

The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 24, 1890.

NO. 39.

WOODSTOCK JAIL ECHOES.

The Sentinel-Review says:—The Monday of Birchall's prison life was relieved the other day by a visit from his counsel, Mr. Hellmuth, of London. It is understood that Birchall's friends in England have requested Mr. Hellmuth by cable to have a petition circulated for the revivification of the condemned man, but whether or not this course has been adopted, considering the statement of the judge when sentencing Birchall, is not definitely known. Birchall says he will complete the history of his life and his confession in two weeks. He wants to sell it for \$3,000, the money to be paid to his wife.

Birchall keeps a diary and counts each morning the remaining days he has to spend on earth. He is cheerful and to those who have access to him, and while there does not appear to be much reason for it he has not given up all hope. He thinks there is a chance for his life yet and will not be convinced to the contrary. Wednesday night of last week he discussed the Day trial and criticised the verdict of the jury, founded as it was on the evidence of a woman of unsavory reputation. When he read of the mistake in fixing the date of his execution, he appeared quite pleased to learn that Day had a longer lease of life. Birchall will write him offering his congratulations and trusting that upon the reserve points Day may be acquitted.

The Post Hope Times had a conversation last week with J. A. Stroud of the firm of Stroud Bros, tea merchants, of Toronto, who was a school mate with the now famous J. Rex Birchall at Oxford six years ago. Mr. Stroud states that Birchall's mind continually ran on the subject of horse racing, and after his leaving college he made a precarious living at book-making on the race tracks in England. Birchall was a poor student, and rarely put any time on his studies. He was a most prodigious prevaricator—a trait of character he well preserves—and was known to be a man who would tell the most flagrant untruths all to no purpose. Mr. Stroud does not credit Birchall with sufficient "sand" to perpetrate such a crime as murder, and thinks there is something yet to be heard regarding the murder which will be startling in its character.

THE SWAMP OF DEATH.

I.
By you dark swamp, with cruel, murderous hands,
In coldest blood this poor young man was slain;
Rejoicing in good health he here did stand
Careless of all; with short and sudden pain
He fell a victim, to the murderer there loving
A man with heart of stone, who loving gold
Laid down his honor and his character—
Laid down his all, his life for money sold.

II.

By justice caught he now must meet his fate,
E'en now, for it in prison cell doth wait;
Naught now can save him from the hangman's rope,
With God he yet may make his peace, we hope;
Entreat his maker in His wondrous grace,
Looking from heaven, to find him there a place,
Leading him to Him through the realms of space.

—Magna Poeta.

One of the most skillful criminal lawyers in New York said Thursday in speaking of the Birchall murder case:—"The trial of this man has recalled to my mind the judgment of the strongest writers on criminal jurisprudence in the world. This judgment coincides with the theories which have been held by the great writers of criminal stories from Gaboriau to Charles Reade. It is that an absolute denial is the very strongest defence that a prisoner can make of a murder. All of the efforts to prove alibi, substantiate outside plans and build up elaborate systems of defence, amount to child's play. If the prisoner from the very moment he is arrested absolutely denies all knowledge of the murder and refuses point blank to talk to anybody except his counsel, it is the hardest thing in the world to convict him no matter how strong the circumstantial evidence may be. Nine-tenths of the men convicted on circumstantial evidence for murder have only themselves to blame for their punishment. If nobody has actually seen a man committing murder and that man swears constantly that he is innocent, the circumstances will never menace him."

Stenographer Young, who did the assize court reporting at Hamilton, says that in every murder case where there is a conviction the court reporter has to forward to the minister of justice a transcript of the evidence. This will have to be done by Nelson B. Butcher who took the evidence in the Birchall trial. It will total up about 3,500 folios or 1,000 pages of typewritten foolscap. Mr. Young says: "I never like reporting murder cases, the strain is so great. The reporter has to keep on the qui vive all the time lest he should make a slip that might prejudice the prisoner's chances. Often a man's life may hang on a word or two."

The sheriff's mail is flooded these days with applications for the position of hangman. They come from all sections of the country and from all sorts of degraded wretches. Already 15 or 20 applications have been received. One came from an Indian and the writing could hardly be deciphered. Deputy Sheriff Perry says that no inexperienced man will be engaged; that it is quite likely that the man who conducted the executions at Toronto and London recently and who is endeavoring to get the appointment of official hangman of the province will be employed, and he went to Toronto Saturday to complete arrangements.

Scott & Martindale, of Galt, have completed their contract in connection with the stone to mark the last resting place of Frederick C. Benwell at Princeton. The stone was placed in position this week. The inscription it will bear is as follows:

In loving memory of
FREDERICK CORNWALLIS BENWELL.
Born 15th September, 1865,
Murdered in the Township of
Blenheim Feb. 17th, 1890.
ELDEST SON OF LT.-COL. BENWELL, OF CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND,
Formerly Capt. 10th Regiment.
"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Ministers' sons came to the front in the great criminal trial at Woodstock. Mr. Osler is a son of the Rev. Canon Osler, formerly of Dundas. Mr. Blackstock is the son of a retired Methodist minister. Mr. Hellmuth is the son of the well-known Episcopal divine of that name. The old slander that ministers' sons never amount to anything is not true of Ontario. It never was true where—Canada Presbyterian, Sir Chas. Tupper; Sir Richard Cartwright, son of the late Rev. R. D. Cartwright; Hon. J. C. Abbott, leader of the Government in the Senate, son of the late Rev. Jos. Abbott; Judge Strong, of the Supreme Court, son of the late Rev. Dr. Strong; Judge Gwynne, son of the late Rev. W. Gwynne, D. D.; Hon. Wm. Humé Blake was a son of Rev. Dominic Blake; R. N. Hall, M. P. for Sherbrooke, is a son of Rev. R. V. Hall; J. P. Patterson, M. P. for Essex, son of Rev. James Patterson; E. G. Prior, M. P. for Victoria, B. C., son of Rev. Henry Prior; Hon. W. H. Richey, late Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, son of Rev. Matthew Richey, Deputy Minister of Justice Sedgwick, son of Rev. Dr. Sedgwick; Alfred Selwyn, director of geological survey, son of Rev. T. Selwyn; Robert Bell, assistant director geological survey, son of Rev. Andrew Bell; W. H. Smithson, accountant post office department, son of Rev. W. Smithson; Judge Rose, son of Rev. S. Rose.

Ethel.

Rev. Mr. Sherlock preached in Atwood last Sunday.
J. Stubbs is on the sick list this week with an attack of inflammation.
Rev. D. Rogers, of Atwood, occupied the Methodist pulpit last Sabbath.
David Milne was away at Blyth fall show the other day as judge on cattle. Mr. Milne is an expert in this business.
George Dobson is attending the Commercial College at Toronto, posting himself on book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting.

Bornholm.

Miss Sophia Pfeifer, of Mitchell, spent Sunday at her home on the 12th con.
Send along your subscriptions for THE BEE—the best home paper in the county—and get a copy of the Pioneer Number. The balance of this year for 20c.
Paring bees are quite prevalent in this section, as the people are busy making apple butter. It is said that the apples are not yielding so much cider as in former years.
Rev. Mr. Nugent, of Mitchell, preached a very impressive sermon, bearing on the missionary cause, in this church on Sunday last. The rev. gentleman spoke with his usual enthusiasm and the result was that a large subscription was collected at the close.

Much regret is felt here at the sudden death of Mr. Watson, which took place last Friday morning at his home on the 14th con. Deceased retired as usual on Monday evening and about 11 o'clock was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. Previous to his death he had enjoyed good health and had been working at his trade as a stone mason. His remains were interred in the Elma Centre burying ground.

Country Talk.

Stratford.

A case of destitution that should receive the immediate attention of the Christian people of the city is that of an aged woman, Mrs. Davis, who lives on William street in Falstaff ward. She lives alone and is perfectly helpless in consequence of a broken thigh.

A meeting of the Stratford Natural Gas Company was held in the city council chamber Monday night, Oct. 13th, when it was decided to pull the casing from the present well, plug it and test for water. A number of the directors and shareholders are inclined to the belief that gas or oil may yet be found in this vicinity and at the meeting on the 14th inst. \$1,800 worth of stock was subscribed as a starter for a new well.

It may be interesting to some to know that "Mexican Charlie," or the gent who is said to have figured in other places as "Mexican Charlie," is just now doing Stratford the honor of making it his headquarters. The Windsor hotel is his stopping place at present, and he was one of the attractions at the fall show here the other day, where he did quite a brisk trade for awhile in watches at \$5 with a \$1 bill inside the lid. In some cases he made believe to put a \$5 bill in the lid, but some who bought trusting in Charlie's generosity and thinking they had a sure thing found that Charlie was too dexterous for them, and it was only a \$1 bill after all. Charlie didn't push business very far here, however, it being his scheme apparently to stand in with at least one town which he can make a sort of city of refuge. For this mark of Charlie's distinguished consideration Stratford should doubtless be truly grateful.

Elma.

The concession roads are getting very muddy which render travelling difficult, especially on the 12th con.

J. W. Ward has resigned his position as teacher of the Elma and Wallace boundary school. He will pursue his studies after New Year's unless something pretty tempting is offered him in the matter of a school. Joe has given every satisfaction to both trustees and pupils.

Wm. Danbrook will offer his farm stock, implements, etc., for sale on Friday, Nov. 7th, having made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life in quietness and ease in Atwood. Alex. Morrison will wield the hammer. Mr. Morrison's reputation as an auctioneer is pretty well established judging from the many sales he conducts in all parts of Elma.

DIED.—The funeral of the late Mrs. John Leonard took place on Monday of this week and was largely attended by friends and relatives of the deceased. The sorrowing husband has the sympathy of the community in his sad bereavement. They were married only about two years.

The trustees of S. S. No. 2 have re-engaged T. M. Wilson until the mid-summer holidays at the same salary he received this year. Mr. Wilson has proven himself a zealous worker, a good teacher and beloved by all his pupils. He has had unbounded success with entrance work ever since he took charge of the school, only one being plucked out of the host he sent up this year. T. M. declined taking the school for any longer period than six months, having decided to take up a course in Arts at Toronto University next year.

Brussels.

Ed. Creighton, of Guelph, spent Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Ainlay, sr., has returned home from an extended visit to Listowel.

Rev. Wm. Norton, of Mt. Forest, is visiting his brother, Thos. Norton.

Mr. Woodman, of Londesboro, spent several days with his daughter, Mrs. D. C. Roberts.

Mrs. D. Armstrong was in town this week. She left for Buffalo Wednesday to join her husband.

Last Saturday little Edna Dennis had the misfortune to break one of her legs while playing at her home on Turnberry street.

Rev. S. Sellery, M. A., B. D., preached in Bluevale last Sabbath afternoon—the last Sunday for service in the old church.

Mrs. S. Pearson left last Saturday for Port Huron where she intends making her home for the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Fred. Pelton.

Geo. Love and family removed to Harriston last Wednesday. We are sorry to lose our friends, but our loss will be Harriston's gain.

H. Wilbee has a mammoth squash that measures 5 feet, 7 inches by 5 feet, 1 inch and weighs 40 pounds. It grew in Mr. Wilbee's garden and is a regular whopper.

Last Sabbath Bishop Baldwin, of London, preached morning and evening in St. John's church. At the close of the morning service 19 persons were confirmed.
A good time is expected at the platform meeting in the Methodist church next Tuesday, 25th inst. Speeches on the "Nationalities" from Revs. Livingstone, of Listowel; Scott, of Wingham, and McLaughlan, of Gorrrie, and suitable music by Miss O'Connor, Messrs. Sinclair and Strachan and the church choir.

Grey.

Mrs. D. C. McNair, son and daughter, of Toronto, are visiting their relatives on the 14th con.

We regret to learn that Wm. Telfer, jr., of the 16th con, is very ill with pleurisy and pneumonia.

The trustees of S. S. No. 8 have engaged Jno. Stewart, jr., as teacher in their school for 1891, salary \$340.

The Molesworth Plowing Match Association will hold their annual plowing match on the farm of Wm. Mitchell, lot 54, 2nd concession of Grey, on Friday, 17th inst., commencing at 9 a.m.

Thos. Baylis, the well-known pig man attended the Walkerton, Fordwich and Blyth Fall Shows and carried a lot of prizes. He also made a number of sales. Mr. Baylis says the hog business is looking up in a most satisfactory manner.

Harry Atwood is home from the Northwest after an absence of 10 months. He is not very much taken with the country, owing to the number of drawbacks in the way of frosts, droughts, gophers, etc. He thinks Ontario stands at the head yet and he purposes residing here.

A partridge flew into David Holmes' house, 16th con., recently and in its attempt to regain its freedom went through the window pane. The bird was somewhat stunned giving Mr. Holmes time to secure it for his dinner, thus balancing the damage done to the window.

A happy event took place on the 16th con. on Wednesday, Oct. 8, when Miss Mary, daughter of Geo. Shiels, consummated a marriage contract with Henry Hart, of Leadbury. If he makes as good a husband as he is a blacksmith they ought to be happy. He and his partner, Robt. Shiels, are doing a good business in Leadbury. The boys gave the young couple a good charivari, to inaugurate the successful launching of their barque into the sea of matrimony. May their joys be many and all their troubles little ones.

OBITUARY.—Last Tuesday evening, about 5 o'clock, Wm. Perry, 12th con., was called home to his reward. The deceased was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1815, and was married to Miss Jean Brown, of Dumfriesshire, 1855, and came to Canada in 1871. He settled on lot 10, con. 12, and returned to reside there until his death. Mr. Perry had been a comparatively healthy man with the exception of one attack of inflammation in mid-life. During the past summer he was not very well but was only confined to his room for about a week previous to his decease. Congestion of the lungs appeared to be the cause of his death. The subject of this notice was a quiet, unassuming man, consistent and faithful in all things and had been a worthy member of the Presbyterian church for many years. His end was perfect peace. The family consists of the widow, six sons and one daughter who mourn the demise of a true husband and indulgent father. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon of last week, the interment being made at Brussels cemetery.

Trowbridge.

Several weeks ago W. J. Tughan cut 32 acres of oats on the Bell farm, Trowbridge, in two days, with a single team on a Brantford binder.

The grim messenger of death has been visiting several homes in this locality of late. Two mournful processions might have been seen on Monday last slowly wending their way to the Silent City.

The Seaforth Expositor has the following to say of a former resident of this village and well-known throughout Elma township:—Our citizens generally were much surprised and deeply pained to learn on Saturday, Oct. 4, of the death of Mrs. David Sprout, of Egmondville. Mrs. Sprout had been in delicate health for some time and underwent two operations for the removal of cancer, but it was thought by her friends that she had recovered from these and further danger was not anticipated. And it is not likely that her death was due in any way to this disease. She was subject to very severe head aches and on Friday afternoon suffered in this way, but she came up town to do some shopping. She retired at night not feeling any worse than she frequently did and nothing serious was anticipated. About one o'clock in the morning Mr. Sprout was awakened by her heavy breathing, but as she seemed to be sleeping soundly he did not wake her. About six o'clock he saw something was wrong and he immediately summoned medical aid. All efforts to restore her, however, were unavailing and she passed peacefully away about twelve on Saturday, never having spoken or recovered consciousness. Paralysis, caused by the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain occasioned death. Mrs. Sprout's maiden name was Mary Milligan. She was a native of Dalbeattie, Kirkcubright, Scotland. She was 52 years and 6 months of age. She came to Canada when quite young, in 1851, and settled in the township of Nichol, Wellington county. Her parents never came to Canada. She was accompanied to this country by her sister, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, of the 16th con. of Grey, who still survives her and who was her only near relative on this side of the Atlantic. She was married to Mr. Sprout in Egmondville, by the Rev. Mr. Graham, in 1864; they never had

any family. It may be mentioned as a circumstance that three of her uncles and other relatives have died very suddenly and from a like cause to that which caused her death. Mrs. Sprout was of a cheerful, uncomplaining disposition and was universally beloved and respected by all who knew her. It seemed to afford her the greatest pleasure to do a kind or generous act, and her quiet and unostentatious manner of giving always made the gift to be doubly appreciated by the recipient. She will be much missed not only by her bereaved husband and relatives but by a very large circle of friends. The sincere sympathy of all will go out to Mr. Sprout in this the hour of his very sad and sudden bereavement. The funeral took place on Monday Oct. 6, and was very largely attended, many being present from distant parts and who had come to pay a last tribute of respect to one who in life they had so much beloved. The remains were interred in the Egmondville cemetery.

Listowel.

A good many apples are being shipped from here just now, buyers having been through the neighborhood and have bought up large quantities of winter fruit. The apple crop is a fair one, but it is expected that they will be scarce before spring owing to the large quantities that are being shipped. From \$1.50 to \$2.00 per barrel, according to quality, are the figures which are being paid at present.

G. A. Walton returned the other day from a trip to Manitoba where he visited Melville Hayden at Killamey. They had good crops in that district and were busy at harvest. He says that both G. Love and Mr. Hayden are doing well. He brought back a bunch of wheat grown from one wheat grain. It contained no less than 57 straws and the heads were well filled. If that kind of thing is usual up there no wonder that it is a great wheat country.

The young stallion, Black Billy, who has been handled this season by Kidd Bros., was returned this week to his owner, D. Gordon, Thessalon. Before this season he had never shown much speed but under the good management of W. C. Kidd, together with the advantages of the Listowel track he improved rapidly. He went in eight races and won first place five times, one second and one third, these last two being at Mitchell, where the sharp corners bothered him. He was given a mark of 2.32, but under continued good management he will certainly lower it well within the magic circle. He is by Whirlwind, jr., from a Canute mare.

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN.—The opening of the new pipe organ recently placed in Knox church by Geo. Vogt, of Elmira, organ builder, was celebrated on Monday evening Oct. 13, by an organ recital and musical and literary entertainment in which Toronto and London talent took the leading part. Considering the very meagre announcement made, there was a good audience, the large church being filled. The total cost of the new organ is something over \$2,000. The following description of the instrument has been handed us for publication: "Of the organ itself we can speak in none but the highest terms of praise. The specification is a happily selected one, reflecting great credit on the committee who selected and adopted it, and upon the builder, Geo. Vogt, of Elmira, who so thoroughly and satisfactorily carried out every detail in its construction. We are safe in saying that there is not in the province to-day an organ of equal size which, all things considered, surpasses it, and few if any, can justly claim to equal it. The material of its construction, the beautiful balance of tone of the combined instrument, and the individual beauty of the different solo stops, are of so high an order of excellence that they cannot fail to attract the attention and meet the hearty approval of any expert competent to judge of its merits. Especially noticeable features are the substantial appearance of the cabinet work, the large reserve power of the bellows, uncommon in organs, and the excellent material of which the pipes are composed. The touch is most satisfactory, permitting an organist to play any music written for an organ with the greatest ease. On the reed stops a delightful quality has been produced, the oboe being particularly excellent and characteristic of the instrument they represent, and of that peculiarly mellow effect which is striven after by all organ builders, but seldom attained. The flute diapasons and the pedal register character, and in these as well as the Gamba Dulciana, and the charming combination which cannot but be a source of permanent satisfaction, and it will be a source of pleasure to the organist who may preside. The full specification of the organ is as follows: Great Organ.—1. Trumpet, 8 feet; 2. Open Diapason, 8 feet; 3. Clarabella, 8 feet; 4. Stpd. Diap. Bass, 8 feet; 5. Dulciana, 8 feet; 6. Wald Flute, 4 feet; 7. Principal, 4 feet; 8. Twelfth, 2 1/2 feet; 9. Fifteenth, 2 feet; 10. Fifth, 1 1/2 feet; 11. Swell Organ.—12. Bourdon, 16 feet; 12. Oboe, 8 feet; 13. Stpd. Diap. Treble, 8 feet; 14. Stpd. Diap. Bass, 8 feet; 15. Viol de Gamba, 8 feet; 16. Principal, 4 feet; 17. Violina, 4 feet; 18. Piccolo, 2 feet. Pedal Organ, etc.—19. Sub-Bass, 16 feet; 20. Manual Coppel; 21. Ped. to Gt.; 22. Ped. to Sw.; 23. Tremulant; 24. Bellows Signal."—Standard.

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER XL. A RACE FOR LIFE.

It was done. The forms were all duly observed; and Vanessa Graham was legally married to Richard Anderson, Lord Carickbairn, at the registry office of East Chelsea, before the registrar, and in the presence of his clerk and two witnesses—John Cummings and Maud Redmond.

"That's a queer lot," said the registrar, returning to the inner office after closing the door on the marriage party. "What do you make of 'em?"

"Something wrong going on there," said Maud.

"Not one of 'em looked quite right. Did you notice the bride?"

"She looked as white as a ghost—never smiled once; I saw that."

"I mean, when she sat down to sign her name, she stopped for quite half a minute with the pen in her hand, with a kind of wild look in her face as if she couldn't bring herself to do it. Did you see it?"

"No; the man fixed me. There was a rum look in his face if you like—a hungry look, and his eyes all puffed up and blood-shot."

"Drink, I suppose."

"Either he'd been drinking, or else he'd just risen from a sick-bed. He could hardly walk across the office, and that parson fellow, Cummings, actually had to tell him how to spell his own name. Look at his signature."

"Hum! I thought I heard one of them call him Lord Carickbairn, or something like that."

"I shouldn't be surprised. 26 Paton street. Is that all right?"

"Oh, he's had lodgings there three weeks for the sake of the notice, I expect?"

The registrar looked at the register a minute in silence, and then said:

"I tell you what I think: this is a put-up job. Anderson is some young swell with a lot of money—a lord as likely as not—and a dipsomaniac, I should say; and the young girl has been led on to marry him by the fat woman and the parson who stand in to share the plunder. I don't like the look of either of them—too managing."

"They looked anxious enough till it was all over, and then they seemed to have a load off their mind. How anxious they were to get off, too!"

"They wouldn't have been married here—a young couple of that kind—if it had been all right, you may be sure. However, that's not my affair."

"They're a queer lot, anyhow."

The "queer lot" went to Sloane Square Station in the cab which had brought them from Regent Street to the registry office. A train was leaving the platform as they descended the stairs; another was due in seven minutes. With his arm linked in Nessa's, Carickbairn tottered to a seat, and sat down. She, too, thought that he had been drinking; but overcoming her instinctive repugnance, she seated herself by his side, with the firm resolve to do her duty by the man she had taken for her husband.

With a bent head and downcast eyes summoning her fortitude, and striving, with all the strong purpose of her earnest disposition, to do what was right; he holding her arm with feverish energy, and casting his furtive glance from her to Cummings, who was walking with Mrs. Redmond at a little distance apart.

"I am your wife, now," Nessa said in a low tone, still looking down, "and I will try to make you well and strong and happy."

"Yes! yes!" he answered, quickly, scarcely above a whisper; "I shall be strong enough tomorrow; strong enough when we get away from him." He nodded toward Cummings, and tightened his hold upon her arm.

Cummings, walking away from them, carried a small Gladstone bag in one hand, and the tickets he had procured at the booking office in the other.

"Take these tickets," said he, "and I'll give you the money for the others."

Mrs. Redmond took the tickets, and finding but three, said, in quick alarm—

"You're coming too."

"No, I shall quit you here."

"What, and leave me to go on alone with them?"

"Yes; you'll get out at Blackfriars. It's only a stone's throw to St. Paul's station. You can take a growler to the terminus at Holborn Viaduct if you prefer it. There's sure to be a continental train at about six."

"You'll have to come with us. I won't do it alone."

"You must. It's nearly four. I shall have to meet Hexham at Euston."

"What for?"

"To put him off the scent."

"Rubbish. I'm not going to trust myself for a couple of hours with that fellow."

"Why, he may break out and do it in the carriage before we get to Blackfriars."

"Nonsense. You can see for yourself that he's as helpless as a baby. Besides, he's reasonable enough now, and more cunning than the pair of us. He knows that he will have her all to himself in a few hours, and he'll wait his opportunity."

"You can say what you like, I won't trust him. If you don't go on I won't."

"Well, how about Hexham?"

"Let him find out that you're gone when he gets to the rooms. There will be nothing odd in that."

"Yes, there will, his telegram is on the table telling me to expect him."

"Nothing's to be gained by alarming him before the time. It's just as easy to say that Carickbairn gave you the slip at four, and that you have been hunting for him since, as any other lie. Besides, what does it matter? He's bound to find out the truth. You've got nothing to gain from him. You've staked everything on getting your share of the girl's fortune, and you'll be a fool indeed if you neglect any means of making that sure. Here comes the train; are you coming or not?"

"Have it your own way; but mind, it will be your fault if we fail. The first thing Hexham will do when he finds us gone and learns that Carickbairn was bad last night will be to go to the police station. Better let me go and put him on a wrong track. Shall I or not?"

The train came to a stand.

"No," answered Mrs. Redmond, decisively.

Cummings nodded with an air of resignation, and stepped into the carriage after Nessa and her husband. Mrs. Redmond followed.

At St. Paul's they found that the Queensborough train did not leave before 8.30. It was now too late for Cummings to attempt to intercept Hexham at Euston.

They went to a hotel in the neighborhood and dined. As the time went on, Cummings grew more and more restless and uneasy—glancing with apprehension at every newcomer who entered the dining room. At seven o'clock he could no longer endure inaction, and proposed that they should go to the Viaduct station, where possibly they could put Nessa and Carickbairn in the train. Mrs. Redmond, as impatient and apprehensive as he, assented to the proposal.

"A nice thing for me if I'd been along with them," muttered Mrs. Redmond, as she and Cummings followed Nessa and her husband through the booking office.

"If I had gone as I wished—and I was a fool not to go—you'd have had nothing to fear," growled Cummings in reply. "I should have had Hexham miles out of London by now. As it is, he may be in this very station for all we can tell. Is that the Queensborough train on the right there?" he asked of a porter.

"Oh, no, sir. Queensborough train, 8.30; they won't make it up for an hour yet, sir. Any luggage, sir?"

"No. Let me know as soon as the train is up. You'll find me in the smoking-room of the hotel."

"Very good, sir; I won't forget—smoking-room of the hotel—that's a rum'un," he said behind his hand to a couple of ticket collectors standing near, as Cummings and his party withdrew. "Four passengers for the continental express and no luggage."

Cummings, going in advance, found the smoking-room empty, and held the door for the rest to pass in. They took a corner table. The waiter brought coffee, cigarettes, and some illustrated papers. Nessa seated beside her husband, who kept his hand constantly on her arm, tried to interest him in the engravings and find new occupations to her thoughts. For beyond the consideration of the grave responsibilities involved in the irrevocable step she had taken, a certain uneasiness was taking possession of her which owned its origin to trifles that seemed too insignificant to deserve attention at such a time.

At the present moment, for instance, she noticed that her husband, bending over the paper as if to look at the pictures, had his eyes covertly fixed on Cummings, while the fingers of his left hand, as it hung over his knee below the table, were constantly opening and closing, as if he were clutching an imaginary object; and again she observed that whenever the door opened Cummings and Mrs. Redmond invariably turned to see who it was that entered.

Cummings, lighting a cigarette, seated himself on a lounge a little way from the table. Mrs. Redmond rose, took a time-table from an adjacent sideboard, and seated herself beside him.

"What on earth did you come up here for she asked in an undertone looking in the book."

"Better than sitting in the waiting-room, where we could be spotted by anyone passing through. It's the first place we should be looked for."

"We might have escaped notice amongst a lot of people. We are conspicuous sitting alone in this ghostly big room. Better have stayed at the hotel where—"

She stopped abruptly as the door opened, and a man in the dress of a railway police officer looked round the room with knitted brows till his eyes rested on them, when he withdrew and went off with a business-like step.

"Who's that?" she cried in alarm.

"Oh, bother!" he replied, impatiently.

"What's the good of fidgeting? You'll make me as nervous as yourself if you go on like this."

There was a pause. Then she whispered without moving her head:

"Carickbairn keeps looking over at us. What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing. He's watching his opportunities, that's all."

"It mustn't happen here."

"He won't attempt it while I'm in sight. He'll wait till they're quite alone."

"Do you think he'll do it before they get to Queensborough?"

He nodded.

She rested content with this for five minutes; then she asked:

"Is that his bag you've got there?"

"Yes."

"What's inside?"

"His razors."

At last the porter came to say that the train was in and the booking office open. Cummings took up the bag, and they went down to the station. Mrs. Redmond left them to get the tickets and rejoined them at the wicket.

"Only two going on?" said the collector, examining the tickets.

"Only two," Cummings answered. "This lady and I will go on the platform to see our friends off."

"All right, sir."

They went down the platform.

"What class?" asked the guard.

"First."

Cummings falling back and putting his hand in his pocket, told the guard, in a low tone, that the lady and gentleman going on were a newly-married couple.

"All right, sir," said the obliging official; "I'll take care they keep the compartment to themselves."

He took the half-crown Cummings had ready and locked the door on Nessa and her husband.

"Hope you'll have a nice journey, dear," said Mrs. Redmond through the window; "mind you write to-morrow and let me know how you are getting on." She nodded and fell back. Cummings stepped forward and shook hands with Carickbairn.

"Good-by. Pleasant journey," he said and then putting the bag through; "here's your traps. Send the rest on. You'll find your shaving tackle in there."

Carickbairn taking the bag on his knees, spread his hands over it as he nodded—his eyes shifting from Cummings to Nessa, and then back to Cummings with a gleam of intense gratification.

It was half-past five when Hexham found on the table in his room the telegram he had sent to Cummings, intimating his return and desiring him to be at home when he arrived. He rang the bell at once.

"Where's Mr Cummings?" he asked, sharply, when the servant came up.

"He went out about two o'clock, sir, with Lord Carickbairn."

"Did he leave any message?"

"No, sir."

"Did anyone call for them?"

"No, sir. Lord Carickbairn was very bad last night." Hexham knew that by the condition of the adjoining room.

"He couldn't have gone out if he had been very bad," he said, tentatively.

"Well, sir, it was as much as ever he could get down to the cab. Misses said he oughtn't to have been taken out in such a state."

Hexham saw that there must have been a special reason for taking him out. He was a man of determination and prompt action, despite his easy-going look. From the rooms in Victoria Mansions, it was but ten minutes' walk to Scotland Yard. He went straight to the chief, and put the case before him in a few words.

"My name is Hexham," he said, presenting his card; "I am private keeper to Mr. Richard Anderson, son of the American millionaire of that name. You've heard of him, perhaps?"

"The gentleman who insists upon calling himself Lord Carickbairn?"

"Yes. I left him in charge of a man named Cummings three weeks ago to go to Ireland, where I expected to stay a few days. The illness of my mother detained me there. I came back this evening and found both Mr. Anderson and Cummings gone—under suspicious circumstances."

"Suspicious circumstances?"—it interrogatively.

"Yes. I wired Cummings to be at home, and I learned that soon after getting my telegram he removed Mr. Anderson, whose condition must have rendered going out extremely dangerous."

"Dangerous in what way?"

"Dangerous as regards his own health, and the safety of others. He had an attack last night. After that he should have complete rest. Any excitement may produce a second attack, and in that condition he is capable of murder. I may tell you, if you are not already aware of the fact, that he is a homicidal maniac."

"He was tried for murder in New York, and acquitted on the ground of insanity?"

"Yes."

"Is Cummings aware of this?"

"Perfectly."

"What motive can he have for taking him out?"

"I cannot tell. But I suspect some mercenary end. Mr. Anderson, of course, has almost unlimited wealth which might be the object of some intrigue."

"But this man Cummings, whom you trusted with the charge of Mr. Anderson—"

"I have known him five years. He has been under me ever since I brought Mr. Anderson over. He has always appeared honest and trustworthy to me; but I heard something of his antecedents yesterday which shook my faith and determined me on returning a once."

"Well, sir, what do you wish me to do?"

"Wire to all stations, and command instant inquiry. Of course, expense is no consideration."

"Very good. Write a description of the two men as briefly as you can on this form."

Hexham sat down and wrote at once:

"Anderson, gentleman, 31; tall, slight, fair; pinched angular features, bent shoulders, head forward, straw-colored mustache; dressed (probably) in round hat and morning suit. Cummings, 45, stout, dark; shaven face; dresses and looks like a priest."

"That is right," said the chief, reading the paper and touching a bell; "now, sir, will you wait here in the hope of an answer coming in, or will you call again?"

Hexham waited. The first hopeful answer was received an hour later.

"Seen at St. Paul's station. Still enquiring. Then came another. 'Dined at Randall's Hotel, just gone.' Nothing of any importance was offered for half-an-hour, then Hexham read from the tape, 'Priest and gentleman with two ladies, smoking-room, Holborn Viaduct station.'

It was 8.25 when Hexham dashed up to the station in a hansom.

"Which is the next train out?" he asked of the porter as he leapt out.

"Continental in—off in a few minutes."

Hexham rushed to the wicket, and at a glance caught sight of Cummings and Mrs. Redmond at the door of a carriage. Pushing the collector aside, he ran down toward them. They turned and walked off toward the front of the train. The guard, whistle in hand, was holding up his hand.

"Open this door!" shouted Hexham, trying the handle.

"Here's a compartment, sir." The guard opened another door.

"Open this door!"

"Can't, sir—"

"Quick! don't you see the man's got an open razor in his hand?" shouted Hexham. At that moment there was a woman's scream from the inside of the carriage.

consequences of his patient's murderous attack, had whisked his man off the platform, and was now clearing on the station. He had hardly cast a glance on Nessa; certainly he had not recognized her. In reply to her faltering questions, the officials, after looking about, could tell her no more than was patted to her own observation, and that was summed up in the policeman's brief announcement—"the parties are all gone, seemingly."

The poor girl was utterly bewildered, and when asked if she would take a cab, she accepted the suggestion eagerly, with nothing but the vague idea of finding her husband, by whose side it was now her duty to stand. There was no doubt in her mind about that. She had known, from the very beginning, that his mind was unsound, and it was the consideration that, by devoting her life to making his a little happier and better than she found it, which had finally decided her upon becoming his wife. She said, unsparingly to herself, that she had married him for her own selfish ends—to escape the temptation of yielding, as she inevitably must, to the influence of Sweyn Meredith—to escape destitution, to provide herself with luxuries, which seemed essential to happiness, and she was bound by her bargain to fulfill the duties of her position. And she reasoned—if a young, unworried girl in such a desperate position can be said to reason—that her duty was not lessened by the fact that her condition was worse than she had been led to believe it, but the more imperative because he stood in greater need of love and tender care.

But how was she to find him? That question was brought home to her by the cabman touching his hat, and asking, "Where to, miss?" She was completely ignorant as to her husband's address. It occurred to her, however, that Mrs. Redmond might know, and so she told the man to take her to Maple Grove.

"How much?" she asked, when she got in.

"Three shillings, miss, is my fare."

Nessa, looking in her purse, found that she had no more than two shillings and sixpence, and this the obliging cabman consented to take.

Mrs. Redmond had not returned; Nessa decided to wait until she came in, wondering what had detained her, perplexed still more by the recollection of her strange behavior. Doubtless she would explain all when they met. In the meantime Nessa saw that she must try to be patient and reasonable, and think out her position clearly. There was no alternative but to wait; she had no friends, and no money to pay for a bed at a hotel. She walked about the room trying to overcome a growing suspicion of foul play and treachery that had sprung up in her mind, until the lengthening hours increasing the mystery of Mrs. Redmond's absence, she sank down on a couch, and, from sheer exhaustion, fell asleep. The woman of the house brought her some breakfast in the morning. Nessa waited until ten o'clock, and then, leaving word that she would return in the course of the morning, she went out to find the registry office where she had been married the day before.

The registrar recognized her at once, and, seeing the trouble in her face, led her into his inner office, and gave her a chair, before inquiring what business had brought her there.

"Will you tell me if you know where Lord Carickbairn lives?" Nessa asked.

"Your husband?"

"Yes."

"The address he gave is 26 Eaton Street. Is that near here?"

"Quite close—the second turning on the left."

"Thank you very much."

"But," said the registrar, as Nessa was about to rise, "it does not live there."

The disappointment that suddenly followed the expression of satisfaction in the young wife's face told a tale, and he continued:

"Something unusual in the look of your husband and your friends led me to call at Eaton Street this morning, and I learnt there that the apartments were let to a gentleman, who, I presume, is Mr. Cummings for a month, and the rent paid in advance, but that since that day neither he nor any one else had taken possession of them. I tried to discover where the gentleman lived, but the people of the house knew nothing whatever about him; they had neglected to ask his name. It is probable that the rooms were taken only to comply with the regulations of the Marriage Act."

"And—and that is all," faltered Nessa.

"Well,"—the registrar hesitated.

"Please tell me all you know—anything," Nessa pleaded.

"It is rather a delicate question; but may I ask, Mrs. Anderson, if you are aware that Lord Carickbairn is an assumed title?"

Nessa shook her head—deprived of speech by the dread of some terrible revelation.

"It is. I have examined the Directory and the Peerage; there is no such a name as Richard Anderson, Lord Carickbairn, in either."

Nessa was stupefied.

"What am I to do?" she murmured.

"With a view to helping you if I can, may I ask what has happened?"

"They are gone—gone!" she replied, wildly.

"And you want to know how to find them—Well, we can, perhaps, find one. Maud Redmond," he said, opening the register, "lives in Maple Grove. John Cummings gives the same address as your husband."

"She is not there—she has not returned. I have been at her house all right."

"I am afraid I can give you no further information. But if, as I am led to suppose by your youth and these grave circumstances, you have contracted this marriage without the sanction of your friends, and have now reason to suspect the good faith of those who induced you to marry—if I am right in these suppositions, I think I may venture to offer you advice."

"Oh, pray do. I am quite helpless—quite unable to guide myself."

"Then let your friends guide you. Go back to them."

"My friends!" she said, in a tone of despair that told her she had no hope in that direction.

"If that is out of the question, there is still one other resource—consult a solicitor."

"What can he do? Will he find my husband?"

"Ah, that may be a matter for the police to take up. I cannot say. But you may rely on this—that if you put your case in the hands of a first-class solicitor, he will take whatever steps are advisable to secure your interests."

"Would it be very expensive?" Nessa asked, timidly.

"That depends on the nature of the case. If it involved a lawsuit it might be very expensive. Of course, you can do nothing without some outlay—I may say considerably outlay."

"I am penniless—I can do nothing," Nessa said to herself, rising in despair, with the feeling that it was useless to continue the discussion. The registrar rose also.

"I think I may say with certainty," he said, going toward the door, "that you ought to do nothing without legal advice. I mean that you ought to take the opinion of a competent adviser before you put yourself again in communication with your husband and the persons who have led you to marry him."

"Oh, surely my first duty is to find my husband," said Nessa, with conviction in her tone.

"I am not sure of that." He stopped, with his hand on the door, and, facing her, repeated gravely, "I am not sure of that. Your solicitor may find that you have been led into this marriage by unscrupulous persons with some view to their own advantage. You mistrust no one concerned—you do not see how this marriage may tend to their advantage, at present unseen by you. That is to cause a case in which a marriage and desertion would affect a wife's fortune. Suppose, for example, the wife's estate were entailed, the succession would be naturally diverted by her dying without family, and this could be effected by the husband abandoning her on the day of her marriage. I do not say that this is your case; I only suggest it as one example of a hundred combinations that might be devised with the same motive. Certain facts lead me to suspect that you are the victim of some combination, and I have spoken, perhaps unwisely, because I feel it would be ungenerous to be silent. I can see that you are a lady by birth and education; your dress leads me to believe that you have wealth. Your husband is already proved to be an impostor. You were deeply agitated when you came here yesterday, and you signed your name binding you to that man with evident reluctance. The woman who came with you was ill-bred and coarse; the man, Cummings, looked as if he were staking his fortune on the cast of a die—they were both eager to get the business done, and, when it is done, all three disappear in a manner which it seems to me you cannot explain."

"No. It is all a mystery to me."

"Well, I think I have shown you where you may look for a clue to the mystery; at least, I have tried to show that it is not your first duty to find your husband. It is on the contrary—for a certain reason which a solicitor would have less diffidence in pointing out than I find—your duty to avoid correspondence or communication of any kind with him until you are assured that this marriage has not been contracted with a sinister purpose. You have asked my advice," he added, turning the handle of the door; "it is summed up in a dozen words: before you find your husband or his friends, or they find you, see a solicitor."

He opened the door and bowed, and Nessa, expressing her gratitude in a few incoherent and confused phrases, went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Every Watch A Compass.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch.

"All watches," he replied, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point of the hand indicating four to the sun, and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is eight o'clock, point the hand indicating eight to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveller if he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen.

How Bridget Won Her Case.

She was a queer, shrewd girl who was engaged to a certain well-to-do youth. His father had thriftily got some property together which the son would inherit. The youth knew very little; he had lost one eye and, as Bridget said of him, he was emphatically "not much to look at," but his expectations made him attractive. Presently Bridget was in great distress. She came to her employer, who was a lawyer, in a ragged state of mind. The young man had jilted her and she was going to sue him for breach of promise! Her account of the matter was a curious mixture of humor, indignation and craftiness. She would sue him for damages, but it was plain that her object was to force him to marry her.

The employer tried to ascertain whether the young man had any pretext for jilting her. What had she done to offend him? Bridget lowered her voice confidentially.

"I'm thinkin'," she said, "that it's all about a bit of a conversation that we had. Sure now, Bridgie, said he to me one night, as we sat in the kitchen, 'wud ye marry me if I had no money?' 'What do ye take me for?' says I, 'sure an' I wuddent, thin! There's nobody wud marry the likes o' ye but for the money ye have!' An' wid that, sort, he riz up sudden-like an' wid away. 'Twas the thrut! I tole'im; but sure he's a foine little lad, sorr, an' I'd marry him the day, I'm that fond of him—wid the money!'

Her lawyer was convinced that Bridget had a good case and advised her to bring suit. She did so, and her examination in court was a scene long to be remembered. With one breath she scorched the defendant with her satire and with the next she praised and cajoled him.

"Sure he's not a beauty," she admitted to the court; "he's only the one eye, but it's afflily becomin' to him, yer anner!"

Bridget won her case; the youth, re-lenting before each tact, changed his capacity of defendant to that of bridegroom, and all the "sisters and cousins" came to the wedding.

Goldsmith's Hall



Listowel, - Ont.

Is very busy receiving New Goods for the HOLIDAY Trade, which I can sell very cheap. Having made grand improvements in my store by again enlarging it to handle a larger stock. Come along and see for yourself the grand display of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. In Silverware don't be surprised to see the finest stock ever seen in Listowel, of American and Canadian manufacture, which I will sell cheaper than ever, and sure to please the most exacting buyer. You are invited to come and look through.

J. H. GUNTHER,
Watch Specialist,
Goldsmith's Hall,
Main St., Listowel.
Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

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

THE BEE

R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1890.

Stratford Presbytery.

A pro re nata meeting of the Presbytery of Stratford was held in Knox church, Stratford, on Tuesday, Oct. 14, for the disposal of the call to the Rev. David Perrie, of Nissouri, from Geneva church, Chesley. The representative from the Bruce Presbytery, Rev. Donald McKenzie, and those from the congregation of Chesley being heard, and also those from Nissouri, the call was put into the hands of the Rev. D. Perrie and accepted. His brethren of the Presbytery having expressed their regret at the loss of one who was so highly esteemed by them all, moved that his translation take place after the 26th inst., that his pulpit be preached vacant on the 2nd of Nov., and that Rev. John Campbell, of Granton, act as Moderator during the vacancy. That ended the business.

Perth Chancery Sittings.

The fall term of the Perth Chancery circuit was opened on Monday, Oct. 13, by Mr. Justice Robertson whose impaired hearing was a source of discomfort to solicitors and witnesses.

MCGRATH VS JONES, ET AL.—This was a North Easthope case against the estate of the late William Jones to recover money loaned to Mr. Jones. Decree against executors for \$371.50. Idington & Palmer for plaintiff; McPherson & Davidson for defendants.

ZILLIAX VS DEANS.—The parties to this suit reside in Listowel, and it was brought to have certain conveyances of land declared fraudulent against the creditors of John Deans. Judgment reserved. Mr. Mabee and Mr. Darling (Listowel) for plaintiff; Idington & Palmer for defendants.

DORFLING V. BANK OF HAMILTON.—Action to set aside a transfer of land in Manitoba. Postponed. Mabee & Gearing for plaintiff; Mr. Scott (Hamilton) for defendants.

PETHICK V. CORRIE.—Action by the widow against the executors of the estate of the late Wm. Pethick. Decree for plaintiff by consent. Mabee & Gearing for plaintiff; McPherson & Davidson for defendants.

The other cases were the following: Bank of Hamilton v. J. W. Scott et al.
T. E. P. Traw v. Peter Lillico et al.

Perth County Notes.

James Keefe an 85-year-old resident of Biddulph is dead.

The gate and hall receipts on the Mitchell fair day this year were nearly \$50 in excess of last year.

A. F. Smith, who has been running the Millbank woolen mills for some time, has removed to Chesley.

Wm. Martyn, Mitchell, has purchased R. O. Smith's house and lot in the south ward. The price paid was \$900.

W. B. Harrison, formerly of the St. Marys Argus, has relinquished journalism for the more lucrative calling of organizer for the Independent Order of Foresters.

St. Marys will get out plans for an \$8,000 town hall. Messrs. Jones, Peters and McBride, of London, Alex. Hepburn, of Stratford, and H. Dixon, of St. Marys, will be asked to get out plans in competition.

The creditors of Chas. Pollner, Mitchell, met in Mr. Ormiston's office on Wednesday afternoon of last week, but no definite conclusion was arrived at. The liabilities are something in the neighborhood of \$900 and the stock in hand about \$500.

Rev. John Scott, of Wingham, will preach the anniversary sermons in Trafalgar street church, Mitchell, on Sunday, Nov. 2. Trafalgar St. Methodists are preparing to give a big dinner on Thanksgiving day under the auspices of the Sabbath school.

The Hibbert Agricultural Society are much encouraged by the result of their fall show held the other day. The receipts are about \$25 in excess of any former year, and the exhibits in most lines were much superior to what was seen at the Mitchell show.

Miss Annie Kirby, of the 4th line, Blanshard, was presented with a silver tilting pitcher by her friends in the Methodist Sunday school on the occasion of her marriage to John Shears, of Durham. An address read by Rev. John Kenner accompanied the presentation.

James Watson, a prominent farmer of the 14th con. Logan, died very suddenly on Tuesday morning of last week from the effects of a paralytic stroke. Deceased was a faithful adherent of the Presbyterian church and a good neighbor. He leaves a wife and grown up family to mourn his departure.

The Fullarton collector will soon be on his rounds, and it will be well for people to be ready for him, as the council have passed a by-law imposing 5 per cent. on all taxes unpaid by Dec. 14. The council found it necessary to do so as so much of the taxes is late in being paid, some even as late as the last of February, so that in common with other townships they have adopted this plan for the more speedy collection of the taxes.

THOMPSON BROS.,

CORNER STORE,
Listowel, - Ont.

Leading Dry Goods House.

-MILLINERY-

A SPECIALTY.

Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

GROCERIES.

TWEEDS AND

Cents Furnishings.

J. S. GEE'S

Stock is now being filled up with choice goods for the Fall and Winter trade.

DRESS GOODS.

We would especially call the attention of the public to our Dress Goods department, having bought extensively in these lines in all the NEWEST SHADES AND PATTERNS, and ranging in price per yard to come within the reach of any. Kindly call and look through our stock, it will pay you.

Our 12 1/2 c. lines Plain and Striped Meltons, also our All Wool Plads at 12 1/2 c. per yard are excellent value and going fast.

Newest Styles in FELT HATS for the Autumn trade. Also in

BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

&c., we claim to be in the front rank. An invitation is extended to one and all to Give Us a Call and look through our stock as we feel convinced that our Goods and prices will secure a fair share of your trade.

J. S. GEE, - NEWRY.

BIG BARGAINS

—FOR THE—
NEXT 40 DAYS

—AT THE—
Listowel Woolen Mill

Having decided to clear out a large assortment of my

FULL CLOTHS & TWEEDS

Left over from this season, have marked them away down. Come and inspect for Yourself and SAVE MONEY. Large assortment of

SOUTHDOWN STOCKING YARNS

On hand. Only place in Town to get

Pure Wool Bed Blankets and Fine Flannels that will not shrink.

COME EARLY and get Good Choice for Goods are Sure to Sell.

B. F. BROOK.

First Prize

—FOR THE—

BEST MADE SUIT

WAS AWARDED TO

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

At the World's Fair, Atwood, on Oct. 4.

We always keep a well assorted stock of Tweeds and Worsteds, and will

Guarantee You the Best Fit of Any in Town.

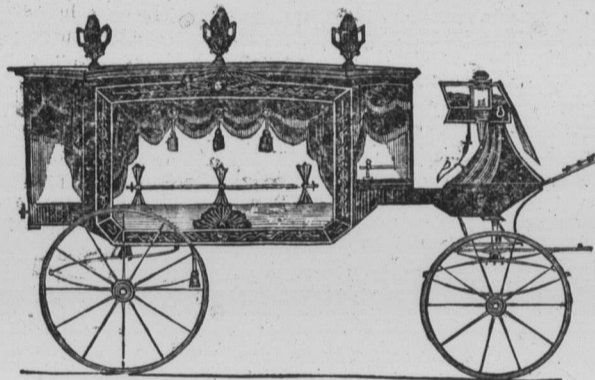
We are Giving Away a \$40 Fur Overcoat at Christmas to any person purchasing \$5 and for every \$5 worth of Goods and paying Cash will be

ENTITLED TO A TICKET

On said Overcoat. A Call Solicited.
Respectfully yours,

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WANTED.—Two First-Class Coat Makers at Once. None but first-class need apply.



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 Hearses in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O. Atwood, April 1st, 1890.

The 777 Store.

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.
JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.
WM. DUNN.

Town Talk.

ADVERTISE your stray animals in THE BEE. It will bring them every time.

Mrs. McBain and daughter, of Brussels, spent Sunday at the residence of John Peltin.

Miss LIZZIE BROOKS, teacher, of Palmerston, smiled upon her Atwood friends Sunday.

OUR PIONEER NUMBER.—THE BEE Pioneer Number will contain an exciting tale of pioneer life in Perth; Atwood, its past present and future; several capital essays on the heading of this paper; besides numerous other attractive features. Each copy will contain twelve pages of original and interesting matter, printed on fine calendared pink paper.

CANADA AHEAD.—Canadian cheese is steadily forging ahead in the British market. According to the official figures Canada supplied in August more cheese to the United Kingdom than all other countries combined.

AT A meeting of the Toronto University Senate the other day the following item appears in connection with the Empire's report on Friday last:—“A letter was read from Samuel Woods M. A., resigning his seat on the senate, on account of his departure from Canada. On motion of Sir Daniel Wilson seconded by Prof. Loudon, Walter Barwick, M. A., Q. C., was appointed a member of the senate in place of Mr. Woods, resigned. Sir Daniel Wilson moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Dr. Caven and carried: in accepting the resignation of Mr. Woods, M. A., as a member of the senate, in consequence of his leaving Canada, the senate record their regret at the withdrawal from their body of a distinguished graduate of the university, a highly successful teacher, an able classical scholar, and one who faithfully fulfilled the duties of a member of the senate, and ever manifested a zealous desire to forward all that concerned the highest interest of his alma mater.”

TEACHERS' MEETING.—A number of the teachers and officers of the Methodist Sunday School met at the residence of J. W. McBain last Friday evening and after a pleasant social chat one with the other the following topics came up for discussion:—“S. S. Helps,” “The best method of questioning a class,” and “The benefits of the Blackboard.” Samuel Shannon was persuaded that lesson helps should not be used in the school, but thought they would be beneficial in the preparation of the lesson at home. Various lesson helps were discussed at length, and the practical advantages of each set forth. The Comprehensive Quarterly was thought to be in the front rank and could be procured at a very nominal price. Rev. Mr. Rogers and J. W. Ward suggested practical hints in regard to the best method of teaching a class. The difficulty of getting scholars to answer, even simple questions, was experienced by all, and to overcome this difficulty the questions were sometimes more readily answered by putting them in different words with the same leading question. Miss Ayres believed the scholars should be urged upon to answer the questions and not leave too much to the teacher. Mr. Rogers coincided with Miss Ayres on this point by pointing out the great danger of teachers falling into the habit of “preaching” to their class instead of drawing out the thoughts of the pupil hearing on the lesson. After discussing the merits of the blackboard a committee was appointed to procure one for the school. A Sabbath School entertainment was agreed upon to be held on Xmas Eve. The next meeting of the teachers will be held at Henry Hear's residence. Last but not least a rich report was spread before the company which was done justice to by all.

WOODSTOCK Standard.—A cow belonging to John Muir, 10th line, East Zorra, gave birth to twenty-five pigs Saturday morning. This is an unusual occurrence.

BUSINESS brought R. Leatherdale and D. Lowery, of Brussels, to town on Monday. Mr. Leatherdale was surprised to note the rapid growth of the village since his last visit.

OUR former townsman, Jas. Henderson, who has been plying his trade at Eden Grove, Bruce Co., shook hands with us this week. Jim is a reliable young fellow and a good tradesman.

REV. E. ST. YATES has been appointed to the Atwood mission by the Bishop of Huron. The rev. gentleman preached in Hentyrn and Atwood on Sunday last and made a very favorable impression upon those who heard him.

GOLDSMITH'S Hall offers something new to our readers this week, and as the proprietor has recently enlarged his store and added a choice stock a better variety and better bargains may be relied on. Look over his magnificent display of jewelry and silverware when in Listowel.

THE laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, has issued a bulletin giving the result of its examination of samples of milk from twenty-four towns and cities. Of 165 samples, 97 were genuine and 68 adulterated or inferior. Ten samples were from Stratford, of which 7 were genuine and 3 inferior or adulterated.

WELL DONE.—The Newton correspondent to the Beacon has the following to say of Wm. Angus, a promising young man well known to most of our citizens:—From its establishment, some five years ago, the products of the Newton cheese factory (Jack's) have been steadily growing in buyers' estimation, and in demand. In quality, and consequently in price, Mr. Jack has more than competed with its many excellent rivals in this, one of the best and most famed dairying districts in Ontario, his article commanded ready sale at prices usually somewhat higher than that received by surrounding factories. The climax of compliments—an undisputed and genuine test of merit—is the creditable stand made by the Newton factory at the great cheese exhibition under the auspices of the Eastern Dairymen's Association at Belleville the other week, when about three hundred factories entered for competition. In this competition Newton factory heads the list in white cheese and captured the \$50 prize. W. D. Angus, a young man of five or six years' experience in the dairying line, has been the maker here for three years. He is ambitious and reliable man, whose uniformly splendid products have won for him, not only local fame, but distinction amongst the dealers generally. This, the latest honor conferred on him, entitles him to rank among the very best makers in Canada. He is to be congratulated, as is also the factory he serves in his capacity as maker.

FOOT BALL.—The return foot-ball match between the Listowel High School and Atwood Clubs, was played here on Saturday afternoon, at 4.30 p. m. The teams lined up as follows:

- LISTOWEL. J. Wood, Goal-keeper. James Gass, Backs. J. Hamilton, G. Anderson, G. Gray, C. Stewart, M. Hamilton, W. Sutherland, J. Anderson, Centre. L. Lillico, (Capt.), Left Wing. G. Campbell, R. Hacking, Umpire. R. A. Farquhason, B. A., Referee. ATWOOD. R. B. Hamilton, Goal-keeper. Wm. Bristow, Backs. D. Graham, J. F. Wilson, J. Struthers, Half-Backs. C. Stewart, J. L. Wilson, Right Wing. J. W. Farrell, T. G. Ratcliffe, Centre. S. Holmes, J. W. Ward, (Capt.), Left Wing. R. M. Ballantyne, Umpire.

The Listowel boys won the toss and elected to kick with the wind, and after about twenty minutes play the first goal was scored for Listowel. The Atwood boys were playing a good game and their opponents' goal was often besieged, but at half-time only one goal had been scored. After five minutes rest the game was recommenced. Both teams now played a splendid game, the ball travelling from end to end regularly. Shot after shot was made on the Listowel stronghold, and only the hardest of luck prevented the home team from scoring. The victors again were fortunate, Anderson, by a neat shot adding a second goal. The recent hard practice of the Listowel boys accounts largely for the defeat of our team, who have had no practice this season. The visitors partook of a sumptuous repast at the residence of J. G. Robertson at the close of the match.

AUCTION sale bills printed on shortest notice at this office.

THE Presbyterian Y. P. A. was re-organized last Friday evening.

REV. MR. ROGERS and Rev. Mr. Sherlock exchanged pulpits Sunday last.

GET a copy of the Pioneer Number of THE BEE to send to your friends. 10c. per copy.

THE Owen Sound Sun is the name of the third paper just launched forth in that town.

THE Georgetown Herald is now in its 25th year of publication. Surely the Herald has passed the crisis. It is a spicy, newsy journal, and is a credit to the place.

HANGING DATES.—Morin, at Québec, Oct. 26. Birchall, at Woodstock, Nov. 14. Arthur Hoyt Day, at Welland, Dec. 18. Remi Lamontague, at Sherbrooke, Dec. 19.

“By their newspapers shall ye know them,” was the very apt reply of a successful merchant relative to the standing of the enterprise of the business men of the community.

OUR correspondents will greatly oblige by pushing along their usual welcome correspondence. We want all the newsy items possible from all sections of the county.

Of course everybody needs winter clothing, and if you are not already “suited” for the cold winter's blast you had better call at Irwin's and leave your measure for a neat fitting suit. For prices, etc., read his announcement.

UP to Saturday, Oct. 4th, Messrs. Todd & Son, of Galt, the Reporter says, had shipped 101 cars of barley; containing a ton over 75,000 bushels. This barley averaged 58c. in price, so that this firm paid out over \$43,500 for this grain alone.

MIGRATORY birds are beginning to fly southward, and in connection with various other signs, impel some of our oldest inhabitants to remark that the coming winter will be one of those old-fashioned, six-feet-of-snow on ground, two-months-of-steady-sleighing - pump-freezing - ear-frosting-nose-biting-hair-curling kind.

THE Post says:—Wm. Davis, of Mitchell, the perambulating partner of the Advocate, was in town on Wednesday begging a few jobs from Brusselites. We wonder how much he does to build up our town or help it along that he should be entitled to any consideration by Brussel's business men? How much money does he spend here?

An interesting case to farmers and grain buyers came up in the Brantford Division Court recently. A farmer named Leritt sold 359 bushels of barley to Mr. Harold for 58 cents. He delivered one load to him, and then sold the remainder to Mr Wood for 60 cents. Mr. Harold refused to pay for the first load, and Leritt entered an action. Mr. Harold also put in a counter claim of 4 cents per bushel for non-delivery. The counter claim was allowed.

THE Virden (Manitoba) correspondent to the Winnipeg Free Press has the following to say of a former Atwoodite and who for some years was proprietor of the Atwood roller mills:—A few days ago our people were surprised to see a procession of twelve teams loaded with wheat and owned by one of our most energetic farmers, residing north of Virden, whose name is Isaac Bennett. Some of our nervous citizens became alarmed, thinking possibly it was a Fenian invasion, but when the procession halted in front of the Grand Central Hall, all recognized that they were on a mission of peace. Since then Mr. Bennett has placed about 6,000 bushels of wheat on the market.

THE Hamilton Times very truly says that “the average newspaper is of much greater benefit to a town than any other concern of the same proportions. Its circulation extends beyond the limits of the town, advertising its advantages to all and sundry, and many a man who never spends a cent for advertising in its columns reaps the benefit of its influence in attracting strangers and purchasers to the place. No good work is carried on without its help, public spirit is fostered among the people and public improvements ever meet with heavy support and encouragement. Public charities and philanthropic efforts are advanced and helped by its timely assistance or words of approval. Rascality and crookedness in high places are exposed and condemned, and in short the average newspaper is “a terror to evildoers and a praise to them that do well.” The newspapers give the locality in which they are published an immense amount of advertising for nothing. Newspapers that stand by and fight for their own town, or county, should not be scurvily treated by the municipal or any other authorities and the people should make it their business to see that they are not.

OBITUARY.—Last Saturday Miss Annie Code, daughter of Samuel Code, departed this life in her 24th year. The subject of this notice had been waiting on her sister, who died with consumption about a year ago, and it is supposed she contracted the disease from her and gradually succumbed to its deadly power. She was much respected by all and dearly beloved by those within the circle of her acquaintance. She died as she lived, a true heroine of the Cross of Christ. Her self-sacrificing devotion to her dying sister exemplified those noble, Christ-like impulses that filled her heart. She was a zealous member of the Methodist Church, and her acts of benevolence and labor of love will be greatly missed. She could truly say with Paul as she neared the cold waters of Jordan: “To live is Christ, to die is gain.”

CRADLE. BLANCHFORD.—In Elma, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. Joseph Blanchford, of a daughter.

TOMB. CODE.—In Trowbridge, on Sunday, Oct. 11, Annie, third daughter of Mr. Samuel Code, aged 24 years.

LEONARD.—In Elma, on Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1890, Mrs. John Leonard, aged 20 years, 9 months and 15 days.

Auction Sales.

FRIDAY, NOV. 7.—Farm stock and implements, on lot 23, con. 9, Elma, at 1 o'clock p. m. Alex. Morrison, auctioneer; Wm. Danbrook, proprietor.

Atwood Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Fall Wheat (90/92), Spring Wheat (85/90), Barley (40/50), Oats (32/34), Peas (58/59), Pork (5 00/5 20), Hides per lb (5 50/6 00), Sheep skins, each (50/1 00), Wood, 2 ft (1 15/1 50), Potatoes per bag (61), Butter per lb (12/15), Eggs per doz (14).

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

LEGAL.

W. M. SINCLAIR, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c. Private funds to loan at lowest rates. Collections promptly attended to. Office—Loeiger's Hotel, Atwood. Every Wednesday at 12.24 p. m., and remain until the 9:12 p. m. train.

DENTAL.

J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S., 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.

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

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

Money to Loan At Lowest Rates of Interest.

SECURES

20c. THE BEE FROM NOW TO JAN 1, 1891.

Auction Sale!

W. D. Weir will conduct a Sale of Farm Stock and Implements for James and David Lang, on

Lot 17, Concession 12, Elma, on

Tuesday, Oct. 28, '90, At 1 p. m., sharp.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK, Painter, Brussels.

NEW TOP BUGGY

FOR SALE Built to Order in Atwood. Guaranteed First-Class in every particular.

Will Exchange for a Good Driving Colt.

JAS. IRWIN.

HAWKSHAW'S Meat Market, ATWOOD.

The undersigned begs to thank the Public for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past, and solicits a continuance of the same.

All Kinds of Meats

Kept on hand. Meat delivered to any part of the town Free.

Leave your orders at the Atwood Meat Market, one door north of THE BEE office.

Wm. Hawkshaw.

First - Class GOODS

At Reasonable Prices

Our stock of Goods for

FALL TRADE

Boots & Shoes.

Ladies and Gents' Underwear, Dry Goods and

GROCERIES,

Crockery and Glassware, &c. These goods cannot be beaten for Quality. Examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. M. Harvey.

H. F. BUCK

Furniture Emporium,

WALLACE STREET,

LISTOWEL.

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

BEDROOM SUITES,

SIDEBOARDS,

EXTENSION TABLES,

SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,

AND PARLOR SUITES.

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

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

MOULDINGS

UNDERTAKING

A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.

1-3m H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.



TOILET SOAP

IN LARGE VARIETY.

PERFUMES

The Best, in Bottles or Bulk.

BRUSHES OF ALL KINDS.

Do not forget that I have a very large stock, and it is

No Trouble to Show Goods.

M. E. NEEDS,
Atwood.

Benwell's Boyhood.

A Schoolmate writes feelingly of a Murdered Friend.

Frederick Cornwallis Benwell, the young Englishman, for murder of whom J. Reginald Birchall is to suffer death at Woodstock, Ont., near the scene of the tragedy, was a highly cultivated and refined specimen of the British youth.

Punctilious in his dress and appearance, even to fastidiousness, he always presented the appearance of having just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. He held himself very erect in walking, and his well-developed chest lent an air of importance to his bearing, even when a boy of ten years of age.

In June, 1876, the writer first met him as a schoolmate in Cheltenham, England, at an academy presided over by the Rev. C. E. Lefroy Austin, now headmaster of the junior department at the college in that town. The particular attention which he always paid to his dress, even at this time, caused him to keep somewhat aloof from the boisterous horseplay of other youths of his age.

His temperament was of an extreme impulsive character. Quick to resent an insult and to take offence where often none was meant, it often led him into schoolboy fights. In these he displayed the quality, commonly conceded to be characteristic of the Englishman, of not knowing when he was beaten. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be brought to believe that he was fighting with a better man than himself even when floored four or five times.

As an instance of this trait in his character a little episode in his career at "Austin's" will not be out of place. Benwell for some breach of school discipline rather too serious to be properly punished by a writing imposition was ordered by Mr. Austin to go up stairs at the close of the school.

Now, this "go up stairs" at the close of the school was a formula which was always used by the head master when he meant to cane a defaulter. Summed up in this one simple sentence was sufficient venom to strike terror deep into the hearts of every boy in school.

The whole act included more than the words implied. "Going up stairs," consisted in wending unwilling footsteps up two short flights of stairs, turning sharp into a room set apart for punishment and their waiting the arrival of Mr. Austin. When he arrived he would take a sugar cane about three feet long out of a drawer and bend it, as the boys used to say "lovingly" backward and forward while apparently testing its staying powers.

This was the signal for the culprit to kneel down on the seat of a chair turned with its back toward a plain deal table, fold his arms on top of the chair, lay his head on his arms and await the s-w-i-s-h of the cane as it swiftly cleft the air.

On this particular occasion Benwell did not find the punishment room empty. Another boy who had preceded him "upstairs," and together each discussed the unfairness of his own case. Five minutes of suspense, and Mr. Austin's tread was heard on the stairs.

With a wave of the hand Benwell was first selected for punishment. Six times did the "tan" descend, and "You may go Benwell," was pronounced. Benwell proceeded to make his exit, and as he neared the door he turned and uttered one single word, "Bully!"

"Come back, Benwell." And once more the cane descended. The other boy, an amused spectator in spite of his next turn, was preparing to occupy the seat of honor when "Bully!" was repeated by Benwell, who had reached the door again. Again was Benwell called back and another stroke fell, and even yet again was the whole performance repeated.

Three separate times he said "Bully!" before he became convinced that his pastor and master had the best end of the stick. After this the other boy took his dose and departed.

In 1878, at the commencement of the mid summer term, Benwell began his career at Cheltenham College. He lived at home with his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Benwell, at Iseultine, and went

back and forth to his studies every day. Soon after his entrance to college he began to give rein to his love of athletics, and though too young at the time to wrest big honors from his elders, he gave great promise of athletic possibilities.

His peculiar, though vigorous sculling made his figure a well-known one on the river Severn at Tewkesbury, about nine miles from Cheltenham, where the college boat club had its headquarters. In the gymnasium he was an especial favorite with the instructor, and in the foot-ball field his adventurous disposition manifested itself. His particularity about his dress never seemed to desert him.

At the post-mortem examination a scar on his right leg was noted. This scar was the result of an accident that occurred to him during his college life. On his way home one evening after "lock up," as the time was called after which it was a breach of discipline for a college student to be out of doors without permission, he and a companion determined to risk detection in taking a short cut diagonally across the then deserted college recreation ground, as by so doing they would save nearly a mile.

They crossed the ground in safety and on reaching the gate by which they expected to make their exit, it was unexpectedly found to be locked. The iron railings which enclosed the college domain offered but a trifling obstacle to two vigorous school boys, and in a trice one was over in safety.

Not so Benwell, however. In some way he got caught in the *fleur-de-lis* ornamentation on the top of the railings, and a nasty gash in his leg was the result. He limped home with the aid of his friend, and in a week was around again as well as ever, but the cicatrice of the wound remained to the day of his untimely death.

The course of study he proposed to pursue at college was for the purpose of fitting him for a commission in the army, but for family reasons this scheme was abandoned.

After Benwell left College he and the writer drifted apart, and their next meeting was on the promenade in Cheltenham, in September of last year. Benwell was in company with his brother Charles, who was in Woodstock testifying at the trial. At this meeting Benwell gave a brief account of himself during the time since his departure from Cheltenham College.

On leaving Cheltenham Benwell went to a school in Switzerland and then, like many another young Englishman, had tried the Colonies, New Zealand in this case. There he remained for about two years and had returned some little time previously. He was then staying with his father for a short time, pending future arrangements.

Recollections of old times, of course, were a result of their meeting and he recalled to the writer's memory the scene "upstairs" with Mr. Austin; for the other boy that was there, it must be confessed, was the writer himself.

At this meeting Benwell was dressed in a suit of light checked tweed, a high standing collar with a wide margin of cuff. He wore a gold rimmed monocle in his right eye, he had been short-sighted all his life, and was smoking a cigar in a holder, probably the same one as was found beside his dead body in the lonely swamp, five miles from Woodstock.

The writer does not remember whether Benwell contemplated his visit to America when he met him, just a year ago, but if he did and disclosed the fact the writer does not remember it, so the surprise and pain of the discovery that the Benwell with whose murder the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic were raving and the "Conny" Benwell of schoolboy memory were one and the same, can be better imagined than described.—New York Morning Journal.

The Election Trials.

The judges on the rota have fixed the times and places for the trials of the twenty-two provincial election petitions as follows:

- North Renfrew—Pembroke, Tuesday, 11th November.
- North Essex—Sandwich, Wednesday, 12th November.
- South Essex—Sandwich, Monday, 17th November.
- Kingston—Kingston, Monday, 17th November.
- Frontenac—Kingston, Thursday, 20th November.
- West Kent—Chatham, Thursday, 20th November.
- East Hastings—Belleville, Monday, 24th November.
- West Middlesex—Strathroy, Monday, 24th November.
- East Middlesex—London, Thursday, 27th November.
- East Durham—Millbrook, Thursday, 27th November.
- South Ontario—Whitby, Monday, 1st December.
- East Elgin—St. Thomas, Monday, 1st December.
- West York Toronto, Thursday, 4th December.
- South Norfolk—Simcoe, Thursday, 4th December.
- North Perth—Stratford, Monday, 8th December.
- Welland—Welland, Monday, 8th December.
- North Grey—Owen Sound, Thursday, 11th December.
- Hamilton—Hamilton, Thursday, 11th December.
- South Wentworth—Hamilton, Monday, 15th December.
- North Bruce—Walkerton, Monday, 15th December.
- Lincoln—St. Catharines, Thursday, 18th December.
- Muskoka—Bracebridge, Tuesday, 6th January, 1891.

In each case the trial will commence at 11 a.m. on the day named. The judges to preside at the trials are Justices MacLennan, MacMahon, Robertson and one other to be chosen. They will work in pairs.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

School Section No. 5.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Would you be kind enough to allow me space in your widely circulated paper to inform the rate-payers of S. S. No. 5 of what I consider a mean and uncalculated act on the part of the men who pretend to guide the educational affairs of our school section. We do not believe in rushing every little thing into print, but a matter in which a whole section is deeply interested, more or less, deserves public notice. We regret having to state that the section will most likely be deprived of the able services of our much esteemed teacher, W. G. Morrison, at the close of the present year, and this through jealousy and selfishness on the part of the men, to whom the section entrusts her school affairs. All honest thinking men, who have the education of their children at heart, will doubtless agree with me that such a change is entirely uncalculated, and I would therefore urgently request the people of the section to use all possible means to allow no such change at the present time. And let me also inform the section that the trustees expressed themselves well satisfied with the manner in which the school has been conducted, but through party influence being brought to bear upon one of the above named trustees he allowed himself to be made a tool of, and as a matter of consequence one of the others was at his bidding and gave his consent ere he thought of what he was doing. Having children attending the school I feel deeply concerned, and being highly pleased with their progress I am grieved at the contemplated change. All are familiar with the high standing the school was in before Mr. Morrison took charge of it and I ask the section if it has not maintained that standing. At the two promotion examinations held all the pupils passed successfully, and at the last entrance exam., held at Listowel, a pupil from No. 5 headed the list. We fail to see what more is required. In conclusion I would urgently request the Secretary of the trustee board to call a meeting of the rate-payers of the section and see what action can be taken in the matter. I remain, yours truly,

RATEPAYER.

Elma, Oct. 21, 1890.

Mrs. Booth's Obsequies.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Booth, wife of Gen. Booth, who was known as the "Mother of the Salvation Army," took place in London on Tuesday, Oct. 14, and was made the occasion of a great demonstration by that organization. The weather was exceedingly disagreeable and a murky enveloped the city, but despite that thousands of persons assembled in the streets to witness the funeral procession. The route from the Thames Embankment, where the Army mustered, to Abney Park Cemetery, where the remains were interred, lay through the densely populated district of Stoke Newington. The entire route was crowded by spectators, and the windows of the houses were thronged by the occupants and their friends. All the railways entering London ran excursion trains, and the throng in the city was augmented by numbers of Salvationists and their friends from the provinces. There was also a large attendance from countries adjacent. The family were attired in their uniforms, wearing a white badge of mourning, and were everywhere conspicuous in the crowded streets. The crowd of this occasion surpassed in point of number that which gathered to witness the show of Lord Mayor's day. The demonstration was a convincing proof to the public that the Salvation Army wields a powerful influence in the country.

Monkton.

Mrs. S. Nicholson, who has been ill for some time, has recovered.

Fred. Hord, of Mitchell, is in the village this week assisting Mr. Wilson at the Ontario House.

Mrs. Harris returned from Brussels last week. She is recovering from the illness she contracted while there.

John D. Merryfield, formerly of this place, but now of Stokes Bay, is visiting in this vicinity. He is the same happy John, genial and talkative as ever.

Be sure and go to the tea-meeting in Knox church next Monday evening, 27th inst. Able addresses, delightful music and an enjoyable time may be expected.

The new organ has been placed in Knox church and a grand affair it is. A large congregation assembled to hear it on Sunday, indeed the crowd was so large that the aged bell ringer had to stand throughout the service. Why did he not take a seat on the sofa?

James Watson, who was so suddenly stricken down with paralysis, died on Tuesday. Deceased was an honest, hard working man and was generally respected. He leaves a wife and family of grown-up children to mourn his loss. The funeral on Thursday was largely attended.

Two parties on the 14th con. Elma have manufactured and circulated a false rumor to the effect that part of the August make of the Monkton cheese factory was unsaleable. The rumor could not be farther from the truth because the cheese was without a fault and was sold at the highest market price. The parties mentioned are actuated by selfish motives, but were they as good Christians as they profess to be they would disdain to raise false reports!

The Russian Government will send out an expedition to explore the Desert of Gobi.

A case of cholera is reported on a steamer arrived at Liverpool from Wilmington, N. C.

DO YOU WANT

Winter Clothing

The Place to Buy Well Made and Good Fitting Suits or Overcoats is at

JAMES IRWIN'S.

Our stock is complete. Our Suits are well made and we Guarantee a Perfect Fit.

Buy from us and you won't need to take your Suits to a Tailor Shop to have them Made Over before you can wear them.

We keep Full Lines in

Braces, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Caps, Socks,

And All Men's Furnishings. A new line of Ready Made

Overcoats from \$4 UP TO \$10.00.

A Full Stock of General Dry Goods, Groceries and Boots & Shoes.

A Call Solicited.

JAS. IRWIN,
ATWOOD.

LAMONT'S

MUSICAL EMPORIUM!

LISTOWEL, - ONT.

6--QUESTIONS--6

—FOR THE—

PEOPLE OF ELMA

TO ANSWER:

1. Do you purpose buying an Organ or Piano?
2. Do you wish to rent a Piano or Organ?
3. Have you seen our beautiful Six-Octave Piano-Cased Organ?
4. Do you know that Lamont Bros. are the only men in the county of whom you can purchase the celebrated Bell and Doherty Organs.
5. Do you know that by writing a card and directing it to Lamont Bros., Listowel, you can procure an A 1 Organ or Piano?
6. Do you want a Sewing Machine?

Parties doing business in Listowel should call at the Emporium and see the

Wonderful Orchestrome.

SHEET MUSIC

FURNISHED AT HALF PRICE.

LAMONT BROS., - LISTOWEL.