

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:

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

Elizabethtown—Monday, January 14th, Ltn and New Dublin.

Lansdowne Rear—Tuesday, January 15th, Athens, 7 o'clock, a. 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—Thursday, 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.

Brockville—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: Brockville, 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 possessed 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. 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 or too common. 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 Brockville 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 E. and family moved to Kingston 6 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 is 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.—Barba Webster, Lewis Langdon, Willie Kennedy, Willie Webster, May Davis, Elma 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 Lovovin, Carrie Forsyth, Lillian Kennedy, Roy Davis, John Horton.

Part II, jr.—Ira Forsyth, Clifford Webster, Lena Miller, Anna Fendlong, 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. "An' the whilst player's spouse to be. In argument I'm put to rout; Jane knows when all my trapes are out."

Knew Where to Find Them.

An Atchison man got so cold in the night last night 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 can't, 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. —Chicago Record

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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 duty as a citizen. He started on his homeward ride in the afternoon and rode until night overtook him. He was familiar with the country and knew where he could camp out in 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 one of his boys was 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 horse.

The next day the routine of farm life was resumed and was continued often 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 with irregularity. Sometimes 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 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 1828, 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, and on 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, 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 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 this one 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 Kiltish," 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 of his lifelong friend, Colonel Ro Bards, 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 the host 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 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 coattails 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, where I stand, 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. We reached the two o'clock 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 reached his own credit for one deposit. 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 next morning. Then he cabled 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 tactfully, '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."

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 opening oysters 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 attached to 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 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 clean 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 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 of 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 man opening oysters that he didn't 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. Sowin buds and harvest pecks 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 Was the Key to His Career.

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, when the 20th of October," 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. Business 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 one deposit. 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 next morning. Then he