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The Bee.

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VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1891.

NO. 50.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The municipal elections throughout the province took place last Monday. The interest was keen in many places, and betting freely indulged in by over-confident electors. In Elma township, however, the bitter, antagonistic party feeling, which characterized the elections in many neighboring localities, was absent, and very little excitement prevailed as a result of the contest. T. J. Knox having resigned his nomination for the reeveship, Mr. Cleland was declared reeve for 1891 by acclamation. Following is the result:

ELMA.
Ward No. 1—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 23, Hammond 39. Councillors—Bray 37, Burnett 6, Richmond 17, Tughan 36.
Ward No. 2—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 26, Hammond 68. Councillors—Bray 48, Burnett 44, Richmond 22, Tughan 22.
Ward No. 3—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 23, Hammond 31. Councillors—Bray 104, Burnett 44, Richmond 102, Tughan 95.
Ward No. 4—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 125, Hammond 70. Councillors—Bray 104, Burnett 44, Richmond 102, Tughan 95.
Ward No. 5—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 59, Hammond 58. Councillors—Bray 33, Burnett 36, Richmond 33, Tughan 77.
Ward No. 6—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 28, Hammond 98. Councillors—Bray 49, Burnett 17, Richmond 56, Tughan 55.
Ward No. 7—2nd Deputy Reeve—Coulter 6, Hammond 31. Councillors—Bray 13, Burnett 6, Richmond 14, Tughan 19.
Council for 1891—Reeve, R. Cleland (acc.); 1st Deputy Reeve, W. Lochhead (acc.); 2nd Deputy Reeve, T. E. Hammond; Councillors, J. Bray and Wm. J. Tughan.
WALLACE.—Messrs. Poole and Kennedy, reeve and deputy reeve. Councillors not known.
LOGAN.—Reeve, Tom Coveny, acclamation. Deputy reeve, G. Eisler. Councillors, W. Smith, W. Bower, Thomas Ready.
MILVERTON.—Reeve, J. G. Grosch, acclamation. Councillors, D. Merklinger 62, John Rothaermel 61, H. Gleisler and C. Witte a tie each 59, C. Spencer 52, S. Whaley 25, A. Curtis 17, P. Ducklow 16.
ELLICE.—Reeve, Philip Siebert and Frank Russell, tie. There will be a recount of the ballots in this contest, owing it is said to spoiled ballots. Deputy reeve, P. O'Brien. Councillors, G. Goetz, Justus Kreider, William Coulter.
STRATFORD.—Mayor, John Brown. Aldermen, Avon ward, John Duggan, John Vanstone, John Sayers; Faistaff ward, Thomas Trow, W. J. Cleland, W. Hepburn; Hamlet ward, Alex. Smith, Wm. Davidson, George T. Jones; Romeo ward, E. Hodgins, John Hogarth, M. F. Goodwin; Shakespeare ward, John C. Monteith, Robert Daly, Isaac Riggs.
LISTOWEL.—Mayor, Bruce; Reeve, Bricker; Deputy Reeve, Dr. Parke; Councillors, Gladstone ward, J. S. Eaburgher, J. A. Hacking; Bismarck ward, J. W. Meyers, A. F. Featherstone; Lansdowne ward, Kemp, Livingstone; Victoria ward, Hepler, Wildfang; Dufferin ward, R. Woods (acc.), W. Pelton (acc.).
BLANSHARD.—Reeve, W. Hutchings. Deputy reeve, David Johnson, acclamation. Councillors, Robert St. John, R. Herr, J. Sinclair.
BIDDULPH.—Reeve—Chas. Hodgins acclamation. Deputy reeve, T. C. Hodgins. Councillors, Beetson, Jas. Twohey, and A. K. Hodgins.
DOWNIE.—Reeve, Oliver Smith. Deputy reeve, A. Moses, acclamation. Councillors, Clyne, McCully and Monteith.
HIBBERT.—Messrs. McLaren and Ryan, reeve and deputy reeve, respectively, by acclamation. Councillors, W. Cassidy, Samuel Harris, third man not known.
ST. MARYS.—Messrs. Sinclair, Harding and Rupert resigned, thus electing the whole Council by acclamation. School trustee, E. W. Harding, elected in West ward.
GODERICH.—Mayor, John Butler. Reeve, W. Proudfoot, acclamation. Deputy reeve, P. Holt. Councillors, St. Andrew's ward, James A. Reid, Thos. C. Naptel, D. Cantleton; St. David's ward, Robert Thompson, C. A. Tumber, W. H. Murray, by acclamation; St. Patrick's ward, R. W. McKenzie, Fred. Pridham, James Yates, by acclamation; St. George's ward, E. Campion, M. Nicholson and H. Duniop, by acclamation.
SEAFORTH.—Mayor, F. Holmstead. Reeve, M. Y. McLean. Deputy reeve, E. C. Coleman. Councillors, South ward, T. W. Duncan, J. Punchard, Jas. Gillespie; North ward, J. Tyreman, Jas. Beattie, J. A. Wilson; East ward, John Darwin, George Good, F. G. Neelin.
CLINTON.—Mayor, Wm. Doherty. Reeve, A. H. Manning. Deputy reeve, B. D. Kennedy. Councillors, T. McKenae, J. P. Werry, O. S. Down, O. Johnson, S. Plummer, S. J. Andrews.
GREY.—Reeve, Wm. Milne; 1st Deputy Reeve, Walter Oliver (acc.); 2nd Deputy Reeve, Edward Bryan (acc.); Councillors, Wm. Brown and Thomas Ennis.

MAYORS IN CITIES—Toronto, Edward F. Clarke; Hamilton, David McLellan; Ottawa, Thomas Birkett; Kingston, C. W. Drennan; St. Catharines, Edwin Goodman; Brantford, S. G. Read; St. Thomas, Robert McCully; Belleville, E. Guss Porter; Guelph, Thomas Goldie; Stratford, John Brown; London, Geo. Taylor.

Perth County Notes.

Mr. McGorman's large barn, near Milverton, was totally destroyed by fire last Monday night.
The Mitchell Recorder says Mitchell has decreased in population during the past few years to the extent of 400.
The new church at Avonbank will be opened on Jan. 18th, by Rev. Dr. Cayen. Rev. Dr. Cochrane is also expected.
Miss Maggie McGregor, of St. Marys, left a few days ago to accept the position of nurse in a New York hospital.
B. W. Ziemann, of Sebringville, intends to take a course of study in the Baptist college, Woodstock, this year.
Thos. Rumford, Fullarton, has sold his house and lot a little south of the village to Mr. Gillespie, of Cromarty, for \$3,000.
Rev. E. W. Panton, of St. Andrew's church, Stratford, was presented with a well filled purse by his congregation last week.
E. B. Cale, of Stratford, showed some of his bantams at the Brampton poultry show recently and took four first and one second prizes.
Wilber Nugent, Mitchell, has been re-engaged as first assistant in the High School at Essex Centre with an increase of \$100 to his salary.
Miss Currelley, who taught in the public school Mitchell, was married on Friday evening, Dec. 23, at Stratford, to a Mr. Louch, a young farmer of Nisour.
The list of convictions in Perth for the quarter ended Dec. 9, 1890, show the amount of fines and damages to be \$69; and the number of persons convicted 16.
Miss Helen Coates, Mitchell, has been engaged to teach the school near Bayfield, taught during the last term by Miss Carrie Dent. The latter goes to the Normal for the coming term.
The 28th Batt. Band and the Stratford Citizens' Band have amalgamated and the organization is now twenty eight members strong. Mr. Bradt, of the Citizens' Band, will be leader.
Joseph Coulter, of Milverton, has been engaged to teach the school in section No. 6, East Zorra, this year. Mr. Coulter taught in the section two or three months last year and gave good satisfaction.
Friday evening, Dec. 26th, a meeting was held in the Grand Trunk reading rooms to consider the advisability of amalgamating the Poultry Association and the North Perth Agricultural Society.—Beacon.
A worthy teacher was honored at the close of the school in S.S. No. 1, Mornington, on Tuesday, Dec. 23, Wm. J. Hamilton, who has been teacher for the past three years, having been presented with a beautiful album and an appropriate address by his pupils.
C. H. Merryfield, Monkton, now owns the running horse, known as "John A." formerly owned in Palmerston. If he is anything like his renowned name sake he no doubt will prove a hustler on the home stretch and you may look for his coming in ahead every time.
The Mitchell High School Inspector's report of the school, read at the last meeting of the board of trustees, was a highly satisfactory one. The present teachers were all re-engaged and the secretary was instructed to advertise for either a science or classical master.
At Mr. Aiken's sale in Hibbert last week three year old steers ran up to \$103 per pair, small cows brought \$42-50, six spring calves netted nearly \$80 and medium sheep were knocked down at \$15 to \$19 per pair. Horses, as usual were in little demand, one team only bringing \$205.
Mitchell Advocate: On Christmas night August Kenoka, 3rd con., Logan, had two sheep worried by dogs. John Leyburn and Thos. Boyle were arraigned with being owners of the brutes, and damages asked for. Boyle admitted the charge, but Leyburn pleaded not guilty, and a protracted trial followed. Result: Dismissed with costs.
A remarkable instance of canine sagacity recently occurred at Hespeler. J. Wayper, jr., lent his valuable fox hound Sam, to a gentleman going hunting in the Bruce Peninsula. The gentleman took the dog to Warton, and on Monday last at noon let him loose in the bush, and on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock he was at Mr. Wayper's hotel, Hespeler. He had never travelled the road before.
A shocking accident happened in Mitchell last Sunday. Charles French, an adopted son of John French, of Mitchell, while crossing the river, a branch of the Thames, fell through the ice and was drowned. The body was recovered about 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon, at a considerable distance from the place where he broke through the ice. The current in the creek at the point where the drowning occurred is quite strong.

Bornholm.

Master Willie Hord and sister Gerlie are visiting friends in this vicinity.
Mr. and Miss Smith, of Woodstock, were the guests of Mrs. Wilkinson last week.
Will Lawson returned from Dakota last week, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Honey, her husband and family. Mr. and Mrs. Honey intend residing in Canada in the future and have taken a farm near Mitchell.
A very successful entertainment, socially and financially, was held in Bethesda church on New Year's eve. The program consisted of readings, recitations, dialogues, tableaux, and music by the choir. Also an excellent piece of music was rendered by Mrs. Brandon. Refreshments were provided by the ladies and all the members of the Sunday School were treated to candies, nuts and oranges.

Ethel.

John Nichol, of Galt, is spending a few days in town.
W. O. McTaggart made a short stop here while on his way to Toronto.
Mrs. Thos. Voden is very ill at present and little hopes are entertained of her recovery.
S. Hamilton and the Misses Douglas, of London, were visiting at the cheese factory this week.
Miss M. A. Slemmon was on the sick list this week, but we are glad to learn that she is recovering.
The election in Grey township passed off very quietly on Monday. Wm. Milne was elected Reeve, and Wm. Brown and Thos. Ennis, Councillors.
Wm. Whaley had the misfortune to fall on the ice while skating the other day and dislocate his thumb. We hope he may be able to go to work again shortly.
The citizens of our quiet little village were somewhat startled to see the sky in the direction of Brussels illuminated by another fire, at 6 o'clock last Sunday evening, and which turned out to be the Queen's hotel stables which, together with the roof of the hotel, were totally destroyed.

Grey.

Miss Ferguson, of Walton, is spending the holidays at Mrs. T. Cardiff's.
Adam Steiss is home from Montana, where he has been for the past year.
Frank Ennis has returned from Neepawa, Man. He says things are booming there.
John Hill returned the other day from a holiday trip to relatives up Bracebridge country.
Uriah McFadden, jr., is home for his vacation from Clinton High school. He is intending to take up law.
Miss Lizzie Strachan, Wm. Karney and Carl Engler passed the Model school examinations successfully.
John Shiels, of the 14th con., had a sand bed last week. He gave the boys and girls a lively time in the evening.
Jno. Karney, of the 7th con., is rushing the wood business this winter. He has the contract of cutting an acre of swamp. John is a hustler.
The bargain between Donald Crerar, of Stratford, and James Menzies is completed whereby the former takes possession of Mr. Menzies farm next spring.
Lost, on the 12th con., somewhere between Cranbrook and the Brussels gravel road, three evenings each week. Anyone who recovers them please return to J.

Stratford.

During these holiday times Stratford is full of young men from all over Canada and the United States, who are visiting their families and friends. All the boys who have struck out for them selves seem to be doing well wherever they may have located; and, as the auctioneers say, they are "too numerous to mention."
On the evening of the 22nd ult., B. Atkins, brakeman on the G. T. R., was united in marriage to Ada, eldest daughter of Samuel Snazel, contractor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. Deacon, at the residence of the bride's father, Gore St. The bridesmaid was Miss Maggie Atkins, and John Atkins acted as best man. The presents were numerous and appropriate.
The death of Robert Orr Rigg took place at the residence of Robt. D. Boyd, Downie, on Sunday, Dec. 28th, of consumption. Deceased was son of the late Robert Rigg, and a cabinet maker by trade, having served his apprenticeship with the firm of Campbell & Abraham. Mr. Rigg left Stratford in the fall for Denver, Col., for the benefit of his health, but could not stand the change of climate and returned home. He was well known and highly respected.
A freight train from this city in charge of Engineer Joseph Rogers, together with Fireman George C. Bain, step son of C. F. Neid, round house superintendent, all of Stratford, met with an accident on the down-grade of the Sarnia branch of the G. T. R. near Watford early last Sunday morning. The train became separated, when the rear end crashing into the front, damaged several cars, and killed a number of hogs. Fortunately no one was hurt although the trainmen and a drover who was in the caboose, were both considerably shaken up.

T. M. Orr, general agent of the International & Great Northern Railway, with headquarters at San Antonio, Texas, U. S., is a native of Stratford, Ont., where he first saw daylight on the last day of May, 1854. He is a thorough railroader, having followed the avocation since he was a mere lad of fifteen, when he entered the service of the New York Central at Buffalo, where he remained until 1877, when he accepted a responsible position on the Union Pacific, where he remained till 1889, when he was offered his present position at a salary of \$15,000 a year. He is a son of A. B. Orr, of the Stratford P. O. department service.

Trowbridge

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Thomas Baylis, who has been very sick for some weeks, is mending nicely.
Geo. Adams has been home from Norwich spending his holidays with his friends in Trowbridge. He is looking well.
ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—Sermons will be preached in the Methodist church, Trowbridge, on Sunday Jan. 18, in the morning by the pastor, and in the evening at 6:30 by the Rev. James Livingstone, of Listowel. Collections will be taken up in aid of the trust fund.
The Orange supper held in the basement of the Methodist church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 23rd, passed off splendidly. After supper a nice program was listened to with delight and interest. At the close of the supper the Orange brethren presented the trustees of the church with five dollars, and all went to their homes feeling the better for a social gathering.

Brussels.

Tom Hill spent Sunday in Wingham.
Mr. and Mrs. Leppard returned to Toronto Monday.
Dr. Cavanagh spent Sunday in Wingham with friends.
Mrs. (Rev.) Sellery and Miss Minnie are on the sick list.
Rev. Mr. McIntyre preached in Knox church last Sabbath.
Mrs. Donnelly, of Port Huron, is visiting her father, E. Lowery.
Miss E. Howard, of Harriston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. Fear.
Miss Lilla O'Connor is away taking a holiday and visiting her friends.
Bismarck Timmins, of Bluevale, was visiting Ward Farrow last week.
Harry Hewitt left last Monday for Chatham where he takes a situation in a jewelry establishment.
Rev. Frank Swann, of Auburn, is to supply in the Methodist church next Sabbath as the pastor will be on his circuit.
Miss Lizzie Thompson returned to town after a six weeks' visit to London and Lunenburg. Somebody's glad she is back again.
All the church choirs in town are uniting to furnish music for the S. S. convention to be held here the 20th and 21st of this month.
Special services are in progress in the Methodist church. Rev. McLaughlin, of Wroxeter, preached Monday Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.
Mrs. T. Ainlay, of Listowel, who has been visiting in town, is seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs at her brother-in-law's, Watson Ainlay.
No service in St. John's or Methodist churches last Sabbath evening, and very small congregations in Melville and Knox, owing to the fire.

From the town statement we notice that Brussels spent this year \$346 on salaries; \$166.75 for relief; \$977 for street improvements, and the fire department cost \$231.73. Their tax roll amounts to \$6,391 and their debenture debt is \$32,000.
FARMERS' INSTITUTE.—The annual meeting of the East Huron Farmers' Institute will be held in the Town Hall, Brussels, on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12th and 13th, when the following gentlemen will be present and speak on the subjects named:—F. C. Greensides, V. S., of Ontario Agricultural College, 1st. "Our horse and horse markets," 2nd. "Hereditary unsoundness in horses," T. Raynor, B. S. A., 1st. "Insect life on the farm," 2nd. "Feeding of live stock," T. H. Race, of Mitchell, 1st. "Frauds and humbugs in horticulture to be avoided by farmers," 2nd. "Varieties of apples to cultivate," R. Armstrong, of Morris, "Who pays the duty?" D. Robertson, of Grey, "The pleasures of farming," C. Michie, of Morris, "Cultivation of the turnip," A. Hislop, of Grey, address. On Monday evening a meeting will be held, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. Addresses will be given by Mr. Raynor on "Education of farmers' sons," Mr. Race on "The farmer's fruit garden." Vocal and instrumental music will be given by well-known talent. The first session of the Institute will commence at 1:30 o'clock on Monday. Election of officers for current year the same afternoon.
R. Beattie is hauling brick for a fine new livery barn he purposes erecting on his lot, corner of Turnberry and Flora streets. The building will be 40x90 feet, facing on Turnberry street, and will be pushed ahead as quickly as possible as Mr. Beattie expects to have it in use by the month of June.

Mrs. Hughan, of Walkerton, is the guest of Miss E. Roddick.
Oran E. Turnbull was home from Galt for New Year's day and over Sunday.
The schools commenced last Monday, which fact is a source of relief and comfort to the many worried mothers.
The electric light was not to the front for several evenings last week owing to repairs to the boiler at the mill.

IN AND OUT.

To enter the year with resolutions good in some respects is very wise, no doubt. But then the entering is an easy task compared to carrying out.
Now that the election excitement has subsided and the holidays over everybody will settle down to the plain matter of fact duties of every day life, feeling grateful that such events come but once in a year.
A very disgraceful scene was presented on our streets on Christmas day, viz:—A boy about 13 years of age incapable of the worse of liquor. The party who supplied the liquor should be made to smart for such a flagrant transgression of the law.
Last Sunday evening shortly after 6 o'clock the fire alarm sounded, and it was found that the barn at the Queen's hotel was in a blaze. In a very short time the building was destroyed, five horses and four cows also perished in the flames. Then the woodwork at the rear of the hotel caught fire and notwithstanding all the firemen and others could do, the top storey was all gutted and the roof nearly all burnt. The excitement ran wild for a time while the furniture, bedding, etc., was being hurried out of the second and third storey windows, but finally the flames were brought under control and the building saved. W. J. Fairfield who had just fitted up his photo gallery in Strutton's block moved all his stuff out, and A. R. Smith had everything ready for a quick ditting, but fortunately the fire did not extend beyond the hotel. Mr. Strutton's loss will be a heavy one, but his pluck and spirit shows as he had men employed Monday repairing the damage done, and will have the house as comfortable as ever in a short time. The losses by Sunday's fire, which started in the Queen's hotel stables, are as follows:—Stable, total loss, valued at \$1,200, insurance \$500; loss on contents, \$1,500, no insurance; loss on Queen's hotel \$3,000, covered by insurance; loss on household goods, liquors, etc., \$2,500, no insurance. The insurance is in the Western Company.

Huron County Notes.

W. Doherty, Clinton, has disposed of his trotting horse, "Onward King," to a firm in Glencoe for \$2,000.
Wm. Sanderson, of Wroxeter, killed two hogs barely eight months old, whose dressed carcasses made 681 pounds of pork.
A three-year-old colt was sold in Wingham for the sum of \$40. The person who disposed of it probably knew more about it than the purchaser did.
One evening recently the wife of W. Steep, Chatham, went out to the pump for water, and slipping down, had the misfortune to break her thigh in two places.
FREAK OF NATURE.—On Friday, 2nd inst., Thos. Tipling, Clinton, while out shooting, bagged a rabbit that had four well formed ears—two in each side of the head.
T. Bell, proprietor of Bell's furniture factory, Wingham, again presented each of his married employees with a Christmas turkey and the unmarried members of his staff with a splendid jack-knife.
Conductor Snider very ably filled the Methodist pulpit, Wingham, both morning and evening, on Sunday, Jan. 4th. In the evening he preached (what he called) a railway sermon. The illustrations used were both effective and telling. In the after service four went forth to the penitente fold.
W. L. Ouimet, of Lonsdale, is taking a step in the right direction. He has decided to run his business, after the first of January, on a strictly cash basis. He will not even trade such stuff as butter, eggs, etc., but will pay cash for them, and expects his customers to pay cash for their goods.
Farmers' institutes will be held in this county during the month of January, as follows:—South Huron, at Exeter, on Friday and Saturday, the 16th and 17th; East Huron, at Brussels, on Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th; West Huron, at Smith's Hill, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 14th and 15th.
Miss Eva Croll, who has been connected with the Parkhill Gazette for nearly three years past, has returned to her home in Clinton, intending to remain. Miss Croll holds an enviable record as a typesetter, having put up 1,750 ems solid brevier—without a paragraph or an error—in one hour, a speed not often reached by male compositors.

On Monday of last week, about midnight, a barn on the Whitely farm, 15th con., Goderich township, was discovered to be on fire, and was burned with its contents. The farm is rented by Henry Ferdue, but the property is owned by John Weir, who has been particularly unfortunate. About 20 tons of hay were in the barn at the time and a steam separator.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Mr. Michael Stricker was fatally shot at a shooting match at Linwood, Ont., the other day.

The Government steamer *Napoleon III.* is a total wreck.

A fire in Yarmouth, N. S., on Saturday night caused damage to the amount of \$125,000.

Mr. H. H. Dean of Harley, Ont., has been appointed professor of dairying husbandry in the Ontario Agricultural College.

The Hamilton *Herald* says natural gas has been found on the farm of Mr. Thomas Ramsay in East Hamilton.

The Dominion Indian Department does not think there will be any trouble with the Indians in the North-West.

It is officially announced that the Quebec Government will ask the Legislature for permission to borrow \$10,000,000.

Rev. John McMurray, D. D., a veteran Methodist clergyman of Nova Scotia, is dead.

Street railway stables at Quebec were burned last week, causing a loss of over \$40,000. Two horses perished.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoil, who heads the agitation against the live cattle trade, has arrived in A. Nutral.

John Shaw, who was a slave in Virginia and escaped by the British war ship *Sapphire* in 1812, has just died in Halifax, aged over 100 years.

The *Empress of Japan*, the second of the new C. P. R. Pacific fleet, has been launched.

Dr. Winnett, a Toronto physician, writes very hopefully from Berlin concerning the Koch discoveries.

The Government organ in Ottawa makes the novel proposal that as a settlement of the Behring Sea trouble, the Territory of Alaska be purchased from the United States.

Sir Joseph Hieckson has retired from the general manager of the Grand Trunk, and is succeeded by Mr. Sargeant, at present traffic manager.

The five Commercial Associations of Montreal, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, and Halifax have a combined membership of 6,500 travellers.

Last week a presentation was made to the Bishop of Rupert's Land by the clergymen and laymen of his diocese to mark the close of his twenty-fifth year of service as bishop.

Thirty-five guinea pigs have been procured for the Biological Department of the University of Toronto to enable the professors to study the curative possibilities of Dr. Koch's discoveries.

The lottery privilege secured by the St. Jean Baptiste Society from the Quebec Government has been transferred to Messrs Brault & Labrecque, of Montreal, for \$80,000 for ten years.

Sir Charles Tupper has submitted figures to the English Board of Agriculture proving that, considering the extent of the trade, there has been a remarkable immunity from loss of life among Canadian cattle on their way to England.

In the Ottawa Exchequer Court suit has been entered against Thomas Greenway of Montreal, for penalties amounting to \$68,000 for exporting deer, partridge, woodcock, and other game to the United States contrary to the Canadian Customs Act.

Mr. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, arrived in Toronto last week on his way from England to Winnipeg. He stated that the English people are favorably disposed towards Canada, but that there is no organized system of emigration. The Canadian emigration agent at Liverpool is an official scoundrel reached except through correspondence.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Monday Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Thos. Richardson, the Liberal Unionist M. P. for Hartlepool, is dead.

The Most Rev. William Thomson, archbishop of York, died on Sunday.

An attempt was made on Friday night to shoot Bishop Healy of Clonfert, Ireland.

Wm. J. Lane, the Irish M. P., is coming to America to be married.

Canon Gregory has been appointed dean of St. Paul's cathedral.

Mr. Parnell will resume the campaign at Limerick after visiting Paris.

Dr. Tanner is going to sue Parnell for libel.

Severe weather is said to have greatly interfered with the season's gaieties in London.

Chief Secretary Ralfour has changed his mind and will not go on the stump in Ulster.

Arrangements have been made between the two Irish factions by which the League funds can be paid out to evicted tenants.

The vote in North Kilkeny stood:—Hennessy, 2,527; Scully, 1,356; majority for Hennessy, 1,171.

Mr. Scully will protest the Kilkeny election on the ground of undue interference by the priests.

Lord Salisbury is said to be considering what British possession to offer to France as a territorial compensation in exchange for the French shore of Newfoundland.

The Very Rev. John James S. Perowne, of Peterborough, has been appointed Bishop of Worcester in place of the Right Rev. Henry Philpott, who recently resigned.

Mrs. Nellie Percy was hanged last Friday morning in London for the murder of Mrs. Hogg, the wife of her paramour, and Mrs. Hogg's child. She confessed that she had committed the crime, but said the evidence upon which she was convicted was false.

The London *Times* announces the resignation of Commissioner Smith, of the Salvation Army. He was the life and soul of the Darkest England movement, and the *Times* thinks, before soliciting any more subscriptions, Gen. Booth should explain what led to the resignation.

UNITED STATES.

Heavy falls of snow are reported from the Atlantic states from Maine to Virginia.

In New York the other day an old lady fell on the sidewalk and her hat pin was driven into her brain, causing instant death.

Returns from 497 cities, towns and plantations in Maine show 3,310 abandoned farms in state.

At Lyndonville, Vermont, on Christmas night the thermometer registered 40° below zero.

The Chicago Exhibition authorities have promised to reserve liberal space for Canadian exhibits.

The Masonic temple in Boston was damaged by fire to the amount of \$200,000 last week.

At Dover, N. H., Isaac Sawtelle was found guilty of murdering his brother and sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday in 1892.

The Sioux are rapidly coming into the agencies, apparently the "war scare" is over for the time.

Mary animals are dying of glanders in the central portion of New Jersey.

A Chicago despatch says there are over 150 persons in that city who are liable to indictment for bigamy.

James Vest, a school teacher, was found frozen to death near Hamlin, Va., on Sunday.

The neighborhood of Charleston, W. Va., is having the heaviest snowstorms known in 50 years. In the mountains the drifts are 18 feet deep.

Powder is being manufactured at Newport, R. I., which is not only smokeless, but has a higher explosive power than ordinary powder.

Owing to the inability of the contractors of the Union Pacific extension to Puget Sound to pay laborers, over a thousand men are in the greatest distress.

A gigantic counterfeiting conspiracy has been unearthed at Pittsburg, and 19 men are under arrest. Eleven hundred spurious silver dollars were secured.

The Chicago City Board of Education the other night unanimously voted down the proposition that extracts from the Bible be read daily in the Public schools.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says Ignatius Donnelly is anxious to become a candidate for the U. S. presidency, and is laying wires to that end through the Farmers' Alliance.

Central Illinois is suffering from drought and sand drifts. No rain has fallen there for months. Farmers are greatly inconvenienced for lack of water.

The U. S. troops had a hot fight with the Indians near Pine Ridge agency on Monday. A number were killed and wounded on both sides.

In the United States Senate on Monday, Mr. Carlisle introduced a resolution providing for the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the trade relations between Canada and the United States.

It is alleged that U. S. consular agents in Canada have been conspiring with Canadian exporters to defraud the U. S. Government out of large sums of money by means of "crooked" certificates.

A special from Pine Ridge reports the capture of Bigfoot and his band of hostiles by the Seventh cavalry, under Capt. White-side. The capture was made on Porcupine creek without a conflict.

An influential committee has been formed in Baltimore, with Cardinal Gibbons at its head, to consider the question of aiding Russian Jews. Clergymen of all denominations compose the committee.

John V. Clark, president of the Hibernian bank, Chicago, yesterday cabled to joint treasurers Webb and Kenny, Dublin, the sum of £1,250 sterling, the proceeds up to date from the Dillon-O'Brien mass meetings.

President Harrison last week issued a proclamation formally setting the seal of the Government on the Chicago World's Fair, announcing that the fair will be opened on May 1st, 1893, and inviting "all nations of the earth" to take part in it.

John P. Matthews, the Republican postmaster at Carrollton, Mo., was shot by W. S. McBride yesterday. The two were hunting for each other with Winchester, and McBride secured the first shot, which proved fatal.

At Fergus Falls, Minn., on Sunday night Henry Reher began shooting at his wife, son and three daughters. The son and one daughter were hit, and may die. Then Reher attacked his wife with a knife and stabbed her several times. The savage then wound up by hanging himself.

IN GENERAL.

French troops are marching against the Sultan, of Segon, near Senegal.

The present population of Berlin is 1,574,485, an increase of 259,000 in five years.

Eleven thousand Austrians and Germans are to be expelled from Russia.

The Gaulois says that Emperor William will visit Paris shortly.

The conference between O'Brien and Parnell is to take place at Boulogne, on Saturday.

Octave Feuillet, the well-known French novelist and dramatist, is dead.

Floods following the snows have damaged Italian railways considerably, and traffic about Naples has been almost suspended.

The Christian forces lately defeated the Moslems in a fight on the frontier of Uganda, and now peace has been established.

It now appears that over 200 lives were lost by the burning of the steamer *Shanghai* near Nanking.

The coal mining companies of Belgium have decided on a general reduction of wages, and the miners threaten to strike.

The Belgian Radical Congress has passed resolutions in favor of universal suffrage and the representation of minorities.

FOR THE LADIES.

Dust and the Complexion.

Dust is the great enemy of health and of women's good looks. It settles in the skin especially where there is a little steam to help it; the wax and oily matter of the skin fix it till no ordinary washing will remove it. Wrinkles are accentuated by it, as they have a deeper bed to draw in the dust with the stylus of time. That is the reason so many women look about ten years younger when they find time to take their hot bath and the vapor has fifteen minutes or more to soften the tissues.

There is nothing like steam for plumping up the skin and washing out the grime which clouds every complexion not daily treated to soap and hot water. How many have the heating pipes of the furnace cleared of the year's accumulation of dust? From the pipe coils it is ready to enter lungs and skin, and being deadest of all dead matter, it is itself death to hair, to freshness of complexion and general vigor.—[Shirley Dare.

Bangs Made of Babies' Curls.

Baby curls on the brows of grandmothers! It is a fact that a great many false bangs are made out of the soft silky curls that grow on the heads of little folks. A deal of France and Germany, but much is bought right here in New York. The dainty golden curls of the four-year-old, who has grown too manly to wear long hair, are now bedewed with mamma's tears and wrapped in silken tissue and put away in a treasure-box, but they are snipped off scientifically in a hairdresser's shop without sentiment, and sold for a goodly sum, which will perhaps buy a cap to cover the shorn head.

The short baby curls that cling closely to the tiny heads are more in demand than any other kind. They keep their kinks and crinkles seemingly forever, and they do not have to be dressed or recurred. Even crimps that grace the brows of women who can part their hair in the middle and look like St. Cecilia's are made out of baby curls.

No one would dream that the seductive little waves that have such a very natural air once were tangled curls that brought a baby's head.

To the question, "Do many women wear wigs?" the answer was "Oh, yes; but wigs are so nicely made that hardly anybody could tell that the hair does not grow on the wearer's head. Here's a wig which, when worn, would deceive even an expert hair dealer" the hair vendor said with enthusiasm, pointing to a coiffure that looked like a luxurious head of hair artistically dressed.

There was a heavy coil on the crown, and dainty baby curls covertly concealed the fell-tale edges at the neck and around the face. The baby curls have a softer look and retain the freshness a long time that belongs to natural hair growing on the head. Now that elaborately dressed coiffures are coming into style, false hair is in demand, and baby curls, whether black, brown or nondescript in hue, are golden in sale.

Floral Wedding Handuffs.

One of the prettiest novelties at English weddings is that of linking the bridemaids together with chains of flowers attached to floral handuffs. Usually there are six made, beside the maid of honor. They walk two by two, those on the right side of the aisle having the chains depending from their left wrists, the maids on the left side having their right wrists connected.

The chains are long enough to curve gracefully from wrist to wrist. The outside hand of each maid is free to hold her bouquet, posy or basket of blossoms, and linking the wrists, that are on the inside going up the aisle, brings the maids in the right order as they form quarter circles, one on each side, at the chancel.

After the ceremony, in the twinkling of an eye, the maid nearest the bride on each side slips off her handuff, passes it to the second maid, takes the arm of "her" usher and falls into line. Maid number two follows suit, and the two who are last to leave the church carry the chains in loops on their disengaged arm.

The Affable Women.

If women could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplace daily intercourse with their fellow creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentleness women know would no more address an uninitiated female than bite off a bit of their own tongues. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend.

Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But, thank Heaven! there is a woman, and her tribe is increasing, who realizes all of the beautiful opportunities and rights the gift of speech gives her. She can afford to talk to her domestics about anything and everything, and cement their affectionate respect with every word uttered.

Her kindly recognition of the shop girl and fragment of peasant gossip across the yard stick is a wholesome break in the clerk's dull day. To sit beside a respectable female for an hour's train travel, and not exchange greeting as two human beings touching in their journey of life, would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity, and, strong in its integrity, affords to do what, possibly, a less fine-grained nature shrinks to essay. Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing dull, unlovely discontent, embarrassment, and loneliness, she is free with worthy thoughts graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing-room, kitchen, shop or coach that every other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all other feminine charms.

The Oldest Kissing Story.

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined

POET'S CORNER.

AT THE NEW YEAR'S WHITE GATE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

They stood outside the great white gate,
That opens but once a year,
The bounding heart, and the heart grown old,
The silver hand, and the head of gold;
The youth and the aged seer.

"My son," said the old man's trembling voice,
"Step out of my path, I pray,
The gate swings quickly, and I must pass
Ere it be too late. My task, alas,
Was begun but yesterday."

"I was young when I entered the gate,
And hope in my breast ran high,
There was much to do; but time seemed long,
My heart was glad with its New Year's song,
And the swift days hurried by."

"I was young, nor heeded how quickly time
On its golden pinions flew,
For earth was sweet with its flowers in bloom—
I wept with May and laughed with June,
Nor thought of the 'much to do.'"

"I languished under the summer heats,
In autumn my task begun,
Too late to finish! Too late! Too late!
For see! I have reached the year's white gate,
And the work of my hands undone."

"I have lived my youth. My knowledge gained
Is of priceless worth to the sons of earth;
I have many a plan for the good of man,
"And so," said the youth, "have I."

"But one may enter the year's white gate,
My son, there is much to do!
Knowledge is powerful to combat sin,
The bells ring out, the white gate swung in,
And the agile youth passed through."

A SKATING SONG.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill!
Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight
That tingle and beat in a winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide!

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,
For the joyous laugh and the courage high!
Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,
So that life is gay as a merry song,
For the motion fearless, smooth, and fleet,
When skates are wing the flying feet!

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low!
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well—
Dorothy, Winifred, Kate and Nell!
Hurrah for the race we're bound to win,
And the curves and figures we mean to spin!
Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet,
When like dancers gay, we pass and meet!

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,
Hurrah we cry for the frost and rime,
For the icicles pendent from roof and eave,
For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming glassy lake
Where the skaters hold their pleasure take!

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unshaded space
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not thy tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble do-r among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expanse,
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. J. G. WHITTIER.

Praise.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee,
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they repined,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven
I can raise thee.

Thou grow'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentest,
And when Justice call'd for fears
Thou dissentest.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee;
E'en eternity is too short
To extol thee.

Sixty and Six; Or a Fountain of Youth.

Fons, deliquit domus—*Martial*,
Light of the morning,
Darting of dawn,
Blithe little life, little daughter of mine!
White with the ranging
Sure I'm exchanging
Sixty of my years for six years like thine,
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down over the sea;
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic,
Played as thou playest: it daily with me.

Floating and ringing
Thy merry singing
Comes when the light comes, like that of the
birds.

List to the play of it!
That is the way of it;
All's in the music and naught in the words—
Glad of grief-laden,
Schubert or Haydn,
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,
Like an evangel
Some baby angel
Brought from sky-nursery stealing away.

Surely I know it,
Artist nor poet
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours,
Sorrow, what are they?
Nearer or far, they
Glad of sunshine, like dew from the flowers,
Years, I am glad of them!
Would that I had of them
More and yet more, while thus mingled with
thine.

Age, I make light of it!
Fear not the sight of it,
Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine.
—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE BEE

A. S. PELTON, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1891.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Some weeks ago we gave our reasons for adopting the label system, and while it is a standard rule with all city and many country weeklies, we would still have adhered to the old custom of sending the paper on year after year until the subscriber was disposed to remit his subscription, or else discontinue the paper by first paying all arrearages, but we were in urgent need of money to carry on our business successfully, and to do this we are obliged to look to our individual subscribers for aid. Many have come forward and paid their dollar in advance and to these we say "thank you," but yet there are hundreds of our readers who have not remitted their dollar for 1891, and to these we direct this appeal. Now we ask you, in the interests of your village and the prosperous township of Elma, to come forward and financially aid your local paper to meet its current running expenses and otherwise maintain its prestige as a live local newspaper. With this issue the majority of subscriptions of our regular subscribers expire. In the year just closed it has been our aim to get out a readable and well printed local paper, devoted exclusively to the interests of the people of Atwood and surrounding country, and we believe we have accomplished our object.

The Barley Question.

David Plewes, the well-known miller of Brantford, in a letter to the Globe, puts the question of two-rowed barley in a nutshell. He says that in October last he had a conversation with a Glasgow gentleman, a large importer of Canadian products, who told him that:

"Such barley as was raised to Brantford at that time could only be sold for feed, and would bring back about 40 cents per 48 lbs. to the farmer. He distinctly gave me to understand that any barley testing less than 52 pounds to the measured bushel was unsaleable to the British brewer, while the general demand for malting barley required barley testing about 54 pounds. It is for the Canadian farmer to decide whether he can raise 'six-rowed barley' to test that much."

There is no doubt that unless our farmers grow barley to test 52 lbs. per bushel, the effort to find a profitable market in Great Britain will fail. The experiments of the past two seasons have clearly demonstrated, however, that over a large area in Canada two-rowed barley of that weight can be grown. Large numbers of samples of this season's crop, sent to Prof. Saunders at the Central Experimental Farm, exceed 52 pounds per bushel, and the average of nearly 800 samples tested over 51 pounds. This was in what is generally regarded as an unusually bad season. Had the season been as favorable as usual, it is reasonable to assume that the two-rowed barley crop of the Dominion would have averaged 52 pounds at least. For the years to come it may be said that the farmers of Canada have the matter in their own hands. If they give careful and intelligent attention to the conditions prescribed by the Director of the Experimental Farms there is no doubt at all that abundant success is assured, but, on the other hand, if they pursue the hap-hazard methods followed with the six-rowed variety for so many years they had better save themselves the trouble of making the attempt. With fine malting barley at \$1 to \$1.50 per bushel in England, and an annual demand for 40,000,000 bushels, and the knowledge that we can produce the very highest class, it will be conceded that the attempt is worth making.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The petition and cross-petition in the Muskoka election case were dismissed by the court Tuesday.

The Upper Canada Tract Society has received a bequest of \$261.75 from the estate of the late Isabella Pringle, of Fergus.

One day last week Conductor Snider, of the L. H. & B. Railway, was called into a private room in the Grigg House, London, and presented with a large Bible, by Samuel Grigg and C. C. Whale.

The past season has been unusually disastrous to the shipping on the Great Lakes. Sixteen steamers, of a total tonnage of 5,915 tons, and valued at \$356,550, were lost. Twenty-seven schooners and barges, valued at \$278,000, and with a tonnage of 8,585 tons, were also lost, as were twelve tugs, valued at \$79,000 and of 520 tons burden, making the total number of vessels lost fifty-five, with an aggregate tonnage of 15,020 tons and a value of \$713,000.

It is not generally known, says a London cablegram to the Brooklyn Eagle, that General Booth is a banker, as well as a preacher and commander of the Salvation Army. He issues Salvation Army bonds, secured by first mortgage on the property of the Salvation Army, and offers the high interest for Great Britain of 3 1/2 per cent. The object of issuing these bonds is said to be "fair interest, sound security and the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ." Some curiosity is expressed as to the nature of the investment that justifies such a rate of interest.

Many colored people in the Southern States are preparing to emigrate to Oklahoma.

The Nova Scotia Government has secured a supply of Dr. Koch's lymph, to be used in the hospital at Halifax.

Wm. Weld, proprietor of The Farmer's Advocate, was accidentally drowned at his home near London last Saturday.

Germany has apparently taken possession of the Marshall Islands, which lie to the southwest of the Hawaiian group.

Bustles are useful, if not ornamental, but accidents will happen. At the ferry dock, Windsor, on Wednesday afternoon, a woman came off a boat and walked very erect and cautiously. Suddenly a crash of breaking glass was heard. The string of the bustle had broken, and the smuggled lamp was destroyed. She did not stay to reconnoitre.

A Scottish paper informs us that Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, whose ancestors were connected with Dunnet, Caithness shire, has presented two silver salvers for use at the communion in the parish church of that place. The Premier has always taken a warm interest in the home of his forefathers, though all his energies have been devoted to the promotion of the welfare of his native province.

Emmensite is a terrible new explosive to be added to the inventions which will by-and-by make war so destructive that the nations will be afraid to go into it, and for that very reason we shall have universal peace. Within the last few years some tremendous new explosives have been discovered, among them chemical compounds from the niterates, chlorates and other substances. Emmensite was invented by an American, Dr. Stephen H. Emmens. His compound has a high explosive power as dynamite, and can be fired from a gun. Moreover, it cannot be exploded by friction, and is only set fire to by actual flame. The Navy Department has been experimenting with emmensite for some time, and its qualities now appear to be so valuable that a special gun is being built for testing it further. The inventor of emmensite claims that if one shell containing a hundred pounds of it could be dropped upon the deck of the largest man-of-war afloat the vessel would be destroyed.

THOS. FULLARTON,
COMMISSIONER IN THE H.C.J.;
Real Estate Agent; Issuer of
Marriage Licenses; Money to
Lend on reasonable terms; Private
Funds on hand; all work neatly and
correctly done; Accounts Collected.
Atwood, Nov. 11, 1890. 42-1y

NOTICE.
THE Annual Meeting of the Elma
Cheese and Butter Manufacturing
Co. will be held on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891,
At One o'clock p.m., in the factory, to
receive the Financial Report, elect Di-
rectors for the ensuing year, and trans-
act any other business that may be
considered necessary.

WM. LOCHHEAD,
Secretary.
Elma, Dec. 29, 1890. 49-2in

HOUSE AND LOTS
FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers the follow-
ing valuable property for sale in
the village of Atwood, viz.:—
Lots 30 and 31, containing 4.5 of an
acre, on King St. west, with a two story
frame house containing 7 rooms, and
a stable situated thereon. Also lots 171
and 172. For further particulars and
terms apply to THOS. FULLARTON,
Atwood, or to the proprietor,
49 4th W. HARRIS, Monkton.

HOUSE, SIGN AND
Ornamental Painting.

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

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NOW TO JAN 1, 1892.

First - Class
GOODS
At Reasonable Prices

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FALL TRADE
Is Now Complete.

Boots & Shoes.
Ladies and Gents Underwear, Dry
Goods and

CROCERIES,
Crockery and Glassware, &c. These
goods cannot be beaten for Quality.

Examine our stock before purchasing
elsewhere.

Mrs. M. Harvey.
A. A. GRAY,
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Canvasses, Brushes, Palettes, Crayons,
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had and Orders Taken.

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HAS MADE
J. Danbrook's Grocery
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IN ATWOOD!

Santa Claus is bringing nuts, toys
And candies for the girls and boys;
Raisins—everything you could conceive
Danbrook keeps for glad Xmas Eve.

Christmas
Groceries
And Fruits
At Rock Bottom Prices. Get your
Holiday Supplies from
JAS. DANBROOK.

GET A FLAG



FOR YOUR
SCHOOLHOUSE

The movement for hoisting the Canadian
flag on the schoolhouses on anniversaries of
noted events in our history is spreading rapidly
throughout the Dominion and evoking the
heartiest approval of all patriotic citizens. A
ready

has done its share in hastening this movement,
by awarding a handsome flag to one school in
each county of Ontario, but the number of en-
quiries from all parts of the Dominion as to
how flags can be obtained by other schools has
determined the publishers of THE EMPIRE
to offer a handsome

CANADIAN FLAG
of 6 ft. by 12 ft. long (regular price \$15),
as a premium for 50 new yearly subscribers to
THE WEEKLY EMPIRE at \$1.00 or eight new
yearly subscribers to THE DAILY EMPIRE
at \$5 per annum, or a price of 10¢ each, on
subscription to Daily counting for FOUR
Weeklies.

Every school in the Dominion ought to have
a national flag, and this offer presents an op-
portunity for each obtaining it without cost,
and with little trouble. Let those who
are interested in getting their school-
house join in getting up a club, and while sub-
scribers get full value for their money in the
best newspaper in the Dominion, the school
obtains its flag FREE OF CHARGE.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE has recently been
enlarged to twelve pages, and is now, without
doubt, the best weekly newspaper in Canada,
while the reputation of THE DAILY EMPIRE
as the leading morning journal of the Domini-
on is well known.

Send for sample copies and special clubbing
rates, and go in for a flag for your school.
ADDRESS THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

THE 777 STORE!

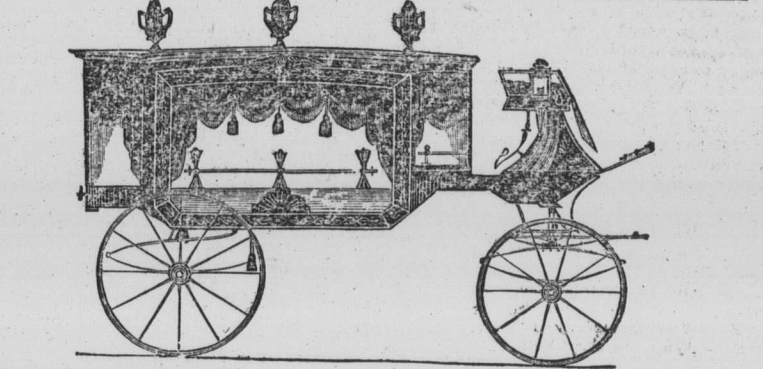
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Dress Goods, &c.**

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Posts, Fence Poles and Stakes, Cheese
Boxes, also Long and Short Wood.**

Dressed Flooring and Siding
A SPECIALTY.
WM. DUNN.



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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.
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Reasonable Rates. Dray always on hand.
Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class
Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O.
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—THE BEE—

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IS COMPLETE.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work en-
trusted to us will be executed Neatly, Expeditionly,
and at Moderate Rates. Give us a Trial.



CARD OF THANKS.

I, THE undersigned, take great pleasure in thanking the people of Atwood and surrounding country for the good patronage they have given me, and hereby ask a renewal of my old customers, and to those who have not as yet had any dealings with me or made the acquaintance I ask the first time you come to town to give me a call and get acquainted. Once deal with me and you will not leave me. Taking this opportunity of wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year, hoping that I will have the pleasure of meeting most of you in 1891, I remain, yours most respectfully,

J. H. GUNTHER,

Watch Specialist,

Goldsmith's Hall,

Main St., Listowel.

Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

Table with 2 columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH. Lists train times for Express and Mixed services.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

Table with 2 columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH. Lists stage departure times to various locations.

Town Talk.

Organs and Pianos.

Violins sold at Lamonts' from \$1 up.

Now is the time to renew your subscriptions for THE BEE and such other papers as you desire to take during 1891.

JAMES CURRIE, of Walkerton, has appointed himself to his brother, Geo. Currie, to learn the tailoring business.

A MEETING will be held in the Methodist church this (Friday) evening for the purpose of organizing an Epworth League. A full turn-out is requested.

The 23rd session of County of Perth Sunday School Association will be held in Listowel, on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18 and 19, in the Presbyterian church.

EASTER Sunday falls very early this year, being on the 29th of March. There are only two Sundays after Epiphany. Ash Wednesday falls on February 11th, Good Friday on March 27th.

The voting at the provincial election contest will be, of course, on the 1890 voters' lists wherever it has been revised in time, and it has been so revised in all the municipalities with perhaps the exception of Stratford.

A NUMBER of changes are about to be made in the staff of the Toronto Empire. Henceforth L. P. Kribs will take the main charge of the paper's outside political work, do more or less editorial writing, and act as chief Parliamentary correspondent.

DURING the past three months a number took advantage of our offer of THE BEE for three months for 25c, and have been getting the paper to the present. This week many of these short term subscriptions expire, and all who want to continue the paper will please lose no time in forwarding their renewal subscription. Otherwise the names will have to be dropped from our list. Our regular subscribers will also be good enough to look at their label and renew at once.

The following candidates at the recent entrance examinations to the Listowel High School have been successful:

Table listing names and scores of successful candidates for the Listowel High School entrance examinations.

Recommended—A. Henderson, W. Freeborn. There were 52 candidates writing, 40 being successful.

Lamonts' Sell Cheap.

THE Misses McDUGALL, of London, are visiting the Misses Dunn this week.

We are pleased to learn that our old friend, Henry Wilson, is around again after a prolonged illness.

T. M. WILSON returned home last Friday evening from Elora, where he spent several days with old friends.

Organs and Pianos Sold Cheap at Lamonts' Musical Emporium, Listowel.

S. H. HARDING arrived home Friday evening after a pleasant stay with old associates and acquaintances in the stone town—St. Marys. He saw a great many familiar faces so he tells us.

The qualification for mayor, reeve, deputy-reeve or councillors in towns is freehold to the amount of \$600 free of all encumbrances or \$1,200 leasehold on the last assessment roll, or if the candidate is assessed for \$2,000 on the roll he is eligible without reference to encumbrances.

J. JOHNSON makes use of our columns this week in thanking the people of Atwood and vicinity for their liberal patronage during his business career in Atwood. Mr. Johnson has, through honest dealing, built up a profitable trade in the watchmaking and jewelry line, and we anticipate an even larger patronage in the future than in the past.

It is said that from rather obscure cause important events springs. A young lady in the north part of Huron, in Morris or Howick, Gallagher by name, wanted to go to a dance. Her father objected until her young man interposed with, "Let her go, Gallagher," hence the origin of the classical expression which has travelled the circuit of the globe.

TUESDAY evening last a political meeting in the interests of Mr. Magwood, the nominee of the North Perth Conservatives, was held in the agricultural hall. Addresses on the questions of the day were delivered by D. D. Campbell, of Listowel; George Moir, of St. Marys; Geo. Hess, ex-M. P. P.; Mr. Magwood and Jas. Irwin. The chair was ably filled by Dr. Hamilton, President of the Elma Conservative Association, who introduced the several speakers with a few apt remarks.

The year just closed may be remembered as hangman's year in Canada. During the twelve months eight men expiated the crime of murder on the scaffold. These were Smith at London, Davis at Belleville, Dubois at Quebec, Spencer at Kamloops, Birchall at Woodstock, Day at Welland, and Blanchard and Lamontagne at Sherbrooke. The record is a sad one enough. It is to be remembered, though, that it comes after what might be called an epidemic of murderous crime, to which the attention of the whole country had been attracted. It is to be trusted that year will be long before it sees such another year of such crime and its punishment.

MARRIED—A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, of last week, at the residence of the bride's father, Listowel, the contracting parties being R. K. Hall, of Listowel, to Miss Carrie Levan, of Listowel. The mystic knot was tied by the pastor of the Listowel Lutheran church, in the presence of a few invited guests, principally relatives of the bride and groom. The wedding gifts were numerous and useful, which gave tangible expression to the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their friends. Several beautiful and costly presents were received by the groom from his friends in London. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are well and favorably known to Atwoodites who join in wishing them a long, prosperous and happy wedded life.

"NEVER outstay your welcome" and "Don't grow too big for your boots" are two useful maxims—the latter being metaphorical and somewhat vulgar. Several years ago—say twenty, or twenty-five—one remembers a welcome visitor in every house at Christmas time. He usually called, on his way, at the post office, and accompanied the postman on his rounds; amusing the children (and grown-up people, too) with pictures of fat little pigs adorned with holly and mistletoe, and in all sorts of queer attitudes; with pictures of turkeys plucked and ready for dinner (in blue coat and brass buttons) dancing with plum puddings—all face and body and with no legs to speak of—and a variety of odd conceits. He carried happy messages between families, and the pleasure of his company cost only a penny or so. He was a general favorite. After Saint Valentine came to grief from pomposity in old age, and in much the same manner, and dear old Santa Claus had better look out for his Arctic establishment will have to be shut up!

The best half of life is in front of a man of 40, he is anything of a man, says a writer in the Hospital. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack; but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new, and the future so fresh, as to him who has spent the early years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science of life, and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as staleness in life and its duties he cannot understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses, and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and increasing power makes every year of his life happier and more hopeful than the last.

Organs and Pianos.

RENEW your subscription for 1891.

Lamonts' Sell Sheet Music at Cost.

SEE A Campbell's card of thanks in this issue.

Organs sold at Lamonts' Emporium from \$35 up.

MISS MARY ROXBURGH, of Avonton, is spending a few days with Mrs. John Rogers this week.

ROBERT POWELL, until recently one of Her Majesty's postmasters at Harrow was in Stratford Monday. He brought in the post office with him and delivered it up to Inspector Hopkirk.

TIMELY ADVICE.

Ring out the old! Ring in the new! Best is the year that's well begun, And when you write your billet-doux, Scratch out the old! Scratch in the new!

The nomination of candidates to fill the vacancies in the Legislature for North Norfolk, South Norfolk, North Perth and East Durham has been fixed for Friday, Jan. 16, and the election for Friday, Jan. 23.

The Listowel Baptist church will hold its second anniversary on Sunday, Jan. 11. Rev. D. G. Macdonald, of Stratford, will preach morning and evening. There will be no service in the Baptist church, here, next Sunday.

The annual meeting of the Listowel Beekeepers' Association will be held in the Royal Hotel, Listowel, on Saturday, Jan. 17, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m. All are invited. Topics of absorbing interest to beekeepers will be discussed, and a profitable time, generally, may be expected.

PONDER over J. A. Hacking's announcement on page 8 of this issue. He carries full lines of school supplies and wall papers. Mr. Hacking is too well and favorably known to our readers to need introduction, and his old reliable drug and book store is quite familiar to Elmaites, many of whom have dealt there for upwards of twenty years past.

We are pleased to state that E. J. Bristow, a former member of the L. O. G. T., here, and son of our respected citizen, Isaac Bristow, has successfully passed his examinations in Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. He is also an honorary member of the Good Templars at Wrightstown. His many Atwood friends wish him every success in his good work.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.—As will be seen elsewhere H. J. Pope has opened a harness shop in the premises recently occupied by Dr. Rice, and next door to the Atwood bakery. Mr. Pope has been at the trade for several years and is well up in his business. Our farmer friends and others should call on Mr. Pope before purchasing elsewhere. We wish our young friend success.

R. K. HALL, who has been employed by the Erie Iron Works Co., St. Thomas, for the past year, received a letter from the firm this week to the effect that his services are so well appreciated that they will give him \$10 per month of a raise during 1891 if he will consent to remain in their service. Mr. Hall accepted of the offer and leaves on the 15th for Port Arthur on business for the firm. Success.

SURPRISE PARTY.—Last Tuesday evening a number of friends from Atwood and vicinity pleasantly surprised Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton, 8th con. Elma, by taking possession of their home for an evening's enjoyment. Shortly afterwards another load of Listowelites drove up, which was an equal surprise to the host and hostess. The latter brought with them an abundance of oysters for the whole company, and it is needless to add that a very pleasant evening was spent by all, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton possess the happy faculty of making their guests feel quite at home.

It will be news to our readers to learn that Rev. D. Dack, B. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Listowel and Atwood Baptist churches and accepted a call from Simcoe, Ont. Mr. Dack has, through his ministrations, built up a strong cause in our midst, and the increasingly large and active membership which greeted him every Sabbath afternoon is ample proof of this fact. As a preacher, he is forcible, logical and convincing, while his pastoral and social qualities won for him love and respect everywhere. His Atwood friends sincerely regret having to lose Mr. Dack, yet it is quite evident that his new parish opens up for him a larger field for Christian thought and effort, and it is in every respect more adapted to a man of his ability. We join with his host of friends in this locality in wishing him God-speed in his new field of labor. We have not learned as yet who Mr. Dack's successor will be.

FOR WISCONSIN.—Wm. W. Gray and Will Angus, of the 10th con., Elma, and A. T. Bell, of Tavistock, left this week for Madison University, Wisconsin, where they purpose studying dairying on scientific principles in the agricultural department of that famous institution. The pluck and ambition of these young men is commendable. In order to make a thorough success of any trade or profession a young man must study the most recent methods and appliances of their calling. We are living in an age of invention and scientific research, and the successful farmer, merchant, or mechanic must think and reason and work out for himself the great problems of life, not on the old-fashioned, stereotyped plan, but in the nineteenth century school of progress. Cheesemaking, in common with other pursuits, is being carried forward on more scientific principles than formerly, and for these reasons the boys are desirous of acquiring the most recent and approved methods in the manufacture of this staple article. We feel confident that the course of instruction they will receive at the state university will prove lastingly beneficial to them.

R. GRAY, of Stratford, smiled on his Elma friends this week. He returned to the city Tuesday.

A WEDDING took place last Wednesday afternoon at the Methodist parsonage, Atwood, the contracting parties being John C. Buchanan, of Pfeiffer, to Miss Jennie Freeborn, of Mornington. Alex. Sanderson, of Britton, and Miss Nancy Davidson, of Mornington, acted as groomsmen and bridesmaid, respectively. Rev. D. Rogers tied the mystic knot. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan many years of wedded bliss.

CRADLE.

HUDSON.—In Grey, on Dec. 15th, 1890, the wife of Mr. George Hudson, of a son.

ALTAR.

BUCHANAN—FREEBORN.—At the Methodist parsonage, Atwood, on Wednesday, 7th inst., by Rev. D. Rogers, Mr. John C. Buchanan, of Pfeiffer, to Miss Jennie Freeborn, of Mornington.

HALL—LEVAN.—In Listowel, on Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1890, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Mr. Ortwein, Mr. R. K. Hall, of Atwood, to Miss Carrie Levan, of Listowel.

Atwood Market.

Table listing market prices for various commodities like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Oats, Peas, Pork, Hides, Sheep skins, Wood, Potatoes, Butter, and Eggs.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

L. E. RICE, M. D., C. M., Trinity University, Toronto. Follow by examination of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan; special attention given to the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence, next door to Mader's store, Atwood. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 2:30 p. m., and every evening to 8:30.

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S., Is using an improved Electric Vibrator, Vitalized Air, or Gas, for the painless extracting of teeth. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office—in block south side of Main street bridge, Listowel.

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

AUCTIONEERS.

C. H. MERYFIELD, Licensed auctioneer for the County of Perth, Moncton, Ont. Rates moderate. For particulars apply at this office.

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

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

Money to Loan. At Lowest Rates of Interest.

FINE

JOB PRINTING

A Specialty at

THE BEE

PUBLISHING HOUSE.

BERKSHIRE BOAR

FOR SERVICE.

The undersigned has a Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar for Service, on

LOT 29, CON. 14, GREY.

TERMS—\$1, to be paid at time of service with privilege of returning.

45 3m* JOHN HISLOP, Prop.

NORTH PERTH

Farmers' Institute!

Winter Meetings will be held in the Town Hall, Listowel, at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m., on

Friday, Jan. 9th, 1891,

And at Milverton, at Hasenpflug's Hall, at 10 a. m., on

Saturday, Jan. 10th, 1891.

The speakers will be Prof. F. C. Greenside, V. S. O., A. C.; T. Raynor, R. S. A.; T. H. Race, R. Cleland, W. S. Burnett, B. Herderson and others, on subjects of absorbing interest. Secure a program.

JAS. DICKSON, JR., W. KEITH, President. Secretary.

DR. SINCLAIR

M. D. M. A., L. C. P. S. O., M. C. P. S. M.,

THE SCOTTISH SPECIALIST, OF TORONTO.

Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and Diseases of Women positively treated successfully.

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at

Toerger's Hotel, - Atwood,

ON THURSDAY,

Feb. 5th, 1891

Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."

Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."

W. McDonald, Lakefield, Ont., says—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of catarrh."

Geo. Rowed, Blyth, says—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."

Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.



NEW

Harness Shop

H. J. POPE

Wishes to intimate to the public that he has opened a Harness Shop next door to the Atwood Bakery, where he is prepared to make to Order all kinds of

Heavy and Light Harness.

Repairing done Promptly and Neatly. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Call and see him before purchasing elsewhere.

H. J. POPE, Atwood, Ontario.

WILL PROVANT'S REVENGE.

BY W. T. SPEIGHT.

CHAP. I.

When Will Provant came back to his native town of Scargill, and a very small town it was, not numbering more than between four and five thousand inhabitants—there was not any person of the many who remembered him going away that recognised him again till he made himself known. But that, perhaps, was hardly to be wondered at, seeing that he had left the town a child of five, and that he had now returned after the absence of twenty years, strapping fellow, over six feet in height, bearded like a pard, and speaking with an accent never heard in Scargill before, which of itself tended to make him seem more outlandish than he really was.

Will's father, finding times hard and money scarce, had emigrated to one of the Western States of America; but as to how far he had prospered there, his son vouchsafed very scant information. Will avowed object in visiting his native town was to "look up" his grandfather, old Peter Dovedge, who lived in a small gray-stone house about a mile away on the Shulottes Road, with a housekeeper nearly as old as himself for sole companion. Peter had accumulated whatever fortune he might be possessed of by the slow patient industry of half a century as proprietor of the chief shop or store, in the town, where almost everything might be bought, from the silk for a lady's dress to a packet of blacklead or a child's rattle. It was not forgotten among the older inhabitants that when Peter's only child married Robert Provant against his express commands, he vowed that he would never set eyes on her again, and that he "washed his hands of her"—then and there for ever. He was known to be an extremely vindictive man; and that Master Will would have to smart for his mother's disobedience, those who knew Peter best were most inclined to believe. "Of course he's been sent over to see how the land lies and to try and 'soap' the old man over," said the quidnuncs to each other over their nightly grog at the King's Head. "But he'll be a rare sharp on it, the contrives to throw dust in the eyes of old Peter."

And indeed the young fellow's reception by his grandfather might well have chilled the heart of any one less sanguine than himself. "If thou'st come all this long way thinking to get round me, and that mayhap thou'lt come in for a bit 'o' brass when I'm dead and gone, thou mayest as well go back to where thou camest from," said the old man after a long silent scrutiny of Will through his spectacles. "No one of thy name or breed shall ever touch a penny of mine. Thou canst have thy bet and victuals here for a fortnight. After that, if thou chooseth to stay, thou must pay for them like any other lodger."

Whatever Will Provant's feelings in the matter might be, he took care to keep them to himself. No one ever heard him whisper a syllable derogatory to his grandfather. He had not been a week in the little town before he was the most popular person in it. There was a sort of open-air, breezy freshness about him which most people found fellow-warmth. Among the men he was hailed as a new meteor, always ready with a hearty grip of the hand and a song or a story which called on in the bar parlour of the King's Head or the King o' Balls of an evening; and what was perhaps more pleasing to the purpose, always seemingly more pleased to treat others than to be treated himself; for, to all appearance, he lacked nothing in the way of means. As for the marriageable portion of the other sex, they were all but unanimous in agreeing that he was the handsomest young fellow who had been seen in Scargill for many a day. He was tall and somewhat gaunt, but muscular and straight as an arrow. He had an olive complexion and thin clear-cut features. He had a smile which came and went with equal facility, and which showed off to advantage his large white teeth. His eyes were dark and brilliant, somewhat overbold, it may be, when bent on a woman, but he could endure them with an expression of pleading tenderness, or Romeo-like passion, whenever it seemed worth his while to do so. His hair, which he wore long, was like his beard, a glossy black; and it was a well-ascertained fact that he always carried a small revolver in a secret pocket. His usual dress was a loose velvet coat over a vest made of the skin of some wild animal; while under the broad turn down collar of his fancy shirt he wore a silk kerchief of some gay colour with loose flowing ends. His ordinary headgear was a broad-brimmed Panama hat, which, however, he would sometimes exchange for a Mexican sombrero. Small wonder that half the foolish maidens in Scargill fancied themselves in love with him. Little did they dream in their simplicity that behind that semi-romantic exterior, that under that manner so smiling, bland, and debonaire, there lurked in check by a thin crust of conventionality, which might one day burst forth and astonish all beholders.

At the end of a fortnight Will Provant left his grandfather's roof and took lodgings in the town. People wondered and surmised, but to no one did he vouchsafe an explanation. His reasons, however, such as they were, would not have been far to seek. In the first place, even if his grandfather would have continued to board and lodge him for nothing, he was weary of the restraints that a residence under the old man's roof imposed upon him. All his life he had been used to come and go at his own good pleasure, and he found it intolerable to have his meals-times fixed for him to five minutes, and to be told that if he were not indoors by half-past ten he would be locked out for the night.

In the second place, he had fallen desperately in love with sweet Bessie Ford, who was indisputably one of the prettiest girls in Scargill. More than once before had Will suffered from the same complaint, but all previous attacks had been like so many mild outbreaks of nettle-rash in comparison with the fierce fever which now consumed him. It was nothing to the purpose that Bessie was already engaged; that fact merely lent an added zest to Will's pursuit of her. He thought far too highly of himself to doubt for one moment his ability to run her sweetheart off and win Bessie for his own. The fellow in question had been pointed out to him—a great hulking, grimed engine-driver on the railway, Steve Garvide by name. Will sniffed disdainfully, and ran his fingers through his glossy beard

at the thought of their being any possibility of rivalry between himself and "Mounseer 'mokejuck," as he dubbed Steve contemptuously to himself.

Bessie Ford was a slender, blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl of twenty, whose manners and appearance would not have discredited a far higher position in life than the one she filled; for Bessie's father was merely the foreman porter at the Scargill railway station, while she herself was an assistant in a shop. The shop in question, which called itself an "emporium," was devoted to the sale of periodicals, newspapers, stationery, and fancy articles of various kinds, and had, in addition, a small circulating library attached to it, in which the newest novel was at least a half-a-dozen years old. This shop, which was kept by a widow, and in which the only male employed was a youth of sixteen, began to have Will Provant for a customer most days of the week. It was remarkable how frequently he found himself in want of note-paper, or envelopes, or some other of the numerous articles purveyed at the emporium. And then he began to enter on quite a course of novel-reading, changing his volumes as often as three times a week; and when he happened to have Bessie to wait on him, it was singular what a difficult matter the choosing of a book became. Before long he found out the particular half-hour when Mrs. Fountain and the other young-lady assistants went up-stairs to dinner and Bessie had the shop to herself. After that his visits were nearly always timed accordingly.

As a matter of course, Bessie was not long in discovering that she herself was the main net which drew Provant so often to the shop. There was no mistaking his glances of admiration, which were considerably bolder and more outspoken than anything she had been used to, nor the way in which he tried to hold her hand for a moment whenever she had to give him change, which was very often, till at length she found it expedient to place the money on the counter and leave it for him to pick up. Bessie was but a girl and a pretty one, and as she loved Steve Garvide in her heart, she could not help being flattered and pleased by the unstinted admiration accorded her by the handsome dark-eyed stranger, about whom there was a flavour of romance which added not a little to his attractiveness. But Bessie was a prudent girl, and when Will began to haunt the shop whenever she was alone in it, she was careful never to emerge from behind the safeguard of the counter. If he wanted a book at such times, he had to go into the back shop and choose it for himself. Still, she could not turn a deaf ear to him—nor, indeed, had she any wish to do so—when he perched himself on one of the stools in front of the counter and began to chat to her, brightly and pleasantly, about places he had been to and people and things he had seen, and to narrate to her romantic episodes of which he had been the hero, in that strange, far-away world from which he had come, almost like a visitor from another sphere, and to which he would doubtless go back ere long. It was all very fresh and fascinating to the country-bred girl, whose imagination often flew away with her far beyond the narrow limits of her every-day surroundings. And then, having discovered that she was passionately fond of flowers, Will rarely failed to appear without one in his button-hole, of which he made a point of begging her acceptance—flowers, too, of a rarer kind than Bessie had ever seen before, whose names she did not know, and which could only have been procured by some occult process from Squire Denton's hot-houses there, as was well sent off by rail to the London market. Surely, Bessie argued with herself, even though she was engaged to Steve, there could be no harm in accepting so simple a thing as a flower from Mr. Provant, and wearing it in her dress; and although she might not consciously do as he sometimes asked her to do, which was to "think of the giver," she could not help being aware that, while in no way disloyal to her sweetheart, he began to fill a very prominent place in her thoughts.

Still, she was not one whit less unfeignedly glad to see Steve when he made his usual weekly appearance at her father's house on Sunday afternoons, nor did she derive any less pleasure from his society when they went for their customary walk through the meadows by the banks of the Windle. Steve's duties compelled him to lodge at Eglington, a great manufacturing town eight miles away, where were the headquarters of the railway company, so that it was only on Sunday that he could get as far as Scargill. The engagement between the young people was now a couple of years old, and it was merely the fact of Steve having had a bed-ridden marriage for so long a time. But Mrs. Garvide had now been dead for some months, and Steve was putting away every shilling he could spare towards furnishing a little home for his bride. August was now here, and the young engine-driver had won a shy consent from Bessie to their marriage taking place in Christmas week. Steve was a tall, muscular young fellow, with dark-gray, brown beard, and a by no means uncomely presence. He was still young in years and employed as driver of one of the local goods-trains; his secret ambition was to rise in his profession till he should one day be entrusted with the driving of one of the main-line great passenger expresses.

Scargill railway station was a good mile and a half from the heart of the town. To those people who wondered why the two had not been brought nearer each other, the answer was that engineering difficulties had stood in the way, and that, as the railway had not been brought closer to the town, the best thing the latter could do was to move itself nearer the railway which it was proceeding to do, after a fashion, by gradually stretching out an arm, which at no distant date would reach to and include the point in question.

Bessie's usual walk, morning and evening, to and from business was along this rather dreary stretch of road, in which more or less of building operations were always going forward. But there was another and much pleasanter walk along the banks of the canal, albeit a little longer, by means of which she could get between home and business, and during the summer months that was

often the way she took. The walk was screened by a line of trees, which shaded it pleasantly from the sun, and gave it at the same time an air of semi-seclusion.

Bessie hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed when, one evening, as she was on her way home, she encountered Will Provant leaning over the stile which gave admission to the footpath by the canal. "As he there accidentally, or on purpose to meet me?" was the question she asked herself, but it was one she was unable to answer. In any case, she greeted her with his frank, gleaming smile, which displayed his moustache and bore the most natural thing in the world that he should do so. She could see that his eyes took note of the flower in her belt, which he had given her earlier in the day, and she was afraid that he might draw certain inferences therefrom such as she was far from wishing him to do. His talk was easy and animated, as to a topic as to which he had hinted more spoke openly. Such a charming girl as Bessie was far too good "far too rare and precious"—to be buried alive in such a "dog-rot" place as Scargill, where she was unappreciated and altogether out of her proper sphere. Her true home ought to be in America, more especially in one of the glorious Western States. In Kansas or Arizona, for instance, she would at once be elevated to her proper position—that of a "Society Queen"; whatever that might be—and have all the "worshipping at her shrine"—and so on, and so on, in a similar high-faluting strain. Bessie listened in silence, her bosom rising and falling a little more quickly than usual, but finding not a word to say in reply. Will departed from her at the point where she had to turn off to home. As he held her hand for a moment and lifted his soft broad-brimmed hat there came a flash into his eyes which caused hers to flutter and fall on the instant, and left her blushing and trembling as he turned to go back by the way he had come.

Bessie Ford was not without some of the weakness of her sex. It was impossible to resist deriving a species of sweet satisfaction from the knowledge that more than half the young women of the town envied her unerring conquest of the "handsome American," as Will was called, despite the fact of his being a native of the place. Two evenings later she found Will waiting at the stile again. Again he kept her company to within a short distance of home; but Bessie felt that if this sort of thing were to go on, it could not fail to come to her sweetheart's ears. She and Will had been seen together by more than one person who knew of her engagement to Steve, and gossip flies fast in small country towns. So for the next few evenings she shunned the dangerous path by the canal, and went by the omnibus which plied between the King's Arms Hotel and the railway station.

A week passed without Will troubling her in any way, and then, with the inconsistency of her sex, she began to long to see him again. She missed his bright talk and the flowers he used to bring her. His visits not only recalled to her the little break in the monotony of her life, and the cessation of them that had been like a loss. The fact was, although, of course, Bessie was not aware of it, that Will had been away for four or five days attending a race meeting ever, a certain Mrs. Fountain's shop. It was once more to the fountain he found his way during the half-hour when he was in the parlour, he should find Bessie alone. The sparkle in her eyes and the blush that suffused her cheeks avouched to him that she was not displeased to see him again and how lovely she looked! Nowhere among all the great ladies on the grand stair had he seen a face which in his eyes was at all comparable to Bessie's. He was carrying a bouquet of choice orchid-flowers more luscious and exquisite in their tropical loveliness than any Bessie had ever seen before.

"For you," he said as he touched the flowers lightly with his lips and then placed them on the counter in front of her.

"Oh, how lovely!" broke involuntarily from her lips. Then a moment later: "But, indeed, indeed, Mr. Provant, I can't accept them."

"Can't" responded Will with a lifting of his heavy brows. "If you have a reason, I should like to hear it."

Bessie hesitated, and the colour in her cheeks deepened. How was it possible to explain that there had suddenly come over her a consciousness that she was in some sort wronging the man whose promised wife she was in accepting flowers from another unknown to him? No such thought had ever struck her before. Will was watching her however, lurked something veiled and sinister. He could give a pretty good guess at the feelings at work in her mind. "Reason or no reason," he went on to say, "I've brought them purposely for you; and if you won't accept them, why, I'll just crumple 'em under my heel and—But that's nonsense. Take them, they are yours." Then, without giving her time for any further disclaimer, he said: "So, you little witch, you have taken to going home by 'bus, eh! One canal, with the sunlight shining through the leaves, was a far pleasanter road these autumn evenings."

"I suppose this is a free country, and that I can go home whichever way I please," answered Bessie with a toss of her head.

It in that newer world beyond the sea? You shall be mine, Bessie—the wife of a man who knows how to appreciate you, and who can place you in a sphere such as nature has fitted you to adorn. I have made up my mind to buy a big rancho way down California and to make you its mistress. It will be a glorious life—a life such as you who have grown up in a one-horse place like this can only faintly imagine. There, for months at a time, no speck of cloud darkens the sky; there the most beautiful flowers are as common as weeds are here. Your home shall be built in the midst of an orange grove; you shall have servants to wait upon you hand and foot, and as many horses to ride as there are letters to your name. You shall!"

But at this point his flight of rhetoric came to an abrupt end. A prompt outcry of the approach of Mrs. Fountain. He had spoken so rapidly and with such impassioned fervour that Bessie had found it impossible to interrupt him. Now, however, there was a moment's chance, for Mrs. Fountain was old and came down-stairs very slowly.

"If you knew that I am engaged, as you say you did, you had no right to speak to me as you have," exclaimed the girl in low but vehement tones. "I must request that you will never speak to me on such a subject again, and also that you will cease to bring me any more flowers, because I shall certainly decline to accept them."

For a moment or two Will's lips turned a blue white, and his eyes became like two points of livid flame, but it was a spasm of passion which vanished as quickly as it had come, and when he spoke it was in his usual easy, smiling nonchalance. "Do you know, when you 'dandered' me, as we say in the States? I calculate how you would feel called on to take it just at first, consequently I ain't disappointed. But if you think Will Provant's going to take No. 10 for an answer down on the nail like that, you were never more mistaken in your life. Take time to think it over, my pretty—second thoughts are always best. Listen. The day you promise to be my wife I'll buy you a twenty guinea engagement ring." A moment later he was gone, leaving his flowers behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A New Dollar.

"The silver dollar is too large and the gold dollar too small" expresses the general sentiment of the American people concerning these respective coins. To overcome the difficulty of size, a difficulty which is greatly perplexing the authorities, Gen. Berdan suggests that there be made "a dollar of first making a silver coin worth twenty-five cents, with a hole in the centre, and then pressing a plug of gold in the hole that is worth seventy-five cents. The number of grains of silver employed to be fixed by Congress. Such a dollar would not only do away with the serious objections raised by all to the weight and size of the present silver dollar, but the smallness of the gold dollar also." The General says that he has proposed this scheme to several prominent men during the past six years, and he does not recall a single objection raised by any of them that could be compared to the objections raised against the size and weight of the present silver dollar. He suggests that there should be a raised milled rim around the hole as high as the rim at the edge of the coin for the purpose of protecting the gold from friction; and for the purpose of enabling one to detect at once in the dark, with the thumb and finger, the difference between a dollar and a twenty-five cent piece.

Emigration to South America.

The Government of the republic of Venezuela has sent a commissioner across the Atlantic to promote emigration from Germany and Italy to its territory by offering inducements such as are not offered by any other country. Farmers and farm laborers are especially needed there, but craftsmen in various industries are also invited. We apprehend that the climate of Venezuela is not favorable to the German people, and hence it is likely that Italy will be the best field for the Venezuelan Commissioner's operations. Many of the poor Italians who are looking toward the United States can doubtless be tempted to turn their eyes to tropical Venezuela. All the republics of South America are now striving to attract immigrants from Europe, doing so, ten of thousands of Italians having gone there this year, and Argentina also has met with fair success in its effort. Hereafter, the Europeans who would emigrate to a foreign land will find it hard to make a choice between North America, South America, Australia, and Southern Africa. There seems to be plenty of room in the world for all its people.

American Shipping.

During the last thirty-three years the percentage of the United States foreign commerce carried in American vessels has steadily declined from 70.5 per cent, in 1857 to 12.39 per cent, in 1889. This will appear the more remarkable when it is remembered that during the same period the foreign trade of the country has advanced with prodigious strides, amounting last year to the enormous sum of \$1,647,130,093, of which \$857,828,684 were exports of merchandise, and \$789,301,409, imports. But of all this vast trade only \$202,451,886 was carried on by means of American vessels; while \$1,371,116,744 was carried on by means of foreign vessels. Officials figures show that American tonnage on the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts is only about three times that on the Great Lakes. Naturally those who wish their country well and desiring to see her take a first place in every-thing, lament this great decline. Secretary Windom in his report declares, "The humiliation of witnessing this disappearance of our flag from the high seas, without one effort to restore it to its former proud position, cannot be expressed."

Those who are interested in the upward movement of the race will rejoice in the news that comes from the city of Mexico that the sport of bull fighting has been prohibited in that city, that the main plaza de toros has disappeared, and that the lesser arenas have been cut up into lots for the service of builders. The suppression of this degrading and cruel sport, which was introduced into Mexico from Spain when resented it from the Moors, is a pleasing evidence of the growth of the humane sentiment and of refinement in the Mexican republic.

Newfoundland Troubles.

The people of Newfoundland are again aroused because of the neglect of their interests by the British government, and threats of annexation to the United States are freely made. The immediate cause of the threats is an extension of the *modus vivendi* with France for another year. It was stated some time ago that Lord Salisbury was negotiating with France to secure the abandonment of French fishing rights on the Newfoundland coast in return for other out-of-the-way place. The negotiations are probably at a standstill. The French people have never been reconciled to the loss of Canada, and are not likely to surrender lightly their slight foothold in the North Atlantic. They own certain fishing rights on the coast of Newfoundland. The French fishing vessels are subsidized and have advantages over Canadian fishermen for this reason. French operations on the Newfoundland coast are very distasteful to the people of that island. The resources of that part of the island occupied by the French can not be developed and the business of the island is injured by French competition. The islanders may protest and resolve, but they are colonists with few resources and are hardly likely to accomplish much if Lord Salisbury happens to be busy about other things. There is a strong desire among the people of Newfoundland, it is said, to establish friendly relations with the people of the United States, and increased trade with American sea coast cities is talked about. There is no reason why the people to Newfoundland should not send their products to the United States, but that country cannot well make special laws to accommodate such trade.

Monsieur Howley Prefect Apostolic of the west coast of Newfoundland, has published a sensational letter predicting that the condition of affairs over the French shore and Newfoundland fishery questions will inevitably result in a fight. The people of the French shore are desperate over the postponement of a settlement of their intolerable difficulties and will, he is afraid, take every means in their power to precipitate a crisis. The Monsigneur describes the critical state of affairs and says that, notwithstanding the large naval force maintained by England in those waters to prevent trouble, the occasions for a conflict between French and British fishermen occur daily during the season at scores of places along the coast, and in spite of the vigilance of war ships the Newfoundlanders will find means to commit some fatal act, which will either force England to fight or abandon Newfoundland. The Monsigneur adds that it is useless for England to say she won't fight over a few codfish, while she is creating a set of circumstances which must necessarily force her into war or dishonor. The proposition to cede burin to France cannot be entertained for a moment. Newfoundland might just as well be asked to cut out her heart and give it to France. Dr. Howley declares that the *modus vivendi* has only served to intensify the strained condition of affairs, to inflict enormous losses on Newfoundland fishermen and vastly increase the probabilities of bloodshed between the rival fishermen.

Knee Breeces.

Whether the saying of a celebrated American humorist—no man can be supremely happy whose pants bag at the knees—had any influence in deciding the genius who presides over the New York Herald sanctum to appear as the apologist of the knee breeches, it would be hard to say. Certain it is, however, that he is thoroughly disgusted with existing male fashions. Witness the following abuse heaped upon the unoffending pants: "Ordinary trousers are an abomination, a nightmare. They represent the distressing delirium of dress; are ungainly, awkward, uncomfortable and altogether atrocious. The moment you struck the Adirondacks last summer you hung them on a peg and wished they might hang there forever. You could run, jump, run, hunt, fish, with perfect freedom, and it was a delight to take all sorts of manly exercise. We shall never attain the heights of physical excellence, never reach a perfect comprehension of what civilization and religion mean until the fashion changes and we take to knee breeches." Than this no advocate of the supreme civilization could utter anything stronger. The assertion, too, that the correctness of a man's apprehension of civilization and religion is vitally connected with the length and style of his nether garments will arouse the suspicion in many minds that the editor in question has become somewhat mixed.

Destitution in London.

Distressing and appalling accounts of destitution in the east end of London have been cabled during the week. Deaths from starvation are said to be occurring almost every day, while the houses in which the poor people live are being gradually stripped of every stick of furniture to be sold for the purpose of purchasing food. At the Fresh wharf men stand for hours waiting for an opportunity to earn a few shillings. The misery is intensified by the inclement weather, the like of which London has seldom experienced. It is estimated that there are 90,000 unemployed men in London. These facts add emphasis to the statements of Gen. Booth in "Darkest England" concerning the misery of London's poor, and show the urgent need of heroic measures for relieving the existing distress. Unfortunately, the resignation of Commissioner Gen. Booth concerning the management of the funds for the social regeneration scheme, renders it probable that the General's project will fall through. But whether Gen. Booth's scheme or some other is carried out, humanity demands that something shall be done, and done forthwith, to help the starving thousands who would if they could, help themselves.

The tardy and grudging compliance of M. De Giers, the Russian Prime Minister, with the request of the German Ambassador that permission be accorded to several German officers to reside in Russia awhile, for the purpose of learning the language, has created a feeling between the two countries which is not particularly friendly. The permission was accorded, it is true, but after M. De Giers had taken three months to consider it, and then only on condition that officers in question should limit their residence to Kasan, which, as all the world knows, has no garrison. To suspect the *bona fides* of another seems to be as natural to a Russian officer as to breathe.

THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

A New Year's Story.

BY EVA BEST.

Down on my luck? Well, I should say so. Draw closer to the fire and let me tell you how that luck changed. No, it's not a very long story—have this great, easy chair, old boy, and I'll spin you a yarn that won't put you to sleep in spite of the warmth and comfort around you. Pretty well fixed? Well, yes—plenty of bric-a-brac, now, ha! ha! Not much like my quarters five years ago to-day—but that's just where my story begins.

Down on my luck. I look back in a sort of wonder at that time when I was a telegraph operator, young and poor and out of employment. Not that I wasn't head and shoulders with the cleverest of the lot—but as I have said, I was out of employment and "down on my luck."

There hadn't been so cold a winter as the one of which I speak, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The wind cut like a sword, the cold penetrated the very marrow of one's bones; the sun cast a sort of yellow glare that looked bright enough to make a fellow feel that he ought to be warm, while this deceptive brightness by its real character chilled one to the heart. By night the stars hung in steely glitter in a wide expanse as soft as velvet and as cold as—

I give it up, old fellow, there's no expression at command that can convey to you just how cold it seemed to me to be. Perhaps it was because I was down on my luck just then, and wore a top-coat of rather light weight for the season, because my feet were clad in thin-soled shoes and my hands gloveless. Be that as it may, I think I have sufficiently impressed upon your mind the fact that it was not at all sultry on that particular New Year's day, that saw me alight from a west-bound train in a far western state. I had some good credentials from the office that had removed me to make place for a poor relation—and from others—to be sure, but the position I sought to occupy seemed already well supplied at each and every point where I had made an application. The east was filled to the brim with good operators—I would go west, I decided, and seek my fortune in the old Dick Whittington style.

In every considerable town along the route, therefore, I had halted and sought employment. In none had I, as yet, found a place; and discouraged, cold, hungry and forlorn, I entered a second-class tavern in the little town of Fortham—some twenty miles west of my last night's stopping place.

I had a very little money left now—one bill and a few silver coins being the extent of my means—and I felt that, unless something soon came to change my luck, I should start out and walk until benumbed through the snow that lay like a winding sheet across the wide prairie land. It's an easy death; and I did not think the Heavenly Father, who seemed so far away and indifferent to the silent cry of His most wretched children, would in justice, punish me for the suicidal act.

It was quite dark when I reached the inn. The stars glittered like diamonds in the cloudless expanse and noises sounded clear and shrill in the cold air. The street lamps flickered in dull, yellowish gleams here and there along the main street of the little town, and the one big lamp that tried to force its feeble rays through dusty panes of glass over the door of the cheap hostelry made the darkness outside seem even the more gloomy.

I entered. Here there was warmth and light, at least, and that pleasant bustling confusion consequent upon the preparing of the evening meal, while savory smells of delectable compounds came with delightful persistence to my famishing senses.

I ate supper with the rest—Heaven only knew if it was or was not to be my last meal—paid for a night's lodging, and found I had not enough money left to allow me to go on to another town should my search here prove a failure. Pretty black outlook, eh?

At my inquiry I was directed to the only telegraph office in the place, and my teeth chattering the more now that I had in some degree become rather accustomed to the warmth of the tavern atmosphere and felt the contrast of the out-door air all the more keenly. I walked briskly along the street towards the little gaudily painted depot lying upon the northern boundary of the town.

I need not linger over my disappointment. There was nothing there for me; and, although the operator in charge was civil and really kind and polite, I saw that he thought I had a good thing and meant to keep it, and I, for all of him, might whistle down the wind. How I envied him his cosy nook by the great, red-hot, cannon stove. I leave you, old boy, to conjecture. With a fire like that, good money placed regularly in my pocket—I fear my idea of Heaven about those days would have tallied with just such a description.

Half an hour later I was back at the tavern. The cold had increased, if such a thing were possible, while I had lingered within the telegraph office at the depot, but that, again, might have seemed to have been so by contrast. Taking a candle, my host piloted me to the room allotted me on the second floor back, and, five minutes later, chilled in the very fibers of my material being, I crept in between sheets so white, so cold, that I shuddered to look at them.

Long I lay there awaiting the warmth that came in no great hurry to my shivering hulk, and when at last I began to faintly acknowledge to myself that breathing under the bed-clothing was, after all, a pretty good sort of heating "apparatus," I heard something of which I have never since thought without a most uncanny sensation overpowering me.

Listened and spelled away at what seemed amusingly like the sounds to which my trained ears were most accustomed. A, I, A, L—there it was again—but this time it was followed by other sounds unheard before.

Slowly I began to clearly comprehend that these were veritable words I was spelling out! Slowly the conviction seized upon me that it was a bona fide message I was receiving from where, from what, heaven above only knew!

With every other sense swallowed up in the sense of hearing, and this last strained to its utmost tension, I spelled again the whole of that four-times-repeated message. What were the words? I'm coming to them. "Long bridge down. Wire Georgetown. Delay fatal. Saul Natal."

Sounds like poetry, doesn't it? But I wasn't thinking about poetry then, my boy, as I lay with that conscious, intelligent Presence ticking out that message to me. At first—for all it made me "creep" at its most uncanny style of deliverance—I rebelled. What—get out of bed at this uncanny hour of the night—jump into clothes that were only too likely to be by this time frozen fast to the chair upon which I had flung them—dress myself and go down that long, white street through the stinging air to the telegraph office at the depot?

And for what? To be laughed at? "Saul Natal," indeed—my brain must be turning with the cold—sounds like a highly improbable name, doesn't it? Pooh! I'm deluded.

Then it began again—six times in all was that same message repeated; and at the end of the half-a-dozenth time I was out of bed, into my harness, and half way to the depot before I had fully realized my whereabouts. As I ran I beat my hands and shivered and shook like an ague patient. A gibbous moon was riding now across the blue-black sea of Heaven and a ghostly light illumined the earth. In a short time I was admitted into the brightly-lighted little office, and, sinking upon a chair kindly set out for me, I gasped:

"I beg—your pardon—for this midnight invasion; but I was obliged to send a message—at once—to Georgetown!"

"To Georgetown?" politely repeated my brother operator—though, to tell you the truth, my boy, no one would have called us "brother" brothers at that particular time!

"Send it yourself!" he asked, trying to strangle a yawn at its birth.

"If—if—you please!" I gasped. He gave me a word or two of instruction, and turning to the instrument I laid my hands upon it. In a short time I had tingled out the mysterious message, and turning to see how my new friend was taking what he might well deem a rather unusual mode of proceeding, I found him with closed eyes sound asleep in his chair in a cosy corner between stove and partition wall.

I let him sleep. In a few seconds—at least so it seemed to me—a reply came from Georgetown, the purport of it being that an engine had been sent down ahead of the train just made up there to see if the report I had wired were true.

The next quarter of an hour was anything but an agreeable one to me I can assure you, even although during that period I found myself *thawing* more than I had been able to thaw for several days past.

I told myself, candidly, that I was an egregious ass to have ever believed that the pure fancies of my evidently softening brain were ought to be relied upon; that did I delay the train-dispatcher by such a bug-a-boo story for naught I should, and, rightly, too, be considered a proper subject for a lunatic asylum; that there probably never had been, nor ever would be a "Saul Natal"; and that take it all in all I was worse than a senseless fool—a brainless idiot!

And here to interrupt my not by any means pleasurable musings my new friend awoke with a start and came towards me. I took the chair he had just left. It was a "Polly-wants-a-corner" played by two—and those two strapping young fellows just then in altogether different frames of mind.

"Cold night," said the youthful Lacone, leaning back in his chair.

"It is," I answered him truthfully; adding, "may I ask you a question or two, sir?"

"Certainly. Ask what questions you please."

"Is—is—and my voice trembled—"is there a long bridge between here and Georgetown?"

"No."

The mercury of my already crumbling conceit went down at once out of sight.

"No, my friend, you've been misinformed" (I should think I had). "There is no sort of bridge at all between this station and Georgetown, but some three miles beyond it is the longest bridge in the state."

"Ah!" I gasped—"You see that was all I could do, old fellow!"

"Unsafe, too, I'm afraid—though the road doesn't want it generally known, I should say. Wants to prop it up in some sort o' fashion to save expenses of an out and out new one. Mighty bad policy, I say!"

"And do you—have you ever—did you know"—you see I was too excited by that time, my boy, to put a question—the answer to which would mean much to me—point blank—"was there ever—to your knowledge—a person around here by the name of—"Saul Natal?"

"Natal? Why, that's my name, man!" At this I jumped from my chair as if hurled from a catapult. "But Saul Natal?" I cried.

"The very same. Letters of introduction from friends of mine or nothing of that sort? Would be pleased to receive them."

"No—no—I managed to say, anything of that sort. But if you are Saul Natal, you say you are—"

"I certainly have that honor."

"Then why did you play me that joke on the head-board of my bed?"

That outlandish fool of a message from my office?"

"Cool check? I was cool all over! You can't think I got out of bed at this time o' night—and that night the coldest ever known—and come down here for the love of the thing, can you, my very dear sir?" I ask ironically.

"And you accuse me, Solomon Nat!?"

"What?" I shrieked.

"I asked, and he took a firmer hold of the poker and began edging around behind the stove, "if you had the consummate brass to wire the name of Solomon Natal—"

"Hold, sir, I said Saul Natal—S, a, u, l!" And as I spelled the name the poker, with a loud metallic ring, dropped to the floor, while my auditor, white-faced and wide-eyed, fell heavily upon the chair nearest at hand.

"Saul Natal," he gasped; "are you sure, man?"

"I heard it ticked out six several and distinct times—hark!" The answer to my message was clicking away. Too spell-bound, either of us, to move, we listened to the repeated call for this office. "Answer it, Nat!" breathed young Nat hoarsely, at last. Whereupon I sent back information that I was ready to receive a message from Georgetown. Then it came.

Clicketty—click—click—clicketty—clicketty—click—and we knew that bridge had fallen, and that men and women and children were saved from a fate indescribably horrible!

"Do you hear, sir," I cried, almost beside myself with joy—"do you hear that? Now will you deny that—but what is it, man?"

"Saul Natal—my father—did that?"

"What matters who did it," I replied cheerfully, "so that the thing *was* done—"

"But he has been dead seven years!" It was my turn to feel my senses reel. With a smothered cry of astonishment I fell into a chair—gasp! In the silence that followed the call for the office came again. This time Solomon Natal responded; and when the clicking ceased he handed me a long white strip of paper, the dented surface of which told a thing to me as unexpected as to have been led to believe that the silver stars of Heaven would fall from their places in the sky and turn themselves into coin!

The passengers of the Q. Z. X. Road, to which was attached a private car containing the president of the said road, his family and several other officials out on a holiday jaunt, had made up a purse by which they hoped to signify in some small measure their gratitude to "Saul Natal," who had sent the message that saved them from a fate horrible to contemplate. "Special engine," the message ran, "left round house 2:03 with package."

As my new friend turned to speak to me the whistle of an approaching engine smote our ears. Like a burning eye her headlights bore down upon the little station, and in a few seconds more Solomon Natal was called out of his office to be greeted with cheers from engineer and trusty messenger—cheers that went echoing up into the vaulted dome above, while the celestial planets, like eyes of angels, looked down upon the scene.

Another whistle, and we—Solomon Natal and I were alone.

"Forgive me for receiving it," he said softly; "I knew they would never understate it. Here, man, take your gift from me—my father—may God bless you!"

I had a pretty hard time trying to make young "Sol"—as I have ever since called him—understand that he would be obliged to receive half of this generous present.

And, at last, when I left town, he, though never quite satisfied in his questioning mind as to the justice of the procedure, left with me; and we are partners now—have been ever since we invested that gratitude money in our present lucrative business.

Do I really think it was Sol's father who sent my mysterious message? Old fellow, I don't know.

The Russian Army.

According to the *Neue Militaerische Blätter* of Berlin, the Russian army on a war footing numbers 2,579,000 men. That is the force that she could mobilize on the commencement of hostilities. Germany can put into the field about 2,800,000, including the 477,000 men of the *Ersatz reserve* and this total puts her army numerically behind that of France by about 300,000 men. The forces of the triple alliance are as follows: Austria-Hungary, 1,115,000; Italy, 1,090,000; Germany, 2,900,000. Grand total, 5,140,000. Russia's 2,579,000 men and France's 3,226,000 from a total of 5,805,000, or, in round numbers, 600,000 more than the triple alliance. The similarity of these figures to those published recently from French sources leads to the conclusion that they are substantially correct. One shudders to think of the human slaughter and wholesale horrors which would ensue were a general European war to break out. And this feeling is intensified by the thought of the destructive weapons which modern science has invented, and with which the armies of Europe are now generally supplied. As to how long the war would continue should one break out, military prophets are somewhat divided. Count Von Moltke is of the opinion that years would elapse before peace would be again restored, while others say that the war must necessarily be short and that the fate of the campaign must be practically decided on the Meuse before the Italians could possibly cross the Alps. It is safe to say that nobody can decide the matter in advance. We must wait for the results, which let us pray, may be long delayed.

That the substance is more than the form, and that a usage which has lost its adaptation to the time and people who observe it, should be cast away, is a truth which mankind are slow to learn. It seems, however, that the American Jews have awakened to this important fact, and though the change involves the doing away of a custom hoary with age, are moving in the direction of altering their ritual so as to render their services more intelligible to the English-speaking worshippers.

A despatch from Cincinnati states that "the committee appointed at the Central Rabbinical Conference at Cleveland last July to formulate a ritual to be used by all the Jewish synagogues in the United States met here, and has agreed upon the following plan:—The Sabbath and holiday prayers will be so recast as to be in accordance with the modern conception of Judaism, so that while retaining the striking and typical sentences in the Hebrew, the greater part of the service will be in English. Special forms of prayer will also be added for special occasions, such as marriages, funerals, confirmations, pass-over celebrations, etc."

THE HATCHING OF SALMON.

Its History and Success in British Columbia.

BY JAMES B. CARPENTER.

A few years ago, few people outside of the American continent, knew much about this fast developing province of British Columbia and few cared a straw where its geographical situation lay; certainly some stories of immense finds of auriferous metal—in *insitu*—had shot out upon the world, causing a rush of immigrants to pick up the golden eggs, but most people treated those reports as similar inspirations to the Arabian Nights Tales and the exciting flash faded and died to the general world, as the news of fabulous finds of the precious metals ceased to speed forth on their mission of allurements and partial delusion.

But new industries have sprung up on the smouldering ashes of that almost forgotten incident, the Cariboo craze, and one of the most important is that of salmon packing in tins with brilliant wrappers, which are exported, and appreciated as a reliable commodity, especially in countries less favored in taking them, excepting by the few, the common people being debarred from this luxury by the monopoly of the land and rivers by the aristocracy, and the stringent laws enacted by the governments. Since confederation with the Dominion in 1871, and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, further impetus has been rendered the Province; and one of the most striking effects of the latter construction is the rearing on that Peninsula, bounded by Burrard Inlet, on the north, and False Creek on the south—of a giant young shipping port, named after the adventurous voyageur—Vancouver. Twelve miles south of this city we emerge upon the older and more staid city of New Westminster.

As Liverpool, Eng., has been said to have been built with the blood of slaves; so may we infer that New Westminster has been built with the "blood" of salmon. About five miles above the latter city, on the south bank of the broad, placid, flowing Fraser River, is situated the subject of the present sketch.

Sailing by one of the odd-looking stern-wheel steamboats which ply up river, we soon are aware of a fringe of scrub on the right bank, infringing on the river, broken by a space containing a dilapidated jumble of buildings abutting on a wharf, seeming as if they had been in disuse for some time. A ferry boat lays alongside which might easily be mistaken at a distance for a scow with a cabin erection on it, and in strong contrast to what might be expected in a boat plying to the opposite growing and delightfully situated city.

Leaving the old Royal City—as New Westminster is termed, from having been christened by her British Majesty behind, we approach a wide sweep in the river, forming a bend in the north bank, and as we sweep into it, we observe a number of saw-mills of large extent, and on the opposite side, the terminus of the new Southern railway—named after the king of Great Britain—Liverpool. A large vessel lays alongside the dock discharging cargo, portentous of its future greatness, when dredging, and other suitable means are devised of allowing, not one but a fleet of vessels to enter, carrying away the output of fish and fruit canneries and greater industry still—lumber.

A beautiful vista opens as we sweep through the bend, an island or two in the distance, behind which lazily looms up in a tall column the smoke of another puffing creature of the water—breaks and beautifies the breadth of the river, the banks on either side timber clad to the water's edge, sweeping away into mountains.

Immediately, a flag waved vigorously from an opening on the south bank attracts the wheelman's attention, and shortly the boats nose is directed at it, and run well on to the bank.

"The Hatchery, Cap?" "Yes. Right up the skid road."

A trolly stands at the end of the road, from which the (Sinhalese) Indian crew of the steamer were fast taking a quantity of boxes, filled with trays perforated at the bottom, and having partitions in the centre by which they are handled when in use.

We are not long in having the information that they are used for conveying the ova—termed also eggs—and spawn from the spawning grounds at Harrison River further up country, where the salmon enter the creek for the purpose of depositing their ova, in season, so thickly and pertinaciously that one can walk across on their backs dryshod. One of the returning boxes we hastily observe to be filled with white cloths, which are used wet about the trays when in use, while another is filled with damp moss, used on the top of the trays when the required quantity has been placed in each box.

We are fortunate, a quantity of ova has arrived, and we shall form a better idea of the process of hatching them. Ascending the skid-way closed in on each side with thick undergrowth of ferns, wild black-berry and shrubs, up from which struggle alder, beard-turf, fir, hemlock, and the blackened trunk—silhouette—against the sky, of immense cedar trees.

Crossing in our path, the track of the afore-mentioned new railroad, we soon arrive at our destination.

Passing the building used as the hatchery we ascend to higher ground, where has been constructed a dam, at the base of a steep bank, down which the water coursed freely before being arrested in its course to aid the propagation of the majestic silvery member of the finny tribe, which forms one of the principal sources of revenue to the Province.

From this stand a long flume is observed, supported on trestles, by which means the supply of water is conveyed to two outside tanks. Other connections we notice through which the water is introduced to the inside tank. This latter at the rear of the building runs along its length, and into it pours a constant supply of water, from those used as receivers outside.

The inside tank is perforated along its whole length, at convenient distance, opposite to which are placed at right angles, narrow, shallow troughs, each of them receiving the outflow of two holes. At the front of the building sufficient space is left to allow of walking about, while between every five is left, laterally, breadth sufficient to allow of attending the ova, as well as regulating the water supply.

Each of those troughs has a constant supply of water pouring into them, while outlets keep an overflow from taking place, a constant stream falling into waste tanks placed at the extremity of each

five, through which the water escapes to the flumes underneath the building.

On the ova arriving the trays are immediately deposited in the troughs, and now we observe a number of men untraying and placing it into wire baskets which are made to fit the breadth and height of the troughs, minus a small space belted on either side, to allow a free course of water underneath.

Each tray on arriving is supposed to contain four thousand ova, and four of these trays are gently tipped up, allowing the contents to glide into a basket.

This receptacle is about eighteen inches long by twelve inches broad, and consequently convenient to handle, during the process of picking.

This picking of the dead ova must be a tedious work, and throughout the hatching period is unceasing.

Which state of the weather is most conducive to the health of the ova, we ask one of the men.

"Well, I guess the cold frosty weather is the best; water is clear then, no mud to kill the eggs. You see," he continued, "up to Harrison River the fish go up the creeks to spawn, and where mud gets through the sand to where the eggs are laid, it strangles them."

"Oh, so that is one reason for securing fish at such trouble—to perpetuate in greater quantity its offspring in the provincial waters."

"Yes, we send the fish to different points of the province, and let them off after hatching is over. You see those white eggs among the red ones, and them with the spots, they are no use either, they are beginning to go bad. Well, those are what we pick with those tongs," displaying a grooved bifurcated instrument, which he holds towards one of the white specks which are very conspicuous among the beautiful pink of the healthy ova; and one after another they disappear in the groove, the pressure of the water, while dipping the tongs slightly open, being sufficient to force that already in upward until the groove is full.

A thermometer stands in the water to register the temperature, and another in the open air is also read night and morning, the results being recorded in a journal. The information was also accorded us, that at the creek, from which the ova is received, a pen is formed by pointed boards being driven into its bed, stones being placed along the bottom to keep the fish from undermining them.

When they (the fish) enter this pen or enclosure they are raised by scoop nets, and handed to a man who strips them partly, when they are thrown into a smaller pen, from which they are again taken to be further stripped, after which they are cast to the upper side of the trap.

The female ova is placed on trays, the male milk being placed upon them after which they are carefully boxed, a cotton wrapper being carefully folded about each tray, and a layer of wet moss on top.

A boat conveys them from the spawning grounds down the Harrison River to a point on the Fraser River, named Chilliwack and from thence they are transferred by steamboat to the Hatchery.

"How long now does it take to complete the hatching process?"

"Well, the books upstairs show all that," he replies, and we ascend to the upper part of the building, where we find accommodation for the men attached to the building, as well as a vast hall for storage purposes.

A visitor's book is placed before us in which is recorded the comments of parties who have inspected the building, and among complimentary and facetious notes the following is noticeable, "Officials polite and good-looking."

A journal recording the state of the weather, water and employment of the men is also placed before us, and the official, pointing out the dates with his bifurcated instrument of capture, makes us aware that it takes about three months to hatch the ova.

Sockeye and quinnat are the two descriptive headings of the fish from which the ova are taken, and usually over five million fish are hatched and distributed from this point alone.

There are thirteen hatcheries maintained in Canada, and good results in fourth year fishing since their inception, are said to be due to them.

It is usually allowed that every fourth year counts bad in fishing returns, while this, the fourth from a previous exceptional run, was very good.

There are growlers among the fishermen still as to this system, some of them asserting to an artificial weakness in the fish so hatched; but no doubt can remain in the mind of one who has inspected the process and studied the run of salmon during the proverbial bad fourth year without observing good results from it.

Emin Pashais not proving a very satisfactory agent. Many of his schemes are so impracticable, while his disobedience is so persistent that the German Government is said to have ordered his recall. This news gives quiet amusement in England where a fear was entertained lest Emin, who was believed to be a capable officer, should gain important advantages for Germany in Central Africa.

The cable announces that a conference to consider the expediency of establishing a regular service of steamers between Vancouver and Australian ports, was the other day held in London between Sir Charles Tupper and the Australian Agents-General, and that Canada's ideas will be submitted to the Australian Governments. It is expected that if the desired arrangement is agreed to, the Hartington syndicate at Barrow-in-Furness will take steps to provide a fast service between England and Canada as well as on the Pacific. The fear is expressed, however, that the difficulty of arranging the details with the different Australian Colonies will delay the practical launching of the scheme.

The student of the social movement on this continent will find food for reflection in the fact that at the recent election in the State of New York for Judge of the Court of Appeals, the Socialist-Labor candidate polled a vote of 13,704, and that every county in the state, save one, and that a small one in the far interior, with no large cities or railroad centres, cast a socialist vote. Certainly the 13,704 bears a small proportion to the 927,243 who bears a small proportion of the vote, but when it is considered that the Prohibition party, after all its efforts and its long prominence in State and national elections cast for their candidate some 33,600 votes only, the significance of the Socialist vote, which is their first attempt in a state contest, will easily be seen. Socialism is a factor that the future politician is bound to reckon with.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ATWOOD AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Accept my thanks for the liberal patronage you have accorded me during the past sixteen months, and trusting that I may receive a continuance of the same in the future,

I remain, yours faithfully,

J. JOHNSON,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Atwood, January 1st, 1891.

HACKING'S
Drug & Book Store
LISTOWEL.

SCHOOL OPENING!

Full Lines of School Books and School Supplies.

New Wall Paper

JUST ARRIVING.

I am still Selling Last Year's Patterns at Reduced Prices.

J. A. HACKING,
Railway & Steamship Agent.

Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates.

Country Talk.

Elma.

Jas. Burke commenced his duties as teacher of the Britton school last Monday. Success, Jim.

The Misses McDougall, of London, are spending a few days at R. Hamilton's, 10th con. They were in Ethel last Monday renewing old acquaintances.

James Neilson, teacher of Newton, spent several days with his former school-mates, S. Shannon and J. W. Ward, 8th con., last week.

The recent rains and subsequent freezing has rendered the concession roads quite bare, while the gravel road is little better and wholly unfit for runs.

The teacher of S. S. No. 4 was recently made the recipient of an elegantly bound volume of poems and a kindly worded address by his pupils as a token of their appreciation of his services as their teacher during the past eighteen months. Mr. Shannon acknowledged their kindness in a few well chosen remarks. Mr. Shannon has given the very best of satisfaction to the section, whose kind wishes go with him to Goderich, where he intends prosecuting his studies for a first class certificate. J. W. Ward succeeds him as teacher of No. 4.

PRESENTATION.—The friends of Robert Forrest assembled at his home on New Year's day to join in a sociable time and to partake of the good things of this life which were kindly provided by Mrs. Forrest. The tables being cleared Mr. Forrest called his friends to order and to the surprise of all he presented his daughters, Mrs. J. A. Edgar, of Howick, Miss Jennie at home, and his daughter-in-law Mrs. W. F. Forrest, of Elma, with gold watches of a very high order, full jewelled, Elgin movements, purchased from S. M. Smith, jeweller, Listowel. Mr. Forrest appears to be very highly attached to his family and his gifts were appreciated most cordially. The following are their sincere thanks:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.—We are happy to meet you here to-day, the first day of the year, where we know we will always find home cheer and a home greeting. We were surprised when you presented us with such beautiful gifts, we thank you sincerely for them, and wish you both may be spared to spend with us many years to come. Your loving daughters, Maggie Edgar, Jennie Forrest, Lizzie Forrest.

W. F. Forrest and J. A. Edgar referred to the presentation in a becoming way and also expressed their thanks to the occasion. The friends were again called to partake of the good things provided by the ladies of the house, after which they departed to their several homes feeling that if they were spared to spend the coming year as they had spent the first day it would be well worthy of the phrase, "a happy New Year."

Mrs. James Edgar, of Howick, is visiting her parents, Robert Forrest, this week.

The municipal election occasioned very little excitement throughout the township.

Miss Reid, of Millbank, spent several days with Miss K. Richmond, 12th con., this week.

The annual meeting of the directors of the Silver Creek cheese factory will be held in the factory next Saturday, January 10th, 1891. A full representation is requested to be present.

On Saturday of last week while Willie Young was helping Will Vipond in the bush, taking out barn timber, he had the misfortune to cut his foot and had to be taken home on a sleigh to get the wound tied up. We hope to see him around again before long, however.

We regret to learn that Miss Maggie Little, 12th con. Elma, had the misfortune to fall on the kitchen floor and break her leg. Dr. Hamilton, of Atwood, was immediately called, who set the broken limb and did all that medical skill could do for the sufferer. We trust that she may be soon restored to her usual strength by skillful treatment and good nursing.

Johnson McCormick, 8th con., has been engaged as principal of the Trowbridge school for 1891. Mr. McCormick stood second highest in marks at the Mitchell Model and fourth highest in the county. This in itself is a good recommendation, and the Trowbridge people are to be congratulated on having secured his services. Johnson's many Elma friends join in wishing him every success in this his first school.

ELMA CHEESE CO.—The following statistics gleaned from the books of the Secretary of the Elma Cheese Co. speak for themselves:—Receipts.—Value of cheese for 1890, \$31,131.20; calls on stock, \$42.00; bank interest, \$32.56; hog account, \$7,691.75; balance from last audit, \$79.65; sundries, 75c.; total, \$31,296.16. Expenditure.—Patrons, \$26,018.72; milk drawers, \$1,474.78; manufacture, \$1,810.79; cheese boxes, \$470.34; balance on whey, etc., \$869.34; sundries, \$771.10; total, \$35,579.76.

A large number of young folks, including a load from Wingham, assembled at the residence of John Inglis, on Tuesday night of last week, to spend a social time together. After enjoying a few hours in tripping the light fantastic, supper was partaken of, at which everyone seemed to help themselves to their heart's content, and after which the former amusement was resumed and kept up till the wee sma' hours, when all departed to their several homes highly pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

On Tuesday, of last week, long strings of teams drew to Listowel station the last of the year's make of cheese from the Elma and Wallace factories, a shipment of nine cars being made by Balantyne direct to the Old Country. The factories shipped were Newry, Elma, Molesworth, Elmbank, Donegal and 3rd line Wallace, the number of boxes being nearly 4,000. This sale brings over \$25,000.00 into circulation in the country within half a dozen miles of Atwood and ought to make business move along. The largest shippers were Molesworth, who received \$6,719.80 for their shipment, and Elma who received \$6,574.40.

HYMENEAL.—Christmas was a doubly happy day at the home of James Newbigging, this township, being the occasion of the marriage of his two eldest daughters. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., of Atwood, the contracting parties being John Shearer, of Toronto, to Janet, the eldest daughter, and Robert Cleland, son of the Reeve of Elma, to Christina, the second daughter of Mr. Newbigging. The ceremonies were performed at 11 a. m., the bridesmaid and best man for the former couple being J. Newbigging, brother of the bride, and Miss Maggie Shearer, sister of the groom, while there stood up with the latter couple Mr. Brock, of Elma, and Miss Kate Newbigging, cousin of the bride. Then followed a Christmas dinner and wedding feast, joined into one, whose abundance the assembled guests did ample justice to. The evening was far into the night was spent with music and dancing. Mr. Cleland and his bride took a wedding trip to Toronto, Mr. Shearer also returning home to that city with his bride. THE BEE joins with their many friends in wishing the young couples long life and prosperity.

Listowel.

The first carnival of the season will be held in the skating rink this (Friday) evening, 9th inst. It is intended to make it the best ever held.

W. M. Bruce was elected Mayor last Monday by a considerable majority over his opponent, W. G. Hay. Mr. Bricker also defeated T. E. Hay for the Reeveship.

Wm. Purcell, who for the past fifteen years has been a resident of Michigan, arrived in town a few days ago to revisit the scenes of his youth and renew his acquaintance and friendship with many of our citizens. He is a son of N. Purcell.

B. F. Brook, who has successfully carried on the business of the Listowel Woolen mill for over fifteen years, has admitted his son, J. E. Brook, into partnership, the new firm being B. F. Brook & Son. We have no doubt but that the young blood will give new life to the already vigorous concern and we heartily wish them continued success.

The Listowel foundry and wood-working machine manufactory is being again started up, a change having taken place in management. Messrs. Clime and Austin have retired from the old firm, and L. Bush has formed a partnership with Mr. Gunther of Milverton, who is a practical machinist and brings considerable capital into the business. The new firm expect to do a large business.

Newry.

FAREWELL SUPPER.—On New Year's eve the residence of John Gray, 10th con. Elma, was the scene of happiness and enjoyment, the occasion being the assembly of a large number of the well-wishers of W. G. Morrison, ex teacher of S. S. No. 5, to honor him with an oyster supper. The bivalves, under the supervision of Miss E. Charlton, were prepared in the most delicious manner and proving Miss C. to be a caterer of the highest order. After ample justice had been done to the pious repast the time was pleasantly whiled away in recalling the reminiscences of the early days, singing songs and cracking jokes. The following address was presented to Mr. Morrison, the guest of the evening:

To W. G. Morrison, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—We cannot afford to allow this opportunity to pass by without expressing our sentiments towards you. Since you came among us we have always found you, Sir, a very generous and genial companion, and you have proved yourself a gentleman in the true sense of the word. We hope that prosperity may ever attend you in whatever sphere of life you may be placed, and sincerely hope that you may be as successful in the place whither you go to reside as you have been while in our midst. Wishing you the compliments of the season we bid you farewell for the present, but hope we may be privileged to enjoy your company many times in the future. Signed by the committee in behalf of this gathering.

ROBT. MORRISON, A. ALLISON, WM. GRAY, WM. ROBB, WM. MORRISON, JOHN COWAN.

Mr. Morrison feelingly replied to the address. Following are the names of those present: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McMane, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, John Morrison, Newry; Miss Mary and Aggie Morrison, Duncan McLuttre, Miss Annie McLuttre, Charles Clarke, Miss Annie Keillor, Miss Jessie Simpson, Wm. Robb, Mr. Danbrook, W. G. Morrison, Alfred Allison, John Allison, John Irwin, Misses Gilmer, Arthur Robb, Andrew Robb, Miss Robb, Miss Linham, Dan Linham, Dr. Rice, Miss Fisher, Miss Nellie Charlton, Miss Mary Gray, Willie Morrison, Wm. Gray, Samuel Gray. The evening's entertainment being now formally over the younger portion of the gathering indulged for a few hours in the mazy dance to the sweet strains of the violin. The company expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the evening's enjoyment, and your correspondent hopes that he may be favored with an invitation to a similar gathering in the future as he flatters himself to be able to vie with any compeer at such a disposal of yards.

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Ready-Made Overcoats!

OVERCOATS in all sizes and qualities and selling at a close margin. New Goods opening up for the Christmas trade: Choice Groceries, Fruits, Candies, Nuts, Oranges; also China Glassware, etc., suitable for

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In Dry Goods And Furnishings, full lines in ladies' Ties, Shawls, Hoods, Gloves, Caps, Capes, &c. Gent's Furnishings, Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, etc.

Highest Price Paid for Produce.
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Card of Thanks.

To My CUSTOMERS.

DEAR SIRS:—I take this public way of expressing my thanks to my customers, and the people of this vicinity, generally, for their liberal patronage during the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. Wishing you the compliments of the season,

I remain, yours truly,

A. CAMPBELL.

Atwood, Jan. 1, 1891.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

James Irwin

Has New Goods in Flannels, Blankets, Shirts and Drawers,

ALL WOOL Dress Goods!

Meltons, Socks, Mitts and Gloves.

Full Lines in Overshoes, Felt Boots and Rubbers.



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