

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

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### THE RIVER.

Written for THE BEE.

I whisper all day to the rushes,  
Babble o'er pebbles in play,  
The water from many a streamlet  
I gather and carry away.

I hurry through valley and meadow,  
By a quaint but neat little town;  
I pass through swamps, and by moun-  
tains,

Whose tops seem upon me to frown.

The secrets I murmur are many,  
As sadly or blithely I flow;  
Yet what I reveal to companions  
No mortal may know.

—Lennox.

Turnberry, June 20, 1890.

### A Visitor's Impression of Atwood.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Having recently returned from a visit to your village I thought it might interest some of your readers to know how it impresses a stranger. The first thing I noticed was its wonderful growth and improvement since my last visit—seven years ago. Then I was attracted by its streets bordered with shade trees which to me is the beauty of any village. I was surprised to see the superior class of the many buildings in course of erection. There are four churches, two of which are commodious brick buildings, notably the Presbyterian, capable of seating 500 people, with a membership of 365. There are two hotels, large, clean looking buildings of white brick which would compare favorably with many in our large towns. Politics were raging high during my stay and I was amused at the lively interest taken in them by the ladies of the village, some of whom I was told attended the political meetings. From what I gathered in conversation with them they (in common with the large majority of the ladies of our Dominion) were in favor of Prohibition, and were by Suffrage granted this vital question would soon be settled, which (as I heard a gentleman say) is the reason the franchise is withheld from women. As the mind makes the man so the people make the place, and to my mind Atwood's chief attraction is its warm-hearted, social, generous people, whose aim seems to be to welcome the stranger and make him feel at home. There is an absence of that caste principle which prevails in nearly every community. And now, by way of encouragement, I want to tell you of the many kind words of appreciation of your paper I heard on every side. So I close these reminiscences of a pleasant and profitable visit, hoping I may witness the same ratio of advancement should I be privileged to come again.

Mrs. G. PELTON.

Innerkip, June 16, 1890.

### What we as a Lodge can do to Further the Temperance Cause.

ESSAY READ BY MISS KATE RICHMOND BEFORE THE TEMPERANCE LODGE OF POOLE.

Written for THE BEE.

Before a physician can pretend to effect a cure it is necessary that he should understand the disease, habits, etc., of his patient, and when he is possessed of this knowledge he is then in a position to intelligently and successfully apply those remedies best suited to that peculiar phase of disease. As intemperance is just as deplorable a disease as the worst that can or does afflict the human race, and as we who from the position we take as temperance workers, stand, or ought to stand, in the relation of the physician to his patient, we should, therefore, study this question in all its bearings, so that when called upon, we may be able to rationally and intelligently give reasons for our principles and beliefs in regard to this question which is of such social and political importance also. If we did but fully understand the ruin worked in the homes of our land by this liquor traffic we would the more readily try to do all in our power to stamp it out. The resources of the country in the first place are being squandered for it. You politicians know that every year Canada spends millions of dollars for liquor, and, ladies and gentlemen, what do we get in return for this expenditure of money? We do not complain of an expenditure of either time or money where an adequate return is received for the same, but in return for this we have ruined homes, heart-broken mothers and fathers sorrowing for the moral wreck of fair and promising sons, who, but for this worse than accursed traffic, might have become an honor to their country and a solace to the declining years of their parents. We have fair and happy daughters who have given their happiness and honor into the keeping of men who esteem their own depraved appetites more highly and of more consequence than the happiness and good of the immortal soul that has joined its destiny with his. Young men, believe me you would mark a new era in the history of our land if you who raise your voices so much for reciprocity with your neighbors across the line, would take that maxim to heart that "Charity begins at home," and would insist on having reciprocity at home as far as the expenditure of your money is concerned. Where is the

usual good sense of the person in this case, who will insist, and rightly so, that he get dollar for dollar in all other transactions, and yet will, by his vote and influence, sanction the importation of a worse than useless article, thus receiving worse than nothing for his expended money, and if I were a politician I could prove to you that in the places where this evil has been abolished there are better homes, better cultivated lands and more work for the laboring classes, thus lessening the cry about the "labor question" that exercises the mind of you politicians so much. And now when we in a measure understand the evil wrought by this traffic in drink, let us arise and work hand in hand against it. Let us be practical as well as theoretical. Our lodges are well and good, I know that, and if there were more of them in the country with just such enthusiastic members as we have here in the Poole lodge there would soon be a change in the general attitude of the people on this question, but putting that aside how many of us who are members here have a word to say outside of the lodge about the question? Do we, in season, and out of season, show that the temperance cause is as dear to our hearts, in a measure, as is our religion—that it is, in fact, part and parcel of our religion. Are you young men brave enough to keep partisans in the back-ground while you vote into position men, who will honorably endeavor to do away with this evil out of your land? Believe me, young men, you are the ones who have got to do battle against this evil, and show by your swords and actions that you will have nothing to do with it, and girls you must bring all the weight of your social influence to bear against it. "The hand that moves the cradle is the hand that moves the world" says the poet, and, as in the nature of things, it is the woman who must necessarily suffer most from this evil of intemperance, you owe it to yourselves to bring all your influence to bear against it, and in addition to your social influence, your political influence too. I don't know how you young ladies of Mornington have been educated in the matter of politics. Possibly to think it an unpardonable crime for a woman to take any stand on the question, but friends and homes is at stake, the true woman thinks nothing dishonorable, unwomanly in order to reclaim it. I don't want you to imagine what I have said that I am a woman with a mission, or that I am an advocate of woman's rights so called. I don't advocate those rights and claims put forward by women who clamor for the ballot, and the chief places in the secular affairs of the nation, but I do as a person who loves the temperance cause and hates the liquor traffic, claim for myself and sister women the privilege of, in all honorable ways, suppressing the traffic, let the privileges come to us in what form they may, so long as they are not inconsistent with womanly honor and dignity. [The columns of this journal are ever open to contributors of literary articles, either on Temperance or other subjects that have a tendency to interest and edify the public.—Ed. Bee.]

### Creamery Butter.

At the present time creamery butter sells in this market for twenty cents a pound, while the ordinary make only brings thirteen to fourteen cents a pound, or one-third more in price for the former. Such a margin is just the difference between a profitable investment and a losing industry, for it really does not pay to sell butter of ordinary make at the present prices. And yet it is not more to the consumer. There is no reason why all the butter made in this country should not command from 20 to 25 cents a pound the year round, the same as the creamery article. And it would be the quality as a rule up to the standard. As it is, our surplus only finds an outlet in other markets, to be used as grease for manufacturing purposes. Hence our export trade in butter is small, and never will be of importance until we raise the standard of quality, and this can be brought only by the creamery or factory system similar to that of cheese making. The majority of the farm houses have not the facilities during our hot summers for making good butter, and there is not generally the skill. The greater number of farm dairies are mere make-shifts without proper ventilation, pure water, and ice, and unless these are at hand it is impossible when the temperature is at 80 and 90 degrees Fah. to make butter that will keep. For three months now in Ontario this branch of dairying will run to a great disadvantage and loss to farmers, from the fact that the article made now is not saleable for export. Every year there is a great loss in the aggregate to this country alone, and Great Britain requires several millions of pounds every year, and Canada only supplies some four per cent, whilst the butter trade was properly handled could supply half of her imports. Until our butter is elevated to the same relative plain as our cheese we shall command no such high place in foreign markets. And to take any place with our butter we must have an article of uniform quality, and this can only be had by having creameries the same as cheese factories; and then, instead of selling at 13 cents a pound, and dull markets at that, there will be a keen demand at 25 to 30 cents a pound. This will mean thousands of dollars more in the pockets of our farmers.—Free Press.

## GEO. A. HARVEY

Elma's most Popular Son finds a Watery Grave.

Drowned while Bathing at the Mouth of the Maitland River, near Goderich.

THE SAD AND UNTIMELY FATE OF A PROMISING YOUNG MAN—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

A deep feeling of gloom and sadness overshadowed the village on Monday evening when the startling intelligence reached the ears of the people of this community that George A. Harvey, son of Moses Harvey, the esteemed Treasurer of Elma township, had found a watery grave while bathing at the mouth of the Maitland river, Goderich. The unfortunate young man's father seemed stunned and stupified on receiving the telegram, so great was the shock. The message came to R. Knox, local agent, at 6:20 p.m., which read as follows: "George Harvey drowned today. Tell his friends." The brief but startling words went like an electric shock through the community, leaving sadness and gloom on many hearts and faces as they were heralded from one to another. Mrs. Harvey and the family were uncontrollable in their feelings of anguish and grief on receipt of the news. A second telegram arrived a few minutes later, containing fuller particulars of the drowning. A number of friends, particularly ladies, gathered at the station to meet Miss Mary Harvey, who was telegraphed to at Listowel. The poor girl was heart-broken when she got off the train and had to be supported to the carriage. Many sympathetic and kind words were whispered to her, but the fact of losing her brother, whom she had been so much attached to, was too much for her and the sympathies of her friends failed to solace her grief-stricken heart. Wm. Dunn and Mr. Harvey drove over to Mitchell early Tuesday morning in order to catch the morning train for Goderich.

### HIS DEATH.

When they arrived at the station they learned the following particulars of his death:—After four o'clock on Monday afternoon a number of students decided to go down to the mouth of the Maitland and take a bath, so secured a boat and crossed to the opposite bank. George Harvey and a young school-mate by the name of Nevin remained behind to study their books, but finding the heat in the school room oppressive suggested that they also go to the river for a bath. When they reached the river bank the boys who had gone a few minutes previously were on the opposite shore and called to them to get the boy, who was starting by, to row them over. George asked the boy how much he would take. The boy, in a joking way, wanted to know how much money they had, when Nevin and Harvey finally decided to walk further down the pier and find themselves of their clothing and waded in. Nevin struck out to the middle of the stream but George remained close to the bank. All at once Nevin was started by hearing cries of "Harvey! Harvey!" from the boys on the opposite shore, and looking around and seeing nothing of poor George became frightened and it was with extreme difficulty he reached the shore. The boys launched their boat and rowed speedily to where the unfortunate young man went down, but alas! no trace of him could be seen. He sank to rise no more—the cold waters of the Maitland had rocked him to sleep. Finding it impossible to render any assistance and having no grappling hooks they summoned Capt. Ball's Life Saving Crew who found the body about thirty feet from the shore. The Goderich students, teachers and people generally, desired great credit for the manner in which they cared for the body of the aged and bereaved father to find his son nicely embalmed and enclosed within a good coffin. The students almost covered the coffin with wreaths and bouquets of their choicest flowers. All the teachers and pupils of the Goderich school and a vast number of citizens escorted the remains to the station. The body was brought to Mitchell at 3 p.m., where Mr. Forrest was in readiness with the hearse and conveyed the body to the family residence at Newry Tuesday evening. A number of young men—personal friends and school-mates of the deceased—acted as an escort from Mitchell to Newry. A number of others met them in Monkton and joined the mournful procession. The funeral service Wednesday was conducted by Rev. D. Rogers, the Methodist minister stationed at Atwood, assisted by his predecessor, Rev. Jas. Ferguson, and Rev. A. Henderson of the Presbyterian church, all of whom testified to the upright Christian life and worthy example set by the deceased brother. The service was such as inspires Christians with new hope and we trust it will influence very many to lead nobler and better lives. The pupils of his old school with Mr. Morrison, their teacher at their head marched from his home and contributed another beautiful wreath to deck his coffin. Mr. Morrison, his successor in S. S. No. 5, Elma, Mr. Hall, his trusted Atwood friend, Mr. Wilson, a representative of his Model School

class, Mr. Lineham, his Goderich room-mate, Mr. Gray, an old school mate, and Mr. Elliott, his fellow medical student, acted as pall bearers. The largest funeral procession ever seen in Elma, over two hundred rigs, followed his remains to the Donegal cemetery.

### HIS LIFE.

Poor George's early life was one of trouble from the many accidents which befell him, and had it not been for the loving and self-sacrificing care of his mother and his own indomitable spirit he would never have gained the honorable position which he held in this community and the other places in which he lived. As a boy he was the favorite, not only at school, but amongst all classes who knew him. During the spring of 1885 he attended Stratford Collegiate Institute and at the intermediate examination in July succeeded in taking a very high standing amongst his class-mates, obtaining a Second A. certificate. The following fall he attended the Model School, in Stratford, and was again very successful. But of equal, if not greater importance to his success in the literary line, was his success socially. The teachers loved him as a friend who sympathized with them in their arduous tasks and who endeavored to make their work as pleasant as possible. His school-mates looked to him as a wise counsellor and loving brother, one with whom it was impossible to associate without profiting by the high moral tone of his conversation and a life in accordance with the same. The Model students of 1885 feel that they have lost the dearest friend of their class—the man who was ever ready to help them out of difficulties even to the neglecting of his own work. With the close of the Model term the students dispersed to fill honorable positions in all parts of the Province and George took charge of Britton school, one of the largest in the county.

### AS A TEACHER.

He was eminently a success. He governed by kindness and his own pushing spirit which inspired his pupils to labor through love for their work and for the reward following well directed effort. His life was an open volume, known and read by all his pupils, and eternity alone will reveal the benefits his pupils derived from it. He taught the Britton school till July, 1887, when he resigned to accept the unsolicited offer of his own school; the school where he had spent many of childhood's happy days now received him as their teacher, and many of his old school-mates were now his pupils. Few men under such circumstances are successful, but he experienced no difficulties, and when he resigned at the close of the year 1888 the young people of the section all regarded him as a loving brother, the pupils as a most kind and successful teacher, and all honored him for leaving the school in the proud position of best in the County of Perth. The school entertainments which have been such a pleasure and benefit to the people owe their success largely to his efforts. His popularity was such that his presence at one was a sufficient guarantee for its success. Unfortunately his body was not equal to the extraordinary strain which his kindness forced upon it and in January, 1889, found him an invalid. He, however, went to Goderich and began study but was soon forced to abandon it and return home. The winter and the greater part of the summer was spent in extreme suffering, borne with Christian fortitude, and receiving no benefit from his physicians he took a trip to his relatives in New Brunswick where he improved so rapidly as to begin his medical course in October. His many friends regarded it as a very unwise undertaking in his precarious state of health, but again his indomitable spirit triumphed over the flesh, and though his memory was almost destroyed by medicine and disease yet at the spring examination he passed with honors. He chose Toronto University as the best place to pursue his study of medicine and at the close of his "First year" was very enthusiastic over his choice. He was again a popular student, one in whom the boys placed confidence on first acquaintance. He was an active member in the Medical Young Men's Christian Association and Temperance Society and like the flowers in spring-time he exerted a benign influence over his colleagues. His ready wit and cheering words brightened many an otherwise dull hour, and his sad end cast a gloom over his class-mates. Young men accustomed to sights that are supposed to be hardening, and long unused to tears, are to night weeping for the loss of a brother. When we look back over his whole life we see every trait of character necessary for the greatest success in the noble profession he had selected, and the shock and disappointment to the family and friends would be unbearable were it not for the fact that he had long since laid his all on Christ and lived a noble Christian life.

### Corporal Punishment in Schools.

The following letter appeared in a recent number of the Educational Journal and will doubtless be of interest to the teaching fraternity if not to our readers generally:—

Sir,—In the last issue of the Journal I read with great interest your extract from Dr. Abbott's address, and also your editorial on the subject of corporal punishment in schools. With many of your statements I agree, but I cannot

not agree with you, and I think very few Public school teachers will be able to do so, when you say the cane should never be wielded by the teacher. There are few teachers who have taught in country schools who have not met boys so lost to all sense of honesty, decency and truth that "their feelings," in words of some one, "can only be reached through their skins." This, I know, will shock the sensitive and merciful editor of the Educational Journal, but many of my fellow-teachers who have had experience in dealing with the boys whom you describe in another editorial as "prematurely old and precociously vicious, whose hours out of school are spent in atmosphere reeking with filth and profanity," will agree at least with the spirit of the sentiment.

I would like to give you a little of my experience in the school of which I am at present the teacher. I entered it three years ago fresh from the Model school. The school had been neglected for some time. It had been in the hands of a merciful crank who believed in letting the "dear children" do just as they pleased. It paid in the end he said, I found no order, no respect for the authority of the teacher, no love of work among the pupils, while the dishonor, the profanity, the obscene language and acts of those children were beyond description.

The fourth class consisted of five or six boys, three at least of whom seemed banded together to carry on all kinds of mischief. They chewed tobacco in the school, swore like pirates, had no regard for truth, and defied my authority. Worse than all, they embraced every opportunity to pour into the ears of the younger pupils all the information of a low and licentious character they possessed.

A few days after taking charge of the school I found on the slate of a girl of nine years of age, the daughter of Christian parents, language that would put an inmate to the Kingston Penitentiary to the blush. One day at noon one of my pupils, a girl, although she knew I was present, commenced singing a most indecent song.

I found, upon enquiry, that the home surroundings of those boys were such as rendered an appeal to their parents useless. Now, what would you have done had you been in my place, Mr. Editor? You would have used "moral suasion." You would have spoken in tones of gentleness and love to a brute of a boy whom you had caught corrupting the pure mind of an innocent girl. You would have cast the pearls of your affection and mercy before veritable swine, who would trample them under their feet and at the next opportunity continue their diabolical wickedness. You would have those boys suspended, you say. They would have spent their term of suspension in idleness, associating with characters even worse than themselves, and then have returned to school worse than they left, to continue their work of pollution. You would have expelled them. In other words, you would have given up immortal beings, no matter how vile, without one effort to save them.

It would be wrong to cane those boys, you say. It was all right for their mothers to spank them for being naughty fifteen years ago, when they were infants, and it will be all right for the law to inflict forty or fifty stripes upon them in a few years for offences scarcely worse. But not they must not be camed now, they are too big for the loving chastisement of the mother and not old enough for the cruel rod of correction. The teacher cannot feel love for the child when he is wielding the cane and, therefore, it will not be "morally efficacious," you say. Did it ever occur to you that if this is so it will be more difficult for the teacher to feel the necessary amount of affection for a child to let "genuine love" work out a cure.

Right or wrong, I used the cane. I thought it would require weeks, perhaps months, before the benign influence of love could manage the work of reform, and I saw the characters of children with an endless destiny before them were being daily corrupted and debased.

I made stringent laws and enforced them at the point of "the cane." I forbade positively all intercourse between the boys and the girls, mixing, of course, with this seeming harshness all the moral suasion that would fit in, doing my best to make the school work interesting, and spending the noon hour and recesses among the pupils, taking part in their games, while at the same time closely watching them.

If I didn't succeed in less than a month, I have never heard a profane or improper word from one of my pupils since. During the past two years I have never had occasion to use corporal punishment on but one boy, and that at the request of his parents. And if the characters of the older boys were not improved they no longer continued to exercise an evil influence over the minds of their fellow-pupils. They were at first made to work, but they soon began to become interested, and they left me with good common education, one or two having passed the entrance examination. All but one are still in the section, and are doing as far as I can learn, well. They manifest no hatred for me, I am on terms of friendship with them all, and they at least outwardly, appear to have mended their lives.

A THIRD CLASS TEACHER, Ayr, May 26, 1890.

# THE RATTLE WON.

CHAPTER VII.  
AT THEIR MERCY.

Nessa lay where she had sunk, her cheek pressing the pillow, her head thrown backward towards the wall. She breathed inaudibly; her bosom rose and fell with gentle regularity. Mrs. Redmond brought the light close to her eyes; the lids, slightly parted, showed the blank, white body of the upturned ball under the long, curved fringe of the lashes, but they made no movement. She turned to her husband, who stood at the foot of the bed craning his neck to watch the experiment with the earnestness of a surgeon following the course of an operation. He nodded satisfaction. She called Nessa by her name, raised her into a sitting posture, and let her fall back again upon the pillow, without making any visible effect upon the sleeper's senses.

"Come on! Do your work!" said Mrs. Redmond.

He drew back to the door, beckoning her.

"Where's the girl?" he asked in a whisper when she joined him.

"In her bed-room and asleep this last half hour."

"I shan't do it on the parapet. I looked at it this morning. It isn't natural that she should get out of the window."

"Where shall you put her then?"

He pointed down the corridor.

"Is it all ready?"

"Give me the light."

He took the candle, and she followed him down the corridor, away from the staircase, and towards the unoccupied side of the house. Beyond Nessa's room the wainscoted walls were grey with the dust of years. Colours faded and faded, and the unused doors and hung in ragged festoons from the low ceiling. At the further end there were signs of humidity; the boards yielded to the pressure of the foot; there was a growth of crimped, yellow fungus in the old moulding of the lower wainscoted panels. The old door that closed the corridor was green in one corner where the rats had gnawed the rotten wood away and given passage to the damp air; a prismatic slime marked the course taken by a slug; the great hinges, the rivet heads, the heavy bolt, and hand-ring were crusted with red rust.

They stopped. Mrs. Redmond drew her skirts together and glanced to the right and left in horror. She had courage enough for murder, but went in mortal dread of a spider!

Redmond pulled the ring, and the door, grating hoarsely on its hinges, swung back against the wall, showing a space of impenetrable darkness beyond. He dropped on his knees and thrust out the hand that held the light; the candle flaring and guttering in the current of cold air.

Mrs. Redmond stepped boldly to the door sill and looked in. She saw distinguished brickwork on the opposite side, and knew that this must be the tower of which she had heard. It had once been floored, but the roof had fallen in and broken away the rotten planks, leaving nothing but a couple of mouldering cross beams and a narrow ledge of crumbling woodwork just beyond the sill.

"What is down there?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"Is it deep enough?"

Redmond took a brick from the debris that lay on the ledge and dropped it. One might have counted twenty before the hollow sound that followed reached their ears.

"That will do," said the woman.

They left the door open and returned to Nessa's room. There Mrs. Redmond took the light, and nodded to her husband to do his work. For a moment he hesitated, looking down on the sleeping girl and rubbing his clammy hand against the convulsive movement of her lips; then, with the energy of desperation, he suddenly caught hold of her and lifted her upon his shoulders. Now that he had overcome his moral weakness his physical vigour was capable of any strain. He was like those beasts of prey, also for the most part cowards, who lose all sense of fear from the moment they are nerved to make the attack.

He carried Nessa down the corridor quickly, as if she had been a mere infant. When his wife came up with the flickering light, he laid the supine girl down on the edge of the door sill. That was not the easiest thing to do; it required dexterity and strength of no ordinary kind. The sill was not long enough to lay her out at full length; her shoulders had to be raised and placed at the edge of the wall. Without a firm grip the flaccid body would have slipped from his hands; a clumsy movement would have broken away the rotten wood on which she rested.

"That will do," said he, when he had disposed of her to his satisfaction. "The slightest movement will finish her. If she only turns her head she must topple over."

He was still kneeling with his hand on Nessa's shoulder. Mrs. Redmond bent down.

"If a touch will do it, why not push her down and be done with it?" she asked.

He knelt there meditating on this suggestion for a moment in silence; then rising and turning his cunning eyes on his wife, he said—

"You do it."

"Not I," she replied; "I've done my share. I'm not going to have a murder to answer for."

"Nor I neither," said he, taking the light roughly from her hand.

He looked to Nessa's position again, and then carefully closed the door upon her and shot the bolt. They stood there in silence, listening for the sounds that must come—a brush against the door, the rattle of rubbish falling down the pit, the scream of terror, the crashing of rotten woodwork, and then that dull, muffled sound welling up from below to tell that Nessa was killed.

"What are we waiting here for?" asked Mrs. Redmond with quick impatience, seized with a sudden panic she could not account for. "She is not likely to move of her own accord for hours."

They went back through the passage—he first; hastening to get away from the place and escape the awful sounds their ears were straining to catch. The panic was upon them both now. Near Nessa's empty room he stopped suddenly, catching his breath with a rattle in his parched throat.

"What?" ejaculated she, clutching his arm.

It was a trifle—nothing. His foot had struck against the shoe that had fallen from Nessa's foot as he carried her along. Yet this little thing had crisped the hair on his head and paralysed him for the moment.

His wife pushed angrily past him as the light fell on the shoe. He hurried after her, sick with the dread of being there alone. They stopped on the landing below, holding their breath to listen. They heard nothing but the rushing of the blood in their ears. They were under a terrible fascination, possessed by an irresistible anxiety to catch the sounds that in anticipation terrified them.

They entered an adjoining room, treading noiselessly, as if a sleeper were there whom they feared to wake. He set down the light upon the table. There was a bottle of whisky there, but he could not find the force to fill the tumbler that stood beside it. She, less irresolute, poured some water into the basin and sponged her face, attributing her weakness and sense of suffocation to the closeness of the night.

She stopped in drying her hands as she caught sight of her husband staring with outstretched neck towards the door. He stood in shadow there, but she could see his white face turned towards the stairs. After waiting a minute, motionless, she crossed the room hastily, the towel in her hand, and coming to his side, said, in a whisper—

"Is it over?"

He shook his head without moving from his position.

"Go out or come in, for God's sake!" she muttered. "You'd frighten the devil!"

She returned to the table, and half filled the tumbler with spirits. When she had drunk she pushed the glass across to Redmond, who had come back from the door; but he took no notice of it, having his face still turned towards the door.

"Drink!" she said, imperatively.

He turned eagerly, took up the glass in his trembling fingers, and emptied it; then, seating himself, he turned his face again to the dark space outside the room.

It was no good fighting against that fascination. Her eyes took the same direction as his, her ears straining for the last despairing cry of that voice which had brightened the day with laughter and lively chat. Now that the colour was washed from her face, she looked scarcely less livid than her husband in the feeble light of the candle that stood on the table between them. Every moment added to the terror of their situation, and brought fresh horror to their wild imagination.

"Supposing the fall should not kill her, he thought—supposing from the bottom of the tower she should cry in agony for help? She could not be left there to die. The servant girl, when she got up in the morning, would hear her. Should he have to kill her outright? How? Must he lower a light to see where she lay, and then loosen a beam, to throw it down to crush her? He recollected torturing a cat in his boyhood. The thing would not die. It fastened its teeth and claws on the iron bar he thrust at it. He dared not put his heel on it; he dared not leave it, for fear it should drag its broken body into the light and betray him. Supposing he failed to kill Nessa from above—if her cries brought help, and she was brought up, mangled and torn, to convict him with her last breath?

The sweat dropped from his face. The suspense was interminable. Would the end never come? His wife had said that of her own accord Nessa would not move for hours; but surely hours had passed since then. Yet that could not be; the candle his wife had lit was not yet burned an inch. It might burn to the socket before their torture was over.

And then when the light was out, when the cry came, what was to be done? Who was to put the door open that it might appear Nessa had opened it and fallen in her sleep? How was the night to be passed before they could go through the scene laid down by his wife of pretending to miss Nessa: of sending the girl to inquire if she felt unwell: of making a search, and facing the world when the broken body was found and brought to light?

These were consequences that must be faced if all went as they expected; but if some unanticipated difficulty arose—if she should not be killed outright! Then his frenzied imagination conjured up new horrors.

Suddenly he started, and turned to his wife with gaping mouth. Her lip, too, had fallen. They had both heard it—a sound; but not that they listened for. Somebody was moving downstairs.

A step in the hall! Silence! Another step! Silence! Husband and wife staring at each other aghast, without realizing the cause of their terror. A sharp rap, tap, tap! Somebody must be knocking at the hall door with a stick.

It occurred to Mrs. Redmond that the hall door had been left open to admit air; it was obvious some one had come into the house. But she still sat, spellbound with a nameless fear. Another interval of silence brief in itself, yet painfully protracted to the two conscience-stricken wretches; then the handle of a door turned.

"You must go down and see who it is," Mrs. Redmond said.

Her husband shrank back, shaking his head. She snatched up the light, and went out of the room. He waited till the room was in darkness, listening for a sound from below and for that sound from above; and then, unable to endure the suspense, and in craven fear of the obscurity, he crept after his wife. Better be down there than be found quivering up here, if that cry came, and this visitor should rush up to discover the cause.

It was Dr. Shaw. He had walked into the living room seeing a light there. His first words when he saw Mrs. Redmond were—

"Good gracious, madam! what is the matter?"

He had never before seen her without colour on her face. But even colour would not have disguised her agitation from his penetrating eyes.

She made some excuse about the weather and her nerves, with as much self-composure as she could assume.

Just then Redmond, reassured by her tone of voice, ventured into the room. Two ghastly faces presented a curious spectacle to the student of physiognomy, and excited odd speculations.

"The weather seems to have affected you also, Mr. Redmond," said the doctor, taking his limp, wet hand.

Redmond altered a perfectly unintelligible answer.

"If they had been doing a murder, they couldn't look more guilty," said the doctor to himself, dropping Redmond's hand with inward disgust, and seating himself.

"We didn't hope to see you so late," said Mrs. Redmond with an effort.

"It is late," assented Dr. Shaw, looking at his watch. "Half-past nine."

Only half-past nine! It should have been past midnight by the feelings of the woman and her husband.

"My round has been long; I was kept in the village," the doctor continued. "How is the girl?"

"I have sent her to bed," Mrs. Redmond answered, recollecting Emma for the first time. "I think I frightened myself for nothing. It is only a bilious attack, and I am sorry I troubled you to come out of your way, doctor."

Dr. Shaw accepted the apology with a bend of the head.

"And my other patient—the somnambulist?" The doctor addressed the woman, but his eye was on the man, who, with his head turned a little on one side, seemed to be listening, and with a sense concentration of his faculties that totally alienated his mind from other considerations. The doctor asked himself what on earth the man had been doing, with a perfect certainty that he was in mortal dread of discovery.

"She too has gone to lie down," said Mrs. Redmond in reply to the doctor's question.

"Indeed I left her in her room sound asleep, thanks to your mixture."

If she had been mistress of herself she would never have said that. But her mind was not proof against the terrible strain put upon it. It was only too clear that the doctor's suspicion was aroused by the abject terror and mental collapse of her husband. She repeated her words the moment they were spoken.

"My mixture!" he exclaimed, turning his eyes sharply upon her.

His quick glance, following a movement of her hand, fell on the bottle that stood on the lamp with a wine glass beside it. There was a milky sediment at the bottom of both; if any colour had been precipitated from the mixture he gave it should have been pink.

"Yes, your mixture, doctor," she said, putting her elbow on the table and trying to fix his eye with hers.

He saw what she was about to do—she intended by a backward movement of her arm to sweep bottle and glass from the table as if by accident. Without a moment's hesitation he put out his hand and seized the bottle.

"You have been tampering with this," he said, putting the bottle to his nose.

"What do you mean, Dr. Shaw?" she asked, rising with an air of indignation.

"I mean what I say. You have been tampering with the mixture I gave you. This bottle contained nothing but peppermint and water this morning. There is chloral in it now, and in this also," he added, taking up the glass. "Are you aware that in certain circumstances it is felony to administer a drug of this kind?"

"How do you know it has been administered?"

"By this bottle. There would have been no necessity to refill it if the chloral had been taken voluntarily. Mr. Redmond," he said, turning round sharply, "I address myself to you. I must see the young lady at once; where is she?"

Redmond was standing as if petrified, with his livid face towards the half-opened door. The doctor's address made not the slightest impression on him. Glancing at Mrs. Redmond, he found her face also blank with some unaccountable dismay. What was the matter with them both, he asked himself. There was a sound outside beyond the hall at the foot of the tower; that was what riveted them. Was it all over? Had Nessa fallen without a cry? Or was this indefinite sound but preparatory to those that must proclaim their crime intelligibly—the fall of debris caused by a movement above to be followed by the crash and ringing screams they had been waiting to hear with such long horror?

The doctor, who had fastened his cob by the rein to a loose ring in the gatehouse, might have heard the movement, but certainly he could not have imagined that the speechless consternation of this man and woman was due to such a trifle. One thing however, was clear: he must look after the poor girl that Mrs. Redmond in perverse stupidity had been dosing. He made a movement towards the door.

Dread of discovery brought Redmond in a moment to his senses.

"Where are you going?" he asked with the energy of desperation.

"I am going to find the young lady your wife has drugged."

"You cannot see her. I forbid you to go to her."

"But I insist upon seeing her. Do you know that dose of this stuff is enough to paralyse a feeble heart and cause death?"

He would have passed by, but Redmond clutched his arm and held him back, crying, incoherently—

"You shall not go up. This is my house. I forbid you. I'm a dangerous man. I'll kill you; by God, I'll kill you if you attempt it!"

The doctor looked at him keenly. It was clear enough he meant what he said; there was murder in his eyes, and he was a powerful man.

"Very good," said he disengaging his arm. "I shall not put your threat to the test. I have done all that professional duty requires, but I warn you that if anything happens to that young lady, you will have to answer for neglecting my warning; and you," he added, turning to Mrs. Redmond, and showing the bottle he held in his hand, "for this!"

He passed alone through the hall and out through the door under the gatehouse. But he turned his back on the place with an uneasy conscience—an assertive conviction that something more than professional duty called for his interference in behalf of Nessa. He felt that he was a coward to leave her thus at the mercy of the man and woman whose murderous character was stamped upon their faces. Turning in his saddle as his horse walked noiselessly over the grass-grown drive, he saw the house standing in a sombre mass, the towers and gables sharply defined against the light of the moon rising beyond. His flesh crept with the suspicion, almost amounting to certainty, that at this very moment that young girl whose vivacity and brightness had charmed him in the morning, was being murdered. And just then a faint sound reached his ear; it might have been a night bird's cry or the muffled shriek for help of a girl's voice. He stopped his horse involuntarily and listened. The cry was not repeated, nor the rustling of a leaf broke the dead silence; but he thought he descried a man's figure crossing the dark lawn stealthily towards him. Craven fear shook him.

"It was fancy," he said to himself, and

digging his heels into the cob's side he escaped.

CHAPTER VIII.

But it was not fancy; the long-expected sounds had come—a despairing cry, an audible fall within the empty tower. Pre-wire heard it with a convulsive start and a sudden check in their breathing; their eyes met in a glance of mutual intelligence. But a minute before they had heard the doctor unfastening the rein of his horse; he might be now within hearing. If he were there he must be silenced to save them from conviction by his evidence. Spurred to desperation by the sense of danger, Redmond needed no prompting from his wife. He slipped into the hall, and taking down his gun from the rack made his way rapidly to the front of the house. The doctor had pulled up, and stood out clear enough beyond the shadow of the building. He was within range, but Redmond hesitated to fire, doubting if he could kill at that distance. Clearly he had heard the cry; it would be fatal to let him escape with a wound. Redmond made a couple of quick, cautious steps forward, crouching down, and trusting to the deep shadow of the house to avoid discovery. Suddenly the horse started, and the next minute the doctor was lost to sight in the darkness of the avenue. What was to be done now? Two things were obvious: the doctor had heard Nessa's cry, and seen him. It was hardly less certain that he had gone off at a gallop to raise the alarm and procure assistance.

To go back to the house, and be taken there like a rat in a trap, was madness. With speed he might get to Lullingford in time to catch the last train: that would enable him to get on to Liverpool, where the morning papers would tell him whether the murder had been discovered. From Liverpool he could get away in the first outward-bound vessel, and save his neck. Without another thought, he threw down his gun and bolted.

Meanwhile, what had happened to Nessa? A strange singing and throbbing in her ears accompanied the first return of consciousness, and with that a bewildering inability to remember anything and to realise her present position. It seemed to her that she was revolving with prodigious velocity in some piece of machinery; that in some way, accounted for the lines and flashes of coloured light that passed before her eyes, the feeling of sickness and giddiness, the burning and throbbing in her ears, the confusion of ideas, and the incapacity to distinguish any object save patches and streaks of colour.

Gradually the whirling sensation slackened. The light took the form of globes floating upward, and faded away, leaving her in complete darkness as the motion came to an end and the feeling of giddiness passed off.

Then she became conscious that her eyes were closed, and that a sharp projection was pressing the back of her head. With the effort to open her eyes and move her head, a new phenomenon became evident: her will was powerless to influence a muscle of her body. She strove in vain to raise her hand, to stir her foot. It was as if she had been plunged into a bath of liquid plaster and it had hardened.

And now reviving recollection of the past suggested the idea that the opiate she took had thrown her into a trance, and she had been buried as dead. Her reasoning faculty was sufficiently awake to explain the inability to move by the equal pressure on her muscles of the surrounding earth. In imagination she felt the cold wet clay pressing upon her; the wonder to her was that she felt no suffocation, and breathed freely. But the sense of impotency was horrible. The futile endeavour to remove her head from the projection was maddening. She continued—like those martyrs she had read about, who died raving mad from the continued dropping of water upon their lips. If she had known that sure death would have resulted from a movement, she would have moved to overcome that awful cramp that seemed to frenzy every tissue and fibre of her body. Yet she knew that the cramp was imaginary, and that relief from this purgatory was to be obtained by reason and calmness. But reason only added to her horror.

She argued that if she could breathe she could surely cry out, and so, perhaps, make it known to those outside that she was there buried alive. She tried with every effort of her will to scream, and her breath escaped from her lips with scarcely an audible sound. Why was this? She felt the sweat trickling down her cheek; that could not be if her face were covered; and if her mouth was not imbedded in clay, why should her voice fail to produce a sound?

She lay there exhausted with her effort, on the border of insanity, her power of reasoning dissipated in a delirious tumult of recollections and fancies; and then, in frantic desperation, she strove again to open her eyes. The lid rose feebly, the ball of the eye rolled down, and she saw—what? a spark of light.

She kept her eye fixed with the strenuous energy of despair, too overjoyed at the victory she had won to care or think what the rich gold spark was that she saw.

After awhile she determined that it must be a star in the heavens, and that the black silhouette standing out against the lighter background must be foliage. She strained her eyes, and reasoned until she came to perceive that the foliage was ivy, and that she must be lying in the open air. But where, where?

By another fierce effort she moved one foot. It slipped from its resting-place on the sill, and fell down till it struck heavily against one of the rotten joists. It was all a mystery to her; but it was with ecstasy of delight she found that her limbs were free, and that she was recovering the use of her will—was not buried there! Next she concentrated her energy into a movement of the hand, on the same side as the foot which she had released. That fell down too, her arm dropping from the shoulder as if it were lead. Her strength was just sufficient to enable her to pass her fingers feebly along the bricks against which it rested. She felt that there was damp moss there.

Suddenly there came into her mind something like an approximation to the truth. By some means she had come in her sleep to lie down there, and it seemed to her that this must be the parapet that she had observed running under her window. With that conviction came a consciousness of her perilous position, and she concluded that her foot and arm must be hanging over the side of the parapet.

Great God! what mercy had been shown her! But for this paralysis that bound her limbs she would have fallen into the courtyard and been crushed to death. If she had awoken in the ordinary way, and sprung up, nothing in the world could have saved her.

Now all her endeavour was to draw back her arm and foot. Under the continued strain her muscles were awaking to their duty. She lifted her hand up with comparatively little difficulty; but her foot was still numb and weak. Summoning all her faculties to the effort, she pushed with the lower foot to get herself further from the treacherous edge. She thought she was succeeding as her leg straightened out; but a crumbling, grating sound proved soon enough that it was the support that moved—not she. With a sudden crash, it slid away, and fell grinding against the wall down, till it struck the bottom far below with a dull smash.

As her foot fell, it seemed to her that the weight must drag her down, and terror gave sound to her voice. She screamed aloud, at the same time straining to maintain that rigidity which she had previously striven to overcome. She knew that she owed her escape to this. It was obvious that she lay upon a narrow and treacherous ledge between two blocks of masonry, and that while she could keep tightly wedged there, and perfectly still, she was safe. All depended upon her holding her foot firmly against one side and her shoulders against the other.

But dread, that gave her strength at first, robbed her of it presently, as she thought of what must happen if she gave way. Her heart fluttered with the recollection of that dull, crumbling crash she had heard, and might hear again when she fell. Her knee gave way, and trembled under the forced tension. She dared not cry for help; yet how could help come if she could not make her position known?

A cold faintness, the beginning of unconsciousness, crept upon her as she lay there panting, with wild terrors whirling through her brain and sapping her self-control. Oh, nothing could save her! That thought brought again a faint, despairing cry from her quivering lips.

What was that? A footstep near her? A sound like a bolt being drawn in its rusty holdfast?

"Oh, God, give me strength for another moment!" she prayed.

And then as the door swung back, she rolled heavily over at Mrs. Redmond's feet and lay there so still that the woman believed that the fright had killed her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Queer Battle.

At Stafford Springs, Conn., a facetious and determined old hen wanted to sit, but her owner took away her eggs, whereupon in querulous mood she quit her nest and blustered about the homestead, finding a great deal of fault with life. While she was doing that the family cat discovered her artistically wrought and rounded nest, curled up in it and deposited five kittens there. Then the hen came back, pitched into pussy, fairly drove her off the nest, flew in and sat on the kittens, evidently inferring that they were a new kind of chickens she had hatched in a moment of mental abstraction.

For a day or two the hen brooded away and the unhappy cat stalked about the premises, watching for an opportunity to get back her own. At the end of three days the hen had to quit the old stand for food and water and promptly the cat slipped into the nest, and taking the kittens one by one by the scruff of the neck, transported them all to a distant part of the hay-mow. Then came the hen home again, and when she found the fledglings down she raised another noisy row all about the farm. She looked alov and aloft, vainly for awhile, for the missing brood, and finally found them ranged alongside the parent cat. Again there was a battle and again the old cat had to flee from the furious hepeking, but she took along one kitten in her teeth, while the hen held the field of battle and our feline spoils.

With the kitten in her mouth the cat scaled a high scaffold and made for herself a new home, with her one offspring by her side, but the old hen is still encamped on the rest of the kittens in the new-made nest. She lays not, neither does she cackle, but it really looks as if she were going to bring up the four kits in spite of all drawbacks and setbacks.

## A Spider's Execution.

A story showing the strength and intelligence of the spider has been revived. Following is the original account clipped from the Lebanon (Ky.) Standard of 1882: A tolerably tall task stands against the wall in P. C. Cleaver's livery stable. A small spider had fastened to the bottom of the desk a conical web reaching nearly to the floor. About 11.30 o'clock Monday forenoon it was observed that the spider had ensnared a young mouse by passing filaments of her web around its tail. When first seen the mouse had its fore feet on the floor and could barely touch the floor with its hind feet. The spider was full of business, running up and down the line and occasionally biting the mouse's tail, making it struggle desperately. Its efforts to escape were all unavailing, as the slender filaments about its tail were too strong for it to break. In a short time it was seen that the spider was slowly hoisting its victim into the air. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the mouse could barely touch the floor with its fore feet; by dark the point of its nose was an inch above the floor. At 9 o'clock, at night the mouse was still alive, but made no sign except when the spider descended and bit its tail. At this time it was an inch and a half from the floor. Yesterday morning the mouse was dead, and hung three inches from the floor.

## Early Rising Birds.

The thrush is audible about 4:50 in the morning.

The quail's whistling is heard in the woods at about 3 o'clock.

The blackcap turns up at 2:30 on a summer morning.

By 4 the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.

The house sparrow and tomtit come last in the list of early rising birds.

At short intervals after 4:30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The green finch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1:30 on a summer morning.

The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet, and a number of other hedge-row folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY LYNN C. DOYLE.

There, where the head of the Mule Horn falls in a cascade among the boulders, broken in its descent and turned aside so often by large, red, moss-grown rocks, past which, though falling, it merely seems to glide—handed down, as it were, from ledge to ledge, from rock to rock, from boulder to boulder, a tongue of crystal water falling, flowing on, almost without a murmur; where the valley of the stream, between mountain to mountain, lies open, save for the willows and the wild roses that cluster thickly on either bank and join hands across the water; where the road down the mountain side is rough and rocky, over-grown with wild creepers and blocked here and there by fallen pines and tangled briars, till it is well-nigh impassable, even on foot; and where now all in solitude and (save for the low murmur of the water) silence—there stood, only a few years ago, a sawmill.

Where now the bear and the elk come down and drink and the breaking twig makes several echoes, there, only a few years ago, those rocks re-echoed to the ring of the woodman's axe, the falling and rolling of heavy timber, the puffing of steam and the hum of the circular saw.

And that is why, though countless pines hang dauntlessly over the cliffs that bound this great ravine, its floor is clear of timber. A rough fence crosses the "neck" below—it is the pasture for the oxen. The tumble-down cabin and the inclosure within the stockade around it were respectively the abode and the "truck patch" of those to whom the mill belonged.

Perhaps, some day, the solitude may again be broken (and permanently) by the ever-advancing flood of civilization. Perhaps, even some day, a busy and thriving town may have sprung up in this now secluded spot.

Some such thought as this, and others, vaguer and less well-defined, engendered of the solitary grandeur of the scene and the glow of a full, calm Autumn day in the rare mountain atmosphere, passed through my mind as I worked my way slowly up the valley, making toward the sawmill. I had come over from the camp where I was living about four miles distant. I was bent on taking a holiday. With rod and tackle I had followed up the stream in search of mountain trout, for I knew that here they abounded.

Yet, although I had cast my fly diligently into every likely nook of the stream and behind every boulder in the current, I had met with no better success than certain fishermen of old had once obtained, (though no doubt they were the better craftsmen).

Having come to a clear place, where the stream was not overgrown with briars, and where it opened out into a kind of basin of considerable width, I stood near the bank and cast out over the water; meditated and cast—cast and meditated. Never so much as a "rise."

Turning around with the sudden conviction that in some mysterious way the solitude of the place had been invaded, I came face to face with an Indian. He stood close behind me, motionless, as no doubt he had for some time been standing, watching me fish, (and fish in vain.)

I had imbibed some of the local antipathy for redskins, and it was in no way diminished by the crafty way in which this particular one must have come upon me. I asked myself what right had he to come prying about me, with not so much as a "How?" And yet the mere fact that he was a red man proclaimed that in reality he had more right than I. We looked at each other for a moment, rather dubiously on my part, quite impressively on his, but as he was apparently not disposed to break the silence, I turned to the stream once more. We exchanged never a word and I went on with my fishing, casting lustily over the water, now up stream, now down; and he looked on as before. Presently, however, I was surprised by the remark, very dryly expressed, by my hitherto silent friend:

"White man damn fool!"

In which sweeping category he, of course, included the whole white race and me in particular.

Perhaps it was all the English he knew. At any rate it was by actions alone, and not by words, that he futher explained himself.

Taking my rod (a light split-cane) in his hands, he shook it—and grinned. Now the thoughts passing in an Indian's mind must be jocular indeed to bring such an expression to his stoical and impressive face. And when he came to examine my artificial fly, he went still further—he smiled. A very huge joke indeed is required to win a red smile. I knew what was passing within him; he was thinking that white men must have a very poor opinion of the sagacity of a trout. It may, or may not, (probably not) have crossed his mind that in our language the two words—fish and fool—are sometimes used synonymously.

Having stripped my fly from the hook, (a proceeding which I submitted to, partly out of admiration of his impertinence and partly out of curiosity as to his next proceeding,) he began to amuse me (perhaps it was my turn) by jumping about in the neighboring grass, like a big tanned, overgrown school-boy, until he had captured a grasshopper. Having impaled the unfortunate insect upon the hook, and taking the line in his hand, he went a few yards lower down the stream; then lying down at full length, he drew himself slowly and cautiously to the brink, and lowered his bait—close in under the edge. In about a minute he had secured a fine fish. Solemnly handing me the tackle, (and not the trout,) with the simple remark, "Injun no damn fool," he as solemnly and noiselessly withdrew altogether, and disappeared.

I had met with a man who, though red, in this strange record plays an important role.

Also I had gained my first practical experience of how to take mountain trout. And if you say it is not the way to take trout, then I must assure you that there is as much difference between taking an English and a mountain trout as there is between catching a European mole and a Yankee one.

As I waded my head sagaciously over this very identical distinction and difference, I passed on through a small patch of willows tangled with creepers, round a bend of the ravine, and came out in view of the old sawmill and the deserted log hut. But to my surprise (for I had been here once before, and quite lately) it was not deserted. On the contrary, it had been transformed into a decent dwelling, from the chimney of which smoke curled upward and threw its shadow upon the gray cliffs beyond. There was a good attempt at a garden round the house, and two young

men were engaged with a yoke of oxen in extracting stumps.

I made my way up to them and was very cordially greeted; they might well be glad to see a visitor in so lonely a place. They were two brothers, named Keane, frank and pleasant fellows, who talked quite openly of their pleasure at having lighted on this lovely spot, and one so well adapted for their purpose—for the proximity of the camp would insure them a ready market for all "truck" produce.

"It's a strange thing," I presently said, half aloud, as I looked up the slope of the valley, "that this land hasn't been taken up before. It's been already cleared of timber by the sawmill, and it lies so that every inch of it can be irrigated with a little trouble."

"Which is uncommonly pleasant, from our point of view," put in Henry, the elder of the two brothers. "But the fact is, the place has the reputation, as it seems, of being a little uncanny—not now, but in the Winter. There's something, but what it is exactly we haven't made out, about a shadow that comes when snow has fallen. But I don't think we are quite the kind of men to be frightened by that sort of thing. And at any rate, we are ready for it."

"Talking of being ready," put in Will, the younger, "I fancy that's what the dinner is, at this present moment. Suppose we go in and have it?"

I had only known them half an hour or so, but they pressed me so heartily to join them in their meal that I gladly assented—though at first I had demurred a little, for I had gathered that there was a Mrs. Keane at the house, not in particularly good health, and was afraid I should be intruding.

"Not at all!" said Will. "On the contrary, it'll be a great treat for the missus; she is such an uncommonly bright little woman, and so fond of seeing people. I'm afraid sometimes, do you know, a little anxiously to his brother, 'that she'll find this place rather lonesome.' And then to me again, 'She was such a favorite where we came from.'"

He spoke earnestly, almost tenderly, and at the tone of his voice a shade seemed to fall upon his brother's face. But I had barely time to notice it before we had arrived at the log hut; and a moment later I was making the acquaintance of Mrs. Keane herself. She was a very pretty little woman, rather dark, and evidently of a lively disposition when in good health. Even now, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn, I could not see that she looked a trifle worn, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn, beyond the fact that she looked a trifle worn.

"More distinct, now. Yes, I thought so. Ah, coming down. Down. Down." The color was returning to her pallid cheeks; slowly she raised her arms and opened them; to her lips, in death, there came a sweeter smile than any that I had seen there in life, as her last breath formed one word.

Then the color faded away, and of a living form only the model counterpart remained. But Henry Keane sat there still, his face buried deeper than before—a strong man, collapsed.

And though in no long space Spring had come at last, he did not go back to the Mule Horn. He sold his claim, and came to live in the camp; and in a listless way did little odd jobs. He was taking to drink.

But when the next snow fell, the family to whom he had sold out came back to the camp. They said it was "too lonesome, out there." And they in their turn sold out to a man from Iowa, who went to live there himself.

When the following Winter set in, and the eternal covering of the mountain gradually spread downward till it draped the valleys also, he too returned.

"It's too wild like, out there, these long nights, for a man with no pardner, he'd been his sole remark, and he departed for the East, presumably to get a "pardner," for in the vicinity of the Mule Horn they were scarce. Men began to fight shy of the place.

But Henry Keane was taking more and more to drink; and that article in the camp being of the deadliest kind, he was passing from one stage to another, until it was forgotten that he ever had been a decent member of the community.

As for me, I spent much of my time in shooting. On such expeditions I sometimes met the Indian from whom I had received so good a lesson in fishing; for he came on to the Mule Horn now and again to hunt, spear, and trap. And sometimes, even, he would come and see me in camp—always leaving on such occasions with sundry little presents of food, sugar, and tobacco. He took much interest in my shooting, especially of blue grouse—strong flying birds, he could not shoot them, flying with his rifle, and I verily believe that he was not aware of the difference between a gun and a rifle, and consequently put me down as a most extraordinary shot.

So time passed on until late in the "Fall," when a stranger came among us.

"I've traded for a 'claim' up on the head of the Mule Horn. What kind of a place is it?" he asked of me.

"It's a fine piece of land," I replied, "but somehow no one seems to stay on it. It has changed hands several times."

"How's that?"

"I don't know, exactly. They stay there and make money, all right, through the Summer, but don't seem to be able to stand the Winter."

"Blamed fools," he said to me as we happened to meet, a few days later, and alluding to the former occupiers of the claim, "hadn't dug a well. How could they expect to stay the Winter? Why, all the natural water would freeze up, or snow under." And he went off, laughing at the foolishness of all men but himself.

Once more, a few days later, I went up the river in search of blue grouse; for a goodly number of them had lately come into the valleys, and they were beautiful eating. And once more I met my Indian friend, coming down.

He greeted me with "How?" (which you will remember he did not at our first meeting.)

Perhaps he was really turning back, or perhaps he wished to see me do a little more of my famous blue grouse shooting. At any rate he turned and came back with me up the stream. I had bagged several grouse by the time we reached the "neck." I generally gave him one or two on these occasions, and perhaps that had something to do with his tenacity, and then we passed out on to the flat—a favorite place for birds when no one was about.

But now several men were there. They had evidently been digging for water, as a number of large piles of earth and "hardpan" testified. We went up to where they were now at work.

"It's a queer thing about this water question, anyhow," said the new proprietor, scratching his head perplexedly. "We've

"There ain't much doing out on the claim through the Winter; and it's lonesome, so we've come into the camp to live—the wife and me."

"The shadow?" I asked, jokingly, remembering what he had once said to me about it. "Frightened away by it, after all?"

"The shadow?" he uttered suddenly and altered, fiercely, white to the lips. Then, suddenly altering and lowering his tone, "For heaven's sake don't say a word of such rubbish, about the—shadow, or any such rot, to my wife. She's weak and ill enough already, God knows." He was wan as death, and thin; worn, somehow, in these few weeks to the shadow of his old strong self.

What he said about his wife was true. Mrs. Keane was growing weaker; day by day she faded away. Henry was very tender and patient with her, but his demeanor toward other people was terribly altered. He was listless and seemed to have no heart in any work that he found to do. The men of the camp began to shake their heads about him, for, saddled as he was with a sick wife, he would find it hard to get along in the world and, in a place where everything was "high," they were gradually drifting into poverty. Not that there was any chance of their wanting the necessities of life—the camp would not allow that!

The Winter was a very long and severe one and Mrs. Keane grew worse. One night I was called to the little cabin on the hill—she was dying. It was just as Spring was opening up. As one man remarked: "She'd tuk the trouble ter live all through the Winter just ter die when she ought ter ha' been up and doin'."

I entered the cabin, but instantly drew back, startled. For she started up, calling out: "There! there—I see it. The shadow! Henry—the shadow!" And sank back again, murmuring feverishly to herself. She was delirious.

Presently, quietly, "There—I see it again. There—straight up." Her eyes were set with a glassy stare at the ceiling. "No, don't frighten it away. Why! it's a man."

Henry sat beside her motionless, his face buried. And so, it seemed to us who watched, a long time passed.

Presently the lips of the sick woman again moved; for a moment no words came; then, feeble as they were, a cold shiver ran through me, and I felt the presence of a being from another world.

"More distinct, now. Yes, I thought so. Ah, coming down. Down. Down." The color was returning to her pallid cheeks; slowly she raised her arms and opened them; to her lips, in death, there came a sweeter smile than any that I had seen there in life, as her last breath formed one word.

Then the color faded away, and of a living form only the model counterpart remained. But Henry Keane sat there still, his face buried deeper than before—a strong man, collapsed.

And though in no long space Spring had come at last, he did not go back to the Mule Horn. He sold his claim, and came to live in the camp; and in a listless way did little odd jobs. He was taking to drink.

But when the next snow fell, the family to whom he had sold out came back to the camp. They said it was "too lonesome, out there." And they in their turn sold out to a man from Iowa, who went to live there himself.

When the following Winter set in, and the eternal covering of the mountain gradually spread downward till it draped the valleys also, he too returned.

"It's too wild like, out there, these long nights, for a man with no pardner, he'd been his sole remark, and he departed for the East, presumably to get a "pardner," for in the vicinity of the Mule Horn they were scarce. Men began to fight shy of the place.

But Henry Keane was taking more and more to drink; and that article in the camp being of the deadliest kind, he was passing from one stage to another, until it was forgotten that he ever had been a decent member of the community.

As for me, I spent much of my time in shooting. On such expeditions I sometimes met the Indian from whom I had received so good a lesson in fishing; for he came on to the Mule Horn now and again to hunt, spear, and trap. And sometimes, even, he would come and see me in camp—always leaving on such occasions with sundry little presents of food, sugar, and tobacco. He took much interest in my shooting, especially of blue grouse—strong flying birds, he could not shoot them, flying with his rifle, and I verily believe that he was not aware of the difference between a gun and a rifle, and consequently put me down as a most extraordinary shot.

So time passed on until late in the "Fall," when a stranger came among us.

"I've traded for a 'claim' up on the head of the Mule Horn. What kind of a place is it?" he asked of me.

"It's a fine piece of land," I replied, "but somehow no one seems to stay on it. It has changed hands several times."

"How's that?"

"I don't know, exactly. They stay there and make money, all right, through the Summer, but don't seem to be able to stand the Winter."

"Blamed fools," he said to me as we happened to meet, a few days later, and alluding to the former occupiers of the claim, "hadn't dug a well. How could they expect to stay the Winter? Why, all the natural water would freeze up, or snow under." And he went off, laughing at the foolishness of all men but himself.

Once more, a few days later, I went up the river in search of blue grouse; for a goodly number of them had lately come into the valleys, and they were beautiful eating. And once more I met my Indian friend, coming down.

He greeted me with "How?" (which you will remember he did not at our first meeting.)

Perhaps he was really turning back, or perhaps he wished to see me do a little more of my famous blue grouse shooting. At any rate he turned and came back with me up the stream. I had bagged several grouse by the time we reached the "neck." I generally gave him one or two on these occasions, and perhaps that had something to do with his tenacity, and then we passed out on to the flat—a favorite place for birds when no one was about.

dug thirty feet in three different places. I won't go lower than thirty feet. There must be water here lying closer to the surface than that. What do you say?"

It was my Indian friend that answered. "Injun heap water-witch. Show white man where to dig."

And going to the stream, he cut a fork of willow, leaving about three inches of the stem on the fork, as a point, and cutting off each branch at the distance of a foot; then, holding one of the ends in either hand, with the wrists turned upward so that the point stood to his breast, he began with measured strides to pace about the flat.

"Der you believe in that 'ar nonsense?" inquired the new proprietor of me, as he watched the proceeding with a cynical eye. "I'm bound to say I do," I answered. "I'll tell you why. When I was living in Tennessee, in a valley at the base of the Cumberland Mountains, a doctor well known throughout the district, and a great personal friend of mine, was digging a well. He lived about half a mile from me and on considerably higher ground. His men had reached a depth of about a hundred and thirty feet without striking water, when there chanced to come along a man known throughout the section as a water-witch."

"It's a queer thing your not finding any water," he said to the doctor; "it lays through this country in seams. You've gone too deep."

"He took a fork from a neighboring peach tree, and 'divined' that a 'seam' passed a little to one side of the hundred-and-thirty foot hole."

"You can't have missed it by many feet," he said, standing on the spot which his rod had indicated, "and you've gone about a hundred feet too low. Let me down your hole."

"When he had been lowered down about one-fourth of the depth he called up to the men at the windlass to stop, and thrusting the point of the fork into the clay left it there, saying, 'That is where you must tunnel in.'"

"And, sure enough, the men had barely commenced to tunnel when a strong stream of water burst through, soon filling the well right up to that level. And as that means about a hundred feet of water, the doctor had got what is practically an inexhaustible supply. That is a perfectly true story, and if you are interested in it I fancy you could easily obtain the proofs of its being authentic. And that is why I believe in 'water-witches.'"

"Wal, it's a queer thing anyhow," said the new proprietor, half convinced, and scratching his head—"but—look there! Geerewasaw! It there ain't the redskin makin' a pint at last!"

For, about thirty yards below the cabin, and at a spot where the grass was scant and looked a trifle browner than elsewhere, the point of the divining rod had commenced to turn over. Another couple of paces, and it dropped, pointing to the ground. Without saying a word the Indian plunged the fork into the ground and withdrew.

Marking out a circle six feet in diameter, the men commenced eagerly to dig. Their progress was rapid; the earth handled easily, as though it were not in its virgin rigidity, but had been disturbed before.

Hardly four feet in depth had been dug away when the spadestuck something solid. It sounded like the root of a tree; but on being raised it proved to be a small box containing a few trinkets—among them three pipes, a worked tobacco pouch, a silver watch and chain, a pistol, several knives, and what had evidently been a photograph in a nickel frame.

The men began to dig again and brought to light a much larger box, which we at once pulled up eagerly from the hole. We began to think that the Indian was a treasure-finder instead of a water-witch, but when he had removed the lid of the box we found that it contained portions of a human body.

"What's that 'ar redskin?" exclaimed one of the men, for it was evident that a crime had been committed, and naturally the first thought to strike us was that the Indian who had pointed out the spot so accurately might likely enough have been at least an accessory to the deed. But, as we have said, he had disappeared as soon as he had stuck his rod into the ground. For my part I thought he had shown some signs of awe, and that as he had passed by me he had muttered, "Manitou! Manitou! The Shadow!"

It was perhaps well for him that he had thus withdrawn himself. In the first moments of disgust and suspicion the men might have handled him roughly.

But when the news of the discovery spread to the camp, and the trinkets were handled, several men recognized them—one man, one thing, one man another—as having belonged to Will Keane. And then people fell to discussing his sudden disappearance and to doubting that old story of his brother, (now a debased hanger-on of the camp,) who said that he himself had driven him over the ridge to the Fork.

They sought out Henry Keane, with doubt fast turning to suspicion. And that suspicion at once leaped to certainty. For he made no attempt to deny his guilt. Needless to recount a painful story of brotherly love quenched in a rising flood of jealousy; of long-stuffed anger vented in sudden and blind fury upon the unconsciously-offending man rather than upon the erring woman; and of the huddling away stealthily by night of the relics of the crime in the well that Will Keane had just begun to dig but was never to complete.

But as the self-convicted fratricide drew to the end of his confession he suddenly lifted his head; a wild light, almost of insanity, gleamed in his eyes, and a shudder seemed to haunt his voice, as he said:

"But one night, when the first snow had fallen, I looked out at midnight from the cabin door. The moon was full and high; the centre of the valley was bright as day. And there, over the spot where he was lying dead, I saw, stretched out upon the snow, the shadow. The shadow of a man. And one night my wife saw it, too. Then, though she did not know, I think—God help me!—(his voice fell)—"sometimes I think—she guessed."

He made no appeal for his life; no attempt to evade his doom. In a few hours he had suffered the extreme and summary penalty of Western law.

And I remember how white-haired Judge Rush, looking back at the old sycamore, said:

"Boys, he's what I call 'effectually bound over to keep the peace.'"

There was a mystery about the discovery of the crime, and I was determined to sift it to the bottom.

The divining-rod in the hands of the Indian had been the means of bringing the ghostly dead to light.

Did he know?—had he seen?

He was more communicative with me than he would have been with any other man; but from his broken English I gathered nothing but the reason for that passing agitation of his at the moment when, after sticking the divining rod in the ground, he had so hurriedly withdrawn.

He had been started on noticing the spot which the rod had indicated. For it was a spot that he honored with a mixture of superstition and reverence.

It seems that the valley at the head of the Mule Horn had, since it was cleared of timber, been known to his tribe as the "Valley of Manitou" or the "Valley of the Shadow," because when the valley was covered with snow and the broad full moon looked down upon it a shadow lay upon the open flat—a shadow which was unnatural—the shadow of Manitou. The valley lies due north and south, and the cliffs which wall it in are so high and precipitous that the moon shines in upon it only for an hour or two each night; and when it crossed the meridian at no great altitude, and shone obliquely, then this shadow was thrown in a broad line up the ravine; but when the moon was full and passed high overhead, the shadow was concentrated as the orb approached the zenith, until there became vividly outlined, in the deepest purple upon the brightly-lit snow the form of a man stretched at full length. And it was to the spot where this shadow fell that the rod, in broad daylight, had pointed.

Had now heard so much about this shadow, openly and by inference, that I became possessed of a desire to see the uncanny thing for myself.

"Look here," I said, when I found that my Indian friend had nothing more to reveal; "the next snow that falls we will go up there together and spend the night—at the full moon."

He consented.

We had not long to wait. Just before the moon was full, the snow came down. A day later I appointed to meet my friend at the "gap" by the stream, where we had first met and in the afternoon I started. Half way there I met the new proprietor coming down with a well-filled sack on his back.

"Goin' to spend a day or two in camp," he explained; "lonesome up there it is, these sort o' nights, with nobody to talk to," and on he went, as so many of his predecessors had gone before him.

At the appointed spot I met the Indian, and together we walked up to the hut. All was calm and mantled in the purest white, save for the background of the gray cliffs, over which the gaunt pines peered from above. The solitude of the place was to me more oppressive than I had ever noticed it before. Almost it seemed as if the world had cooled, (as some do say perhaps it may,) and that we two were the sole representatives of two long-forgotten races of men upon the once populous globe. And so we entered the hut. Small trace of his short occupancy had the late proprietor left there.

At twelve o'clock—for not till then would I stir—we opened the door and looked out.

The moon was high above us; not a breath from heaven swayed the over-reaching pines upon the silent cliffs; all around us was quiet and calm and pure. The earth lay covered with a spotless veil, as though to blot out all memory and record of crime or sin that here had been committed.

But there, in front of us, and upon the exact spot where we had expected to see it, lay a shadow—outlined, not as I had expected it) in purple, but in deepest black; and we advanced upon it.

Could it be fancy? No, it was too distinct.

But as we drew near, I saw that it did not assume the figure of a man reclining, as I had been led to expect, and as my own fancy had at first dictated.

It was the shadow of a cross!

As we watched it it gradually lengthened out, and at last, as the moon fell below the pine tops on the cliff, faded away.

And my companion whispered, mysteriously,

Manitou!—Hanta-pah—Aryskoui!"—(it is the mark of the God of War)—"Whaecta!"—(it is good.)

**Affairs in Japan.**

Latest advices from Japan go to show that the condition of things is not particularly assuring for the foreigners who have taken up their residence in the capital of the Flowery Kingdom. The excitement over the murder of Rev. T. A. Large was just dying out, when an incident occurred which has greatly aroused the rough student element of Tokyo. A Rev. Mr. Summers was out driving with his wife, when they met the carriage of the dowager Empress, accompanied by her military escort. Now, it is the custom when a member of the royal family passes along the street for the people to uncover their heads. Mr. Summers observed the rule, replacing his hat, however, as soon as the carriage had passed. One of the rear escort, either supposing that he had not removed his hat or feeling vexed that he should have replaced it so soon, brought his lance in a line with the offending head gear, so that Mr. Summers was struck a severe blow on the head. The soldier was at once arrested and court-martialed. The affair was so reported as to give the students the impression that Mr. Summers had been guilty of an act of disrespect toward the Empress dowager. At once they became so hostile, and made such threats of violence, that Mr. Summers became alarmed and left for England. The next day after Mr. Summers' departure, a Rev. Mr. Imbrey, while witnessing a friendly game of baseball between the students of two of the schools, innocently stepped up over a low hedge-fence into the field. He was set upon by the rough students and beaten about the head and body and sustained injuries and knife cuts about the head. Whereunto this opposition will grow it is difficult to say. What makes the situation more serious is, that the students show no fear of the police.

**A Bracing Truth.**

There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasized, there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends every one who is conscientious, pains-taking, and resolute, and will never desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

The celebrated English Benedictine, Father Ignatius, is to pay a visit to this country.

**THE BEE.**  
 R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.  
 FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.  
 ELMA COUNCIL.

**COURT OF REVISION.**  
 The adjourned Court of Revision for the township of Elma was held at Atwood on the 14th June. Members all present. Minutes of last Court read and signed. The following changes and corrections were made in the roll:—J. Holman's assessment reduced \$150; W. Ward assessed as tenant lot 4, con. 8; H. Ferg's name placed on roll as W. E. M. F., lot 31, con. 6; E. Ward assessed as tenant lot 8, con. 11; J. Holmes' name corrected; J. Morrison placed on roll as M. F. W. E., lot 28, con. 11; P. Lang as H. H. south ½ 35, con. 11; J. Cumming, assessed as tenant pt. lot 1, con. 13; W. and T. Cummings as M. F., lot 1, con. 13; R. Rowland as tenant lot 11, con. 13; T. J. McCourt's name corrected; G. Thibedeau as H. H. pt. 33, con. 13; H. W. Mitchell as tenant east half 12, con. 14; S. Mitchell as owner of east half 12, con. 13; M. Hiles as L. S., lot 14, con. 13; T. Luddington as L. S., lot 5, con. 15; C. Kreger's name corrected; D. Farge as H. H. south ½ lot 14, con. 15; J. Cockwell as M. F., lot 9, con. 16; H. Porterfield as tenant pt. lot 16, con. 18; W. Stewart assessed for part of lot 7 (park); J. Pelton assessed for lot 6, M. S., Atwood; J. Stewart placed on roll as M. F., pt. park lot 7; J. Inglis' name struck off and W. Forrest assessed for his property; G. Currie assessed as tenant lots 28 and 29, Main street, Atwood; H. Sanders' name placed on as M. F., Atwood; J. Stark assessed as tenant lots 184 to 187, Atwood; J. Montgomery assessed for park lot 14, Atwood; H. Hamilton placed on as M. F., north pt. 63 and 64, con. 1; A. Sanderson as M. F., lot 32, con. 4; W. Pollard as M. F., pt. lot 6, con. 8; W. Near as L. S., lots 19 and 20, con. 18; W. Love as L. S., lot 10, con. 10; W. Mann as L. S., lots 21 and 22, con. 1; W. A. Adams L. S., south half lots 7 and 8, con. 17; W. Twainbly as L. S., pt. 29 and 30, con. 1; J. Ward as L. S., lot 12, con. 5; S. Alexander as L. S., lot 26, con. 4; R. Pride as L. S., lot 13, con. 6; J. McNichol as L. S., pt. 29 and 30, con. 7; G. Candler as M. F., lot 30, con. 9; G. Tenant as L. S., lot 11, con. 9; C. Buchanan M. F., lots 14 and 25, con. 9; W. Nixon L. S., lot 26, con. 9; F. Parker as L. S., N. Parker L. S., lots 6, con. 10 and 11; S. Sparr as tenant south half 43, 44, con. 1; R. Stevenson as L. S., lot 30, con. 3; R. Crawford as M. F., lot 34, con. 6; W. J. Ducklow as L. S., part lot 33, con. 13; S. A. Thompson as L. S., lots 17 and 18, con. 5; J. Welsh as H. H., pt. lot 10, con. 8; W. Hawkshaw as owner pt. lot 2, Main street, Atwood; G. Skilitzy as M. F., Atwood. Moved by Mr. Richmond, seconded by Mr. Coulter that the assessment roll for the township of Elma for the year 1890 be changed as above and the roll as now finally revised be adopted. Carried.

**GENERAL BUSINESS.**  
 The Council then met for general business. Minutes of last meeting read and signed. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Coulter that T. A. Stevenson's tender of \$150 per rod for making and completing ditch township line Elma and Mornington, conditional that he gives satisfactory security for the due fulfillment of the same. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that a By-Law be passed authorizing Messrs. J. McIntyre, Y. Coulter and T. Lineham to erect a lawful wire fence on the east side of gravel road from south of Newry to the southwest point of 11th con. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Coulter that \$4 be paid for each polling place used in the last Parliamentary election, and that an order be issued in favor of the Clerk to apportion the same. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Coulter that the Reeve and mover be appointed to examine the boundary line between Elma and Grey opposite cons. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, and take such action as may seem best. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that the owners of lots 1, con. 3, and 1, con. 2, be allowed to perform their statute labor on the boundary of Elma and Grey. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Richmond that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—W. Jackson \$2, repairs to bridge, con. 4; G. Lochhead \$8, grading slide road, con. 5; G. T. R. \$2.72, freight on scrapers; J. Logan \$4.40, cleaning ditch, con. 14, engineer's award; J. Parker \$5, grading, con. 10; W. Brown \$4, repairing culvert, gravel road; W. Shearer \$2, attending second Court of Revision; P. Ducklow \$20 part contract of gravelling; T. Fullarton \$2.50, serving appeals first Court of Revision; R. Ballantyne \$2, cleaning drift wood 12th con. bridge, and Robt. Hamilton \$3, gravelling con. 10. Carried. A By-law was passed detaching lots 24 to 36 from Polling Sub-division No. 7 and annexing them to No. 5. Council then adjourned to meet at the call of the Reeve. T. FULLARTON, Clerk.

**Bornholm.**  
 Philip Osborn with his daughters, May and Annie, returned home on Saturday from a two weeks' visit to Michigan.

50 cents secures THE BEE from now to Jan. 1st, 1891. Neatest, newest, cheapest local newspaper in the county of Perth.

A Sabbath school picnic in connection with the Lutheran church, is to be held on Wednesday afternoon of this week in Mr. Litvains grove.

Great regret is felt here at the near departure of Rev. F. Swann, who has entirely won the hearts of not only his members here but also of many other persons in the community. All extend their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Swann in their new field of labor.

**Listowel.**  
 The young people of the Congregational church will hold their annual strawberry festival in the grounds of Mrs. W. C. Kidd on Thursday night July 3rd.  
 The Bank of Hamilton is making rapid and substantial progress, having added during the past year the sum of \$50,000 to the Reserve Fund which now amounts to \$450,000.  
 John M., the youngest son of G. M. and M. Gibbs, took a severe attack of membranous croup on Monday night of last week and died on the following Tuesday afternoon. He was a year and nine months old.  
 A two days meeting has been fixed for the 8th and 9th of July. In the neighborhood of \$1000 will be offered in prizes, and good prizes for games and sports. Having a good track there is every prospect of a splendid field of starters. Particulars later.  
 It is proposed to hold a lawn social on W. G. Hay's grounds in aid of the Mechanics' Institute funds. The directors wish to secure money enough to buy a fresh supply of books for the fall. An interesting program will be prepared. Particulars given later on.

**NEWS OF THE DAY.**  
 Mr. George A. Cox was elected president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.  
 A cordon of troops is to be placed around the cholera-infected places in Valencia.  
 A company proposes to build a railway from Bismark, Dakota, to Galveston, 2,000 miles.  
 It is now a question between Chicago and Philadelphia as to which is the second city in population in the United States.  
 A despatch from Buenos Ayres says the revolutionary agitation in Entre Rios, a province of the Argentine Republic, is increasing.  
 All the players of the Brooklyn and Rochester clubs were arrested at Elmira N. Y., yesterday just before the game was called for Sunday ball-playing. All gave bail.

**Farm for Sale.**  
 For sale, lot 36, con. 8, Elma, 119 acres. Over 100 acres cleared, in good state of cultivation; Frame House; Frame and Log Barns; Stabling under Barn; never failing Spring; \$2,000 down, balance on time. Splendid chance, the very best terms. Also two fine Building Lots in the thriving Village of Atwood. For further particulars apply to  
 CHAS. BUCHANAN, Owner, or  
 THOS. FULLARTON, Real Estate Agent Atwood.

**THE ATWOOD BEE**  
 IS PUBLISHED  
 EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
 AT THE OFFICE,  
 MAIN ST., - ATWOOD.  
 TERMS.—If paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per annum, otherwise \$1.50.  
 ADVERTISING RATES.  
 First insertion, per line.....3c.  
 Each subsequent insertion.....3c.  
 Contract advertisements inserted at the following rates:  
 1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos.  
 One column...\$60 00 \$35 00 \$20 00  
 Half ".....35 00 20 00 12 00  
 Quarter ".....20 00 12 00 7 00  
 Eighth ".....12 00 7 00 4 00  
 Business cards, not exceeding 8 lines, \$4 per annum; over 8 and under 12 lines, \$5.  
 Advertisements of farms for sale, cattle strayed and other small advertisements, \$1 for first month, and 50c per month thereafter.  
 JOB PRINTING.  
 We have a first-class jobbing department in connection; latest designs in printing material, enabling us to execute all descriptions of job printing on shortest notice.  
 Our terms for job work, casual advertisements and special notices are CASH. Contract advertisements payable monthly.  
 R. S. PELTON,  
 EDITOR AND PROP.


**50 CENTS**  
 —SECURES—  
**THE BEE**  
 FROM NOW TO  
**Jan. 1, 1891.**  
 Neatest,  
 Newest,  
 Cheapest  
 LOCAL PAPER IN THE  
 COUNTY.

**PURE PARIS GREEN**  
 FINE TOILET SOAPS  
**THE BEST DRUGS**  
 AT THE ATWOOD DRUG STORE.  
**MARTIN E. NEADS.**  
**Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop**  
 Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Cutters, and all kinds of Repairing done on Shortest Notice.  
**Horseshoeing a Specialty.**  
 Prompt and special attention given to Horseshoeing. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also Agent for Hawkey's and Begg's celebrated Road Carts. These are two of the best carts that are made. See and be convinced.  
 2tf  
**HENRY HOAR.**

**Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.**  
 Lumber, Lath, Muskoka Shingles, Cedar Posts, Fence Poles and Stakes, Cheese Boxes, also Long and Short Wood.  
 Dressed Flooring and Siding  
 A SPECIALTY.  
**WM. DUNN.**  
**The 777 Store.**  
 The 777 Store is Headquarter in Listowel for  
**For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Dress Goods, &c.**  
 Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.  
**JOHN RIGGS.**

  
**WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,**  
 Has on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Furniture, plain and fancy Picture Frame Moulding, Cabinet Photo Frames, Boy's Wagons, Baby Carriages, different prices, different kinds. Parties purchasing \$10 and over worth may have goods delivered to any part of Elma township free of cost.  
 Freight or Baggage taken to and from Station at Reasonable Rates. Dray always on hand.  
 Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O.  
 Atwood, April 1st, 1890.

**WE ARE STILL DOING A RUSHING BUSINESS**  
 —IN THE—  
**Tailoring Line!**  
 —IN—  
**OUR GOODS CANNOT BE SURPASSED**  
 —IN—  
**Style, Quality or Cheapness.**  
 A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE.  
**R. M. BALLANTYNE.**

  
**DRIVES**  
**DRIVES**  
**DROP IN AND SEE**  
**12½ Cent Table!**  
 IT WILL BE A  
**SPECULATION FOR YOU**  
**J. L. MADER.**

**SPRING time has come, so has my New Goods come. New designs in everything and cheaper than ever.**

**Goldsmith's Hall is the leading house in town. You cannot do better than to give Gunther a call and look through his immense stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.**

**Fine and Complicated Watches Repaired and Satisfaction Guaranteed.**

**J. H. GUNTHER,**  
Goldsmith's Hall,  
Main St., Listowel.  
Two Doors East of Post Office.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**  
SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.  
Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express 7:21 a.m.	Mixed 8:07 a.m.	Mixed 2:34 p.m.	Express 9:12 p.m.
Express 12:24 p.m.	Express 1:10 p.m.	Express 3:30 p.m.	Express 4:45 p.m.
Mixed 10:00 p.m.	Express 10:15 p.m.	Express 11:15 p.m.	Mixed 11:55 p.m.

### Town Talk.

**MANITOBA excursions** are once more attracting attention.

**JAS IRWIN** was laid off several days last week with the quinsy.

**MISS J. PEEBLES,** Elma, spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Currie. She has improved greatly in health.

**THE Exeter Advocate** has passed another mile-stone and is pegging away meeting with a large measure of success, no doubt.

**MISS LIZZIE GRAHAM,** of the Forest City Business College, arrived home Saturday evening. She succeeded very nicely with her studies.

**OLD newspapers** for sale at this office. They may be used to advantage for wrapping bread, parcels, putting under carpets, making scrap albums, etc.

**STATUTE labor** is being performed throughout Elma township this week. We have to put in two days in Grubber's gravel pit, on a certain concession.

**LADIES,** if you want the newest make of corsets Jas. Irwin has just got a shipment direct from the manufactory at Sherbrooke. See our "Summerette" corset.

**SACRAMENT of the Lord's Supper** was duly observed in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning. The pastor, Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., delivered an appropriate and impressive sermon from John 19:5. Service was also held in the evening.

**PARTIES in arrears** for THE BEE or otherwise indebted to the office are kindly requested to settle at once. Our current expenses are very heavy, much heavier than the average reader supposes, and it is expedient that all accounts be paid when rendered.

**THE Gun Club** are doing some great shooting on the agricultural grounds these days preparing for the 1st of July match, to come off at 10 a.m. We think the hardware man will "get there" when the boodle is put up, although there are a number of "crack shots" in the club.

**MISS LIZZIE BROOKS** returned home last Saturday from the Normal School, Toronto, where she has been completing her studies for second class professional certificate. Miss Brooks has "stayed" with her books well and we have no doubt that she will come out O. K. at her final exam.

**ON account of the wet weather** many fields of grain on low-lying lands are being spoiled. The importance of thorough drainage is becoming more and more forcibly impressed on the minds of the rural citizens. In Elma township many farmers have not put in half the acreage of crops they intended to, as the land was not fit and it is now too late.

**MITCHELL Advertiser** says:—"T. H. Race has caused writs for slander to be served upon W. R. Davis and Fred Davis, for accusing him of bigamy upon the public platform during the election campaign. The accusation arose from a mock marriage which took place several years ago in Trafalgar street, Methodist church at a concert or lecture explaining the manner and customs, marriage ceremonies, religious ceremonies, sacrifices, etc., of the Jews, by a Jewish Rabi, or a Jew claiming to be a Rabi, and, among other features of the evening's entertainment, a marriage ceremony was gone through, in order to show the custom of the country at such a ceremony."

**Don't fail to attend the sports and games in Atwood on Dominion Day.**

This is hot weather, therefore call at the Atwood Drug Store and buy a Fan. Prices to suit the times, from 3c. to 10c. each.

**THE Farmers' Institute** picnic at Milverton has been postponed indefinitely.

**JAS. IRWIN** has just got in some new lines in dress goods—nobby goods—which he is prepared to sell at lower prices than they could be bought for wholesale earlier in the season.

**T. G. RATCLIFF,** of Donegal, was in the village over Sunday. T. G. has a warm place in his heart for Atwood yet, although some time has elapsed since he taught school in our midst.

**WILL ELLIOT,** of Mitchell, smiled blandly on our citizens this week. For some time he taught school here but is now a student at the Toronto School of Medicine. Will has many warm friends in this community.

**THE Milverton correspondent** to the Beacon says:—Messrs. L. Zeran, teacher, and T. McLoey, left this week for Manitoba, where they purpose settling if they find things favorable. They are two clever and ambitious young men and are followed by the good wishes of many in this locality.

**OUR contemporary,** the Stratford Times, now under the management of E. J. Kneilt, will no doubt conduct the paper with efficiency and skill. Though comparatively young at the newspaper business, Mr. Kneilt, judging from the excellent paper he issues, understands how to conduct a readable journal.

**Wm. NESBIT** had the misfortune to run a nail into the corbar of his eye while working on the gabir of Widdis Jackson's barn, near Trowbridge, one day last week. It was at first thought he had pierced the sight and would be blind in consequence, but fortunately such is not the case although the eye is very sore. With careful treatment he will be himself again in a few days, at least we hope so.

**THERE is considerable depression** in trade and money matters almost everywhere at present judging by the newspapers and other sources of information. It is to be hoped that kind Providence will bless the country with a bountiful harvest and thereby lift up and cheer the lagging spirits of the hard-up farmers and struggling merchants. The cheese and butter industry promises to eclipse former years, largely due to the heavy rains which have wonderfully promoted the growth of grass on hitherto poor, almost barren pasture lands.

**THE usual efforts** are being made by the telegraph companies to obtain reports from all sections as to crop possibilities. We agree with a contemporary that it is yet too early in most sections to obtain anything like reliable data and that the effort would be much more useful if delayed a few weeks longer. This is a rainy season and the water which just suits certain lands is too much for the heavy soil of the country of Perth. While most crops look well on lighter soils or rolling lands they look but poorly on the heavy soils and while light soils can stand rain, even beneficially, they are too much for the heavier soils. A week or two later and matters will in all probability be entirely changed.

**THE KISSING SPOT ON NOTE PAPER.**—A fad in writing paper is what is called lovers' stationery. It is fine note paper delicately tinted, the most fashionable shade being light pink. The water-mark, to be detected by holding the sheet up to the light, is a blending of two hearts pierced by an arrow. In the lower corner of each fourth page (or reverse of each second half sheet) appears what at first sight looks like a blemish. But this is the charming feature of the novelty; it is the kissing spot, for here the correspondent presses his or her lips, and thus a salute is waited to the absent lover. The kissing spot is about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece and is covered with a thin and is covered with a thin aromatic gum that imparts to the lips a pleasing odor and taste. A more ingenious bit of maudlin sentimentality could hardly be devised, yet we must all confess that it is of just innocent follies that the joy of human life largely consists.

**ATWOOD'S BIG CELEBRATION.**—The average Canadian citizen looks upon the 1st of July as a legitimate holiday and a large majority celebrate the day in some manner, be it ever so simple and inexpensive. Generally speaking the large cities and towns get up celebrations of various sorts, railroad lines and then the smaller towns and villages en masse to enjoy a day of recreation and pleasure, and take advantage of the attractions offered. This year Atwood leads off with one of the most interesting and attractive events this enterprising little town ever offered.

At 10 a.m. a shooting match will take place between sides chosen from the Atwood Gun Club, followed by a grand Calathumpian march at 11 a.m. In the afternoon the following games and sports will be open for competition, for which liberal cash prizes are offered:—Standing long jump, running high jump, running hop, step and jump, three standing jumps, vaulting with pole, tossing caber, putting stone, jockey race, barrel race, 150 yard race, egg race, nail race, 100 yard race for boys under 12, boys race under 8, sack race, each game 25 cents. The day's proceedings will be enlivened with selections of music by the Atwood Brass Band. The efficient Committee of Management are putting forth every effort to make this celebration a grand success in every particular. The well arranged and attractive program should draw such a crowd of people as never before witnessed in Atwood. Everybody turn out and celebrate the natal day of our fair Dominion in right royal style.

**CROQUET** playing is getting to be a popular game in Atwood.

**I AM** selling balance of summer prints at wholesale prices. Buy them now. Some new lines in dark prints just in. J. IRWIN.

**THE Listowel Race Meeting** is on July 8 and 9. \$700 is given in purses. There promises to be a number of very exciting events.

**DRIVES! drives! drives!** at J. L. Mader's this week. Call in and see his 12% cent table. His change of ad. appears on page four.

**THE picnic of the Atwood Sabbath Schools** will be held in Geo. Gaaham's grove, on Saturday, July 7th. Particulars next week.

**WHAT do you purpose** doing with the destructive potato bugs this year? Why, call at the Atwood Drug Store for Paris Green and dose them with it. See advt.

**T. FULLARTON,** Real Estate Agent, offers some valuable farm and village property for sale in this issue. It will doubly repay our readers to look over the advertisements every week.

**W. J. HOLMES,** lot 20, con. 11, Elma, has an excellent piece of Red Fern spring wheat, some of which measures 3 feet 3 inches in length. This is probably one of the best, if not the best, pieces of spring wheat in the township.

**REV. D. B. McCRAE,** of Cranbrook, preached the preparatory communion sermon in the Presbyterian church last Friday afternoon to a fairly large congregation. Mr. McCrae is a fluent speaker and his discourse was much appreciated by those present.

**THE Globe** contains this important announcement:—When, very shortly, John Cameron retires from the position of general manager and chief editor of the Globe, the business oversight of the establishment will be in the hands of C. W. Taylor as business manager; the position of editor-in-chief will be filled by J. S. Willison, at present sub-editor, and Edward Farrer will join the staff of the Globe on the first of July as principal editorial writer.

**Now is the time** to cut down those burdocks, thistles, noxious weeds, etc., in your back yards, orchards, fence corners, and along the highways. In a few weeks they will go to seed and blow over the country broadcast. The pathmasters should see that the property owners cut them down in front of their respective places now and thus save the unnecessary work and time another year. If neglected the township authorities should rigidly enforce the law, in this respect.

**DOMINION DAY IN BRUSSELS.**—The people of Brussels have made great preparations for celebrating July 1st, 1890, in royal style. At 10 a.m. there is to be monster Trades' Procession, headed by Brussels Band, Firemen, 3 Fire Engine Lacrosse players. A grand fire engine test between three of Ronald's celebrated fire engines will give exhibitions. Lacrosse match between Wingham and Brussels clubs. Football match for a ball and valuable silver cup, between the "Iron-sided," of Turnberry, and Brussels club. Baseball tournament in the afternoon, between Exeter's champion club, Teeswater club, Clinton club and others, for prizes of \$40 and \$20. Brussels club will play the winning club an exhibition game. Besides there will be races and athletic sports for all. Entrance fee to all games and matches, free. A grand drawing of ladies' gold watch worth \$35.00 to the lucky spectator. All of this glorious array of attractions only cost 10 cents, to see everything. None should miss this excellent chance of enjoying Dominion Day, 1890. Promenade concert in the evening. The Seaforth Quartette Club, with the best local talent, and Brussels Orchestra will take part.

**WE APOLOGISE.**—The Mitchell Advertiser in reply to an item referring to the editor of that journal two weeks ago knocks us out in one round when he threatens to bring us up for libel. It reads thus:—"That BEE man has sent his stinging clean through our heart. He has so eloquently described our peculiar situation and loneliness in the above masterly article. We had no idea of laserating his tender feelings, knowing that editors could stand almost anything. However, it pleases us to hear that he forgives us. In this he is an exception, for most editors can forget but never forgive, that spirit is forced upon them by certain individuals. While THE BEE man is extending his sympathy, he mentions the fact that he knows well of one eye (the Sheriff's) that keeps a vigilant and watchful optic constantly upon the poor editor. THE BEE man endeavored to build his cell in such a remote spot as to evade the eye of the County Official. That never can be accomplished—beware! We sincerely hope that his prayers may be heard and answered, and that some lovely fair one may take pity on us, and the loving one may advise us that she has an aching desire to clasp us to her bosom and relieve us of our loneliness. The editor of the Recorder has caused writs to be served upon the editor of the Advocate for accusing him of bigamy, and we think that the editor of that spicy little journal, THE ATWOOD BEE, has left himself about as liable as the Advocate man, when he accuses us of being a lonely old bachelor. If he beheld our family group of about a dozen young hopefuls how quick he would change his mind."

**CRADLE.**  
GRAY.—In Elma, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. Jas. A. Gray, of a son.  
MOONEY.—In Brussels, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Mr. Gordon Mooney, of a son.

**TOMB.**  
HARVEY.—In Goderich, on Monday, June 23rd, 1890, George A., third son of Moses and Mary Harvey, aged 28 years.

**Atwood Market.**

Fall Wheat	95	00
Spring Wheat	80	90
Barley	35	40
Oats	34	35
Peas	52	55
Pork	5	00
Hides per lb.	3	3 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 00
Wood, 2 ft.	1	15
Potatoes per bag	60	
Butter per lb.	10	12 1/2
Eggs per doz.	12	

**Church Directory.**

**EPISCOPALIAN.**  
Preaching every Sabbath at 8:00 p. m.  
REV. E. W. HUGHES, Incumbent.

**BAPTIST.**  
Preaching every Sabbath at 8:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:00 p. m.  
REV. D. DACK, Pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m.; Bible Class on Sabbath evening at 7:00. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00. Young People's Association meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.  
REV. A. HENDERSON, M.A., Pastor.

**METHODIST.**  
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Each alternate Sabbath at 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meetings, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7:30.  
REV. D. ROGERS, Pastor.

**Business Directory.**

**MEDICAL.**  
J. R. HAMILTON, M.D.C.M.  
Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office—Opposite THE BEE office. Residence—Queen street; night messages to be left at residence.

**LEGAL.**  
W. M. SINCLAIR,  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c. Private funds to loan at lowest rates. Collections promptly attended to. Office—Loefer's Hotel, Atwood. Every Wednesday at 12:24 p. m., and remain until the 9:12 p. m. train.

**DENTAL.**  
J. J. FOSTER, L.D.S.  
Uses Vitalized Air, &c. for painless extracting. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Office—Entrance beside Lillie's Bank, Listowel, Ont.

W. M. BRUCE, L.D.S., DENTIST.  
Is extracting teeth daily without pain through the aid of "The Electric Vibrator." The most satisfactory results are attained by the use of this wonderful instrument, for which he holds the exclusive right. References, &c., may be seen at his dental apartments, over Thompson Bros' store, Entrance, Main St., Listowel.

**AUCTIONEERS.**  
ALEX. MORRISON  
Licensed Auctioneer for Perth County. All sales attended to promptly and at moderate rates. Information with regard to dates may be had by applying at this office.

THOS. E. HAY,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Rates moderate. Office—Over Lillie's bank, Listowel. All orders left at THE BEE office will be attended to promptly.

Money to Loan  
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Atwood and surrounding country that he is in a position to do all kinds of painting in first-class style, and at lowest rates. All orders entrusted to the same will receive prompt attention.  
REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.  
WM. RODDICK,  
Painter, Brussels.

**ATWOOD BAKERY!**  
The undersigned having leased the bakery business from John Robertson is prepared to meet the wants of the public.  
**Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes**  
Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.  
Pastry, and Pies,  
Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.  
A large and pure stock of  
**Confectionery**  
and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.  
I solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on me in the past.  
Bread Wagon goes to Monkton Tuesday and Friday, and Ethel Wednesday and Saturday of each week.  
**CHAS. ZERAN.**

**ATWOOD BAKERY!**  
The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Atwood and surrounding country that he is in a position to do all kinds of painting in first-class style, and at lowest rates. All orders entrusted to the same will receive prompt attention.  
REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.  
WM. RODDICK,  
Painter, Brussels.

**New Butcher Shop.**



Wm. Hawkshaw's New Butcher Shop is completed and furnished in City Style—Marble Top Table, Marble Bottomed Weigh Scales—and is prepared to supply the village and country with

**FRESH BEEF**  
And other Meats in their season. Choice Cured Pork always on hand, Mr. Hawkshaw has secured the services of  
**WM. WILSON,**  
An old and experienced Butcher, and well and favorably known to the public of this vicinity.  
**REMEMBER THE NEW BUTCHER SHOP—ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE BEE OFFICE.**  
**Wm. Hawkshaw.**  
IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE

**Harness Line**  
There are few places you can get as large an assortment to choose from as I keep on hand. Everything in their season: Whips in endless variety, Lap Dusters large and cheap, good assortment of  
**Fly Nets and Sheets**  
Which I will sell CHEAP for Cash. A large stock of Harness on hand.  
Trunks, Valises, Curry Combs, Etc., always in stock.  
**CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.**  
The Old Stand for Good Goods.  
**A. Campbell.**

**Dairy Salt!**  
We have lately received a car load of Fine Dairy Salt which we are selling at  
**CLOSEST NETT PRICES.**  
Our stock of  
**DRY GOODS,**  
GROCERIES,  
**Boots & Shoes**  
Hats & Caps, &c., &c., are full in every particular.  
**Mrs. M. Harvey**  
ATWOOD.

**H. F. BUCK**  
**Furniture Emporium,**  
WALLACE STREET,  
LISTOWEL.  
I wish to intimate to the people of Atwood and vicinity that I have on hand a most complete stock of all lines of Furniture.  
BEDROOM SUITES,  
SIDEBOARDS,  
EXTENSION TABLES,  
SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,  
AND PARLOR SUITES.  
All goods best of their class. I am bound to sell them. Call and get prices.  
THE LARGEST STOCK OF  
**MOULDINGS**  
For Picture Framing in Town.  
**UNDERTAKING**  
A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.  
H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.

# WEEK'S NEWS

## CANADIAN.

The apple crop is likely to be a failure in Elgin County.

An earthquake shock was felt at Cushing, Quebec, on Monday.

Prices of sugar and molasses are having a sharp advance at Halifax.

The Presbyterian general assembly will meet next year in Kingstown.

Archd. Ferguson, a Moss Township farmer, was killed by a train near Alvinston.

The High Court of the Canadian Order of Foresters will meet next year in Toronto.

Mr. George A. Cox was elected president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce on Monday.

The Grey Cotton Manufacturers' Association has decided to raise prices five per cent.

A. Russell, a retired farmer living at Middlemiss, shot himself dead on Thursday morning.

The first sod for the Kincardine & Teeswater Railway was turned at Kincardine on Saturday.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught bade farewell to Canada on Thursday, and sailed for the Sardinia.

Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, was chosen as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Ottawa.

The striking weavers of the Ontario Cotton Mill, Hamilton, have resumed work at the reduced wages.

The Toronto Methodist Conference elected the Rev. Dr. Pirritte, of Meaford, president on the fourth ballot.

The Alaska exploring party are said to have discovered a large lake in British territory in the far north.

A new and very rich vein of silver has been struck close beside the celebrated Badger mine, near Port Arthur.

The first through trains passed over the new Canadian Pacific route between Montreal and Chicago on Monday.

Mr. Fred W. Johnston, Q. C., of Goderich, has been appointed Junior County Judge of the District of Algonia.

A number of gentlemen throughout the Province of Manitoba are in correspondence with the view of forming a Canadian club.

Chief Ashfield, of the Toronto fire brigade with which he had been connected since 1839, died on Sunday in the 72nd year of his age.

The Toronto Methodist Conference on Tuesday passed a motion in favor of increasing the pastoral term from three to five years.

The re-count of votes in Prince Edward gives Mr. Sprague, Liberal, a majority of eight and deprives Mr. Meredith of a supporter.

The result of the elections at the Toronto Methodist Conference of delegates for the General Conference was decidedly in favor of federation.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Company will erect this year ten or twelve grain elevators in Manitoba with a capacity of 30,000 bushels each.

John Byron, of St. Catharines, was tried at Toronto last week on a charge of manslaughter committed at Mimico, and the jury disagreed.

It is announced in Montreal that Mr. E. S. Clouston has been appointed joint general manager of the Bank of Montreal with Mr. W. J. Buchanan.

W. Carson, while umpiring a game of baseball at Kingston, was struck on the nose with the ball and knocked senseless. His nose was broken.

The details of the purchase of the New Brunswick Railway by the C. P. R. have been arranged, and were accepted last week by the C. P. R. directors.

After inspecting the St. Clair tunnel, which is now nearly completed, Sir Joseph Hickson gave an order for the immediate construction of another alongside.

Lord Lansdowne has sent \$100 from India to be added to the fund for erecting a monument in Quebec to Major Shortt and Staff-Sergeant Wallick. The fund now amounts to \$2,300.

The county judge in Toronto has given judgment in a case to the effect that when property passes into the hands of a corporation exempt from taxation it escapes all local improvement taxation.

Rev. Dr. Castle, formerly Principal of the Baptist College in Toronto, died on Wednesday evening in Philadelphia. He had been in ill-health ever since his resignation of the principalship two years ago.

The Catholic Committee of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction pronounces strongly against the "deplorable custom" of giving children ridiculous names, for the most part taken from novels.

The Synod of the Church of England, diocese of Montreal, met on Tuesday. The question of consolidating the various sections of the Anglican Church in British North America is under consideration.

Chief of Police Wills, of Woodstock, Ont., has recently been in Lockport, N. Y., searching for evidence in the Benwell murder case. He says he has located an important witness who will testify at Birchall's trial in October.

At the Toronto Criminal Assizes Joseph Maroney, convicted of assault on a jurymen who had served on a jury that returned a verdict of which the prisoner did not approve, was sent to the Central Prison for eighteen months.

Six farmers, heads of families, from Dakota were in Brandon, Man., on Saturday en route to the Lake Dauphin district, where they propose to locate. One of their number stated that they had seen eight seasons in the land of the Dakotas and only reaped one good crop.

The dry dock for torpedo boats being constructed in Halifax dock yard is nearly completed. It is 250 feet long, 60 feet wide, built of concrete and the main portion covered by an iron roof. Two torpedo boats are now on their way from England to be used on that station.

Prof. Saunders, of the experimental farm, states that he has received crop prospects from all over the Dominion. Manitoba reports state that there are excellent prospects, North-west Territories, fair; British Columbia, very good; Nova Scotia, backward, owing to late seasons. Prof. Saunders anticipates a more than average crop over the Dominion.

## UNITED STATES.

A water-melon trust has been formed in Georgia, Ga., which has bought up 90 per cent. of the crop.

The Duluth & Winnipeg Railway Company has decided to build a line of its own through Manitoba.

A plot was discovered in New York on Sunday night to burn down a tenement house containing 75 persons.

A census enumerator in Richmond, Va., has found a colored woman named Martha Gray who has had 37 children since 1868.

The Indians on the Cheyenne reservation in Dakota are short of provisions and show signs of an uprising. The settlers are uneasy.

The attitude of the Cheyenne Indians in Montana continues to be menacing, though no overt act has occurred since the killing of Ferguson.

Larue, the San Francisco hotel waiter who beat another waiter in a prize fight so that he died, has been found guilty by a coroner's jury of murder. The fight was over a girl.

An explosion and fire in the Hill Farm mine at Dunbar, Pa., on Monday resulted, it is believed, in the loss of 34 lives. Eighteen miners only escaped out of 52 known to be in the mine.

The vicinity of Stracker's Bend, Ill., is in terror over the appearance of a wild man, who has taken possession of a tract of country, and forages for supplies, living on the fat of the land.

The negroes in Battleboro township, Edgecombe county, N. C., have a mortal fear of census men, and whenever the latter appear the former rush for the woods despite all efforts to allay their fears.

Governer Fifer has called a special session of the Illinois Legislature for July 23 to submit to the electors a constitutional amendment to permit of the issue by Chicago of \$5,000,000 bonds and other matters connected with the World's Fair.

Jos. Jonasson, a member of a New York firm, was arrested in Berlin a few days ago on a charge of using insulting language towards the Emperor, preferred by two drunken students. Mr. Jonasson was treated with great harshness, and he does not feel inclined to be satisfied with his mere acquittal.

The American brewers and maltsters have succeeded in inducing the Senate Committee on Ways and Means to reduce the proposed duty on barley to fifteen cents per bushel. The Tariff bill thus amended will be reported to the Senate. It is proposed also to reduce the duty on fine lumber to one dollar per thousand.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Mahdi has set free his European prisoners.

Rev. John Oakley, D. D., dean of Manchester, is dead.

The Duchess of Fife has been delivered of a still-born child.

Mr. Gladstone will undertake a stumping tour in Midlothian in October.

The Duke of Clarence will take his seat in the House of Lords next week.

Bishop Cornthwaite, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Leeds, Eng., is dead.

Thirteen thousand dock laborers at Swansea have struck for higher wages.

England has agreed to surrender Heligoland to Germany for German concessions in Africa.

The Edinburgh municipal authorities last week presented the freedom of the city to Henry M. Stanley.

Stanley has been appointed Governor-General of the Congo Free State, his duties to commence in 1891.

Miss Alford, a niece of the celebrated Dean Alford, has won first place in the classical tripos Cambridge.

Burns' manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae We Wallace Bled" has been sold by auction in London to an American for £70.

Chief Munroe, of the Metropolitan Police, has resigned in consequence of a quarrel with Home Secretary Matthews.

It is announced that Portuguese troops are hastening from Mozambique to Angola to repel an alleged English invasion.

The negotiations between England and Germany on the East African question are progressing satisfactorily. It is said Germany has made all the concessions required by England.

The English Government has consented to the appointment of a committee to examine into the question of compensation in connection with the Licensing bill, and to report what is proper compensation.

It is stated that Henry M. Stanley is to deliver fifty lectures in the United States during next fall and winter, and that he is to receive \$1,000 for lecturing in New York and \$500 for those in other cities.

Some alarm is expressed in London at the proposal to build an additional underground railway which will run beneath St. Paul's cathedral. Fears are entertained that the foundation of the cathedral may be undermined.

Cardinal Manning, addressing a deputation on Sunday bringing him jubilee gifts, said he wished to die as a priest ought to die—without money and without debt. He then mentioned the charitable objects on which he intended to bestow his gifts.

The White Star steamer Doric, trading between London and New Zealand, it is claimed, has made the fastest voyage around the world. The total time the Doric steamed was 77 days 6 hours and 50 minutes. The distance was 23,000 miles. The engines worked continuously.

It is positively announced that General Wolseley will resign July 31. Lord Wolseley's views as to the reorganization of the army are at variance with those of the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, whose retirement he considers necessary before anything practical can be effected. The Queen stands by her cousin, the duke, and refuses to hear of his withdrawal.

## IN GENERAL.

Cholera has broken out in the province of Valencia, Spain.

Another plot against the life of the czar has been discovered at St. Petersburg.

France will shortly declare her recognition of the Brazilian Provisional Government.

The German Reichstag has adopted a grant of 4,500,000 marks on account of East Africa.

The Government of India has heavily subsidised a company to build a railway from Simla to Kalka.

Great preparations are being made in Berlin for the reception of the German-American rifleman.

The czarowitz will start on a tour of the world August 1. He will return by the way of the United States.

Emperor William will attend the Austrian manoeuvres in Transylvania, and will then spend a week in Hungary.

The French have occupied the territory in South America which was in dispute between France and Holland.

Three hundred Soudanese and as many Indian troops will enter the service of the British East Africa Company.

Princess Victoria of Prussia, is betrothed to the Prince of Anelnhalt Dessau. The marriage will take place at an early date.

Arrests have been made in France which prove a connection between the German Anarchists and those of London and New York.

Michael Eyraud, arrested in Havana for the murder of M. Gouffe in Paris in July, 1889, has been handed over to the French detectives.

A Cairo despatch says Major Wisemann is surprised at Stanley's utterances. He says there is plenty of room in Africa for both nations.

The discovery is announced of a plant growing in abundance on the shores of the Caspian sea, which is likely to prove a powerful rival of jute.

The steamer Columbia has made the voyage from Southampton to New York in 6 days and 16 hours. Southampton is about a day's longer sail than Queenstown.

The Czar refuses to recognize Prince Ferdinand as ruler of Bulgaria, but would favour either the Duke of Leuchtenberg, or Prince Karl, son of the King of Sweden.

The Italian authorities have seized a quantity of valuable objects of art in the form of religious paraphernalia, as contraband goods, which were in transit to Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin.

It is claimed that M. Bursual, the French electrician, is the real inventor of the telephone, having discovered and applied the principle twenty years in advance of either Edison or Bell.

The Legislative Assembly of Victoria has unanimously approved the scheme for the federation of the Australian colonies, and has appointed delegates to the convention to consider the subject.

As if to put at rest the rumours of increasing friction between Germany and Russia, the Emperor has requested the Czar to allow him to command in person the Viborg regiment, of which he is honorary colonel, during the coming Russian manoeuvres.

## The Labor Problem.

Francis A. Walker whose criticism of Edward Bellamy's theory of an industrial army, as enunciated in "Looking Backward," attracted so much notice from those interested in the social questions of the day, has an interesting article in the June Atlantic on the eight hour labor agitation. The spirit of the article is friendly towards the workmen, with whom Mr. Walker has evidently no quarrel. He recognizes their lot as being hard, and hopes for a time when a more satisfactory condition of things will exist. This does not prevent him, however, from carefully examining the remedies with which social reformers would cure the present social ills. After pointing out some of the untenable positions of economists on the one hand and labor agitators on the other—that under no circumstances is the contract for labor and that inasmuch as a reduction from fifteen and eighteen hours to ten or eleven has not been followed by any appreciable decrease of production or diminution of wages, the reduction from ten to eight hours would follow the same rule—Mr. Walker proceeds to state his objections to the present movement. Four difficulties present themselves in the way of the State interfering to adopt such a law: First, Mr. Walker is of the opinion that this is a matter which should be left to debate and decision between employers and laborers; the former retaining their right to grant or refuse the demand; the latter exercising their unquestioned right to refuse, individually or collectively, to work except upon terms agreeable to themselves. Second, the rights of the minority in such a matter demand consideration. If six hundred workmen are willing and desirous to secure greater leisure at the sacrifice of some part of their wages they have no moral right by a mere majority of votes to refuse to four hundred fellows the privilege of earning all their wages; they can in a longer day of work, always within the limits of health. Third, conceding for the moment the desirability of a further reduction in the hours of labor, it is a very grave mistake to undertake so long a step at once as that which is proposed from ten hours, or more to eight. Fourth, the uniform application to all trades and avocations of an eight hour law would be an injustice as between workman and workman. The several trades and avocations differ so widely among themselves, in the conditions under which they may be pursued as to make any single rule the height of injustice. It is evidently impossible so to control the conditions under which labor is conducted as to make it compatible with political justice, or even with ordinary honesty as between man and man, to prescribe the same number of hours per day for all.

## A Music-Loving Canary.

Rev. Mr. James, of London, writes as follows of a remarkable canary bird: "Immediately I began to play upon the flute she chirps about as if enjoying the music. If I open the cage-door and leave her, she will come as near to me as possible, but no attempt to fly to the flute down, she will perch upon my desk, and lay the flute upon my perch upon the end, and allow me to raise the instrument and play. I often take her into the church and play there upon the organ, and she will perch upon my fingers, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the motion of the hands, and chirp in evident delight at the sweet sounds."

## More than He Wanted.

Angry Caller (at newspaper office)—"Say, I want that little ad. I gave you two days ago—'Wanted, an electric battery in good working order'—taken out."

Advertising Clerk—"What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?"

Angry Caller—"Location be dashed! The blanked ad. overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night!"

## "Black Dogs at Midnight."

Not always is sleep "tired nature's sweet restorer." Sometimes, instead of a balm, it brings a bugaboo in the shape of the nightmare. Mai is a wonderful piece of work, but his machinery may be thrown out of gear and set a-whizzing by so slight a thing as a late supper. An indigestible Welsh rarebit at 11 p. m. may result in a big suffocating black dog across his chest at 1 o'clock in the morning; an overplus of oaf-pastry, which his gastric juices cannot conveniently assimilate, may precipitate him from a precipice in dreamland into a bottomless abyss; or a surfeit of *pate de foie gras* send him to a Morphean gallows, there to endure all the tortures of actual strangulation. This sort of thing, by the way, is only one remove from apoplexy, and the incubus-ridden victim of inordinate and untimely self-indulgence is likely enough to be at last bestridden in his sleep by a nightmare too strong for his vitality—even death.

The term nightmare is supposed to have been derived from Mara, the name of a demon which, according to the Scandinavian mythology, pounced upon men in their sleep and held the will in thralldom. The old Saxons called the distemper *Euf-sidenne*, or self-squating. With the doctors it is *Ephialtes*, from a mythic giant of that name who undertook to climb to heaven, but, missing his foothold, tumbled into the fathomless depths. Most of us have probably been convulsed in our sleep with the same sort of horror which the tripped-up Titan is fabled to have experienced during his "lofty fall" from the celestial battlements. There can be little doubt that many of the spectres of the dark ages were Maras begotten of indigestion. Your Saxon gormandizer, who sometimes feasted far into the night on boar's flesh and venison pastry, washing them down with frothy mead, must have gone to bed with his stomach in a nice condition. No wonder that of the internal fermentation, caused by such stuffing and swilling, hobgoblins and hippogriffs in endless variety were born. The surest way to avoid the nightmare and procure that sound, healthful repose with which each day's life should be "rounded off," is to live temperately, regularly and honestly. Ay, honestly, for a troubled conscience, as well as an over-laden diaphragm, may engender evil dreams.

## A British Columbian Marvel.

A very interesting work just published on the Glaciers of the Selkirk, and giving in popular form some of the results of explorations made in these mountains for the Royal Geographical Society of England, mentions a strange bouquet-making creature called the Sewellell as a curious inhabitant of the rocky wilds of our Pacific province. In climbing the wooded steeps on the margin of a glacier, Mr. Grant and his companion discovered along their path bouquets of flowers well arranged with their stems laid closely together. Very naturally they concluded that some one had been there before them, but yet the place was so inaccessible and so much out of the way of any settler, or tourist, or possible visitor other than an explorer who felt it his bounden duty to make the arduous ascent, that they instituted enquiries, with the result that they learned of the existence of this flower-loving creature. No reasonable explanation is offered of this strange habit, nor is any hint given of what the "creature" with so human an instinct is like. The author evidently is not venturing on a joke, but the mention of the whole thing seems so like a fairy tale or fit the pages of a traveller in the days when barman geese were hatched on trees and fierce, headless men roamed the forests of the Upper Nile, that one can only regret that Mr. Grant has not anticipated the curiosity of his readers and departed from the beaten track of his book to give a short chapter on the Sewellell. The name appears to be that sometimes given to a little animal somewhat resembling a beaver, but it may be doubted whether its flower-gathering propensity has hitherto been known to naturalists.

## The Wind's Way.

I whisper all day to the rushes,  
I ruffle the smooth-flowing stream,  
And borrow from cloudland and sunlight  
Their shadow and beam.

I hurry through grain field and forest  
O'er valley and high mountain chain;  
Their softness and sweetness I gather  
From meadow and main.

The secrets I murmur are many,  
As softly or blithely I blow,  
Yet what I reveal to the river  
No mortal may know.

Whether from too high living or too little exercise dependent saith not, but the latest report is that the Czar is growing very fat, and that with his increasing obesity there is a corresponding increase in his natural indolence. No avers has he become to details connected with the affairs of state that many of his officials are said to have adopted the policy of saying in a word that all is going on smoothly and then going out and doing about as they please. Perhaps it is as well for the peace of Europe that the man in whose hands such power lies should be too indolent to stir up a strife which if once begun might outlive the present generation. If Europe's tranquility depends upon a continuance of his present condition, few will pray that the scales may be less severely strained when he steps upon them.

The theory of Prince Bismarck that the discontent of the masses in Russia and Germany is due to education is one that will hardly find many friends among the educated and intelligent classes. The Chancellor says: "Over-education has led to much dissatisfaction and disappointment in Germany, but in Russia it has led to dissatisfaction and conspiracy. There are ten times as many people educated for the higher walks as there are places to fill. Further, education is making pedantic theorists and visionaries unfit for constitutional government. It would be madness to put such men in authority. The Russians do not know yet what they want. They must therefore be ruled with a rod of iron." Prince Bismarck would have come nearer the truth if instead of condemning the quantity, he had found fault with the quality of the education. A course of instruction that begets an aversion to honest labor, however menial, or renders a man less capable to perform the duties of even manual callings is sadly deficient in character. Of such education it is not difficult to believe that it does harm. Probably the Russians and Germans have been cursed with instruction of this kind.

## A Banshee Clock.

"We have not exactly a banshee in our family who foretells by her wailing an approaching death," said a lady to the writer yesterday, "but we have had mysterious warnings of such given us time and time again by an old clock which has been in our family for the last 120 years. The works were ruined by a shot fired by a British soldier during the Revolutionary war at my great-grandfather, which shot, passing unobtrusively through his body, killed him instantaneously and then broke the glass door, penetrating the works and stopping them, forever, for though innumerable attempts have been made to repair them, it seemed that some unknown power kept the clock silent except when death flapped his black wings over the household; so it was banished to the garret."

"The first instance of its warning was when my grandfather died. He had been very ill, but the physicians had at last pronounced him out of danger, and his family were just congratulating themselves on this news when the loud tones of a clock striking twelve, slowly and solemnly, like the tolling of a bell, was heard. 'Why, what is that?' said my grandmother. 'There was but one other clock in the house, which was in full view, so it was evident that it was not that one. 'It is my father's clock,' said her husband. 'It has struck the close of my day,' and before they could reach him he was dead, just as the last stroke died away."

"This occurrence was repeated when my grandmother herself lay dying. The old clock struck 12 just as she drew her last breath and my father, at last believing that there was something supernatural in the affair, had the old works removed, leaving only the hollow case; but a few years after, when my brother was brought home dangerously wounded after the battle of Chancellorsville, the long, slow, solemn tones of the old clock were heard as before, and poor Leon's life went out as they died on the air. They struck for my father and for my little child, who died last year. The clock warned me, too, when my sister died in Japan. I had just got a letter from her, in which she had spoken of feeling very well, when I heard the old clock, which was in a remote store room, strike so rapidly that the notes almost mingled, and then began slowly to strike another twelve strokes. 'My sister is dead,' I said to my husband, 'and has died very suddenly, but who the other strokes are for I cannot imagine.' My husband tried to reason and then to ridicule the idea, but I mourned for my sister as earnestly as though I had seen her die, and when, as I knew I should, I heard the news of her sudden death I found it had taken place on the same day and at the same hour as that on which the clock struck, allowing for the difference of time between Japan and Boston. Her baby, a few hours old, died a few minutes after the mother."

## The Sunday School Grand Army.

The progress of Sunday school work will appear in the following statistics collated under the auspices of the International Sunday School Convention, which met at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1878. Ten to 18 per cent would probably represent the status of gain for the present time. At that time there were in the United States 78,046 Sunday schools, 853,100 teachers, 6,504,054 scholars, or a total of 7,357,154 teachers and scholars, 119,221 having been received into the churches from the Sunday schools, Canada had 5,395 schools, 41,693 teachers, and 339,943 scholars. For Great Britain, there were in 1876, 378,762 scholars, an increase of 186,418 in ten years. At present there are schools in successful operation in France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Italy, and Portugal. They are pushing into Asia and Africa with the missionaries. There are, undoubtedly, upward of a million teachers in the world engaged in this beautiful and beneficent work, and they have under their instruction ten million of scholars.

## Origin of Texts.

The custom of taking a text as a basis of a sermon is older than the Bible itself. Ezra, we are told, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said amen, read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading (Nehemiah viii, 8).

Previous to the time of Ezra, the Patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies, either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain, as well as to read the Scriptures to them. In later times the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogues every Sabbath day (Acts xv, 21). To this custom our Saviour conformed; in the synagogue at Nazareth he read a passage from the Prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned to the priest, and preached from the text.

## He Took a Bible.

An interesting story, apropos of Stanley, is given in the *British Weekly*. It was told originally at a conference of workers at the Bible House, Queen Victoria street, London. In the course of the meeting Sir Harry Varnley rose and said—"I have something to tell you that I am sure you will all be very glad to hear. I was sitting a few days ago next to Mr. Stanley, the great African traveller, and in conversation he said—'Just before I started for Africa, Sir William Mackinnon said to me—'Now I want to give you something, but I should like you to choose for yourself. I shall have the utmost pleasure in presenting you with anything you like. Never mind the expense; just say what you would like.' 'I replied, said the traveller, 'give me a Bible.' The desired gift was soon in my possession, just the Bible I wanted. And during my absence in Africa I have read that Bible through three times.'" It need scarcely be added that the announcement was received by the meeting at the Bible House with the utmost delight and heartiest applause.

## What He Meant.

Little Daughter—"Mamma, I heard papa tell a gentleman yesterday that every male should learn the mystery art of self-defense. What did he mean by that?"

Mamma—"He probably meant that they should have a lie all ready to tell their wives when they come home after midnight; as he often does."

AGRICULTURAL.

Signs of Summer Rain.

"I knew it would rain," said the farmer's girl when I looked at the morning glories...

POINTS FOR DAIRYMAN.

- Prof. Robertson, Dominion Dairy Inspector, gives the following points of interest to dairymen who desire to produce the best quality of cheese or butter...

Outing Seed Potatoes.

The question of relative profit as between the use of small cuttings and whole potatoes depends upon the cost of seed potatoes...

Soft Soap for Fruit Trees.

There is no better preventive against borers and insects that infest the trunks and limbs of fruit trees than soft soap...



WANTED COLORED MAN TO DRIVE DOCTOR.

insects of all kinds, it serves to keep the bark clean and in a healthy condition. Its uses need not be confined to the orchard...

Curious Facts About Flowers.

There are many curious things in this wonderful world of ours which we miss for lack of keeping our eyes really open...

Occasionally, the pistil and the stamens are found in different flowers, or even upon separate plants. More commonly the anthers and stigma ripen at different times...

The flying insects, the bees, butterflies, and moths, are the messengers of many flowers. When the anthers are ripe the flower offers a drop of honey to all callers...

Flowers have habits and ways just as people have. There are some flowers that shut themselves up at night, as if to go to sleep, and open again in the morning...

The pond lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed, but it unfolds them again in the morning.

Fatal Riding Accident.

TORONTO, June 26.—A serious accident, which resulted fatally, happened to Mr. E. T. Coates, 16 Earl street, about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon...

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork...

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

The thirty-fourth annual general meeting of this institution was held at its Banking House in Toronto, on Wednesday, 18th June, 1890.

The report briefly referred to the unfavorable condition of trade and agriculture during the past year and the Banking legislation of the past session of the Dominion Parliament.

The net profits of the year, amounting to \$281,845.68, have enabled the Directors to pay dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and to add \$100,000 to the Rest Account now amounting to \$1,500,000, a sum equal to 75 per cent. of the capital.

The figures of the report give the results of the year's operations, and also show the position of the Bank as on 31st May last.

Statement of Profit and Loss Account.

Table with columns for various financial items and their corresponding amounts, including Dividend No. 67, 5%, and Dividend No. 68, 5%.

General Statement, 31st May, 1890.

Table showing LIABILITIES and ASSETS, including Notes in circulation, Deposits, and Gold and Silver Coin.

The report was adopted, and general satisfaction was expressed with the progress of the Bank. The former Board of Directors was re-elected and at their subsequent meeting George Gooderham, Esq., was elected President, and W. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice President.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In its First Stages. Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and foreign countries.

W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto. Bookkeeping, Banking, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc.

COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, NURSES, GENERAL SERVANTS. Good places, highest wages. Canadian Domestic Employment Agency, 94 King St. W., Toronto. Write for circular.

MISS STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge St., Toronto, is making a specialty of Parisian Plaiting. Skirts, 40c a yd.; children's skirts, or capes, 25c a yd. This is the only place in Canada where this class of work is done.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced.

CANCER and Tumor Specialist. Frigate Hospital, No. 111, Front Street East, Toronto.

\$10.00 A DAY - Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address: T. N. SCHMIDT, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FENCE - The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard or Town Lots. Prices from 45c per rod, 116c.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co's Oatmeal Skin Soap. MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO'S OATMEAL SKIN SOAP. MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL.

Address: WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 115 Yonge Street, Toronto.

KEEP YOUR KNITTING MACHINE ON THIS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our New Star Ribber and we will allow you \$10 PREMIUM DISCOUNT.

DR. NICHOLS' Food of Health. For Children and Adults. Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

THE COMET. Is the best. All Machines guaranteed. Machines sold on the GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM.

COMPLETELY CURED. Thousands declare it so. ST. LEON WATER has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion.

THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRAGES OF ALL KINDS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Deloraine and Return, \$28. Moosomin, - 28. Glenboro, - 28. Saltcoats, - 28. Moosejaw, 30. Calgary, 35.

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS. JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 15. SPECIAL COLONIST EXCURSIONS will leave all points in Ontario, Sherbrooke, Kingston and West thereof, on JUNE 17th.

ICURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

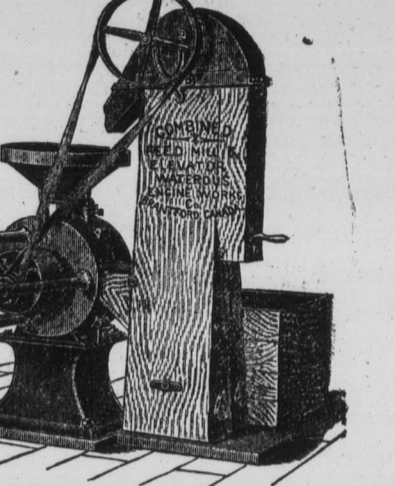
CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

Agents Wanted Throughout Canada FOR THE

Phoenix Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN. FIRE ONLY. ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital Assets \$2,000,000.00. Net Surplus 1,301,235.39. Head office, 114 St. James St., Montreal.



THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE TURKISH DYES

Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT FADE OUT!

Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

POND'S EXTRACT

THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRAGES OF ALL KINDS.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

## Country Talk.

### Poole.

Mr. Shearer's horse ran away the other evening, damaging the buggy somewhat.

The opening services were held last Sunday in the new Omish church in this place.

The Order of Good Templars of this place was well represented at the picnic held in Stratford last Tuesday. A number of the templars distinguished themselves in the games of the day. Even the very stones of our hall seem to breathe admiration of their skill and prowess. Miss Nellie Chalmers won 2nd prize for throwing base ball. Arthur Biffin took 1st prize in the farmer's race; Matt Whitney 2nd prize for jumping, while our redoubtable married member, Wm. Hamilton, carried off 1st prize in the married men's race. In the tug-of-war the lodge were victors, and won a beautifully framed picture for the lodge room.

### Turnberry.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohn Campbell, of Wellesley, were visiting relatives last week.

Miss S. Wilson left for Michigan last week. She intends taking up work for a second class certificate and then enter the teaching profession in that State.

Messrs. Chrysler and Higgins left Wingham last week on a trip to the vicinity of Bay City, Mich. If the country pleases them they will make Uncle Sam's domains their future home.

A picnic in connection with S. S. No. 9, Turnberry, will be held to-day (Friday) in Benjamin Henning's bush. A good time is expected as there will be an excellent football match to stir up and enliven the crowd.

A football match was played in Bluevale Thursday, the 19th, between the Brussels and Bluevale teams. The match was very evenly contested all through, yet about the middle of the 2nd half time the Bluevale team succeeded in scoring goal No. 1. The Brussels team then stopped playing and the teams gathered together and gave three cheers for each side and the efficient referee, Mr. Waters.

### Elma.

We are pleased to relate that George Denman, who has been confined to his bed for the past two weeks with inflammatory rheumatism is recovering.

By all appearances there will be a large fruit crop this year if we are not again troubled with frost. Keep your eye on all cures for the colic and how to do away with "apple sass."

The season has now opened for picnics, but to decide which will be the best it is not for us to say. However we may safely say that we expect to spend a pleasant time at each of them.

A young couple from the 10th con. were tracked on Sunday night of last week. It appears they took a fancy to Lang's saw mill and drove down to see the ruins. Hold your own M. A. or the people will think you are going to skip to the States for a couple of months to milk cows.

The farmers of the 14th con. are making vast improvements on their property at present in the shape of buildings. On Thursday, 12th inst., Wm. Dewar raised a large bank barn. On Saturday, 14th, Wm. Horn, of the 14th con., east, had a similar occurrence on his farm, and on Monday of last week we were again called out to assist Robt. Rutherford in raising his new barn. May each of these be a store house for a large and bountiful harvest for this and many seasons.

Stephen Hamilton, 10th con., is the possessor of a good colt sired by the Prince of Geil, the well-known Clydesdale stallion, property of Edward Henry, Logan. The colt is 7 weeks old. Girth 4 ft. 1 inch, bone front leg below knee 7 1/2 in., arm 19 in., hind leg bone 8 in. Is the Prince a good horse? Yes, you bet your boots he is.

Young Prince is coming, wait awhile. You will see his action in proper style; His body's round, his head is high, They all look out when he goes by.

His stock is good and true as steel, And always ready at their meal; With action, style and good round feet, Their owners say they can't be beat.

His stock has proven to man so kind, They cannot leave young Prince behind; His legs are clean, his back is neat, His head is never at his feet.

### Grey.

Fall wheat is heading out. The Donald McLanehin farm will pay 50 cents on the dollar.

John Douglas and wife, of Woodstock, were visiting at Geo. Forest's the other day.

Potatoes are growing nicely. We hear of none being injured with the wet weather.

Thos. McLaughlin attended a meeting of the Live Stock Association at Seaforth on Tuesday of last week.

Hugh Stewart, of the 16th con., is splitting his barn to make more room for grain, &c.

Elder Thos. Strachan is attending the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church at Ottawa.

Mrs. Robert Scott, of Preston, is visiting relatives and old acquaintances on the 14th and 16th cons.

Miss May McQuarrie is holidaying at Kincairdine for the next two weeks renewing old acquaintances.

Another permanent resident has come to the 16th con. You may have many more such gifts from your lady, Angus. What is home without them anyway?

Mr. Querengesser, 16th con., now has a grinder in his mill and the farmers find it very convenient as they have not to go so far now to get their grain chopped into feed.

Wm. and Robt. Dark, Wm. Habbirk and George Welsh, all of this township, left on the excursion train on Tuesday of last week for Manitoba, where they will spend a month or so visiting relatives and seeing the country.

Brussels seems to be the centre of attraction for Dominion day. The Trades procession is what catches them. It is expected that all the trades will be represented. Some of the Grey boys think they will chime in with a boodlers van, but they might get left.

A. Barron moved his barn on Friday 14th inst., and is intending to put a stone foundation beneath it; and James Buthill has very much improved the appearance of his new residence by a few coats of white paint. The 16th is keeping pace with the times with a degree of speed a little in advance of the average.

Road-work is delayed in some beats owing to so much rain having fallen. It began in James Cusic's beat on the 16th con., on Thursday of last week. C. Bowerman, teacher of S. S. No. 8, will put in his first day at it on Saturday, 21st inst., and his second on the Saturday following. When Jim, get the reins of power in his hands, teachers have to shoulder the shovel and work for their Queen like other loyal subjects.

We notice with pleasure that our new acquaintance, J. M. Godfrey, of Belgrave, has swept all before him in art and law at the Toronto University Examinations, winning the Edward Blake scholarship of \$50. Mr. Godfrey, although quite a young man, is also well up as a public speaker, having addressed a public meeting at Cranbrook in this township, in the interests of Mr. Musgrove, during the campaign. May success crown success is our worst wish for him.

### Brussels.

Strawberries have put in an appearance.

J. McCrae, of Toronto, spent Sunday in town.

Alex. Hunter visited the Queen city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mooney are visiting in Toronto.

Miss I. Pelton, of Wingham, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. R. Wilson.

Mr. McCracken, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Postmaster Farrow.

No service in Knox church last Sunday owing to the pastor being away.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Watson are renewing old acquaintances in and around our city.

Our town hall is getting a coat of paint which will improve its appearance.

Rev. R. Paul was preaching in Thornedale last Sabbath supplying for Rev. D. Perrie.

Miss Lottie and Master Eddie Hill and Miss Annie Smith are visiting in Clinton.

Rev. Mr. McCrae, of Cranbrook, preached in Melville church last Sabbath evening.

Mrs. Donald Strachan and three children left here Tuesday to visit her mother in Manitoba.

Quite a quantity of wool is being delivered at Brussels market and woolen mill this year.

Flax is doing well in this locality. Samples have been pulled that measure 2 feet 10 inches.

J. J. Gilpin had the misfortune to sprain his ankle Tuesday. He will be laid up for a while.

Lorne Hunter, who has been sick with typhoid fever in Toronto, arrived home last Saturday. He is improving slowly.

It is reported here that Mr. Robb, of Inspector of schools for North Huron at the hands of the County Council.

Rev. M. Swann, of Glencoe, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Sellery, and his old friends in town. He preached a very interesting and acceptable sermon in the Methodist church last Sunday morning.

Over 9,000 pounds of cheese was sold last week by the Morris & Grey cheese factory to Mr. Hodgins, of London. The price paid was 8 1/2 cents per pound. This factory has a good standing and is justly entitled to it.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Jno. McCallum, R. Henderson and R. Leatherdale have been putting up new fences at their respective properties.—Jno. Barnhill is having a new foundation built under his dwelling on Alexander street.—The residences of W. H. McCracken, Geo. Cardiff and Jas. Walker have been brightened up by the application of the paint brush.

DIED.—Mrs. Jacob Eamer, who has been ill with consumption for some time, died at her home in Brussels on Tuesday afternoon of last week, at the early age of 27 years, 8 months and 24 days. The deceased was a Miss Sharpin of Howick township, and was married to her now bereft partner about 2 1/2 years ago. She was only confined to her bed for about a week. A little daughter not yet two years of age is left motherless. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon, the interment being at the burying ground on the Grey and Howick boundary.

GRAVELLING CONTRACT.—On Thursday, 13th, as per notice, various jobs of graveling between Jamestown and Walton were let by Reeves Mooney and Milne as follows:—Ed. Ward a \$80.00 job north of the churches, Walton, at 32 cents a yard; Wm. Denbow, \$145.00, south of Brussels, at 28 cents per yard; Thos. McLouchlin, \$75.00, north of Brussels, at 41 cents; Jas. Bishop, \$50.00, opposite concessions 5 and 6, Grey, at 49 cents. The above mentioned contracts supplemented by the road work should make a big improvement on the road north and south of Brussels. Last winter was a hard one on the roads generally on account of there being so little frost. The above mentioned jobs are to be done forthwith.

Miss Emma Walker is home from her situation in Blenheim, also Miss F. E. Kerr from Wyoming.

Last Monday evening was the business meeting in connection with the Y. P. C. E., of the Methodist church. The following officers were elected for the coming six months: Rev. S. Sellery, M. A., B. D., Honorary President; George Rodgers, President; Eli Smith 1st Vice-President; Minnie Moore, Sec.-Treas.; Executive Committee, Mrs. Stanley Anderson, Misses L. Thompson and E. E. Kerr and Messrs. T. Hill, W. Roddick, D. Armstrong and Dr. Cavanaugh; Lookout committee, Misses E. Bawlinheimer, M. Gerry, G. Smith and B. Holmes, and Messrs. J. Ball, R. Anderson, W. T. Mooney and A. Hood. This society is in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of nearly 70 names.

### Ethel.

Miss Annie Hamilton spent last Sunday on the 12th con. There must be some attraction there surely.

Miss Kate Ducklow has gone to Carthage to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Walker. We wish her a pleasant time.

Rev. John Ross, B. A., of Brussels, conducted a Thanksgiving service in the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening. His discourse was much appreciated.

The Orangemen of Ethel intend celebrating the 20th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne in Harrison on the 12th of July. They expect to have a grand time.

Rev. I. Campbell, of Listowel, will deliver a lecture in the Presbyterian church on the evening of July 1st, at 6:30 o'clock, in aid of the Sabbath School. Admission, 10c.

RUNAWAY.—While John Long, jr., was starting from Ethel cheese factory on Thursday morning of last week his horses got frightened and ran away, the wagon striking a telegraph post and throwing Mr. Long on the tongue where he managed to hang on for life or death while the horses ran half a mile before they were stopped. Mr. Long had a very narrow escape, indeed it was not a miracle he was not killed. The milk cans and wagon were badly wrecked.

[We will be pleased to hear from our Ethel scribe every week.—ED. BEE.]

### Stratford.

After Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Stratford, preached the opening sermon at meeting of the Midland Counties Association of the Baptist church in Galt, Rev. J. L. Gilmore, B. A., of Orangeville, was elected moderator and R. D. Warren clerk. The reports from the churches were of an exceedingly encouraging character. Number of churches reported, 21; membership, 2,025; added during the year, 175; raised for missions, \$2,787; increase over last year, \$1,297; raised for all purposes, \$32,444; contributions per member, \$16.

The inquest on the unfortunate boy Neff closed on Friday evening of last week. After a succinct review of the evidence by Dr. Devlin, the coroner, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the death of the poor boy unfortunately resulted through being burnt by blazing oil thrown on the bonfire on the night of June 6th, by Thomas Saunderson; but the jury was of the opinion that Saunderson had no malice aforethought or criminal intent. The jury also expressed the opinion that the law prohibiting the building of bonfires on the public streets, should be more strictly enforced in future.

Much regret will be felt by those acquainted with him, at the announcement of the unexpected death of Duncan Menish an old and faithful employee of the Grand Trunk Railway Co., which occurred on Saturday, June 14. Mr. Menish was for many years employed at the station here as car inspector or car foreman, in which capacity he was known to many of our citizens and also greatly esteemed by them for his sterling qualities. Several years ago he was promoted to a more responsible position in the company's service at Portland, where, also, we learn, he endeared himself to all who formed his acquaintance. He was a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, and came to Canada at an early age.

The festival at the rink on Friday evening of last week was an occasion long to be remembered by all interested in the sound of musical education of the children of the classic city. The coliseum structure was well seated, decorated and beautifully lighted by gas and electric light; the latter varied in its tints by the use of colored globes, 1,200 children, prettily attired, rose in full view of the audience from a tier of twenty seats extending across the floor of the building nearly seventy feet. The program of song was executed in a manner which delighted an audience of not less than 2,500 as well as demonstrated the care, patience and skill of Mr. Freeland, their able and painstaking teacher. The city band visited the rink and played stirring airs, to the delight of the children and adults, then all went home at 11 o'clock "merry as a marriage bell."

A special meeting of the Stratford Collegiate Institute Board was held on Monday evening of last week. Present, Messrs. MacGregor (chairman), Bennoch, Street, McPherson and O'Flaherty. The vacancies in the teaching staff were filled by the selection from the several applicants, of Wilson Taylor, of Tilsonburg, for the mathematical mastership, at a salary of \$1,000 per annum. Mr. Taylor is a young man of high educational attainments and comes highly recommended by both the high school inspectors. He holds first class honors in mathematics, fourth year honor undergraduate, and Normal school gold medalist. The choice for the assistant English mastership fell on George Malcolm, of the Mitchell high school, who also is highly recommended by the inspectors. He was a student of the University of Edinburgh, and is a fourth year undergraduate of Queen's College, Canada. Salary, \$800 per annum.

# LAMONT'S MUSICAL EMPORIUM,

## LISTOWEL

LIST OF NAMES TO WHOM WE HAVE SOLD ORGANS AND PIANOS DURING THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

Name	Location	Name	Location
George Barber	Listowel	John E. Baker	Dorking
H. T. Baxbert	"	Nellie Goise	"
Francis Coleman	"	Mary Allingham	"
Annie Knachtel	"	Thos. Connolly	"
E. H. McOury	"	Joseph Adam	"
Wm. B. Leary	"	Wm. Ogden	"
May Martin	"	L. B. Doherty	Mildmay
John Homes	"	Annie Huebschweren	"
Joseph Anley	"	Emma Panselle	"
Rev. C. G. Franklin	"	Joseph Goudat	"
W. C. Kadd	"	R. Harding	"
John J. Stewart	"	Edward McDonagh	Mount Forest
Miss James Coghill	"	R. C. Monaghan	"
Matthew Danson	"	John Allen	"
John W. Watson	"	C. Callaway	"
Mary Gibson	"	C. Cook	Wagram
Henry Lindenschmidt	"	Ed. Callaway	"
W. F. McElroy	"	J. McLean	"
Emma Ross	"	John Ferguson	Farwell
John Elroit	"	John A. Morrison	"
J. P. Weiksford	"	David Starks	"
Mary Telfer	"	M. Potter	"
Stigleason Wilson	"	H. Murray	Hollin
John Lammer	Traloe	N. Cowling	Orchardville
John Welsh	"	Janet Leggatt	"
John Davidson	"	James Hoy	"
Lewis Smith	"	Wm. Gordon	"
Andrew Donaldson	Atwood	R. J. Henderson	Palmerston
Wm. Dunn	"	James Corvan	"
E. Johnson	"	C. Robertson	"
Wm. Dickson	"	John Bedford	"
Thomas Dickson	"	Thos. Duff	"
Jacob Klump	"	P. E. Ritter	"
Thos. Lallantyne	"	Jas. Balfour	"
S. Shannon	"	Robt. Cross	"
James Menies	Burgoyne	Isaac Robb	"
Thos. B. Miller	"	Robt. Beamish	"
Miss Wickham	"	James Cheville	"
John Sturgeson	Port Elgin	Richard Lobb	"
Dr. Rube Ford	"	Walter Hayes	"
Matthew Hunter	"	Wm. Brown	"
Nellie Dewar	Musselburg	Peter McGrath	"
Peter Helm	"	W. T. Mitchell	"
Wm. Kerr	Millbank	James Coultas	"
Mc. Surgeon	"	Joseph Scuttling	"
Alex. Bruce	"	Thomas Williams	"
Wm. Priest	"	David Humphries	"
P. W. Sturgeon	Lintathem	Jacob Corbett	"
A. Hughes	Durham	Thomas Mitchell	Rothsay
R. C. Stewart	Harrison	Maggie McKay	"
David Campbell	Milverton	Nellie McKay	"
Wm. Ausman	"	H. Heseltine	"
T. and J. Gibson	Molesworth	James Giles	"
John Fox	"	Jos. Gregory	"
David Campbell	"	Chas. Kousie	New Hamburg
Mr. McCombs	Gorie	John Hanstock	"
Geo. G. Eggs	"	Duncan Caldwell	Newbridge
H. H. Holladay	"	Wm. Barber	"
J. C. James	"	R. J. Henderson	"
Richard Twainley	"	P. J. Petes	Brunner
John Scott	"	Francis Arkens	Toppin
Alex. Cromwell	"	Geo. Hiles	Newry.
Jos. E. Coombs	"	Joseph Kresner	Wallerstein
Robt. Cuttenden	"	Duncan Anderson	"
Wm. Hoeg	"	John Mewhinney	Burns
Wm. Evans	"	John Holmes	Trowbridge
James Armstrong	"	Alex. McEachem	Cotswold
James White	"	Wm. Ross	"
Alex. Mewhinney	Dorking	David McKay	"
		Barney Doneghan	Carthage
		Geo. Sweeney	Teviotdale
		Methodist church	"
		Rev. Feinkbeinder	Alsfieldt

## J. H. McDONALD'S 50c. THE BEE FROM

NOW TO JAN 1, 1891.

### FLOUR FOR SALE.

Brick house and seven acres of land, and some fine frame houses and lots in Atwood; also improved farms in Elma and Grey.

Money advanced to purchasers and others at Lowest Rates of Interest, and best terms for repayment.

Conveyancing Done.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

THOS. FULLARTON,

9th Commissioner in H. C. J.

## Excelsior Painting Co

Mitchell, have opened a paint shop in Atwood. They are prepared to do all kinds of House, Sign and Decorative Painting, Graining, Paper-hanging, Kalsomining, Glazing, &c. All orders left at

SHOP,

### ON MAIN STREET,

Over Wm. Moran's Carriage Shop

Will be promptly attended to.

W. J. MARSHALL,

Manager.

### Agents Wanted.

FONTHILL NURSERIES—LARGEST IN CANADA.

We want reliable, energetic men to sell our Nursery stock; previous experience not necessary; any man with tact and energy can succeed; either salary or commission; outfit free. Our agents have many advantages, such as selling home-grown, hardy Canadian stock. Choice new specialties, which are of value, and which can only be secured from us, such as a complete list of New Russian Apples, the Ritson Pear, Saunders Plum, Hilborn Raspberry, Moore's Ruby and Black Champion Currants, Moore's Diamond Grape, etc. We have given particular attention to the propagation of Hardy Varieties suitable to the Northern sections of Canada. For terms apply to

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ontario.

—AND—

### FEED

—AND—

## Grocery Store

MAIN STREET,

### ---LISTOWEL---

One Door East of Post Office.

- Higgins' Liverpool Salt,
- Flour,
- Beef,
- Cheese,
- Oats,
- Peas,
- Bran,
- Shorts,
- Potatoes,
- Turnips,
- Clover and Timothy Seed,
- Salt,
- Tobaccos,
- Oatmeal,
- Corneal,
- Cracked Wheat,
- Graham Flour,
- Sugar and Teas.

### GROCERIES

In Fall 15tf 19-2m