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VOL. 2.

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NO. 32.

Failures in Life's Battles.

A failure, says a contemporary, is a person who, at the close of life's journey, finds himself worse off than when he began; who has not advanced at least a little beyond the achievement of his father; who has failed to make a decent and comfortable living, and to leave something for those dependent on him. In such case, unless he has been debarred by sickness or something more than the hindrances that beset ordinary men, he is a failure to the extent that he falls below the average of his fellows. Of the causes of failure, which the miserable do not confess, drink is the most prolific. Then comes the desire to get rich by short cuts and without hard work. Some of our hardest working men to-day are among the millionaires. Sickness is another cause of failure. But there is one cause having more influence than all the rest, probably—that is the want of pluck. It is the one who cannot be drowned that succeeds at last. Fate may make a football of him for fifty years, but he will yet come out right side up and make his fortune. If people only understood the magic power there is in holding on and never giving up, there would be more rich men and women in the world by far than there are to-day. If one plan is not successful, it simply shows this was not the right way, not that the man who failed to make it work had exhausted his powers. To the man or woman with any sense it shows any thing but that. The want of economy is a prolific cause of failure—that is, the prudent saving of money and its judicious investment. There is no surer road to incompetence than that of living beyond one's income, and hoping to escape by a stroke of luck or a sudden happening of the unexpected. Another frequent cause of failure is the lack of the ability to recognize the real opportunities and promptly improve them. In homely phrase if one's foresight were as clear as one's hindsight, there would be fewer failures. This, however, is not a reprehensible cause, as foresight of this kind is a special gift and sometimes an intuitive talent. Not everyone can have it. These are the principal reasons for failure in life; and of these undoubtedly drink, gambling, speculation, fast living, and the inclination to get rich by some grand stroke are the most common. We do not observe, however, that those who have failed are, as a rule, honest enough to make this acknowledgment. They are ready to assign any reasons but the right ones. They are not courageous enough to face the music. They will not own up to themselves that the fault is their own, and not that of their friends, or their partners, and the world.

The Harvest and Debt Paying.

Now that the abundance of our harvest is beyond doubt, and its saleable value certain to be high, it may be well to say a firm word or two to farmers as to their disposal of crop proceeds. It by no means follows that a rich harvest adds to the wealth of the producer. He to whom this bounty comes may so misuse the godsend as to turn it into a curse. We are not without justifying evidence when we affirm that there are few farmers in Canada free from debt, free we mean from embarrassing and expensive obligations. As a general rule the books of country storekeepers are crowded with accounts with farmers that are never settled. There is a constant balance of debt kept up, more or less, and the aggregate of these keeps the merchant constantly short of money so that the wholesale houses and banks are to-day carrying the bulk of retailers in country places. The farmers are not able, owing to these debts, to deal freely, to the best advantage, as economy requires. To both parties these store debts are a heavy burden. The retailer who is always short in his payments, who renews his notes as regularly as they mature, is at the mercy of the wholesaler, he has to take what goods they choose to press upon him, and at rates which cut into his profits, so also are drawn more and more into purchasing such goods as they do not really require or desire, because they do not feel independent in dealing with the tradesman to whom they are in debt. All these vicious and dangerous relations can only be put on a healthy and safe footing by the farmer paying his debts. This year ought to see a great clearance of these old store debts all over the country. If this occurs the harvest will do a splendid service to the whole business of the country, every interest will feel that it has been enriched and strengthened. But if the harvest simply finds money for new purchases of land with a mortgage accompaniment, or for new, and all but needless, costly implements, or for barn extensions that might be dispensed with, or for gifts to children, more out of pride than prudence, or for ostentatious teams and wagons, then so far as the farmers are concerned, the abundant harvest will have only added a fresh link to his fetters of debt. The branch banks in smaller towns could do great service in pressing this policy upon their customers. Bankers with wholesale accounts should give them distinctly to understand that their country credits must not be increased because of the good harvest, but that now the farmers are able, they will be expected to pay off old debts, that the retailers will have to stop renewals, and that their own and

their customers notes must be paid as they mature. It will we fear be too readily forgotten that although this year's crop is good, it does not raise the whole of the last four years up to a fair average. A bad harvest this year would have been a serious disaster. Every dollar then of the crop proceeds is mortgaged in some form. If all the obligations created by the deficient harvests of last three years were paid off, there would be no balance left for new expenditures, much less for any kind of extravagance. We strongly urge that debt paying must be the outcome of our bountiful harvest if the country is to reap the full benefit of this bounty of Providence.

Trowbridge.

Do you wish to subscribe for the brightest and best newspaper in this district? Subscribe for THE BEE and your wish is gratified.

DIED.—On Friday morning, Aug. 21, death peacefully claimed Samuel Code, of this place, and a well-known Elma pioneer. It had been evident for some time that he could not last long, yet to many who have known him and held him in high regard since the early fifties when the first clearances were made in the solid Elma bush lands, his death came as a painful reminder to the changing times. Born in the county of Lanark, Ont., in 1824, Samuel Code was the eldest son of the late George Code who was himself of English birth. When but a youth of 24, Samuel accompanied by his younger brother, George, whose death at Trowbridge was recorded in these columns but a short time ago, struck back into the Queen's bush, prospecting for a home, launching out from Bell's corners (now Shakespeare). This was in '48, and the young men carried little else than their axe and rifle with a necessary supply of provisions. The only mark then existing hereabouts showing that white men had ever been through was what was called the Wawanosh line, existing only as a line of blazed marks on the tree trunks running from St. Jacobs along what is now the town line to the lake shore. At that time neither Elma nor Wallace were surveyed or even named. Ranging back and forth they struck the Maitland stream below Listowel, and spent a night on its banks. They followed it down until, struck with the natural advantages and beauties of the site at Trowbridge they decided to locate there. They set about building a shanty and clearing the land. They roughed it for two years when in 1850 their mother came and kept house for them for a year. The rest of the family did not come up permanently until 1854. Shortly after his mother returned in 1851 Samuel was married to Miss Mary J. Ritchie, the ceremony being performed by the late Rev. Geo. Case then of the Wellies circuit. In '54 the township was surveyed and the Codes put in their claim for the lands they had settled. On part of this land was surveyed in 1857, a town plot, and it was many years before they got their claims settled. For a number of years the nearest post-office was Stratford and the journey used to be made about once a month for the mail. The first office opened in the township was at Trowbridge, Mr. Code being postmaster. Samuel and George constructed the first bush trail or oxen road through the bush, it led from Trowbridge up the stream and struck off to Glenallen on the one side and back towards Molesworth on the other. It was on this trail that the Grahams' and other Molesworth settlers travelled reaching their lands via Trowbridge. The Codes erected the first saw mill in the district and had lumber for sale almost before there were customers to buy. A dam was thrown across the stream and a solid frame building erected. At the raising of this mill an incident, showing by contrast a feature characteristic of the times, occurred. When the time came for raising the timbers no help was of course near by and a journey had to be made into Mornington to get hands. When they learned in reply to an enquiry that no liquor would be on hand, the visitors were informed that the men would not come. Hearing of this a gang of Maryboro men volunteered, the result being that men came from both townships and the building went up all the better for the absence of liquor. Mr. and Mrs. Code had a family of seven sons and three daughters. Mrs. Code and one son and two daughters passed away before their father. He was married again to Mrs. Cosens, of Trowbridge, who survives him. One son, William, lives at Seaforth, another Samuel, at Valleyfield, Quebec, and the others are at home. Mr. Code was an affectionate husband and father and a steadfast friend. From the first regular services held in connection with the Methodist church in Trowbridge, in 1855, to his death, he was a leading man in church work. The first religious services of any kind were conducted by the Rev. Armstrong, whom Mr. Code met in Peel and induced to come back with him. The Rev. J. A. Dyer was the first settled pastor. The funeral took place on Sunday to the Elma cemetery and formed an unusually long procession. The pall bearers were the life long friends of the early days, John Wesley Boyd, William Kellington, Charles Cosens, Wm. Clothier, John Adam and Wm. Hewitt. Services were conducted in the church by the pastor and by Rev. Mr. Baylis, late of Owen Sound. We sympathize with the bereaved family in their affliction.—Banner.

The Census.

The new census for the Dominion shows an increase in the past ten years of 11.52 per cent, the present population being 4,823,344 as against 4,324,810 in 1881. Stratford appears in the list as the twenty-third largest place in the Dominion, having increased from 8,239 in 1881 to 9,501 in 1891. The county of Perth has slightly decreased in population, the figures as just published being respectively 46,311 and 48,145. The increase in population has been chiefly in the towns and cities, the rate of increase in them having been as high as 33.2 per cent. There are now 47 cities with a population exceeding 5,000, being 12 more than in 1881; 43 towns between 3,000 and 5,000, an increase of five; and 83 villages from 1,500 to 3,000, an increase of 28. Following are the populations of a few of the towns in Perth and elsewhere:

St. Marys	1891.	1881.
Mitchell	3416	3415
Listowel	2101	2284
Berlin	2587	2688
Palmerston	7425	4254
Owen Sound	2007	1828
Seaforth	7497	4426
Clinton	2641	2480
Goderich	2635	2603
Waterloo	3839	4564
Galt	2941	2666
Guelph	7535	5157
Woodstock	10539	9800
Ingersoll	8612	5373
Sarnia	4191	4318
Pt. Edward	6893	3874
Exeter	1882	1293
Forest	1809	1725
Wiarion	2057	1614
St. Thomas	1984	796
Windsor	10370	8367
Chatham	10322	6561
Peterborough	9562	7873
Lindsay	9717	6812
Cambridge	6381	5080
Port Hope	4339	4657
Belleville	5042	5581
Kingston	9914	9516
Rockville	19264	14091
Ottawa	8793	7939
Toronto	44154	31307
Hamilton	181220	96196
St. Catharines	48980	35960
Brantford	9170	9631
Paris	12753	9616
Collingwood	3094	3173
Montreal	4940	4445
Quebec	216650	155237
St. John	63900	62446
Fredericton	39179	41353
Moncton	6502	6218
Halifax	8765	5032
Winnipeg	38556	30100
Brandon	25642	7985
Calgary	3778	—
Vancouver	3876	—
New Westminster	13685	—
Victoria	6641	1500
Port Arthur	16841	5925
Portage la Prairie	2698	1275
Portage la Prairie	3363	—

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Windsor has another French paper. It is called Le Canadien. The total number of Roman Catholic communicants in the U. S. is returned by the census as 6,250,000. The military camp opens at Belleville, on Sept. 8. About 1,200 brave Canadian flat feet will be put through their facings. Mrs. Tom Thumb, who is one of the most popular "freaks" in America, is paid \$500 a week by her managers. She has a handsome home in Bridgeport, Conn., and when not under an engagement lives there in ease. Mr. Massey, one of the great manufacturers of Toronto, seriously contemplates removing from Toronto that part of his factory devoted to the manufacture of reaper knives, because of the heavy water bill he is required to pay. He employs about 100 men in this industry alone, and that city has been taxing him 12 1/2 c. per thousand gallons. He may come west.

Additional Local Items.

On Wednesday last Rev. E. S. Rupert, M. A., of Milverton, made us a pleasant call on his way home from attending the District meeting at Trowbridge. W. HAWKSHAW and W. Wilson have dissolved partnership. The latter goes back to the farm, which becomes vacant this fall. Chas. Zeran takes Mr. Wilson's place on the road. J. A. HACKING, ticket agent, Listowel, reports the following passengers for G. T. R. and connecting lines: Miss R. Tipping, Miss J. Tipping, New Haven, Conn.; James Greenwood, Neche, Dakota; Wm. Wilson, Regina, N. W. T.; Miss J. Kerr, Miss A. Kerr, Arden, Man.; Wm. Watkins, Calgary, J. Shannon, Virden, Man.; Miss Hattie McKenzie, Chicago; Jno. Martin, Mackinaw; Ben McLooney and daughter, Denver, Col.; Miss Bowman, Parry Sound. ST. ALBAN'S church people are making great preparations for their harvest thanksgiving services and festival to be held on the 13th and 14th Sept. Rev. W. Henderson, M. A., of Wiarion, will conduct the services on Sunday, and quite an array of clergymen have promised to attend on Monday evening. The church will be decorated as in former years with grains, fruit and flowers. Miss Parsons, now of Palmerston, is training the choir for the musical part of the services.

Huron County Notes.

W. Govenlock, formerly of Ethel, died on Aug. 22, on his large farm in Neepawa, Manitoba. He was 62 years of age. Rev. Geo. Brown died at Wroxeter on August 25th. He had labored for 22 years as pastor of the Wroxeter Presbyterian church. Joseph and Robert Smilie, of Morris, were successful at Hamilton in passing for a third class certificate at the recent examination. A somewhat unusual circumstance is the fact of an aged widow, who resides in Clinton, having four daughters there who are also widows. Mr. McGinnis, for many years in the grocery business in Seaforth, has purchased the store, stock and business of Geo. Baeker in Brussels. While on his way to the coast, David Sprout, of Seaforth, spent a couple of days visiting his old friend, Samuel Hicks, in Southern Manitoba. W. T. Whately, of the Clinton News-Record, is an applicant for the position of County Clerk, made vacant by the death of the late Peter Adamson. A. Irwin, teacher of the Auburn public school, leaves in about four weeks' time. It is understood he will go to Philadelphia to study dentistry. The following Brucefield students secured certificates at the late examinations:—Wm. McDonald secured a 2nd; Miss Jennie Mustard and H. Anderson 3rds. On Monday afternoon a whirlwind passed over the eastern portion of Blyth tearing the shingles off some of the dwellings and lifting the roof off the flax mill and doing other damage. A head of oats was taken the other day from a field owned by Thos. Keys, near Varna, that contained 292 grains. The crop was grown upon rich new land and will average about 75 bushels to the acre. On Sunday morning, Aug. 23, the frame building used as a town hall and market building with contents, Seaforth, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$4,500; insurance \$2,300. Incendiarism strongly suspected. The Clinton Organ Co. are talking about removing their works from Clinton to Wingham if the Wingham people will give them sufficient inducements. The matter is now under consideration. A silver and bronze medal, given by the Ontario Agricultural and Arts Association, will be offered for competition at the South Huron Fall Show, to be held at Exeter, on the 28th and 29th of September. On Saturday morning, Aug. 22, on the farm of John L. Little, Turnberry, M. Kennedy, between the hours of 7.30 and 11.30 a.m., threshed with a horse-power machine 350 bushels of wheat, over 100 of which was spring wheat. They also drew in a quantity of oats to fill out the half day. Elaborate preparations are being made for a grand picnic which is to be given by the ladies of the St. Augustine Catholic church on Thursday, Sept. 17. Speeches will be delivered by M. C. Cameron, M. P.; J. T. Garrow, M. P. P.; P. Kelly, Blyth; M. Corrigan, Holyrood; D. McGillicuddy, Goderich, and others. While spring wheat in this county will probably slightly exceed our estimate of 20 bushels to the acre fall wheat will hardly average 30 bushels. We understand that 26.2 bushels to the acre are calculated for the county of Huron by the Government statistician. That means over six bushels more than the average of the county for the ten years 1881-91. The extra yield of wheat means from \$300,000 to \$400,000 extra cash circulating in this fair county this season. He is a churlish fellow who is not grateful at the prospect. Government Detective Murray is returning to Goderich from Manitoba with James Chambers, of Guelph, alias Gilkinson, who is wanted for the attempted murder of Listowel's chief of police at Clinton some months ago. Chambers and his companion committed a number of robberies in Perth and Huron and when Chief Bulmer attempted to arrest him at Clinton he fired a couple of bullets into the officer and escaped. He next turned up at Portage la Prairie, where he was arrested for working the film-flam game and sentenced to a short term, which has just expired. One day last week S. Dickson, Postmaster, Seaforth, received a letter at the post office bearing the following: "Mr. Joseph Wilson, Farmer, Huron Track, McKillop's Post Office, Upper Canada, North America." The writer of this must have forgotten that time flies, and that people and places change with the passing of time. It is now 25 years since Upper Canada was done away with, and it is over 50 years since McKillop's Post Office was located on the Huron Road at Fowler's hill, about two miles west of Seaforth, and the late Adolph Meyer was Postmaster, but there has been no such post office for over half a century. Mr. Dickson has also made enquiry as to Jos. Wilson, but none of the old settlers can call to mind such a man. The letter had been posted at Bothwell on the 3rd of August, 1891, as the post mark shows. Bothwell is a post office near Glasgow, Scotland. It is presumed the letter contains word of a fortune for the lucky claimant.

Perth County Notes.

Stratford's population by the new census is 9,501. It is reported that J. & J. Livingstone have decided to build a large seed elevator at Baden. N. Krotz and P. Walter have opened up a dry goods store in Listowel under the name of Krotz & Walter. The regular meeting of the Ministerial Association is postponed from Monday, Sept. 7, to Monday Oct. 5. John Blowes, of Mitchell, had one of his fingers broken while playing in a game of baseball the other day. T. H. Race, editor of the Mitchell Recorder, left last week for a two weeks' visit at Ottawa, Port Hope and other points. Hunter Bros., of Kincardine, are engaged at Hurlburt & Merryfield's mill, Monkton, putting a new head in their boiler. W. Smith, a University graduate, has been engaged as a teacher in the Mitchell High school. Salary, \$700 per annum. Mrs. Dingman, wife of Dr. Dingman, of Listowel, returned home after a two months' visit among friends in the vicinity of Albany, N. Y. Until a good implement manufacturing establishment is started in Mitchell business and population must continue to go back.—Advocate. James, youngest son of Alex. Stewart, ex-deputy reeve of Logan, succeeded in getting a third class certificate at the recent Departmental examinations. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "After chewing gum," she said. "Can I go with you, my pretty maid?" "You can if you chews, kind sir," she said. The fields in Blanchard and Usborne townships are literally laden with grain. There is generally an abundant crop of everything. Thanksgiving by the farmers is in order. Mrs. Wm. Whyte, wife of C. P. R. Supt. Whyte, of Winnipeg, spent a few days recently at Castle Easson, Stratford, the home of the 'Father of the City,' Wm. Easson. On Tuesday of last week 722 boxes of cheese were shipped from the German Union factory, Tavistock, to Ingersoll. On the same day Mr. Hutchison shipped 70 tons to Hamilton. J. W. Wood, furniture dealer of St. Marys, has been awarded the contract for supplying new pews for the Presbyterian church, Harrington, and the chairs for basement of building. Forty Stratford merchants advertised on a county of Perth map published in 1875 and only 15 are now in business here. Time flies! As Artemus Ward says: "It's a kind of a way time has." The interior of St. Paul's church, Kirkton, presents a fresh and comfortable appearance since the new carpets and matting have been put down. Other improvements have also been made. The Mitchell council met the other day to consider tenders for a new iron bridge over Whirlpool creek, near Mr. Dougherty's. That of the Stratford Bridge Co. was accepted. Price, \$925. Says the Times:—Arrangements are being made to have Hanlan and O'Connor row single sculls on Victoria Lake at an early date. One of Stratford's prominent hotel men is taking the lead in this matter. Hamilton Spectator:—Three celestial visitors in one week should be enough to agitate almost any human being; but it is said that the Stratford man received them quite Kam Lee. "Ugh!! allee samee clazy."—Stratford Times. Stratford Times: S. H. Mitchell, market gardener of St. Marys, and well-known on the market of this city, is the possessor of a dog who sings, dances and jumps for a cent to buy himself some meat from Johnson Bros., butchers, market buildings. Monkton baseball boys have decided to play in Mitchell with Staffa boys, on Sept. 4. We are sorry to say our boys have a very poor chance to make ready for a match just now, as the harvest is on and a number are working some distance from the village. A painful mishap befell John Henderson at Weir's flax mill, St. Marys, last week. In working around the machinery his right hand got caught in the rollers and before the machinery could be stopped two of the fingers were badly crushed and the hand otherwise injured. Wm. Weir, one of the proprietors, also had a finger nipped by the rollers on the same day. Friday of this week, Sept. 4, the Mitchell fall races will take place. \$900 is to be given in purses, and some of the best horses in the Province are expected to compete. A baseball match is also to come off between Monkton and Staffa teams. S. A. Hodge will give a prize of \$3 to the person whose horses will draw the largest number of male adults, at one time, into town on the day of the races. James Corcoran returned to Stratford Friday night, Aug. 21, from New Westminster, B. C. He reports crop prospects as being of the brightest, but lumbering and fishing are the principal pursuits followed, and there is plenty of competition even in these new undertakings. Cedar logs 10 feet in diameter are quickly manufactured into lumber, and a large business will be done by Corcoran's Saw Mill Company, which started cutting this month.

THE SISTERS

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Thursday immediately preceding the opening of the exhibition they did not go to the library as usual, nor to Gungler's for their lunch. Like a number of other people, their habits were deranged and themselves demoralized by anticipation of the impending festival. They stayed at home to make themselves new bonnets for the occasion, and took a cold dinner while at their work, and two of them did not stir outside their rooms from morn till dewy eve for so much as a glance into Myrtle street from the balcony.

But in the afternoon it was found that half a yard more of ribbon was required to complete the last of the bonnets, and Patty volunteered to "run into town" to fetch it. At about 4 o'clock she set off alone by way of an adjoining road which was an omnibus route, intending to expend threepence, for once, in the purchase of a little precious treat, but every omnibus was full, and she had to walk the whole way. The pavements were crowded with hurrying folk, who jostled and obstructed her. Collis street, when she turned into it seemed riotous with abnormal life, and she went from shop to shop and could not get waited on until the usual closing hour was past, and the evening beginning to grow dark. Then she got what she wanted, and set off home by way of the Gardens, feeling a little daunted by the noise and bustle of the streets, and fancying she would be secure when once those green alleys, always so peaceful, were reached. But to-night even the gardens were infested by the spirit of unrest and enterprise that pervaded the city. The quiet walks were not quiet now, and the sense of her belated isolation in the growing dusk seemed more formidable here instead of less. For hardly had she passed through the gates into the Treasury enclosure than she was conscious of being watched and peered at by strange men, who appeared to swarm all over the place; and by the time she had reached the Gardens nearer home the appalling fact was forced upon her that a tobacco-scented individual was dogging her steps, as if with an intention of accosting her. She was bold, but her imagination was easily wrought upon; and the formless danger, of a kind in which she was totally inexperienced, gave a shock to her nerves. So that when presently, as she hurriedly pattered on, hearing the heavier tread and an occasional artificial cough behind her, she suddenly saw a still more expeditious pedestrian hastening by, and recognized Paul's light figure and active gait, the words seemed to utter themselves without conscious effort of hers—"Mr. Brion!—oh, Mr. Brion, is that you?"

He stopped at the first sound of her voice, looked back and saw the man behind her, and comprehended the situation immediately. Without speaking, he stepped to her side and offered his arm, which she took for one happy moment, when the delightful sense of his protection was too strong for her, and then—reacting violently from that mood—released it. "I—I am mortified with myself for being such a fool," she said angrily; "but really that person did frighten me. I don't know what is the matter with Melbourne to-night—I suppose it is the exhibition." And she went on to explain how she came to be abroad alone at that hour, and to explain away, as she hoped, her apparent satisfaction in meeting him. "It seems to promise for a fine day, does it not?" she concluded airily, looking up at the sky.

Paul Brion put his hands in his pockets. He was mortified, too. When he spoke, it was with icy composure. "Are you going to the opening?" "Yes," said Patty. "Of course we are." "With your swell friends, I suppose?" "Whom do you mean by our swell friends? Mrs. Duff-Scott is not in Melbourne, I believe—if you allude to her. But she is not swell. The only swell person we know is Mrs. Aarons, and she is not our friend."

He allowed the allusion to Mrs. Aarons to pass. "Well, I hope you will have good seats," he said, moodily. "It will be a disgusting crush and scramble, I expect." "Seats? Oh, we are not going to have seats," said Patty. "We are going to mingle with the common herd, and look on at the civic functions, humbly, from the outside. We are not swell"—dwelling upon the adjective with a malicious enjoyment of the suspicion that he had not meant to use it—"and we like to be independent."

"O yes, I know you do. But you'll find the Rights of Woman not much good to you to-morrow there on the foot without an escort, if you go how you propose to take care of yourselves?" "We are going," said Patty, "to start very early indeed, and to take up a certain advantageous position that we have already selected before the streets fill. We shall have a little elevation above the heads of the crowd, and a wall at our backs, and—the three of us together—we shall see the procession beautifully, and be quite safe and comfortable."

"Well, I hope you won't find yourself mistaken," he replied. "A few minutes later Patty burst into the room where her sisters were sitting, placidly occupied with their bonnet-making, her eyes shining with excitement. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth," she cried breathlessly, "Paul Brion is going to ask you to let him be our escort to-morrow. But you won't—oh, you won't—have him, will you?"

"No, dear," said Elizabeth, serenely; "not if you would rather not. Why should we? It will be broad daylight, when there can be no harm in our being out without an escort. We shall be much happier by ourselves."

"Much happier than with him," added Patty, sharply.

And they went on with their preparations for the great day that had been so long desired, little thinking what it was to bring forth.

CHAPTER XV.

ELIZABETH FINDS A FRIEND.

They had an early breakfast, dressed themselves with great care in their best frocks and the new bonnets, and, each carrying an umbrella, set forth with a cheerful resolve to see what was to be seen of the ceremonies of the day, blissfully ignorant of the nature of their under-

taking. Paul Brion, out of bed betimes, heard their voices and the click of their feet, and stepped into his balcony to see them start. He took note of the pretty costumes, that had a gala air about them, and of the fresh and striking beauty of at least two of the three sweet faces; and he groaned to think of such women being hustled and battered, helplessly, in the fierce crush of a solid street crowd. But they had no fear whatever for themselves. However, they had not gone far before they perceived that the idea of securing a good position early in the day had occurred to a great many people besides themselves. Even sleepy Myrtle Street was awake and active, and the adjoining road, when they turned into it, was teeming with holiday life. They took their favorite route through the Fitzroy and Treasury Gardens, and found those sylvan glades alive with traffic; and by the time they got into Spring street the crowd had thickened to an extent that embarrassed their progress and made it devious and slow. And they had scarcely passed the Treasury buildings when Eleanor, who had been suffering from a slight sore throat, began to cough and shiver, and aroused the maternal anxiety of her careful elder sister. "O, my dear," said Elizabeth, coming to an abrupt standstill on the pavement, "have you nothing but that wisp of muslin round your neck? And the day so cold—don't you look like rain! It will never do for you to stand about for hours in this unless you have the chance of getting wet, we must run home again and fix you up. And I think it would be wiser if we were all to change our things and put on our old bonnets."

"Now, look here, Elizabeth," said Patty, with strong emphasis; "you see that street, don't you?"—and she pointed down the main thoroughfare of the city, which was already gorged with people throughout its length. "You see that, and that?"—and she indicated the swarming road ahead of them and the populous valley in the crowd now, what will there be in half an hour's time? And we couldn't do it in half an hour. Let us make Nelly tie up her throat in our three pocket-handkerchiefs, and push on and get our places. Otherwise we shall be out of it altogether—we shall see nothing."

But the gentle Elizabeth was obtuse on some occasions, and this was one of them. Eleanor was chilled with the cold, and it was not to be thought of that she should run the risk of an illness from imprudent exposure—no, not for all the exhibitions in the world. So they compromised the case by deciding that Patty and Eleanor should "run" home together, while the elder sister awaited their return, keeping possession of a little post of vantage on the Treasury steps—where they would be able to see the procession, if not the Exhibition—in case the crowd should be too great by-and-by to allow of their getting farther.

"Well, make yourself as big as you can," said Patty, resignedly. "And, whatever you do," implored Eleanor, "don't stir an inch from where you are until we come back, lest we should lose you."

Upon which they set off in hot haste to Myrtle street. Elizabeth, when they were gone, saw with alarm the rapid growth of the crowd around her. It filled up the street in all directions, and condensed into a solid mass on the Treasury steps, very soon absorbing the modest amount of space that she had hoped to reserve for her sisters. In much less than half an hour she was so hopelessly wedged in her place that, tall and stonily as she was, she was almost lifted off her feet; and there was no prospect of restoring communications with Patty and Eleanor until the show was over. In a fever of anxiety, to part from them, she kept her eyes turned towards the gate of the Gardens, whence she expected them to emerge; and then she saw, presently, the figure of their good genius and deliverer from all dilemmas, Paul Brion, fighting his way towards her. The little man pursued an energetic course through the crowd, which almost covered him, hurling himself along with a velocity that was out of all proportion to his bulk; and from time to time she saw his quick eyes flashing over other people's shoulders, and that he was looking eagerly in all directions. It seemed hopeless to expect him to distinguish her in the sea of faces around him, but he did. Sunk in the human tide that rose in the street above the level of his head, he made desperately for a footing on a higher plane, and in so doing caught sight of her and battled his way to her side. "Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed, in a tone of relief. "I have been so anxious about you. But where is Miss Patty? Where are your sisters?"

"Oh, Mr. Brion," she responded, "you always seem to turn up to help us as soon as we get into trouble, and I am so thankful to see you! The girls had to go home for a moment, and were to meet me here, and I don't know what will become of them in this crowd."

"Which way were they to come?" he inquired eagerly. "By the Gardens. But the gates are completely blocked." "I will go and find them," he said. "Don't be anxious about them. They will be in there—they will be all right. You will come, too, won't you? I think I can manage to get you through."

"I can't," she replied. "I promised I would not stir from this place, and I must not, in case they should be in the street, or we should miss them."

"The boy stood on the burning deck," he quoted, with a laugh. He could afford a little jest, though she was so serious, for girls had been unable to reach the street, that he should find them disconsolate in the gardens, and compel Miss Patty to feel, if not to acknowledge, that he was of some use and comfort to her after all. "But I hate to leave you here," he added, glaring upon her uncomfortable but inoffensive neighbors, "all alone by yourself."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "If you can only find Patty and Nelly, and be so good as to take care of them, I shall be all right."

And so, with apparent reluctance, but the utmost real alacrity, he left her, flinging himself from the steps into the crowd like a swimmer diving into the sea, and she saw him disappear with an easy mind.

But long before the Queen's representative made his appearance upon the scene, Elizabeth had ceased to see or care for the great spectacle that she had been so anxious to witness. Moment by moment the crowd about her grew more dense and dogged, more pitilessly indifferent to the comfort of one another, more evidently minded that the fittest should survive in the fight for existence on the treasury steps. Rough men pushed her forward and backward, and from side to side, treading on her feet, and tearing the stitches of her gown, and knocking her bonnet awry, until that she got, and the keen consciousness of the indignity of her position. She could hardly breathe for the pressure around her, though the breath of all sorts of unpleasant people was freely poured into her face. She would have struggled away and gone home—convinced of the comforting fact that Patty and Eleanor were safely out of it in Paul Brion's protection—but she could not stir an inch by her own volition. When she did stir it was by some violent propelling power in another person, and this was exercised presently in such a way as to completely overbalance her. A sudden wave of movement broke against a stout woman standing immediately behind her, and the stout woman, quite unintentionally, pushed her to the edge of the step, and flung her upon the shoulder of a brawny larrikin who had fought his way back towards into a position whence he could see the pageant of the street to his satisfaction. The larrikin half turned, struck her savagely in the breast with his elbow, demanding, with a roar and an oath, where she was a-shoving to; and between her two assailants, faint and frightened, she lost her footing, and all but fell headlong into the seething mass beneath her.

But as she was falling—a moment so agonizing at the time, and so delightful to remember afterwards—someone caught her round the waist with a strong grip and lifted her up and set her safely on her feet again. It was a man who had been standing within a little distance of her, tall enough to overtop the crowd and strong enough to maintain an upright position in it; she had noticed him for some time, and that he had seemed not seriously incommoded by the busting and scuffling that rendered her so helpless; but she had not noticed his gradual approach to her side. Now, looking up with a little sob of relief, her instant recognition of him gave a gentleman was followed by an instinctive identification of him as a sort of Cinderella's prince.

In short, there is no need to make a mystery of the matter. At half-past 10 o'clock on the morning of the first of October in the year 1880, when she was plunged into the most wretched and terrifying circumstances of her life—at the instant when she was struck by the larrikin's elbow and felt herself about to be crushed under the feet of the crowd—Elizabeth King met her happy fate. She found that friend for whom, hungrily if unconsciously, her tender earth had longed.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WE WERE NOT STRANGERS, AS TO US AND ALL IT SEEMED."

"Stand here, and I can shelter you a little," he said, in a quiet tone that contrasted refreshingly with the hoarse excitement around them. He drew her close to his side by the same grip of his hand that had lifted her bodily when she was off her feet, and, immediately releasing her, stretched a strong left arm between her exposed shoulder and the crush of the crowd. The arm was irresistibly pressed upon her own arm, and bent across her in a curve vehement embrace, and so she stood in a tingling blush from head to foot. It would have been horrible had it been anyone else.

"I am so sorry," he said, "but I cannot help it. If you don't mind standing as you are for a few minutes, you will be all right directly. As soon as the procession has passed the crowd will scatter to follow it."

They looked at each other across a space of half a dozen inches or so, and in that momentary glance, upon which everything that mutually concerned them depended, were severally relieved and satisfied. He was uglyness—he had even a reputation for being a half a dozen inches or so, and in that momentary glance, upon which everything that mutually concerned them depended, were severally relieved and satisfied. He was uglyness—he had even a reputation for being a half a dozen inches or so, and in that momentary glance, upon which everything that mutually concerned them depended, were severally relieved and satisfied.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I don't call it tame," she said, with a laugh, as the yells of the larrikin and his fellows rent the air around them. He responded to her laugh with a pleasant smile, and his voice was friendlier when he spoke again. "But I am quite delighted with it, unimpressive as it is. It is composed of people who are not wanting anything. I don't know that I was ever in a crowd of that sort before. I feel, for once, that I can breathe in peace."

"Oh, I wish I could feel so!" she cried. The carriages, in their slow progress, were now turning at the top of Collins street, and the hubbub around them had reached its height.

"It will soon be over now," he murmured encouragingly. "Yes," she replied. In a few minutes the crush would lessen, and he and she would part. That was what they thought, to the exclusion of all interest in the passing spectacle. Even as she spoke the passion and confusion that had made a solitude for their quiet intercourse sensibly subsided. The tail of the procession was well in sight; the heavy crowd on the Treasury steps was swaying and breaking like a huge wave upon the street; the larrikin was gone. It resumed the conventional attitude, and for Elizabeth to remember that he was a total stranger to her.

"You had better take my arm," he said, as she hastily disengaged herself before it was safe to do so, and was immediately caught in the eddy that was setting strongly in the direction of the Exhibition. "If you don't mind waiting here for a few minutes longer, you will be able to get home comfortably."

She struggled back to his side, and took his arm, and waited; but they did not talk any more. They watched the disintegration and dispersion of the great mass that they stood in ease and freedom almost alone upon that coigne of vantage which had been won with so much difficulty—two rather imposing figures, if anyone had cared to notice them. Then she withdrew her hand, and said, with a little stiff bow and a bright and becoming color in her face—"Thank you."

"Don't mention it," he replied, with perfect gravity. "I am very happy to have been of any service to you." Still they did not move from where they stood.

"Don't you want to see the rest of it?" she asked timidly. "Do you?" he responded, looking at her with a smile. "O dear no, thank you! I have had quite enough, and I am very anxious to find my sisters."

"Then allow me to be your escort until you are clear of the streets." He did not put it as a request, and he began to descend the steps before she could make up her mind how to answer him. So she found herself walking beside him along the footpath and through the gardens, wondering who he was, and how she could politely dismiss him. Now and then she snatched a sidelong glance at him, and noted his great stature and the easy dignity with which he carried himself, and transferred one by one the striking features of his countenance to her faithful memory. He made a powerful impression upon her. Thinking of him, she had almost forgotten how anxious she was to find her sisters until, with a start, she suddenly caught sight of them sitting comfortably upon a bench in an alley of the Fitzroy Gardens, Eleanor and Patty side by side, and Paul

him, she drew her feet back another inch or two; upon which the right arm as well as the left was firmly folded round her. And the pressure of those two arms stretched like iron bars to defend her from harm, the throbbing of his heart upon her shoulder, the sound of his deep-breathed breathing in her ear—no consideration of the involuntary and unromantic necessity of the situation could calm the tremulous excitement communicated to her by these things. Oh, how hideous, how simply insupportable it would have been, had she been cast upon his! As it was, it was all right. He said he feared she was terribly uncomfortable, but, though she did not contradict him, she soul that she had never been more comfortable. To be cared for and protected was a new sensation, and though she had had to bear anxious responsibilities for herself and others, she had no natural vocation for independence. Many a time since have they spoken of this first half hour with pride, boasting of how they trusted each other at sight, needing no proofs from experience were but a man and woman, and not gods. "I took you to my heart the first moment I saw you," he said. "And I knew, even as soon as that, that it was my own place," she calmly replied. Whereas good luck, and not their own wisdom, justified them.

He spoke to her with studied coldness while necessarily holding her embraced, as it were, to protect her from the crowd; at the same time he put himself to some trouble to make conversation, which was less embarrassing to her than silence. He remarked that he was fond of crowds himself—found them intensely interesting—and spoke of Thackeray's paper on the crowd that went to see the man hanged (which she had never meant. He had lately seen the crowd at the opening of the Trocadero Palace, and that which celebrated the completion of Cologne Cathedral; facts which proclaimed him a "globe-trotter" and now arrived in Melbourne. The few words in which he described the festival at Cologne fired her imagination, fed so long upon dreams of foreign travel, and made her forget for the moment that he was not an old acquaintance.

"It was at about this hour of the day," he said, "and I stood with the throng in the last stone on the top of the cross on one of the towers more than six hundred years after the foundation stone was laid. The people were wild with joy and hung out their flags all over the place. One old fellow came up to me and wanted to kiss me—he thought I must be as overcome as he was."

"And were you not impressed?" "Of course I was. It was very pathetic," he replied, gently. And she thought "pathetic" an odd word to use. Why pathetic? She did not like to ask him. Then he made the further curious statement that this crowd was the tamest he had ever seen.

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Brion on the other side of Eleanor. The three sprang up as soon as they saw her coming, with gestures of eager welcome. "Ah!" said Elizabeth, her face flaming with an entirely unnecessary blush, "there are my sisters. I—I am all right now. I need not trouble you any further. Thank you very much."

She paused and so did he. She bent her head without lifting her eyes, and he took off his hat to her with profound respect. And so they parted—for a little while.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTERNOON TEA.

When he had turned and left her, Elizabeth faced her sisters with that vivid blush still on her cheeks, and a general appearance of embarrassment that was too novel to escape notice. Patty and Eleanor stared for a moment, and Eleanor laughed. "Who is he?" she inquired, saucily. "I don't know," said Elizabeth. "Where have you been, dear? How have you got on? I have been so anxious about you." "But who is he?" persisted Eleanor. "I have not the least idea, I tell you. Perhaps Mr. Brion knows." "No," said Mr. Brion. "He is a perfect stranger to me."

"He is a new arrival, I suppose," said Elizabeth, stealing a backward glance at her hero, whom the others were watching intently as he walked away. "Yes, he can have but just arrived, for he saw the last stone put to the building of Cologne Cathedral, and that was not more than six or seven weeks ago. He has come to see the exhibition, probably. He seems to be a great traveller."

"Oh," said Eleanor, turning with a grimace to Patty, "here have we been mooning about in the gardens, and she has been seeing everything, and having adventures into the bargain!" "It is very little I have seen," her elder sister remarked, "and this will tell you the nature of my adventures"—and she showed them a rent in her gown. "I was nearly torn to pieces by the crowd after you left. I am only too thankful you were out of it."

"But we are not at all thankful!" pouted Eleanor. "Are we, Patty?" (Patty was silent, but apparently amiable.) "It is only the stitching that is undone—you can mend it in five minutes. We wouldn't have minded little trifles of that sort—not in the least—to have seen the procession, and made the acquaintance of distinguished travellers. Were there many more of them about, do you suppose?"

"O no," replied Elizabeth, promptly. "Only he." "And you managed to find him! Why shouldn't we have found him too—Patty and I? Do tell us his name, Elizabeth, and how you happened on him, and what he has been saying and doing."

"He took care of me, dear—that's all. I was crushed almost into a pulp, and he allowed me to—stand beside him until the worst of it was over."

"How interesting!" ejaculated Eleanor. "And then he talked to you about Cologne Cathedral?" "Yes. But never mind about him. Tell me where Mr. Brion found you, and what you have been doing."

"Oh, we have not been doing anything—far from it. I wish you knew his name, Elizabeth." "But, my dear, I don't. So leave off asking silly questions. I daresay we shall never see or hear of him again."

"Oh, don't you believe it! I'm certain we shall see him again. He will be at the Exhibition some day when we go there—tomorrow, very likely." "Well, never mind. What are we going to do now?"

They consulted with Paul for a few minutes, and he took them where they could get a distant view of the crowds swarming around the exhibition, and hear the confused clamor of the bands—which seemed to gratify the two younger sisters very much, in the absence of more pronounced excitement. They walked about over the great dome, and heard the saluting guns proclaim that the exhibition was open; and then they returned to Myrtle street, with a sense of having had breakfast in the remote past, and of having spent an enormously long morning not unpleasantly upon the whole.

Mrs. McIntyre was standing at her gate when they reached home, and stopped them to ask what they had seen, and how they had enjoyed themselves. She had stayed quietly in the house, and busied herself in the manufacture of meringues and lemon cheese-cakes—having, she explained, superfluous eggs in the larder, and a new lodger coming in; and she evidently prided herself upon her well-spent time. "And if you'll stay, you shall have some." And she opened the gate hospitably. "Now, don't say no, Miss King—don't, Miss Nelly. It's past 11, and I've got a nice outlet and mashed potatoes just coming on the table. Bring them along, Mr. Brion. I'm sure they'll come if you ask them."

(To be Continued)

—To build and fit up a hansom cab costs about \$250.
—The Duke of Fife is always measured for his neckties.

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION.
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Mr. Speaker reported that the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his consent, had appointed Lieut. Col. Todd his deputy for the remainder of the session.

Mr. Dewdney introduced a bill further to amend the Dominion Lands Act. The conditions in the old Act required the building of a habitable house and an actual residence thereon, but the word "cultivation" was left out, no doubt inadvertently. The bill contained a provision for cultivation as well, which was, as was well known, one of the principal provisions with regard to the occupation of homestead lands. He proposed in sec. 3 to do away with the three months residence formerly necessary.

Mr. Davin said that he would suggest other amendments for the consideration of Mr. Dewdney. There should be a provision allowing persons taking advantage of the two miles radius to also take advantage of cancelled lands. Persons who entered originally for an 80-acre homestead and an 80-acre pre-emption should get both for a homestead. He also suggested to the Government the advisability of setting apart land in the Northwest for a university site. He claimed that on the basis on which Manitoba was made a Province the Northwest Territories were entitled to \$400,000, and therefore all the requirements for irrigation and education could be met without unnecessary outlay.

Mr. Dewdney said that the matter of 160-acre homesteads was under consideration. Mr. Haggart, replying to Mr. Casey, said he had decided not to bring down incomplete returns of the census, but to wait till they were all in, as he understood that to be the opinion of the House.

The Clerk read the order of the House of Aug. 13th, requiring Hon. Thomas McGreevy to attend in his place at 3 this afternoon.

Mr. Speaker—Is the hon. member for Quebec West in his place?
There was no answer.

Mr. Speaker informed the House that notice had been forwarded to Mr. McGreevy of the action of the House. He had also caused a telegram to be sent and had received from the manager of the Northwest Telegraph Company information that the telegram had been delivered.

Sir John Thompson moved that Mr. McGreevy, member for Quebec West, not having attended this day at his place in this House, pursuant to order of 13th August, be taken in custody by the sergeant-at-arms attending this House, and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The House went into Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Foster said he proposed to make a change in the item of beer, ale and porter imported, and also in excise duty upon beer made from other materials than malt, such as sugar, rice or corn. In Canada so far beer had always been made exclusively from malt. The excise duty has been high upon beer made from sugar, rice or corn. The object of this was patent to all. Now that the malt duty had been raised one hundred per cent, the amount to be levied being two cents instead of one, it was necessary to raise correspondingly, in fact it was proposed to raise it more than correspondingly, the excise duty upon beer made from sugar, corn and rice, the object being to prevent the manufacture of that kind of beer, it being of a very poor quality, and to preserve the manufacture of beer from malt.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell)—Will the hon. gentleman say which is the good quality?

Mr. Foster hoped the hon. gentleman would not interrupt him. It had been thought wise to raise the excise duty upon this kind of poor beer from 5 cents to 10 cents. Therefore, it was intended to add 6 cents instead of 3 cents, as was proposed, upon imported ales, porter and beer. This would make the duty upon the British article when in bottles 38 per cent, and from the United States about 40 per cent. Upon both the average would be 33 per cent. When imported in casks the percentage would be higher, as follows: British, 40 per cent.; United States, 60 per cent. The House would remember that the malt duty had been doubled, and the revenue from this industry had been largely increased. It was therefore only fair that increased protection should be given. Judges of liquor had told him that excellent beer was made in Canada from malt, and he had no doubt the manufacturers could, if necessary, supply the whole demand. The Government proposed to discourage as far as possible the manufacture of alcohol from beets and things of that kind.

Resolutions embodying the proposals were carried.

Mr. Borden said that in view of the recent treaty between Spain and the United States he desired to ask if in accordance with the convention of 1866, existing between Great Britain and Spain, Canadian products would be admitted to Cuba and Porto Rico on the same footing as American products. Doubt existing in this matter was causing great injury to Canadian trade with these points. He thought the most favored nation clause should protect Canada. He also asked if Spain had given notice of the termination of this treaty, as one year was required.

Mr. Foster said a great many representations had been made to the Government in respect to this matter. They were trying to get an authoritative statement from the Spanish Government. The contention as to the alleged special concessions could not hold till 1892, because until then the United States was making no special concession to Spain.

Mr. McNeill asked if it was the opinion of the Minister of Justice that Canada would be able to enter into preferential trade arrangements with Great Britain, notwithstanding any treaty having the favored nation clause which the latter might have with another country.

Sir John Thompson replied that he did not desire to give his own opinion.

After Recess.

The House went into Committee of Supply. Mr. Davies said that there was a great waste of public money in purchasing stores for the Intercolonial. He had heard that this leakage went to some extent to the political fund of the Conservative party. He had not sufficient information to lay a charge, but he asked Mr. Bowell to investigate.

Mr. Bowell said that although a direct charge had not been made, he would endeavor to ascertain where the leaks were.

The Speaker announced that a vacancy had occurred in the representation of Quebec West by the resignation of Thomas

McGreevy, and that, in accordance with the law, he had issued a warrant for a new election.

Mr. Laurier said he understood that there was a protest against the seat of the member for Quebec West. Under these circumstances he ventured to doubt that a warrant for a new election should have been issued.

Mr. Amyot said there was a protest, and he was one of the attorneys who signed the writ.

Mr. Speaker said he had no knowledge with respect to the protest. According to his reading of the law he was obliged to issue a warrant.

Mr. Amyot said the resignation was not valid whilst there was a protest against him.

Sir John Thompson said it did not follow that because the warrant had been issued the writ would follow, and that the election would take place. The matter as to whether the resignation was valid or not would naturally come before the Privileges and Elections Committee, and would be reported upon by them.

Mr. Laurier said the House had not yet been informed that a writ had been issued for Kingston.

Mr. Speaker said that a vacancy from death was different from a vacancy from resignation. Where there was a vacancy from death, on the Speaker being informed of such vacancy, a warrant should forthwith issue. His attention must be drawn to the vacancy before he could issue a warrant.

Mr. Laurier said that since the House was pledged to pay the expenses of the funeral of Sir John Macdonald the Speaker must be aware of the late Premier's death.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said it seemed as if Mr. McGreevy was endeavoring to anticipate the action of the committee on the charges which had been referred to them. That should not be permitted. He did not understand it to be the duty of the Crown to exercise discretion where the Speaker's warrant had been issued.

Mr. Kirkpatrick considered that the resignation was null and void, and that some modification should be made in the Speaker's announcement.

Mr. Cameron (Huron), upon the orders of the day being called, said: I rise to a question of privilege. I desire to say to this House that I have been credibly informed, and I believe, that a member of this present Parliament has been guilty of trafficking in the patronage of his county or his riding by disposing of Government offices for a consideration. Personally I know nothing of the matter. I only desire to say that I have been credibly informed. Last evening I notified the member of Parliament against whom this complaint is about to be laid that I would today or at some early date bring the matter to the attention of Parliament. I shall read the statement of charges, and then I shall place it on the table of the House. It is as follows:

1. That in the year A. D. 1888 there was a vacancy in the position of Government lighthouse keeper in the Government lighthouse on Presque Isle point, county of Northumberland.

2. That one Hedely H. Simpson was an applicant for said office.

3. That Edward Cochrane then was, and now is, the member for the House of Commons for the electoral district of the east riding of the said county of Northumberland, and a supporter of the Government.

4. That in the year 1888 it was corruptly agreed to by and between the said Edward Cochrane and the said Hedely H. Simpson that if the said Hedely H. Simpson would make and deliver to one James Stanley two promissory notes for \$100 each, endorsed by some responsible person, he (the said Edward Cochrane) would procure the appointment of the said Hedely H. Simpson to the said office of lighthouse-keeper for the Government lighthouse on Presque Isle Point.

5. That the said Hedely H. Simpson, in pursuance of said corrupt bargain, did make the said two promissory notes for \$100 each, procured their endorsement by a responsible party, handed them to the said James Stanley, who received the same and placed them in a bank for the use of the said Edward Cochrane personally, or for political purposes.

6. That the said Hedely H. Simpson subsequently paid the said notes.

7. That the said Hedely H. Simpson, in pursuance of said corrupt bargain, received the said appointment.

8. That the said Edward Cochrane, while he was such member of Parliament and had the patronage of the Government in and for said county, corruptly entered into other corrupt contracts with other persons or persons in the years 1888, 1889 and 1890; that such persons or persons would receive from the Government the position of keeper or keepers or attendants of other bridges on said canal; and that in pursuance of such corrupt bargain and bargains such payments were made and such appointments were received.

9. That the said Edward Cochrane during the periods aforesaid made such corrupt offers to other persons, which offers were not finally carried out.

Continuing, he said: I don't propose to say anything further on the subject. I don't propose at present to follow up the statement I have made by any motion in this House. I am not the guardian of the honor and dignity of Parliament and that responsibility rests on the shoulders of those members on the other side of the House. I shall leave that responsibility with hon. gentlemen opposite.

Sir John Thompson said that the charges which Mr. Cameron had just read by way of a matter of privilege required more attention than they could possibly receive after merely listening to the reading of them across the floor of the House, more especially as when Mr. Cameron was reading it was impossible for some members to hear distinctly. Under the circumstances he thought the best course would be for Mr. Cameron to table the statement to-day, and the attention of the House would be called to the matter to-morrow. This was agreed to.

Mr. Davies said that with respect to the announcement made by the Speaker at an earlier stage of the sitting, that he had received the resignation of Mr. McGreevy as the member for Quebec West, and that he had issued his warrant for a new election, he desired to move a resolution providing for an inquiry by the Privileges and Elections Committee into the statement made by Mr. Amyot that Mr. McGreevy's seat at the time he tendered his resignation was being lawfully contested;

if so whether a warrant should have been issued by the Speaker, and what the practice in such cases in future should be?

Sir Richard Cartwright, upon motion to go into Supply, proposed in amendment the following resolution: Resolved, "That it is the undoubted right of the Committee on Public Accounts to investigate all circumstances connected with the payment of any of the several sums of money referred to that committee, and that in the cause of such investigation no evidence should be refused, on the ground that it may disclose a Minister of the Crown, or any other party, in connection with such payment."

Sir John Thompson deprecated motions in amendment to Supply which touched the privileges of the House. They required more consideration than could be given to such motions. They were generally of a political character, whereas any matters affecting the proceedings could be disposed of without regard to politics. Fortunately this resolution affirms a principle which it would be folly for any member to deny. It had never been doubted since the committee existed. By all means let the investigation of all committees be as full and complete as possible.

Mr. Prior made an appeal to the Government to deal more liberally with British Columbia, and pressed its prospects and advantages upon the notice of the House. There should be a liberal expenditure in dredging at Victoria, besides railway subsidies and public buildings. He considered that a penny-wise policy would be foolish.

After Recess.

The House resumed into supply.

Mr. Bergeron opposed the proposed construction of the Soulanges canal on the north side of the St. Lawrence, for which \$300,000 was asked, as there was already the Beauharnois canal on the south side of the river, on which a large amount of money had been expended.

Mr. Mousseau favored the project.

Mr. Mulock urged the immediate improvement of the St. Lawrence canal system.

Mr. Bowell explained that it would cost half a million more to improve the present Beauharnois canal than to build the Soulanges canal.

The item passed.

The Speaker announced that he had received the following report from the acting Sergeant-at-Arms:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, Aug. 20, 1891.

The Honorable the Speaker: I have the honor to report that I reached Quebec at 3 p. m., and that once made both Quebec and Montreal, and that I had a diligent search for Thomas McGreevy at his home, his office and other places, and could not find him. I was informed on what I consider a reliable authority that he left Quebec by the Grand Trunk Railway, but I was unable to find his destination. I have no doubt that he left Quebec at a large hour before I left this city.—Your obedient servant, HENRY R. SMITH, Acting Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Cameron (Huron) moved that Mr. Cameron, of Huron, having stated from his place in the House that he is credibly informed and believes that by satisfactory evidence the charges preferred by him on the 19th inst. against Mr. Cochrane, member for East Northumberland, can be established, that such charges be referred for investigation and report thereon to Sir Adolphe Caron, Messrs. Dickie, Tisdale, Skinner, Mulock, German and Cameron, of the last clause of his charges, which is of a general nature, and the ground that it was too indefinite. There would therefore be only three charges for investigation.

Mr. Cochrane—in answer to the charges made by the hon. member for Huron against him in his place in the House yesterday, I have to say that I am innocent of the charges made against me, and that I never made any corrupt agreement with reference to these matters. As to the allegations made in paragraphs five and six of the second branch of the charges, I say, as before, that no such corrupt agreement as is stated in paragraph five was made between me and Goodrich, either directly or indirectly. I desire, however, in relation to this charge, to say that Goodrich paid \$200 towards the liquidation of the deposit which had been advanced by persons other than myself several years before on the contestation of a local election in which I was not a candidate nor interested except as one of my party, and none of the said money was received by me for any personal use nor for my political benefit other than as above stated. It had been understood that I would recommend for appointment to the bridge an old man named Obadiah Simpson. An arrangement was made between Simpson and Goodrich by which Simpson was to take a life-lease of Goodrich's farm. This arrangement was in no way for my benefit, personal or political, and I derived no advantage therefrom.

Mr. Amyot called attention to matters relating to the Kingston dry dock. He said that in 1888, when the probable cost would be from \$250,000 to \$450,000. In 1890 the House was told the cost would be \$318,000, but this year the cost was stated to be \$450,744. There was a strong suspicion about that contract. Finally the name of the contractor was known. In this case the name of the contractor, Bancroft, was unknown. People were asking who was Bancroft. No clue could be obtained to his whereabouts. Was anybody interested in this contract besides the Connollys? He did not know. The brothers had not quarrelled. There might be some reptile found there. How was it that the Department of Public Works had been transacting business so long with a supposed contractor? The Government had tried to shield the offenders by withholding information. That made them accessories after the act. Many of the documents in the case were forgeries and obtained money under false pretensions.

Sir John Thompson said it was understood that notice of these motions should be given to the Government. That had been departed from for an unexplained reason. While it might be true that a fictitious name had been used, he was able to show that the public interest had not suffered thereby, and that there had not been any lack of precaution. The tender of Bancroft was \$5,000 lower than the next.

Mr. Cameron (Huron) asked how Sir John Thompson, as a lawyer, ex-judge and Minister of the Crown, could propose to defend in Parliament and before the country the conduct which had been assailed.

The House adjourned at 11.30 p. m.

A little girl says: "I don't like peaches. The whickers on them fill my teeth with hairs."

AS TO MORNING BATHS.

Why it is better to Bathe Just Before Going to Bed.

Cold water is a narcotic, as alcohol is. It deadens the sensibilities of the skin, and hence prevents the sensation of cold. It relieves the disposition to chilliness because of this deadened sensibility, and as colds and catarrhs are due to hyper-sensitiveness of the skin, we readily see that the cold morning bath prevents the cold by reducing the sensitiveness.

But the cold morning bath does something more. It arouses nervous activity by calling upon the vital system for increased animal heat. The contraction of the vessels due to the cold is followed by a relaxation of them, explained by the principle of reaction, and so through the cold both action and reaction are established, which frequently give delusive excitement to the victim.

The tepid or warm morning bath is a great improvement over the cold water bath, but even these are not to be commended. Whoever would enjoy the best of health should take his bath two, three or four times a week, and retire to bed for a rest, thereby allowing nature to secure the best equilibrium of her forces and promote the best conditions of health.

But no bath should be taken while the patient is weary from labor or excitement. Rest is then indicated.

The bath should never be taken on a full stomach, nor immediately before a meal, as further power is needed for other purposes under such circumstances.—Dr. Robert Walter in *Laws of Health*.

JEAN AND JACK.

Yesterday the Queen of England reviewed the French and British fleets off Spithead, amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of the men-of-war-men, and after it was over the French admiral boarded the royal yacht and paid his respects to Her Majesty, and both, we are told, exchanged international compliments. Britain is playing the host in grand style this season. Germany's Emperor was received a short time ago with a pomp and circumstance seldom seen in that or any other country. The Prince of Naples and other royalties have also tasted of British hospitality, but yesterday's display of friendship on the water was almost as great as that made for William on shore. What queer people those Europeans are, says the *New York Herald*. England and France are so close to each other that a ship in midchannel can sight both countries. Each has a lot of big war ships lounging about with nothing better to do than make their crews miserable. Yet for the first time in more than a quarter of a century a French fleet has just visited an English port. Why not before? Visiting costs the respective governments little or nothing while the vessels are in commission and steam is up. They have no possible reason for fighting one another. France doesn't want to fight any Power but Germany, while Britain doesn't get into a row with any neighbor of her size; she isn't a bit afraid to fight; she is merely prudent, as a nation devoted to business should be. After their joint fighting in the Crimea and their joint bawling and swindling in Egypt, Britain and France should have outgrown their babyish quarrels that old affair at Waterloo. Indeed, they would have done so already could Britain have had her way, for no nation on earth is more willing to let bygones be bygones—when it chanced that she came out ahead. France, however, has acted like some of the Kentucky families whose great-grandfathers came to blows and shotguns about a stray cow or something equally insignificant, with the result that posterity has had its back up ever since. But at least England and France are rubbing noses by proxy through their ugly ironclads. The English tars are playing host in their hearty and irresistible manner, and the Frenchmen are absorbing Plymouth gin and Scotch whiskey, and learning to sing "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning" and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The next time those Frenchmen chance to sight Dover cliffs from the decks of their respective ships their lips will part in reminiscent smiles instead of to show grim rows of close set teeth. As for the Englishmen, they will drop in at Cherbourg to return the call, they will be filled with better brandy than they ever get at home, they will be rushed up to Paris to see the girls, and, finally, as they steam away with thicker heads and softer hearts, they will inform one another that a Frenchman is a blanked good fellow when you come to know him. All of which will hasten the day when ironclads shall be stripped to their skins and turned into collars, while eighty-ton guns shall be put into museums to show posterity what fools their ancestors were.

Put His Foot in It.

Buffalo News: Maud—So you really think I am pretty?

Harry—Yes, indeed! But, then, you know, I'm no judge of beauty!

Always Met Him.

Bradford Era: "That man Slosser is getting to be a terrible drinker," said Broscher. "What makes you think so?" inquired Broscher. "Why, every place I go into after a drink I find him there."

That is, Most Men.

Brooklyn Life: "There are two social functions that a man always attends, no matter how many previous engagements he may have."

"What are they?"

"His own marriage and his own funeral, of course."

Clubs ought to have no trouble to fill up their ranks when every baby is a base bawler.

If a member of Parliament becomes bankrupt he is incapacitated from sitting or voting.

At the birth of a child in lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton.

Chappie—You do not seem very clear about Jennie's reception of your proposal. Johnny—It's all settled, dear boy; I have the refusal of her.

It is not strange that very few men know themselves intimately. Most people like to avoid disagreeable acquaintances.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Manitoba shorthand writers have organized.

The Paul Boyton Plaster and Cement Company, of Kingston, will go into liquidation.

A mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyo., has been burning for more than 30 years.

American horses are being shipped to Aberdeen, Scotland, for coach and driving purposes.

Sir William Gordon Cumming's relatives and friends are being socially ostracized for their loyalty to him.

Bees attacked a funeral party in Kennett Square, Pa., the other day, and upset all the proprieties of the occasion.

"Old Hutch," is credited with having made \$600,000 on the recent rise in wheat at Chicago.

By a dynamite explosion at Howellsville, Pa., yesterday five men were injured, one fatally.

During the past seven days there were 17 business failures in Canada, as compared with 20 for the corresponding period last year.

Much uneasiness is being created in European political circles by the enormous increase of the Russian troops on the Austrian frontier.

The inquest into the death of Edith Redding, killed on the track at Mimico on Monday, was resumed last night and again adjourned.

A negro became entangled in the ropes attached to a balloon at Carolina Beach, N. C., and was carried several thousand feet into the air, yet reached the earth again safely.

The two new Atlantic steamships for the St. Lawrence route, the Labrador and Numidian, of the Dominion and Allan Line respectively, left Liverpool yesterday on their first trip across.

Great anxiety is felt in Manitoba in consequence of the receipt of a report from the United States signal service stating that light frosts may be expected in North Dakota and adjacent territory.

A. F. Moore, of Moore's Station, Que., died in the Montreal General Hospital yesterday from a wound caused by the accidental discharge of his gun while he was driving along a rough road.

Natural gas was struck at Belleville on Thursday at a depth of 120 feet. The flow caused a flame four feet high, which burned all day. At night the hole was plugged, and drilling was resumed yesterday morning.

A curious result of the chloride of gold cure for drunkenness, by means of which hundreds of men have been relieved of their thirst for liquor is that it causes the patients to lose their memories. Hundreds of letters dropped into the post-office at Dwight, Ill., where the sanitarium is located, have either no address at all or only the name of the person the missive is intended for.

Peter Grant, while running on the main track of the Grand Trunk Railway near Kingston to escape from a heavy rainstorm, was struck by a suburban train and run over. His legs were so crushed that amputation was necessary at the General Hospital. Grant had his head down, and the heavy rain prevented him from noticing the approach of the train. He is from Shanouville, and was employed by McArthur Bros.

The International Socialist Workingmen's Congress at Brussels closed its session on Saturday, after passing a resolution declaring the absolute equality of the sexes and calling for the repeal of all special legislation for women.

Thomas May & Co., wholesale merchants of Montreal, have taken out an action against Mr. F. X. Cousineau, of Toronto, claiming \$50,000 damages on account of statements which it is alleged the defendant made respecting a rumor that the firm was about to go into liquidation.

The house of James Gorman, a bachelor, who lived with his sister near Middleton, Wisconsin, was entered yesterday by an unknown man, who knocked Miss Gorman down and robbed the couple of about \$20,000 the savings of a lifetime, which had been wrapped up in a clothing package.

On car 24 of the Union avenue line, Brooklyn, last night Mamie Roach, aged 18, jumped from her seat and without a word of warning emptied the contents of a vial of vitrol into the face of Conductor Charles Gerhardt. The woman said she did it for revenge, Gerhardt having on Friday night drugged and ruined her.

A party ascending the Peek on Mount Blanc recently were compelled by bad weather to return before arriving at the summit. When the party reached the Petit Plateau fierce gusts of wind released an avalanche which hurled a Brunswicker named Roth, and his guide, Michael, into a crevasse. The two men were dashed to pieces.

The strike on the Lake Erie & Western is as tight as ever, and not a wheel on a freight car on any of the divisions has turned since last Monday night. Yesterday all the clerks in the freight houses along the line were laid off, there being no work at any point. A despatch from Lima, Ohio, says the situation there is unchanged.

The *Nova Freyma* declares that the Council of the Empire is at present discussing a Bill forbidding foreigners to reside outside of towns or to purchase or lease real estate in the country in some of the provinces adjoining Austria. This law, it is said, will be retrospective. Foreigners who, under this law, are turned out of their possessions, and who desire to return to their native land, will be assisted to do so by the Russian Government.

The steamer Loch Lombard, Capt. Stephen, from Montreal, August 7th, which has arrived at Dundee experienced hurricanes during the voyage, and the weather encountered was so severe that the men having charge of the cattle on board were unable to approach them for two days. Seventy-seven head of cattle were lost and scarcely one head escaped injury. There was a sickening scene at the vessel was discharging her cargo, a number of butchers being busily engaged for several hours in killing cattle both aboard the steamer and on the quay.

It is disgusting to people seeking after truth in political matters to observe how some of the Tory and Grit papers, for party interests, try to evade and cover up the dirty work at present polluting Canadian politics in connection with the McGreevy and Mercier scandals. Our cotem, the Listowel Standard, for reasons best known to itself, keeps painfully silent on matters relating to the McGreevy affair, but devotes columns to Count Mercier's little grab. To suppress half of the truth is both dishonest and unfair, and below the standard of honest journalism. To what extent such a course may serve party ends is quite another matter, but shame be it said to the political party in this age that cannot retain the confidence of the people in the sunlight of equity and truth.

To all appearances there is a screw loose somewhere in the manner of conducting the departmental examinations. Complaints from various sources are continually being heard in reference to this matter. With all deference to the honesty of purpose of the chief of the Educational Department, we would suggest that hereafter parents, teachers, and others interested in the higher education of the youth of Ontario will look sharply after the learned men constituting the Board of Examiners at Toronto. The Kincardine Review expresses a truth in these words: "The fact that some of the best candidates at the recent exam's were 'plucked' while some of the poorer were successful inclines this journal to the belief that there's considerable of a lottery about these departmental examinations."

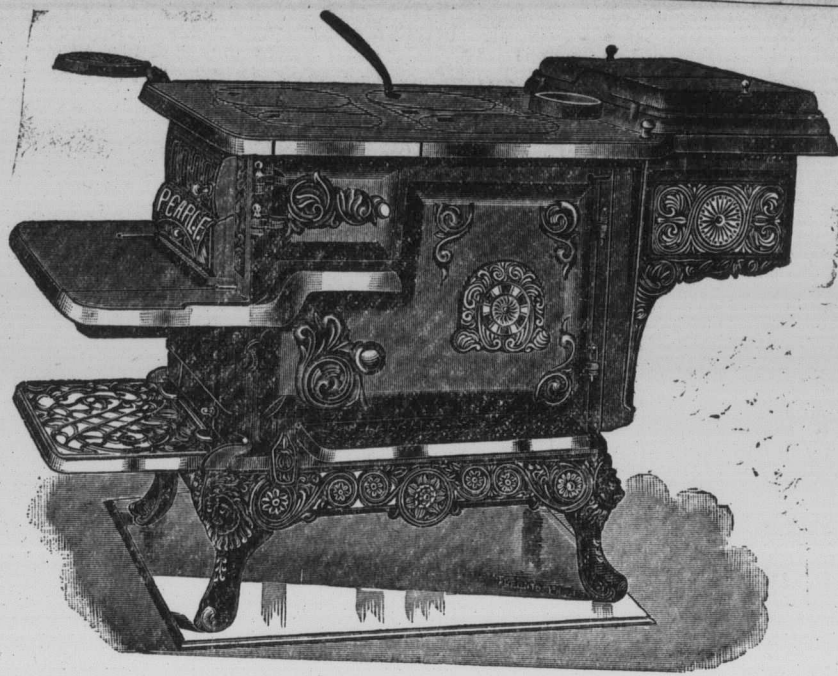
THE MEN AT THE HELM OF STATE.

What shall we say of the men at present guiding our fair ship of state? From the different biographical sketches gleaned from our exchanges and other sources, we cannot say that Premier Abbott is altogether a man worthy of the fullest confidence of the Canadian people. It was he, among others, who offered to sell our country to the American Republic in 1849. He signed the disgraceful annexation document. He also was guilty of some "funny work" in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal. Of course he is discharging the duties of the Premiership *pro tem*, and as soon as the party can find a man fitted for the place of trust, he will be kindly asked to step down. However, Mr. Abbott possesses some good qualities which commend him to the people, his attitude in dealing with the present scandals at Ottawa being indeed commendable. While he is, to all intents and purposes, doing his best in the interests of Canada at present, he is better qualified for his old position in the Senate than in grappling with the more weighty and embarrassing problems of state in the Commons.

Of Sir John Thompson, we candidly believe that he is the ablest and most statesmanlike member of the present Dominion Parliament. He is as able as he is just, and by reason of his high sense of honor and unswerving loyalty to the principles of right regardless of party, he has won the confidence of both Conservatives and Reformers in and out of the House. And were it not for one weakness in the career of the man, namely, his allegiance to the Roman Catholic faith after having been brought up a Protestant, Sir John Thompson would, we believe, be Premier of Canada. His religion may not be regarded as a weakness by some of our readers, but we protest, and will ever protest, against any Roman Catholic, Reformer or Conservative, filling the highest and most trusted position within the gift of this Protestant Canada. We say this guardedly, knowing as we do, something of the corrupt nature and ruinous effects of Romanism. We believe in British justice and the equality of man, but when the principles of a corrupt religion are such as to conflict with the affairs of state, we emphasize again and again, Rome shall never wield her sceptre over enlightened, Protestant Canada. Never!

Premier Mercier, of Quebec, it is scarcely needed to say, was never anything else but an unprincipled scoundrel, and wholly unfit for the position of chief magistrate of a Canadian province. His character and career is patent to all of us. A rotten system of provincial administration such as that of Quebec, would not be tolerated in Ontario one month without open rebellion. It is only because the people of French Canada are steeped in vice, ignorance and papal su-

STOVES



STOVES

COOKING STOVES !! PARLOR STOVES !! BOX STOVES !!

Fall is here and Winter is coming, and preparations are now being made for the Cold Weather. Call and see our splendid line of Stoves before purchasing elsewhere. Prices very reasonable.

Hardware, Tinware, Mixed and Unmixed Paints kept in stock.

31tf

JOHN ROGERS, Atwood.

perstition, that such a state of affairs exists. We, in Ontario, know but very little after all of the dishonest tactics and corrupt practices resorted to by men in high places in our benighted, Rome-cursed sister province of Quebec.

Hon. Wilfred Laurier is a gentleman, an orator, and somewhat of the type of Sir John Thompson in point of honor and regard for the dignity of his trusted position. Of his statesmanship capabilities we know little; of his scholastic and oratorical abilities, we know more. He is superior to Hon. Edward Blake inasmuch as he is more practical than the ex-leader. Mr. Blake was altogether too much of a theorist for a young country demanding immediate and decidedly practical legislation. With the possible exception of the late Hon. George Brown, Mr. Laurier is the ablest leader the Reform party have ever had. As a politician, tactician and statesman, much depends upon his future career.

Hon. Oliver Mowat is to-day the first living Canadian statesman. He has guided the destinies of the fair Province of Ontario during the past seventeen years with signal triumph and as no other man before him, and as a constitutional lawyer has won laurels for himself and his country. A Christian, a shrewd politician, an able statesman and a leader of men. For a progressive people, a country jealous of her liberties and proud of her Christian institutions, Hon. Oliver Mowat is worthy of the highest honor in the gift of such a people and country.

W. R. Meredith, leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, is likewise a man of integrity and ability. He is doubtlessly the ablest man on the Opposition benches. Having been so long on the shady side of the Government his best energies have not been brought prominently before the people. It is a truism that occasion makes the man. Mr. Meredith is a clever lawyer, an able representative of his party, and better still, he is an honest man, which, in the immortal words of Burns, "is the noblest work of God."

For Sale or to Rent.

THAT very desirable property, being Lot No. 35, in the 11th Con. of the township of Grey. Good buildings, large clearing in the best state of cultivation, convenient to church, school, post office and cheese factory. Will be sold on very easy terms. Apply to the owner, GEORGE DENMAN, or to

THOS. FULLARTON, Atwood P.O. 32-3in

House and Lot

For Sale or to Rent.

THE undersigned offers for sale or to rent his splendid frame house situated on Main street, south of G.T.R., Atwood, containing 7 rooms, together with a never failing spring well and other conveniences. Terms to suit the purchaser.

ALEX. CAMPBELL, Atwood, Ont. 23-4in

Atwood Livery!



Fine rigs, good horses, and everything requisite, is kept at the Atwood Livery Stables. Terms moderate. Special rates to ministers and others requiring livery service periodically. A splendid Carry-all in connection with the stables.

WM. THISTLE, Proprietor. 25tf

--NEW--

Fall Goods!

THE Spring Trade is about over now and we are getting in our Fall Stock so as to have it on hand when needed. We ask our Customers and the Public, generally, to

CALL AND SEE

OUR GOODS

Before purchasing elsewhere. Our prices cannot be equalled. We are not afraid to compare goods with any of our neighboring towns. We have a splendid line of heavy and light Over coatings on hand. All work A. 1.

Thanking you for past patronage, we remain yours,

CURRIE & HEUGHAN, ATWOOD, ONT.

--POPE'S--

Harness Shop

REMOVED!

THE harness shop of H. Pope has been removed to the Foresters' block, Atwood, where he is prepared to attend to the needs of the public.

Heavy and light harness made to order. Full lines of whips, curry combs, rugs, brushes, etc., etc. Repairing promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

Call at the new shop.

H. POPE.

A. FRAME.

Any information wanted respecting the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be cheerfully given by applying to R. S. Pelton, of THE BEE Publishing House, or

A. FRAME, Box 14, Stratford, Ont. 51-ly

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOOUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

\$10 to \$18

R. M. BALLANTYNE

WILL SELL YOU AN

All Wool Suit

—FOR—

\$10.00.

A Fine Worsted Suit for

\$18.00.

Where is

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Now?

Call and examine our goods, we guarantee to

Save you from \$2

to \$5 on each

Suit.

LARDINE MACHINE OIL!

The famous heavy Boiled Oil for all Machinery. Those who use it once use it always.

McCull's Renowned Cylinder Oil

Has no equal for Engine cylinders. Give it a trial and see for yourself. Beware of imitations of Lardine. Made only by McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

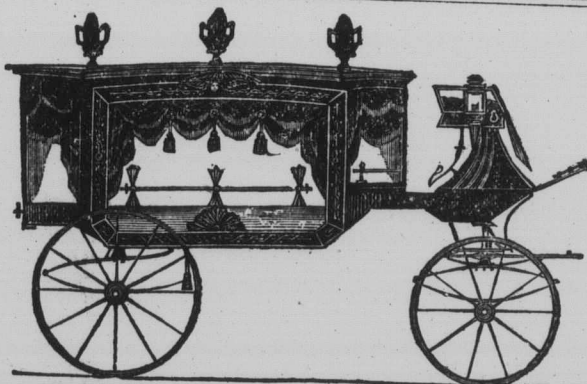
FOR SALE BY J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.

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.

DO YOU WANT

A supply of Spices such as **Mace, Pepper, All-spice, Ginger, Tumeric, Cloves, Caraway, Coriander, Mustard, Celery, Cinnamon, Nutmegs or Mixed Spices**, in fact anything at all with which the good Housewife puts down such fine Pickles at this time of the year. If so your wants can be supplied by the

ATWOOD DRUG & BOOK STORE.

Town Talk.

FALL.

SEPTEMBER.

E. E. HARVEY preaches in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

J. H. MCBAIN preached for Rev. J. Livingstone, Listowel, on Sabbath last.

Mrs. WM. PELTON, of Listowel, was visiting relatives in the village last Saturday.

Miss KATE ERSKINE, of Monkton, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Harvey, last week.

Miss FICE, of Toronto, lately of England, was the guest of Mrs. Johnson last week.

No damage has been done by frost in Manitoba and the weather has again turned warm.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and THE BEE will be sent for the balance of the year for 25c.

Crop prospects in England are poor. From Westmoreland and Leeds reports of grain destroyed have been received.

DR. GIBSON, of London, takes charge of Dr. Hamilton's practice while the latter is attending camp at St. Thomas.

Now is the time to advertise your fall and winter goods. We ask our readers to keep their eyes open for the fall announcements.

PARTIES owing this office will do us a needed favor by dropping in and settling their indebtedness. We are in urgent need of money to meet our current office expenses.

J. A. HACKING, Listowel, directs the attention of parents to his full lines of High and Public school books. See his beautiful wall papers which he is selling at 20 per cent. discount.

PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS, the weather prophet, will soon appear in a new role. A novel from his pen, dealing with life on the planet Mars, is to be published in New York.

SOME complaints have been made that the new potatoes are rotting. P. B. Jarvis, of Stratford, offers this as a preventive: "Dig potatoes and sprinkle them with newly slacked lime. This will kill the fungus and prevent its spreading to other potatoes."

We have conceit enough to believe that Elma can furnish a tag-of-war team that can do up any team in Perth and make it exceedingly interesting for the Zorra champions. Two of our men—Jno. Morrison and James Hanna—pulled with Stratford against Lucknow last week.

A CAMP meeting is announced to take place at Moorefield on Sunday, Sept. 6, under the auspices of Conostoga lodge C. O. F. Rev. J. Livingstone, of Listowel, and several other ministers will conduct the religious services. On Monday evening a concert will be given, in which White Bros. take part.

CANADA FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.—A Southern dialect story, of absorbing interest, by a Virginia Canadian, will be found complete in the August and September numbers of Canada, the new national magazine. The two numbers will be sent to any address post-free for 20 cents in stamps. Poetry and prose by ablest Canadian writers, choice selections and bright and timely departments in every number. Every Canadian family should subscribe for Canada. A one dollar bill will pay for it from now until the end of 1892. Address: "Canada," Benton, New Brunswick.

THE CANADIAN FLAG.—The most elaborate, and at the same time the most beautiful, of modern flags is that of the Dominion of Canada. Heraldically it is in perfect taste and tells a complete story, in fact, a summary of its country's history, as all national flags should be. The various provinces are arranged according to precedence, and at the same time in a manner that gratifies the artistic tastes of the spectators, while over all is the British coat of arms, typifying the connection of the country with Great Britain, a connection of which Canada and Britain are justly and equally proud.—Scottish American.

PARTRIDGE shooting is in season.

Mrs. STEVENSON left for Cheyenne, Wyoming, last Tuesday.

CROSSLEY and Hunter will commence meetings at Norwich on Sunday, Sept. 6th.

LA GRIPPE has taken hold of George Cocks this week. He is confined to his bed.

JAS. STEWART, who has been laid up for several days past with pleurisy, is slowly recovering.

The brickwork on Mrs. Porterfield's new residence is completed, and the house will be ready for occupation shortly.

CONDUCTOR SNIDER is meeting with great success in his lecturing tour, being greeted with full houses wherever he has lectured.

YOU intend of course to make your fall and winter purchases of dry goods right away. Well then you should see what Irwin has to say in another column.

THE MORRIS scribe to the Goderich Signal remarks:—James Wilson, our genial school teacher, has again returned to business. He seems to have had some practice on his bicycle during his vacation.

Mrs. ROBT. MORRISON and five children left for Brandon, Man., Tuesday, where they will join Mr. Morrison. Albert Morrison, her brother-in-law, accompanied the family. We wish them a safe journey.

A big clearing sale of dry goods, groceries, etc., commenced last Wednesday at S. Gee's, Newry. It will continue for one month. His advertisement and circulars give full particulars of this great sacrifice of staple goods.

THE FAIRS.—For the benefit of our readers contemplating attending the Industrial and Western Fairs, we append the following rates from Atwood and return:—To London, Sept. 21st and 23rd, (excursion days) \$1.60; other days, \$2.00; tickets good to return Sept. 28th, inclusive. To Toronto, Sept. 15th and 17th, (excursion days) \$2.35; other days, \$3.10; tickets good to return Sept. 21st, inclusive. For further particulars apply to the station agent.

THE local newspapers of Michigan, the state in which the order known as the Patrons of Industry was founded, are these days giving notice of the great number of lodges that are becoming defunct. Here in Wingham little or nothing is ever heard of the organization now, and the chances are that it will come to an earlier grave than even did the Grangers' society in this section. The extinction of the order suggests the poet's lines of lamentation: "If so soon I am done for, what was I begun for?"—Advance.

THE St. Thomas Times is responsible for this hen and egg story:—A farmer who dropped into our sanctum to-day told us of a hen that having set two weeks on a setting of eggs, got tired and resigned her commission. The eggs remained in the sun, however, and at the expiration of the next week the chickens came out as bright and intelligent as though their mother hatched them, except two, which were badly afflicted from exposure on the night following their arrival. The farmer is a resident of Yarmouth and a member of high standing in the church, so, of course we cannot express any doubts as to the truth of the story.

"It is said that W. T. Farrell, who has been teaching the young idea how to shoot in Turnberry, has secured a situation as traveller for a St. Louis, Mo., firm, at a salary of \$75 per month, and the trustees of the school and the parents of the children attending said place of learning are not pleased with the conduct of Mr. Farrell for quitting his employment without first giving due notice of his intentions, especially as his salary had recently been raised. If such be true he should be brought to task, as such a scurvy trick is entirely unbecoming."—Wingham Advance. Whatever state Mr. Farrell may have left his school in in Turnberry we are not prepared to say, but from our knowledge of Mr. Farrell he is far above doing a "scurvy trick," and we think we know him better than the Advance man's informant.

Miss HUNT is visiting her sister in London this week.

A DESIRABLE farm in Grey township is offered for sale in this issue.

THE Misses Machan, of Mitchell, are the guests of Miss Jennie Harvey this week.

THE masons are pushing R. M. Ballantyne's block forward in good style.

Mrs. WM. BROWN, of Eglinton, near Toronto, was visiting her brothers, Wm. and Geo. Danbrook, this village.

KLUMP's butcher shop presents a more finished-like appearance since the brickwork is completed. It is an acquisition to the north end of the village.

REV. E. W. HUGHES, of Wingham, preached in St. Alban's church on Sunday evening last. His text was from Psalms 63:1, and the subject was, "An ideal."

By announcement elsewhere it will be seen Mrs. Harvey has received her large and judiciously selected stock of new fall and winter goods. Call and inspect her goods and prices.

THE annual meeting for 1891 of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance will (D. V.) be held in Richmond Hall, 25 Richmond Street, West, Toronto, on Tuesday, September 15th, commencing at 9 a. m.

A SUMMARY of the census returns of Canada were laid on the table of Parliament on Wednesday. They show an increase for the past 10 years of only 498,534, and the total population of the Dominion to be only 4,823,344. The figures are very disappointing.

OVER THE ATLANTIC.—H. Hoar and W. R. Humphrey left Monday for the British Isles. It is expected they will be away about two months. THE BEE man has been promised a genuine Irish black thorn stick direct from the Emerald sod—in the rough, thorns, scabs, knots and all the rest, so emblematic of Irish cussedness.

ONCE more a man disappointed in love has killed himself. Perhaps he knew his own business best, but, as the New York Herald remarks, what a fortunate woman she is who declined to marry him. Men worth marrying don't kill themselves because a woman refuses them. Love that is worth having doesn't affect a man in that way. If the poor fellow had had proper study in him he would have braced himself for another attempt, become more of a man and gone on trying.

TWO-ROWED BARLEY.—It will be remembered last year the Dominion Government distributed samples of the English two-rowed barley among the farmers throughout the country in the hope that if it yielded well the farmers would be induced to sow it in preference to the six-rowed variety. The object being to grow a barley more acceptable than the six-rowed to the English market. Hitherto the great bulk of our barley has been shipped to the United States, whereas if the two-rowed variety can be successfully grown we are promised a better price for it in the English market than we have hitherto been receiving for the six-rowed variety in the American market. Thos. Dickson, of Elma, informs us that he has nearly two acres of the new barley, and the yield is excellent and the sample A 1—better than his native six-rowed variety. We would suggest that the local buyers buy up a quantity of the two-rowed barley and ship it to the Old Country with the object of testing its saleable qualities.

SOMEHOW or other it seems that trouble and adversity sour women more than they do men. A woman does not take kindly to trouble. Her nature leans to beauty and tenderness and the gentle things of existence. The man has the fighting instinct, and with it always goes the instinct of respect for and generosity to a foe. The woman has no forgiveness for an enemy. She is not a creature of parleys or treaties. That is why in lover's quarrels, nine times out of ten, the man is the one who sues for pardon—to the last extent, maybe, when perhaps, he was not originally in the wrong, and if he is feminine enough in his instincts not to do so then there you have two divided lives. Many a woman has broken her heart and her life because she could not recognize the difference between open enmity and an honest difference of opinion that between two men might exist without disturbing the warmest mutual affection. In friendly relations woman is capable of devotion and sacrifice—even to the unhesitating sacrifice of her life. In unfriendly relations she is a goose.—Ex.

OUR valuable contemporary, the Blyth Standard, has entered upon its fifth year of publication, and under the enterprising management of W. H. Irwin, ranks among the best weeklies of the Huron tract. The editor, after noting the varied improvements made in the paper since assuming control, closes by urging upon the merchants to show their appreciation of the expend energy and money by more liberally patronizing the Standard's advertising columns. We are personally acquainted with some very fine people in Blyth, but from a business point of view, Blyth has some of the meanest, closest-fisted, unenterprising merchants west of Toronto. One of these same chicken-souled mortals put this question to us in a tone of apparent deep concern: "How is it, Pelton, our local paper never appears to thrive any length of time? Now, there's M—— he skipped out neck and heels in debt; P—— got into trouble and quit the town, etc., etc." A look over the mealy advertising patronage accorded their local paper will answer this oft repeated question. There is a sneaky element in Blyth who are ever eager to bolster up neighboring newspapers, notably the Clinton papers, to the detriment of their home paper. We sympathize with you, friend Irwin, in your commendable efforts to publish a clean, new, well printed sheet in the face of an unappreciative and unpatriotizing public.

PROBABLY a more elegant and attractive display of pianos and organs was never exhibited in a single musical emporium in Perth as can be seen at Lamont's music store in Listowel. All the leading Canadian instruments may be seen to advantage. The new Hoerr piano, in point of workmanship, tone and finish, is the finest we have seen.

Fall Fairs.

Elma, Atwood, Sept. 29.
Palmerston, Sept. 28 and 29.
Industrial, Toronto, Sept. 7 to 19.
East Huron, Brussels, Oct. 1 and 2.
North Perth, Stratford, Oct. 1 and 2.
Western Fair, London, Sept. 17 to 26.
Guelph Central, Guelph, Sept. 22 to 24.
North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 29 and 30.
Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 29 to Oct. 2nd.
Peninsular Fair, Chatham, Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.
Canada Central, Ottawa, Sept. 23 to Oct. 2.
Great International, St. John, N. B., Sept. 23 to Oct. 3.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$ 90	\$ 95
Spring Wheat	85	90
Barley	28	30
Oats	23	25
Peas	55	60
Pork	5 00	5 50
Hides per lb.	4	4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 25
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bushel	60	60
Butter per lb.	13	14
Eggs per doz.	11	11

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$ 90	\$ 92
Spring Wheat	93	95
Barley	43	45
Oats	31	33
Peas	75	78
Hay	8 00	8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00	5 50
Eggs	12	12
Butter	14	15
Potatoes per bag	006	0 00

STAR LIVERY

ATWOOD, ONTARIO.

The Star Livery is equipped with first-class rigs, fast and gentle drivers, and in every way adapted to meet the requirements of the travelling public. Terms reasonable. Stables opposite Loerger's hotel.

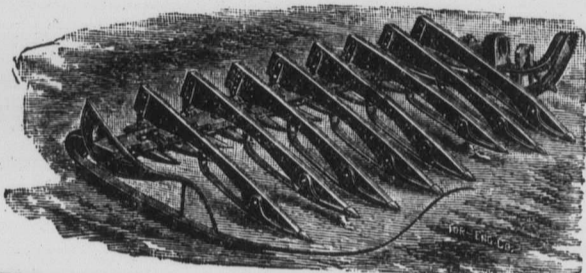
27th W. D. GILCHRIST, Prop.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, ST. ALBANS, etc., a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. G. ROOT, M. C. 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Richmond Pea Harvester!



THIS attachment is greatly improved for 1891. It is the best, simplest and cheapest device for harvesting peas ever invented. It can be attached to any ordinary mowing machine, and will work well on any field where a Mower will cut grass. I have the sole agency for Elma township. Price of pea harvester, complete, \$12.00.

I also manufacture first-class Buggies and Wagons. The closest attention given to

HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

I keep road carts, all makes. Anyone requiring a cart should call and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

12 4m **HENRY HOAR, Atwood.**

NEW GOODS

New Goods!

THIS week we open up our

NEW FALL GOODS

In Dry Goods, we have new Dress Goods, new Flannels, new Shirts and Drawers, new Blankets, new Yarns, new Canton Flannels, new Cottonades, new Shirtings. Everything New and Cheap.

A very large stock of **BOOTS & SHOES**

JUST OPENED UP.

All lines in men's, women's and children's wear. The celebrated GRANBY Rubbers and Overshoes ahead of all others and at the same price. Our cheap sale of Dress Goods, Prints and all summer goods still going on.

Jas. Irwin.

BLOODY DOINGS IN GRANADA

Revolutionary Uprising Promptly Quelled by Government Troops.

DEADLY STREET FIRE.

A special cable to the New York Herald from Granada, Nicaragua, says: A desperate fight occurred here to-day in which the Chief of Police and six men were killed and many others were wounded. There had been more or less friction in the country for some time and it was feared that a revolutionary movement was on foot. The Government had made all the overtures to the opposition which it thought consistent with its dignity and safety, but they had been declined; then it was decided to take measures which would prevent any possible attempt at rebellion. In pursuance of this policy orders were issued to arrest Gen. Zavilla, Anselmo, Rivas and Enrique Guzman. This order was executed this morning. As soon as the men were arrested and before they were taken to the prison, a number of their partisans got together and made a desperate attempt to rescue them. A volley was fired into the guards which wounded several of them and killed the chief of police. The guards returned the fire with fatal effect. The Government was fully prepared for just such an *emute*, and reinforcements were immediately sent to the beleaguered guards. With the reinforcements, short work was made of the friends of the men under arrest and the streets were quickly cleared, not, however, until several exchanges of shots had taken place in which six men were killed outright and fully fifty were more or less seriously injured. After order had been restored the streets were patrolled by bodies of troops, and to-night all is quiet. Zavilla, Rivas and Guzman were sent to Managua in charge of a guard sufficient to render hopeless any possible attempt at rescue. An Italian hotel keeper of this city, who appeared to be one of the ringleaders in the trouble, this morning has been arrested and accompanies the three first mentioned to Managua. Other arrests are probable. The Government has taken every possible precaution, and there is apparently no reason now to fear any attempt to overthrow it.

A CHANCE FOR BLOODSHED.

Railway Strikers Threaten to Shoot Anyone Who Goes to Work.

A Peoria, Ill., despatch says: Owing to an error in telegraphing the men who were to take the railroad yard strikers' places did not come here to-day. The strikers have been driven from the yards of the Peoria and Pekin Union Road by deputy sheriffs, and all are drawn up in a long line along the C. B. & Q. tracks. Sentinels are placed at each entrance to the yards to notify the strikers when the new men arrive. The strikers say they will shoot the first man who attempts to couple a car. The Toledo, Peoria, and Western made up through freight at Hilton this morning and sent it down through the yards. It was not molested, as the train was not made up here. The situation is growing desperate for the business men of Peoria, and some decided action is demanded. Railroad officials say cars will be moved to-morrow if the new men and Pinkerton men arrive.

SHOT A STOKER.

Mutiny Alleged as a Justification for a Homicide.

A New York despatch says: The story is told in shipping circles to-day of how Capt. Bakker of the steamship *Ondam*, which left this port on July 18th for Rotterdam, two days later shot and killed one of the coal stokers. On his previous trip Capt. Bakker shipped about twenty coal stokers in Rotterdam. On the trip over here there was some dissatisfaction among the stokers, but they were afraid to mutiny. When the ship left this port, however, to return to Rotterdam, the men grew sullen and there were good grounds to fear a mutiny. Capt. Bakker was told by a man named Boel that such a move was ripe and the captain went down into the coal hole and warned the men. One of the stokers picked up a fireman's comb, a heavy iron instrument, and made at the captain. The latter drew his revolver and shot the man dead. The man's name was Duzer. In Rotterdam Capt. Bakker was placed under \$10,000 bail.

Youths Who Played Desperadoes.

A Knoxville, Tenn., despatch says: On Wednesday two boys aged eleven and fifteen years, armed themselves with revolvers and knives and proceeded to act the part of desperadoes. When two and a half miles from the town they saw a man named Marsh with a team coming towards them. They asked permission to ride, got into the wagon and after riding a short distance one of the boys asked Marsh if his horses would run if he should fire a revolver. Marsh said they would. The boy then got up and stabbed Marsh in the back with a large butcher knife, inflicting a serious if not fatal wound. The boys were promptly arrested and placed in jail.

New Post Offices.

The following new post offices were established in Ontario on the 1st inst.: Beg Island, Prince Edward; De Grassi Point (summer office), Farncliffe, Simcoe, S. R.; Heron's Mills, Lanark, W. R.; Kepler, Frontenac; Long Branch, York, W. R.; Mainsville, Grenville, S. R.; McMillan's Corners, Stormont; Osaca (re-opened) Durham, E. R.; Parliament street, Toronto, Centre; Shallow Lake, Grey, N. R.; Silver Lake, Victoria, N. R.; The Mettawas (re-opened summer office), Essex, S. R.

Besides "A Yorkshire Lass," of which the London critics spoke in a very un-English though very complimentary way last winter, the repertoire which Miss Eastlake has selected for use in her American tour will include Jerome K. Jerome's latest play, "What Women Will Do," and Wilson Barrett and Sydney Grundy's "Clit".

A careful study of the negatives of the moon made with the aid of the great Lick telescope has revealed the existence of many unknown objects there, including great crater mountains and rift chasms in the surface of the moon, as well as some of those mysterious objects that go under the descriptive name of bright streaks or rays.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Balmaceda's Opponents Steal a March Upon Him.

LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE EXPECTED.

VALPARAISO, Aug. — The insurgent army, numbering nearly 10,000 men, landed yesterday morning at Quintero Bay, twenty miles north of this city. They were brought down from Caldera on eight transports, three tugs and four warships. The point of landing is fifty miles from Santiago, where Balmaceda's forces to the number of 10,000 have been stationed. Quintero Bay is the entrance to a fertile valley, and is in a direct line with Santiago and Valparaiso. The Balmacedists have anticipated a movement south on the part of their foes, but they believed Coquimbo would be the first place attacked. It now appears that the hovering of the insurgent fleet in the neighborhood of Coquimbo Bay was only a scheme to deceive Balmaceda. By coming so far south the insurgents leave the large force of Balmacedists at Coquimbo, many miles to the north of them, and helpless to render aid to the Government army in this neighborhood. The landing at Quintero Bay was therefore a complete surprise to the President, but as soon as he learned the news he acted promptly. By his command a large force was sent north to meet the enemy.

The Esmeralda, commanded by Sylva Palma, is just outside the harbor. It is expected she will be joined at once by the other insurgent war vessels from Quintero Bay. It looks as if in conjunction with the advance of the land forces upon this city the fleet will open fire upon the forts that defend this harbor. Unless some of the Government gunners turn traitors it does not seem likely that the fleet can silence the forts. A fierce fight is imminent. On its result depends in all likelihood the complete overthrow of Balmaceda or of his opponents. The rout of the President's forces would undoubtedly be quickly followed by the capture of Valparaiso and Santiago by the victorious army of the insurgents.

BALMACEIDA'S STRAIT.

Seizing the Treasury Silver Bullion to Buy War Materials.

A London cable says: The *Times* publishes a letter from Lisbon declaring that President Balmaceda, of Chili, being unable to borrow money, seized the silver bullion in the treasury of Santiago de Chili, stored there as security for the fiduciary circulation, and tried to transport this silver abroad as payment for ships and arms ordered in Europe. Balmaceda was not able to hire a private vessel to transport the silver, but he persuaded the commander of the *Espiegle*, a British man-of-war, to convey a million dollars to Montevideo. The *Times* says it is confident this was done without the consent of the British admiralty, adding that it seems as though a British man-of-war had been made the accomplice of a downright robbery. The transaction, the *Times* says, demands a full investigation.

Switchmen Working Under Arms.

A Peoria, Ill., despatch says: The men who are taking the place of the striking switchmen arrived yesterday, and operations were begun. Considerable excitement was caused in the morning by the report that three men had been killed in a fight at the Bridge Junction telegraph station, in the yard. Investigation showed that the men were killed in a runaway accident, and the strikers had nothing to do with it. Everything is quiet, but there is a large force of armed guards in the yards. All the new men are provided with revolvers and sworn in as deputies.

Were the Children Murdered?

An Irontown, Ohio, despatch says: Geo. Hamilton and his wife went visiting yesterday, leaving their three children, Hestie, Edith and Emma, aged 8, 4 and 2 respectively. When they returned the children were missing. After a long search the little ones were found confined in an old tool chest, where they had died from suffocation. The mother is almost insane in her grief. A stick fastened in the staple of the chest indicates murder, and the police are investigating the case.

A Murderer Filled With Lead.

A Shelbyville, Ind., despatch says: City Marshal Bruce last night, while attempting to arrest Charley Hawkins, a desperate character, who was creating a disturbance, was fatally shot by the latter. Hawkins was promptly arrested and lodged in jail. Later in the night a mob of 500 men collected around the jail. Six of the mob finally gained an entrance and brought Hawkins out, took him to a tree and hanged him up and shot him full of bullets.

What he Wanted to Be.

New York Herald: "So you want to get religion?"

"I do."

"What do you want to be—Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, or what?"

"To tell the truth I hadn't thought of any of them; I want to be a Christian."

A Clever Rival.

Buffalo News: "I hear that your rival has been successful in becoming engaged to Miss Cumrox," said a young man to his friend.

"Yes, I did my best, but he was more clever than I."

"Indeed? How was that?"

"He knew enough to let her father beat him at billiards, and I didn't."

In Chicago they are telling this story on Sam Jones. Recently he was addressing a crowded audience and said: "I want every one in this congregation who wants to go to heaven to stand up." Of course almost everybody rose. Then he said: "Now, I want everybody who wants to go to the other place to stand up." At first no one stood up, but finally a long and lank and skinny individual in the back seats, about as fat as an umbrella, arose and said: "I don't exactly want to go to the other place, but I am willing to stand up rather than let the preacher stand all alone."

HORRIBLE SCAFFOLD SCENE.

A Murderer's Head Almost Torn From His Body.

"YOU CAN'T SPEAK NOW,"

But the Priest Pushed the Hangman Out of the Way.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. — John Conway, the steamship fireman, who was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of the boy Nicholas Martin, whose body was found on May 9th floating in a sailor's bag in Hardon dock, was hanged this morning. As Berry, the hangman, was drawing the black cap over Conway's head the latter shouted: "Hold on, I want to say something," and was about to proceed with the execution when the priest in attendance hastily interposed, pushed the hangman on one side, and held Conway's hand, while the condemned man in broken tones, asked forgiveness for his sins. Only when the unfortunate wretch had replied to his plea for forgiveness, did the latter permit the hangman to proceed. This incident caused intense excitement among those present, but it was nothing compared to the scene which followed. In due course of time the drop fell and Conway disappeared from view. Immediately afterward the priest began to read the confession of the hanging man, in which Conway said he was intoxicated when he murdered the boy and that his reason for taking the boy's life was that he had morbid curiosity to observe the process of dying. While the priest was reading Conway's confession a sound was heard from the scaffold as if a quantity of water was falling. Investigation was made by the hangman and the prison officials, and to their horror they found that the sound was caused by blood pouring upon the prison floor from Conway's neck. The fall had been so severe that the criminal's head had been practically torn from his body; in fact, the head was only held to the body by the muscles of the neck. The hangman was blamed for the bungling.

VON MOLTKE'S MEMOIRS.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Franco-German War.

WAS GAMBETTA A TRAITOR?

LONDON, Aug. — The long-expected memoirs of Count Von Moltke are printed to the extent of five columns in to-day's *Times*. The Count touches very lightly upon political matters, but confines his attention almost exclusively to the military details of the war of 1870. He reviews at considerable length the incidents surrounding the surrender of Metz and the alleged traitorous conduct of Marshal Bazaine. This disloyalty on the part of the general, he rather accentuates than palliates, and goes even further than this and introduces the name of Gambetta into the possibility of Bazaine being a part of a political plot which had for its object the throwing of the dictatorship into the hands of Gambetta and his fellow conspirators. Von Moltke's criticism on the battle of Sedan, gives many facts that will be entirely new to the readers of history and gives additional interest to that marvellous cavalry fight. Much space is occupied in attention to the exploits of the then King William, and it will probably excite some comment that he has passed over with only a cursory mention the connection which Prince Bismarck enjoyed with the empire. Von Moltke indulges in a lengthy discourse concerning the general calamity following all wars and the desirability of adopting some method by which they can be avoided. He compares the *esprit de corps* of the Prussian army with what he regards as a selfish indifference of the French, or perhaps, more properly, their lack of stamina for the want of a suitable leader. The book is written in an easy and therefore a terse and pungent style, and the *Times*, in printing these extracts from it, pays a high compliment to Von Moltke's literary talent.

Women and the Steam Engine.

It takes sand to run an engine; so it does run a woman.

There is usually a great bustle about an engine; so there is about a woman.

It makes a fellow mad to get left by an engine; so it does by a woman.

An engine is an object of much wonder and admiration to men and of fear to horses; so is a woman.

When an engine goes off the track it usually takes a man or more along with it; so does a woman.

An engine is known by its company; so is a woman.

An engine will sometimes blow a fellow up if he puts on too much pressure; so will some women.

And Then the War Began.

Henpeck—I believe that there really is something in the saying that Friday is an unlucky day. I remember when I proposed to my best girl on a Friday.

Smith—And she rejected you?

Henpeck—No; unfortunately she married me.

Harry Stayer—Have you heard the latest, Miss Flimsy? Miss Flimsy—Yes, I just heard the clock strike 12.

Robert Mantell will begin his next season on August 31st in Yonkers. His repertoire will embrace "The Corican Brothers" and "Monbars," and he may also be seen in one or two new plays during the season.

A bright English comedy, by John Douglas, called "Darlington's Widow," was produced with great success at Toole's Theatre, London, last October, and will be revived this season at the Court Theatre.

Marcus Mayer has secured Patti for next season, and Mrs. Bernard Beere for 1892-93.

"A High Roller" is a big financial success in New York, notwithstanding the fact that it is uncalculated for journalistic abuse.

A RECORD SMASHER.

From Queenstown to New York the Teutonic Files in Five Days, Sixteen Hours and Thirty-one Minutes—A Great Day's Run—On Tuesday She Covered 517 Miles in Twenty-four Hours.

New York Herald: Let Captain Parsell, R. N. R., pull down the broom which he has been flying from the mast-head of the White Star steamer *Majestic* since August 5th.

A new queen of the sea was crowned yesterday, when the *Majestic's* sister ship *Teutonic*, Captain Irving, R. N. R., arrived at New York, after having smashed all previous records with a phenomenal run of 5 days, 16 hours and 31 minutes, from Roche's Point, Queenstown, to the Sandy Hook lightship.

The best run previous to this splendid performance was made by the *Majestic* August 5th of this month, when she arrived off Sandy Hook 5 days, 18 hours and 8 minutes from Queenstown. Before that 5 days, 19 hours and 18 minutes had been the record, held by the *Inman* steamer *City of Paris* since August 23th, 1889.

This time, though, there is believed to be no doubt about the time made by the *Teutonic*, and she stands the undisputed holder of all ocean records.

WHAT THE LOG SHOWED.

This is the record of the *Teutonic's* runs by days:

August 14..... 460 August 17..... 510
August 15..... 496 August 18..... 517
August 16..... 505 To Sandy Hook..... 290

Total..... 2,778

The *Teutonic* arrived at the lightship at twenty-four minutes before 2 o'clock yesterday morning, lopping off nearly two hours from the five days and three-quarters' trip of the *Majestic*, and bringing joy to the hearts of those who predict that the transatlantic voyage will yet be made in five days and a half.

Captain Irving was feeling very happy yesterday, and when I asked him if he should have the pleasure of congratulating him again before long, the Captain said, modestly: "The log shows that on the fifth day we broke the record of day's running by making 517 miles, and I suppose we might do that every day under the same conditions."

Chief Engineer Hugh Curry was no less a happy man than his commander. "If any one gives us anything to do," said he, "we'll do it. The *Majestic* did give us something to do and we attended to the work cut out for us, didn't we?"

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Engineer Curry said the average revolutions of the screw were about eighty to the minute, except on the day of the longest run, when they went up to eighty-one. The horse power was at times as high as 20,000 and from that down to 15,000. The average speed per hour was 20.35 knots, or 23.40 miles. The *Teuton's* coal consumption averaged about three hundred tons every twenty-four hours.

The *Teutonic*, for the first two days out, had head winds, which made the prospect for a record breaking voyage look discouraging, but after that the weather was fair and the sea beat the single day record of 517 miles which was held by the *City of Paris*, although the *Majestic* held the record of the ocean trip.

The excitement among the passengers over the race against time was great after the first two days out. On the fifth day out the popping of champagne corks greeted the announcement of the greatest single day's record ever made.

FORMER RECORD BREAKERS.

This is a list of steamers which have broken the ocean record since the transatlantic lines began to call at Queenstown for their mails in 1866, the time always being reckoned from the moment the steamers passed the Roche Light, at Queenstown, until they arrived off the Sandy Hook lightship:

Date.	Steamers.	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
1866-Scotland	8	02	48	
1873-Baltic	7	20	09	
1875-City of Berlin	7	15	48	
1876-Germanic	7	11	37	
1877-Britannia	7	10	53	
1882-Arizona	7	07	23	
1882-Alaska	6	15	37	
1884-Oregon	6	11	09	
1884-America	6	10	00	
1885-Europa	6	05	31	
1887-Umbria	6	04	42	
1888-Eturia	6	01	55	
1889-City of Paris	5	19	18	
1891-Majestic	5	18	08	
1891-Teutonic	5	16	31	

All told, the *Teutonic* carried 1,370 passengers, of which number 290 were first-class, 180 second class and 900 steerage.

The *Teutonic's* course took her just 2,778 miles, or one mile more than the 2,777 made by the *Majestic* when she broke the record.

The *Teutonic* left Queenstown at 48 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. on Aug. 13th. At five minutes past 2 o'clock the vessel passed Daunt's Rock. From this point the voyage proper began. The following are the daily runs: Friday 460, Saturday 496, Sunday 505, Monday 510, Tuesday 517. At 1.36 o'clock this morning the noble craft had the Sandy Hook light-ship abeam.

When the voyage was completed the *Teutonic* had covered 2,778 miles. This is the fastest trip on record. The *Majestic*, which previously beat the record, made the run in 5 days 18 hours 8 minutes. On the first day out a strong westerly breeze was experienced. On the second day a fresh westerly breeze was blowing. On Sunday the wind veered to the northwest and blew moderately. During the remainder of the run the vessel had high, variable winds. The sea was smooth nearly all the way across. The *Teutonic* brought 290 first class passengers, 180 second class and 900 steerage, and was in command of Capt. D. T. Irving. The run of 517 miles on the 18th is the fastest time ever made in 24 hours by any trans-Atlantic steamer, and the runs of 505, 510 and 517 for three consecutive days beats the record of the *City of Paris* several miles.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is at present residing in Paris with her parents. She and Mr. Bellew will play in October at the West End Theatre, London. Both Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew are hopeful of making a visit to America soon, when they will play in "Hamlet."

England carries about 58 per cent. of the sea-borne merchandise of the world.

One hundred and twenty-seven millions is the number of boots and shoes said to be manufactured yearly in Great Britain.

SHE GOT HIM A WIFE.

How a Woman's Level Head Made Two Honest Hearts Happy.

It is astonishing, says the *Illustrated American*, how rare a gift is an even balanced judgment, able on short notice to grasp a novel situation and even change one's point of view for its unprejudiced treatment. An illustration of this occurred some time ago in the history of a well-known orphan asylum for girls. To the board of lady managers came, one day, a carefully written missive in the studied English of an imperfectly educated German. The writer represented himself as a steady and hard-working man, who by years of industry had amassed a competence. He was a bachelor and desired to marry, but having made no acquaintances in America among women, and mistrusting the housewifely traits of the average girl, he wrote to beg that the guardians of the institution would aid him in finding a helpmate. He felt sure that within this well-kept home there must be carefully-reared girls of industrious habits and reliable character. If so, might he have the liberty of a selection? The letter, of which this is the substance, closed with his address, both business and residence, and a goodly list of references.

The reading of the letter by the secretary at an open meeting provoked no little mirth, and the majority were for setting it aside as unworthy their notice. Not so one old lady, who, by the way, was nearly 80, and whom one would readily excuse for any extreme policy. She held her own counsel, but, taking the letter, made careful inquiry as to the writer, whom she discovered to be all he claimed for himself. This fact thoroughly established, she then wrote him a personal note, inviting him to be present at the annual May-day party, soon to take place at the institution. Meeting him she said: "I shall introduce you to half a dozen of our nicest girls. Any one of them would make any honest man a good wife. The girls know nothing of your intention, so you shall meet them without embarrassment."

It took the stolid old Teuton but a short time to make a selection. The man was a comely fellow, and was accepted, and there was a wedding, and a penniless orphan, whose individuality had hitherto been designated by a number, left her little iron bedstead in the dormitory to go to a cosy home of her own, and to be an honest man's wife. This was some years ago. The happy couple have prospered, and beneath their own vine and fig tree (literally, for this happened in New Orleans) have reared a healthy brood of little ones. So much for a wise woman's judgment.

200,000 OF THEM.

Origin of the Benedictine Order of the King's Daughters.

Although the King's Daughters have a membership of 200,000 there are thousands of men and women who have never heard of the society.

The creed of the organization is expressed in the lines of Canon Kingsley:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make life, and death, and that For Ever.

One grand, sweet song.

The Order was founded by ten women in this city on January 13th, 1886. A little company of women met on that day at the residence of Mrs. F. Bottomo, of Gramercy Park.

Of the various names proposed for the Order the one suggested by Mrs. Irving was most favorably received. The new Order was therefore called the King's Daughters.

At this first meeting a badge of purple ribbon was selected to be worn with or without the Maltese cross, upon which were the initials I. H. N.

There are now circles of these good workers in twenty-three States.—*New York Recorder*.

The Perfect Woman.

The *New York Recorder* is an able newspaper and all that, but it carries presumption too far when it informs its readers that a woman 5 feet 3 inches tall should weigh 130 pounds and measure 24 inches around the waist, 31 inches around the chest, 8 inches around the forearm and so on. Why should she do all these things? Whence comes this rule? Is it, then, that a woman of 5 feet 3, who has a 22 inch waist and weighs but 120 pounds, may not be beautiful, healthy, strong and well formed? Shall the lover go round with callipers and tape line to choose a wife? Shall the girl with the 22-inch waist be expected to diet so as to gain the other two inches, or shall the young lady with the plump forearm undergo medical treatment to shrink it to eight inches in diameter? There is a deal of nonsense about this perfect woman. As well attempt to define a perfect rose or a perfect landscape. The woman of 5 feet 3 inches, or any other height, is a model woman when she possesses a good constitution, keeps herself in health, and is satisfied with the figure nature gave her.—*Boston Globe*.

His People Live in Hamilton.

A Neepawa, Manitoba, despatch says: This morning a young man named Wm. Green, while working on the farmers' elevator, jumped too heavily on the scaffold, which gave way, letting him fall a distance of 50 feet. He sustained injuries which resulted fatally about five hours afterwards. It is understood his people live in Hamilton.

Sure Proof by Contraries.

"Do you think that Mr. Barlow is serious, Alice?" questioned the fond mother.

"I think he must be," replied the girl, "he even laughs at Tommy's pranks and always listens to papa's war stories."

The death-rate per 1,000 inhabitants in Valparaiso is 64.6; in San Francisco it is 18.1.

The morganatic wife of King Frederick VII. of Denmark has just died. King Frederick was very generous to her, and she left behind her a large estate. The great bulk of her property and the Castle Jagersjerer were bequeathed for a children's home, which is to bear the name of King Frederick VII. Institution.

A woman's name! the fairest boast
That human lips can utter;
Woman alone shall be our toast,
We don't want any but her.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

AN APPALLING DISASTER.

Probably Fifty Lives Lost at a New York Fire.

A GREAT BUILDING WRECKED

By a Mysterious Explosion—The Rush to Escape—Sad Scenes—Digging Out Corpses—A Ghastly Sight.

A Sunday night's New York despatch gives the following details of the explosion disaster reported on Saturday: At 12.30 o'clock yesterday an explosion occurred in the five-story brick building extending from No. 63 to 74 (inclusive) Park Place, and in a moment a frightful rumbling noise was heard, and the whole front portion of the walls collapsed and fell outward in a pile on the street. It is believed that 50 lives were lost in the ill-fated building by being crushed to death under the debris or burned by the fierce fire that followed the explosion and collapse. About 50 people escaped from the building with their lives. All the fire companies in the lower portion of the city were summoned to the scene, the police reserves were called out, and the wildest excitement prevailed throughout the city. Up to 5.30 o'clock in the evening only six bodies had been dug out of the ruins, and only one person was taken out alive, and that was Mary Haegner, 9 years old, who was found under two feet of debris near the edge of the sidewalk. She had been sitting with her sister Anna, who was younger than herself, on a doorstep, and when the explosion occurred started to run, but was pinned under the falling mass of wreckage. Anna was dug out dead, as was 5-year-old Johnny Gibbs, who had been with the little girl. The fire burned fiercely, but the firemen by heroic labor got the flames under control within an hour and a half, and began the work of digging at the ruins for the bodies of the victims. Ambulances were summoned from several hospitals, and the dead wagon came from the morgue. The work of the searchers for bodies was kept up all night, and will be resumed to-day.

DIGGING OUT THE BODIES.
The first body was dug out of the wreck just two hours after the explosion. It was that of little Mary Haegner, who was alive. Her father, Frank Haegner, is the janitor of the building, No. 61 Park Place. When he heard that his children were crushed under the heap of brick and debris he was crazed with grief. As the firemen lifted Mary out of the debris and held her up in their arms, the little one saw her mother at one of the windows opposite, and exclaimed: "There's my mamma." A cheer went up from the thousands of bystanders. The child was found to be uninjured except for slight contusions, although her clothing was coated with dirt and blackened with smoke. Her miraculous escape is due to the way in which some joists fell, forming a sort of arch, which protected her from the falling brick and stone. Mary said her little sister and the boy Johnny Gibbs, who had been playing with her, were lying near by. She had heard Anna groaning and crying. In a short time the bodies of the other two children were dug out. As the many streams of water drenched the burning pile of ruins the flames subsided, and the firemen of the life-saving brigade were enabled to get to work. They could only dig for the dead, however.

RESCUED IN TIME.
Roundsmen Taylor, who was passing near the scene of the disaster when the explosion occurred and the walls began falling, ran to a hardware store in the next block, and securing a dozen axes, distributed them among the by-standers and firemen, who cut a hole in the side wall of No. 70 Park Place, through which 17 persons crowded. They were all bruised and blackened, but none of them fatally injured. Dominick Barker, cook in the restaurant in the basement of No. 74. He escaped as if by a miracle. He said he was standing at the range when he heard the explosion. The next minute the whole building seemed to be falling about him and he was knocked to the floor. Finding that he was not hemmed in by the ruins, he groped through a hole in the wall, and finally found his way into the basement of the building on Greenwich street, through which he gained the street. Two others who were in the basement escaped through the same opening with the cook. A. W. Lindsay, proprietor of the type foundry on two upper floors of No. 74 and 76 Park Place, is said to be a brother-in-law of Inspector Williams, of the police department. He employs about twenty girls. They all escaped by means of the fire escape. Mr. Lindsay said: "The girls and myself were preparing to go home when the explosion occurred. In a moment we heard a rumbling noise, and I shouted to the girls. We all rushed to the corner of the building, and as we ran we heard the wall behind us falling."

THRILLING INCIDENTS.
Policeman Joseph Bock was at the corner of West street and Park Place when he heard the explosion. He ran to the scene, and when he saw that nothing could be done from the front of the building he went through a basement on Greenwich street, and thence made his way with Fireman Vredenberg to the side wall of the burning building. They had axes and crowbars with which they dug an opening through the wall and rescued three employees of the restaurant who had been imprisoned in the basement, but they were held fast in the ruins and the flames soon enveloped them.

THE DANGEROUS WRECK.
One man running from the scene of the wreck came in contact with a live wire, and was knocked down. Frank Burns, of the Photo Engraving Company, was in an upper window opposite the scene of the wreck. He said he first heard an explosion and then a rumbling sound. Then he saw the front of the building, Nos. 63 and 70, wobble and sway, and the walls fell with a deafening crash. As the walls began to fall the people opposite say many persons tried to jump from the windows, but the walls crushed down upon them before they landed on the sidewalk. The crash was so sudden that none of the pedestrians passing on the sidewalk in front of the Taylor building were

seen to escape. H. W. Detzler, who had charge of the Art Department, of Lieber & Mass, lithographers, on the third and fourth floors of 74 and 76 Park Place, said he and eighteen other men were at work when they heard the explosion. They all escaped by means of the fire escape at the Greenwich street end. Detzler and his men helped to rescue the girls from Lindsay's type foundry.

GHASTLY SIGHTS.
Meanwhile the firemen were hard at work on the Park Place side. Streams of water were directed on the burning mass from every available point. At 2.40 o'clock the body of a young man was taken from the east end of the debris with the clothing completely burned off it. From under the debris near the edge of the sidewalk was taken the body of Patrick Slattery, who was working for the Subway Company.

A horrible sight was that of a human arm extended from the wall at the east end of the building, the fingers stretched out appealing for help. The arm was burned black and on it rested the burned skull. The afternoon advanced the police, under Inspector Williams, had all they could do to keep the thousands of people who had been attracted to the scene from breaking through the fire lines. Scores of men and women were begging to be allowed to get bodies taken out of the ruins were those of their relatives or friends. All the dead bodies as fast as they were recovered were removed to the morgue, except the bodies of the children Anna Haegner and Johnny Gibbs, which were taken to their homes. Up to 9.30 p. m. nine bodies had been dug out of the ruins.

THE BUILDING CONDEMNED.
The building was originally erected by a man named Taylor, and was known as the Taylor building. It had a frontage of about 150 feet on Park Place and of 35 feet on Greenwich street. It was condemned thirteen years ago by the building department. There are all sorts of theories as to the cause of the disaster. Chief Reilly, of the fire department, was of the opinion that a boiler supplied by the pipes of the Steam Heating Company had exploded, but the officers of the company denied that their supply pipes connected with any pipes leading into the wrecked building. Another theory was that the boiler in a restaurant chemicals had exploded in the drug store. The most plausible theory of all, however, is that the wreck was caused by the shaking of the heavy presses running in the lithographing and printing establishments of the upper floors. It is generally supposed that there was an explosion of some kind, but the collapse is accounted for in no other way than the one mentioned. There was practically no mortar between the bricks, and when they were looked at after the smoke and fire had subsided they were as bare as a board. It is said the building is owned by Mrs. Crain, mother of City Chamberlain Crain, of this city. The damage is about \$150,000 to the building, and the loss to the occupants will be about the same amount.

RAIN STOPS THE WORK.
Seventy-five Italians were engaged all through last night and to-day removing the debris from the burned buildings on Park Place. Two companies of firemen kept at their dreary task of searching for bodies. Their efforts resulted in the finding of five badly burned corpses. The bodies were taken to the morgue immediately. These were all that were recovered up to 6 o'clock.

The complete list of the identified dead up to 10 p. m. is: Leonard R. Cole, 40 years, Brooklyn; John Gibbs, 4 years, New York; Sarah Ann Haegner, 6 years, New York; Michael Slattery, 55 years, A. B. Peterson, 21 years, New York; George Low, 15 years, Brooklyn; Gustav Zeikler, Hoboken, N. J.; Joel Heidrich, 12, New York; Otto Walsler, New York; Charles Breiter, New York; Frank Hatch, 33 years, New York. Besides there are a number of unidentified bodies at the morgue.

At 8 o'clock to-night a steady downpour of rain stopped the work of removing the bodies from the ruins, the men being forced to quit work and seek shelter in the adjoining buildings. The ruined structure, with its tottering walls, presented a dismal picture, but all through the pouring rain anxious watchers stood outside the fire lines patiently waiting to hear some news that would be a clue to missing friends and relatives. It was reported late to-night that the number of missing would reach to 86. The total number of bodies taken from the ruins up to the time the men stopped work to-night is 17; the number of identified is 11.

The Value of a Mustache.
Chicago Tribune: "The accident, madam," said the young surgeon, encouragingly, as he made his preparations to sew up the wound in the lip the infant had received by falling down a stairway, "will leave a scar, of course, but twenty years from now, when the little fellow has grown to be a man and raised a mustache, it won't show a bit." "It isn't a baby of that kind, doctor," replied the anxious but entirely self-possessed mother.

No Bonuses.
Brantford Expositor: The Ontario Legislature has taken a step in the desired direction by passing a law to prevent one municipality from bonusing an industry that has already been established elsewhere. London, in its proposed bonus for the car shops, is violating this law. Whether or not the latter is a dead letter may possibly have to be tested; but, in any event it does not go far enough. Bonuses of every description should be absolutely prohibited.

—There are more than 2,000 Smiths in the London Directory.
—Great Britain consumes one-third of the world's crop of cotton.
—The Opera House of Paris covers nearly three acres of ground.
—There are 507 workhouses and 77 prisons in England and Wales.
—Scarcely 720,000 days have passed since the Romans invaded Britain.
—The late Fred Archer rode in 8,095 races in England alone, winning 2,748.
—The Wesleyan Conference, which has just concluded its meeting in London, has appointed a committee to try to obtain an act of Parliament rescinding Wesley's deed, under which the three years' ministerial circuit prevails.

"LEAFY LONDON."

This Phrase Said to be Still Correctly Descriptive of that City

The phrase "Leafy London" has become commonplace, but is it correct? Certainly it is, answers Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century*, and he gives the challenge direct to any who are of the contrary opinion. England, he says, is a leafy country and London a leafy city. And it is not only in rural England that trees enrich the landscape. In London itself, grimed, fog-smothered, overgrown London, it is extremely difficult to find a street, standing in some part of which, either at one end or looking down some side opening, one cannot rest the eye on a reader-exclaims, believing that he can name a dozen streets; nevertheless, one who is condemned to live more than half the year in London has often tried to find such a street, hitherto without success. Any one who cares to repeat the experiment will discover that the same instinct which prompts men to embosom their country home in greenery has caused them to stick in a tree wherever a courtyard or a street somewhat wider than usual affords a chance of its growing.

A Fact at a Glance.
The Alps stand in six different States.
London employs 500,000 factory hands.
Half of the surface of Russia is forest-clad.
Pepper cost £15 an ounce in Henry VII's reign.
The average age that women marry at is 22, men 26.
A rabbit can jump nine clear feet on level ground.
Photographs were first produced in England in 1802.
The annual drink bill of the world exceeds £1,000,000,000.

Doctors say that the left leg is usually stronger than the right.
The flower trade of London exceeds in value £2,000,000 per annum.
A sewing machine works twelve times as fast as the hands.
An ostrich's egg weighs about four pounds—equal to fowls' eggs.
A sunflower in a season will produce 12,000 seeds, while a poppy bears 32,000.
The third-class railway fares in Hungary only average one penny for six miles.
Covent Garden has been in the possession of the Bedford family for 300 years.
Cashmere shawls are made of the hair of a diminutive goat found in Little Thibet.
A mile of railway permanent way, with two sets of rails, takes up 12½ acres of land.
Five thousand advertisements appear sometimes in a single issue of the London Times.
According to a cycling paper, chainlead is the best thing to lubricate the chain of a bicycle with.

Quartermaster-General.
The familiar proverb, "what is good for man is good for his beast," is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very high authorities on the subject of horse and cattle ailments, concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster-General, U. S. Army, who says: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure we ever used. It conquers pain." This department has the custody and treatment of army horses and mules, and thousands are treated.

Isolated.
Wagg—We had a terrible thunderstorm as I came up in the train this afternoon.
Wooden—Weren't you afraid of the lightning?
Wagg—No; I got behind a brakeman.
Wooden—Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do?
Wagg—Why, he was not a conductor.

Conscience, or What?
"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," says the poet. But it is just so with the nerves. When a man's nerves are unstrung, through indigestion and torpid liver and impure blood, what wonder that he feels depressed and nervous! He starts at his shadow, and feels like a fool. Let such a man go to the drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Blood Purifier, the great Blood-purifier and Liver Invigorator. This is the only blood-purifier and liver invigorator guaranteed to benefit or cure, or money will be promptly refunded. It cures Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, and from its wonderful blood-purifying properties, conquers all Skin and Scalp diseases, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema and kindred ailments. All blood-poisons, no matter of what name or nature, yield to its remedial influences.

Two Views.
Miss Emersonia Russell, from Beacon Hill—Don't you think Mr. Bowles' countenance would arrest the workings of the interior mechanism of a horologe?
Miss Calumetta Porcine, from Michigan avenue—I don't know. But I think it would stop a clock.—*Jewelers' Circular.*

The Explosion of a Bomb
startles all within hearing. So the pains which arise from derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, quickly alarm those who experience them. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets afford a speedy and inexpensive cure. Sick headache, bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks yield like magic to this wonderful specific. Only one tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a laxative dose. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. The action is prompt and pleasant. Absolutely the best Liver Pill made. Your money given back if they do not give entire satisfaction. The only pill possessing of such merit as to warrant their being sold on trial.

Making Criminals Conspicuous.
Rochester Herald: Rochester has covered patrol wagons, and they are both sensible and decent vehicles for conveying prisoners. Nothing is gained either for the criminal or for society by making criminals conspicuous.

A London shoe dealer recently received an order from Russia to furnish sixty-four pairs of shoes for the daughter of the Grand Duke Paul, a child less than a year old.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep. Very few of the young girls of this country have fine, healthy heads of hair. Their hair has been burned by the curling-iron, ruined by bleaches and washes, and cut so far back on the head for bangs that there is hardly any left for back hairs. The only wonder is that we are not all bald-headed instead of only having hair that is thin and broken off at the ends. Thorough brushing is excellent for the hair; but if your hair is broken off, dry and thin, after brushing it well (morning is the best time to brush the hair, though brushing it morning and night both is better), rub on the scalp with the finger a little well-mixed sweet oil and whiskey. Do not put too much on at a time, but rub it well into the roots of the hair. Repeat this application every third night for about two weeks, and your hair will become strong and glossy. Do not cut off broken ends, but singe them off, if you cut the hair will "bleed," as the hair-dressers say.

The hair must be kept clean and free from dandruff if it is to be kept healthy. The very busiest people—women I mean—ought to wash the head and hair at least once a month. Always wash the hair in rain-water or distilled water. Hard water will make it harsh and likely to break off. Use plenty of warm soapsuds with a few drops of ammonia in it, or borax, if you prefer it. After washing it in water, if there is much dandruff on the scalp, rub it well with the beaten white of an egg, then wash it with another soapsuds water and the dandruff will all come away. Then rinse the head and hair with clear, warm water, and finally with cold water, for its excellent tonic effect upon the hair and to avoid taking cold. Last, rub the scalp with a little whiskey or pure alcohol, for the same reasons.

A Summer Story.
JUNE.
Mr. Smith. Miss Brown.
JULY.
Tom. Edith.
AUGUST.
Sweetheart. Love.
DECEMBER.
Mr. Smith. Miss Brown. —Life.

Misquoted.
"Thank you sonny," said the grocer, receiving a \$5 bill from a small boy (it being his father's weekly bill). You are a good boy, and your father is a trump." "Well, Charlie," said the boy's father, "what did the grocer say?" "He said that I was a good boy and you were a chump." Great excitement.

Better Than Physic.
"Why, Sharp, I'm glad to see you so spry. You were quite lame when I last met you."
"Oh, yes; I was awfully lame then, but that was before I got a verdict for \$5,000 against the railroad company."—N. Y. Herald.

Had Heard of Noah.
Rochester Herald: The story is told at Jerry Simpson's expense that in delivering a speech at St. Joseph the other day he took occasion to eulogize Daniel Webster and his great dictionary. Somebody tugged at Jerry's coat-tails and whispered, "Noah was the ryan who made the dictionary." The "Soxless" was disgusted and whispered back: "Noah built the ark." Jerry knows who's who.

Indifferent A recent.
N. Y. Press: "What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.
"Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband, enthusiastically.
"You are right," said the henpecked man, gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."

Old Mrs. Hayseed, reading from a newspaper—In the new play at the Third Avenue Theatre, New York, the heroine of the piece wears nothing but a simple rosebud in her hair. Mr. Hayseed—Gosh!

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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, summaon if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOOUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

AN EX-PRESIDENT.

How an English Reporter Blundered on an Assignment.

A young English reporter on a New York paper relates one of his early experiences. "I was sent up to interview a fellow by the name of Hayes, don't you know, who was stopping at an uptown hotel," he says. "The slip I was given by the city editor read: 'See ex-President Hayes at the hotel and get something about his plans in New York.' 'I found the hotel and sent up my card. I was received quite nicely by Mr. Hayes. He told me what he was going to do, and then, as I wanted to make my story complete, I asked him what he was ex-president of. 'He told me he was ex-president of the United States. It was awfully confusing, don't you know,' concludes the young Englishman plaintively, 'but there are so many ex-presidents over here.'—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The How of It.
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicated, how wonderful, is man; and it might be added, how "more so" is woman. With her peculiarly delicate and intense organization, she is the *superlative degree* of man. Even in diseases she excels him, having many that he has not. She has, however, found out a grand remedial agent, for the cure of her diseases, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; a medicine suited to her nature, made for the express cure of those diseases which affect her. It is especially effective in all weaknesses incidental to motherhood, while it is also a potent restorative tonic for the feeble and debilitated generally.

Men Don't Admire

A selfish woman.
A peevish woman.
An ill-natured woman.
A woman who is continually falsifying.
A woman who talks disagreeably of other women.
A woman who shows him she knows more than he does on a certain topic.
A man may think he admires the manly girl, but after all he loves the womanly woman.—*Marie, in Music and Drama.*

The cost of an iron-clad is about \$400 a ton; this includes guns and all equipments. William Morris, the English poet, artist, and socialist, affects a singularly shabby and unpicturesque attire. He may be seen on Oxford street in London wearing an old black slouch hat, an ancient sack coat, baggy trousers, and a blue flannel shirt. The necktie is usually missing, and sometimes he wears no collar. But his flowing white hair and beard make him an object of interest to every passer-by.

D. C. N. L. 36, 91

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Out-cleaning all others for home treatment is our specific remedy called the **GREAT ENGLISH PRESERVATIVE** for the cure of ordinary success in curing Spermatorrhea, Night Losses, Nervousness, Weak Parts, the results of intemperance. It will invigorate and cure you. 37 years' success guaranteed. All druggists sell it. \$1.50 per box. Can mail it sealed. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure
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in every case where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address.
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Railway and Steamship Agent,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Country Talk

Newry.

Miss Patton, of St. Catharines, formerly of Listowel, was the guest of Miss Wynn last week.

H. Y. Smith and bicycle visited Palmerston on Saturday, Aug. 22; he made the return trip in one hour and forty minutes.

It is reported that Mr. Gee, general merchant of Newry, is contemplating removing to Listowel within a month or so. We will be sorry to lose him as he is a good citizen.

Welland Wynn and Charles Fullarton left this week to resume their studies at the Listowel High school. We hope the boys will not be discouraged at failing on their first examination, but remember the time-honored adage, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again."

W. R. Humphrey, the Newry carriage builder, started on a trip to the "Ould Sod", on Monday last. He intends visiting relatives and places of interest on the British Isles; he sailed on the Alcides, a steamer of the Donaldson line, and was accompanied by Harry Hoar, of Atwood.

Ethel.

Robt. Wilson, of Brussels, is engaged with S. Nicholl as blacksmith.

H. Dobson has been very sick with inflammation, but is mending.

J. A. Young taught several days last week relieving Geo. Dobson at S. S. No. 5, Grey.

Miss L. Sherlock will attend the Model school at Walkerton and left this week.

Mrs. D. Henderson passed away on Tuesday afternoon of last week. The old lady was ill for some time.

The position of head miller in Reeve Milne's mill has been taken by George Brewster, of Clifford, a former resident of Ethel.

What might have proved a serious accident happened the other day. While Mr. Peebles was taking some straw off the chopper in the grist mill his arm was caught and a large piece of flesh torn off. Dr. Cale dressed the wound.

A Mechanics' Institute has been organized in Ethel, and the following officers have been elected: Pres., Dr. Cale; Vice-Pres., Geo. Dobson; Sec., T. P. Simpson; Treas., H. F. McAllister; Librarian, J. Holloway; Directors, L. Eckmier, J. Holloway, W. Coutts, J. Cober, C. Stubbs, D. Milne, W. Spence, W. Milne, G. Imlay. A large number of members have already joined and it is expected to boom.

Listowel.

At the Stratford races Grey Tobe won the open trot with Rosa B. second and Axtell third.

S. Kidd has acquired an interest in the Arlington hotel and has undertaken its management. Sol is an experienced hotel man and will give the travelling public good satisfaction. He is well-known and well-liked in town. T. H. Rolls goes over to the Central again and Jim Greenwood goes west.

J. H. McBain, of Atwood, preached two excellent sermons in the Methodist church last Sunday. He took for his morning subject, "Christ, the resurrection and the life," and in the evening, "Christ as our example."

Messrs. Hay Bros. have got their mill started again after being closed 4 weeks for overhauling. They are now grinding part new wheat and intend to push business during fall and winter.

The following is from the Dublin Evening Mail, of Friday, May 8, 1891, and refers to the wife of Rev. G. B. Taylor, L. L. B., formerly minister of Christ church, Listowel: The sad and unexpected death of Mrs. Taylor, wife of the Rev. G. B. Taylor, L. L. B., secretary of the Hibernian Bible Society, and formerly curate of Clontarf parish, which occurred on Thursday last, has cast a gloom over the locality. Mrs. Taylor was a model wife and mother, and her early and sudden removal from her husband and young children has been a painful shock. The funeral service which took place this (Saturday) morning, in Clontarf parish church, was largely attended by the parishioners, and a large cortege afterwards followed the remains to Mount Jerome cemetery, where they were interred.

Logan.

The new iron bridge on the 8th con., near Brodhagen, is completed.

Chas. Honey has gone to Dakota to reap the harvest on his farm there.

Hazel-nuts are quite plentiful this year, judging by the quantities which are daily brought home by children and others.

The threshing machines are busy at work and the farmer is looking pleasant over the yield of wheat, the average being 35 bushels per acre.

Donegal

Dame Rumor promises us a wedding next week.

Messrs. J. and B. Candler have rented Frank Curtis' farm on the 8th con., for a term of 5 years. We wish the boys success.

SCHOOL REPORT.—Following is the report of the standing of the pupils in Donegal public school for the month of August: Fifth Class—R. G. Irwin. Senior Fourth Class—John Foulston. Junior Fourth Class—R. Cooper, N. McFarlane, M. Johnston. Senior Third Class—J. Cooper, F. Wilson, W. S. Buchanan, Junior Third Class—M. Hammond, I. Baker, M. McNichol. Second Class—H. McCourt, M. McCourt, A. McNichol. Senior First—A. Hammond, A. Gray. Junior First—J. Burke, F. Candler, M. McKenzie.

Brussels.

The flax mill is pushing work.

A new free bus is to be run between the Queen's hotel and the railway station. R. Williams will take charge of it.

We regret to state that Mrs. Ainley sr., is very ill and there is little hope of recovery. She is about eighty years of age.

Wm. Cornish has purchased the Blashill house and lot in Graham's survey, south of Brussels, and has taken possession. Price \$325.

A meeting was held on Monday evening in the Methodist church basement, for the purpose of talking up the formation of a Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

I. C. Richards, harness maker, has purchased a 14-foot frontage on the lot immediately north of the egg emporium from S. W. Laird at \$30 per foot and will let the contract at once for a new shop 14x55 feet. The building will be two stories and will have a plate glass front.

V. Taylor was arrested at Teeswater last week owing to the passing of notes in which Silas Jackson, of Brussels; E. J. Williams, of Cranbrook, and other blacksmiths are interested. This man sold patent rights for iron harrows to Mr. Jackson for Grey and Morris township and then went to Cranbrook and Belgrave and sold the township rights again. Taylor was committed to Goderich jail.

Grey.

Mrs. H. Ball left for Epsom to see her mother who is ill.

THE BEE will be sent to new subscribers for the balance of 1891 for 25c. cash. Don't borrow any longer.

Miss Rachel Roe has returned from a pleasant visit of two weeks with relatives in Gorrie and vicinity.

The Council at their last meeting fixed the township rate for this year at one and six-tenths mills. The county rate is two and one-tenth mills and the school rate eight-tenths of a mill.

John McLaughlin's new brick residence on the 12th con., is a fine looking building. The brickwork was done by Messrs. Pugh & Cornish, whose reputation for good work is well known.

Miss E. A. McNeil was a successful candidate at the recent teachers examinations, obtaining a 2nd class certificate. Her 3rd class grade was secured from the public school and she taught with marked ability for three years in one section. Miss McNeil then attended Goderich High School for about six months with the above result. May her success in the past be an index of future prosperity. Miss McNeil purposes attending this session of the Normal school at Ottawa.

James Turnbull's new brick residence lot 5, con. 4, to replace the one destroyed last spring by fire, is nearing completion. The new building is 24x36 feet with 20 foot walls. It has a cottage roof and metallic shingles. Messrs. Coombes & McDonald did a good job with the brick work. The brick is red with white corners. W. Findlater is doing the carpenter work. When completed Mr. Turnbull will have one of the most comfortable homes in the township. The work has been pushed along very rapidly and will be done in a few weeks.

Elma.

Miss Jennie Morrison spent a few days visiting friends at Port Elgin this week.

Donald Simpson, lately of Listowel, has been the guest of A. Simpson for the part week.

Geo. Hume, 8th con., has a working horse which weighs 1,840 pounds. Who can beat this?

W. G. Morrison, of Teeswater, spent a day or two with John A. Morrison, 10th con., previous to returning to his school.

John A. Hume, 8th con., leaves this week to pursue a course of business training in the Stratford Commercial College.

Miss Jennie Simpson, David Langley of Elma, and Miss Bartley, of Maryboro, have gone to attend the Model school at Mitchell. Sam Gray, 10th con., will attend the Stratford Model.

La Grippe is again ravaging the community. The Dr. informs us that it is more deadly in its effects than heretofore, and of course more fatal in its results. A number are laid up this week with it.

Miss Mary Richmond was visiting friends in Listowel during the latter part of last week.

Richard Johnson intends to start in a few days on a trip to Ireland, for the benefit of his health.

The Monkton Cheese and Butter Co. shipped 400 cheese the other day, the price paid was 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Jas. McLaren was the buyer.

There will be a tea-meeting held at the parsonage, Monkton, on the 8th of September next. A big turn out is expected.

Miss Maggie Houze, of the 12th con., east, who has been dangerously ill with inflammation, is at present on a fair way to recovery.

The new German church, Monkton, will be opened on Sept. 20. We understand there will be a sermon preached in the evening in English.

David Langley, who succeeded in obtaining third class standing at the recent examination, has gone to Mitchell to attend the Model school.

We regret that Steven Hamilton, 10th con., has had an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which will unfit him for work for some time.

Jos. McLennan's (Donegal) team brought in the biggest load of flax to the Atwood mill this season one day last week. It weighed 4,400 lbs.

D. M. Lineham left for Montreal this week, accompanied by his sister, Lizzie, where they will spend some time visiting friends before the former resumes his college studies.

Eccles Vallance, who has charge of a school at Hesson, paid a visit to his home on Sunday last. He is much pleased with his section, so we may prophesy for him marked success.

Among the first to get through harvesting in this township is Andrew Thompson, con. 4, who finished his harvesting and had 22 acres of fall wheat sown by the 20th August. Andrew is a hustler.

S. J. A. Boyd, son of Jas. Boyd, of Elma, arrived home the other day after having had a pleasant trip to the old land. He visited England, Scotland and Ireland during his stay abroad. Mr. Boyd has resumed his duties as teacher at Belfast, Huron county.

WE MAY EXPECT some pleasant summer weather before dreary fall comes in dead earnest.—The Elma fall fair to be a grand success with such an efficient board of Directors.—A host of weddings before the cold weather sets in, and may we not expect our bachelor brother, of THE BEE, to be one of the principals.—The quiet (?) and modest birch-wielder of S. S. No. 5, to continue to display a mark across his upper lip as an evidence of the grand possibilities of his sex—sort of a mark of distinction.—Harvesting operations to close in a few days.—Auction sales to boom this fall.—To scan THE BEE advertising columns in quest of cheap fall and winter goods.—Fall fairs and big pumpkins to take their inings.—A bountiful harvest, good prices for grain, and the honest, truly grateful farmer, to thank the Giver of all good, to pay his long standing store debts and subscribe for THE BEE, the best local paper in the county, for 1892.

JAMES ROBB'S DEATH.—James Robb, 12th con. of Elma, received the following letter last Saturday from John Floyd, in reference to his son's death which occurred in Butte City on Aug. 19th:—DEAR SIR—To day (Aug. 24) is the first opportunity I have had since the 19th inst. to write you. Before that sad accident, which caused the death of your son and one of my most intimate friends, he and I had been together so long I regarded him as a father or brother. Had he lived to the 1st of Nov. he would have been in my employ seven years, during which time we lived together with the exception of one year, when he ran a camp for me a few miles distant. It didn't seem as though he was working for a salary, he took so much interest in everything as though it was for himself, and I never found fault with anything he did. I have been rather successful in business, and intended next year to sell out and go to the Old Country. Him and I talked of it frequently, and were going as far as your home together. But he has gone to his grave, and I feel as if I haven't a friend in the world. But thank God I am still in the land of the living. This goes to prove to us the brevity of life. About half an hour before James was killed I was talking to him. The depot is about half a mile from the wood office. I walked down to the office after dinner where he was loading his wagon with cordwood. He put about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cords on what we call a single rack, two bed pieces and stakes behind and in front, and the wood put across. The driver always sits on the front of the load. I left before he had loaded, the last words I spoke to him were: "Jim, when you are coming back come by the office." He left the depot a few minutes after me. I came to the office, and about 20 minutes later a man came in and asked me if I knew that James Robb was killed. I said, "My God, it is surely not so." He said it was for he came from there. I went there and found that his life had fled. There was a man within a few feet of him when the accident occurred. Jim was sitting on his load and endeavoring to cross a street car track the wagon gave a sudden jolt and the wood he was sitting on slid to one side causing him to fall forward between the wagon and the horses. When in the act of falling he was seen to grab for the harness but missed his hold and down he went in front of the wheels, and as a consequence the horses became frightened and ran away. There were people close by, but they could render no assistance, for it was all done in a minute. When I first telegraphed you I didn't like to say he was killed. In my last message I thought I had better let you know, in case you viewed the body you would wonder what had happened. An inquest was held, and I was of course one of the witnesses. I will now close with best wishes for you and your family. JOHN FLOYD, Butte City, Montana.

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—AT—

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Mrs. M. Harvey.

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