

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 7.

## Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1890.

When the Pan American Congress, convened for the purpose of establishing closer trade relations between the United States and the countries of Central and South America, began its sessions in this city, it was suggested that a subsidized fleet, sailing to South American ports, would not accomplish half so much to create or promote reciprocal trade between the Three Americas as the building of a continental railroad. Saturday the committee on railroads reported to the congress a plan, looking toward the construction of such a road.

The Congress has been regarded in several quarters as being to a great extent a sentimental conference, capable of no practical suggestion and likely to lead to no substantial result. But if it should be the means of successfully launching so great and comprehensive an enterprise as this Continuous Continental Railroad scheme seems to be, the estimate at which the Congress has been held in many minds will be greatly changed. If this meeting of the representatives of all the American republics should succeed in agreeing upon a silver coinage, receivable and interchangeable everywhere on the American continent; should reach a good understanding in regard to banking and direct exchange, and should take the first steps leading to the construction of a great connecting railroad by which the Three Americas would have fast mails, quick freights and speedy intercommunication, it would do much more than create sentiments of mutual appreciation, friendship and good will, it would supply practical methods for the increase of commerce and produce conditions most favorable to the growth of a trade which might prove of benefit to far-separated communities. Whether the injustice and wisdom of our tariff will frustrate all the wise conclusions and all the sagacious projects which the Congress may form cannot be fully known, but even if they should, it is right to give the great Conference credit for full information, clear views, practical suggestions and genuine zeal for the general good of all American nations.

Connecticut avenue is to the Capital what Fifth avenue is to New York city for promenade purposes, and especially Sunday afternoon, when a surging, restless tide of humanity ebbs and flows up and down this beautiful boulevard. About 4 o'clock is the best time to view the procession, which, starting at H street, is continued with scarcely a break to Massachusetts avenue and Stewart Castle on the North. Hardly have the last sweet strains of the chorister boys at St. John's Church died away ere there is a manifest desire on the part of the promenaders to take possession of Connecticut avenue and until the mantle of night falls there is no visible cessation of pedestrianism. Probably one of the best points of observation of the throng is in front of the British legation building, for at all times the crowd seems densest at this attractive spot, and there is a continual interchange of courtesies in which the graceful bows and doffed hats predominate. Although in main Connecticut avenue is peopled with a wealthy class of citizens, so far as residence is concerned, the promenaders comprise representatives from every walk of life, and patrician and plebeian are brought in close contact and neither appears the worse for such a combination of affairs.

Congress and Capitol have become secondary considerations since the completion of the Washington Monument, at least so far as the average tourist is concerned. As soon as visitors reach a hotel and their assignment of rooms is made, the first question put to the clerk in the office is, "How can we get to the Washington Monument?" Merely to get to the monument is a scramble for the Capitol, but that is generally put off until the last moment. Undeterred by the ground around the monument which in badly torn up on account of resurfacing and sodding, men, women and children can be seen daily plodding across the field intent upon climbing to the apex of the big white shaft. After the monument the White House comes next, and then the weary tourist turns to the east and Capitol Hill.

Hon. Wm. F. Vilas, who was Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior during the administration of President Cleveland, is in Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Vilas. Florida is his objective point, and after spending a week or so in the land of orange groves it is their intention to take a steamer and go across to Cuba. Mr. Vilas is still of the opinion that only one name will be presented to the Democratic nominating convention in 1892, and that Grover Cleveland will lead the palanquin to victory, as he did in 1884.

Judging from the confident smiles and winks at the three headquarters, last night, the World's Fair will go to Chicago and New York and Washington.

A requisition has been presented to St. Thomas City Council asking that a reduction be made next year in the number of hotel and shop licenses to be issued.

It is reported that the Union Stock Yards of Chicago, the largest in the world, will doubtless be sold to an English syndicate. The price of the plant is \$30,000,000.

## COMMUNICATION.

We wish it distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

### That Monkton Correspondent.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR.—I have perused with pleasure your newsy little sheet since its introduction and think that its yet up reflects the greatest credit upon yourself, but I was much annoyed to perceive that you had been unfortunate enough to secure a correspondent at Monkton who, judging by the tenor of his contributions, has very little respect for the truth, and is not an educated man or a gentleman. These are strong charges, nevertheless, your correspondent being an unknown man, the only way of forming an opinion as to his accomplishments is by his correspondence, and taking this as a basis I could arrive at no other conclusion. In your issue of the 14th of Feb., he says: "Our town council will meet on Monday next." This direct misrepresentation and an unmitigated falsehood, there being no town council how could it meet on Monday. He also says: "Broughton has resigned as chief of police; Mark Robinson will fill the vacancy, etc." and Mark Robinson has been appointed to wait on Mr. Van Horne in connection with the branch of C. P. R., etc. These items are all as correct as the first mentioned and uncalled for slings at the parties named. He throws out some unkind insinuations also, for instance: "The Monkton 'Schneider' has several monkeys work ahead, etc." Mr. Uner is doing a respectable business and the fact of his being a German is no reason why he should be vilified by an individual who knows no better. In your last issue I noticed some silly and contemptible items from his pen, such as: "Thes. Sherwin is around again after a few weeks illness. We hope Tom will say his prayers after so close a call," and "We understand Henry Ferry is going to be an officer in the Salvation Army. Henry is a good blacksmith and we think he could do more good with the hammer than he can with his tongue in the Army, &c." This no doubt is a mock at religion. He says also in that issue that "The Stratford Herald reporter of this village still continues to improve his good looks this week. He wears a pigeon tail coat. Next week he will wear a plug hat, and the week after he gets married, &c." Of what interest is it to the public to read such senseless trash? None whatever. No correspondent should use the public press to gratify his personal spleen or give vent to his visionary haberdasheries. The objects of a secular paper should be to educate, and instruct in each locality in which it is represented; to present to the public news—not gossip; facts—not fiction; put together in a correct, concise, readable shape, without slang and misrepresentation. These objects, however, it is impossible to achieve unless represented by sensible, truthful reporters. Then, sir, in conclusion, I hope you will endeavor to maintain a high moral standing for your spicily little journal, and consign all such matter as I have been reviewing, to that place where it is best adapted—the waste basket.

Yours &c.,  
CHRISTOPHER K.

Monkton, March 1, 1890.

### Toronto University.

The red flame flashes thro' the darkening air,  
And fiercely revels in the storm king's blast;  
Its food—the treasures of the storied past,  
The hoards of science—volumes old and rare,  
The night glides on, and, where the embers fall,  
The grace and glory of the elder years  
Glow in the ruins, melts and disappears,  
Save where distant stands her stately wall.  
Thus girded round by loyal, loving hearts,  
And minds enriched, ennobled by her hand,  
Never in vain shall "Alma Mater" call,  
In rural homes or crowded city marts,  
In Canada's domain—or distant land  
She holds her sons with love compelling thrall.

—T. E. Moberly, in the Week.

### Listowel.

(TOO LATE FOR LAST ISSUE.)  
The Presbyterian Church is holding an "At Home" in the lecture room, on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.  
Listowel merchants are busy getting in and opening up spring goods. They are looking ahead for an early spring.  
Last Wednesday was Court Day, and there being a lot of cases to dispose of it kept them at work till very late in the afternoon. It certainly was the means of bringing a lot of people to town.

The Canadian Order of Foresters, Court Mapleton, No. 123, are doing great work and are getting lots of new members. They are certainly a jolly lot of Foresters. We wish them God speed in the good work they are doing.

Jno. Watson and Fred Howe, leaders of the Listowel band, are away to Toronto buying new instruments for all the boys, so we may expect lots of good music next summer. The band is talking of having some sports on the 24th of May.

## ADDRESS ON BURNS.

It is with pleasure we publish the following address delivered by Dr. Campbell, chief of the Caledonian Society, Seaforth, at the Scottish concert, held in Cardno's hall on the evening of January 24th, 1890.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I was requested by the Caledonian Society to give a short address upon the present occasion.

Robert Burns in bidding farewell to the Masonic Lodge at Tarbolton, of which he was an enthusiastic member, said:—

"A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the bard, that's far awa'."

This society instead of drinking the "round" in question, according to the times in which our poet lived, have decided to celebrate his natal day by an annual concert, at which the singing of his matchless songs will always constitute an important part of the program.

How strongly are all our best feelings and emotions evoked when listening to his songs, known to us from childhood and the more admired the longer they are known.

Robt. Burns is pre-eminently the poet of the Scottish people and the greatest song writer the world has yet produced.

His songs are with us in every mood, are associated with us in every memory, they take us back to "the days of auld lang syne," to our boyhood's opening blossom, to the rosy days of youth, to friends that have passed away, to hopes long since dead, to joys that return no more.

His songs have alleviated the toil of labor and poured balm on the tired spirit of the oppressed the world over, and for this reason, their author will live not only in the hearts of the Scottish people, but the people of all lands, as long as flowers bloom on earth and stars shine in heaven. The popularity of those inimitable songs have astonished the world. The reason however is not far to seek. There is more real genius in them than there is in volumes of our modern poetry.

His poetry came rushing up from the fountain of his human affections and he had nothing more to do than to pour it like irrigating a mead in many a cheerful rill over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of human life.

In speaking of the genius of Burns, I would say that we are not worshipping the man, on the contrary, our minds rise from the gift to the All-wise Giver, and I would say that Providence gave Scotland and the world a rich and rare gift in the person of Robt. Burns, of whom I may say, that take him all in all, the world will let soon see his like again.

His was truly the touch of nature which made the whole world kin. His genius should be looked on apart from the dark clouds through which, alas! that genius often shone and struggled into glorious light.

The splendor of his genius made the dark spots of his life all the more visible, like the dark spots on the sun's disc, or the flaws on the face of the diamond. But I would say this much for Robt. Burns, he was a son of Adam, and let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.

To the carping critic I would reply in the language of Boingbrooke, when reminded of the faults of his great political antagonist, Marlborough, "Yes, I know he had faults, but he was so great a man that I have forgotten what they were." Let those small men who carp at Burns on account of his imperfections, atone like him, for their shortcomings, by conferring a lasting benefit on the human race.

Burns was a poetic nature, the gift that was in him was not the result of art, but the gift of nature, as much as the song of the linnet or the lark.

He poured the rich melody of his genius over broad Scotland, because like the birds of his native land, he could not help but sing.

As time passes the impure sediment will sink, but the pure stream of genius itself flowing above that, and looked on apart from that, will ever be regarded with grateful admiration and will remain, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The diamond is still the diamond notwithstanding the laser materials in which it is embedded, and in which it shines.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks by which Burns was surrounded his genius has wreathed around the brow of old Scotland, a garland of poetical beauty imperishable as her own heath-clad mountains, and as sweet as her own "Mountain Daisy," to which his genius has given a leafless fame.

There are some who judge Burns as an astronomer would the sun, if, when he was asked about it, would say that there were only spots of darkness in him, great areas out of which no light comes.

You do not judge Burns so. As the sun heats as well as illuminates, I ask you if Burns has not from our earliest childhood forward to nanhood, been alike a source of intellectual light as well as moral heat though we freely acknowledge that there were spots of darkness in him.

It is sad to reflect upon the fate of this extraordinary man.  
He asked his country for bread and she gave him a stone, and then not until he was dead.

Let us be careful that we do not treat our living poets in this manner.

It is to few men only, and those in ages far distant from each other, that nature has given the passport to immortality, and when she has done it, it is not on the great or the affluent that she in general has bestowed the gift, but upon the most humble and suffering of the human race.

Where was she to find a worthy recipient for such a gift among the aged civilization and national jealousies and political passions of Europe at the close of the selfish eighteenth century?

She looked for him in the halls of princes, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the senates of nobles, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the forums of commerce, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the solitude of nature and she found him between the stiffs of his plow, with his eye on the "we modest crimson-tipped flower," which spread its humble beauties beneath his feet.

There are two great moral lessons that I extract from the life of Robert Burns:—1st. That immortal fame belongs to no rank or condition of life, but may be attained herding sheep on the plain or following the plow on the mountain side, as well as commanding a fleet or leading a senate.

2nd. That no lasting fame is to be attained even by the brightest genius, save that which is devoted to purposes of virtue; for the few poems of Burns we now lament have long since passed into oblivion, and those on which his immortal fame is rested are pure as the driven snow. And as such, they will form an unseen bond which will forever unite Britons and their children in every part of the world, a bond which will survive the maturity of colonies, the severance of empires, and "auld lang syne" will hold together the widespread descendants of the British empire when grown into independent states and when the blue mountains of the grand old land have faded forever before the tired and misty eye, and when broad and angry seas have rolled between.

### Stratford.

The grave closed on all that was mortal of Robert Myers, one of Stratford's oldest and most valued citizens, on Monday afternoon, Feb. 24th. He died at five Friday morning and to his relatives his death was not unexpected. He had been ailing for many months and last year paid a visit to his native land, England, in the hope that a sea voyage and a "raible" mid the scenes of his boyhood might prove beneficial; but he derived little or no benefit from the trip and since his return his health had been gradually failing. Mr. Myers came to Stratford in 1864. His family form and cheery greeting will be missed in Stratford, where he enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and a large family comfortably provided for, thanks to the industry, frugality and wise judgment of one of the most exemplary of men.—Beacon.

### Grey.

Tie up your dog, Assessor Raymann is on his rounds.  
Several farmers are laying in a supply of ice this week. They evidently have the milk and butter season before them and are taking time by the forelock.

On the 11th of last month a ewe on the Dickson farm, 12th con., presented her owner with twin lambs. This is surely among the first of the season.

Last week Mrs. Robt. Work and children, Alex. McLean and wife and Donald McLaughlin's two sons left for the west—Dakota and Manitoba. They took a carload of stock, &c., with them and go fully equipped to push farming on the prairies.

President McFadden, of the East Huron Farmers' Institute, is to address the South Huron meeting at Varna on the 7th and 8th of March. His subjects are "The driving horse, how to breed, feed and train him," and "The work of Farmers' institutes." We lose our guess if he does not give them both facts and fun.

David Milne, the Shorthorn cattle breeder, and Reeve Milne have purchased 200 acres of land in Carrick township. There are about 100 acres cleared and the balance is heavily timbered with pine, cedar, hemlock and hardwood. They intend building a saw-mill on it next Spring. The Grand Trunk Railway Co. have agreed to build a siding on the road within a mile of the land.

Wm. Bishop has purchased a tidy little farm, containing 50 acres, adjoining the village of Beachville, Oxford County and he expects to remove there in the course of a month. Mr. Bishop will be quite at home on his new property as there is a large portion of it planted in orchard and small fruits and the new proprietor is right at home in that department of husbandry. We are sorry to see him remove from this locality as he is one of the old residents.

FIRE.—On Wednesday morning, 12th ult., about 8 o'clock, the dwelling of Hugh Porter, 10 con., was discovered to be on fire and although everything possible was done the building was soon in ruins. The fire originated at the chimney. Almost all the furniture and goods were gutted. The property was insured for \$900 in the Howick Mutual. He expects to rebuild in the Spring. In the meantime the family is living in Jno. Hollinger's brick house on the blind line. It was fortunate that the fire occurred in the day time.—Post.

### Downie.

The I. O. G. T. concert at Avonton, was a grand success.

R. P. Boyes is rushing the girls in great shape. We advise the boys to keep their eyes on him.

Geo. Moses got his thumb cut off his left hand last week in Murray & Aitchinson's saw mill, Avonton. His hand was also badly bruised.

Robt. Frame and Carmichael Ballantyne intend starting for Manitoba next Tuesday. Robt. Dalzell and Miss Annie Woods left last Tuesday.

A. J. Bell, who has had, for the past eight years, the management of T. Ballantyne's cheese factory, Black Creek, has bought Mr. Jillard's share of the firm of Ballantyne & Jillard, Tavistock. He intends moving shortly. Mr. Bell is a good fellow and an A. 1. cheesemaker. He has made a host of friends who will regret to hear of his leaving.

### Poole.

The Misses Chalmers are visiting at Avonton and Listowel.

Mr. Yost is lying dangerously ill of inflammation, an outcome of influenza.

The singing-class has collapsed. The bone of contention was—well, a number of things.

Miss Mary Richmond and her brother, of Elma, spent last Sunday in Poole. They were the guests of Miss Kate Richmond, our popular teacher.

The pupils who ranked highest in their respective classes during the month of February, are as follows:—Senior 4th class—Addie Large, Wm. Kines, Richard Whitney. Junior 4th class—James C. Chalmers, Melville Large, Peter Dewar. Senior 3rd class—Eli Atkins. Junior 3rd class—Annie M. Large, Duncan Dewar, Jane Kines.

Miss K. Richmond, Teacher.

### Trowbridge.

The I. O. G. T. purpose holding an open lodge on March 19th.

Rev. D. Rogers, of Atwood, will deliver one of his popular lectures in the Methodist church here on Monday evening March 10th. Subject of his lecture is "lights and shadows." Much is said of Mr. Rogers as a lecturer so if you want to get a treat, come, and get the worth of your money and the right change back. Admission fee only 10c.

On Wednesday evening of last week a number of friends and relatives were assembled at the residence of Geo. Allan to witness the scene of the marriage of James Allan, of Detroit, and Miss Minnie Murdoch, of this place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Caswell. James McCrae acted as groomsmen and Miss Jennie Murdoch, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Allan left here for Detroit on Saturday. We wish them much happiness and prosperity for the future.

The residence of our old and respected citizen, Samuel Alexander, was the scene of unusual festivity and merriment last Friday evening, occasioned by the visit of several loads of young people, and old people too, from this locality and Atwood. They reported having spent a very enjoyable time "tripping the light fantastic," etc. There were about 25 couples on the floor and with the assistance of two or more good violinists, so say nothing of the harmonica music, the may dance was enjoyed to its fullest extent. It was not until the "wee sma' ours" that the dancing ceased, and then only momentarily, so as to permit the hungry guests time to partake of the rich repast spread before them by their generous hostess. It is needless to add that all did ample justice to the oysters which were served in every style of the dish. After tea the gay dance was again resumed until the break of day, when the large company took their leave after thanking the host and hostess for the cordial reception and the rich provision made for their entertainment. We understand that Mr. Alexander and family purpose removing shortly to Brantford where they have purchased a house and lot within the suburbs of the town. He has a host of friends in this locality which was evident from the large and highly respectable gathering on Friday evening. Your correspondent joins, with many others, in wishing Mr. A. and family every success in their new home.

### Atwood Public School.

The following is the standing of the pupils as shown by the written examinations last Friday:

FIFTH CLASS.—Mina Pelton, Kate Robinson.

SR. FOURTH CLASS.—Annie Priest, Bella Irwin, Geo. Longmire.

JR. FOURTH CLASS.—Frances Mader, Nellie Hoar, Kate Priest, Albert Robinson, Wm. Wilson, Florence Stacey.

SR. THIRD CLASS.—Geo. Irwin, Robt. Morrison, Minnie Corrie, Robt. Nesbitt, Edith Robertson, George Dunn, Ella Holmes, Richard Holmes.

JR. THIRD CLASS.—John Skalitzky, Maggie Wilson, Wm. Longmire, Essie Coghlin, Mary Murray, Wm. Rogers, Minnie Blair, Bee Dunn, Jacob Klump, Eva Priest, Annie Siddins, Bella Pelton, Wesley Nichols, John Corrie, Wm. Hoar, Edith Hope.

S. H. HARDING,  
Principal.

The victim of the Princeton murder has been proved to be Fred C. Hewell, a young Englishman, who came to Canada from London, landing on the 18th February at New York, to buy a farm.

### THE BOY PRETENDER.

**What Will France do With the Latest Claimant of the Throne.**

It is said that President Carnot and his Cabinet have been worried by the question what to do with the young Duke of Orleans. Should they carry out the sentence of imprisonment imposed upon the boy pretender for the violation of the law forbidding him to enter France? Or should they suspend the sentence, and sending him quietly to the frontier, bid him go back to school and profit by the magnanimity of republics? According to report the latter course is favored by the President, while we may take for granted that the most rigorous alternative is advocated by M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior, who believes in adhering to the Jacobin traditions of '93. They who remember the abortive attempts of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne and Strasbourg to make good his pretensions to rule over France, will notice a marked difference between those demonstrations and the act which subjected the Duke of Orleans to arrest in Paris. The avowed purpose of the Bonapartist pretender was to overthrow the Government of Louis Philippe, whereas the latter's great-grandson had ostensibly no motive in visiting Paris except to obey the law requiring every Frenchman on attaining the age of twenty-one to present himself for service in the army. As this law is expressly declared to be binding on all French citizens, and as the members of the Orleans family, although forbidden to reside in France, have not been deprived of citizenship, it may be plausibly contended that the young Prince did but do his duty in trying to enlist as a common soldier.

There is no doubt that the course taken by the boy pretender placed the existing Government in an awkward predicament. Had his offer to serve in the ranks been accepted, he would probably have acquired a strong hold upon the good will and confidence of the masses of the people. Should he, on the other hand, be harshly punished for wishing to share the hardships of the common soldier, his treatment might provoke an outburst of popular sympathy. The Government has already exempted the Duke of Anjou from the operation of the law exiling his family from France, on the ground that he had munificently contributed to the encouragement of French literature by his gift of the palace and domain of Chantilly to the French Academy. Could it afford to act less generously toward his great-nephew, who had refused to exempt himself from the conscription which presses heavily on the whole body of the French nation?

Then, again, the outcome of last Sunday's elections renders it questionable whether the present Ministers are strong enough to risk exciting popular disapproval by inflicting imprisonment on a young man whose sole ostensible offence is a willingness to serve his country in the ranks. The rigorous and vindictive policy of M. Constans had been recently exemplified in the wholesale expulsion of Bonapartists members from their seats in the present Chamber of Deputies. The verdict pronounced on Sunday by the people was distinctly condemnatory of this high-handed performance. All but one of the expelled Bonapartists were re-elected, and what was especially significant, their majorities in arrondissements belonging to the Department of the Seine were signally increased. With such a lesson before the eyes of the Tirard Cabinet it would seem that the mild and clement course recommended by President Carnot had better be substituted for the Jacobin tradition of pitiless severity.

This shrewd move on the part of the heir to the claims of the old monarchy should be considered in connection with his father's unequivocal adoption of the principle of universal suffrage. The plebiscite is now a fundamental feature of the Orleansist as well as of the Bonapartist programme. Evidently the Count of Paris has sense enough to see, and has taught his son to see, that the day has gone by when monarchy could be restored by violence in France.

If ever a descendant of Louis Philippe is allowed to reign in France, it will be because the French people are convinced that monarchy is not only compatible with liberty but, perhaps, in the present complicated and threatening condition of Europe, productive of more security by assuring an increased facility of forming useful and stable alliances with foreign powers.

### How They do it in New York.

The New York World has been experimenting after an unusual fashion. Pressed with the conviction that the crews which manage the ferry boats on the Hudson were indifferent to the safety of their patrons, it resolved to put the matter to a practical test. The plan decided upon was for a World representative to take passage on one of the ferries and when out in the stream to jump overboard, feigning accident as much as possible. Provision was likewise made for a tug to be in waiting so that in case the crew of the ferry did not endeavor to rescue him he might not be allowed to drown. He was also to be accompanied with two reporters who were to note the time when he fell into the water, the length of time it took to rescue him, and how the crew behaved under the circumstances. The experiment, which was made on the 12th inst., was well carried out so far as the principals were concerned. The result, however, is not very assuring to the public who patronize this line of ferries. The report, as given by the World, is that absolutely nothing was done to save the drowning man, nor life-preserver nor rope thrown out, nor boat lowered, nor was even the ferry itself stopped or its speed slackened. And yet the crew was not ignorant of the fact that a passenger had fallen overboard, for standing on deck was a guard or deck hand, who, when the man was pointed out, made no effort to save him but coolly remarked: "I'm blamed if there isn't a man overboard." Of course the World's tug was soon at hand and rescued the daring experimenter. Though there may possibly be a little more point used on this picture than the facts will warrant, the incident can hardly fail to be of value to the public who entrust their lives into the hands of these ferry crews. It cannot be possible that such criminal negligence will be allowed to pass unnoticed, but that there will be such a howl of indignation as will lead the managers of these boats to make better and more adequate provision for the safety of their patrons in the way of life-saving apparatus. Nor will it be without benefit to the public every where who have to do with ferries and other means of conveyance if it leads them to be more particular in insisting that the provisions required by law are fully made. Corporations are proverbially soulless, a fact which the general public has need constantly to bear in mind.

### The Siberian Atrocities.

Russian residents of Pennsylvania have resolved to address the czar on the matter of the Siberian atrocities, and societies have been formed in England to endeavor to seek an improvement in the lot of Russian prisoners generally. These movements are all very well, but are there no abuses nearer home that require remedying? Every now and again we hear of frightful barbarities and outrages in lunatic asylums and poorhouses in the United States, and it is only the other day that a report was current of a prisoner being flogged at the Stoney Mountain, N. W. T., penitentiary until he became insane. These things come dangerously near to taking rank as atrocities, and before we seek to pluck the beam out of the Muscovite eye it might be just as well to feel around and ascertain if there is no mote in our own. Coming even nearer home we are able to affirm that the Toronto jail is anything but as clean and wholesome as it might be, and that some portions of it are absolutely filthy, that poor lunatics, for instance, confined there pending their transfer elsewhere, are subject to anything but proper treatment. And for aught we know Toronto jail may be no exception in this matter.

There is yet another side to these stories of the horrors of Siberia. They are contradicted in toto by the Russian authorities, and their prime promulgators are interested parties, exiled nihilists or lectures. One of the latter class is now travelling through America and, we are told, is coining money by his graphic descriptions of the sufferings experienced by prisoners in Siberia. One of the former is a writer on the London Times, the prime furnisher of the alleged facts, and is about to take to the platform in America. We refer to the Nihilist who writes under the name of "Stepniak," whose own hands are not unstained with crime. His real name is Kazhefsky, and on August 16, 1878, he approached General Mezenzeff, the chief of the Imperial Russian police, from behind while the latter was walking with a friend in a deserted street of St. Petersburg, and plunged twice in rapid succession a long surgeon's knife into the General's back, just between the shoulder blades. The assassin escaped, and the Chief of police, who had been only a short time in office, expired a few minutes later in the arms of his friend. Under "Stepniak's" instigation an association has just been formed in England for the purpose of furnishing the press every week with a list and detailed description of atrocities. The association is headed by Mr. Burt, M. P., and other politicians; and is to present a petition to the Czar requesting him to reform the system of his Government. We certainly have no desire to defend the prison system of the Russian Government. The corruption and malfeasance notoriously rife through out the Imperial administration naturally give rise to glaring abuses. Moreover, the Asiatic is innately prone to cruelty, and the Muscovites after all retain much of Asiatic core under a more or less thin shell of Western civilization. That, however, is not a sufficient reason for giving unlimited belief to every tale of Siberian horror that is published by The London Times. All these stories come from the same interested source, and it is well to remember that there are two sides to every question. Besides, the Slavs possess the most brilliant imagination in the world, a fact which it is worth while to bear in mind in connection with all Russian news.

### The German Elections.

The German Emperor's first step in the walks of independence has not been such as to encourage him. The elections for members of the Reichstag have resulted in a large increase of the Socialist vote and of the Socialist membership. Whatever may have been the Emperor's motives for the recent rescripts on the labor question, they have not led the Socialists to transfer any of their political strength to the side of conservatism. On the contrary, they have rallied with greater confidence than ever to the support of Bebel and Liebknecht. Those who know the young Emperor best think that he had no intention of influencing the elections by means of the rescripts, but rather that the ideas embodied in them have been long in his mind, and that they would have been promulgated whether there had been any elections pending or not. Their mischievous character is made all the more evident when it is seen that the classes in whose interest they were put forth cling with all the more tenacity to their own leaders, and show no disposition to meet the Government half way. What thoughts are uppermost in the mind of Prince Bismarck at this juncture we may perhaps faintly conceive. The Chancellor has ruled Prussia and Germany for a quarter of a century upon the principles of personal government as distinguished from parliamentary government. A wise despotism has been his ideal of political greatness and social security. Arbitrary power, lodged in the hands of the strong man whose sole aim is the prosperity and elevation of his country, is the touchstone of his system. His whole life has been keyed upon this string. It is a system which requires a continued succession of strong men in the right place. It requires not only a succession of Bismarcks, but a succession of Williams. The strong man must always have the support of the wise and confiding Emperor. If one or the other of these fails to appear in due time, the system is in instant peril, and when such peril comes, the consequences are enormous. But Bismarck is among the rarest products of this world. Not more than one or two in a century are to be looked for among all civilized nations. A wise and confiding Emperor is a much more frequent phenomenon. But the system itself is exactly calculated to produce self-confidence in Emperors and to cripple or eliminate the strong man even when he appears. Opposed to this system is the one which teaches a nation to rely upon itself. Parliamentary government does not necessarily dispense with Emperors and Kings. Still less does it dispense with the strong man. On the contrary, it supplies means by which the strong man, when Providence sends us one, shall be in his right place—at the head of public affairs.

Toronto University has no cause to complain of lack of help in her hour of need. Ontario has decided to make her a grant of \$160,000, Quebec, \$10,000 in return for help given to Saguenay in 1871, and Toronto City, \$50,000, besides all of which private subscriptions are rolling in merrily, and gentlemen at home and abroad are interesting themselves in her behalf. And then there is \$150,000 of insurance, making in all close upon four hundred thousand dollars.

### PERSONALS.

The duke of Palmetta, a Portuguese nobleman, has offered the whole of the money derived from his property during the year for the purpose of establishing coast defences for his country.

Stepniak, the exiled Russian nihilist, lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and making many notes. Stepniak is an industrious writer, and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

Count Gleichen of London has been writing his impression of New York. He found only one thing which London could copy to advantage, and that is the cab-driver's fashion of blanketing his horse when the animal is standing in the cold. In other things he thinks New York much behind European cities.

There is a great deal of laughter in Europe just now at the expense of M. Trivier, the French explorer, who went through all sorts of dangers in central Africa and, coming home with his travels all written out in manuscript, lost the valise containing them and his notes at the depot at which he arrived in Paris.

An amateur artist of the gentler sex sent as a birthday present to William E. Gladstone a pretty sketch of the g. o. m. sitting on the log of a tree which he had just felled, with Ariel, clothed as a female sprite, hovering over him. Mr. Gladstone sent the following acknowledgment: "DEAR MADAM: Many thanks for your most pleasing drawing. I had always considered Ariel as masculine, but probably you are right," etc.

Prince Joseph Sulkowski, who married the well-known actress Ida Jager, and a year ago was shut up by her in an insane asylum, from which he made a sensational escape and was afterward pronounced sane, has begun a suit for divorce against his wife, upon the ground that he was insane at the time he married her. To defend the bill she will have to bring evidence to show that he was sane up to a short time before she had him sent to the asylum.

Samuel James Wood, the Harry Howard of London, has recently died. He was for thirty years member of the Royal Society, and the Protection of Life from Fire and of its successor, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and wore the society's medal for life-saving with six extra bars on it. He claimed a total of 183 lives saved. A Royal academian had painted a picture representing one of his deeds, and stories of many more had been included in a book on London firemen. Formerly he was famous also for his wonderful dog Bill, known as the "Fire Brigade dog," a character celebrated all over London. Bill died of poison, and an indignant public offered, unsuccessfully, a reward of \$100 for the author of his untimely taking off. Wood had been retired for the last ten years.

Major Serpa Pinto, whose impetuous and unauthorized methods of territorial aggrandizement in Africa were so vigorously resisted by England, has always been more or less of a source of anxiety to his country. He is forty-four years old, and entered the army while still a youth. Having distinguished himself in war and exploration—his principal feat being his journey across Africa, from Benguela on the west coast to Durban on the east—he was welcomed back to Portugal with marked distinction, and received honors from many of the governments and learned societies of Europe. His restless and roaming disposition would not permit him to remain at home, however, although he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, so he was appointed Consul-General at Zanzibar, where he soon became embroiled with the English and German authorities, and finally declared unwarranted war against the Sultan. Then he was given a roving commission to develop and extend the Portuguese settlements of the Zambesi, an expansion of power which succeeding events have apparently proved to have been unwise. Now the Major is in apparent disgrace with his home government, although his rashness has endeared him to the radical hot heads, by whom he is already hailed as the "first President of the Portuguese Republic." Serpa Pinto is small in stature, but lithe and muscular. He wears his hair and beard long, his dress is foppish, and he has the yellow complexion of a tropical explorer. He is a thorough man of the world, and an eloquent speaker.

### Did it Mean an Evasion?

Quite a sensation has been created by the statement made by Governor Foraker in a speech the other evening, to the effect that in 1887 when (Canada) and the United States were wrangling over the fisheries question, the War Department at Washington took steps to ascertain how long it would require to throw a given number of troops on the Canadian frontier. That the department did send out circulars asking for information concerning the National Guard or militia is not denied, though the circular itself does not on the face of it imply any hostile intention on the part of the authorities at Washington. This must be read into it by the light of the times in which the information was sought. Of course the circumstance that the U. S. government should be seeking information at such a time is suggestive, if not suspicious. That it was a mere coincidence, however, is not inconceivable. It should count for something, too, that the circular itself opens with the statement, under the authority and sanction of the secretary of war, has been engaged in the collection of military information of a general character, relating not only to our own country, but to the armies, fortifications, etc., of foreign powers, and a division styled "The Division of Powers," and a division styled "The Division of Military Information," has been created at this office where such information is compiled and filed for future reference." Moreover, an explanation by the war department has been published, stating that the authorities simply wished to ascertain, for their own satisfaction, the actual condition of the National Guard or militia and the actual time it would take to concentrate their forces at any point in the State or Union. Subjoined is the question from which Governor Foraker's inference has been drawn. "What is the least time required for concentration within the state of Cleveland, in case of emergency by the most rapid means of transportation, etc.?" How far the Governor was justified in making the statement he did, must be left to the unprejudiced reader to decide for himself.

### Imperial Federation League.

Tis well the patriot's pulse should tingle  
When gazing on the glory that has been.  
A thousand years of war for human good  
Crowned Albion's cause, till like a healing  
Her peaceful rule has down the ages rolled,  
A heritage still broadening from of old.  
As on a lake men launch a goodly barge,  
The wake extends, the circling waves en-  
large,  
So on Time's sea wise projects launched of  
Leave floods of light that flash from shore to  
shore,  
Where England's squadrons opulently glide  
With glory's sunburst on her outward tide,  
While from her prows and prayers Armadas  
Below the surges they in vain would cross.  
Her six decisive battles of the world  
Saw o'er their smoke her flag for peace un-  
furled,  
Stronger than spears of fierce Thermopylae,  
Of whose three hundred we have also three,  
Montcalm and Drummond, Wolfe and brave  
McGee.  
What are our enemies compared to these?  
Yes, we have more, the ship of State thro'  
seas,  
Adverse to helm, right on o'er many a snag,  
And vindicate the old imperial flag  
That floats forever in a rising sun  
For deeds more glorious than have yet been  
done:  
To wreath with emblems of Colonial power—  
The rose, the thistle, and the shamrock  
flower,  
In one confederate league, and prove at last  
True peace shall triumph and surpass the  
past.  
'Twas emblazoned by the union of this land,  
And by the highway that our Statesmen  
planned,  
Who hyphened oceans with a steely track,  
To all the nations, neath the Zodiac.  
With all the trade of ships they shall con-  
trol,  
A safe commercial union—and the sole,  
To wed the Neptune, nurtured isles afar,  
And Continents, for traffic—or for war,  
Should there be alien Empires who design  
To frustrate projects unto them benign.  
Should Gaul refuse our fleets to rule the  
blue?  
Go Ciudad Rodrigo and Waterloo;  
Will Russia rage? the land of Gog defy,  
South from Stamboul their eagles dare not  
fly;

Unless to aid this League for gain of grace,  
To which the world's old wonders all give  
place,  
What use is Dian's Fame, or China's wall?  
Down on their dead foundations let them  
fall.  
In Palmyra's halls the reptiles hiss;  
Foul jackals lair in waste Persopolis;  
Weird Tadmor and walled Tyre are over-  
thrown,  
There was no wisdom in their gods of stone.  
Our age requires an aim; its need should  
One nation draw another's breath thro'  
blood!

Then let our aim be truth; the time is now  
That heathen hosias in Freedom's fanes  
should bow.  
Aid us, ye sister isles that grace the sea,  
And thou, Australia, here's a hand to thee!  
Thy people 'neath the bright ausonian cross,  
Whose palms to other stars their plumage  
toss,  
Where nature to necessity upyields  
The affluent products of auriferous fields,  
"By the long wash of Australasian seas,"  
By golden globes, and bowery bayonet trees,  
Wherein the bulbul sings her plaintive  
strains,  
And flocks of flossy fleece adorn the plains,  
Thy rule and ours that are of Albion's cause  
Thy effect sublime must vindicate her laws;  
Ye isles of morn whose fragrant lintels glow,  
Zealand, Sumatra, shell-shored Borneo,  
Thy merchantmen from silken Samereand,  
Spiced Madagascar, sable Caffreland,  
Hindi's Golconda gems, Sofala's gold,  
Shall argosy thy ships, thy wealth unfold,  
With fortune goodlier still than golden  
store.

The eternal revenue of living lore.  
This let us broadcast far o'er land and sea,  
Thro' to the east, and to the westward we.  
One faith begetting earth as with a zone,  
One faith for compass, one Imperial throne,  
One sacrament to every tribe and tongue,  
One anthem by confederation allied;  
For mutual march in excellence allied;  
A peace so bastioned must perforce abide.  
And ye who launch this League, beware and  
sure

To plant its standard in a ship secure;  
From stanchions firm let forth the ensign  
flow,  
For ill-wrought deeds work deadlier than we  
know;  
If wise, who onward roll truth's tidal wave,  
Shall by its ark reach shores that have no  
grave.  
And tribes and tongues unknown will rise  
and raise  
Their song of adulation to thy praise.  
'Tis time the world convened for its own  
weal,  
'Tis time aggression sheathed its crimson  
steel.  
'Tis time stern justice tried by plumb and  
square  
Bilingual pessimists who breed despair.  
Earth has too long been like a vinevat trod  
By the red feet of images of God.  
The day will come—let us predate that day  
When evil shall acknowledge wisdom's way.  
To truth we owe our liberty of mind,  
And 'tis but duty to refund in kind,  
Above all pride the Gentle to befriend,  
The low exalt in brotherhood to blend,  
Striving to strew abroad more light than yet  
This orb has had, this is our nation's debt.  
As man owes man so nations owe nations,  
That help which self on self can ne'er be  
sotw.

Then all to loftier motives may be drawn,  
And hate be lost in a millennial dawn.  
Then, flexile Science, wave thy lightning  
wand,  
Seas rave no more, ye hills no more with-  
stand;  
Then peaceful fleets the firmament may fill,  
And storms be stayed by magnetism's will;  
A strife for good instead of war take place,  
And mercy freight the commerce of the race,  
In federation of imperial faith,  
Diverse as life and undivided by death.

ANDREW RAMSAY.

There is nothing of which men are more  
liberal than their good advice, be their stock  
of it ever so small; because it seems to carry  
in an intimation of their own influence, im-  
portance or worth.—(Young.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER REUNITED.

**The Girl Kidnapped When a Child and Taken to Live With Indians in Maine.**

A despatch from Providence says:—A mother and daughter were reunited to-day after a separation of twenty-two years. The daughter, when a mere baby, was abducted by Indians and carried to the northern part of Maine. Her captors belonged to a so-called civilized tribe, but their treatment of the girl was brutal in the extreme. The daughter's name at the time of the abduction was Julia A. Sampson. Now she is Mrs. Moon. Her story is strange and romantic. Alonzo Sampson lived in South Providence twenty-three years ago. He had a brother William, who was a reckless fellow and who married a full-blooded Indian squaw from one of the Maine reservations. William went there to live and visited Providence occasionally. He had fallen out with his brother Alonzo, and when he came to Providence with a band of the men from the Indian reservation in Canada the child Julia was stolen and taken to Maine. Then the Indians commenced to abuse her. She was only half clothed, and was obliged to sleep on the ground with nothing but a single blanket as a covering. She had nothing to eat excepting what was left at the other table, which was little, and very often nothing at all. Occasionally some of the kind-hearted younger squaws would bring her something to eat, but if her aunt's mother knew of it she would seize the food and place it upon the table for the braves. This went on until the outrages became so pronounced that the Selectmen determined to rescue the little girl. This was no easy task. The Indians fought for her and the Selectmen were compelled to resort to main force. At first she was taken to the county asylum, but later she was placed in the hands of the Rev. S. S. Cummins, who took her to the Baldwin Place Home. Her parents had in the mean time given her up as dead. Her father died and her mother married a Mr. Charles Smith, of Providence.

A few years ago the daughter also married. She supposed that her parents were dead. About a year ago she learned that her mother was still alive and began a search for her, which resulted in a reunion to-day.

### Trying To Negotiate a Treaty.

There has been a game of "give and take" going on for some time over in Washington, the participants in the game being Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Secretary of State. The play is concerned with the Canadian coast fisheries on the one hand, and the United States seal fisheries in Behring Sea, on the other. While the game was concerned with the eastern dispute, Sir Julian Pauncefote felt that he had the whip end, and insisted upon terms not by any means acceptable to his partner, who demanded that the same privileges should be accorded to American fishermen in Canadian waters as are afforded to Canadian fishermen in American waters. This, the worthy knight would not concede unless the United States grant important concessions to Canadian sealers in Behring Sea, and include both disputes within the same treaty. Mr. Blaine was not at first disposed to allow this arrangement but insisted upon the settlement of each dispute independently and by a separate treaty. It soon became evident to the players that both sides would have to make some concessions, and it is understood that the result is that Great Britain concedes rights to American fishermen in Canadian waters which might lead to serious objection to the treaty on the part of the Canadians were it not for the points which have been gained on the other side. This was that the United States shall permit British vessels to capture seals in Behring Sea under certain restrictions, and shall give to the fishermen of Canada and Great Britain all the rights which are to be given to American vessel-owners engaged in sealing. This is the outline of the principle points in the treaty as far as it can be ascertained up to the present time. That Canadians will be satisfied with such an arrangement is more than doubtful. In the first place the trade is too one-sided, Canada gives much and gains next to nothing. In the second place it is a virtual acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the Behring Sea claim which is denied by the authorities on international law, all the eminent jurists, European and American, and even by the American journalists themselves, ever ready as they are to stand by the arrogant pretensions of their rulers. Says the *Globe* in its remarks upon the proposed treaty: "To release the States from the renunciations that they made in 1818, and for making which they received payment in the privilege of taking fish and landing to cure them along a great stretch of Canadian coast, is a great and humiliating surrender. To add to this the confession that Great Britain and Canada submit to have their rights on the high seas limited and defined by Washington, will be a most abject proceeding."

The death on Saturday last of Mr. John Jacob Astor will not leave a large void in the actual life of New York, for he has always, and especially since the death of his noble wife, preferred to be inconspicuous so far as that condition was possible. But the sudden removal of the head of a family which has been so closely identified for so many generations with the growth of one of the great cities of the world, and has, in fact, represented to a large extent its visible expansion, is an occurrence of unusual import. It will revive a host of traditions concerning the early days of America's metropolis, recall a grateful sense of numberless and great benefactions associated with an honored name, and carry sincere mourning into many households.

To a person of a philosophical turn of mind the question of how much pigment nature may have bestowed upon any single individual or what is the quality of his head covering, is esteemed of trifling importance being outweighed by the more serious consideration, what qualities of mind and heart does he possess. To this class, however, the captain of a Hudson River steambot does not appear to belong. He has a strong antipathy against the negro and does not hesitate to show it. Recently he undertook to discriminate against a colored pastor of New Haven who entered an action for damages, and was awarded \$500, as a balm, for his wounded feelings. It is not likely that this captain will take so practical a method of expressing his feelings in the future.

## JOANNA'S BRACELET.

The Burton Smiths are tolerably well known in London. Burton Smith himself is a barrister, with money and many relations—Irish landlords, Scotch members, Indian Judges, and the like. His wife is young, gracious, and fond of society. Their drawing rooms on the topmost flat of Onslow Mansions—rooms with sloping ceilings and a dozen quaint nooks and corners—are seldom empty during the regulation hours. A dinner party had been planned with some care.

"Lady Linacre will come, no doubt," Mrs. Burton Smith had said one day at breakfast, coming a list she had in her hand, "and Mr. May."

But Burton Smith objected to May. "He will talk about nothing but India," he protested, "and the superiority of Calcutta over London. A little of these Bombay ducks goes a long way, my dear."

"Well, James," Mrs. Burton Smith replied placidly—the Hon. Vereker May is a son of Lord Hawthorn—"he will take me in, and I do not mind. Only I must have Mr. Ernest Wibberley on the other side to make conversation and keep me alive. Let me see—that will be three. And Joanna Burton—she comes that afternoon—four. Do you know, James, when we were at Temple Rothley for Christmas I thought there was something between your cousin and Mr. Wibberley?"

"Then, for goodness' sake, do not let them sit together!" Burton Smith cried, "or they will talk to one another and to no one else."

"Very well," Mrs. Smith assented. "They shall sit opposite to one another, and Mr. Wibberley shall take in Mrs. Galantine. She will be sure to flirt with him, and we can watch Joanna's face. I shall soon see if there is anything between them."

Mr. Wibberley was a young man of some importance, if only in his capacity of private secretary to a Minister. He had a thousand acquaintances, and certainly two friends—perhaps three. He might be something some day—was bound to be. He dressed well, looked well, and talked well. He was a little presumptuous, perhaps even a trifle conceited; but women like these things in young men, and he had infinite tact. At any rate, he had never yet found himself in a place too strait for him.

This evening as he dressed for dinner—as he brushed his hair vigorously or passed to smile at some reflection—his own, but not in the glass—he was in his happiest mood. Everything seemed to be going well with him. He had no presentiment of evil. He was going to a house where he was appreciated. Mrs. Burton Smith was a great ally of his. And then there would be, as we know, some one else. Happy man!

"Lady Linacre," said his hostess as she introduced him to a stout personage with white hair, a double chin, and diamonds. Wibberley bowed, making up his mind that the dowager was one of those ladies with strong prejudices, who draw their skirts together if you prove a Home Ruler, and leave the room if you mention Sir Charles Dilke.

"Mrs. Smith continued, "and you know Miss Burton, I think?"

He murmured assent, while she—Joanna shook hands with him frankly and quietly with the ghost of a smile, perhaps. He played his part well, too, for a moment, but halted in his sentence as it flashed across his mind that this was their first meeting since she had said "Yes." He recovered from his momentary embarrassment, however, before even Mrs. Burton Smith could note it, and promptly offered Mrs. Galantine his arm.

She was an old friend of his—as friends go in society. He had taken her in to dinner, that is, half a dozen times. "Who is that girl?" she asked, when they were seated; and she raised her glasses and stared through them at her *ris-a-vis*. "I declare she would be pretty if her nose were not so short."

He seized the excuse to put up his glass too, and take a look. "It is rather short," he admitted, gazing with a whimsical sense of property at the deficient organ. "But some people like short noses, you know, Mrs. Galantine."

"Ah! And theatres in August!" she replied incredulously. "And drawing-room games! And conundrums! But, seriously, she would be pretty if it were not for that."

"Would she?" he questioned gravely.

"Well, I think she would, do you know?"

And certainly Joanna was pretty, though her forehead was too large, and her nose too small, and her lips too full. For her eyes were bright and her complexion perfect, and her face told of wit, and good temper and freshness. She had beautiful arms, too, for a child of nineteen. Mrs. Galantine said nothing about the arms—not out of modesty, but because her own did not form one of her strong points. Wibberley, however, was thinking of them, and whether a certain bracelet he had by him would fit them. He saw Joanna wore a bracelet—a sketchy gold thing. He wondered whether he should beg it for a pattern, or whether it might be more pleasant to measure the wrist for himself.

"But Mrs. Galantine returned to the charge. "She is a cousin, is she not?" she said, spaking so loudly that Joanna looked across and smiled. "I have never met her before. Tell me all about her."

Tell her all about her? Wibberley gasped. He saw a difficulty in telling her "all about her," the more so the general conversation at the moment was not brisk, and Joanna could hear every word. For an instant, indeed, his presence of mind failed him, and he cast an appalled glance round the table. But then he bent to his task.

Mrs. Burton Smith, seeing him so absorbed in his companion, grew puzzled. Look as often as she might at Joanna, she saw no sign of jealousy or self-consciousness in the girl's face. Joanna seemed to be getting on perfectly with her partner; to be enjoying herself to the full, and to be as much interested as any one at the table. Mrs. Burton Smith sighed, if the truth be known. She had the instinct of matchmaking. And she saw clearly now that there was nothing between the two; that if there had been any philandering at Temple Rothley neither of the young people had put out a hand—or a heart—beyond recovery.

But this success of Wibberley's with Mrs. Galantine had its consequences. After the ladies had withdrawn he grew just a trifle presumptuous. By ill-luck, too, the Hon. Vereker May had reached that period of the evening when India—as seen through the glasses of his memory—was accustomed to put on its robes of state, and the two facing one another fell to debating on a subject of

which the returned civilian had seen much and thought little, and the private secretary had read more and thought not at all. They were therefore, about on a par as to information, and what the younger man lacked of obstinacy he made up by readiness. It was in vain the nabob blustered, asserted, contradicted—finally grew sulky, silent, stertorous. Wibberley pushed his little triumph, and soon, as we shall see, paid dearly for it.

It happened that he was the last to enter the drawing room. The evening was chilly. The ladies had grouped themselves about the fire, protected from assault, so to speak, by a couple of gypsy tables bearing shaded lamps. The incomers, one by one, passed through these outworks—all but Wibberley. He cast a glance of comic despair at Joanna, who was by the fireplace in the heart of the citadel; and then, resigning himself to separation, he took a low chair by one of the tables, and began idly to turn over the books which lay on the latter. There were but half a dozen. He scanned them all, and then his eyes fell on a bracelet lying by them on the olive-green plush; a sketchy gold bracelet, with one big boss—Joanna's.

He looked up at the party—himself sitting a little aside, as we have said—with a stealthy glance. There were none of them facing his way. They were discussing a photograph of the over-mantel, a photograph of children by Mendelssohn. He stretched his hand out softly and covered the bracelet. He would take it for a pattern, and to-morrow Joanna should ransom it. He tried as his fingers closed on it, to catch her eye. He would have liked to see her face change and her colour rise. It would have added to the faint charm he felt in the boyish, foolish act he was committing if she had been privy to it yet unable to prevent it.

But she would not look, and he was obliged to be content with his plunder. He slid the gold trifle deftly under the fringe of the table, and clasped it round his arm—not a very lusty one—thrusting it as high as it would go, that no movement of his shirt-cuff might disclose it. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he would not for all the world that any one besides Joanna should know of the act; that clodding old fossil May, for instance, who, however, was safe enough—standing on the rug with his back turned, and his slow mind forming an opinion on the photograph.

Then—or within a few minutes, at any rate—Wibberley began to find the party dull. He saw small chance of a private word with Joanna. Lady Linacre, his nearest neighbor, was prosing on to Mrs. Burton Smith, his next nearest. And he himself, after shining at dinner, had fallen into the background. Hang it, he would go! It was ten o'clock.

He rose, and was stooping across the table, murmuring his excuses to Mrs. Burton Smith, when Lady Linacre uttered an exclamation. He was leaning across her between her head and the lamp at the moment, and she fancied he had touched her head-dress. "Pray pardon me, Lady Linacre," he cried gayly. "I am just going—I have to leave early—the encroachment will be but for a moment."

"It is not that, the old lady replied. "But where is my bracelet?" She was feeling about the table as she spoke, shifting with her white, podgy hands the half dozen volumes that lay on it.

No one on the instant, however, took in the situation; Mrs. Burton Smith had risen and was listening to Wibberley. The others were talking. But Lady Linacre was used to attention; and when she spoke again her voice was shrill, and almost indecently loud. "Where is my bracelet?" she repeated. "The one with the Agra diamond that I was showing you, Mrs. Burton Smith. It was here a moment ago, and it is gone! It is gone!"

Wibberley was still speaking to his hostess. He heard the old lady's words, but did not clearly apply them. He finished his leave-taking almost at his leisure, and only as he turned recollected himself, and said, with polite solicitude: "What is it, Lady Linacre? Have you dropped something? Can I find it for you?"

He stooped as she spoke, and she drew her skirt aside, and both peered at the floor while there was quite a chorus from those sitting nearest of "What is it, Lady Linacre? Dear Lady Linacre, what have you lost?"

"My Agra diamond!" she replied fustily, her head quivering, her fingers groping about her dress.

"No!" some one said in surprise. "Why, it was here a moment ago. I saw it in your hand."

The old lady held out her wrists. "See!" she said feebly. "I have not got it!"

"But are you sure it is not in your lap?" suggested Burton Smith. Lady Linacre had rather an ample lap. By this time the attention of the whole party had been drawn to the loss, and one or two of the most prudent were looking slightly uncomfortable.

"No," she answered; "I am quite sure that I placed it on the table by my side. I am sure I saw it there. I was going to put it on when the gentlemen came in, and I laid it down just for a minute, and—it is gone!"

She was quite clear about it, and looked mildly at Wibberley for confirmation. The table had stood between them. She thought, he must have seen it lying there, Mrs. Burton Smith being the only person close to the table.

Burton Smith saw that look. "I say, Wibberley," he said, appealing to him, half in fun, half in earnest, "you have not hidden it for a joke, old fellow, have you?"

"I? Certainly not."

To this day Ernest Wibberley wonders when he first made the disagreeable discovery of what he had done—that he had taken the wrong bracelet! It was not early. It was not until the aggrieved owner had twice proclaimed her loss that he felt himself reddened, and awake to the consciousness that the bracelet was on his own arm. Even then, if he had had instant presence of mind he might have extricated himself. He might have said at once, "By Jove! I think I slipped it on my wrist in pure absence of mind," or made some other excuse for his possession of it which would have passed muster, though one or two might have thought him odd. But time was everything; such excuses to avail must be made at once and he hesitated. He hated to seem odd even to one or two, and he thought that presently he might find a chance of restoring the bracelet without being detected. So he hesitated, peering at the carpet, and the golden opportunity passed him by. Then each moment made the avowal more difficult and less possible, until, when his host appealed to him, "If you have hidden it for a joke, old fellow, out with it!" he

had no choice—or so it seemed to his uneasy conscience that he had no chance—but to answer as he did.

He looked up indeed with admirably acted surprise, and said his "I? Certainly not!" somewhat imperiously.

Half a dozen of the guests were peering stupidly about as if they expected to find the lost article in a flower vase or within the globe of a lamp. Presently their hostess stayed these explorations. "Wait a moment!" she cried abruptly, raising her head.

"I have it!"

"Well?" eagerly from several.

"John must have moved it when he brought in the tea. That must be it. Ring the bell, James, and we will ask him."

So it was done. John came in, and the question was put to him.

"Yes, Sir," he said readily; "I saw a bracelet on this table, by the lamp." He indicated the table near Lady Linacre.

"Did you move it?"

"Move it, Sir?" the man repeated, surprised by the question, the fence, and the strained faces turned to him. "No, Sir; certainly not. I only saw it when I was handing the tea to Mr. Wibberley, I think it was."

"Ah, very well," his master answered. "That is all. You may go."

It was not possible, indeed, to doubt the man's face and manner. But when he had left the room an uncomfortable silence ensued. "It is very strange," Burton Smith said at last, looking from one to another, and then, for the twentieth time, groping under the table.

"It is very strange," Wibberley murmured. He felt bound to say something. He could not free himself from an idea that the others, and particularly the Indian Civilian, were casting special looks at him. He appeared calm enough, but he could not be sure of this. He felt rather as if he were each instant changing color and betraying himself to every eye. His very voice sounded forced to his ear as he repeated fustily, "It is very odd—very odd! Where can it be?"

"It cost," Lady Linacre quavered—irrelevantly, but by no means impertinently—"it cost fourteen thousand out there. Indeed it did. And that was before it was set."

A hush as of awe fell upon the room. "Fourteen thousand pounds!" Burton Smith said softly, his hair rising on end.

"No, no," said the old lady, who had not intended this mystification. "Not pounds; rupees."

"I understand," he replied, rubbing his head. "But that is a good sum."

"It is over a thousand pounds," the Indian Civilian put in stonily, "at the present rate of exchange."

"But, good gracious, James!" Mrs. Burton Smith said impatiently, "why are you valuing Lady Linacre's jewelry—instead of finding it for her? The question is, 'Where is it?' It must be here. It was on this table fifteen minutes ago. It cannot have been spirited away."

"If any one," her husband began seriously, "is doing this for a joke, I do hope—"

"For a joke!" the hostess cried sharply. "Impossible!"

"I say, my dear," he persisted, "if any one is doing this for a joke I hope he will own up. It seems to me that it has been carried far enough." There was a chorus of assent, half indignant, half exculpatory. But no one owned to the joke. No one produced the bracelet.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Burton Smith exclaimed. And as the company looked at one another it seemed as if they also had never known anything quite so extraordinary as this.

"Really, Lady Linacre, I think that it must be somewhere about you," said the host at last. "Would you mind giving yourself a good shake?"

She rose and was solemnly preparing to agitate her skirts when a guest interferred. It was the Hon. Vereker May. "You need not trouble yourself, Lady Linacre," he said, with a curious dryness. He was still standing by the fireplace. "It is not about you."

"Then where in the world is it?" retorted Mrs. Galantine. "Do you know it?"

"If you do, for goodness sake speak out," Mrs. Burton Smith added indignantly; while every one turned and stared at the Civilian.

"You had better," he said, "ask Mr. Wibberley!"

That was all. But something in his tone produced an electrical effect on every one. Joanna, in her corner—remote like the Indian, from the centre of the disturbance turned red and pale and flashed angry glances round her. For the rest, they wish themselves away. It was impossible to misunderstand the insinuation. The words, simple as they were, had in a moment put a graver complexion on the matter. Even Mrs. Burton Smith was silenced, looking to her husband. He looked furtively at Wibberley.

And Wibberley? Up to this moment he had merely "sit himself in an unpleasant fix, from which he must escape as best he could, at the expense of a little embarrassment, a slight loss of self-respect. Even the latter he might regain to-morrow if he saw fit by telling the truth to Mrs. Burton Smith; and in time he would be able to become a subject for laughter, a stock dinner-party anecdote. But now! now at the first sound of the Indian's voice he recognized his danger and saw clearly in the hundredth part of a second that ruin, social damnation, perhaps worse, threatened him. His presence of mind seemed to fail him suddenly at sight of the pit opening at his feet. He felt himself reeling, choking, his head surcharged with blood. The room, the expectant faces all turned to him, all with that strange expression on them, swam round before him. He had to lay his hand on a chair to steady himself.

But he did steady himself, so far that those who marked his agitation did not know whether it proceeded from anger or fear. He drew himself up and looked straight at his accuser, holding the chair suspended in his hands. "What do you mean?" he said hoarsely.

"I should not have spoken," the Civilian continued, returning his gaze and speaking in cool, measured accents, "if Mr. Burton Smith had not twice appealed to us—if any joke was being played—to confess to it."

"Well?"

"Well, only this," the old gentleman replied; "that I saw you yourself take Lady Linacre's bracelet from that table a few moments before it was missed, Mr. Wibberley."

"You saw me?" cried Wibberley. This time there was the ring of honest defiance, or indignation in his tone. For: if he felt certain of one thing it was that no one had been looking at him when the unlucky deed was done.

"I did," replied the Civilian dispassionately. "My back was toward you. But my eyes were on this mirror"—he touched an oval glass in a Venetian frame which stood on the mantelpiece—"and I saw clearly. I am bound to say that, judging from the expression of your face, I was assured at the time that it was a trick you were playing—a jest only."

Ernest Wibberley tried to frame the words "And now?"—tried to force a smile. But he could not. The perspiration sprang out in great beads on his face. He shook all over. He felt himself—and this time it was no fancy—growing livid.

"To the best of my belief," added the Civilian quietly, "The bracelet is on your left arm now."

Wibberley tried to master but could not the impulse—the traitor impulse—which urged him to glance down at his wrist. The idea that the bracelet might be visible—that the damning evidence might be plain to every eye—overcame him. He looked down. Of course there was nothing to be seen: he might have known it, for he felt the hot clasp of the horrible thing burning his arm inches higher. But when he looked up again, fleeing as had been his glance, he found that something dreadful had happened to him. He altered, and the chair dropped from his hands. He had never met looks like these suspicion or condemnation. Thief and liar! He read the words in their eyes, the eyes of his quarrelsome friends; yet he would, he must, brazen it out; and though he could not utter a word he looked from them to Joanna.

The girl's face was pale and scared. But her eyes—they answered his right eagerly—were ablaze with indignation. They held doubt, no suspicion. The moment his look fell on her she spoke, "Show them your arm!" she cried impulsively. "Show them you have not got it, Ernest!" with such scorn, such generous passion in her voice, that it did not need the name which fell too glibly from her lips to betray her secret—at least to every woman in the room.

"Show them your arm!" Ah but that was just what he could not do! And as he comprehended this he gnashed his teeth. He saw himself netted and entrapped, and his rage and misery were so written in his face that the best and most merciful of those about him turned from him in shame and pity. Even the girl who loved him shrank back, clutching the mantelpiece in the first spasms of doubt and fear and anguish. Her words, her suggestion, had taken from him his last chance. He saw it was so. He felt the Nemesis he had met so bitterly on that account; and with a wild gesture, and some wider word, he turned abruptly and hurried from the room, blindly seized his hat, and went down to the street.

His feelings when he found himself outside were such as it is impossible to describe in smooth, passionless sentences. He had wrecked his honor and happiness in an hour. He had lost his place among men through a chance word. We talk and read of a thunderbolt from the blue; but still the thing is so unnatural. Some law-abiding citizen whom a moment's passion has made a murderer, some strong man whom a stunning blow has left crushed and writhing on the ground, a twisted cripple—only these could fitly describe his misery and despair as he traversed the streets. It was misery he had brought on himself, and get how far the punishment exceeded the offense! How immensely the shame and exposure exceeded the guilt? He had lied, and the lie had made him a thief!

He went up to his rooms like one in a dream, and scarcely knowing what he did, tore the bauble from his arm and flung it on the mantel shelf. By his last act of bringing it away he had made his position a hundred times more serious, but he did not at once remember this. After he had sat awhile, however, with his head between his hands, wondering if this really were himself—if this really had happened to himself—his hands really began to see things more clearly. Still, he could not at once make up his mind what to do. Beyond some hazy idea of returning the bracelet by the first post, and resigning his employment—he had settled nothing, when a step outside made him start to his feet. Some one knocked at the door of his chambers. He stood pallid and listening, struck by a sudden fear.

"The police," he said to himself.

But a moment's thought satisfied him that it was improbable, if not impossible, that this summons should be theirs; and he went to the door listlessly and threw it open.

On the mat stood Burton Smith, in a soft slouched hat, his hands thrust into the pockets of his overcoat. Wibberley just glanced at him, and saw that he was alone; and then, leaving him to shut the door, returned to his chair, and sat down in his old attitude, with his head between his hands. He looked already a broken man.

Burton Smith followed him in, and stood a moment looking down at him uncomfortably enough. It is hard to have had such a scene as has been described at your house, but it is worse, if a man be a man, to face a fellow-creature in his time of shame. At any rate, Burton Smith felt it so. Look here, Wibberley," he said at length, as much embarrassed as if he had been the thief.

"Look here, it will be better to hush this up. Give me this confounded bracelet to hand back to Lady Linacre, and the thing shall go no further."

His tone was curiously suggestive both of old friendship and present contempt and pity. But when he had to repeat his question, when Wibberley gave him no answer, his voice grew harsher. Even then the man with the hidden face did not speak, but pointed with an impatient gesture to the mantel shelf.

Burton Smith stepped briskly to the place indicated and looked. He was anxious to spare the culprit as far as possible. Yes, there was the bracelet. He seized it, anxious, if the truth be known, to escape from the place with all speed. But he laid it down the next instant as quickly as he had taken it up, and his brows came together as he turned sternly upon his companion.

"This is not the bracelet!" he said. "There is no snook of old affection in his tone now: it was wholly hostile. His patience was exhausted. Lady Linacre's was a diamond bracelet of great value, as you know. This is a plain gold thing worth two or three pounds. For heaven's sake man!" he added, with sudden vehemence, "for your own sake, do not play the fool now! Where is the bracelet?"

No doubt despair had partially benumbed Wibberley's mind, for still he did not speak, and Burton Smith had to put his question

more than once before he got an answer. When Wibberley did at last look up it was with a dazed face. "What is it?" he muttered, avoiding the other's eyes.

"This is not Lady Linacre's bracelet." "It is not?"

"No; certainly not." Still confused, still avoiding the other's grave look, Wibberley rose and took the bracelet in his hand, and glanced askance at it. And then Burton Smith saw him start violently.

"It is of the same shape," repeated the barrister, ice in his voice; he thought the exchange a foolish, transparent artifice. "But Lady Linacre's has a large brilliant where that has a plain boss. That is not Lady Linacre's bracelet."

Wibberley turned away, the circlet in his hand, and went to the window, where he stood for quite a moment looking out into the darkness. The curtains were not drawn. As he stood there, otherwise motionless, his shoulders trembled so violently that a certain dreadful suspicion seized his late host; and the latter desisted from watching him and looked about, but in vain, for a vial or glass.

At the end of the minute Wibberley turned. For the first time he confronted his visitor. His eyes were strangely bright, his face very pale; but his mouth was set strong and firm. "I never said it was!" he answered grimly.

"Was what?"

"I never said it was Lady Linacre's. It was you who said that," he continued, his demeanor, an incisiveness almost harsh in his tone. "It was you—you who suspected me! I could not show you my arm because I had that bracelet on it."

"And whose bracelet is it?" Burton Smith murmured doubtfully, shaken as much by the sudden change in the man's demeanor as by his denial.

"It is your cousin's—Miss Burton's. We are engaged," replied Wibberley sternly—so entirely had the two changed places. "She intended to tell you to-morrow. I saw it on the table and secreted it when I thought that no one was looking. It was a foolish thing to do."

"And it was Joanna's bracelet that Vereker May saw you take?"

"Precisely."

Burton Smith said a word about the Civilian which we need not repeat. Then he added: "But why on earth, old fellow, did you not explain?"

"Firstly," Wibberley replied with force, "because I should have had to proclaim my engagement to all those fools, and I had not Joanna's permission to do that. And, secondly—well, I did not wish to confess to being such an idiot as I was."

"Umph!" said Burton Smith, slowly, an odd light in his eyes. "I think you were a fool, but—I suppose you will shake hands?"

"Certainly, old man." And they did so, warily.

"Now, then," continued the barrister, his face becoming serious again, "the question is, when is Lady Linacre's bracelet?"

"That is hardly my business," Wibberley answered. "I am sure you will excuse me saying so. I have had trouble enough with it—I know that—and, if you don't mind I am off to bed."

But though his friend left him on the instant, Wibberley did not go to bed at once, Burton Smith hurrying homeward—to find when he reached Onslow Mansions that Lady Linacre's bracelet had been discovered in a founce of her dress—would have been surprised, very much surprised indeed, could he have looked into the chamber a minute later—a minute after his own departure. He would have seen his friend cast down on his knees before a great chair, his face hidden, his form shaken by wild, hysterical sobbing. For Wibberley was moved for once to the utmost depths of his nature. It is given to all men to awake and find their doom a dream. Only in dreams, indeed, does the cripple get his strength again, and the murderer his old place among his fellow-men. Wibberley was fortunate.

And the lesson? Did he take it to heart? Well, lessons and morals are out of fashion. Or stay—ask Joanna. She should know.

**Yankee Enterprise in Egypt.**

If the scheme contemplated by a company of Worcester, Massachusetts, capitalists should not turn out a miserable fiasco, eyes that look out from under grey brows may yet see the immemorial caravan of eastern lands displaced by the iron horse, that symbol of western energy and enterprise. The word has gone abroad that some hundred citizens of Massachusetts have formed themselves into a corporation to be known as the New England Land Company of Egypt. The company, which has a paid up capital of \$2,000,000, proposes to purchase a large tract of land in the vicinity of Alexandria, Port Said, and Damascus, connecting the two latter ones by an air-line, broad-gauge railroad on the American pattern. The company will then go into a general oriental notion and produce business, with a tourist annex. It is understood that they will go into the cultivation and exportation in a wholesale way of the natural products of the region, such as cotton, flax, dates, figs, olives, stone and building material, horses and cattle, with relics, excursionists, and numismatists, as possible adjuncts. The incorporators, who count among their number such men as General Benj. Butler, Mr. Frank Jones, President of the Boston and Maine railroad; Geo. Goddell, of New Hampshire; Senator Frye, of Maine; Hon. Joseph G. Healer, of New Jersey, &c., are said to be serious, and believe that the regions which were once the gardens of the earth and supported nations can by judicious cultivation be reclaimed to their ancient productiveness. Many will watch this new venture with deep interest. Should it succeed it will not unlikely prove the dawn of a better day for those historic lands which have for generations been under the paralyzing yoke of their Mohammedan rulers.

The extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which has been under consideration for several months past, received final confirmation in Washington on the 18th inst. The correspondent in announcing the fact of its ratification adds: Hereafter gentlemen who desire to lift the cash out of another person's cash drawer will have to buy tickets in some other direction than Canada. The scope of the treaty, while not as extensive as some might like it to be, is comprehensive enough to practically unite Canada and the United States in the matter of criminal jurisdiction over a class of thieves which has grown to great proportions in the past few years. Honest men in both countries have nothing but words of approval of the new arrangements.

**The Wheat Outlook.**

Crop results from Australia indicate a yield of only 9½ bushels per acre, instead of 12 bushels expected early in the season.

The stock of wheat in the ports of France in bond on Feb. 1st is estimated at 4,000,000 bushels, against 12,000,000 bushels a year ago.

Reports from over 100 points in Kansas indicate that little damage has been done to the winter wheat by the cold weather, but farmers are apprehensive that continued cold weather will be disastrous to the crop.

It must be admitted that proof is strong that throughout a large area, described roughly as Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, wheat is jointed to a very considerable extent. On the point whether wheat attains a state of development that lays it open to killing from cold when it reaches the first joint there is an honest and intelligent difference of opinion, or rather an honest expression among intelligent farmers of doubt and ignorance on the subject.

**Unfurl The Flag.**

DAYS ON WHICH CANADIANS MUST SHOW THEIR LOYALTY.

A large deputation of Toronto citizens waited upon Honorable G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, on Thursday of last week, and urged that the Canadian flag should be hoisted over the Public school buildings on days when national events are celebrated. The Minister consented to give effect to the views of the deputation. The following national events were suggested: April 5th, being the generally accepted date of the discovery of America by Sebastian Cabot in 1492; May 21st, being the date on which the proclamation of Federation was issued in 1887 (this date was suggested in view of the fact that Dominion day, July 1st, comes during the holidays); May 24th, Queen's Birthday; June 5th, being the date of the battle of Stono Creek, 1813; July 1st, Dominion day, where practicable; August 16th, the date of the capture of Detroit, 1812, occurs during the holidays, and therefore could not be conveniently celebrated; September 17, being the date on which the first Upper Canada Parliament was formed, 1792; October 13, being the date of the battle of Queenston Heights, 1812; October 25th, being the date of the battle of Chateaugay, 1813; November 11th, being the date of the battle of Chrysler's Farm, 1813.

**Widder Green's Last Words.**

Published by Request.

"I'm going to die," says widder Green,  
"I'm going to quit this airthly scene;  
It ain't no place for me to stay  
In such a world as 'tis to-day.  
Such works and ways is too much for me.  
Nobody can't let nobody be.  
The girl is bouced from top to toe,  
And that's the hull o' what they know.  
The men is mad on bonds and stocks,  
Swearin' and shootin' and pickin' locks.  
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself  
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.  
There ain't a creatur, but knows to-day  
I never was a lunatic any way,  
But since crazy folks all go free  
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me!  
There's another thing that's pesky hard—  
I can't go into a neighbor's yard  
To say "How be you?" or borrow a pin,  
But what the paper'll have it in.  
We're pleased to say that Widder Green  
Took dinner Tuesday with Mrs. Keen.  
Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green's gone  
Down to Barkhamstead to see her son.  
Great Jerusalem! can't Lsti.  
Without a raisin' some feller's fur?  
There ain't no privacy, so to say.  
No more than if this was judgment day.  
And as for meetin'—I want to swear  
Every time I put my head in there;  
Why, even Old hundred's spliced and  
done.

Like everything else under the sun;  
It used to be so solemn and slow,  
'Praise to the Lord from men below,  
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,  
High diddle diddle! there and here.  
No respect to the Lord above  
No more'n if he was hand and glove  
With all the creatures he ever made,  
And all the jigs that ever was played.  
Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb—  
But I'll tell you what I'd like in some  
If good old Parson Nathan Strong  
Out of his grave would come along,  
An' give us stirrin' tastes o' fire—  
Judgment and justice is my desire.  
"Taint all love and sickish sweet  
That makes this world or t'other  
complete.  
But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead  
When the world's a turning over my  
head;  
Sperits a talkin' like tarnaal fools,  
Bibles kicked out o' district schools,  
Crazy creatures a murderin' round—  
Honest folks better be under the ground.  
So fare-ye-well! this airthly scene  
No more'll be pestered with Widder  
Green."

**NEWS OF THE DAY.**

The School Bill will come up in the Manitoba Legislature on Tuesday night.

At a large meeting in New York the Siberian outrages were denounced vigorously.

Floods in Indiana are causing loss of property and driving the inhabitants to the hills.

Richard Tooley has been re-nominated by East Middlesex Conservatives for the Legislature.

The Pope was 80 years old Sunday, and Monday was the twelfth anniversary of his coronation.

Two hundred lives were lost by the sinking of the steamer Ouetta off the northern extremity of Australia.

**SPRING!**

←1890→

**NEW GOODS**

Just Arrived.

We have just received an endless variety of Cottons, Cottonades, Shirtings, and Everything New in the Dry Goods line.

Finest Selection of

**PRINTS**

In Town.

We have a complete stock of

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AND

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ATWOOD.

—ATWOOD—

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ROBERT MAY

Begs to intimate to the people of Atwood and surrounding country that he has opened up a General Repair Shop

Two Doors South of  
Loeger's Hotel.

and is prepared to do all kinds of Repairing on Shortest Notice and at prices to suit the times.

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A Specialty.

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Furniture Emporium,

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**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.

**Farms for Sale.**

Lot 13, Co. 5, Elma, containing 100 acres; price, \$5,000. Also South Half of Lot 2, Co. 6, Elma, containing 50 acres; price, \$1,150.

6-3in\* WM. DUNN,  
Atwood.

**Tenders Wanted.**

Tenders will be received till March 10th for excavating for basement, stone work, brick work, and carpenter work of

New School House in S.S. No. 4, Elma.

Specifications can be seen at the house of the undersigned. Parties may tender for one or all parts of work. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Please mark tenders as such.

J. A. TURNBULL,  
6-2in. Sec.-Treas.

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IN CANADA.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF CENTURY.

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Large \$1.00 paper. In clubs of four and upwards 75c. each.

A Handsome Christmas Number and Four Chromos given away free of charge to every subscriber for 1890. Artists who have seen the advance sheets of the Christmas number pronounce it a "gem," and alone worth the price of the subscription.

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

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**New Prints! New Shirtings!  
New Cottonades!**

The patterns are all new and handsome, the qualities are the very best, and the prices, as usual with us, are Right. 6 cases of New Boots and Shoes to hand and now opening up. See them before you buy. Balance of winter goods will be cleared out at cost.

**Tailoring Department.**

In our Tailoring Department we have just opened 50 pieces New Tweeds and Worsted; the newest designs and the finest assortment of Tweeds to be found anywhere. **Our Suits Always Fit.** If you haven't experienced this give us a trial and we will convince you. Look out for special tailoring announcement in a few weeks.

Terms cash, or very short date credit to responsible parties. It's the cash trade we want, and we are making our prices to suit. The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.

**James Irwin.**

P. S.—We don't claim to have the largest stock in Atwood, but we do claim to do the largest business, and we have the papers to show for it. Put these two facts together and you have good proof of who sells the cheapest goods. JAMES IRWIN.

**Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop.**

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

**Horseshoeing a Specialty.**

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

2tf

**HENRY HOAR.**

**The 777 Store.**

The 777 Store is

**Headquarters in Listowel  
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.

**YOU CAN SEE**

By Fast Dealings that my

**Harness is Good and Cheap**

I have a large stock of Whips, Valises, Combs and Brushes, Trunks, etc., always in stock, and for the same goods I defy competition in prices.

**GIVE ME A CALL.**

Thanking you for past favors I solicit your further orders.

**Alex. Campbell.**

# 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 9:30 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.

Glance over A Campbell's advt. this week. It will pay you.

Get your auction sale bills printed at THE BEE office with free notice in the paper.

Alex. Studer is visiting at the Elma House this week. His home is in Buffalo, N. Y.

Misses Watson & Gibbs are away this week attending the spring millinery opening in Toronto.

Atwood subscribers to THE BEE will get their papers every Friday morning hereafter, instead of Thursday evening, owing to the unnecessary work it makes for the postmaster.

The Stratford Beacon says:—Rev. Andrew Henderson, M.A., Atwood, conducted the ante-communion services in this church on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. His sermons were able and impressive ones.

The Toronto Budget, a financial and insurance authority, summarizes the recent annual report of the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. and concludes with the opinion, in which all will agree, that "Manager Packert and his board are to be complimented on the condition of the Perth Mutual."

If misery loves company, the merchants and business people who have less to do than they would like to do, may have some consolation to know that this peculiar kind of winter is playing havoc with business all over the continent. An able correspondent in New York city writes as follows:—"We have had no winter yet. I am writing by an open window, with the air as balmy as June. It is fine, very fine, but a perfect paralyzer of business."

The man who for a year lives in one community and leads a reputable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principal a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar to the eyes of the readers. It may be seldom read, still it makes the name and business of the man familiar, and its presence in the columns of a paper inspires confidence in the stability of his enterprise.—P. T. Barnum.

ENTRANCE PAPERS.—The Education department have decided that the next entrance examination to high schools will be held on July 3rd, 4th and 5th. Except in literature selections there is not much change. The work laid out in History paper is as follows:—"Outlines of English history; the outlines of Canadian generally, with particular attention to events subsequent to 1841. The municipal institutions of Ontario, and the federal form of the Dominion Government. The last part of this regulation relating to municipal institutions and the Dominion Government, is new. The regulation regarding papers on agriculture and temperance is unchanged."

Good Friday comes on April 4th and Easter Sunday on April 6th.

Owing to the illness of the architect, the plans for the new school house are not yet completed.

The Atwood saw mill is running full blast this week, and will be kept busy for a time judging from the quantity of logs in the yard.

If his advertisement be so brief and pointed that a glance will absorb enough of it to make the reader remember it, then the advertisement has accomplished its mission.

The Spring Show in connection with the Listowel Live Stock Association will be held in Listowel, on Wednesday, March 16th. About \$200 will be offered in prizes for entire stock.

Horsemen should get their route bills printed at THE BEE office. All work entrusted with us will be executed neatly, and at moderate rates. We aim to give the very best satisfaction in all work turned out.

The item last week stating that "221 persons were at Sabbath School &c." referred to Brussels, and accidentally got mixed with Atwood locals. The attendance at the Atwood Sabbath school, however, has largely increased, and under present management is flourishing.

Another citizen of Elma has made his home amongst us in the person of Geo. Danbrook. THE BEE, with other Atwoodites, extends to him a hearty welcome. We understand Geo. Danbrook, jr., purposes going to the High School with a view to teaching. George is a clever boy and will come out all right.

In common with other journals THE BEE receives its share of poetical effusions, and while we are always pleased to receive contributions of this kind we wish it understood that hereafter we will not insert poetry unless it be original, as our space is too much taken up with current events. Select poetry, amusing anecdotes, romantic tales, etc., may be found every week on the inside of THE BEE. The outside of our paper is devoted exclusively to local, district and general news.

A meeting of the Directors of the flax mill was held last Saturday evening. The annual meeting will be held next Saturday, 8th inst. The mill has been a paying institution this year. Farmers received \$12 a ton for their flax, which is about \$2 in advance of the normal price. There will be a large average sown this spring. We trust that in view of this fact the shareholders will appreciate the work of the present Directors by re-electing them for another term. They are all good men and are doing their best to push the interests of the company.

A RAILWAY NOVELTY.—The Grand Trunk is adopting a novelty that all travellers will appreciate. This is a station indicator, and is thus described: In one end of the car is a box filled with cards containing the name of each station on the route. When a train starts on a card attached to a lever in the box is pulled and a card drops into view, showing the name of the next station. Thus every passenger who is not blind may know the station the train is approaching without making any effort of inspiration to interpret the enigmatical calls of the trainmen.

More towns die for the want of confidence on the part of the business men and lack of public spirit than from any other cause. When a man in search of a home or business location goes into a town and finds everyone brimful of hope over the prospects of the place, and all earnestly at work to build it up, he soon becomes imbued with the same spirit, and as a result he drives down the stakes and goes to work with an interest. It is a duty of every citizen to try to make a live, enterprising town out of the one in which he lives. When you are working and saying a good thing for your town, you are accomplishing all the more for yourselves.

CROAKERS.—There is a class of men who are always too big for their surroundings, and have a lofty contempt for the little things by which they are surrounded. A few of these exist in every village or township, and the lack of prosperity and progress so painfully apparent in many places, may be traced to their sinister influence. They feel a contempt for everything about them, and are not slow in expressing it. They never speak well of the place in which they live but always sneeringly or slightly, and instead of trying to build it up they are making a constant effort to pull it down. The moment a man becomes so expanded that he finds the place too small for him he ought to move out and give himself room to spread. He need not feel that his place will not be filled. The man who takes it may not be so ignorant and conceited, but he may have a leveler's head and more common sense.

Rev. R. Henderson is the guest of his brother, Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., this week.

Miss Moffat, of Monkton, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Moffat, this week.

The Misses Chambers, of Poole, are spending a few days at the residence of John Gray this week.

Andrew Stevenson and Miss Alice Donaldson were visiting friends in Downie. They returned home last week. Dame Rumor says Miss D. has some attraction in that township.

There was an old folks party at the residence of Fred. Switzer on Monday evening. A very pleasant and profitable time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Switzer know how to make visitors feel at home.

A load of Atwoodites drove over to Trowbridge last Friday evening. They report having an excellent time, at the residence of Samuel Alexander, "tripping the light fantastic," etc. The ride home was delightful (?).

Our old friend Eben Freeburn, of Monkton, spent Sunday here. Atwood society appears to have a magnetic influence over Eben, and we would advise Bro. Dingman, of the Stratford Herald, to keep his eye on him hereafter.

NEW INDUSTRY.—A public meeting of the citizens of Atwood and surrounding country will be held in the school house, Atwood, on Tuesday evening, March 11th, at 7:30 o'clock to consider the advisability of erecting and operating a binding twine factory in the village of Atwood.

The first monthly horse and cattle fair will be held in Atwood next month, date and particulars of which will be given in a future issue. Many farmers in this locality have promised to attend and do what they can toward making the fair a success. We trust our citizens, generally, will take hold of the matter without having to be urged.

CHURCH CHIMES.—Rev. Mr. Dack preached a practical discourse from the words: "She hath done what she could." (Mark 14:8) on Sunday afternoon in the Baptist Church. Mr. Dack is not only popular with his congregation but with all our citizens. The large congregation that greeted him last Sunday afternoon was an evidence of that fact. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed at the close of the public service.

The annual missionary sermon will be preached in the English Church next Sunday afternoon.—Our Presbyterian friends have organized a choir to assist in the church services, which is generally accepted to be a long felt want. There is abundance of musical talent in the congregation and there is no plausible reason why a choir could not be organized and sustained. An organ is to be introduced, for the first time, into the church, and together with a large and wealthy membership—365—the church will doubtless continue to grow and advance the noble work entrusted to her with even greater zeal than has characterized her efforts heretofore. The able pastor, Rev. A. Henderson, M.A., is to be congratulated for having brought the membership up to such a high standard of Christian usefulness, and in some branches of the mission work the church stands pre-eminent in the Stratford Presbytery.—The Banner of last week says:—"We are pleased to learn that the Rev. E. W. Hughes, of Christ Church, has made satisfactory arrangements with the Bishop and will remain in town—a result which will be no less pleasing to the citizens than to the members of his congregation." The many friends of Mr. Hughes in this locality will also rejoice to hear of his remaining on the parish. We understand the parish has been rearranged. Shipley has been detached from the Listowel parish and added to the Atwood mission, and a minister will be appointed for the Atwood mission next June, Mr. Hughes taking charge of the Listowel parish alone.—Miss Parsons, organist of St. Alban's church, Atwood, was presented with a well filled purse this week in appreciation of her services to the church.—Rev. D. Rogers preaches on "Covetousness" next Sabbath morning, and in the evening "Temperance."—James Dickson jr. and Andrew Laidlaw the two new elders recently chosen by the Presbyterian congregation, are to be inducted one week from next Sabbath, 16th inst.—Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., was away at Stratford this week attending the Presbytery.—A social entertainment is contemplated for Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., at the Methodist church. Particulars later.—The choir of the Listowel Baptist church, accompanied by others, will give an entertainment in the Baptist church, Atwood, on Tuesday evening of next week, 11th inst., commencing at 7:30. The entertainment will consist of music, readings, recitations, etc. A nominal admission-fee will be charged.

Miss Annie Dunn is renewing old acquaintances in Listowel this week.

One of citizens had his pocket-book stolen last week. He was fortunate enough to get it again, however.

Our readers should read J. S. Gee's change of ad. this week. He carries a large and select stock of dry goods, groceries, etc.

The Excelsior Painting Co., of Mitchell, have opened a paint shop in Atwood, over W. Moran's carriage shop. See advt. in this issue.

A large fly-wheel in the engine room of Hess Bros.' furniture factory, Listowel, burst and flew into a dozen pieces on Wednesday of this week. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Wm. Forrest comes to the front this week with an important announcement regarding the Atwood Furniture Rooms. Although Mr. Forrest has not been long established here, he has worked up a remarkable business in his line. He keeps a large and varied stock of furniture and makes a specialty of undertaking in all its branches. A fine hearse in connection.

The annual meeting of the North Perth Farmers' Institute will be held in the Town Hall, Listowel, on Saturday, March 22nd, 1890, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the election of officers and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting. Addresses will be delivered by prominent agriculturists on subjects that will be of vital importance to farmers. We trust the farmers of this district will avail themselves of the opportunity and contribute largely to the general interest of the Institute.

Our readers will doubtless peruse the important spring announcement of Mrs. M. Harvey in this issue. Mrs. Harvey is one of Atwood's pioneer residents, and has been engaged in the dry goods and grocery business for over eight years, during which time she has worked up a large and profitable trade. Her store is a model of cleanliness and the stock is large and well selected, the result of long experience and shrewd management. Mr. Erskine, who by the way, is a practical man and a good salesman, is in charge of the dry goods department.

"PERFECTING HOLINESS."—A fairly large and appreciative audience greeted the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist church in Canada, on Tuesday evening of this week, in the Methodist church. After a selection of music by the choir and prayer, the distinguished divine read the 15th Psalm and 12th chap. of Romans, commenting largely on the same. Indeed his exposition of these Scriptures was listened to with breathless attention, and his manner and style of address is very striking and truly typical of Methodism. Dr. Carman is truly a great man, and his every utterance evinced that fact. After another old and familiar Methodist hymn the rev. gentleman directed the attention of the congregation to the II Cor., seventh chap., first verse, from which his subject was taken. For over an hour he discoursed on the great fundamental doctrine of "Holiness," during which time he held the audience spell-bound with his profound eloquence, masterly scholarship, and logical reasoning. The sermon bristled with original thought, and while some did not quite fall in with all his views regarding the standard of Christian perfection, all will freely admit that his definition of holiness was logical, scriptural and orthodox. A collection was taken at the close of the service in aid of one of the church funds. We regret that our space is too limited to give even a brief outline of his able discourse.

## CRADLE.

GERRY.—In Brussels, on the 25th ult., the wife of Mr. Noble Gerry, of a daughter.

WILSON.—In Elma, 10th con., on Sunday, March 2nd, the wife of Mr. J. Wilson, of a son.

## AUCTION SALES.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1890.—Farm stock, on lot 30, con. 9, Elma, near Donegal, at 1 o'clock p.m. Samuel McAllister, prop.; Thos. E. Hay, auc.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.—Farm, farm stock and implements, on lot 10, con. 9, Elma, at 1 o'clock sharp. Alex. Morrison, auc.; Alex. Clark, prop.

THURSDAY, MARCH 13.—Farm stock and implements, lot 18, con. 16, Elma, at 10 o'clock p.m. sharp. Sale without reserve as the proprietor intends removing to Listowel. Farm will be sold or rented; terms made known on day of sale. C. H. Merrifield, auc.; Wm. McClory, prop.

## Atwood Market.

|                        |      |       |
|------------------------|------|-------|
| Fall Wheat.....        | 70   | 78    |
| Spring Wheat.....      | 70   | 80    |
| Barley.....            | 30   | 35    |
| Oats.....              | 24   | 24    |
| Peas.....              | 52   | 53    |
| Perk.....              | 5 00 | 5 10  |
| Hides per lb.....      | 3    | 3 1/2 |
| Sheep skins, each..... | 50   | 1 00  |
| Wood 2 ft.....         | 1 15 | 1 50  |
| Potatoes per bag.....  | 60   |       |
| Butter per lb.....     | 14   |       |
| Eggs per doz.....      | 12   |       |

## Business Directory.

### LEGAL.

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

### DENTAL.

**J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S.**  
Uses Vitalized Air, &c., for painless extracting. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations. Office—Entrance beside 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.

**THOS. E. HAY,**  
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Perth. Rates moderate. Office—Over Lillico's Bank, Listowel.

**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.

### Tenders Wanted.

Tenders wanted for building 2 storey Brick Hotel at Ethel. Plans and specifications can be seen at J. Burton's any time after 1st March.

Ethel, Feb. 26, 1890. **J. BURTON.**

### 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.

## FLAX MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co., Atwood, will be held in the Atwood School House, on

**SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1890,**  
at 2 o'clock p.m., sharp, for the purpose of receiving the Financial Statement, electing Directors for the ensuing year, and considering and disposing of other business in the interests of the company. **WM. LOCHHEAD,** Secretary.

## DRUGS!

Chemicals, Note Paper, Patent Medicines, Envelopes, Dye Stuffs, Bibles, Spices, School Supplies,

**WALL PAPER,**  
Can be secured from

**J. TOLBERT PEPPER,**  
Chemist & Druggist,

**GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.**

ALWAYS USE PEPPER'S PILLS. Hf

### North Perth Farmers' Institute.

The annual meeting of the North Perth Farmers' Institute will be held in the Town Hall, Listowel, on Saturday, March 22nd, 1890, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. Addresses will be delivered by prominent agriculturists on subjects that will be of interest to the farming community. A full attendance requested.

**WM. KEITH,** Secretary.

## ATWOOD

## FURNITURE ROOMS.

**WM. FORREST**

Has on hand a Full Assortment of all kinds of

**Furniture at Reasonable Prices.**

My stock consists of Bedroom Suites, Chairs, Tables, Lounges, Bed Springs, Mattresses &c.

**Picture Framing Done.**

## UNDERTAKING

Attended to at Shortest Notice. A first-class Hearse kept in readiness. A large assortment of Coffins and Caskets on hand.

# THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Chatham council has decided to abolish market fees.

The next Dominion census will be taken April 4th, 1891.

John R. Fraser, father of Hon. C. F. Fraser, died at Brockville on Tuesday, aged 86.

It is proposed to supply St. Catharines with natural gas, piped from Port Colburn.

Southwestern Manitoba farmers buy coal from the Turtle Mountain mines for \$1 a ton.

The lumber business has an unprecedented boom at Rat Portage and Keewatin this season.

The Club National, of Montreal, last week passed a resolution favoring Canadian independence.

Hon. William Cayley, formerly Inspector General of Canada, died on Sunday in Toronto, aged 83.

A verdict of murder has been found by the coroner's jury against Henry Smith, London, Ont., for killing his wife.

Miss Fowler, who is on her way to nurse the Sandwich Island lepers, has a brother on a farm near Winnipeg.

The Duke of Connaught and his party will leave Yokohama by s.s. Abyssinia for Victoria, B.C., on May 8th.

Valmor Sauve, a pretty little page of the Dominion House of Commons was killed the other day while tobogganing.

Fifteen families from New York State passed through Montreal on Saturday en route for British Columbia to settle.

Mr. R. A. Lucas, the well-known wholesale grocer, of Hamilton, will succeed the late Mr. Plumb in the Senate.

Northwest stockmen are wishing a change in the weather to clear the ground of the tremendous fall of snow on the ranges.

It is reported at Boston that the steamer Dominion from that port for Nova Scotia has been lost, and that all on board perished.

Aldermen Eden and McCarron, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., are serving sentences in jail for third offences under the Scott Act.

Lieut. Governor Royal proposes to go to the Mormon settlement in the Northwest to inquire into alleged polygamous practices.

A young Englishman named Harvey W. G. Philpot, was instantly killed by the electric light wires in Quebec last week.

Two young Englishmen in Winnipeg uttered a forged cheque for \$150 and struck for Dakota, where they were promptly arrested.

An association for the preservation of places of historical interest or beauty throughout Ontario was organized in Toronto yesterday.

The Montreal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is proceeding against a wealthy Quebec farmer for dishonoring cattle.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone are interested in a movement in London to send over to Toronto University gifts of books for the library.

The telephone cable laid by the Canadian Government between Pelee Island and Point Pelee earned 32 cents more than running expenses last year.

Mr. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, left Ottawa Monday afternoon for Washington, to represent Canada in the fisheries negotiations.

Frederick A. Walton, the Dallas, Texas, boodler who skipped to Canada with \$35,000 of other people's money, was arrested in St. John, N. B., on Saturday night.

The annual report of the Department of Marine says the Georgian Bay survey, which is still progressing, and will not be finished for three years, has so far cost \$123,906.

Samuel Scarlett, a prominent Orangeman and well-to-do farmer of the Township of McMillan, County Huron, was trampled to death by a steer in his own yard on Saturday.

The International Law and Order League of America brought its annual meeting to a close in Toronto on Monday evening. The next annual assembly will be held in Pittsburgh on November 20.

Mr. Chas. Bremner, of Bresayrol, N. W. T., threatens to sue Gen. Sir Fred Middleton, Hayter Reed, and Sam Bedson for \$5,000, the value of furs looted from him during the North-West rebellion.

Major-General Strange, who has returned to Ottawa from his Australian trip, says that colony seeks closer relations with Canada, and is strongly supporting the Imperial Federation scheme.

Lieutenant-Governor McLelan opened the Nova Scotia Provincial Legislature on the 19th inst. The speech from the throne stated that the business of the Crown Lands department was unusually large last year.

According to the Railway report laid on the table of the House of Commons last week, there are 12,162 miles of railway now in operation in the Dominion, which last year yielded a profit over expenses of \$30,652,046. The total loss on the Government railways was \$345,521.

Major McGibbon, inspector of Agencies and Reserves in the North-West, at present in Ottawa, reports a great improvement on the Indian reserves in the matter of better dwellings and advancement in farming, and as a consequence of the former the health of the Indians is much better than formerly.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Scotch and Welsh Home Rulers have agreed to co-operate.

Mr. Gladstone is rapidly recovering from his catarrhal trouble.

England has promised to be represented at the Berlin labor conference.

It is stated that fifty curates are about to sail for Nyassaland from Scotland.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt will contest the seat of the Marquis of Hartington at the general election.

Lord Tennyson is suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and his condition is considered very serious.

Le Temps says that if England joins the labor conference proposed by the emperor of Germany it will be held, but if she refuses it will collapse.

The Socialists in London, Eng., held a public meeting last week, and passed a vote of thanks to the emperor of Germany for the imperial rescripts.

Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, the well-known Home Ruler and member of the Imperial House of Commons for West Cavan, died on Feb. 19th.

Mr. Henry Campbell, M. P., Mr. Parnell's private secretary, has received an apology and £500 for a libel contained in the Belfast News Letter.

It is stated that the Duke of Cambridge will resign the command of the army but will not be succeeded by any member of the Royal family.

Seventy arrests were made on Friday at Newbridge, county Kildare, of persons engaged in re-erecting the houses of evicted tenants on the Clangory estate. The police dispersed the crowds.

The election on Wednesday to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for Middle Glamorganshire, caused by the death of Mr. Talbot, resulted in the return of Mr. Evans (Liberal), who was unopposed.

A cablegram makes the very improbable statement that Lord Salisbury has proposed to M. Waddington against French intrigues in Canada, the object of which is the separation of this country from Great Britain.

There is considerable excitement in Imperial Parliamentary circles over an allegation by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., that the Gladstonians have made a compact with the Parnellites to the prejudice of unemancipated education.

The amendments made in the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States are of such an important character that they will have to be submitted to the English Government for ratification before the treaty goes into force.

After a debate on the labor question, in which Mr. Bradlaugh opposed an amendment favoring the shortening of the hours of labor as premature, the address in reply to the Queen's speech was adopted in the Imperial Parliament on Thursday.

## UNITED STATES.

The Montana Legislature has adjourned after sitting ninety days, and not passing a single bill.

Malignant diphtheria is epidemic at Aveington, Ohio, and the public schools have been closed.

The breaking of a dam in Arizona caused a flood in which forty persons are known to have been drowned.

The American donations to the Land League in Ireland received during the last fortnight sum up \$50,000.

There is starvation among the miners of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, who have been thrown out of work by the closing of the mines.

The Jung and Crescent breweries at Cincinnati have passed into the hands of an English syndicate for nearly one million dollars cash.

Rev. Henry Duncan, a white minister of the Freewill Baptist denomination, was hanged at Ozark, Ala., on Friday for poisoning his wife.

A Boston, Massachusetts statistician, calculates that 64,000,000 drinks of Boston-made rum are annually exported for African consumption.

Jeremiah O'Donnell, found guilty of attempting to bribe the Cronin jury, at Chicago, was sentenced on Saturday to three years in the penitentiary.

John Jacob Astor, who died in New York on Saturday, left wealth estimated at \$150,000,000, the bulk of which will go to his son William W. Astor.

A shipment of mackerel, caught on the shores of Africa, has just reached Provincetown, Mass. The fish are said to be fully as good as American mackerel.

William Cameron, formerly of London, Ont., who a couple of years ago stole \$40,000 from the Union Bank in Winnipeg, died in Sioux City, Minn., recently.

A Russian, thinking himself about to die, at Pierre, S. D., confessed that he was a Russian exile, and was implicated in an attempt to blow up the Czar.

Washington's birthday, Feb. 22nd, was generally observed in the States on Saturday, and in Paris the United States Consul-General gave a grand reception.

Mr. John Dillon and Sir Thomas Gattan Esmonde, Home Rulers, arrived in San Francisco from their Australian tour on Friday evening, and were accorded a hearty welcome.

John F. Seymour died at Utica, N. Y., on Saturday, aged 76. He was a brother of the Hon. Horatio Seymour, and acted as his private secretary during his term as governor of the state.

Dr. J. T. Blackburn and Dr. W. E. Grant, prominent physicians of Louisville, Ky., were the other night captured, along with two negroes, in the act of robbing graves at New Albany cemetery.

Miss Regina Rothschild will leave Port Townsend, Washington, on March 17 in an attempt to beat Nellie Bly's time in a race around the globe. She will take the Canadian Pacific railway eastward.

The manufacturers of lard in their testimony in Washington admitted that the lard exported is compounded and not genuine lard, but they claim that it is of pure material, and that they now label it as compounded.

A Washington despatch indicates that New England farmers are agitating for more protection against Canadian competition in garden produce; and a special effort is urged against the industrious Canadian hen. Canadian eggs are at present on the free list.

## IN GENERAL.

The influenza has been very severe among the British troops in Egypt.

The French finance minister wants \$140,000,000 to balance his budget.

Secret negotiations to induce Portugal to propose the Pope as arbitrator of her dispute with Great Britain failed.

Agents of the East African Lakes Co. are said to have provoked the Makololo to make reprisals on the Portuguese.

A terrible famine is feared in Japan. By the abnormal advance in the price of rice dire distress has been caused.

The Kaiser has ordered the preparation of reports on the labor situation in England and America for comparison.

King Charles of Wurtemberg, who will be 67 on the 6th of March next, is dying. He ascended the throne in 1864.

The Spaniards are alarmed at the intentions of the British Government to build a dry-dock in Port of Gibraltar.

The pope has written the Emperor William a letter of thanks for the law exempting Catholic priests from conscription.

There is said to be an outcry throughout Italy against the expenditure on the army and for a return to the Pope's temporal reign.

It is stated that Russia and the United States have declined to take part in the Emperor of Germany's proposed labor conference.

Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary in London, has advised that the royal assent be given to the Victoria (Australia) divorce bill.

A Belgian senator proposes that at the Berlin labor conference a motion should be made recommending a general disarmament by the nations of Europe.

Russia has demanded 3,000,000 roubles from Bulgaria, being the amount due for maintenance of troops during occupation under the Berlin treaty.

Yellow fever is reported to be playing havoc in the province of Para, Brazil. At Cometa one-third of the population has been carried off within six weeks.

The trial of a journalistic blackmailer in Berlin has led to some terrible scandals, in which prominent society people at the German capital are the principals.

Louise Michel, the noted intransigent, has announced her intention of going out to New Caledonia to nurse the lepers, of whom there are three thousand in the penal colony.

It is stated that the Emperor of Germany has resolved to introduce a complete system of physical culture in addition to mental training in the German system of education.

Emin Pasha writes that he has declined the khedive's offer of the governorship of Eastern Sudan, and that he is resolved to return to Walledah and reconquer that country for Germany.

The elections for members of the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies have been fixed for March 27. Serpa Pinto and other Portuguese African explorers are favorite candidates of the progressist party.

## Undesirable Emigrants.

A kind heart is not always accompanied by a wise head. This statement is borne out by many facts and in particular, by the action of a society of English ladies, who have organized themselves together for the purpose of interviewing criminals, on their release from prison with the view to persuading them to go out to the colonies and lead a life of honesty and usefulness. That they do persuade many to leave the old country is manifest, but that any great proportion of these jail birds keep their promise in the matter of honest work is very doubtful. Only the other day the Montreal authorities had to deal with a trio of these young scoundrels. On pronouncing sentence Judge Dugas referred to the fact of the increasing number of young lads who are sent out to Canada from the old country only to jump into the meshes of the law as soon as they reach the shores of the Dominion. He questioned the wisdom of the so-called philanthropy and remarked, that while it was the means of relieving the old country of its worst criminals it simply foisted them upon us. Canada welcomes any and all good citizens who may feel disposed to make their home among us, but she has room enough of her own without taking the filth of any other country.

## Imperial Federation.

Members of the Imperial Federation League in Canada will be especially interested in a resolution recently passed in the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. At a meeting in December the circular addressed by the Council of the League to the various Chambers of Commerce was considered by the Council of the Birmingham Chamber, and the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That whilst the Council approve of the object of the Imperial Federation League as set forth in their circular of November 13th last, they are of opinion that the primary essential condition of Imperial Federation is a Customs union of the Empire." This view expressed by such a body confirms and gives an added significance to the strong opinion on the subject expressed in the resolution of the Council of the League in this country, which went so far as to regret the holding of any Conference "at which the question of inter-Imperial and Colonial trade would not be deemed a question of first-class importance." However prickly a subject, it looks as if there was no likelihood that it would be left untouched in the next Conference for lack of some one bold enough to grasp the nettle.

## A Christian Housewife.

"I wonder who lived last in this house," said a gentleman to his better half as they took a survey in company of the house they had just moved into.

"I don't know," replied she; "but the lady, whoever she was, must have been a Christian."

"What makes you think so?" asked he.

"Why," was the reply, "she left no rubbish in the cellar!"

Not a bad guess; for that housewife evidently practiced the Golden Rule.

The slot machine to test your weight is one of the weights of the world.

Gilroy's metropolitans, his cream rolls and his branny snaps are noted for their excellence. The trade at 281 Gerrard east is steadily increasing, owing to the high quality of the goods manufactured. The home-made candy also grows steadily in favor and well deserves such appreciation.

Exasperated by the repeated and flagrant violation of the liquor laws on the part of the saloon keepers of Lathrop, Missouri, some of the women of that little town have taken the law into their own hands and have instituted a crusade against the destroyers of their peace and of their homes. The plan of campaign which they have adopted is to enter the saloons, and seizing the vessels containing liquor, to empty them in the streets. They are said to be backed by a considerable portion of the male population, and are setting the offices of the law at defiance. Though the provocation has no doubt been great—for what can be more crazing than to see a son dragged down to ruin before his mother's eyes—it is unfortunate that these crusaders should have disregarded the right of protection against house-breaking and stealing which these violators of the liquor laws undoubtedly have. Such illegal proceedings are calculated to do the cause of Temperance more harm than good. No cause is ever permanently advanced or benefited by unconstitutional and illegitimate methods.

## CHARLES DICKENS.

A Novelist for Every Day, Date and Place.

The subject of this sketch was born in England in 1812. His father intended that he should follow the profession of law, but finding after a short trial that the work was distasteful to him, he soon left it for the more interesting duties of reporter on a London newspaper.

This position bringing him into daily contact with a large mass of humanity, each individual of which possessed some distinguishing peculiarity, his great power of observation and his rich vein of humor soon suggested to him the idea of contributing to the journal upon which he was employed some of the more prominent traits and eccentricities of people whom he met, under the title of Sketches of Life and Character.

These, written in the free and easy manner so natural to Dickens, attracted considerable attention, and when, a short time after, his Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club came out, it was received with unbounded delight. Everybody was soon talking and laughing over the adventures of Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick. The success this work attained led him to continue his writings, and soon Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Old Curiosity Shop, and Barnaby Rudge followed in rapid succession from his pen. His keen sense of humor, his caricature of all that was eccentric and peculiar, his tender sympathy with all the suffering of the poverty-stricken classes with whom he daily came in contact, and his broad, humane nature, which enabled him to interpret at a glance all the emotions of joy or pathos which filled the human breast, as well as the causes which led thereto, combined at once to make him the most able writer of fiction who had yet appeared before the reading public.

He was an earnest and industrious worker, and volume followed volume with great rapidity from his pen, each succeeding volume seeming better than the last. After completing the above-mentioned works he made a visit to this country where his popularity had preceded him, and upon his return home wrote his remaining books. Martin Chuzzlewit has been regarded as a caricature of Americans and American institutions, holding up as it does against a strong light many of our national follies and vices. That he exaggerated our follies probably no one will doubt; but it is only in keeping with his general style, for all of his characters are exaggerations. He sets forth prominently the peculiar traits of character and dwarfs into comparative insignificance all that is more common and natural.

Although his humor is of the drollest and bubbles up continually all through his works, it is not to it alone that he is indebted for his great popularity. His plots are all well drawn and his pathos is fully equal if not superior to his humor. Where, in the whole realm of fiction can be found a more touching scene than the death bed of "Little Paul" in Dombey and Son? We do not read of it—we are there in person. We see Floy place her head beside him on the pillow, and we hear him tell her in weak, gentle accents, about which flows so rapidly, and which seizes bearing him away; we see the sunlight glancing on the walls, we see the heavy silent form lying motionless at the foot of the bed, and we hear the constant tread of footsteps in the street, listening to their echoes as they die away in the distance in an imagination so strong as to seem reality.

The character of Mr. Pegotty in David Copperfield is also a strong one, and the heart of the reader which does not thrill with sympathy for that honest man in his weary wanderings and desolation, should be made of stern stuff indeed. Many other characters are strongly drawn, for instance, Betsey Trotwood, Dr. Strong and James Steerforth, in the same volume. We have all met just such characters in real life, and it is the fact of their resembling to so great a degree human beings of the present day which gives to the works of this gifted author their chief charm. We do not feel that they are imaginary characters, they are real persons with whom we have met and been on the most friendly terms.

The broad, kindly, humane character of Charles Dickens is shadowed forth through his works, and we recognize him at once as a friend. We admit him through his works to our fireside circle, happy indeed that so genial a companion should consent to enter our humble dwellings.

## LUCIA C. WOODS.

### Slavery in Africa.

One suggestion has been made, which is worth mentioning as coming from an able writer, who, as a negro *purveyor*, and acquainted with West Africa, has a special right to be heard on the question. Dr. Blyden suggests the establishment of black regiments with native officers, under, as we understand him, the British flag, to be stationed at important trading centres in the interior. We have been so accustomed by writers like the author of the biography before us to connect slavery and all the miseries of Africa with Islam alone, that we are apt to forget what a large portion of African slavery is carried on among the heathen negro tribes who have nothing to do with Islam at all. It seems, indeed, an inherent propensity of the race.

Prof. Henry Drummond says that you cannot send three negroes with a message but two of them will seize the third man and sell him. And the main object of this domestic slave trade makes it more horrible still, for a large proportion of the victims are purchased for the purpose of sacrifice, not less than half a million of lives, it is said, being thus consumed yearly. It is sometimes suggested that the practice of selling prisoners of war at all events saves them from being massacred, but there does not seem to be much in this argument, since most of the wars are probably undertaken for the sake of capturing slaves. It is obvious, if only from the vast extent of the regions involved, that this internal slave trade could never be counteracted by the gradual operation of the great chartered companies, as the British East African and the Niger Company, who will encourage legitimate industry and, especially if backed up when needful by our own Government, will make war more difficult for the tribes under their control.

Everything is twice as large, measured on a 3-year-old's 3-foot scale as on a 30-year-old's 6-foot scale.—[O. W. Holmes.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

## LORD AND LADY.

A Romance of the British Peerage.

A London special says—The young Countess Russell has recovered from the results of her fall downstairs and the happy pair have proceeded on their honeymoon. There is a romantic story connected with their marriage, which reads thus: Earl Russell is a partner in the electrical works at Teddington, near the house in which Lady Scott lives, and is an enthusiastic worker in the business, which he constantly supervises. Lady Scott ordered some electrical fittings at the works and Lord Russell took a gang of men over to the house and set to work, dressed in ordinary mechanic fashion, as foreman of the gang. When lunch time came the men were set down to refresh themselves in the servant's hall and his lordship sat down quietly with the rest to eat. However, "Baby" Scott, as the young heiress of the house was called, had noticed the superior bearing and manners of the supposed young foreman and begged her mother to ask him to lunch in the parlor. At first the old lady was indignant at the idea of bringing a mere temporary foreman into a position of temporary equality, but in the end gave way to "Baby's" pleadings, and the supposed workman was promoted to the upper chamber, where he made himself so much at home that he won the romantic mood, and the next time the earl met his loved one he was reproached with his stratagem. The earl excused himself on the old plea that he wanted to be loved for himself alone, without the glamor of rank and riches. The maiden asked him if he was convinced of her truth. He answered in the legitimate manner, and together they faced the mother, who received them graciously, protesting that she had seen his native nobility through the coarse disguise of a fustian jacket. Then came a formal betrothal, then the wedding, afterwards the accident, and now the honeymoon. Lady Russell is a very pretty blonde and only 21.

## A Dog's Value to a Railroad.

A valuable railroad "hand," who, in spite of his services, probably receives no salary, is thus described in the *Scientific American*. He resides at Salida, Col., and belongs to an engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad:

"Napoleon has been engaged for the last two and a half years in helping his master run locomotive No. 86. His apprenticeship began at the age of 6 months, and he can now go into the round-house, where twenty-eight engines are kept, single out and mount his own machine, and, in the absence of his master and the fireman, defend it against all intruders. He rides on the fireman's side of the cab, with both his front paws and his head hanging out of the window, intently watching the track."

"He often scents cattle at a long distance. When they appear in sight he becomes greatly excited and looks first at them and then at his master, as though trying to make the latter understand the gravity of the situation."

"On a nearer approach to them he gives a cry similar to that of a human being. If it is necessary to come to a full stop he bounds out of the cab, runs ahead, and drives the trespassers out of harm's way."

"When it is desirable to communicate with the pumping-stations, frequently at long distances from the track, a note is written and given to the dog, who delivers it and speedily returns with a reply."

"He readily interprets signals to start from his own engine, but pays no more attention to the whistles and bells of other locomotives than to the cattle which are safely grazing by the roadside. If accidentally left at any of the stations he returns to Salida by the next train."

## Little Things of Importance.

If you are a moderate drinker never take a cocktail before breakfast to brace up on. Liquor on an empty stomach acts as slow poison to the digestive organs.

If you are a literary man, always place your name and address legibly on one of the upper corners of the first page of your MS. Your accompanying note may readily become lost or mislaid, especially in handling a large mail; but if necessary directions be placed on MS. itself, the editor will never be a loss how to communicate with you.

If you are a dog-owner, don't give your dog sulphur in his water, with the idea that you will do him any good; though, if you disobey this injunction, you may comfort yourself with the reflection that you have done him no harm. Brimstone is insoluble in water, and passes through the system without any medicinal effect what ever.

If you are a nervous man, don't borrow trouble. People are rarely driven insane by actual sorrows, but the anticipation of them. The greatest calamity is not so maddening as suspense. "I have had a great deal of trouble in this life" said a wise man, "and most of it never came." Wait until it comes, and maybe it won't come at all.

If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar-case, carry your cigars in your upper waistcoat pocket, on the left, with the mouth-end down. The constant motion of the right arm (presuming you are right-handed) is sure to crush the tobacco or loosen the wrapper, if the cigar be on the right side, and the same result is more readily attained with the match-end down. If you have to let a cigar go out, do not pull in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. This expels the nicotine that would otherwise gather at the mouth, and prevents the cigar from having a rank taste. Indeed, smokers question whether a cigar is not improved by this method of reducing it to an "old soldier."



## COUNTRY TALK.

### Donegal.

Mrs. S. Vipond is slowly improving. Services are continued this week in the Methodist church. Rev. T. Gee and J. Griffin gave a helping hand on Monday evening.

### Elma and Wallace Boundary.

Edward Bugnette is renewing old acquaintances in this community.

Joseph Ferguson lost a fine sheep on Sunday night. It was killed by dogs. Great quantities of wood are being hauled to town.

On Friday a very pleasant evening was spent by a number of young people at Joseph Ferguson's.

The following is the pupils in U. S. S. No 2, Elma and Wallace, for the month of Feb.:—Sr. Fourth—Arthur Milburn, James Henderson, E. Tompkins, Jr. Fourth—Perrle Brisbin, Jennie Whaley, Wm. Marks. Sr. Third—Ernest Stapleton, John Milburn, Robert Marks. Jr. Third—Annie Brisbin, Sarah Ferguson, Lizzie Bell. Names in order of merit. Average attendance for the month 33. J. WARD, Teacher.

### Brussels.

Mr. Warren is on the sick list. Rev. Wallion and bride, of Bluevale, were in town Tuesday.

Rev. S. Jones was away last Sunday preaching in Belgrave.

Miss E. Howard, of Harriston, is visiting her aunt Mrs. S. Fear.

The regular monthly Horse Fair was held on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Adams, of Tavistock, was visiting Mrs. R. G. Wilson last week.

E. Grundy has purchased Albert Gerry's house and lot on Flora street.

Last Tuesday Mark Cardiff and family moved back on their farm in Morris.

Noble F. Gerry has had the degree of "Pa" conferred on him. See birth notice.

Rev. R. Paul supplied Rev. W. W. Sparling's work in Leeswater last Sabbath.

Rev. S. Sellery, B. A., B. D., was away preaching on the Monkton circuit last Sabbath.

Wm. Blashill is asking for tenders for the erection of a brick block on Turnberry street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferguson, of Wingham, were the guests of R. Wilson and wife on Sunday.

W. Stewart, of Stewart & Lowick, has bought W. H. Moss' house and lot on King street.

Rev. Wm. Norton, of Mt. Forrest, spent a few days with his brother T. Norton last week.

H. L. Jackson filled the position of precentor in Metville church both morning and evening last Sunday.

We had quite a snow storm Tuesday, but we can't expect to have much of "the beautiful" this year now.

Fourth Division Court was held in the town hall on Thursday, Feb. 27th, before Judge Doyle. A number of the cases were adjourned.

W. A. Calbeck expects to leave Brussels for British Columbia next week. He goes with relatives from Clinton who purpose settling there.

J. J. Gilpin has opened an office for his implement, organ and sewing machine business in Jno. Somers' building, just south of the town hall.

Manitoba and Dakota is once more the subject of conversation on our streets. A number from this locality talk of emigrating this spring.

Last Thursday Jos. Walker had the misfortune to cut his foot while chopping. The Dr. had to put in stitches, and he is progressing as favorably as can be expected.

W. A. Calbeck left for New Westminster, B. C., last Tuesday. Mr. Calbeck has been in poor health for some time and it is to be hoped the change will prove beneficial to him.

The sleighing of Monday, 24th inst., created a boom in the wood business, there being over 200 cords delivered at the salt block and a very large quantity to other citizens in town.

Johnston and Cochrane, of Durham, purpose opening out a marble cutting shop here in a few weeks in Chas. Holland's old shop. They ought to do well, as they are said to be first-class workmen.

Rev. F. Swann, of Monkton, filled the pulpit of the Methodist church here very acceptably last Sunday. His text in the morning was, 1st Peter, 5th chapter and 7th verse, and at night 2nd Cor., 9th chap. and 15th verse.

Jas. Ross, Samuel Laird and A. J. Lowick brought two loads of hay to town on Thursday last. The first turned the scales at 5,300 lbs., and the second at 3 tons, being the largest load ever brought to Brussels market.

A number left this week for the west; A. K. Robertson and family for Manitoba, and D. McLaughlin and family, Jas. McLaughlin and A. McLean for Dakota. Donald McLaughlin, sr., also intends going to the West, but won't leave yet for some time.

Alex. Stewart, of this town, had a letter from his son in the west who says times are very bad in the State of Dakota, it being a very severe winter, and a great number being short of the necessities of life. His report is not as glowing as the papers of that State, but he tells the truth, he says.

The Toronto Globe says of a person well known in this locality:—A. M. Taylor has returned from a six weeks' visit to New York and Boston. He succeeded in selling his new book, "Emerson: His Masters and His Critics," to Lovell & Co. for \$3,000, retaining also a royalty. An edition will be published in London at the same time as the American edition.

### Monkton.

Rev. S. Sellery, B. A., B. D., preached the missionary sermon in the Methodist church last Sabbath. Rev. F. Swann supplied his pulpit at Brussels.

John Ward, 12th con. Logan, is visiting friends in Woodstock this week.

John Struthers is called as a jurymen to Stratford on the 17th of this month.

Part of the boundary line west has got a good coat of gravel and we must say it was much needed.

We are glad to say Will Harris is able to be out of bed now; although weak, he is on the way of recovery.

We understand John Healy, 14th con., Logan, has been quite ill but we are glad to state that he is on the mend.

Golightly & Holman are doing quite a business with their chopping mill. On Tuesdays and Fridays they are kept hustling.

We expect the Elma Council will hold their next meeting at Higgin's hotel, in this village, after the meeting at the Elma House, Atwood.

Mrs. Dobbs, sr., has poor health just now. She is over 70 years of age and never was sick in her life till now. We hope she may soon recover.

Edward Greensides is able to be around a great deal now although he has to use his crutch, he is like a man of 40 and our wish is that he may never grow older.

Chas. McKenzie's health still continues poor. We hope the old gentleman may be spared as he is highly respected and is a good neighbor, a good citizen and esteemed by all who know him.

We understand a dressmaker is coming to our village to start a business in that line. She will occupy one of C. H. Merrifield's dwelling houses. We hope she may succeed in doing a good trade among the fair sex.

Mr. Moffat, general agent for John Elliott & Sons, London, was in the village last week closing some sales for that firm. Mr. Moffat is an old hand on the road and represents one of the best firms in Ontario.

A special meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the Monkton Cheese and Butter Mtg. Co., will be held in the factory, on Friday, 14th inst., at the hour of one o'clock p.m., for the purpose of letting the hauling of the milk for the season and any other general business that may be brought before the meeting. A good attendance respectfully solicited.

Six miles north of our village is printed a paper bright and clear; One dollar a year will pay the fee, And secure for you THE ATWOOD BEE.

R. S. Pelton as an Editor is number one, And subscriptions cannot help but come; One dollar a year is a small fee, For such a paper as THE ATWOOD BEE.

Monkton subscribers should be seventy-five, Which would be our part in the hive, If we all do the best we can you will see Every man in the village take THE BEE.

### Elma.

Hugh Richmond is laid up with a bealed hand.

Mr. Kitchen is suffering from the effects of la grippe.

Subscribe for THE BEE and get your home news. Only \$1 in advance.

John Love has written home from Illinois whither he went a few weeks ago.

Wm. Morrison is very ill with pneumonia in his face which causes a good deal of disfigurement. It will probably break out. Dr. Hamilton is attending him.

James Keating and bride left for Russell, Manitoba, on Tuesday last. The young couple carry with them the best wishes of their many friends in this locality.

The notice referring to Wm. Tindall's death last week should have read: "Wm. Tindall, son of A. H. Tindall, etc." It was a typographical error, and not a mistake of the correspondent.

Cottage prayer meetings are held in the Jubilee neighborhood, led by S. Wherry. Prayer meetings also east of the gravel, on the 12th, led by Messrs. S. Wherry and J. Hird.

Mrs. W. Richardson intends starting for Swift Current, N. W. T., about the 1st of April. Mr. Richardson has been a resident of the Northwest for the past year. He is well pleased with the country and is doing well.

Wm. Little, of the 12th con., has been laid up for some time with inflammation of the lungs, and was unconscious for 40 hours, but we are pleased to state that he is slowly recovering under the skillful treatment of the Atwood M.D.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is the standing of the pupils in S. S. No. 4, for the month of February, as shown in the weekly examinations. Names in respective classes in order of merit: Fifth class—Ernest Turnbull, John E. Smith, Francis Graham, Richard Graham. Senior Fourth—Laura Turnbull, Ernest Smith, Annie Grubber, Effie Hamilton, Elsie Hamilton, Jr. Fourth—Willie Hamilton, Maggie Peebles, Kate Peebles. Senior Third—John Adams, Elizabeth McCormick, John Dickson, Maggie Hunter, Maud Harris, John Challenger, Robena Dickson, Jennie Allan, George Grubber. Junior Third—Ida Shannon, Bert Turnbull, Hattie Challenger, Annie Rozzelle, Thos. Peebles, Bella Hamilton, Thos. Hamilton. Second class—Ettie Shannon, Willie Allan, John Edgar, Edith Harris, John Fogal, Alice Hunter, Beatrice Graham, Eliza Wilson, Lizzie Allan. The following are the names of those who were present every day during the month:—Eltie Hamilton, Ernest Smith, John E. Smith, Robena Dickson, Maud Harris, John Dickson, Hattie Challenger, Thomas Hamilton, Bert Turnbull, Alice Hunter, Agnes Dickson, Alfred Challenger, Willie Adams, Peter Grubber, Nesbitt Hamilton, Cameron Dickson and Edgar Peebles. Average attendance for the month, 46. SAMUEL SHANNON, Teacher.

Messrs. Little and Rutherford are recovering.

On Tuesday last, a young lad named House, in the employ of John Watson, of the 10th con., cut his foot with an axe in such a way that Dr. Hamilton, who dressed his wound, doubts of him having the proper use of two of his toes again.

John Rutherford, son of R. Rutherford, 14th con., has been laid up with pneumonia, following la grippe, and who was thought at one time to be dangerously ill, is moving around again. We hope he will regain his usual health in a few days.

The following are the names of the pupils that took the highest number of marks in school section number 2, for the month of February. The names are in order of merit:—Fifth class—Roland Jickling, Nettie Hargreaves, Ester Forman, George Bray. Senior Fourth—Jane Thompson, Lillie Forman, Nellie Newbigging, Maria Douglas. Senior Third—Ida Keith, Lottie Jickling, Maggie Hamilton, Alexander Aitchison. Junior Third—Maggie Burnett, Charles Douglas, Tena Shearer, Minnie Jenkins. Senior Second—Jessie Keith, Jennie C. Cland, Etta Hay, Wm. Shearer.

THOS. M. WILSON, Teacher.

### Mornington.

Miss McCloy and Miss Hamilton leave for Manitoba on the 1st of April.

Robert Edwards and George Whaley were visiting friends in Poole last week.

Subscribe for THE ATWOOD BEE—best local paper in North Perth. Only \$1 in advance.

The young folks are taking advantage of the skating, especially that on McCloy's field.

The Milverton Literary Society opened in due form on March 3rd, over 400 in attendance. Program consisted of instrumental music, songs, readings, recitations and lastly, the debate. The subject being: "Resolved which is more useful to mankind the cow or horse." Messrs. Whaley, Aitchison, Dearing and Grouch supported the affirmative, while Messrs. Coulter, Munro and Appel the negative. The deciding committee, Messrs. Parke, Wilson and Walker, decided in favor of the affirmative. The subject for next evening is: "Resolved that the introduction of machinery has improved the condition of the working classes."

The following are the pupils who took the highest number of marks in their respective classes, as shown by the examinations held in Union School, No. 9, for the month of February. The names are in order of merit:—Senior fourth—Sarah Roe, Agnes Sanderson, and Rebecca Roe, David Harrow (equal). Jr. fourth—Moses Stickly, Janet Hamilton and Adam Sippel. Senior third—Horace Williams, William Sippel, (equal) Marie Edwards and Lizzie Pummell. Junior third—Ada Long, Lydia Edwards and William Roe. Second class—Henry Stevenson, Sarah Harrow, Jacob Hoffman, Isaac Ducklow and Albert Gallop (equal).

JAMES L. WILSON, Teacher.

### Newry.

The assessor was paying his calls this week and no doubt none escaped his vigilance.

Mr. Wynn has recovered from his severe attack of quinsy, and is able to attend to his daily avocations.

R. K. Hall spent a sociable time in our hamlet last week. Mr. Hall is a jolly good fellow, and his presence always presages a good time.

Newry expects a boom in building operations this summer. Several buildings are talked of. Mr. Keillor, our real estate agent, intends building an office with some rooms in it.

John Clark, jr., who has been home for the past few months, left for St. Paul, Minn., last week. He has a permanent situation there and is getting a large salary. His father, John Clark, sr., purposes removing there next week. The Clark family are old and respected residents of Elma and their many friends will regret to hear of their removal. They carry with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends, including THE BEE.

NEWRY PUBLIC SCHOOL.—The following is the standing of the above school for the month of February. The examination covers the work gone over during the month:—Fifth class—Maximum 600—Charles Fullarton 466, David Langley 421, Jennie Simpson 392, John McIntyre 391, Maggie Dickson 373, Wm. Morrison 312, William Gray 291. Sr. Fourth—Max. 600—James Morrison 363, John Farrell 353, Albert Gray 316, John Fullarton 312, James Danbrook 290. Jr. Fourth—Max. 600—Edith Alexander 457, Kittie Allison 423, Charles McMane 413, Robert McMane 408, Fred Wynn 399, James Dickson 399, Minnie Johnston, 383. Sr. Third—Max. 500—Barbara McIntyre 320, Fred Danbrook 224, Minnie Chisholm 180, Michael Richardson 170, Maggie Fullarton 160, James Gilmer 155, John Lesley 63. Jr. Third—Max. 500—Willie Holmes 381, Alex. Dickson 319, Albert Morrison 317, Chas. Dickson 161. Sr. Second—Max. 500—Carrie Gilmer 413, Maggie Allison 390, Paulina Richardson 348, Thomas Fullarton 327. Jr. Second—Max. 400—Annie Danbrook 317, Chas. H. Coulter 313, Maud Coulter 299, Eliza Gilkinson 294, Vinnie Gilkinson 288, David Dunlop 249, Eva Holmes 247, Chas. Coulter 230, James Simpson 162, Eva Gee 157. Part Second—Max. 300—Laura Simpson 155, Melbourne Gee 135, Willie Gilkinson 130. —Part First—Laura McMane, Willie Morrison, Fred Richardson, Angus Dickson, Thomas McIntyre. (All not reported in this class.) Total number on the register 70; boys 44, girls 26; number in fifth book 7; fourth book 16; third book 12; second book 20; part second 3; part first 12; number who missed no days during the month 18; number who attended less than ten days 7; number who enrolled last month and not this month 8.

W. G. MORRISON, Teacher.

## Interesting Information.

This man will treat you fare and square  
Whenever you come to buy,  
He'll give you bargains rich and rare  
If you'll just come and try.

I may not have the largest store  
On earth, but write it down:  
In bargains I give you more  
Than any man in town.

Dry Goods are fine and bright and new,  
In every line complete;  
It's just the stock, my friend, if you  
Want goods that can't be beat.

For Boots & Shoes we rank A 1,  
In quality, style, and prices too,  
And better bargains there are none  
Than those J. L. can offer you.

Although my groceries grade high,  
We want you all to know,  
Ours is the cheapest place to buy,  
Our prices are always low.

In teas I make a special show,  
As many of you well know,  
Prices are right, the stock is ample,  
If you doubt come buy a sample.

In general goods my stock's complete,  
The assortment full to meet your need,  
With school books, stationery, wall papers replete  
Give me a call, satisfaction guaranteed.

If you are wise you'll come to-day,  
While bargains still abound,  
There's bargains for you anyway  
When e'er you come around.

### J. L. MADER,

MAIN ST. - - - ATWOOD.

## HORSEMEN

GET YOUR

## ROUTE BILLS

PRINTED AT

## THE BEE OFFICE.

## Excelsior Painting Co

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

SHOP,

ON MAIN STREET,  
Over Wm. Moran's Carriage Shop

Will be promptly attended to.

W. J. MARSHALL,  
Manager.

## J. S. GEE'S

Is the spot to get Bargains in all departments, his stock will be found complete.

For the Spring Trade—English prints, 75 pieces to choose from, all newest designs. Also Cottonades, Denims, Oxford and Cotton Shirtings, Gingham, Muslins, Tablings, Hollands, Towellings Gray and White Cottons, etc., etc.

Dress Goods—Black and Colored Cashmeres, Surges, Nuns Veiling, Plads, etc., ranging in prices to suit everybody.

Tweeds, Suitings, Pantings, etc.—Having secured the services of a first-class cutter we are prepared to guarantee satisfaction in ordered work.

Hats and Caps—Full lines, comprising all the latest styles.

Family Groceries—Will be found always fresh and reliable.

Teas and Coffees—Our English blend Tea and old government Java Coffee for flavor and quality eclipse anything in the market.

Oat Meal sold in large quantities at rock bottom prices.

Kindly give us a call and will convince you we are in the front rank as to stock and prices. Highest prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, Pork, etc.

J. S. GEE,

NEWRY.

## Fancy Goods

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the Ladies of Atwood and vicinity that she has a choice and well assorted stock of Fancy Goods, comprising

BERLIN WOOLS,

YARNS, PLUSHES,

EMBROIDERIES,

LACES, ETC.

## STAMPING

A Specialty.

CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS  
AND PRICES.

MRS. JOHNSON,

13m

ATWOOD, ONT.

## OYSTERS!

J. S. HAMILTON

Has just received a large consignment of Baltimore Oysters, together with a choice Stock of

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PROVISIONS, CANNED FRUITS  
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Give Him a Trial.

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