

RURAL DEANERY OF LEEDS.

Bishop's Visitation.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston will visit the parishes in the Rural Deanery of Leeds on the dates following:

Brookville—Sunday, January 13th, Trinity Church, 11 o'clock, a.m.; St. Paul's Church, 7 o'clock, p.m. (confirmation).

Elizabethtown—Monday, January 14th, L'n and New Dublin.

Lansdowne Rear—Tuesday, January 15th, Athens, 7 o'clock, p.m. (reception); Wednesday, January 16th, Lansdowne Rear, 11 o'clock, a.m. (confirmation); Delta, 3 o'clock, p.m.; Lansdowne Rear (Reception) 7 o'clock, p.m.

Leeds Rear—Tuesday, January 17th, Lyndhurst, Leeds Rear and Seeley's Bay.

Newboro—Friday, January 18th, Elgin, Portland and Newboro.

Westport—Saturday, January 19th, Westport, Fernov and Bedford Mills.

Newbyone and Lombardy—Sunday, January 20th, Newbyone (Confirmation) and Lombardy, (Confirmation).

Kitley—Monday and Tuesday, January 21st and 22nd, Frankville, Redan, Easton's Corners and Dack's.

Brookville—Wednesday, January 23rd, St. Peter's (Reception).

Lansdowne Front—Thursday and Friday, January 24th and 25th, Lansdowne Front, Escott, Warburton, Yonge and Rockport.

Gananogue—Saturday (Reception) and Sunday, January 26th and 27th, South Lake—Monday January 28th.

Missionary Deputations.

No. 1: Brookville, Elizabethtown and Lansdowne Front. Rev. F. D. Woodcock and Dr. Preston.

No. 2: Lansdowne Rear, Lombardy and Newbyone. Rev. Jos. Elliott and Dr. Smythe.

No. 3: Leeds Rear, Newboro and Westport. Rev. Thomas Leech and Judge McDonald.

No. 4: Gananogue. To be arranged for by the Rector.

WILLIAM WRIGHT,
Rural Dean.

A case of damage to cattle done by a barbed wire fence was heard by Judge Morgan at Markham division court recently, and the decision may interest farmers and others who are using that kind of fencing. His Honor decided that barbed wire fences were a public nuisance, and if placed along a side line or road the party owning them is responsible for any damage done to cattle. In this case he assessed ten dollars and costs.

A gentleman of refinement and possession of an appreciation of elegance sends us the following note: "I have not happened to see so fine a kitchen in a dwelling as that of Mr. Oliver Hayes, Union Valley. Very few of our best dining rooms are equal to it. It is wainscotted and ceiled with alternate strips of oak and white poplar. The white of basswood or maple looks well; but there's an expression of peculiar sweetness and purity in the clear, white of oiled poplar that I have not noted in no other wood."

The brutalizing effect that war has upon the finer sensibilities of a soldier is made very plain in the following extract from a letter written by Sergeant W. W. Rogers, late of Westport, now serving with the American forces in China: "I believe I have become so hardened to the sight of dead people that no murder would be too serious for me to commit. From 25 to 50 in a space 600 feet square don't have the least effect on me if they are Japs, Russians, East Indians, Bengalis or any other foreigners that are not our color, but an American, Englishman, German or Welshman starts a little shiver, but it is soon over."

DELTA.

MONDAY, Dec. 10.—Wm. Morris has so far recovered from his attack of appendicitis as to be on duty, although not feeling quite himself yet.

The Farmers' Institute met at the town hall on Tuesday afternoon and evening last. Both meetings were well attended. The speakers were good. One of them, in the afternoon, gave an address on the value of the different kinds of food for the dairy cow. It brought out quite a discussion as to the comparative merits of roots and ensilage as food for milk. It was finally decided that they were about of equal value, but that corn could be produced more cheaply.

Cutting and preparing wood is the order of the day and the sound of the sawing machine can be heard in all directions.

The arrest by Constable Russell last week of the young boy, Tom Martin, caused quite a sensation in the village. He is charged with having stolen moccasins, axes and mits out of stores, and after examination he was sent to Brookville for trial by the judge.

Rev. G. Hartwell, the missionary from China, preached in the Methodist church on Sunday. His subject was his work in China.

Alex. Stevens, the enterprising carriage merchant, is doing a good business since the great snow. His agent, A. J. Flood, has gone away with cutters to sell. Alex. has the workmen busy every day. The carriage trimmer who used to work for him last summer, returned to his old post, Alex. has added a painter from Portland. There are eight employees at the works.

Miss Gertie Seymour of Toledo has returned home after spending her holidays with Mrs. Fanny Hazelton.

Rev. G. R. McFaul of Rockland is announced to preach next Sunday in the Baptist church.

Mrs. (Rev.) J. A. McLennan intends to go to Brantford to spend her Christmas holidays with her parents.

James L. and family moved to Kingston two weeks ago, but found the rent too expensive, so they moved back to Delta to live. They think that Delta is good enough for them.

ADDISON.

MONDAY, Dec. 10.—Mr. David Graham has severed his connection with Palace factory for this season and has returned to his home at McIntosh Mills.

Mrs. John Best, who has been sick with typhoid fever for some time, is some better, much to the satisfaction of her many friends.

Mr. John Maile is putting one of those celebrated Merrickville furnaces in his house. John knows a good thing, and don't you forget it.

Mr. Ormond Bissell and Miss Davis, of Mott's Mills, were joined together in holy matrimony last week. We wish them every success in life.

WILTSETOWN.

MONDAY, Dec. 10.—The snow is a welcome visitor in this vicinity.

Miss Lil. Wiltse has been engaged to teach the "young idea" for the coming year.

Miss Emma Kincaid was visiting friends here last week.

A number from here took in the reception at Addison, and report a very enjoyable time.

Miss Beatrice Steacy was the guest of Miss Essie Earl.

A concert is on the tapis for the 20th. A good program has been prepared, and all are cordially invited.

Greenbush Honor Roll.

Following is the honor roll for Greenbush school for November:

Fifth class—Lucy Loverin, Edna Blanchard.

Fourth, jr.—Ethel Olds, Cora Langdon, Roy Kerr, Charlie Connell, Eva Sanford.

Fourth, jr.—Bertha Webster, Lewis Langdon, Willie Kennedy, Willie Webster, May Davis, Elmer Gifford, Della Forsyth, Charlie Horton, Sarah Patterson.

Third.—Ethel Olds, Flossie Olds, and Jessie Olds (equal), Omer Davis, Arthur Blanchard, Harry Smith, Morley Smith, Beatrice Miller, Leonard Wright, Bert McBratney.

Second.—Stella Loverin, Millie Smith, Myrtle Loverin, Carrie Forsyth, Lillian Kennedy, Roy Davis, John Horton.

Part II, jr.—Ila Forsyth, Clifford Webster, Lena Miller, Anna Fendling, Ethel Kennedy.

Part II, jr.—Etta Loverin, Louis Blanchard.

Part I, jr.—Fred Smith, Eva Wright, Gordon Kennedy.

Part I, jr.—Mabel Smith, Florence Smith, Harry Wright, Emmett Stowell, Leonard Davis, Jimmie Millar.

Average attendance, 40.

JENNIE M. A. EYRE, Teacher.

A Discerning Woman.

"Tis terrible," said John to me. "A fine waist player's spouse to be. In argument I'm put to rout; Jane knows when all my trumps are out."

Knew Where to Find Them.

An Atchison man got so cold the night last that he went out into the yard for extra covering. Every spare blanket had been wrapped around some rosebush or hollyhock.

Not So Strange.

"Piano music by the pond," exclaimed the music lover. "Oh, well, we never do it, I've found. Expect it by the church!"

Mutually Hypnotized.

"So he has at last led her to the altar?" "I don't know whether he led her or she pushed him."

Appointments.

Yes, I'm the man who's always late, And without shame the fact I state, For well I know, and so do you, The man I meet will be late too.

KENDALL'S...

SPAVIN CURE

The old reliable remedy for Spavin, Rheumatism, Gout, and all forms of Lame, It cures without a scratch because it does not blister.

Dear Sir—Will you please give me a remedy for Spavin, Rheumatism, Gout, and all forms of Lame, It cures without a scratch because it does not blister.

Very truly yours, J. J. KENDALL.

DE. E. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

VOTED THREE TIMES.

AND EACH TIME HIS BALLOT WAS CAST FOR HENRY CLAY.

The Devotion of Judge Jimmy Dolan of Missouri to a Political Ideal. The Only Man For Whom He Ever Voted For President.

Judge Jimmy Dolan lived in the back settlements of Cass county, Mo., when the only voting place was the county seat. He had to ride 47 miles to cast his vote. The journey consumed two days at best, and if the creek was up he counted on an extra day.

His wife packed his saddlebags for the trip. In one side was extra clothing, in the other food, for there was only one stopping place between his farm and the courthouse. Several ears of corn furnished the filling in for either pocket of the saddlebags. These were for the faithful animal which never shied or stumbled.

Judge Jimmy never failed to reach the county seat on the morning of the day of election. He dismounted and tied his horse to the rack on the public square. He went direct to the courthouse, was sworn and voted. He exchanged his views with the judges of election about the crops and the health of the neighborhood and then did his trading in the afternoon and rode until night overtook him. He was familiar with the country and knew where he could camp out to the best advantage. Here he found a built a fire in the woods, partook of his food, smoked his pipe and then, wrapping his big blanket about him, lay down in the stillness of the forest and slept.

Early morning found him continuing his ride toward home, which he reached some time in the night. The hour of his arrival depended upon the condition of the road. The bay of his pack of hounds signaled his near approach. By the time he reached his home of the county seat, at the gate to take his horse, and Judge Jimmy, with his saddlebags thrown over one arm, entered his double log house which he had helped to build in order to have his own place for his bride.

The next day the routine of farm life was resumed and was continued over for weeks without any break. On Sunday Judge Jimmy expounded the Scriptures to his family. Occasionally, once in two months, a traveling preacher staid overnight, read his favorite chapters in the good book, prayed and went on his way.

The next trip to the county seat was not made until Judge Jimmy Dolan went to attend the sitting of the county court, of which he was presiding justice. This was from two to three months after the election, according to the needs of the county. It was not until he went to hold court that Judge Jimmy Dolan heard the result of the election. There was no county newspaper. The Weekly Intelligencer, published in a remote part of the state, reached the county seat, the only postoffice. Occasionally, a letter, if there was no mail for weeks. Sometimes the batch of Intelligencers for Judge Jimmy Dolan's postoffice missed connection, and there was no news for two months, except such as might occasionally be communicated by letter, and the letter possibly was addressed to one who did not go or send for mail once in three months.

In 1824 he voted for his first presidential candidate, Henry Clay, and did not hear for three months and a half that the election had been decided by the lower house of congress, which, by the vote of Clay himself, elected John Adams, and later he heard that Clay had been elected.

John Randolph, who had denounced him as a blackleg for voting for a Puritan.

The second presidential election in which Judge Jimmy Dolan was interested was in 1832, when Henry Clay was again his hero and candidate. Three months after he cast his ballot before Judge Jimmy Dolan learned that his candidate had been defeated.

Four years later Judge Jimmy Dolan made another trip to the polls, camped out going and on his return as he had done before, resumed his work on his farm and did not learn until two months after his ballot had been cast that Martin Van Buren, the man whom Dolan hated because he was Jackson's candidate, and Jackson was the man who beat Clay, had been elected president.

In 1844 Clay was again a candidate for the presidency. The population of Judge Jimmy Dolan's county had not increased much, and the vote was nearly the same. The county seat was still the only voting place. Judge Jimmy made his usual journey, voted for his hero and returned. It was six weeks before he knew that Clay had finally been beaten for all time. Again Judge Jimmy Dolan rode homeward in the night, slept in the woods and reached his place the following night. For more than a month he refused to speak except as he gave orders for the work on his farm.

In 1848, in 1852 and in 1856 Judge Jimmy Dolan made no journeys to the polls.

In 1860 a precinct was established nearer his farm, and Uncle Jimmy Dolan, judge no longer, and three of his sons went to the polls. He saw his sons vote for Breckinridge and Lane, but he cast no vote.

The civil war followed. Uncle Jimmy sent five sons to the Confederate army. He lived to see the cause lost. In his last hours he said that if Henry Clay had been elected there would have been no civil war. And it was his boast that he never voted for any man for president except Henry Clay.

A Misunderstanding.

They were having a spelling lesson over at a certain district school the other day, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.

The word "chimney" was given out to a little black eyed girl who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed the word by inadvertently leaving out the "h."

Quick as a wink the little boy next her pounced on the word and spelled it correctly.

"You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher.

"I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "Mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."

Foiled.

"I'm looking for a partner, Miss Kitley," remarked Mr. Clingstone.

"You want to get married, do you?"

"No, I want a silent partner."—Detroit Free Press.

Wealthy Russians, after death, seek repose in glass coffins.

HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL SEAT.

How Mark Twain Identified It on a Visit to Hannibal.

Several years ago Mr. Clemens went to Hannibal for the purpose of spending a short time amid the scenes of his boyhood. In the course of his visit he was much in company with his lifelong friend, Colonel Ro Bards, one of the pillars of the community. With Colonel Ro Bards he made a tour of the churches one bright Sunday morning, taking particular interest in the children. At the place of his first visit where he told the Sunday school superintendent that the distinguished visitor would be glad to address the little folks. Mr. Clemens at once grew reminiscent. He was glad to be home again, back among the hills of his early youth, where he knew every rock and gully. It was good to be in the old home Sunday school again. Here Colonel Ro Bards and the superintendent exchanged glances of doubt.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "and you must know how it delights me to be in this Sunday school, where every bench is to me an old friend. I sat right over there where the stove used to be—right in that seat where the little girl with the red dress is now. Ah, how it all comes back to me!"

Then Colonel Ro Bards pulled at the famous man's coat tails and indicated that it was time to hurry on. At the next Sunday school Mr. Clemens was soon on his feet.

"My dear friends," he said, "I am so happy to be here again, close to the scenes I once knew so well, for right there within 20 feet of where I stand, is the seat in which I used to sit with Charles Curtis (or some one equally well known). 'How well I remember it all!'"

Colonel Ro Bards blushed for his guest and begged a pressure of time as an excuse for leaving him. When the two were safely out of the church, Colonel Ro Bards turned on him.

"See here, Sam," he said, "you never went to Sunday school in that church. It's the church where you lived in Hannibal, or the other one either, for that matter."

"Goodness me! Can that be so?" Mr. Clemens exclaimed. "How time does fly!"

Then the two visited a third church, a spick and span new one, of which the congregation was very proud. Mr. Clemens, as soon as his presence became known, was duly pressed for a few remarks.

"I can only say," he said, "that I am very happy to be here this morning. The sight of this magnificent edifice recalls to my mind other days than this. It brings to my thoughts another group of youngsters, hardly as well dressed as these bright faced boys and girls, but all quite as anxious to become good men and women. I was one of them. My seat was over there near where the boy with the red necktie is sitting. Indeed I think it must be the same seat."

Then, walking closer, as if to scrutinize the place more carefully, he said, "Yes, it's the same."

"Come on," said Colonel Ro Bards; "it's time to go to dinner."

OPENING OYSTERS.

A New England Man Tells How It Should Be Done.

"People around New York do not seem to understand opening oysters," said the New England man, "while in the most insignificant places in Rhode Island or Massachusetts there are experts. Here you will have a regular instrument for an oyster with nothing but a knife and do it quicker than any one can eat them, without breaking the shell. Here you have a block of lignum vitae, with a cold chisel or something of that nature standing up in the center. On that the man breaks the edge of the oyster shells and the prisms then open with his knife."

"Now, my friend Aleck gave me lessons in opening oysters, and I think I could do it myself better than any one I have seen try it around here. Aleck lived in a small town where he kept a very small market, in which he sold meat on meat days and fish on Fridays and oysters all the week through."

"To open oysters as Aleck did you lay the oyster with the rounded half of the shell in the hollow of your left hand with the hinge to the wrist. Down about an inch or an inch and a half from the hinge is what Aleck called an eye, and in that he would insert his knife, give it a quick upward motion, and the upper shell was off in a jiffy, the oyster lying as possible in the hollow shell. It was out if it had to come out with an other quick motion of the knife. There is really only a little knack to it."

"There was never an oyster that Aleck could not open and with his eyes open or shut, drunk or sober. Aleck was proud of his expertness as an oyster opener in a county of oyster openers, and it was when he was drunk that he was most likely to give exhibitions. Aleck was one of those men who are never drunk in their legs. The liquor made him talk, and he had an amiable desire to show off."

"On the occasions of his special spree he was likely to take himself out to town to Boston or Providence, and once he got as far away from home as Chicago. His habit when he reached a strange place was to drop into an oyster place and tell the opening oysters that he did not know anything about his business. Aleck in his best clothes did not have the appearance of being in the oyster opening business. The result would be that there would be a challenge, and Aleck would always come out ahead. He could open oysters behind his back almost as quickly as he could holding them in sight."

How Nature Works.

Nature may be the best physician, but her business methods as a bookkeeper would scandalize a Monte Carlo roulette gambler. Scattered about the harvest fields would be considered poor farming, but the "mystic manager of the organic universe" scatters 5,000 acorns to raise one oak and 2,500,000 sturgeon eggs to evolve one sturgeon. The experimental work of her pottery shop has covered the neighboring fields with hillocks of shards. Every species of living animals, according to Professor Haeckel, has been developed at the expense of scores of less perfect entities.

Where It Ended.

"The man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home,' was a bachelor, I believe," she said.

"Yes," he replied. "What a beautiful thing would have been lost to the world if he had married before he wrote it."

Then they came out from behind the palms.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ARMOUR IN THE PANIC OF 1893.

How He Got Ready For a Storm When the Sky Was Clear.

In 1892 the old man was on one of his annual trips to the German mineral waters. At Carlsbad he met the moneyed men of Europe, and he put together all the hints that he got from this one and that one, and out of these hints he evolved a theory. He packed his grip and started for home, and the day he landed in New York he telegraphed for the heads of his departments to meet him in Chicago.

"How's business?" he asked cheerfully as he sat down in the midst of the powder and within range of 20 telegraph machines.

"Never better; making money hand over fist," said the managers.

"Out everything down to the very edge," said the old man in a very businesslike way. "There's a storm brewing. Haul in sail. Stack up every dollar in cash in the vaults that you can get your hands on. Go into the money streets and use the name of P. D. Armour for all it is worth. Get every dollar to be had and then come back and tell me about it."

They all believed in their hearts that the old man was getting panicky, but they did exactly as he said. They procured nearly \$2,000,000.

"That's not nearly enough. Go out and get more," he directed. "Don't be afraid. Get every dollar you can and get it just as quickly as you can."

Finally they obtained \$4,000,000 in cash, and this, with securities on hand, footed up \$8,000,000.

"Now, my dear friends, when the weather it," said Mr. Armour, and his preparations were hardly completed before the crash of 1893 came.

One of the first things to happen in the desperate financial straits was a run on the biggest banks in Chicago. One morning a messenger brought word that a mob was lined up in front of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank and that the people were demanding their money. Some of the most conservative business men had lost their heads, and the rush was enough to stagger any set of bank officials. Ogden Armour, son of the old man, was a director in the bank.

"This must be stopped," said P. D. Armour.

"He waited a minute to arrange the everyday bunch of roses in the horn vase on his desk," said the man who told this story, "and then he snatched up his hat and started for the bank."

Mr. Armour mingled with the crowd, going first to one and then to another, pledging his own credit for the deposits. He never left the place until the closing hour, and by that time the run had stopped. He went back to his office and issued a call for a meeting of Chicago business men the next morning. Then he called to London and bought half a million dollars in gold on his own account. He ate a little luncheon and drove out to Armour institute that afternoon as usual. He watched the classes at drill, and then he inquired placidly, "Is anything wanted?" On his way home to dinner he stopped at the homes of his two sons for a little visit. After dinner he said that he felt a bit tired that evening and couldn't account for it.

MADE WEIRD PICTURES.

A Practical Joke That Was Played on a Photographer.

A professional photographer tells a tale of a practical joke.

One day a young man came to sit for his likeness. To the ordinary eye he looked like any other young man. A couple of plates were exposed, and then the assistant who was operating went into the darkroom to develop the negatives.

He was gone much longer than usual and was heard berating the junior assistant pretty scold for playing pranks with the apparatus. When he returned to the studio, he asked for another sitting and apologized for having before used spoiled plates.

This time when he went away to develop he was heard to utter a slight scream, but he reappeared and said there was a peculiar effect in the negative which he couldn't account for, and would the sitter oblige him again.

On more he went to develop. Then the bell rang violently for the master, and the two held a long confabulation in the darkroom together. This time the master tried his hand and went away to develop. It was not long before he returned and said he was sorry not to be able to get a satisfactory likeness, but a skull and crossbones appeared defined on the young man's forehead.

"Rubbish," said the sitter. "My forehead's all right. Can you see anything the matter with my forehead?" And he peered into a mirror as he spoke.

"No, there's nothing that I can see," answered the photographer. "But I should be obliged if you will please go away and not come here again. This sort of thing is just a wee bit creepy."

Upon this there was a dreadful scene, but the upshot was that the young man had to go and up to the present has not returned.

The explanation of the matter is that the young man was a bit of a scientist and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulfate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph.—London Tit-Bits.

A Translator.

The word translator, meaning a mender of boots, has revived or perhaps has never died. Recently Judge Bacon at Whitechapel asked a man, "What are you?" He replied, "A translator."

Bacon: "Of languages?" "No, boots. I make old boots new all the week and sell on a barrow in Petticoat lane on Sunday."

Bacon (1738 A. D.) explains "translator" as "a new vamp of old shoes," etc. I remember the word with this meaning occurring in the old Radnor church parish registers.

Just Like a Man.

She—Ah, Emil, my parents won't allow me to marry you. There's nothing for us to do but to die together.

He—Yes, dear, we have no other choice but to die—but not today for we have fricasseed chicken for dinner, my favorite dish!

Of Practical Life.

"I want the boy to tell his history," said the farmer, "so's he can write one of them historical novels and make money enough to paint the barn and have the mules shod."—Atlanta Constitution.

COUGHS KILL

We know of nothing better than coughing to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever, and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.

Better kill your cough before it kills you.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

kills coughs of every kind. A 25 cent bottle is just right for an ordinary cough; for the harder coughs of bronchitis you will need a 50 cent bottle; and for the coughs of consumption the one dollar size is most economical.

My cough reduced me to a mere skeleton. I tried many remedies, but they all failed. After using the Cherry Pectoral I immediately began to improve, and three bottles restored me to health. I believe I owe my life to it.