

FIELD, FARM AND GARDEN.

IN THE INTERESTS OF FARMERS, GARDENERS AND STOCKMEN.

Important Facts About Sheep and Wool. Effects of Soil on Sheep—Locality of the Different Types of Wool—Best Sheep for the Country.

The history of the American merino begins with the present century and with importations of choice sheep from Spain. While a few pairs had been imported previously, the largest and most noteworthy importations were made in 1809 and 1810 from the flocks of the Spanish grandees, whose properties had been confiscated and sold for political reasons.

The Spanish merinos existed as a distinct race 2,000 years ago. The French, Saxon and Silesian flocks were all originally from Spain, and while there is no trustworthy history as to the origin of the race, it is sufficient to say that at a very early period, Spain possessed the only valuable stock of wool sheep in the world, and that all other naturalized races of merinos, including our own, have been derived from that country.

The character of the soil on which sheep feed has a great influence in modifying the character of the sheep. The soils most to be preferred are sandstone and limestone lands of a free, dry, porous character, on which the finer grasses flourish, and which are derived from rocks called carboniferous, in regions in which coal is mined. The merinos cannot thrive in a moist climate, and require a wide range of upland pasture, and will make their living on scanty pasturage where the long wool English sheep cannot. Under favorable conditions it is a long lived race and bears herding in large flocks, but in low wet grounds it becomes diseased, consequently it does not thrive in England. There has been a large increase in the weight of both wool and carcasses since the first importations. Prior to 1818 the imported merinos yielded only from three and a half to four pounds of fleeces washed wool in the ewes and six to seven pounds for the rams. This affords a marked contrast with the present large yields produced by American breeders, until the American merino has no superior in the world as a wool producer or as an improver of inferior races of sheep.

Here in the United States practical experience has demonstrated that the best sheep for the country generally is about three-fourths merino, the higher grades proving less hardy and more liable to diseases. In many localities, however, the long wool of the merino breeds have greatly increased and have been extensively substituted for merinos, for the production of combing wool as well as supplying the large fresh meat markets of the country.

The statistics of the department of agriculture divides the wool grown in the United States into three classes. The first of the three classes is clothing wool. This is the fleece of full blood and grade merino, of fine short fiber, remarkable for its felting qualities. The highest type of this race, the registered thoroughbred, is found in Vermont, where breeding flocks are more numerous than elsewhere, and which furnish wool of the highest quality. The great states of New England also furnish some grade wool of this type.

The second class, the combing wool of the tariff classification, includes the medium and long wool of the English breeds, the Cotswold, Leicester, Lincoln, several families of Downs and other breeds of long and coarse wool, also popularly known as the wadding breeds. These are few in number compared with the merino type. Nearly all of the sheep of the south, especially of Texas, are of this class, mostly descendants of the less improved English sheep of a hundred years ago, with occasional infusions of better blood from England, Canada or the northern states. In Kentucky probably 99 per cent. are of the combing wool class. A considerable portion, however, is of the improved type, giving to this state the reputation of having a larger proportion of high quality wadding than any other state.

In the vicinity of the Atlantic cities from Maine to Virginia sheep husbandry is principally lamb production, the males being Downs or other English breeds and the ewes grades of both the merino and the English types. This combination produces a mixed wool of a useful character. Then there are considerable numbers of the English breeds, though fewer than merino, scattered through the western states from Ohio to Kansas, and a few on the Pacific coast and in the territories.

As to the third class, the carpet wool, it is represented in the United States only by the Mexican sheep, which are the foundation of a large proportion of the ranch flocks, but so improved by recent crosses as to furnish wool of the merino type, much of it of a high grade.

The Beneficial Lady Birds. In Vick's Magazine for November occurs the following: "None of the beneficial insects is the gardener and florist more indebted than to a family of beetles called lady birds. These beetles are small, but they make up in numbers and usefulness what they lack in size. They exist principally upon plant lice. One of the most common species is the northern lady bird, Coccinella borealis. Half of a pea would represent the size and shape of this species. It is orange red, with several spots. Another common species is C. 10-maculata. This species is elliptical in shape, dark purplish red, ornamented with ten black spots. It is gregarious, and is sometimes seen in great numbers in the spring of the year, especially about the roots of trees. There are many other species, all of which are very useful in destroying the hordes of the florist, the invincible plant louse."

BILL NYE IN JAIL.

He Gives a Description of Ludlow Street Prison.

You enter Ludlow Street jail the door is carefully closed after you and locked by means of an iron lock about the size of a pictorial family Bible. You then remain on the inside for quite a spell. You do not hear the prattle of solid children any more. All the glad sunlight and stench condensing pavements and dank haired children of Rivington street are heard no more, and the heavy iron storm door shuts out the wall of the combat from the alley near by. Ludlow Street jail may be surrounded by a very miserable and dirty quarter of the city, but when you get inside, all is changed.

You register first. There is a good pen and there you can write with, and the clerk does not chew tolu and read a sporting paper while you wait for a room. He is there to attend to business, and he attends to it. He does not seem to care whether you have any baggage or not. You can stay here for days, even if you don't have any baggage. All you need is a kind word and a mitimus from the court.

One enters this sanitarium either as a boarder or a felon. If he decides to come in as a boarder he pays the warden \$15 a week for the privilege of sitting at his table and eating the luxuries of the market. You also get a better room than at many hotels, and you have a good strong door with a padlock on it which enables you to prevent the sudden and unlooked for entrance of the chambermaid. After a few weeks at the seaside at \$10 per day, I think the room in which I am writing is not unreasonable at \$2.

Still, of course, we miss the sea breeze here. You can pay \$50 to \$100 per week here if you wish, and get your money's worth, too. For the latter sum one may live in the bridal only vault, and eat the very best victuals all the time. A boarder gets a good sized room, with a wonderful amount of seclusion, a plain bed, table, chairs, carpet and so forth. From his window one can see as far as the eye can reach.

Heavy iron bars keep the mosquitoes out, and at night the rooms are brilliantly lighted by incandescent lights of one candle power each. Nest snuffers, consisting of the thumb and forefinger polished on the hair, are to be found in each occupied room.

Bread is served to the freshmen and juniors in rectangular vats. It is such bread as convicts' tears have moistened many thousand years. In that way it gets quite moist. The most painful feature about life in Ludlow street jail is the confinement. One cannot avoid a feeling of being constantly hampered and hemmed in.

One more disagreeable thing is the great social distinction here. The poor man who sleeps in a stone niche near the roof, and is constantly elbowed and hustled out of his bed by earnest and restless vermin with a tendency towards insomnia, is harassed by meeting in the courtyard and corridors and paying boarders who wear good clothes, live well, have their cigars, brandy and Kentucky See all the time.

The McAllister crowd here is just as exclusive as it is on the outside. But great Scotchmen who comfort it to a man like me who has been nearly killed by a cyclone to feel the firm, secure walls and solid time lock when he goes to bed at night! Even if I don't belong to the 400 here, I am almost happy.

We retire at 7:30 o'clock at night and arise at 6:30 in the morning, so as to get an early start. A man who has five or ten years to serve in a place like this naturally likes to get it up as soon as possible each day, and so he gets up at 6:30.

We dress by the faint light of the candle, and while we do so we remember far away at home our wife and the little boy asleep in her arms. They do not get up at 6:30. It is at this hour we remember the fragrance of the flowers in the dresser at home, our clean shirts and collars and cuffs and socks and handkerchiefs are put every week by our wife. We also recall as we go about our stone den, with its odor of farmer corned beef and the ghost of some bloody handed pedagogue's more still remaining in the walls, the picture of green grass by our own doorway and the apples that were just ripening when the bench warrant came.

The time from 6:30 to breakfast is taken up by the average of non-paying inmates by doing the chamberwork and tidying up his stateroom. I do not know how other fellows do it, but I dislike chamberwork most heartily, especially when I am in jail. Nothing has done more to keep me out of jail, I guess, than the fact that while there I have to make up my bed and dust the piano.

We go down to the sink to wash our faces and hands. It is a pleasant sight, and reminds me of a herd of red legged geese in a mud hole. Breakfast is generally table d'hote, and consists of bread. A tin cup of coffee takes the taste of the bread out of your mouth, and then if you have some Limburger cheese in your pocket you can with that remove the taste of the coffee.

Dinner is served at 12 o'clock, and consists of more bread, with soup. This soup has everything in it except nourishment. The bread on this soup is noticeable for quite a distance. It is disagreeable. There is everything in this soup from shop worn rice up to nett's foot oil. Once I thought I detected cuisine in it.

The dinner menu is changed on Fridays, Sundays and Thursdays, on which days you get the soup first and the bread afterwards in this way the bread is saved. Three days in the week at dinner each man gets a potato with a thousand legged worm in it. At 6 o'clock comes supper with toast and responses. Bread is served at supper time, together with a cup of tea. To those who dislike bread and never eat soup, or do not drink tea or coffee, life at Ludlow Street jail is indeed irksome.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Why He Was Uneasy. Smith—Jones, did you ever sit down to a table with thirteen? Jones—Yes. Smith—Didn't you feel uneasy? Jones—Very; there were only twelve squabs.—Burlington Free Press.

An Concealed Espiote. Buffalo Horn—White man sing Injun song, Injun no light fire. Rolling Dick—What'er want? Buffalo Horn—White Wings. Rolling Dick—Got any hoseness? Buffalo Horn—Umph! Rolling Dick—Chuck it on an' fire me up! Judge.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence from all Parts.

Contest Items of Interest for People Who Want the News in a Hurry—Information Boiled Down to Suit Our Readers' Time.

Leamington has raised the liquor license from \$150 to \$200 each, and Essex Center has fixed the rate at \$200. Ten girls and a man were killed by an explosion in a squib factory at Plymouth, Pa.

A dispatch from Winnipeg says that the price of No. 1 hard wheat has reached \$1.03 at Rapid City. Campbellford, Ont., is declared an outpost of customs and Penetanguishene reduced to an outpost.

Crosley and Hunter have labored seven weeks in Detroit and secured 600 converts. They begin in Peterboro, shortly. A case of smallpox has broken out at West Lorne, on the M. C. R., 25 miles west of St. Thomas. A young man named Sheridan, from Fingal, carried it there.

The value of goods entered for consumption in the Dominion was in January \$7,577,874; this total the dutiable was \$36,789,80 and the duty collected was \$17,261,89. George Dunaway, of Rutherford county, Tenn., murdered his uncle on Wednesday, fatally shot his aunt and cruelly beat his cousin, whom he had been courting. He escaped.

Advices have been received in London that Prince Alexander of Battenberg has already married the opera singer Leininger. She is 23 years of age and of humble parentage.

Rev. S. G. Bland, fell in the Methodist church, Kingston, on Sunday, dislocating his leg and breaking several ribs. He had just recovered from an operation of the leg in New York. The three-year-old child of Mr. Gauthier, Morsau street, Montreal, was burned to death last Friday, by her dress catching fire, whilst her mother was out gossiping with a neighbor.

Col. Amoy in the Commons Monday, extracted from Sir Adolphe Caron the admission that the charges of cowardice made against him in connection with the rebellion campaign were the result of spite.

There is a hitch in the arrangements for the annexation of Parkdale. Representatives of the Council met and Toronto refused to accept Parkdale's local improvement debt. Parkdale says it will not come in without.

Scarlet fever, which has prevailed at Bismark and Mancau for some time, has reached a most alarming stage. All the churches and Sunday schools have been closed. There is also talk of closing the session of the Legislature.

The Government has heretofore imposed a duty of \$2 per gallon on the better class of brandy, and \$1.50 on the lower grades. A duty of \$2 applicable to both grades is now ordered to be enforced. Montreal importers protest.

One day last week Mrs. Caroline Kelly, an aged woman, was found dead in her house on Clarence street, Ottawa, with a deep wound at the base of the skull, evidently made with a dull instrument.

Rev. Dr. Potts, Methodist secretary of education, states that subscriptions for college federation now stand at \$240,000, and that he will succeed in raising \$100,000 by May 1 necessary to commence buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto.

The house of Ernest Young, at Ransom, six miles from Bath, Quebec, with a wife and four and five children—a boy and girl, four and five years of age respectively—perished in the flames. Mr. Young was in this city and Mrs. Young at a neighbor's when the fire broke out.

Mrs. Barney Beeler, living on the Water street plat, Port Huron, locked her three children, aged two, four and six, in the house on Friday while she went into the city to do some errands. The children set fire to the house, and when rescued by the neighbors were unconscious. The two youngest children died, and the other is not expected to recover.

The seven year old son of Arthur Buchanan, formerly of Amherstburg, met with a horrible death at his father's residence, Lansing, Mich. He climbed on a table where his father was butchering an animal, and fell into a caldron of boiling water. He was immediately rescued, but, after suffering terrible agony, died.

A rather curious runaway took place at Simcoe the other day. Mr. Nathaniel Porter of Rockford, was driving into town, when his team took fright at a passing traction engine and dashed down Norfolk street. Mr. Porter lost one of the lines and was compelled to jump from his seat. The team ran violently into an electric light pole, and one of them, a splendid four-year-old, worth \$350, was killed.

While Narcisse Lemire was at work at a tunnel in a brick yard on Parthenais street, Montreal, a large quantity of earth suddenly caved in upon the unfortunate laborer, and although a score or more companions dug the man out in a very short time, life was extinct when Lemire's body was taken from the fatal excavation.

Mrs. Munroe Ross, residing at 230 St. Dominique street, Montreal died suddenly in Trinity church she took suddenly ill and became unconscious. She was removed in a sleigh to Mr. Baridon's drug store on St. Catherine street, and Dr. Marsalis was called in, but she expired in a few minutes. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause of her death.

The two-year-old child of A. Burnham, Essex Centre, was fatally scalded yesterday. A boiler of boiling water was standing on the floor, and the little one stumbled and fell into it. The sufferings of the child were terrible, the flesh peeling off its body when its body when its clothes were removed. It only survived the terrible shock a few hours.

The Duke's Mistake.

One morning when the Duke of Wellington was at breakfast, he received a letter in an unknown and rather illegible handwriting. With a view of obtaining a clue to its contents, he put on his spectacles and scrutinized the signature, which he read "O. J. London." "Oh!" said his grace, "the Bishop of London, to be sure. What does the Bishop want of me, I wonder?" Then he began at the beginning; and read the note carefully through, an expression of bewilderment and perplexity gradually overspread his face as he did so. The writer craved his grace's pardon for the intrusion, and requested as a personal favor, that the Duke would kindly permit him to come and see his famous Waterloo breeches. "Why," the Bishop must have gone mad! exclaimed the Duke as he let his spectacles fall. "See my Waterloo breeches! What in the world does the man want to see my breeches for? However, I'm sure I've no objection, if he has a curiosity about them. A queer whim, though, for a bishop to take into his head. Next morning the Bishop of London, on seeing his pipe of correspondence found among a letter bearing a dual crest. He opened it, and read as follows:—"My dear Lord: You are perfectly welcome, as far as I am concerned, to come and inspect the breeches I wore at Waterloo if you like. It's true I haven't a notion where they are; but I dare say you will find them. I will communicate with you more definitely in a day or two.—Yours very faithfully, WELLINGTON." "The poor Duke!" ejaculated the Bishop of London, in a voice of the profoundest commiseration. "I always thought it was foolish of him to enter political life after his military career. Why couldn't he have been a statesman, or a statesman's politician, and all the anxiety he has undergone about Reform, Catholic Emancipation, and what not, have been too much for him. It's evident that his brain's turned. He must be hopelessly insane. What a dreadful thing for the country, to be sure!" So the worthy Bishop, with many sighs, went into his study and wrote a kind letter to the Duke of Wellington, reminding that persons who are mentally afflicted must be dealt with tenderly. He thanked his grace for his kindness, but assured him as delicately as he could that he was not in the least anxious to inspect the historical relics in question; and begged that the Duke would give himself no further trouble in the matter as far as he, the Bishop of London was concerned. It was now the Duke's turn to be astonished. "I can't have been dreaming," he said, in his perplexity. "And yet the Bishop's first letter was plain enough. Then he did what he ought to have done in the first instance—he called his secretary, Colonel B., and laid the whole matter before him. 'I'm afraid it's your Grace who has made the mistake,' said Colonel B., an irrepressible smile flitting over his face as he examined the two letters. 'The first letter is not from the Bishop of London at all; nor does the writer say anything about the breeches you wore at Waterloo.' 'Not from the Bishop?' exclaimed the Duke. 'Yes, it is. The signature is as clear as can be—'O. J. London.' The initials stand for O. J. London, a scientific gentleman who is preparing an important work on Forest Trees' replied the old Mechanic's Institute of Labour street, and he wanted to see in your Grace's avenue, the Waterloo Breeches as they are called, leading up to your front door at Strathfeldsaye. Shall I write and give him your permission? And thus it fell out that both Duke and Bishop were ultimately convinced of each other's sanity.

A Wonderful Orzka.

The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure made special mention of the Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists.

A Free Gift.

Around each bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a medicine guide and receipt book containing useful information, over 200 recipes, and pronounced by doctors and druggists as worth ten times the cost of the medicine. Medicine and book \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Some Weeks Ago.

Some weeks ago Michael McNeerney, of Buffalo, arrived at the home of his sister, Mrs. H. Sheridan, Fingal, stricken with a disease resembling chicken-pox or black measles. Mrs. H. Young, a neighbor, while visiting, caught the disease and died. Let us say the sister, Mrs. Sheridan, died of the same disease, and it is reported in the city that Mrs. Lethbridge has now succumbed to the malady. The attending physicians pronounce it to be black measles, or a form of chicken-pox, but others diagnose it as smallpox, and much alarm has been consequently created.

Don't Speculate.

Kun no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver Curative, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's recipes. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by James Wilcox, druggist.

COUNTY CURRENCY.

Newsletters from Other Correspondents, and Other Items.

A Weekly Digest of the County News Service to Suit Readers of "The Signal." Fish and Fowl, Clipped and Condensed from Every Section.

Mr. Duncan McEwen, Stanley, has a ewe which last week dropped two fine lambs. On the 13th inst., a ewe lamb belonging to Hugh Stewart, 15th con., Grey, presented her owner with ewe lambs. This is about the first of the season.

The friends of Rev. John Gray will be pleased to learn that he is getting along well in Kincardine, being very highly thought of by all classes in the community.

Geo. Hall, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Grey for several weeks, left for his home in Dakota last week. He is very favorably impressed with the west.

Messrs. Carleton & Anderson, of Blyth, lost a valuable stallion this week. He was imported this season and never got over the voyage. He weighed 2190 pounds, and was valued at \$1300.

The Methodists of Kincardine have shown their appreciation of the Rev. James Hannon, by giving him a unanimous invitation to remain for the third year, and he has accepted the same.

A Stewart Atkinson, Student with G. L. Ball, of Seaford after passing a very creditable examination in the Dental College of Philadelphia. Mr. Atkinson is a good student and proficient in his department.

Old Mr. Allan, at one time Township Clerk of Hullett, passed away to his reward last Monday morning and was buried in Londonboro cemetery on Tuesday. He was an old country school teacher and came to this country many years ago, settled in Hullett at a place afterwards called Bandon. His death was calm and peaceful.

Mr. John Bailey, the well-known conductor on the L. H. & B., has the honor of being one of the, if not the oldest conductor in the employ of the G. T. R. He has held that position for thirty-four years continuously, being in the railway employ for 35 years. This is a good record and shows that efficiency is a large part of his make-up.

Miss Huckleby, Hullett, who for a number of years resided with Mr. W. Mason, on the base line, but has of late years made her home at the house of Mr. H. Snell, (being a sister of Mrs. Snell) died last week. She has been an invalid for years, and her death was not, therefore, unexpected. Her remains were interred on Sunday last.

When Mr. A. H. Blackeby, formerly of the News-Record, got himself appointed Secretary of the Labor Commission, he struck a "fat take" a good deal better than he drew a country parcel. Last year he drew \$2,500, which included his living allowance, pullmans, etc., and \$605 that he was overpaid. He also received \$750 for "contingencies," making a total of \$3,260 for the year. Not a bad salary to say the least.

On Tuesday last as the stage was returning from Seaford to Bayfield and when near Bruceford the tug broke and the horse feeling himself freed ran away, leaving the stage and its occupants, the driver Mr. D. Hays and the Rev. Mr. Magahy on the road. After about two hours the runaway animal was captured and brought back, but not before the gentleman had contracted a severe cold from which he is now suffering.

Mr. Hugh Gilmore and wife left last Monday for Monsejour, N. W. T., after six weeks stay in Stanley. Mr. John Gilmore, son of Mr. John Gilmore, of Stanley, left last Monday for Manitoba; he is bound for Neepawa and Minnedosa, where he has a brother and two sisters residing. Mr. Wesley Neelans and family, of Portage la Prairie, left Stanley, this week to visit friends in the vicinity of Toronto, before returning to the prairie provinces.

A very bad accident occurred at Blyth last week. While Mr. Sam Hodgins was driving along Dinsley street, little Jimmy Hammond, eldest son of Mr. M. H. Hammond, station agent, thought he would get on and have a ride. The bottom of the sleigh being a movable one he fell through, the bob passed over him. He received internal injuries and the doctors have little hope of his recovery.

We regret to learn that several of our young men have decided to give up situations in Blyth for more lucrative ones on the other side. There must be a screw loose somewhere. Perhaps we have the wrong men in charge of our country's affairs. It's deplorable to see so many young men, the cream of our country, leaving their native land for a country that floats another flag, because it can offer them higher positions.

Samuel Beattie arrived in Brussels from his northern trip after Boomer on Monday evening. He (Beattie) drove his horse to Walkerton and hired fresh ones as he made progress northward. He got on the track of the thief at Hanover and followed him all the way to Stayner, where Boomer's father lives. The father handed out the horse and cutter and paid close on \$50 to settle the nasty muss his wayward son had got into. The youth had got out of the way. In addition to passing bogus money at Teeswater he carried a sash bag in the cutter and a brace of revolvers in his belt.

DEATH OF MR. RITCHIE.—Few will be surprised, yet many will be pained at the announcement that Mr. D. H. Ritchie, one of our best residents of the county, died on Wednesday in Stanley, on 17th con., after a long illness for some time. We did not learn how long he has been living here, but it is a good many years. He was active politician, and in 1866 contested the South Riding in opposition to Mr. M. C. Cameron, but was unsuccessful. He was highly respected; it is said he was promised a Senatorship by Sir John, but never received it. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss. His remains were interred at Bayfield on Wednesday.

Messrs. McKinnon & Powell, Blyth, shipped two cars of peas to Glasgow, via B-aton, this week.

Mr. Chiff, formerly of the Wingham Advance, was burned out in a big fire at Brandon, Man., on Wednesday last.

Huron county, the last seventeen years, has sent twelve pupils to the Blind Institution at Brantford and has 11 there at present.

Over three loads of furniture were shipped from the G. T. R. station, Wingham, last week, about half being for Manitoba, the rest going to various points in the west.

Cadet Jennie Story, daughter of Mr. Wm. Story, of McKillop, left on Thursday for Wyoming. She will enter the S. A. there.

Mrs. Hargard and children, have gone back to Manitoba after a sojourn of a couple of months with her relatives and friends in Brussels.

Miss Wright had the misfortune to get her fingers smashed in the machinery while at work in the Messrs. Van Edmond's woolen mills, Seaford.

George Roy, the little son of James Tait, of Waltham, died suddenly on Thursday last, and was buried on Friday. The parents have the sympathy of all in the loss of their little one.

Mr. I. J. Downey, of the Belgrave line works, has about 400 cords of wood in at present and more coming. He intends doing a rushing business next summer, as he has one of the finest kilns in the country.

The last report of the Ontario Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville shows that Huron has contributed the second largest number of pupils since the opening of the institute, York leading with 83, and Huron coming next with 49.

One evening last week Willie, eldest son of Bishop Ward, Brussels, met with a peculiar accident at the Maitland Skating and Curling Rink. While amusing himself with a pair of curling stones he slipped on the ice and his right hand was caught between the stones, jamming it quite seriously, especially the first finger.

While Mr. Tamen, Blyth, was engaged on Saturday last week in drawing logs, a young lad attempted to mount the sleigh, but tripped and fell between the two logs, and Mr. Tamen not seeing the lad would undoubtedly have run over him, but that a bystander cried out to him. As the sleigh was loaded with logs it would no doubt have killed the boy had it passed over him.

Mr. Gen. Flintoff has sold his farm, south half of lot 16, con. 3, Hullett, containing 50 acres, to M. Gies, of Stapleton, for \$450. The farm is a fairly good one with a small bank barn, a neat frame house and good orchard, and should be good value for the money; we understand Mr. Gies will move his family on it and will still retain his situation at Stapleton.

The Seaford Sun says:—R. A. Fairbairn and wife of Grey township have left for their home in the west. Mr. F. has been living at Waltham Station, California, for the past six years and is engaged in farming, but getting rather tired of bachelor life he decided to return to Canada and take back a partner with him to share his joys and sorrows, and country and farming well, and we understand has been very successful and has plenty of this world's goods. We wish them a pleasant and safe journey.

LEEBURN. CHANGED AGAIN.—Service will be held in the Presbyterian church at 11 a. m. on Sunday, and Sabbath school at 10.

The opening meeting of I. O. G. T. No. 213, held on the evening of the 15th ult., saw a good attendance in spite of the bad road. Among those of the new members who took part were A. Carter with mouth organ in the instrumental pieces, W. Green singing several songs, and Master Park Green, of Shepardsburg, making his debut to a Leeburn audience brought down the house as the auctioneer, sharing his program given kept all in good humor from beginning to end. Bro. A. H. Clutton, in his usual happy manner, discharged the duties of chairman.

NILE. From our own correspondent. A S. S. sermon is to be preached to the children in the Nile church, next Sunday morning, by the pastor, Rev. H. Irvine.

Mrs. McEwin is getting quite strong again, much to the joy of her family and friends.

The snow is very deep here. Last week we missed two or three mails from the inability of the stage to get through the drifts.

Messrs. Sallows and Stiven delighted a moderately sized house about a week ago, by their disolving views.

Robert Pentland starts for Manitoba next week. A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized at Nile on Monday evening last. Miss Martha Tiffin was elected president, with Miss Aggie Morrow, vice-president. Miss Emily Curran was elected secretary.

The best regulators for the stomach and bowels, the best cure for biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and all affections arising from a disordered liver, are without exception Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills. Small in size, sugar coated, mild, yet effective. 25 cts. per bottle sold by Goode, druggist, Albion block, Goode kiln, sole agent. [a]

All the cutting out of old canes from the raspberries and blackberries should be done before the spring opens. If the new canes are set back, laterals will be thrown out. Blackberries should always be well cut back, in order to have the canes strong and stocky.

It being reported that Mr. Archie Bremner, unsparing editor of the Advertiser for several years past, is about to sever his connection with that journal, a number of absurd rumors are afloat as to the cause. The truth is that Mr. Bremner's contract expires on the 1st of September, when he proposes to return to the stage as a necromancer and spiritualist exposé.

TOMMY'S DIPLO

How He Induced Her Football. "No, Tommy," said give you 50 cents to match; you have seen games during the summer is enough."

"Tommy was dejected quiet, and his 23-year gratulate herself; the for a time at least, there was silence in the room."

"Tommy was dejected quiet, and his 23-year gratulate herself; the for a time at least, there was silence in the room."

"Yes, Tommy, I know you have your own mind. I believe he was in know his address, so What makes you say 'Oh, nothing must be to the. Pol York's best the Ch grand stand and attended nearly ever with him.'"

"A lady, Tommy 'Yes; I guess it 'Oh! (relieved). Tommy?"

"Yes; he said great deal since he to know how of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy. 'And then he is 'About 19 now, guessed that was a 'Well' (softly). 'Then he turned him and asked her lady who looked a keep the one, he a wore a lovely became her so well as jealous—I guess the young lady's and then she turn the and she said: 'I having such a ni an' it made me f the young ladies her'."

"Tommy? (sever 'Well, I could so—' Tommy' (mild 'At that Mr. to bring me a gla me if I didn't wa I didn't mind, a just then Buck E Mr. Nicolson's couldn't play bal of football any college eleven, c be at the footbal to know if you l I guessed you li things to atten making things Africa, an'—"

"When did y to be played, fo 'On Saturday 'Tommy (see take me to see t 'Why, cert. 'Then she kin say anything ab moved toward side he drew a himself. 'Geod worked?'"

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"Tommy? (sever