St. Alban's Church Beautifully Decorated for the occasion.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL THE SCENE OF FESTIVITY AND MERRIMENT.

MERRIMENT.

The people of Atwood and vicinity are being favored with a series of very successful anniversary gatherings, and that of St. Alban's was by no means in the background, but excelled its rival denominations inasmuch as it combined the usual features of an anniversary service with a grand harvest thanksgiving, beautifying the edifice with rich and rare flowers and the fruits of the harvest. On the right, just in front of the congregation was a motto: "The Lord of the harvest is here," and on the left: "Peace and Plenty reigns," the letters of which were ingeniously worked with wheat heads and bead-work made of mountain ash berries. The mottoes were made by Mrs. S. H. Harding. A beautiful centre bouquet, from Mrs. Featherstone, of Listowel, was greatly admired, and an easel covered with cedar evergreens with an anchor made of mountain ash berries placed in front of the same was the most unique and prettiest thing in connection with the floral decorations and admirably displayed the cultured taste of Mrs. (Dr.) J. R. Hamilton. Suspended above the pulpit was a scythe literally covered with the choicest flowers, while on either side of the choir loft were sickles covered with silver tinsel, the work on which displayed more than ordinary taste. A net-work of grapes

was held on Tuesday evening, and in addition to the ample provision of good things a program of a literary and musical nature was given by the children together with an appropriate address by their pastor, Rev. Ir. Eccleston.

The pains-taking efforts of wardens Irwin and Longmire and the ladies of the congregation is commendable indeed, and the church is richly deserving of the success that has attended their harvest home.

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The Benwell Murder.

Notes of Interest Regarding the Birchall Trial.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 21.

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To-morrow morning J. Reginald Birchall will be placed on trial for the murder of Frederick C. Benwell. Judging from the number of newspaper reporters already quartered in the town the story of the crime of Blenheim swamp is as much a sensation to-day as it was in the month of February last, when America and Europe rang with

receive him, save the prisoner, who looked about him as he saw the people rise, but seemed to decide that it was his place to do nothing without orders, and so remained seated. Court Crier McKay opened the court after the usual form and at once the case was called. The court clerk rose with indictment in hand, and looking to the box called the prisoner's name. Birchall at once rose and the indictment was read indicting him by the name of John Reginald Birchall for the murder of Frederick Cornwallis Benwell.

"How say you, John Reginald Birchall?" asked the clerk. "Guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner's reply was clear and distinct, "Not guilty."

"Are you ready for your trial?" asked the clerk.

Birchall looked toward the table where the lawyers on his side were assembled.

Mr. Blackstock rose. "I am here for the prisoner, my Lord," said he, "and we are ready to proceed."

The rewas considerable difficulty in empanelling a jury suitable to Mr. In the afternoon the attendance was