

The Bee.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 15.

NORTH PERTH REFORMERS

ROBERT CLELAND THE CANDIDATE CHOSEN.

All parts of North Perth were fully represented at the Liberal Convention held at Milverton on Thursday 24th ult. to nominate a candidate for the Legislature. Besides the appointed delegates, there were many staunch Reformers who have the interest of the cause at heart and who turned out to assist the work. The hall was filled, and strong expression was given to the determination to work unanimously to ensure the redemption of the riding.

After a strong address by the President, Jas. J. Maybee, of Stratford, nominations were called for. Dr. Parke, of Listowel, seconded by Henry Doering, Mornington, moved that J. H. Schmidt, of The Colonist, Stratford, be the unanimous choice of the Convention. Speeches were made by the mover and seconded, and by J. W. Scott, of Listowel; J. E. Harding, of Stratford; John McMillan, Warden of the county of Perth; T. E. Hay, Listowel, and others who, representing all sections of the riding, pledged themselves to work heartily to secure Mr. Schmidt's election if he could see his way clear to accepting the nomination. The motion was carried without an opposing vote, manifesting the high esteem in which Mr. Schmidt is held throughout the riding. Mr. Schmidt was communicated with, and, though recognising honor tendered him, he had definitely decided not to accept the nomination, and the Convention proceeded to select another.

The following gentlemen were then put in nomination:—Dr. A. E. Ahrens, Stratford, by Henry Doering and J. E. Harding; Robert Cleland, Reeve of Elma, by Wm. Dunn and J. Porter; J. W. Scott, banker, of Listowel, by Geo. Climie, and T. H. Rolis; Dr. Johnson, of Milbank, by Jas. Grieve and Wm. Gordon; Thos. E. Hay, Reeve of Listowel, by John Riggs and Edward Boyd; Dr. Parke, of Listowel, by J. W. Scott and A. Frame; J. P. Maybee, barrister, Stratford, by L. Bolton and A. McFadden; T. Ballantyne, by J. E. Harding and H. Doering; Geo. Hyde, of North Easthope, by John Payne and John Brown; Jas. Grieve, Reeve of Mornington, by A. Munroe and Donald Jack, and John McMillan, Warden of the County of Perth, by Dr. Parke and R. Turnbull.

Mr. Ballantyne, M. P. P., addressed the Convention, and in withdrawing his name said he supposed it was only proposed for the sake of hearing him. He stated his conviction that there never was a better chance of carrying North Perth than at the present time by united and hearty action. The remarks of the genial and popular veteran from South Perth were received with great enthusiasm. All the remaining candidates in nomination withdrew except Dr. Ahrens, Mr. Cleland and Mr. Hay. In withdrawing their names they promised hearty and active support to the final choice of the convention.

Balloting was then proceeded with resulting as follows:—First ballot—Cleland 31, Ahrens 30, Hay 21; second ballot—Cleland 49, Ahrens 39; third ballot—Cleland 63, Hay 25. It was then moved by Dr. Ahrens, seconded by J. H. Hay, that the nomination of Robert Cleland be made unanimous. This motion was carried by a rising vote amidst loud applause.

Mr. Cleland expressed his gratitude for the high honor given him. He considered it a very high honor to be selected as a candidate to contest a riding for the best Government in the world. He reviewed the financial record of the Mowat Administration, and pointed out that not one of its worst enemies had ever been able to point out one act of corruption in their whole record. He had, however, not given the question of his candidature much consideration, not expecting nomination, and asked one week in which to give a reply. If he went in he would go in to win, and believed that with united support the riding could be won. Mr. Cleland's request was, on motion, granted, and, thanking them for their kindness, promised a definite reply at the end of a week.

Robert Cleland is one of the most careful and successful farmers in Western Ontario. He has had large experience in municipal and county work, and no better representative of farmers' interests could be selected. While he has never been anything but a farmer, he has had a broad thorough business training, is a capital speaker, and is thoroughly conversant with the political issues of the day. He is a leading dairyman, has been President of the Western Dairyman's Association, and is a leading spirit in that important body. The township of Elma, of which he is Reeve, has, by means of careful attention to drainage, become probably the wealthiest in the riding, and it is safe to say that no man has taken a wider interest in or has a more minute knowledge of the practical and legal questions referring to drainage than Mr. Cleland. Should circumstances enable him to accept the nomination, the redemption of North Perth will be in prospect.

It was moved by Lewis Bolton, seconded by John Payne:—"That public expression of the continued confidence in the Administration which the Hon. Oliver Mowat has so ably presided over for the last eighteen years be given by this Convention, and the Convention believes that for many years to come, should he be spared, the people of Ontario will continue to honor him with their confidence." Carried unanimously.—Globe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1890.

After thoroughly reviewing the voluminous testimony in the case and report of the committee which have been investigating the disclosure of executive proceedings of the Senate, that body on Friday refused to adopt the resolution of the committee to bring the recalcitrant correspondents before the bar of the Senate, and the witnesses who have been under subpoena for the past fifty-one days were discharged. Mr. Dolph, the chairman of the committee, came into the Senate during the secret session for the consideration of this matter, loaded down with bulky evidence, which was all in type-writer copy, as he did not care to trust it to be printed. This will no doubt end the case, and the next step will be for the correspondents who have been under subpoena for so long a time to get their witness fees, which, at the ordinary rate, will amount to \$153 each. It will be remembered that the correspondents declined to tell the committee anything as to their sources of information respecting executive session matters. Afterwards the committee called all the members and employees of the Senate, the private and executive secretaries of the President, and employees in the Diplomatic Bureau and the State Department, and questioned them. The testimony was printed, and later the report of committee was prepared. This recited the failure of the inquiry to establish the complicity of anyone with the newspaper men, and it was recommended that the latter be cited before the Senate to be dealt with for contempt. Since that time the committee has been practically ignored by the Senate, the Senators generally having become weary of the subject. But Mr. Dolph was determined to be heard, and it is said he made an effort to secure a place for the consideration of his report on the program of business adopted by the Republican steering committee, but failed, although he was himself a member of the committee.

Sam Randall is dead. Owing to the circumstances over which I had no control, as a newspaper correspondent, having had occasion frequently to call on him, never got a civil word from him, but often unkind words instead of that soft answer which turneth away wrath, and would have served the same purpose. And my experience with Mr. Randall, I think, was not materially different from that of other newspaper men. He was not given to desultory talking; and he would not talk until he wanted to say something, no matter who asked him. He was one of the few public men who did not care to see themselves figuring very prominently in the newspapers, and more than that he was bothered very much about what the newspapers said of him. He was no courtier, as one would naturally expect a politician to be more or less; but he was one of the best public servants this country has ever had. But few men had so closely studied or understood so well the financial needs of this Government, and his honesty was as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar. There are few men like him in public life in any country.

The bills to turn the United States Treasury into a loan office, for the benefit of farmers and laborers, which Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress are introducing, are but the natural outcome of the centralizing tendencies of the party. The Republicans, in practice, long ago left the American principle that the people should support the Government, and not the Government the people, and the result is seen in those communistic schemes presented to Congress. The most of them, however, are no more un-American than the protection-for-protection-sake policy of the party. If the Government taxes the farmer in order to insure the manufacturer a profit on his capital invested in certain ways, why not also do something for the farmer so that he will be sure of fair returns for his crops regardless of the law of supply and demand and natural conditions? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The agricultural industry is suffering from the bite of the protection dog, and the Republicans propose to cure it by giving it some of the hair of the dog that bit it.

The State Department under the present administration is doing its best to keep its own secrets, and Secretary Blaine evidently regards the entire business of the State Department as his own secrets, or "largely private affairs," to use the phrase which he himself applied to business trusts. When Mr. Bayard was Secretary of State the papers relating to the foreign relations of this country for the year were always in the hands of Congress and the public within a few days of the meeting of Congress in December, whereas up to date not a single scrap of paper of the kind has been delivered to Congress by Secretary Blaine.

It is announced that Major McKinley has been so exhausted by his labors on the tariff bill that he will go to Europe to recuperate. It is hoped that he will not leave before the funeral.

An official pamphlet claims for various Manitoba cities and towns the following populations:—Winnipeg about 25,000; Selkirk, 800; Portage la Prairie, 2,500; Brandon, 4,000; Rapid City, 300; Gladstone, 300; Neepawa, 300; Birtle, 400.

ELMA COUNCIL.

The municipal council of the township of Elma met at Newry, on the 26th April. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and signed. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that Widow Scott's statute labor in Trowbridge be struck off the roll. Carried. Moved by Mr. Richmond, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that the Treasurer be authorized to give the Collector credit for the sum of \$50.94, being the amount of the absentee roll for the year 1889. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that \$20 be granted for drainage in the village of Monkton, A. Erskine to oversee that the money is properly expended for that purpose. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Bray that the mover and Mr. Coulter be appointed to inspect the cedar bridge and report. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that the township engineer be instructed to examine the ditch commencing in lot 20, con. 3, and running westward through lots 11, 10, 9, &c., to the outlet, and report to the council at the next meeting. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Coulter that the Clerk be instructed to advertise for tenders, to be opened at next meeting, for putting in 800 yards of gravel on gravel road between Listowel and Monkton, in sections as follows: Between Listowel boundary and line between cons. 7 and 8, 400 yards; from 7 and 8 to 9 and 10 cons., 200 yards, and from 10th con. to Monkton, 200 yards. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Coulter that the Clerk be instructed to procure eight scrapers for township use. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Coulter that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—S. S. Boyd \$8.60, filling gravel; T. Joking \$4.30, gravel; W. Dunn \$50.16, lumber; R. Brooks \$3.96, nails &c.; A. Lochhead \$3, for repairing culvert con. 4; A. Rae \$7, gravel; L. Lentz \$3, repairing culvert; Mrs. Harvey \$19.50, for allowance to Mrs. Montgomery; H. Bogaal \$5, cleaning ditch, engineer's award; H. Ward \$2, repairing culvert con. 12; John Homze \$2.50, repairing culvert sideroad lots 10 and 11; T. Little \$1, repairing culvert con. 12; W. Brown \$1, repairing culvert gravel road; W. J. Tughan \$100, salary as Collector; J. Priest \$40, making drain in Atwood; R. Lang lumber and work \$15.67, bridge con. 12; Treasurer of Logan \$125.86 drainage, and \$125.86 debentures U. S. S. No. 6; M. Harvey \$1.60, expenses to Mitchell; J. Hinks \$6, covering bridge con. 4; H. Bescoy \$1, one day's statute labor refunded. Council then adjourned till the 26th of May for the purpose of holding the Court of Revision.

T. FULLARTON, Clerk.

CLEANLINESS.

A FEW HINTS ON DIRTY YARDS.

The advent of spring brings extra duty on the part of the householder and health officer in the way of cleaning up back yards and otherwise attending to a proper sanitary condition of the household outside and in. During our long winters in every back yard there are large accumulations of organic matter in the shape of vegetable refuse and other garbage. Whilst the temperature remains low and the weather is cool this mass is harmless, but when the rays of the sun get stronger and warm weather sets in these heaps commence to ferment and putrefy and noxious gases are generated which produce most dire results in the health of the people. The most deadly malaria arises from the fermentation of vegetable substances and not altogether from the putrefaction of animal matter. That is, the fermentation arising from a heap of vegetable matter, although not so offensive to the sense of smell, is more dangerous than from the worst carrion, and hence some half decayed vegetables in a cellar and a few rotten boards and a heap of garbage at the back door and in the back yard is a silent disease generator, nursed right about the people's homes and fed and developed each year through a lack of the commonest practice of sanitary laws. The spring is a most important time for the health of every family. To develop the conditions of a malarial atmosphere around the house we need only the moisture which is brought by spring rains and the temperature which is sure to come as the sun gets more powerful and a few good sized heaps of back yard rubbish for these factors to work on, and there is a first-class chemical laboratory that will turn out as much poison as contained in a drug store. Every door yard and privy should be carefully attended to, all the rubbish burned or carted away, every cellar should be emptied of any decaying vegetable and thoroughly disinfected with chloride of lime, coppers or carbolic acid. Not only should individuals themselves attend to this matter, but the health officers should see that the sanitary provisions of the statutes are fully carried out. According to predictions we are threatened with an invasion of cholera the coming summer, and we should protect ourselves by the best sanitary conditions possible, and this is only to be acquired by thorough cleanliness. It is very doubtful if Asiatic cholera carries off more victims in a year than does typhoid fever, diphtheria and other kindred diseases, which are caused by sewer gas, the effluvia arising from filthy back yards and unhealthy surroundings.—Ex.

Points About Advertising.

John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, says: "My plan for fifteen years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 500 circulation for 5,000 dodgers or posters. I deal directly with the publisher. I say to him: 'How long will you let me run a column of matter through your paper for \$100 or \$1000?' as the case may be. I let him do the figuring, and if I think he is not trying to make more than his share I give him the copy. I lay aside the profits on a particular line of goods for advertising purposes. The first year I laid aside \$3,000; last year I laid aside and spent \$40,000. I have done better this year, and shall increase the sum as the profits warrant it. I owe my success to the newspapers, and to them I shall give a certain profit of my business."

Beekeepers' Association.

The annual meeting of the Listowel Beekeepers' Association was held in Listowel last Saturday, 26th ult. Although a busy season of the year the attendance was good, there being an unusual number of ladies present. After the general routine of business was transacted the following officers were duly elected:—Seth Doan, President; A. Douglas, Vice-Pres.; Robert Forrest, Sec.-Treas. The bees came through the past winter much better than the year previous, the loss being over 4 per cent. for 1889, and only 3 per cent. for 1890. The honey gathered last year averaged 33 lbs. per swarm. Two years ago the Association affiliated with the Provincial Association and is thereby entitled to a yearly grant from the government. Part of the money received has been given in prizes for honey exhibits at fall shows, and the balance deposited in the bank. The Association, although decreased somewhat in membership, is financially stronger than it has ever been in the past. The nominal membership fee of 25 cents per annum is charged which should not prevent any from becoming members.

AMBITION.

Written for THE BEE.

There is nothing I think, that serves to exalt or degrade a person so much as so-called ambition. But to those possessed of ambition in its highest and best sense, all right minded people will cry "God speed." Be ambitious enough to have confidence in yourself—not the vain self confidence that says: "I am so clever no one can excel me,"—but the courage and confidence to say: "I will climb to the top by fair and honest means." Do not be afraid of high aims in your life work. You may not reach all you desire, but the very fact of your ambition to be first may leave you very near there. A person having no ambition (in the right direction I mean) is like a leaf in the stream. As a leaf will float in whatever direction the stream will take it, so will the person without ambition, move in whatever direction circumstances will make him. No one has any right to be a slave to circumstances. Rather make them a slave to yourself. Bend them to your own inclinations, for you certainly have the power to do so. Don't be afraid of great undertakings. An honest man has no business to be afraid of anything under heaven except that which is contrary to the will of God.

Do not be deterred from attempting some great thing because some one sneers at you. No great thing has ever yet been accomplished without some one having his fill of laughter at the outset. Do not be vaquished because you fall once, or a dozen times in your efforts. Believe me, he heaven-born impulse would never have been given you to make the most of yourself, were there not the latent strength somewhere in your composition to carry it out. God gives us our talents. Our business is to find them out, and finding them to make the most and highest of them. Be ambitious of making life pleasant for yourself and others.

"It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life yields us just as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

You have no business with the thorns of life. Gather the roses, since it is your privilege to do so. Should you, however, be placed in such a position that suffering or disagreeableness be your lot, don't despond. Hang out your flag of ambition to make the best of everything, and so come out of the trial a nobler and better person than you were before.

Be ambitious of becoming acquainted with yourself. I believe nine-tenths of the failures in life are made because young men and women do not study themselves and their capabilities. Have ambition to make the world recognize you, not as a leader of fashion and frivolity young woman, nor as the "fast man about town" young man, but ambitious of being recognized as the man or woman who is not afraid of saying no when it ought to be said, of having sufficient principle to uphold all that is right and honorable in spite of the sneers and taunts of unthinking companions. If there were more ambition of the right kind in the world we would find fewer men and women ready to proclaim life a failure.

THISEE.

Poole, April 23, 1890.

Grey.

Mrs. Campbell, sen., of Henfryn, the other day slipped on the pump platform, breaking her right arm.

Mrs. Luke Sperian, 14th con., is ill with heart disease and dropsy. We hope to hear of her restoration to health.

Richard Cox, 12th con., has gone to Washington Territory on a prospecting tour. Jas. Denman has rented his farm.

Andrew Simpson has removed from his farm, near Jamestown, to Wawanosh township where he recently purchased a 100-acre lot. His son-in-law will work the farm in this township.

The trustees of the school near Molesworth cemetery has engaged Miss Morrison from McKillop, to succeed Mr. McKee, who is now attending the Owen Sound Collegiate Institute.

On Thursday of last week Jno. Paterson, of this township, left Brussels, for Killarney, Man., where he goes seeking a suitable location for a home. He purchased his ticket from J. T. Pepper, C. P. R. Agent, Brussels.

On Friday evening of this week an educational competition took place in Shine's school house between the pupils for a Demorest silver medal. The recitations were all on Temperance topics. There was seven or eight competitors. Musical selections were interspersed.

Donegal.

THE BEE from now to Jan. 1, 1891 for 50 cents. *Subscribe Now.*

Mrs. Wm. Buchanan, sr., of Mornington, is spending a few days with her son, W. S. Buchanan, this week.

John Robson, of the Toronto Police Force, late of Trowbridge, is visiting his cousin, Mr. Vipond, this week.

Robt. Long is slowly recovering from his late severe illness, an affection of the lungs—a relic left by that scourge, la grippe.

Lambs are "booming," so says our well-known drover, A. W. Buchanan. One thing is certain he has secured a goodly share of the crop.

"Knuckle down," "fan hoistings," and "out at first," are the prevailing cries that salute the ears when passing the school and at intermission this fine weather.

Samuel Macalalay has been confined to bed for the past week with an attack of bronchitis combined with inflammation. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

That bane of horsemen, the distemper, has made its appearance in this locality at last. Wm. Burke, sr., having three colts afflicted with the disease. They are now in a fair way of recovery.

Although eggs are "away down" this season yet the hens of this locality do not seem to have the least intention of striking as our popular merchant, J. T. Anderson, receives on an average about 140 dozen a day.

John T. Pees, machine agent, of Listowel, was in this vicinity last week setting up several seed drills which he has sold to farmers this spring. This does not look as if times were so very hard after all or else the outlook is more hopeful for the future.

Most of the farmers in this locality will finish their seeding operations this week. Jas. Dickson, jr., finished on Tuesday and several others have since dropped into line. Fall wheat, though slightly damaged by the spring frosts, is looking remarkably well.

Adam Nixon, son of James Nixon of this place, returned last week from the Northwest where he has been for the past two years. We are sorry to state that he is suffering severely with a disease of the lungs, originally brought on by an attack of la grippe.

John C. Flood, of Toronto, arrived home on Monday. We hope John may be induced to settle on his farm near the village as we feel sure from an intimate knowledge of his previous character that he will make a good neighbor and an excellent citizen. Our young ladies will please remember that John is still a bachelor.

Samuel McAllister, of the cheese factory, has lately added a handsome windmill for the purpose of supplying all parts of the factory with water during the coming season's operations. This factory should be well supported by the farmers as Mr. McAllister certainly spares no expense in order to procure all the latest improvements in his line of work.

The following is a complete list of the pupils of the Donegal public school who wrote at the late Promotion Examination, together with the marks obtained by each:—Fifth Class—Pass 250—Sara Petrie 419, Elizabeth J. McClelland 411, Mary A. Wilson, 386, Ellen A. Johnston 384—Sarah E. Cooper 347, Margie E. Nixon 339, Ellen Gray 331, Isaac Foulston 316, Annie J. McFarlane 308. Senior Fourth Class—Pass 236—Andrew Little 364, Mary E. McCourt 341, Louisa Wilson 324, Robt. G. Irvine 261, Junior Fourth Class—Pass 220—Thomas G. McFarlane 303, John Foulston 260, Rebecca McFarlane 241, Alex. Foulston 240. Senior Third Class—Pass 172—J. A. Matheson 355, Emerson Vipond 291, Ettie Capling 268, Robert Barton 263, Wm. A. Gray 250, Teasdale Vipond 246, Henry McNicol 246, Evelyn McCourt 242, Margie E. Cooper 233, Fanny Hammond 221, Mary E. Buchanan 212, Elizabeth McCourt 198, Nellie McFarlane 192, Robert Cooper 191, Mary J. Johnston 172, Annie Buchanan 172, John Cooper 172.

T. G. RATLIFF, Teacher.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Mr. L. O. David, Q. C., has been appointed Sheriff of Montreal.

Cheesemaking has already commenced in the Brockville district.

A census just completed places the population of Winnipeg at over 25,000.

A Quebec despatch says the elections in this province will take place June 14.

Rev. Prof. Boys, late Professor of Classics at Trinity University, died on Tuesday.

There were 29 failures in Canada last week, against 38 during the previous week.

A deputation is expected at Ottawa from Newfoundland shortly to discuss the question of Confederation.

Diphtheria is said to be raging in and around Tecumseh, Ont., and children are dying in large numbers.

Mr. Gagnon, the Quebec Provincial Secretary, has resigned his seat and accepted the shrievalty of Quebec.

The Mayor of Toronto has received a cable from the Duke of Connaught accepting the invitation to visit the city during June next.

The by-law in favour of London South amalgamating with the city of London was carried last week by a vote of 433 for to 260 against.

Dubois, the man who murdered his wife, children and mother-in-law at St. Alban's, Que., has been sentenced to be hanged on June 20.

Mr. John Miller, B. A., of St. Thomas, has been appointed Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, in room of the late Mr. Marling.

Since the duty on beef was raised Chicago beef has become a rarity in St. John, N. B., yet there is no scarcity of beef, and so far no advance in price.

Dr. W. S. England, of Montreal, has been appointed medical superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital, and will assume his duties next month.

A despatch from Quebec says that an American syndicate has purchased a controlling interest in all the binding twine factories of Canada excepting one in Ontario.

A large deputation visited Ottawa last week and asked the Militia authorities that the brigade camp be held at Owen Sound this summer instead of at Niagara.

John Wainman, jr., of the township of South Orillia, was last week committed for trial on a charge of attempting to poison his brother-in-law by putting Paris green in his well.

The statement comes from New York that the Grand Trunk and Northern Pacific intend jointly to build a line across the continent to compete with the Canadian Pacific railway.

Dalore Menard, while ploughing on his farm in Sandwich East last week, ate what he thought was a carrot. In two hours he died in terrible agony. The root was a wild parsnip.

A strong resolution was passed at the meeting of the Presbyterian Synod at Cornwall, declaring that the time had come when Parliament should pass a prohibitory law for the whole Dominion.

Information has been received at Ottawa that the Newfoundland Government had decided to impose a duty of \$1 a ton upon Dominion fishing vessels entering Newfoundland ports for the purpose of bait.

Rev. Father Lacombe, the well-known missionary to the Indians in the MacLeod District, ridicules the reports as to white girls held captive on the reserves, and points out that the "white girls" so much talked about inherit their whiteness from only one side of the house.

Owing to the action of Lieutenant-Governor Schultz in vetoing the Act of the Manitoba Legislature, no tax sales can be held, and Winnipeg is financially embarrassed and wants to borrow \$100,000 from the Local Government.

Two families of Canadians, who removed to Missouri three years ago, passed through Windsor on Wednesday in wagons on their return to Toronto. They spent all their money in Missouri, and the story they tell of the hardships in the west is heartrending.

The strike in Toronto of men employed in the building trades continues without any indication of an early settlement. The employers do not appear to be successful in inducing non-union men to come to Toronto, and the few that have appeared have been persuaded to fraternize with the strikers.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Her Majesty has left Aix-les-Bains for Darmstadt.

Lord Hartington has returned to London from Egypt.

Queen Victoria is reported in good health at Aix-les-Bains.

The Primrose League in England is said to number 907,000 members.

John Barnett, the English musical composer, is dead. He was born in 1802.

Mr. Parnell on Monday moved the rejection of Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase bill.

The carrying trade at Cork is paralyzed owing to a strike of shipping and railway men.

Two thousand spinners at Newry, in the north of Ireland, have struck for higher wages.

It is stated Sir George E. Trevellyn will contest Lord Hartington's seat in the next general election.

William O'Brien, M. P., has become engaged to the daughter of M. Raffalovitch, a Parisian financier.

Archbishop Croke has had a conference with Mr. Gladstone regarding the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

Saturday was Primrose day, and the admirers of the Earl of Beaconsfield in London honoured his memory by wearing the emblematic flower.

Prof. Tyndall, in a recent speech, said that politically he opposed Mr. Gladstone to the teeth, but to save Mr. Gladstone's life he would risk his own at any moment.

The divorce case of O'Shea v. O'Shea, with Mr. Parnell as co-respondent, is now thought likely to be reached for trial in the course of the summer. Efforts are, however, making to postpone it till after Parliament adjourns.

UNITED STATES.

A wire worm is doing great damage to wheat near Atchison, Kansas.

At noon on Saturday the Pan-American conference adjourned sine die.

The principal street railway in Milwaukee is to be worked by electricity.

There have been 1,578 desertions from the United States army during the past nine months.

The Rivers and Harbors Bill of the United States has been completed. It appropriates over \$20,000,000.

The city council of Kansas City has passed an ordinance providing that eight hours shall constitute a day's work in all city contracts and for all city employes.

Malignant diphtheria is epidemic at the village of Vining, Otter Tail county, Minn. Nine-tenths of the population of 150 persons are effected with the disease.

The Hendricks monument has reached New York from Florence, Italy. It weighs 200 tons and will require fifteen cars for transportation to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Bloomer, who gave her name to the well-known costume which at one time evoked so much ridicule, on Tuesday celebrated the 50th anniversary of her marriage at Council Bluffs, Ia.

John H. Griffith, a young tailor of 104 Bayard street, New York, in attempting to jump across an area way between his room and the roof of an adjoining house, where some girls with whom he had struck up a flirtation were standing, missed his footing, fell to the pavement, 65 feet below, and was instantly killed.

IN GENERAL.

Major Serpa Pinto has arrived at Lisbon. Emperor William will visit Lisbon and Madrid in October.

Emperor William has subscribed \$500, for a monument to Emperor Frederick at Diesterweg.

Henry M. Stanley arrived in Brussels on Saturday afternoon. He is the guest of the King and is staying at the Royal palace.

The widow of an army officer in Moscow, who was in dire poverty, locked herself up in a room the other day with her five children and turned on the gas, and all six were suffocated.

The German Government has sent a circular to the directors of High schools with reference to the numerous cases of suicide among the scholars, and urging the directors to be lenient with backward boys.

The Pope, in an interview regarding labor troubles, said he intended to form a Committee in every diocese in the world, with a Bishop at its head, to consult with and instruct workmen as to their duties and interests.

At the opening of the Portuguese Cortes on Saturday, the King, referring to the dispute between Portugal and England concerning territory in Southeast Africa, said the negotiations now pending promised to result in a settlement of the question honorable to both countries.

While President Carnot was speaking to some officials at Toulon the other day, his servant, who somewhat resembles the President, came out and got into a waiting carriage. The officer immediately saluted, the hand played, and the carriage accompanied by a guard of honor dashed off, leaving the President behind in the lurch.

Father, Bid Me Rest.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore.

Waiting for the jawning, for the opening of the door—

Waiting till the master shall bid me rise and come

To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of his home.

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife.

Bearing many a burden, often struggling for my life;

But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er.

I'm kneeling at the threshold—my hand is on the door.

methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand

Singing in the sunshine of the far-off, sinless land:

Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;

One by one they left me struggling with the foe;

Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;

How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the Nessed angels, that know no grief or sin,

I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.

O Lord, I wait thy pleasure—thy time and way are best;

But I'm wasted, worn, and weary! O, Father, bid me rest!

The Fishery Treaty.

That the negotiations now pending between the representatives of the British and United States governments re the fishery dispute will be concluded in time to come into practical operation this year is exceedingly improbable. Any hopes which the more sanguine may have entertained will now be crushed by the circumstance that a bill to renew the *modus vivendi*, which has regulated the action of the Canadian authorities for the last two years, has been introduced into the House at Ottawa. This instrument provides for the granting of licenses to fishing vessels of the United States, enabling them to enter any port of the Dominion of Canada for the purpose of purchasing bait, ice, seines, lines and all other supplies and outfits; also, for the transshipment of the catch and the shipping of crews. Formerly the fee was the old treaty figure of \$150, but according to the present bill the subject of fees, terms and conditions is left to the Governor-General-in-Council. It would appear from the report of Commander Gordon that the licenses are appreciated by the Americans, who without the privileges thereundergranted, could not profitably pursue certain kinds of fishing; for instance, fresh halibut fishing on the Grand Banks. He points out, however, that the *modus vivendi* is not accepted by them generally as a concession. They claim the opportunity to buy supplies at Canadian ports as a right secured under commercial treaties opening the ports of each country to the ships of the other; that is to say, they do not concede the contention of their rulers, but as the practical results to them are about the same whether the privilege is granted by concession or is recognized as a right, they don't seem to think it worth while to waste time in parleying about a mere sentiment.

Bismarck at Home.

Friedrichsruhe, the second of the two estates presented to the German Chancellor by a grateful sovereign and country, cost about £10,000, which was set apart for the purpose by Kaiser Wilhelm I. out of the French war indemnity. Varzin, the gift of which dates immediately after the German-Austrian war, cost but a third of that amount. The title of Duke of Lauenburg is suggested by the fact that the estate is situated in the duchy on which in 1864 the then Count von Bismarck tried his "prentice hand" at annexation.

The gates of the demesne are but a short distance from the station of the same name on the line between Berlin and Hamburg. There is nothing monumental or architecturally grand about the house itself. The two wings, built at right angles, of which it consists, are externally as bare of ornament as a barrack. A magnificent lawn, thickly dotted with centenarian trees, leads to the front entrance. An enormous tract of meadow land extends behind the house as far as the eye can reach, where it joins the Sachsenwald (Saxon forest.) Not a flower or *parterre* anywhere, and deep, deep silence reigns around.

The simplicity of the interior is in thorough keeping with the bareness of the exterior. The enormous hall is like a couple of hospitable wards thrown into one, with whitewashed walls, without a stucco cornice or a centre ornament on the ceilings, a few gigantic chairs here and there, half-a-dozen wooden chairs, and a table without a tablecloth. On the table are a white earthenware inkstand, a couple of pens, the holders of which seem to have been fashioned out of bits of a five-barred gate—they are so blurring and long—and a blotter without blurring paper. Like the late Mr. Biggar, Prince Bismarck distrusts blotting paper. He himself never uses it; and as he knows that in his hurry a visitor may write a communication intended for him only, and still leave a copy of it on the innocent pink sheet, the modern substitute for pounce powder is rigorously excluded from the hall.

But if the walls and ceilings are bare, not so the floor, which is thickly carpeted everywhere. Passing through the hall one enters a second, somewhat less freezing, which leads to a room where the Chancellor transacts his business with less familiar callers. The first thing that strikes the visitor is a large pastel portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, with the statesman's name written underneath in Prince Bismarck's sprawling hand. Facing it hangs a duplicate of Bonnat's famous portrait of Adolphe Thiers. In a corner stands a bronze bust of Count von Moltke, who looks as though he had been bonneted by a too enthusiastic admirer, for the laurel crown with which he is *coiffe* descends low down upon his forehead; above this a magnificent likeness in oil of Prince-Cardinal Hohenzollern. On the mantelpiece on one side is a reproduction of the statue of the Grand Elector (Frederick the Great's grandfather) by Schluter, on the other a plaster cast of an equestrian statue supposed to be the original portrait of Charlemagne.

Of furniture in the ordinary sense of the word there is very little. A glazed cabinet, full of carabines and pistols, another full of maps, a round table, and three chairs, and that is all. Of course the reception rooms and private apartments of the rest of the family are of a less Spartan character, but in those of the prince himself the ornamental has had to yield absolutely to the useful. With the exception of music, Prince Bismarck is utterly indifferent to art. Some years ago, at an "at home," a lady reminded Bismarck that she had been his ciccone during his early student days in Berlin. "True," he said; and then he introduced her to his wife and daughter in the following terms: "This is the lady to whom I owe the greater part of my artistic education, for it was in her company that I went to the Berlin Museum—the first and only time in my life." With regard to music, he is very fond of listening to it, though, like the great Napoleon, he sings horribly out of tune and out of time. "Life is serious and art is gay," he wrote at the back of the well-known photograph of Pauline Lucca; and that apparently is his reason for not spending much time in the pursuit of the art.

Different is it with regard to literature. The man is not only a magnificent linguist, albeit he has forgotten his Greek, but is an omnivorous reader. His own room is absolutely littered with books, novels included. While there are no knick knacks, no cunningly contrived shelves, or artistically arranged whatnots for the display of porcelain and *cloisonne*, three or four enormous, cumbersome mahogany tables almost bend beneath the weight of documents, blue-books, etc. Near the window, facing the south, are a huge writing desk with a bronze inkstand, a bowl of blue pounce powder, a couple of gigantic quills, and perhaps half-a-ream of foolscap—the Chancellor detests steel pens—and a chair without a back. In one of the recesses is a more modern writing table, above which hangs the portrait of the late Emperor. At the other end of the sanctum are several couches and armchairs, and in one corner a bundle of long German pipes with huge porcelan bowls. On the walls above are the portraits of his wife and children. This is his favorite nook, where Bismarck takes his rest. The bedroom is never shown to any visitor, but it contains three pieces of furniture only, an enormous wash-hand stand, a small camp bedstead, and a bootjack. There used to be a couple of hairbrushes. "Take them away," said Prince a few years ago; "a towel will do part my hair nowadays."

The Blue-Looking Bird.

A tired, worn-out mother, who had gone to the country with her little girl, sat under a tree. Soft air came down across a clovered slope, and silken grass hung over and fluttered on the dimpled surface of a rivulet. The yellow poplars were in bloom, and the humming-bird, with her Easter dress still new, twittered in ecstatic vanity at a woodpecker that sought to woo her. A handful of violets, held by the little girl, were yellowed by a dandelion. She was a pale child, with, it seemed, a premature plenitude of brown hair. She had never seen the country until that very day, and she could scarcely believe that she was permitted to gather the flowers.

"Won't the policeman come and take them away from me?" she asked, looking about timidly and sitting down beside her mother.

"No, dear, there are no policemen in the country."

"Then why don't everybody live in the country?"

"If everybody did then there would be need of policemen."

"But we could live here, couldn't we?"

"No, for there would be no work for me to do."

"But you wouldn't have to do any work if you lived here."

"Oh, yes, dear, I should have to work no matter where I might be."

"Why?"

"Because I am poor."

"Who made you poor?"

"Oh, don't ask such questions, Mary."

"You never did anybody any harm did you?"

"Never in this world."

"And have rich people done harm?"

"Some of them have."

"I am too tired to gather flowers. Will I catch cold if I lie down here?"

"No," the mother answered, making a pillow of a shawl, "lie down and go to sleep."

"And if that big blue-looking bird comes back will you wake me up so I can see him?"

"Yes."

She was soon fast asleep. The tired woman bent over her. Cattle came down and drank at the brook. A farmer boy, breaking up the corn land in an adjoining field, cast glances at the sun, as though longing for the noon hour, and a foot-sore man, with a rusty bag thrown across his shoulder, trudged wearily down the road.

A woman in a far away door-yard stood with a bread-tray resting on a low gate post, and cheerily called the chickens.

The little girl awoke. "Where are my flowers?" she asked.

"Here they are, dear, just where you left them."

"I dreamed that the policeman came and took them. Did the blue bird come back?"

"No, but he may be back after awhile. Do you feel rested?"

"Almost. I wish you would sing to me."

"Oh, I can't sing now, Mary, I declare I can't. It is almost as much as I can do to talk."

"Please sing just a little bit of a bit."

"Precious, I really can not. Don't you know that I have not been able to sing any since I had that awful cold in the winter? Come, let us go up to the house."

They went to a farm house not far away. A brusque woman was sweeping the yard. A lazy dog with one eye shut, lay on the porch.

"I reckon you find it mighty lonesome out here," said the farmer's wife.

"Oh, no," the city woman replied. "This is the only resting place I have found for many a day."

"Well, I guess it does keep a body on the move in the city, havin' to go to so many balls and parties."

"I do not go to any. I work in a shirt factory."

"Why, I didn't low that city folks had to work at all. I always thought that the folks in the country had to keep them up in their idleness."

"And my little girl expressed the opinion just now that the people in the country did not have to work any. Her idea of work is that the laborer must be shut up in a house."

"Ho, that ain't no work at all," spoke up a slouching boy that had left his plow and came to the well to get a drink of water.

"If I didn't have nothin' to do but stay in the house I wouldn't care whether Sunday came or not. It's been' out in the br'illan' sun that makes a feller hump."

"Mamma," said the little girl, "I want to lie down. I am tired."

"I am afeard," said the farmer's wife, "that you brought her here too late, and I don't know but you came too late yourself."

A little white face in a beautiful tangle of brown hair. A high, old-fashioned bed, white plaster kittens on each corner of the mantel-piece and a clock ticking midway between them. It was late at night, and the tired boy snored in the "ratter" room just above. The mother and the farmer's wife sat beside the bed. The child had been sleeping. Suddenly she awoke.

"Won't you sing to me?" she asked.

The mother tried to sing, and then sobbed on the pillow.

"You can't sing, for you have such a cold," said the child. "Did the blue-looking bird come back mamma?"

"No, angel."

The tired boy snored in the "ratter" just above. The child was asleep—sleep for evermore. A handful of flowers lay on the bed beside her. The policeman did not come and get them—Opie P. Read.

The citizens of the United States have made the startling discovery that what they had been considering an impregnable defense is really a wall so weak and insufficient that "a coach and four" can be driven through it. Their Alien Labor Law, thanks to the hair-splitting abilities of some of their legal lights, has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. And this is the way interested parties propose to evade the provisions of the law. Instead of importing contracted labor, which is prohibited, the "bosses" propose to delay the matter of settling the question of wages until after the arrival of the workman who thus enters the country under the head of a still laborer, upon whom the obnoxious law lays no restrictions. Accordingly the New England contractors, hampered by a strike among the freestone cutters, have advertised in all the leading papers in England for freestone cutters, telling them where to apply upon arrival and what the pay was. A large force is said to be coming. The Government is at its wit's end to prevent it, and the local labor unions are furious, though to stop these men coming would be to stop all immigration.

Farming in the States.

The proposition assumed by Mr. C. Wood Davis in his interesting article in the April *Forum*, viz., that the farmers of the United States are not prosperous, is confirmed by some startling figures collated by Hon. J. M. Fippen, of Tipton county, in the state of Indiana. "The county of Tipton," says Mr. Fippen "has a rich soil of black sandy loam, unsurpassed by any in the State of Indiana, or even in the broad Mississippi Valley. It has been in a high state of cultivation for the past twenty years, yielding annually during all this time, in amount, more than double its consumption. Its people are industrious, prudent, economical, and intelligent to a degree unsurpassed in any county in the State. But they are not contented, and they are not prosperous. Year by year they have been 'running behind' as their phrase is—that is, their debts have been increasing faster than their income or the value of their property."

To assure himself of the correctness of this complaint, Mr. Fippen consulted the county records to ascertain just how much this indebtedness had been at the close of each ten years, beginning with 1850. To his surprise he learned that while the amount of real estate mortgages in the county amounted in January '50 to \$156,129 in Jan. '90 it had swelled to \$2,277,435; the value of real estate meanwhile increasing from \$408,910 to \$2,399,685; that is to say, while the value of real estate in the county increased not quite sixfold in the forty years, the amount of mortgages increased almost fifteen-fold. Now is this the only discouraging circumstance, for the further estimate of Mr. Fippen the earnings of all capital in farming are not over 8 per cent., while the current rate of interest is 4 per cent. Clearly, a farmer who pays 8 per cent. on half his capital and makes but 4 per cent. on the whole cannot get ahead. Considering the many advantages and few drawbacks which characterize the country in question, the view presented of the condition of the agricultural population of the country is far from hopeful or satisfactory.

A Wonderful Japanese Family.

"A thousand years in one household" (*ikka sen-nen*) is an old Japanese saying, employed with reference to an event which, in respect of extreme rarity, may be classed with the sight of a dead donkey or a tinker's funeral. The *Hochi Shimbu* says that an instance may at present be found in the household of a merchant called Mizuma Gensuke, who resides in Kanazawa, in the Saitama district of Sado. The family consists of the following members: Great-great-grandpapa Gengo (aged 130), great-great-grandmamma Tomi (aged 132), great-grandpapa Genbei (aged 101), great-grandmamma Miyo (aged 99), great-great-grand-uncle Yoshi (aged 105), great-grandpapa Gensuke (aged 81), great-grandmamma Kimi (aged 79), grandpapa Gompachi (aged 61), grandmamma Ioyo (aged 60); papa Genkichi (aged 40), mamma Tomo (aged 38), uncle Genroku (aged 35), son Genshichi (aged 14), daughter Tokiji (aged 5). The united ages of the fourteen amounted, at the close of last year, to 980, and consequently became 994 on the first day of this year, according to the Japanese method of calculation. Next New Year's Day, supposing that death had not intervened meanwhile, the aggregate ages would be 1,008, and as 994 is nearer 1,000 than 1,008, the family have resolved to celebrate their *ikka sen-nen* this spring by a visit to the shrine of Ise, and afterwards to Kioto, where the whole fourteen, from the little tot of 5 to the grayhead—if he still has any hair—of 130, will do their sight-seeing in company.

Saying Grace.

"Farmton" says, in the *Advance*: "Frequently am I invited to tea at the house of some parishioner. A blessing is always asked at the table. As I sit down it is easy for me to detect whether the blessing represents a custom. The behavior of the children, as well as the behavior of the maid, is a clear indication of whether the paternal-familias is accustomed to say grace. I am frequently asked to say grace, but I rejoice in the growth of that custom by which the visiting minister is not asked. It is, I think, becoming more usual for the head of the family, as we call by courtesy, no matter how it may really be, the husband and father, to say grace himself. It is, I think, a right which belongs specially to him; a right, of course which he may delegate, if he pleases, but a right which I am always glad for him to keep and to exercise. There is a special fitness in him who represents the household asking God's blessing upon the household as it gathers about the table. The same principle applies to the pronouncing the benediction in the public meetings of the church. It was formerly the rule for the most distinguished or oldest of those ministers present to pronounce the benediction. But now the custom is obtaining for the pastor himself, whoever may be present, to pronounce these words of valedictory blessing. It is fitting; this privilege and this duty belong to him, as the father, the minister of his church."

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhoea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake.

A Positive Guarantee of Cure

is issued with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for chronic catarrh in the head, or for chronic bronchial throat or lung disease, if taken in time, and given a fair trial. Money returned if it don't cure.

Charles Saunders, the professional champion court tennis player of England, signed articles for a professional court tennis match for the championship of the world, of which Thomas Pettit, of the Boston Athletic Club, is the present holder. On Saturday next Pettit will sail for England to prepare for the contest.

Miss Emily Harper, of Alexander, Genesee county, New York, is a female Hercules. She didn't discover her strength until the other day. Having broken a lamp, her mother chided her. In reply the girl gave her mother an affectionate hug. The woman dropped to the floor insensible with two ribs broken.

It Depends on the Liver.

"Is life worth living?" somebody asked, and the facetious reply was, "That depends on the liver." Health and happiness are twined together. If a man's liver is out of order, his whole system is deranged. He suffers from top to toe. This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These efficacious little globules are as much in advance of the old-fashioned, griping, drastic pills as electric lights are ahead of a wick stuck in whale oil.

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THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the seventeenth to the thirty-first day of May both days included.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS will be held at the Banking House of the institution, on WEDNESDAY, the Eighteenth day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board. (Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier, The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 23, 1890.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumed it if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOOM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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With Upright or Horizontal Boilers. 12, 16, 20, 25 } Suitable for all work. and 30 H.P. } Threshing, Sawing, Brickmaking, etc.

Traction Engines

12, 16 and 20 Horse-power.

STRAW-BURNING ENGINES

For the North-West. Send for Circular.

Waterous Engine Works Co.

BRANTFORD AND WINNIPEG.

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Stitches a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a Cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infants' Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SLOOM, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

THE BEE.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines written on the death of A. W. McMurchy, who departed this life April 6th, 1890, aged 23 years.

In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practis'd that strength."
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

—Rugby Chapel.

"When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
—After Death in Arabia.

Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence!
In fate, chance—all things, Thine the
hidden hand;

We labor with anxiety intense,
So oft, thy purposes to understand;
We fain would see, O Lord, what Thou
has planned;

We long thy will to fathom, and the
why
Thou dost our brightest intellects de-
mand
And snatch from earth, and us!—in vain
we try.

So sable the disguise, the blessing to
desecry.

Wherefore, Creator, is the blooming
flower
Stricken in the flush of its first loveli-
ness?

Why was it not to finish out its hour,
Nor fall 'neath the Sirocco's dread
caress?

Why was it not permitted to express
In the degree of its God-given might,
With all its power, nor in aught the less,
The matchless beauties painted by thy
light.

The wondrous workings of the power
infinite.

Yet, Father, we do not complain; we
feel
Thee near, although we cannot see thy
face.

We humbly wait thee to thyself reveal,
And trust thee, though thy hand we
cannot trace.

No death too soon if but thy warm
embrace
Awaits the changed one in thy change-
less sphere!

No voyage too short if Heaven's the
ending-place!

If thro' the raging waves the frail bark
steer
In safety to the port to mariners so dear.

And he is dead,—he who has formed a
part
Of all that has been,—all life's happy
past;

And sleeping mem'ry, with a sudden
start,
Speeds backward o'er the path in fleet-
ing fast.

Betraying, hosts of recollections massed,
How closely have our lives been inter-
twined,

Mashed in a bond that will forever last,
Seen yet again when earth is left be-
hind:—

He has a part of ours, we of his death-
less mind.

But is he dead?—we who in budding
youth
By him were taught to walk the narrow
way

Of knowledge, and soul-satisfying truth
Reflect him in our lives, and answer
"Nay."

As pupils all he taught us how to lay
Up treasures bright from wisdom's
store; to drink

Of waters from the springs of endless
day

And quench our mind's hot thirst; to
seek the brink

Of the vast realm unknown;—to sound,
to strive, to think.

But is he dead?—No, not to us who
move,
In intercourse so sweet, on young life's
loom,—

While envious Time in haste the shuttle
drove,—
The threads of our existence; the gloom
Of fateful separation found no room

In hearts where shone alone true
friendship's light,

In trust, whose bands extend beyond
the tomb.

The future's terrors ne'er could us
affright,

In unity we hoped, our aspirations
bright.

We, the companions of his later years,
Can never think of him as passed away.
To us to shed are giv'n but few of tears;
And why?—he's present with us day by
day.

In mem'ry's picture gallery the gay
And happy scenes of yore are niched,
and still

The merry laughs along the wide halls
play
The dulcet ripples of love's limpid
rill,

Remembrances that live, and living,
breathe and will.

Scenes of the happy days in Harriston
When hope rode buoyant on life's stream
so young;

Scenes of the days in Stratford when
were one
The thoughts and aims of all, and each
heart sung

Responsive to truth's strains, when, all,
among
Were deathless friendship's forms that
ne'er shall fade,

Defying power of pen, or might of
tongue;

When life's real worth was first before
us laid,
And boyhood's shadows lost in man-
hood's coming shade.

Scenes of the teaching days, when in
the prime
Of vigorous youth he strove hard to
impart

The knowledge, animating and sublime,
That thrilled us being, and attuned his
heart.

Scenes of more social hours before us
start.
Of confidences given and received,
When mind with mind enclasped,—each
thought a part
Of airy structures in which all believed,
When jest spontaneous sprang, and
laughter care relieved.

Scenes of the days,—the days of joyous
toil,
In halls whence emanates the nation's
light.

On books he feasted long, life's foe to
foil,
His bright, keen intellect enraptured
quite.

When,—just reward of toil, the honors
bright
He reaped, and bore away, he 'gan to
fade;

That fell disease, consumption,—sad,
sad sight!
Seized his young life,—like vampire on
it preyed;

Few months,—then in the earth a
wasted form was laid.

The longings after wisdom that we
feel,
Creations secrets striving so to guess,
Is but the secret Spirit's mute appeal
For good and succor in its sore distress,
The reaching out the soul cannot sup-
press

After the raptures of celestial mirth;
The power the hidden knowledge to
express.

The Infinite beyond the second birth,
The freedom it enjoyed before 'twas
chained on earth.

The scenes are past. Oblivion? No!
no!
Ne'er can that life so short forgotten be.
Its influence will live and breathe and
grow,

As fresh and lasting as eternity.
Think not of death a victim he can be!
Think not he rests beneath the quick-
'ning sod!

But think of him as searching spirit—
free,
For wisdom, scenes amid man ne'er has
trod,
Viewing the heart-throb of the universe
of God.

On, on, Time's billows! o'er thy surging
main
Like driftwood are we toying ceaseless-
ly.

Thy surging waves rush on, as though
they fain
Would hasten us into eternity.
The chilling blasts of cold adversity,
And mild prosperity's sweet zephyrs
blow

Across thy waste of ever heaving sea
And separate us as we onward go;
Now here, now there we float,—beside,
above, below.

There is a power within thy waves, O
Sea!
Guiding thy billows in their ceaseless
swell;

Long has a might enshrined itself in
thee,
Thou art the creature of its will's stern
spell.

Where next thy sport will bear us,—
who can tell?
The future e'er lies hid from mortal ken.
For which of us shall next be rung the
knell

That speaks a soul of one of dying men
Borne on thy crest into the infinite
again?

Yes, we shall meet again, when freed
by death
From life, that binds to this terrestrial
zone;

When draughts of knowledge pure at
every breath
Deep-drinking at the fountain-head,—
God's throne,—

Till, from truth's only source, in truth
full-grown,—
Oh, we shall then our yearnings satisfy,
And praise the great unknowable alone,
Who first,—a privilege that we ne'er
could buy,

Decreed that mortal man Kind Nature's
death should die.

—E. E. Harvey.
Moose Jaw, N.W.T., April 25, 1890.

House, Sign, and Orna-
mental 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.

W. M. RODDICK,
Painter, Brussels.

ATWOOD

**Pork Packing
House.**

The undersigned wishes to
intimate to the public that
he keeps a choice lot of

HAMS,

Smoked, Dried, and Sugar-
cured, Long Side Meat, well
cured, etc. Those wanting
choice meats should give the
Atwood Packing House a
trial.

Prices Low.

Special reductions made
to those purchasing large
quantities of meat.

Terms Strictly Cash.

W. Hawkshaw.

JUST IN!

NEW SATEEN PRINTS

New Cashmere Prints.

Our first stock of these are sold out already.

NEW Lace Collars, Handkerchiefs, **NEW** Lace for Collars and trimmings, Ladies' Vests. Ribbons and Ties

Our Stock of Staples is Always Complete.

Grey and White Cottons, Cottonades, Shirtings, &c., al-
ways at close prices.

Our Boots & Shoes

Are the Best Value.

We have the Nobbiest Felt & Straw Hats.

A NEW LINE IN BOY'S SUITS, JUST OPENED.

OUR TAILOR SHOP

Is crowded with Orders, but we always find room
for more.

Just Follow the Crowd

And you will find yourself in the store of

YOURS TRULY,

James Irwin.

**Drugs & Patent
Medicines.**

**Wall Paper and
Books.**

MARTIN E. NEADS would inform the public that he has opened a Drug,
Book, and News Store in

BALLANTYNE'S OLD STAND,

Next door to Mader's, where he hopes, by close attention to business, and supply-
ing nothing but the BEST, at reasonable prices, to merit a share of the trade.

Prescriptions and Recipes a Specialty.

Daily Papers for Sale.

**NEWSPAPERS
AND STATIONERY.**

**GARDEN
SEEDS.**

The 777 Store.

The 777 Store is Headquarter in Listowel for

**For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing,
Dress Goods, &c.**

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

**Lumber, Lath, Muskoka Shingles, Cedar
Posts, Fence Poles and Stakes, Cheese
Boxes, also Long and Short Wood,**

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop.

Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Cutters, and all kinds of
Repairing done on Shortest Notice.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Prompt and special attention given to Horseshoeing.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also Agent for Hawkey's and
Begg's celebrated Road Carts. These are two of the best
cars that are made. See and be convinced.

2tf

HENRY HOAR.

GO TO
J. S. GEE'S

FOR YOUR

STRAW HATS!

A large assortment to choose from in
Gent's, Boy's, Girl's and
Children's. Also

Youth's & Boy's

READY-MADE

--SUITS--

A Fine Range selling at Close
Prices.

J. S. GEE,

GENERAL MERCHANT,

NEWRY.

Jas. Henderson

THE PEOPLE'S

Shoe Maker,

ATWOOD.

Keeps a first-class stock of French Calf,
Canadian Calf, Kip, etc., and is prepared
to do fine Sewed or Pegged Boots, in
style and perfect fit guaranteed. Prices
to suit the times.

REPAIRING

A SPECIALTY.

SHOP—One Door South of THE BEE
Publishing House.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

R. M. BALLANTYNE

—THE LEADING—

Merchant Tailor

Of Atwood, is determined to Cut Prices
to suit the hard times.

Biggest Reduction

In Ordered Clothing

EVER KNOWN.

Men's all wool Tweed Suits \$11 for \$9

" " " " \$12 " \$10

" " " " \$15 " \$12

Black Worsted from \$16 up.

WE KEEP THE BEST

TRIMMINGS

AND GUARANTEE AN

A 1 Fit or No Sale.

Call and Examine Our

Goods and see for

yourself.

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

ATWOOD.

Grand Chance.

J. H. GUNTHER,

OF GOLDSMITH'S HALL,

MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,

Has decided to sell goods at a

**Great Discount
Up to May 1st,**

In order to make room for Spring goods. Now if you want to buy a Watch, Clock, Chains, Cuff Buttons, or Silver-ware, you will find Goldsmith's Hall the

Cheapest House in Town

To Buy your Goods. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty,

J. H. GUNTHER,

Goldsmith's Hall,

Main St., Listowel.

Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Express 7:21 a.m.	Mixed 8:07 a.m.
Express 12:24 p.m.	Express 2:34 p.m.
Mixed 10:00 p.m.	Express 9:12 p.m.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Atwood 8:00 a.m.	Mitchell 2:30 p.m.
Newry 8:05 a.m.	Brno'm 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m.	Mankton 4:45 p.m.
Brno'm 10:15 a.m.	Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m.	Atwood 6:00 p.m.

TOWN TALK.

MAY.

The new fire hall is completed.

Many of the farmers are about done with their seeding.

The Mercury is the name of a new paper published in Walkerville, Essex county.

The North Perth Conservative convention will be held at Listowel on May 8th, to nominate a candidate for the Local House.

The Amherstburg Echo came out last week in an enlarged and improved form. The Echo has but one rival in Essex county—the Leamington Post.

R. GRAY, R. M. Ballantyne and wife, W. G. Morrison and T. M. Wilson attended the I. O. O. F. concert in Listowel on Thursday last week. The entertainment was of a high order and well patronized.

E. E. FREEBORN, of Burns, called on us last Tuesday. He has severed his connection with I. Hord & Co's store, Monkton, and will probably take a situation as operator on the G. T. R. He is a clever, industrious young man and will no doubt come out O.K.

C. A. LEE, photographer, Listowel, is to the front this week with an important announcement. Those of our readers wanting good group or cabinet photos should give Lee a trial. His reputation in the photographic art stands high in this locality and his work speaks for itself.

ELMA HONORED.—B. Cleland, Reeve of Elma, was the unanimous choice of the North Perth Reform Convention, held at Milverton, on the 24th ult., to represent the riding in the Local Legislature. The following delegates from Elma were in attendance: Jas. Donaldson, Wm. Hewitt, R. Cleland, Y. Dickson, W. S. Burnett, Jas. Currie, E. Hill, Wm. Dunn, Jas. Dickson, Jr., S. McAllister, Geo. Inglis, L. Pelton, F. Doering and Chas. Frost. A report of the proceedings may be found in another column.

ARBOR DAY.—Last Thursday was appointed arbor day in our rival town—Listowel—and duly observed. Is it not time our citizens were doing something toward beautifying the streets with lovely maples and trees enhancing the value of property as well as making our little town attractive to visitors. There are comparatively few shade trees in the village which does not say much for the taste and good spirit of its residents. How would it do to set apart a day in our next issue so that all may take an active part in the much needed work of public improvement? The season is fast advancing and there should be no time lost.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Victoria, B. C. Weekly World, which contains the following item proving beyond a doubt that British Columbia has a delightful climate.—That British Columbia is the Province of the Dominion goes without saying. For the past month, while all the other portions of Canada are frozen up or rolling in slush and snow, British Columbia is innocent of even an approach to it, and enjoying weather similar to what June brings forth in the east. On Saturday Phillip Major called in on The World and left two lovely button hole bouquets made up of pansies and daisies grown in his garden at Mount Pleasant, and he says he has had ripe rhubarb and other vegetables since away back in February. This verily is a land flowing with milk and honey.

Geo. Dunn, of Tara, was in the village this week on business.

Prof. Andrews, of Listowel, was in town on Monday. He can manipulate the ivories to perfection.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather and bad state of the roads our monthly fair was a failure on Tuesday last.

Wiel Angus returned from the Forest City Business College last week. He has been engaged to take charge of the Newton cheese factory for the present season. Success.

A BEAUTIFUL poem, composed on the death of A. W. McMurchy, a former teacher in our public school, but latterly of Harriston, where he died recently, appears on page 4. It is from the pen of E. E. Harvey, son of Moses Harvey, the worthy Treasurer of Elma township.

It will be gratifying to the many friends of J. H. McEain to learn that he has been selected to read the Valedictory address at Albert College, Belleville—an honor rarely conferred on students. It speaks well for his popularity with his fellows. Atwood possesses not a few ambitious young men who are destined to make their mark in the world.

This is the time when the average housewife is in her glory and her better half in the stove pipe. Both live on hard tack and sleep on boards. Neither suffer for the want of exercise, and it is useless for him to try to sneak off to see a friend. He has to wick the carpet. Woe to us! for our better half doth clean the house, and we have to put up with the inconvenience thereof.

The Victoria, B. C., Weekly World, in speaking of the crop prospects in British Columbia says:—Gentlemen doing business with the farming districts state that a much larger acreage than usual will be sown in wheat this year and the whole crop sown will also be much increased. The Red Fife wheat brought by Thos McNeely, of Ladner's Landing, will be tried in several sections of the country. Up the Fraser River also a large quantity of wheat is being sown. Seeding is generally later than last year but now is well advanced.

A CHANCE.—J. H. McDonald, grocer, Listowel, introduces a novel inducement to purchasers of baking powder. It is managed in this way: A list containing numbers from 1 to 220 is placed before every purchaser of a can of baking powder, you place your name opposite one of these numbers, and the person who gets the lucky number (a duplicate of which is placed in a sealed envelope) is entitled to an elegantly finished, 6 ft. cabinet organ, 5 octaves. It is valued at \$150. The baking powder is 50c per can, and is one of the purest and best brands made. His ad. appears in this issue. Read it.

A REASONABLE HINT.—Don't be a loafer. If you have no business of your own, don't loaf around the place of another. Nothing gives a business man a poorer opinion of a place than to see half a dozen loafers sitting or lounging around every time he goes in. The owner or proprietor may be too polite or forbearing to order you away, but inwardly he will wish you at the bottom of the sea. If he hires hands he expects them to work in business hours, and a man who hangs around a place of business hour after hour talking to his workmen is never a welcome visitor to the proprietor. In this busy world there is work enough for all, and the man or boy who is content to lie around and loaf had better go off and die.

A PLEASANT and profitable evening was spent by a number of young people at the residence of Wm. Hawkshaw on Thursday last week. Some excellent instrumental and vocal selections were rendered by Misses Lavan, Hawkshaw and Pelton, and Messrs. Clarridge, Currie, McEain and C. E. Pelton, after which various amusements were participated in until it was time for all to depart for their respective homes. An excellent repast was set before the company and it is needless to say all did ample justice to the wants of the innerman. The party was given in honor of A. J. Clarridge, baker, who is about to leave our little town in the course of a few days. It is pleasing to observe the sociability that exists between all of our young people which is as it should be. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Hawkshaw and Miss Maud the very best wishes of those present for their genuine hospitality on this occasion.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.—Rev. Robt. Henderson, of Bayfield, preached a plain, practical sermon last Sabbath morning in the Presbyterian church from Gal. 6:3. Mr. Henderson has a good delivery and his earnest discourse could not fail to produce a good impression upon those who formed his congregation. He also took charge of the Bible class in the evening.—Rev. C. Davis, of Ethel, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday morning and the Donegal appointment in the afternoon. His discourse in the morning bristled with original and practical thoughts and his words fell on the hearts of his congregation as seed sown on good ground. Mr. Rogers took his work on the Ethel circuit.—Daniel Collins, of Trowbridge, conducted the service in the Methodist church Sunday evening, preaching from the words: "Who is on the Lord's side." Mr. Collins has endeared himself to the people here by reason of his faithful services in bygone years. For nearly forty years he has been an ardent and zealous worker in the Master's vineyard and not a few can trace their conversion to the fervent prayers and earnest exhortations of good old Father Collins.—The Atwood Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society met at the residence of R. Anderson last Tuesday afternoon.—There is some talk of the young people forming an Epworth League in connection with the Methodist church. We think a society of this kind, well officered and conducted, would warrant the hearty co-operation of the young people of the church in promoting the spiritual and intellectual development of its members.

Now is the season to purchase your straw hats and it will pay you to look over J. S. Gee's hats before purchasing elsewhere. He has nobby summer suits for men, boys and children. Read his change of advt. in this issue.

We are pleased to learn of the success attendant on the efforts of Geo. A. and E. E. Harvey at the late examinations in the Toronto School of Medicine, which is now by far the best medical college in Canada. They both took a very high stand and first class honors in most departments.

PAY UP.—Parties who have subscribed toward raising funds for the Fire Co. are kindly requested to hand in their subscriptions at once as the recent necessities in erecting the new fire hall expedite the raising of money. We trust this matter will not have to be mentioned again, but that all who are in arrears will come up to the dough trough and hand in their treads skins.

The spring tramp is on the war-path as usual. A seedy-looking Italian musician struck town last Monday and warbled a few tunes on an instrument that had a ghost of a resemblance to bagpipes, which had, to all appearances, been used in ancient times to rally the armies of the Israelites against the Philistines, and in later years as a fog horn on some of the upper lakes. His rendering of "Home Sweet Home" was enough to cause the cold lizards of despair to creep down your back.

C. O. F.—Court Lansdowne, No. 93, C. O. F., met in due form in their hall last Saturday evening, Chief Ranger in the chair. The following officers were elected:—R. M. Ballantyne, C. R.; Jno. Rogers, V. C. R.; Geo. Gordon, F. Sec.; Thos. Fullarton, R. Sec.; Wm. Dixon, Treas.; Jas. Longmire, Chap.; Robert Campbell, S. W.; A. Cameron, J. W.; Wm. Blair, S. B.; C. Buchanan, J. B.; Jno. Rogers, Wm. Stewart and James Struthers, Trustees; R. M. Ballantyne and S. H. Harding, Auditors; W. Dixon, delegate to Grand Lodge.

WEDDING BELLS.—A very interesting social event took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hamilton's, Elma, on which occasion their daughter Mary A. was united in the holy bond of matrimony with Mr. George Currie, of Atwood. At eight o'clock the ceremony was duly solemnized by the Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., assisted by the Rev. Robt. Henderson, Miss Belle Morrison, of Listowel, acted as bridesmaid and John McEain, Atwood, supported the groom. The bride was beautifully attired in white trimmed with old gold, and the bridesmaid also looked very becoming in white trimmed with pink. After congratulating the newly made couple an excellent program was carried out, consisting of recitations from T. M. Wilson, Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., H. Currie, and an address on "Literature" from Geo. A. Harvey, the latter being very instructive and entertaining, and clearly showed that in order to develop a spirit of patriotism among all classes of the Canadian people, national literature must be put within reach of all, and form an important factor in the education of our Canadian people. Mr. Harvey possesses the true spirit of a Canadian and the zeal and whole-souled earnestness with which he engaged in the subject gave ample proof of this fact. When the evening was far spent and the company began to weary a rich repast was spread before them, which renewed their buoyant spirits wonderfully, and many were the flattering compliments showered on the hostess and assistants in making such rich provision for their guests—about 60. It is needless to say the presents were costly, beautiful and useful, and gave a tangible testimony to the high esteem in which the estimable young bride is held by her large circle of relatives and friends in this locality. Following is the list, together with the names of the donors:—Mr. and Mrs. E. Dumford, silver spoons and holder; Misses Morrison, silver butter cooler; Mr. and Mrs. Roy, silver spoons and forks; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gray, silver spoons; Mrs. Fortune, silver spoons; Misses Gray, Detroit, silver spoons; Mrs. Barr, table cloth; Miss Challenger, writing combination; Mrs. Geo. Hamilton, tea pot and table cover; R. S. Pelton, plush upholstered rocker; Jno. Knox and R. K. Hall, silver egg stand, inlaid with gold, very handsome; Misses Dunn, toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Porter, table linen; Miss Ida McEain, clock; Jno. McEain, hanging lamp; James Dickson, handkerchief; Mrs. H. Hamilton, vases; Miss Edwards, water pitcher; Miss Maggie Pelton, mantle drape; Miss M. A. Hamilton, table linen; T. M. Wilson, fan; G. A. Harvey table cover; W. Roddick and sisters, silver sugar bowl and cream pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Currie, silver cruet; Mrs. J. Heughan, painting on velvet; H. Currie, silver pickle cruet; J. S. Hamilton, album; Wm. Hamilton, towels, silver spoons and holder; Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, set of dishes; Mrs. R. Hamilton, lamp. Mr. Currie's father and mother, of Maple Hill, and brother and brother-in-law, of Walkerton, were present. Walter Hamilton, father of the bride, was unable to be present which was universally regretted as he is a host in himself on such occasions. The happy couple carry with them the hearty good will and benediction of their numerous friends on their journey down the avenue of life, and it is hoped that the cares, anxieties and difficulties incident to wedded life may better fit them for the life beyond, where unions are never severed and where joy and happiness reign supreme. Mr. and Mrs. Currie will spend a week or two among his people at Walkerton previous to settling down to the stern realities of married life.

Farms for Sale.
Lot 13, Con. 5, Elma, containing 100 acres; price, \$5,000. Also South Half of Lot 2, Con. 6, Elma, containing 50 acres; price, \$1,150.
WM. DUNN, Atwood.

House and Lot for Sale.
The undersigned offers his house and lot for sale. It is a very desirable property and situated on Main St. south, Atwood. For particulars apply at THE BEE office, or at
ALEX. CAMPBELL'S
Harness Shop, Atwood.

Township of Elma.
Court of Revision.

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the Township of Elma will be held at Graham's hotel, Atwood, on Monday the 26th day of May, at 10 o'clock a.m. Appellants and all interested will please take notice. The Roll can be seen at my office, Atwood, from 9 till 5 o'clock each day.
THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk, Elma.
Atwood, April 30, 1890.

ATWOOD BAKERY!

The undersigned having leased the bakery business from John Robertson is prepared to meet the wants of the public.

Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.

Pastry, and Pies,
Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.
A large and pure stock of

Confectionery

and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.
I solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on me in the past.

CHAS. ZERAN,
In Fall.

ALTAR.
CURRIE-HAMILTON.—In Elma, on Wednesday, April 30, 1890, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., Mr. Geo. Currie to Miss Mary, second daughter of Mr. Walter Hamilton.

Atwood Market.	
Fall Wheat	70 82
Spring Wheat	80 90
Harley	35 40
Oats	25 27
Peas	32 35
Pork	5 08 5 20
Hides per lb.	3 23/4
Sheep skins, each	50 1 00
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15 1 50
Potatoes per bag	60
Butter per lb.	13
Eggs per doz.	8

Business Directory.

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

LEGAL.
W. M. SINCLAIR,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c. Private funds to loan at lowest rates. Collections promptly attended to. Office—Loeinger's Hotel, Atwood. Every Wednesday at 12:24 p.m., and remain until the 2:12 p.m. train.

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

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

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

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

Farms for Sale.
Lot 13, Con. 5, Elma, containing 100 acres; price, \$5,000. Also South Half of Lot 2, Con. 6, Elma, containing 50 acres; price, \$1,150.
WM. DUNN, Atwood.

House and Lot for Sale.
The undersigned offers his house and lot for sale. It is a very desirable property and situated on Main St. south, Atwood. For particulars apply at THE BEE office, or at
ALEX. CAMPBELL'S
Harness Shop, Atwood.

Township of Elma.
Court of Revision.

Notice is hereby given that the first sitting of the Court of Revision for the Township of Elma will be held at Graham's hotel, Atwood, on Monday the 26th day of May, at 10 o'clock a.m. Appellants and all interested will please take notice. The Roll can be seen at my office, Atwood, from 9 till 5 o'clock each day.
THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk, Elma.
Atwood, April 30, 1890.

ATWOOD BAKERY!

The undersigned having leased the bakery business from John Robertson is prepared to meet the wants of the public.

Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.

Pastry, and Pies,
Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.
A large and pure stock of

Confectionery

and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.
I solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on me in the past.

CHAS. ZERAN,
In Fall.

—IF YOU WANT—
GOOD PHOTOS

—GO TO—
LEE

For Extra Cabinet or Large Groups.
Best Light in Town for Groups.

Sunbeam Photos

Only \$1 per Dozen.
FRAMES AWAY DOWN
Old Photos Copied and Enlarged.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—
OVER HACKING'S DRUG STORE.

G. A. LEE,
4in* LISTOWEL, ONT.

H. F. BUCK

Furniture Emporium,

WALLACE STREET,
LISTOWEL.

I wish to intimate to the people of Atwood and vicinity that I have on hand a most complete stock of all lines of Furniture.
BEDROOM SUITES,
SIDEBOARDS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,
AND PARLOR SUITES.

All goods best of their class. I am bound to sell them. Call and get prices.
THE LARGEST STOCK OF
MOULDINGS
For Picture Framing in Town.

UNDERTAKING

A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.
1-3m H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.

J. H. McDONALD'S

FLOUR

—AND—

FEED

—AND—

Grocery Store

MAIN STREET,
---LISTOWEL---

One Door East of Post Office.

Higgins' Liverpool Salt,

Flour,
Beef,
Cheese,
Oats,
Peas,
Bran,
Shorts,
Potatoes,
Turnips,

Clover and Timothy Seed,
Salt,
Tobaccos,
Oatmeal,
Cornmeal,
Cracked Wheat,
Graham Flour,
Sugar and Teas.

GROCERIES

In Fall.

AN ANTHRACITE IDYL.

Having passed judgment in the few cutting words recorded above upon the scant claims to personal beauty possessed by the heads of the Burke family, she went on to discourse more at length upon certain domestic and social traits of theirs which many years' propinquity had brought to her notice.

"Them Bour-rkes, lavin' out Rosy, ez the foolishest folks iver, anny-way," said she. "I don't see how the Lor-ri A'moughty cud 'a ma-ade op her mind to ma-ake 'em. He must 'a been greatly shook at the time wid the desire to crea-ate, widoot havin' jist the roight shooft for the porpose at hand. Why, they're wuss nor clenkers, 'cause thim ye can pound op fer ro-ads' but et's a bahd sor-rt o' futtin' or whylin' ye'd git over sich a wobblin' boddly as Frank Bour-rke. An' as fer Ja-ane, ye cud la-ay her cross-wa-ays on a hill fer to ketch the wagin' whyles an' rist the bastes awhile; she'd niver wear out in a hundred year. She ain't no more fet to brenp oop cheldren than a seven-month ba-aby. God knows, she's hed enoof o' 'em, but soom pessons niver lear-rns. Why, last wenter was a year, whin Ann an' little Mikey was seek wid dipthary, an' grea-at ulsters doon their throats the wuss sor-rt, what do ye think thait levin' cratur o' a wumman ded? She ded this she wint to the sare-cus, an' lift thim youngsters all be thimselves, only thim littler brathers an' what ketches o' the neighborin' children what ketches the ulsters from 'em an' they all wrapped oop in kerosene rags, an' a-playin' aroun' the fire an' no wan but the Howly Varg-in a-kapin' 'em from exsh-plodin'; an' their mahter awa-ay enj'yn' herself in the medst o' howlin' wild bastes an' haythens, what's got more hayer on their hids than dacency annywhere else; an' a lukkin' at min in nahthin' but their own skens, lavin' out a bet o' penk or grane selk, what 'ud be as goo-d awa-ay. An' thim a-wokkin' on the saylin', an' a-shtandin' on their hids widoot hur-rin' 'em, 'cause there's nahthin' on 'em to be hur-rted. An' Frank he goes alahng wid 'er shid o' kapin' to 'is wor-kr, an' whin they oom bakh I'm blist if he ain't tepsy, an' thim poor cheldren seek an' sooter'n an' gettin' ento meschief; an' it's me, a-runnin' en to gev 'em a dawse o' kerosene noo an' thim. An' I says to um, says I, 'Et's a murtherin' sha-ame ye can't kape thra-a-right whin your own enfants ez-a-a-ailin.' An' she says, 'Do ye think I'm dhrunk?' An' I says, 'Sure, an' I don't think ye're bastly sawber.' Nor he wasn't, nayther; an' thim whin lettle Mikey died—wid chokin' to death wid the ulsters on his troat an' the pay-nuts an' the pop-corn what his mahter gev um, thim they must have sech a wa-ake as ye niver seen; an' the ennoo-ent enant a-layin' out wid candles, an' a white coffin ahl dcora-ated wid flowers, an' a white hear-rse an' white hor-rses to dhrave et, an' a loine o' levery wagin what ud ma-ake the sare-cus mor-rified to show etself, an' Frank an' Ja-ane-a-wapin' an' a-pakin' out behind their handkerchiefs to show their grafe—ow-ch!" And granny dumped the ashes out of her pipe as if it was one of the seven vials of wrath.

"Noo theer's Rosy," she went on, and her tone softened with her theme. "Ye wudn't think she'd a bet o' their shooft en'—wid ye? She's a ma-ate lettler person as iver was; she ain't wan o' the shlattherin' sor-rt. Why, whin she was a wee ba-aby I us't to h'ave they got her roightly, though I was at the layin'-in mesit, an' gev her the fest shpankin' she iver got, to ma-ake sure she was aloive; but she growed oop thait differrent from thim what's aboot her that I says oftentimes to Ja-ane, says I, 'Sure 'n' Rosy's not your own enant; soomboddy's wint an' cha-anged her.' An' Ja-ane she got t'arin' mahd iver toime I told her thait; an' she says, 'It's yourself as cha-anged her, thim.' Howly Sa-a-ints! an' me a-coun'tin' on thait blisset ba-aby iver since before she come into the wor-ld fer me gran'dahter; supposin' she dedn't tur-ru out to be a by, what wud I be a cha-angin' her fer?"

"But she was always differrent. I niver seen the exthryardinary wa-ay she tuk to booke; an' to luk at her at foive year a-standin' oop, wid her rag ba-aby on her arruns an' her hayer en lettler reng-cur-ris, a-resoitin' verses loike a praste! What's thim verses, noo?"

"The by shud on the bur-rnin' dick' (an' a beg fool he was sure) but to see her sa-ay 'em—ow! it was pur-ty."

"Ye'd jist know she'd tur-ru out a school-taycher, an' a foine theng 't ez to be enstroyctin' cheldren. I wis' ye wudn't take on aboot et so. Rosy's jist as fond o' ye's ehe iver was, an' it's the troot I'm a-sayin'." I seen her last Sunday was a fortin', a-pakin' out the windy as shloy's a cah to ketch a soight o' ye ahl dhrussed oop your new claws, an' whin ye put your hant on the bahk o' your hid, to wan soide, I jist heard her sa-ay, 'Ain't he a da-aisy fallow'?"

"Noo, Tem, ye mustn't be so poor-hear-rted; ye gylrs ez quare thengs soomtoimes. They're jist thait contra-airy ye can ahl-ways ta-ake 'em to mane what they dedn't sa-ay, an' whin they'll not loo-k at ye, et's thimselves as'll be a-lahngin' for ye to enquire the reason."

This shameless "giving away" on granny's part of her own sex was not without its effect upon Tim, whose dull ear had been just awakened by the flattering remark alleged to be Rosy's, but which in truth was only a flower of fancy from the fertile soil of granny's own mind, and then roused into eager attention by an expose of feminine inconsistency finely calculated to act as an alternative upon his relaxed masculinity. For some occult reason—one of those things undiscoversible by any fellow—Rosy was trying to make a fool of him, and he had been tamely consenting to the process. To think of his weakening after all those resolves taken on and since Monday night! But now let Miss Burke appear! Let her be rigid with starch and stateliness! Let her—

At this moment was heard a brisk, clattering sound, suggestive of a gentle wind in sails, or the flapping of a sheet stretched out on line to dry and sweeten in the sun and breeze. It was caused by the little boots of Miss Burke tap-tapping against her petticoat as she tripped along the hard coal-stalk walk; but for all its gentleness it came with the force of command to "fire!" and forthwith Tim shot like a ball from a cannon's mouth through the door, right over the head of his grandmother, who calmly adjusted her cap frill, remarking to Rosy that "she'd better not go about terryfin' young min thait wa-ay or she'd have soomthin' answer fer."

On Saturday morning Tim made an early

escape to work, and at three o'clock "shaked bakh," as granny said, like a runaway slave, felicitating himself upon his successful avoidance of that fair-haired Gorgon who dwelt temporarily at No. 18.

But between three o'clock and bedtime there are a dangerous number of hours and minutes, and while making his toilet Tim resolved to go down to town, a way of spending Saturday afternoon not unusual with him, although of late he had preferred hanging about home, in the hope of catching glimpses and glances which were at once exasperating and delicious. Yes, he would go to town, and come back late, and—well, and trust the saints for his future safety.

Passing a drug store he was reminded of the healing property there is in soda-water for a wounded spirit, and straight away walked in upon Mrs. Hugh Wilson and Miss Burke regaling themselves at that fountain of froth and "fiz"; so he betook his wounded spirit to the street again, hoping he had not been seen. Walking aimlessly about, he stumbled no less than thrice upon these two seemingly ubiquitous ladies, who smiled graciously at him, but not with the smile that says, "Won't you join us?" So the disheartened youth strolled homeward, concluding that this world offered no asylum for poor hunted wretches like himself.

Miss Burke attended early mass on Sunday, being not less pious than pretty. Tim was enjoying "forty morning wenks" as she went clanking by; but that petticoat music mingled with his dreams in a way that made waking seem a cruel transition from paradise to purgatory. Still he ate a fairly good breakfast, and time somehow wore along. The day of rest performed well what would appear to be its chief function, namely, to enforce the blessedness of that portion of the primal curse, which promises no other sance for bread than the sweat of the brow. "Blue Monday" approached! clad in the rose-colored robe of all-to-morrows that hid out the hope of change from present misery.

In April when the sun shines warmly, four o'clock in the afternoon is not a bad time for a walk. Tim found it much pleasanter in the marshy meadows than remaining a prisoner in his own house, a butt for his grandmother's choicest ridicule. He climbed a grassy hill and sat down upon the ridge, with his back to the big town lying hazy by its winding river, while before him rose a dark mountain wall stretching from east to farthest south. Throughout the whole length of the narrow valley at his feet was an almost continuous chain of breakers with their attendant culm heaps, jetties in the near foreground, and taking from distance the rich hue and bloom of a purple plum.

A strange spectacle with a charm of its own! But Tim had not climbed that hill for a spectacle; he went there for peace and quiet, and a chance to make his mind up once for all. His mind, however, preferred remaining "in the raw," and utterly refused to submit to the process of manufacture. His attention would not be drawn inwardly, and concentrated; it flitted like a butterfly; alighting at length upon a smiling spot of pink at the foot of the verdant slope. This was a wild crab-tree jubilant with budding promise. No bee ever flew straighter to its favorite honey pot lured by the color signal, than did Tim fly toward this vast posy.

The tree stood in a corner of the meadow, nearly surrounded by a natural hedge of thorn-bushes and sumach. Its few leaves were of the newest green, but their brightness only served as an unobtrusive setting for a million buds, whose form, texture, and ineffable hue have but one counterpart in nature—the little dainty cushions underneath a lady's toes.

Tim gazed at the sight which one might think even a cow could not pass unmoved. He was wondering if he had these beauties left to take home a bunch of these shak- ing movement among the branches made him step nearer and look more closely up into the thick blooming mass. Somebody was there, sure. A girl, too, for he saw a glimmer of white.

"Hello!" said Tim, in telephonic greeting; but no responsive hello came from the tree.

"What you doin' up there?" he asked. A faint voice came down to him. "I'm caught! I can't get loose."

Tim parted the branches. Seated upon a stout limb, with her feet in a crotch, was Miss Burke. At first sight there appeared to be no reason why she should not descend at her will, but he soon discovered that a strong line lace on her petticoat's hem had fastened itself upon one of the huge thorns of the tree, quite beyond her reach. Both thorn and lace refused to yield, so there she sat, surfeited with sweets, like a cat drowned in her coveted cream.

"Hello!" said Tim again, when he saw who it was. A sudden change had come over him. This was no longer Miss Burke, assistant teacher of Ironbrook school; it was Rosy, and he was Tim the tease, once more.

He felt not in the least hurry to help her down. She could not possibly look prettier anywhere than she did up there, with her sunny brown head against a bewildering background of blossoms, between whose shell-pink clusters tiny odd shapes of tender blue showed themselves. She was safe, too. He had her, so to speak, and he meant to keep her as long as he could. So he leaned against the trunk, comfortably crossing his arms upon a convenient lower branch, and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

"How long have you been here, Rosy?" said he. "Aint you gettin' some tired? Better come down."

Rosy gave a tug at her skirt. "I can't get loose."

"Oh that's what's ailin', is it? Well, you see the tree ain't content wid bein' as purty as 'twas made, it wants all the more purty it can git," replied Tim, whose progenitors had kissed the Blarney Stone, and transmitted its effects.

"Oh you!" said Rosy, in a tone that might mean a dozen things, but which Tim construed as meaning one thing, so he went on:

"I thought 'twas lookin' mighty smilin' when I seen it up on the hill, so I come down to find out what 'twas smilin' about. Don't blame it, neither. Guess I'd smile too if I buds the tree." Here he received a shower of buds full in his upturned face. "I say, don't ye be peltin' me that way with them hard things, 'nough to break a fellow's head. Look here! I seen a swarm o' bees when I come down, all flyin' this way. The head one he says, 'Smelt a new kind

o' flower down yonder, sweeter'n honey; le's go have a sting at it."

Just now, in terrible corroboration of Tim's words, a huge bumblebee, with rich premonitory s-sum-m, swung heavily in among the flowers right over Rosy's head.

"Oh, Tim, take me down—take me down! Oh! I'll be stung all over. Oh, Tim, please take me down!" shrieked Rosy, dodging this way and that, and holding out two entreating arms that would have weakened Tim's heart at once if he had not been so tickled with the thought of having her at his mercy.

"You be easy, now. Bumblebees don't sting." He looked over his shoulder. "That swarm must 'a got on the wrong track. Don't seem to be a-comin' this way yet. I say Rosy, you do look awful purty there. Guess I'll climb up and take a kiss."

"No, you sha'n't," said Rosy, filling her hands anew with blossoms.

"Now you know that can't do me no harm," said the heroic Tim, looking up with unflinching countenance at this would-be engine of destruction preparing to discharge its dainty projectiles. "You jest throw me a kiss instead o' them things, and then may-be I'll let you see." The red lips pouted. "There, I see the kiss a-comin'; it's most out. Jest help it along a leetle, won't you?"

"Oh, Tim!"—in an exasperated tone—"hold your tongue, and go away."

"I won't hold my tongue, nor I won't go away, nor you don't want me, to neither. How'd you git down if I went away?"

"Well, help me down, then."

"I will if you'll give me a kiss first."

"You don't dare to kiss me."

"Don't I?" And Tim began to climb the tree.

Rosy tore off the less obstinate thorns and presented arms. Tim paused, seated himself astride of the limb where his elbows had rested, took out his pocket-knife, and cut off the largest thorn he could find then held it out menacingly in imitation of his fair foe.

Rosy smiled; naturally Tim smiled too. Then Rosy burst into peal of laughter, and for a while the tree shook with their combined cacklings. When this timely mirth had subsided, Tim started a fresh subject.

"I say, Rosy, you didn't treat me so very time when I went over to Ironbrook that time. Never seen anything stiffer'n you was."

"I wasn't stiff," said Rosy.

"Wasn't you, though? Then a corpse is limber. Well, you made me feel stiff, anyway; kind o' thought I was laid out in my coffin—cold chills all runnin' up and down me. What made you act so, Rosy?"

Tim was realizing to the full the advantages of his present position, and waxed bold beyond imagination. "Tain't a nice way to treat a fellow you've always knowned. What makes you do it?"

Rosy appeared to be tracing out cabalistic figures upon her palm with the whilom threatening thorn; she looked grave, not to say cross. Presently, in her starchiest tone, "How did I treat you?"

"Now look here! I don't want none your nonsense. I won't stand it, nor I ain't a-goin' to tell you how you treated me neither, 'cause you know's well's I can tell you, an' you meant to do it, an' you're meanin' it now."

Tim spoke with great severity, for he wanted Rosy to think he was angry, but his wrinkles twitched at the corners of his mouth and under his eyelids. The latter he managed to conceal by keeping his eyes down, but the feathery red line upon his upper lip left the former cruelly exposed.

He had been angry, but who could be so now, with little bird in bush and hand at once? He felt perfectly sure of her, but he would not let her know it—not just yet. It isn't every day in the year that you can catch your sweetheart up in a tree like this; the pleasure must be lengthened out. So he was sternness itself as he went on: "I tell you what, Rosy, a girl can play one too many tricks of this sort. A fellow gits kind o' disgusted after a while. He says to himself, 'That girl ain't no good; she's all slaty; she won't light a fire worth a cent.' So he goes off prospectin' for a vein what'll pay fer the workin'." Now, if you think I'm a-goin' to marry you—

"Who's talkin' of marryin'?" snapped out Miss Burke.

"I'm talkin' o' marryin'," replied Mr. Grant, calmly. "That's what I come here fer."

"Well, I didn't."

"What did you come fer, anyway?"

"I came to pick flowers, and have a good time all by myself."

"You don't seem to be havin' such a very good time."

"I was having it till you came."

"Oh-h!" said Tim. "I guess I'll quit." And he made as if he were getting down.

"Don't go and leave me. Help me down first," implored Rosy.

Tim relented slightly. "All right; but you've got to promise me something before I do."

"What's that?"

"Promise me you'll marry me."

"I won't do no such theng," said Rosy, forgetting her school English in the heat of contest.

"Then I won't let you down." And Tim the tease reseatet himself, leaning back, and twirling what he had hopes would one day be a mustache.

The sun was sinking now behind the green hills, but the upper half of the crab-tree yet glowed with its parting beams. Rosy's head was in this more favored portion, and her light frizzled hair formed a misty golden gloria around her brows. Tim sat in the shadow with upturned eyes, like an adoring worshipper before a shrine.

Soon the sun disappeared, the glow vanishing with it, and a little shivering breeze went through the tree.

"It's getting cold," said Rosy. "Please help me down."

"Any time you like," replied the amiable Tim, not stirring an inch, nor moving his eyes away from her face. An almost overpowering odor from the myriad buds filled the cool air. "Smells nice here. Guess I'll stay all night." And he folded his arms serenely, closed his eyes, and pretended to snore. The next moment Rosy began to cry; the trunk against which Tim leaned trembled with her sobs, and all the pink buds quivered in sympathy.

Tim was suddenly revealed to himself as an inhuman monster. In an instant his feet were upon the limb where he had been sitting, and his arms were where they had been aching to be for a longer time than he could tell.

"Rosy, Rosy, don't you cry, Rosy! I didn't mean to make you cry. I deserve a lickin', I do. Put your head on my shoulder, Rosy darlin'." But it was already there, the

dear little head, with its soft curly hair close against his cheek and neck, the tears falling upon his Sunday suit—happy Sunday suit!

That strong shoulder under its cloth coat was quite the most agreeable place for a good cry that Rosy had ever found, and she did not try very hard to quiet herself, but kept on uttering gentle, hysterical sobs and sniffs, because it was so pleasant to have Tim patting her as if she was a baby, and saying, "Sh-sh!" and, "There, there, don't cry!" But at length she managed to speak.

"Let's get down," she said.

"All right; but I must stick to my word, you know." "I said I wouldn't let you down till you'd kissed me and promised to marry me, an' I won't."

A very wet ace was lifted to his, the kiss bestowed being perchance a trifle salt for a critical taste, though Tim seemed wholly satisfied with it.

"Now say you'll marry me—quick," said he, for love's rine was warm in his veins, and the branch had become a rather unsteady footing. Her answer came with all the promptness he could desire:

"Of course I will, Tim dear. Who else would I marr' if not you?"

Tim raised himself up to the next notch, reached out a trembling arm, and disengaged the lace from the thorn that held it so obstinately. In a few moments more they had both descended out of their roseate cloudland, and stood upon common earth again.

Rosy had given her promise, but she made Tim wait a year for its fulfillment. He must be getting better wages, she said, before he could marry, and she herself must teach some more to lay up money toward a trousseau and house-furnishing. Such thrift and moderation delighted granny, who made daily public rejoicing that her grandson was "kappin' compny vid a gyurl what had her wets aboot her, an' ledn't mane to go foppin' ento widlock loike a hin wid its hid off."

[THE END.]

Presbyterian Revision.

Including these in the mission fields there are 212 presbyteries in the Presbyterian church of the United States. Of these 122 have already voted on the question whether revision is desirable, a 14 four either fail or decline to vote at all. Of these 123 presbyteries thus accounted for, 82 are in favor of revision, a majority of about two to one. These presbyteries represent 3,742 ministers and 515,491 communicants. There are altogether 5,936 ministers and 753,749 communicants in the church, so that the presbyteries which have thus far voted represent a large majority of the ministers and communicants of the church.

The vote as it now stands makes it practically certain that there will be majority of about two to one of all the presbyteries in favor of revision; for it is not likely that the presbyteries yet to vote will materially change the ratio. This means that the task of revising the standards of the church will be imposed on the general assembly which meets in Saratoga next month. And the only questions now before the church, therefore, are the extent and character of the revision to be made. That revision of any kind is distasteful to a large and influential minority in the Presbyterian church cannot be denied. But they will doubtless submit gracefully to the inevitable, and will now concentrate all their energies to the task of confining the revision within as narrow bounds as possible.

The outcome of this great movement has been a surprise even to the revisionists themselves. Yet in the hour of their victory they may be trusted to act for the best interests, not only of the majority, but of the minority. If they do so, the issue may be settled without any unseemly schism, and indeed without seriously disturbing the harmony of the church. It is not at all likely that such changes in the standards as will be made by the general assembly will please the extremists on either side. But they will probably embody a compromise which will meet the approval of moderate conservatives and moderate revisionists; and under the circumstances that is all that can be expected by anybody.

The Echo.

Did you ever figure the exact distance that one may be removed from a reflecting surface and yet hear the echo of his own voice? It is said that one can not pronounce distinctly or hear distinctly more than five syllables in a second. This gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable. Taking 1,120 as the velocity of sound per second, we have 224 feet as the distance sound will travel in one-fifth of a second. Hence, if a reflecting surface is 112 feet distant the initial sound of an uttered syllable will be returned to the ear at a distance of 112 feet just as another syllable starts on its journey. In this case the first fifth of the second is consumed in the utterance of a syllable and the next fifth of the second in hearing its echo. Two syllables would be echoed from a reflecting surface 224 feet distant, three syllables from 336 feet, and so on within the limit of audibility. It is evident that a sharp quiet sound, the duration of which is only one-tenth of a second, would give an echo from half the distance, or 60 feet. The above estimates are for a temperature of 61 degrees Fahrenheit, at which the velocity of sound is a little over 1,118 feet in a second. The velocity of sound when the mercury stands at freezing is 1,086 feet per second.

Only Said in Fun.

"Are you looking for anyone in particular?" as the rat asked when he saw the cat watching for him.

"Tubbs"—"I flatter myself that honesty is printed on my face." Grubbs:—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors."

A woman entered a provision shop and asked for a pound of butter, "an' look ye here, guidman," she exclaimed, "see an' gie me it guid, for the last pound was that bad I had to gie't awa' to the wife next door."

A doctor, trying to ascertain the nature of his patient's illness, asked him:—"Well, William, are you ever troubled with cold feet?" "Ay am I," returned William. "That's an auld complaint o' mine, sir; but they are the wife's."

She:—"Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings." He:—"You don't want to walk on roses bare-footed, do you? You'd get thorns in your

HOW TO USE THE RIFLE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

In training to shoot with the rifle what is called offhand firing should always be practiced. In doing this you stand firmly on both feet and fire from the shoulder—that is, you hold the gun from the breech resting in the hollow of the right shoulder and with the weight of the barrel sustained by the left hand. To fire with ease and grace, and at the same time with perfect accuracy, demands a great deal of careful training and the utmost coolness and steadiness of nerve, for the slightest movement of the gun will send the ball wide of the mark.

Formerly rifles were made with hair triggers—that is, with triggers that fired the gun at the slightest touch, and they are sometimes so made now; but I do not recommend them to boys. Still, a gun moderately easy to fire is best. In other words, the trigger should be easily controlled by a gentle pressure of the forefinger.

Now, to fire a rifle, grasp the gun by the stock, just below the guard, with the right hand, while with the left you support the barrel. Lift the weapon steadily to the level of the eye, the end of the breech resting against the hollow of the right shoulder, the right forefinger almost touching the trigger, the hammer cocked and the barrel level.

Take aim by seeing the fore-sight, which is near the fore-end of the barrel, resting low in the notch of the rear sight, while at the same time it covers the exact centre of the object used as a target. It will take some practice to be able to make the sights correspond as I have directed, and when this has been accomplished, the pulling of the trigger will, if you are not very careful, destroy the aim by causing the gun to wobble. Perseverance is the only road to success, in this as in everything else.

In long-range firing the shooter is permitted to rest his gun upon some object to steady it, though the best usage requires him to take some part of his own person for the support. Thus he may kneel with one leg while resting his elbow on the knee of the other, or he may lie on his back and rest his gun upon his foot or between his knees or across his leg. But in shooting game it is always best to rely on offhand firing.

From the beginning of his practice it is necessary for the shooter to study quickness and accuracy of movement, so that in time he may be able to aim and fire all at once without the slightest hesitation or appreciable pause. When he can do this he may begin shooting at moving objects.

Habit is everything in shooting; if you form a correct firing habit at the outset of your practice you will soon be able to shoot without knowing how or when you take your aim. The best marksmen in the field never see the sights of their gun. At least they are not aware that they see them while firing. The act of shooting should be as involuntary as the act of lifting the hand to ward off a blow. Many expert riflemen close the left eye while aiming, but I do not approve of this. Keep both eyes wide open, but aim always with the right eye. This is a cardinal rule with me. Lifting the gun, aiming and firing should be but one motion, performed by a direct movement and without pause. To some persons, however, this mode of firing is so difficult to master that it must be given up and the old deliberate sighting method followed.

The best way to learn to aim at running or flying game is practice at a pendulum target, which is simply a target of any size swung by a string so that it oscillates to and fro like a pendulum. A round wheel of wood rolled on the ground is also a good running target. At first it will be best to fire at short range, say, twenty or thirty yards, and you will need an assistant to swing the pendulum and roll the wheel for you. There should always be a bank of earth or some other obstacle behind the target to prevent the ball from ricocheting and perhaps hurting some one far away. It is fine practice to shoot at a potato or other small object tossed into the air by an assistant.

In shooting at game a few good rules must be ever kept in mind. The first is, never "poke" after the object of your aim. By "poking" is meant following the flying or running game with your aim, which is the object of all faults that a shooter is apt to acquire. Always aim a little ahead of an object moving across the line of your sight. Aim above a rising object and below a falling one. These rules apply more particularly to long-range shooting; at very short range aim directly at your game.

At all times in using a long-range rifle in a thickly populated country it is absolutely necessary to remember that your weapon may kill or injure some person or some domestic animal in the distance. To prevent the possibility of such a thing you cannot be too careful. Next to the safety of others comes your own, which is to be preserved chiefly by keeping the muzzle of the gun always pointing away from you.

No gun is worth having if it is not worth keeping clean and in good order. The interior of the lock and the inside of the barrel are the principal parts that need to be especially watched for the least appearance of rust or dirt, which must be removed at once. As a rule, the lock will not need cleaning oftener than once a year, when it is best to take it to a professional gun-repairer. The barrel, however, should be cleaned thoroughly at the end of each day's shooting. Wipe it out first with a wet mop of cotton cloth, then with a dry one, after which swab it well with a woollen mop slightly saturated with pure oil.

I scarcely need say that a rifle must be kept always dry and that the ammunition should be invariably the best. A filthy gun and poor loading will make a duffer of the most expert rifleman. Cleanliness is held to be next to godliness, and the saying holds good with the marksman.

Juvenile Murderers Guillotined.

Some little murder was caused the other day in Paris, France, by the execution in front of the gate of Le Roquette of two juvenile murderers, aged respectively seventeen and twenty-one. They had strangled an elderly concierge in broad daylight in the Rue Bonaparte, with a view to robbing her. President Carnot was dissuaded from sparing their lives, with a view to dispel a current but deep-rooted impression among the youth of the dangerous classes that it is unlawful to guillotine "infants." The one hardship in their case was that fifty-nine days were allowed to elapse between their sentence and execution, and the delay encouraged them to hope for a commutation of their punishment. They met their fate with courage.

AGRICULTURE.

Pigs in Clover.

Pigs raised on clover are becoming very profitable, for people are beginning to appreciate the difference between the meat raised on a diet of corn and those which are fed clover and grass. When the swine are raised upon a large scale for pork factories it doesn't matter much what their diet is, so long as they grow rapidly and increase in weight. It is quantity and not quality that takes. The great farms of the West devoted to raising pork for the market are largely to blame for bringing pork into disfavor. Many people won't eat pork for they think it is unclean, and liable to contain the germs of some disease. One cannot wonder that this impression has gone abroad, when slops and dirty dish water, with corn added, are supposed to be the diet of the pigs, whose time when not eating this filthy compound, is spent in swallowing in dirt and mire.

In order to raise pigs for profit it is necessary to feed them food that will improve the quality of the pork as well as increase the quantity. In the Spring of the year the question of raising more swine on the farm comes up anew, and new methods of treatment of them should also get into consideration. The farmer that gets the name of raising pork of the best quality never lacks for customers who are ready to pay good prices for it. There are those who are willing to pay fancy prices for a high grade article. In this age of deception and fraud city consumers are never certain of what they are eating, unless they buy direct from some farmer. Many prefer to buy their eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, fruits and meat direct from the producers, for then they know that they are getting a genuine article. Farmers living close to large cities can find nothing more profitable than establishing a name for raising nothing but the best, and then charging fair prices for all of their products.

It is only recently that a change and reform in pig raising has generally been known by city people. They are beginning to understand now that some of the pork is raised from clover, grains and clean food. The ordinary swine compound has been superseded by a diet of milk, clover, grasses and grains. Grass-fed pigs produce superior pork, and they run less danger of sickness. There would be less mortality among the swine if they were given the range of fields, and allowed to root around in clean soil. It will not always pay to enclose large pastures for swine, but some good system of soiling should be adopted. They should have green food in Summer, and roots, clover-hay and silage in Winter. Corn is probably the cheapest ration for them, but the pork of such hogs is always fat, and lacking in the flavor that always characterizes the clover-fed hog. The pen and house for pigs should also receive some consideration from the owner, for the filth of such places has much to do in breeding diseases during the hot weather, and also in tainting the meat. They should always have a decent pen or house, and plenty of fresh, clean water near them. Those who raise pigs in the best approved ways will inevitably find profit in them, and will find that in the course of time as this pork becomes well known, the demand will exceed the supply. S. W. CHAMBERS.

Newly Dug Trees.

More than one-half the failures in getting a "stand" of any kind of fruit are the result of careless digging and neglect while the roots are out of their native element. There is no class of planters who do their work so rapidly and with such seeming carelessness as nursery men, yet their losses are comparatively small, simply because they know that the proper place for roots is in the earth, and take every precaution to make their condition when out of the earth as similar to the natural one as possible. In the earth the roots are moist and subject to very slow variations of temperature, and are also in darkness. As usually handled, these natural conditions attending the life of a root are all disregarded. The tree is rudely dug from the ground, where it has had a temperature of 49° or 50° for weeks, loaded on a wagon, exposed to drying wind, a hot sun, carted for miles without even a blanket to protect it, then driven into a barn at night, with the thermometer at 28° the next morning, to stay on the wagon until weather and convenience permit planting. I knew one old farmer to keep a load of cherry and peach trees on his wagon in the barn for a week, without any sort of protection, through a snow storm, and then refuse payment because the trees nearly all refused to grow. He was so ignorant of the probable cause of the failure that he was going to stand a law suit, but his lawyer had some knowledge of horticulture and advised him to pay up, charging him \$5.00 for knowledge that the farmer of seventy years ought to have acquired by intuition, associated as he had been all his life with growing trees and plants.

A Word to Cheese Makers.

BY GEORGE E. NEWELL.

At this season of the year it is opportune to rehearse old and fixed principles of cheese making and promulgate new ideas suggested by recent experience. Therefore, placed before your dairy-readers a brief code of maxims that I trust will be found useful. Keep your vat of cooking curd covered with a piece of canvas as much as possible during the Spring months, as it will economize heat, and give the cheese an equitable cook. Insist on having a curing-room capable of maintaining an even temperature. This matter of arranging Spring cheese around a hot stove, where they are blistered by the heat on one side and do not cure on the other, is worthy of universal abolition. Put the green cheese on high shelves, in a tightly plastered room, and far enough from the stove so that the heat at a temperature of 70° will radiate equally around them. Use a great deal of sal soda about every corner of the factory; it is a cheap cleanser and most efficacious in its results.

Your success at cheesemaking depends largely on the purity of the atmosphere in which you carry on your business. Taking a sensitive view of the subject, nine-tenths of the cases of ill-health which we have seen emanate from laboring over curds have been due more directly to filthy surroundings than to inhalation of lactical gases. Do not work over a high vat, and injure your stomach, and round your shoulders, but rather employ a raised support for the feet. If you have overestimated the strength of the rennet you are using, and it coagulates the milk tardily, be sure and hold it a

sufficient length of time before cutting, to insure a firm curd.

Experiences will sometimes arise in the practice of a cheesemaker which will never be duplicated in years of work. The mysterious freaks of milk and curd will seem too deep for solution, but there is always a remedy. I have known the cause of exudation of butter in excessive quantities from green cheese to be traced directly to stony roads! The milk in being drawn to the factory from the patron's farms over rough highways was so nearly churned by the agitation that a partial separation of the butter fat took place.

In curing some cheese, you may have noticed drops of whey standing on their surfaces. Insufficient stirring of curd during the cooking process leaves many of the cubes in a partially raw state, while the bulk of the curd may be cooked. These cubes are full of whey, and the moisture eventually works to the surface of the pressed cheese. Inferiority of quality is the result. Be careful and do not sour too much in the Spring. A little excess of acid now will work a destruction of quality, while the same amount, later in the season, when the conditions of the milk have changed it might be just right to make quality. I have seen the idea advanced that to form a good rind on cheese with little trouble, all that is required is to leave the press cloths on the product when taken from the hoop, and let them remain sticking to the ends till cheeses are ready to ship. Then strip off caps, grease lightly and box. It is claimed that this method, besides saving all the labor of daily greasing and rubbing, forms a durable rind. I have never tried the way described, but from my experience with making and curing cheese, I would regard this novel economy of labor with distrust.

In a great measure the quality of the goods insures the plasticity of the rind, but that rind must be hardened and formed under repeated dressings of hot grease and vigorous rubbing. While the ends of the cured cheese will not immediately crack when freed from a cap cloth covering, they will eventually chap in the hands of the dealer and become a harbor for skippers. Remember that there is always a right and a wrong way about conducting this cheese business, and if the maker does not follow the right path through the rudimentary process of manufacture, somebody is going to be the sufferer, even if his trade reputation escapes. Every maker should be provided with a trier, which he will find a great educator in the fine points of his art. You will soon discover by taste and smell which are your best cheese, and by using such as models for subsequent manufacture, you will eventually place yourself in the way of turning out even quality, gilt-edged stock.

A remedy for gaseous cheese is more souring and airing of curd. The best way to help a sour cheese is to give it plenty of heat in the curdling-room.

Requisites for Eggs.

Two paper bags containing cracked oyster shells and finely ground bone constituted one of my best purchases for poultry last fall. My flock has laid all winter, and such handsome, strong-shelled eggs! They made me enthusiastic every time I gathered them in. Some of them brought 35 and 38 per dozen—quite different from the meagre 15 cents I have had to take some times. A man respects his business more when he conducts it in a way to make it pay well. But oyster shell and bonedust were not the only requisites. Hot-mash breakfasts, with warm water cold mornings, cabbage and potatoes chopped raw and plenty of "jump-up" to get what meat was eaten, made their combs red and their voices clear. To produce eggs when it pays to make them four things are needed inside: variety, clean food and drink, shell material and grit to grind it; outside three: warmth, dry air and footing and abundant exercise. If you want hens to get sick let them stand around with nothing to do.

Farm Philosophy.

The most readable thing in an agricultural paper are the practical suggestions and reports of experience of people who till the soil. And this homely wisdom has often, whithal, a marked literary quality. Take, for notable instance, the following paragraphs, gleaned from forty-six letters from as many different husbandmen or their wives. Observe that some of the sayings are proverb-like for terseness, force and wide applicability:

"The spring seat makes a man or boy last longer. A bushel of corn or a side of meat raised at home is worth two in town. Ignorance causes more loss on a farm than all else combined. The farm affords as broad and deep a field for study and thought as any subject. Manual labor, wood-hewing and water-drawing included, does not hurt the mind but greatly benefits it, as well as the body. Isolation does not restrain greatness, but makes it break out. Much society does add to monkeyism. A little learning gained alone is worth more than a great deal obtained by the stimulus of company and much assistance. A vegetable-eating man, other things being equal, can do more work in a given time, hold out longer and stand more cold, heat, hunger, thirst, be more civil and useful, and live longer than a flesh-eater. When a farmer thinks he has learned all about farming and will neither read nor listen to one who reads, he does not help in this age of progress.

"Don't farm from force of circumstances and expect to make money while waiting for something better to 'turn up.' Be in love with your business if you would succeed. Nine times out of ten it is more profitable to buy a rich farm and sell its products to pay for it, than to buy a poor one at a small price and bring it into a high state of cultivation. Farmers give personal attention to their farms much less than men of other professions give to their affairs. Economy is one of the first things a farmer must consider. He must use judgment and discretion in the exercise of economy. Great loss of labor results from planting more than can be properly cultivated and taken care of at the proper time. It does not pay to waste time trying to save a crop once neglected. Average crops do not pay. Profit lies in extraordinary yields, to be obtained only by application of brain and hand labor. Couple energy with judgment and you will have a span that will pull you through."

"Madam," said Abernethy to a woman who had terribly scratched her husband's face, "are you not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?" "Well, doctor," retorted the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?" Her adviser confessed himself beaten.

PERSONALS.

Prince Bismarck's pension, which has been represented as being very large, really amounts to only 18,000 marks, or less than \$4,500.

Mr. Walpole, chief Parliamentary reporter of Hansard's staff, recently undertook to write out in long hand three columns of the small type of the *Times* in as many hours. As each column contained an average of 2,200 words, it was believed to be an impossible feat, but it was accomplished in two hours and three quarters.

The German Emperor last year conferred 5,108 decorations, including that of the Red Eagle to 2,086 persons, the Crown Order to 1,199 and the Hohenzollern Order to 254. Fourteen new Knights of the Black Eagle were created, and fifteen persons were honored with the female Order of Louise. One person alone received the Order of Merit.

An original printed edition of the famous letter of Christopher Columbus from Palos is said to have been recently discovered in Spain. It is alleged to bear internal evidence of having been put in type at Barcelona about April 10, 1493. It is a four-page folio, and is said to be "undoubtedly the copy from which the small quarto in the Ambrosian Library at Milan was printed."

Albani's voice seems to roll on in endless splendor. Recently at a benefit concert in Paris Miss Sybil Sanderson failed to keep her appointment, and Albani, who happened to be in the audience, volunteered to come to the beneficiary's relief. She then went upon the stage, and seated in a chair, she being now so large that standing fatigues her, she sang the air from "Favorita" with the same incomparable voice of old.

Sir Morell Mackenzie's advice is: Anyone who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a speaker, let him do so after, and never before, using the voice. Let him smoke a mild Havana or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouthpiece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter and it may be added, rank and oily end.

There is an element of anti-climax in Emin's prompt return to the perils from which he was, apparently, unwillingly rescued. National jealousies and interests undoubtedly have had much to do with his decision, but in view of what Stanley says as to the wealth of the region which he explored it seems more than probable that in Emin's return Germany is simply taking immediate steps to better her position in Africa. The rubber forests in the basin of the Aruwhimi alone make a prize worth venturing considerable for, while the mineral and agricultural wealth can not be estimated.

The explorer De Brazza has left France for Africa again. This is his sixth trip to the Dark Continent, which may now be said to be his home, for of late years he has left it only when the interests of his work in Africa have seemed to require his presence in Europe. During his recent visit to France he has done much of his time to unfolding the commercial aspects of his work in the French Congo, and giving merchants his views on money making in the African trade. He has also arranged for the development of steam communication between the mouth of the Kwilu Niadi, on the coast, and Brazzaville, on Stanley Pool. A born explorer, a man of dauntless courage and untiring energy, Savorgnan De Brazza will always be remembered as among the greatest of African pioneers.

Results of the Pan-American Conference.

The Pan-American conference has finished its deliberations at Washington and begun its final junket. Its results, aside from the immense amount of social pleasure it has given to the delegates, cannot be said to have much weight. It does not promise any important change in the trade relations of the countries represented, and in so far as its political conclusions are concerned it has simply resolved that certain conditions shall be maintained until some one of the contracting parties chooses to ignore the results of the conference and to break over the rules which it has informally adopted. These rules, like all which are formulated under such conditions, lack one essential element of binding force—that of sanction. Their object primarily is the prevention of war; secondarily, the preservation of the territorial integrity of the parties to the conference; and third the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. Whatever force these resolutions may have is purely a moral force, for the moment that Mexico, Chili, Nicaragua or the United States chooses to ignore them, to resort to arms, and in case of success to seize some portion of the territory of a defeated power as indemnity for the cost of war, the only recourse of the other powers for the enforcement of the agreements entered into by the conference is to take the sword in turn, thus defeating their own pacific intentions in the endeavor to sustain their position. International law always has behind it steel and gunpowder, and the policing of the world can never be accomplished except with the influence of physical powers back of the moral influence which appears upon the surface. The measures adopted are in themselves praiseworthy and beneficial, and if they take a hold upon the powers represented sufficiently strong to give them a repressive effect even for a few years, the conference will not have sat entirely in vain.

Carlyle as a Bible Reader.

One morning the Provost of Kircaldy, a worthy elder who regularly conducted family worship, asked Carlyle to take the reading and he would offer up the prayer himself afterwards. Carlyle, by accident, opened the Bible at the first chapter of the Book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clause as if to meditate on the circumstances and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the Provost "dumfounded." Yet no one dare interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. The time passed on, and yet he was only heating to his work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters, he quietly closed the Bible and remarked: "That is a marvellous life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle, it is said, used to wonder why the Provost never asked him to read at morning prayers again.

Our Cattle Trade with Great Britain.

To be one of the two countries, which, of all in the world, are the only ones that are permitted by the British Government to send their cattle alive into the interior of Great Britain, is a privilege which Canadians ought not to lightly esteem. According to the Hon. Mr. Abbott last year 85,000 head of live cattle were exported from Canada to England. The privilege of sending the cattle alive into the interior of Great Britain was acknowledged to be equal to a cent a pound on the cattle to our farmers. Taking the average weight of the cattle exported at 1,200 or 1,300 pounds on 85,000 head, this meant an advantage to our farmers of over \$1,000,000 a sum of money which went directly into the pockets of our farmers. Any scheme, therefore, which would place this privilege in jeopardy must not be countenanced for a moment. Mr. Chaplin, the new British Minister of Agriculture, has already shown himself exceedingly sensitive in regard to the cattle industry in England, and he would, no doubt, take prompt action against Canada in the event of pleuro-pneumonia breaking out here. It is known, too, that for several years pleuro-pneumonia has been epidemic to a lesser or greater extent in the United States, on which account that country has been placed by England on the scheduled list. The government at Ottawa are, therefore, to be commended for the request of those who are asking for the relaxation of the quarantine regulations to enable United States cattle to be brought into Canada in bond, and to be slaughtered at Three Rivers for export to England. The risks are too great to the farming community and to the country generally, to grant a request which would at most benefit only a very few.

Labor in Ontario.

At a time when the labor question has assumed such an acute form in England, remarks the *London Times*, a great amount of interest ought to be concentrated on a series of returns just collected by the Government of Ontario, and which relate to the amount of wages paid in the various trades and the cost of living in that province. Of the returns on which the tables are based 23,000 were furnished by employers and 2,752 by employees. The first thing shown is that there has been a gradual shortening of the hours of labor, the average number of hours per week being 58.24, as compared with 59.10 in 1884, and the average of 58.60 hours for the five years 1884-8. There is greater steadiness of employment, the average last year having been 270.07 days, against 265.17 days in 1884, and the average of 268.03 days for the five years 1884-8. Earnings also show an increase, these now averaging \$420.07, as compared with \$383.31 in 1884, and \$395.41 as the average of the previous five years. But with all this increase the cost of living has kept pace, and the surplus of wages over cost of living now averages \$50.45, against \$48.84 in 1884, and an average of \$49.76 for the five years previous. A curious feature of the return is that it shows clearly that the cities are not the most desirable places for workmen. It is true that the wages are higher, but the cost of living is higher in proportion, and there is a smaller surplus in every case. In the case of the larger cities there is for "males with dependents, tenants"—i.e., who do not own their houses—so close a margin that in London the wages do not come up to the average cost of living by \$6.68, and in Hamilton by \$3.02. In Toronto they show a surplus of \$23.90.

Emin Pasha's Ingratitude.

The feeling aroused in the minds of the people of England by the course of Emin Pasha in deciding to associate himself with the German-African Company arises in no slight degree from the sense of unrequited service. Emin Pasha, as the representative of the Egyptian government, held his position in the Sudan long after the Arab tribesmen had cut off all direct intercourse with Egypt by means of the Nile valley. The English government, although nominally the defender of Egyptian rights, did not consider it necessary to succor this detached representative of civilization, and after the death of Gordon at Khartoum would have left Emin Pasha to his fate. But the English people believed that a duty had to be performed, and large contributions of money were made to support the relief expedition which Stanley undertook to lead across the continent. Subscriptions may have come from other countries beside England, but it is probable that the Germans were not large contributors to the Emin Pasha relief fund. Having spent their money to rescue him, the English naturally believe that Emin Pasha is under certain obligations to them—that is, that it is hardly showing due regard for favors rendered to immediately enter the service of political rivals of the English. We dare say that quite a number of those who contributed money to send Stanley into the heart of Africa are now disposed to regret this display of generosity, and to wish that they had left Emin Pasha to his own devices, as in that event their German rivals would not now have at their command so able and experienced a man to aid them in the extension of their trade.

A Temperance Lecture.

The *National Temperance Advocate* vouches for the truthfulness of the following story which furnishes food for reflection and carries its own lessons:

"On a recent Northwestern Railway train passing through Iowa, en route to Chicago, in a Pullman sleeper, was a woman of education, wealth, foreign travel, conspicuous in social life, a mother, and the wife of a wealthy well-known citizen of Chicago. She was accompanied by her child, a beautiful boy of four years. A gentleman of New York city, a fellow passenger in the car, relating the story, says of the mother, that at evening she had to be helped by the porter and conductor to her berth, and adds: 'I see that golden-haired boy, kneeling by his mother's side, saying his evening prayer, and looking up into her face with childish wonderment; as she strives to say to him the dear old words of "Now I lay me down to sleep." The sentences, broken and incoherent, fall from her lips. She is drunk.'"

Such a scene as this gives point and emphasis to the words of the immortal Shakespeare, "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil."

Emperor William and France.

There is probably considerable truth in the rumor that Emperor William has set his heart on so behaving that before a year elapses he may be received in Paris as the guest of President Carnot, with wild, popular acclamation. That he is cultivating the friendship of the French, there can be no doubt. At the recent labor conference in Berlin, special attention was shown to the representatives from the gay capital, both by Bismarck and his master; while a recent despatch announces that "William has sent Jules Simon a handsome set of the works of Frederick the Great." It would seem, however, that this desire grows out of an important project which the Emperor is said to be contemplating, and to carry out which the assistance of France is absolutely required. He is credited with entertaining the theory of making Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxembourg and Belgium into a sort of federated block of neutral territory, the inviolability of which all the rest of Europe should solemnly pledge itself to accept. It is easy to see what an insupportable boon this would prove to France and Germany, in that it would allow of a large disarmament, and an important reduction of their military establishments, which at present so greatly oppress these great nations, and which more than any other cause, give such an acute character to their labor troubles. It will therefore, be gratifying to all who reprobate the idea of man slaying his fellow, to learn that France is just now manifesting an expansive mood toward the young Kaiser, so that a proposal of this nature would stand a very good chance of being accepted.

Our Mineral Resources.

The extent and value of our mineral resources are as yet very imperfectly known. Even the best informed can only approximately estimate the stores of national wealth which lie hidden beneath the surface of our vast dominions. During the past season Dr. G. M. Dawson has been investigating what is known as the Kootenay district in the province of British Columbia, and brings back encouraging reports of his discoveries. Speaking generally of the district Dr. Dawson says that the result of his examination has been to convince him that the importance of the mineral discoveries, made in 1887, has not been exaggerated, while their number and the area over which they are distributed is such as to guarantee a large and continuous output of ore so soon as adequate means are provided for the transport of the product to market. From several of the claims considerable quantities of ore have already been obtained by ordinary hand picking which yield from fifty to over one hundred ounces of silver to the ton, in addition to a higher percentage of lead. Dr. Dawson also points out that gypsum, one of the minerals until recently unknown in British Columbia, has been discovered in large quantities on the Salmon River, but twenty miles distant from the C. P. R., and from the excellent quality of the specimens which he has seen he thinks this discovery may prove to be of great importance.

Mormonism in Utah.

No social movement has attracted more attention during the last few months than the effort which is being made to clean out that Augean stable over in Utah. The reverses which Mormonism has suffered have been hailed with delight by moral reformers the world over. In the April number of *Our Day* Rev. Dr. McNiece, who has been an eyewitness of these rapidly succeeding events, tells a most fascinating story of what has been done, and shows that though the work already accomplished is important, greater work remains to be done before this hot bed of iniquity shall have been destroyed. In his closing paragraph he says: "But Eastern Americans must not conclude that Mormonism is overthrown because it is defeated in Salt Lake city. The Mormons still have the majority in 22 out of 24 counties, and in about 250 out of 278 election precincts. They hold and own most of the land and water in Utah and consequently are in a condition to control the territory." In view of this fact he warns politicians against admitting Utah into the union until the Americans or "gentiles" shall have obtained a strong majority in the Territory.

Decrease of the British Debt.

In 1817, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, when England had put forth the most tremendous military and naval exertions in her history, the national debt of Great Britain was something over \$46,000,000 pounds sterling, or about \$4,200,000,000. Since that date it has gradually declined, falling to about \$3,490,000,000 by April 1, 1890. It had taken seventy-two years to reduce the nation's debt about \$710,000,000. That is, the average reduction was not quite \$10,000,000 a year. In the last fiscal year, however, from April 1, 1889, the decrease in the debt was about \$41,400,000, and in three years the reduction has been about \$124,000,000. Under the circumstances it is not strange that the Salisbury government should be highly elated over such a financial showing, and it certainly does betoken greatly increased national wealth and prosperity. If the reduction continues at the same rate, in eighty years the debt will have entirely disappeared and the lie given to Disraeli's well-known declaration that the richest government has the richest debt.

Edison's Latest.

Edison is said to be perfecting an invention for reproducing waves of sight just as the phonograph reproduces vibrations of sound. By an application of the principle of instantaneous photography, pictures, at the rate of ten a second, will be taken of the person speaking into the phonograph, and as that instrument gives forth its message, these will be cast with the rapidity of lightning upon a glass in the kintograph, as the new apparatus is to be called. The pictures can be made life-size, and with the aid of the instrument the audience of the future will be able not only to hear the voices of distant or dead orators, but to watch their gestures and the play of their features. If Mr. Edison succeeds in perfecting his new invention—and he does not usually abandon an undertaking once commenced—he will still further make good his claim to the title of wizard.

A Lesson in Language.

"What are we waiting on, conductor?" asked a passenger from Montreal, when the train came to a stand-still. "We are waiting on the track," replied the conductor, who was a Toronto man.

Country Talk.

Poole.
The Public School Inspector visited the school here on Friday.
Mr. Chalmers intends raising his new cheese factory on Wednesday.

Out of sixteen pupils sent up to promotion from this school, thirteen were successful, most of them passing an examination very creditable to themselves.

Turnberry.
The farmers around here are almost through seeding.

Miss Wilson is the guest of Mrs. T. Higgins this week.

The Methodists, of Salem Corners, re-opened their Sunday School, which, although small, is a great benefit to the youth of the surrounding district.

Mr. and Miss McDougall have returned from Kent, whither they were called about a month ago owing to the illness of their brother, John McDougall, a former resident of Turnberry.

The Congregationalists, of Salem Corners, re-opened their Sunday School Sunday last. They have now a good staff of teachers and, to all appearances, earnest and devoted to their work.

Listowel.

Last Thursday was Arbor day.
Sucker-fishing has commenced and a great many have already been caught.

Wm. Anderson, who was so badly scalded at Hess Bros. & Co's factory a few weeks ago, has recovered and commenced work again this week.

Listowel Conservatives will meet in the town hall this (Friday) evening at 7 o'clock, to select delegates to attend the nominating convention, to be held here on the 8th inst.

The Listowel Band has been engaged to take part in the Queen's birthday celebration at Harrison on the 26th May. How about Listowel's celebration? Is it going to fall through for want of some one to take the matter in hand?

The family of the late Rev. W. T. Magahy, rector of St. Mary's, intend to take up their residence in Listowel. Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, father and mother of Mrs. Magahy, and Mrs. S. Bricker, her sister, returned home from St. Mary's the other day.

Division Court was held here on Wednesday of last week. The "docket" which covered quite a number of cases, was got through with in his honor Judge Woods' usual expeditious style. The litigants were represented by Messrs. Morphy, Darling, and Mabee.

Rev. Dr. Henderson will deliver his able lecture on "Courtship and Marriage" in the Methodist church this (Friday) evening, under the auspices of the Young People's Association. His lecture has been highly commended by the press, being both entertaining and instructive.

Brussels.

Mrs. T. Kelly is on the sick list.

The Monthly Fair was held here last Thursday.

A. M. Kay, of Stratford, was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. S. Sellery was visiting her sister in Teeswater last week.

J. S. Huston, of Stratford, spent Sunday with his cousin, Mrs. A. Bruce.

A brother of Mrs. T. Hall, sr., from Montreal, is visiting her this week.

Geo. Henry returned home last Thursday after spending a month or two in Toronto.

An agent was in town this week talking up the question of introducing electric light into Brussels.

Willie McCracken, who has been visiting relatives in Peterborough since Xmas, arrived home last week.

W. Stewart and W. H. Kerr are improving the appearance of their respective places by new fences.

Report says two weddings are on the tapis this week, the two prospective brides and one groom being Brusselites.

The Gun Club is practising on their clay pigeons. Some of the members are quite expert others miss occasionally.

Oran E. Turnbull left Wednesday for Grand Rapids, Mich., where he has secured a good position. May fortune go with him is the wish of your correspondent.

A very successful song-service was held last Monday evening in connection with the Y. P. C. A., of the Methodist church. Program, short address by Rev. Sellery, M.A., B.D., and music by the members of the association and others.

A peculiar accident happened a horse belonging to Messrs. Turnbull & Balfour last Saturday. The point of one of the shafts of wagon entered at the back of one of the front legs and came out the animal's breast. The veterinarian was called to attend the animal.

Thos. Strachan will represent Knox church, Brussels, at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, which meets at Ottawa next June. The congregation will likely have a full report of the proceedings in the form of a lecture or address. Mr. Strachan did not say so, but we make this prophetic announcement.

The question of another salt works in Brussels is once more mooted. F. C. Rogers has communicated with Messrs. Livingstone as to arranging for a well on their property adjoining the present block. The intention is, if successful, to erect the buildings near the railway and pipe the brine to the pan. \$8,000 is the estimate. A joint stock company may take up the matter if Messrs. Livingstone don't see fit to handle the undertaking. Having the works convenient for shipping would be a saving of a good many hundred dollars in the year. Brussels salt heads the list.

Dismissed.—Friday morning the case of M. M. Cardiff and R. L. Taylor came up for hearing before Judge Toms, in the Court House, Goderich. The witnesses called were A. Hunter, F. S. Scott, Jas. Ross, J. Burton, senior and junior, and Wm. Spence, the evidence submitted being about the same as given at the Magistrates' Court. Lawyer Champion for the defense argued that the Crown had not made out a case, as the validity of the chattel mortgage was not decided. The Judge stated that it was incumbent on the Crown to prove that the mortgage was not good. County Attorney Lewis thought it should devolve on the defense to prove that the mortgage was valid, but Judge Toms held to his position and the case was dismissed. The matter stands about like this, if the chattel mortgage was good the defendants were in the right, and if otherwise the Bailiff was only doing his duty in taking and holding the animals seized.

Ethel.

Rev. David Rogers, of Atwood, took charge of the services in the Methodist church last Sabbath.

Miss Bessie Keys left on Monday of last week to spend a few months with friends in Toronto and vicinity.

Robert Wray is following his business as blacksmith in Auburn, where he intends moving his family shortly.

C. Stubbs, who has been attending the Central Business College, Stratford, is spending a couple of weeks in our village. He passed a very creditable examination before leaving the city.

We came nearly having another serious fire in our village on Friday evening. Flames were seen issuing from the roof of the residence of Alex. Cameron, but, as our citizens are nearly as prompt as a fire company, it was but a short time before the fire was under control. The roof was damaged slightly.

Elma.

Mrs. Henry (Alkinson, 14th con., Elma, is very ill but is recovering we are pleased to say.

Mrs. Edward Broughton, 16th con., Elma, is seriously indisposed at present. Dr. Hamilton, of Atwood, is attending to her.

A happy event took place on Thursday, April 17th ult., being the marriage of Wm. Broughton, 15th con., Elma, to Miss Martha Fahey, a highly respected young lady of the 16th con., Elma. Your correspondent wishes to extend congratulations to the young couple and hopes that their greatest troubles through life may be little ones.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following are the names of pupils of S. S. No. 7, Elma, who were successful at the promotion examination, April 3rd, with the marks obtained by each:—Promotion to Fifth class—Robert Angus, 349; Harriet Bowen, 338; Bella Forrest, 268. To Senior Fourth class—Ella Bennett, 307; Lucy Bowen, 262. To Junior Fourth class—George Love, 276. To Senior Third class—Roxey Smith, 343; Walter Hamilton, 313; John Smith, 309; Jessie Hamilton, 263; Maggie Forrest, 251; John Cockwell, 251; Lizzie Cockwell, 244; Annie Anderson, 241; Geo. Little, 201; Willie Ellacott, 180. There were 19 candidates presented for examination and of these 16 were successful.

Monkton.

The Directors of the Monkton Cheese and Butter Manufacturing Co. held a meeting on Tuesday, 22nd of April.

A social party was held at the residence of Mr. Swann, Main street, which was largely attended by the young people of the village.

Wm. Harris, jun., has gone to take charge of the shop in connection with James Bell's pump factory in Brussels.

James Wilson, formerly of this village, but now of Mitchell, spent a few days visiting his old friends and neighbors here.

We understand the Methodists of the village intend holding a genuine picnic on May 24th, in Mr. Near's grove. A grand time is anticipated. Come one, come all.

On Friday of last week a large number of men assisted Robert Smith to raise the framework of his new barn. The building is 40x60 and when completed will present an appearance that will do credit to Mr. Smith's enterprise and industry.

MATRIMONIAL.—A very pleasing event occurred at the residence of Geo. Inglis on Wednesday, 16th ult., on which occasion Mr. Harris, of Fullarton, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Carrie, eldest daughter of George Inglis. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., of Atwood.

Wm. Machan has disposed of his farm at the West end of the village to Wm. Bettger for \$7,000. The farm contains 118 acres, has good buildings and is well located. Mr. Bettger has now an excellent farm of nearly 300 acres and he is to be congratulated on having through commendable industry and skill gained possession of a property that is second to none other in the county of Perth.

BRIEFS.—The farmers are busy plowing, the past week having been very favorable.—The roads are now in good condition and business is brightening up in consequence.—I. Hord has opened out a grand display of millinery.—We are glad to see Mr. McKenzie out once more, and hope he may continue to improve.—Miss Devina Sherwin was visiting her parents last week.—Mrs. Peebles, of Ethel, was visiting friends here last week.—Will Harris is visiting friends in Brussels.—Our village is quite lively at present, mouth-organ music can be heard every evening.—A young gentleman in this vicinity looks rather dull of late, since a certain young lady took her departure for the city.—G. T. McKenzie left our village for Michigan. Gib was very popular especially with the young ladies. We wish him success.—Sunday evening promenades appear to be very attractive to some of our young people, especially to a certain young man, and if this July (ie) weather continues we bespeak him a pleasant time.

Mornington.

The following are the pupils of S. S. No. 9 who were successful at the county promotion examination held April 3rd. The names are in order of merit:—Promotion to Fifth Class—Sarah Roe and David Harrow, Agnes Sanderson and Rebecca Roe. To Senior Fourth—Janet Hamilton and Moses Stickley. To Junior Fourth—Maria Edwards, William Sippel and Horace Williams. To Senior Third—William Roe, Lizzie Stickley and Lydia Edwards. Out of the 14 pupils that wrote 12 were successful.

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GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.

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

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

Conveyancing Done.

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9th Commissioner in H. C. J.

Excelsior Painting Co

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

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ON MAIN STREET,

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Will be promptly attended to.

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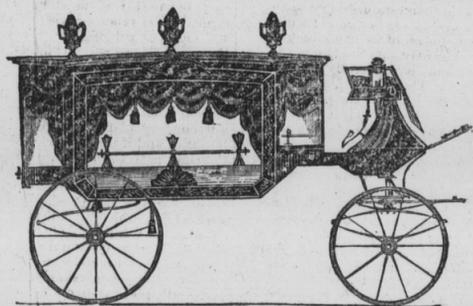
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