

WESTERN ONTARIO.

BRANT.
Brantford Courier: The savings bank branches of the Brantford banks on June 1 dropped their rate of interest from 4 per cent., at which figure it has been for nearly two years past, to 2½ per cent., and now the Royal Loan announces that it is about to follow suit. Money is unusually plentiful just now.

A very fine lot of cattle were shipped from Paris station during the past week for the old country. They were in very prime condition, and about the best that have been shipped from there for some time. A quantity of hogs were also shipped during the month.

The Brantford Y. M. C. A. has decided to celebrate Dominion day by a demonstration on the fair grounds. The associations of Woodstock, Hamilton and London will send teams to compete, and in all probability Toronto.

BRUCE.
Alex. Symons, Riverdale, has met with a very serious accident. He went into the blacksmith shop of that place, slipped and fell on a barrow, cutting his cheek open.

What was formerly the Walkerton District of the Methodist Church has been divided up into two districts, the northern portion being now known as the Warton District. At the late conference, ministers in the Walkerton District were appointed as follows: Walkerton—Robert Walker, David D. Rolsten, William Tindall, George Watson, superannuated. Mildmay—William L. Hunsford, superannuated. Elmhurst—Andrew Clarke, superannuated. Elmhurst—Findlay M. Smith, John Garner (Lambton), superannuated. Chesley—William H. Moss, Eden Grove—Andrew J. Parker, Paisley—James McAllister, Port Elgin—James Charlton, Southampton—James W. W. Saugan—William J. Brandon, J. McAllister, chairman; R. Walker, finance-secretary.

ESSEX.
The magistrates of Essex county held a meeting in the court house at Sandwich on Tuesday and discussed matters affecting their position. They decided that the list of county constables needed thorough re-arranging, and dismissed every one. Then they appointed a new list, to take effect on July 1. Many of those dismissed were very old, having held the position for many years.

Francis Riley is a well known character in Windsor and in Sandwich, where he resides. He is about 86 years old and was married a second time two years ago. At one time he was possessed of \$40,000, but frittered it all away, except the balance, which he had given a bill of sale to his daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, of Detroit. The daughter allows her father \$30 a month. Judge Riley, in the suit of Francis Riley to regain possession of the boat, decided in favor of Mrs. Sullivan.

A deputation representing the Township Council of East Tilbury waited upon the Attorney-General at Toronto to request a release on the payments on the township drainage debentures. The deputation included Mr. W. Hickey, reeve of Tilbury; Mr. John Richardson, ex-reeve; Dr. Fleming, Chatham; J. B. Rankin, Chatham, and D. Farquharson. The Attorney-General promised to consider the application.

John B. Clark, for assaulting Mary Annette, was fined \$34 in the Windsor police court Wednesday.

Some time ago a young man named George Gray called on Mrs. John Plummer, Windsor, with a note purporting to be signed by her husband, and asking for \$5. The money was given, but as soon as Plummer heard of it he said he never sent Gray on such an errand. Gray was then arrested, and Magistrate Bartlett sent him down for three months.

Burglaries are becoming of frequent occurrence in Windsor. Tuesday morning about 1 o'clock, while the inmates of the Beasley household were busy about the house attending to a sick child two men were noticed to get into Mr. Stokes' house next door on London street. The Beasleys set up such a yelling for the Stokes' that in a minute the whole neighborhood was aroused. The burglars then fled. Constable John Thorpe's household, on Goyeau street, was disturbed, and two men were seen prowling around the house of Baggage Master Hart. The description of the men given by Mrs. Beasley tallies with a description of those who committed the Saturday night robbery, and it is supposed that two men are doing all of this juggling business. Already ten houses have been entered or molested.

ELGIN.
The annual meeting of the West Elgin Provincial Reform Association will be held in Dutton on Tuesday next at 1 o'clock.

A farmer, after unloading produce at the Duke House, St. Thomas, Tuesday, locked his rig across the G. T. R. track and was struck by the oncoming train. He was thrown out, but fortunately not seriously injured. The rig was badly smashed.

John Baker, engineer on the M. C. R., fell while going into the roundhouse at St. Thomas Tuesday, dislocating both shoulders.

The Sheddon correspondent of the St. Thomas Journal says: The young son of W. Mann, of Woodward avenue, St. Thomas, had a narrow escape from being killed here on Tuesday. He, in company with his sister, Mrs. Eastman, were driving home from Walkerton, when a gun which the boy had in the rig accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the boy's finger and in through the front of the shoulder, and out through the top of the shoulder and through the top of the body. It was a very narrow escape, for had the bullet entered either higher or lower it would have meant instant death.

At Iona Tuesday evening about 200 friends of Rev. E. Medd and wife called at the parsonage to say farewell. Mr. Medd was presented with an address and a well-filled purse. Mrs. Medd also received an address, accompanied by the gift of a delicately-worked autograph quilt, presented by the Ladies Aid Society of the church. Harrow is to be their new home. William Stacey, an old and respected resident of Dunwich, has died near Dutton after an illness extending over a year. Deceased was in his 69th year, and was born in Surrey, England. He came to Canada when 18 years of age and for a short period was employed at Port Stanley. About 40 years ago he moved to the farm on which he died. He leaves a wife and family of two sons and six daughters. Three of the daughters are married: Mrs. J. W. Grynade, Sparta; Mrs. T. Griffin, Cornwall; and Mrs. D. March, Michipicoten. The rest of the family reside on the homestead. The funeral took place on Tuesday at the Corral Cemetery and was largely attended, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Randall.

A team belonging to Mr. Campbell, of Routhwell, ran from the east end to Reynolds' drug store, St. Thomas, Tuesday afternoon. The team was upset by one of the horses thrown, one of them being considerably cut and the harness broken.

In connection with the closing exercises

A Musical "Looking Backward"

By Frances J. Moore.
A friend said to me lately: "Don't you think that eventually the musical taste will return to a old, simple melody, such as 'The Last Rose of Summer' and the Italian operatic airs, which were once thought so beautiful, and that the music now in fashion will pass away?" I could only reply: "No, for those who have tasted the rich flavor of the music now heard would never be content to go back to such tame food." What a wide range of thought this opens out! The old airs, national and operatic, are many of them, so beautiful that they can never lose their place, but the giant strides made in music of late years have instituted another school, and although one may still love the old school, it can only now take a place in musical art and not the place. It is difficult to argue a point like this with those who are not musicians. There are thousands of music lovers who thoroughly enjoy a simple song and a pretty little piano piece—air and variations style—but who cannot enter into the real depths of music, to whom music, in fact, is a sealed book. Formerly a tune was almost all that was needed. Look at many of the ballads of a former day—some with quite pretty airs—but oh! what bald, miserable accompaniments—generally the common chords played in arpeggio! Some melodies require but little accompaniment. Take, for instance, the beautiful old sea song, "Tom Bowling," which the eminent tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, has been singing all over Canada, and the States. A note or two here and there is all this song requires. Take, now, "The Message," another of Mr. Lloyd's exquisite songs. What would that be like with one of those accompaniments? Is there any pianist who could possibly be content to sit down and tinkle away at an operatic air with variations, or a melange of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Campbells Are Coming," "The Minstrel Boy," ending up with "Rule Britannia" in march form, when that same pianist has revelled in the rich pastures which are constantly now being added to? Melody must always have its place. It is, indeed, the foundation of all true music. But the advancing age has now brought with it a flood of grand and sensuous harmony, which must be felt, must be acknowledged as absolutely essential to musical art, and I can only repeat that no performer who has played or sung from the works one now hears could ever "look backward" to the extent of ignoring such works any more than a cultivated musical public could listen to the bald inanities once provided. Why should music go back? Why not all art? Why not everything? Look at the improvements in other branches. Take languages as now taught. Can there be any doubt as to the superiority of the present teaching as compared with the dry-as-dust grammar, grammar, rule, rule, of a former day?

There is one art which I really think has improved by "looking backward"—dancing. A glance at the ball programmes of a few years ago show about five or six different dances, viz.: Quadrille, lancers, polka, gallop, waltz, with sometimes a redowa. Now, the programmes are considerably

varied; the quadrilles are much prettier and the waltz is slow and graceful. The waltz of a far-off day, which our mothers and grandmothers danced, but which once became a sort of tea-totem rapid spin—breath of all poetry. People now do a great many "steps" in dancing which I well remember thinking looked so funny and silly when I was a little girl, and saw some old-fashioned persons attempt them! The "gavotte" and "minuet" are now being taught, and I daresay it will not be long before we see them in our ballrooms. There are also some entirely new dances, but these are generally formed on old styles.

I seem to have drifted into frivolity, and as it has, at last, become warm weather, I fear I can't get back into a more serious

on the front page. There is also a very taking song (with chorus), "There's Not Another Like It" (by James Fax and C. Bohner), which should be popular; and a new setting (by N. Smith) of the evening hymn, "Sun of My Soul."

There are some charming songs done by the Anglo-Canadian Company, King street, Toronto, which should have a place in the portfolio of any young lady who sings. They are nearly all published in several keys to suit all voices. Here are a few: "A Nursery Story" (Hope Temple), "Children Asleep" (E. Moir), "Remember" (G. Forbes), "Your Heart and Mine" (M. Wellings), "Venezia" (P. Rodney), "Across the Blue Sea" (Somerset). Really, the feast of beautiful music is so all-bountiful (in spite of the "Looking Backward" prognostication).

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Words by ETHELWYN WETTERDALE.

Music by WM. CAVEN BARRON.

(Full Choir for close.)

1. Lord, who wast a lit-tle child Like my-self, but un-de-fied,
May Thy child-words, an-gel-kind, On my lips show forth Thy mind:
2. Thy child-a-ctions' lit-tle child Lord, I pray Thee grant to me:
Lord, who wast a lit-tle child Like my-self, but un-de-fied,

How the prayer I say to Thee, As Thou wast, so make Thou me,
And Thy child-aims, hav-en-ly, Bright-on all my in-ner sky.
Send Thy child-equal to mine eyes, Deep and sweet as Pa-ra-dise.
This the prayer I bring to Thee, As Thou wast, O make Thou me.

Fin.

GIRLS.

Send Thy child-thoughts to my brain, Let me think them o'er a gain:
May Thy child-dreams haunt my rest, Seal Thy child-faith in my breast:

De Capo.

Let Thy child-love fill my heart—Of my life the sweet-est part.
Let Thy child-life, crys-tal clear, Mir-rored in my life ap-pear.

men.

Interlude.

men.

Interlude.

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Interlude.

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Interlude.

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Interlude.

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Interlude.

men.

WITH WOMEN'S CLUBS

The women of the country have been slower than those in towns in availing themselves of the club means of education, and yet there are women of as good mental ability on farms as in the cities. On this point a writer in the *Homemaker* says:

"The women of the country have been slower than those in towns in availing themselves of this means of education. Why? Many women of good mental ability live on farms. Much has been written about the farmer's condition and needs; comparatively few have looked toward improving the wife's condition."

The life of a woman of the country is necessarily cut off from participation in much that she would enjoy; often it is so hard and monotonous that she becomes alien and morose. Their business of housekeeping, with dairy and poultry annexes, keep them closely at home. There is little exchanging of visits or opportunity of getting the human element from people and events.

Not that a life in the country need be one of narrow limits and harsh outlines; but it is certainly true that there is not as much enjoyment or appreciation of living as there should be.

The strain of hard work, careful serving of home interests and pinching economy has unfortunately made the term "farmer's wife" too often a synonym for much that is harsh and unlovely.

She may have emerged from this fight with adversity a nobler woman, every sublime element in her brought out to meet adverse circumstances and even overcome them, or she may have sunk under the load she had not sufficient strength to carry, and lost interest in all things, awaiting aimlessly and drearily the only change, seemingly, that can effect her death!

This is an overdrawn picture; a glimpse into many country homes will answer.

Country women need to get out of their own lives, and nothing within their reach will lift them on as high a plane as a club formed of their neighboring country women for the purpose of study and companionship. Much social visiting and idle gossiping on farms, and does not satisfy the hunger of their souls. What they need is to turn their minds to broader channels, and that the club does.

The spectacle of a town's woman, with the symmetry of her womanhood destroyed by an undue adherence to fashion, leaving neither space in her leisure time in her days for mind culture, calls for as much pity as the dullness and isolation of the country woman; but neglect their opportunities, but country women must make their own and create their own resources. The sooner they realize that the dream of life is theirs if they but grasp it, the better for the race at large.

"That it is not so much what comes to you as what you come to, that determines your life, is a winner in the battle of life, is truer to-day than yesterday. To the women of action come the reward."

That country women can organize and carry on a successful women's club is not now an un-

tried experiment. In Indiana there is a club of this kind, composed solely and organized by farmers' wives, which has proved an inspiration and blessing.

The question is: Can such clubs be formed all over the country, where the idea of them is brought clearly before the women who need them? Will they take to them kindly or not? These women of the country by their sturdy minds and strong characters will add lustre and strength to the Woman's Club inspiration of 25 years ago.

IT WOULD BE WELL if all girls took Clara Belle's common-sense advice to a girl reader who wrote to inquire how she may go to looking for a "noble husband." "My good child, you don't want to look for a noble man, but for the man whose faults you can stand. Then marry him and stand them."

Unknowing Sage.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND

DEATHS.

WILKINS—PRATT—At residence

of Mr. Pratt, 422 Park street, Wed-

nesday, June 15, 1899. Son, John

Pratt, born June 15, 1899. Weights

and measurements of Mr. Pratt

and his wife, June 15, 1899.

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