

The Bee.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1891.

NO. 12.

Tarry With Me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Ever lead me, Lord, I pray;
Tarry with me,
Guide me o'er life's rugged way.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
Tarry with me,
When the shades of night draw nigh.

Deeper, darker, grow the shadows,
Paler still the glowing west;
Tarry with me,
Jesus grant me my request.

Swift the night of death advances,
Shall it be a night of rest?
Tarry with me,
Lay my head upon Thy breast.

Lay my head upon Thy bosom,
Till the morn, then me awake;
Tarry with me,
Then unto Thyself, me take.

—Velvet Snow.

Jesus Only.

Who can heal the broken hearted?
Who can wipe away the tear
Falling for the friends departed:
"Weep not," is the word of cheer,
Jesus only.

Who has said, "I'll be a father
To the fatherless below
And though all thy friends forsake thee
I will never leave thee so?"
Jesus only.

Who can guide through death's dark
valley
And the waters deep divide?
Who controls the swelling current
Till we land on Canaan's side?
Jesus only.

Who can calm the raging billows
Give rest to the sin-sick soul?
Come unto me ye heavy laden
Be ye every whit made whole,
Jesus only.

Who upon the cross did suffer
That poor sinners might be free?
Who endured such pain and anguish
On the cross of Calvary?
Jesus only.

Who ascended to the Father
There to sit at his right hand?
See! His face is all compassion
Interceding for mankind?
Jesus only.

—Velvet Snow.

Mitchell Spring Show.

Owing to the Mitchell spring fair being held at least two weeks too early, and the unpropitious weather, the show on Friday, April 3rd, was not up to that of 1890. Last year there were sixteen heavy imported horses shown, against seven this year. Considering everything, however, the fair was very good. Below is the prize list:

HORSES—Heavy Draught Imported Clydesdale (aged)—1st, Bakerfield, T. Colquhoun, Hibbert; 2nd, Gordon, John Bush & Co., Downie; 3rd, His Lordship, James Brooks, Mitchell; 4th, Knight of Lochawe, Thos. Skinner, Mitchell. Highly recommended, Prince Turnholm, Wm. Colquhoun, Mitchell; recommended, Gay Lad, John Jacobs, Fullarton.

Heavy Draught Imported Clydesdale (3 years old and under)—1st, Baronet, and 2nd, Dainty Davy, Jos. Skinner, Fullarton.

Heavy Draught Imported Clydesdale (2 years old and under)—1st, Dumfries Boy, William Colquhoun, Mitchell.

Agricultural Stallion—1st, Prince O'Neil, Ed. Henry, Elma; 2nd, Young Decidee, Christian Werner, Ellice; 3rd, Decadee, Mark Kelly, Ellice.

Cart or Shire Stallion, imported—1st, Young Britain, Thos. Bakwell, Mitchell; 2nd, Bar None, Charles Rock, Logan.

Trotting Stallion (standard bred)—1st, Thornwood, Ford & Murphy, Mitchell; 2nd, Omas, J. W. Cathcart, St. Marys.

Carriage Stallion—1st, Gold Bird, R. Barbour; 2nd, Vanderbilt, J. A. Norris, Hibbert.

Heavy Draught Canadian Bred Stallion (2 years old and under)—1st, Young McMaster, Wm. Hanson, Fullarton; 2nd, Young McMaster, Thos. Mahaffy, Hibbert; 3rd, Crown Jewel, Wm. Vipond, Hibbert.

Heavy Draught Canadian Bred Stallion (3 years old and under)—1st, Young McMaster, Chas. Coppin, Logan; 2nd, Farmers Friend, Leonard Butson, Hibbert; 3rd, All Serene, Wm. Potts, Fullarton.

Agricultural or General Purpose Stallion (2 years old and under)—1st, White Points, Reid Bros., Fullarton.

Agricultural or General Purpose Stallion (3 years old and under)—1st, Young McGregor, Henry Metherwell, Hibbert; 2nd, Young Gliaus, Roderick Kennedy, Hibbert.

BULLS—Durham Bull, calved since January 1, 1889—1st, Lord Stratford the Second, F. R. Hamilton, Hibbert; 2nd, Conningsby, Wm. Robertson, Fullarton.

Durham Bull, calved in 1890—1st, King of the Realm, A. Roy, Fullarton; 2nd, Young Laird, John Rogers, Hibbert; 3rd, Grand Duke Nicholas, John Rogers, Hibbert.

Judges—George Spearin, Blanshard; Samuel Nethercott, Fullarton; Peter Campbell, Hibbert; and J. Millar, Usborne.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Too Many Irons in the Fire.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—It is such a common occurrence, as to have become proverbial, that a person having too many irons in the fire is very apt to neglect some of them and allow themselves to get burned. Perhaps there are no class of persons who, by force of circumstances, are compelled to have more things to attend to at the same time, than rural school teachers. They have to govern and teach all the pupils of a school from the youngest to the oldest in accordance with the regulations and program of studies prescribed by the Education Department. There are five reading books allowing the fourth reader to be the highest, and at least seven or eight classes reading these books. The classes in the first three readers have each eight subjects which the teacher should teach them. Suppose there is only one class in each of these, the regulations require twenty-four subjects to be taught these classes, or in other words, the teacher is required to teach twenty-four classes. The junior third, senior third, junior fourth and senior fourth classes have each nine subjects to be taught to them, making thirty-six subjects or classes to be taught these four classes. The fifth class, which there may be in rural schools, where there are far enough advanced pupils and where there is not a High school, has no less than twenty-two subjects to be taught that class. A teacher may have fifty pupils from five to twenty-one years of age and an aggregate of eighty-two subjects to teach them. (Anyone incredulous as to there being eighty-two subjects to be taught may verify the matter by consulting pages 100 to 104 of the Regulations of the Education Department in the hands of trustees.) He must either have eighty-two classes, or he must group two or more into one, if he conforms to the prescribed regulations. He has to keep quiet and usefully employed all the scholars who are not in class, that is the *Dramatis Personae* of eighty-one classes while he teaches the eighty-second class. Surely, it is no marvel if some, yes, many irons which the pedagogic blacksmith has in the school room forge should be neglected and get burnt. I have no power and very little desire to reduce the number of irons to be heated and welded to the minds of the scholars, but would suggest the number to be attended to at the same time. In the forenoon, from 9 a. m. to 12 a. m., have only the junior pupils from the first class up to the junior third in attendance, and the teacher devoting his whole attention to these classes. Some home work should be assigned to them, such as spellings to learn, to write a part of the lesson, or commit it to memory, or some simple exercise in arithmetic, to be brought for the teachers inspection next day, and then be dismissed for the day. From 1 p. m. to 5 p. m. all the senior scholars should attend and receive the instructions and attention of the teacher. Since they would have fewer hours in school, they too, would be able, and should be required to do a greater amount of home study. The teacher would have less to distract his mind, for in the forenoon there would be no junior, and in the afternoon no senior scholars, and in the afternoon no junior, to keep quiet and usefully employed at their seats, during class recitation and instruction. In short, he would have fewer irons in the fire at one time. I am of the opinion that the junior scholars would get as much direct teaching in the three hours, as they now get in five, and the senior would get more in the four hours, than they now get in six. The teacher would not be tempted, on the one hand, to devote his chief attention to the little ones thinking that the big ones are better able to help themselves, nor on the other hand, to devote his chief attention to the seniors, to the neglect of the juniors because he knows his reputation as a teacher, depends, to a large extent, on the number of his pupils who successfully pass the promotion and entrance examinations. The fatigue from teaching seven hours instead of six would not be greater for there would be less strain of mind and less worry. I would be pleased to see some discussion of the subject in your columns by teachers, trustees, or others interested in public school education, and especially by the parents of S. S. No. 4, if they have anything to say against the plan I have sketched. Provided all parties concerned could agree about it I would like to see the plan adopted as an experiment for the winter months. If it worked satisfactorily it could be continued, but if not a return could be made to the present plan.

Yours very respectfully,

T. SMITH.

The Nova Scotia budget shows a deficit of \$45,559.

Guelph Mercury:—"There was brought to this office yesterday a very peculiar combination in the shape of a young pig, which was dropped Thursday belonging to Arthur Williams, and lived an hour. It is almost two complete pigs joined together at the middle of the body, with one head, four ears, eight feet and two complete hind-quarters. It is a curiosity and will be stuffed by Walter Turnbull.

Listowel.

T. Gibson, of Wroxeter, spent Sunday in town.

B. Rothwell is at present suffering from an attack of la grippe.

J. A. Hacking, town agent for G. T. R., reports a number of passengers for the west.

Wm. Cooper, of Owen Sound, spent a few days under the parental roof last week.

T. McDowell, of Mount Forest, is at home owing to a severe attack of la grippe.

Rev. Chas. Duff, of Parkdale, preached Sunday morning and evening in the Congregational church.

The assembly which was to have been held on Friday, April 10, has been postponed for two weeks.

The ladies of Christ church who intended holding a merchant's carnival on the 25th of May have postponed it indefinitely.

J. Stewart has rented the vacant store of Dr. Nichol and is now running the billiard parlor there in connection with his barber shop.

A meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, on Tuesday evening to organize an Athletic Association. Owing to the small attendance, however, it was postponed.

A Listowel public meeting has resolved to form a joint stock company with \$50,000 capital to build and operate a furniture factory. The meeting meant business, and there was a most unanimous expression of opinion to stand by the town.

A meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute on the evening of April 7th, when a lacrosse team was organized and the following officers appointed: Hon. Pres., O. S. Clark; Pres., A. McIntosh; 1st Vice-Pres., H. B. Morphy; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. Climie; Capt., C. Vallance; committee, R. A. Climie, J. R. Martin, S. Large, R. A. Farquharson, and W. H. Climie.

Additional Local Items.

The retiring publisher of the Stratford Beacon, Alex. Matheson, was presented with a handsome and valuable silver tea service last week by a number of leading Reformers.

THE BAND.—A public meeting to take steps to put the Band on a better footing, will be held in the rooms over J. Irwin's store, on Monday evening next. We trust that our citizens, generally, will attend and be prepared to help to give the boys a start again. Nothing enlivens the village more on summer evenings than music. Our Band, though not large, has always been a credit to the village. We understand the difficulty now is the lack of funds. The instruments are fairly good, and we believe the players are all willing to do their part to help the thing along. It is not fair, however, to expect them to give their time to practice, and to play when called on, and pay their own expenses as well. Let those who enjoy the music do their share in the matter of expense and we have no doubt the Band will once more do their part. Let there be a good turn out on Monday night and we believe there will be no difficulty in raising the small sum necessary to keep the Band going.

OBITUARY.—It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of Mrs. Robert Hamilton, which occurred on Monday, 13th inst. For some years past deceased had not enjoyed perfect health, but not until three months ago was any danger apprehended when it was learned that she was afflicted with a peculiar internal trouble which revealed itself in the form of a cancer in the stomach, which ultimately caused her death. The subject of this notice was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1836, and was married to Robert Hamilton Dec. 31st, 1858, and as a result of this union ten children were born, eight of whom are living—three boys and five girls. Mr. Hamilton died with heart disease some seven years ago leaving the young family to the care and responsibility of the mother, who, we are grateful to know, taught them in the fear of God, and mother and children together have grown up within the pales of the Christian church. Although coming through deep waters of earthly affliction and sorely tried by heavy domestic responsibilities, together with years of ill health, deceased displayed that heroic Christian fortitude and peaceful resignation which so commends our religion to the world and makes it a thing of beauty and power. Nor did her faith waver in the hour of death. Well she knew that that Saviour who had been her refuge and support in former years would comfort and sustain her in the hour and article of death and when her senses failed to respond to the voice of earthly loved ones she could hear the sympathetic voice of her Saviour, and with much assurance say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Thus peacefully her spirit passed home to its God. The funeral service, Tuesday afternoon, was conducted by Revs. Berry (Midway) and Rogers, and as the solemn cortege slowly wended its way from the old home to the cemetery many were the expressions of sympathy for the sorrow-stricken family, who alone can fully understand the painful significance of the lines of the poet:

"A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled."

Donegal.

Mud. Farmers are getting down to work again.

A deer that appears quite tame has lately taken up its quarters in a small swamp in this locality. Fortunately for its life deer are now out of season.

Last Friday evening Wm. Noble, of the 12th con., noticed a wildcat prowling around his barn. Loading his gun with buckshot he soon had pussy lying dead at his feet a trophy of his prowess as a marksman. As it proved to be a magnificent specimen of its kind Mr. Noble at once had it handed over to John Struthers to be mounted and stuffed.

SPRING POETRY.

Soon will he sit beside the brook
With bated breath and baited hook.

A pound or two of rice,
Some ancient shoes beside,
And a parent's satisfaction,
Are going out with the tide.

When April flowers greet the sight
And apple trees give blossoms birth,
The poet pale begins to write
And works the spring for all its might.

By the twinges in my bones,
And assorted pains and groans;
By aching throat and ailing lung,
I know that gentle spring has sprung.

Man wants but little here below,
But he wants that little bad;
If you want to get your wants supplied,
Why try a BEE ad.

The winter girl for months has reigned,
But now her beauty waxes dim;
Her power is waning, soon she'll find
That she must either sink—or swim.

The vernal sunshine warms the pool
And noxious vapors taint the air,
The balmy breeze of gripe is full
And germs are walking everywhere.

Where'er we travel dangers lurk,
The bacilli killed microbes reappears,
The bacilli get in their work,
And spring, delicious spring, is here.

For his sweetheart's dainty room
He bore a sweet perfume:
New mown hay,
But he left his flannels off,
And he caught an awful cough,
Pneu-mo-ni-a.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
I will my local paper take,
Both for my own and family's sake?
If such there be, let him repent
And have the paper to him sent.

'Tis now the honest farmer man goes
tap, tap, tap,
And gathers from the juicy trees sap,
sap, sap,

He boils it down to syrup till it's brown,
brown, brown,
Then adds McKimley's sweetness by
the pound, pound, pound.

Perth County Notes.

Hugh Jack, of Carthage, has engaged C. Lauder as cheesemaker.

The new 2,000,000 gallon pumping engine has just been erected at the water-works pumping house, Stratford.

James Huston, formerly a business man in Mitchell, has received the Conservative nomination in Manitow for the Manitoba Legislature.

A Mitchell young lady, who has been in London for the last six weeks undergoing the Koch lymph treatment for tuberculosis, returns home cured.

Messrs. T. H. Race, editor of the Mitchell Recorder; J. S. McIntyre, Fullarton, and James Prinderville, Logan, are the License Commissioners for South Perth.

At the examination of the Ontario Veterinary College, Andrew Machan, late of Hibbert, passed with honors in two subjects. He is now practising in New York with his two brothers.

Messrs. Stiefelmeier Bros., livery and salesmen, New Hamburg, have sold their handsome golden chestnut promising young Clear Grit gelding, "Key-stone," to Dr. W. N. Robertson, Stratford, for \$225.

Rev. Thos. Macpherson, who for so many years was pastor of Knox church, Stratford, died at his residence, Norman street, Stratford, Sunday afternoon, 12th inst., aged 81 years. Eight months only has elapsed since the death of his beloved wife, which occurred in September last.

W. R. Meredith headed the list of 30 benchers elected by the Law Society of Upper Canada. He received 939 votes, against 682 for Hon. Mr. Hardy, 663 for Hon. Mr. Fraser, 657 for Dalton McCarthy, and 381 for Mr. Idington, Stratford, who was the last on the list of successful candidates.

At the request of the board of Foreign and Domestic Missions, the Bishop of Algoma has consented to address several meetings in the Diocese of Huron, in the interest of mission work in Algoma and the Northwest. He will shortly visit Mitchell for that purpose and deliver an address.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Furniture Manufacturing Association was held at Woodstock. The officers elected were:—President, R. Dowling, Hamilton; vice-president, F. C. Burr, Guelph; secretary, George McLagan, Stratford; treasurer, D. Knechtel, Hanover. The next meeting will be held in Stratford.

Huron County Notes.

Ignatz Keiffer, of Carrick, has bought the McKenzie farm on the gravel road, Howick, 109 acres, for \$4,000.

The Rogerville Cheese Company have secured the services of G. E. McTaggart, of Seaford, to manage their factory this season.

The farmers in the vicinity of Blyth are complaining that the wheat has been considerably injured by the recent frosts and cold winds.

P. Nugent has sold his property of fifty acres on the third concession of West Wawanosh to Thos. McKenzie of the same concession, for the sum of \$2,800.

W. J. Dickson, Leadbury, had his hand run into the gearing of his grain crusher a few days ago, and it was hurt so severely that one finger had to be amputated at the second joint.

The farm of the late James Houlden was recently sold by auction at Henshall. It was purchased by W. T. Farquhar, of Hullett, for \$5,525. It is a splendid farm contains 100 acres, is well situated and has on it fair buildings.

At a meeting held in Goderich a base ball club, called the Diamonds, was organized and the following officers were elected: Capt., Chas. Sharnan; Sec., Treas., Geo. Cressman. The club is open for challenges from all junior clubs.

Rev. Thomas Davidson, wife and family, left Wroxeter Monday April 6th, for New York, whence they sail on Thursday for Glasgow by the steamer State of Nevada. The weather will probably bloom on the highland hills before they start on the return journey. Rev. Mr. Davidson's brother, a student from Knox College, will have charge of the congregation in his absence.

About forty or fifty members of T. McGillicuddy's Bible class, College-st. Baptist church, Toronto, met at his residence recently and presented him with a handsomely carved oak chair upholstered in olive plush. Mrs. McGillicuddy also received a pretty antique vase. Mr. McGillicuddy was recently editor of the Goderich Signal and a brother of the present editor.

An interesting case was tried in the Division Court Goderich, the other day. It seems that last fall a valuable dog belonging to Will Rutson was shot by C. Nafel, of Goderich township, as he supposed it had been killing sheep. Mr. Rutson asked for some remuneration, and on Mr. Nafel declining the case was taken to Division Court, but the jury failed to agree and the case will come up again.

The community was startled Monday morning April 6th, by the news that Robert Montgomery had that morning been found dead in bed. Mr. Montgomery occupied a farm on the outskirts of Wroxeter, of which he had been a resident for many years. Mr. Montgomery was a native of Ireland, aged 67 years, a good industrious citizen, and a consistent member of the Methodist church.

James Watson, postmaster of Sunshine, has secured the contract for carrying the mail from Sunshine to Belgrave and return. The old mail route was from Bushfield by way of Sunshine to Belgrave. But as Bushfield post office has been closed, the mail will be carried between Sunshine and Belgrave for some time, when an effort will probably be made to amalgamate Sunshine and Bushfield and locate the post office half way between the two places.

Quite a number of the stock breeders of Seaford attended the auction sale of thoroughbred Durhams made by J. S. Smith, of Maple Lodge, McGillicuddy, and as a result several valuable animals have been added to Huron's fine collection. David Milne, of Ethel, bought a cow and a calf for \$120, also a two-year old heifer for \$60, Wm. Chapman, of Truellersmill, near Brucefield, bought a ten months old red bull, for \$119, and a two year old heifer for \$67. Duncan McLaren, of Glenquach farm, Hibbert, bought a two year old heifer for \$75. David Hill, another well-known Hibbert stock breeder, bought a yearling heifer for \$46, this is a full sister of the two year old bought by Mr. Milne.

We are pleased to observe that the young men of Huron have taken good rank, in many instances taking a foremost position, at the spring examinations of the various institutions of learning which they are attending. In the first place we notice that J. D. Edgar, son of James Edgar, of Howick, and D. M. Buchanan, a native of Usborne, Toronto, with honors, each taking a scholarship. J. W. McMillan, although strictly speaking, is not a Huron boy, many Huron people will be pleased to learn that he has graduated at the same institution, and has taken a scholarship. In the department of medicine "our boys" have been as successful as in Divinity. At Trinity University for the degree of M. D. C. M., Charles McKay, of Seaford, and R. Knechtel, of Brussels, passed with first class honors, while J. W. Shaw, of Brussels, and J. J. Danby, formerly of Seaford, passed with second class honors. At the Fellowship examination at Trinity Medical College, Mr. McKay passed his final examination, winning the gold medal; Messrs. Knechtel and Shaw had a standing of over 75 per cent, taking first class and certificate of honor, while Mr. Danby had a standing of over 70 per cent, in the first class.

The Summer Girl.

She's coming with the flowers that will bloom for us once more.
She's coming with the breezes that will blow along the shore.
The sun will kiss her ringlets and will tinge her cheeks with brown,
While he who loves her madly grapples fate and toils in town.
And Cupid, with the arrows that he's given her to twirl,
Will guard anew the footsteps of the sprightly summer girl.
When robin redbreast hops around while yet 'tis early dawn,
And tennis players dot the green of grassy field and lawn,
We'll see her dressed in percale, with a walking stick in hand,
And in her brother's necktie will she stroll along the sand,
And where the crowd is thickest in the summer hotel whirl,
Will bloom once more the beauty of the charming summer girl.
With glossy collar shining in the light of summer days,
With vest and ash and blazer we will learn anew her ways,
Young Cupid will instruct us how to pierce the thin disguise,
Of masculine attire that hides the maiden heart we prize,
And when on no more we claim her as the summer's prideless pearl,
We'll hail the smiling features of the jolly summer girl.
—Tom Masson.

UNCLE PAT.

As Harry walked at a steady pace towards Schiehallion, Hugh crept and crawled after him like a snake. When he took shelter behind a rock from the shower that came sweeping up the Tummel Valley, Hugh watched him from the wa-er-course. While Harry noticed how gradually the storm struck and spent its fury on Oragava, till it was blown out from his sight, Hugh kept his eyes fixed on him till his whole being was filled with hatred of the man who he thought had brought such dire misery upon him, and such a lasting shame to the village.

When the old Orag peeped out again smiling and sparkling from its recent shower-bath, Harry rose and strode on up the mountain side, singing aloud in the very joy of his heart at this happy omen. He bore a knife to the left to reach the crest of the ridge, that Hugh easily gained on him unseen up one of the numerous little ravines that run down the west face of those grim ridges of boulders and shingle—the Soridane.

When Harry stopped again near the top, Hugh crouched low among the heather, never losing sight of his quarry.

Here, if Harry could have but seen it, was the realization of that wild portent—half an actual vision, half a weird picture in the painter's brain—which he had seen in the blood-red sunset on Schiehallion. Stalker and stalked, they moved up the mountain as though they had been puppets in the hands of destiny. While the one sat and looked at the glorious prospect of lake and mountain stretched out before him, calmly thinking how one of these days he would come and paint it with Fanny by his side, the other, maddened with the sense of his utter loneliness, was thinking how surely he would kill him that very day.

When Harry took out his sketch-book to jot down the curves of the hills, Hugh opened the formidable blade of his stalking knife. He grasped the weapon, and crept stealthily up the gully. It was a mere ditch at the top, but that was enough for the stalker, so when Harry stepped on to the crest of the ridge, Hugh confronted him knife in hand. It was as if he had sprung from the bowels of the earth. There he was, though—pale, yellowed, grimed with dirt; his dank, haggard hair hanging across his face like ropes, and the "wild cat" gleaming in his eyes.

Harry saw at once he had to do with a madman.

"Ay, Hugh!"
"And for a moment Hugh put his hands behind him, and leisurely scanned his victim from top to toe. Harry recognized his predicament. He was unarmed. He had not even a stick. Desperate odds, there on that wild mountain side; but he was cool, while Hugh was simply mad with suppressed passion.

"Put your knife up."
Hugh laughed. "Mr. Wynter, sir," said he, with mock civility, "you was always very cool, very cool to me. See you die cool?"
"Put up your knife, Hugh, and talk sensibly."
Hugh laughed louder. "Oh, ay; you was always very good at that, Mr. Wynter. You was master at that. Now it will be a Cameron that will be master."

"You're mad or drunk! What harm have I done you?"
"Hear him!" Hugh shouted, wildly. "He will be asking what harm he has done. Cool to the very last. Harm? Look you—where is Maggie?"
"With her father, for all I know."
"Liar!"

Harry never took his eyes from him. He knew if the attack came it would be sudden and swift. So it was. Hugh sprang and struck at him with his last word. Had the blow reached home there would have been an end to Mr. Wynter. As it was he was quick enough to catch the blade on his left forearm, and in a second had grasped Hugh's wrist with his right hand. He did not even feel how badly he was wounded. Instinct told him that his only chance of life against this madman was to hold on and disarm him, and hold on he did like a grim death. The instant Hugh stopped back to disengage himself, he put forth his strength and tried all he knew to throw him. Very few men could throw Hugh, but Harry never lost hold. So they struggled on to the edge of the rock, where Hugh clinched his teeth, and by a desperate effort managed to loosen his right hand. One half-step back to gain strength and give effect to the finishing blow when suddenly his hands were thrown up in a frantic effort to save himself, as he toppled head over heels clean over the edge of the rock. Harry sank on the ground half blinded with blood. There it was, pouring in a stream out of his sleeve. To pull this back, tear off his necktie and bind it tightly round the wound was short work. Then he crept to the brink and looked down.

There was a sheer descent of some twenty feet, then a shelving ledge of grass interspersed with loose boulders, and among these lay Hugh. To get at him he staggered along the crest of the ridge, till he found an easy descent, then slowly picked his way to the spot. Hugh was

alive—unconscious though—and an ugly wound on the head told the reason why.

By dint of shoving and dragging he managed to shift the poor fellow into a safe position. All he could do. Then he sat down and wondered if he should ever reach Dalchoisie. He was sick and faint—bleeding horribly too. He slid the wounded arm into the breast of the coat, and staggered back to the crest of the ridge, where he tumbled all of a heap into a clump of heather. It was as much as he could do to make a pad with his pocket-handkerchief and bind it on the wound.

He lay still for a bit, then cautiously began the descent. Should he ever reach Dalchoisie, smoking there amongst the nearest fir trees? It was not far, but how blurred and indistinct the landscape began to look. How horribly weak he was getting. He tottered as he went, tottered so much that presently he flopped down again to prevent himself falling, and once down he thought he would never get up.

Now, Harry was plucky. He had a clean record and could face death with a prayer; but, how hard to die like this! Ah, if he could only see Fanny once more; have her sweet face close to his, look once more into her honest eyes, feel her breath on his cheek, and hear her speak; and, oh, if he could only have Uncle Pat's strong help in his need!

One more spurt—the landscape more blurred and his brain more dizzy. He began to mix himself up with Hugh's weird stories of Schiehallion. He had just come out of Tam O'Mhorair; he was helping to carry the dead body down the hill. Then he conjured up the very figures he was praying for—how real they looked! They were coming toward him. He cast his eyes on the ground to shut out the mirage and staggered doggedly on. When he looked up again, lo! there they were, more distinct than before. Is it they or were they? Yes, there they were. They were waving, they were hurrying, they were running! Oh, God was this death?

Then a blank—
Meanwhile, Fanny had gone straight up to the smoking-room and had it out with Uncle Pat. She had nothing to hide. She had loved Harry—why should she not own it? But the Hanovers should never say she had married him with any stain or disgrace on her name.

At this up jumps Monsell as if he was shot.
"Stain! Disgrace!" he thunders, banging his great fist on the table. "There is no more disgrace tacked to your name than there is to mine!"
"What!" gasps Fanny half beside herself, with joy. "Can you really say this?"
"Say it? I can about it from the house top!"

Then when, mistaking her silence of joy for one of doubt, he begins to digress into one of his rigmorale excuses, she promptly stops him by clapping her tiny hand on his mouth and declaring she does not want to hear any more.

"You have made me very happy," she said simply; now you must go with me after lunch and meet Harry."
"Of course," said he, glad to be lifted off the ticklish ground. "And—Fanny! we will get away to the south to-morrow or next day and take him with us. He will be wanting to go up about that little business I was telling you of."
"As if that mattered now!" she cried, with supreme indifference.

"Oh! so you are sure—quite sure—in your heart of hearts, that he is worthy of you?"
"Oh, Uncle Pat!"
"Because if you are quite sure, dear, you may go into Blue Beard's room and see what he has been doing for you. Ha! ha! You are pricking up your ears at that. Just climb up to the cook-loft before lunch!"

"He never would let me go there!"
"Of course not! We will go now, and you will see what you will see!"
And Fanny, glad of something to pass the time, tripped up to the studio attic two steps at a time, Uncle Pat following leisurely behind.

"Now!" said he, unveling "The Coffin Maker," "what can you make out of this?"
Fanny could make it out fast enough, for love is a mighty sharpener of wits; and as she stood there, rapt in mild wonderment at the astonishing beauty and finish of the picture, her face flushed rosily with the consciousness that it had all been done for her sake.

There was not the slightest occasion to blow Harry's trumpet into her ears, but Uncle Pat did it vigorously until it was drowned by the clasp of the lunch gong. They sat down, but Fanny could neither eat nor talk. Her heart was too full of the new joy. She was impatient to start—impatient to be with Harry, and tell him how much she had misunderstood him. Uncle Pat seemed endowed with an abnormal appetite; never had she seen him eat so slowly. At last they started.

It is but a short distance from the Dalchoisie gates to the moorland, and almost as soon as they left the high road they made out Harry's figure coming down the slope. In two minutes they saw something was wrong. A little nearer and they knew the something was something terrible. With bare head, and literally covered with blood and dirt from top to toe, poor Harry was certainly an appalling object. Monsell strode on without a word, and Fanny, clenching her little hands, kept up with him. Harry stepped suddenly to steady himself as they ran up—swayed to and fro, and fell just as they reached him. He was in loving hands. Fanny did not lose her head, and Monsell was the right man in the right place. To cut a bit off his elastic brace, to roll it into a tourniquet pad and bind it securely on the wounded vessel was the work of a moment. Then bandaging the arm across the chest with Fanny's scarf, he started for the near cottages for help.

So it happened when Mr. Wynter came to himself, there was the sweet face he had prayed for bending close over him. Presently, too, seeing him conscious, her lips were pressing his, all bloodstained though they were.
"My love!" she whispered.
And by this sign, he knew it was "all right."
"You are not to speak; you are not to move! Uncle Pat has gone for help. The bleeding has stopped."
Quite content was he not to speak or move. He felt ineffably happy lying there amongst the heather, and gazing up at her while she dipped her pocket-handkerchief

into the little burn and wiped the stains from his face.

"Fanny!"
"Yes, dear."
"Hugh is hurt on the hill. Some one must go at once."
"Hush! Here comes Uncle Pat. You are not to move."
"How can I kiss you if I don't move?"
And this was a problem any young lady could solve. Fanny solved it accordingly. There was a delay in getting back to Dalchoisie, for not an inch would Harry budge till he had seen the post-cart with three sturdy fellows start for Hugh's succour.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MONSELL EXPLAINS.

Mr. Monsell took this terrible business very much to heart. He could not brush aside the question, how much was he to blame for Hugh's mad folly and Harry Wynter's danger; and hard on the heels of these misgivings came the dread lest after all by merely preserving silence he had perpetrated a cruel wrong on Mr. Hanover. What's right had he to keep father and child apart? and if he was guilty, was not silence quite as criminal as force would have been? Nor could he now plead that Mr. Hanover was the callous, cowardly egotist he had long believed him to be.

So while Harry rapidly picked up his strength and Hugh lay wandering in delirium at Robson's house, with poor Maggie watching, soared and remorseful, by his bedside, Mr. Monsell's doubts and despondency grew darker about him. Even the manifest happiness of the young people could not cheer him. And how peacefully, soberly happy they were! One glance at the change that had taken place sufficed to convince Joanna that her last hope had vanished. Hugh's knife had cut deep, but it had shorn away all the subtle and perilous webs of her spinning.

Poor Carstairs suffered, perhaps, as badly as any one. He had been so complacent, so snugly self-sufficient in assuming the role of a village Providence—and what a horrible fiasco it had proved!
"I'm glad I've caught you, Mr. Monsell," he said to the old gentleman. "I have never yet been able to face Dalchoisie, but have sent—but you must know how upset I have been about this awful business. Who could have seen such a catastrophe?"
"Don't distress yourself, Carstairs! All's well that ends well. You might have been in a worse hobble."
"Hardly!"

"Hardly! Why, my dear fellow, Wynter might have been killed; Hugh might have lost his life; you might have done something deliberately bad. You rights have been hiding something you had no right to hide. You might have been doing something to be ashamed of."
"Well, upon my word, after what has passed, I am almost ashamed to meet Mr. Wynter and Miss Penland."
"Nonsense!" cried the old man boisterously. "Come, now! I want to look in at the post-office, and then we will go on once. I was preaching to you the other day about selfishness, but I can tell you we need all look at home. Wait a bit while I get the letters."

He came out staring at a telegram. He had not opened it, but was so buried in his troublesome doubts that it was perhaps natural he should feel a presentiment that the buff envelopes contained something unpleasant. So it did. It was short and to the purpose:

"From Hanover Registrar's Office, Beckenham. To Monsell, Dalchoisie, Rannoch."
"Do not leave till I return."
This was all; and what need for more? It told him everything, and there was an end to everything long.

He read it once more; then thrusting it into his pocket, linked his arm in Carstairs' and started off to Dalchoisie. He walked rapidly to relieve his thoughts. He saw now, and it came to him like a blow what he could not resent, because he deserved it, what an abject appearance he would have to make before Hanover. And—ah! What would Fanny say?

This was the last screw of the torture, and it took all the old man's pluck to face it. He was grateful to Hanover for sending the telegram instead of springing a mine on him. Reparation had to be made and he would make it. The bitterest part of the whole business was the chance of his losing one tiny bit of Fanny's reverence for him.

Arrived at Dalchoisie he left Carstairs in the drawing-room and bounced into one room after the other, till he unearthed the young couple in the attic, building Spanish castles over the grand picture which was just about to be despatched to London for exhibition. Then while Harry was sent down to shake hands with Carstairs the young lady was led off to hear a strange confession.

"Fanny, my dear," he said to her after he had got inside the room and shut the door close, "I am going to tell you about your father and mother."
Then he stopped suddenly and looked at her so distressfully, his face quivering and his eyes blinking, that she flew at him at once.

"I don't care what you tell me, Uncle Pat!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck and nestling close up to him, but no one can be so much like a father to me as you. I can love no one like you!"
"Ah, my child! There it is! I am wondering whether this blessing is right. I stole your love when I stole you."
"And I love the thief!" she rejoined, naively, "though he does speak in riddles."
"Read that!" said he, giving her the telegram.

She did, and though the words "Hanover" and "Beckenham" put her a little on the alert, she found it incomprehensible. "The biggest riddle of all!" she said, returning it to him.
"Fanny, my dear," said he, folding it up deliberately and pocketing it, "you were born at Beckenham, and Mr. Hanover is your father."
She did not jump up and shriek out, nor did she exhibit any of those hysterical symptoms which ought to have followed so tremendous a revelation. She flushed a little, 'tis true, but her emotions had been played out of late, and she had sailed into such a haven of rest that even the finding of a father did not ruffle her much. She only nestled closer to him as much as to say, "no one can displace you," and, fortified by this, the old man proceeded to tell her the whole story, chapter and verse. He could tell her but little about her

mother, and not one word would he say against her father, not a syllable, not a hint!

Twenty years ago he had branded him as a son who had winked at embezzlement and deserted his wife; now, to the man's daughter he exoused, he even pitied him. He himself, and he alone was to blame, but when he began to expatiate on the injury he had done to her father, she simply stopped him with a kiss, which was meant to convey, "You protected me, now I'll protect you."

Harry received the news with his usual equanimity. What cared he whose daughter she was, so long as she belonged to him? So, to tell the truth, Mr. Monsell was a trifle disconcerted that the two lovers should have been so little disturbed by the astounding revelation. His wisdom had not yet gauged the engrossing quality of first love. He fully believed they must be feeling more than they showed. They said little because they wished to spare him, so with a sigh he accepted the position and dropped the subject until Mr. Hanover appeared two days later.

He was cooed with him for a couple of hours, and in that time the two men learned to know each other thoroughly. Not an angry word was spoken. Monsell recapitulated the whole Burford story from beginning to end, and Hanover in answer declared that he had met with no more than his deserts.

"Perhaps, though, my punishment has been greater than you think, Monsell," said he. "The late years have not lessened it, and my wealth has intensified it. Greed and cowardice were at the bottom of the mischief. It is extraordinary that, often as I have been at Beckenham, I should never have thought of going to the Registrar's office. My father's account that she had died of typhoid fever seemed correct. I had no reason to doubt the truth. I advertised for the Burford's without avail, as you perhaps know. I don't think my father had any wish to deceive me at last. His heart and soul were in the building up of the firm. He could not overlook any breach of trust. He could take my measure exactly. He knew what value I set upon London life and money, and did what he thought best for the house. This is the excuse, but even now, after a lapse of years, it is hard to forgive him for keeping back my letters to her. Fanny can never love me as she loves you. What I want to know is, can she ever forgive me?"

"Fanny has nothing to forgive, Hanover. Always remember this; she knows nothing whatever about Burford's defalcation and your father's anger. What she knows is that an unforeseen misfortune happened when you were detained abroad on business for the firm. I and I alone am to blame for the rest. She has to forgive me. She must never hear a word against you. A father must be spotless to his child."

"You are a very noble fellow, Monsell!" and Mr. Hanover held out his hand impulsively.
"Fool, fool!" replied the old man, giving it a grip.

Noble or not, he had made it plain sailing for Mr. Hanover, and the dreaded interview between father and daughter passed off as placidly as possible. Fanny was so full of her own happiness that she wanted everybody to be happy. She told him so in her naive way.

When she said, "I shall love you, and try to be a good daughter to you, father, and you must love Harry for my sake," the passing doubt struck him that perhaps she would not have accepted the position so readily had she not been fortified by the calm and happy assurance of already belonging to another. But he was wholly and heartily thankful for small mercies.

It was a struggle for him to tell her about her mother without baring his wound to her. He winced considerably too when she unsuspectingly interceded for Uncle Pat.

"You must forgive him," she said, "you must never say a word to him! Of course he was wrong; but he is so good. There is no one like him, not one in the wide world. None half so brave and unselfish."
"I believe him to be a noble fellow, Fanny," he faltered; "but—"
"Ah! you must not be half-hearted about it, father. It is only because you don't know him! You must forgive him."
"Of course I forgive him."
"Then let me hear you," she persisted, running to the door, and calling Uncle Pat.

"Let me see you shake hands, for I do love him so!"
And there she stood, with her hands behind her back and her dainty head probed a little on one side, while the two men clasped hands again before her.

So, Mr. Monsell's out jumped out of the bag at last, and did not make so very much stir after all. Joanna accepted the situation charmingly. Her uncle's mysterious journey, his unusual vivacity and excitement, had prepared her for something astounding, but it did not disappoint her. Had he been offered a peerage? or, was she to be deposed and a new queen reign in Brook street? One heard of this sort of climax in a rich invalid's life every day. She was disquieted, but did not show it. When the story was told, though—when the truth was divulged, and when her uncle signified his intention of purchasing Camphouran and presenting it to his new-found daughter—when she knew she was not to be disturbed, but would slide back to her old position as if nothing had happened, she felt relieved enough to declare heartily that Fanny came as a crowning piece of luck to the house of Hanover.

When the news reached the Rectory Mrs. Baldew could have danced with vexation of spirit.
"It is no use making a fuss over it, Jane," said Parson Jack's wife; "it will just be a nine days' wonder."
"I don't see how anything Patrick Monsell does could be called a wonder. It is all of a piece with the rest of his life. What about the money?—you lose your four hundred a year!"
"No! We are to have it as long as he lives!"

Mrs. Baldew snorted wrathfully. She was not to be pleased one way or another. She softened considerably towards Fanny when her three stately daughters were asked to be bridesmaids, for Fanny insisted on being married from the Rectory, and Uncle John was to sing, and the famous choir was to sing, and there was to be a great do in Peckham.
All this was not till the spring, though. Before that Hugh was at Dunn with his

wife Maggie, and the famous "Coffin Maker" had been exhibited and condemned. There was weeping and lamentation over this picture. The advanced critics even went the length of declaring that Mr. Wynter had deliberately killed the rare promise of his early work by embracing Realism, and that if he continued in this unfortunate groove, he would probably end by being branded an A. R. A.

Old Robson went to Dunn with Hugh and his daughter. He is far from the temptation of the tap at the Macdonald Arms, but he suffers from rheumatism, and at times his "drops" small stragely of whiskey.

As for Hugh, he is marvellously changed! He remembers nothing! whatever about that walk on Schiehallion. The whole affair is a blank and the long haired truant spouter of Oasian has been transformed into a mild a phillie as ever gralloched a deer. The doctor quotes it as an interesting physiological case, but Mr. Monsell declares that Maggie's womanly influence, and that alone, has caused the change.

No scientific opinion has yet been given as to the mysterious magnetism of the mountain. Now and then a pleasant reference is made to the curious manner in which the small group of actors was drawn together under the shadow of the great glimmering cone to play out a comedy which so nearly developed into a tragedy, and some one or other laughs gaily at the fancy.

Still there is this strange compelling peak sparkling in the blue weather and dominating the wild Rannoch region, dominating too the lives of all these people, so that they yet return at intervals from all parts of the world.

To Harry and Fanny, of course, the attractive influence of the mountain (though they profess not to recognize it) is one of blissful contentment and mutual trust. Nowhere is Mr. Hanover or Uncle Pat more easy in mind than when living in the Shadow, with the Dalchoisie and the Barracks. Miss Joanna too feels the spell of the place—"The bracing quality of the mountain air," as she turns it—and sees things in a truer and clearer light. Originally enough, Mr. Dawleigh—now Lord Forton—responds to the subtle attraction of the great lodestone. Is it, as some have secretly surmised, that the charm of Joanna is still irresistible, or is it that no mortal who has once been in it can escape the magic of the Shade of Schiehallion?

THE END.

Something New in Waistcoats.

The skeleton vest has a full vest front and an open back. The collar and a piece of the shoulder top run all the way around, thus affording sufficient body for a proper shoulder set. The vest is then fastened around the waist by a belt. These skeleton vests are made in two sizes. One size will fit a 32, 34, 36 or 38 bust, and the other will fit a 40 to 46. The garment sets beautifully, and fits the figure perfectly. The main features are that it does away with a great deal of weight and useless material, and makes a very cool garment.
—The Mercer.

Why He Liked It.

New York Times: Powertier—I want to tell you, Dr. Hornblower how much I liked your sermon on brotherly love yesterday morning. It was powerful and right to the point.
Dr. Hornblower—I am very glad if you enjoyed it.
Powertier—Enjoy it? Well, I should say I did! There are a lot of people in that church that I hate like poison, and you simply gave them fish.

In the Vernacular.

"Hello, Jack, where are you living now?"
"I'm boarding with a widow lady on Madison avenue. Where are you living?"
"O, I'm the guest of a widower gentleman with two daughter ladies and one son gentleman—same avenue."

Inappropriate.

Peddler—Madam, I have some very fine mottoes for the house.
Woman—What have you got?
Peddler—Here's a beautiful one: 'If you don't see what you want ask for it.' How's that for the dining room?
Woman—It's no good for me, young man. This is a boarding house.

There Were no Objections.

"If any here present," said the officiating clergyman, "can show just cause why this man and this woman may not lawfully be joined together let him speak or forever hold his peace."
The groom, Mr. Lariat of Arizona, casually laid a pair of large revolvers on the railing in front of him and the ceremony proceeded.

In a Hurry.

New York Herald: Friend—May is an unlucky month to be married in. Why don't you wait for June?
Miss Passe, a prospective bride who has waited a number of Junes—But May comes before June, dear.

A Good Combination.

Reporter—Here is my account of the wedding of that Boston man to the (Chicago) girl.
Editor—Have you put a herd on it?
Reporter—Certainly. "Pork and Beans."—Judge.

Agreeable.

"My creditors and I agree on one point only."
"What is that?"
"That they are in the soup."

The Reverses of Time.

"It's strange how time reverses things, isn't it?"
"Yes, I suppose so."
"Miss Kiddling, whom we just passed, was three or four years older than me when we went to school together. Now I find I am three or four years older than she is."
—The waltz had its beginning in Germany, and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise or polacca and the mazourka.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock. Mr. H. E. Clarke said that the practice followed had prevailed for many years, and that hitherto no complaint had been made. The Speaker read a message from the Lieutenant-Governor conveying the interim estimates for 1891, amounting to \$300,000. Mr. White, in resuming the adjourned debate on the budget, said that there was no doubt that the question of the finances of our Province was one of the utmost importance, and one that should be fully discussed and explained so that the people might understand their true position. He would first speak of the expenditure of last year, which he found to be \$3,941,116. The receipts had been \$3,423,184. Leaving an over-expenditure of \$517,932. To make up this the Government had to draw from a balance on hand of last year \$105,518, from a special deposit \$411,742, and from other small items the sum of \$699. The expenditure for 1889, according to the statements of the late Treasurer, was \$3,538,495, leaving a deficit or shortage of \$114,951. The Treasurer, in speaking upon this question, had stated that the House were given to speaking of these matters as deficits, and he had further stated in his financial speech that when he had some \$500,000 in bank he did not see how there could be a deficit. Yet the hon. Treasurer who had recently made his statement would have to admit, according to this way of working, that there was a deficit this year, because he had drawn not only this \$500,000, but some \$517,000 besides. The hon. gentleman in making his statements, and his predecessor, had both admitted that, notwithstanding that the revenues were beyond what they had calculated upon, they had not been able to administer the affairs within the income of the Province. Hon. gentlemen had always professed a great deal of economy, but their professions had long since vanished. Mr. Balkour, dealing with the liability of the Dominion to Ontario, pointed out that the Dominion public accounts admitted a debt of \$4,827,640 to this Province. The claim of the Provincial Treasurer was only \$118,000 more than was admitted by the Dominion. It seemed as if the Opposition were determined to deny all the debts of the Dominion to this Province. The interest on \$4,827,640, the admitted debt of the Dominion to the Province, at 5 per cent, would be \$240,000 per year. The assets of this Province might properly have included the sum of \$500,000 which had been expended on the Parliament grounds and buildings. He believed that the sale of the old site would more than pay for every cent expended on the new Parliament buildings. It was said the Province of Ontario was joining in a raid on the Dominion for increased subsidies. Who was it that always opposed increased subsidies? The Liberals. Ever since Confederation the Conservative Government had been violating the terms of Confederation for the purpose of giving large subsidies to the other provinces. Ontario had been bearing the lion's share of the taxation, and had not received the lion's share of the subsidies. It was better that there should be a finality in this matter. He believed Ontario had a right to claim reimbursement for the \$6,000,000 she had spent on railways since Confederation. He was not surprised at the remarks of the member from North Essex, who had preached an annexation propaganda at Detroit and Toledo. He was surprised to hear the ultra-loyal member for Toronto (Mr. H. E. Clarke) declare that Canada was educating young men for the United States. Why, if anyone on the Liberal side had made such a statement he would have been branded as a traitor. Mr. Cleary, as a new member, felt reluctant to press his views upon the House, but felt encouraged in doing so by the fact that the junior member for Toronto (Mr. Tait) had shown no special modesty since entering the House. The Government was proud of their new Treasurer, and also felt proud of him, because that gentleman was one of his constituents. He thought the new Treasurer would make an efficient member of the Cabinet if he was not tampered with by the wicked partners. (Applause.) He was not surprised at members of the House defining the liquor licensing system, because many of them owed their election to the fact that the liquor traffic was worked, and worked well, for the Government. In administering the Soot Act the Government abused their powers to such an extent that the people were compelled to repeal the measure. In concluding, he said he had faith in the Province of Ontario, and believed it would yet realize the great destiny which providence had marked out for it. Mr. Waters agreed that the question of French in the schools was not dead and buried. It would not be dead and buried until all the people who used French were dead or were willing to give up their language. The charge that there had been trucking to the Roman Catholic Church was dead, and after the verdict of the people he apprehended that no more would be seriously heard of it. It was the policy of the Government that in every school in Ontario the English language should be taught, and that policy had met with the approval of the people. He was willing to acknowledge that the total expenditure had exceeded the total receipts, but that was justified from the position of the Province. He then moved the adjournment of the debate and that it stand as the first order of the day for to-morrow. The Speaker read his decision on the question raised a few days ago in connection with the petition from Sheriff McKellar, of Hamilton. INTRODUCTION OF BILLS. The following bills were introduced and read a first time: For the relief of the estate of the late William Dunn—Mr. Tait. To incorporate the Toronto Transfer and Warehouse and Railway Company—Mr. Tait. To amend the Act incorporating the Toronto Financial Corporation—Mr. Tait. Respecting the Weston, High Park & Toronto Street Railway Company—Dr. Gilmore. To incorporate the Tilsonburg Spar Line Railway Company—Mr. McKay (Oxford). To amend the Ontario Insurance Act—Mr. Gibson.

To amend the Assessment Act—Mr. Guthrie. To amend the Parry Sound Colonization Railway Company's Act—Mr. Sharp. To incorporate the Niagara Falls Electric Railway Company—Mr. Tait. Respecting the Profession of Stenographers—Mr. Ross. To authorize the Supreme Court of Judicature of Ontario to admit George McGregor Gardner to act as a solicitor—Mr. Tait. Respecting the City of Toronto—Mr. Tait. To incorporate the Port Arthur and Fort William Railway Company—Mr. Tait. THE ST. CATHARINES BILL. Mr. Hiscott moved for leave to introduce a bill entitled an Act respecting the City of St. Catharines. Mr. Fraser said this was one of those bills of which sufficient notice had not been given, and the Standing Orders Committee had recommended that the rule requiring notice be dispensed with. He took the point of order that until the report of the committee was adopted the bill could not be proceeded with. The speaker reserved his decision. SECOND READINGS. The following Bills were read a second time: Respecting St. George's Society of Toronto. To consolidate the debt of the Town of Cornwall. NOTICES OF MOTION. Mr. Tait—Bill to amend the Municipal Act. Mr. Robillard—Bill to amend the Street Railway Act. Mr. White—Bill to amend the Municipal Act. The motion that the House go into supply was declared carried, and the committee went into supply, passed an item, and rose. After Recess. The following bills were read a second time: To amend the Act respecting dentistry. Respecting the federation of the University of Toronto and University College with other universities and colleges. To amend the law as to barristers and solicitors in certain cases. The House went into Committee of Supply. Mr. Meredith wished to know the reason of the vast increase in the estimates in the Immigration department from \$5,900 to \$10,000. Mr. Dryden replied that \$1,000 was asked for an allowance for maps, circulars, and literature. These maps and literature were distributed in England as well as in this country. An additional increase was an item of \$2,000 to encourage new settlers on Rainy river. Mr. Meredith asked whether the election speeches of the hon. gentleman on the disunion state of the Province would be sent out with the circulars and literature. Mr. White wished to know how the item of "incidentals" had increased from \$1,300 to \$2,000. Mr. Dryden replied that much of it was for transportation services for immigrants, many of whom would go into the country but had not the means. Mr. Meredith thought the Department of Public Works hardly did its duty towards Osgoode Hall. The west wing should be painted the same as the east. Mr. Fraser—We intend to do that this year. The speaker laid upon the table a certificate of election of the member elected to represent South Grey. The following bills were introduced and read a first time: To amend the Municipal Water Works Act—Mr. McKay (Oxford). To amend the Street Railway Act—Mr. Robillard. Respecting liens for labor on logs and timber and the payment of wages—Mr. Hardy. Mr. Wood (Hastings) asked in the absence of Mr. Monk, is it the intention of the Government to take any steps for the purpose of extending the benefits of the Torrens system of land transfer to other counties of Ontario on the same terms as the system was introduced into the city of Toronto and County of York. Mr. Mowat replied that the terms are the same for the whole Province as they are with reference to Toronto and York. The Land Titles Act, under which the system was introduced into Toronto, placed every county and town in the Province on the same footing with a slight difference. The county or town wishing to adopt the system must pass a by-law to that effect and provide the necessary accommodation. In the case of Toronto and York the system was applied without the passage of a by-law, as the Government desired to give an example of its practical working. It was also provided that the expense should be borne out of the public treasury and in return the Government should receive the fees collected. The Act was passed in 1885, and during the first four years the cost of maintenance of the system in Toronto and York had shown a deficit of \$4,600 as compared with the receipts. Since 1889, however, there had been surpluses aggregating \$4,200, leaving an actual deficit of but \$381. This would soon be more than made up for and the office would yield a revenue. The system was also applied to five outlying districts, and was left to the counties, cities and towns to adopt it at their option. Mr. McLaughlin moved that, "in the opinion of this House greater local facilities should be given to farmers' sons by which they could secure a better education in their own calling than is afforded them under the provisions of the law as it now stands." He considered this was a very important question. A wealthy Province like Ontario should look well after the farmers, as upon them depended every branch of commerce. Mr. Ross, in reply, quite understood his hon. friend presenting the views he did, representing a rural constituency. It seemed to him a familiar theme, and certainly was one of great importance. The remarks of the hon. gentleman would apply with almost equal force to every other calling in the land. It might be said, what were the Government doing for the education of the laborer, the domestic, the blacksmith, or the seamstress? The laborer was not instructed how to handle his pick and shovel, nor was the blacksmith taught how to wield his hammer. What he (Mr. Ross) did object

to mainly, perhaps he should say firstly, was that the hon. member did not recognize the great principle that elementary education was purely fundamental, and that what was useful to the farmers was equally useful to those engaged in any other calling. Agricultural education in the Public Schools would be misplaced. Mr. Whitney said it was generally understood that the results from the Agricultural College had not been as satisfactory as was expected. Dr. Willoughby disclaimed any opposition to the Guelph Agricultural College. It was unjust on the part of the Government to impose such feelings to the Conservatives. He, nevertheless, sympathized with the proposal to localize agricultural instruction. Mr. Awey considered this discussion was simply a direct bid on the part of the Conservatives for farmers' votes. Had the 5th of March been an anxious before the farmers, that class might now be in a better position. The charge that the lecturers sent out by the Farmers' Institute were not practical men was not well founded. Those gentlemen were some of the most eminent and best qualified in the profession of agriculture. It was not the fault of the Government that so many young men left the farms. The system now adopted was to keep the dull boys on the farm. This should be changed. The clever boys should be kept on the farm, and the dull ones sent to become preachers, doctors and lawyers. The Government had used every effort for the benefit of the farmer. It was not right that the farmers should ask for special favors. All they wanted was a fair field, and by their own energy and thrift they would succeed. Mr. Clancy thought the far more thought and rightly, that there should be a larger representation of farmers in the Cabinet. Was it a request in which they were justified. Mr. Awey—I think so. I think so. (Laughter.) CHASED BY WOLVES. Settlers Flee from Packs of the Hungry Brutes—Some Narrow Escapes. A Selkirk despatch says: Mr. Neeson, of Bad Throat, shot at his door the other day a wolf weighing 150 pounds. It stood 33 inches high and measured 5 feet 10 inches from nose to root of tail, and the tail was 16 inches long. Mr. Neeson says it is the largest wolf he ever saw. Several of these animals have been visiting the neighbors' houses and killing their dogs. Three dogs were eaten up on the river in one day. Mr. Quessen saw three very large wolves while going down to English River. They came within 50 feet of his sleigh, and the oxen were so frightened they ran away, tearing the sleigh to pieces, and he had to mount an oxback. A report from Sand River says that six wolves attacked Mr. Norbert and followed him two miles. He says they kept within 100 feet of him all the way, and he was so frightened that his hair actually lifted his cap off his head. He said he knew of two hunters being kept up in a balsam tree two days by 16 wolves at the foot of the tree. It appears they dropped their guns in order to get out of the way of the wolves. They managed to kill four some way, and the rest ate the dead ones. At Rice River a pack of wolves was seen a few days ago. Two young lads were out getting wood with a dog and sleigh. While going to the house one wolf came along and ate the dog out of the harness. The two boys escaped while his wolfship was engaged at his meal. There have been about 75 seen around here, and they are very large. A HAIR-PULLING CONTEST. A Deserted Wife Has a Fight With Her Rival and is Worsted. A Martinsburg, Ind., despatch says: E. Grimes, a wealthy resident of Crothersville, arranged to elope on Monday with Miss Ella Britton, a pretty school girl who is only sixteen years old. Mrs. Grimes' suspicions were aroused, and she was at the railroad station when Grimes arrived with his sweetheart. Mrs. Grimes confronted the eloping couple just as they were about to enter an out-going train. She seemed more incensed at the young girl than her strait husband. Her words fell upon Miss Britton as if upon a wall. An exciting fight between the two women on the railway station platform, and the clothing worn by both was considerably disarranged before they were separated. The fight didn't cure Miss Britton of her infatuation for Grimes, who served him for his determination to elope with the misguided girl. "He hurried released from the clutches of Mrs. Grimes, but the deserted wife followed closely behind them. Passengers in the car were treated to an excellent hair-pulling contest, between Grimes' wife and the girl, and the deserted woman finally left the train and Grimes and the girl proceeded to Louisville. AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION. Composition of the Federal Parliament—Sessional Allowance. A Sydney cable says: The Federation Convention sitting in committee, yesterday, was occupied all day in discussing the question of the powers of the Senate with regard to money bills. The clause, as amended, was then passed in the following form: "The Federal Parliament is to consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives, the former consisting of an equal number of members from each colony, to be selected by a system which shall provide for the periodical retirement of one-third of the members, thereby securing to the body itself a perpetual existence, combined with definite responsibility to the electors. The House of Representatives to be elected by districts formed on a population basis, and to possess the sole power of originating all bills appropriating a revenue or imposing taxation." The Australian Federation Convention had adopted the provisions of the constitution regulating the powers of the Parliament and fixing the payment of members at \$500 yearly, and also the provision that all appropriation and taxation bills must originate in the House of Representatives. The Italian navy has ten mammoth ships of war, the largest of which is the Italia, 13,898 tons, with 18,000 horsepower engines. A part of her armament comprises four 100-ton guns.

THE GOORKHA MASSACRE.

Later Reports Show That Few of the Commissioner's Escort Escaped. THE REBELS TO BE SEVERELY PUNISHED. A Calcutta despatch says: Official despatches received by the Government confirm the report of the massacre of Goorkhas at Manipur, in the Province of Assam. The Commissioner James W. Quinton is still uncertain. In addition to the disaster at Manipur it is believed a force of British troops, composed of a detachment of 200 soldiers of the Bengal Infantry and 80 Goorkhas, who were marching from Shillong to Manipur to reinforce the troops there, were massacred. Further particulars received from the scene of the Manipur massacre show the insurgent tribes have captured a number of prisoners, including the Rajah of Manipur, Assam was the cause of all the present trouble. The insurgents have also captured Chief Commissioner Quinton, F. St. G. Grimwood, the British political agent at Manipur, and Col. Skene, who commanded the detachments from the 43rd, 43rd and 44th Goorkhas, which defended the camp of the commissioner. Mrs. Grimwood, the wife of the political agent, two assistants of the Goorkhas escaped in the direction of Shillong when the insurgents made the final charge upon the camp. The fate of the remaining officers is still unknown. Four regiments have already started for Manipur with the object of effecting the release of the prisoners and punishing the rebellious tribes. These regiments include two native regiments which were in garrison at Assam, and the Third Bengal Infantry. Several mountain batteries of artillery and a force of cavalry are also being prepared to take the field in Assam immediately. The general opinion seems to be that the military authorities will have to punish the insurgent tribes severely and promptly, in order to avert a more serious revolt. The seat of the Government of Assam is at Shillong, which has a population of only 2,000. The population of the Province of Assam is estimated at 5,000,000. The hostile tribes are composed of well armed, brave and cunning fighting men, who are liable to give the British forces considerable trouble before the revolt is entirely ended. Fifteen fugitive Goorkhas who have reached Kohima report that Mr. and Mrs. Grimwood, Col. Skene and Mr. Simpson escaped into Cochar, where the natives are becoming restless. The party included twelve Europeans. It is surmised that Mr. Quinton was seized at Mr. Grimwood's house, which was four miles from the cantonment of the main Goorkha guard at Langthabat, and that 10,000 irregular Kuki levies in the service of the Manipur Government were ordered to attack and massacre the troops. IMPRISONED FOR LOVE. An Alleged Conspiracy on the Part of a Millionaire to Wreck a Man's Life. A Chicago despatch says Charges of a highly sensational character are made in a suit for \$100,000 damages begun in the Circuit Court this morning. The plaintiff is Eugene Dumnivant, formerly a newsboy, who claims that his life has been wrecked as the result of a conspiracy between Orrin W. Potter, the millionaire President of the Illinois Steel Company, and Tom Fox, James Hutchins and Frank Allen, who are also made defendants. In his declaration young Dumnivant avers that in April, 1885, he was a poor boy 16 years of age, and was then engaged in selling newspapers in the district in which the Potter mansion is situated. While pursuing this vocation he made the acquaintance of Mr. Potter's daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl. The acquaintance between the young people was distasteful to the girl's father, and Dumnivant alleges that in November he was induced to accompany Frank Allen to South Chicago. Allen had a confederate who was dressed so as to personate a plaintiff. Some clothing was stolen, presumably by Allen and his confederate, and Allen was arrested. As a part of the scheme to send plaintiff to the penitentiary it is alleged that Allan accused plaintiff of the theft and caused his arrest. He and Allen were jointly indicted for burglary. At the trial in January, 1887, the daughter of Mr. Potter, knowing her lover's innocence, is said to have employed counsel to defend him. Dumnivant was convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Dumnivant served his term in the penitentiary as hard labor, with the result that his health was broken completely, leaving him a physical wreck hence this suit. TOLD TO KILL HERSELF. The Insane Freak of an Ottawa Servant Girl. An Ottawa despatch says: Esther Dolan, a domestic in the house of a gentleman on Slater street, tried very hard to commit suicide this morning. The master of the house heard her moving about before daylight, and soon after a great crash on the roof of the rear extension thoroughly roused him. While he was wondering what caused the strange movements he again heard stealthy footsteps on the stairs. Going out to the hall he confronted his servant. She was in her night-robe, and presented a shocking spectacle. Blood streamed from a dozen wounds about her face and head and mingled with the tears that coursed down her cheeks. She then confessed that she had thrown herself from a third story window. Fortunately she had struck on the roof of the extension, and from there tumbled to the ground. She was on her way upstairs again to repeat the operation. She talked wildly about having been told to kill herself. Dr. O'Connell, who was called, attended to her hurts, and she was subsequently removed to the residence of a sister, who lives in the city. No cause is known for the girl's evident mental aberration. It is feared that she is hurt internally and may die. At Wilmington, Del., yesterday, Miss Ellen Bayard, youngest daughter of the Countess of Shaftesbury, was married to Count R. A. Lavenhant in the presence of about 100 guests. The happy couple went at once to their Wilmington home, dispensing with a bridal tour.

Whisperin' Bill.

So you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us livin' still, My wife, an' I, an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin' Bill; But Bury couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so its hardly worth givin', For ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body livin'. Set down for a minute, mister; ye see, Bill was only fifteen At the time of the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this world has seen; An' what with the news of battles lost, the speeches and all the noise, I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its crop o' boys. 'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in the fields o' rye Seemed to stand tip-toe to see him off an' wave him a fond good-bye; His sweetheart was here with some other girls—the sassy little miss; An' preendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave him a rousin' kiss. Oh, he was a handsome feller, an' tender an' brave an' smart, An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a woman's heart, I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my might, An' his mother an' me stood a cryin' till Bill was out o' sight. His mother she often told him when she knew he was gone away, That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't forget to pray; An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in the air, An' Bill was a-fightin' desperit, he used to whisper a prayer. Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit; An' one night when the field was covered with the awful harvest o' war, They found my boy amongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' for. His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass—oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead, But he was sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth givin'; For you see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'. An officer wrote an' told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight, But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him round all right, An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern Hill, That he thought the course of a week or so he'd be in his home with Bill. We was that anxious 't see him we'd set up an talk o' nights 'Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the northern lights; We waited an' watched for a month or more, an' when a letter came one day that said they'd started for home at last, I'll never forget the day Bill came—'twas harvest time again— An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent of the grain; The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to stare our joy, An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' 'thar soldier boy. An' all of a sudden somebody said, "My God, don't the boy know his mother?" An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from one to another; "Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in his coat o' blue, "Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you." He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a man who bears the awful roar of the battlefield a sound in his ears; I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow made it blind, With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o' death in his mind. I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remember me?" I'm yer father—don't ye know me? How frightened ye seem to be!" But the boy kept a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all he knew, "God'll take care o' you, Bill; God'll take care o' you." He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart, an' never will; Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill. An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night through, An' smoothes his head and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take care o' you." Unfortun'ly? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death more sad When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone to the bad; An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind. We only take care of his body, but God takes care of his mind, in the Independent. Good Advice. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Lives of great men all remind us— If we would but realize it, Leaving all the past behind us, We should daily advertise. Business as now-a-days needs pushing; If we wish to sell our wares, Advertise, then you go rushing Quickly up the golden stairs. Now's the day, and now's the hour, when You get value for your dime; Business men with ten-horse power, then, Should advertise in the Times. Tumble to it, advertising Is the surest way to win What your hearts have set a prize on, Namely, money, lots of tin. A BLOODY REVOLUTION. Three Hundred People Massacred in the Comoro Islands. A London cable says: News has come to this city from Zanzibar of the outbreak of a revolution in the Comoro Islands, in the Mozambique Channel, about 350 miles north-west of the Madagascar coast. On the island of Anjouan the natives, after the death of Sultan Abdullah, supplied themselves with arms and spread over the country, massacring 300 people and carrying desolation far and wide. The war vessels of the French navy, now in the waters of the Indian Ocean, have been directed to proceed to the islands and put down the insurrection. The Comoro Islands are under French protection, but are nominally ruled by Arab princes. Men Fight with Shotguns. A Maynard, Kas., despatch says: Milton Ownby and Tom Kirby, two prominent citizens, settled an old feud here to-day with shotguns. They had agreed to have a duel the first time they should meet. They met in a store and fired simultaneously. Kirby's head was blown off, while Ownby was seriously wounded. Kirby was an ex-member of the Legislature. Pertman—Has Thompson married his typewriter yet? Van Leer—No; he was going to, when his cock threatened to leave. Pertman—What had that to do with it? Van Leer—Nothing, only he married the cook!

MANITOBA SCHOOL ACT.

It is announced on authority that the Dominion Government have decided to allow the Manitoba Act abolishing Separate Schools, and also an act abolishing French in the Legislature and journals and judicial proceedings, to go into operation. In his report Sir John Thompson says: "It is doubtful whether the Legislature had the power to pass these Acts. The constitutionality of them, however, can be easily tested in the courts by anyone who is interested in the use of the French language in legal proceedings or in the journals of the Assembly, and therefore the prerogative of disallowance has not been exercised."

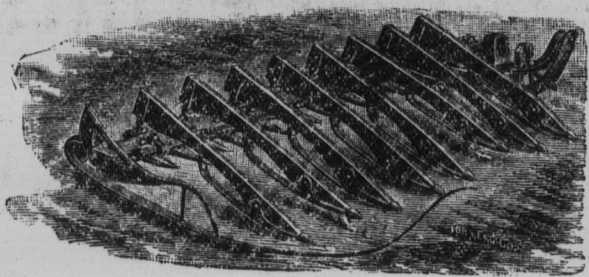
THE WASHINGTON MISSION.

Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. John Thompson, and Hon. G. E. Foster started for Washington Saturday April 4th, to make some preliminary arrangements for a reciprocity treaty with the United States. They were told after a few minutes interview on Monday that the President had laid an interdiction to any present consideration of the subject, and the two Ministers returned forthwith to Ottawa while Sir Charles proceeded to England. A conference between the two governments will be held in October next when it is to be hoped some amicable arrangement will be arrived at. The Montreal Star commenting on the result of the fruitless mission to Washington says: "It is just possible that when Mr. Blaine and President Harrison undertook to snub the Canadian delegates to Washington they had no idea beyond expressing their dislike for the Dominion Government. Their action was nevertheless an insult to the people of Canada, whose representatives the delegates were. The incident is not of much importance in so far as it affects anybody on this side of the line. It is chiefly interesting as showing how little good breeding is necessary to an American statesman. If President Harrison had not sufficient confidence in Mr. Blaine to permit him to conduct the negotiations, he was bound in common courtesy to have postponed his trip until after the conference."

OUR SIDEWALKS.

Could not the Atwood sidewalks be materially improved by adding, say a load of fine gravel to every eight feet of walk? To carry off the surplus water a trench along side of the walk could be dug at a small expense, which would render our sidewalks quite as good as many of those in larger places. At present it is almost impossible for people to travel on some of the streets, and to make bad worse several individuals, whom we will not mention, take the liberty to drive their wagons along the sidewalks instead of the road, notably on the street leading from Mrs. Harvey's corner to the saw mill. This is not right, and further, it should be stopped at once. This particular piece of road has cost considerable labor already to get it into a fit state for travel, and to wantonly travel over it with horses and wagons is an imposition. At a meeting of a number of citizens last Saturday evening it was suggested that a petition be laid before the Elma Council praying for a grant toward improving the Atwood streets, and which we believe is entitled to more than the Council's "serious consideration." Indeed, we think the village is entitled to a grant for this very purpose when the fact is known that very little money has been expended by the Council for Atwood streets in proportion to the revenue derived from taxation. With regard to the objections raised to gravel walks, we know of no better substitute without going to considerable expense. Board walks are very good if kept in good condition, but they need to be continually repaired, and if not looked after closely they become extremely dangerous on dark nights, a fact which cannot be said of gravel or flagstone walks. Asphalt makes a better walk than gravel, while flagstone makes an ideal walk, but both of these are very costly, hence it is useless suggesting impossibilities. Our present sidewalks raised, say three or four inches, with fine gravel, (not sand and mud) and trenches dug on either side where practicable, and on one side where not, will remedy the present unsatisfactory state of things, and this can be done cheaply and expeditiously by each and all of our citizens putting their shoulder to the work and carrying it to completion.

Richmond Pea Harvester!



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

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

HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

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

12 4m HENRY HOAR, Atwood.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The first locomotive passed through the St. Clair tunnel Thursday, April 9th.

The New York Assembly has passed a bill making Good Friday a legal holiday.

Although an Italian discovered America, Italy has never owned a foot of American soil.

The Rathbun Company recently purchased 250,000 feet of lumber in the neighborhood of Calabogie.

The Manitoba Government has agreed to give a bonus of \$1,500,000 cash to the Hudson Bay Railway when the road is completed.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman and prince of humbugs, died at his princely home at Bridgeport, Conn., last week. He leaves a fortune of \$5,000,000.

During the 49 years of his life the Prince of Wales has drawn \$16,500,000 from the public treasury of Great Britain, and his debts, it is said, now amount to \$8,000,000.

Under the amended Brazilian constitution the members of the Jesuit order, who were banished from the country some years ago, are permitted to return, and clergymen are eligible for election to congress.

Fire did about \$50,000 damage Thursday, April 9th, at the piano storerooms of Heintzman & Co., on King street west, Toronto, and to the stocks of tobacconist Goldstein and shirtmaker Quinn in the stores beneath.

Harry Redmond, city editor of the Kingston News, died at that city on Sunday morning, April 5th, aged 37 years. He was a capable journalist and a general favorite. He was a grand nephew of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish statesman.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review:—The liberality of Rev. Mr. Wade in asking a Presbyterian to preach in his church is distanced by the action of another Woodstock clergyman who is reported to have taken one of his converts down to the river Sunday and although not a Baptist dipped him in good orthodox fashion. The interesting ceremony of immersion is said to have been witnessed by a select circle of brethren, also non-Baptists. The world moves.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$1 00	\$1 03
Spring Wheat	90	1 00
Barley	45	50
Oats	50	51
Peas	70	75
Pork	5 00	5 50
Hides per lb.	4	4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 25
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bushel	50	54
Butter per lb.	14	15
Eggs per doz.	12	12

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$1 05	\$1 12
Spring Wheat	1 03	1 05
Barley	50	51
Oats	50	51
Peas	75	78
Hay	8 00	8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00	5 50
Eggs	11	11
Butter	18	20
Potatoes per bag	1 00	1 10

Agents Wanted.

FONTHILL NURSERIES—LARGEST IN CANADA.

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

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

THE VERY LATEST IN

MILLINERY

Hats, Trimmed And Untrimmed.

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS ETC., ETC., ETC.

Pongee Silks & Satins

In all the Newest Shades. Blouse Silk Laces in all colors. A few choice pieces of

DRESS GOODS.

HOSIERY, GLOVES AND EMBROIDERIES.

Eggs taken the same as Cash.

Mrs. Johnson.

—NEW—

Tailor Shop.

NEW TWEEDS

WORSTEDS

AND TRIMMINGS!!

GEO. CURRIE

Wishes to intimate to the public that he has opened a New Tailor Shop in the premises lately occupied by Stark & Wherry, Atwood, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Merchant and Custom Tailoring in the Latest Styles. A perfect fit guaranteed or no sale.

Men's Suits from \$12 up to \$22.

Now is the time to Order your Summer Suits.

A Trial Solicited.

GEO. CURRIE.

A. A. GRAY,

(FORMERLY OF LISTOWEL) OF THE FIRM OF

JOHNSON & CO.

Royal Art Studio,

513 QUEEN STREET W., TORONTO.

Enlargements for the Trade. Solar, Bromide, Platinum, Opal and Oil Prints.

PORTRAITS

In Crayon, Ink, Water, Oil and Pastel Colors.

Full line of Artist's Material kept in stock. Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Brushes, Palettes, Crayons, &c., &c.

SAMPLE OF WORK

On Exhibition at THE BEE Publishing House, where Full Particulars may be had and Orders Taken.

To Flax Growers! HORSES FOR SALE.

The Shareholders of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co. may have what

SEED FLAX

They require at any time after Monday, March 23rd, by applying at the mill.

WM. LOCHHEAD, Secretary.



SPRING

IS COMING!

WE have just received a fine assortment of Boots in every design and quality.

DRY GOODS!

New Cottons, New Cottonades, Shirts, Prints and Gingham, Extra Value.

Fresh Groceries!

RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.

A Call Solicited.

Mrs. M. Harvey.

THE 777 STORE!

The 777 Store is Headquarter in Listowel for For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Dress Goods, &c.

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

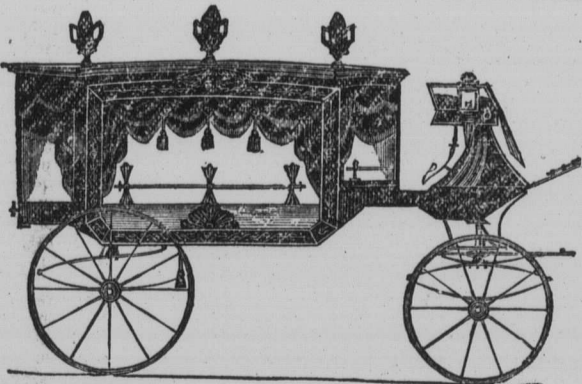
Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

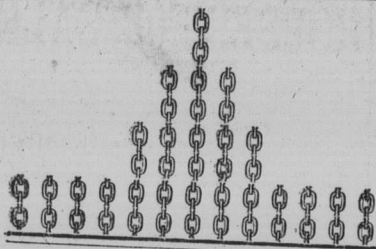


WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

Has on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Furniture, plain and fancy Picture Frame Moulding, Cabinet Photo Frames, Boy's Wagons, Baby Carriages, different kinds. Parties purchasing \$10 and over worth may have goods delivered to any part of Elma township free of cost.

Freight or Baggage taken to and from Station at Reasonable Rates. Dray always on hand.

Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O. Atwood, April 1st, 1890.



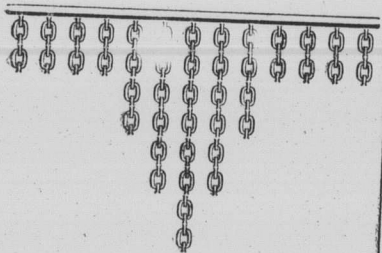
Seeds Seeds

Mangel,
Turnip,
Carrot,
Garden
and Field
Seeds

—AT THE—
Atwood Drug Store.

M. E. NEADS,

Sole Agent for the famous Short White
Carrot.



Town Talk.

FINE fishing these days.
Sow an act and you reap a habit.
Sow a habit and you reap a character.
Sow a character and you reap a destiny.
THERE'S a sunny side to every street.
WINTER is still lingering in the lap of spring. Why don't spring stand up suddenly?

MRS. PORTERFIELD purposes erecting a handsome residence in town next summer, particulars of which will be given later.

REV. C. H. PHILLIMORE, of Port Colborne, preached from I. Cor., 11:25, in the Baptist church Sunday afternoon. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered at the close of the service.

At the meeting of the Epworth League Friday night Mr. Reid, evangelist, gave a spirited address to young people. It is gratifying to know that the League meetings are being largely attended and the good work progressing. Misses McBain and Hawkshaw led the meeting Friday evening.

Two eggs each to every man, woman and child in the Dominion gives the egg bill for Easter, at 16 cents a dozen, \$133,333.50. Unfortunately the Harrison Tribune editor had only a-fifth part of an egg on Easter morning, in other words, one egg did his family of five members. The Tribune man is to be pitied.

AN APRIL FOOL.—Deputy-Sheriff Perry, Woodstock, on Monday of last week, received a letter from Hurley, Wisconsin, purporting to be signed by one C. Dale, who claims that he was the murderer of Benwell and that Birchall was hanged innocently. The fact that the letter was dated April 1st is suggestive.

THE happiness and success of the household depends in a large measure on the housewife's management. If she is improvident or indifferent affairs will always be in a bad condition. How happy and prosperous would the average family be if each woman would commence this season by resolutely setting her face against extravagant expenditure, by saving a little money each week and above all by paying cash for everything she purchases, and always paying on the spot.

I. O. F.—A court of the Independent Order of Foresters was instituted here on Friday evening last by J. H. Dickson, D. S. C. R., of London. The following officers were elected: C. D. H. C. R., J. L. Mader; C. R., L. E. Rice, M. D.; Y. C. R., James Hanna; R. S., W. B. Humphries; F. S., Wm. Hawkshaw; Treas., Wm. Bell; S. W., R. B. Hamilton; J. W., Joseph Hanna; S. B., S. C. Holmes; J. B., Wm. Graham; T. C. R., H. H. Hope; Chaplain, Wm. Forrest; Physician, Dr. Rice. The court meets on the second and last Tuesday evening of each month.

How old are you?

Stick to your flannels.

Shoe keepers can be supplied with old newspapers for five cents a pound at THE BEE office.

THE report of the promotion examinations, held April 3rd, will reach the pupils the early part of next week.

BAYFIELD correspondent to the Goderich Signal.—On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Henderson preached a very interesting and instructive sermon to young men.

REV. E. ST. YATES has promised to favor THE BEE readers with a sketch of his life, which we have reason to believe will be both interesting and instructive.

THE great American seedsman, D. M. Ferry, has just filled a consignment of choice mangel, turnip and garden seeds for J. S. Gee, Newry. Peruse Mr. Gee's advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

A QUARTETTE has been organized in town, consisting of the following members: Miss Hawkshaw, soprano; Miss Miriam Dunn, alto; George Currie, tenor; J. A. McBain, bass. The club meets every Tuesday evening for practice.

An entertainment of a musical and literary character, in connection with the Epworth League, will be held on Friday evening, 24th inst. Rev. Mr. Livingstone and a lady singer from Listowel are expected to take part. Admission 10c.

It is estimated that the new Presbyterian manse, stables, etc., will cost \$2,000; this is the limit cost fixed at the congregational meeting, held the other day. The proposed structure and grounds in connection therewith will do credit to this large and wealthy congregation.

MOSES OATES says that we this year will have the warmest April that we have had for many years. The first half of May, or even up to the 24th, is to be cold and backward, with no frost of any consequence. On the whole Moses considers the season will be a favorable one for the crops.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, the revivalists, are working at Vancouver, B. C. The Telegram of that city gives spicy column reports of their meetings daily. Mr. Crossley has invested \$1,300 in real estate about Vancouver. It is reported the evangelists will make Stratford a second visit.

In England, a few years ago, the infidel societies took in quite a number of members, but they have been decreasing each year and last year less than 500 were received and 13 infidel halls were closed. Secularism, and so-called "free thought" must go, as it proposes nothing in the place of what it seeks to take away.

MANY people forget the fact that the postal regulations forbid postmasters to deliver letters addressed with initials and postoffice only. For instance, letters addressed to "A. J., Atwood, Ont.," could not be delivered, although a dozen should arrive promptly and apply for them. The letters would be returned to the writers through the dead letter office.

Y. P. A.—The regular meeting of the Y. P. A. was held last Friday evening in the basement of the Presbyterian church, there being a large attendance. Rev. Mr. Henderson gave an interesting and profitable address from the words, "Come unto me," after which a business meeting was held. It was thought advisable to continue the meetings during the summer months. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Rev. A. Henderson; President, C. J. Wynn; 1st Vice-President, Miss Miriam Dunn; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Maggie Graham; Secretary, Miss Jennie Harvey; assistant Secretary, Cyrus Harvey; Treasurer, Mrs. John Rogers. A number of the members also comprise the following committees: Missionary, Social and Literary, Prayer Meeting, and Musical. The next meeting will be held Friday evening, 17th inst., commencing at 7:30, when an interesting program will be rendered.

WE MAY EXPECT April showers and May flowers.—Spring shows to boom and auction sales to take a rest.—Plowing to commence and business to be dull in consequence.—The Young People's Association and Epworth League to exchange fraternal greetings and both to greatly profit thereby.—The Advocate to whine about Mitchell's town printing being contracted for too low; the extravagant cost of the Elma printing, while it is the only paper in the Huron tract to tender for corporation work at starvation rates, besides periodically tramping the country for petty jobs at Chinese prices, and that in towns where newspapers are established.—A general movement these fine evenings towards cleaning up back yards and taking other sanitary precautions.—The spring poet to suddenly come forth and in notes of angelic sweetness expatiate on the transcendent beauties of nature, while the country editor grows pale and sick at heart as he contemplates the inevitable onslaught of rhapsodic, wishy-washy, sentimental gush.—Field and garden seeds to find a ready market.—Hen fruit to fall in price, but other farm produce to steadily increase.—The festive bug to spend his summer vacation in the potato patch to the delight of the small boy who makes five cents a hundred on 'em.—The village to increase her population by one third during the next twelve months.—THE BEE to steadily grow in popularity and its circulation to continue to increase.—Croquet, football, baseball, lawn tennis, lacrosse, etc., to take their innings.—The Stratford Beacon to regain its lost prestige as a result of the change of management.—Horsemen to consult their own interests by getting their route bills printed at THE BEE office.—Some surprises to both teachers and scholars when the promotion exam. papers are received.—Building operations to boom this summer.

THE great bargains offered by Carson & McKee, Listowel, should be taken advantage of at once as the Burt stock will be closed out in a few days. See ad.

WM. ANDERSON'S (4th con. Elma) team of horses ran away on Saturday afternoon, and succeeded in reaching home, some four miles distant, before being captured.

A MEETING of the Football Club is announced for next Saturday night, at 7:30 o'clock, to be held over J. Irwin's store. A full attendance requested as important business is to be discussed.

SEEDS! seeds!! seeds!!! Field and garden seeds in abundance at the Atwood Drug Store. Mr. Neads is sole agent for the famous Short White Carrot. See what he says in his advertisement.

A MEMORIAL service will be held in the Methodist church next Sabbath at 11 a. m., with reference to the lately deceased members, Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Hamilton. The children's meeting will be postponed.

OUR lady readers should peruse Mrs. Johnson's announcement of her spring millinery opening. She has just returned from the Forest City, where she purchased full lines of millinery and trimmings of the latest shades any styles.

In another column will be seen the advertisement of Henry Hoar's famous Richmond Pea Harvester which he sells for \$12. It can be attached to any mower and is generally accorded to be the best, simplest and cheapest pea harvester in the market.

A NUMBER of the friends gathered at the station Tuesday to see Mrs. Matthew Stevenson and Miss Mary Stevenson off to Cheyenne, Wyoming. The latter goes to wait on Mrs. Wm. Stevenson, whose health we regret to learn is in a very low condition. We wish Mrs. and Miss Stevenson a safe journey to Wyoming's capital.

At the regular meeting of the I. O. G. T. last Monday evening the following resolution of condolence was passed:—Moved by S. Holmes, seconded by E. Brokenshire, that since it has pleased Almighty God to call home the beloved mother of sisters Mellie and Jessie Hamilton and brother Robert Hamilton we take this early opportunity to convey to them our deepest sympathy in this their severe hour of affliction.

THE eclipses announced for this year are noteworthy. On the 23rd May the moon will rise in eclipse at 7:55. At the Antipodes her face that evening will be wholly obscured. A total eclipse of our satellite will begin at 10:35 on the 15th of November. This will be visible. There will be two solar eclipses—one annular and visible in this country as a partial eclipse on the upper limb, beginning at 5:02 on the 6th of June; and the other a partial eclipse on the 1st of December which will be visible chiefly in the South Pacific. Besides these, there will be, on the 10th of May, a transit of Mercury over the sun disc, which will be only partially visible in this part of the globe.

PRESS ECHOES.—The St. George Journal has suspended publication, and the proprietors, Messrs. McMeans & Ward, are removing their plant to Port Colborne.—The St. Marys Journal has moved into new and more commodious quarters. The Journal is an excellent local paper, and in conversation with a prominent Blanchard farmer the other day we were pleased to learn that it heads the list in Blanchard in regard to circulation.—The St. John Sun, the chief Conservative paper in New Brunswick, was sold out by the sheriff. Its proprietors owed nearly \$20,000.—The partnership between E. J. Lovelace and J. C. Whitney, as publishers of the Petrolia Topic, has been dissolved. Mr. Whitney will start a weekly paper at Oil Springs.—A. Matheson, late editor of the Stratford Beacon, left last week for Belleville, where he assumes the position of Bursar of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. During the long years Mr. Matheson, edited the Beacon he held the esteem of the public and the warmest regards of the journalistic fraternity, yet as a journalist he was not a success, and he did wisely in stepping out of the ranks.—The printing material connected with the defunct Mitchell Advertiser was sold by the bailiff in charge, J. S. Coppin, to Walter Thomson for the sum of \$210. Mr. Thomson hands it back to Mrs. Colwell for the same sum and Mr. Colwell now away looking up a place to start a small book store and printing office.

—The Lucknow Sentinel is now printed on a Campbell power press. It is good proof of a thriving town to see the paper prosper.—The Times is authority for stating that Stratford Beacon will be run as a daily by the new proprietors. There may be heaps of fun in running a daily in Stratford, but there is no money in it if our nine years' experience at newspaper work is a fit criterion.—The Warton Enquirer of last week remarks: "H. T. Butler, of Stratford, late editor of the defunct Stratford Sun, is in town this week. We understand Mr. Butler has made arrangements to start a Conservative paper here. This will make three papers for Warton. We do not see that three papers can prosper here very well, but we welcome Mr. Butler to Warton." "From the frying pan into the fire" is an old saying, but nevertheless significant, painfully true in the event of Mr. Butler attempting a third paper in Warton. What folly!—The Stratford Times says "the report is not true that the Times has been negotiating for the purchase of the Stratford Herald."

CRADLE.

NICHOL.—In Elma, on the 15th April, the wife of Mr. James Nichol, of a daughter.

TOMB.

HAMILTON.—In Atwood, on Monday, April 18th, 1891, Mrs. Robert Hamilton, aged 55 years and six months.
SHANNON.—In Elma, on Wednesday, April 8th, Rosetta, beloved wife of Mr. William Shannon, aged 43 years.

Prints, ♦ Prints.

Large Stock! Choice Patterns!

See our 10c. line, equal in quality of goods and patterns to the usual 12c. lines. Full lines in

General Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

STRAW AND FELT HATS,

Boots and Shoes, &c.

See Our Prices before you buy.

I Want Butter, Eggs,

Potatoes and Dried Meat.

Highest Price always paid.

JAS. IRWIN.

WE PROTEST

AGAINST HIGH PRICES

And having bought our Spring Goods before the advance we are enabled to Sell at the Lowest Possible Figures.

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Viz., Prints, Sateens, Shirting, Shaker Flannels, White and Gray Cottons, &c., &c.

Novelties

In Ladies' and Children's Dress materials, Fancy Muslins, Embroideries, Laces, Hosiery and Gloves.

An Elegant Range in Men's and Boys' Top Shirts, Ties, Braces, Collars and Cuffs.

I might exhaust columns of space enumerating the assortment of New Goods, but the best proof that we can give you as to our ability to give Prices Away Down is to invite personal inspection.

Come Early if you want the Pick of the Choicest Lines.

We have always on hand a large and complete stock of Ready-Made Clothing

Boots and Shoes and General Groceries.

J. L. MADER.

P. S.—We have just received another shipment of SILVERWARE to be Given Away to Cash Customers. Those who have no Tickets may secure them on application.

HEROISM OF CHILDHOOD.

Courage That Has No Tinge of Selfishness, Being Prompted by Love Alone—Remarkable Illustration.

The London Spectator says: There is something very pathetic about the heroism of childhood, where the means of heroism are really independent of daring and presence of mind, something beyond mere steadfast truthfulness, which is in a sense natural to childhood. The inquest held yesterday week before Dr. Macdonald, M. P., coroner for Northeast London, on Henry James Bristow, aged 8 years, illustrates precisely what we mean. Mrs. Bristow, who lives at Walthamstow, had left this little boy alone in the room with a younger sister of only three years of age, in order to go on an errand, from which she returned before 8 o'clock to find that the little girl had climbed on a chair to reach a small paraffin lamp, and had upset it over her clothes, which, of course, caught fire at once. The boy immediately tore them off her, and laid her up in the bed, but in lifting her on to the bed his own clothes caught fire, and it took the child a long time to tear them off, which, however, at last he succeeded in doing, but not till he was so seriously hurt that, though taken at once to a hospital, he died within the week from the result of the injuries. His little sister's life he had succeeded in saving; at least, she was said to be doing well at the time of the inquest on her brother. The coroner very justly spoke of the boy as quite a little hero, and he was a hero in precisely the sense in which it seems to us that the word, as applied to a child of 8, carries a profound pathos with it, because it implies a presence of mind, a promptitude of purpose, a self-command and fortitude and steadfastness, which are usually quite beyond a child's imagination, much less his practical achievement. In the books of verse for children, which were in use a generation or more ago, there used to be some verses about a child who kept perfectly calm and self-possessed at sea during the raging of a tempest, because his father was "at the helm," which was the refrain with which the child replied to all the questions asked him as to the source of his self-possession. This is a kind of heroism—if heroism is the right name for it—which should be, we think, natural to children, at least to children who have felt the fullest trust and reverence of which children are capable. But the children of the poor are often early initiated into a kind of heroism more properly deserving of the epithet; for heroism, accurately construed, expresses, we think, more or less of the power to stand alone and cope with the difficulties or terrors of life by the promptitude and boldness of individual energy. There is certainly something in the spectacle, which is singularly impressive, and gives us a deeper sense of the spiritual force of human life. In the mature, what looks like heroism is very often love of praise and little else. The sense of what the world expects from a man will often make a coward act as if he were constitutionally brave, and a selfish man act as if he were habitually disinterested. But when a child faces the most acute pain, and (as is proved in this case) death itself, to save another, and this too in the absence of all spectators, it is impossible to ascribe his conduct to any semi-melodramatic or even imitative motive. The little boy of 8, battling alone with flame and pain to save his sister, can hardly have anything in his mind except love for her, and responsibility to his mother in her absence, and assuredly cannot have been brooded up with that eagerness to win the world's good opinion, or to become the subject of the world's curiosity, which taints so much, not only of our modern life, but even of our modern courage and daring. We should doubt if the little hero of whom we have been writing so much as formed the desire to be himself brave or faithful, or to be, for himself, anything at all. Probably his first desire was to save his sister, and his next to release himself from the agony of the flame; but the former was the overmastering motive which carried everything before it, and made him deliberately incur the severe pain from the consequences of which he died. It is hardly possible not to think better of the human spirit when one sees a child of eight so affectionate, so dauntless, and so resolved.

Bible Leaves and the Police.

New York World: A man engaged in the evangelical labor of bestowing Bible leaves upon people he meets in the street, and especially to policemen, wants to know if he is right. He has been arrested once, and immediately took himself to distributing the leaflets again. He argued the propriety of doing so with the policemen, who generally allowed it was all right, but that he must "move on." He endeavored to get a permit and applied to a Justice, to the Mayor's Marshal, to the Bureau of Street Cleaning, to the Corporation Counsel, and having failed with all to secure it, resumed his task without it. He is interested in knowing what law he breaks in giving Bible leaves away. Perhaps if he is "moved on" all the time he may never find out.

An April Fool.

Buffalo News: Robby—What's an April fool, papa?
Mr. Norris—An April fool is a man who takes off his winter underclothing on the first warm day.

Qualified but not Accepted.

"Is your husband a Mason, Mr. De Tompkins?"
"No, Mrs. Van Stryker, but he has the grip."

A French syndicate has bought the Mickey Green silver mine, in the Ouray (Col.) district, for \$1,300,000.

When a man gets old enough to know himself thoroughly he begins to entertain cynical opinions of the whole human race.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The devil can't understand the stingy man, but he likes his ways.

Navigation has opened on Lake Champlain.

A woman is never so good-looking that she cannot remain an old maid, and a man is never so homely that he cannot get married.

THE ELLIPTOGRAPH.

A New Device for Drawing Perfect Egg-Shaped Figures.

There is a demand for a simple instrument that will make an ellipse quickly. A Swedish inventor has recently patented a device that seems to meet the demand. It consists of a drawing-pen or pencil fixed at right angles to a horizontal bar, at the other end of which is a leg used as a support. A handle is at the top of this bar, and at the lower end of it is a reel around which is wound a double thread. The thread passes down to the point of the pen or pencil, and is passed around two ball-headed pins pressed into the paper at the foot of the ellipse. The thread is placed around these pins, and all that needs now to be done is to draw the curve in the usual fashion.

The Turf.

The racing season in Toronto promises well. The bill already before the public pursues amounts to \$25,000. Of this \$10,000 will be divided among the thoroughbreds, and the remainder will go to the trotters. The season opens with the May meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club at Woodbine Park, lasting four days. The Woodbine Driving Club has decided so far on six days in June and July, giving \$6,000 in purses, and Mr. Charles at Dufferin Park offers \$10,000 at five meetings of three days each in June, July, August, September and October. The fall meetings of the Jockey Club, the Hunt Club and the Woodbine Driving Club have yet to be arranged.

The once famous racing horse Proctor Knott promises to do good work again this season. He is at Memphis and a day or two ago when the other horses in training went the half in 52 and 53 at hard work Proctor Knott went easily in 50 and was as fresh as possible afterwards.

Some most extraordinary and scarcely credible stories are being circulated about the "facts" which the English Jockey Club are said to have collected in their investigations. "One young jockey, I am told," writes a correspondent, "was found to have upwards of £30,000 at his banker's. A professional backer was discovered to have had sixteen winning weeks in succession, during which time many thousands of pounds were paid him, and another is stated to have lent £70,000 to a municipality."

When the horses of the late August Belmont were sold the 2-year-old filly Magnolia, by The Ill-Used—Magnetism, was purchased by Baron Leopold Rothschild for \$5,100. She has been in charge of James Rowe, but will be shipped to England this week.

The judgment of the court in the charge against Lord Lonsdale for furious driving, arising out of his driving motor, was as follows: The magistrates have considered this case very carefully, and the majority are of opinion that it should be dismissed. They think that there is no evidence that the horse was not under proper control, or that the life or limb of any person was endangered. At the same time the magistrates express the opinion that a public highway is not a proper place to be used as a racetrack.

The Tailor and the Dude.

"Once a Goose" writes as follows to the New York Sun: "Four years ago I was a merchant tailor, owned three houses and a good business. A Murray Hill dude got in my debt \$200; could not get him to pay me. I advertised the bill for sale. He then sued me for \$10,000 damages. I then put the bill up in my shop with a note on it—bad debt for sale; he sued me again for \$5,000. The judge at court said I was libel, and an outrageous libel. My lawyer and his lawyer now own two of the houses I once owned. After I settled the cases I met the dude with a suit of my clothes on. I then looked him. Sued me for this, and for this I have a mortgage on the other house. The only thing I ever got from this one of the 400 was his measure. I have it yet. It is not for sale. My experience is this: I would sooner have a bad debt than a good lawyer. I now sell for cash."

Hungarian Music.

It was in 1878-9, during the occupation of Bosnia. The battle of Magjag was raging. The enemy, well protected in its fortified position, repulsed the repeated attacks of the third escadron of heavy dragons (of hussars), who, disheartened and decimated, retreated in wild disorder. Defeat seemed to be inevitable. Capt. Millakovic's presence of mind bade him call in the second escadron of the Thirteenth regiment of Hungarian hussars. Using no eloquence, no encouraging word, he simply ordered the band to play three Hungarian melodies for them. The thundering hurrah which drowned the song's last cord led the lads into the fire, and although only 20 out of their 100 survived the carnage, they dislodged the enemy and won the battle.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Irish Logic.

Toronto Grip: Railway official—Smoking's not allowed in this room, sir. You'll have to quit.
Mr. McFinnigan—I'm not smokin', sir.
Railway official—But you have your pipe in your mouth, sir.
Mr. McF.—Yes; an' I have my foot in my boot, but I'm not walkin'.

Boston Home Government.

New York Sun Beacon Street—Mother Johnny has been pulling that cat's tail again.
Mrs. Street—Johnny, you may learn and repeat 60 lines of Ibsen before luncheon.

A presentation to Queen Victoria costs the presentee at least \$250, and as much more as he chooses to spend.

Four new typesetting machines are now in operation in the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa.

The Canadian Pacific authorities say they will actively push on the construction of the Souris branch of their road this season.

The girl who is deserted by her lover at the altar is more fortunate than the woman who is deserted by her husband after. But she doesn't know it, unfortunately.

James Cummings, who for thirty-five years filled the position of lighthouse keeper on Pelee Island, is dead.

DEFECTIVE VISION.

What Causes it and How it May be Gained Against.

It is just 600 years ago since spectacles were first invented, and it can be asserted that at no time in their history have they been so generally worn as by the young; now it is quite common to see the universal and even little children wearing the universal adjunct to the windows of the soul.

Why so many children should require glasses nowadays is often a matter of discussion, and to arrive at a definite conclusion on the subject requires consideration. There certainly cannot be any doubt that many children in former times required glasses just as much as they do to-day, but with the advancement of science and the opportunities which we have for acquiring knowledge, this subject, like all others, is now better understood, and where any defects or imperfections in the body are discovered the remedy is speedily applied (if possible).

Besides these inherited defects and imperfections (for which we are not responsible) there are others which are acquired (for which we are responsible). To these we would particularly refer and endeavor to point out both cause and effect, which we trust may serve as a lesson of light to warn others of the danger.

Children of tender years, when first they begin to look intently at near objects (i. e., to read or write), often acquire some of the most serious defects of vision. This is more especially the case when the eyes are found to be unequal in focus, or when the eyes are not quite normal, the result being that the weakest eye frequently turns inward, causing strabismus or squint, and a gradual loss of vision in the affected eye, or else the child, being unable to see clearly, will hold the object too near the eyes, thus causing myopia, or near-sight, which, unless speedily and perfectly corrected, will go on increasing until the age of 27.

A few illustrations will best explain the causes and effects of bad sight in children.

A bad light; a small print; a difficult lesson. The boy hopes to get the Latin Grammar into his head by putting his head into the Latin Grammar. He is doing his best without knowing it to make himself short-sighted for life, and is very likely to succeed.

Five o'clock in the afternoon. "Too soon to light the lamp." The good boy will not waste his time; he learns his lessons by fire light. Perhaps, however, it is not a lesson book which he is reading, but "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Boys' Own Book." If so, it is all the worse, for he is less likely to put it down.

Too much attention could not be given to this important subject by parents, teachers and all those concerned in the instruction of the young. Parents should make it their business to ascertain whether their children's eyes are right or not. Teachers should see that the light, the construction of the desks and the position of the body are just what is required for the preservation of the sight, but as a preventive to disease.

As a safeguard against the prevalence of bad sight in children, we would suggest that before entering on the duties of school they be required to undergo certain simple tests, which should be on the wall of every school-room.

The loss of our sight is the greatest affliction that can befall us, and when we come to understand the wonderful mechanism of the eye and the injustice done to it, we cannot but wonder that more people do not lose their sight. Let those who have perfect sight see to it that it is preserved, and those with imperfect vision see that it be made perfect before it be too late.

The Highways and Byways.

New York Scottish American: The ministers of Jersey City are making arrangements to have a house-to-house canvass with the view of finding out what people do not attend church, and the causes that are religiously indifferent, while the next largest in charge of districts, each of which will be committed to a member of the executive co-operation of the clergy of all denominations and the most active members of their congregations. The idea is to have one visitor appointed for every ten families among the non-church-going portion of the community, and to see what can be done towards getting the people to begin attending a place of worship of some kind.

Causic.

Chapple (with his new spring suit)—Don't you think this suit—ah—a twifo too tight for me?—complexion?
May Cutting—Yes, but it accords with everything else so perfectly I wouldn't mind a little thing like your complexion.

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

It looks as if the coming man might be a woman. Chicago has five women health inspectors who each draw an annual salary of \$1,000. They are empowered with full authority to enforce their recommendations, and wear an official badge which they show when their authority is disputed. Their work lies in the poorer and dirtier sections of the city.

Lady (in coal office)—Can you not hurry this coal up for me; my bin is empty. I hope I won't have to wait long. Clerk (assuringly)—I will rush it, madam. You will have a very short "weight," I assure you.

Boston dog-fanciers have fully half a million dollars invested in rare dog flesh. The dogs in the Hillside Kennels, at Lancaster, Mass., are valued at \$100,000, and those at the Melrose Kennels are worth \$75,000.

At a ball an adoring admirer approached a young girl who was dressed in black. "May I ask you to dance?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "but please dance very slowly, I am not yet out of mourning."

Any woman ought to be able to make herself a hat in these days, when only the foundation need be stiff and smooth. A twist and a pull and a tack will make plush or satin assume wearable form.

Sarah Bernhardt is 47 years old, yet she looks to be only 25.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

But the Prophet is Missing and His Motive Arouses Suspicion.

The San Francisco Examiner, speaking of the death of Call Deane, the well-known stock broker, at Oakland on Friday night, says: On March 30th Karl Vogt subscribed to a long document before a notary public reciting that he (Vogt) had been instructed by Providence to invest a thousand dollars in mining stocks on March 14th, and that the said stocks were to return him the sum of \$3,750. The value of stocks depreciated, however, and Vogt, who had only made a part payment on the stock, was sold out. He demanded that Deane pay him the amount he (Vogt) should have made on the investment. On Deane's refusal Vogt drew up documents declaring the will of "natural but judicial death" should die a Friday, April 3rd." On Friday about noon Deane was taken ill with violent hemorrhage of the stomach, and died late the same night. Vogt is missing. Deane is stated to have been a relative of the late Isaac Butt, M. P., prominent in the Irish Home Rule movement.

The Rich Man's Son.
The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stones and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold.
Like soft hands, and tender flesh, many diseases are inherited; especially tendencies to Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Stomach and Liver troubles; but there is a remedy, known as the "Golden Medical Discovery," which overcomes these dire cases, and cuts off all tendencies towards a fatal result. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, has put this remedy within the reach of all, so that even the poor as well as the rich, can obtain it. It is worth more to you than "piles of brick and stones and gold." Ask your druggist for it. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Noble Saloon-keepers.
Buffalo News: The Earl of Derby has the questionable distinction of owning more drinking places than any other English peer. He has 72 of the places to his credit or discredit, while the next largest is the Earl of Bedford, with 48 grog shops. The Duke of Devonshire is third with a list of 152 peers, who own 1,529 places where liquor is sold and drunk—all in "darkest England."

A Diplomatist.
Indianapolis Journal: "Which one of us do you strike the handsomer?" asked one of the two pretty girls.
"It is impossible for me to compare you," said the diplomatic young man.
"You are both incomparable."

Let the World Know You are In It.
It seems almost a crime for a man to "hide his light under a bushel." If he has something new, that will benefit the human race, he should make it known. Old-fogy physicians tread the beaten path of their grandfathers, denounce advertised remedies, and never learn anything new. Medical science knows no parallel to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, compounded by a physician of skill and long experience, especially for the maladies which afflict women. It effects a permanent cure of those agonizing disorders which attack her frail organism, and is an anchor of hope alike to delicate girls and suffering women; contains no deleterious drugs. A guarantee on the bottle-wrappers, refunding the price in case of failure. Of druggists, \$1.00.

No Canteen There.
The Soldiers' Home in Washington, with 800 men inside its walls, has hardly an inmate in the guard-house once a month. There is no canteen permitted within a mile of the grounds, and earnest temperance efforts are made to help the men keep to a high standard of daily living.

Paulus, the famous singer of Boulangism has refused an offer of 30,000 francs a month to sing at Berlin. He replied: "Magnificent offer in the case of any other country, but in Berlin—never!"

The Queen of Spain is said to be laboring under a mania or hallucination that she will some day come to want, and she is therefore laying away every penny she can rake and scrape. She even borrows small coins of the pages about the place and forgets to repay them, and the other day she was caught selling 14 pairs of her old shoes for 4 cents a pair.

HORRIBLE MURDER AT WISAW.

Husband Found Dragging His Dead Wife Along the Public Highway.

A horrible case of wife murder occurred on Saturday night, the 15th ult., near Wisaw, Lanarkshire. Richard Tobin (aged 34), miner, Cleland, and Margaret Nugent (aged 25), his wife, had been in Wisaw making purchases. Between ten and eleven o'clock Tobin was met by two men in The Ride (a narrow footpath). He was then dragging his wife along the ground, and when the men approached him he asked them to help him lift her as she was drunk. They were proceeding to do so when they discovered that the wife was dead; and that her face was battered almost beyond recognition. One of the men at once hastened off to inform the police, while the other remained and endeavored to detain Tobin, but he struggled with him, drew a knife and threatened to do for him. Tobin escaped, but was afterwards found by the police near No. 2 Spindle Pit, Cleland, hiding under the fire-box near the engine-house, and was taken into custody. On the doctor examining the body of the wife he found several deep indentations in her forehead, three of her teeth knocked out, and two deep wounds on the lower part of her body—all evidently the result of forceful kicks. The wall, too, for several yards near the scene of the tragedy, bore traces of blood and hair, as if the unfortunate woman's head had been dragged along it. Tobin was only slightly under the influence of liquor, and on being apprehended he denied all knowledge of the affair.

A Hint to Mistresses.

New York Tribune: "If housekeepers would take a hint from hotels," says a hotel man, "they would have less trouble in getting all the help they want, though they offer only moderate wages. The difference is not so much in the work as in the hours. In a private house a girl's labors are from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, and more too. And if she does happen to get through her work and ventures to sit down, her mistress is apt to object. In a hotel a girl has certain well-defined duties to perform, and after they are performed, as a rule, her time is her own. If some such arrangement could be recognized in private houses the servant problem would be simplified.

The Secret of His Wealth.

A millionaire said "the secret of my wealth" is in the word S-A-V-E; and the secret of my health is in the word S-A-G-E. By this last he meant Dr. Sage, whose Catarrh Remedy cured him of one of the worst cases of Catarrh, and thereby saved him from much suffering and premature death, enabling him to make his millions, and enjoy life. The cures made by this medicine are simply wonderful.

Too Many "Early" Girls.

One of the latest absurdities of the day is the manner in which young school girls, from 15 to 17, are allowed to emulate their elder sisters in indulging in social dissipations. During the recent season there have not only been dancing saloons, but also private cotillions and dinner parties given for children who should either be asleep or in the nursery. If dinners are to be given for the "doves," as the "sub-buds" are often called, what is left for them when they are really introduced into society? It is no wonder that some of the debutantes of the last few seasons have been found to be well versed in the ways of the world, and ready to go quite as far as their elders, when it is considered that the bloom of maidenly freshness has been taken off at innumerable cotillions, dances, sleighing parties and dinners. Mothers would do well to refuse to allow their daughters so much social liberty while they are at school, for they will find if they continue that their "buds," when presented to fall-grown society, lack the nameless charm that ingenuousness alone gives to young girls.—*Boston Gazette.*

Not the Education She Wanted.

Judge: Mrs. Gazzam (to her daughter)—Annie, I'm thinking of sending you to boarding-school.
Annie—Why, mamma, I never intend to keep boarders.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to be imbued with the superstition concerning cross-eyed people. He had a man in his suite afflicted with an obliquity of vision in one eye, and as the courier was too useful to discharge the eye was extirpated.

D. C. F. L. G. 91

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Country Talk.

Seaforth.

John G. Wilson, of Seaforth, has been gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd or Huron Battalion of volunteers, in place of Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman, who retires retaining his rank.

One of the Seaforth census enumerators has come across a family of eleven children, the parents being married about fourteen years. It is almost unnecessary to say that they are of the Teutonic race.

Monkton.

The Monkton Cheese & Butter Co. are preparing for a large season's work, and we hope they will not be disappointed. All who send milk to the factory do well for themselves, as well as for the factory, and this section should be one of the best in Ontario. We understand the factory has only a small debt, which, if the farmers take hold as is their duty, will be freed before 1892. Alex. is a good cheesemaker, and if he gets the milk he will make a first-class article, which will bring a good price. Everybody take hold and make the industry a grand success.

Brussels.

T. J. Besset, organizer of Patrons of Industry for Huron county, is now working in this locality.

In future the 4th Division Court will be held on Tuesday instead of Thursday. The next court will be held on the 25th inst.

Farmers report fall wheat as looking exceedingly well. But a month or so of very treacherous weather is in store for it yet.

It is said that Postmaster Farrow has purchased the building now used as a flour and feed store and will remove the postoffice there during the year.

Messrs. Bawtinheimer and Edwards have leased the upper flat of the Wilson foundry and all the wood working machinery and are pushing work in that line.

T. A. Hawkins has been engaged as organist and choir leader in St. John's church, Brussels. His duties commence on May 17th. He is said to be a proficient musician.

The Standard Bank has opened an agency in our town. The office is in the Strachan block, and the agent is Mr. Scholfield, his assistant being Mr. Mudgett. They expect to do a good business.

W. C. Hartley has disposed of his flour and feed business in Brussels to R. King, of Bluevale, who took possession last week. Mr. Hartley intends leaving town and will try his fortune in Winnipeg.

W. M. Sinclair has let the contract for the erection of a two story brick veneer cottage to Messrs. Smith, Malcolm & Gibson, the building to be completed by July 1st. It will be 32x35 feet, interior finished in ash, and will have all the modern conveniences. The work will commence at once.

At the last meeting of the council a contract was made with the Electric Light Company, by which we are to receive light at the rate of \$40 per acre light per year, or about 11 cents per night. The contract to date from Jan. 1st, 1891, with option of continuing for 3 or 5 years. This is considered a good arrangement.

By vote of Melville church congregation and the consent of the session an organ will be used in connection with the service of praise on Sabbath evenings. Some of the old folk think "Icened" will have to be inscribed over the portals but we imagine they will be able to see shortly that the organ is a great acquisition to the public service.

As no satisfactory offer was made for the National Roller Mill a partnership is talked of between W. F. Vanstone and L. Hemby, of Salem, Ont. The present leasees, Messrs. Stewart & Lowick, give up possession on May 1st. Mr. Hemby was a resident of Brussels for a year or so some years ago, he and a Mr. Hawke running the former Vanstone grist mill. He is now in business at Salem.

Bornholm.

Miss Siebert is this week visiting friends in Baden.

Miss F. Horn is the guest of her brother this week.

Rob. Francis and Rich. Johnson, Mitchell, spent Sunday at Rob's home on the 12th con.

A by-law election was held in this township on Friday last, to ascertain whether the debt contracted last year should be payable in one year or six years.

Inflammation is quite prevalent around here at present. We regret to learn that Wm. Rose is very ill with it, but hope that with Dr. Hurlburt's care, he will soon be restored to his usual health.

Ethel.

Miss J. Bartlemen is visiting her sister in Toronto this week.

Peter Ducklow, of Toronto, spent Sunday with his parents on the 12th con. Grey.

Some of the farmers have commenced plowing. They are anxious to be doing something.

The roads are in a frightful condition—worse than they are known to have been for years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McAllister are home again after spending a few weeks with friends in Kincardine and Galt.

We are sorry to state that Wm. Milne's head sawyer, John Elliot, is on the sick list. We hope to soon see him around again.

Turnberry.

Miss Esther Gemmill has returned from a visit to friends near Whitechurch.

One night last week T. K. Powell had a sheep killed and several others worried by dogs. No clue can be found of the dogs that did it.

On Thursday, 9th inst., while Gordon McKay was chopping in Mr. Campbell's bush he inflicted a serious wound in his foot with an axe, which struck the instep severing an artery and several sinews.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.—Roads to become dry.—Farmers to be very busy plowing and sowing.—An occasional wet spell.—To be nearly deafened by the music of the "Bull Frog Orchestra."

Farmers selling all their spare grain while prices are good.—The people to be troubled by the persistent visits of peddlars with their cheap and inferior wares.

Trowbridge.

La grippe is prevalent in this neighborhood.

Quite a number of the children of this vicinity have had the measles.

Mrs. Geo. Allan returned home last week from Detroit where she spent the winter with her son.

Thos. Later is busy finishing up a number of buggies and also some wagons, which will soon be ready for sale.

Wm. D. Sutton left here last week for Cleveland, Ohio. We understand he has got a situation there and intends working at his trade.

John Coates and his sister-in-law left here on Thursday last for Oregon. If Mr. Coates is favorably impressed with the country out there he purposes taking up land and moving his family next fall.

On Saturday last four Listowelites sailed from Listowel to Ethel in their row boats. Near Trowbridge one of their boats upset and the gentlemen took a cool bath. One of them lost a good waterproof coat which sank to the bottom of the river.

Grey.

A number of the young of both sexes are going west, some to Manitoba and others to the States.

Miss Emmaline McQuarrie is taking a course at the London Business College, taking up shorthand and typewriting.

Miss Mary McCosh, who has been visiting her uncle, Jas. Turnbull, for the past few weeks, returned to her home near Kincardine. Miss L. Strachan accompanied her.

A special meeting of Grey Council will be held at Zimmer's hotel, Cranbrook, on Saturday the 18th inst., at the hour of 2 o'clock for the purpose of taking into consideration a certain By-law, numbered 284, for drainage, originating in the township of Elma and extending into the township of Grey. All parties interested are requested to attend.

On Tuesday evening, March 31st, F. J. Besset, Organizer of Patrons of Industry for Huron, paid his first visit to the township, by forming an association of Patrons of Industry at Shine's school house, with 13 charter members to be called the "Shining Star." Bro. Thos. Davidson, President; Bro. Thos. Calder, Vice President, and Bro. C. Bowerman, Secretary.

When will the township councils of Grey and Elma turn their attention to the removal of the jam piles filling up the Maitland river between cons. 4 and 5? Already there has been a deal of damage to the 4th con. at Duke's bridge necessitating a large amount of graveling to be done this spring. The high water is destroying our buttments as well as the bridge and the culvert is not long enough by 10 or 12 feet to take the water away.

At the last meeting of the Grey council the following pound-keepers and fence-viewers were appointed.—Pound-keepers—Thos. McEwen, Jacob Steiss, John Burton, Daniel Zimmer, Hartwell Sperain, John Harris, Wm. Beirnes, Mr. Jones. Fence-viewers—Alex. Ross, James Turnbull, David Dunbar, James Lindsay, Malcolm Lamont, Robert Bowen, Geo. Welsh, Uriah McFadden, Peter Sinclair, Jr., Wm. Fulton, Jr., Hartwell Sperain, John Stewart, John Whitfield, Jas. Oliver.

Elma.

Spring plowing has fairly commenced. Send 75 cents for THE BEE from now to Jan. 1, 1892.

Elma Council meets at Wynn's hotel, Newry, on Saturday, April 25th, at the usual hour.

D. M. Lineham spent the past week visiting his sister, Mrs. W. Mitchell, who resides at Palmerston.

Young and old alike are out with gun and spear after the pike which are said to be quite numerous this season.

We understand George Golightly will build an addition to his brick house this summer. Monkton is bound to go ahead.

A number of men engaged in Milne's saw mill, Ethel, have been at work rafting logs down the river during the past week.

Robert Morrison, who left here a few weeks ago, writes home that he is favorably impressed with the appearance of the prairie province.

James Holman, Monkton, is still improving and he thinks he may be able to do some spring work yet. We hope to see him around again soon.

David Wynn, of the base line, Blanchard, spent a few days with his cousin, C. J. Wynn, last week. He reports plowing in progress in Blanchard.

Adam Berlet, the Monkton shoemaker, is about buying the property in the north end of the village, owned by Mrs. Richard Cleaver. Success, Adam.

James Leonard is getting material on the ground for a new frame house to be erected this spring. "Coming events cast their shadows before," James.

Charles and Eccles Vallance have returned to Goderich High School, where they will resume their studies. The boys are workers and will no doubt show a good record at the July exam.

Dame Rumor says the 11th con. was about to lose one of its fair daughters, but the young intendee has taken his departure for the 8th con. Of course old Dame's stories are not always true.

Mrs. (Rev.) Brandon has returned home after attending the funeral of her mother, who passed away a fortnight ago after a brief illness. The community sympathizes with her in this hour of sorrow.

The parsonage trustee board of the Monkton Methodist circuit, bought from C. H. Merryfield the Foster property for a parsonage, which will be a very suitable place and can be made very attractive. Price \$575.

Mr. Reid, evangelist, who has been holding special meetings in Logan of late, preached to a large congregation in the Methodist church, Monkton, on Sunday, 5th inst. All were pleased with the sermon and speak highly of him.

Monkton is in bad need of a telegraph office or something to take its place. What is the matter with having a telephone from Monkton to Atwood? A good scheme, Charlie, but who will furnish the necessary toad skins?—ED. BEE.

We understand that the frost has done some damage to the 16th con. school house, which is only a few years built, and has caused the trustees some trouble to repair it. The cause of the damage is for the want of a proper outlet for the water from the foundation.

MARRIED.—Samuel Smith, 16th con., was joined in holy wedlock to Miss Jane Broughton, eldest daughter of Charles Broughton, on Wednesday, April 8th. Rev. Mr. Brandon tied the mystic knot. We wish the young twain many years of prosperity and wedded bliss. THE BEE is all that is needed now to fill up their cup of happiness.

AT REST.—Death is the most eloquent of all preachers. Though his invitations have so many common features, yet each case has its own lesson. Each new made grave is an opening into the world beyond through which those who remain behind catch glimpses of that land that is far off, and are reminded that here they have no abiding home. Each victor soul that passes in triumph over the narrow tide that separates earth from heaven gives us a fresh assurance that God's grace is sufficient for life's heaviest burdens. Each flower of hope and blessing that springs out of the ashes of decay is an additional pledge that our Father in Heaven can turn our bitterest trials into sources of spiritual benediction. Such may be said of the subject of this sketch, Mrs. Wm. Shannon, 8th con., whose spirit departed to the God who gave it on Wednesday evening, April 8th. Mrs. Wm. Shannon, whose maiden name was Miss Rosetta Fisher, was born at Vaughan, near Toronto, Oct. 14th, 1847, and was married to her surviving husband in 1866, unto whom were born fourteen children, ten of whom are living. Deceased was converted at a camp meeting, held at Trowbridge about twenty-six years ago, and from that time up to the time of death she lived a consistent Christian, whose earnest, unobtrusive life has been a blessing to her family and the community generally. She was a member of the Methodist church along with the other members of her family, and her absence at the means of grace will be much missed. The funeral, which took place on Friday afternoon, was one of the largest ever witnessed in this locality, showing in a marked way the love and esteem in which the deceased was regarded by all within the realm of her acquaintance. Rev. Mr. Rogers and Rev. Mr. Henderson conducted the burial service. May the God of refuge and strength sustain the sorrow-stricken husband and bereaved children in the sorest affliction that can befall the home with the blessed assurance that she has gone to be with Him which is far better.

Thus, one by one the gentle-hearted, who in our hearts were shrouded, have to the land of life departed. And left us lone behind.

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