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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.
Friday, 18th day of December, 1898.

PRESENT:
His Excellency the Administrator of the Government in Council.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable the Acting Minister of Inland Revenue, and under and in virtue of the authority conferred by the 10th Section of the Act 81 Vic. Cap. 51, intituled: "An Act for better securing the payment of the duty imposed on Tobacco manufactured in Canada," His Excellency in Council has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Regulations respecting Lead Tobacco held by dealers and others in Canada be passed by the said Administrator, and the same are hereby approved and adopted.

REGULATIONS.
1. All persons who had in their possession on the 22nd day of May, in the present year, and who still have in their possession any quantity exceeding ten pounds of Raw or Leaf Tobacco imported into or grown in Canada before the said twenty-second day of May, shall, on or before the First day of February next ensuing, render to the Collector of Inland Revenue, for the Division in which the holder of such Tobacco resides, a true account and return thereof, stating:
a. The quantity in pounds.
b. The place where it is stored.
c. The Port of Entry at which it was imported, and the date of such importation if of foreign origin.
d. If grown in Canada, the place where it was grown.
e. Such further evidence as may be necessary for establishing to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Inland Revenue, that the said Tobacco was in the possession of the person making the return on or before the said twenty-second day of May.

2. All Raw or Leaf Tobacco which may be proven to have been in the possession of the present holders on or before the twenty-second day of May, a record shall be brandied as required by the Act, and shall be dealt with in every respect the same as all other Tobacco is required to be dealt with by the said Act, and by the order in Council passed on the 30th May in the present year.
3. Except only that when any of the said Tobacco is in the possession of the present holders thereof, before the said twenty-second day of May, is entered for consumption by the present holders thereof and bona fide goes into consumption without being subjected to any process of Manufacture, it shall be exempt from the payment of the duty imposed by the said Act and by the said order in Council.
4. All Raw or Leaf Tobacco which is not returned and accounted for as herein required, before the first day of February next ensuing, shall be deemed and taken as, and shall be forfeited to the Crown, and may be seized and dealt with accordingly.

W. H. LEE,
Clerk Privy Council.

Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S HEART.

My heart is waiting for somebody;
Somebody, where can he be?
Somebody on earth he is waiting,
Waiting and watching for me.

My heart shall be faithful and true, then,
To that somebody, wherever he be;
You! my heart is locked firmly and fast,
But there's some one possessing the key.

Why are you sad and disheartened?
Why do you look so at me?
Because you say you're discouraged
That you do not hold the heart key?

How shall I know who's the somebody?
My heart will tell faithful and true,
You wonder who can be that somebody?
Well, somebody, darling, is you.

WOMEN'S LAWS.—Mark Twain says when women frame laws the first thing they will do will be to enact:

1. That all men should be at home at ten p.m., without fail.
2. That married men should bestow considerable attention upon their own wives.
3. That it should be a hanging offence to sell whiskey in saloons, and that five and six francs should follow it in such places.
4. The smoking of cigars to excess be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes utterly abolished.

5. That the wife should have the title of her own property when she married a man that hadn't any.

"Such tyranny as this," says Mark, "we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thralldom. Women go away! Seek not to beguile us of our imperial privileges. Content yourselves with your little feminine trifles—your babies, your benevolent societies and let your natural boss do the voting. Stand back—you will be wanting to go to war next. We will let you teach school as much as you want to, and pay you half price too; but beware! we don't want you to crowd us too much."

Josh Billings says he has seen some awful bad throat diseases completely cured in 3 days by simply joining a temperance society.

Interesting Tale.

A Terrible Experience.

A man will go blind, and mad too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and if you don't mind listening, will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was tedious, and gave me a chance to out do the other lads in daring. "Spider" was my nick-name in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had out grown my proportions, and partly because they said I could crawl along a roof like my namesake. When I was about three-and-twenty I was working with the famous Mr. [redacted], and went down with his pick-d hands, to carry out a contract he had taken in Canada. While there, I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had seen in Canada, and that is saying a good deal. For a time I fancied she liked me, and that I was getting on very well with my love making, but I soon found my mistake, for an old lover of hers joined our men, and Mary gave me the cold-shoulder directly. You may believe this sweetheart of hers (who was called Ben Lloyd) and I were not the best friends in the world; but I am not the sort of fellow to harbour malice, and when the biddings to the wedding went round, and I knew that my chance was gone, I made the best of it; I kept my sore heart to myself, and determined to beat down jealousy, by being great chums with Ben.

I went to the wedding; and there were not many days when I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cosy and homelike as you'd wish to see—Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not, perhaps, the usual way of driving out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and so it was, I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty of evil tongues to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning-conductor upon one of the highest chimneys sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry said, when he told us of it.
I accepted it off-hand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

All right, said the master, you are the steady headed fellows I have. The price is good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning, and get it done quietly.

So it was that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves all ready for the start. The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we went into the yard, but as we got higher, I saw that the news had spread, and that the street was full of sight-seers.

There's plenty of star-gazers, Ben, I said, waving my cap to them; I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run.

Cannot you keep quiet? answered Ben, speaking in a strange tone; and turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale, and sat in the bottom of the cradle, huddled up together, with his eyes fast shut.

You're not frightened, old chap? I asked. What's that to you?

Oh, nothing; only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you'd get gradually used to the height.

He said nothing, and never moved. Then looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more, and we would be there; yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabated speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and set my flesh creeping.

The force they were winding at the rope must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only 23 instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up. This was done quicker than I can tell you, Ben following.

The cradle came up; then, as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, pinging sound, like a rifle-ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there we were, left, nearly three hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping, barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried, Tell me where I can kneel, Harry, show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way!

Hush! hush! I said, don't lose heart; God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling; and if you try to get up you'll tumble, to a

moral certainty. Think of Mary, man, and keep up.

But in only a short and swayed more and more, groaning, and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that if he did not mind, he would overbalance.

Get hold of the rod, I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

Where is it, boy? he said hoarsely; and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, and sparkling and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind. So pushing myself to him I placed my arm round his waist, and worked round to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked back, to see whether they were trying to help us; but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running higher and thither; and, as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation; the cradle having fallen on one of the over-boards of the work, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near, that we unfortunately were for the time forgotten. I was straining my eyes, in hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger, for looking round I saw Ben clamping with his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began to crawl his way towards me, and every hour on my head seem to stand on end, as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see me he could not—that was my only consolation. Once—twice—three—he followed me round the north of that horrible chimney; then, not daring to look I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on to his feet. To touch him now do to ever his life? To touch him was certain death to myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should both go over together. To let him stand was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died, she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought into my mind, I suppose, but thank God, there was a stronger than Satan near me, and at the risk of my life I poured out, Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!

He crouched down and held on with clenched teeth, shivering and shaking. In after-days, he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

Still, I repeated from time to time, watch with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clung to my mouth, and the perspiration running down my face, and at the risk of my life I poured out, Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!

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FARMERS' CLUBS.

We believe that farmers' clubs are agencies for accomplishing practical results in progressive agriculture hardly second to the newspaper itself. If they are rightly conducted, we can say that their real influence on agriculture is much greater than the press; and they are a more active and efficient means of usefulness.

Ten years ago they were hardly heard of; and virtually, with but few exceptions, they were unheard of and unthought of. But, since that time, the influence of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, of New York, has been so great and so popular that here and there throughout the country, local associations of the same nature have sprung up, have been stimulated by members of the press, and have become exceedingly popular among the people who instituted them.

The progress in horticulture, too, in this country has been such as to warrant fruit growers' clubs in localities where the fruit business is of any magnitude; and we can call to mind many that are of exceeding value and whose discussions are attended with the greatest interest.

There exists such an association at Vineland, N. J.; and from the few opportunities we had of reading its reports, as published in the local newspaper, we are warranted in saying that it is amongst the best of the country. The members appear to be people of good practical experience, and the reader is sure of getting some valuable hints or some practical knowledge of the highest importance.

We hear of model farmers' clubs in various parts of the country. In Vermont there are said to be many excellent ones. In the first region of Michigan and Central Illinois, there are horticultural societies of very fine character. The Horticultural Society of Philadelphia, is acknowledged to be the most active and progressive in the United States. It contains an honor to the city and to its members. We can also compliment highly the Lake Shore Grape Growers' Association of Ohio.

We see no reason to hinder the formation of farmers' clubs throughout the country. Quite a good many country citizens have expressed the wish in our hearing that they could have a good one in their town, and have felt that it required a more determined effort to start it than they were capable of exerting. It seemed a formidable thing in their minds, and as much of a futility and as much of an advent as the launching of a powerful ship.—N. Y. Independent.

Precision.

On a certain Saturday night the clerk in the Bank of England could not make the balance come out right by just one hundred pounds. This is a serious matter in that establishment—not the cash, but the discrepancy, however slight, an error in balancing has been known to keep a delegate on clerks from each department at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry was therefore made after this one hundred pound, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette as an insolvent, for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning following, the clerk—in the middle of the solution, perhaps—felt a suspicion of the truth flash through his mind quicker than a lightning flash. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was acted upon immediately. There was a race—lightning against clock, and steam with a start of forty-eight hours. Instantly the wire was checked whether such a vessel had left the harbor.

"Stop her," frantically shouted the telegraph. It is done.

"Have on deck certain boxes, marked so and so, and weigh them carefully."

They are weighed; and one, the delinquent was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns, than it should have been.

"Let her go," says the mysterious telegraph. The West India folks were debited to just one hundred pounds more, and the error was corrected without looking into the boxes, or delaying the vessel an hour.

Harry Campbell, who had been but a short time married, one day went out with his young wife, of whom he was very proud (this is apt to be the case with young fellows when they are first married), on a shopping expedition. He seemed to take great delight in raving her little bills, (women's bills are always "little bills," for the first few hours,) although he began to feel as the least bit extravagant. But he said not a word, nor looked aught but approbation upon her transactions. Finally she came to the last article on her list (it is generally the first) a bonnet of the latest fashion, price fifty dollars. Harry, poor fellow, could not see it (we mean the price) and for the first time demurred. This was the "error" that broke Campbell's back.

DEEP OR SHALLOW?—The subject of ploughing is still under discussion in some of our exchanges—the majority siding with the deep furrow, an occasional one with the shallow. There is, however, a pretty general acquiescence in the assumption that, with under-drainings, deep ploughing is beneficial. Now the fact is, that a deep stirring of the soil is a species of under-drainage, as it effords the surplus water a chance to recede further from the roots of the plants than shallow ploughing would do. But when the subsoil is of a treacherous character, arresting the water in its downward course, under-drainage and deep ploughing should go together. The immediate results may not meet expectation, but a second crop will furnish proof of improvement, and succeeding ones much more striking attestations of the wisdom which combined under-drainage and deep tillage. Ample stores of vegetable life are hid away in the earth, but to awaken them to energetic and prolonged action, the scratching process must give place to a more profound and invigorating one.

JUST THREE MINUTES.—Will we Americans ever learn to eat slowly enough? While we were sitting in a restaurant last Saturday, a full grown, live American took a seat at our table.

Waiter—
Yes, sir.
Pork and beans—quick.
The pork and beans were brought.
Before taking the first mouthful, the gentleman inquired—
And waiter—any mince pie?
Yes, sir.

Bring me a piece—and have it here in just three minutes.

The man came to time within two minutes; he began on the mince pie five minutes after he had begun on the pork and beans, and within about nine minutes from the time he sat down he had paid his bill and passed out of the restaurant.

Here is an instance exactly as we saw it last Saturday noon. It is by no means an exceptional case, that most American business men take about twenty minutes, instead of ten minutes, to do the same thing. There is dyspepsia in every minute less than half an hour that is occupied by the daily lunch.—N. Y. Evening Mail.

ALLA SETTING.—Old farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his voice for one of his boys to lend a helping hand; but in vain. When he had, after an infinite amount of puffing and sweating, accomplished the task, and just when they were not, he-dod, of course, the boys made their appearance.

Where have you been, and what have been about, I'd like to know; couldn't you hear me call? inquired the farmer in an angry tone addressing the eldest.

Out in the shop setting the saw, replied the youth.

And you, Dick?
Out in the barn setting the hen, he replied.
And you Sam?
I was up in Granny's room setting the old clock.

And you, Tom?
In the garret setting the trap.
Now Fred where were you setting? he asked of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing catalogue of answers. Come let us hear?

On the door step sitting still, replied the young hopeful, seriously.

A remarkable set I must confess, added the amused sire, dispersing the grinning group with a waive of his hand.

Some years ago a gentleman died. His widow inherited his property and called the insurance of his life, and very soon enlarged, repaired, and fitted up her residence in a quite luxurious style. A friend calling expressed some little surprise that she made these nice arrangements so soon after the decease of Mr. [redacted].

"Why shouldn't I do it?" replied the practical relic. My husband, good man that he was, is enjoying a glorious mansion in the skies; and of course he wishes me to be as comfortable as possible here on earth. Who says that woman's faith was not shown by her works?

PASSING AN ALTERED BILL.—Look here said a dapper individual, who was hanging by a heap of pork loaves, I didn't know you knew that you'd no right to buy me in that way?

Why not, my friend? asked the person addressed, who recognised in too "tight on" as old acquaintance.

Because (lie) it's against the law.
Against what law?
Why, you used to know Bill N. [redacted] when he was (lie) highly different fellow to what he is now—and there's a big law law again passing an Altered Bill.

"Old Dog Tray" is so offensively played by some hand organs, that troops of pups will squat down before the machine and wipe tears from their eyes with their paws.