

**YOU CAN BUY**  
**A** Listowel Souvenir Spoon at Gunther's store. If you are going to buy a Watch or Clock come to me and you will be sure to get a good time piece at lowest price. My Fall stock is in.  
**J. H. GUNTHER, Listowel.**

# The Bee.

**If You have Anything that Needs Repairing**  
**B**RING it to Listowel, Gunther will put it in first-class order on short notice. Special attention given to fine Watches that other watchmakers have failed to make keep time.

**VOL. 2.**

**ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 28, 1891.**

**NO. 31.**

**The Boys Leaving the Farm.**

**W**HY boys leave the farm is a question upon which much has been written. It is not a problem which is wrapped in obscurity. It is not some mysterious happening, governed by laws of nature, which are beyond our comprehension. It is but a natural result following certain improper conditions. Some of the most important of these are as follows:

First.—That agriculture has not been on the curriculum for study in our public schools. This will soon be of the past, and we hail the day when our farmers' children will have the fundamental principles of their life work inculcated as part of the education which forms the foundation upon which their future career is to be built.

Second.—A reason which is much too prevalent is, that while the drudgery is the boy's share, all the management falls to the father's lot, and in it the boy is given no part. How many boys grow to manhood before they have sold a bushel of grain, much less an animal of any kind. They are left to do the plowing, harrowing, spudding, etc., while the father does the buying and selling, and plans the work all independently of the boy, who should be given an interest in such particulars, and become versed in this important part of his profession. So long as the boys are made only the navvies of the farm so long will they be driven from this noble occupation to seek other employments, and the most noble and ambitious spirits are those who are first to rebel against the monotonous drudgery of their farm life. In "Ben Hur," the author, in speaking of the gale slaves, says: "Lo, as the result of long service the poor wretches became imbruted, patient, spiritless, obedient creatures of vast muscle and exhausted intellect." Might not this be applied in a limited degree to the training which at least some of our farmers' sons receive? No! give your boys a chance, make them more than mere day laborers, let them know what is doing and why it is being done. The farmer of the House, John McMillan, M. P., has said: "Give your boy something he can call his own and you greatly decrease the danger of his leaving the farm." Give him a foal, a calf, a lamb, or even a young pig, and soon will be developed in him an enterprise and a love for his occupation, which will tend to bind him to the farm rather than drive him from it.

The last and perhaps the most particular part in which most parents fail is in the education and bringing up which the boy receives. In these days of keen competition and low prices, with the soil gradually becoming less remunerative and when it is difficult, even under favorable circumstances, to make farming pay, it is unfair to start a boy out in life without a common school education sufficient to enable him to pass the examination for entrance to the high school. It is unfair to have a boy grow up without having access to agricultural journals and other sources of agricultural information. It is unfair so to crush down the youthful ambition, and it is owing to this that farmers' boys are being driven into other channels to seek, at considerable disadvantage, some other occupation in which to earn a livelihood. The majority of our ministers, doctors, lawyers and merchants are farmers' sons. True, some of them, not preferring their former occupation, or through lack of physical development, or some other cause, have gone to seek employment elsewhere; but how many feeling confined, without scope for their ambition, wanting to be men of power, have left that most noble occupation in which their fathers were engaged, because they felt that there, under the circumstances, they could never become leading men.

Start a boy out in life with a third book education, keep him at hard drudging labor, where he has no higher ambition than to get the day in, and allow him but the local weekly as reading and what circumstances could you imagine better calculated to drive an energetic youth to seek some other employment, to choose some other occupation as a life work. With all due respect to the manual labor of the farmer's life,—for to be successful in farming depends largely on being not only a hard worker but a good workman,—it must be remembered that he is but half a man who has physical development while he lacks the mental; whose muscles are trained while his brain is neglected. Parents, consider! You are anxious that your sons should do well. Give them a chance. It is true that without an education, in at least a great many instances, you accomplished an enormous and splendid work in clearing this Province and making it the fair land it now is, and we as young men should look with pride and admiration upon the work of our fathers. But it must be remembered that there has been gradually wrought a great change. The agriculture of to-day is very different from that of forty years ago. Modern agriculture partakes of the nature of a science, a profession and a business. It is an occupation which affords room for the employment of powerful and well trained intellects, an occupation in which even the most profound intelligence becomes lost in endeavoring thoroughly to master, and one in which to be successful we require not only what little information we may gather from our own experience but

all that we can glean by diligently studying and seeking after that obtained by others. You ask where can our boys obtain this necessary information? I answer, from our agricultural journals; from the bulletins and reports issued by our experimental stations; from Farmers' Institutes; from the books written upon agriculture and the other sciences relating thereto, and lastly, from attending that institution of which our fair Dominion can boast but one, the Ontario Agricultural College, an institution which is now doing a splendid work for the Province; an institution governed by a staff who are bound to do good and impart information to those with whom they come in contact; an institution of which every Ontario farmer should feel proud, and of which the twelve or fourteen thousand who visited it this summer do feel proud; an institution whose graduates are becoming shining agricultural lights wherever located throughout the Dominion; and an institution where farmers' sons may receive at very little expense, a substantial and practical farmer's education.

Give your boys access to these sources of information and they will become, not what we farmers' boys have been dubbed by the town wags, "Clod Hoppers and Hay Seeds," but intelligent young men who, while capable of taking their place behind the plow, will be as capable of taking their place along with those of other professions on the public platform or in the public press, and who will be capable of properly representing you in Parliament and fill those seats of which too many are now occupied by men who are not farmers. They will become young men, proud of their occupation and a pride to their occupation, and you will no longer require to use your utmost persuasive powers to retain your boys on the farm.—Huron Expositor.

**The Man makes the Business.**

**SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.**

While the above heading is true to the letter, there is no doubt whatever that other contingencies are necessary in order to make or build up a successful business. But if all the other conditions are rolled into one they have not so much real, true influence upon the success or failure of a business as the individual who directs it. No matter how good the situation of the business may be, how much capital there is at the disposal of the individual or how many other advantages he may have, none of these will be fully taken advantage of if the man who is directing the affairs is not able to fully develop them. How many men have succeeded where others have failed? We have known more than one case where men have taken hold of a business that has been considered worthless yet through originality, hard work, intelligence and well directed energy built upon the ruins an admirable and lucrative trade. It is positively amazing when we come to consider what influence the head of a concern has upon a business. It is not only in devising and scheming how it shall be carried on, not only in directing and executing the ideas which are formed, but in influencing the spirit of the employees and thus getting every advantage that it is possible to obtain.

It is not the minister of religion who is introduced into the pulpit with the greatest forms or under the most advantageous circumstances, who has the greatest influence for good, or who has the capacity to draw about him the largest congregation. The fact is that history has proved time and time again that it is the one who has the least advantages to commence with who generally blossoms out into the greatest leader. No matter whether we take this country or the older countries, the story is the same. The Beechers, the Talmages, the Spurgeons, the Luthers, and many others too numerous to mention, have sprung up from the ranks, commencing at the bottom and building up fame.

If we look back into history we shall also find that the greatest generals have been the same as the greatest preachers, been more necessary in a general than in any one else that his individuality should be of a character that should inspire confidence and command respect. It is the individuality of the general which is capable of seizing the opportunities and turning defeat into victory. Self-reliance, careful and earnest work, courage and honesty are absolutely necessary.

It is the same in business as it is with the pulpit and the battlefield. If the individual is not endowed with the capacities necessary for pushing and conducting a business profitably, then success is very doubtful indeed. In every case where success has crowned the efforts of business men, there has always been a capacity to make every opportunity contribute to the success. We do not say that it is impossible for successful business men to err, for that would be a stretch of the imagination. All make mistakes but the more successful a business man is the fewer of these mistakes can be credited to him. Every opportunity that is allowed to pass by is a grave mistake, for there is no telling what it might have led to. Small things often lead to great results. Be careful, therefore, that no opportunity shall pass without its contributing its quota to your success.—National Grocer.

**SEED WHEAT.**

**REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE DOMINION MILLERS' ASSOCIATION.**

**F**OLLOWING is the report of the Seed Wheat Committee of the Dominion Millers' Association, signed by Messrs. Thos. Goldie, President, and David Plewes, Secretary.—

The Seed Wheat Committee of the Dominion Millers' Association, after investigating the matter of many different kinds of winter wheat, beg to make the following recommendations to the farmers of Ontario: The farmers' and millers' interests are identical in promoting the cultivation of those varieties of wheat producing the best grades of flour. Hence we believe it to be the duty of our association to make as public as possible all the information we have gathered on this point.

The information has been gathered from farmers and millers in Ontario, some from the United States, and considerable from the Model Farm, Guelph, which the committee was invited to visit and inspect the different varieties, some 62, of wheat grown on small plots as tests.

A large committee appointed by the association visited the Agricultural College, and was greatly pleased with the plans adopted to secure those tests. At the same time all were of the opinion that the past dry season has been very conducive to the extraordinary outturn on this farm the present year, believing that on this particular farm a wet season would cause winter wheat to suffer from rust.

Prof. Shaw and his assistant, C. A. Zavitz, rendered great assistance to the committee in aiding us to acquire all the information possible in our investigation. The following are the results growing out of our investigation, viz.:

**WHITE WHEATS.**

**Surprise Wheat**—Highly recommended. A small plot at the model farm tested 63 bushels to the acre and 62½ lbs. to the standard bushel.

**Canadian Velvet Chaff**—Highly recommended. Yield at the model farm, 59; tests, 52½ standard bushel.

**Bulgarian White**—Recommended. Yield, 46 bushels; model farm tests, 64½.

**Soules Wheat**—Our friend of yore. Considerable of this wheat grown around Plattsville.

**Rumsey Wheat**—Introduced into Brant county two years ago. Fair milling wheat.

**Democrat**—Seed obtained almost anywhere. When first this wheat was introduced some years ago it was considered to produce a flour too yellow for fall wheat flour purposes, but the millers now consider it has improved on this point and recommend farmers still to sow part of their fall wheat ground to this variety, especially in sections where it has proved itself a good yielder.

**RED WHEATS.**

**Don't sow the Roger wheat**; it has no good bread properties in it, and inclined to go to smut; and would recommend not to sow too extensively the Manchester. Information obtained so far indicates it is a soft wheat with very little gluten in it.

**Jones' Winter Fife**—Splendid strong wheat; 56 bushels at model farm; tests, 64½.

**Hybrid Mediterranean**—Good bread properties; recommended; yield, model farm, 44 bushels; tests, 64½.

Where Scott wheat and Michigan Amber can be grown successfully, millers would specially recommend them. They are both capital bread makers.

**Longberry Red**—Fair yielder; good breadmaker; accurate outturn not yet obtained.

Committee saw a German wheat in shock called Miracle; peculiar head; very dark chaff, but grain white and plump, and, we think, will be a splendid milling white wheat.

**Listowel.**

Listowel fall races will be held on the 7th and 8th October.

Miss Tennant, of Toronto, is visiting at the residence of Thos. McDowell.

J. M. Morrow is about starting a blacksmith shop on Raglan street, in the building formerly occupied by A. Morrow as a tea store.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carson, and members of each of their families, have left town for a sojourn at Chataqua.

Rev. Mr. Arehdt has resigned the pastorate of the Lutheran church in this town, and has accepted an appointment over the Lutheran congregation at Sullivan, Grey Co. He will leave Listowel about Sept. 1st.

The sale of cheese at the fair in Listowel on the 13th inst., was probably the largest ever made at any single fair in Canada, 12,550 boxes were boarded and every box was sold, nearly all bringing 9½ and 9¼ cents per pound and representing the respectable aggregate value of over \$80,000. The price was the highest reported at any place up to that day. The Elma, Molesworth, Elmbank and Donegal factories shipped the July's, the two former were the largest single factory lots, Elma shipping 53,330 lbs. cheese and receiving in cash \$4,933.02, Molesworth amount being 62,726 lbs., worth \$5,902.75. Over \$20,000 will be distributed in this immediate neighborhood for July cheese alone.

**New School Law.**

On the first of this month the act passed at the last session of the local legislature respecting truancy and compulsory school attendance came into force. The law requires that all children between the ages of eight and fourteen shall attend the public school for a full term, and failing to do so without sufficient excuse, parents, guardians and children are liable to prosecution. The "excuses" allowed by the act are, efficient instruction at home or elsewhere; sickness; no school within two miles excuses a child under ten, three miles if older; lack of school accommodation; if excused by magistrate or principal, or has passed the entrance. A justice of peace may grant a child six weeks leave of absence during each school term if he is satisfied that the services of such child are required in husbandry or in urgent or household duties. In towns and villages the municipal council shall appoint truancy officers to enforce this act; in townships the school trustees have this power, and if a child fails to attend within five days of notification by this officer, proceedings shall be instituted against the parents. The penalty is a fine of from \$5 to \$20 with the child shall attend the school. Assessors are to enter in a book, when making their assessment, the names and ages of all children of school age in the municipality, which will be compared with the school register by the truancy officer. Corporations, officers or agents of corporations neglecting to enforce this act are liable to a penalty of from \$25 to \$50. Parents will do well to bear this fact in mind and see that their children start to school now that the holidays are over.

**Huron County Notes.**

Wm. Spence, the township clerk of Grey, is away this week to the Northwest.

It is said that the number of applicants for the County Clerkship daily increases.

Thos. Gibson, M. P. P., and wife, of Gorrie, started last week on a trip to the old country.

It is reported that our friend of the Expositor is to have the honor of a libel suit.—Clinton New Era.

A. R. Smith, of Brussels, has sold the old Shine farm, containing 65 acres, to John Mitchell, of London, for the sum of \$3,200.

About 90 bicyclists from London passed through Brucefield the other day on their way to Goderich via Bayfield. It was quite an array.

The Auxiliary of Union church Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Brucefield, sent to the Indians a large box of good clothing, a great deal of it being new. Its value must have been about \$80.

A lady in Seaforth had sent to her by a friend in Nanaimo, B. C., some maple leaves as a sample of what that country produces in that line. They are certainly giants of their species, one measuring 13x19 inches.

The voters' list for the township of Hay containing as it does 1,045 voters, entitles that township to a second deputy reeve. At the municipal elections next year names of candidates for the new office will appear.

C. M. Whitney, who has been in the stove and tinware business in Seaforth for many years, and who has grown up with the place, has disposed of his business to Messrs. Mullett & Jackson, of Toronto, who have already taken possession.

One of the ladies of Brussels was seen Saturday night, Aug. 15, promenading in male attire. She made quite a boy but the clothes were rather small. A cigarette was also between the pearly teeth. Amusement is bound to show itself here.

Several of the farmers of Morris township have threshed their wheat, and the results are very satisfactory. It will average about 30 bushels to the acre. Robert Laidlaw, 8th line, had 5 acres which yielded 235 bushels. It was of the Egyptian red variety.

James McLeod, of lot 9, in the 7th con. of Kinloss, brought a grist of new wheat of the Manchester red variety to the Lucknow roller mill last week that tested 65 pounds to the bushel. It was the finest sample of fall wheat that has been seen here for years.—Lucknow Sentinel.

**Additional Local Items.**

The Fall Assizes begin the 19th of October.

J. H. GUNTHER, the Listowel jeweller, has something new to tell you this week.

REV. E. W. HUGHES, of Wingham, will preach in St. Alban's church next Sunday.

E. DUNFORD and Thos. Ainley, of Brussels, called on THE BEE Tuesday evening on their way home from Listowel.

PELLY, the friend of young Benwell, who was murdered near Woodstock a short time ago by Reginald Birchall, is in Vancouver. He thinks of settling there.

We are informed on reliable authority that E. St. Yves, formerly the hero of the hour in Atwood some months ago, has signified his intention of entering the Presbyterian ministry in Pennsylvania, where he is now residing. As a matter of importance he has written to a local English church clergyman for a certificate of character.

This fall weather reminds us of what it is to follow—fall and winter. It also reminds us that it is about time the stoves were put up, and many will be purchasing stoves of various kinds this fall, but before doing so call at the Atwood hardware store and see John Rogers' fine range of cooking, box and parlor stoves. His announcement appears elsewhere in these columns.

**AN EDITOR'S MAIL.**

Lives of poor men oft remind us  
Honest toil don't stand a chance,  
More we work we leave behind us,  
Bigger patches on our pants.  
On our pants, once new and glossy,  
Now are spots of different hue;  
All because subscribers linger,  
And won't pay us what is due.  
Then let us all be up and doing;  
Send your mite be it ever so small,  
Or when the snow of winter strikes us  
We shall have no pants at all.

The body of James Robb, who was accidentally killed by falling from a wagon, in Butte City, Montana, arrived home Tuesday night. Deceased had been a resident of Montana for upwards of twenty years, and was last home on a visit about seven years ago, and is the eldest son of Mr. Robb, 12th con. of Elma. His wife died some time ago. The funeral Wednesday was largely attended. As deceased has no living relatives in the West it was the wish of his mother that he be buried in the family plot in the Elma Centre cemetery.

LEAVING NEWRY.—As will be seen by advt. in another column, J. S. Gee, of Newry, intends going out of the store business at Newry about Oct. 1st, and will dispose of his large stock at and below cost. Now is the time for our readers to purchase cheap goods. Mr. Gee's withdrawal from business will be regretted by his customers and the public generally, as he was a thorough business man and, by his obliging and straightforward manner, won many warm friends in this locality. Wherever he may decide to locate he carries with him the best wishes of THE BEE for his future success.

**Brussels.**

Mrs. Robt. Armstrong's only sister died on Aug. 14, in Ioco Co., Mich., aged 67 years.

Topsy D., the celebrated runner owned by Beattie Bros. of this town, took 1st money at the Hanover races.

The salt block has shut down as repairs to the pan are necessary. They have quite a quantity of salt on hand at the block, however.

Thos. Ainley injured his right hand a few days ago by it coming in contact with a panel sander in Smith, Malcolm & Gibson's factory.

G. T. R. painters have been refreshing the depot and other buildings in their yard here and have made a great improvement in the appearance of things thereby.

**NEWS OF THE DAY.**

President Harrison draws his salary monthly in neat little cheques of \$4,166.67.

France boasts of her standing army of 500,000 men. Why the United States has more pensioners than that.

A bill to fix the standard of time was given its first reading in the House of Commons Friday.

"Old Hutel" is credited with having made \$600,000 on the recent rise in wheat at Chicago.

There were 17 business failures in Canada and 199 in the States during the past week, as compared with 20 and 172 respectively last year.

The steamship Teutonic beat all former records on her last trip across the Atlantic. She made the trip 2,788 miles in 5 days 16 hours and 31 minutes.

The long-expected memoirs of Count von Moltke were printed in Friday's London Times to the extent of five columns. They deal with the military details of the war of 1870.

Natural gas was struck at Belleville last week at a depth of 120 feet. The flow caused a flame 4 feet high, which burned all day. At night the hole was plugged, and the drilling was continued.

# THE SISTERS

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL.

And then, on the brightest of bright summer mornings, they came to Melbourne. They did not quite know what they had expected to see, but what they did see astonished them. The wild things caught in the bush, and carried in cages to the Eastern market, could not have felt more surprised or dismayed by the novelty of the situation than did these intrepid damsels when they found themselves launched into the world they were so anxious to know. For a few minutes after their arrival they stood together silent, breathless, taking it all in; and then Patty—yes, it was Patty—exclaimed:

"Oh, where is Paul Brion?"

Paul Brion was there, and the words had no sooner escaped her lips than he appeared before them. "How do you do, Miss King?" he said, not holding out his hand, but taking off his hat with one of his father's formal salutations, including them all. "I hope you have had a pleasant passage. If you kindly tell me what luggage you have, I will take you to your cab; it is waiting for you just here. Three boxes? All right. I will see after them."

He was a small, slight, wiry little man, with decidedly brusque, though perfectly polite manners; active and self-possessed, and, in a certain way of his own, dignified, notwithstanding his low stature. He was not handsome, but he had a keen and clever face—rather fierce as to the eyes and mouth, which latter was adorned with a fierce little moustache curling up at the corners—but pleasant to look at, and one that inspired trust.

"He is not a bit like his father," said Patty, following him with Eleanor, as he led Elizabeth to the cab. Patty was angry with him for overhearing that "Where is Paul Brion?"—as she was convinced he had done—and her tone was disparaging.

"As the mother duck said of the ugly duckling, if he is not pretty he has a good disposition," said Eleanor. He is like his father in that. It was very kind of him to come and help us. A press man must always be terribly busy."

"I don't see why we couldn't have managed for ourselves. It is nothing but to call a cab," said Patty with irritation.

They arrived at the cab, in which Elizabeth had seated herself with the bewildered Dan in her arms, her sweet, open face all smiles and sunshine. Paul Brion held the door open, and, as the younger sisters passed him, looked at them intently with searching eyes. This was a fresh offence to Patty, at whom he certainly looked most. Impressions new and strange were crowding upon her brain this morning thick and fast. "Elizabeth," she said, unconscious that her brilliant little countenance, with that flush of excitement upon it, was enough to fascinate the gaze of the dullest man; "Elizabeth, he looks at us as if we were curiosities—he thinks we are dowdy and countryified and it amuses him."

"My dear," interposed Eleanor, who, like Elizabeth, was (as she herself expressed it) reeking with contentment, "you could not have seen his face if you think that. He was as grave as a judge."

"Then he pities us, Nelly, and that is worse. He thinks we are queer outlandish creatures—frights. So we are. Look at those women on the other side of the street, how differently they are dressed! We ought not to have come in these old clothes, Elizabeth."

"But, my darling, we are travelling, and anything does to travel in. We will put on our black frocks when we get home, and we will buy ourselves some new ones. Don't trouble about such a trifle now, Patty—it is not like you. Oh, see what a perfect day it is! And think of our being in Melbourne at last! I am trying to realize it, but it almost stuns me. What a place it is! But Mr. Paul says our lodgings are in a quiet, airy street—not in this noisy part. Ah, here he is! And there are the three boxes all safe. "Thank you so much," she said warmly, looking at the young man of the world, who was some five years older than herself, with frankest friendliness, as a benevolent grandmamma might have looked at an obliging schoolboy. "You are very good—we are very grateful to you."

"Your lodgings are in Myrtle street, Miss King. That is in East Melbourne, you know—quite close to the gardens—quite quiet and retired, and yet within a short walk of Collins street, and handy for all the places you want to see. You have two bedrooms and a small sitting-room of your own, but take your meals with the other people of the house; you won't mind that, I hope—it made a difference of about thirty shillings a week, and is the most usual arrangement. Of course you can alter anything you don't like when you get there. The landlady is a Scotchwoman—I know her very well, and can recommend her highly—I think you will like her."

"But won't you come with us?" interposed Elizabeth, putting out her hand. "Come and introduce us to her, and see that the cabman takes us to the right place. Or perhaps you are too busy to spare the time?"

"I—I will call on you this afternoon, if you will permit me—when you have had your lunch and rested a little. Oh, I know the cabman quite well, and can answer for his taking you safely. This is your address"—hastily scribbling it on an envelope he drew from his pocket—and the landlady is Mrs. McIntyre. Good morning. I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you at 4 or 5 o'clock."

Then they went into the house—the middle house of a smart little terrace, with a few ragged fern trees in the front garden—and Mrs. McIntyre took them up to their rooms, and showed them drawers and cupboards, in a motherly and hospitable manner.

"And I hope you will be comfortable," concluded the amiable landlady, "and let me know whenever you want anything. There's a bathroom down that passage, and this is your bell, and those drawers have not keys, you see, and lunch will be ready in half-an-hour. The dining-room is the first door at the bottom of the stairs, and—pew! that tobacco smoke hangs about the place still, in spite of all my cleaning and airing. I never allow smoking in the house, Miss King—not in the general way; but a man who has to be up o' nights writing for the newspapers, and never getting his proper sleep, it's hard to grudge

him the comfort of his pipe—now isn't it? And I have no ladies here to be annoyed by it—in general I don't take ladies, for gentlemen are so much more comfortable to do for; and Mr. Brion is so considerate, and gives so little trouble—"

"What! Is Mr. Paul Brion lodging here?" broke in Patty impetuously, with her face aflame.

"Not now," Mrs. McIntyre replied. "He left me last week. These rooms that you have got were his—he has had them for over three years. He wanted you to come here, because he thought you would be comfortable with me"—smiling benignly. "He said a man could put up anywhere."

At four o'clock, when they had visited the bathroom, arranged their pretty hair afresh, and put on the black print gowns—when they had had a quiet lunch with Mrs. McIntyre (whose other boarders being gentlemen in business, did not appear at the mid-day meal,) prattling cheerfully with the landlady the while, and thinking that the cold beef and salads of Melbourne were the most delicious viands ever tasted—when they had examined their rooms minutely, and tried the sofas and easy-chairs, and stood for a long while on the balcony looking at the other houses in the quiet street—at four o'clock Paul Brion came; and the maid brought up his card, while he gossiped with Mrs. McIntyre in the hall. He had no sooner entered the girl's sitting room than Elizabeth hastened to unburden herself. Patty was burning to be the spokeswoman for the occasion, but she knew her place, and she remembered the small effect she had produced on him in the morning, and proudly held aloof. In her sweet and graceful way, but with as much gravity and earnestness as if it were a matter of life and death, Elizabeth explained her view of the situation. "Of course we cannot consent to such an arrangement," she said gently; "you must have known we could never consent to allow you to turn out of your own rooms to accommodate us. You must please come back again, Mr. Brion, and let us go elsewhere. There seem to be plenty of other lodgings to be had—even in this street."

Paul Brion's face wore a pleasant smile as he listened. "Oh, thank you," he replied lightly. "But I am very comfortable where I am—quite as much so as I was here—rather more, indeed. For the people at No. 6 have set up a piano on the other side of that wall"—pointing to the cedar chiffoniers—"and it bothered me dreadfully when I wanted to write. It was the piano drove me out—not you. Perhaps it will drive you out too. It is a horrible nuisance, for it is always out of tune; and you know the sort of playing that people indulge in who use pianos that are out of tune."

CHAPTER VII.  
A MORNING WALK.

But they slept well in their strange beds, and by morning all their little troubles had disappeared.

After breakfast they had a solemn consultation, the result being that the forenoon was dedicated to the important business of buying their clothes and finding their way to and from the shops.

"For we must have bonnets," said Patty, "and that immediately. Bonnets, I perceive, are the essential tokens of respectability. And we must never ride in a cab again."

They set off at 10 o'clock, escorted by Mrs. McIntyre, who chanced to be going to the city to do some marketing. The landlady, being a very fat woman, to whom time was precious, took the omnibus, according to custom; but her companions with one consent refused to squander unnecessary threepences by accompanying her in that vehicle. They had a straight road before them all the way from the corner of Myrtle street to the fish market, where she had business; and there they joined her when she had completed her purchases, and she gave them a fair start at the foot of Collins street before she left them.

In Collins street they spent the morning—a bewildering, exciting, anxious morning—going from shop to shop, and everywhere finding that the sum they had brought to spend was utterly inadequate for the purpose to which they had dedicated it. They saw any quantity of pretty soft stuffs, that were admirably adapted alike to their taste and means, but to get them fashioned into gowns seemed to treble their price at once; and, as Patty represented, they must have one, at any rate, that was made in the mode before they could feel it safe to manufacture for themselves. They ended by choosing—as a measure of comparative safety, for thus only could they know what they were doing, as Patty said—three ready-made costumes that took their fancy, the combined cost of which was a few shillings over the ten pounds. They were merely morning dresses of black woollen stuff; ladylike, and with a captivating style of "the world" about them, but in the lowest class of goods of that kind dispensed in those magnificent shops. Of course that was the end of their purchases for the day; the selection of mantles, bonnets, gloves, boots, and all the other little odds and ends on Elizabeth's list was reserved for a future occasion.

It was half-past twelve by this time, and at one o'clock Mrs. McIntyre would expect them to lunch. They wanted to go home by way of those green enclosures that Paul Brion had told them of, and of which they had had a glimpse yesterday—which the landlady had assured them was the easiest thing possible. They had but to walk right up to the top of Collins street, turn to the right, where they would see a gate leading into gardens, pass straight through those gardens, cross a road and go straight through other gardens, which would bring them within a few steps of Myrtle street—a way so plain that they couldn't miss it if they tried.

"Dear me! we shall be reduced to the ignominious necessity of asking our way," exclaimed Eleanor, as they stood forlornly on the pavement, jostled by the human tide that flowed up and down. "If only we had Paul Brion here!"

It was very provoking to Patty, but he was there. Being a small man, he did not come into view till he was within a couple of yards of them, and that was just in time to overhear this invocation. His ordinarily fierce aspect, which she had disrespectfully likened to that of Dan when another terror had insulted him, had for the moment disappeared. The little man showed all over him the pleased surprise with which he had caught the sound of his own name.

"Have you got so far already?" he exclaimed, speaking in his sharp and rapid way, while his little moustache bristled with such a smile as they had not thought him capable of. "And—and can I assist you in any way?"

Elizabeth explained their dilemma; upon which he declared he was himself going to East Melbourne (whence he had just come, after his morning sleep and noonday breakfast, and asked leave to escort them thither. "How fortunate we are!" Elizabeth said, turning to walk up the street by his side; and Eleanor told him he was like his father in the opportuneness of his friendly services. But Patty was silent, and raged inwardly.

When they had traversed the length of the street, and were come to the open space before the Government offices, where they could fall again into one group, she made an effort to get rid of him and the burden of obligation that he was heaping upon them. "Mr. Brion," she began impetuously, "I don't think you do," he interrupted her, "seeing that you were never here before."

"Our landlady gave us directions—she made it quite plain to us. There is no necessity for you to trouble yourself any further. You were not going this way when we met you, but exactly in the opposite direction."

"I am going this way now, at any rate," he said, with decision. "I am going to show your sisters their way through the gardens. There are a good many paths, and they don't all lead to Myrtle street."

"But we know the points of the compass—we have our general directions," she insisted angrily, as she followed him helplessly through the gates. "We are not quite idiots, though we do come from the country."

"Patty," interposed Elizabeth, surprised, "I am glad Mr. Brion's kind help, if you are not."

"Patty," echoed Eleanor in an undertone, "that haughty spirit of yours will have a fall some day."

Patty felt that it was having a fall now. "I know it is very kind of Mr. Brion," she said, tremulously, "but how are we to get on and do for ourselves if we are treated like children—I mean if we allow ourselves to hang on to other people? We should make our own way, as others have to do. I don't suppose you had any one to lead you about when you first came to Melbourne?"—addressing Paul.

"I was a man," he replied. "It is a man's business to take care of himself."

"Of course. And equally it is a woman's business to take care of herself—if she has no man in her family."

"Pardon me. In that case it is the business of all the men with whom she comes in contact to take care of her—each as he can."

"Oh, what nonsense! You talk as if we lived in the time of the Troubadours—as if you didn't know that all that stuff about women has had its day and been laughed out of existence long ago."

"What stuff?"

"That we are helpless imbeciles—a sort of angelic wax baby, good for nothing but to look pretty. As if we were not made of the same substance as you, with brains and hands—not so strong as yours, perhaps, but quite strong enough to rely upon when necessary. Oh!" exclaimed Patty, with a fierce gesture, "I do so hate that man's cant about women—I have no patience with it!"

"You must have been severely tried," murmured Paul (he was beginning to think the middle Miss King a disagreeable person, and to feel vindictive towards her.) And Eleanor laughed cruelly, and said, "Oh, no, she's got it all out of books."

"A great mistake to go by books," said he, with the air of a father. "Experience first—books afterwards, Miss Patty." And he smiled coolly into the girl's flaming face.

CHAPTER VIII.  
AN INTRODUCTION TO MRS. GRUNDY.

And, as the days wore on, even she grew to be thankful for Paul Brion, though, of course, she would never own to it. It was he who finally found them their home, after their many futile searches—half a house in their own street and terrace, vacated by the marriage and departure to another colony of the lady who played the piano that was out of tune. No. 6, it appeared, had been divided into flats; the ground floor was occupied by the proprietor, his wife, and servant; and the upper, which had a gas stove and other kitchen appliances in a back room, was let unfurnished for £60 a year. Paul, always poking about in quest of opportunities, heard of this one and pounced upon it. He made immediate inquiries into the character and antecedents of the landlord of No. 6, the state of the drains and chimneys, and paint and paper, of the house; and, having satisfied himself that it was as nearly being what our girls wanted, as anything they would be likely to find, called upon Elizabeth, and advised her to secure it forthwith. The sisters were just then adding up their accounts—taking stock of their affairs generally—and coming to desperate resolutions that something must be done; so the suggested arrangement, which would deliver them from bondage and from many of their worst difficulties, had quite a providential opportuneness about it. They took the rooms at once—four small rooms, including the improvised kitchen—and went into them, in defiance of Mrs. McIntyre's protestations, before they had so much as a bedstead to sleep upon; and once more they were happy in the consciousness that they had recovered possession of themselves, and could call their souls their own.

One day, when their preparations for regular domestic life were fairly completed, carpentering, sat down to the piano to rest and refresh herself.

"Elizabeth," she said presently, still keeping her seat on the music-stool, and stroking her cheek with one of her sister's hands while she held the other round her neck, "I begin to think that Paul Brion has been a very good friend to us. Don't you?"

"I am not beginning," replied Elizabeth. "I have thought it every day since I have known him. And I have wondered often how you could dislike him so much."

"I don't dislike him," said Patty, quite amiably.

"I have taken particular notice," remarked Eleanor from the hearthrug, "and it is exactly three weeks since you spoke to him, and three weeks and five days since you shook hands."

Patty smiled, not changing her position

or ceasing to caress her cheek with Elizabeth's hand. "Well," she said, "don't you think it would be a graceful thing to ask him to come and have tea with us some night? We have made our room pretty"—looking round with contentment—"and we have all we want now. We might get our silver things out of the bureau, and make a couple of little dishes, and put some candles about, and buy a bunch of flowers—for once—what do you say, Nelly? He has never been here since we came in—never farther than the downstairs passage—and wouldn't it be pleasant to have a little house-warming, and show him our things, and give him some music, and—and try to make him enjoy himself? It would be some return for what he has done for us, and his father would be pleased."

That she should make the proposition—she who, from the first, had not only never "got on" with him, but had seemed to regard him with active dislike—surprised both her sisters not a little; but the proposition itself appeared to them, as to her, to have every good reason to recommend it. They thought it a most happy idea, and adopted it with enthusiasm. That very evening they made their plans. They designed the simple decorations for their little room, and the appropriate dishes for their modest feast. And, when these details had been settled, they remembered that on the following night no Parliament would be sitting, which meant that Paul would probably come home early (they knew his times of coming and going, for he was back at his old quarters now, having returned in consequence of the departure of the discordant piano, and to oblige Mrs. McIntyre, he said); and that decided them to send him his invitation at once. Patty, while her complainant mood was on her, wrote it herself before she went to bed, and gave it over the garden railing to Mrs. McIntyre's maid.

In the morning, as they were asking which of them should go to town to fetch certain materials for their little fête, they heard the door bang and the gate rattle at No. 7, and a quick step that they knew. And the slavey of No. 6 came upstairs with Paul Brion's answer, which he had left as he passed on his way to his office. The note was addressed to "Miss King," whose amanuensis Patty had carefully explained herself to be when writing her invitation.

"My Dear Miss King,—You are indeed very kind, but I fear I must deny myself the pleasure you propose—than which, I assure you, I could have none greater. If you will allow me, I will come in some day with Mrs. McIntyre, who is very anxious to see your new engine. And when I come I hope you will let me hear that new piano, which is such an amazing contrast to the old one. Believe me, yours very truly—"

"PAUL BRION."

This was Paul Brion's note. When the girls had read it, they stood still and looked at each other in a long, dead silence. Eleanor was the first to speak. Half laughing, but with her delicate face dyed in blushes, she whispered under her breath, "Oh—oh, don't you see what he means?"

"He is quite right—we must thank him," said Elizabeth, gentle as ever, but grave and proud. "We ought not to have wanted it—that is all I am sorry for."

But Patty stood in the middle of the room, white to the lips, and beside herself with passion. "That we should have made such a mistake—and for him to rebuke us!" she cried, as if it was more than she could bear. "That I should have been the one to write that letter! Elizabeth, I suppose he is not to blame—"

"No, my dear—quite the contrary."

"But, all the same, I will never forgive him," said poor Patty in the bitterness of her soul.

CHAPTER IX.  
MRS. AARONS.

There was no room for doubt as to what Paul Brion had meant. When the evening of the next day came—on which there was no Parliament sitting—he returned to No. 7 to dinner, and after dinner it was apparent that neither professional nor other engagements would have prevented him from enjoying the society of his fair neighbors if he had had a mind for it.

To-night, not only she, but all of them, made a stern though unspoken vow that they would never—no, they could never—so much as say good-night to him on the balcony any more. The lesson that he had taught them was sinking deeply into their hearts; they would never forget it again while they lived. They sat at their needle-work in the bright gaslight, with the window open and the venetian blind down, and listened to the sound of his footstep and the dragging of his chair, and clearly realized the certainty that it was not because he was too busy that he refused to spend the evening with them, but because he had felt obliged to show them that they had asked him to do a thing that was improper. Patty's head was bent down over her sewing; her face was flushed, her eyes restless, her quick fingers moving with nervous vehemence. Breaking her needle suddenly, she looked up and exclaimed, "Why are we sitting here so dull and stupid, all silent, like three scolded children? Play something, Nellie. Put away that horrid skirt, and play something bright and stirring—a good rousing march, or something of that sort."

"The Bridal March from 'Lohengrin,'" suggested Elizabeth, softly.

"No," said Patty, "something that will brace us up, and not make us feel small and humble and sat upon." What she meant was "something that will make Paul Brion understand that we don't feel small and humble and sat upon."

Eleanor rose and laid her long fingers on the keyboard. She was not in the habit of taking things much to heart herself, and she did not quite understand her sister's frame of mind. The spirit of mischief prompted her to choose the saddest thing in the way of a march that she could recall on the spur of the moment—that Patty had always said was capable of reducing her to dust and ashes in her most exuberant moments. She threw the most heart-breaking expression that art allowed into the stately solemnity of her always perfectly balanced execution, partly because she could never render such a theme otherwise than reverently, but chiefly for the playful purpose of working upon Patty's feelings. Poor Patty had "kept up" and maintained a superficial command of herself until now, but this unexpected touch of pathos broke her down completely. She laid her arm on the table, and her pretty head upon her arm, and

broke into a brief but passionate fit of weeping, such as she had never indulged in in all her life before. At the sound of the first sob Eleanor jumped up from the music stool, contrite and frightened—Elizabeth in another moment had her darling in her arms; and both sisters were seized with the fear that Patty was sickening for some illness, caught, probably, in the vitiated atmosphere of city streets, to which she had never been accustomed.

In the stillness of the night, Paul Brion, leaning over the balustrade of the veranda, and whitening his coat against the partition that divided his portion of it from theirs, heard the opening bars of the funeral march, the gradually swelling sound and thrill of its impassioned harmonies, as of a procession tramping towards him along the street, and the sudden lapse into untimely silence. And then he heard, very faintly, a low cry and a few hurried sobs, and it was as if a lash had struck him. He felt sure that it was Patty who had been playing (he thought it must always be Patty who made that beautiful music), and Patty who had fallen a victim to the spirit of melancholy that she had invoked—simply because she always did seem to him to represent the action of the little drama of the sisters' lives, and Elizabeth and Eleanor to be the chorus merely; and he had a clear conviction, in the midst of much vague surmise, that he was involved in the causes that had made her unhappy.

For a little while he stood still, fixing his eyes upon a neighboring street lamp and scowling frightfully. He heard the girls' open window go down with a sharp rattle, and presently heard it open again hastily to admit Dan, who had been left outside. Then he himself went back, on tiptoe, to his own apartment, with an expression of more than his usual alert determination on his face.

Entering his room, he looked at his watch, shut his window and bolted it, walked into the adjoining bedchamber, and there, with the gas flaring noisily so as to give him as much light as possible, made a rapid toilet, exchanging his loose tweeds for an evening dress. In less than ten minutes he was down in the hall, and in less than half an hour he was standing at the door of a good-sized and rather imposing-looking house in the neighboring suburb, banging it in his peremptory fashion with a particularly loud knocker.

Within this house its mistress was receiving, and she was a friend of his, as might have been seen by the manner of their greeting when the servant announced him, as also by the expression of certain faces amongst the guests when they heard his name—as they could not well help hearing it. "Mr.—Paul—Brion," the footman shouted, with three distinct and well-accented shouts, as if his lady were entreating in the Town Hall. It gave Mrs. Aarons great pleasure when her domestic, who was a late acquisition, exercised his functions in this impressive manner.

She came sailing across the room in a very long-tailed and brilliant gown—a tall, fair, yellow-haired woman, carefully got up in the best style of conventional art (as a lady who had her clothes from Paris regardless of expense was bound to be)—flirting her fan coquettishly, and smiling an unmistakable welcome. She was not young, but she looked young, and she was not pretty, but she was full of sprightly confidence and self-possession, which answered just as well.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Aarons, shaking hands with him impressively, "you have remembered my existence, then, at last! Do you know how many weeks it is since you honored me with your company?—five. And I wonder you can stand there and look me in the face."

He said it had been his misfortune and not his fault—that he had been so immersed in business that he had had no time to indulge in pleasure.

"Don't tell me. "You don't have business on Friday evenings," said Mrs. Aarons promptly.

"Oh, don't I?" retorted Mr. Brion (the fact being that he had spent several Friday evenings on his balcony, smoking and listening to his neighbors' music, in the most absolute and voluptuous idleness.) "You ladies don't know what a presman's life is—his nose to the grindstone at all hours of the night and day."

"Poor man! Well, now you are here, come and sit down and tell me what you have been doing."

"Of course I wanted very much to see you—it seems an awful time since I was here—but I had another reason for coming to-night," said Paul, when they had comfortably settled themselves (he was the descendant of countless gentlefolk and she had not even a father that she could conveniently call her own, yet was she constrained to blush for his bad manners and his brutal deficiency in delicacy and tact).

"I want to ask a favor of you—you are always so kind and good—and I think you will not mind doing it. It is not much—at least to you—but it would be very much to them—"

"To whom?" inquired Mrs. Aarons with a little chill of disappointment and disapproval already in her voice and face. This was not what she felt she had a right to expect under the present combination of circumstances.

"Three girls—three sisters who are orphans—in a kind of way, wards of my father's," exclaimed Paul, showing a disposition to stammer for the first time. "Their name is King, and they have come to live in Melbourne, where they don't know anyone—not a single friend. I thought, perhaps, you would just call in and see them some day—it would be so awfully kind of you, if you would. A little notice from a woman like you would be just everything to them."

(To be Continued)

A Warm Day.

The best method to resolve doubt into certainty, if any such doubt exists as to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, is to use it and be convinced. A warm day is a good day for experiment upon any form of pain and for such, St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

Berlin ladies recently applied to the police authorities of that city for permission to ride horseback man fashion in public. Baron Ritthofen, chief of police, refused to grant the petition, and an appeal has been made to the Empress herself.

Hunker—So Gildersleeve is married. The match was made in Heaven, of course. Bloodmopper—No; in Chicago.

# DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Sir Hector Langevin, replying to Mr. Barron, said that the Barrie post-office was built by William Toms, of Ottawa. The contract price was \$25,000 and the total amount spent was \$30,980.

Sir Hector Langevin, replying to Mr. McMullen, said that it had been the rule for some time past that employees of the departments have no lunch hour, except where medical certificates declared it was necessary.

Mr. Bowell, replying to Mr. Charlton, said that half-fare tickets were issued on the Government railways to clergymen who have applied to and received a certificate from the General Superintendent or General Passenger Agent of the Intercolonial Railway.

Mr. Lepine, on motion for a return, complained that the French employees of the Dominion were not half as numerous as the English. In the Custom House at Montreal during the past ten years there had been six permanent French appointments and twenty-seven English. In the employment of laborers partiality was shown to the English. If one-tenth part of the injustice were shown to the English in Ontario there would be loud complaints.

Mr. Bowell said a full investigation would show that the charge was not borne out. There was scarcely an important office filled without the consent of the members for Montreal. Complaints were just as frequent that the English were overlooked. He endeavored to do justice to all classes.

Mr. Curran denied that any injustice was done to the French-Canadians in Montreal.

Mr. Bowell, answering Mr. McMullen, said that the investigation now going on in Montreal was with a view to superannuating employees who could be dispensed with. He expected that there would be a saving of \$10,000 a year by this means. The investigation would be continued at other points when it was concluded in Montreal.

Sir John Thompson, upon the resumption of Mr. Kirkpatrick's motion declaring the expediency of bestowing some mark of recognition upon the veterans of 1837-'38, said that he desired to express his own opinion as to the desirability of this Government dealing with this question. Whatever the merits might be in the public estimation of those who were concerned in the conflict of that period, this was a question, he submitted, which, in this Dominion Parliament, formed as it was of representatives not merely of those two Provinces in which the struggle raged for the time, but of the newer Provinces having nothing at all to do with, they should not be called upon to deal with. It was inappropriate that Parliament be asked to grant any bounty. They should remember that this country dated from the period when the Dominion was formed, when all the Provinces joined hands in forming a new nationality. It was for that reason that the Government had declined to recognize this as a bounty which they should grant. With the object of letting these past conflicts be forgotten as nearly as possible, the Provinces themselves had resolved to allow history to do justice to those engaged in them.

Mr. Flint, in moving the House into committee on his bill to amend the Canada Temperance Amendment Act, said that under his proposal druggists and chemists, in the transaction of their business, were left untouched in every particular in which they were placed by the amendment of 1888 except in the sale or purchase of alcohol or spirituous liquors, in regard to which they were placed under the restrictions imposed upon licensed vendors by the Canada Temperance Act. The Act, as passed in 1878, provided proper regulations for the sale of liquor by druggists for medicinal and mechanical purposes and the recording of such sales, but this provision was considerably weakened by the amendment of 1888. It was to restore the efficiency of the Act that he proposed the amendment.

Mr. Barron, in moving the second reading of the bill to amend the Railway Act, said the object was to compel railways to have separate doors for the entrance to and exit from cars. This, he believed, would obviate the danger caused by passengers crowding in and out of the same door.

Sir John Thompson said the bill would be very impracticable.

Mr. Costigan introduced a bill to amend the Petroleum Inspection Act. He said the bill consisted of one short clause giving the Governor-General-in-Council power to make regulations to exempt wholly or in part from inspection such petroleum oils as are not fit for illuminating purposes.

Mr. Beausoleil said that the *Empire* of yesterday contained a telegram from Montreal stating that there was a conspiracy between Mr. W. T. R. Preston, himself, and Mr. Greenshields to overthrow the present Government; that they had held a meeting to work it out at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Sunday; and that they had secured possession of letters written by members of the Government years ago, which they expected would be of great value to them. He said the statement was a fabrication.

Mr. Foster held that Mr. Beausoleil had no right to proceed further with his denial. Mr. Speaker called the next order on the paper.

The House divided on Mr. Charlton's amendment, which was lost on a vote of 81 yeas and 100 nays. (Applause and cries of "You are coming down.")

The House went into Committee of Supply.

Several items were passed and the committee rose.

Mr. Haggart, in reply to Mr. Casey, said that it would take two or three weeks before the complete returns of the census were published.

Mr. Paterson (Brant) thought the incomplete returns should be brought down.

Mr. Denison objected to incomplete returns. A newspaper report had credited Toronto with only 190,000 population, and he did not think partial information should be given.

Mr. Haggart, in reply to complaints about the delay of the census returns, said that the reports that were behind were from one district in Nipissing and from four districts in British Columbia. He said that an approximate return for these districts could be supplied if necessary.

Mr. Mulock said that the census appointments were being delayed before the people before the elections to serve party ends. This was most improper. The Government was

using the public service to make votes to keep a few men in office. This system permeates the whole Administration. Even the documents relating to the public contracts showed that they were using the public resources to keep the Cabinet in power.

Mr. Charlton said that the Post Office Department appointments had always been made with an eye to the interests of the party and not the country. The interests of party were looked at first, from the appointment of an official to the awarding of a contract for the cross-wall at Quebec.

Mr. McMullen criticized the expenditure upon the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and said that such a large outlay was not justified by the benefits derived from this institution. The same extravagance characterized the management of other experimental farms.

Mr. McMullen said that no doubt the farm was doing good work, but the capital expenditures should now cease to a great extent, as most of the buildings and other permanent improvements have been completed. The expenses should be kept within reasonable limits. They did not want any repetition of the cross-wall experience in connection with the Experimental farms.

Mr. Mara said that there was great deal of dissatisfaction in British Columbia about the lack of progress made with the farm in that Province. The buildings had not yet been erected.

Mr. Haggart said that the yearly expenditure had been on that farm about \$8,400.

Mr. Daly said that he was satisfied that the experimental farms in Manitoba and British Columbia were being economically conducted.

Mr. McMullen said that the experimental farms were not encouraging the breeding of horses suitable to the requirements of the country, or for the foreign market. He objected to placing stallions in experimental farms at a large expense when there were throughout the country superior animals owned by private individuals.

Sir Richard Cartwright said it seemed to be an imprudent act on the part of the Government to agree to pay \$30,000 for the use of six farm sires for five years. It might have been better to buy the animals outright.

Mr. Haggart said that the price was not higher than that paid by other Governments. He would suggest to the superintendent the advisability of selecting next year horses more suitable to the requirements of the country.

Mr. Rowand said that the most popular horses in this country were the Clydesdale and Shire. The Percheron was unsuitable. The House adjourned at 11.15 p. m.

## How To Wipe The Face.

Thousands of people, when drying their faces after washing, wipe them downward—that is, from forehead to chin. This is a mistake. Always use upward—from the chin to the forehead—and outward—toward the ear—motions. Never wipe any part of the face downward.

## Killing.

Jaspar—Judging from the reports in the papers it seems to be quite the proper thing for young men to kill the girls who refuse to marry them.

Jumpuppe—Yes. If it goes on there is a danger that all the sensible girls will be killed off.

## Beginning of the End

"What do you think of my angel cake?" she asked.

"It's too heavy to fly," he replied. This was the beginning of the end.

## The Woman From Boston.

Miss Bacon—Do you think it is worse for a woman to smoke cigarettes than a man?

Miss McBean—I never knew of a woman who smoked a man.

The *Rio News* does not believe in honorary commissioners and the holding of exhibitions for the purpose of building up foreign trade. It says:

We trust it will not be forgotten in the United States in the heat and hurry of preparations for the "commercial invasion of South America" that after all only two things are really needed for the work—capital and commercial enterprise. It is a waste of time and effort to send scouting parties to spy out the land, for the routes of commerce have long been known and every well-informed merchant knows exactly what the elements of that commerce must be. It is not pillage that the merchant is after; it is simply an exchange of products. If he wants to know what the products are, let him consult any geography and find out how far his destination is from the equator. In the case of Brazil, he will not find the slightest difficulty in finding that buffalo robes and warming pans may be left at home. Enough has certainly been written about Brazil to give him some idea of the wants and preferences of the people. Flourishing American houses were in existence here over fifty years ago, and others can just as readily be established now. There was a time, in the old days, when commerce depended more on individual enterprise and less upon official aid, when a merchant made it his business to know personally all about the markets where he proposed to trade. He never dreamed of waiting for a roving commission composed of a lawyer and a journalist to prepare the way, nor for consular officials to tell him what to do. Two guides required for his enterprise were skill, or commercial training, and personal observation, and these guides are just as necessary now as ever they were. It may be predicted that no successful trade will ever be built up by sending exhibitions nor by commercial travelers. If American merchants will establish commercial houses in South America and give their personal attention to the development of trade, their chances of success are just as good as those of any other nationality.

The Egyptian dude of old had a great advantage of the species of the present day. In the older days an Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without giving to his creditor, in pledge, the body of his father. If such a law was in vogue to-day, there would soon be scarcity of men of marriageable age.

Artist—Here is a very suitable picture of the missionary. It represents Rev. Mr. Goss, the missionary, in the centre of a group of cannibals. Deacon Gibbs—I see the cannibals, Mr. Turpa, but where is the missionary? Artist—Didn't I just tell you that he was in the centre of the cannibals?—*Vid. Bts.*

When a man undertakes to make a fool of himself he never meets any one who questions his ability to do so.

The Empress of Germany is loyal to the Fatherland to the extent of having all her dresses made in Berlin and Vienna. She buys her hats in Berlin and only her gloves in Paris.

## EXECUTION IN INDIA.

Worse Than Indian Atrocities With Fire and Stake.

Uzman Afzul Khan, being a strict Mohammedan, was sentenced by the general court martial to be executed by being blown from the mouth of a gun. Saturday, the day following the Sabbath, which is our Friday, was the day appointed, subject to the approval of the "finding" by the commandant. The commandant approved of the parade place the following Saturday. The native troops, all unarmed, formed two sides of square opposite to one another and facing inward. The white troops formed one side. They were fixed bayonets and loaded with ball and cartridge in view of the Sepoys. On the fourth side of the square a 12-pounder gun was posted, the muzzle pointing inward, in charge of the European artillery. The commandant and staff stood in the centre of the square. Presently the convicted subadar-major was marched into the square and halted in front of the gun facing the troops. The charge, finding and sentence were read by the adjutant in English and Hindustani, and the commandant asked the prisoner to say his last words.

The prisoner, who was, to do him but justice, a brave, soldierly man, said in a firm voice that he was punished for his gross breach of military discipline, and exhorted the Sepoys to adhere to the British Raj, which he said would be successful as it had always been, writes a correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*. He was then tied securely to the muzzle of the gun, his back to it, facing the parade. The gun was loaded with an extra charge of powder, with a clod of grassy turf lightly rammed home. The man's face was pale as death, but he still had a resolute look, and did not tremble one whit. He certainly died a brave man. The word was given by the commandant and the lanyard pulled. A dull explosion followed, and the unhappy wretch was launched into eternity, blown into eternity, blown into fragments! He, however, had a certain revenge, even in death, for his right arm, being tightly drawn back on the gun, on the latter being fired, was violently projected back, striking with force a stalwart sergeant of artillery on the throat and hurling him to the earth. The sergeant was six months in hospital before he recovered sufficiently to rejoin his corps. A party of the deceased mutineer's regiment picked up the pieces very carefully, as to miss any of them would entail much suffering in a future state, and carried the remains off to be buried by his friends.

## PASSING AWAY.

The *New York Herald* is of opinion that the English nobility "must go." Burghley House, by Stamford town, will soon be sold at auction. It has been in the Cecil family since 1560. The park in which it is situated is one of the most beautiful in England, and the house contains costly carvings and pictures of great value. But the farms of the estate have ceased to pay and the expenses connected with such an establishment have greatly increased. It will go under the hammer to the highest bidder—to some rich commoner, perhaps, or possibly to some enterprising American who worships whatever is English, you know. A large number of the old hereditary estate owners in England are suffering a similar embarrassment. Generations ago they were the petty sovereigns of the country; now they are the victims of democratic and commercial progress. They manage to keep up the old prestige, but it becomes more difficult year by year. Their influence over public affairs is broken, history has inaugurated a new regime in which they count for little, and they have nothing to console themselves with except the glory of the past and a sullen, leaden mortgage which constantly menaces them with eviction. The barrier between classes, according to our democratic contemporary, is little more than a figment of the imagination. Brains and money are even now more powerful than long descent, and in the race for fame and power the nobility lag in the rear. In other words, nobility will soon surrender to ability. The chimes are ringing out the funeral dirge and ringing in the Englishman of the new times. "One by one the grand estates of other days are being sold, and in most instances they are bought by men who have money, energy and brains, but who lack grandfathers."

If the land rents continue to be collected and applied for the personal use of the land "owners," it will not be such a wonderful improvement to substitute the wealthy grandfathers for the present titled nobility. The needed change will not come as the result of the bankruptcy of the aristocracy. It will come from public recognition of the great truth that the land of England belongs to the people of England, and not to the few who have in the past exercised the privilege of charging their fellow countrymen for standing on the soil. When the State takes land rent for public revenue, the so-called landowners, whether titled or not, will have to go to work to earn an honest living. Thus the aristocracy will be disposed of without necessity for such slow and tedious processes of dry rot as the *Herald* anticipates. A man who behaves himself and is self-supporting can afford to have a grandfather, or even a title, if possession of such a thing is agreeable to him.

Brooklyn *Life*: Tom Highly—I'm going to stop running around so much. To tell the truth, I'm tired of having a good time. Arthur Henpeck—Then why in the name of sense don't you marry?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Toronto Saturday Night* asked the editor in last week's issue how it was that church members—especially those of the Anglican persuasion—were so exclusive towards strangers, and gave an instance in point. Certainly there is a great deal of stand-offishness in some churches. But sometimes we believe it is as much the fault of the strangers as of any one else, they seeming to repel any advances that others might be inclined to make them. Exclusiveness, however, is not confined to the Church of England. We heard of a case also in Toronto in connection with the Presbyterian Church to which Rev. Dr. Kellogg so ably ministers. Last summer three young people—a brother and two sisters—just out from the old country, attended the Sunday services for a week or two, and on a general invitation from the pulpit attended a week day meeting of one of the societies in connection with the church. The principal theme of the various speakers was the duty of the members to make strangers coming to the church feel at home, to give them the right hand of fellowship and welcome them to their midst. Curiously enough, however, the young man and his sisters were allowed to enter the meeting, sit it out and to retire at the close without a single individual speaking a word to them or recognizing them in any way, although they were entire strangers in the city and thousands of miles from home. Needless to say, that church lost all attraction for them.

Buffalo *Commercial*: A well-known clergyman of this city was asked to solve the following puzzle a few nights ago: If all the children that King Herod killed were buried in such a manner that only their arms from the elbow to the tips of their fingers were visible above the ground, how could you distinguish the arms of the boys from those of the girls? The reverend gentleman worked at it faithfully, but was obliged to give it up. "For shame, doctor," cried the interrogator; "the idea that you should forget that the children that Herod killed were all boys?"

Client—Your fee is exorbitant. It didn't take you a day to do the work. Lawyer—It is my regular fee. I am not charging you for time, but for the cost of my legal education. Client—Well, give me a receipt for the cost of your education, so the next fellow won't have to pay for it, too.

Under a new law in Georgia, when a doctor is convicted of drunkenness he can no longer practice medicine in that State. The idea is either to diminish the number of drunkards, or the number of doctors, or the death rate, or something of that sort.

Mrs. Brown—My baby is the prettiest in town. Mrs. Black—Why, what a coincidence! So is mine.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## THE UNHAPPY JEWS.

The Outrages by the Russians Continue Unabated.

Advices from Elisabetgrad, Russia, state that recently several thousand farm laborers, small land owners, and others engaged in agricultural occupations in the country surrounding Elisabetgrad, marched into the town and proceeded to the Jewish quarter. The terrified Jews, upon seeing the mob approaching, made frantic efforts to hide themselves from their enemies. Amid cries of "Kill the Jews!" the thousands of yokels descended upon their cowering victims. They attacked the Jews' shops and dwellings, driving the owners from them or holding them powerless to defend themselves or their property, and plundered them of everything valuable. What was considered not worth while stealing was wantonly destroyed. Some of the braver Jews resisted this looting of their property, but this only made matters worse for them, and three of them were killed. Many others who attempted to defend their families or property were set upon and severely wounded. The rioting in the Jewish quarter continued for hours, and although the authorities were well aware of the outrages being committed they did not take a single step to prevent them, nor interfere to protect the Jews.

## Ready-made Answers.

Kansas City *Times*: A certain stout man of this city has had a card printed for the benefit of inquisitive friends. The card reads:

1. No, I am not getting any thinner.

2. Yes, I am getting fatter every day.

3. I weigh about 260 pounds.

4. I have gained forty-five pounds in seven years.

5. No, my parents are not fat.

6. No, I don't drink beer.

7. The "Before and after taking" racket is a horse chestnut.

8. Yes, the hot weather cuts me down to a mere thread, as it were.

9. No, I don't want to be thin. Now give us a rest.

## Sunday Reflections.

It's a mistake to suppose that the social lion is the king of beasts. The air of condescension never yet vented by a poor tenement house.

When a man weighs his words you may be sure that he is well balanced. There's nothing like this daily grind for sharpening a man's wit.

Candor doesn't necessitate dining on other people's corns. In a drinking bout two negatives are better than a score of affirmatives.

Great execution is done by him who is proficient in hanging up others.

## Bad for the Affections.

Emersonia—Charles has gone to Europe, and I shall not hear from him until his return.

Julia—Why, how is that? Won't he write to you?

Emersonia—No. His epistolary style is so defective that I told him not to do so. His letters would alienate my affections.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

## The Sympathetic Crook.

Burglar—Your money or your life. Victim (from bed)—When I explain, sir, that my wife and three daughters have gone to a fashionable hotel to spend the summer.

Burglar—Enough; I'm pretty hard up myself, but here's a dollar for you. (Exits weeping.)

## A Question of Belief.

Judge: She—Oh, yes! I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you? He—Well—er—my opinion's rather biased. You see, I'm the only member of our family.

## The Proper Thing to Do.

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## Reflections on Collections.

A NICKEL'S WORTH. When with a quiet, soothing homily The parson doth my Sunday fancy tickle, I never fail to ope my heart and purse And tip the gentle deacon with a nickel.

A DIME'S WORTH. When on the wickedness of all the world, Ourselves excepted, our ideas chime I always smile upon the clergyman And tip the smirking deacon with a dime.

A QUARTER'S WORTH. When from the grim, old fashioned, fiery hell Our clergyman doth take the sulphurous charter, My soul rejoices, and with jocund heart I tip the smiling deacon with a quarter.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH. When for the widow and the orphan sad Our clergyman with eloquence doth thrill, I drop a tear and with a sigh and prayer I tip the deacon with a dollar bill.

THE BUTTON'S WORTH. But when for some unlauded brand of heathen Our foolish clergyman presumes to prate I go to sleep, and when the deacon wakes me I drop a humble button on his plate.

## In Summer.

My church is closed and now I seek Great nature's temple, blue and green, My prayer books are the running brooks, My sermons from the stones I glean, My hymns are sung by nature's choir, The swelling breeze my organ choir—I miss not anything, in fact, Except the deacon and his plate.

## BANISHED TO SIBERIA.

One of Uncle Sam's Subjects Imprisoned in Siberia Afterward Exiled. According to a letter received in Omaha by Abe Goldstein, a well known citizen, S. Gerber, who has lived in Omaha for the past five years, has been exiled to Siberia by the Russian authorities. Gerber went last March to Myszynca, near the German frontier, his native town in Poland, for the purpose of returning with his family, who had remained in the old country. His appearance in the little town excited suspicion, and his arrival soon reached the ears of the authorities. Fearing arrest by the minions of the autocrat of all the Russias, Gerber fled across the frontier into a neighboring German province. Events proved that his fears were well founded. A demand was made upon the authorities of the German town in which Gerber had taken refuge, and he was turned over to the emissaries of the Czar, who took him in chains to Myszynca, where he was tried on the charge of running away to America. Gerber claimed to be a citizen of the United States, and showed papers proving that he was a naturalized citizen, but in spite of this he was sentenced to imprisonment for one year in jail at Lomsey, the capital of the province, and afterward to be banished to Siberia for five years and his property confiscated. Gerber was reported to be well provided with this world's goods and had intended to return to Omaha with his family and set up in business.

## Why.

Why does a sailor when on shore always walk close to the curb? Why are the authors of books that teach how to get rich invariably poor? Why does a man speak broken English to a foreigner who cannot understand good English? Why does a restaurant keeper take his meals, when he can, at some one else's restaurant? Why does a man who cannot make another agree with his arguments shout in stating them a second time? Why do great men always wear bad hats and bad men always good hats, when they have the money to buy them? Why does a man turn his head to observe a pretty woman, while a woman merely turns her eyes to observe a handsome man? Why does a caller in an office building, hotel or tenement house begin his enquiries for someone he is seeking at the top story instead of the basement? Why is smoking permitted on the front platform of a car, from which the smoke naturally enters, and not on the back platform, from which it wouldn't?—*New York Sun.*

—King Humbert is an amateur cook.

—There are 544,722 more women than men in Prussia.

—Berlin, with 1,315,600 people, has only 26,800 dwellings.

—A five-ton meteor will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

—One marriage out of four in Japan invariably ends in a divorce.

SMILES AND FROWNS. If you should frown and I should frown While walking out together, The happy folk about the town Would say, "The clouds are settling down, In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile While walking out together, Sad folks would say, "Such looks beguile The weariness of many a mile, In dark and dreary weather."

—Theatre manager to departing spectator—Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts. Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going.—*Florence Blaxter.*

"Why from the church," the preacher asked "My son, has thou thyself withdrawn?" And I replied, "Alas! good sir, My Sunday suit is now in pawn."

THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE. I wish I was a boy again, To roll and tumble in the dirt, With bruised, bare feet, and nothing on, But ragged trousers and a shirt.

—A hotel in Hamburg has been built entirely of compressed wood, which by the pressure to which it is subjected is rendered as hard as iron, as well as absolutely proof against the attacks of fire.

—"Warm, isn't it?" said a cool man to a fussy man checking a trunk at Market street ferry the other day. "Warm!" cried the fussy man. "Look at my back! I'm perspiring like a hired man when the boss is around."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Abby, who is thirty—How long will we have to wait for dinner? Hiram, who lacks decision—About twenty minutes, I guess. Then I'll have a bottle of plain soda and have it opened here. She—I should like to hear something pop, if it is only a cork!

—England has organized a corps of carrier pigeons. They will be tested at the naval maneuvers.

—After a man passes 40 the greatest hero in the world to him is the man who became famous after 50.

Hon. Frank Smith is the new Minister of Public Works.

THE Pacaud business at Quebec looks bad, and no matter whether a man calls himself a Liberal or a Tory the Liberal party will not condone his theft, remarks the Hamilton Times.

IN an editorial on the recent scandals unearthed at Ottawa, the Stratford Times winds up with this war whoop: "Fire all those who cannot walk the plank Mr. Abbott, the people are with you." The honest press of this country, of both political shades, says with one mighty voice: "Fire them!"

**Henfryn.**

A live, energetic correspondent wanted here.

Miss Annie Gill is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Hogarth, of Brussels.

The brick and tile works kiln commenced burning this week.

Miss Allie Gaynor, teacher, who has been visiting in this locality, left for her school last week. She teaches at Credit Valley.

J. H. Thompson's new store will enhance the general appearance of the village when completed. It will be brick veneered.

Karl Engler has been re-engaged to teach S. S. No. 10, Grey, for 1892 at an advance of salary. He is pains-taking and deserves to succeed.

Try THE BEE, the best local paper in the district, for the balance of this year, on trial. 25c. makes you a subscriber to Jan. 1st, 1892. No well ordered home can do without it.

Rev. Mr. Smith, the popular pastor of the Methodist church, spent a few days in Kincardine last week. Mr. Smith attends to the details of his circuit faithfully and is seldom absent on the Sabbath.

**ELMA COUNCIL.**

The municipal Council of the township of Elma met at Loerger's hotel, Atwood, on the 18th August. Members all present; minutes of last meeting read and signed.

Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Hammond, that Messrs. Bray and Tughan be appointed to examine that part of the 16th con. line opposite lots 21 and 22, and be empowered to take such action as they in their opinion think best. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Bray, that the tender of H. O. Hara of \$12,291 for \$12,000 township debentures with accrued interest be accepted. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that J. W. Tughan be appointed Inspector of bridge on sideroad con. 10, lots 25 and 26. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Hammond, that the Council place in the hands of C. Cosens the sum of \$10 to be applied the same for the benefit of A. Griffin, a person in indigent circumstances now in Trowbridge. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Hammond, that Jas. Duncan be appointed collector of taxes for the ensuing year at a salary of \$100, conditional that he give the usual amount of satisfactory security, and further that he pay in all cash collected to the Treasurer each and every week until all is collected. The above salary to cover all expenses except whatever may be sanctioned by the Council. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Hammond, that By-law No. 291, referring to the drain known as the Partridge drain as now read be provisionally passed, and the Clerk authorized to have a sufficient number of copies printed and served upon all the parties interested. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that the Reeve and Treasurer be appointed to go to Toronto with the township debentures and hit the money for the same. Carried.

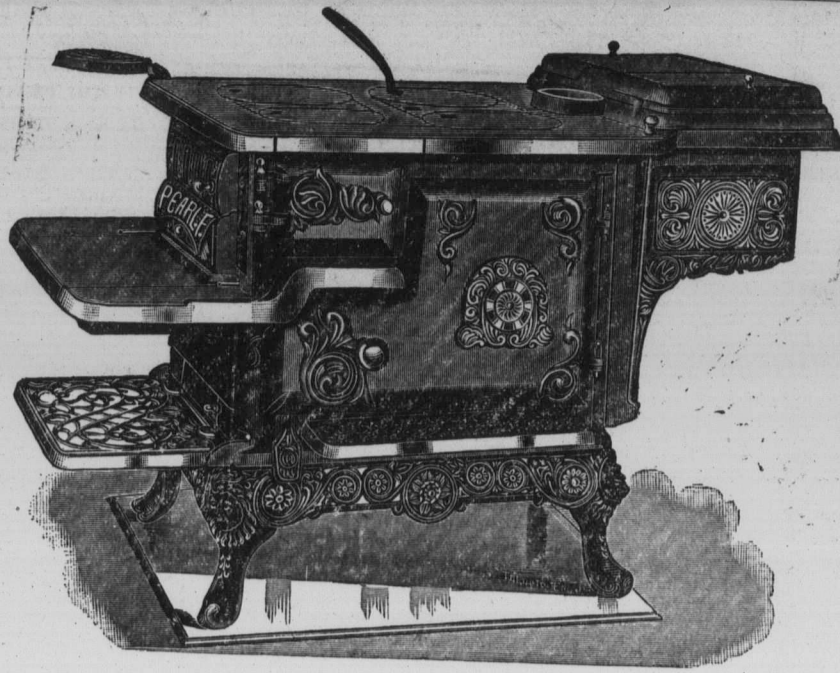
Moved by Mr. Tughan, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that By-laws Nos. 289 and 290 for levying the different rates and school rates for the current year as now read a third time be passed. Carried. (Rates same as last year except township rate one mill higher on account of General School rate.)

Moved by Mr. Hammond, seconded by Mr. Tughan, that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—J. Allison \$0c., repairing bridges on gravel road; M. Sanderson \$10.17, Elma's share of gravelling T. L. E. and W.; W. Frier \$7.75, culvert con. 4; J. McCrae \$4.40, culvert and plank; W. Thompson \$2, repairing culvert con. 5; J. Hanna \$27, Elma's share of ditching; T. L. E. and G.; G. Chapman \$33.50, Engineer's award ditch con. 8 and boundary; J. H. Thompson \$3, ditching; J. Hanna \$7.50, gravel; J. Houze \$2.50, repairing culvert con. 12; J. C. Witmer \$7.50, gravel; J. Newbigging \$5.20, gravel; J. H. Colclough \$5, gravel; N. Hall \$2.50, gravel; J. Roe \$10, gravel; W. Peet \$5, gravel; D. Langford \$8.10, gravel; J. H. Hamilton \$1.50, culvert; T. Lineham \$4.60, gravel; J. Keith \$3.50, gravel; F. Doering 40c., gravel; Hart & Co. \$1.55, Collector's roll; A. Atkins \$50, making road and filling holes con. 14; T. Code \$19.80, gravel; Mail Co. \$6.75, advertising debentures for sale; J. Bray, \$8, for plans and specifications of two bridges; T. Scott, \$19.80, gravel; J. P. Woods, Judge, \$3.45, attending court re S. W. drain; Treasurer of Ellice \$501.98, Elma's portion of Ellice drain. Carried.

Council then adjourned.

THOS. FULLARTON, Clerk.

STOVES



STOVES

**COOKING STOVES !! PARLOR STOVES !! BOX STOVES !!**

Fall is here and Winter is coming, and preparations are now being made for the Cold Weather. Call and see our splendid line of Stoves before purchasing elsewhere. Prices very reasonable.

Hardware, Tinware, Mixed and Unmixed Paints kept in stock.

31tf

**JOHN ROGERS, Atwood.**

**Child of Care.**

Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He will sustain thee.—Ps. 55:22.

Written for THE BEE.

Cast thy burdens all on me,  
'Tis thy Father cares for thee;  
Place thy head upon my breast,  
'Tis thy Father bids thee rest.

Child of care I know it all,  
All that e'er can thee befall;  
All the sorrow, all the pain,  
Through it all I can sustain.

If within the furnace tried  
To be brightly purified,  
Should refining painful be,  
Sufficient is my grace for thee.

In thy weakness shall my strength  
Be perfected till at length,  
Thou shalt rise a conqueror,  
To the bright celestial shore.

Fear thou not, I am thy shield,  
To protect thee in the field;  
When in glory with thy Lord  
Thy exceeding great reward.

I will never thee forsake,  
Though all else may .fear and quake,  
I will guide thee with mine eye  
Safe to glory bye and bye.

Though the moments may seem long,  
Still I'll be thy strength and song;  
Tarry yet a little while  
'Neath a tender Father's smile.

Blest, thrice the morn will be,  
When the Lord shall call for thee  
To enjoy his presence there,  
Free from every trial and care.

—Thos. E. Hammond.

Elma, Aug. 22, 1891.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

| GOING SOUTH.        | GOING NORTH.       |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Express 7:12 a.m.   | Mixed .. 8:25 a.m. |
| Express 12:30 p.m.  | Express 2:34 p.m.  |
| Mixed .. 10:10 p.m. | Express 9:24 p.m.  |

**ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.**

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

| GOING SOUTH.        | GOING NORTH.       |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Atwood 8:00 a.m.    | Mitchell 2:30 p.m. |
| Newry 8:05 a.m.     | Bornho'm 3:30 p.m. |
| Monkton 9:00 a.m.   | Mankton 4:45 p.m.  |
| Bornho'm 1:15 a.m.  | Newry 5:55 p.m.    |
| Mitchell 11:15 p.m. | Atwood 6:00 p.m.   |

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Dozens of others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. G. ROOT, M. C. 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

**House and Lot**

For Sale or to Rent.

THE undersigned offers for sale or to rent his splendid frame house situated on Main street, south of G.T.R., Atwood, containing 7 rooms, together with a neyer failing spring well and other conveniences. Terms to suit the purchaser.

ALEX. CAMPBELL,

23-4in

Atwood, Ont.

**Atwood Livery!**



Fine rigs, good horses, and everything requisite, is kept at the Atwood Livery Stables. Terms moderate. Special rates to ministers and others requiring livery service periodically. A splendid Carry-all in connection with the stables.

WM. THISTLE, Proprietor.

**--NEW--**

**Fall Goods!**

THE Spring Trade is about over now and we are getting in our Fall Stock so as to have it on hand when needed. We ask our Customers and the Public, generally, to

**CALL AND SEE**

**OUR GOODS**

Before purchasing elsewhere. Our prices cannot be equalled. We are not afraid to compare goods with any of our neighboring towns. We have a splendid line of heavy and light Over coatings on hand. All work A. 1.

Thanking you for past patronage, we remain yours,

**CURRIE & HEUGHAN,**

ATWOOD, ONT.

**—POPE'S—**

**Harness Shop**

**REMOVED!**

THE harness shop of H. Pope has been removed to the Foresters' block, Atwood, where he is prepared to attend to the needs of the public.

Heavy and light harness made to order. Full lines of whips, curry combs, rugs, brushes, etc., etc. Repairing promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

Call at the new shop.

**H. POPE.**

\$10 to \$18

R. M. BALLANTYNE

WILL SELL YOU AN

All Wool Suit

—FOR—

\$10.00.

A Fine Worsted Suit for

\$18.00.

Where is

McGinty

Now?

Call and examine our goods, we guarantee to

Save you from \$2

to \$5 on each

Suit.

**LARDINE MACHINE OIL!**

The famous heavy Boiled Oil for all Machinery. Those who use it once use it always.

**McCull's Renowned Cylinder Oil**

Has no equal for Engine cylinders. Give it a trial and see for yourself. Beware of imitations of Lardine. Made only by McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

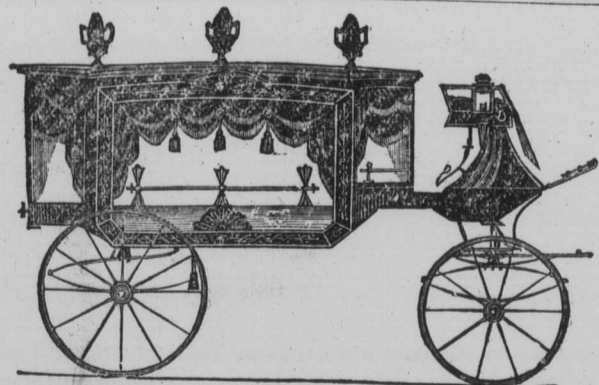
FOR SALE BY **J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.**

**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.**



**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 Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O.

# DO YOU WANT

A supply of Spices such as **Mace, Pepper, All-spice, Ginger, Turmeric, Cloves, Caraway, Coriander, Mustard, Celery, Cinnamon, Nutmegs or Mixed Spices**, in fact anything at all with which the good Housewife puts down such fine Pickles at this time of the year. If so your wants can be supplied by the

**ATWOOD DRUG & BOOK STORE.**

## Town Talk.

**SUMMER** is passing in its cheques. A COUPLE of Egyptians were in the village last week selling beads, combs and other trinkets. "The largest greenback in existence, says an exchange, is of \$10,000 value, and is the only one of its kind." At present it is not in our possession.

BETWEEN its boodle alderman and its Sunday rough-and-tumble matinees at the park, Toronto-the-Good is in a fair way to lose its previous pious reputation. So says the Goderich signal.

ATWOOD DITTO.—"If someone would turn a Gatling gun into the crowd of dogs which daily hover around on Josephine street it would be doing a good deed. There are too many curs running loose."—Wingham Advance.

H. HOAR disposed of his handsome chestnut two-year-old mare last week to Mr. Schinbein, dry goods merchant, Listowel, receiving the fancy figure of \$200 for the same. Mr. Schinbein can congratulate himself on getting a fine beast.

THE 37th annual session of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows was held at Stratford on the 12th, 13th and 14th of August. The meeting was the largest ever held in the province and gave every indication of the great progress being made by the Order. On the 6th of August, 1873, when the Grand Lodge met in Stratford there were only 85 lodges and 6,774 members, while now there are 232 lodges and 18,213 members.

An electric counting machine for use in compiling election returns has been invented in Liverpool, England, and the claim is made that the device will count 240 ballots a minute. Something of this sort would be a boon to the American people if it could be put into use soon enough to hasten the publication of the result of next year's election. The nervous strain upon ardent partisans in the hours which immediately follow the closing of the polls, every Presidential election, is something beyond calculation.

A NOVEL remedy for the fly nuisance has been given out by a New York man who vouches for its reliability. It won't do any harm to try the discovery. The New Yorker went into the country last year when red clover was in bloom and brought back with him when he returned a number of clover blossoms. He hung them in his room to ornament the walls. The clover dried and since then he says, not a fly will stay in the room. He has watched and studied, and says he has discovered that flies cannot stand the scent of dried clover.

THE Postoffice Department makes a simple but practical suggestion to the public relative to the complaints that postage stamps will not adhere to letters and parcels. Complaints are made that the stamps have not sufficient mucilage upon them, but it is suspected that too much is taken off in the process of wetting them. It is therefore suggested that, instead of wetting the stamps, the envelopes or packages be moistened instead, and the stamps then affixed. It is thought all cause of complaint will be removed if this plan be followed.

THE curse of trade in this country is the inducement banks afford to worthless men to trade upon the capital of others. A merchant sells a customer and takes his note. It matters not whether the latter be worth a dollar, the bank will discount the paper on the strength of the merchant's name upon its back. The transaction resolves itself into a temporary loan to a worthless customer made by the bank on the security of the merchant endorsing. Here then is the secret or the spread of the credit system to its stupendous proportions. Were the bank to discount the paper on its merits, taking all risks and charging accordingly from five to ten per cent. per annum, indiscriminate crediting would cease in a month. As it stands no fair chance is given either to the wholesaler or retailer who wishes to do right. The wholesaler who will not sell to risky accounts loses so much trade, while the retailer who has the money to pay for his goods is no better off than his neighbor who has to borrow his capital from the bank through the wholesaler—Shoe and Leather Journal.

MISS AUSTIN, of Listowel, Sundayed with Miss Ida McBain.

A FREIGHT car was accidentally derailed at the station yard Saturday night.

ED. BROKENSHIRE, of Exeter, is in town this week smiling on old friends. Ed. will take charge of Geo. Currie's shop during the latter's absence on his vacation.

IT'S A FACT.—The Goderich Signal says:—As a rule, when a newspaper has to give a bonus or take advantage of a lottery scheme as a means of booming circulation it is because the newspaper isn't worth public support on its merits.

THE press in the United States are loudly calling on the farmers to hold their wheat for higher prices. The market reports, however, indicate that the farmers are doing nothing of the kind, but are changing their wheat for currency just as fast as they can get it in.

LOST.—A light red pocket book, containing a five and a two dollar bill and some papers with owner's name thereon, lost between Mrs. Harvey's store and Wm. Hawkshaw's butcher shop on Monday evening of this week, about 7:30 o'clock. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at this office.

An exchange says the preserving season is in our midst and the atmosphere is laden with an odor of jams, jellies and preserves, while kettles, pots and jam jars are masters of the household. The youngsters instead of going out to play prefer to hang about the kitchen with a prospect of getting some of the confectionery.

THE Postoffice Department has been notified from Washington that hereafter no Canadian newspaper which contains anything in the shape of an advertisement of a lottery will be carried in the United States mails. A number of leading newspapers are advertising a lottery operated in the province of Quebec, and it is well that they should know of the risks they are running.

THE Ontario Bureau of Industries has issued a crop bulletin, which, briefly summarized, makes the following forecast:—Fall wheat, a very fine yield, estimated to reach 20,800,000 bushels, as compared with 14,300,000 last year. Spring wheat above the average; yield 9,800,000 bushels, as against 7,600,000 last year. Barley a good crop. Oats good. Peas exceptionally good. Hay and clover unusually light. Small fruits an abundant yield.

THE following recipe for the cure of love has been sent us for publication:—Take 12 oz. of diluik, 1 lb. of self resolution, 2 grs. of common sense, 2 oz. of experience, a large sprig of time, 3 quarts of the cooling waters of consideration. Set them over the gentle fire of love, sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim with the spoon of melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, and let it remain. You will gradually find ease and be restored to your senses. N.B.—These things can be had at the druggist at the house of understanding, next door to reason, on prudenc street, in the town of Contentment. To be taken when the spell comes on.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.—The parable of "The Talents" was the subject of E. Harvey's sermon Sunday night in the Methodist church. The discourse was an able exposition of the parable in its application to every-day life. His illustrations were apt, while the speaker's pleasing delivery and good command of the language, tended to make them very interesting. Mr. Harvey's tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Livingstone, the great African missionary.—Mr. Eccleston, of Ayr, evening very acceptably. During Mr. Eccleston's ministry here he made many warm friends, who were pleased to see and hear him again.—Rev. W. H. Harvey preached for Rev. J. Livingstone, of Listowel, last Sunday morning.—The Bible-class service in the Presbyterian church was withdrawn Sunday evening in order that the congregation might hear Mr. Harvey in the Methodist church.—The St. Alban's church has vest Thanksgiving services promise to be of an unusually pleasing character this year. Watch for posters giving particulars.

ALL kinds of spices in stock at the Atwood drug and book store. Read advt.

THE arrangements between the Stratford Collegiate Institute Board and the County Council, whereby county pupils can attend hereafter for \$6 a year, instead of \$20 as heretofore, the county council making up the balance, ought to lead to a great increase of pupils from the rural districts.

FINGERS CRUSHED.—While in the act of coupling cars at the station, here, one day last week, Geo. Hays, brakeman on the G. T. R., got several of his fingers crushed, the fore finger of his left hand having to be amputated. The unfortunate young man's home is in Palmerston, where he will be laid off duty for several weeks, probably longer.

THE Epworth League's entertainment on Friday night proved a success. The attendance was large and the program of a good order. The chair was very efficiently filled by the Rev. D. Rogers. A reading by R. Hamilton, and an address by S. Shannon upon some of the favorite hymns, were instructive and interesting. The soprano solo by Miss Hawkshaw and the bass solo by J. McBain were well rendered. During the evening Rev. J. Livingstone, of Listowel, gave an address, taking for the subject "that well known hymn 'Jesus Lover of my soul'" and, in company with J. H. McBain, sang a tenor and bass duet. The thanks of the audience is due the members of the League for furnishing them such a pleasant and profitable evening.

PORTABLE FENCE.—Last week we were shown the model of a unique fence by the patentee, C. E. Harris, of Brandon, Manitoba. It consists of upright scantlings, 4x4 inches, for posts; 6 inch board at top and 1 foot board at bottom, with three wires between. The posts rest upon six foot scantling, and are fastened together by means of 1/2 inch staples driven in the top of the posts, thus making a complete, strong, portable fence, which can be folded together, or removed to any part of the field at pleasure. It economises ground, which saving alone is of infinite value to the farmer. In reply to our question as to the unsuitability of the portable fence in winter by reason of the high winds and snow blockades, Mr. Harris recommended that the fence be piled together in a corner of the field or some place where it would be out of the way. Many rods of it can be thus removed in a surprisingly short time. The cost of this style of fence is estimated at 75c. per rod. Six rods of it may be seen on James Donaldson's farm, 8th con. of Elma. Mr. Harris left for Brandon, his headquarters, this week. We hope he may be successful in finding a market for so useful an invention.

THE LADY CAME FORTH.—Such was the verdict of the debate, "The Lady or the Tiger," given Friday night in connection with the Y. P. A. meeting. The subject being abstract necessarily involved deep, logical thinking and reasoning in defining character and in following out the devious mazes of the human passions. The speakers evidently understood the intricate nature of their task and prepared themselves accordingly. The leader of the affirmative, T. M. Wilson, came loaded to the muzzle, and after placing his Gatling gun into position poured hot shot, indiscriminately, into the rank and file of his opponents. By historical research, cold reasoning and vivid word-portraits of the different characters of the romance, showed up the dark side of the story with striking effect. The speaker argued in reference to the age, how that the people of that period were more passionate and stronger in all the evil tendencies of their natures than in the present age, and would commit crime without a pang of conscience. He then dealt with the irrevocability of the King's law; explained that the trial was not whether the princess should marry the courtier, but whether it was right or wrong for a subject to love a princess. He then explained how by her cunning she possessed the power of deciding the fate of the courtier and concluded his remarks by reasoning how that when the princess ascertained that her rival was in one of the cells she could have no hope of happiness in this life, whereas by bringing out the tiger her misery would be lessened in this life, besides, according to her belief, she would enjoy him in the eternal spring of the Elysium. He was followed by E. Harvey, who, after dealing with the first speaker's arguments, took up the more pleasing aspect of the narrative in a manner that would do a trained intellect credit. He elaborated on the many and varied phases of the subject from the lady standpoint, and with poetic soul, florid imagination and martyr-like pleadings, succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of not a few of the fairer sex at least. Love—the strongest passion of the human soul and the mightiest agency in the world in the elevation of mankind—was a theme Mr. Harvey had made a careful study, and as a result scored some weighty points for the negative. R. S. Pelton followed Mr. Harvey in behalf of the affirmative. The last speaker, D. M. Lineham, cited striking historical instances of love conquests and sacrifices, notably Josephine, wife of Napoleon I. While these beautiful instances of women's sacrificial devotion to man were not new to the reading public they were interesting and elevating, and proved that the compiler had been at considerable trouble in the matter of research. In the event of the lady coming forth Hope would be still held out to the Princess, whereas should the tiger be let out all hope would at once be gone. In this Mr. Lineham presented a strong argument, perhaps the weightiest of his speech. Mr. Wilson was allowed 10 minutes for reply. The chairman, J. A. Harvey, left the decision with the people, the majority of whom did not vote, only 19 (7 to 11) having sufficient courage to settle the fate of the young man arraigned before a semi-barbaric tribunal on the charge of having fallen in love with a princess.

THE Encore, published at Warton, has thrown up the sponge.

OUR friend Michael Fox, of Grey township, has purchased Fred. Oxtoby's house and lot and will become a permanent resident of Atwood. We welcome Mr. Fox to our village.

THE Monkton correspondent to the Mitchell Advocate:—What is wrong with Hill, the butcher? says every person. He is pulling his flax and will shortly be around again with good meat at 5 cents a pound.

## TOMB.

ROBB.—In Butte City, Montana, on Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1891, Mr. James Robb, formerly of Elma, aged 45 years.

## Fall Fairs.

Elma, Atwood, Sept. 29.  
Palmerston, Sept. 28 and 29.  
Industrial, Toronto, Sept. 7 to 19.  
North Huron, Brussels, Oct. 1 and 2.  
North Perth, Stratford, Oct. 1 and 2.  
Western Fair, London, Sept. 17 to 26.  
Guelph Central, Guelph, Sept. 22 to 24.  
North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 29 and 30.  
Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 29 to Oct. 2nd.  
Peninsular Fair, Chatham, Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.  
Canada Central, Ottawa, Sept. 23 to Oct. 2.  
Great International, St. John, N. B., Sept. 23 to Oct. 3.

## Latest Market Reports.

### ATWOOD MARKET.

|                     |       |       |
|---------------------|-------|-------|
| Fall Wheat          | \$ 85 | \$ 87 |
| Spring Wheat        | 80    | 85    |
| Barley              | 35    | 40    |
| Oats                | 30    | 35    |
| Peas                | 50    | 60    |
| Pork                | 5 00  | 5 50  |
| Hides per lb.       | 4     | 4 1/2 |
| Sheep skins, each   | 50    | 1 25  |
| Wood, 2 ft.         | 1 15  | 1 50  |
| Potatoes per bushel | 60    | 60    |
| Butter per lb.      | 13    | 14    |
| Eggs per doz.       | 11    | 11    |

### TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

|                  |       |       |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Fall Wheat       | \$ 90 | \$ 92 |
| Spring Wheat     | 83    | 85    |
| Barley           | 43    | 45    |
| Oats             | 31    | 33    |
| Peas             | 75    | 78    |
| Hay              | 8 00  | 8 50  |
| Dressed Hogs     | 5 00  | 5 50  |
| Eggs             | 11    | 12    |
| Butter           | 13    | 15    |
| Potatoes per bag | 1 00  | 1 10  |

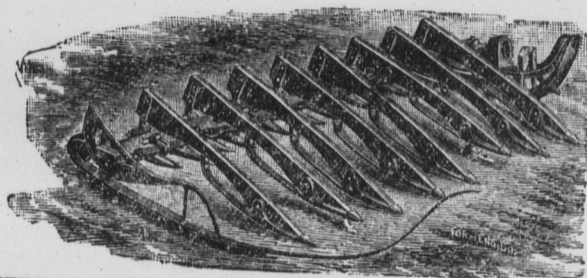
## STAR LIVERY

### ATWOOD, ONTARIO.

The Star Livery is equipped with first-class rigs, fast and gentle drivers, and in every way adapted to meet the requirements of the travelling public. Terms reasonable. Stables opposite Ioerger's hotel.

27th W. D. GILCHRIST, Prop.

## Richmond Pea Harvester!



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

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

### HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

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

12 4m

**HENRY HOAR, Atwood.**

## The Best Chance Yet

James Irwin during the Month of August will have a

## Special Clearing Sale!

For full Particulars See Circulars, or better still, Call at the Store. It will Pay You.

**Jas. Irwin.**

# WITH A SHARP KNIFE

## Another Whitechapel Woman Done to Death.

### A JACK-THE-RIPPER DEED.

The Woman's Throat Cut and the Knife Plunged into Her Bowels—The Victim Found Unconscious—The Murderer Escapes.

Last night's London cable says: Much excitement was occasioned in the Whitechapel district this morning by a rumor that Jack-the-Ripper had again appeared and committed another butchery. At an early hour this morning one of the inhabitants of Whitechapel, an old woman named Wolfe, was passing through one of the numerous dark alleys which the region abounds, she was set upon by an unknown man armed with a sharp knife. The place where the assault was made was dark and dismal. The man grasped the woman by the head, and drawing her backward he, with one hand across her mouth, silenced the cries she would naturally have tried to make, while with the other hand he drew the keen-bladed knife across her throat, inflicting a terrible wound. Then raising the knife as a dagger he plunged it into her body again and again. There is a deep wound on the woman's arm, which, it is believed, was received while she was attempting to ward off the ferocious blows aimed at her body. When released from the grasp of her assailant the woman dropped to the ground with the blood pouring from her wounds, and when, shortly afterwards, she was discovered in a dying condition she was unconscious and in a dying condition. She is 70 years old. The police are hunting for the assassin. He has disappeared, leaving no trace, save his mutilated victim.

#### THE WOMAN'S STORY.

A later cable says: The woman was taken to an hospital, and after a time she recovered sufficiently to tell of the attack made upon her. She is a German, and unlike the other women murdered and mutilated in Whitechapel, she was not in the company of the man who attacked her, but was passing along the street when, without warning, the assassin sprang upon her. She saw the glitter of the upraised steel blade, but was unable to escape from the grasp of her assailant. She raised her arm to defend her throat from the blow aimed at it, and it was through this movement that the wound in her arm was received. When her assailant released her from his grasp she fell upon a door-step. Despite her terrible injuries she still retained possession of her senses, and though the wound in her throat was bleeding so furiously she was able to articulate, the weapon never having reached the windpipe. Several persons passed while she was lying on the door-step, and though they endeavored to ascertain what the trouble was, she could not speak English sufficiently well to make them understand that an attempt had been made to murder her. It is understood that the police found a razor covered with blood near the scene of the crime. The wound in the woman's throat could have been caused by a razor, as could also the deep cut in her arm, but from the nature of the other wounds it is believed they were caused by either a knife or a dagger, as they appear to be stab wounds, and such as would not be made with a razor. One man has been taken into custody on suspicion.

#### EXCURSION TRAIN WRECKED.

Two Killed Outright and Many Seriously Injured.

A Champlain, N. Y., despatch says: A train conveying a Sunday school excursion from Ellensburg and Kouse's Point and intervening stations on the Central Vermont Railway ran into a mail train which had the right of way just east of this station at 6.40 last night. The excursion train had 675 passengers on board. Wm. Angell, aged about 17, son of a merchant of this place, and Sim Venetta, a laborer of Chatsaugny, Lake, were killed outright and some twenty people more or less injured. Henry Le Mountain, of Champlain, had both legs cut off below the knees; Wm. Moore, both legs broken; H. Swett, of Ellensburg Centre, an arm fractured and badly bruised; John Patterson, of Perry's Mills, leg broken; Mrs. Lewis, of Moira, head and limbs bruised; Miss Bateman, of Perry's Mills, hip dislocated; S. Levy, of Albany, wrist broken and seriously bruised. The excursion train had orders to meet the mail here, and should have gone on the siding.

#### In a Blaze of Gems.

This is the way Lady Cathness, Mme. Elavatsky's successor was bedecked at a recent reception in Paris: The diamond cross which she wore was the most amazing thing in the room, and was as great a curiosity as the Moirain set of gems in the French crown jewels. She wore an olive velvet dress, embroidered with steel. She had rivers of diamonds edging the upper part of her corsage, the stomacher and the sleeves, and on her head a countess' coronet, with a pearl on each spike nearly as large as a pigeon's egg. She has a large fortune, and has just inherited \$2,000,000 more.

#### Just Begun Housekeeping.

Harp's Bass: "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newburg. "I'm very sorry," returned the bride. "I'll tell cook to speak to the livery man about it."

Among the passengers in the train was an elderly lady and her pretty young niece; also a young gentleman. The train had passed through several tunnels, when the maiden aunt said: "My dear, we are coming to a long tunnel; you had better sit over on this side." "Pretty niece—No, auntie, just let me stop where I am. One more tunnel and I am engaged."

She (coquettishly)—My bathing suit is nothing if not entrancing, don't you think? He (amiably)—I think it is both.

#### MELANCHOLIA THE CAUSE.

A Brantford Lady Suicides, by Hanging in a Buffalo Friend's House.

A Buffalo despatch says: A sad suicide occurred here about 1 o'clock this afternoon at No. 121 South Division street, the home of Mr. James McKay. The suicide was Mrs. Grace Biggett, of Brantford, Ont., a sister of Mr. McKay, who had been visiting at the home of her brother for some time. Mrs. Biggett had been a sufferer from melancholia for some four months, but her condition was not thought serious enough to warrant confinement in an asylum, although this had lately been suggested.

Nothing unusual was noticed in Mrs. Biggett's actions to-day. After having prepared some pastry she picked up a roller towel and ascended the stairs to her room. Mrs. McKay was at the time employed. Mrs. Biggett had been gone about twenty minutes when she was discovered by a woman of the house who had inadvertently entered Mrs. Biggett's room. She was hanging from a closet door with the roller towel wound tightly around her neck. The frightened woman immediately ran screaming down stairs and acquainted Mrs. McKay with the fact. She telephoned to her husband at his place of business, and on his arrival the poor woman was taken down and laid on a couch. Restoratives were applied, but life was extinct. Mrs. Biggett is described as a slight woman, of medium height, with brown hair tinged with grey, blue eyes, and a pale face. Mr. McKay informed a reporter that Mrs. Biggett had been his guest on a previous occasion; but after a stay of about eight months had returned to her home in Canada. In April Mrs. Biggett, accompanied by her mother, returned to Buffalo, and has since made the McKay household her abode.

#### SHE SHOT TWICE.

A Wife's Effective Interference to Save Her Crippled Husband.

A Toronto report says: A serious shooting affray happened last night about 9 o'clock in a house at Adelaide lane. A man named John Rhodes and his wife lived in the house, and a French-Canadian named Frederic Bolduc, who lives at 276 Parliament street, called on them last night. Rhodes is minus a leg and is badly crippled, and the Frenchman is deaf and dumb. In some unexplainable manner the two men quarrelled and a fight ensued. The mute struck Rhodes and knocked him down, and was throttling him on the floor when he called on Mrs. Rhodes to go up-stairs and get a revolver. The wife ran up and got a .22-caliber revolver, which, it is said, she levelled at her husband's assailant and shot him, first in the thigh, and a second time in the back in the lumbar region near the back bone.

The shot and noise attracted the police, and the husband and wife were soon placed under arrest and locked up in No. 2 police station. Mrs. Little and Watson were called in to attend the wounded man. They probed for the bullet, but were unsuccessful in their search for it. The injured man was then sent in the ambulance to the hospital. The doctors consider there is no immediate danger, unless blood-poisoning sets in or he suffers from internal hemorrhage.

#### CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY

Keeps John Chinaman in Jail while the Farce Goes On.

A Washington despatch says: An interesting case was brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury to-day, and was referred by him to the Attorney-General for an opinion. It appears that the customs officers at Port Huron, Mich., apprehended a Chinaman who had crossed over from Sarnia to the United States. Upon reference to the law in regard to importation of Chinese, it was determined that the new arrival was amenable to the clause providing for his deportation to China, and preparations were made to return him to the Flowery Kingdom via San Francisco. At this juncture, however, the British Ambassador at Washington interfered, claiming that the Chinaman in dispute was a bona fide resident of Canada, and could not be treated as a new immigrant from China. "This is the first time to my knowledge," remarked Acting-Secretary Nettleton, "that such a point has been raised, and it has been deemed best to refer the question to Attorney-General Miller for his decision. Meanwhile the Chinaman will remain in custody at Port Huron pending a settlement of his case."

#### LONDON'S LATEST GUEST.

Visit of Victor Emmanuel's Grandson to the British Capital.

Following Emperor William's visit to England is that of the future King of Italy, grandson of Victor Emmanuel. Victor Emmanuel Ferdinand Maria Genaro, Prince of Naples, was born in that city on November 11th, 1869. He has been well educated under the direction of Colonel Osio, who is a good scholar as well as a good soldier. The young Prince speaks English, French and German with equal fluency. He has traveled in the East, where he took many notes of his observations; but this is his first visit to England.

Cardinal Manning, who has just entered upon his 84th year, observed in a recent note to Mrs. Gladstone: "You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last 20 years," and "how few of our old friends and companions now survive."

He—The artists say that five feet four inches is the divine height for women. His darling, crossly—You know I am five feet eight. He, quickly—You are more than divine, dear.

It is a great thing to be friendly and sympathetic, but a man needs to discriminate a little before he tries to be friendly with a strange dog.

The bed of the river should be covered with winding sheets.

Father—But how will this young theologian be able to support you if he doesn't get a charge? Daughter—Why, pa, he's an experienced summer hotel waiter.

Old Lady Aylesbury is one of the most extraordinary figures in London society. She is nearly eighty and wears a wig of cork-screw curls. She is noted as the possessor of a sharp tongue, and her language is at all times picturesque and vigorous.

#### THE WEST SHORE WRECK.

Dreadful Fate of the Doomed Italians in the Smoking-Car.

#### A SICKENING STORY BY A PORTER.

A Buffalo despatch says: A reporter succeeded in finding a train man this afternoon that probably knows as much about the accident on the West Shore road yesterday, when so many Italians were killed, as anybody. He is Robert Jackson, the colored buffet man of the car Poccasset.

The Poccasset was the last car on the passenger train. "About ten minutes to 3 this morning," he said, "I was talking to a passenger who was drinking bottled beer. Suddenly we heard a crash, followed by a terrible shock, which threw us out of our seats. We ran out of the vestibule door of the car and saw a frightful scene."

"Two cars were on fire and burning up rapidly. The bodies of a dozen dead Italians were mixed up in a wrecked day coach, and twenty or thirty more Italians were screaming, crying and praying for help. They could get neither in nor out, and were crazy with pain."

"One of the men lying with his body half under the car was Engineer Patrick Ryan, of Buffalo. He was breathing terribly when I got to him, and a second later was unconscious. Myself and three or four passengers got a blanket out of a sleeping coach, wrapped him up and carried him inside. He was more dead than alive when we laid him down."

"A Syracuse doctor was on the train and he dressed his injuries. I don't think Ryan can live. I also found Bergin, but he was dead. His body was cut up fearfully."

"The sight of the mangled bodies of the Italians is before me still. I have been in three wrecks, but I never saw men cut up so badly as they were. Legs, arms and portions of bodies were scattered all around the track."

"One poor fellow died while I was looking at him. Both legs had been taken off. There were four or five heads taken off and a lot of the dead bodies had lost legs and arms."

"The suffering of the wounded until they were taken to Syracuse was simply awful. They groaned and cried from the torture they endured, and people were sick at heart looking at them."

"It is simply impossible to describe the suffering. I never heard anything like it in my life. Every bit of whisky in the buffet car was given to the injured."

"Although it was only a short time before the relief train arrived it seemed an age."

"On the way to Syracuse one of the poor Italians died while the doctors were working over him. There was no brakeman on the train, and when the cars caught fire I went over myself and uncoupled the sleepers and saved them from being burned up."

"There was nothing at hand to put out the fire, and we had to let the cars burn up. The baggage car was entirely consumed with all the baggage. The dresses and all the baggage of a theatrical troupe were in it."

#### POISON IN THE MILK.

Suspicious of Child-Poisoning to Obtain Insurance Money.

A Chester, Pa., despatch says: It has been ascertained that little George Lewis, who died suddenly last week, was poisoned. Just who the guilty person is that administered the poison, or the motive for the crime, has not been discovered. The body of Mary E. Morgan, the adopted daughter of Mr. Lewis, who died on July 10, will be dissected, and an examination made to learn if she has been poisoned also. Mr. Lewis testified at the coroner's inquest last night that his son George was first taken sick at supper on Tuesday evening, after drinking glass of milk. The dose was just sufficient to cause nausea, and the following morning he was apparently as well as ever, excepting that his appetite was gone. At dinner he had a glass of milk, and immediately became violently ill. Doctors were summoned, but the child soon died in terrible agony. Mrs. Lewis, who is engaged through the day, and who did not know of her son's illness until she reached home at supper time, is not implicated in any plot to take the life of her child. Mr. Lewis declared that George was in his company the greater part of the time and no one else was in the house but his 15-year-old daughter. The autopsy of George revealed arsenic in sufficient quantity to produce death. An autopsy on Mary Morgan and George were insured. The Lewis family are very poor, and the father has been out of work for some time.

#### CHAINED, STARVED, BEATEN.

Horrible Cruelty of a Step-Mother to a Young Girl.

A Shamokin, Pa., despatch says: A young woman named Rosa Sheshinski was found in a cellar yesterday in a half insane condition. She was able to tell the story of the shocking cruelty to which she had been subjected by her brother and step-mother. She said they wanted her out of the way that they might get some property that she owned. Some months ago they attempted to poison her, and she told a doctor and an investigation was to have been held; but one night her step-mother and brother dragged her down into the cellar and padlocked a chain round her waist, the other end of which was fastened in the wall. Here she had been kept ever since. She was given very little food, and was frequently beaten by her step-mother. The step-mother admits having chained the girl in the cellar, but says it was on account of her insanity, and that she was sometimes so violent that if she had not been fastened up she would have done herself or some one else an injury. An investigation will be held.

In the last six months \$75,000,000 in gold has left this country. This looks as if the palace car porters were asleep or something. —Philadelphia Times.

Boarder—Didn't you state in your announcement that there were no mosquitoes here? Farmer—Yes; but I wrote that in the winter time.

—Out in Kansas they are feeding their hogs on peaches. The animals haven't had such luxurious food since the pig he sat in the parlor.

#### THE WORK OF A MONSTER GUN.

A Shell Sent Forty Feet Into Steel, Iron, Oak, Granite, Concrete and Brick.

Some idea of the power of the heaviest modern ordnance may be gathered from the following facts about the English 110-ton gun: It weighs 110 tons, is 43 feet 9 inches long, and has a diameter at the breech of 5 feet 6 inches and a calibre of 16 1/2 inches. It is made at the Armstrong works, at Newcastle, England, and the shortest time in which it can be built is fifteen months. Its charge is 960 pounds of best prismatic gunpowder, and the cylindrical steel shot weighs 1,800 pounds. The expense of firing a single shot is £177 (about \$860), and as the gun will not bear firing more than seventy or eighty times its deterioration must further be reckoned as expense.

A battering shot from this gun penetrated entirely through compressed armor (steel faced iron) twenty inches thick; then through iron backing five inches thick; then it pierced wholly through twenty feet of solid oak, five feet of granite and eleven feet of hard concrete, and went three feet into a brick wall.

It is very apparent that the projectiles from this gun would penetrate any fort now existing, and would go very nearly clean through any man-of-war afloat, no matter where it hit her.

There are several serious drawbacks to this gun, however. The chief one is that it is not strong enough to sustain its own weight. The guns on board the battleship Victoria have a decided droop, and it is believed that guns of this size cannot be built up by the present system of construction with a certainty that they will maintain their shape. It is also admitted that their lifetime is very short, and that dependence could not be placed on their safety after about seventy shots. No more of these guns will be built for navy use, and it is doubtful whether they will be in much demand for fortifications.

#### Pretty Yellow, This.

Writes "Amber in Chicago Herald": What an egotist nature is! How satisfied she is with herself and her works, however man may mourn and the wicked rage! The dashed to death when a little fellow was charmingly the waves kiss the shore, how radiantly the sun's sparkles wove themselves through the shadows, how the birds sang and the fountains threw high their banners of silver spray! How green the grass was along the park roadways, and how like a belt of gems—opal diamond and shaded pearl—the horizon linked the sea to the sky. A father's heart was crushed in the iron grasp of agony such as is seldom experienced by mortal man; a fair-haired boy was brutally mangled and torn, torn by the furious beat of hoof and roadway; a tender mother's soul was tortured by anguish for which nothing but heaven holds any balm, and all the while fair nature present and proud in the heartless beauty like a senseless parrot or a worthless peacock. Where was the arbitrator of high heaven then? Where was the tender care that notes the sparrow's fall and marks the bruised reed that it be not broken?

#### My Lady and the Washerwoman.

London Modern Society: In Toronto resides a family which has long aspired to "lead" society in that town. Some little time ago the head of the family received a handle to his name, and the importance of both husband and wife increased in proportion. But "my lady," like Johnny Gilpin, having a "frugal mind," wrote to the institutess where her family washing had previously been sent applying for a reduction in prices charged her, on the ground that "the patronage of a titled family" would be of great value to the institution! Needless to say the request was indignantly refused, and, according to a Canadian paper, it is intended to respectfully enquire of Her Majesty if she approves of newly-made knajests using their title to get their shirts and collars washed and starched under trade price?

#### John Morrissey and the Lord's Prayer.

Saratoga News: Ex-Congressman James M. Marvin and ex-Senator John Morrissey were being jocularly twitting each other of ignorance concerning matters of a spiritual or religious nature. "Now, look a-her," said Mr. Morrissey, "I'll bet you a \$5 note you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Mr. Marvin covered the amount with a crisp "five," and then began: "Now I lay me down to sleep—"

"You win!" interrupted Mr. Morrissey, and Mr. Marvin pocketed the money.

#### THE STREET CAR DRIVER'S DOG.

There's a little black doggie that runs up and down By the side of the street cars all over the town. One day he trots eastward, the next he goes west. Or northward, or southward, or where he thinks best. None knows where he comes from, none knows where he stays: By the side of the street cars he passes his days. He cares not for tags, and from muzzles he's free.

As any brave little street Arab should be. No time from his duties he'er seems to borrow. Unless now and then while he's chasing a sparrow.

None knows where he picks up the grub that he eats, Unless that he gets it patrolling the streets. When he lies down at night tired and weary, alone, If he comes to your door-step please throw him a bone.

His sister—Had you heard that Laura Figg's pug has run away? He—Well, what of it? His sister—Oh nothing, only I thought that if you intend proposing now is your time. A woman's heart is often caught in the rebound, you know.

Under the new tax law in Indiana bank officials are compelled to give the assessors a statement of individual deposits. In the town of Lawrenceburg alone \$300,000 cash was discovered which had been withheld from the assessors. This sum, with a penalty of 50 per cent., was then placed on the tax duplicate.

"What a miserable day for a picnic," said Mrs. Cumso, as a procession of children marched by in the pouring rain. "It's all right," replied Mr. Cumso, "that's a Baptist Sunday school."

A man in Pennsylvania who was struck by lightning didn't know it until somebody told him. He was probably waiting for the report of the committee of investigation.—Judge.

—A New York man got eight years for stealing \$5.69.

#### WIFE DEAD, HUSBAND DRUNK.

Sad Scene Discovered in a Squalid New York Shanty.

A New York despatch says: This afternoon Officer Seeley, while patrolling his beat, detected an offensive odor proceeding from a small shanty on a lot on 59th street between Madison and Park avenues, a fashionable residence locality. He entered the cabin with another policeman, and found lying in the doorway an old man fast asleep with an old dirty pillow under his head, while in the room adjoining lay the body of an old woman swollen to twice its natural proportions, and covered with blood. A blood-stained undershirt and an old dress thrown over the lower limbs were the only covering, the woman's feet were pooled being heaped upon a chair beside her. Pools of blood stained the floor, and everything in the room was in confusion. There were evidences of a struggle having taken place. Bits of pasteboard, covered with clots of blood mingled with a woman's long grey hair, were found in the room and in the yard near the kitchen door. The woman had evidently been dead several days. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, and the face had turned black. The condition of the body was such that no examination for marks or wounds was made by the officer. The sleeping man was awakened. He gave his name as Wm. Coleman. He had been on a prolonged spree, and the dead woman was his wife.

Sarah Coleman, an old candy woman, who kept a shop in that portion of the shanty facing the street, said she had been sick, but she thought the man's wife had been dead five days, but she had taken no notice on account of her illness. She claims that the old woman, while chasing some boys, who were annoying her, off the lot, hurt herself by a fall.

#### INDIA PARCELED.

And All Hopes of Averting a Terrible Famine Abandoned.

A Madras cable says: Though the monsoon set in some time ago in some part of India, dispelling all fears of a failure of crops in that portion of the country where the rains had fallen, there has been no rainfall in the Chingleput and North Arcot districts in this presidency, and all hopes of averting a famine have been abandoned. The heat is unprecedented. The standing grain and other crops have succumbed to the long drought, and all are withered and burned. Already the effects of the scarcity of food are being felt, and there is great suffering among the inhabitants of those districts. Many deaths from starvation have been reported. It is also impossible to get food for the cattle. The pasture lands are devoid of grasses, and in many places the streams have dried up, rendering it impossible to get water for them. Horses, cows, donkeys and other live stock are dying in large numbers. It is not only the poorer classes of the population who are suffering from the scarcity of food. Many natives of high caste are making application to the authorities for relief to keep themselves and their families from starvation.

#### A FALSE CHARGE

Crazes a Young Girl and Drives Her to Suicide.

A West Superior despatch says: Josie Linberg, a beautiful girl of 17, whose body was discovered on the beach of Superior Bay, is said to have been driven to her death by the harsh accusation of Mrs. Estling, with whom the dead girl lived. Mrs. Estling's baby was taken violently ill of cholera infantum and the woman became convinced the child was poisoned. She upbraided Josie bitterly, charging her with giving the infant fly poison, and said she might prepare to spend the rest of her days in prison. A policeman approached the house just then, and the girl, becoming fearful that Mrs. Estling would cause her arrest, rushed out of the house and was never again seen alive. She had wandered about for some time, and it is surmised became crazed at the woman's threat. When the body was found it was evident she had walked out into two feet of water, laid down, and held herself under water by catching at the rocks. No foundations existed for Mrs. Estling's charge and the coroner's jury censured the woman.

#### Harry's Big Contract.

Boston Transcript: He—Yes, darling, and it shall be the purpose of my life to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and gratify your every wish. She—How good of you, Harry! And all on \$12 a week, too!

# "German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says:

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

**The Wreck.**  
Watch the boys they are steadily hauling  
At the hawser stout and strong;  
They have worked at her since daybreak  
Hour by hour this whole day long.  
But I fear that she is gone  
And a wreck her hull shall be.  
No more her gallant form shall breast it  
Buoyant on the raging sea.

See her sides the timbers shaking,  
Cracking, swaying to and fro;  
They too soon shall part asunder,  
Into the depths, the fragments go.  
See her head, she proudly raises  
Once more defiant from the grave,  
Yet the billows they dash o'er her,  
She finds no mercy from the waves.

And her noble hull is rearing,  
Gallantly it braves the storm;  
Shall the sun which now is setting  
See it riding thus at morn?  
See the mast which once was standing,  
With its rigging all intact;  
It has fallen now upon her,  
Cruel winds have caused her that.  
Yes, the winds have torn her rigging,  
Flaunting it around her head.  
And the winds shall help the water  
In the struggle 'til she's dead.

Conquer? no they cannot do that,  
Though they take away her life,  
Tho' the billows rend her timbers  
Tho' the winds her rigging rive,  
There is a last despairing effort,  
Now she's taking leave of life,  
Tho' the battling was royal  
Wind and tempest won the strife.  
J. CROTTY.

**SPANKED AND DIED.**

**Unhappy Ending of the Chastisement of a Camden Boy.**

Mrs. Daniel K. Zimmerman, of 908 Newton avenue, Camden, spanked her 3-year-old boy Raymond, Saturday afternoon, for teasing his little sister. Ten minutes later the boy was dead. County Physician Izzard, who investigated the case last night, cannot account for the boy's death. He says it is a most singular case. He will make a post mortem examination. Mrs. Zimmerman says she only used her open hand in chastising the little fellow, and she did not spank him very hard. After she set him down he began to choke and gasp for breath. She called her husband, who pounded the child on the back, thinking something had lodged in his throat. This afforded no relief, and as the boy began to get purple in the face two doctors were sent for. When they arrived the child was dead. The county physician thinks the child was suffocated by some foreign material in the throat, or by a spasmodic contraction of the epiglottis. The Zimmermans have several children, but this was their oldest boy and they are almost heart-broken over his death.—Philadelphia Record.

**Fashionable Colors in Horses.**

There is a fashion in the color of carriage horses. Once, many seasons ago, there was a rage for gray; now gray animals are at a discount and are, as a rule, associated with wedding parties catered for by a lively stable. Light chestnuts had then a turn, but they were found like certain showy materials, not to wear well. One year roans were in fashion, and they were most satisfactory as to wearing qualities, and also as to temper. Even now a well-matched pair of red roans are looked upon as quite correct and very handsome, but the color of the season is dark bay with black points. Dark browns were in favor last season, and, naturally, since horses cannot change the color of their coats so easily as men and women, will be much used this year. Some good has certainly been done by the recent agitation against the bearing-rein, headed by the Duke of Portland. We have noticed lately that many coachmen have dispensed with it, and in the case of lady whips we have seldom seen it used. Once we saw the footman loosen the bearing-reins while the carriage was waiting, and so comparatively freed the horses' heads for a while.—Boston Transcript's London Letter.

**Good Hands.**

That is a good hand which does its work well, whatever it may be.  
That is a good hand which knows how to make pain easier and headaches vanish.  
That is a good hand which is put out to help some one who has fallen by the way-side.  
That is a good hand which helps along the sick and the weak, the helpless and the poor.  
That is a good hand which never wrote anything of which it was ashamed, and which never put its hand to fraud and dishonesty.—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Way to the Heart.**

"Do you remember that lovely gorge at Flowery Dell?" asked Griffin of one of the girls he had met at the picnic.  
"Rather!" was the reply. "It was the first square meal I'd had for a week."

Before the year is out England is to welcome another royalty in the wealthy Maharajah of Mysore. His departure, however, is attended by some difficulty. Certain priests in Southern India have been deputed to study the abstruse questions involved in the project before the Maharajah imperils his caste by crossing the black water.

"There goes a spanking team," remarked Willie Brown to Tommy Jones as the two boys' mothers went walking down the street together.

The devil is nearest to us when we can name those who are going to him.

—It is wholesome to make mistakes occasionally, else we should become fearfully conceited.

**AT THE BEACH.**

As they stood on the beach where the wavelets play  
She laid her head on his satin vest  
And lifted her lips in a pouting way,  
And—he did the rest.

**A SOUVENIR SPOON.**

They had flirted a couple of weeks or so,  
The youth and the maiden shy;  
But the time had arrived for him to go  
And he came to say good-bye.

And he said, "Ere we part will you give me a kiss?  
Refuse not, I pray, the boon;  
For I should like to remember this  
As a sort of souvenir spoon."  
—New York Press.

"Inch worms" are killing Pennsylvania hemlocks by the inches.

Freddie—You look all broke up, what's the matter?  
Cholly—Aftah my dip yesterday my valley foggot to come around to dress me, and I pashed a howlie night in the bath house.

**THIS BIRD HAS NO NAME.**

And Yet it is Daily Served in Every Restaurant and Hotel.

It is a curious fact that a bird which is more distributed over the surface of the earth than any other kind which is better known to man, and more useful to him than any other, has in our language no distinctive name, says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. This defect in nomenclature seems still more strange when we remember that this favorite bird has half a dozen cousin species, every one of which rejoices in a name that is all its own. The nameless bird is the well-known barnyard bird about whose capabilities for broiling, roasting and the like we usually care a great deal more than we do about what we shall call it. But isn't it queer that we have no name for it? Commonly we call the bird chicken. That is clearly a misnomer, unless we are alluding to the little fellows that have lately emerged from the shell. An adult of this species is as far from being a chicken as a man is from being a baby. When we want to be specific about the adult of this species we Americans call the male bird a rooster and the female a hen. But these terms apply equally to many other species of birds. Probably the most favored word for the species is fowl; but that is shooting very wide of the mark; Webster's definition of fowl is "a vertebrate animal having two legs, and covered with feathers or down—a bird." Shakespeare uses the simile, "Like a flight of fowl," and the Bible speaks of "the fowl of the air."

**Pope Leo.**

Pope Leo XIII. is now in his 81st year. His eyes are still remarkably black and brilliant, but aside from this he has every appearance of an infirm old man. His features are thin and sharp, his complexion very pale, and his hand trembles to such an extent that he is no longer able to write unaided. In signing documents he is obliged to hold the right wrist with his left hand, and even then the result is not satisfactory. This convulsive trembling is attributed to a fever from which he suffered several years ago, and from which he has never fully recovered. The Pope has seldom been seen to laugh during all of his long life. He lives plainly, eats alone, according to the established custom of Popes, while he is in Rome, and is troubled with excessive nervousness which often prevents sleep.

**Coffee as a Disinfectant.**

It has been demonstrated that coffee has disinfectant properties and is very effective in killing fever germs. Dr. Ludritz, who has paid close attention to the subject, did not use strong infusions, but found that a certain harmless micrococcus germ died in a 10 per cent. coffee solution in from three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three days under coffee influence, and the cholera bacillus in from three to four hours. The germ of anthrax or spleen fever died in from two to three hours, but the spores of young forms of the latter germ perished in from two to four weeks only.—Good Housekeeping.

**Pat's Great Wonder.**

We are surrounded by dangers all the way from the cradle to the grave. "The great wonder is," as Pat says, "that after getting out of our cradle, we live long enough to reach our grave." Thousands are out of health—morose, morbid and miserable, because they do not avail themselves of the remedy within easy reach of them. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cure them.

For all chronic or lingering Coughs, Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, Asthma and kindred ailments, invigorates the liver, improves digestion, and builds up both flesh and strength. Dose small and pleasant to taste. Large bottles, one dollar. Of all druggists.

**The Population of London.**

Robert Hunter says in the July *Nine* *teenth Century* that the population of Cab radius, London (50 square miles) is 2,828, 585; that of Inner London, which is almost identical with the County of London (121 square miles) is 4,221,452, and that of Greater London (701 square miles) is 5,656, 909. Greater London is identical with the Metropolitan Police district plus the city. The figures regarding it are taken from the unrevised results of the census of 1891, as published in the *London Times* of June 9th.

**A Mean Man.**

Atlanta Constitution: Irate subscriber—I demand to see the editor. Where is he?  
Printer—He's in the loft. The citizens tarred and feathered him last night.  
I S.—Yes, and that's just what I want to see him about. The tar belonged to me, and I want the editor to pay for it.

**Ruling Passion After Death.**

New York Herald: Satan—What's that newly arrived ex-minister kicking about?  
Assistant Imp—He says he's always been accustomed getting a vacation during the heated term.

**Some Hope for Him.**

Once a Week: Soft Head—Do you think your sister would marry me?  
Boy—I guess so. She told mother she would rather marry anything than be an old maid.

A very good authority gives as a very simple remedy for hiccough a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hiccough in nine.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, is at work on a new picture representing Christ and His disciples. He hopes to exhibit it in Europe and this country, after which it will become the property of the national gallery at Berlin.

Marion Harland is a large woman of matronly appearance, somewhat above medium height. She has a brown complexion, black hair that is beginning to turn gray, and a broad forehead. She began to write stories when a child of 6.

**PROPER WAY TO WEAR SHOES.**

A Dealer Gives a Recipe for Prolonging Their Usefulness.

People who feel that their shoes wear out too quickly should heed the words of a dealer in Chicago, who tells the *Mail*: Do you know there isn't a man in five hundred who knows how to wear shoes?  
The average man buys a pair of shoes, wears them until they are no longer presentable, and then throws them away and buys another pair. A man ought to have at least two pairs of shoes for every-day wear, and no pair should be worn two days in succession. At first thought this may strike you as a scheme to benefit the shoe dealer, but it is nothing of the kind. In fact, such a plan would injure the shoe business. Two pairs of shoes worn alternately will last three times as long as a single pair. The saving, of course, is made in the wearing of the leather. A pair of shoes worn every day goes to pieces more than twice as fast as a pair worn every second day. No two pair fit your feet in exactly the same way. In one pair the strain and wear of the leather falls heaviest upon one particular part of the shoe, and in another the greatest wear and tear falls upon another part altogether. I took a trip through Europe last summer, and in several places I was surprised to find the shoes worn by peasants to have no "right" and "left" distinctions, but are worn on either foot. I was told that such shoes were preferred to those which more closely conform to the shape of the foot, because they last longer, since the strain upon any part of the shoe to-day is changed to another part to-morrow.

**An Introduction to the Queen**

is an honor conferred upon only a favored few. But every lady of the land may have ready access to the Queen of Remedies—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Once known, always a valued friend. It promises to positively cure every form of weakness peculiar to women, and confirms this promise by a written guarantee of satisfaction, guaranteed in every case, or money returned. This royal remedy is carefully prepared for women only, and its efficiency is vouched for by countless happy homes and countless thousands of testimonials. A trial will convince you that it is invaluable in correcting all irregularities and weaknesses for which it is designed.

**How to Cool the Room of a Feverish Patient.**

One of the most useful hints for sick room attendance is very seldom known outside of a hospital ward, and not even there in many cases. The hint is how to obtain a cold cloth without the use of ice. Every one knows that in fevers or weakness a cold cloth on the forehead or face or base of brain is one of the most comforting things in the world. In the tropical countries, and where ice is scarce, all that is necessary is to wet a linen cloth, wave it to and fro in the air, fold it and place on the patient. Have another cloth ready, wave it to and fro just before applying it. These cloths have a more grateful and lasting coolness than those made so by the burning cold produced by ice.

**Would You be Attractive?**

You must be healthy. Would you be healthy, always keep within reach, ready for any emergency, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the perfection of physic! Headache, biliousness, constipation, a coated tongue, always indicate a torpid liver. These small Pellets act directly upon the liver—the fountain-head of many ills—correcting all disorders, driving out all impurities, stimulating healthy action. The best Liver Pills; mildly giving all the benefit and none of the discomfort of other pills.

**Her Majesty Engaged.**

Mrs. Struckle—Did ye see th' Queen when ye was in England?  
Mrs. Gaswell—No; I called on 'er, but they tole me she was engaged. It never occurred to me till then that it was wash day.—New York Weekly.

**The Jocosse Clerical.**

"Where was your husband buried?"  
"H—he was c-o-cremated."  
"Poor fellow. Gone to his well urned rest, eh?"

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder of the Order of King's Daughters, is the wife of a Presbyterian minister of New York. She is in appearance a gentle, motherly-looking woman, with a kind face and an unusually dignified bearing.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American continent with a point lace cloud, "Did any one ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"

"What are you crying about, my little man?" Jimmy O'Brien looked me first, and then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, and now I suppose I shall catch it again from father.

"Well, this is act first," said the summer youth as he put his arm around her and drew her tenderly to him. "And it is also scene first," replied the summer girl as she pointed to her frowning chaperone standing not ten feet away.

**A CONTRAST.**

He sat on a board at the baseball game,  
And broiled in the burning sun;  
He knew every player's Christian name,  
And, if any one scored a run,  
He danced, and yelled, and grew red in the face.

And shouted, and tossed his hat,  
For he, as you have guessed, was a base-ball crank—and they act like that.

He sat in a cushioned broad-aisle pew  
In a cool and quiet church,  
And squirmed as you would perhaps, if you  
Were a school-boy and feared the birch.  
He heaved a sigh when the minister said  
"Amen," and he grabbed his hat,  
For he was a—a male biped—  
And in church they act like that.

It appears from the Chicago "Electricity" that several builders in that city are now using aluminum in the construction of office buildings, but only for ornamental purposes. In two blocks the metal is used for elevator guards, railings, newel posts, etc. "Electricity" says: "In all probability the metal will enter even more largely into the construction of magnificent buildings as the refinement of electrical reduction processes makes it cost even less than it is to-day."

—Maud—Is it true that you are in love with Mr. Bullion?  
Clara—Mercy, no. I'm only engaged to him.

**\$4,000,000 IN GOLD PLATE.**

Barbaric Splendor of the Recent Great Windsor Banquet.

The State banquet at Windsor was the most magnificent entertainment which has been given at the Castle since the visit of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie in April, 1855. Last week I estimated the value of the plate which would be used or displayed in St. George's Hall at \$2,500,000, but I believe that in reality it was worth more like \$4,000,000, for not only was the gold service which Rundell & Bridge manufactured for George IV. used, but the Indian and Chinese trophies, the famous gold shields, the can comfortably cooler (in which two men can comfortably sit), the great gold flags, candelabra and vases, and the well-known St. George candelabrum, were all to be seen, the last being placed exactly opposite to the Queen and the Emperor. The Queen's priceless services of Worcester and Crown Derby china were used.—London World.

**How a Lobster's Shell Was Cast.**

At the most extensive aquarium in England, the Brighton Zoo, the female lobster recently cast her shell. She screwed herself up together on her toes and tail and suddenly bent her body. Snap went the shell in its centre and the case of the back came away in one piece. The claws were her next care and she worked away at them for a long time. It was a proceeding of extreme delicacy, considering that all the flesh of the great claw had to be passed through the small base. During the operation one claw came off altogether, and this must have seemed to the lobster lady a serious misfortune, as it will not grow to its full size again until the second year. The tail and legs gave very little trouble and the body when thus undressed proved to be of a pale blue.

The shell-casting over, the lobster sank on the sand, and this action seemed a signal for the attack of every creature in the tank. The defenceless victim bade fair to succumb to the fury of her enemies, when the male lobster suddenly came to the rescue. Standing over his shell-less better half he fought his assailants relentlessly. Day and night did he watch over her, until her shell was sufficiently hardened to protect her in fighting her own battles. When the happy moment arrived he deliberately picked up the old claw, broke it in his nippers, and ate the meat. He then dug a hole in the sand, placed it in the broken bits of shell, buried them, and piled a number of small stones above the grave.

**John Knows the Scheme.**

Brooklyn Eagle: Notice to Chinamen in Canada—If you are dead broke and have no friends from whom you can borrow your passage money home, just drop over into the United States, whose treasury officials have decided that the law required such Oriental impediments as you are to be returned, not to Canada, but to the country from which you originally came. You must admit that as an example of governmental philanthropy this beats the record.

**The Prince of Naples.**

From the age of ten the young Prince of Naples was made to rise at daybreak, summer and winter alike. After taking his cold bath and a cup of broth, he commenced his lessons. If perchance he lingered two or three minutes in bed before getting up, he was not allowed to get his cup of broth until after his first lesson was over. On the conclusion of his lesson he was made to ride for an hour, whatever the weather might be; and the whole day was spent in study and physical exercise.

**A Happy Escape.**

New York Weekly: She—It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no, I mean no.

He—Always?  
She—Invariably.  
He—And can nothing ever change your determination when you once make up your mind?  
She—Absolutely nothing.  
He—Well, I wouldn't care to marry a woman like that anyhow.

**A Generous Road.**

Grimsby Independent: Some people think that the Grand Trunk Railway are very grasping and want the whole earth. Now this is not so, for we heard the brakeman on the express when nearing Hamilton announce to the passengers, "Next station, Hamilton, change cars; passengers for Toronto, keep your seats." Wasn't it kind of him to allow the passengers that favor?

**The Reporter's Lot.**

New York Weekly: City Editor—The street is all excitement. An electric light wire has blocked traffic, and no one knows whether it is a live wire or not.  
Editor—Detail two reporters to go to the wire immediately—one to feel of it and the other to write up the result.

**No Possible Use.**

Good Sister (at revival meeting, to young mourner)—Don't you want Brother Jimson to pray for you?  
Mourner—No; he has prayed for me time and time again, and I wouldn't heed his prayer. I won't have him; that's all.

Canada only lacks 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe: it is nearly 30 times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States.

"But you are sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?"  
"Haven't I had proposals from many—handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men—and yet," tenderly, "didn't I choose you, dear?"

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, auriferous for 120 yards and alizarine for 155 yards of Turkey red cloth.

"Did you tell that man I'd gone to San Francisco, as I told you to, James?"  
"Yes sir. I told him you started this morning."  
"That's a good boy. And what did he say?"  
"He wanted to know when you'd be back, and I told him 'After lunch, sir.'"  
—Harper's Bazar.

"And, mamma," sobbed the unhappy wife, "he—he threw his slippers across the room, and told me to go to the dud-dud-de."  
"You did right, my poor, dear child, to come straight home to me."  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**GAIN ONE POUND A Day.**  
A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS ESCAPED "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS RESOLVED TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER.  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda  
IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

**THE BACCARAT POLKA.**  
A Dancing Master Says it Will Be the Next.  
The Baccarat polka will be the newest dance next season. It is a glide step in half waltz time. In Europe it will be called something else. A New York professor says: It is an Australian novelty, and has not been seen anywhere but Vienna as yet. The instructors in this country have been thinking up an appropriate name for it for three or four months, and only last week decided to call it the "Baccarat Polka." There are not many new dances underlined for next season. The sea waltz quadrille, in which every round dance step is given, is the only other novelty I can think of, although a Spanish dance like one danced by Otero when she washes is being adapted to a waltz movement. Its most pronounced feature is that the upper part of the body is moved in rhythm to the step. It is every graceful and pretty when properly danced.  
**The Narrow Way.**  
Finnick—Why is the straight and narrow way so narrow, I wonder?  
Sinnick—Judging from the minds that use it, it would be an unnecessary expenditure of labor to make it wide.  
**Satan's Fall.**  
Shade of Crook—An old pal of mine is in trouble in New York.  
Satan—That's all right. I'll look after him when I go up to-morrow. You know I have a pull with both the police and the aldermen.  
THE series of catastrophes that has occurred on United States railroads this week is enough to deter people from traveling by rail. It is not likely, however, that it will have any such effect. The public are so accustomed to read about smashes up and collisions that they pay little attention to them, and thus the slaughter of human beings and the destruction of property go on. One would think, however, that the great losses which the railway companies suffer by reason of these accidents would make the management so careful that mishaps would be few and far between.  
Mrs. Fourundred—Count, let me introduce you to Mr. Scaddis, the owner of our greatest rolling mill plant.  
Count—Ah! I am glad to have so plain a meeting so distinguished a botanist!  
—New York Telegram.

**St. Jacobs**  
SURE CURE OIL PROMPT CURE  
CURES PERMANENTLY  
**Rheumatism**  
**SCIATICA**  
**Back Aches**  
**all Aches**  
**NEURALGIA**  
IT HAS NO EQUAL.  
IT IS THE BEST.  
**WEAKNESS**  
CURE YOURSELF  
Pain, stiffness, loss of nerve, weakness, debility, etc., from whatever cause arising, cured by Dr. JACOBS' PAIN EXPELLER. The result of 25 years' Special Treatment.  
Cure Guaranteed.  
Beware of cheap imitations. Buy only the genuine. Each bottle sealed package, with full directions, and receipt of Two Dollars. Equals combined sale of similar specifics.  
Send for Sealed Pamphlet.  
Dr. JOHN PERCY, 1 BOX 505, WINDSOR, ONT.

**PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.**  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
CONSUMPTION  
**YOUR DREAMS ARE**  
Out-classing all others for home treatment in our specific remedy called the GREAT ENGLISH ABSORPTION. It has ordinary success in curing Spasmodic, Night Coughs, Nervousness, Weak Parts. The result of Indigestion. It will invigorate and cure you. 50 years' success a guarantee. All druggists sell it. \$1.50 per box. One mail 10 cents. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

# Farmers' EXCURSION

Via G. T. R. & C. P. R. to  
**Manitoba and the Northwest**

**Aug. 18 and Sept. 1,**

For \$30 and \$35  
Round Trip.

Call on Me for Maps,  
Particulars and Tickets.

**J. A. HACKING,**

Railway and Steamship Agent,  
LISTOWEL, ONT.

## Country Talk

### Grey.

Miss Lees, of Kansas, has been visiting relatives in this township.

A box social was given at the residence of John Strachan, on Wednesday, Aug. 26.

Uriah McFadden secured a 2nd class certificate at the recent examination. He's a good student and will make his mark.

Andrew McInnis, of the 14th line, sowed a field of fall wheat last week. There will be considerable sown next week.

July make of cheese manufactured at the Grey and Morris Cheese and Butter factory was shipped last week by Mr. McLaren. The price received was 9½ cents.

A young man had a confab with a bear the other morning. He heard a grant first and was a little surprised to see the bear not more than ten feet from him. His bearship was moving leisurely in the direction of a piece of woods on the back of T. Calder's farm.

### Elma.

John Ulmer, Monkton's tailor, will move to Lisbon about Sept. 15. Success, John.

The Monkton cheese company sold July make to Mr. McLaren. It was shipped last week.

Miss Fisher, of Harrison, was visiting Miss Lizzie Lineham last week. She returned home Saturday.

A. H. Henderson, D. D. S., of Philadelphia, is visiting at his uncle's, Treasurer Harvey, 10th con.

David Hamilton, 8th con, left for Buffalo, N. Y., to visit his sister, and if he secures suitable employment will remain there.

Miss Annie Jolly, daughter of Robert Jolly, of Stratford, who has been very low with typhoid fever at her grandfather's, 18th con., is now convalescent.

The little son of Mr. Hance, con. 15, had the first finger of his hand badly crushed in the cogs of a fanning mill last Saturday. Dr. Rice dressed the finger.

C. J. Wynn has been re-engaged to teach S. S. No. 7 for 1892, at an advance of \$50 on his present salary. C. J. is deserving of such tangible expression of appreciation.

A little son of Mrs. Robert Smith, on the 10th con., had a swing tackle fall on him a few days ago and injured his foot so badly that he had to be taken to an Atwood Dr., who put several stitches in.

Mr. Wherry, 12th con., preached a good sermon to a large congregation on Sunday, Aug. 16, in the Monkton Methodist church. He is a good speaker and would make a minister. We hope to hear him often.

The managers of the Newry cheese factory shipped their July cheese on Tuesday of this week. A. F. McLaren was the purchaser, and the price received was 9½c., being ¼c. more than the highest price realized in this district this season.

Geo. Keith, 6th con., threshed last Friday 340 bushels of Vick's American Banner white oats off 4½ acres of ground. The seed was purchased from his father-in-law, James Hammond, who originally purchased it from John Miller, of Markham, and has been growing it for the past three years with good results.

John Hall, 12th con., lost a valuable two-year-old colt one day last week. The animal fell from the gangway leading to the barn doors falling on its back on some stones and so injured its spine that it had to be killed. The animal was valued at \$125, and as Mr. Hall has another colt which matched it in every particular, the loss is the more severe.

DEPARTURE.—On Thursday last many of the friends of Robt. Morrison, of the 10th con., of Elma, assembled at the Atwood station to bid him farewell, on the eve of his departure for Beresford, Man., where he is about to locate. His family will follow on the 1st of next month. We are sorry to lose Mr. Morrison and family, but we believe it was a well-considered step on his part.

### Donegal

Mrs. Hislop and Miss Gourlay, of Stratford, are visiting at James Dickson's.

Andrew Little leaves on Monday for Hamilton where he intends taking a course in the Hamilton Business College.

Mabel, second daughter of Henry Smith, lies ill with a very painful affection of the hip. She is under the care of Dr. Hamilton and we hope that under his skillful direction the extreme pain she suffers may soon be assuaged.

We are pleased to state that Ben Balls, who had several of his ribs broken, one of which penetrated his lungs, about two weeks ago, by a kick from a colt, is slowly recovering his health, under the care of Dr. Johnston, of Millbank.

### Carthage.

Several farmers sowed their wheat last week.

Robt. Thompson, of Elma, Sundayed in the village.

Robt. Gamble and Ben Johnston spent Sunday on the 4th line of Elma. Must be some attraction.

B. Donagan is making active preparations for the bricking of his house this season. It will make an improvement on the corner.

Miss Hannah Taggart and Miss Maggie Moore, dressmakers of Grand Valley, are at present visiting at their respective homes.

Mr. Miller, hotel keeper of this place, had his hand severely injured last week while feeding a threshing machine at Henry Snyder's. We hope to see him around soon.

### Logan.

The schools have been re-opened and teachers and pupils are hard at work again.

Mr. Rennick, photographer, has been through this township lately, taking photos of schools and residences. He seems to have success.

The names of those from this township who were successful in taking certificates are:—3rd class—Maggie Battin and Kate Kenney. 2nd class—Wesley Leake, Fred Ward, and Jessie Machan now of Mitchell.

There are great preparations being made at the different appointments of the Monkton circuit for the union Harvest Home festival which is to take place at the parsonage in the course of a few weeks. The choir of each church is to assist in the music, besides which there will be speeches, readings, etc., given by ministers and others. It will also be the occasion of Mr. Scott's farewell, who has been laboring very successfully among the people here for the last two months. While we regret his departure, we gladly welcome the return of our pastor and hope to find him fully restored to health and strength, to continue the good work.

### Wingham.

Fall wheat is a prime crop this year and it will yield well. Spring grains are also doing tip-top.

A tug-of-war between employees of the Grand Trunk Railway residing in Wingham and a team chosen from the regular citizens is talked of.

The Wingham Baptist congregation on Sunday last had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. P. G. Robertson, of Peoria, Michigan, both morning and evening. The rev. gentleman was a very successful pastor of the church here for four years, and it was during his incumbency that the present neat and cosy little chapel was built and paid for. Among those who listened to him on Sunday last were many who through his spiritual exhortations and zeal were led to accept the cross of Jesus for their soul's salvation, and their meeting with their beloved former pastor after an absence of ten years was an extremely pleasant event. The cherished memories renewed and refreshed on this occasion will not likely ever be forgotten.

The Garbutt-Conoror bank swindling affair and Mr. Garbutt's extradition are giving the town of Wingham a wide range of advertisement. As this matter has been before the courts at Toronto and the Minister of Justice have been carried to all parts of the Dominion by the daily press, and as the case is now being re-introduced to the authorities at Washington by the defence and bankers and others in several states of the Union are interested, having been as they claim swindled out of large sums of money, and as Wingham was the rendezvous of those now indicted for the above mentioned charges, the former awaiting extradition and the latter awaiting trial, and the families of both Messrs. Garbutt and Conoror still reside here, thus giving the name of our town such a large field of publication. Wingham ought to be hereafter one of the best known places on the continent. It is but just to the town to say that both these gentlemen now indicted for swindling banks in the United States out of large sums of money on different occasions while living here conducted themselves as peaceful and respected citizens, but the latter was always thought to have more money than could be accounted for by the legitimate income of his business, and his frequent visits to the United States where he claimed to have a farm and his flushness of money after his return were looked upon with considerable suspicion. Mr. Garbutt is a son-in-law of Coneror's and was here but a short time before his arrest. He was very fond of horses and had in his possession a few very fine animals with which he attended the races. He had also a fondness for jewelry, and was sometimes called the "Diamond Jockey."—Cont.

### Poole.

Miss Messinger, of Hanover, is a guest of Mrs. Helm this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daly, of Nebraska, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Goulter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Struthers, of Detroit, are visiting the parents of Mr. Struthers.

Mr. Large has received the sad intelligence of the death of his sister, Lizzie, who died very suddenly last week, at her home in Norman, Ont.

A little daughter of Yobst Neumeister aged 7, ran out into the pea-field last Wednesday, in the way of her brother who was mowing. The boy not noticing her in the field, drove the harvester over her, the knife of the machine almost severing the left leg between the knee and the ankle. Dr. Egbert, of Milverton, was summoned, and under his care the little girl is progressing favorably.

### Perth County Notes.

Stratford's rate this year is 21½ mills on the \$.

St. Marys rate of taxation this year is 16½ mills.

The American hotel is advertised to be sold on the market square, Stratford, Sept. 16.

Miss Agnes Knox, the talented elocutionist of St. Marys, will shortly give a recital in Stratford.

Rev. R. Hamilton, of Motherwell, has been given four weeks leave of absence to recuperate his health.

Thomas Carrothers, for whose murder his wife is under arrest, was a native of the township of Blanshard.

They say the farmers do nothing these days but walk about the fields singing "In This Wheat By-and-by."

The stratford Colonist staff took their holidays last week. Mr. Schmidt, the editor, we regret to say, is very poorly.

The petrified body of a woman was excavated in St. James' Episcopal churchyard, Stratford, on Tuesday, Aug. 25.

The election for the deputy-reeveship of Mornington resulted in P. Zoeger being elected over W. Waddell by 111 majority.

The Sporting Association are doing everything in their power to make the races of September 4 the best yet held in Mitchell.

A pistol has been furnished the caretaker of the St. Marys cemetery. He will use it on stray dogs, by authority of the council.

Dr. W. N. Robertson, of Stratford, won the 3 mile and 2 mile bicycle races at Woodstock, Monday. The Dr. received two gold medals.

John Whyte, the Mitchell pork packer, who has a branch in Stratford, shipped the other day 10 tons of bacon to different parts of Canada.

These are the winners from Stratford in the Toronto Truth competition No. 22, which closed June 30, 1891:—Maud Black and John McMicking.

Geo. Golightly, of Monkton, lost his King William grey horse the other day. We are sorry for George and hope his loss will be made up in threshing.

Fish are so plentiful and tame in Hespeler that while three young ladies were giving a gentleman friend a boat ride the other day a fine black bass jumped into the boat.

The Stratford companies of the 28th Batt. are rapidly filling up. It is noticeable this year that the recruits are made up of young men who will likely be permanent members.

Sir Henry Tyler and his party arrived in Stratford on Thursday of last week. After making a tour of the shops and being shown around the city, they left in the afternoon for Goderich.

Listowel's estimated expenditure for this year is \$18,349, of which sum \$16,373 will be raised by assessment at the rate of 22 mills on the dollar. The value of the assessed property is \$787,355.

Fullarton school house has undergone a beneficial change, being now floored and plastered, and painted inside and out, which makes it more pleasant and helpful for both scholars and the teachers.

The other day Stratford baseball club defeated the Mitchell club by a score of 23 to 18. The Seaford and Mitchell juniors played a lacrosse match at the same time, resulting in favor of Seaford by 3 goals to 1.

In the fancy drill competition of the Knights of Sherwood Forest, at Woodstock, Monday, Conclave No. 6, Stratford, Capt. Geo. T. Cooke, was awarded first prize, having secured 364 points. The fancy drilling of the Stratford Conclave was perfect.

E. J. Kneill, editor of the Stratford Times, has just received a handsome silver tinting water pitcher, from the Home Fascinator Pub. Co., of Montreal, which was won by him in the recent word contest. The pitcher is a handsome one and is valued by a jeweller of this city at \$15.

The Milverton band committee have matured their scheme to raise funds to purchase suits for the boys. The contestants are three ladies, Miss Hanna, of Ellice, Miss Henderson, of Milverton, and Miss Struthers, of Poole. The prize will be a gold watch. The value of each ticket, which represents a vote, is ten cents. The contest will close Sept. 3, Milverton's civic holiday.

The Supreme Judge at Leipsic, has decided after three years deliberation, that the meat of dogs is not fit to be used in the manufacture of sausages, and that is therefore criminal to sell sausages when composed in any part of dogs meat. What a great consolation we don't live in Leipsic. Bologna is bad enough with an occasional hair pin in it, but we draw the line at sausages composed whole or in part of low, mangy, ill-bred pups.—Stratford Times.

—TO THE—

## People of Newry

Atwood and Surrounding Country.

KINDLY take notice that we have decided Leaving Newry about Oct. 1st, and will commence

**Tuesday, Sept. 2nd,**

To offer the Whole of our Stock at and

**BELOW COST!**

Call Early as

Bargains will be Given!

**J. S. GEE, - NEWRY.**

**AUGUST!**

Our lines for this month are still full.

**Boots and Shoes,**

**GROCERIES,**

**Dry Goods, Crockery,**

**Glassware, etc.**

**Mrs. M. Harvey.**

**ARE YOU**

**FAMILIAR** with the merits of

—THE—

**MODEL**

**COOK STOVE?**

If not, come and examine it and you will buy no other.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

**BONNETT & BOWYER,**

Main St. Bridge, Listowel.

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ATWOOD

**Planing Mills.**

The Atwood Planing Mill keeps on hand a good general stock of Lumber, including

**Pine Lath** kept in stock 24c. per 100.

**Dressed Flooring,**

SIDING AND

**Muskoka**

**Shingles!**

**Wm. Dunn.**

## Business Cards.

### MEDICAL.

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Trinity University, Toronto; Fellow by examination of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan; special attention given to the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence, next door to Mader's store, Atwood. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 2:30 p.m., and every evening to 8:30.

### DENTAL.

J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S.,  
Is using an improved Electric Vibrator, Vitalized Air, or Gas, for the painless extracting of teeth. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office—In block south side of Main street bridge, Listowel.

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.

C. H. MERYFIELD,  
Licensed auctioneer for the County of Perth, Monkton, Ont. Rates moderate. For particulars apply at this office.

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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 this office will be attended to promptly.

Money to Loan.  
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

THOS. FULLARTON,  
COMMISSIONER IN THE H.C.J.;  
Real Estate Agent; Issuer of Marriage Licenses; Money to Lend on reasonable terms; Private Funds on hand; all work neatly and correctly done; Accounts Collected.  
Atwood, Nov. 11, 1890. 42-ly

### HOUSE, SIGN AND

**Ornamental Painting.**

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REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.

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**PAINTER,**

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Terms Reasonable.  
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