

The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

NO. 22.

The Season and Crops.

For the last month we have had steady and, in some cases, excessive rains. Some two weeks ago farmers were unable to plant their corn owing to this. Now, however, the crops have been got in, but if much more moisture comes the grain on heavy and low soils will be apt to rot. Some farmers in Elma township are replanting their potatoes owing to the land being drowned out, and the seed rotted. Of course all these heavy rains and wet soil shows the necessity of more thorough drainage. Where the water has lain on the land any length of time the blade of the grain has turned yellow, and some pieces of heavy fall are already lodged. The grass crops are heavy, and the pastures were never more lush; the consequence is there is a larger make of butter and cheese than usual. Should any kind of favorable weather prevail between now and the taking off of the crop there is going to be a splendid harvest. There has already enough rain fallen to tide the grain crops over until they are cut. Unless something unusual happens the danger of frost is now over, and if so there will be a large fruit and vegetable crop.

Representative Orangemen Meet.

SOUTH HURON'S GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN CLINTON.

South Huron semi-annual meeting was held in Clinton on Saturday. There was a very large attendance. The W. C. M. Bro. Todd, occupied the chair, and P. C. M., Bro. John Scarlett, the deputy. A committee of county members was appointed to meet in Clinton on Saturday next at two o'clock, to cooperate and act in conjunction with the local committee in completing the program for the 12th of July. W. Bro. J. Scarlett was appointed Chief Marshal for a day. A telegram was received from South Perth, stating they would join South Huron in Clinton on the 12th; a message was received from Elgin to the same effect; West Bruce will turn out to a man; North Huron will do its duty. An immense gathering is now assured. The program will be:—

Low railway rates.
Bands and children at half excursion fares.
Grand decorations and arches.
Athletic sports.
Good hotel fare at 25c. a meal.
Keen lodge competitions.
Forming the Procession.
A brilliant display of banners.
The famous Doherty and other bands.
A short march—a long procession.
Comfortable speaking grounds.
Reception by Council of Board of Trade.

Great Speakers—among them the M.W. Gr. Master.
Magnificent display of fireworks, by Prof. Hand, of Hamilton.
Such a program should be satisfactory to everybody. The committee and other citizens are alive to the importance of the event, and Saturday's meeting indicates that the arrangements already made will be brought to a successful issue. The County Master was authorized to attend the M. W. Grand Orange Lodge meeting at St. John's, N. B., August 19th. The lodge closed about 5 o'clock, all resolved to make Clinton headquarters on the 12th July.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Deaf mutes will hold a convention in Toronto this week.
The University of Toronto has conferred the honorary degree of L. L. D. upon its Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake.
The British Columbia elections come off to-day, (Friday). The Premier now is Hon. John Robson, formerly of Collingwood, Ont. He is an editor.
The Fort William Journal is published by Mrs. H. D. Lee—probably the only female newspaper proprietor in Canada. The Journal furnishes a good local page, and contains a large amount of interesting reading matter. Mrs. Lee was formerly a resident of London.
The statistical returns for June to the U. S. Department of Agriculture show an increase of acreage in cotton in nearly every state. The average acreage, as compared with the acreage of 1889, is reported to be 102; average condition 88.9. The fair price prevailing, with low prices for other products, stimulates the extension of planting.
It is rumored that the Grand Trunk Railway Company settled with the following additional Woodstock passengers who were on the train which went through the St. George bridge—Mayor Karn, \$5,000; Miss McLeod, \$1,500, and Hilton, \$600. The other cases have not been settled, and all the settlements are of course, conditional on the G. T. R. being declared liable.
Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, who was in Rochester on Thursday to take his wife, who is an invalid, to Clifton Springs, was asked for his views of annexation. He said:—"There is no sentiment for it in Canada. The election of Sol White should not be taken as an indication of a desire for annexation. White himself says he is for independence and not for annexation. There is at present no great desire for a change in the political system of Canada, but if a change ever does come it will be from Great Britain's control, not annexation with the United States."

The Home Paper.

When you got married to the brightest and best girl in the county, where did you look for that notice that meant so much to you, and so little to nearly every one else? To your Home Paper.

When your home was invaded by the blue-eyed girl, or the bouncing baby boy, to whom did you make it your business to convey EARLY information as to the sex, the time and the weight? To the editor of that Home Paper.
In after years, when some manly young fellow takes the blue-eyed girl to a home of his own, or your once bouncing boy—now a man—is given a partnership in the store because he has just brought home somebody else's daughter and set up a house of his own, to whom did you personally exhibit the wedding presents and load up with the bride's cake, and to whom did you look for that complete description of the interesting event, down to the last pickle fork and individual salt, which, once more, means so much to you and a very few others, and so little to anybody else? To this same editor of that same Home Paper.

And when trouble comes in the home, and you add to your possessions that desolate bit of real estate—the lot in the cemetery, and somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine just as it used to, and there's the flutter of crape at the door, and the odor of tube rose in the front parlor, and the chair that has for years been beside yours at the bedside and opposite you at the table is vacant—when all this happens, who makes it his business to write in tender strain of the one whose life has grown to be a part of yours, and whose sympathy and good deeds to others have long been known and recognized, if never publicly announced?

The editor of the Home Paper; and he's only too willing to do the little that he can to help you over the hard spot in the road.

And all these years you've advertised in this Home Paper, and done what you could to help the editor fight your battles in municipal and county matters, and encouraged him as he worked to build up the town and bring business to it?

How is it? Have you?

Perth County Notes.

Perth County Council meets in Stratford this week.

D. G. McNeill, of Stratford, a student of the London Medical School, is teaching in S. S. No. 12, Mornington, till vacation.

Six children were baptized in Trinity church, Mitchell, 7th inst., between the Mitchell and Stratford teams which resulted in a victory for the former, the score being 6 to 0.

A foot ball match was played in the driving park, Mitchell, 7th inst., between the Mitchell and Stratford teams which resulted in a victory for the former, the score being 6 to 0.
The following Perth students have graduated at the Ottawa Normal school: Honor certificate—Mr. Macklin, Stratford. Honors in seasonal work and teaching—Mr. Robertson North Easthope; Miss Berry, St. Marys; Miss A. Donald, St. Marys; Miss Keyes, Logan; Miss McCloy, Mornington.

AUTUMN COURTS.—Chancery—London, Oct. 6; Walkerton, Nov. 14; Brantford, Sept. 30; Woodstock, Nov. 3; Stratford, Oct. 13. Justice Robertson will preside at Stratford. Assizes—London, Sept. 8; Woodstock, Sept. 18; Walkerton, Sept. 29; Goderich, Oct. 6; Berlin, Oct. 27; Stratford, Sept. 15. The Stratford sitting will be before Justice Rose.

Sir Joseph Hickson, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and staff have spent four days in Port Huron last week inspecting the tunnel which is now nearly completed. Before leaving an official order was given ordering the construction of another tunnel alongside the present one, work to commence at once. The cost will be between \$2,000,000 and 3,000,000.

Jacob Wilker, who resided in South Easthope, a short distance from Tavistock, was found dead Thursday morning of last week in a lane leading to his residence. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death. He attended a funeral at Tavistock Wednesday, and did not return home that evening. But as he had occasionally remained all night at the residence of his son, it was thought he had gone on this occasion. To the consternation of his family his lifeless body was found in the lane near his home next morning. He was a well known and highly respected citizen.

The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec opened in Kingston on the 4th inst. Among those present were Rev. J. P. Gerris and Rev. Mr. Day, Stratford. The report of the Union Committee was read and passed. It stated that during the past year an unusual number of vacancies in the larger churches had occurred. Sunday school statistics were touched on, after which deputations and committee proceedings were set forth. Since eleven years back, when the Union first met in Kingston there was no Congregational churches in Manitoba now there are five. There was no Foreign Missionary Society; now there is one flourishing. There was a Woman's Board of Missions, and a college with a large number of students. The Union was in session several days.

Progress of the Sabbath School respecting our Nation.

INTERESTING PAPER READ BY W. R. ERSKINE BEFORE THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH TEACHERS' MEETING.

Solomon was inspired to say in Proverbs that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," and notwithstanding that twenty-five centuries have elapsed since then, it is to be regretted that the world toward the attainment of this righteousness has been slow and halting. In truth many reasons could be given for this, but it is apparent to any reader of history that the great main cause is to be found in the substitution of human wisdom and knowledge for that unerring and infallible wisdom from above, that is able to guide with certainty all the affairs of life, as well with nations as with individuals. Think of the evils and misery, wars and bloodshed that have abounded to satisfy the ambition of rulers. We are as a people inclined to boast at times of the empire to which we belong, as an instance of the beneficial results of an open Bible and a free Gospel, and although we have much to be thankful for, yet is there not very much to humble us in view of our neglected opportunities, and the distance that yet lies between us and that righteousness that God would have us attain to as a nation? How neglected is the open Bible we boast so much about. How little is it known and studied by the great mass of our fellow-countrymen; and is it any wonder that unrighteousness and flagrant violation of God's word still prevail? The work of the Christian is, therefore, before him, and ever present with him. Christ says to all his disciples, "Son go work to-day in my vineyard," and the aim of all true Christian endeavor should be to permeate the nation with a knowledge of the Gospel and bring them into harmony with the Creator, so that all laws, all customs, and the whole economy of human life shall bear the impression of righteousness and truth. What part does the Sabbath school perform in this great work? Sabbath school work is one of the great elements which produces righteousness and exalts a nation. So important has it become of late years that the most learned, profound, and spiritual in the Christian church are realizing its value and devoting more of their time to the work. The Sabbath school has been a very neglected element in the past, and not until within our present century has it been fully appreciated as a powerful agent and accessory of the church. In this age of change and ceaseless activity, when every element of nature and every human device are made subservient to man's ambition; when extreme poverty on the one hand and laziness and indolence on the other are made pretexts for violence and the crimes of Socialism, Anarchy, and kindred evils which afflict nations, how necessary is it that the Christian church should be employing every element required to produce righteousness, and where can a whiter field be found than the harvest of thousands of children in our land. The Church of Rome asks only to have a child to the age of nine years to instill into it the doctrines of the Romish church sufficient to ward off the religion of any Protestant church. Why then should we loiter or be neglectful of our duty to instill into the youth the doctrines, graces and benevolence attending our church and which will in after years shine out in character and manliness radiant as the sun. First impressions are the most enduring, and the time to plant the seeds of eternal truth is when the heart and mind are most accessible. Childhood and youth then become a spring-time and if the work be done in God's own way ripen and later years will show the results in a citizenship that maketh for honor, justice and truth. Can we not talk from experience in this particular. Have we not the experiences of thousands who have been returned to Christ by the echo of some word dropped from a mother's lip or the example of a Christian father. The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow, and if they can be reached and instructed in divine truth then we have a substantial guarantee for the future of our nation. What greater satisfaction can there be than knowing that we have been instrumental in forming the character of the rising generation sufficient to meet successfully all the trials and experiences of life and it is our duty as Sabbath school workers as well as our great privilege to be faithful to this trust. Let us then remember that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," and that Christ may have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

Sir John A. Macdonald did not vote in the Provincial election.
Rev. Dr. Lang of Dundas, was unanimously chosen Moderator of the General Assembly on Wednesday of last week.

A Tifis paper announces the discovery of a plant growing in abundance on the shores of the Caspian Sea, which is likely to prove a powerful rival of jute.

Leamon Omstead, of Leamington was lodged in Sanwich jail Wednesday of last week by Constable Jeffrey to stand trial on the charge of stealing a sewing machine from Lewis Wigle.

Mercier Wins.

The result of the general elections in the Province of Quebec is a victory for the Mercier Government. The returns up to date indicate a Government majority of between 25 and 30. The leader of the Opposition was defeated in Jacques Cartier. In Montreal the Government carried four out of the six seats. Mr. Beaugrand and G. W. Stephens are among the slain. The three Quebec City divisions elected Ministerialists.

LIBERAL GAINS. CONSERVATIVE GAINS.
Bellechasse, Hochelaga,
Drummond, Three Rivers,
Montmorency, L'Assomption,
Quebec County,
St. Sauveur,
Stanstead,
Terrebonne,
Nicolet,
Wolfe.

Eight supporters of the Government and two Oppositionists were elected by acclamation.

An Unfortunate Farmer.

COMMITS SUICIDE OVER LOSING HIS LIFE'S EARNINGS IN THE LILLICO BANK FAILURE.

The unfortunate man Francis Tone, who was found drowned in the King street subway Toronto, on Sunday morning, 15th inst., was a victim of the failure of Lillico's private bank three or four weeks ago. He was a farmer near Arthur and had a considerable amount of money in the Lillico concern. He was in negotiation for the purchase of a farm near Arthur. There was only \$50 between the sellers, a Toronto financial company, and himself. This difference kept them apart a few days too long and the bank's failure carried away the money that was to have paid for the farm on which his declining years were to be spent. Had he not hesitated over the \$50 his money would have been paid over, he would have had his land, and would now probably have been alive and in comfortable circumstances. The shock of losing his money unhinged his mind and he was being brought to the Insane Asylum when he escaped on Saturday night from the house in which he was being temporarily confined.

University Examinations.

We are pleased to see in the report of the examinations, just given at Toronto, that the Perth boys gave an excellent account of themselves. Walter E. Buckingham, Stratford, has brought high credit to himself by his diligence and ability as an athlete in the field of science, having not only in his course in political science, out of four departments, come off first in three and obtained first-class honors in the other, but has also the proud distinction of taking the first Blake scholar ship. Miss F. C. Idington, Stratford, being allowed her second year with second-class honors in modern languages. W. Brydson, Milverton, graduated successfully in arts. J. C. McClellan, Stratford, took second in mathematics and closely contested the scholarship which was carried off by Mr. Odell. S. Silcox was successful in the senior matriculation. At the medical examinations, as already mentioned, Messrs. W. Puge, Milverton, and R. J. Crystal, Avonton, obtained the degree of M. B. The second Blake scholarship was awarded to J. M. Godfrey of Belgrave. He is Walter Buckingham's room-mate—two clever boys. The Blake scholarships are awarded for proficiency in Political Science. R. S. Hamilton, Motherwell, and A. H. Nichol, Listowel, have obtained the degree of B. A., and Nelson Monteith, Downie, the degree of B. S. A., with honors in all departments.

The Law of Grain Testing.

An Order in Council has been passed by the Dominion Government abolishing the use of the grain tester as an arbiter between buyer and seller. Thenceforward no special law will be applicable to the estimation of the weight of grain, and it will be for the buyer and seller to determine, by any method they may agree upon, the weight value of the product. At the same time prohibition will be operative against the use of the grain tester. For the private information of any individual, he may use it to check other estimators, but the showing of the tester will be no longer final in buying and selling grain. Other means of weighing must be adopted. The causes which have led to this change have been precisely those indicated in a recent despatch. It was believed that so long as the weighing vessel, holding one-sixteenth of a bushel, was honestly and carefully filled, it would accurately represent the grain, but it was shown that by manipulation the vessel could be so filled as to indicate a lower weight than it should. A slight error in the estimations, an error of an ounce for example, was multiplied sixteen times in each bushel, so that a cargo of wheat would be seriously depreciated. With the possibility of misuse and abuse, and the knowledge that litigation had already been incurred between buyer and seller, it was regarded as prudent to do away with the grain tester wholly. It is believed that farmers generally have an accurate idea of the weight of their grain, and will not lose in any way by the change which has been made.

Huron County Notes.

A large number of cattle were shipped from Clinton station the other day, the Messrs. Ransford contributing largely to it.

The service in connection with the induction of Rev. J. Fairbairn to the Presbyterian church in Dugannon, took place on Tuesday, June 3rd. Rev. R. Davidson preached.

The imported mare bought by Alex. Delgatty from Wm. Barrie, of Morris, and shipped to the West a few weeks ago to the purchaser, died a day or so after reaching her destination. It will be a heavy loss to Mr. Delgatty.

A meeting of the West Huron Farmers' Institute will be held in Londesborough on Thursday, June 26th. Among those who will be present to address the meetings will be R. W. Phipps, A. McD. Allan, A. Saunders and Mr. McMillan, Toronto.

The other day Robert McAllister, of lot 21, concession 7, West Wawanosh, measured some of his spring wheat, and found that it measured three feet. He also had clover which measured about twenty inches. The crops in this section are uniformly good.

Hail about the size of small marbles, fell in Clinton in limited quantities last Wednesday evening of last week. No damage done. In Colborne and near Goderich the hail was greater in quantity, and some of the congealed globules were four inches in circumference, doing considerable damage.

W. Dulmage, of Newbridge, East Huron, has done an immense amount of shipping this spring, shipping on an average six car loads of stock a week. Last week he shipped two car loads of fine cattle to the English market, leaving over \$3,000 in the pockets of the Minto and Howick farmers.

Mr. Groves, principal of the Wingham public school, will leave Wingham shortly. He goes to the Ryerson school, Toronto, as first assistant master. There were over twenty applications for this situation, but Mr. Groves was the lucky man. There are eighteen teachers in this school, therefore the first assistant must have his hands full of work.

A curiosity in the shape of a very old coin is now owned by the Session of the Presbyterian church at Walton. It was coined in Gaulsome time between the years 350 and 353 A. D. and during the reign of the Emperor Magnentius. This ancient monarch was born in the year 303 A. D., proclaimed Emperor at Antium in 350, and killed himself in 353. The coin is dark colored, about the size of an American cent, and bears on its face the side head portrait of the above named Emperor. It was given to the Walton Session by Thomas Warner, of Cohocton, New York, in exchange for a church token such as is used for church membership by the congregation.

On Tuesday night or Wednesday morning of last week a daring burglary was perpetrated at Joseph Morrow's store, Varna. The entrance was made by bursting the front door. The safe was drilled and blown open, scattering the contents over the floor. Fortunately Mr. Morrow had no money in the safe at the time nor any registered letters. The only money taken was a few dollars in American silver and some small change. There were also four silver watches and one revolver missing but it is impossible to tell what all has been taken. The safe is badly wrecked. There is no suspicion as to who the guilty parties are.

INDUCTION SERVICES.—The induction of the Rev. Mr. Needham to the pastorate of Egmondville Presbyterian church took place on Tuesday of last week. There was a large attendance of the congregation and others present. The Rev. Mr. McKillop presided. An able and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Bayfield. Rev. Mr. Martin, of Exeter, addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Ramsay, of Londesboro', addressed the people. The ceremony was warmly welcomed by the new pastor and the members of the congregation. In the evening a social was held. The basement of the church was very tastefully decorated with flowers, &c., for the occasion. Refreshments in abundance, and of the very choicest character, were provided.

HURON AND PERTH CROP PROSPECTS.—HURON.—The crop prospects in this section are excellent. During the past two weeks there has been a wonderful growth, and spring and fall wheat and other grains have every appearance of having got good headway. The hay crop will be unusually large. Fruits of all kinds promise well, and fears from frost seem to be entirely dispelled. Last year our fruit crop was almost an entire failure, and it is to be hoped that the present good indications will have an opportunity to materialize. PERTH.—Of winter wheat there was full 25 per cent. plowed up and seeded with spring crop. Another 25 per cent. is in very poor condition, and where it was good there is considerable complaint that with the rapid growth during the past month it is very soft and beginning to lodge. We cannot have a crop much, if any, better than last year, or about 50 per cent. of a full crop. There is considerable acreage of spring wheat sown, but it has been so uncertain of late years that it is hard to predict what the crop may be. Peas, oats and barley are all suffering moisture, and a continuance of this weather will be disastrous, especially on low lands. The hay crop will be very heavy.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

Numbers of Dakota settlers are crossing over into Manitoba.

Two cattle sheds were destroyed by fire at Montreal on Sunday and 32 cattle were cremated.

Bears are working great havoc among sheep and calves in Broughton, county of Dorchester, Quebec.

The recent north-east gales have packed the coast of Newfoundland with ice for fifteen miles out.

The Dominion Government has decided to advertise in leading English papers for tenders for a fast Atlantic steamship service.

An immense amount of damage has been done in the townships of Malahide and Bayham by washouts and the destruction of bridges.

A number of Franciscan monks from France are expected to arrive next week in Montreal, where they will start a novitiate.

The Manitoba Land Tax bill has been declared *ultra vires* by the full court on account of the clause authorizing the charge of ten per cent. interest.

A fire on Saturday, supposed to be incendiary, at Moosomin, in the North-West, destroyed property to the value of \$190,000; insured for about \$48,000.

Montreal is about to secure a loan of \$600,000 in London at a minimum of 83, or better than the last loan two years ago. Tenders are advertised for.

Wm. Maitland, aged about 45, a well-to-do resident of Pilkington township, was run over and killed by a gravel train about four miles north of Guelph on the G. T. K. on Saturday.

Archbishop Fabre has issued a pastoral letter calling upon members of the Church in the archdiocese of Montreal to discontinue attending places of amusement and excursions on Sunday.

The Canadian Pacific railway will extend a branch in Southern Manitoba from Glenboro to Plum Creek. Construction on this extension will be completed before the time for running the season crop.

The annual commencement exercises of the University of Toronto were conducted on Tuesday. Mr. Edward Blake, chancellor of the university, was admitted to the LL. D., and he delivered an important address.

In Quebec city the other day a golden wedding was celebrated, the ceremony being repeated with the same groomsmen and bridesmaid as on the first marriage; and the same huckman conveyed the party to the church.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught having graciously consented, he was elected an honorary member of Her Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans Society of Toronto at a meeting held by that organization on Tuesday night.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says the seal pirates in Behring Sea are ingeniously getting ahead of the United States preventive service by having a steamer to receive their catch of skins, too swift to be overtaken by the American gunboats.

A Kingston correspondent says that this summer the waiters at Crossman and Edgewood park hotels will be nearly all college men from Cornell and Yale, while Normal school girls will act in the same capacity at the Thousand Island park hotels.

Peter Draker was working at the farm of Charles Sealey in Nelson township, near Watford, the other day drawing stumps with a dumping machine, and when in the act of drawing a stump the chain broke and flew back, striking Draker in the chest, inflicting a fatal wound.

The sum of \$200,000 will be spent by the Canadian Pacific railway at Fort William this summer. Train dispatchers and the assistant superintendent's headquarters will be removed from Port Arthur to Fort William shortly. The new buildings will include an annex to the present elevator with a capacity of 150,000 bushels.

The estimated expenditure of the City of Toronto for 1890 amounts to \$7,954,573, the largest, probably, ever submitted to a municipality in the Dominion. The receipts to meet this outlay will be derived from the general rate, the assessment being 17 1/2 mills per dollar on \$136,500,000, which will give \$2,899,357, and from debentures to the amount of \$6,155,216.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Salisbury Government has resolved to adjourn Parliament at the end of July until the middle of October.

George Washington Butterfield, an American, has sued the London *Financial News* for £100,000 damages for alleged libel.

General Viscount Wolseley has declined the chief command of the forces in India in succession to the Duke of Connaught.

Mr. Balfour is said to be preparing for publication in America an article replying to Mr. Parnell's recent criticism of the Irish Land Purchase bill.

Cardinal Manning celebrated his silver jubilee, the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the dignity of archbishop in the Roman Catholic hierarchy on Sunday.

Cardinal Manning speaks in very high terms of Mr. William O'Brien's novel, and says the reading of it has impressed him deeply with Ireland's terrible sorrows, born of race and religious hatred.

The marriage of Mr. William O'Brien, the Nationalist member of Parliament, and Miss Raffalovich took place on Wednesday at the Brompton Oratory, London, with the Archbishop of Cash officiating.

The highest honours at June examination at Cambridge University have been won by Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of the late Prof. Fawcett, who is bracketed as the superior of the male senior wranglers on the mathematical trips.

The London *Standard* declares that England is willing to make reasonable concessions to the demands of the Newfoundland colonists. England does not desire to quarrel with France, but she will not allow Newfoundland to secede from the Empire.

Lord Ripon and a large deputation on Saturday presented to Cardinal Manning, on behalf of the congregation of the pro-Cathedral, a cheque for £3,676 and an illuminated address on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The Cardinal said he would devote the money to completing the cathedral.

The Duke of Orleans has taken a house in the west end of London.

It is expected that 100,000 members of the Salvation Army will take part in the celebration in July of the silver jubilee of the army's formation. The principal exercises of the occasion will be held in the Crystal Palace. The most prominent leaders of the organization in all parts of the world will be present.

Mr. Stanley's wedding is fixed for July 12th. Stanley's popularity as a social lion has no indication of abating. He and Miss Tennant drove to the office of the Archbishop of Canterbury's registrar on Saturday and the famous explorer applied personally for the license to marry. While the couple were in the building a crowd gathered, someone having recognized Stanley as he entered. When they came out they were greeted with hearty cheers and a little girl handed Miss Tennant an impromptu bouquet of jessamines, whereupon the prospective bride blushed and smiled with pleasure.

UNITED STATES.

The Irish saloonkeepers in Chicago are refusing to buy English syndicate beer.

The United States steamer *Rush* has sailed for Behring Sea, apparently with instructions to seize all outside sealers.

Grace Gridley, of Amboy, Ill., the 19-year-old daughter of a prominent merchant, has been sleeping soundly for nearly two months and resists all attempts to arouse her.

Two freight trains collided on the Wash-bash road near St. Louis on Monday, killing seven men and injuring several others. Some valuable race horses were also killed.

Mrs. Susan Ney, of Boston, Mass., aged 45, on Monday by mistake, drank a glass of lemonade in which she had put strychnine with the intention of giving it to her husband. She died in a few hours.

Mrs. Rhoda Swayne has just died at Owatonna, Minn., at the age of 101 years. She was a cousin of General Robert E. Lee, and she remembered a visit of General Washington at her father's home.

Frederick J. McLeod, an ex-minister, found guilty of living with a woman in Chicago when he had a legal wife in Nova Scotia, has been sentenced to one year in the house of correction at Chicago, the heaviest punishment provided by the statute.

There is a disposition in the United States Senate Finance Committee, where the House bill is under consideration, to reduce the rate proposed to be levied on barley, not out of consideration for the Canadian producer, but at the demand of the American brewer, who threatens to increase the price of beer, which would render the party in power unpopular.

A storm that swept over Nebraska on Tuesday night was particularly severe. Bradshaw, a town of 500 inhabitants, was literally swept out of existence, the broken houses and their contents being scattered all over the prairie by the force of the tornado. A cloud-burst at Council Bluffs, Ia., did an immense amount of damage in railway bridges swept away, corn cribs destroyed, and cattle killed. There is a report that a small Russian settlement was struck and twelve persons were killed, eight mortally wounded, and twenty-one more or less seriously injured.

IN GENERAL.

Louise Michel, the female anarchist, is thought to be a lunatic.

M. Risticis about to bring a suit for divorce against his wife, ex-King Milan being named as co-respondent.

Ango, the Sicilian merchant recently captured by brigands, has been released on the payment of \$50,000.

President Carnot, of France, has granted pardons to 72 workmen sent to prison for offences in connection with recent strikes.

Small-pox is epidemic at various places on the German-Belgian frontier and a number of deaths from the disease are reported.

The Africa territorial negotiations between Germany and England are at a standstill, and Germany has resolved to wait for England to meet her half way.

Emperor William, in receiving a deputation from the German guilds, declared it was his most earnest wish to see handicraft again on the same basis as in the fourteenth century.

The Berlin *National Zeitung* says Germany disputes England's right to Uganda in East Africa, and will not surrender the district until the treaties made by Dr. Peters are inquired into.

The Duke of Orleans.

After serving one hundred and seventeen days of the two years' sentence imposed upon him, the Duke of Orleans, whose recent appearance in Paris created such a sensation, was taken to the frontier on the night of the 3rd inst. and set at liberty. The action of President Carnot in granting his release was not due to any special effort on the part of the Duke's friends to secure his pardon. It is not clear either that the royal prisoner is particularly elated over what has taken place. Judging from the tone of his remarks that have been made public he seems to consider imprisonment in France, his native land, no greater calamity than liberty abroad as an exile. In replying to his jailer who communicated the news of pardon he said: "I know that no one may petition against a pardon. I can only bow to the decision you communicate to me, and thank you for all the consideration you have shown to me." Also in a note sent to the "comrades of his class" he says: "My pardon restores me to my sorrows. Exile is only a change in the nature of my captivity." The Duke persists in his declaration that his return to France was prompted by a desire to serve his country according to the law which requires the sons of France on attaining their majority to serve three years in the army. This resolution he says remains unbroken and that nothing shall make him renounce the ardent hope of serving his country. On the other hand, there are those who attribute his appearance to a desire to effect a *coup d'etat*. They suspect that the movement was planned by the royalists who have never submitted gracefully to the Republican regime. Be this as it may the incident serves to show the firm hold upon the masses of the present order. The Republic in France has evidently come to stay. The chances are that the ill-advised and disappointed youth has played his part, and that now he will disappear from public view.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rose Culture.

There is no flower more easily cultivated than the rose, and none which pays so well for time and labor. Select a spot not shaded by trees or buildings, for your rose garden. The soil should be a rich loam; it can hardly be too rich. Dig a trench two or three feet deep and fill in the first six inches with coal cinders or old bones. The next eight inches should be well-rotted cow manure, then fill in with the soil, to which has been added nearly half its quantity of sand. This will make the bed about twelve or fifteen inches high.

Circular beds are the nicest for roses, and show them off to the best advantage. The outer row of bushes should be trimmed to be shorter than those in the middle of the bed. Roses bloom better in the middle of the bed. Monthly roses should not be planted with the perpetuals, as the latter are the stronger growers and would soon crowd the others out. For general planting, the perpetuals are most satisfactory, as they need less protection through the cold weather. Some of them bloom almost as freely as tea roses do.

The best time for planting roses is during April. Set the young plants from eighteen inches to two feet apart, each way. During the summer they will need little care beyond weeding, watering, and pruning, but in the fall they claim attention.

Before the fall rains, give the rose beds a good dressing of stable manure, or any down to the roots, and what remains serves as mulching. In places where the winters are not severe that is all the protection the bushes will need. Where more covering is necessary, be careful not to put it on too soon. A little freezing is not injurious. The covering should permit of a circulation of air through it, and should be nothing that will retain water; neither should any material be used which will ferment or heat. I prefer straw, forest leaves, and branches of the evergreen. Before covering them, cut out all tender wood, and cut back all the old wood to within six inches of the ground. That will send the sap down to give strength to the roots.

Tea roses may be frozen to the ground; but if the roots are not injured they will send up strong shoots in the spring, and bloom better than ever. Tea roses require more protection than the perpetuals, but may be taken out all winter in many localities. Where the winters are severe, the roses can be left up and wintered in the cellar. Leave them out just as long as it is safe. When you take them up, cut back the tops to within six inches of the ground, and pack the roots in a box of nice, mellow soil well pressed down. Place the box near the cellar window, and water the plants occasionally during the winter, but only when absolutely necessary to keep the roots from shriveling.

Do not uncover the plants in the spring until the frost has left the ground, and the weather is mild. As soon as the covering is removed, cut away all dead wood, even if the stalks must be cut clear to the ground. This is absolutely necessary to the well being of the plant. The beds should then be nicely dug over and raked, and as much of the mulching worked into the soil as can be.

Water your rose bushes during the summer with soap-suds. It kills the worms and acts as a stimulant to the plant.

Marks of the Mouth.

The foal is born with twelve grinders. When four front teeth have made their appearance the foal is twelve days old, and when the next four assert themselves its age will be about twenty-eight days. The corner teeth make their appearance when the foal is eight months old, and these latter attain the height of the front teeth at the age of a year. The two-year olds have the kernel—the dark substance in the middle of the tooth's crown—ground out of all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front of teeth are shifted, and when three years old these are substituted by the permanent (or horse) teeth, which are larger and more yellow than their predecessors. The next teeth are shifted in the fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth, giving place to the permanent nippers.

At five years of age a horse has forty teeth, of which twenty-four are grinders, far back in the jaw, with which we have little to do. But, be it remembered, horses invariably have tusks which mares very rarely do. Before the age of six is arrived at the tush is full grown, and has a slight groove on its internal surface (which generally disappears with age, the tush itself becoming more round and blunt), and at six the kernel or mark is worn out of the middle front teeth. There will still be a difference of color in the centre of the tooth.

The tushes have now attained their full growth, being nearly or quite an inch in length, convex without, concave within, tending to a point, and the extremity somewhat curved. Now, or perhaps some months before, the horse may be said to have a perfect mouth.

At seven years the mark, as described, is very nearly worn out of the four center nippers, and fast wearing away in the corner teeth, especially in mares, but the black mark still remains in the center of the tooth, and is not completely filled up until the animal is eight years old. As he gets on past seven the bridle teeth begin to wear away.

At eight the kernel has entirely disappeared from all the lower nippers. It is said to be "past mark of mouth." There are indications, however, after this age which will enable a very shrewd observer to guess very closely at a horse's age, but none that can be relied upon by observers.

Farm Notes.

To hatch out young turkeys during the wet season is to lose them.

To prevent egg-eating make the nests high and dark, and compel the hens to go in from the front.

Fruits ripening under glass must have a comparatively dry air and plenty of ventilation, or they will lack colour and flavour.

Turnips should be sown in small breadths for summer supply. Use manure abundant, and after sowing sprinkle over the bed a little lime or soot. This usually prevents the eating off of the young plant by the fly, as it is only while in the seed-leaf that turnips are in danger.

A writer in *The Swineherd* calls attention to the importance of growing peas for the swine. They should be regularly fed with

other food, and it is a good idea to sow them with oats. The common Canada pea is used for seed.

Guess-work about cheese or butter-making should never be tolerated. It is impossible to guess, with the finger, within eight or ten degrees of the actual temperature of a churning of cream; besides, it is always some trouble to wash the finger before testing the cream. Four or five degrees, even, make all the difference between good and poor butter.

Beef root is not one of the most useful of vegetables. It does not rank with potatoes, cabbage, peas, and such like, in this respect, but it is a valuable accompaniment to various kinds of food, and as a salad or relish is esteemed. It is as easily grown as a turnip. About the latter end of April is the best time to sow the seed. It should be put in rows one foot apart, and in rather loose, not over-rich, soil, as medium-sized roots are the most desirable. Two or three rows a few yards in length will give a small supply for a considerable time.

A New York farmer digs potatoes after this fashion: With the reversible plow run under the hills, turning them all one way, the tubers can mostly be thrown out; then pick them up; take the cultivator and go over the pieces lengthwise of the rows and then pick up again. Two or three repetitions of this, and there are but few left. I find I can dig them cheaper this way than with the hoe; and besides, the ground is left in admirable condition to be sown to rye or if not sown to winter rye it may be sown to oats in the spring, without plowing if you have the right kind of a harrow.

Water is the sure and indispensable thing to develop into full size, beauty and juiciness all the fruit that any strawberry plant has formed within itself. The Massachusetts man who tried perforated pipes to water his beds and then found heavy mulching better and cheaper might have justly credited the latter also with its value to the soil as it gradually decays into food for future crops. And, besides this, on heavy soils it becomes a great improver of the mechanical texture.

Those twenty-five boys and girls of Birmingham, Mich., who formed themselves into an active society for beautifying the village, and who have been so assiduous, enterprising and successful, set a noble example to young people of other places who feel a desire to distinguish themselves by works of public usefulness, such as every resident is sure to approve of. And, while improving their town, they greatly improve themselves in disposition, knowledge and character.

A very good idea—that of dropping a handful of light, dry sawdust on low plants, as beans, before a night in which frost is feared. Usually the wind will take it off the leaves next day better than a broom would, and when dry weather comes it will help, according to its quantity, to retain moisture about the roots.

The advice to cut wood for rails, stakes or other outdoor use in summer, when in full leaf and growth, is sound, as is abundantly proved here. Stakes used for supporting raspberry and blackberry canes cut at that time and peeled are entirely sound and of excellent use three years later; but those not peeled are half-decayed and unpleasant to handle, the bark being loose. Those cut in winter are useless after two years. They are all of young sprouts, the thinnings of chestnut and locust groves, and average about two inches in diameter at the base. They are set in our firm soil in holes made by pointed iron bar, and when cutting them short stubs of side-branches are left—a blow or two of the iron on one of these short projections sends the pointed stake down firmly in the hole.

Attractions for the World's Fair.

The inability of the directors of the World's Fair to settle upon some special attraction for their great exhibition, is in danger of exposing them to an experience similar to that of the afflicted housekeeper when the sewing-machine and organ agents of the community learn that her home is still unprovided with furniture. First was the suggestion of the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum, that they endeavor to secure the mummified corpse of King Ramesses II, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and of his daughter, the savior of the infant Moses. Then followed the proposal of Eiffel, of tower fame, and Edison, the famous electrician, to build a tower twice as large and high as the Paris structure, and have it lighted with a million electric lights. And now a third competition appears in the person of an Egyptian, an Alexandrian, who writes to the directors that he is in a position to furnish them an interesting exhibit. He has sent the officials a photograph of a sarcophagus which he believes and claims is that of Cleopatra. It was recently discovered in Caesar's camp near Alexandria. After paying the Egyptian Government its dues, the writer says, he sold it to a friend for a speculation. When the sarcophagus was opened the contents were in ashes with the exception of the skeleton, which is still preserved. His price \$60,000 free on board at Alexandria. For a great attraction the figure is not extravagant. It may be seriously questioned, however, whether the bones of the old lady have any magnetic power over the present generation. One can hardly be sure that this is the veritable frame of that historical personage. Queen Mary of England declared that Calais would be found engraved on her heart at death, but it is not likely that "Cleopatra" is found in wrought into the skeleton in question. Besides, it may be presumed that the general public are not very well posted in the history of the illustrious lady, many persons knowing little more than that she had a wonderful needle that the world has much to say about. Therefore to arouse an interest in the spectacle exhibit the directors would be compelled to engage some silver-tongued orator to sound the praises of the ancient queen. All things considered they had better accept the proposition of the "wizard of the north."

Alfred T. Perring, said to be the inventor of the galling gun, died in Cincinnati in poor circumstances Monday.

The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, assembled in New York on Tuesday protested against the Chinese Restriction law as unjust, and contrary to the genius of American institutions.

The *Economist* *Francis* recommends the Government to compromise the Newfoundland affair with England, lest, in the event of her not doing so, she will lose all by the annexation of the island to the States.

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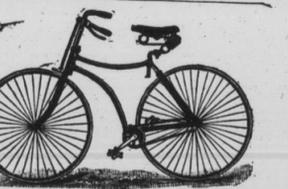
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THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER V. THE FIRST STEPS.

Nessa awoke suddenly. In the confusion of ideas and impressions at that moment, she was conscious of a shapeless dream, of a brusque movement, of a light dazzling her eyes, and of a voice murmuring unintelligibly in her ear. Then, as her intelligence awakened, she perceived that she was crouching on the floor beside a bed, that the dazzling light was nothing more than a chamber-candle, and that somebody was supporting her, whom she presently recognised as Mrs. Redmond.

"What is it? Where am I?" she gasped in bewilderment.

"It's all right, dear. You are in your own room. See, this is your bed. Don't be frightened! You're awake now, aren't you? You know who I am!"

Nessa rose to her feet, and, still dazed, looked about her. She recognised the deep dormer windows—the leaded panes of the casement she had put open, on which the light of the moon was now reflected. It was Mrs. Redmond by her side, with the long plait of shining yellow hair falling over her shoulders on the crimson dressing gown.

"When did I come here—I don't understand?" she said.

"Why, you came here last evening. Oh, dear, what a fright you have given me!" Mrs. Redmond sank down on the side of the bed, putting her hand on her heart. The candle on the floor, where Mrs. Redmond had set it, flared in the current of night air from the open window.

"What have I been doing?" asked Nessa, now wide awake.

"You have been walking in your sleep; that's all; but you scared me out of my wits."

"Walking in my sleep!" Nessa repeated incredulously.

"Yes, dear—you were halfway down the great stairs. When I heard the stairs creak, I thought it must be my husband come home. Oh, you can't tell what a turn it gave me when I caught sight of you there in your white nightdress! I knew you must be asleep by the way in which you felt the wall as you went along. But I managed to keep myself possessed, knowing how dangerous it is to wake people suddenly when they are like that. Your eyes were quite closed when I came to your side, and you suffered me to lead you gently back to your room like a little child. But in attempting to lift you into bed I woke you; and the moment your eyes opened your strength seemed to go, and you fell down. Don't you remember?"

"I don't remember anything! exclaimed Nessa—"not anything. Oh, I am so sorry I frightened you."

"Don't say a word about that. I am only too happy to have heard you. Heaven only knows what might have happened in a horrid old den like this if I had not discovered you. There's a door somewhere that opens into the tower, where the floor has rotted away. If you had gone through there nothing could have saved you, you must have been killed. Get into bed, dear."

Nessa obeyed, quite overcome with astonishment at what she had heard.

"Is it late?" she asked.

Mrs. Redmond, looking at the watch on the table as she picked up the light, told her it was half-past twelve, and then offered to stay with her; but Nessa would not listen to this. Such a thing had never happened to her before, and she was sure it never would again. So, after a little half-hearted persistence on Mrs. Redmond's part—she seeming much more terrified than Nessa—they said "good-night" with an exchange of kisses, and Mrs. Redmond went down to her bedroom on the floor below.

Redmond was waiting there in the dark, his hands in his pockets thumbing a piece of paper into pellets, in anxious suspense. He raised his eyebrows interrogatively as his wife entered with her finger raised; she replied with a nod signifying that the prepared scene had been acted satisfactorily.

"She was lying on the edge of the bed," whispered Mrs. Redmond after closing the door carefully. "I pushed her down to the floor and when she woke up staring about her like a fool, I made her believe I had found her half way down stairs walking in her sleep. Remember that it won't do to tell two stories."

"I won't forget" muttered Redmond approvingly.

"Now as I've made a beginning we'll just settle clearly what's to be done next, and what part you are to play."

Redmond nodded, they sat down together and plotted the destruction of the young girl who slept over their heads.

Nessa awoke early the following morning, invigorated by her long sleep, and feeling not a pin the worse for what had happened in the night. It returned to her memory as she crossed the room to look out of the dormer window and then only aroused a pleasant self-interest. Most young persons feel flattered by the discovery that they are distinguished from the rest of young persons by some peculiarity. The sun shone brightly on the dark oaks; a grey veil of mist hung over the valley, making it look like a lake; an industrious spider was spinning his marvellous net in the casement; a drop of dew glittered like a jewel on a blade of grass springing out of the moss-covered parapet. These things were observed by the young girl as she stood by the open window, and gave her a new zest for life.

It was quite early—not even seven o'clock. She shrewdly guessed that Mrs. Redmond was not the kind of a woman who rises early, and would not be down to breakfast before ten o'clock, or thereabouts; so she would have three hours for exploring the old house and looking about her. After all, she reflected, it was not so bad. She was free to do what she liked for the time. It was wonderfully romantic; and the prospect of a severe tussle with Mr. Redmond was rather cheerful than depressing. She did not bear much malice in her young heart. It was pretty clear he had misappropriated some money; but every one is liable to get into difficulties, and we have all faults to be forgiven. Very likely she and he would dislike each other at first; but if they both gave way, and showed forbearance, they might in the end settle down comfortably. In three years she would have more money than ever she could know what to do with, and she should not miss, and certainly would not begrudge, the sum necessary to put the old house in order, and make some provisions for Mr. and Mrs. Redmond without hurting that poor lady's feelings.

With these charitable intentions she occupied her thoughts while she dressed, and that took no time. Then she began to explore the house, admiring the wonderful old furniture, and the pictures on the noble staircase, which looked all the finer for the dim light percolating through the ivy-screened windows. Going no further than the threshold of the very dark rooms, from a fear of rats and rotten floors, and shrinking back with a shiver from the black soil on the other side of the heavy iron-bound door on the landing, which undoubtedly must be the floorless tower that Mrs. Redmond had spoken about in the night, she went down through the old hall, with its trophies of antlers and armour, pausing before the modern sword and plumed hat hung between tiger's skins with the proud conception that her father had worn that hat and carried that sword into battle and then she passed out through the open door into the open air.

How fresh and sweet and bracing the morning breeze seemed after the musty smell of those dark old rooms! She got her feet wet in the rank grass crossing to have a full view of the house. It was a grand old building—that it was. No wonder she exulted in the knowledge that it belonged to her; that she would be sole mistress there in a few years, with the possession of all the grounds about, with their magnificent acres. She spent a good ten minutes trying to settle how she would have the buildings and grounds arranged so that their character might be retained, at the same time that they would be a cheerful residence for herself, where she might invite all her school friends to come, and Tinkleton, and old Mrs. Vic as well. Her bosom swelled with the most delicious plans of entertaining every one she knew in the most magnificent style—always, of course, without pretentious ostentation on her own part. And then she ran in to write to all those friends and tell them all about it, feeling, as she ran, that it was good to live.

Heaven knows how many letters she had written when Mrs. Redmond came down—and then there was a still a forgotten postscript to put in one of them. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and she had been writing all the time; but she was not a bit fatigued, and could have found twice as much to say. Mrs. Redmond was astonished to find her so fresh and bright after what had happened in the night. She was disposed to regard it as a very serious matter. Nessa laughed at it.

"You must lock me up, and then I shan't frighten you any more," she said.

But Mrs. Redmond would not treat the affair lightly. She knew so many instances—mostly drawn from works of fiction—in which sleep walking had led to fatal consequences; and gave them in such lengthy detail that it seemed she could think of nothing else. Nessa would have given anything for a slice of bread and butter.

"Is Mr. Redmond coming down to breakfast?" she asked, on the first opportunity, by way of changing the subject.

"My dear, I haven't seen him since we met in the park yesterday," Mrs. Redmond replied, with the utmost coolness. "When there's anything unpleasant at home he generally finds business to keep him away. And knowing what he has to expect from me, it's very likely that he won't show his face here for a week. We certainly will not wait breakfast for him." She rang the bell, to Nessa's hearty satisfaction, but turning, she asked, "Did you ever see the opera of *Somnambula*, dear?"

Nessa shook her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she said to herself.

"Now she's got on to plays, I shall hear all about *Lady Macbeth*, and nobody knows who else!"

But Mrs. Redmond's solicitude took a new channel when the girl brought in the tea and eggs.

"How's your head this morning, Emma?" she asked.

The heavy, sallow-skinned young woman passed the back of her hand over her dull eyes, and replied that it was still "a-splitting fit to bust," and attributed her disorder to "the boil."

"It is nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Redmond, decisively. "The doctor must see you. I shall want it in an hour. I am sure that dreadful girl is sickening for something," she added to Nessa. "It may be scarlet fever or smallpox. We will go over to Lullingford, and call upon Dr. Shaw, if you would like the drive. I have a perfect horror of illness."

Nessa accepted the invitation readily.

"I shall be ready in about half an hour," said Mrs. Redmond, when they rose from the table. "Have you any letters for the post?"

"Yes; all these."

"Give them to me, and I will put them in the bag, dear."

Then there was some discussion about what they should wear, and Nessa ran up to her room to dress.

As soon as she was out of sight, Mrs. Redmond took the letters up to her room, where her husband was sitting in a dressing gown, with a bottle of whisky and a sporting paper for refreshment. She laid the letters side by side on the table with the flaps upward, soaked a handkerchief, and spread it carefully over them. Then she began to dress. Taking off the handkerchief ten minutes later, she found that the flaps yielded to the insertion of a knife blade.

"Open them and read what she has been writing about," she said in a whisper to her husband.

Redmond, who had been watching the proceeding in silence, obeyed.

"Does she talk about walking in her sleep?" the woman asked.

"Oh, yes; something about it in every one of them."

Mrs. Redmond expressed her satisfaction by a nod. "No suspicion that she has been deceived?"

"Not a word."

"That will all serve as evidence on our side there should be any question. Close the letters carefully, and send them to the post when we are gone. I'm going to take her over to Dr. Shaw. She must have something to take—a mixture of some kind."

She was standing beside Redmond, plaiting her hair, as he replaced the letters and closed the envelopes. He nodded without looking up.

"It will have to be done to-night for certain," she continued. "You can settle

where she's to fall from. We shall be back about four. You'd better keep out of our way till you're wanted."

Redmond's hands trembled so violently that he had to lay down the letter he was trying to enclose.

Mrs. Redmond turned from him in silence with a contemptuous jerk of her head.

When she looked in the glass to see if her hair was all right, she caught a glimpse of face with a handkerchief.

"Remember," she said, going back to him, "there's no shuffling out of this. It's your only escape from the gaol and the workhouse. If you're not there when the time comes, I'll take the girl away and set the lawyers to work."

CHAPTER VI. AT HER MERCY.

Nessa enjoyed the drive to Lullingford intensely. The rapid movement, the fresh air, the beauty of the sky, and trees with their undergrowth of golden brake and reddening bramble, together with a sense of freedom and nascent power, intoxicated her. Her exuberant gaiety and young enthusiasm made her the most delightful companion in the world, even to Mrs. Redmond, who detested the country, and saw nothing but horrid toadstoils and scraggy wild flowers in the coloured fungus and stray hairbells that drew exclamations of delight from the girl.

Mrs. Redmond allowed her to take the reins and whip while she changed her gloves as they neared the little town. That was a supreme joy—a foretaste of that delightful future when she would have such an equipage, but with two ponies, and all to her self.

They left the chaise at the hotel, where Mrs. Redmond ordered lunch to be prepared, and went through the High Street, and here Nessa had a glorious quarter of an hour before some drapery and millinery stores. Long ago she had successfully rebelled against walking out in procession with the young ladies of Eagle House, and obtained the privilege of going out with Miss Tinkleton alone, but that was a tame affair indeed in comparison with shop-gazing in the company of a woman of the world with expensive tastes, like Mrs. Redmond.

Poor old Tinkleton's taste was all for for prints that would wash and stuffs that would turn, and she could look at nothing that was not marked, a bargain at something three farthings, whereas Mrs. Redmond had an eye for colour and effect, and fixed her critical choice upon the most delightfully delicate and ephemeral fabrics with a reckless regard to cost.

She laughed at Nessa's old-fashioned notions, and the girl, only too anxious to learn what was "correct" in this new world to which she was born, took the rebuke gratefully, and liked her friend all the better for it. Nessa, impulsive, affectionate, and utterly ignorant of evil, saw nothing in her new friend to dislike, and a great deal that struck her inexperienced mind with admiration. She clung to Mrs. Redmond's plump arm, and in the fulness of her heart could ill conceal the warmth of her feelings. Mrs. Redmond was not dull to this silent homage; it was a long time since she had encountered any one so fresh and naive and bright. She really liked the girl—as much as it was in her nature to like any one—and quite regretted her approaching loss. Nevertheless she did not for one instant hesitate to ring the bell when they came to Dr. Shaw's house at the bottom of the hill. By that time Nessa had entirely forgotten the ostensible object of their drive to Lullingford.

They were shown into the consulting room. Presently the inner door opened, and Dr. Shaw came in—a meagre, elderly man, with dark, penetrating eyes, deep-sunk under a broad white forehead. He bowed stiffly to Mrs. Redmond, and smiled on Nessa as she took his seat. People smiled on her as one does instinctively upon a beautiful child.

"I've come to see you again about that dreadful girl, Emma," said Mrs. Redmond. The doctor inclined his head, and resigned himself to the inevitable. Not a week passed without a visit from this woman upon some imaginary ailment of her own or Emma's. He listened, his eyes resting on the paper knife he toyed in his long fingers, but his thoughts were chiefly occupied with Nessa. Who was she? How had she fallen into the hands of Mrs. Redmond? What was the painted woman doing with this fresh, innocent girl? What on earth were the girl's friends about to let her associate with an unwholesome woman? He disliked Mrs. Redmond. He knew her and her vices, and wondered how any one else could fail to see her physical and moral unhealthiness through the palpable mask of paint and dye and society manners.

"It's an ordinary bilious attack—nothing more," he said, looking up, his eyes resting first on Nessa, as Mrs. Redmond concluded her account of Emma's symptoms.

"I believe it is the beginning of fever. I must beg you to come and see her. If it is anything catching I must send her away to her friends at once."

"I am very much occupied. However, if you insist, I will do my best to call in the course of the day."

"Oh, thanks, awfully—thanks! And now, doctor, I wish you to prescribe for this young lady," Mrs. Redmond said, laying her hand on Nessa's arm.

Dr. Shaw looked sharply at the girl, who seemed no less astonished than himself by this demand. He smiled, as Nessa's surprise gave away to uncontrollable mirth.

"There's nothing whatever to laugh at," said Mrs. Redmond. "It is not natural, and it is certainly dangerous for a young girl to walk in her sleep."

The doctor assented to this, and listened with serious attention to Mrs. Redmond's account of the affair, while Nessa sat with bent head, amused and vexed by turns. It was so ridiculous to make a fuss about such a trifle. She raised her head, and met the doctor's eyes, blushing as if she had committed a fault when he spoke to her.

"You do not look a likely subject for nervous disorders of this kind," he said, kindly.

"I am sure I have never misbehaved myself before—in that way," she replied, with a laugh.

"You have never been so violently excited as you were yesterday and the day before," suggested Mrs. Redmond.

Nessa admitted that this was true.

"Of course," said Dr. Shaw, "great and unusual mental excitement might account for

a case of this kind, but I really see no cause for serious alarm. There is no reason to fear a repetition of the attack, especially if the excitement abates."

"But the excitement may not abate—the attack may be repeated," insisted Mrs. Redmond.

"Then you had better have some one to sleep in the same room for a few nights."

"I couldn't. I should never be able to close my eyes for fear of something happening. And you cannot expect me to put a servant in the room who is probably sickening for some horrid infectious complaint. Surely you can give something to produce sleep."

The doctor reflected a moment. What was he to do with this obstinate fool of a woman? It was impossible to convince her that Nessa would be better without the use of drugs. If he refused to administer anything, he was perfectly sure that she would go to the chemist and procure some poisonous stuff, such as she herself was in the habit of taking—a concoction strong enough to kill half a young girl unaccustomed to the use of narcotics. The best way was to comply with the request, and practise a harmless deception. With this conclusion he rose, saying that possibly a mild sedative might have a good effect, and left the ladies for a few minutes.

"It will do you no harm to take this before going to bed," he said, putting a bottle wrapped in white paper into Nessa's hand.

That was true enough; the bottle contained nothing but pure water tinged with cochineal and disguised with peppermint.

Mrs. Redmond went away triumphant. But she was not simple enough to believe that she had overcome the doctor's scruples. When they returned to the Towers, and she was alone in her room, she took the bottle from her sealskin bag, in which she had put it "for safety," removed the paper carefully, and poured away the pink liquid. She refilled the bottle from one of her own. The efficacy of that mixture in producing sleep she knew.

"Dr. Shaw is responsible for whatever happens now," she said to herself, as she wrapped the bottle in the paper she had taken it from.

They dined alone. Nessa tasted champagne for the first time and liked it. It looked so pretty in the delicate glass held up to the light, with the string of bubbles rising from the bottom, and it was quite as nice to the taste as lemonade—nicer, in fact. She agreed with Mrs. Redmond that it was the only thing a lady ought to drink at dinner, and resolved that when the time came she would fill her cellars with Cliquot and the Boy and Moet, and all the wines her friend talked about so glibly, and learn the difference between them. They lingered over dessert, Nessa listening with avidity to Mrs. Redmond's airy gossip about London, and that wonderful society in which lords and dukes seemed to be as plentiful as heart could desire. Oh, what a contrast between this life of delicious trifling and the ponderous routine of her late existence, when one scuttled away from the table the moment a meal was finished, with nothing better than instructive recreation to look forward to! The girl thought that a butterfly must feel some such rich delight as hers in flitting aimlessly among bright flowers after its painful experiences as a caterpillar.

It was getting dusk when Mrs. Redmond rose from her chair and changed the subject. It was clear that Dr. Shaw would not come now. Emma had better go to bed; she was certainly sickening for something, and there was nothing else for her to do. She went into the kitchen and sent the heavy girl, nothing loath, to her room. Upstairs, Mrs. Redmond found her husband, with a face the colour of lead, pacing the bedroom.

"Are you ready?" she asked in a low tone, as she took up the sealskin bag.

He nodded in silence; and then, overcoming the difficulty of speaking, he faltered: "For God's sake, be quick! This is his!"

She scanned the quaking coward from head to foot, and, seeing his irresolution, thought it advisable on quitting the room to turn the key upon him.

Downstairs she found Nessa sitting in the gloaming by the open window, and for the first time that day looking grave. Her mind seemed to have taken on the subdued tone of the trees and sky. Night was falling upon her.

Mrs. Redmond sat down in the chair opposite, the bag in her lap.

"Why, how awfully solemn you look!" she exclaimed.

"I have been thinking," said Nessa; and then, in a tone of interrogation, she added, "Mr. Redmond has not come home?"

"No; surely that has nothing to do with your gravity."

"Yes, it has. I want to see him. I have something to say."

Mrs. Redmond laughed.

"Of course you have, my dear; so have I. He's perfectly aware of that, and keeps out of our way in consequence."

"But I want to apologise to him," said Nessa, quietly.

"Apologise?" exclaimed Mrs. Redmond with superb disdain. "I never apologised to any one in all my life!"

"Not when you had to acknowledge yourself in the wrong?"

"I never did have to acknowledge myself in the wrong, my dear."

"How nice!" said Nessa, naively, with a sigh. "I'm always doing wrong, and finding it out just when it's too late to be undone."

"I should like to know what wrong you've done my precious husband."

"I—I I have been thinking that I was very rude to him yesterday."

"Rude! Well, when you find a man robbing you—"

"But I'm not sure that he has robbed me. It's just like me to jump at a conclusion. I have no right to demand an account until I am twenty-one, and then he may be prepared to render it."

"If I tell you that he has spent every penny of the money entrusted to him for your maintenance; that he is hopelessly in debt; and is cutting down the timber to pay his current expenses; what then?"

"Then I am very sorry for him. He must have been very unfortunate to lose the money—he must have made some great mistake. I have made so many that I should be the last to think unkindly of him on that account."

"That's why I wanted to see him," the girl continued, in the same reflective tone. "I am so happy here that I should like to be at peace with every one. Surely we could live amicably together if we tried. After all, a few thousand pounds is no great loss. And a few trees out of all those will

never be missed. Perhaps they ought to be thinned out. I shall still have more trees and more money than ever I shall know what to do with. And then, if I could help him to recover his losses I should like to do me any harm. I have wronged him. Oh, you don't know what dreadful things I thought he might be guilty of doing—the most horrible wickedness!"

"And pray what reason have you to change your opinion?"

"Why, surely a man who is afraid to face a schoolgirl cannot be capable of such desperate designs?"

Mrs. Redmond made no response, but sat nursing her knee, and eyeing sidelong the girl who had fallen into a reverie. She hesitated about taking this final step. No; that would not do.

With this reflection, Mrs. Redmond pressed the fastening of her bag. It opened with a snap that aroused Nessa from her meditations.

"My dear, we were both going to sleep, I do believe," said Mrs. Redmond. "Get a glass. Here's the mixture Dr. Shaw told you to take."

It had grown so dark that they had to light the lamp to find a clean glass. Mrs. Redmond poured out the drug, Nessa holding the glass, laughing and protesting. When the bottle was emptied, Nessa, with a wry face, lifted the glass to her lips, and drained off the syrup.

"But it's too early to go to bed yet," she said, setting down the empty glass.

"Oh, yes. We will sit down and have a good long chat."

They sat down; but soon Nessa found her friend's light gossiping unaccountably inaudible, while an insurmountable drowsiness crept upon her senses. Mrs. Redmond watched her keenly, and chatted on until the girl's lids drooped.

"You had better go up to your room, dear."

Nessa roused herself with an effort, and in a state of stupor submitted to be guided upstairs. When they were in the little bedroom she sat down on the bed, and, with a last effort of consciousness, threw her arms about her friend's neck and kissed her. Mrs. Redmond did not consider it necessary to return the kiss, for Nessa was already asleep and the next moment slipped sidelong heavily upon the bed. She stood over her in the dim light for some minutes. Then she raised the sleeping girl's arm and let it drop. It fell inert. She shook her. Nessa made no sign of consciousness.

Mrs. Redmond went downstairs and unlocked the door of her room. Her husband stood against the window—his figure just visible in silhouette against the grey light.

Mrs. Redmond scratched a vesta and lit a candle.

"Come on," she said, beckoning him from the door.

He followed her automatically up the stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Plea for Cannibalism.

The word cannibal is associated in our minds with scenes of the most debased savagery that the imagination can picture; of men in habits and appearance a little lower than the brute; of orgies the result of the most degrading religious superstition. It is not until one has lived on terms of friendship with cannibals that one realizes that the practice is not incompatible with an intelligence and moral qualities which command respect. And after all, if one can for a moment lay aside the instinctive horror which the idea calls up, and dispassionately consider the nature of cannibalism, our repugnance to it seems less logically grounded.

It is true that it must generally entail murder, but that is certainly not the reason for our loathing of it. It is something deeper than this; and the distinction we draw between the flesh of men and of animals is at first sight a little curious. One can imagine the inhabitants of another planet, whose physical necessities did not force them to eat flesh—to take life in order to live—regarding us with much the same kind of abhorrence with which we look on cannibals. Most of our natural instincts, are based upon natural laws, which, when broken, are sure to visit the breaker with their penalties. The eating of unripe fruit, of putrid meat, and of poisonous matter are some of these. But no penalty in the shape of disease seems to be attached to cannibalism.

What, then, are the motives that lead men apart from the pressure of famine, to practice cannibalism? Among certain African tribes and lately in Hayti, it has been the outcome of a debased religious superstition or that extraordinary instinct common to all races which leads men to connect the highest religious enthusiasm with the most horrible orgies that their diseased imagination can conceive. The feeling that leads members of sects to bind themselves together by the celebration of some unspeakable rite perhaps led to the accusations laid against the Christians of the second century and the Hungarian Jews of the nineteenth. But in the South Seas, although the motive has been falsely attributed to a craving for animal food, it was generally the last act of triumph over a fallen enemy. Thus Homer makes Achilles, triumphing over the dying Hector, wish he could make mincemeat of his body and devour it. Triumph could go no further than to slay and the belief that by thus making him a part of you you acquired his courage in battle is said to have led a chief of old Fiji to actually consume himself the entire body of the man he had killed by daily roasting what remained of it to prevent decomposition.—*Blackwood Magazine*.

The Marquis of Lorne has paid a graceful compliment to a deserving Canadian literature in having forwarded copies of Henry J. Morgan's recent interesting monograph on the Elgin period in Canadian history to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. It will be remembered that the article in question, which first appeared in the *Ottawa Citizen*, in addition to sketching the life of a prominent and estimable details of a Queen's household, the late Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, gave some interesting details of her brother-in-law, Lord Elgin's, eventful political career in Canada and India. Lord Lorne was well pleased with the article, which he describes as excellently executed. Several members of the Bruce family have also written to Mr. Morgan thanking him for his interesting and sympathetic sketch. "That a time so long ago," says Lady Thurlow, "should still be remembered in Canada, is a thing which touches us deeply, and for which we are glad to express our gratitude."

THE BEE.

R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, June 9, 1890.

Now that warm weather has arrived Congressmen are beginning to disappear from their seats. Within the next fortnight the House will have visibly thinned out. Legislative business has few charms for the average Representative at this season, when the watering and other holiday places are becoming so delightful. If, as bids fair to be the case, the session lasts through the summer, there will not be enough members left to constitute a quorum by the middle of July. To secure a vacation a Representative has merely to toddle away any time he likes for as long a period as he desires, simply leaving a line on the Speaker's desk asking to be excused for so many days or weeks. As a matter of form the Speaker submits these requests by the lot together to the House, and they are approved by vote of hand. Many members, however, do not take the trouble to leave any such memorandum for the Speaker, but merely go without saying anything. It makes no difference really; no objection has ever been made to liberties of this sort. There is nothing in fact to prevent a man from being absent a whole session from his duties in Congress. On the contrary it has happened repeatedly. Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York World, while a Representative here, was only present about six days in a session and a half, at the end of which he resigned. When the House is reduced below a quorum business goes on just as usual, so long as no point of quorum is raised. It was in this way that, in the last Congress, about a dozen members passed the bill which incidentally compels free citizens of the United States to inform the census enumerators this year as to what diseases they were afflicted with and the reason why they chose or were obliged to mortgage their property. In case a quorum is not present at any time and is demanded the sergeant-at-arms sends telegrams for members and arrests them if necessary. Some of the representatives render this difficult by hiding themselves away somewhere, so they cannot be found.

Three or four years ago it was the custom among certain newspaper correspondents to decry the alleged exclusiveness of the leading Democratic officials, and to represent that if Secretary Blaine were Secretary of State his door would be open all the time, and he himself accessible to all callers. But since Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State in March 1889, this extraordinary accessibility has at no time been apparent. On the contrary, his exclusiveness has been the exclusiveness of an English or Russian government official, and since the change of administration the Secretary of State has not vouched to any newspaper in the country a single interview or the slightest bit of direct information about any of the affairs of the State Department. More than that, he hasn't yet sent to Congress the papers relating to our foreign correspondence last year, which ought to have been sent to Congress last December, when the heads of the other Executive Departments made their annual report. While the Secretary of State has a right to use his own discretion and withhold, if he pleases, the courtesies which are usually extended to the press, but which are not prescribed by either the Constitution or the laws, he has no right to withhold from the Congress of the United States and the American people the state papers which the law says he shall submit to Congress annually, just as the heads of the other Departments send their annual reports.

The tenderest spot in the entire McKinley bill is about to be touched upon by the Senate finance committee, namely, the metal schedule. This was fixed in the McKinley bill to the satisfaction of the manufacturers, a delicate and difficult task accomplished by Representative Bayne, who in the past few days, has received more abuse than credit for his pains. The Senate finance committee was simply asked to adapt the schedule as in the McKinley bill, without alteration in any particular. It is now pretty well established that the duty on steel rails will be reduced. It is from the production of steel rails principally that Andrew Carnegie gets his income of \$5,000 per day. By the proposed reduction he would be reduced to the pitance of \$4,600 daily, and other manufacturers would be brought still nearer penury.

Now that both Houses of Congress are focusing the light of their gigantic intellects on the silver question, it begins to be made apparent through the transparent gloom which ordinarily envelops these abstruse financial questions that it is not the tariff alone to which the present depression of the agricultural and other industries of the country is to be attributed. It seems that the demonetization of silver has a good deal to do with it.

Will the tariff question have the right of way or will it take the side track to allow the silver train to pass it? That seems to be the question.

The steamer North Star has been seized at Victoria, B. C., for violation of Canadian custom laws. During the last month her owners have been making hundreds of dollars daily illegally.

Rev. Dr. Castle, formerly Principal of the Baptist College in Toronto, died on Wednesday evening of last week in Philadelphia. He had been in ill health ever since his resignation of Principalship two years ago. It is but two or three weeks ago since Principal McGregor, of same college, died in New York.

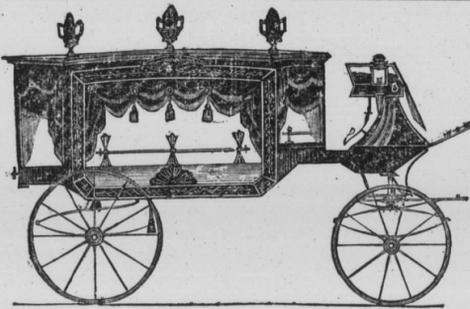
J. JOHNSON

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

HAS REMOVED FROM A. CAMPBELL'S HARNES SHOP TO THE

FORESTERS HALL

REPAIRING! WATCHES.
REPAIRING! CLOCKS.
WATCHES AND RINGS A SPECIALTY.
18 KARAT WEDDING RINGS.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

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

WE ARE STILL DOING A

RUSHING BUSINESS

—IN THE—

Tailoring Line!

OUR GOODS CANNOT BE SURPASSED

—IN—

Style, Quality or Cheapness.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE.

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

ATWOOD

BAKERY!

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

Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.

Pastry, and Pies,

Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.

A large and pure stock of

Confectionery

and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.

I solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on me in the past.

Bread Wagon goes to Monkton Tuesday and Friday, and Ethel Wednesday and Saturday of each week.

CHAS. ZERAN.

H. F. BUCK

Furniture Emporium,

WALLACE STREET,

LISTOWEL.

I wish to intimate to the people of Atwood and vicinity that I have on hand a most complete stock of all lines of Furniture.

BEDROOM SUITES,

SIDEBOARDS,

EXTENSION TABLES,

SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,

AND PARLOR SUITES.

All goods best of their class. I am bound to sell them. Call and get prices.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MOULDINGS

For Picture Framing in Town.

UNDERTAKING

A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.

H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.

A Special Sale

NEXT WEEK

Dress Goods, Prints

AND GINGHAMS

At Prices Not Often Heard of

Drop in and See what we are doing

in the above lines, and

oblige

J. L. MADER.

Toilet Soap, Dressing Combs, Pocket Combs, Fine Combs. Tooth Brushes, Perfumes, Fly Paper, Hellebore,

ATWOOD DRUG STORE.

Call in and See Them.

MARTIN E. NEADS.

The 777 Store.

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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

HENRY HOAR.

SPRING time has come, so has my New Goods come. New designs in everything and cheaper than ever.

Goldsmith's Hall is the leading house in town. You cannot do better than to give Gunther a call and look through his immense stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

Fine and Complicated Watches Repaired and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. H. GUNTHER,

Goldsmith's Hall,
Main St., Listowel.

Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

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

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

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

Town Talk.

CHURCH and school picnics are all the rage just now.

SEE those splendid combs, new stock, at the Atwood Drug Store.

THIS is hot weather, therefore call at the Atwood Drug Store and buy a Fan. Prices to suit the times, from 3c. to 10c. each.

THE regular anniversary and tea-meeting of the Atwood Presbyterian church will be held Sunday and Monday, Sept. 21st and 22nd. Particulars later on.

AT the County Teachers' Institute at Picton, the other day, resolutions were adopted favoring the use of the newspaper in the schools to supplement the reading books for senior classes.

J. R. BIRCHALL, in gaol at Woodstock awaiting trial for the murder of young Benwell, is suffering from rheumatism, and has made application to have his cell carpeted, which request has been granted.

A MOTION was adopted by the county council of Oxford the other day that all spans of ten feet and over shall be considered bridges to be maintained by the county and that all spans of less than ten feet be considered culverts.

READ carefully the long list of names of parties who have purchased instruments from Lamont's Musical Emporium, Listowel. They are agents for the celebrated Bell organ, which is generally accepted to be the best instrument in the Canadian market. They also keep the Bell pianos and other instruments by the best makers.

PICNIC.—The pupils of S. S. No. 7, Elma, assisted by their efficient teacher, C. J. Wynn, are working like trojans making preparations for the grand annual picnic to be held in Mr. Ward's bush, con. 12, Elma, on Friday, 27th inst. The program will largely be made up of speeches, music, games, boating, etc., so that old and young may have variety of amusement as well as a profitable time.

FARMERS in some localities, particularly in West Zorra, report damages to crops, especially to peas, barley and oats on sod lands, from innumerable white grubs which have been noticed to whiten in some instances the furrows of the field. Salt is said to be a good remedy. It is cheap and easily applied, and seems to be a feasible remedy. Truly the farmer's enemies thicken around him—grub, tax and tariff.

PROF. ROBERTSON'S lectures on dairying in the Maritime Provinces last winter having proved so acceptable to the people there, that in response to the numerous requests Hon. Mr. Carling has authorized the dairy commissioner to arrange for a tour through these provinces, and accordingly the professor will spend July down by the sea imparting dairy knowledge, than whom none in Canada can do it in a more able manner.

THE following is a report of the last draft of stations as confirmed by the Conference recently held in Stratford, so far as Listowel District is concerned:—Listowel, James Livingstone; Milverton, Edmund S. Rupert, M. A.; Trowbridge, Jas. Caswell; Gorrie, William Torrance; Fordwich, Joseph W. Pring; Wallace, Thomas Amy (Listowel); Atwood, David Rogers; Henfry, Findlay M. Smith; Ethel, Benj. Sherlock. E. S. Rupert, Chairman; D. Rogers, Financial Sec'y. Dr. Henderson goes to Kincardine, Dr. Hannon to Guelph.

TURNIP seed, first quality, at the Atwood Drug Store.

REV. F. SWANN, of Monkton, drove through the village Monday.

J. LIVINGSTONE, jr., Listowel, made us a friendly call last Saturday.

T. M. WILSON was laid up several days last week with a severe cold. His school was closed in consequence.

OLD newspapers for sale at this office. They may be used to advantage for wrapping bread, parcels, putting under carpets, making scrap albums, etc.

THE PEACH CROP.—Ed. Tyhurst, the Essex peach king, says that a great number of the peach blossoms have fallen off, but sufficient remain to guarantee at least as good a crop as last year.

REV. DR. HENDERSON, of Listowel, for some reason did not preach in the Methodist church last Sabbath which was a source of regret to a good many who were desirous of hearing the able divine.

LEMUEL PELTON and wife, Mrs. W. Dunn, Mrs. John Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Sproat were enjoying the lake breezes at Bayfield this week. Mr. and Mrs. Sproat joined the party at Seaford.

WE are informed that the wire worm is causing very much damage to wheat in some districts. A grub is also busy at its depredations in the corn. There is always something to worry the honest farmers.

KINCARDINE will have a grand summer carnival on the 14th and 15th of August, when the opening of the waterworks will take place, and arrangements to have a Firemen's Tournament on that occasion as well as a grand band competition.

J. Jewell, Mitchell, was in town Monday looking after the interests of the Excelsior Painting Co. This enterprising firm have \$700 worth of work ahead of them in this locality, including Burton's new hotel, at Ethel. Their work is giving good satisfaction.

S. S. No. 2, Elma, T.M. Wilson, teacher, will hold their annual picnic on Saturday, 25th inst., in Mr. Brock's grove, con. 4. Speeches, music, base ball, croquet, etc., will make up the program. Everybody come. Boys, take your best girls along and put in a pleasant afternoon.

STRATEORD CAMP.—The Camp for Military District No. 1, is to be held this year at Stratford. Besides the 29th Battalion, Waterloo, there will be 21st, Essex; 22nd Oxford; 27th Lambton; 32nd Bruce; D. Infantry school, London; London field battery; 1st brigade artillery, Guelph, and first regiment of Cavalry, London. They go into camp on Tuesday, June 17th, for 12 days.

J. W. WARD, the popular teacher of U. S. S. No. 2, Elma and Wallace boundary, assisted by his pupils, will hold a picnic in Thos. Jackson's grove, con. 2, Elma, on Saturday next, 21st inst. An excellent program is being arranged, including talent from Stratford and Listowel. Amusements of various kinds will form an attractive feature of the afternoon program. Be there.

WE are very sorry to learn that W. R. Davis, the Conservative candidate in South Perth has met with a severe accident. He had obtained two bottles of medicine, one to be used externally and the other internally. The bottles were incorrectly labelled, and Mr. Day is took a mixture containing iodine or carbolic acid by mistake, with the result that for a time he was seriously ill.

THE Walkerton Baptist Association, Women's Mission Circles and Young People's Bands met in the Baptist church, Wingham, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The following is a list of the delegates from Atwood:—J. Ravaille, Isaac Ravaille, Wm. Elliott, J. G. Robertson, for the church; Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Switzer, Mrs. Forest, for the Circle; Miss Nettie Robertson, for the Band.

THE BAND.—Last Saturday evening the Band played a number of selections in front of THE BEE office, for which they will accept our thanks. The boys play well, and the large concourse of citizens that gather around them every evening they play out proves that their efforts to enliven the town with music are being appreciated. R. Anderson has kindly given the boys the free use of a portion of the cooper shop to practice in. The Band will furnish the music for the 1st of July celebration here.

THE committee appointed to complete the arrangements for the grand celebration to be held here on July 1st, are working zealously, and are determined that the Atwood sports and games will be second to none in the counties of Huron and Perth. An excellent program has been arranged and liberal prizes are being offered. Everybody should make up their minds to take in the Atwood games on Dominion day, come what may. Large streamers have been issued giving full particulars of each attraction. In publishing the names of the committee last week we omitted W. Gordon's name by mistake.

FIRE ALARM.—Wednesday forenoon the new fire alarm, which consists of a large circular saw suspended about 20 feet above the ground level, close to the fire hall door, was put in position. A clapper will be attached to it, when it will be in readiness to wake us up in our midnight slumbers and warn us of the invasion of that terrible property destroyer—fire. The alarm, although novel, is a capital substitute for a fire bell, the latter would probably cost \$20 or \$30. Mr. Dunn made the Co. a present of the saw, so that the whole thing will cost them nothing saving \$3.00 for putting it into position and attaching the clapper. We might add for the benefit of the boys who may be curious to test its sounding qualities that the law imposes a heavy fine on anyone found tampering with or making a false alarm. Therefore we warn the boys and others not to throw stones at or otherwise meddle with the alarm.

REV. P. E. HARDING, of Ohio, is visiting his brother, S. H. Harding, this week.

B. TUGHAN and sister, of Trowbridge, were the guests of Misses Mina Pelton and Kate Wilson Sunday.

J. L. MADER announces a special sale of dress goods, prints and gingham next week, at prices not often heard of. Drop in and see.

THE Atwood Saw and Planing Mills are being kept busy these days turning out shingles, cheese boxes, and various kinds of material for building purposes. Mr. Dunn has a large export trade.

WE are obliged to hold over until next week an essay entitled: "What we as a lodge can do to further the Temperance cause," written by Miss K. Richmond, of Poole, a young lady possessed of considerable literary talent.

WE direct the attention of the farming public and others to the advt. of A. Campbell in this issue. He has an excellent assortment of harness, lap dusters, whips, etc., which he will sell cheap for cash. Call on him.

PARTIES in arrears for THE BEE or otherwise indebted to the office are kindly requested to settle at once. Our current expenses are very heavy, much heavier than the average reader supposes, and it is expedient that all accounts be paid when rendered.

THE market for oats is getting better. 34 and 35 cents are offered this week. Eggs have gone up from 10 to 12 cents per dozen. The farmers' hens will be plucking up courage now surely and get down to scratching up the cucumber beds and corn hills in dead earnest.

J. L. WILSON and the pupils of S. S. No. 9, Elma and Mornington, are making preparations for their picnic to be held in Mr. Roe's bush, con. 5, Mornington. The best local talent has been secured. It is needless to say that this picnic will be the best of the season, at least the girls say so.

A VERY interesting and instructive paper on the "Progress of the Sabbath School respecting our Nation" appears on the first page of THE BEE. It is from the pen of W. R. Erskine, and was read before the Presbyterian church Sabbath school teachers' meeting, on Thursday evening, 12th inst.

THE officers, teachers, and others interested in the various Sabbath schools of the village are requested to meet in the Methodist church next Tuesday evening, 24th inst., to make arrangements for holding a union Sabbath school picnic. It is desirable that the attendance be large and representative.

A SAMPLE of flax measuring two feet long was brought into this office on Wednesday by Mr. Corrie. This is a wonderful growth for flax sown on the 10th of May, and the field from which the sample was pulled bids fair to yield a great crop. In fact the flax crop throughout this district is very encouraging.

C. H. WILSON, who, for the past few weeks, has been visiting friends in this vicinity left for the potato bug State last Wednesday morning. He has a good position on one of the big trunk lines running to the Pacific coast. C. H. is very popular with the young people here and carries the best wishes of a large circle of friends with him to the far west. Dame Rumor says Charlie is not altogether done with Atwood yet.

FOR THE WEST.—Lewis Zeran and Thos. McCloy purchased tickets from R. Knox Tuesday for Portage la Prairie. Both are steady, industrious, clever young men, the former having taught school at Milverton for some time. They go to seek their fortune in the west with the best wishes of their many Perth friends, including THE BEE. Miss Nina Wynn also left Tuesday for Manitoba where she purposes spending the summer with relatives. The trip up at this season of the year will be delightful, especially along the north shore of Lake Superior.

OUR readers will remember some weeks ago John Knox left Atwood for a trip to the "auld sod." In a letter addressed to R. K. Hall from Glasgow he says: "I had rather tedious trip across the 'pond,' was delayed off Newfoundland by fog and ice, but we had many pleasant people on board and time did not hang so heavy as you might have imagined. I can tell you the trip by rail from Liverpool to Glasgow was most enjoyable. It was a revelation to me to see this beautiful country. The rural appearance will be something long to be remembered. *** Will remain here a couple of days then strike for the Highlands. Expect to return to Glasgow again by the coast of the west Highlands, coming via Caledonia canal from Inverness to Oban, and from there making a trip through the Islands, along the west coast, to Edinburgh, Stirling and Peebles; thence to London and Paris and home again, sailing on July 10th, by S. S. Parisian, from Liverpool." Robert Knox, his brother, received a letter last Tuesday in which we glean the following extracts: "We have changed our plans and have come south from Glasgow instead of going north first as we intended and we are here (London) this morning and will go to Paris in a couple of days. ** We can see more in the two days we have here with our guide than we could have done in a month alone. For instance, to-day, June 6th, under his direction we visited the following places of interest: Bank of England, Mansion House, Royal Exchange, Guild Hall, Monuments, Billingsgate, Tower of London, up the Thames Embankment, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Marlboro' House, Horse Guards, Trafalgar Square, Strand, new law courts and Old Curiosity Shop." We would be glad if Mr. Knox would favor THE BEE with a letter descriptive of his trip through the British Isles and the French Republic.

CRADLE.

WILBEE.—In Brussels, on June 14th, the wife of Mr. Walter Wilbee, of a daughter.

Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat.....	95	00
Spring Wheat.....	80	90
Barley.....	35	40
Oats.....	34	35
Peas.....	52	55
Pork.....	5.00	5.20
Hides per lb.....	3	3 1/2
Sheep skins, each.....	50	1.00
Wood, 2 ft.....	1.15	1.50
Potatoes per bag.....	60	
Butter per lb.....	10	12 1/2
Eggs per doz.....	12	

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

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

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

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

Farms for Sale.

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

New Butcher Shop.



Wm. Hawkshaw's New Butcher Shop will be completed in the course of a few days, when he will be prepared to supply the village and country with

FRESH BEEF

And other Meats in their season. Choice Cured Pork always on hand. Mr. Hawkshaw has secured the services of

WM. WILSON,

An old and experienced Butcher, and well and favorably known to the public of this vicinity.

REMEMBER THE NEW BUTCHER SHOP—ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE BEE OFFICE.

Wm. Hawkshaw.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE

Harness Line

There are few places you can get as large an assortment to choose from as I keep on hand. Everything in their season: Whips in endless variety, Lap Dusters large and cheap, good assortment of

Fly Nets and Sheets

Which I will sell CHEAP for Cash. A large stock of Harness on hand.

Trunks, Valises, Curry Combs, Etc., always in stock.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

The Old Stand for Good Goods.

A. Campbell.

JAMES IRWIN

ATWOOD,

Can sell you Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Crockery and Glassware, &c.

At as Close Prices

As anyone in the County.

We Do The Leading Trade

Ordered Clothing

Our prices are as low as any other first-class shop. You don't need to go from your own village to get a first-class fit. A Full Line of

Men's Furnishings

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Jas. Irwin

"SANS-CULOTTE."

BY THE DUCHESS.

The hot sun is beating madly down upon the tennis court, although June is still young, and one reasonably expects a little mercy from old King Sol. The day, however, is not warmer than the dispute so evidently being carried on between two young men standing at the lower end of the court. They had not been playing—lounging, rather, and it is easily to be seen that one of them, at all events, would be glad to give up the dispute and go on lounging instead. He is a tall man of about 29 or 30, with a face that must be called, if not handsome, certainly distinguished. Just now he looks bored to death and is evidently wishing his companion—his cousin—twenty miles away, to put it mildly. Indeed, to Sir Rupert Walton the mere fact of his being engaged against his will is an argument, the subject of which is the girl who to him is above all other women, renders the discussion hateful.

"My dear fellow, it is really becoming quite a mania with you," says he at last, when he has discovered that persistent silence is of no use whatever.

"You may call it any name you like," says his cousin, Mark Walton, with a frown. "You have, at all events, been compelled to understand that I love Gwendoline Hastings and will suffer no interference where she is concerned."

"He is not so tall a fellow as Sir Rupert, but infinitely better looking. He is indeed, distinctly handsome—dark as an Italian and with fiery, beautiful eyes. He is a barrister, practicing in London and making a name for himself there, not only surely, but swiftly. He is a direct contrast to Sir Rupert, who is fair and somewhat indolent in manner."

"You mean by that, I presume, that you will resent the attentions of any other man. That is unfortunate, my dear Mark, as a great many other men are likely to see the charms in Miss Hastings that you see." Sir Rupert laughs a little contemptuously as he ceases speaking and lets a light sneer curve his lip as he knocks the ash off his cigar.

"There is something absurd about the way in which you take it," says he.

"Sneer as you will," says the other, now at a white heat. "I tell you I mean to win her by foul means if not by fair. Don't imagine, turning upon Sir Rupert a face that has grown positively livid, 'that I have been blind to the fact that for the last three weeks you have been trying to undermine my friendship with Miss Hastings. You have been making love to her—you know you have; you,' violently, 'have set yourself the pleasing, honorable task of cutting me out—of—'

"What do you mean?" says Sir Rupert, his fair face flushing and his calm mouth taking an angry expression. "What are you to her that you dare to speak like that? Tell me that the marriage is arranged between you and I will cease my attentions."

"You admit then," furiously, "that you are a suitor for her hand?"

"Certainly," coldly. "That can scarcely be news to you or anyone else in the county."

Mark Walton turns upon him savagely.

"I can see through you," says he. "You want money and she—"

"A truce, a truce, I beseech you!" says Sir Rupert, with rather a fine smile. "You surely are not desirous that Miss Hastings herself should be present at this most unseemly dispute." He points toward the avenue where at the hall door an open landau had just drawn up.

"Ah! there she is, by Jove!" says his cousin, screwing his glass into his eye. His excitement seems to have quite cooled down.

"I say, Rupert, no malice, you know. You—you—won't—"

Sir Rupert for answer turns his blue eyes full upon him. There is disgust as well as scorn in his swift glance. Then both men walk eagerly forward to the hall door, where a stout, elderly lady, having descended to the ground, a tall, young, pretty creature is following her.

Such a slight, graceful girl! She seems to spring to the earth rather than to step to it and looking back gaily says something and laughs merrily at the little girl who descends after her. The latter is a pretty child of 14—her sister.

"How do you do, Miss Hastings," says Sir Rupert, hurrying up. "Not in time, I see," smiling at Katherine Hastings—the child—who smiles back at him and with the unerring instinct of childhood that teaches one whom to trust at once has already thrust her arm into his. "I had hoped to be able to help Katherine from the carriage." He sends a quick, somewhat impassioned glance at Miss Hastings as he says this, but she is engaged talking to his cousin and if she hears him find it impossible to answer him.

Mrs. Hastings has already entered the house and is lost to view.

"Come, Katherine," says Miss Hastings, preparing to follow her mother.

"It is so warm! Must you go in? No, don't. Come and have a game of tennis instead," says Mark Walton eagerly.

Miss Hastings hesitates.

"Yes, do come," says Sir Rupert. "Katherine hates stuffy rooms in June; don't you, Katherine?"

"You may say that," says Miss Katherine with such an honest feeling that they all burst out laughing.

"Well, I should like a game, too, whilst mamma is paying a visit to Lady Walton," says Gwendoline, half shyly, half anxiously. "If, with a fleeting glance at Sir Rupert, 'you don't mind.'"

"Oh, I don't mind," says he, returning that fleeting glance with interest.

They play for half an hour or so—for nearly an hour, indeed, Miss Hastings changing sides and showing herself indeed impartially kind to both the young men.

"There! I shan't play any more," cried she at last, flinging her racket on the ground beside her. "I shall be tired if I do and I want to enjoy myself to-night. We shall all meet at Lady Daintree's ball, eh?" glancing calmly from one cousin to the other.

"Yes," says Sir Rupert.

"I hadn't meant to go, but if you are really to be there—," begins Mark, stopping meaningfully.

"I shall certainly be there," says Miss Hastings, smiling. At this moment her mother, appearing on the hall doorstep, waves her handkerchief lightly to her daughter.

"There is mamma! We must go home," cries little Katherine Hastings to her sister.

"Why, why can't we have a quiet game like this all day long without being ordered here

and there?" Discontent rings through her young voice. They all laugh.

"If I sent you a special invitation next week, Kitty, would you promise to devote an entire afternoon to me and tennis?" asks Sir Rupert.

"Oh! wouldn't I, though!" returns she, enthusiastically. Sir Rupert draws her hand within his arm and laughs again. Miss Hastings has gone on a little bit in front, accompanied by Mark. There are some words to be said to Lady Walton, who is standing on the hall doorstep, and then Sir Rupert gives Gwendoline his hand and she steps into the carriage.

Even after she is seated he retains it and his pressure grows warmer.

"I shall see you to-night," His tone is agitated, hurried and a bare whisper.

"There is something I would say." "You will listen." "You will answer."

His usually calm face is disturbed; his eyes seek her eagerly.

The girl casts a swift glance at him—a soft flush rising to her cheeks. She hesitates. She would have spoken, perhaps, but that at this moment Mrs. Hastings rustles up to the carriage and Sir Rupert has, of course, to turn and show her some courtesy. There are a few more kindly words and then the carriage drives away.

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concern, of easy contentment, discernible in his whole appearance. How little he seems to care! Does he, then, deem his chance so to move the empty wind? He walks quickly towards the hill beyond, with a wild view of formulating some scheme that shall be the undoing of this contemptuous cousin of his. For a long, long time, as it seems to him, he walks, but no scheme comes to him.

At 7:30 he returns to the house, ostensibly to dress for dinner, but as that meal is yet quite an hour away he goes slowly up the stairs, his mind still fixed upon his determination to prevent his cousin from proposing to Miss Hastings to-night at all hazards.

He has begun to despair, however. Time is getting on, and nothing worthy of thought has presented itself. At the top of the stairs he finds himself opposite his cousin's room, the door of which is open. Looking idly in, he can see that Sir Rupert's man has laid his clothes out on the bed—the clothes in which he will propose to Gwendoline to-night.

Rupert is no more to be seen than any other man still a sickening conviction that she will say "Yes" to him renders him not only miserable but reckless. If these clothes were rendered useless—if part of them were to disappear, Rupert could not go to the ball to-night. It would be impossible to order new ones in a hurry, and for a fact he knows that only last week Sir Rupert gave away his second pair of evening trousers to an impecunious tenant, who had been in imminent danger of bringing down parish authorities upon him on a charge of indecency.

What if the trousers lying there before him were to be given away, too? Not to anybody; merely to silence and solitude and secrecy for a day or so, or a month or so, as the case might be—why, then the day (the night, rather) would be his own. But where to hide them?

He looks quickly round. To take them from the room he feels would be dangerous, would be certain of discovery. But surely in these big apartments, one leading off the other, some hiding hole may be found?

It is an old-fashioned house, full of strange corners and crannies, and presently Walton's eyes light on a tiny closet, apparently little used, the door of which lies embedded in one of the walls. There is neither lock nor key to it and opening it he looks in. All is darkness beyond, except for the light of the room in which he stands, and that only penetrates into the closet for a yard or so. The latter seems to run backward a long way. Against the wall of one side of it a huge age eaten oak chest stands. Lifting the cover Mark finds it comparatively empty, though some soft articles lie in it. It will serve. No one in their senses would dream of looking for Sir Rupert's evening things in a mouldy old box like that.

Returning hurriedly to the bedroom he goes over to the bed and takes up the trousers lying there.

Just at this instant it so happens that two eyes are fixed on him. I have said it is an old house, and at the upper end of this room, leading into an apartment beyond, is a small door with glass at the top of it, sufficiently low to allow a tall man to look through.

Now, George, the under servant who has gained permission to leave by the 8 o'clock train, is a tall man. He has come up stairs to do some small service for his master before leaving, and hearing a noise in the next room and knowing Sir Rupert to be out, has peeped through the high panes to see who is inside. At this moment Mark takes up the trousers, regards them with a vague hesitation for a shorter time than it takes to write this, then deliberately carries them over to the closet, enters with them and presently the listening servant hears the sound of a falling lid of a box. Presently Mark comes out again, crosses the room and disappears into the corridor outside. The whole thing hasn't taken two minutes.

To George the whole affair seems inexplicable. A vague notion that he ought to mention it to somebody oppresses him for a moment, then fades. How should he dare to call in question any act of Mr. Walton, Sir Rupert's own cousin? No doubt it was by Sir Rupert's desire he had taken those trousers into that closet. Sir Rupert might think him impertinent for watching Mr. Walton and besides he now finds himself so late that unless he makes great haste he will miss his train, and not see his mother to-night.

Mark having dressed himself, and hearing Sir Rupert has returned to the house, goes down to the library, where he knows he is likely to find him. On his arm hangs a heavy ulster.

"I shan't be here to dinner," says he somewhat brusquely. "I had promised the Hiltons to dine with them and go to the ball with them later on. You will excuse me?"

"With pleasure," says Sir Rupert, who has not forgotten him.

The cold answer gives Mark heart. He leaves the library and jumping into the waiting dog cart is driven away to the Hiltons, laughing in a somewhat saturnine fashion at the trick he had played his cousin.

He has given himself dented fine airs. We shall see how he pulls through this. At all events he will not propose to her to-night. There is not the smallest chance that anyone will look there for them. And after the hint he threw out to her his nonappearance will influence her badly against him. Then I shall be there to add to the supposition of carelessness. In the rebound she may say "Yes" to me. There lies my chance, and her word once given she is not the one to take it back again.

He drives toward Hilton park with a rising spirit. Discovery for himself is impossible. It will all be laid to the charge of some servant's carelessness if ever those garments are found in that old box.

The lights are beginning to burn low in the conservatories. The night is indeed so far advanced that morning treads upon its heels.

Envious streaks
Night's candles are burnt out;
Yonder star
O'er nearly so at all events. The dowagers are beginning to think of asking for their carriages. The girls, however, still cling fondly to the dance. All save one, perhaps, Miss Hastings, sitting beneath the shade of a huge myrtle in one of the glass houses, is looking pale and fatigued and listless. Even the lively sallies of her companion Mark Walton fail to raise her to a state of anything even bordering on enjoyment.

"You are tired," says Walton at last, in a tone full of sympathetic tenderness. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Who can minister to a head diseased?" returns she with a faint smile. "And I confess mine has begun to ache badly. However, don't let us talk of it. Dwelling upon

tooth ache or headache only seems to aggravate the pains of either. Think of something else—your cousin, for example; he is not here to-night."

"No. Isn't it strange? and as a fact I know he meant coming. But that is Rupert exactly; he will be enthusiastic one moment and the next utterly indifferent. I expect," with a careless laugh, "he fell asleep after dinner and forgot all about Lady Daintree and her ball."

"I daresay," says Miss Hastings calmly. "So like Rupert," goes on Mark, laughing still. "A charming fellow, but perfectly inconsequent. Never in thorough earnest about anything, in spite of that little solemn air of his. Perhaps that's where his charm comes in. There is too much of the intense quantity round just now. We grow tired of it. Rupert as a sample of harmless insouciance is positively to be admired."

"Yes?" says Miss Hastings. She seems to grow more tired every moment. "Yet you think he lacks something?"

"Well, yes, a good deal in fact," says Mark, convulsed with inward laughter, as he thinks of his cousin's lack of trousers at this time. "His understanding, for example, is bare—very bare." He would have given almost anything to be able to say under-standings, but he dares not. However, the joke, incomplete as it is, is delightful to him. "He doesn't trouble himself to go into things," he pauses. The thought that Rupert is now troubled, rather, because he can't go into those things hidden in the box, once again brings dangerous laughter near to him."

"You mean he is superficial?"

"Yes, perhaps that is the word," lightly. "He cannot help taking life easily. He was brought up to that sort of thing, you see. He is so good natured and so good looking," with another kindly laugh, "that he has been rather overpraised by everyone since he came into the world. You can understand all that, can't you? Even you," with the most ingenuous glance and smile at her, "must have felt his charm. He is a special favorite, I do believe, with every girl he knows. Poor fellow; one might be tempted to envy him, except that—perhaps—he—"

"He?—What?" asks Miss Hastings, turning a slow but compelling glance at him.

"Well, nothing really, you know?" with a gentle reluctance; "only as it can't be always summer with us, one would prefer to be something more substantial than a mere butterfly."

"Meaning your cousin?" says she.

"Well, yes, dear old fellow. When the storm breaks over his head (and I fear it cannot be long delayed—that old place of his has let him for considerable money losses this spring) I scarcely know he will do."

"He is in difficulties?" questions she.

"Well—er—not just at the moment, you know; but it is a mere question of time, I should say. However," laughing gaily again, "this is no way to amuse you when you feel tired. Let us rather think that Rupert will find a way out of his troubles. Marriage with an heiress for example, would square him at once. Let us hope he will find one shortly."

"It seems a poor solution," says she with downcast eyes. Her eyes have taken a disdainful curve. She has grown pink, and then white, and pink again, and now at last remains white to the very lips. Has it been so with him? Is she only the mere heiress to his eyes? Her heart feels contracted; a wild desire for revenge stirs her breast.

Mark watching her knows his moment has come.

"Gwendoline," says he in a low voice. Miss Hastings starts very lightly and looks at him.

"I must speak to you," says Mark hurriedly. "All night long the words have hovered on my lips, yet I dared not utter them. I dare still less to leave you with those words unsaid. I love you! I love you Gwendoline. Long before this I would have thrown myself upon your mercy, but somehow I always fancied that there was someone else you cared for. If that be so, in pity tell me so at once."

"There is no one," says the girl, with a proud gesture. Some one! If she had been mad enough to cherish a regard for Sir Rupert he shall learn now that it was a mere passing fancy of no value, of no strength whatsoever—a mere fancy as light and fleeting as his own.

"No one?" repeats Mark. Then Gwendoline, may I—dare I hope that you—"

"That I—?" She is looking deliberately at him. There is no nervous anxiety, no bashfulness in her glance. Her face is set and white and hard.

"Will you marry me!" exclaimed Mark, blurring out the words hurriedly, as if to find others more gracious is impossible to him. Her eyes seem to be reading his very brain. "I have told you I love you as no man, I believe, ever loved a woman before. Say you will accept that love."

For a while she hesitates. She does not dislike Mark Walton; indeed, it might be said she even likes him, and beyond doubt, in spite of the brusqueness of his wooing, there is sincerity in it. The man is terribly in earnest. And to be sincere, in earnest—to be no mere paltry trifler upon the face of the earth—ah! That is something; that is much. As for that other! Well—well—well! Some little thread within her heart seems to give way. It is all over then, that dream? He had meant nothing—nothing. If he had would he have failed to be here with her to-night? especially after those words he had whispered to her when he placed her in the carriage in the afternoon.

Once more the hot, angry offended blood mounts to her brow, as she remembers his look and tone. And she had believed, and dwelt upon the promise the veiled word contained all through the evening; had heard them while donning her prettiest gown to go and meet him; had lived in a fool's paradise since they had been uttered.

She turns with a sort of angry vehemence to Mark.

"If—if you want me to marry you," says she in a little choked tone, "I—," she breaks down.

"If?" exclaims he, seizing her hand. "Am I to understand that you say 'yes' to me, Gwendoline?"

"Yes," says she in a voice that has fallen into the vaguest whisper.

Sitting in the drawing room next morning about 12 o'clock, Miss Hastings is startled by hearing the door opened and a visitor announced—Sir Rupert Walton!

She had expected Mark, but not so early (he had returned home with the Hiltons last night—this morning rather) and certainly she had not expected Sir Rupert. Mrs. Hastings is as yet in her room, fatigued by last night's duties, and a feeling of despair mingles with the natural indignation that

swells Gwendoline's breast as she rises to receive her visitor.

A reluctant glance at his face, however, disarms half her wrath.

He is looking pale, haggard, miserable. He advances toward her rapidly, though uncertainly, and rather takes her hand than gives his own. His look is imploring. It is by no means the carelessly gay expression of one who "is never thoroughly in earnest about anything."

Sir Rupert looks terribly in earnest just now.

"I don't know what you have been thinking of me," exclaims he in a quick; breathless way; altogether unlike his usual smiling calm. "One would think all the fates had banded together to destroy me. You know I meant to be there last night, Gwendoline. You know that."

"You said so," returns she quite quietly. She has withdrawn her hand.

"Yes; I said it, and—and I hoped you would know what alone I was going there for—what I meant to say—what I hoped to hear, and—"

"And after all you didn't come," says she, smiling. "You chose instead to fall asleep by your library fire, even though the gaining of an heiress was in question!" Oh! the scorn in her tone.

"Gwendoline!" He stops short as if she had struck him and turns very white. "Do you think—do you mean—If you think that, there is no more to be said." He takes up his hat and makes a movement towards the door. His face has grown cold, haggard.

Seeing the change in it and the nobility and truthfulness underlying all her heart misgives her. She feels faint. What if there has been a mistake after all!

"What am I to think?" she says painfully, "except that you either forgot all about me or else—changed your mind."

"You are wrong in both thoughts," says he; "I—," he grows embarrassed, and then vehemently, "I must explain to you. The fact is, when I went to dress myself I couldn't find part of my evening clothes anywhere. I know you will think it extraordinary that I had nothing to fall back upon no second suit, but I had given away my others and was waiting to go to town next week to give a new order to my tailor. It seems absurd to have to explain like this, yet you must hear."

"No, no," says the girl, rising to her feet with a face now as white as his own. "I must not indeed. I, faintly, 'dare not. I—last night—your cousin, Mr. Walton—proposed to me, and I—"

"You—!"

He has taken a step forward and is gazing at her as if defying her to finish her sentence.

"Accepted him!" says she in a tone sharp with misery.

They are still standing facing each other, mute with despair, when Mark Walton is ushered into the room. Something in the strained attitude of both tells him all he wants to know—more indeed, far more than he wants to know. To carry things, however, with a high hand, to ignore all emotion, strikes him as the best thing to be done under the circumstances.

"Ah! an early visit, Rupert," says he, addressing his cousin, when he has bowed with a tender sense of possession over Miss Hastings' cold hand. "Well, you have had the pull over me; of course. You have had your good night's rest, while I have been turning night into day. By the way, what happened to you last evening? Both Miss Hastings—Gwendoline (with purposeful correction and a beaming smile at his pale fiancée, who does not return it)—and I were wondering what on earth had become of you."

There is no answer. Something in the impassive silence warns Mark of danger. To declare the situation at once seems to him the only safe plan open to him.

"Have you been telling my cousin of our engagement?" asked he of Gwendoline with a charming smile.

"Yes," answered she coldly.

Sir Rupert turns upon him a face white with anger.

"You have deliberately stolen a march upon me," says he, "even though I have no doubt you are of more consequence in Miss Hastings' eyes than I am (she has proved that). Still, when you knew, when you had elicited from me the fact that I meant to—to—," his voice sinks, and his eyes fall with a very charming homage before hers—

"offer her all I had to offer—a heart" (this to her alone) "you might, I think, have had enough honorable feeling in you to have put off your proposal for a few hours."

"He knew?" asked Miss Hastings, beneath her breath.

"Yes, I knew," says Mark boldly. "I knew, too, the instability of your character. I waited. Miss Hastings will herself tell you I did not propose to her until half the guests had left; after that I felt you had forgotten your promise to meet her."

"You felt nothing of the sort," says Sir Rupert decidedly. He might have said more, but that one of the servants is coming into the room checks him. The man advances to Sir Rupert—a telegram on a salver.

"One of your servants brought it, sir, and he is waiting," he says.

Further explanation is unnecessary. The rather foolish head of George appears in the doorway, and the voice of Georges comes right up the room.

"If you please, Sir Rupert, hearin' as 'ow you was put out about them breeks o' yours 'bout 'em, I'd come an' tell ye 'bout 'em. But I'm late, sir, it seems, Mr. Walton there will be for tellin' you everythin'."

"Who, I?" says Mark, paling, however.

"I think perhaps if I were to speak to him outside—," says Sir Rupert to Gwendoline.

"No; let him speak here," says she, with decision. Womanlike she has jumped to a conclusion, and to do her no injustice she has not jumped far wrong.

"Go on, George," says Sir Rupert calmly. "You know about those missing garments of mine, then?"

"Why, yes, sir. But I'm no good to speak," bashfully. "If," glancing directly at Mark, "Mr. Walton would explain now—"

"What the devil have I got to do with it?" says Mark vehemently.

"Why, sir, only this—I saw you put 'em into the closet off Sir Rupert's room—"

"Oh! this is monstrous!" says Mark, livid. "Does the fellow suggest that I am a somnambulist—that I walk in my sleep—that I—"

"He has suggested nothing that I am aware of," interrupts his cousin, regarding

him curiously. "You can examine him yourself."

"I decline. I refuse to do anything of the sort," replies Mark, furiously. "Order him from the room; that is your business."

"Please, Sir Rupert," says the man very respectfully, "I'll go, if so be as you wish it, but—"

"No, stay," says Miss Hastings quickly. "The sooner this affair is cleared up the better. Sir Rupert, ask him what he means about that closet."

"Why, this, miss," says the man. "I happened to be in the next room, the one off Sir Rupert's, when I heard a step, and knowin' the master to be out, I just looked through the top glass of the door leadin' into the room I was in an' I see Mr. Walton there, with a not too friendly glance at Mark now, 'takin' up Sir Rupert's evenin' breeches, axin' yer parding, miss, and carryin' 'em off to the closet. I heard, too the closin' of the big oak trunk inside of that closet, an' when I come home an' Gregory, the butler, miss, told me of the awful mul that was last night through Sir Rupert's no bein' able to dress himself an' go to that ball I remembered me about all I'd seen through them panes an' I told him about Mr. Walton takin' the trousers an'—"

"You lie; fellow!" cries Mark, quivering with rage. "Rupert—Miss Hastings, will you stand by and—"

"Did Gregory find the trousers in that box?" asks Sir Rupert of the astonished George.

"Why, yes, sir. I'm sorry if—"

"That will do. Go!" says Rupert, and the man obeys him.

There is silence for a moment then.

"Was that what you meant when you said you would by foul means or fair prevent me from proposing to Miss Hastings?" asks Sir Rupert with such concentrated scorn in his cold voice as makes his cousin quail.

"That was foul indeed!"

"Gwendoline, you at least will believe in me. I have your word that you will marry me. You will not prove false to that! You will not give ear to these vile calumnies?"

Falsely itself rings through the violent asseverance of his tone.

"What of the calumnies you uttered last night?" says she, trembling but full of courage.

"Knowing what you did how did you dare describe your cousin to me as calmly sleeping by the fire forgetful of all things, when—"

"You refuse me a hearing then. You, too believe me guilty of this thing," says Mark rising, his voice hoarse, his eyes malignant.

"I believe Sir Rupert would have been at Lady Daintree's last night had it not been made impossible to him."

"Ah! ah," cries Mark wildly, losing now all control over himself. "You would believe anything because you are infatuated about him. You are as vulgarly in love with him as any Phyllis with her Corydon."

"Silence, sir!" cries Sir Rupert.

"I will not be silent," furiously, "and as the end has come learn then that I did do my best to prevent your appearance at the ball last night. But you—"

"—was all true! But you," turning to Gwendoline, who has shrunk back and would have fallen except for Sir Rupert's protecting arm, "You will rue this day. If you think he can love you as I do you will make a mistake. Marry him—marry him—and repent at leisure. The more leisure for repentance the more I shall be pleased."

He walks out of the room.

Sir Rupert still holds Gwendoline close to his heart. Indeed she had been on the point of fainting.

"Oh, is he gone?" says she, bursting into tears.

"Yes, forever. I hope, so far as we are concerned. And now Gwendoline, I will risk no further chances. Tell me, tell me that I may hope."

"Oh, you know it!" said she sobbing, with her face against his breast. "Only how can you bear to look at me again after all I said to you?"

"There is only one thing I can remember," says he holding her close to him. "It was that—about your being an heiress." He draws his breath quickly, in a hurt sort of way.

"Ah! He said that among other dreadful accusations," cries she. "I can't recall the others; they don't seem to matter now. But that cut me to the heart. You will not forgive it, Rupert, ever. I know you won't. You, tightening her arms about him and holding him with all her might, "you had better go away at once and forget me."

"That's easier said than done," says Sir Rupert laughing, though rather unsteadily. "If I went to the ends of the world do you think I should forget you? No!"

"Are you sure?" whispers she.

"Quite sure. And you, Gwendoline? You love me? You will marry me?"

"Some day," softly.

"That sounds terribly far off. I may tell my mother we are engaged, however?"

"Oh no, not yet. I should be ashamed. Just think," nervously, "to-day to be engaged to your cousin, to-morrow to you; it sounds so horrid."

"It is even worse than that," says he, laughing. "I am afraid it has all occurred in one day! Never mind, if you like to wait a week or so, why we shall have our secret all to ourselves and that will make it even sweeter. But it mustn't be more than a week's secrecy, darling, because autumn is the nicest time for going abroad. Early autumn. You like Switzerland in September, don't you?"

"Yes, very much," replies Miss Hastings meekly and with a soft blush.

It Looks Easy.

"I never tried but once to step off a moving street car," said a Detroit lady in conversation with a friend with whom she was sitting.

"Did you get a fall?"

"No. I had heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just stepped out as if I had been accustomed to it."

"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"

"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprang all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the sidewalk I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim: 'It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested.' I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a street car in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."—Detroit Free Press.

When and Whom to Marry.

Whom to marry and when to marry are grave questions that confront many people who have not yet come to feel that marriage is a lottery.

Hence arise questions like the following:

1. How can I tell when I love?
2. Can I afford to marry, if poor?
3. What sort of a person will I be happy with?
4. Will I always be loved?
5. Will I always love?
6. Will I ever see somebody whom I will love more?
7. Shall I marry young or shall I wait until I am mature?
8. Should a man marry a widow?
9. Should a girl marry a widower?
10. Is it always well to marry if one loves?
11. Is there love at first sight?
12. What is love at first sight?

And many others.

Ye who are married can best answer many of these questions. Only one who has made experiments in marriage in all its phases could singly answer all of them. And not unlikely the result of such experiment would prove anything but edifying.

I am, therefore prepared only to give the result of my own venture in the matrimonial boat as a partial guide, completing the latter by giving the results of other men's and women's ventures or marriages.

Probably the first approach of that tender feeling known as love is felt when at school a red cheek seems to the average boy lovely as a peach, and he respects the possessor for her gift. Maybe a big blue eye strikes him as prettier than any he has seen in the picture book mother bought him for a Christmas present, and he wishes that he might have this living picture book near by to look at when he chooses.

Now, she with the red cheek or she with the big blue eye may see across the aisle in the little school-room a bright little fellow whose clothes fit as nicely and look as pretty as those on the doll she takes delight in fondling at home.

For a doll is the first object outside the immediate household for which your little daughter shows any liking. The doll is her beau ideal. To win her favor one must conform to that model.

Its shape, the color of its hair and eyes, its clothing speak to her in language mystic and full of meaning. To her it is the symbol of mother's care, first love, wifely devotion and perhaps the incentive of those sweet flatteries that in after years may turn some poor fellow's head.

The influence of the doll is never lost; it survives through life. Behind it is all the desire of possessing something to respond to the feelings, and rather than not have anything we too frequently take what does not satisfy our desires.

And as our impressions of what we need are true or false, so will possession bring joy or sorrow, and when the question comes to us, whom and when shall we marry? We should inquire into our needs and ascertain just what sort of a partner will supply our needs.

The question should never resolve itself into whether blonde should marry blonde, whether brunette should marry brunette, or whether partners should be of different complexions. An investigation on the complexion hypothesis might prove entertaining, but would, I fear, bring us back to where we started.

But to my answers:

1. You are in love when you absolutely need the object of your affection.
2. A poor person can afford to marry if marriage will increase the possibilities of escape from poverty.
3. You will be happy with one whose tastes, education and moral views are similar to your own.
4. You always will be loved if you observe the above rules and do not lose sight of the fact that
5. Still in mutual suffrage lies the secret of true living: Love scarce is love that does not know the sweetness of forgiving.
6. You always will love if you realize that obedience to duty is the only medicine for conscience, and that perfect happiness in this world at least is but a shadow of a dream.
7. You will see somebody whom you will love more when your sense of duty becomes blunted, which will only happen in case you have not observed the first rule laid down.
8. Marry young if your nature has developed fully; if not, wait until your nature has developed. Rather than marry when undeveloped never marry at all.
9. Marry a widow according to rules laid down previously.
10. Same as number 8.
11. Always marry if you truly love, but do not confound fancy and infatuation with the noble passion.
12. There is love at first sight, but it is simply a quick and mutual apprehension of similarity in tastes, education and moral views.

Hard on the Clerks.

There is consternation among the clerks of the Provincial Bank of Ireland whose directors have decreed that none of their clerks is to marry until his salary reaches £150 a year. This edict would not be considered so tyrannical were it not for the fact that the possible maximum of a bank clerk's salary is only £120 in most cases, so that the new rule may be regarded as one to enforce celibacy. But if the new rule is to be continued, the clerks argue, it will surely be unjust to oblige them to each contribute £4 per year to the "widows' fund," besides the special payments exacted from beneficiaries who marry when they have attained 40 years of age. Those who are to have no wives cannot well leave widows, and it is hard for those condemned to lives of celibacy to be taxed for the benefit of other men's widows. It may be presumed that the hardship of the rule is not perceived by the directors who daily came in contact with a whole army of men that pass their lives in single blessedness (?) and make no complaint about the matter. The directors ought to consider, however, that the attitude of the will in relation to any condition is everything in making that condition tolerable or otherwise.

In the case of the celibate ecclesiastics their lot is one of choice, and is influenced by religious considerations. In the case of the bank clerks it is a condition forced upon them and from which, no doubt, the great body of them would gladly escape. It is doubtful whether such a tyrannical rule can be applied. The directors seem to be ignorant of the proverb "wide will wear, but tight will tear."

Novel Advertising.

The competition among traders, manufacturers, etc., has in these last days led to an unprecedented effort to attract the attention of the public to their wares. This is an age of advertising, and many and ingenious are the methods pursued. For the business man who ignores this fact there is only one end, and that is failure. Even the steady-going German recognizes the advantage and necessity of letting the world know what one has in the way of provision to supply the world's wants; and has conceived the novel idea of advertising the productions of the Fatherland by sending out floating bazaars to visit all the principal ports of the world. A London correspondent writes:

A German steamer which is intended to make the round of the ports of the world, carrying a floating bazaar as a cargo, is now being loaded at Hamburg, and the originators of the idea hope that she will sail before the end of June. Steadily are to be erected on the decks, and German goods will be displayed to all advantage. There will be curiosities and side shows, refreshments peculiar to the German nation and music by the fatherland's composers given by faultless Teutonic bands. A small army of commercial travellers will invite largely all possible customers at every port of call. There was an idea of having young ladies to preside over some of the stalls, but it did not commend itself to favor, some of the older heads thinking the damsels might part with their own sensitive hearts as well as with their goods and quit the ship altogether. Each voyage is to last two years and the first stoppage will probably be New York. The great ship and her cargo have cost a quarter of a million pounds.

"Death is Swallowed up in Victory."

Slow beats the pulse in yonder wasted form; It soon must yield as sweeps the final storm; No power can save, But His who gave, While sluggish drags the crimson current warm The eager eyes of fond ones look through mist; Their eyes attend for faintest word still list; But in that room, Oppressed with gloom, When lo! a strain, An earnest watcher murmurs "Death is near," As Faith despondent yields itself to Fear; Makes weeping vain— "I go from death to life," with joy they hear.

There was shipped to the Globe Printing Co., of Toronto, last week, by the Watrous Engine Works Co., of Brantford, a steel boiler 66" in diameter, 14 feet long. The bottom of the boiler was made of one steel plate 14 feet long x 7 feet wide, and the top of two plates only. This is probably the first boiler in Canada made with the bottom of but one sheet, and marks a new departure in the manufacture of return tubular boilers. Users of steam are finding out that it is a great advantage to have no seams or joints over the fire, and the demand is steadily growing for boilers made with but one sheet on the bottom. The Watrous Company are to be congratulated on the advance they have made in this direction, and no doubt it will lead to a very large business to them in their boiler department. We might mention that this department is one of the best equipped in Canada, having all the latest improvements for boiler makers, and the capacity for turning out the heaviest work. They are just finishing six boilers 60" in diameter, 16 ft. long for the North Pacific Lumber Co., each of which is made of but two sheets. Also two 66x14 boilers for the British American Starch Co., of Brantford. Any person requiring boiler work will do well to consult them.

The latest fancy in necklaces is a cord of white silk having a slide of diamonds and ends studded with the same sparkling jewels.

All Men

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Country Talk.

Elma.

Picnics are on the tapis in different parts of the township.

Court of Revision met in Atwood last Saturday. Report will be published next week.

The Silver Corner cheese factory disposed of their May cheese, 124 boxes, last Thursday to a Listowel buyer at 8 3/4c. About \$700 was realized for the lot.

Donegal.

We are sorry to hear that Archie McGillance has had another attack of that severe and painful disease—blood poisoning. Mr. McGillance is entering on the dawn of manhood, and his quiet, pleasant, and winning ways have won the hearts of all. He is now under the skillful treatment of Drs. Parke and Rutherford.

Turnberry.

Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Powell, in company with Mrs. Jas. Powell, spent Sunday taking in the scenery along the shore of Lake Huron.

Geo. Chrysler left for Michigan last Thursday. Geo. intends studying there with a view of getting into the teaching profession in that State.

The Brussels Brass Band were in Wroxteter Tuesday evening serenading our successful candidate, T. Gibson. After supplying music for some time Mr. Gibson made a suitable speech, thanking them for the delightful music and the creditable manner in which the members of the Band displayed their talent for music. He then came down liberally with regard to money matters which made the boys joyful on their homeward way.

A fine joke is circulating around here at the expense of one of the Conservative electors. In the full expectation that the conservative candidate would be elected this elector aided by his sons gathered up what had been pruned from the fruit trees together with a good amount of other rubbish and made a pile ready to be fired in honor of A. M. Musgrove. When the Grit boys heard that Gibson had won the day they proceeded to light the pile, when out came the man and his sons to protect it. The Grits tried the next three nights to have it fired but it was still guarded by the faithful Tory and his sons. As far as can be learned the Grits have not succeeded in making a bonfire of the pile gathered by the Conservatives. It is guarded as if it were a lump of gold. Another joke is circulating at the expense of a well-known German. It seems after marking his ballot he began thus: "To Mr. — Deputy Returning Officer. 'Will you please shoot me another ballot. My son-in-law has shoot gone to find the young catles and perhaps will not peback in time to vote. If you shoot give me dat pallot I will mark it for him. I think I shoot know how he would vote; so if you give me de pallot I will mark it de way he voads.' Result: Peals of laughter among the listeners.

Brussels.

Alex. Hunter is in Toronto.

Mrs. Barnum, of Chicago, is visiting at J. D. Ronald's.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Farrow are visiting friends in London.

Miss B. Chapman, of Wingham, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Aldrich is at Caledonia attending the funeral of her sister.

Miss Annie Rivers is visiting her brother Albert in Teeswater.

W. J. Fairfield, Ernest and Edna are away on a visit to Bellefontain.

Miss Minnie Gerry left Wednesday on a visit to relatives in Exeter.

Mrs. Turnbull, of Atwood, spent Sunday with Mrs. Turnbull in town.

Mrs. J. T. Pepper and Stanley returned from their visit to Barrie last Wednesday.

Harry Dennis, who has been laid up with typhoid fever for the last two weeks, is improving.

Mrs. S. Pearson left last Tuesday for a visit of a month or six weeks to her daughters in Manitoba.

Farmers are beginning to complain of too much rain for the crops and they can't get their roots in.

Rev. J. Ross, M.A., of Melville church, exchanged work with Rev. Mr. Forrest of Walton last Sabbath.

Mrs. J. R. Grant, Jessie, and Miss Nessie Kay left Goderich last Saturday for Winnipeg, their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Green, of Kingsville, and Mrs. White, of Mitchell, are renewing old acquaintances in and around Brussels.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wade and children left Brussels for Owen Sound last Wednesday. They intend making their home there.

A number of our sports were out fishing the other day but the catch was not very large, the speckled beauties are getting scarce.

The choir of the Methodist church here furnished the music at a lecture given in Blyth last Tuesday by Mr. Manning of Clinton. Subject: "The Tower of London."

Morris and Grey, it is reported, are going to spend \$300 in gravel on twelve miles of road. They can easily find room for more on the mile south and north of the village. One thousand dollars would be more like it. It is easily to be seen the Reeves did not travel on the gravel road last spring.

Farmers travelling on the road have it all in their own hands and should compel the council to make good roads by petitioning the county council. If they want a good road they should do this, or put in men next year who will put the road in proper repair. It is now by 50 per cent the worst road in the county and this is due to the penny wise and pound foolish policy of past years.

Newry.

Rich Gray spent Sunday last in the Classic city. He looks quite happy now.

The sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Rogers on Sabbath last is highly spoken of by those who heard it from around here.

John A. Morrison has a hive of bees that swarmed five times already. One swarm is safely housed and another has taken flight, and Johnnie knows not where. Who can beat this?

Miss Nina Wynn left on Tuesday last for an extended tour to Manitoba and the Northwest. Nina will be missed by her friends here. We wish her a safe journey and an enjoyable time.

C. H. Holmes, of the Glasgow House, must be doing a rushing business judging from the number of parcels that leave the emporium every morning. Subscribe for and advertise in THE BEE Charlie and double your sales.

Ex-Mayer McNelland is to start the road work next Monday, or rather the sidewalk. It will be pushed as far north as possible. Now is Atwood's time to meet us half way in the enterprise. Judging by the amount of sawdust scattered along the gravel and 10th line by the brogans of the Atwood youths, we think it quite in order that they should help to build it or give their quarter towards the same.

Listowel.

On Monday of last week A. Aitchison shipped a car of cheese from this station for export. Thursday A. F. MacLaren, buyer for Jas. L. Grant & Co., shipped 422 boxes. The two lots represented about \$5,000.

The trial of R. L. Lillico in connection with the note case of Archibald Riddell, of Moncton, arising out of the failure of Lillico's banking house, was heard at the General Sessions in Stratford Thursday of last week and resulted in the acquittal of the defendant.

At the recent examination of Toronto University, F. S. Selwood passed in Latin, Mathematics, English, French and German of the first year. Miss Jessie Clinie took first class honors in English, in French, in German and in Italian and second class honors in History completing her year in the course. Miss Clinie, who so highly distinguished herself at the recent Varsity exam., is a sister of W. Clinie, editor of the Banner.

About 25 Oddfellows went up from town to Mount Forest, on Wednesday night, 11th inst. In the afternoon the District meeting was held, and in the evening invitation and degree work was performed. Singing and speeches varied the program, and shortly after midnight a sumptuous supper was served. Proceedings were kept up till early morning, and the Listowel and Atwood contingent returned on the morning train well pleased with the night's work.

LAWN SOCIAL.—The lawn and pound social held in D. Lamont's beautiful grounds last Monday evening was a decided success in every particular. The grounds, although spacious, were crowded far beyond their limits with people, composed largely of Listowelites. Various amusements were participated in, and together with the excellent music furnished by the Band the time slipped away very pleasantly. The ladies of Knox church did their utmost to make the company feel at home and enjoy themselves. Proceeds amounted to \$40, which, in consideration of the nominal admission of 10c., was very good. The receipts will be applied to Knox church choir fund.

THE RIGHT MAN AT LAST.—Although the Rev. Jas. Livingstone was set down for Listowel on the first draft, it was subsequently changed and Mr. Livingstone put down for Kincardine, and Mr. Charlton, of Mt. Forest, for Listowel. The Listowel people as soon as they got word of it sent down a deputation to protest against the change. We understand that the stand the Listowel church has maintained ever since their invitation brought Mr. Livingstone in to this conference has been taken not on personal grounds or because no one else but one certain man would satisfy them, but more to vindicate their rights before the Stationing Committee. Mr. Livingstone will take charge in July. The Rev. Dr. Henderson goes to Kincardine. He has many friends here even outside of the church circle, who all wish him abundance of success.

Grey.

A big yield of fruit is looked for. Bees are doing well this kind of weather.

The showery weather is hindering masons very much from their work.

Wm. Hislop left on Tuesday of last week for St. Paul, Min., where he will seek his fortune. We wish him success.

Road work will soon be the order of the day. The roads are very much in need of repairs on account of the open winter.

A new fence has been put up on two sides of the yard at Shine's school house. It was much needed. Tom Alcock did the work.

July 1st, Canada's own holiday, will soon be here. How and where are you going to spend the day is now the question.

We have had a good share of wet weather lately but not so much as in other places. The heaviest storms went to the north and south of us.

SHEEP KILLED.—On the night of June 6th Robert Scott, 15th con., had a sheep killed by dogs in his barnyard, and on the night of June 9th Alexander Stewart, 16th con., had six lambs killed outright and six others badly injured not twenty rods from his dwelling. The dogs are not known, but the supposition is that the sheep and lambs were killed by the same dog or dogs. This is a warning to farmers to have their sheep and lambs enclosed at night.

One day recently David Campbell, 17th con., lost a valuable heavy draught mare from inflammation. She was found dead in the field. She was valued at \$130.

Hay promises to be a heavy crop. Spring grains are growing rapidly. There is a great diversity in the fall wheat crop, some fields are excellent while others will be very light.

The elections being over everybody has settled down to work again. To say that the smoke has cleared away would be putting it mild. The air was filled with fire and brimstone this time. It was followed by a sudden lowering of temperature, ending in a slight frost. The frost went in strips.

Geo. Forrest has a cat which has become very much interested in a brood of chickens. On one occasion pussy carried several of the little chicks to another part of the stable, and was there caring for them tenderly. It now carries food and puts it down for them to eat.

Monkton.

The crops in this locality look poor on account of so much rain.

There are great prospects of an abundant fruit crop this year.

Rev. Mr. Swann, of Glencoe, occupied the pulpit here on Sabbath last. He preached a very able sermon.

A friendly game of base ball was played between Monkton and Milverton on Saturday, resulting in favor of the home team. The return match will be played on June 28th. We congratulate our boys for having done so well.

Rev. F. Swann will go from Monkton to Auburn. Rev. Mr. Brandon will be his successor here. We regret having to part with Mr. Swann as he is both an able preacher and a good pastor, and his liberal spirit and kindly manner has endeared him to all our people irrespective of church differences. Mrs. Swann is very popular with the ladies of the congregation, and her willing aid in the various branches of Christian work will be much missed. Mr. and Mrs. Swann have the prayers and best wishes of their congregation and the people of Monkton, generally, in their new field of labor.

Stratford.

A boy named McHugh, employed in Mr. Orr's factory, had his hand badly lacerated on Monday of last week by the machinery.

The customs returns for the Stratford office for May showed exports, \$16,242; imports free, \$10,019; imports dutiable, \$12,915; duty collected, \$3,522.24.

The P. M. on Tuesday of last week imposed a fine of \$20 on R. Inchliffe, for assaulting H. J. Crout. The parties are neighbors and the trouble arose over a drainage matter.

The London Presbytery has sustained the call from Dr. Froudford's church, London, to Rev. W. J. Clark, who has frequently preached in Stratford, and the ordination will take place on July 2nd.

It is gratifying to his friends to notice that Adam W. Ballantyne, Stratford, who began his law studies in the office of Idington & Palmer, has passed his examination, (second year) in Toronto Law School, with credit.

The following funny incident, which was witnessed in Stratford on Saturday of last week, has been telegraphed to the associated press: T. B. Mothersill, local manager for the New York Life Insurance Company, and D. D. Hay, deputy registrar, made a wager on the election that the winner or loser was to wheel the other in a barrow two blocks along Ontario and Market streets at high noon. Both streets were lined with spectators to witness the event. The procession duly passed along at 12:30, and the two prominent citizens who were the principals were lustily cheered along the route. Mr. Mothersill, though somewhat winded, kept up a good pace throughout. The deputy registrar was so jolted that his new election silk hat came down over him like a candle extinguisher.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Atwood and surrounding country that he is in a position to do all kinds of painting in first-class style, and at lowest rates. All orders entrusted to the same will receive prompt attention.

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WM. RODDICK, Painter, Brussels.

Dairy Salt!

We have lately received a car load of Fine Dairy Salt which we are selling at

CLOSEST NETT PRICES.

Our stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,

Boots & Shoes

Hats & Caps, &c., &c., are full in every particular.

Mrs. M. Harvey
ATWOOD.

LAMONT'S MUSICAL EMPORIUM,
LISTOWEL

LIST OF NAMES TO WHOM WE HAVE SOLD ORGANS AND PIANOS DURING THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

George Barber	Listowel	John E. Baker	Dorking
H. T. Buscher	"	Nellie Guise	"
Francis Coleman	"	Mary Allingham	"
Annie Koechitel	"	Thos. Conolly	"
B. McQuay	"	Joseph Adam	"
H. H. Akey	"	Wm. Ogram	"
Jos. B. Barry	"	L. B. Dupel	Mildmay
Mary Martin	"	Annie Huebschwerfen	"
John Holmes	"	Emma Parselle	"
Joseph Anley	"	Joseph Girodat	"
Rev. C. G. Franklin	"	R. Harding	"
W. C. Kidd	"	Edward McDonagh	Mount Forest
John J. Stewart	"	R. C. Morrison	"
Mrs. James Coghill	"	John Allen	"
Matthew Danson	"	C. Callaway	"
John W. Watson	"	C. Cook	Wagram
Mary Gilson	"	Ed. Callaway	"
Henry Lindenschmidt	"	J. McLean	"
W. F. McCloy	"	John Ferguson	Farwell
Emma Ross	"	John A. Morrison	"
John Elliott	"	David Starks	"
J. P. Welkford	"	M. Potter	"
Mary Peffer	"	H. Murray	Hollin
Singleton Wilson	"	N. Cowling	Orchardville
John Hamner	Talce	Janet Leggett	"
John Welsh	"	James Hoy	"
John Davidson	"	Wm. Gordon	"
Lewis Smith	"	R. J. Henderson	Palmerston
Andrew Donaldson	Atwood	James Corvan	"
Wm. Dunn	"	C. Robertson	"
E. Johnson	"	John Bedford	"
Wm. Dickson	"	Thos. Duff	"
Thomas Dickson	"	P. E. Rittler	"
Jacob Klump	"	Jas. Balfour	"
Presbyterian church	"	Robt. Cross	"
Thomas Ballantyne	"	Isaac Robb	"
S. Shannon	"	Robt. Beamish	"
James Menzies	Burgoyne	James Chevillie	"
Thomas B. Miller	"	Richard Lobb	"
Miss Wickham	"	Walter Hayes	"
Robert Strachan	Port Elgin	Wm. Brown	"
Dr. Patheford	"	Peter McGrath	"
Matthew Hunter	"	W. T. Mitchell	"
Nellie Dewar	"	James Couits	"
Peter Helm	Mueselburg	Joseph Schalthus	"
Philip Helm	Poole	Thomas Williams	"
Wm. Kerr	Millbank	David Humphries	"
Mr. Sugesson	"	Jacob Corbett	"
Alex. Bruce	Lintrathem	Thomas Mitchell	Rothsay
Wm. Priest	Durham	Maggie McKay	"
F. W. Sturgeon	Harrison	Nellie McKay	"
A. Hughes	Milverton	H. Heseltine	"
R. C. Stewart	Molesworth	James Giles	"
David Campbell	"	Jos. Gregory	"
Wm. Ausman	"	Chas. Krouse	New Hamburg
T. and J. Gibson	"	John Hanstock	"
John Fox	"	Duncan Caldwell	Newbridge
David Campbell	Gorrie	Wm. Barber	"
Mr. McCombs	"	R. J. Henderson	"
Geo. Geiggs	"	P. J. Peters	Brunner
D. H. Halliday	"	Francis Arkens	Toppin
J. C. Jacques	"	Geo. Hiles	Newry
Richard Twainley	"	Joseph Kresner	Wallenstein
John Scott	"	Duncan Anderson	"
Alex. Cromwell	"	John Melwinie	Burns
Jos. E. Coombs	"	John Holmes	Trowsbridge
Robt. Chittenden	"	Alex. McEachem	Cotswold
Wm. Hoegl	"	Wm. Ross	"
T. J. Edgar	"	David McKay	"
Wm. Evans	"	Barney Doneghan	Carthage
James Armstrong	"	Geo. Slickney	Teviddale
James White	"	Methodist church	"
Alex. Melwinie	Dorking	Rev. Feinkbeider	Alsfeldt

J. H. McDONALD'S 50c. SECURES THE BEE FROM NOW TO JAN 1, 1891. **FOR SALE.**

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

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

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

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

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Oatmeal,
Cornmeal,
Cracked Wheat,
Graham Flour,
Sugar and Teas.

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