

The Bee.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, FEB. 20, 1891.

NO. 4.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Echoes from All Parts of the Dominion.

Ottawa Equal Righters will run a candidate.

Hon. David Mills has been re-nominated by the Liberals of Bothwell.

Dr. Macdonald (Liberal) and A. H. Musgrove (Conservative) are the candidates for East Huron.

In 1890 our trade was as follows:—

With Great Britain..... \$91,743,935

United States..... \$92,814,783

S. R. Hesson was re-nominated at the Conservative convention at Milverton last week to contest North Perth at the coming general election.

It is generally understood that the only name that will be seriously before the South Oxford convention will be that of the present member Sir Richard Cartwright.

At the Reform convention, held in Listowel on Wednesday of last week, Jas. Grieve, Deputy Reeve of Mornington, was placed the field to contest North Perth in behalf of the Liberal party.

Chicago Times: "If the Dominion will take our tariff laws as they are and as Congress may choose to modify them and as our treasury department and courts may construe them, well and good."

Hamilton had half a dozen sewing machine factories employing hundreds of men at good wages (we all remember those good times) now there is not a sewing machine factory in the city.—Hamilton Times.

Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain: "Commercial union must free trade between America and the Dominion and a protective tariff against the mother country. If Canada desired that, Canada can have it."

The vacancy in the Ontario Legislature created by the unseating of T. H. Stinson, as representative for Hamilton, will be filled by an election to be held on the 24th inst. and for North Bruce on the same day.

The Local Legislature met at Toronto on Wednesday afternoon of last week and elected Hon. Thos. Balantyne to the position of Speaker of the House. His appointment was moved by Hon. Olovat, and seconded by Dr. Jacob Bax, ex-speaker, and endorsed by Hon. F. Meredith, leader of the Opposition. The choice was unanimous.

Toronto Telegram: "Malcolm Colin Cameron, ex-M. P. for West Huron, has a frisky pair of heels. With these same he would like to kick in the political skull of silver-tongued Porter, the Tory conqueror. In Parliament that died in 1887, M. Cameron was the best hated man of the Grit side. Sir John positively loathed him, for when he is feeling well he would give a tongue lashing to a serpent's tooth."

Philadelphia Red: "Sir John Macdonald does not get enough reciprocity with the United States, and he charges the Libs. of Canada with wanting too much. If reciprocity be so good a thing, Sir John now concedes it to be, won't he have too much of it on either side? Complete trade and reciprocity will make complete and perpetual peace between the United States and Canada. Pull down the tariff wall."

London (Eng.) News: "It is at this very moment a matter of discussion in Canada whether reciprocity should not be conceded with the United States, and the result of the deliberation may very likely be an admission of the manufactures of New England into the Dominion under lighter duties than the manufactures of Great Britain. If the Canadian Ministry come to the conclusion that such an arrangement is for the benefit of that country will the Colonials advise the Crown to disallow the negotiations? Assuredly not."

The Liberal Convalescents of Lincoln have unanimously nominated Capt. Sylvester Neelon as their standard-bearer. He accepted the nomination, saying he was pretty old, but there was lots of fight in him yet. John Charles Rykert nominated Mr. Ion, and, in addressing the convention he said that age was creeping upon him, and he would never more lead in to victory, as he surely could do, had done so often in the past. He then having sent Dr. Goodman to Ottawa. He did not want a senator or Judgeship, and had never in his life asked for a position. He had brains enough to earn his own living in his own profession, and would continue to do so.

The great historical meeting ever held in Victoria University, Cobourg, met last Saturday night in alumni hall. For some days isolation in support of Sir John Macdonald's Administration has been on the bulletin board. The men were moved by G. W. McGill, B. A., and seconded by A. E. Swartout. Following speakers addressed the use in favor of the motion: Messrs. McCall, Swartout, Birks, Tallwood, H. J. Irwin, B. A., Skyes, W. B. B. A. The following opposed the motion: Messrs. J. H. McBain, Sidney Peyton, Dougall, Carson, Amerson, Fenleysides. Though the Conservatives were in the minority their arguments presented an unanswerable force. Touch cannot be said in praise of the height and eloquence of some of the speeches.—Empire.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: "Short of commercial absorption, we see no safe basis of reciprocity."

Chauncey M. Depew: "Commercial Union would lead in a few years to a political federation."

Chicago Tribune: "The main point, however, is for Congress to come to the support of the Liberals. They are in splendid fighting condition."

Goldwin Smith: "I never conceal my belief that the ultimate result of Commercial Union will be political union, and England must be content with our friendship."

The Prince Edward Island Patriot of the 12th inst. says there are 6,000 natives of the Island in Boston and vicinity, and throughout the States from 20,000 to 25,000 in all.

Buffalo News: "Every vote cast for the Liberal candidate in most of the constituencies at least will be, in effect, a vote for annexation, since Commercial Union must lead to that."

The Missisquoi Branch of the Dominion Alliance, has nominated Major Claude B. Jameson, of the 60th Battalion, and Major of the township of Clarenceville, as prohibition candidate.

There is at least one class in the community which can look upon the present fight from a purely disinterested standpoint—the members of the Senate. Governments may go, but their salaries go on forever.

Hamilton Times: "Previous to the introduction of the N. P. Hamilton did perhaps the biggest wholesale business in Ontario. Now half the wholesale houses have either collapsed or been driven out of town."

Washington Post: "We want an additional market for our manufactures. Macdonald sneers at the proposal to surround his country with the McKinley tariff. That or nothing is what Commercial Union with this country means."

In view of Mr. Blake's attitude towards protection and towards the Canadian Pacific Railway as leader of the Liberal party, it is difficult to believe that he has been driven out of politics by any inflexible adherence to economical principles.—Montreal Witness.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: "A young man is entitled to exercise the franchise when he is 21 years of age, but Sir John Macdonald has arranged it so that a young man who reached his majority two years ago will be 28 years of age before he will have any say in the government of affairs at Ottawa."

Edgar Judge, ex-president Young Liberal Club, Montreal: "When I see the Toronto Globe preaching annexation, thinly veiled as it may be, when I see the Young Liberals of Toronto lauding the statements of Goldwin Smith, then it is time for me to say that we are not prepared to hand the country over to a foreign land."

Rev. Hugh Johnston, at a meeting of the Toronto Associated Charities on Saturday, 14th inst., declared that the Governmental system was largely to blame for the present distress among the people, millions of dollars being given to the Government and to protected manufacturers that ought to go to the support of the families of the working people.

New York Herald: "Mr. Blaine isn't in a jocular mood nowadays. He has had hard luck, poor man. He tried to work up a terrific row with England, wanted us to get out our ironclads in defence of a sealskin saque, but Salisbury hustled him out of the way and went to the Supreme Court. Then there was talk about reciprocity with Canada, but that cunning old fox, Sir John Macdonald, threw double sixes with his loaded dice, and Blaine's teeth chattered. Outwitted twice in six weeks! So he swears in private, smilth in public, and is as mad as a wet hen."

The Washington Evening Sun, an independent paper, reflects public opinion on this side of the line by the following editorial: "Between annexation and isolation the Canadians will learn that there is a broad and safe middle land, if they do not now know it. The Conservatives are making their parliamentary campaign on the assumption that a large body of people in the United States are strongly in sympathy with annexation schemes. The truth is, as everybody on this side of the line well knows, that few persons are exercised in their minds on this subject. Whatever the future may hold, the Americans of the United States are not sitting up nights nursing continental desires. This is a great Republic and time has dealt bountifully with it from the beginning. There is now at least no need for anybody to weep for other worlds to buy, conquer or annex. But because the people of the United States do not either themselves about annexing Canada, it is not to be inferred that they are not interested in securing better trade relations than those that now exist between the people of Canada and those of the Republic. Two such people, lying side by side, separated only by an imaginary line, have every reason to be friendly in their commercial intercourse. Hence on our part there is a strong disposition to seek a broad and liberal reciprocity in trade. Canada is, however, much more vitally interested in securing this reciprocity than is the American Republic."

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier

To the Electors of Canada.

THE LIBERAL POLICY.

To the Electors of Canada:

The Parliament elected in 1887 and whose term was not to expire for a year has been prematurely dissolved.

The electors of Canada are now hastily called to elect new representatives to the House of Commons.

The questions before the people, and upon which they have to pronounce, are of vital importance, and upon these questions her Majesty's Opposition appeals with great confidence to the sober judgment of the country.

To the issues which separate the Government and the Opposition, another consideration is now added in respect of the manner in which Parliament has been dissolved. This premature dissolution deserves the highest censure.

It is to be noticed that Sir John Macdonald in the manifesto just addressed by him to the electors of Canada makes a strong appeal to the loyalty of the Canadian people, a totally uncalculated appeal, for in the present contest nothing is involved which in one way or another can effect the existing status of Canada.

But loyalty to the Crown of England would also and in no less a degree imply loyalty to those institutions which we have received from England and to which the people of this country have ever clung as embodying the best principles of government. I submit to the consideration of the people of Canada that if to the advisers of his Excellency the word "loyalty" was anything but a sham they never would have advised his Excellency to dissolve Parliament, for they have thereby placed the Crown in the most painful position of having broken faith with the Commons and the people.

By the operations of the Franchise Act the Government have practically taken into their own hands the annual preparation of the lists which are to serve for the election of members to the House of Commons instead of using the lists prepared by the municipal authorities under Provincial laws.

It is eminently desirable that the lists should be prepared and revised at least every year, for the obvious reason that thousands of electors are every year coming to manhood's estate and to the rights of citizenship.

During last session the Government introduced a bill providing that the preparation of the list, which under the law was to take place in the month of June now past, should be dispensed with. The reason given for this course was that no general election was to take place before the revision of the lists in June of the present year. Upon the assurances thus given by the Ministers of the Crown, Parliament agreed to the proposition, and thus the usual revision did not take place. The consequence is that at this moment, when Parliament is dissolved, thousands of electors who by law are qualified to vote will be denied the exercise of their

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

Parliament never did the advisers of his Excellency the injury of supposing when they made the above proposition that they were not sincere. Had Parliament supposed that the pledge then given in the name of the Crown, would be violated that the electorate might be at any moment called upon to act, Parliament never would have agreed to the proposition of the Government and would have insisted that the revision should take place as usual.

It is manifest that under such circumstances the power of dissolution should not have been advised except for the most cogent, sudden and imperative reasons. I would not dispute that if some extraordinary event had suddenly taken place which required the immediate judgment of the people, a dissolution might have taken place even though the appeal lay to an imperfect electorate; but has any such event taken place? No, not even in the opinion of the advisers of the Crown, and I charge it upon these men, ever prone to fasten upon their opponents the odium of disloyalty, that they have compelled the Crown to an act which in the motherland never would be tolerated.

I call the attention of the people of Canada to the fact that in the manifesto of the Prime Minister not a word is uttered, not the slightest attempt is made, to justify the course advised by him to the Crown, thus plainly showing that his position in this regard is absolutely untenable.

The power of dissolution is one of those powers which under the constitution rightly belong to the Crown, but which should be exercised only for adequate cause. Its present exercise is a blow at the Parliamentary system of government which no Prime Minister would have attempted in England, or which if attempted would have been unflinchingly resented by the people.

We had been led to suppose by the Ministerial press that the dissolution was taking place with the view of consulting the Canadian people upon the advisability of sending commissioners to Washington for the purpose of attempting to

NEGOTIATE A TREATY

for the reciprocal exchange of natural products between the two countries. Indeed, we have been informed that overtures in that respect had been made to the Imperial Government, yet, strange to say, of this not a word is to be found in the manifesto of the Prime Minister.

In this manifesto Sir John Macdonald appeals to the people upon the merits of the N. P. and upon nothing else. Her Majesty's Opposition accept the contest on this ground.

Sir John Macdonald asserts, and seems seriously to assert, that the N. P. has made the country prosperous, "that the manufacturing industries in our great centres have revived and multiplied; that the farmer has found a market, the artisan and laborer employment and good wages."

I take issue with the Prime Minister upon such statements. I characterize them as false in every particular. This controversy, without any argument, I leave to the dispassionate judgment of the electoral body, fully expecting that every artisan, every farmer who feels in his heart that the N. P. has done for him all that is here claimed would naturally vote for the continuation of such a blessing, while on the other hand every artisan who has to work on half-time and at reduced wages in those so called revived centres of industries, every farmer whose farm has been steadily decreasing in value for the last ten years, would naturally be expected to vote for reform.

I arraign the N. P. upon every claim made in its behalf. I arraign it in this especially, that it was, in the language of its authors, to stop the curse of emigration and give employment and good wages to every child of Canada, and that it has been in this respect not only a failure but a fraud.

It was stated in 1878 by Sir John Macdonald himself that there were half a million of Canadians in the United States, and now after eleven years of the N. P. the number has been swelled from a half million to a full million at the lowest estimate. Her Majesty's Opposition submit that such a state of things in a country of such immense resources as Canada is intolerable and that a reform is absolutely required.

SOME OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

The reform suggested is absolute reciprocal freedom of trade between Canada and the United States. The advantages of this policy we place upon this one consideration, that the producing power of the community is vastly in excess of its consuming power, that as a consequence new markets have to be found abroad, and that our geographical position makes the great neighboring nation of 63,000,000 people of kindred origin our best market. Indeed the advantages of this policy are so various that they are not denied nor the statement of the same contradicted, but three objections are urged against it. It is asserted (a) that this policy would discriminate against England; (b) that it would make direct taxation unavoidable; and (c) that it is "veiled treason" and would lead to annexation.

(1) The charge that unrestricted reciprocity would involve discrimination against England cannot have much weight in the mouth of men whose policy was protection, whose object was to do away with the importation of English manufactured goods, whose object was to destroy British trade to that extent. It is as well, however, to meet this charge squarely and earnestly. It cannot be expected, it were folly to expect, that the interests of a colony should always be identical with the interests of the motherland. The day must come when from no other cause than the development of national life in the colony there must be a clashing of interests with the motherland, and in any such case, much as I would regret the necessity, I would stand by my native land. Moreover, the assertion that unrestricted reciprocity means discrimination against England involves the proposition that the Canadian tariff would have to be assimilated to the American tariff. I deny the proposition. Reciprocity can be obtained upon an assimilation of tariffs or upon the retention of its own tariff by each country. Reciprocity is a matter of agreement to be attained only by mutual concessions between the two countries. Should the concessions demanded from the people of Canada involve consequences injurious to their sense of honor or duty either to themselves or the motherland, the people of Canada would not have reciprocity at such a price; but to reject the idea of reciprocity in advance before a treaty has been made on account of consequences which can spring only from the existence of a treaty, is manifestly as illogical as it is unfair.

(2) Then it is stated that unrestricted reciprocity would be followed by such a loss of revenue as to necessitate the imposition of direct taxation. Again this is a far off, hazy consequence to be pitted against an immediate result. The loss of revenue means a decrease of taxation to the extent of that loss. The equilibrium between revenue and expenditure could be naturally re-established by retrenchment in expenditure and by redistributing taxation under the same methods as now obtain, and without inflicting any greater burden than is now borne by the people.

(3) The charge that unrestricted reciprocity is "veiled treason" is a direct and unworthy appeal even when presented with the great authority of Sir

John Macdonald's name. As to the consequent charge that unrestricted reciprocity would lead to annexation, if means anything it means that unrestricted reciprocity would make the people so prosperous that, not satisfied with a commercial alliance, they would forthwith vote for political absorption in the American Republic. If this be not the true meaning implied in the charge, I leave it to every man's judgment that it is unintelligible upon any other ground.

The premature, uncalled for, unjustified and unjustifiable dissolution of Parliament will force an imperfect electorate to pronounce upon a question which the Government if they believe they are in the right would have deemed it to their advantage to see subjected to the amplest and fullest discussion. It also closes the door upon the investigation of grave charges reflecting severely on the administration of one of the great departments of State, and as to which any Government careful of its honor and strong in the conviction of its innocence would have courted early and full enquiry in the high court of the nation. The Opposition hold that the trade question in the present contest must take precedence of all others, and to the solution of the same on the basis above indicated they are prepared to give unflinching devotion until complete and final triumph.

Believing that no other reform can be effectually advocated and carried out so long as the economic condition of the people has not been placed upon the most satisfactory condition on the other questions still remaining unsolved, the policy of the Opposition remains on the broad lines laid down in former years. In the future, as in the past, it will strive to maintain the constitution in the spirit in which it was conceived, to perfect it where perfectable, to keep intact Provincial autonomy, and in every manner to promote harmony, good-will and good-fellowship between all races, all creeds and all classes in the land.

(Signed) WILFRID LAURIER.

Huron County Notes.

The Spring Chancery sittings at Goderich on Monday, May 11th, before Judge Robertson.

The family of Dr. Reeve left Clinton last week for West Superior City, Mich., where the doctor has located.

Over \$300 has been subscribed by persons willing to assist Hugh Moore in the re-erection of his tannery in Clinton.

Dr. Horsey, of Owen Sound, son-in-law of Dr. Macdonald, has been nominated for the Commons in North Grey.

W. J. Fairfield, Brussels, has disposed of his photograph gallery to A. Hunter, of that place, who purchased it for his son, Lorne. Mr. Fairfield's health is poor.

Hugh Moses, of the 2nd con. Morris, purposes erecting a handsome brick residence next spring. Arthur Shaw, of the 1st con., is also going to erect a brick residence next summer.

The verdict for \$1,000 and costs, which Captain F. N. Dancy, of Goderich, secured against the Grand Trunk Railway, and which was appealed against by the Company, has been endorsed in favor of Mr. Dancy by the higher court.

The bondsmen for the late treasurer of the township of Morris have withdrawn the case from court and agreed to pay the full amount demanded, viz: \$2,165. Mr. Newcombe, the late treasurer, is at present in Goderich jail.

Thomas Roe has purchased the farm of A. Drieh, on the 14th con. Morris. This place contains 50 acres with good buildings, and adjoins Mr. Roe's other property. We have not heard the price paid. We congratulate Mr. Roe on his continued prosperity.

Court Gorrie, No. 57, Canadian Order of Foresters, will give a concert on Friday, the 27th inst. The committee are sparing no pains to make it a success. They have secured Prof. Ramsay, of Toronto, and Miss Strong, of Mount Forest, besides the very best local talent available.

Hugh Forsythe, of the 6th line of Morris, recently sold to John Roddick 17 lambs which averaged 154 pounds each. William Michie, also of the 6th line of Morris, sold to the same gentleman 15 lambs, for which he received the sum of \$109.10 or \$7.27 each. Mr. Michie reserved six of his best ewe lambs for breeding purposes.

It was published a week or two ago that the collector of McKillop had gathered in all the taxes except one dollar, but T. Neilans, the faithful and efficient collector of Hullett, has done even better than that. Out of a total of \$12,508.10 to be collected, he gathered every cent. This is something that we do not suppose is equalled anywhere, and reflects great credit on the collector and ratepayers alike.

At the residence of the bride's father, Morris, on Wednesday of last week Wm. Ferguson, of Wingham, led Miss Maggie Irvine to the hymeneal altar. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of Trenton, formerly of Belgrave. The wedding gifts bespoke the high esteem in which the bride is held by her many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson went to their new home in Wingham followed by the best wishes of all who knew them.

That Man That Knows It All.

Washington Post: Sing hey, the man who knows it all! Who hasn't heard him prate? He loves old stories so well, And spins them while you wait; His good advice he scatters wide, Tell which will sure befall. Unless you let him be your guide— The man who knows it all!

UNCLE PAT.

CHAPTER I.

DALCHOISIE.

"It's an abominable nuisance!" The speaker, old Pat Monsell, was one of those occasional men one "honors at sight." Six feet two in his home-knit hose, big in proportion, with the head of a lion (a somewhat aged and humorous lion), with shaggy white eyebrows and black piercing eyes, he looked, as he jumped up to fill his pipe in the Dalchoisie smoking room, the incarnation of hale, vigorous old age, and every inch a gentleman.

"I don't see it in that light," rejoined Mr. Dawleigh, a wiry little man of some thirty summers, "it seems to me about the jolliest thing that could have happened."

"Ah!" said Mr. Monsell, with a sigh that was almost a groan; "you see, Dawleigh, you don't quite know the situation. There are difficulties. There are complications. In the first place, there is her confounded Harry."

"Well, he is coming, of course. The more the merrier. By the way, who is this Harry Wynter?"

"Who is he? He is a cousin of these Hanovers!" the old man blurted out with an intonation which indicated a different feeling from the half-humorous discontent with which the conversation had hitherto been carried on.

"Ah! Now we are getting at it! A cousin of the Hanovers. These Hanovers! and therefore regarded with scant ceremony by Mr. Monsell. Now what on earth is the meaning of your unreasonable hatred to poor Hanover?"

"For a moment the shaggy white eyebrows were drawn down in a heavy frown, and there was a stern light in the old man's black eyes, but it was for a moment only, and Mr. Monsell refrained from any more definite answer than might be gathered from these vague intimations.

"He is a harmless old plutocrat if ever there was one," Dawleigh ran on, "and to tell you the truth, I feel at times a sort of sneaking pity for him. Poor beggar! What's the good of millions, after all, if you have neither heart nor health to enjoy them?"

"No! I don't think he does enjoy them!" said Mr. Monsell, reflectively. "However, we were speaking of Wynter. It is a curious fact, Dawleigh, that nowadays young fellows who can do nothing else take to the Art business, just as the old ones take to the wine business. Harry Wynter has followed suit. He belongs to the New School; he is one of those Messieurs Les Impressionistes. Turn Wynter's pictures one way and you have the ghost of a landscape and sky picture; turn it topsy-turvy and you have the spectre of a sea and cloud picture. Well, well! for all this he is an honest, good-natured, good-looking boy. By-the-by, and the old gentleman leaned across to Dawleigh in a confidential manner, "it may interest you to know that once upon a time he was remarkably sweet on Miss Joanna Hanover."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! Calf love, of course, but there was no mistake about it. No mistake at all, Dawleigh," and Mr. Monsell repeated the last words with a grim smile of amusement, as he noticed a twinge of annoyance on his companion's face.

"Is he as rich as his golden cousin?" asked Dawleigh.

"Four hundred a year, all told! D'ye know, Dawleigh, I have observed that more young fellows go to the devil on that sum than on any other!"

"It has been done on less, sir, I assure you. Still, when it comes to marrying on it, City office, Camberwell stucco—"

"Tut! tut! Fanny will never want!" rejoined Monsell, quickly. "I shall take care of that. It is not the money, and I am not sure it is the man, but I—the fact is, I can't explain it to you, Dawleigh. As I said before, there are complications, but I don't like the match, and I don't care about these two coming here, but I could not help myself. How on earth could I know these Hanovers were here till I came? Then after the rumpus at the rectory your aunt took the matter in hand and so the girl is coming."

"The dear girl, Chief. Come now, you know it is the dear girl," said Mr. Dawleigh, as the old man rose and paced the room uneasily.

"So it is, Dawleigh!" said the old man, gladly, a look of tenderness brightening his rugged face. "I wish it had been any other place but this!"

"I daresay she will be glad enough to be quit of the Rectory for a time, sir," said Dawleigh.

"She would have been happy enough there but for Mrs. Baldew," rejoined Monsell, sharply. "I might have known there would be a rumpus some day or other. Any girl of spirit was bound to break out sooner or later. This is the result!"

"A very proper and natural result too. I can't understand why it upsets you. Why, as long as I can remember you have been in the habit—an exasperating habit, let me tell you, Chief—of raving about this Fanny. To my certain knowledge you carry her letters in your baocoy-pouch, and fetch 'em out when you think I am not looking; and now that she is coming—"

"He stopped suddenly, for here the door opened and Miss Dawleigh appeared on the threshold. Mr. Monsell jumped up and offered her a chair without a word. Like her nephew she was small and actively built—built for fighting, he used to say. Her face was redder and her eyes more imperious than his. There was a combative look about her mouth and she held herself as straight as a dart.

"Don't move," she said. "I never invade your sanctum unless I have something particular to say. Now—what about meeting Fanny to-morrow?"

"All arranged, ma'am. Mr. Wynter meets her in Edinburgh and she comes on here the next day."

"Bless the man! D'ye mean to say you are not going to meet her yourself?"

"Well, I had not thought of it. You see she travels with her maid, and—"

"Of course you must go and meet her. Your parson brother and his wife ought to have seen to this. Upon my word, everything seems to have been muddled at the Rectory."

"I'll see to it, Miss Dawleigh. I'll see to it," said Mr. Monsell, nervously.

"To be sure you will. I want to know the rights of this engagement. Oh, it's no use asking you about it," she ran on, with good-natured contempt. "Men don't understand these things. I shall ask Fanny herself. But you can tell me about young Wynter."

"I've just been telling Dawleigh, ma'am, that your friend, Miss Joanna Hanover, used to take an interest in him."

"Many years ago, I should think," she interposed, sharply.

"Well, yes, of course, it was before Miss Joanna left Camden Town. Before she was called to the exalted duties and splendors of Upper Brook street."

Miss Dawleigh stood looking abstractedly at her nephew. She was a very shrewd-sighted little lady, indeed, and this reference to Miss Joanna suggested some interesting points of speculation.

"I will wait for the rest till Fanny comes," she said at last with a brisk little nod, and a sharpening of the combative look about her mouth. "As you are going by the first train you will have to make an early start, so I'll wish you a good night. Everything in apple-pie order."

"I am off, too," said Mr. Dawleigh, with a yawn. "Good night, Chief. Another peep at the secrets of that baocoy-pouch, and you will have pleasant dreams."

As soon as Mr. Dawleigh left him, the old gentleman proceeded to light another pipe—first of all, however, removing Miss Fanny's last letter from his tobacco-pouch for re-perusal.

"DEAR UNCLE PAT,—Hurray! It is all settled! Susan and I start on Wednesday morning, and Harry will meet us at the Waverley station. I am so glad, for since the 'row' I can't bear the Rectory. Everything is changed. It was awful while it lasted; but I could not help it. Mrs. Baldew went on like a mad woman about that horrid Mr. Marshall, till at last I gave her a bit of my mind, and said that Harry was worth a dozen of her Marshalls. Then she lost her head entirely, and—called me—"

"what do you think? 'Nobody's child!' Never would she have dared say that if you had been there. Never! I felt dreadfully ill and cold. I believe all my color must have jumped on to Harry's cheeks, for he came up flaming, and told her to her face she was a cruel woman. Fancy that from Harry! Then he kissed me—and we are engaged. Oh, dear, I wish you had been there; you are so strong and good. I remember how you used to carry me about as if I was a baby in that fever. But I am coming! I am coming! My heart's in the Highlands already!"

"Your loving FANNY."

"P. S.—Dear uncle Pat, you must tell me what Mrs. Baldew meant."

He conned it over till his pipe was finished, and then sat gazing abstractedly at the folded paper. There was very deep trouble in the old man's face. Fanny's proposed visit to Dalchoisie filled him with vague alarm and anxiety. The half-humorous petulance he had expressed to emotion which he could not wholly control into silence. The one happiness of his life (for years now it had filled his world with the brightness and gladness of a dream) seemed at last to be slipping away from him, and old age lay before him, solitary, cheerless, without a gleam of sunshine.

And yet what could he do? Nothing but hope. Hope and try to persuade himself that he was suggesting the danger he foresaw.

With a heavy sigh Mr. Monsell returned the letter to his pouch, and lit his bedroom candle. On his way upstairs he looked into her bedroom. Everything was as trim and neat, as sweet and cozy, as a woman's hand could make it.

He parted the lace curtains and threw open the window. Late as it was, the daylight of the northern summer still lingered in that tender luminous circle along the hills which is called the weather gleam—a pure grey green brightness between the dark ridges and the dull statuary clouds. Here and there a thin film of vapor floated motionless, and the eye rested on it as on some happy isle in some celestial sea.

Before him rose the black ridge line of Schiehallion, with its great quartz cone islanded in the tranquil light, and beside the peak a solitary star shone clear and silvery.

It would be difficult to pick out a man as little affected by his surroundings as old Pat Monsell. His interest was centred in men and women and the incidents of actual life. Landscapes and atmospheric effect did not concern him. And yet to-night as he looked up at Schiehallion there was something in this still and magical picture which in a vague way arrested him.

Schiehallion! In his school days, the very name had been a dreamy sort of poem. And what was it that he scarcely now remembered, that invested the mountain with a curious mystery? In an indistinct way he began to recall the long-forgotten lessons. Ah, yes! it was on Schiehallion that someone made experiment on the attraction of mountains—and was not the lead of the plumb-line sucked in to the great rocky wall? He did not quite understand the matter even now. In those days he remembered, Schiehallion seemed to belong to those terrible enchanted mountains which drew out the iron rivets and bolts of passing ships, and littered the outlying reefs with wreckage and the whitened bones of mariners.

As these dim old fancies passed through his mind, the clear solitary star shone placidly in the grey green light about the big cone, and the mist gathered deeper and whiter among the pines.

What strange presentiment was this that had begun to steal over him? What, if indeed, Schiehallion possessed some weird power of attraction, and was drawing together in its shade the lives of men and women?

Hanover, the one man he hated and dreaded, was there—he himself was in the shadow—Fanny and her lover were coming. What destiny had the future in store for them?

He looked up at the stern peak with a momentary feeling of eeriness, then laughed at his own foolishness, and the clear solitary star shone tranquilly in the weather gleam.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING MR. MONSELL.

The Monsells were known as a dead-level family. There had been doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county squires, authors, and university professors among them, but until the advent of this Patrick never a Monsell stepped out of the dead-level rut. In Patrick, however, the dormant dash and devilry of the family seemed to have concentrated.

His mother was Irish, and that might have had something to do with it; but then, again, his brother Jack, the Parson at Peckham (the living was an appendage advowson belonging to the family), glided into the dead-level business with conservative inertia.

Pat was a wild boy at school, where he fought himself into lasting friendships, and still wilder at Oxford, where he reversed the traditions of the family, and became known as "Mad Monsell." According to accepted history his escapades had been bad enough to earn him the title ten times over; but how far they had been planned as a protest against certain undergraduate grievances or by way of reprisal for certain wrongs, will never be known. Those two uneasy ladies at Peckham—Parson Jack's wife and her sister Mrs. Baldew—had so enlarged and colored their views for the benefit of their hearers that poor Pat shared with Napoleon and other distinguished personages the honor of owning a legend.

Though no one could tell what he had or had not done, every one knew that he had been sent down, and that forthwith the Wanderlust had seized him and hurried him over half the globe. He had tracked the lion's spoor on the snowfields of the Himalayas; he had bought blue and scarlet fish from Cingalese fishermen perched far out at sea on the outriggers of their catamarans; he had run down wapti on the sandy plains of the North Platte; he had sipped mate with Santa Coloma among one of those fiery outbreaks in the Banda Oriental; he had sledged under the weird glow of the midnight sun. If it so happened that any old schoolfellow had come to grief, if any friend had had the misfortune to get on the shady side of the street, Pat was sure to be there or thereabouts to help him, not only with his purse (for he was a rich man), but with all his heart and soul.

But Woman, the ideal Woman, was his weak point. In his reckless and uncompromising championship for the sex the knight of La Mancha was nowhere.

Came back to London at forty every whit as young as he had left it—just as indomitably energetic, just as ready to be up and doing something for somebody. There was plenty to do. They were hard times. Want and misery crept and covered on all sides of them. He could not be idle, so he took to what has since become the fashionable pastime of slumming.

He gave his money freely, and no doubt was as freely taken in, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had at least snatched one family from destitution and death.

There they were—three of them, man, wife and child, refined people, literally dying of starvation in a poor garret, within half a mile of the rectory gates.

And this was their story.

A younger brother, clerk in the great house of Hanover & Co., had been accused of embezzlement. Now old Hanover, a "down" sort of man, whose soul was in the city and city ways, had never liked this young Burford. He was the "Idle Apprentice"—a fellow who liked to cut the dash and raffle it with others who could juggle ten times his money in their pockets; a fellow who would dress up in the latest mode, ride in the row, talk of his sporting club, and flutter his race-book in your face. In short, according to Mr. Hanover's ideas, he was travelling the well-worn road to ruin in the most approved fashion.

Burford's father, a Manchester man, had started the very business that Hanover had built up into such gigantic proportions. He was poor and dreamy; Hanover was rich, unscrupulous and energetic. Burford sowed the seed and Hanover reaped the grain. Some said old Burford had been badly used. Others that Hanover had long squared any balance by having borne so long with the Idle Apprentice.

At any rate Hanover was glad of this chance of getting rid of him. Doubly glad when the miserable inquiry disclosed the startling fact that his own and only son—the man in trust—had not only winked at young Burford's defalcations, but was actually married to his sister!

Old Hanover, the man of action, grasped his nettle at once. Absolutely and unconditionally they must atone by his decision, or the law must take its course.

Burford must be sent about his business; the rest of the family must clear out of London; and as for the recalcitrant son he too should go to the right about. No half measures for Hanover *pare!* The offender should be sent straight off to Bermuda, and there stay at the tyrant's will and pleasure belonging to the house. He must go without his wife, too, for there must be nothing to hamper him in recovering his position. Moreover, there should be no nonsensical leave-taking—no scenes—no stipulations. The thing must be stamped out then and there.

So utterly cowed was the young man by this burst of parental anger, so afraid of being out off for ever from London, from his Club, and from all that made life so delightful, that he yielded without a struggle.

Never was so abject a cur! Within twenty-four hours he actually sailed for the West with no more leave-taking than a letter preaching patience and submission to his young wife.

The Idle Apprentice was hustled off to Australia, where he shortly died, and the dispersal was already pinched himself in keeping the prodigal from utter ruin) taking his small household to the village of Beckenham.

This was not remote enough to place him beyond the reach of the great man's rancour. They were fairly pelted with insults—whipped with obloquy. They had inveigled his son into this marriage. They had participated in the plunder. He even intercepted letters between husband and wife,

and then formally proposed a separation. To such a length did he carry his persecution that when the child was born they determined he should not know of it.

And he never did! There was no difficulty in keeping it from him, and the death of the unfortunate mother, which happened some ten days after, put an end to his hostility.

Now as the young wife had never hinted one word about the expected baby to her husband, intending to keep it as a tender surprise and an irresistible living appeal to the grandfather, it so happened that the poor soul was buried there at Beckenham without the father or grandfather having the slightest notion of the child's existence.

Burford took charge of it with the solemn injunction that it was to be kept from old Hanover. The father—in spite of his weakness, his selfishness, his desertion, she loved him still—the father would return and claim it, but still then no one must know of it.

Burford's resentment leaped with the dying mother's wishes. He had never taken to young Hanover; events had proved him a poor, spiritless egotist, without even sufficient pluck to defend either himself or his wife. And now the wife lay dead and cold, the tie that bound them to the Hanovers was broken forever. No Hanover should ever have the child!

None! None! They had been the bane of the Burfords from first to last. Now let them rot!

Accordingly, with all possible speed, the baby was sent to an out-of-the-way farmhouse in Essex. Burford sold his scanty furniture, returned to London, and settled down under the assumed name of Pentland.

And a tough job Mr. Pentland had of it! He could point in a nigging way at got a nigging price for his productions. What cared he, though, so long as his wife came back from her little pilgrimages to that Essex farm-house and could tell him that the baby was growing and growing and becoming the very image of her mother.

When lever seized him the wife took up the bread-winning, and then began the struggle in grim earnest. No one would have recognized Burford's wife in the shabby, hollow-eyed woman that tramped about with the poor sketches. She never despaired, though; she had abundant faith and patience. As long as little Fanny threw it did not matter; and, with the proud obstinacy that belongs to hypersensitive people, they sought help from no one.

Then came the dark hour when she could tramp no longer, when there was no food or fire in the house, when the trembling lips could scarcely cry patience. Humbly and earnestly she prayed for help; and lo! one fine morning, in stalked their big, burly deliverer, and her prayers were heard. The papers were tearing with hard cases, but Pat Monsell firmly believed this particular case to be the most pitiful that had ever come to light. In a couple of days they were in good, clean, airy lodgings; and there, as regularly as the sun, came the supplies for the day; not merely the necessary beef and mutton, but what is so inexpressibly dear to the invalid, fresh fruit and flowers; and, perhaps the most precious of all, the strong, rugged face of their big, breezy, bustling saviour.

Small wonder they took fresh life and heart! It was during convalescence, when an extraordinary friendship had already begun to spring up between the two men, that Monsell heard the story and gnashed his teeth at it.

Young Hanover have the child, after that! Never! And a huge drop splashed from the eyes of the recording angel, as for form's sake he inscribed Pat's mighty protestation. No! What they would do would be to take the child to some quiet country place, and there bring her up as Pentland's own. Why, happy thought! he was building a yacht at Gosport. There was a large, red brick cottage at Stok Bay, with a capital garden, to be let; thither they could go, and Pentland could look after the embellishments and fittings of the boat.

So, with another turn of fortune's wheel, the Pentlands found themselves one sunny June established in snug quarters overlooking the Solent. The wife fetched the child. Pentland arranged a studio after his own heart, and Mr. Monsell bounded into all the new arrangements with red hot sympathy. He knew no more about art than the man in the moon, but he would sit and smoke and nod away for an hour at a stretch while his friend discoursed learnedly on the merits of this school and that. And sympathy—of a veritable inspiration had fallen on Pentland. His canvases began to reveal possibilities of actual genius; to Monsell they were marvels of art; and Pat, too, felt the happy quiver of the place. He no longer chafed at a humdrum life—no longer itched to go a gadding; he became domesticated, worked like two men in the garden, and began to take an uncommon interest in the child.

Baby Fanny made a lodging for herself in his heart, from which, as long as that heart beat, she was not to be ejected. He was head nurse as well as head-gardener, and the child would be quiet with him when she would be quiet with no one else.

All these matters were discussed at Parson Jack's rectory with no little heart-burning by the ladies. Mrs. Baldew was especially bitter. But what cared Pat Monsell? He was happy—when he came to think of it, he wondered when he had been so happy. Then, suddenly, without warning, the end came. No one quite knew how it happened.

He had parted with them one evening at Southampton on his way to London. The Tern was to drop back with the tide and land them at Stokes Bay. An awkward breeze sprang up though, and in the oily darkness that overtook them the yacht's boat was capsized as they were landing. Little help on such a night as that! All that mortal man could do Captain Boyd did. He flashed lights—he threw life-belts—he even beached the yacht in his frantic endeavors to give some help—but poor Pentland was the only soul who managed to reach the shore alive.

The shock killed him, though. And Monsell arrived just in time the next morning to take his hand and hear his last words.

Simple enough they were!

"God bless you! Take care of Fanny!" Then Monsell went out and stared vacantly at the blue sea. Of late his life had been so interwoven with theirs that he wondered he was standing there alive. The

soft round hills of the Isle of Wight got hazier and hazier when he recalled the poor fellow's simple life, his misfortunes, his brave wife's devotion, and their tragic end. It did him good to repeat aloud the uncomplaining words in which they had spoken of their own troubles and of their undying gratitude to him.

In an hour he went in with his mind and purpose set. He would break up his home of bitter memories and leave England at once. Baby Fanny should be his life charge. He would place her at the Rectory with his brother and his wife, where she would be tenderly reared as Pentland's child, and where he could watch her growth.

A message flashed up to Parson John, and Parson John came down.

"John," said he to him, "don't talk much, but listen. You are a good fellow at heart, and Mary is a good woman. I want you to take charge of Pentland's child. Understand, I adopt the child and it will be my business to provide for her. I shall give you 2400 a year, and the only condition I make is that no inquiry shall be made about her parents. Tears is the saddest story in the world. Let it be buried with them. Ask your wife if she agrees. If she does, she must get a good-tempered nurse and I will bring the child to the Rectory myself. Attend the funeral with me to-morrow morning ad wire Yes or No when you get back."

Mrs. John did not hesitate long. They were not rich, and here were for hundred solid reasons why she should accept the trust and respect the conditions. Apart from this, though, her womanly instincts had been touched. She was ill-used, and when her John came back an with bated breath told his story, from that moment her heart yearned towards the forlorn babe.

"This truly she prepared smart little speech for Mr. Patrick, but was, about a week after the funeral, he did come—at the very first sight of the big, sick man, with the sleeping child in his arms—the words died on her lips and instinctively held out her hands.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, giving her the child with secret elation in his heart at this good augury. "Thank you both. John has told you my wish. We will go to you lawyer to-morrow ad make the arrangements secure. You sed be under no anxiety as to the future; remember, write regularly—once a week at least—and tell me how she is getting on."

He came the evening here he started again on his wanderings ansaw the nurse and saw little Fanny in bed. Then he jumped into a hansom and drove away to catch the Continental express—en route for Brindisi.

At that moment the sun was westering over Bermuda, and young Hanover, sick of his exile, was wondering if much longer he would have to wait for a man-of-war to old boy's permission to return to the delights of civilization—once a free man.

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING MISS NNY.

Mrs. John kept her true loyalty. She devoted all her energies to her charge, and to Mr. Monsell's satisfaction and delight, little Fanny there appeared filled the hitherto sombre Rectory with new life and light.

Mrs. Baldew was Mrs. John's counsellor and guide in all nursery troubles. She had married two husbands and a lady of immense experience. Mrs. Baldew's sympathy was only equalled her curiosity. She dearly wanted to know rights about the child and whether Pak's money was to go clean out of the way. But Mrs. John was canny. She kept lively remembrance of the particular sin which her bread was buttered, and moreover, she could say, and say truthfully that she knew nothing but what Mr. Pak had told her.

When Miss Fanny, at the age of four, chose to be very ill with mites, these two good ladies wore themselves out with watching and nursing. So ill was that Uncle Pat had to be summoned, happily, when he arrived the danger was ir, but he took his turn at the nursing, when the little patient was able to sit up! filled the nursery with toys. It was favorite pastime with Miss Fanny to take him out every animal in the big N's Ark, from the elephant to the mouse! His wonderful impersonations of the late with a string tied to his coat for a tail, d his extraordinary squeak when this pulled, sent her into paroxysms of deli.

To the child there was me like Uncle Pat, and Uncle Pat knew nd rejoiced. These screams of laughter and the old man's never tiring playless set Mrs. Baldew thinking more and more. At last a happy thought struck her. She had been taking a look at Fanny as she had lay asleep, when suddenly startling idea flashed upon her.

"Mary!" she whispered, pointing to the child with drastic intensity, "do you see it?"

"See what, dear?" pales Mrs. John.

"Her mouth! If that's a Monsell mouth, what is it?"

"Good gracious!" exhaled Mrs. John, leaning over the child.

She looked and she gazed. She turned her head this way and that way. She peered into the little sleepface with its small red lips half open, w Mrs. Baldew held the candle over her like a second Cassandra.

In the midst of this in ted Mr. Patrick himself. The strangestitude of the two ladies alarmed him.

"Is she—is she worse?" asked, in an eager whisper.

Whereupon the two la, caught in flagrant delicto, jumped uplily.

"We were noticing quietly she sleeps," stammered Mrs. J, as she took refuge in a chair.

"My dear Mary!" said Mrs. Baldew, afterwards, "the likeness is imitable!—and did you notice, my dear, that a strange look he had when like if she was worse? Mary! takey verd for it—"

And Mrs. Baldew fished her sentence with a series of sic græ nodes which made her sister vage uneasy.

Once on this mysterious and hiving track Mrs. Baldew pursued her inquiry with inexhaustible ingenuit, but though it was easy to accumulate questions, it was impossible to obtain modest roof.

In course of time it was covd, and Mrs. Baldew made it shockily true, that Fanny was a dunce, th Fny was rebellious, that Fanny had b books, shirked her lessons, and rudelous. She needed restraint and scine, and

Carstairs, eagerly, "my horses are as quiet as old Time."

"We are slow but we are sure," Mr. Boothby added, timidly. "We never start anywhere without overhauling everything."

"I don't know about the we," Carstairs rejoined, restily; "but I know I have a hobby for putting things right and keeping them right."

"You are sure it is safe, Mr. Boothby?" Fanny asked, turning her blue eyes upon him.

"Boothby knows nothing whatever about horses, Miss Pentland."

"I beg your pardon," said Boothby, warmly; "I know quite enough to be able to drive Miss Pentland if she will trust herself to me!"

"Can he really drive, Mr. Carstairs?" Fanny asked, innocently.

"I never heard of his driving anybody anywhere," Carstairs replied.

"Perhaps not," said Boothby, gloomily; "there may be many things I can do you have not heard of."

"Perhaps your light has been under a bushel, Boothby."

"We can't all flash our lights in public, Carstairs."

And a very pretty little squabble was only prevented by Mr. Monsell calling them from the other side of the room, to look at Schiehallion.

A flood of crimson light had burst out of the clouds in the west and glowed on the summit of the mountain; everything else was dim and grey, the peak alone was illumined and burned up there in the depths of heaven like an obelisk of fire.

"You should paint that," Mr. Boothby observed, diffidently; "it is awfully grand— isn't it?"

"Simply horrible," said Harry.

"If you did paint it," Mr. Monsell remarked, with the air of a man who has made a discovery, "no one would believe it."

"And they would be right," said Harry; "Nature is too melodramatic! Why, it would be taken for a portent: it looks with tragedy! Put in a couple of figures and you would see at a glance that one of them meant foul play. See! it gets fiercer and wilder! Pah! it looks like blood!"

"Why, Harry, it is lovely," said Fanny; "it is like a peak in Fairyland."
(To be Continued.)

NEST-EGGS OF MILLIONS.

How Men of Great Wealth Made Their First Hundred.

In the New York Morning Journal appears some brief letters from millionaires as to the various ways in which each made his first \$100.

Mr. Jay Gould writes: I worked hard for my first \$100, I can assure you. I was born at the village of Stratton Falls, Delaware county, N. Y. When I was 16 I obtained a situation as a clerk in a variety store belonging to one Squire Burnham. I saved every possible cent from my slender salary, and was soon able to purchase a small piece of land, which I secured at a bargain and subsequently sold at a profit sufficient to give me my first \$100 in cold, hard cash.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field writes: When I came to New York at 15 I had but a few dollars in my pocket. I worked for A. T. Stewart for three years and saved my dime. Then I went to Lee, Mass., where I found employment in a paper-mill belonging to my brother. There I added to what I had already saved a sufficient sum to make up my first \$100. Subsequently I went into papermaking.

Senator John P. Jones writes: The first \$100 I ever possessed was dug from the earth with my own hands.

Mr. Russell Sage says: I borrowed money, and just before one Thanksgiving I bought up a large lot of turkeys, and sold them at a profit of more than \$100.

Mr. Philip D. Armour says: I washed out gold enough to fetch \$100. I came very near losing that soon afterward, for I concealed it in an old disused coffee-pot, and during my absence one of my fellow gold miners made a bonfire of all the rubbish he could find, and included the old coffee-pot with its precious contents. I returned in time to rescue it from the ashes.

Mr. P. T. Barnum says: I made my first \$100 when a boy selling pumpkin pies and such on the muster-fields of the New England militia.

For Your Husbands.

Gloves are indispensable to the man that aspires to be well dressed.

The wearing of evening gloves now ranks among the edicts that may not be ruthlessly broken.

The delicate shades in pearl of undressed kids, with a narrow cord embroidery upon the back in self-color and with a single large pearl button, is the ultra fastidious type for full dress.

The foible is an expensive one, because the evening gloves must be immaculate. A soiled pair of evening gloves would be deemed a great solecism as a shirt front that betrayed a previous wearing.

The white full dress cravats have finally felt the effect of the tendency to bigness in neckwear. They have been latterly worn in widths from one to one and a half inches. The latest examples spread out to greater widths at the end.

Overgarters continue to be sold by the men's furnishers, although it would seem the latter might more reasonably add them to his stock, having them to match the various derby colorings of the season.

Assuredly the overgarters should comport with or match the waistcoat, overcoat, hat or some other portion of the attire, otherwise they are featured to a too dominant degree.

Millions in Her Glove.

Think of a woman who with a nod could sell 15,000 cattle! Yet that is what Mrs. King did at Corpus Christi, Tex., the other day. They were 2-year-old steers and brought \$82,000, W. Halsell, of Vinita, I. T., being the purchaser. Mrs. K. is described as a "millionaire." One of her ranches is trampled by 150,000 horses and cattle, and she owns several other great grazing grounds.

Let Him Be Hanged.

Rochester Herald: The Boston Elks have suspended John L. Sullivan. But unless they have suspended him by the neck the country will not be afforded much relief by their action.

CARE OF FURS.

How They Are Ruined by Being Packed in Boxes.

The care of furs might well be given special space, but a word or two here must serve, says the New York Times. Perhaps the most usual mistake made by women in the care of their furs is to keep them laid flat in the boxes in which they may have been sent home. With seal this is a particularly grave error, as the least pressure assists the advance of the crushed look which overtakes it soon enough at best. Furriers keep their fur garments hanging and ladies should do likewise. The moth-line bags selling from 60 cents to \$1, the cloth for 25 cents a yard, are convenient coverings for them, but bags of unbleached muslin will do almost as well, if lightly made. "Coat-hangers" to support the shoulders are useful, as they prevent the garment dragging its weight upon the neck and collar, and thus injuring its set when on. To pack a fur garment in the ordinary manner of women's packing is fatal. A box may be wonderfully freshened in appearance by shaking it upside down, causing the fur to stand out in that round, fluffy way which makes the box such a pretty setting for fair faces. Boxes should be looped in long loops before hanging so that the strain may not rest wholly on any one point. If they are ornamented with ribbons, they may be hung by these. All fur houses have storage safes, where wraps are kept in safety through the summer months at nominal rates. Furs which have been wet should not be dried in a warm room. Women who wear furs should be careful not to dress their hair too low, or rather too loose. The cadogan and other drooping braids wear the fur most rapidly than is realized until the damage is beyond repair. Taken in time this injury may be overcome, but it is safest not to incur it. Furriers unanimously urge that furs needing repairs should be brought to them in the summer season, as the work may then be done with much more convenience to the house and with greater satisfaction to the wearer.

Things Curious.

Georgia has 360 lifetime prisoners in the penitentiary.

A patent has been taken out in France for an electric furnace for the therapid incineration of human remains.

The latest returns are said to show that 96,000 out of 97,000 men in the English home army are under 21 years of age.

Woo Sang, Ill., is probably the only town in the country that has a Chinese name. It was named by two sea captains who had been in the China trade and purchased land for the site of the new town about 1855.

In England one person out of every 5,250, 000 people carried is killed. In France one out of every 2,000,000 passengers is killed. In Belgium one out of every 9,000,000 is killed. In Prussia only one out of 21,500, 000 is killed.

Clocks are going out of favor in fashionable French drawing rooms, it is stated. It is now the thing to have an old watch hung on the wall, with an artistic drapery around it, and the timepiece should be old-fashioned and a family heirloom.

During the longest days in June the sun shines for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four in Alaska. Through the months of June, July and August, when the nights are so short, the weather becomes very warm. Miners are then frequently compelled to seek a shady retreat, and the water in the streams becomes comfortable for bathing.

The patent laws of Japan are founded to some extent on those of the United States. The privileges of exclusive production run from five to fifteen years. The authorities may decline to grant patents for inventions which may be of general importance or of military value, and compensation may be allowed the inventor denied such a patent.

Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which today she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city. Such a room is a growth, a gathering of little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.—Harper's Bazar.

The following are the census chief officers for the different Provinces in the approaching census: Prince Edward Island, R. Hunt; Nova Scotia, Jonathan Parsons; New Brunswick, Ed. Barr; Quebec, P. E. Leblance; W. E. Jones, J. M. Desblat and J. H. Charlebois; Ontario, Andrew Broder, A. F. Campbell, Philip McRae and Rufus Stephenson; Manitoba, H. S. Donaldson; Northwest Territories, E. F. Richardson; British Columbia, G. A. Surgiston.

"You heard about the grizzly bear that tackled a Chicago girl?" "No—what happened?" "The girl hugged the bear to death."

Owing to the wires being down the old system of watching for fires in New York from towers had to be employed on Sunday and Monday nights. Electricity is daily proving that it is a necessary, not a luxury, time.

FROZEN WATER-PIPES.

What to Do Before the Plumber Comes.

To find the water-pipes leaking, frozen, or perhaps burst, is no rare occurrence during the winter in the modern much-plumbed houses. Nothing more thoroughly demoralizes the domestic machinery than such unlikely happenings. Floors are wet, ceilings leak, the water is shut off, and the whole household is at a stand still, waiting for the vexatious will-o'-the-wisp, the plumber. Whenever the leak is visible, the housewife can cure the ill herself, at least temporarily. Shut off the water first, and then spread some white lead on a cloth, like a plaster. Tie this firmly over the water cannot work its way out or prevent the plaster's adhering. Unless the plumber will make thorough repairs when he does come, the lead plaster is more permanent than any putty joint or weak solder. Let a pound of white-lead stand a day or two until a skin has formed over it, and then cover it with water. It will be soft and ready for use at any time, and the housewife can "snap her fingers at the plumber's ways," to paraphrase Sir Joseph Porter, as best suits a frosty morning. Strips of rubber cut from old rubber shoes and bound tightly over the leaks in hot-water pipes will close the holes and stop the dripping flood. When the water freezes in the traps of the bath-room or the kitchen sink, a quart of common salt thrown into them will thaw them out more rapidly than hot water. A lighted lamp placed under a frozen water-pipe is more rapid and convenient its work than pouring on hot water. A lamp, the flame partly lowered, placed under an exposed bend or length of pipe which is liable to a freeze is a simple preventive of trouble in bitter weather.—Harper's Bazar.

Fills of Fashion.

Muffs were in use before the year 1700.

Persian lamb is a favorite material for trimming.

Velvet calf in all colors is used for evening shoes.

Starching was first introduced into England in 1564.

Fur is much used as a trimming for hats this season.

Fur has never been more popular than it is this year.

A note of interrogation in pearls makes a pretty scarfpin.

Golf as a game for ladies is immensely popular in England.

A tiny gold heart shaped locket is the newest thing in watch charms.

The tea gown is giving place to what is now known as the "house dress."

At the coronation of George III. there were only two hairdressers in all London.

The bird of paradise in diamonds is something original in ornaments for the hair.

In Paris jackets have taken the place of other wraps with women who walk.

Bazaars have been the order of the day, if not the evening, for the last fortnight.

Marquise rings are of a length which would formerly have been considered outre.

The Weddings.

At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding.

At three years comes the paper.

At the close of five comes the wooden.

At the seventh anniversary the friends assemble at the wedding.

At 10 comes the tin.

At 12 years the silken and fine linen.

At 15 the crystal wedding.

At 25 the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century are awarded with silver gifts. From this period forward the tokens of esteem become rapidly more valuable.

When the 30th anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls.

At the 40th come the rubies.

At the 50th occurs the golden wedding.

Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their many gifts in peace.

If, however, by any possibility they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained, at the celebration of their diamond wedding.

About Needles.

The Christmas holidays are over, and again we are learning to sew. To day we have hem. If the first fold of the hem is not perfectly straight, no care in the turning of the second fold will be of any avail. In this, as in other things, it is of the greatest importance that the first step should be right. Your first folds are evenly done? The second fold of the hem, if narrow, should be firmly pressed down, and sewed without basting. The width hem is measured, and held in place by a basting close to the edge. And now, while the folding and basting go on, tell me what shins of hemlago to fasten together the made. Nature's needles they were. Surely some one can guess. "Thorns?" Yes, it was thorns, with fibres of plants for the thread; and a very good purpose they served, I am sure.—Harper's Young People.

The Commerce of Finland.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rather more than 1,350,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 3 per cent. of tar. Farm produce, chiefly butter, forms an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products, 3 per cent.; game and fish, another 3 per cent.; and various manufactures—iron, tinware and paper—15 per cent. more. On the other hand the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, sugar, cotton, tobacco, wine, oil and brandy.

The exchange with foreign countries are made to the extent of 70 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1,600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no lack of communication by water.—Henry Lanslet, D. D., in Harper's Magazine for February.

A branch of the Jackson, Mich., Corset Works will shortly be established in St. Thomas. The capital stock of the company will be \$20,000, and at the commencement from 25 to 30 hands will be employed, which will doubtless be increased in a short time.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

A Well-Told Story for the Intemperate.

One night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questioning by the deceptions and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way. When he was some blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go on to a drinking bout without money, even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficit; so he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the firelight knelt his child at her mother's feet, his small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and, as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spellbound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours, and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter. The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued,

"God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," liped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober!"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone.

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened, so sudden, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"—Selected.

Women and Their Ways.

The University of Edinburgh contemplates opening its doors to women students. Miss Kate Steele is the first woman to receive the honor of a full professorship from the Royal Academy of Music in England.

Stenographers and typewriters can be had in bunches at \$4 a week. Cooks at \$30 a month cannot be found to supply the demand.

An "eupptic lunch-room" for the special benefit of dyspeptic diners has recently been established in New York by Dr. Ross W. Bryan.

Pretty floral necklaces of white violets or chrysanthemums closely massed together after the fashion of a dog-collar are now worn with evening dresses.

Lillioakalani, who becomes Queen of Hawaii by the death of Kalakaua, her brother, is the wife of an Englishman, Lieut. Gen. John O. Dominis. Her designation as heir apparent was due to the fact that she was the only member of the royal family who had children.

Mrs. Barrios, wife of the celebrated President and a woman of surpassing beauty, is now staying at Washington. She was married at the age of 14 and is mother of six children, yet she looks as fresh and radiant as a young girl. She is very accomplished, speaking five languages with fluency. Her fortune is said, on good authority, to aggregate \$6,000,000.

A fashionable London tailor has just completed an elegant pelisse for the Princess of Wales. It is of violet velvet, lined with ermine and trimmed with a passementerie of violet and gold. Another handsome pelisse is of scarlet cloth, gathered into a yoke of sealskin. An olive-green cloth pelisse is lined with blue fox fur, which is rolled over in large revers to the foot of the gown.

Dame Nature is a Good Book-keeper.

She don't let us stay long in her debt before we settle for what we owe her. She gives us a few years' grace at the most, but the reckoning surely comes. Have you neglected a cough or allowed your blood to grow impure without heeding the warnings? Be wise in time, and get the world-famed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures as well as promises. As a blood-renewer, a lung-healer, and a cure for scrofulous taints, it towers above all others, as Olympus overlooks a mole-hill. To warrant a commodity to be honorable and above deception, and a guarantee is a symbol of honest dealing. You get it with every bottle of the "Discovery." By druggists.

The two new words of the year in London are "spoo" and "wide." To spoo a man means to put up a wicked trick on him. When you say that a man is wide, you mean that he is something more than wide-awake, smart or clever.

The Scotch railway strike, the greatest railway strike ever known in England, costs the companies £17,000, while the losses of traders and men employed reach half a million.

Marie Tempest will return to America next season. Of course; they all do it don't you know.

A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

The Women Who Continually Parade Private History in a Neighborhood.

Mrs. But is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but Jonas, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks: "My dear, here comes Mrs. But." He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard. She is for he knows our neighbor's failing, and as long as the conversation is confined to quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is indeed," said Mrs. But, heartily, "she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. But," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. But dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of 15, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

"Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted; "but I suppose you know that she is a poorhouse wail."

"No," I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. But was utterly uncalculated.

One evening, on our way home from prayer meeting, Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed the moment we were by ourselves, "with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'buts,' and the whitest robe in all the 'white-robed throng' would be in danger of being smutted."

"And yet," I said, "Mrs. But evidently considers herself a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub up her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians."—Christian Intelligencer.

The Longest Straight Railroad Track.

The new Argentine Pacific Railroad, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, has on it what is probably the longest tangent in the world. This is 340 kilometers (211 miles) without a curve. In this distance there is not a single bridge and no opening larger than an ordinary culvert, no out greater than one meter in depth, and no fill of a height exceeding one meter. There is almost an entire absence of wood on the plain across which the western end of the road is located. This has led to the extensive use of metallic ties, which will be employed on nearly the entire road.

New Use for Tam O' Shaners.

Some ingenious young women make pretty and convenient workboxes out of a Scotch Tam O' Shaner cap, says the New York Times. One of silk, gray tones is lined with pale pink silk, and finished on the head band with the inevitable little bow, which in this case is a rosette, which seems the sine qua non to a woman's decorative scheme. The cap rests by its own weight conveniently open on a work table, and forms a really spacious and safe pocket for spoons, thimbles and odds and ends, while the soft exterior offers an attractive needle cushion.

A Patent Lie.

New York Times: "What 'arnal liars newspapers be?" exclaimed Podsnap. "You can't believe a blamed story they tell nowadays."

"Why, Mr. Podsnap," said Mrs. P., "what awful story hev they ben tellin' now?"

"This paper, Euphemis, says that a count or something has just blowed out his brains after blowin' in all he had at Monte Carlo."

A Complete Collapse

is occasioned in our feelings by derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, cure sick and bilious headache, bowel complaints, internal fever and constiveness. They remove all waste matter, and restore health to body and mind. A dose, as a laxative, consists of one tiny, sugar-coated Pellet. Cheapest and easiest to take. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

Lite.

Buffalo News: A winter's day and a muddy street. A lucky man and a maiden sweet. She hesitates and he tips his hat. A bow, a "Thank you," and after that. A coat. Another. A parson's fee. A journey. A year. And again we see. A winter's day and a muddy street. A mainly form and a woman sweet. We see them half by the carriage hid. He carries a cane. She carries a kid.

Italy has offered the Garibaldi family \$60,000 for Caprera.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

Last Wednesday the people of Atwood were favored with a visit from the champion of Unrestricted Reciprocity, Sir Richard Cartwright. He was accompanied by the Reform nominee, James Grieves, of Mornington. Wm. Shearer filled the chair, and in a few words of welcome introduced Mr. Grieves, who addressed the audience on the questions of the hour. He is a pleasant speaker and is possessed of considerable mental force; a prosperous farmer and Deputy Reeve of Mornington. Sir Richard Cartwright was next introduced, who spoke for about two hours and laid the policy of the Liberal party in the best light possible especially Unrestricted Reciprocity, of which he is the originator.

THE SENATE.

At the meeting of the Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario, representing the best class of the agriculturists of this province, a resolution was passed favoring the abolition of the Dominion Senate, on the ground that it favors combines. This is one out of many other substantial reasons why this too long tolerated white elephant should be abolished. There are too many leeches hanging to the Dominion treasury apart from squandering thousands of dollars in maintaining seventy-five public imbeciles, receiving an average salary of \$1,100 per annum. The house-keeper receives a salary of \$1,200, while the door-keeper is paid off with the small pittance (?) of \$900. There is altogether too much English red tape system in administering the affairs of the Dominion. "It's English you know." Yes, too much so for Democratic Canadians. If the farmers generally, throughout the Dominion, would only insist on their candidates in the approaching election pledging themselves to work in Parliament for the Senate's abolition it would soon be done. Now is the time to strike. This is not a party question, the leaders of both political parties being favorable to the retention of the Senate. But if the farmers will only put down their feet, and resolutely say the Senate must go, it will go and that in short order. Suppose the farmers of North and South Perth lead the way.

THE SITUATION.

We are on the eve of a general election. The manifestos of the political leaders—Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Wilfrid Laurier—are before our readers who are in a position to weigh each and draw their own conclusions. As will be seen the great question at issue, in fact the only question, is Unrestricted Reciprocity. Now this is a many-sided question, and so complicated that many average intelligent electors are at a loss to understand the real meaning implied. We will explain. *Unrestricted* means unlimited, while *Reciprocity* means free intercourse one with the other; mutual obligations, or agreeing to anything mutually. Hence the political meaning, and which we are to understand it in connection with the present campaign, is "Free Trade between the United States and Canada and a duty on the products of all other nations." Great Britain included. This is the full meaning as defined by Sir Richard Cartwright himself in the agricultural hall last Wednesday. Will the United States agree to the unrestricted reciprocity policy advocated by the Reform party supposing that party is in power? We say, no. Jas. G. Blaine, Secretary of State in the Republican cabinet, has promised no such trade relations with Canada. The government which he is a member of and under whose direction the commerce of the Republic is entrusted, is directly opposed to free trade. Protection has always been a strong plank in the Republican platform. If closer trade relations are to be brought about it must come from the Democratic side of the house, who, while not free trade enthusiasts, are more likely to assent to the proposed policy of the Liberals. The United States has always cherished a protective system of government. Canada has struggled and struggled in vain for better trade relations with the Republic. As proof of this we subjoin an article from *Le Monde*, a French Canadian journal, which says:

"Liberal journals must be entirely ignorant of the political history of the country. They should know that since 1854 the Government of Canada has offered to the United States Government to establish commercial relations between the two countries and that, excepting on one occasion, these offers were made by Conservative govern-

ments. The first offer was made in 1865, before the Elgin treaty was abrogated, when Sir John Macdonald and other Canadian ministers went to England to procure Imperial Government influence in having that treaty renewed. In January, 1866, desiring to renew reciprocity, the Canadians sent four delegates to Washington, who appeared before the Committee on Ways and Means, the chairman of which, however, imposed as conditions of the treaty an increase in the Canadian excise duties, and absolute free trade in natural and manufactured products. These conditions the delegates refused to accept and returned to Canada. In 1868 Canada offered to admit certain natural products of the United States free, or with a reduced duty. Again in 1869 Messrs. Cartier and Macdougall went to England to induce the Imperial Government to obtain reciprocity between Canada and the United States, but although these two delegates also visited Washington nothing came of it. In 1871, Sir John, in negotiating the treaty of Washington, offered to exchange the use of the fisheries for an arrangement of reciprocal commerce. To this the Americans would not consent. Again in 1873 another fruitless effort was made to secure a settlement, and in 1874 George Brown went to Washington to negotiate a treaty, and after considerable work a project was drawn up, which, however, the Senate refused to ratify. In adopting the National Policy in 1878, the Government inserted in the statutes a permanent offer of reciprocity in natural products, in case the United States declared in favor of the same. When the fisheries question was being discussed at Washington in 1888 Sir Chas. Tupper wished to settle it by the adoption of reciprocal commercial relations, and now in 1891 comes Sir John's latest offer on the question."

We quote the above not with the object of defending the Conservative views on the question, but merely to show the impracticability of the policy. THE BEE is a warm advocate of any policy that will better the condition of the masses, but in the past such trade negotiations have utterly failed, and at the present crisis we can see nothing better held out to us.

Another phase of the situation. The annexation cry is raised by the Conservative party and re-echoed by the American press. Unrestricted Reciprocity does not necessarily mean political absorption. Great Britain has had free trade with the Republic and every other nation, and its political independence has not been endangered thereby. There is practically nothing in the cry. The people of Canada, Reformers and Conservatives, alike, are strongly averse to annexation. The national, patriotic spirit is too strong in this country to admit of any such thing. We love the United States; we love the motherland better; and we love Canada best of all.

Would Unrestricted Reciprocity discriminate against Great Britain? Most assuredly. This is no reason why we should refrain from bettering our trade relations with other nations, however. If England cannot hold her own with Uncle Sam on the field of commercial competition it is no fault of ours, and because we chance to be a colony of Britain is no reason why we should cripple our commerce with the outside world. As much as we love old England, the primary interests of this country must precede all other interests. "Charity begins at home." Lastly, would Unrestricted Reciprocity prove beneficial to Canada? Most decidedly. Following are the strong reasons against it, as set forth by the Conservative party: The United States has made the greatest commercial progress during the past century of any nation in the world, and that under a strict and even extreme protection policy. She evidently realized the fact that she possessed within herself unlimited though undeveloped resources, which if developed would make her a productive, wealthy and independent nation. The same may be said of Canada. We are practically in the same position as the United States. We have unlimited resources undeveloped, and untold buried wealth. How are we to develop our country? By encouraging home industry and seeking to develop those powers vested in us. It is wonderful what a man or nation can do if thrown upon their own resources.

We must not content being a mere colony of Great Britain, or a dumping ground for the neighboring Republic. We must rise in our might, and by elevating, inspiring and patriotic literature, a true sense of our dignity as born Canadians, and a proper conception of the great possibilities lying before us, build up a nation and people that will put to shame the vaunted pride of older nations, even the great American Republic.



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BROOKS' OLD STAND.

Town Talk.

POLITICS! politics!! politics!!!
BUSINESS took A. Campbell to the Forest City last week.

MISS HAYWOOD, of St. Marys, is the guest of Mrs. S. H. Harding.

THE new street lamp at the entrance to the Methodist church is a much needed acquisition.

THEY are poor that have lost nothing; they are poorer far who losing have forgotten; they most poor of all, who lose and wish they might forget.

WE are told to walk noiselessly through the world that we awaken neither hatred or envy; but, alas! what can we do when they never sleep?

THE land of marriage has this peculiarity—that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it, while its natural inhabitants would willingly be banished therefrom.

OWING to Rev. Mr. Henderson taking charge of the funeral of the late James Brock, who was a member of the Presbyterian church, his Monkton appointment was filled by Rev. D. Rogers.

THE man who observed that the large rivers generally happen to run close to the large cities has now discovered that the firms that do the largest business generally happen to have the largest advertisements in the newspapers.

BRO. HOLMES, of the Clinton New Era, is blessed with another addition to his household. It is between editors Colwell and Holmes who will be the recipient of editor Kerr's baby carriage. Friend Colwell, who is of a magnanimous disposition, says Holmes may have the baby carriage and he will use a wheelbarrow. We would suggest that the two quill drivers remove to the Northwest and start a colonization agency.

AN Innerkip correspondent writes:—A very interesting and successful surgical operation was performed here by Dr. Welford, of Woodstock. The patient was Joseph Johnson, son of Jacob Johnson, of this place. He received an injury about three months ago, which finally resulted in inflammation of the bowels. Ordinary medical treatment did not have the desired effect and Dr. Clement, who had the case, decided that in order to save the young man's life a surgical operation was necessary. He therefore called in Dr. Welford. As a result of the operation about two gallons of liquid were drawn from the patient and he is doing well to-day. This is one of the first cases of the kind on record in Ontario, or, indeed, outside of the hospitals or the practice of the more eminent European surgeons. Until recently professional custom did not authorize such operations in the case of sufferers from inflammation of the bowels, but it is now felt by the profession that many lives may be saved by the judicious use of the knife.

A BILL is now before Congress at Washington authorizing the construction of another tunnel under the Detroit River, at Detroit, connecting that city with the Canadian shore. If people cannot get over a barrier they try to get under it.

H. T. BUTLER, editor of the Stratford Sun, made us a fraternal call last week. He is returning officer for the North Perth election, to be held on March 5th, next. The Sun is a bright, newsy sheet, and we hope that it may continue to "shine for all."

"We will run a store in connection with our paper," writes an editor. "So with this store, and our farm, and the real estate business, and the post office, and our position as clerk of the town council, we hope to make enough money to keep the paper going."

THE editor of a newspaper that has adopted phonetic spelling in a measure, received a postal card the other day from a subscriber in the country which contained the following: "I hav tuk your paper goin on seven years, but if I can't spel enny better than you've ben doin lately, you may jest stop it."

Two of the most successful men on the North American continent, says the Monetary Times, were recently asked the question, "What are the causes of poverty?" One replied "Ignorance and incapacity." The other said that the prevalent cause is "the number of young men who are wanting in decision and fixity of purpose." True.

BRUSSELS Post.—THE ATWOOD BEE has celebrated its first birthday and expresses its satisfaction with the past year's work. THE BEE, although not as large as some of its contemporaries, is one of the best newspapers in Perth Co. We hope the honey will continue to come to the hive. Is it not time though that a "queen" was secured in connection with the institution?

THE last of a successful series of lectures was held in the Methodist church last Friday evening. The attendance was better than the average. The subject, "The Nationalities,"—England, Ireland and Scotland—was ably debated by Revs. Henderson, M. A., Hincks, L. L. B., and Rogers. In the absence of Rev. Cleland, Wm. Lochhead filled the chair very acceptably.

REV. MR. BEARDSALL, of Woodstock, supplied the Baptist pulpit last Sunday. His sermon was earnest, practical and of the true missionary spirit. The liberal collection was in aid of Le Grand Linge Baptist mission, Quebec province. The statistics quoted by Mr. Beardsall showed the Baptist mission work in that benighted, priest ridden province to be growing rapidly despite the persecution of Home.

A COMMITTEE, composed of Messrs. Wm. Lochhead, Jno. B. Hamilton and R. Parker, met at the residence of Wm. Dickson, Atwood, and presented him with a beautiful plush-upholstered chair in behalf of a number of the patrons of the Elma Cheese Co., as a token of appreciation of his services as salesman for the factory during the past few years. Mr. Dickson acknowledged the gift in a few well chosen words. The chair was purchased from Wm. Forrest.

AN experienced school teacher is quoted by a contemporary to the effect that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are better readers, better spellers, better grammarians, better punctuators, read more understandingly, and obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others. This is true, not only of school pupils, but of grown up people. As an educator the newspaper is invaluable and can be had for almost nothing.

DR. SINCLAIR, the Scottish specialist, of Toronto, visits Atwood, at Ioerger's hotel, on Wednesday, March 11th. The Dr. has a number of cases in this vicinity which he is treating very successfully. His ability to treat chronic and private diseases, brain, nerve, heart, lungs and women's diseases, is beyond question. The fact that he has travelled over the Huron tract periodically for many years past is recommendation in itself. Call on him on the above date and explain your case, it will cost you nothing for consultation.

TWO soul-stirring sermons were delivered by Rev. Mr. Hincks, L. L. B., of Stratford, in the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening. In the morning he took as the theme of his discourse the parable of the talent, and in the evening preached from the parable of the Prodigal Son. The speaker's brilliant word pictures were masterfully instrumental in fastening the Gospel truths to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. Mr. Hincks will always be a welcome supply in the Methodist church here.

DOG TAX.—On the first day of January last, the new law respecting dogs came into force. Under this law there is an annual tax of one dollar on each dog and two dollars on each bitch in every municipality in Ontario, but the ratepayers petition the council of their municipality, the council may pass a by-law that the said tax or any part of it shall not be levied in said municipality. Should such by-law not be passed then the collection of the tax is compulsory on the municipality. The law is also made more clear as to the ownership of dogs, any person having a dog in his possession being responsible for it. In addition to a person being justified in killing a dog while in pursuit of sheep, a person may kill any dog he find on his farm where sheep are kept, between sunset and sunrise, provided such dogs do not belong to some one whose lands adjoin his own, or the dog is securely muzzled, or when the dog is accompanied by some person owning or having charge of it. It will be the duty of the assessors to take the number of dogs owned or in the possession of each ratepayer, and if any incorrect information is given, the party offending is liable to a penalty of \$5.

MISS MAY TURNBULL, of Brussels, is spending a days in the village and vicinity.

THE Monkton Methodist church people have put new chandeliers into their church.

It costs Toronto \$70,000 a year to look after her "drunks." How much does it cost the bummers to get drunk?

THE thanks of the management is tendered V. Ioerger for the loan of his piano at the agricultural concert Monday night.

WE regret that for want of space we cannot publish even a synopsis of Sir Richard Cartwright's address on Unrestricted Reciprocity.

It will be gratifying to Jas. Irwin's friends to know that he is rapidly recovering and will be at his post of duty in a day or two. He has had a hard pull of it.

SETTLERS trains for Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia, leave Listowel on Tuesday, Feb. 24th, at 1:20 p. m. Those contemplating going should purchase their tickets from J. A. Hacking, Listowel. See advt.

METHODIST CENTENNIAL SERVICE.—At a meeting of the Special Committee held in Guelph on Jan. 27th, the following regulations were adopted concerning the approaching Centennial service. The attention of ministers and people in the Guelph Conference to these regulations has been specially solicited by announcement over the signatures of Revs. Dr. Griffin and Jno. Scott, President and Secretary of Conference, respectively. (1) That in harmony with the legislation of the General Conference, Centennial services shall be held in all our churches on Sunday, March 1st, next. (2) That in those churches where only one service on the Sabbath day is held, such service shall be in commemoration of the centennial of the death of Wesley, and, whenever practicable, week evening meetings shall be held in celebration of the centennial of Canadian Methodism. (3) That in all churches where two services are held on the Sabbath day, the morning service shall be devoted to the commemoration of the centennial of the death of Wesley, and the evening to the celebration of the centennial of Canadian Methodism. (4) That it is understood that these services shall be conducted by the ministers of the circuit. (5) That the superintendent of each circuit shall arrange with each Sunday school committee for similar services in each Sunday school. (6) That collections and voluntary offerings received at these services be appropriated by the Quarterly Official Boards to such purposes, local or connexional, as they may determine.

RAMSAY.—Yes, the agricultural concert last Monday evening was a success despite the inclement weather. The hall was comfortably filled, and the length of program was carried out to the letter. The chairman, S. H. Harding, introduced the program in a few applicable words. The Atwood Orchestra, composed of Prof. Wilson, Dr. Rice, R. Campbell and Miss M. Dunn, gave several fine musical selections, while Prof. Wilson's Glee Club rendered "Awake, 'Eolian Lyre" and the "Birds of Aberfeldy" in fine style. When it is considered that these selections are difficult and the short time to prepare them, great credit is due Mr. Wilson and company in their excellent rendition. Our old friend, George Hamilton, delighted the audience, especially the Scotch folk, with the songs of auld Scotland, which for perfect dialect, melody and patriotic enthusiasm, have been seldom listened to by an Atwood audience. Scotch songs to be rendered in their true spirit and fullest meaning must necessarily be sung by a native of auld Scotia's hills. The familiar and popular song, "Ship Ahoy" was done justice to by Dr. Rice and T. M. Wilson. While all did their parts well the duet, "Minute Gun at Sea," by Prof. Wilson and George Currie, is deserving of special mention, and is what we considered the sweetest and most captivating vocal selection of the evening. Sel more harmoniously together. Mr. Currie excelled himself, and Mr. Wilson fully sustained his old time reputation in musical circles. The star of the night was W. E. Ramsay, whose every appearance was a signal for a storm of applause. His forte is in comic song more than in recitation. "The Irish Jubilee" was perhaps his best number. He was encored again and again, which he willingly responded to. His wife acted as an accompanist for him and to add that she is a brilliant musician is not at all taxing our imagination. Altogether the entertainment was amusing and profitable, and if the clerk of the weather had not gone back on the management, the hall would have been crowded beyond its capacity, as it was the receipts netted over \$50.

TROWBRIDGE.—Last Sabbath afternoon Rev. James Caswell and the Rev. J. C. Pomeroy, of Linwood, addressed a mass meeting of the Sabbath school in the body of the Methodist church. The church was well filled. Rev. Pomeroy took for the foundation of his remarks: 1st All children need a Saviour. 2nd All may have a Saviour. 2nd All may keep the children spell-bound for about 35 minutes. At 6:30 p. m. the church was filled with an attentive audience who listened with delight to his remarks. On Monday evening following, notwithstanding it rained hard and the beautiful snow gave place to mud and slush, the church was fairly well filled and we had a very successful entertainment. The program rendered by the children and young people was very good. The annual report read by Herbert Kellington, Secretary, showing the progress made, reflects considerable credit upon not only the officers of the school but also upon the parents and children. At the close Rev. Jas. Caswell gave a short address which will not soon be forgotten.

TOMB.
 BROCK.—In Elma, on Friday, Feb. 13th, James Brock, aged 63 years and 13 days.

Auction Sales.
 MONDAY, MARCH 2ND.—Farm stock, on lot 17, con. 9, Elma, at 2 o'clock p. m. Thos. E. Hay, auctioneer; R. Morrison, proprietor.
 FRIDAY, FEB. 27TH.—Farm stock and implements, on lot 6, con. 14, Logan, at 1 p. m. C. H. Merryfield, auctioneer; Thos. Gill, proprietor.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	85 89
Spring Wheat	82 87
Barley	35 45
Oats	39 40
Peas	60 62
Pork	5 00 5 50
Hides per lb.	3 1/4 4
Sheep skins, each	50 80
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15 1 50
Potatoes per bushel	40 45
Butter per lb.	13 14
Eggs per doz.	18 18

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$ 90 93
Spring Wheat	90 91
Barley	45 52
Oats	42 45
Peas	62 64
Hay	8 00 10 00
Dressed Hogs	5 50 6 00
Eggs	23 25
Butter	18 19
Potatoes per bag	85 90

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXPANSION W. G. & B.
 Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:
 GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
 Express 7:21 a.m. | Mixed 8:07 a.m.
 Express 12:24 p.m. | Express 2:34 p.m.
 Mixed 10:00 p.m. | Express 9:12 p.m.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:
 GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
 Atwood 8:00 a.m. | Mitchell 2:30 p.m.
 Newry 8:05 a.m. | B'rnoh'm 3:30 p.m.
 Monkton 9:00 a.m. | Mankton 4:45 p.m.
 B'rnoh'm 10:15 a.m. | Newry 5:55 p.m.
 Mitchell 11:15 p.m. | Atwood 6:00 p.m.

A. FRAME.

ANY information wanted respecting the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be cheerfully given by applying to R. S. Pelton, of THE BEE Publishing House, or
 A. FRAME,
 51-ly Box 14, Stratford, Ont.

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 The undersigned has a Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar for service, on

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Dr. Sinclair will be at
 Ioerger's Hotel, - Atwood,
 ON WEDNESDAY,

Mar. 11, 1891

Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."
 Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."
 W. McDonald, Lakefield, Ont., says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of catarrh."
 Geo. Rowed, Blyth, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."
 Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.

Business Directory.

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

L. E. RICE, M. D., C. M.,
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Special Rates

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Contract Advertisers.

"Yes" and "No."
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The world would topsy-turvy go
A veto then would be assent,
Defeat would join hands with Content,
And war would mean arbitration,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The timid would be the better grow,
A blush of shame would bring delight,
And harsh rebuffs would gain the fight,
The blackest night would then be light,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The poor would harvest wealth from woe;
For Plenty, with a sullen face,
Would seek them out in every place,
And ugliness would then be grace,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
The weak were strong, the high were low;
Grim disappointment would be bliss,
Who would lose love, who hit would miss,
A frown would thus presage a kiss,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
If No were Yes, and Yes were No,
Thy scorn would be my dearest foe;
Thy coquetries, which now I fear,
Would bring thy day of conquest near;
For through thy wiles I'd win thee, dear,
If No were Yes, and Yes were No.
—New York Times.

Caught.
K. E. Barry, in Photographic Times:
They were sitting by the fireside
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
As they talked of—well—the weather,
Or, perhaps—the "Injun" fight.
As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew,
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the sorrows of the Sioux.
Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly-lighted room,
And they saw night but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother
Stealing softly through the gloom.
Till a flash dispelled the darkness,
And a shrill voice cried with glee:
"Caught! your photo—you and sister—
Pa will like to know you kissed her—
Buy the negative from me?"

The Freaks' Reception.
Buffalo News:
The Tenderloin Club received 'tother day,
And the freaks of New York were there;
The Lobster Boy had plenty to say,
And the Fat Women all looked fair.
The Bird Man and the Turtle Boy
To the Witch of Wall Street made love,
And the Electric Girl in the height of her joy
Gave the Skeleton Dude a shove.
This roused the Samoan Warriors brave,
And the Tattooed Man looked mad,
The Albino hurried about to save—
The Hypnotist looked sad.
The Human Brass Band began to play,
To the Leopard Boy's brave song,
But nothing the tempest of wrath could stay
Till the "growler" was pushed along.

IN DARKEST GUELPH.
A Shocking Story of Misery, Dirt and Drunk.
People have been often shocked to read of the want and squalor in which millions of the civilized nations of the world live, but occasionally incidents are brought to light in this fair country which might surpass them for the misery and degradation shown. In Guelph, for instance, there is a family composed of what is termed a man, his wife and eight small children. The wife is dying with consumption. Not being able to rise from bed, the house has become so filthy as to defy description. Two neighbors attempted to clean it out but turned sick before they had gone far, and it is reported, almost had to burn their clothes. A charwoman refused to have anything to do with it. A minister stayed two minutes, and those who have seen it say they never saw anything like it. The husband is a drunken brute, cares nothing for the rest of the family, so that his own appetites may be fed. He came home the other evening intoxicated and deliberately squirted tobacco juice down the throat of the helpless woman, as she was speaking to him. In other ways he has ill-used her so that the neighbors coming in have taken her for dead. Temporary arrangements were made on Saturday whereby the woman was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital; the children will be cared for, and the man allowed to shift for himself. It is understood that no action can be taken against him, as the wife is not in a condition to lay the information.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Mora's and Politics.
The endeavor in politics or elsewhere to confound honesty and dishonesty, to excuse the most outrageous wrongs, and to level all moral distinctions by insinuating that specific crimes are to be condoned because we are all sinful, is as ludicrous as it is demoralizing. Undoubtedly public sentiment has changed within a century in regard to libertines in politics. It would be very hard to-day for a notoriously loose liver to maintain the leadership of a great political party in England, or to be elected to high office in America. It would be probably impossible at this late day for a great public man to write such a pamphlet as Hamilton's "Observations," etc., and retain his ascendancy. But this probability does not show that this generation is more hypocritical than the former generations, as the refusal to allow an execution to be made a public holiday and festival, and the determination that the solemn act shall be done in sombre seclusion, do not prove the greater heartlessness and inhumanity of the age.—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

Dangers Attending Measles.
The Journal d'Hygiene Populaire for Jan u ary says: "Measles are very prevalent in Montreal. This disease is far from being of a harmless character, as a benevolent public imagine. Measles are not dangerous to look at, but they become so and even mortal by complications. For this reason it is always well to attend to their cure at once. This year they have been of a most malignant character. Con- vulsions often complicate the nature of the disease, and the following have also been observed, diphtheria, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, sores on the mouth and the ears."
Judge Baker, of Chicago, decides that the Salvation Army may henceforth parade with fifes and drums and disport itself as it sees fit in its noisy enthusiasm.
—If Mr. Parnell and Kitty O'Shea come to this country on their wedding tour the coming summer, the circus will be just nowhere, is the opinion of the Boston Herald.

NOT VERY FRAGILE.
A Graff Doctor Gives a Young Man a Tip on His Best Girl.
A cynical doctor, withal a man of wonder-ful resources and a quick mind, lives on one of the avenues on the south side, says the Chicago Tribune. He was in his study, a few nights ago, when a young man came in and began questioning him about the propriety of marrying. The young man raved foolishly over his sweetheart and called her angelic and so on. He was afraid she was too fragile for this world. The old doctor grunted.
"Fragile, eh?" he asked. "How fragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her and womankind in general, showing how fragile they are. Let us suppose that this piece of perfection is in moderate good health. She will live to be, say 60 years old. Women don't like to die any more than men do—not as much—for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me. She will eat one pound of beef, mutton or some other flesh every day. That's 365 pounds of meat in a year. "In sixty years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragile? She will eat as much bread and as much vegetables per diem, and there you have in sixty years 48,800 pounds of bread and meat. If she is not too angelic she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee or tea. And by the time she is ready to have a monument she will have consumed 175 hogheads of liquids. Fragile?
"Now, young man, these figures do not include the forty or fifty lambs she will worry down with mint sauce. It does not take into consideration the 2,000 spring chickens, the 500 pounds of butter, the 50,000 eggs and the four hogheads of sugar she will consume in sixty years. It doesn't take into consideration her ice cream, her oysters, her clams and such. All this means about forty-five tons. Fragile? Think of your affinity in connection with these figures, and then rave over her being fragile. Young man, you are a fool. Boof!"

If I Were You My Dear,
I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks, or impertinent men.
I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.
I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me, had fallen in love with me.
I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.
I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.
I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.
I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.
I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.
I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.
I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.
I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be familiar with me.
I would not grow weary in well doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.—*The Ladies' Home Journal for February.*

He Was an Old Hero.
Toronto Telegram: That poor old victim of the Ancestor murderers died like a hero. The pity of it is that he died at all. Age had weakened the body without depriving the man of his grit. His first impulse was to grapple with the intruders, and he obeyed it at the cost of his life. A man who in a moment is called to defend home and dear ones against burglars has not time for mature deliberation. It is easy to plan a campaign in cold blood. In a crisis a man must think and act at the same moment, and in the crisis of his life native courage rushed Mr. Heslop to his death. Most men are less courageous than the Ancestor hero, and consequently most men do not meet violent deaths. Humanly speaking it would have been better for Mr. Heslop to lie quiet and let the burglars do their worst. A coward would have tried to effect a compromise with the invaders by explaining that there was no money in the house. But fidelity to duty ruled the veteran, and he died fighting. The man who tackles armed burglars with his own two hands has no chance in the struggle.

A Distinction Between Socialism and Democracy.
In the great future battle of the world between the two systems of Socialism and Individualism, one of the vital points of difference is to be privacy; and it is important to note that it is between individualism and socialism that the point of difference lies, and that privacy is not by any means an attribute of aristocracy as opposed to democracy. That Western citizen who raised the curtain of the new comer's shanty and desired to know "what was going on so darned private in here," was the typical socialist, not the typical democrat.—*From "The Point of View," in February Scribner.*

A Tragic Table.
The Chicago Tribune recently published the following table showing causes of murder (presumably in this country) during the year 1890:
Quarrels..... 2,184
Highwaymen killed 74
Liquor..... 493
Self-defence..... 7
Unknown..... 464
Insanity..... 59
Jealousy..... 395
Outrages..... 25
By highwaymen..... 217
Duels..... 1
Infanticide..... 167
Strikes..... 1
Resisting arrest..... 149
A curious scarf won by a Nashville man is a petrified human eye, set in a gold frame. The present owner of this singular ornament found it in Peru while he was on an exploring tour in the land of the Incas with a party of scientists.

PENSIONS AND STANDING ARMIES.
American Pensioners Cost More than European Armies.
Great Britain, with a regular army of more than 225,000 officers and men, and a total force, effective and non-effective, of 618,000, pays annually less than \$75,000,000, and France, with a regular force of 580,000, besides an enormous reserve, pays \$111,000,000. The great army of the German Empire, the best appointed and equipped military force in the world, consisting, on a peace footing, of 492,000 officers and men, costs annually less than \$92,000,000, while the actual force of Russia, numbering 814,000, is maintained at an expense of less than \$94,000,000. These are the annual charges to which the people of four great European nations are subjected in order to maintain a constantly available and effective force for their own defence in case of war, and for the preservation of their governments consider necessary to guarantee their independence. No standing army in the world costs the people so much as our army of discharged soldiers. Although we are at peace among ourselves and with all the world, and have no foreign or domestic policy to make such an expenditure necessary, we are paying more than \$135,000,000 annually to the soldiers of a war that closed twenty-five years ago. The payment of reasonable pensions, on account of wounds actually received and diseases actually contracted in the military or naval forces in time of war, is just and right in itself, and is, moreover, the wisest policy that can be adopted by a government which relies for its defence almost exclusively upon the voluntary service of its citizens; but the gratuitous distribution of public money among certain classes of the people is neither just nor consistent with the character of our institutions.—*Senator Carlisle.*

HOW TO FIND A MINE.
Different Sorts of Mines Are Discovered in Various Ways.
Few people in this part of the country have any idea of the difficulty of finding a mine. A man who follows it for a living must thoroughly understand the nature of the district in which he is. Different sorts of mines are found in different ways, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat. If you are in a placer district, of course, you have nothing to do except to walk along a stream, with a pan in your hand, and test the soil by washing till you come to pay dirt. But if you know nothing about it you will waste a great deal of time testing dirt that an experienced prospector would know at a glance contained no gold. In a true fissure or contact district the experienced prospector will walk along the bottom of the gulches looking for "floats," although he expects to find the mine far up the mountain side. The float is vein matter which breaks off with the settling of the mountain and rolls down its sides. The prospector, who is acquainted with the district, knows it at once, and when he finds it climbs the mountain till he ascertains where it came from. A tenderfoot would never know what it was. But sometimes a tenderfoot strikes it richer than anybody. The Silent Friend mine at Pitkin, Col., which showed a 9 foot vein of solid galena at the grass roots, was found by two Swede railroad hands who didn't know what the metal was, and gave away three-fourths of their interest before they discovered its value. Experienced prospectors have been over the ground thousands of times, but there were no external evidences of the lead. The Swedes found it by rolling a boulder down the mountain. The mineral dropped out from the place where the boulder had been. The great carbonate fields of Leadville were found by a man who was thought to be insane for sinking a shaft where there were no external evidences of mineral. He found the carbonate in a "blanket vein," lying level as a sheet of water, a great distance below the ground. A regular prospector would never have sunk a shaft there. But where one tenderfoot strikes it that way a hundred thousand get broke and go home disgusted.

The Mythological Fates.
"Somewhere upon the unknown shores,
Where the streams of life their waters pour,
There sit three sisters, evermore,
Weaving a silken thread."
Lovers of classic paintings are familiar with that famous group, called the "Three Fates." Fate seems cruel when it deprives women and girls of health. But in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find a cure of untold value for nervous prostration, sick headache, bearing-down pains, bloating, weak stomach, anteversion, retroversion, and all those excruciating complaints that make their lives miserable. All who use it praise it. It contains no hurtful ingredients, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or its price (\$1.00) will be refunded.

The husband of Rosina Vokes, Mr. Cecil Clay, is still on crutches by reason of his recent accident on the stage of the Madison Square theatre, New York.

The Candy Pull.
You kin talk about 'y' o'p'ras, 'y' germans, an' all sich,
Yr afternoon receptions an' them pleasures o' the rib,
You kin feast upon 'y' choc'lates an' 'y' creams an' ice full,
But none o' them is ekal to a good old candy pull.
For ther' isn't any perfume like the 'tastes on a bubble an' a dancin' as it keeps a risin' higher,
While 'e spoon goes stirrin', stirrin' 'till the kit-ty's even full,
No, I really think ther's nothin' like a good old candy pull.
It's true we miss the music, an' the ball-room's crush and heat,
But ther' isn't any bitter that stays behind the An' I think the world 'd be better, an' its cup o' joy more full,
If we only had more pleasures like the good old candy pull.
A theatre is to be erected in Philadelphia for the colored actors. E. Henri Stranga, who is an excellent performer, will head the company.—*Amusement Bulletin.*

Tea at 40 to 50 cents a cup is pretty expensive, and not at all common. But tea was sold in England last week at \$27.50 per pound. It was Ceylon golden brand—a yellow article that does not look pretty but must taste good, if the cost is a criterion.

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND.
Collection of Interesting Items from the Land o' Cakes.
The Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, has granted a respite to Loreto Palombo, now under sentence of death at Glasgow.
The death is announced of the oldest Oddfellow in Scotland, Mr. Thomas Jenkins, Bridge of Earn, who was initiated into the order in 1841.
From whatever cause the statistics of crime in the West of Scotland during the past fifty years were never at so low a figure as at the end of the year 1889.
The winner of the 80 guinea prize for the best orchestral composition, awarded by the Glasgow Society of Musicians, is Mr. Leonard Drysdale, Edinburgh.
While the shipbuilding output of last year of the whole United Kingdom decreased by 29,823 tons, as compared with the previous year, that of Scotland alone increased by 21,000 tons.
Mrs. John Thompson, granddaughter of the poet Burns, has just died in Glasgow. Her maiden name was Jean Armour, and she was the daughter of Elizabeth, the daughter of Burns.
Mr. John Ballantine, a photographer who had done much to familiarize and popularize some of the less widely-known scenery of Ayrshire, died on the 15th inst. at Camnock, at the age of 65 years.
In Glasgow the erection has been commenced at Hawkhead of a new lunatic asylum for the Govan District Lunacy Board. The asylum will accommodate 400 patients, and with the grounds will cost £70,000.
The trial of John Webster, hotel-keeper, Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, at Edinburgh on the 16th inst., for the murder of his wife, had to be postponed owing to one of the witnesses for the prosecution having disappeared.
At the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, on the 14th inst., John Stevenson, writer, Kilmarnock, who had previously pleaded guilty to a charge of embezzlement, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.
The Glasgow new Police Bill came up for consideration before the Council on the 14th inst., and it will never reappear. A councillor crassly jumped upon it and crushed it to death, his motion, that the discussion be adjourned for six months being carried, though only by the chair man's casting vote.

A CUTE CHINAMAN
Defrauds the United States Government out of \$30,000.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. — A scheme has just come to light whereby a sharp Chinaman has defrauded the United States Government out of some \$30,000 revenue. It is their custom here when goods are imported to take to the appraiser's store 10 per cent. of them, from which the duty is to be calculated. The Custom house broker has to file a bond of \$400 for the payment of the duty, and the owner is then allowed to take the other nine-tenths to his place of business. On January 1 a Chinaman went through this routine, leaving 10 per cent. of a large shipment of opium with the appraiser. He is now wanted to pay the duty, but cannot be found. As the duty on the full amount of opium he imported will be about \$35,000 and the 10 per cent. left by him is only worth \$3,500, he makes a clear profit of over \$30,000.

The Poor Man's Day.
Christian Guardian: Sunday is the poor man's day. It is God's gift to him. It is the day for rest from wearying toil. It is the day when the hard-working father can find time to look upon the face of his little children, whom he has hardly seen in the sunlight during the week. It is the day for mental improvement. Sunday is a civilization. It is the day for reading the Holy Bible, and for worship and religious instruction. The movement for the running of street cars on Sunday will deprive a number of poor, toiling men of their day of rest, without any pressing need. Let our citizens put themselves in the case of the conductors and drivers. Do as you would like to be done to if you were in their position.

A New Canal in Japan.
The Kioto canal, in Japan, is the work of a French engineer, Mr. Tanaba. This canal is not only used for navigation, but it also irrigates the rice fields, and, still further, it supplies motive power for factories. It is about seven miles long, and is supplied from lake Biwa, which lies at an altitude of 275 feet. The water is carried through a mountain chain in a tunnel about a mile and a half long, which has been cut and faced in the best style of engineering. There are two shorter tunnels near to Kioto, and there the new canal forms a junction with the old canal, between Kioto and the sea. The Japanese Government has taken a deep interest in the work of the French engineer.

Canadian Burglars Abroad.
A Buffalo despatch says: Wm. Fortier, a Canadian drug clerk from a frontier county, and Robert Johnstone, another Canadian youth, occupation brakeman, made a raid on various saloons last night. Seifer's, the Silver Dollar and Paerner's, all located on principal streets, were burglarized and the money in the till in each at the hour of closing was gobbled. The burglars were captured, after a chase, at the point of the revolver by officers. They were held to appear at the Court of Sessions.

The Rider Haggard Family.
Mrs. Haggard left three children at home to accompany her husband on his journey into the shadowy regions of Azecland, from which he hopes to drink new inspirations. The boy is 11, while the little girls are 6 and 8, respectively, and they are said to have resigned themselves cheerfully to the separation. The life of a popular fictionist who has to go to Iceland, Central Africa and overgrown interior Mexico for his subject-matter can be domestic only under difficulties. Mrs. Haggard has made friends among the ladies of New York who met her at several receptions. She is a pretty Englishwoman, plump, florid, as Englishwomen like to be, and unaffected.—*Chicago Post.*

A PASTE DECKIVER.
A Blighted Love the Result of Indulging in Sham Diamonds.
"You seem put out, Jim," he said, as they met in the post office.
"I'm all broke up."
"Anything wrong with the girl?"
"All wrong. See this letter. She regrets that she won't be home this evening—very sorry—call some time next year, and so forth."
"And the occasion?"
"Christmas present, you know—brooch set with—ahem—diamonds. Forgot to take the price mark off, you know—marked at \$165."
"I think I discover."
"Girl goes in raptures—willing to name the day—mamma all right—governor asks me to take a cigar with him. Sure go, and I price \$10,000 houses and look up art furniture."
"I surmise that I comprehend."
"Everything lovely up to a week ago. Brooch gets out of repair. Girl takes it to another jeweler. See? Jeweler offers to sell her a peck of the same quality of diamonds for \$2 and throw in a set of Shakspeare. Girl goes home to tell ma; ma tells pa; finale! See?"
"I calculate to observe."
"Cool reception; frozen out; no explanation; 'good-night' on the icicle. Then this—the crisis—the climax. Ta-ta, old boy; broke up—gone up; see me later at the Coroner's!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LEAMINGTON SCANDAL.
Dr. Cox, of Detroit, Arrested on a Criminal Charge.
A Detroit despatch says: Annie Coultis, the 15-year-old Leamington girl, who confessed to having been ruined by her employer, John C. Minnes, a prominent merchant of that place, and also to having had an operation performed upon her by Dr. Wm. G. Cox, of this city, has so far recovered from her injuries as to come to Detroit and lay information against Cox. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and this afternoon he was arrested at his residence, Duffield street, and taken to police headquarters. A warrant has also been issued in Canada for the arrest of Minnes, but he succeeded in eluding arrest, and is now supposed to be in hiding in the vicinity of Munroe, Mich. The crime for which Dr. Cox has been arrested is alleged to have been committed at No. 23 Noble street, in this city, where the girl was sent for treatment. Annie is a frail girl, of respectable parentage, and was assisting Mrs. Minnes with household duties at the time her ruin was effected. This is not the first time Dr. Cox has found himself in a similar position.

How to Clean Blankets.
If bound with colored ribbons, rip them off, and thus prevent the color from running into the blankets while they are wet. Prepare the following mixture in the forenoon: Shave one and one half pound bar of any good laundry soap into thin, small shavings. Entirely melt it in a saucepan of water on the fire. Strain the melted soap through a colander into a tub half full of lukewarm water. Add half a pound of powdered borax and a tablespoonful of molasses.
Thoroughly stir the mixture; put in the equal of one double blanket, and notice as you do so where the stains are. Leave the blanket simply soaking, well covered in this nice soft suds, for nearly twenty-four hours. Next morning look for the stains. If they are not all soaked out, pat them and gently wave them in the water, but never rub them. Rubbing makes wool harsh like felt. When the stains are gone press what water you easily can from them, and lift them into a tub of clean rinsing water. Wave the blankets in that till most of the suds is gone, then put them into another rinsing water. Sometimes two rinsings are enough to clear them. If a third is needed it may be bleached a little, if one likes.

Have a strong clothesline stretched as tight as possible out in the yard. Strong sun is apt to fade the colored borders of blankets, so choose a shady, breezy place to dry them in. If you can take them out in a tub do so; otherwise lift them, saturated with water, into a basket, and carry them full of water to the clothesline. Hang them exactly through the middle lengthwise on the line; then the colored borders of the blankets will hang vertically. See that the fold of the blanket is slightly wrinkled, that is, a very little full, middle of the blanket lies over the line, else the stretched longer than the edges. The blankets after this process will be clean, soft and not shrunken.—*Good House-keeping.*

Beecher's Bible.
On the table of a friend I saw yesterday a copy of the bible which once belonged to Henry Ward Beecher and lay on the desk in that great preacher's study, says the New York Press. It is a small volume, and, from the inscription, had been presented to him by a friend. There are two silken book-marks run through its leaves, and on the pages they separate two pencil marks around two passages of scripture. Nowhere else in the book are there any pencil marks about passages, and these two verses seem to have had some special attention from the eminent divine. The first is at the beginning of the thirty-second psalm, as follows:
Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
The other is the eighth verse of the thirtieth chapter of Jeremiah, and reads:
For it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of hosts, and will burst thy bonds, and strangers shall no more serve themselves of him.

They Made Her Tired.
Detroit News: Little Bessie had been offended in some way. She went off into a corner of the room and turned her back on the company.
"I'm mad," she exclaimed sulkily. "I wish I didn't have any pappa or mamma."
"That's wrong, dear," said her mother. "We are the best friends you have."
"Well," said Bessie, still sulking. "I don't mind havin' papa. He isn't here so much. But I'm gettin' awful tired of the rest of you."
—Rider Haggard has in press a Zulu romance.

"where could these be found more judiciously administered than at Madame Hoxted's establishment for young ladies at Hoxted Park? Had not Madame turned out the three stately Misses Daldew?"

So Fanny was sent to Hoxted Park, and before a month had passed Madame declared conditionally to Mrs. Baldew that in all the long course of her scholastic career she had never had to deal with such a pupil. Intractable, willful girls she had had, but never, "no never one-half so bad as Fanny," never one who set authority so audaciously at naught or who so completely upset the discipline of the establishment. Worst of all, she was so admired and worshipped that among her school-fellows her word, whether for mischief or goodness, was absolute law.

Miss Fanny's misdemeanors reached a crisis when one fine morning Miss Bammage, the head governess, pounced upon her as she was giving the finishing touches to a laughably correct essay of Miss Bammage herself, equipped with spectacles made out of a hair pin, and labelled, with a fine disregard for orthography, "Tail-bearing."

Madame was shocked; madame was afflicted. At the same time, she was shrewd enough not to make too much of the matter, and the end of it was that Miss Fanny was to apologise and give Miss Bammage the "Kiss of Peace," when all would be forgiven.

A happy solution, one would have thought. Not so Miss Fanny. She would apologise, but nothing in the wide world would induce her to give the kiss of peace. Fanny was stubborn; Madame was adamant. Mrs. John scolded and cried; Mrs. Baldew threatened; Mrs. Carson John coaxed; but the young lady was obdurate.

As a last resource Mr. Mossell was sent for. Fanny had fought bravely, but she was nearly worn out. She had had many a good cry with her face buried in the pillow, but no one was a bit the wiser.

"Don't you ask me, uncle Pat!" she whispered, throwing her arms about his neck and nestling her willful little head on his broad chest. "Don't you ask me!" she sobbed, "because I have promised myself I won't."

Mr. Patrick sat thinking silently a long time, gently stroking the child's hair, but he did not ask her, and Fanny never gave that kiss. Whether uncle Pat gave it for her or whether he found some delicate way of conveying some consolation to Miss Bammage for her wounded feelings no one ever knew. There was, indeed, a legend that a silent form stole to Fanny's couch at dead of night and impressed the symbol of peace on her cheek as she slept.

Neither Fanny nor Uncle Pat forgot this little episode. Nothing could have drawn them more closely together. The child knew that he not only loved her, but that he understood her. She felt that in him she had a refuge to which she could confide herself without fear of rebuff or disappointment.

This was only a foretaste of troubles to come. They began in real earnest when Fanny left school.

Under her regime the Rectory burst into tennis parties, tea parties, and dinner parties. It even had been scandalized by a dance. She inaugurated and started a Grand Musical Society, for she really played the fiddle like an angel, and had an unquenchable delight in shocking Mrs. Baldew's refined nerves.

"An abominable little flirt!" said Mr. Baldew.

So she was. There was no doubt about that, and Mrs. John's soul was racked and distressed to the verge of distraction how to deal with the numerous admirers, but Miss Fanny tripped along without caring a toss of the head for one of them. All her love, all her tenderness was kept for Uncle Pat.

More exasperating to Mrs. Baldew than even Fanny's flirtations was the appearance at the rectory of Miss Dawleigh's pair of bay chestnuts in brass-mounted harness. Miss Dawleigh never forgot a kindness, and when Lord Fortson had given his brother Dawleigh up as an irretrievable bad job and Mr. Mossell had taken him in hand and struck the lady's heart thick and thin, the little lady's heart warmed to her nephew's friend whose simple enjoyment of life and almost aggressive confidence in the goodness of human nature were so refreshingly delightful. And now that Lord Fortson was dying, and Dawleigh as successor to the title was becoming a person of importance, Aunt Carrie was more than ever gracious to the old man. Who could tell what help he might be able to give her in a little design she was making on the august Miss Joanna Hanover! The Hanover money bags would help to sustain the title with becoming dignity; Dawleigh could be charming when he chose, and in any case a coronet was fair exchange. But in the main her gratitude was the real cause of her friendliness to Mr. Mossell, and how could she serve him better than by showing kindness to Fanny.

She had heard the story of Fanny, or rather she had heard a dozen stories, racy enough to make the backbone of many yellow-bound novels. She knew Mossell well enough to be sure that whatever the facts might be no ugly smirch could possibly hang on it, so she made Miss Fanny's acquaintance. She did more. She took her up; and when Miss Dawleigh took a young lady up, that young person's position was as assured as if she had made her curtsy at St. James's.

This was more than Mrs. Baldew could bear with equanimity—that this forward little mix should have got inside the charmed circle while her own three stately darlings were left out in the cold! Certainly Miss Dawleigh could not be aware that some mystery hung over Fanny's birth, and it was clearly, quite clearly, their duty that she should not be hoodwinked. She must never be able to say that they connived at her being deceived. So Mrs. Baldew took upon herself the unpleasant duty of enlightening Miss Dawleigh on this delicate matter. The little lady received the intelligence with a frigid politeness which froze Mrs. Baldew into an uncomfortable silence, and Carry's Clydesdales, as Dawleigh irreverently termed them, drew up more frequently than ever at the Rectory.

If Mr. Mossell was the girl's father, and had some inscrutable reason for not owning it, all the more reason for not owning it, to the rescue as he had stepped in to the rescue of her nephew. Besides, might she

not be able to draw father and daughter more closely together, and in some way help to put things right?

And a pleasant little romance began to take a vague shape in Miss Dawleigh's practical brain with respect to these two people; and when a little later the possibility presented itself of carrying out a scheme for the capture of Miss Joanna and the Hanoverian money bags by a sojourn in the neighborhood of the unsuspecting millionaire in the wilds of Rannoch, why there was Fanny ready to her hand as a charmingly innocent accomplice.

Poor Mrs. Baldew! Even the icy reception of Miss Dawleigh was not the worst that was to befall her. She had seen her stately ones neglected for the coquette, and now Fanny had the misfortune to draw a certain Mr. Marshall from his allegiance to her eldest daughter.

"It was incredible! It was scandalous! but alas! it was undeniable. For days and days, for a week, for a fortnight, luckless Mr. Marshall dangled about the rectory, and then the wretched little flirt threw him over!"

Mrs. Baldew's smouldering anger burst into devouring flame.

"Who was she to do such a thing! Yes! who was she!"

"An such a desirable parti, too," lamented Mrs. John; "positively without a flaw—just thirty—good-looking—with nothing to do, and fifteen hundred a year to do it with. It is madness!"

Mr. Patrick was at once appealed to, but Mr. Patrick's eyes had not been shut to what was going on. Many an hour had been pondered, and many a pipe had he smoked in brown study over it. Curiously enough, in these moments of profound meditation the solution of the problem had again and again presented itself to him in the shape of a little girl with her arms flung about his neck, sobbing, "Don't you ask me, Uncle Pat, because I have promised myself I won't!"

He listened patiently to Mrs. John and her sister as they stated the case and argued it volubly from this side to that. Mrs. John drove the last nail home.

"It would be a dreadful thing," she whispered, "if she were to throw over Harry Wynter. You must really speak plainly to her."

Then Uncle Pat, with deliberate slowness, worthy of the occasion answered—"I have made up my mind never to interfere in these matters. Never."

"Do I understand rightly, Mr. Mossell," asked Mrs. Mrs. Baldew, after a pause, for her sister was too confounded to speak, "do I understand that you would allow this girl to throw herself away on any one?"

"It is a pity," she continued, regarding Mr. Mossell with keen scrutiny—"It is a pity the girl has no father!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said he, apologetically.

"I said," Mrs. Baldew sternly replied, "that it was a pity the girl has no father! And with this parting shot the ladies sailed from the room."

Left alone, Mr. Mossell flung himself in the springless arm-chair and sat staring at the ceiling. That passing shot had hit him hard, harder even than Mrs. Baldew would have imagined. More than once during the seventeen years that had elapsed since that sad morning on which poor Carri had confided Fanny to his care, a mute accuser had risen up and questioned him as to the justice and integrity of his conduct in keeping the child from the knowledge of her father.

Mr. Hanover had returned from Bermuda, about two years after the catastrophe, to take his place as head of the firm. Mossell discovered that he had been to Beakenham and had placed a new marble headstone on his wife's grave. It was evident, however, that he had no suspicion of the child's existence. He learnt, too, as time passed, that Hanover was a silent, reserved man—well spoken of and warmly esteemed, indeed, by all who knew him, and, now and again, he felt a misgiving that he was doing wrong in keeping this secret. Then poor Burford's story would rush upon him with overwhelming force and he would puff away savagely at his pipe, determined to abide by the letter of his trust.

Add to this—his life was now completely bound up in Fanny. It was impossible to part with her. She was his one thought—his one solace—his one love. What would existance be worth to him without her? Hanover had abandoned her when he abandoned her mother. What claim had he to her? None whatever! He argued himself into a stubborn conviction that Fanny was his own and none other's. The child of his heart and soul, if not of his flesh and blood.

As the years rolled by and the girl had blossomed into maidenhood, Uncle Pat's eyebrows hung like snowy eaves over his piercing black eyes. With age came a more tender clinging to the bright young life.

Once or twice recently Mr. Mossell had in quiet moments felt his conscience prick him more sharply than usual in regard to Mr. Hanover. From what he had heard he gathered that the millionaire was far from being a happy man. To the surprise of his friends he had never married. He had gradually withdrawn as much as possible from society on the plea of enfeebled health. The energy, the gaiety, the love of pleasure which had characterized his early manhood had all prematurely deserted him.

For a moment Uncle Pat wondered what a magical effect would be produced on this melancholy and dyspeptic Croesus if his bright young girl were thrown into his arms as his own undreamed-of daughter. Then the old man laughed at his sentimental view of the case. As likely as not Hanover had burned the candle at both ends and was now suffering in consequence. Even millionaires will be depressed when their lives are out of order.

What reason had he to suppose that Hanover, even if this relationship were made known to him, would not consider the girl an unwelcome incumbrance? Then his mind wandered back to those pleasant days in Hampshire. Ah! even the long lapse of years had failed to modify the bitterness and scorn which had been aroused in him by the treatment of the Pentlands. His heart hardened and his face grew stern. It was no concern of his if Hanover was solitary, unhappy and in ill health. It was only justice that he too should know—in spite of his money-bags—

something of the sorrows and sufferings of the world.

Whatever Uncle Pat's misgivings and qualms of conscience might have been hitherto—never till today had he been reproached in spoken words in regard to the discharge of his trust. "It is a pity the girl has no father." The phrase stung him to the quick. It was unjust! It was atrocious! Ideas of women in general, it was appalling to think what malignant things one of them could say.

Mr. Patrick was sore. Mr. Patrick was indignant; in his secret soul Mr. Patrick was dismayed at the terrible possibility that perhaps, after all, he had done Fanny a grievous wrong—that it was a pity she had no father. In his vexation and perplexity, Miss Dawleigh proposed to him an unexpected means of escape from the worry and squabbles of the Rectory—the needed change, why should he not accompany Dawleigh and her to a delightful spot in Perthshire?

He flew to the wilds of Rannoch and here, in the shade of the great mountain, was awaiting him the last man he cared to meet—Mr. Hanover! Then came the row at the Rectory. Fanny was engaged to Wynter, and Miss Dawleigh must needs step in and take the matter in hand.

So these two young people were on their way to Dalchosnie.

Uncle Pat's antipathy to Mr. Hanover suddenly became a positive hatred—not mixed with fear. Who could forestall what might happen if Fanny and her father were thrown together?

That they would meet was inevitable. Mr. Mossell could not help himself. The future seemed teeming with disastrous possibilities against the occurrence of which it was impossible to provide.

No wonder that Sohehallion appeared to be possessed of some eerie power of attraction—which was drawing them all together with irresistible and intangible strength into its fateful shadow.

CHAPTER IV.
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A short mile from Rannoch village on the high road to Aberfeldy, perched halfway up a pine-covered knoll, stands a well-built, substantial house. This is Dalchosnie. It nestles in the bosom of a green and fragrant solitude. A rough path to the right leads to a little burn which bubbles among fern and boulders down the hill-side to join the Tummel. A less rough one to the left winds among the trees to the lodge, which serves also as the keeper's cottage.

One warm August afternoon, while Miss Dawleigh is impatiently waiting over her tea-cups, that stalwart, red-headed, erratic ghillie, Hugh Cameron, who has been on the look out for the last quarter of an hour, hears at length the sound of carriage wheels and flings open the gates, and, as the steaming horses turn in and walk slowly up the avenue, the whole kennel of dogs bursts into a chorus of welcome.

"Welcome to Dalchosnie, my dear!" cries Miss Dawleigh, cheerfully emphasizing the words with a kiss. "Where is Mr. Wynter?"

"He is following with Dawleigh," said Mr. Mossell. "They are looking after the luggage."

"Come and have some tea, Fanny; you must be half dead."

"Please let me take my hat off first! It is so hot, but oh, so lovely! I am in the Highlands!" Uncle Pat! My heart's in the Highlands!"

"Your heart is trotting across the Struan Moor just now, my dear, in charge of Mr. Wynter."

"No! It is here! in this place—with you!"

"Then it is on the 'Field of Victory,'" he rejoined gallantly—"for this, according to Hugh Cameron, is the meaning of Dalchosnie."

"Do I look like a victor, Uncle Pat?" she asked.

"You do! and you ate my dear!" he replied, patting her cheek as he handed her a cup of tea.

She was a pretty girl of the nonchalant, half-insolent London type. She had a smooth brow, dimpled cheeks, full ripe lips, and a well-chiselled mouth. Her blue eyes were and her nose just sufficiently retroussé to give a piquancy to the rest of her features. Set all this in a frame of curly brown hair that caught glints of light from everywhere to make a crown for her dainty head, and you have Miss Fanny's portrait. She was a wee mite of a thing, but so perfect was her figure you did not notice it.

For all her brightness and sparkle though, both Miss Dawleigh and Mr. Mossell noticed that there was a shade of sadness over her—a tinge of depression, a yearning—something, at all events, they had never seen before.

"And what do you think of Rannoch?" asked Miss Dawleigh.

"I never dreamed any place could be so beautiful," cried Fanny. "Come, Uncle Pat, I want to walk up Sohehallion."

"Not a step," interposed Miss Dawleigh. "You must rest, Fanny; besides, we have people coming to dinner."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Uncle Pat.

"Who is coming to dinner?"

"Mr. Carstairs, Mr. Boothby and the Hanovers."

"The Hanovers!" rejoined Mr. Mossell, in a tone of annoyance. "Why did you ask the Hanovers?"

"Why not? I want to show Fanny we are not quite savages. Besides, I want her to know Joanna."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Fanny, clapping her hands and laughing with malicious joy at Uncle Pat. "That is so good of you, Aunt Carrie! I shall set my cap at the millionaire."

"Good heavens!" thundered the old man, jumping up from his seat as the situation flashed upon him. Then he checked himself abruptly and stood looking at the girl.

"She might do worse," said Miss Dawleigh gravely; "but I don't know what Harry would say."

"Oh, Harry doesn't count! I'm dead on middle-aged gentlemen."

"Where on earth did you learn that slang?" asked Uncle Pat.

"I assure you it is quite correct," replied Fanny laughing. "May I venture to observe that the millionaire is a gone con?"

Mr. Mossell covered his ears with his hands.

"Mr. Hanover is adamant," said Miss Dawleigh mischievously.

"Not to me, as you will soon see. But

you ought to have prepared him for my arrival, Uncle Pat. You should have sung my praises; you should have roused his curiosity."

"Of course he ought! But you don't mean to tell me, dear, that you have come all this way to find out that he has a deadly hatred against poor Mr. Hanover?"

"Hate a millionaire! Impossible! You are not a Red Republican, are you, Uncle Pat? Besides, I am sure you hate nobody, not Aunt Carrie? What is it the song says? 'Then tell me how to woo thee, love.' Now you must tell me how to woo the millionaire. You must tell me his antecedents—his love affairs, his weaknesses—his hobbies. Come, Uncle Pat, begin!"

But, Uncle Pat, driven to desperation by this terrible stream of saucy frivolity, had dashed out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

Fanny looked blank for a moment.

"Do you think he was annoyed?" she asked wonderingly; "does he really dislike Mr. Hanover?"

"Yes; that is quite serious," replied Miss Dawleigh. He certainly dislikes Mr. Hanover, and I cannot understand it."

"It is very strange," said Fanny; "and who is Mr. Hanover? Of course I know he is rich, but tell me something about him."

"My dear, Mr. Hanover is—Mr. Hanover. An invalid Croesus, with the silent sorrow of dyspepsia. You will hear more about him later; but I want you to be presently civil to him and Joanna. I want you to help me in the little scheme I mentioned in my letter. I count upon you. Dawleigh is his heir."

"Really!"

"No doubt about it! Would you believe it? she is actually educating him—politically of course, I mean. She is very clever, and affects his role a little."

"And does she care for him?" asked Fanny, with the innate sympathy of a match maker.

"My dear, Joanna is ambitious. An ambitious woman's love takes the form of pride in her husband. She can be proud of Dawleigh. She will make him an excellent wife. There can be no limit to Dawleigh's possibilities with such a woman at his side; and as Lady Fortson she will have many opportunities for her genius."

"And what about the others?"

"Carstairs and Boothby?" Dawleigh calls them Tom and Jerry."

"Damon and Pythias?" suggested Fanny.

"Oh no, my dear!" said the old lady, laughing. "They are a great deal less ancient Romans than Dames—still, sworn friends from youth. Carstairs is a sort of mother to Boothby. Dawleigh declares there must have been some mistake at his birth—that he was clearly intended for a woman. He says he is the sort of man who would look out the washing."

"Shocking!" cried Fanny.

"He has no weakness for playing Providence; but he is always making a mess of it. His last exploit was to send a black sheep from the Boys' Reformatory to his invalid sister in Edinburgh, by way of reclaiming him, and in two days the young gentleman walked off with the spoons. Don't spare him, my dear! He is always getting entangled and explaining it away. Don't spare him, but spare! Oh, spare the gentle Boothby! The dear, tender-hearted little man has the reputation of always beginning and ending in despair. I do hope you will have a happy time here, dear. If you care for what the poets call rapture, you will have it here to your heart's content. Now I'll show you your room, and you must rest until dinner time."

Fanny was in ecstasies. Never in her most exalted moods had she dreamed of anything half so lovely as the vignette of wood and rock—mountain and summer sky from her window. She looked out silently at Sohehallion towering into the sunlight above the sombre masses of pines which clothed the foot of the hills. Shadows of clouds passing slowly along the great granite mass seemed to linger like pleasant thoughts in the warm, languid air. Yes! one could almost fancy the mountain was musing! dreaming tranquilly over dim, vague memories. If Harry could only pat like this they would not bear quite so much about relative values, chateaus and grand schemes of color.

As her thoughts reverted to Harry, the shade of depression which had been observed by Mr. Mossell deepened on her face. Though she had said her heart was in the Highlands, yet it was not the blithe, fancy-free heart with which she had left Hoxted Park. She had spoken truly when she told Uncle Pat that all had been changed. Those two hard words of Mrs. Baldew's had rankled. "Nobody's child! Nobody's child! What did they mean? What unhappy mystery did they hint at in the past? The old man did not trust herself to conjecture. And all the future was overshadowed by them. Doubt, misgiving, apprehension, confronted her. "Nobody's child!" How could she go on living as nobody's child? The horrible words made her feel white and faint each time they rose to her mind.

From her window she caught a glimpse of Mr. Mossell, walking disconsolately among the pine trees. Now and then he would stop and take off his grey felt and wipe his forehead. So calm was the day, she could almost hear him sigh. Then he would swing away as double quick, as if trying to walk down his thoughts.

She must get the truth out of Uncle Pat about her father and mother. For a moment it flashed upon her—was it possible after all that either of them could be still living? But no! As long as she could remember—and she could remember being a very small person indeed, sitting on Uncle Pat's knee and playing with his watch—they had always been spoken of as dead.

What then had they done that they should be called "Nobody's child?"

The words always recalled the scene at the Rectory so vividly, that it seemed almost as if it was Mrs. Baldew's face just as it was when they were uttered. She could see the honest-hearted Harry flame up as he flew to her rescue. And humiliated, sick at heart, longing for some human sympathy, she had held up her tear-stained face to him, and he had soothed and comforted her so effectually that before he left they were engaged.

She now felt a twinge of shame at her quick surrender. She had been won too easily. On reflection it appeared too ludicrously like a drawing-room charade. The feeling that she had acted on an impulse of pity—that both of them had been hurried into an engagement by the more disconcerting and the more disconcerting became. She loved him, but how could he, who had only seen the frivolous side of her character, really love her?

She determined she would test him. Opportunities would not be wanting to prove the quality of his love. A slight touch of pique, too, actuated her. She had struck her flag, but she would not surrender after all without some of the honors of war. She had a deal to think about.

There was his love affair with Miss Hanover, whom she was to meet for the first time that evening. Some fun might be got out of this, and, as she lazily prepared for dinner, she recalled Miss Joanna's antecedents. Though she was young at the time, she remembered that when Miss Joanna was exalted from the comparative lowliness of Camden town to the charge of her uncle's home in Upper Brook street, she was regarded as a young woman with a mission. She was to lift the Hanovers up the social ladder and make a mark with the immense wealth accumulated by the big house.

No one in the wide world could have been better fitted for the task. She was a handsome, ambitious, self-reliant woman-queen. A catalogue does but scant justice to her charms; large lustrous eyes that looked straight into your own and subjugated you at once; a rare smile, never so inviting to confidences, that she had acquired the reputation of being a safe counsellor in all social difficulties. Indeed, so sympathetic was she that those who sought her advice generally came away under the impression that they had received rather than imparted confidences.

She was a year or two older than Henry Wynter, and had no doubt assumed a sort of authority over him at Camden Town, which had caused her to be dubbed Harry's nurse. She had certainly busied herself about his work, and had suggested many a plan for his future. She wanted him to cut a notable figure in the world.

Brook street altered everything. There she crossed the threshold of a new world, of a brilliant life, in which it seemed as though her most daring dreams were to be realized. Before her opened the splendid possibilities of her becoming a leader of fashion—an influence in politics. With unlimited means at her command why should she not have a salon of her own, where statesmen, authors, men of science, artists and other social lions might congregate?

The ordinary interests of a woman's life appeared small and mean. The little social intrigues, petty jealousies, heart-burnings, vanities, filled her with contempt. Her nature demanded something large, far-reaching, magnificently picturesque.

To attain her end she must throw off the old life. All sweet and simple domesticities, all the homely affections must be sacrificed.

Harry was dropped accordingly, and if the truth must be told, with a sharper pang to her than to him. While he had simply regarded her as a pleasant, stimulating monotony, she had learned to feel a strange mingled tenderness which must now be resolutely stamped out. And she had been resolute, definite. The parting was silent, unexplained, definitive. Harry had not seen her since he had started that Langham studio. He was too busy to wonder at the change; then fresh interests had slipped in. Fanny had wholly absorbed him; Fanny knew he had not even thought of telling Joanna of their engagement.

Fanny knew all about it. She had chaffed him about it, and about wasting his time over painting instead of doing something more manly and useful. She had never met Joanna, but had heard enough about her to look forward to some fun when they met at dinner. Harry would get the snub royal, and she herself would get the cold shower. It would be novel and entertaining.

She was mightily mistaken! Nothing could have been nicer or kinder than Miss Hanover's manner. She said and did just the right things—drew Fanny to her side directly they got to the drawing-room; declared they were something more than friends, and let the girl prattle about her life at the rectory till the men trooped in from the dining-room.

No fuss with Harry either. She made room for him on the sofa with a little constraint—as if they had parted yesterday at Camden Town. She set his mind at rest about an uncomfortable *tete-a-tete*, but for all this it was a trying ordeal to plump down between the old love and the new—the one complacently waiving the past, the other watching with a merry twinkle in her eye for the snub royal.

The situation was not altogether lost on Mr. Carstairs and Mr. Boothby. Fanny had astonished and bewildered these bosom friends. Her fluttering ribbons—her irrepressible vivacity—her *beaux yeux*, natural grace and abandon had played havoc with both of them. She was so much out of keeping with the savagery of Rannoch that it almost seemed as though some fay or sprite had suddenly popped down in their midst to plague and delight them.

The two young men were fascinated, and Harry breathed more freely when they approached. Miss Fanny made a feint of resenting it.

"You are destroying Mr. Wynter's happiness, Mr. Carstairs," she said.

"Monopolies are not tolerated here, Miss Pentland," he replied.

"If Mr. Wynter comes among the predatory tribes he must keep his eyes open," added Miss Hanover.

"I expect everybody to take care of me," said Fanny, decisively.

"Everyone except Mr. Dawleigh," Carstairs rejoined quickly. "Do you know he tumbled Mr. Wynter out of the dog-cart to-day coming from the Struan station?"

"And Mr. Wynter is none the worse for it," said Harry.

"Ah, that's your good luck," said Carstairs. "He wanted to put the leader of my tandem at the front gate the other day!"

"If there is one thing I should like to do sooner than another," said Fanny, "it is to drive a tandem!"

"Let me coach you, Miss Pentland," said

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Country Talk.

Ethel.

Miss Mary Lang has returned home after a lengthy visit with friends down East.

The tea meeting that was held in the Methodist church last Thursday evening was a success.

We are glad to learn that Thomas Shannon who was ill with inflammation is able to be around again.

Mr. Sprout, of Seaforth, has become a resident of our village. He has been engaged by Wm. Milne as foreman at the saw mill.

Turnberry.

Miss Jennie Campbell is visiting friends in Seaforth.

Miss Bella King, of Bluevale, was visiting friends here last week.

The Methodists of Salem held their annual tea meeting Tuesday evening. Particulars next week.

Quite a number in this vicinity are laid up with colds which probably arise from the unsettled character of the weather.

Word has been received that Elijah Higgins will return from Toronto this week. He has been at the Toronto hospital for some months undergoing treatment for his hand which was wounded last November.

Grey.

Rev. J. M. McIntyre and daughter, of Iroquois, were visiting with Geo. Crooks last week.

Mr. and Miss Hord, of Clinton, were the guests of John Hill and family for a few days last week.

Thomas McLaughlin, the well known importer of Clydesdale horses, purposes having a sale of imported Clydesdale stallions about the 1st of March. Persons intending to purchase should call on him and see the animals. The date of sale will be announced next week.

On Thursday Feb. 5, at the Brussels horse fair, Duncan McLaughlin sold a 3-year-old gelding to John McMaun, of Seaforth, for the sum of \$200. The beast weighed 1650 pounds and was a fine animal, such as Mr. McLaughlin keeps. The sire of the gelding was Rankin Boy.

Tuesday afternoon, 10th inst., Thos. Taylor, 7th con., 1 1/2 miles from Ethel, fell head first from the loft in the driving shed to the floor, a distance of 10 feet. He has been lying in an unconscious condition almost ever since. Concussion of the brain is feared. We hope he will recover.

Brussels.

Thos. Thompson is running the Brussels and Seaforth stage with the regularity of clock work.

Brussels School Board should not go astray on law as they have two lawyers and a Division Court Clerk in their number.

The Order of Select Knights is talking of organizing in Brussels. If a couple of days can be added to the week there is room for another society or so.

East Huron Teachers' Association will meet in Brussels on Thursday and Friday, 26th and 27th insts. A public meeting will be held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening.

Rev. E. A. Stafford, D. D., L. L. B., of Toronto, one of the most original and entertaining speakers on the continent, will deliver a lecture in Brussels Methodist church on Wednesday evening, 25th inst.

E. Leatherdale had the misfortune to lose his well bred bay driving mare on Tuesday 10th inst., in rather a peculiar way. The beast was sick and was undergoing treatment by J. D. Warwick, V. S. She fought against taking the medicine and broke away from the persons holding her and in turning around in a narrow stall she tore loose the lining of the lungs and died in half an hour. The mare was in foal to "Oliver Wilkes" and was valued at \$200. The loss will be a heavy one to Mr. Leatherdale who prized the mare very highly and refused good offers recently to sell her.

Monkton.

Jas. Holman, of the 17th con., near here, met with a very serious accident last Wednesday that might have proved fatal. While drawing out of the bush a log, it slipped and struck a sapling which flying back with great force struck Mr. H's knee breaking his kneecap across the middle. Dr. Rice, of Atwood, was called. Mr. Holman will likely be laid up a long while even with the skillful treatment he is receiving.

Elma.

William Hume was the guest of John Holmes on Sunday.

William Gray and sister Mary, 10th con., were visiting friends in Poole last week.

Miss Aggie Lochhead, of Atwood, was visiting friends on the 12th con. this week.

There will be service in Jubilee church every Sabbath in future instead of every alternate Sabbath as formerly.

A seedy-looking individual, commonly designated a tramp, visited the Elma and Wallace boundary school last week.

Four or five cords of wood, green or dry, will be taken on subscriptions for THE BEE. Wood to be delivered at once.

Miss Martha Whitfield and her brother Albert, of Grey, spent a few days visiting friends on the 10th con. this week.

Quite a number of the young people of this neighborhood took in the concert on Monday night. They report a good time.

Hugh Anderson is preparing to put a stone foundation under his barn in the spring, which will greatly improve its appearance.

Thomas Large, of Chicago, paid a visit to his old friends in Elma last week, having formerly been a resident of this township for a number of years.

The 7th con. is still improving. Two more new buildings are to be erected this summer, that of Wm. Vipond's barn and Geo. Hume's driving shed, both of which will be excellent buildings.

A daughter of the late Mrs. Dawson, boundary of Elma and Wallace, fell on the same spot where her mother received her death injuries some weeks ago, and hurt herself severely. She is slowly improving we are glad to say.

John Watson's sale of farm stock and implements was well attended on Tuesday, 17th inst. Cattle sold high, but horses and implements were somewhat of a drag, selling at prices considerably below their value. T. E. Hay wielded the hammer.

Miss Tufts, of Belgrave, was the guest of Miss Nina Wyun, Newry, last Sunday. Miss Tufts is a professional singer and a graduate of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton. It was at college where the young ladies met and they have been intimate friends ever since.

The prospects for the Silver Corner cheese factory for next year are very encouraging, Mr. Morrison having got the promise of considerable more milk than he has ever had before. He is a young man of considerable business propensities and we are glad to hear of his success.

W. McCormick has rented his farm, 8th con., to Geo. Adams, 8th con. Mr. McCormick has purchased the Nesbit farm, 2nd con., adjoining Trowbridge, and will take possession March 1st, next. We regret losing Mr. McCormick as he has always been a first-class neighbor, but our loss will be Trowbridge's gain.

A case of considerable interest to the people of this township was tried before Police Magistrate Terhune, of Listowel, on Tuesday 10th inst. It was action brought by G. Denman against T. Little for trespass. It appears Little was engaged by A. Hird in drawing logs across Denman's farm, permission having been obtained from the tenant. Little was fined \$2 and costs. We understand the case has been appealed.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last Friday the neighborhood were startled to hear of the sudden and unexpected death of James Brock, 3rd con., one of the oldest and most respected settlers of Elma township. He had been troubled for some years with heart disease which was doubtless the cause of his sudden demise. Deceased came to this country from Scotland many years ago, and has been a resident of Elma township since 1858. He died in his 63rd year. A wife and four grown up children are left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of the community.

OBITUARY.—As will be seen by referring to our death notices, Mrs. E. J. Archer has passed over the Jordan, and has safely landed in the sweet haven of rest. She passed quietly away on Friday last, and at the time of her death was in the 83rd year of her age. She has been a resident of this place for over thirty years. Twenty-five years ago she was one of Mitchell's most successful and enterprising merchants, and was known over the whole country for her honest and straightforward business dealing. No person has an ill word of her or about her. She was stern in her manner but generous and kind in her disposition. She was a devoted Christian and a member of Trinity church, and at all times had great respect for her church duties. All her family were at her bedside consisting of 5 children, 3 of whom are daughters, Mrs. John Grewar, Brussels; Mrs. Wm. Colwell, Mitchell; and Mrs. (Rev.) W. Johnston, Forest; the two sons are James Archer, of London; and Edward Archer, of this town. At the funeral there were present four generations.—Mitchell Advertiser. Deceased was well known by many of the old settlers of Elma township, many of whom have had dealings with her in bygone years.

Poole.

While Mrs. P. Helm was driving home from Millbank last week her horse took fright at some object on the road and ran away. Nothing was injured fortunately, and beyond feeling badly frightened Mrs. Helm is none the worse for the mishap.

The entertainment given by the Good Templars of this place, last Wednesday evening, was a grand success, the hall being filled to its utmost capacity. The program was well sustained throughout the entire evening, the lodge deputy, Mr. Connell, occupying the chair in a very efficient manner. The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$23.

Listowel.

THE BEE is always welcome. Frank McDowell was in town last week.

George Halliday, of Brussels, was in town last week.

Miss F. Nichol is visiting friends in Galt and Toronto.

Miss Bertha Dick, who has been studying art in Buffalo, has returned home.

Mr. Mason, wife and daughter, of New York state, have been visiting B. F. Brook.

Jas. Kitley, who has been attending the Northern University, Evanston, Ill., is visiting in town.

The Reform Committee rooms, on Wallace street, are again open and all Liberals are invited.

Wm. Cooper, of Owen Sound, and Jno. Cooper, of Stayner, spent Sunday with their father, Rev. Mr. Cooper.

As we go to press the Sabbath School Convention is in session. A large number of delegates from the different schools of the county are present. Full report next week.

The Reliance Electric Light Co. are now erecting a system in town, which will be operated by A. Moyer & Co. Messrs. Hay Bros. have also secured a plant. Electric light together with gas Listowel should be well illuminated.

The carnival at Harriston last Thursday night, Feb. 12th, was attended by several skaters from Listowel. R. Rollis succeeded in winning the men's race, and D. Galloway was fortunate enough to bring home with him the prize for the boy's race.

A fairly successful carnival was held in the Listowel skating rink on Friday, Feb. 13th. There was a large crowd of both spectators and maskers, but many of the costumes were of an inexpensive style. Among the lady prize winners were Misses A. Barber, L. Heppler and V. Kidd. The gentlemen were Messrs. W. Culbert, and W. Heppler.

It is with deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of our esteemed citizen, Andrew Little, who died at his residence on Wallace street, on Thursday Feb. 12. He had been sick for some weeks and a few days before his death hopes were entertained of his recovery. He was buried on Sunday, at 1:30 p. m., and his funeral was one of the largest ever held in Listowel. The procession was headed by the town Band and then came the Foresters, A. O. U. W., and A. F. & A. M. It was a high testimony of the esteem in which he was held both by the Societies in which he was an honorable member, and by his fellow citizens of town and country.

The entertainment on Thursday evening in the Methodist church was a grand success. A large and appreciative audience filled the church and listened with wrapt attention to the program. Miss L. Berry, of Lucknow, sang "The song I'll n'er forget," and in response to an encore "The broken pitcher." Miss Tufts, of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, rendered in excellent style "The Return," and in answer to the plaudits of the delighted audience gave "Poor Johnny." These young ladies are both excellent singers and upon a second visit to Listowel may be certain of a crowded house. The chairman, Rev. Mr. Amy, introduced the lecturer of the evening, Rev. J. Livingston. The lecture, entitled "The Human Voice," is an excellent one and does honor to the rev. gentleman, as a mimic he has few equals and his musical voice shows that he practices what he preaches. Miss Berry delighted the house with "Where is Heaven," and Miss Tufts sang "Marguerite."

The Town Hall was well filled on Wednesday, Feb. 11th, with delegates to the North Perth Liberal convention, held for the purpose of selecting a candidate to contest the riding for the Liberals. The following Reformers were nominated in the order below:—James Grieves, Mornington; Thos. E. Hay, Listowel; James P. Mabee, Stratford; Dr. Johnson, Millbank; J. W. Scott, Listowel; Robt. Cleland, Elma; Dr. Parke, Listowel; Dr. Ahrens, Stratford; J. A. Hacking, Listowel; J. S. Bowman, Listowel; John Brown, Stratford; Dr. Hipple, Stratford; W. G. Hay, Listowel; Jas. Dow, Stratford; Henry Doering, Milverton; Jas. McMullen, Mount Forest. All the candidates, but Mr. Grieves, T. E. Hay and Mr. Cleland, withdrew. Mr. Mabee, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Hipple, Dr. Parke, Mr. Dow and Mr. Scott made some very good speeches in favor of Free Trade and the policy of Hon. W. Laurier. Mr. Grieves on the second ballot was elected, and on motion of Messrs. Hay and Cleland the choice was made unanimous. Mr. Grieves, then came forward and in a neat speech thanked the meeting for the honor given him and accepted the nomination. The Reformers all seemed confident that they had selected the right man and that he would win the election. Mr. McMullen, ex-M. P. for North Wellington, addressed the meeting for twenty minutes and in it showed the difference between Unrestricted Reciprocity and Commercial Union.

The next monthly horse fair in Brussels will be held on Thursday, March 12, instead of March 5, owing to the latter day being the date fixed for the Dominion elections. Don't forget this change.

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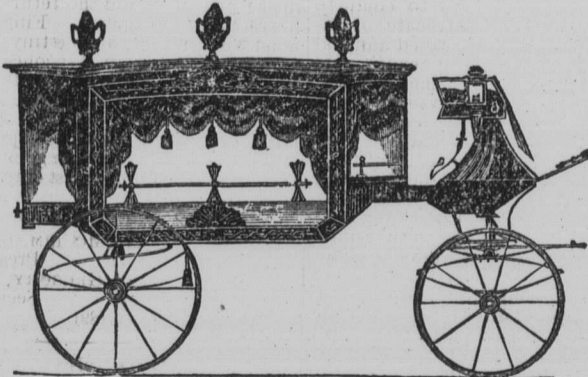
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