the peerless valley where Frederick nestles like a jewel set in beauty, until the ragged steeps of darkly wooded South Mountain, bristling with rebel bayonets challenged our advance.

Comrades, that sweep we made up South Mountain as skirmishers to develope the position of our foe, was a grand sight. The sputter of rifles, the gloom of the forest about us as we drew the enemies fire, made up a picture no one present will ever forget. These are indeed stirring war days. On we go, and again the roar of cannon and the shriek of shells are heard on every side! With waving banners we marched and counter-marched through the long day of the sixteenth of September until as the shades of evening fell upon the scene, the 35th passed to the extreme right of our line under the fierce fire about filled the air with shot and shell, and fairly shook the earth beneath our feet.

Forward we press, with exploding and hissing shells all about us, one of which killed two men in Co. "A." That seething sheet of flames, surcharged with death, was the most awful sight we ever witnessed on our battle fields of the war.

In a little churchyard at Perch River, in this county, is the grave of George Spicer, who was one of our comrades, and on the marble shaft that marks the dear dust, I read these words not long ago, as I stood beside it.

"KILLED IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MD., SEPT. 6, 1862, AGED 23 YEARS, 4 MOS. AND 6 DAYS."

His last words were to our color bearer: "Bring out the stars and stripes, Beverly!" "Forever and forevermore" will such lines add to the dignity of citizenship and to the glory of American manhood.

The night watch, as we held the right flank of our army, and then followed the great battle of Antietam on the morrow. The first great northward march of the rebel army was this day to end on the banks of the upper Potomac. The "boys in blue" feel across their pathway in a shining line of steel, and said: "Thus far shalt thou come—and no farther."

In this sanguinary conflict the 35th never wavered, but kept to the line of duty, and on the field received the enthusiastic congratulations of General Sumner for our great services.

What a chill passed through us as that necessary but harsh order was sent down our line: "No wounded carried from the field." I have not time to dwell upon the good deeds of our brave boys on this day of carnage and victory. Our brigade saved the right wing of our army from being turned, and our regiment did its full share in the great achievement. Disaster to our right wing would have swung open a pathway for the rebels to roll our main body back in confusion, and a stampede such as we saw overtake the veteran corps of Sedgwick, might have brought a crushing disaster upon our army. When, in later years, I have studied this part our regiment played at this point, I can see what a noble stand our brigade made, and can understand perfectly with what real joy General Patrick received Sumner's proud words of praise, for it was the turning point of this battle. General Longstreet told me, years afterwards in Liverpool, that "had Sedgwick's routed lines carried the second line with it, Antietam would have been won and not lost to the Confederates."

Here the brave Barnard gave his noble young life to his country's cause; and here our ranks were thinned by the missiles of death. But our year's work is not yet finished. "Marching on" was our well worn cry. The great conflict at Fredericksburg was yet to come, for the 35th helped write history in their blood about the heights and on the plains there.

Hurrying across the river in time to hear the first shell explode near us fired by the rebels, marching by the front eastward down the Rappahannock, swinging into position on the Richmond and Fredericksburg pike. How like a dream the great scene of battle seems to-day!

And, too, we all remember how when our regiment lay needlessly exposed to the deadly fire of the enemies batteries on the hill in our front, in supporting a battery of our artillery, our watchful Col. Lord, horrified at the slaughter of our men, quickly massed us behind those hay stacks, where we were equally available as supports for [illegible] battery, and perfectly safe from the havoc of the rebel shells. To that wise movement, taken on his own responsibility and in defiance of a foolish order, some of us to-day are indebted for our lives—for had we remained where we were on the crest of that hill, we should have been battered to pieces beyond question by the easy and well marked range of the rebel guns.

So much for military skill brought into play at the right time and in the right way.

Again our record shines bright in the [illegible]

Daily Times

35TH VETERANS.

The President's Address The Master

Veterans of the 35th N. Y. Volunteers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is an occasion for rejoicing and for tears—a time when gladness mingles with sorrow as we recall the past and reflect upon the present. We meet to-day as a lessening band of veterans, twenty-six years after we volunteered as Union soldiers, in peace and prosperity and unmatched wealth accumulations in a civilization which deservedly takes its place in the "Forefront flight of Time."

The soldier of 1861 is the veteran and good citizen of 1887.

A stranger from a foreign land looking over this gathering at this time would find it hard to believe that this is a meeting of citizens who had laid aside the pursuits of peace to engage in the deadly strife of arms when the red wave of rebellion broke over our Union in all the mad fury of civil war, more than a quarter of a century ago.

The favor of your unsought choice lays upon me a task at this hour that I would one better fitted than I am had been selected to discharge. I have been selected for the position I now fill because of the changes which time and residence and death have made since our last regimental roll call before we were honorably discharged. I was among the first to enlist—a youth in years—in Co. "A" in this city, and the first to volunteer from the town of Cape Vincent, early in May, 1861. I had never seen an American soldier in uniform before I enlisted and was not of age when our period of two years' service expired. Carrying a gun throughout every engagement the 35th participated in, and Co. "A" never attached arms without my rifle was among the number.

I appear before you, therefore, as one of the "35th boys"—proud of the great honor you have done me in naming me as your president, prouder still of this "silver wedding" of our splendid old regiment, and supremely happy to look again into the faces of so many of our country's earliest heroes in the morning hours of the life and death struggle for Liberty and Union on our dear soil.

At this first reunion of our regiment, so many years after the expiration of our term of service, it is fitting and proper that some reference in detail should be made to the part we played in the great national drama, when the stakes at issue were the momentous one of Union and Freedom.

I shall do my best to rapidly sketch in impartial outlines some of the more important facts and incidents which marked our good record as a regiment.

And first of all we have the proud distinction of having been among the first from our section to volunteer in our country's defence. The call of duty met a ready response and the companies composing our regiment were quickly filled.

The rend zeous at Elmira we all remember, the barracks, the company drills, the company elections, the first great battle of "soup and beans" when our charge on the eating rooms gave promise of what was to follow when we charged the rebels way down south in Dixie."

The weeks we spent in Elmira passed rapidly away, and when we embarked a well organized regiment for Washington, we were as happy and as splendid a body of men as ever kept step to the drum beat of duty and liberty. One incident of that journey will bring up grateful recollections—the cordial greeting and abundant hospitality of the good people of Williamsport. What an enthusiastic outpouring of the patriotic citizens of that goodly town it was that so bountifully supplied our hungry boys with refreshments, cheered us to the echo when we came and when we left, and kissed some of us to boot!

If I have been rightly informed that reception cost several of our brave boys their hearts, for under the spell of the sweet charms of the Williamsport girls, even when seen by moonlight, waiting upon volunteer soldiers, love lighted the way that led to the marriage altar later on. What a ride, too, that was through the Buckeye state! The burned bridges and wrecked cars we passed on nearing Baltimore were reminders of what we were soon to become very familiar with, the waste and ruin of war.

I never pass through Baltimore without vividly recollecting our march across the city from one railroad to the other. The 35th never looked better or marched with more precision and manly dignity than it did on this memorable day. The grim, vindictive and mostly crowd that lined the streets along our course felt that to attack such an organized force would be madness. We were marching over pavements that had been wet only a few days before with the life blood of Massa-

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R.

ON and after Sunday, November 20th, 1887, Trains will arrive and depart as follows: (Daily, Sundays excepted, unless noted.)

FOR ROME AND THE EAST via HARRIS, OSWEGO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS AND THE WEST.

7.45 A. M. Arrives at Richland 8.53 a.m.; Oswego 10.05 a.m.; Syracuse 10.40 a.m.; Rome 10.40 a.m.; Albany 4.30 p.m.; New York 7 00 p.m.; Boston 6.30. Worcester 8.56, Boston 10.10 p.m.

9.55 A. M. Arrives at Richland 11.10 a.m.; Oswego 12.40 p.m.; Rochester 3.30 p.m.; Buffalo 4.40 p.m.; Niagara Falls 5.05; Oswego 4.10p.m.; Albany 8.30p.m.; New York 3.30 p.m.; Boston 10.10p.m.

1.55 P. M. Arrives at Richland 3.06 p.m.; Syracuse 3.40 p.m.; Oswego 4.10p.m.; Rochester 6.15 p.m.; Buffalo 7.30 p.m., connecting with Michigan Central R.R. and Grand Trunk Ry for Detroit, Chicago and points West.

7.15 p.m. Arrives at Richland 8.30 p.m., Oswego 9.00p.m.; Syracuse 10.10 p.m.; Rome 10.45 p.m.; New York 7.05 a.m.; Boston 8.30 a.m.

FOR PARTHAM, LOWVILLE, UTICA AND POINTS EAST

6.00 A.M. Arrives Carthage 6.35, Lowville 7.10, Utica 9.25 a.m.; Albany 12.50 p.m., New York 7.00 p.m., Boston 10.10 p.m.

9.10 A.M. Arrives Carthage 9.50, Lowville 10.25 a.m., Utica 12.45 p.m., Albany 4.45 p.m., New York 8.00 p.m., Boston 10.10 p.m.

6.30 P.M. Arrive Carthage 7.10 P.M., Lowville 7.45 P.M., Utica 10.10 P.M., New York 6.15 A.M., Boston 8.30 A.M.

FOR PHILADELPHIA CLAYTON, GRINDSTONE AND NORWOOD.

10.25 A.M. Arrive Philadelphia 11.00 a.m., Clayton 1.05, Grindstone 1.30 p.m., Norwood 1.45 P.M., Massena Springs 2.10 P.M.

3.20 P.M. Arrive Philadelphia 4.05 P.M., Clayton 5.00 P.M., Ogdensburg 6.45 P.M., Norwood 6.45 P.M., Massena Springs 7.15 P.M.

9.35 P.M. Arrive Philadelphia 10.31 P.M., Norwood 12.30 A.M.

FOR CAPE VINCENT AND SACKETS HARBOR.

10.30 A.M. Arrive Cape Vincent 11.35 A.M.

7.00 A.M. Arrive Sackets Harbor 8.00 a.M.

11.15 A.M. Arrive at Cape Vincent 12.05 p.m.

4.05 P.M. Arrive Sackets Harbor 4.40 p.m.

6.30 P.M. Arrive Cape Vincent 7.35 P.M.

Trains arriving at Cape Vincent 11.35 a.m. connects with up Mr. & Kingston.

Newsmen, N. Y., Dec. 14—Dr. O. F. ... an old and widely known physician, died at his home here today. Aged seventy.

...on, Dec. 14. The Brooklyn base-ball ...

Utica, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R.

CITY OFFICE

NO. 3 ARCADE!

WATERTOWN, N.Y.

...

FRANK L. BAKER.

Another Great Slaughter

Allingham

Who has always taken the lead in selling first-class goods at such remarkably low prices will offer the entire stock of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

At prices which defy competition. For cash only. Look at these prices:

Men's Kip Boots	$1.80
" Two Sole and Top Kip Hand Made Boots	2.00
" Oil Grain Boots	2.50
" Calf Boots	$1.90 to 2.50
" Rubber Boots	1.60 to 2.00
Boys' Rubber Boots	1.50 to 2.00
Ladies' Calf Balts	75
" Goat Button	1.00 to 1.25
" Kid Button	1.00 to 1.25
" French Kid Button	2.75 to 3.50
" Prince Kid But. Hand Sewed	3.50 to 4.00
Misses' Oil Grain School Boots all solid	1.10
" Pebble Grain High Cut	1.10
Children's Pebble Grain High Cut	1.00
" Pebble Goat or Kid	.90 to 1.00
Men's Rubbers	.65 to .80
Women's Rubbers	.55 to .65
Misses' Rubbers	.50

Also a endless variety of Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes which will be sold at equally low prices. Also a large stock of our new Waist Proof Boot, which we guarantee will turn water equal to any Rubber Boot.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing.

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Chamber Suits,

Parlor Suits,

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Easy Chairs and Tables,

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Book Cases, Side Boards,

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Repairing of all kinds neatly done.

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You will find just what you want in the line of

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ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF CIGARETTES AND SMOKING TOBACCOS AND CIGARS.

Vegetables in their Season.

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Grand Headquarters for

Monroe and Newport

RANGES.

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AND

Sterling Parlor Stoves,

Boynton Furnaces,

Oil stoves of all kinds.

Heating Stoves of Every Description.

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is the choicest Gem Flour made, is invaluable as a food for sufferers from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, etc. Also for use by persons subject to exposure or fatigue. Prevents Nervousness or sickness. Order PANANA of your dealer—Sample package free to physicians who will pay express charges. Send for Circular and Number for Recipes.

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...N. Y.

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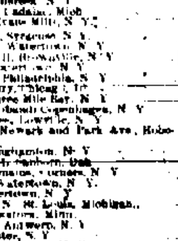

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are a quick, pleasant, safe and sure cure for disordered liver or stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervous or general debility, headache lassitude, diseases of women, &c. Nearly put up 100 for 50c. Athlophoros Remedies are sold by all druggists. Send 6 cents for The beautiful picture, ...

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Are now commencing to come in at the Grand Oyster Depot of

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They are the best shipped in Northern New York. Order a trial promptly filled.

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We cordially invite every body to visit our store and look over our stock of

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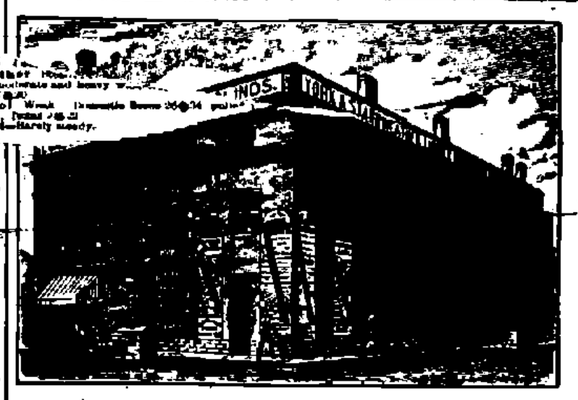

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Has received from the Factory this week more of those heavy all-wool, double-breasted suits at $6.00.

A line of Ulster Overcoats at	$5.00.
Heavy All-wool Tweed Pants	$2.00.
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Another cargo of the 35, 40 and 50c Scotch Caps.

Fur Caps $1.00, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.

Sealskin Caps, guaranteed saving of 25 per cent.

A new line of Jersey Shirts.

We have no one or two articles that we throw out as leaders but instead make our whole stock leaders, which we will convince anyone that will look us over. Do not make your selection of Holiday Goods until you have looked at our Elegant Line of Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Mufflers and Scarfs, all at the Popular U. T. Prices.

10 Washington-st. Watertown.

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The place to look for

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

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I have this day opened my office at Chaumont, Jefferson Co., N.Y., for the purpose of selling and ...on commission the property of real estate in Jefferson and other counties. I will give my personal attention to this line of business. Parties desiring to BUY, SELL or EXCHANGE real estate, and wishing to do so with prompt business, may address me by addressing as above in person or by letter. Today I offer farms in towns of Champion, Lyme, Brownville, Cape Vincent, also desirable village property in Chaumont and Clayton. Come and see me.

C. W. COMBS.

May 25, 1887.

Refer by permission to Benton Wells, Three Mile Bay; Frank Perham, Exchange Bank, Clayton; H. Copley, Chaumont; Geo. H. Sherman, 1st National Bank, Lyndonville, Watertown; N. H. Gates, Cashier Redwood Union Bank, Watertown; Times, Watertown.

4 DECADES

HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THE SCIENTIFIC PERRIER COCOBOIS, FROM COLDS AND TROUBLES LUNG WORST FORMS OF THE DEADLY AND MILDER FORMS OF WILD CHERRY, AND YET IT STANDS NOT OF COUGHS. SEE THAT "L. BUTTS" IS ON THE WRAPPER.

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