

The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1890.

NO. 6.

THE ATWOOD BEE

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
AT THE OFFICE,
MAIN ST., - ATWOOD.

TERMS.—If paid strictly in advance,
\$1.00 per annum, otherwise \$1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion, per line 8c.
Each subsequent insertion 7c.
Contract advertisements inserted at
the following rates:

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos.
One column	\$60 00	\$35 00	\$20 00
Half "	35 00	20 00	12 00
Quarter "	20 00	12 00	7 00
Eighth "	12 00	7 00	4 00

Business cards, not exceeding 8 lines,
\$1 per annum; over 8 and under 12
lines, 85c.
Advertisements of farms for sale,
cattle strayed and other small advertise-
ments, \$1 for first month, and 50c per
month thereafter.

JOB PRINTING.

We have a first-class jobbing depart-
ment in connection; latest designs in
printing material, enabling us to exe-
cute all descriptions of job printing on
shortest notice.

Our terms for job work, casual ad-
vertisements and special notices are
CASH. Contract advertisements payable
monthly.

R. S. PELTON,
EDITOR AND PROP.

Church Directory.

EPISCOPALIAN.
Preaching every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m.
REV. E. W. HUGHES, Incumbent.

BAPTIST.
Preaching every Sabbath at 3:00 p. m.
Sabbath School at 2:00 p. m.
REV. D. DACK, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m.;
Bible Class on Sabbath evening at 7:00.
Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer
Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.
Young People's Association meeting
on Friday evening at 7:30.
REV. A. HENDERSON, M. A., Pastor.

METHODIST.
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m.
Each alternate Sabbath at 6:30 p. m.
Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meet-
ings, Wednesday and Friday evenings,
at 7:30.
REV. D. ROGERS, Pastor.

Business Directory.

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

THOS. E. HAY,
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Perth. Rates moderate. Office—Over
Lillico's bank, Listowel.

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

CHAS. MERRIFIELD,
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of
Perth. Auction sales attended to with
promptness and at reasonable rates.
For particulars with regard to terms,
etc., apply at this office.

CHAS. MERRIFIELD, Monkton.

NEW PAINT SHOP.

J. JEWELL,
Mitchell, proposes opening up a general
Paint Shop in Atwood, about 1st of
March, 1890, and solicits the patronage
of all those in need of House Painting,
Calsomining, House Decorating, etc.
Terms moderate. Reserve your orders
until the above date.

Farmers and Farming.

The following article appeared in a recent number of the Huron Expositor:—The question arises, What is a farmer? One astute observer describes a farmer as a person who can make a cord of wood measure a cord and a quarter, and will keep the grocer waiting for his bill a year without interest, but wants interest every day that the balance is on his side. Another describes him as a person who works without seeking intelligence in his line of business. The most of wood sellers and the people of Seaforth will agree that the first is correct, and any person seeing the attendance of farmers at the late Creamery Association in Seaforth or the Dairy Association in Stratford might be inclined to think the latter is true also. If Seaforth, on the last day of the Creamery Association meeting, there were hundreds of farmers on the streets and in the hotels, and only about half a dozen went to hear those men whom they were paying \$50 a lecture. The same at Stratford. They paid Hoard \$50 for each place, and other men the same, and if farmers would act on their advice it would be worth thousands of dollars in McKillop alone. Hoard says his best man in eleven years increased the profit of his cows from 192 pounds of butter to 308 pounds on an average of thirty cows. Now, the cows of this township give no more milk or butter on an average than they did fifteen years ago. In Wisconsin they draw the milk to the creamery and separate the cream, giving eighty per cent. back in skim milk. McPherson made \$70 per cow on thirty cows, giving 6,000 pounds each in 300 days, and making 308 pounds of butter and 4,800 pounds of skim milk, or an average of 20 lbs. of milk a day and one pound of butter a day. Any one will see the average is not so high. It is milking the length of time that gives the profit, and the feed the same. Butter here at 16c would give \$49.28 and at 7c per gallon for cheese \$32. With the Centrifuge Machine there will be three-quarters of a pound more of butter to one hundred pounds of milk than by selling.

Mr. Hoard says peas sown four inches deep will produce nearly double the crop that they will if sown in the usual way. He sows his garden peas ten inches deep. How many farmers ever tried it? Of course the soil must be fine and to be fine requires cultivation. Professor Roberts, of Cornell University, N. Y., says he took an old worn out clay farm in 1887, and by finely pulverizing the soil without any manure, doubled the crop in 1888; by still making it finer by rolling and harrowing it added one third more in 1889, and on 125 acres he kept 40 cattle and 28 horses and this year had 2,500 bushels of grain, what a farmer can do in New York he can do in McKillop. Farmers will tell you that the land must be lumpy for fall wheat so that the frost will pulverize it. There was such a field within a mile of Seaforth last year, the worst crop in the township. Professor Roberts also says, put manure out on grass or fall wheat and spread in spring; put all out on plowed land and cultivate; harrow, roll, then sow. Nature teaches us the leaves of trees always lie on the top of the soil, and see the prodigious crop of wood it produces, which will take more substance out of the soil than a crop of cereals every year. The chief reason a summer fallow gives a better crop than other land is because it is better pulverized, not on account of a year's rest. Suppose grocers, merchants, printers and hotel-keepers were to manage their business as the farmers, not learn anything about it, and spend a day or two every week out in the country around a hotel, how long would they prosper? Farmers have not time, they will tell you, to care for stock or brush them; or attend Farmers' Institutes, or Dairy-men's Associations, or to political meetings or gatherings to hear the Jesuits scorch or blessed, and will read any political debate, but will not give miles to hear or debate any question relating to the farm; and all the deluding jobs in the county discuss political questions, while how to grow the most peas or potatoes to get the most milk from the milking machine is of more importance than all the other questions in the county. You cannot find three men in a township who can tell how much milk or butter a cow will give, or any test he has ever made on the farm in any way. I will give other questions of importance at the cheese meeting on February 19th, and hope I may incite some farmers to improve or try to learn.

JOHN C. MORRISON.

Elma and Wallace Boundary.

John D. Philip has a gripe.
Miss Jennie Ferguson is visiting
friends in the vicinity of Atwood.

Mr. Milburn is recovering from a severe attack of the prevailing disease.
J. T. Curtis is getting around again.
Jerry has been sick for about five months.

Geo. Tompkins, who had a relapse of la grippe which turned to inflammation on the lungs, is recovering.

James and Robert Moore, sons of Henry Moore, 2nd con. Elma, are attending Listowel High School. We wish the boys success at their exam.

New post offices have been recently established in Ontario as follows:—Balacava, North Grey, Hendrich, South Middlesex, Hurlubise, Russell, Shrubmont, North York.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1890.

Standing at the corner of Fifteenth and F streets a stranger in Washington can see any day in the week more distinguished people pass in the course of an hour than could be witnessed in many other cities in many days. Washington prides itself on the cosmopolitan character of its population, and while residents of the Capitol will scarcely design to turn their heads when presidents, diplomats, and other historical personages pass then on the Avenue this procession is a source of unfeigned interest to tourists. Many of the men who are making places for themselves in the temple of fame are not averse to pedestrianism, and consequently an uninterrupted view can generally be obtained at the corner mentioned.

Unlike his predecessors President Harrison is not much given to walking, but in what is called a mail cart, drawn by a spirited bay he can generally be seen in the neighborhood of the White House about 6 o'clock returning from a drive in the suburbs.

Once in awhile Vice-President Morton walks from the Capitol, but the cares of business more frequently compel him to use the most stylish bugham, with red wheels, to be seen in a city noted for its fine equipages. A capped bay horse and two footmen in high Melton livery complete the outfit, and when in his carriage Mr. Morton usually sits forward, peering out of the windows.

Mr. Julian Pauncefote, the British minister to the United States, on the other hand is never so happy as when swinging along Fifteenth street at a stiff gate, his tall form (and face encircled with snow-white and close-cropped whiskers) making him very conspicuous in the throngs on the sidewalk.

It is a favorite fad now for Congressmen to walk from the Capitol daily, thereby providing a good appetite for their dinner, and among the most noticeable pedestrians are Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts; Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, always a brisk and graceful walker, and Chairman Ingalls, of the Senate District Committee, who knows every foot of ground about Washington by personal exploration.

There is an indescribable jargon in which Spanish, French and Italian are mingled as a party of delegates to the Pan-American Congress saunter down the street, their slight figures, olive complexions and delicate mustaches and occasional side-whiskers being in marked contrast to the stalwart North Americans against whom they jostle.

In their rambles around the city the Misses Margaret and Harriet Blaine are generally accompanied by a large masulf, who obeys implicitly the slightest command of his young mistresses, and there is no necessity to use the whip which Miss Harriet Blaine carries in her right hand.

The prospects of the international copyright bill are greatly improved by the adoption by the House patents committee of amendments conforming the measure to the Senate bill. This copyright bill has been more misrepresented than almost any other measure that was ever before Congress.

It is a simple clean cut proposition to give the author all the American printer and binder a chance. It provides that "foreign authors may take out a copyright on the same terms with American author provided the typesetting, printing and binding are done in this country. It is equitable and it is common sense. The late session of the American Newspaper Publisher's Convention heartily endorsed the measure. In every aspect of this matter that is presented to wise and honorable legislators there is only one course open to pass the international copyright bill with as little delay as possible.

Delegates to the Woman's Suffrage Convention, which will meet in Washington to-morrow are arriving by every train and Riggs House has been selected as head quarters. An informal reception was held by Miss Anthony and other representative workers in the parlors last evening and fully a hundred ladies who will attend the convention were present. They came from all parts of the Union, and in their ranks were women who have gained a national reputation on the platform for their efforts in behalf of suffrage for their sex.

The bills relating to the Worlds Fair can be brought up in the House to-day if the committee having them in charge will exert themselves. The debate on the rules has cleared the way for the measure, but if other legislation is allowed to proceed it will probably be impossible to get the bill up. Now that the United States Senate has said "Howdy" to the new government of Brazil, the republic will probably proceed to get its sign patented.

The Worlds Fair.

Last Monday the United States Congress decided that the Worlds Fair be held in Chicago instead of New York. The eighth official ball was Chicago, 157; New York 167; St. Louis, 25; Washington, 18; total, 307; necessary to choice 154. Chicago thus has three more than necessary for choice. The announcement was greeted with cheers and the House adjourned.

The Y's Merchant.

Written for THE BEE.

There is a merchant who is Ys,
Dull trade he reme Ds,
In papers he will advert Is,
With all his ener Gs.

He knows what people Cs,
Each morning with his Is,
Become at last necessi Ts,
Which very soon he buys.

His store is like a hive of Bs,
When other stores are dumb,
His busy clerks can scarce ap Ps,
The wants of those that come.

Most business de Ks,
If without aid it stands,
It's owners, bluer than the Js,
Must fall and wring his &s.

And then the creditors he Os,
His errors won't ex Qs,
Of advertising not in those
Newspapers people Us.

Let people who are Ys,
Subscribe for THE ATWOOD B,
And there you will C,
The news of the communi T.

—Nero.

Atwood, Feb. 22, 1890.

The Burned Varsity.

A HANDSOME DONATION PROPOSED
TO BE GIVEN BY THE CITY
OF TORONTO.

The special committee appointed by the city council to consider what assistance, if any, should be offered the university authorities to restore the magnificent old pile that was destroyed by fire last Friday, met at the City Hall, Friday, 21st inst. There were present: Mayor Clarke in the chair, Ald. Dodds, Gillespie, Graham, Brandon, Saunders, McDougall and Lindsey.

Mayor Clarke said that he thought it would be just and right for the city to show its appreciation at this crisis of the noble work done at the university. What was done should be done quickly that Toronto might set an example to other cities in the province. He then went into details regarding the cost of restoring the university. The Ontario Government would rebuild the structure but money would be required to replace as far as possible the financial position and requirements of the university, which had been prepared by the senate for the information of the Government.

The mayor suggested that the members of the committee take the statement home, consider it carefully and meet the university senate in a day or two prepared to discuss it with them. The sum of \$100,000 had been named as the city's contribution.

Ald. Saunders said that the committee should decide upon some course before meeting the senate.

Ald. Dodds had no hesitation in saying that while the mental ability at the university was very great the business capacity displayed there had been disgraceful. The idea of using coal oil lamps in such a building on which there was such a low insurance! The less the cause of the fire and the impossibility of extinguishing it was proved the better for the university.

Ald. Lindsey moved that \$100,000 be granted by the city to the university. He said that he hoped nothing would be remembered about the treatment of the city in past years by the university authorities. A great calamity had fallen on the city and the university was financially poor.

Ald. Gillespie said that the occurrence of the fire had shown how foolish it was for one individual or corporation to take advantage of another. The university had taken a great advantage of the city on a most flimsy excuse, but now the wheel had turned. Toronto must do something, but to give \$100,000 would be absurd and out of all proportion.

Ald. Graham said that Toronto had already given the university \$6,000 a year. There had been grave negligence on the part of the Ontario Government in having such a paltry insurance on so grand and venerable a building. The University was to blame for not having provided proper protection against fire. The poorer classes in the city would have to pay this \$100,000 if it were granted. Something should be given, but it should be a sum much smaller than that named. Ald. Brandon agreed with him.

Ald. Dodds said that the Government, with a surplus of \$6,000,000, only proposed to give 160,000. It was preposterous to ask the city for \$100,000. He suggested a grant of \$20,000.

Mayor Clarke said that he desired to remove the impression that seemed to rest regarding the dealings of the university with the city a few months ago. Every attempt had been made by the university to persuade the city to do its duty, but without success. It was consequently compelled by past city councils to go into court. He suggested that the senate of the university be asked to meet the committee next Monday.

Ald. McDougall was favorable to a liberal grant if it was not to be \$100,000. If the city gave handsomely the people would not object.

It was finally decided to confer with the senate on Monday.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Farmers' Institute.

To the editor of THE BEE.
DEAR SIR:—We read and hear of the successful Farmers' Institutes in neighboring counties, why can we not have a live institute in North Perth? I think there could be a good institute held at Atwood, as it is in the centre of the township of Elma, and surrounded by industrious and intelligent farmers, in fact many of the residents are men who have been successful farmers. I think there should be an effort made either to get the North Perth Farmers' Institute reorganized with its head quarters at Atwood, or have a township institute organized.

SUBSCRIBER.

Donegal, Feb. 26, 1890.

The Cultivation of Barley.

To the Editor of THE BEE.
DEAR SIR:—Farmers in this district have not given nearly enough attention to the growing of barley, they are not particular enough in harvesting it, and I often find that some are not careful of it when threshing. They throw it into a bin and let it heat and then it is discolored and not fit for market. In some parts of Canada the farmers have given particular attention to the cultivation of this grain and the reputation of Canadian barley with the American brewers has been very high, but there has been changes during the last few years in the system of brewing. They have been using cheaper materials as substitutes for malt, such as corn and rice, to a great extent, in fact the growing of barley in the western States has increased so much that when a favorable crop is reaped it is almost enough to supply the demand of the American malsters.

All our farmers should face the matter squarely and decide whether, with a duty of ten cents per bushel and freight charges added to reach the consumer in the U. S., they can grow barley in as large quantities as they have been doing in past years.

Mr. Drury, Minister of Agriculture, in reply to enquiries, says that the barley grown in Canada is not the kind which finds favor with English brewers, some of whom suggested that the cultivation of another kind should be tried in Canada.

Mr. Corning proposes to set upon the part of the Dominion Government and to expend \$25,000 on purchasing the two-rowed barley, to be used as seed. This being the only kind that English brewers are willing to use. It is an experiment worth trying and might be of great benefit to Canada through time.

ROBERT ANDERSON,
Atwood, Feb. 22, 1890.

The Weather.

Written for THE BEE.
The weather's exceedingly funny,
We don't understand it at all;
Instead of the middle of winter
It acts like beginning of fall.
They say that the climate is changing,
The winter's of long ago
Have ceased to visit our country,
That's why we are scarce of snow.

We miss the good sleighing and coasting,
And do wish the sleighing would come,
For what will we do in the winter
If we cannot have any fun?
We've been watching since Christmas
for winter,
Been watching all winter for snow,
The weather's exceedingly funny
Now do you not think it is so.

The time for cold weather is passing,
And March will come next no doubt,
Will bring with it some kind of weather,
And what is it blowing about?
We have had rain for fifteen Sundays,
And still there is more on the way,
The weather's exceedingly funny;
We cannot depend on a day.

"La Grippe" has attacked old winter,
We hope he will soon say, adieu,
For how could old winter act natural,
When under the weather too?
So do not be hard on old winter,
For if he has failed us this time,
He is suffering with influenza,
And has left for a warmer clime.
—Rennie.

Mitchell, Feb. 28, 1890.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday was quietly observed at Washington. Business was generally suspended. The local military organizations paraded the principal streets, and the usual number of anniversary dinners was given.

In Sucker Creek, on Mr. John Schman's farm, township of Gamsboro', County of Lincoln, the body of a man was found on Saturday. He was about 65 years of age, dressed in a dark overcoat, vest and pants with stiff black hat. The body has not been identified.

John Jacob Astor, head of the wealthiest family in United States, died suddenly at 4 o'clock Saturday morning. His wealth is estimated at \$150,000,000. He founded the Astor library, mainly through the influence of Washington Irving and Fitzgreen Halleck. The bulk of the fortune will go to the son, William W. Astor.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

New steel works will soon be established in Kingston.

John P. Mott, said to be the richest man in Halifax, N. S., is dead.

It is said that a fish hatchery is to be established for lake Winnipeg.

As the spring approaches there is a better feeling in Montreal commercial and financial circles.

Supt. Whyte, of the C. P. R., says the cattle on the ranges in the North-west have wintered well so far.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, has won the championship of the world at St. Petersburg, Russia, for figure skating.

The first Y. M. C. A. convention of the Canadian North-west, at Winnipeg, held last week, proved a great success.

Good coal is said to have been discovered 85 miles north-east of Ignace station, which is 150 miles west of Port Arthur.

A syndicate of Toronto men have, it is said, invested \$350,000 in Buffalo real estate for speculative purposes.

The Dominion Government has decided to renew the fisheries modus vivendi with the United States, which expired last week.

Mr. Peter McLaren, the millionaire lumberman of Perth, has been appointed to the Senate in place of the late Senator Turner.

Eighteen families from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia passed through Montreal for settlement in British Columbia last week.

In reply to an influential deputation from Montreal Mr. Mercier said that the session was too far advanced to pass any temperance legislation this year.

Mr. Mercier proposes to increase the representation in the Quebec Legislature by making two counties out of Ottawa, and to give separate members to Wolfe and Richmond.

Toronto City Council has decided to abolish tax exemptions on real property except dwelling houses to the value of \$600 and under. The Council refused to abolish the tax on income and personality.

Mr. Erastus Wiman lectured in Montreal the other night on the advantage to the Province of Quebec, and more especially to the city of Montreal, of the closest trade relations with the United States.

Rodney, an enterprising dead beat who went to Winnipeg alleging that he had been sent to write up the country for the New York Herald, has been sentenced to six months in jail for forging meal tickets.

A deputation from New Glasgow, N. S., is at Ottawa to urge the Government the importance of deepening East River at Picton for the navigation of large ships, in the interest of the great coal and iron industry.

Delos Hinkley, traveling from Southern Kansas in a canvas-covered wagon, drawn by mules, reached Kingston, Ont., last week after almost three months of travelling. He had tried Kansas for 15 years and left in disgust.

Rev. J. Edgar Hill, pastor of St. Andrew's church, Montreal, created some excitement amongst his congregation by declaring that the Holy Spirit is the greatest fraud of the nineteenth century.

Count de Koffignac, who has established a chockery factory at Whitewood, Manitoba, states that he is meeting with great success in the venture and says the chockery grown there is much superior to that imported from France, Germany and Holland.

The C. P. R. land department at Winnipeg is receiving numerous enquiries from farmers in northern Michigan and other parts of the United States regarding land. The enquiries come principally from Canadians who have settled in the States.

Toronto is determined to keep up its character for sobriety. The number of licensed houses in the city is, limited strictly to 150 in a population of 170,000, and now the City Council has decided to apply to the Legislature for amendments of the Liquor License Act as shall compel the closing of saloons entirely on public holidays.

The British Columbia Legislature is moving vigorously in the matter of developing the mining resources of the Kootenay district. The Kootenay smelting and trading syndicate have erected immense works at Revelstoke, and will begin operations the coming summer. The Revelstoke Mining Company also intend pushing forward their operations, and the C. P. R. expect shortly to commence the construction of a railway line to connect with steamers from the works. English capitalists are at the back of the mining projects, and a genuine boom is expected.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The South London Gas Company lost \$250,000 by the recent strike.

The Imperial Government has declined to support an eight-hour labor law.

Mr. Houston has resigned the secretaryship of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union.

Conservatives in England have started a fund to recoup the Times for its outlay against the Parnellites.

The expediency of a penny postage for the whole British Empire and America is being considered in England.

The Earl of Sydney is dead, at the age of 85. He was the first earl, was a privy councillor and leaves no heir.

Sir Richard Webster says the Parnell Commission's report exonerates Mr. Parnell but incriminates his party.

Documents published at Lisbon show that the Scotch missionaries opposed a settlement of the Portuguese difficulty that satisfied Lord Salisbury.

Four hundred thousand miners in Great Britain adhere to their demand for a ten per cent. increase in wages, and an immense strike may result.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Liquor bill hits hard at the clubs, and puts strict limitations upon the liberty they have enjoyed in the sale of alcoholic beverages.

Cardinal Manning has written a letter, in which he calls Emperor William's receipts the wisest and worthiest that have proceeded from any Sovereign of our times.

Mr. Justice Butt refused Capt. O'Shea's application for writs against the New York Herald and London Star, but ordered the Dublin Freeman's Journal to pay £100 and costs.

The Queen has announced her intention to visit Drury Lane Theatre during the Carl Rosa opera season. It will be her first visit to a theatre since the Prince Consort's death in 1881.

There appears to be as much divergence of opinion among the London newspapers on the real purport of the Parnell commission's report as there are shades just now to British partyism.

In reply to Mr. Parnell, Mr. W. H. Smith said the Government simply intended to ask the House to adopt the Parnell report, and to thank the commission for its just and impartial conduct.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Gladstone congratulated the Government upon the prompt action they had taken in the Portuguese dispute and their success in negotiating the Samoan treaty.

Mr. Parnell's private secretary was awarded £200 damages in a suit against the Belfast News-Letter for stating that he supplied the knives with which Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were butchered.

In the Imperial House of Commons the other day Sir James Ferguson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said the negotiations between England and France were tending to a settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries dispute.

UNITED STATES.

Mollie Corwin was wedded on Monday to her ninth husband at Shelbyville, Ind.

Bishop Fink, of Kansas, denounces the Farmers' Alliance and warns Catholic farmers not to join it.

The U. S. House committee on territories will report in favor of the admission of Wyoming as a state.

It is estimated that American railroads will need a million tons of steel rails this year at a cost of \$35,000,000.

The United States senate has ratified the British extradition treaty with a few important amendments.

President Harrison has authorized the expenditure of \$3,000 on the Dakota Indians and Congress will appropriate \$25,000 more.

At Butte, Mont., Thomas Bryant, aged 18, shot and killed his mother and tried to make his escape with \$220, but was captured.

J. B. Farewell & Co.'s big dry goods store in Chicago was destroyed by fire last week. Loss \$475,000. Several firemen were injured.

Massachusetts has sent 240 petitions to Congress praying that the exportation of intoxicating liquors from the United States to Africa be stopped.

The women at Plattsburg, Mo., are preparing to clean that place of its saloons because a boy was carried out of one of them drunk on Sunday night.

The students at the Indian school in Carlisle, Pa., have contributed \$550 of their savings toward the relief of the starving Indians at Devil's lake, Dakota.

Mrs. M. Newton, of Everson, Pa., has given birth to four girls. They are of ordinary size, perfectly formed and will live. Mr. and Mrs. Newton are both of Irish birth.

IN GENERAL.

The director of the opera at Smyrna has not left the city since he was refused a divorce and has appealed to the pope.

Westphalia mine owners have formed an anti-strike insurance association.

Count Julius Andrássy, the Hungarian statesman, died on Tuesday, aged 67.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is dead. He is succeeded by his brother, Seyyid Ali.

The German socialists have withdrawn their order for a general labor strike in May.

France is said to be pledged to support Portugal in the latter's dispute with England.

The Duke of Orleans was last week sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He posed as a martyr.

It is again stated on the inevitable good authority that Bismarck will retire from the Prussian service.

Portugal's women with the Queen at their head are starting out to collect funds for National defence.

President Carnot has decided to pardon the Duke of Orleans and send him under escort to the frontier.

The Bishop of Verdun proposes to appeal to Catholics in America for funds in aid of a memorial of the apotheosis of Joan of Arc.

At the colonial conference in Melbourne on Thursday a resolution was unanimously passed approving of the policy of Australian federation.

Switzerland will act as arbitrator of the dispute concerning the boundaries between the Portuguese possessions and the Congo Free State.

There is little doubt that the passenger steamer Dunbrugg, with her 400 Chinese passengers and crew foundered in the recent typhoon in the China Sea.

A Lisbon correspondent says many symptoms show the Republic cause has been increasing in strength daily and the end of the monarchy might come at almost any moment.

The stories of the Siberian prison horrors are said, by the St. Petersburg Government, to be canards, to influence the treatment by the United States Senate of the Extradition Treaty.

The Emperor of Germany has commenced to give practical effect to his promises by promising an increase of wages and conferring decorations upon workmen in the state factories.

Henry M. Stanley says that he is at present busy on the report of his African journal, and that it will occupy his attention for some months to come; but when completed he may afford himself the pleasure of visiting his friends in America.

Preserving Natural Flowers.

A new method of preserving natural flowers has been discovered by an English lady, whose process is well worth considering. The flower buds were cut just as they were about to open, and the ends of the stems covered with sealing wax. Each was then wrapped separately in paper and laid away in a box. When they were wanted and clipped the stems just above the wax and immersed them in water, to which a little nitre had been added, and though the flowers had been gathered nearly a month before, on the morrow they opened with as much beauty and fragrance as if freshly plucked.

A GREAT RAILROAD TUNNEL.

One of the Biggest Engineering Projects of the Century.

Six hundred men are now digging the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river, at Port Huron, at the rate of 15 feet each day.

This means that before the year is out one of the most important pieces of civil engineering in America will be completed.

More than 1,500 feet of the tunnel proper is now ready for trains on the Michigan side and 900 on the Canadian. The remaining 4,000 feet will be finished at a wonderfully rapid rate, considering the nature of the work, if no accident intervenes.

It has taken six months to do the work thus far, but workmen are now more accustomed to the task and an work with greater facility in the use of the machinery, so that the engineers in charge place the completion of the work not later than the end of the year.

The tunnel itself is over 6,000 feet long. The approaches are equally long, so that the entire length will be more than two miles.

Of this distance, 2,310 feet are under the river, 2,390 feet on the Michigan land side, and 2,100 on the Canadian. The grade is 1 foot in every 50 except under the river bottom where it is substantially level.

It is an iron cylinder tunnel—the only one of the kind in America. There is neither brick nor stone used in its construction. Neither are there any stays or supports—simply a mammoth iron tube built in sections underground. It is designed for a single track.

Electric lights make it as light as day, air engines keep the atmosphere as healthy inside as above, and steam pipes hold the temperature at the proper point. It is as dry as a street in summer, and the disagreeable features common to subaqueous work are entirely absent. Work is pushed from both ends.

The Right Flag.

The design of the Canadian flag is an offence to the Montreal "Witness," which is at present leading a crusade against it. The objections have reference solely to the central spot, with its complicated provincial emblems. It objects to the present design partly because of the indistinguishable blot it appears at the distance, and partly because of the difficulty of making the flag.

"But who," it says, "can at the distance at which flags are meant to be seen, make out the wonderful menagerie of things on earth and in the sea which we have placed in the middle of it, and who, when they are brought near to him, can unravel their significance?" Then as a result of the difficulty of making, there being only a few manufacturers in the Dominion who are prepared to construct such a flag, we are practically without a national ensign.

In the Province of Quebec the most common flag is that of France, which any one can make by sewing together three strips in three different colors. In Ontario the Union Jack is most frequently used, while among our sailors none other is ever employed.

This state of things the "Witness" contends ought to be remedied. Instead of this indistinguishable and perplexing mass we should have some simple device, like the maple leaf, which with one consent all Canada accepts as its emblem.

In that case the difficulty of making would be reduced to a minimum, and we might hope that the Canadian flag would at least find a prominent place on every occasion when the ensigns of nations are displayed amongst us.

The result of this would be a wonderful strengthening of the patriotic feeling, which the sight of a national flag has long been known to promote.

So thoroughly are our neighbors convinced of this fact, that the "Stars and Stripes" are never wanting in connection with any public or private festival.

Even now the "Youth's Companion" of Boston is calling for prize essays on the national value of having the stars and stripes floating over every school house, and a flag is to be the reward of each school that takes a prize.

Should the idea and the practice generally obtain the benefit in the nationalizing effect on the imagination of the American youth would be beyond calculation.

The same object lesson instruction is needed in Canada; for what with the Tricolor in Quebec, and the American flag so frequently displayed on our festive occasions, our youth are being silently educated to a divided allegiance.

This we can hardly afford in these days, when it were madness to deny that owing to racial and religious differences in the leading provinces of the Dominion, instead of having a united, resembling a chemical compound our Confederation is, in considerable degree, still after the pattern of a mechanical mixture.

By all means let us have a flag that can be cheaply and easily produced, that bears no distinctively provincial device, and that will be displayed on every suitable occasion and in every suitable place.

Fairies of Ireland.

"Sith," pronounced "shee," is the generic name for Gaelic fairies. There are many kinds of siths, the most noticeable being the ban-sith (ban-shee) or "white fairy." All families representing the ancient princes and nobles of the Irish nation have attached to them a banshee, who warns them of impending death or danger.

The banshee appears in the form of a white-robed woman, with jvelly but tear-stained face. She moans around the the casements of the house wherein dwells the chieftain's family, and her voice might be mistaken for the sound of the wind.

Tradition had it that the grandfather of the writer was warned of his approaching death by a banshee, in a peculiar manner. He was riding along a quiet country road, when a woman, who had been sitting by the hedge-side, rose and veiling her face in her cloak, advanced toward him.

His horse stood stock still and could be moved neither by whip nor spur. The strange woman laid her white hand on his heart, and with a low wail, vanished. Before nightfall, the story continues, he was a corpse.

But there are livelier "siths" than the banshee. The Leprechaun, gay little fellow, tricks out in gaudy garments, hammers at his brogues under the hedge. If you can catch him and squeeze him tight he will show you gold galore; if he induces you to look away for a single second, he is gone. And there are countless others.

It will be many and many a day before the fairies desert from Ireland forever. The demagogues how may yet prove too strong for them, and then it does, Ireland, the Ireland of old and sage, will exist no longer. Wherefore, long life to the "good people" and "sweet bad luck" to their enemies.

What is the Church Doing?

The present age is utilitarian and practical if it is anything. It approaches every project, organization, or institution with this question upon its lips, "What use does it serve?" Nothing is considered too sacred to be subjected to this test.

Even Christianity, or more properly the churches which profess to be the depositaries and conservators of Christian truth are confronted with the question. Stand the world asks what is the Church doing along the line of her heavenly-appointed work, what is she doing to save the fallen, and regenerate the world?

It asks not concerning her creeds, but her deeds; not concerning her doctrines, but her practices. It lays slight stress upon the theological differences which for ages have been given so much prominence, and which have kept the different sections of the Church of Christ so widely separated.

Humanity is hungering for a Christ Christianity rather than for an orthodox Christianity. And the Church must reckon on this changed condition. For her to ignore or despise it, is to sign her death warrant. All her methods of work must be revised under the influence of this prominent fact, while her aim must be Christianity applied to practical life.

In no other way will the masses be reached. Hitherto the attention of the Church has been too much absorbed with the regular church-goers, the services being largely arranged with a view to meet their tastes and wishes.

The result is, that a large proportion of the community has drifted beyond the Church's influence. If these are to be won, there must be an adaptiveness to the tastes and prejudices of these outsiders, that makes them feel that the Church is interested in their temporal as well as spiritual welfare, and that they have something in common with the spiritually minded in the work of the Church.

This proposition is ably argued by the Rev. C. A. Dickinson in the October "And-over Review." He says: "The Gospel is preaching plus practice, truth plus life; truth exemplified in character, expressed in ministrations, and materialized into beneficent institutions. It is the Word made flesh, the truth moving in and through all secular life.

The Church will become attractive to the people when it becomes in the truest sense of the word a ministering Church. It should be the source of all beneficent ministrations. It should allow no other philanthropic or charitable institution, however wealthy, to point to its closed doors and folded hands, and say, 'What are you doing to relieve the sick, and the widow and the fatherless, to feed the hungry, and raise the fallen?'

The modern Church, with its rented pews, closed doors, and six days' interregnum of inactivity, can hardly be said to have its prototype in the Church of the Old Jerusalem, or its antetype in the temple of the New Jerusalem; for the first was certainly organized for 'daily ministrations'; and in the second, 'the gates shall not be shut at all by day.'

Elsewhere he points out, that the Church may attach herself to the community by such secular work as Relief, Entertainment and Instruction exemplifying the Gospel Spirit in each.

Here then is an open door through which the Church in all its members and during seven days of the week, may enter and find pleasant and profitable employment. The churches that are wise will not allow the opportunity to pass by unimproved; for as the writer of the Canadian Methodist Quarterly (a magazine, by the way, which is a credit to the publishers and an important adjunct of Canadian literature) remarks, 'The Church of the future will be the Church that most successfully applies the principles of Christianity to man's present needs, and makes the Church to be a practical organization looking to the good of man's body as well as soul, and wo

Kingd of heaven in this world.'

A consignment of nineteen and a half tons of embalmed cats from Beni Hassan, Central Egypt, has just reached Liverpool. In this parcel there are remains of about 150,000 cats.

They were discovered by an Egyptian fellah employed in husbandry, who fell into a pit which, on further examination, proved to be a large subterranean cave completely filled with cats, every one of which had been separately embalmed and dressed in cloth, after the manner of Egyptian mummies, all being separately laid out in rows. Specimens of these have been taken by Mr. Moore, the curator of the Liverpool Museum, where they can be seen.

The remainder are about to be employed as manure. The Rev. H. H. Higgins and Mr. Moore fix the date of their interment at 2,900 years before Christ. A correspondent writes:

The tottem of a section of the ancient Egyptians was the cat; hence when a cat died it was buried with all honors, being embalmed, and sometimes fully decorated, and, in short, had as much attention paid to it as a human being. It had long been believed that a cemetery existed on the east bank of the Nile, and in the autumn of 1889 a lucky Egyptian, as stated above, found this ancient burial ground at Beni Hassan, about 100 miles from Cairo.

Laborers were soon at work, and dug out hundreds of thousands. Some were quickly sold to local farmers, and other lots found their way to an Alexandrian merchant, thence by the steamer Pharos and Thebes to Liverpool, where they were knocked down at £3 13s. 9d. per ton to a local fertilizer merchant.

The auction was only known to the 'trade,' but even the 'bone' buyers looked nervously at the sample. The broker knocked the lot down with one of the cats' heads for a hammer.

Fighting Among Deer.

In the course of a recent interview Mr. Dann, the head gamekeeper of Bushy Park, said: "I saw two deer fight as I came along last week. Are their fighting propensities naturally rather great? Yes, it's their nature. They like to pick quarrels, but as a rule except in autumn, they are not vicious. This season they have been more quarrelsome than usual, and we have had a dozen stags killed during the winter, which died in the fight.

I attribute this to the mild season. They are in better condition than is the case in a hard winter, and that makes them boisterous. We have three herds, which together number about 900 animals. There are about 500 in the large herd and about 200 in each of the smaller. But it is impossible to count them exactly, as they are quite free, and we have no chance of ascertaining their exact number."—London Court Journal.

The old toper does not need ice when he gets on to "skate."

Imperial Federation.

Though the question of Imperial Federation has not yet succeeded in pressing itself prominently forward in Canadian politics, it is nevertheless an issue which is far from being ready for burial, either in this country or the mother land. At a meeting held in London some time ago under the direction of the City of London branch of the Imperial Federation League, at which the Lord Mayor (Sir Henry Isaacs) presided, there were present such distinguished persons as the Earl of Rosebery, Cardinal Manning, Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Stratheden and Campbell-Lord Brassey, and many others.

The principal speaker on the occasion was the Earl of Rosebery who started out by saying, that the feeling necessary to the establishment of an Imperial Federation was already in existence, that the fire had not to be kindled, only the burning embers fanned into a flame.

His scheme of Federation, if scheme it may be called, is somewhat aside from the general idea advocated by Canadian federalists; that is, if the newspaper reports correctly express their views. He is not in sympathy with the three or four plans most generally advocated, viz., Colonial representation in the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, in the Privy Council; or the more commercial idea, a Zollverein or Customs Union, by which the federating parties should be guarded by a protective system from the products of all other countries.

His opinion is that the most practical, desirable, and advantageous union is one of which the Colonial Conference which met in London in 1887 furnishes a fitting type. He asks, "what was that conference?" That conference was composed of all the most eminent men available in the colonies. It discussed all the questions which concerned the common good of the Empire; and it brought forward recommendations in all these questions. If that was not Imperial Federation I do not know what was.

"I have always felt," Earl Rosebery continues, "since that day that the question of what is called Imperial or National Federation depended upon the periodical continuance or renewal of these Conferences."

But in order that these conferences may not prove abortive, certain necessary conditions must be met. They must meet periodically and at stated intervals; they must be composed of the best men available at the moment; and they must not presume to legislate, but to suggest; not to produce statutes, but offer recommendations. Replying to the objection of those who might be disposed to regard such results as too neutral to be of any advantage, Earl Rosebery contended that "if any closer scheme of federation is to come about, it can only come about through the medium of such a conference, and not through the medium of any private organization. Whereas, on the other hand, if no closer scheme comes out of these conferences and, indeed, if these conferences themselves are found to be of no avail and come to nothing, then you may be perfectly certain that whatever your views may be or your exertions may be, Imperial Federation in any form is an impossible dream." To this scheme the London "Times" objects that while it is "eminently satisfactory, so far as it goes, it does not go very far. Between holding meetings in favor of the abstract idea of Imperial Federation and bringing Imperial Federation about in a practical form the distance is immense."

It has a fear likewise that the time has not yet come when federation could be carried out. Local projects in the colonies, as for example, the intercolonial federation which is now to the front in Australia, would naturally prevent the colonies from giving the necessary attention to the more comprehensive scheme. Its counsel therefore to the friends of union is, to give their attention to the removal of obstacles and difficulties which might impair their work and wait for the result. Precipitancy might greatly retard the consummation they so ardently desire. Rome was not built in a day.

Wealth in Great Britain.

One ceases to wonder at the amount of British capital seeking investment in America after looking over a year's record of the money left by will in the United Kingdom. The "personalities" of dead Britain or of deceased residents of Great Britain sworn to in 1889 for purposes of probate and of succession duty reaching imposing sums. One dry goods jobber in Manchester died possessed of \$12,500,000 of personal property; a Clyde ship builder comes next with \$5,300,000, and a member of the great banking house of the Barings follows hard upon with \$4,500,000.

A scion of the House of Orleans, Count Graf-fulde, died possessed of \$3,300,000, in England; and a Scottish peer, the Earl of Leven and Melville, left for division among his heirs \$2,600,000. What we call millionaires—nobody there with less than \$5,000,000 being so denominated—were numerous. Manchester alone had ten of them ranging from \$2,100,000 of "personality" to \$1,000,000. James Jameson, the great Dublin distiller, left \$2,400,000 of hard cash, or what may be called its portable equivalent, and in England Brewer Dan Thwaites left \$2,300,000. A Cork brewer, W. H. Crawford, had a sworn "personality" of \$1,600,000, and there were eighty other deceased brewers whose estates were liable to succession duty on \$1,000,000. It is figures like these that impress on the English mind the idea that there is in beer, as there was in Dr. Johnson's day, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice."

Even the railroad magnates left a less impressive aggregate, though one of them—Sir Daniel Gooch, Chairman of the Great Western—died, possessed of \$3,250,000, and of two mere railroad engineers, one was worth \$800,000 and another \$440,000. The richest representative of the iron industry, who died in 1889, was a manufacturer of plows, worth \$1,100,000—a sum exceeded by the "personality" of a London gas-fitter, whose heirs divided the snug little sum of \$1,200,000. But even he does not come up to John Nevill, baker—who ever heard of a millionaire baker on this side of the Atlantic?—whose "personality" is sworn to at \$1,400,000. It must be remembered that all this is in personal or movable property, and that real estate does not count in the enumeration, not being liable to succession duty.

The Provincial Board of Health, having ascertained the existence of two cases of glanders in Quebec and in Lorette, has called the attention of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa to the fact, asking him to immediately enforce the law respecting contagious diseases affecting animals enacted by the Federal Government in 1886.

AGRICULTURAL.

FAST AND SLOW MILKING.

It is generally understood that fast milking has the advantage of securing more milk than slow milking. But we are not aware of any scientific experiments to determine the fact. Mr. Ralph Allen, of Delavan, Ill., however, gives to the "Jersey Bulletin" a little experience that well illustrates the difference. His boy was learning to milk, and took two and a half times more time than a fast milker, who got from the cow at each milking, 9 to 12½ pounds of milk. The boy could get only 7 to 9 pounds. The evidence in favor of fast milking was pretty conclusive—provided the time in milking was all the difference that affected the flow. The fast milker may have been more agreeable to the cow, and his manner of milking may have been more agreeable. The hunching of the boy may have been positively annoying to the cow. This would affect her "giving down," as it is called. It may have quite as much to do with the variation in the yield as the difference in time of drawing the milk had. You must please the cow if you want her to do her best. More or less milk is secreted during milking—as saliva is secreted during eating. If the cow is annoyed, it checks the secretion of milk; if pleased, it stimulates it. For these reasons, it is important to have fast milkers who are good natured and agreeable to the cows.

FATTENING CHICKS.

Several recommended the practice of confining chickens in a coop and fattening them. For market purposes it is necessary. Some people like to have fowls very fat; these will have recourse to fattening but we consider a chicken allowed to run over a quiet lawn, well fed on good food fit for table, perfection, and like turkeys similarly treated, they are usually fat enough. To those who wish to confine their chickens and fatten, we say: Be sure to have them well fed from the very first, so that they will have plenty of flesh on them before they are plucked. Put them in a nice clean coop, so constructed that each bird, or at most each pair of birds, will have a separate apartment. Attend to the ordinary rules of health, keep them scrupulously clean, give a little grit and almost no grain, as their digestive organs will not be in a proper state to digest it. It is a good plan to feed on oatmeal, Indian meal and rice meal. Some like buckwheat. We like to mix whatever meal is given with warm milk, and give the food warm. They cannot be confined more than three weeks. For the first week they fail, then they improve for the next two weeks, after which they again decline, and would continue to fail till death would ensue from enlarged liver or bowel derangement. Great care must be taken that their coops are very clean, for if neglected, their flesh will have a most offensive taste when it comes to table.

APPLYING WOOD ASHES.

Leached wood ashes contain about 5 per cent of phosphoric acid and 2½ per cent of potash—two valuable fertilizers for a number of crops—and about 24 per cent of lime, which, when applied to the soil, has the effect of rendering available plant food that is already in the soil. On land that has been cropped until at least some of the elements of plant food have decreased, so that full average crops cannot be made, wood ashes are worth all the way from fifteen to twenty-five cents per bushel.

They can be applied to nearly all kinds of fruit with profit. With potatoes they are especially valuable, either applied in the hill or scattered broadcast and worked well into the soil. Onions are another crop that can in many cases be largely benefited by an application of wood ashes.

If applied in the orchard, a good plan is to stir the soil thoroughly and then apply broadcast and work well in. The soil can be stirred as far out as the branches extend. With onions one of the best plans of applying is to prepare the soil in a good tilth ready for the seed or buttons, and then scatter the ashes as evenly as possible over the surface, and then, with a good rake, work well into the soil; then mark out the rows and plant; or the seed can be planted and then the ashes scattered over the surface; the necessary cultivation will work sufficiently into the soil. The roots of the onion grow very near the surface and their is no necessity for working the fertilizer deep into the soil.

When there is a good supply of ashes they can be applied broadcast for potatoes, working well into the soil. Very good results can also be obtained by applying in the hill. Mark out the rows the proper distance apart and then put a small quantity of ashes where each hill is to grow; eighteen inches apart in the row is a good distance. Stir into the soil well, and then plant the seed and cover. This places the fertilizer in a position where it can be readily reached by the roots of the plants. It is not a good plan to have the ashes come in direct contact with the tubers; hence good care should be taken to incorporate well with the soil before planting.

As a soil aid to make a stiff soil more friable, and can be profitably used with nearly all garden or truck crops.

THE SILO.

The intelligent observer must acknowledge, if he is a man open to conviction, that the use of the silo is rapidly extending. That the men who are loudest in their praise are not wealthy gentlemen whose farms are managed by a foreman for the owner's amusement; but are hard-working farmers who have earned their money by rigid economy and hard labor.

It is idle for such theorists as Prof. J. W. Sanborn to assert that ensilage wastes some 33 per cent in the silo. Such waste, if it occurs, only proves gross carelessness or incompetence in the man in charge; the fact is that ensilage handled with good, ordinary care wastes very little, less than 5 per cent., and that this waste is far more than compensated by the great convenience which the silo affords in its being able to cut and save the corn, clover or any other forage crop, such as late barley or rowen, without regard to the weather, which is apt to be very uncertain in the autumn.

Then how comfortable and safe a farmer feels, when his winter supply of fodder is all snugly stored where it will keep without risk and is ready for feeding whenever wanted.

The cheap silos made of two thicknesses of matched boards, with tarred paper between are giving good satisfaction thus far; time

only will prove how long they will last, and whether it will be cheaper in the long run to build of wood or of masonry. If the wooden silo will last ten years it will no doubt be preferred to masonry.

Wooden silos built of cheap rough lumber holding 100 to 200 tons cost about 60 to 75 cents per ton capacity.

If built inside a barn the expense need not be over 50 cents per ton capacity.

Corn has been and will continue to be the favorite crop for ensilage in this country. It suits our soil and climate and its magnificent yield of fifteen to twenty tons per acre is not approached by any other crop. But clover is a crop which is a sort of chemical supplement for corn, that is the two when fed together form a nearly complete ration, and we believe that farmers will in the near future find their account in growing clover as well as corn for ensilage. One of the chief obstacles to the increase of clover growing is the great difficulty of curing it in a wet season—especially the second crop. The silo removes at once this difficulty and makes it an easy and safe crop to grow.

Perhaps late grown barley may also prove useful for a silage crop to be cut in October, but of this we do not feel so sure, experience is needed to prove its value.—[Mass. Ploughman.]

START THE COMPOST HEAP.

Next month will be found the best time of the year for starting a fresh supply of manure. We should get together the materials and lay the foundation for a heavy crop, to be used in our farming operations this year. I am satisfied that if absorbents were provided for the yard, stables, barns and pens, the supply of manure upon the average farm might be doubled in quality, in value, and also greatly increased in quantity. Without these absorbents the most valuable portion of farm manure goes to waste. Of course there is considerable labor involved in this work, but the recompense in the way of increased yields is also ample. How to increase the supply of fertilizers on the farm is getting to be the absorbing question in American agriculture. The sooner we face the question in the field of practical work, the sooner we will master the situation, and render ourselves independent of the dealer in manufactured fertilizers. There is a great deal of random talk about increasing the stock on the farm, thereby making a greater quantity of manure. The amount of stock produced upon the farm. There can be no economy or profit in keeping twenty head of cattle through the winter when fifteen will easily consume the amount of fodder produced.

No; we must aim rather to save what we do make. If we provide shelter and absorbents for our stable manures, we can save a third or half there, and then we can add immensely to the value of the manure crop by keeping a compost constantly in full blast. To do this properly, some preparation must be made in the fall by providing suitable absorbents.

Muck, if well cured, is no doubt the best, but if this is not at hand, dry earth is good, and there is little excuse for not providing it in liberal quantities for use at all times. It might be stored in a small shed adjoining the henery, where much of it should be used. Once a week it should be sprinkled under the roots, and after accumulating there to a depth of a few inches, it should be removed to the compost heap. Nearly the same treatment may be adopted for the pig-gery; for there, too, is an enormous waste each year. A supply should also be provided convenient to the privy, where it should be used liberally and often. Decaying vegetables will help to swell the heap, and had much better be there than in the cellar. In summer waste slops should also be conveyed there, where its purities will be absorbed. This heap should be kept under shelter, and enough space given so that it can be worked over occasionally. Look well to the compost heap, brother farmer, for there's millions in it.—[W. D. B., in the Epitomist.]

Study of Nature.

Horticulture offers a field in which many lessons of value in the future may be taught. In the garden we can not only teach our boys and girls how to grow fruits, flowers and vegetables, but we may lay the foundation of knowledge and a thirst for more, which may prove of estimable value in later years. Study of Nature leads to the development of knowledge. Youth seeks to know the why and whereof of what is going on around us, and as we learn the glories and beauties of Nature we become better fitted to perform our life work, whatever that may be.—[American Garden.]

The Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether this conceit and high compliment will be verified, remains to be seen, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound, and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys in purifying the blood and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors, and consumption, or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

A letter containing \$90,000 was stolen in transit between Pesth and Vienna. It was "the letter that never came."

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employees, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

It is true economy to buy soap for the laundry by the box. Not only do you get more for your money, but you have a chance to dry out the bars and so make them last twice as long. Place one on the other (on their sides, leaving open spaces between) in a dry place and let harden.

Woman's Work.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she is suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

An old lady was made to cry bitterly the other day because some had boys stoned her cats. She said they hurt her felines.

Only truth is consistent with itself. He who tells a lie has all nature opposed to him; for nature is truthful, and its disclosures are in the direction of truth.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tense, very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed.

Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A proposal has been made to erect a monument to the memory of Searle, to be placed on the Brothers Point, at the finish of the champagne course on the Paramatta river. Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

A.P. 491.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:
I take My Meals, I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Good Agents WANTED. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and terms. Address, MEYERS BROS., 87 Church St., Toronto.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE.
Best thing out. Agents make \$5 per day. Sample by mail, 25c. CLEMENT & Co., 36 King St. E., Toronto.

YOUR NAME on this Pen and Pencil Stamp, with bottle of ink and case, 25c. 5¢ to 25¢ per 507 easily made by live agents. Send for sample and terms. THE CANADIAN RUBBER STAMP CO., 1 Adelaide St. E., Toronto. Mention paper.

—THE—
Cheapest and **BEST PLACE** in America to buy Band and Musical Instruments, Music, &c.
Address: **WHALEY, ROYCE & Co.** 188 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

Ronald Fire Engine Works, Brussels.
To **Willie Alexander, Toronto.**
DEAR SIR:—Myself and family have all been using St. Leon Mineral Water. Think it is a delightful sanitarary beverage. I have great faith in its general efficiency. For the stomach, or, indeed, when in any way feeling out of sorts, a few glasses of St. Leon is our stand-by.
I. D. RONALD.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
THE PIONEER CANADIAN LINE, and still to the front in regard to the provision made for the safety and comfort of its customers. Weekly sailings from Liverpool, Glasgow and St. Lawrence, and fortnightly service from London during Summer Months. Mail Steamers run between Liverpool and Portland via Halifax during winter. Glasgow Steamers sail throughout the year to Boston and Philadelphia, calling at Irish ports and Halifax en route.

For rates of passage and other information apply to H. BOURLIER, cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto; H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or to the local agents in your county.

The Trusts Corporation OF ONTARIO.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. Subscribed Capital, 600,000.

Office and Vaults, 23 Toronto St., Toronto. PRESIDENT, HON. J. C. AIKINS. Vice Presidents (HON. SIR ADAM WILSON, Knt HON. R. J. CARTRIGHT, KCMG A. E. PLUMMER. MANAGER.

This Company is approved by Order-in-Council of Lieut. Governor, and is accepted by the High Court of Justice for purposes of such Court.

This Company acts as Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Guardian, Liquidator, Assignee, &c. Trustee under deed, Will, Appointment or Substitution, and acts as Agent in all Financial business, Investment of Money, Collection of Rents, Interest and Income, and Counter-signs all Bonds, Securities, &c.

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

LADIES TRY OLIVE BRANCH, the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. J. TROTTER, 6 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Can.

WANTED A PARTNER. For \$2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address, P.O. Box 266, Toronto P.O., Ont.

The Great Ottoman Blood Remedy. Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood whether brought on by indigestion and excess or arising from hereditary causes. Will remove pimples and blotches from the skin, and by its invigorating action on the blood restores falling powers and builds up the system of those suffering from wasting disease. Price \$1 per bottle. Address, Ottoman Medicine Co., Mail Building, Toronto.

ENGRAVING FOR ALL PURPOSES. WOOD ENGRAVER. TORONTO, CANADA.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
J. DOAN & SON.
For Circular Address,
Northcote Ave., Toronto.

PLATE GLASS
Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.
McCausland & Son,
72 to 76 King St. West, Toronto.

When Tired and Used Up TAKE JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

And Prove Its Strength-Giving Properties.

IT CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of Fits, worse cases. Because others have failed I have made my remedy to Cure fits once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: **H. & H. HOOT,** M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Confederation Life ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE

Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation

Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy

THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST

EARLY DEATH

Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT.

Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums.

Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.

Profits so Allocated are Absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances.

Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 96 per cent. of the profits so earned.

W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

ALL STYLES AND DESCRIPTIONS

BOILERS

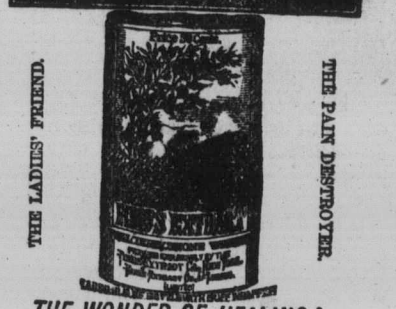
Having Special Facilities for Boiler Work we are prepared to tender for anything in that line—Tanks, Burners etc. **AUTOMATIC ENGINE,** new design, economy and regular speed guaranteed.

Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. A. BLOOM,** M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

POND'S EXTRACT



THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, FILLS, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS OF ALL KINDS. Used Internally & Externally. Price 50c. \$1. \$1.75. POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. C. H. McMICHAEL, M. D., No. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$10.00 A DAY.—Easy for men and women. Address: **F. M. SCARLETT,** 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.'S

TRANSPARENT CARBOLIC ACID TOILET SOAP is pleasant to use. It heals the skin, and destroys insects and germs on the hair of man & beast.

Agents Wanted Everywhere



This offer is good for 30 days and is made to assist in securing good agents to introduce our Watches and Jewelry. We require everyone ordering, and this advertisement out and send your order, enclosing to our mammoth catalogue which is sent free with every watch. On receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps as a guarantee of good faith, we will send the watch to you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance \$5.97 and take the watch, otherwise you pay nothing. The case is warranted solid gold, a composition metal which can not be told from pure gold, except by experts. It is richly engraved, with solid case, solid bow and crown imported French crystal and is warranted for 30 years. The movement is a genuine imported expansion balance, quick train, hand fitted, adjusted and regulated, fully warranted, with fair usage will last a lifetime. This if you sell, CANADIAN WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 69 & 71 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, CAN. Whenever goods are to be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as no goods can be sent by mail, C.O.D. Where cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine gold plated chain. "Remember, this ad. will not appear after April 1st."

is your last chance to get a \$30 watch for \$5.97 and one free

use will last a lifetime. This if you sell, CANADIAN WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 69 & 71 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, CAN. Whenever goods are to be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as no goods can be sent by mail, C.O.D. Where cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine gold plated chain. "Remember, this ad. will not appear after April 1st."

THE BEE.

Leading Paper in North Perth.
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

MONTHLY FAIR.

Considerable discussion is being indulged in by our citizens and the farmers of this locality, generally, with regard to the establishment of a monthly horse and cattle fair, to be held in Atwood. We cannot see why such a fair could not be successfully managed, and prove beneficial to all concerned, especially to the farming community. Almost every place of any importance has its monthly horse fair, and has accomplished its ends wherever tried. There are many advantages to be reaped from such a fair, which we have not space to enumerate at present, but might mention three points of interest to the farmer, viz.: 1st, It would be a medium through which the farmer could dispose of his surplus stock without going to the unnecessary expense of an auctioneer, etc. 2nd, It would give those desirous of purchasing a superior grade of stock, a better and larger selection from which to choose, and lastly, the monthly fair would bring in buyers from a distance, thus enabling the farmer to dispose of his stock at much better prices than he otherwise could get at an ordinary auction sale. Such a fair would also prove helpful to our merchants and others interested in the prosperity of our village. The large concourse of people would, as a matter of course, bring in trade and otherwise make Atwood more of a business centre for the farming public. An auctioneer could be procured who would sell at a small percentage but to receive no fee unless a sale was consummated. We heartily endorse the scheme and hope that some of our leading citizens will set to work and carry the project into execution. We would like to hear the views of others on this question, for or against, and will gladly give the necessary space.

North Perth Conservative Association.

The Conservative Association of North Perth held its annual meeting at Milverton Feb. 20th, when there was a larger attendance than usual and great enthusiasm prevailed. The president, S. S. Fuller, of Stratford, having delivered an address which was well received, the election of officers was proceeded with and S. S. Fuller was re-elected president by a standing vote; Dr. Hamilton, of Atwood, first vice-president; Moses Laing, of Mornington, second vice-president; F. W. Gear, secretary, and the executive committee for the different localities are as follows:—Stratford—D. Scrimgeour, H. T. Butler, W. S. Dingman, W. L. Upton, Joseph Dunsmore, Listowel—H. B. Joseph, R. Martin, A. St. Geo. Hawkins, Wm. Welsh, D. D. Campbell, Elma—Thos. J. Knox, Thomas Fullerton, Samuel J. Young, Culler, John Tnghe, Mornington—T. Magwood, James Truitt, H. B. Kerr, John Watson, W. B. Frebom, Wallace—Alex. Kennedy, Geo. Spence, Henry Ewing, G. V. Poole, Logan—R. Keyes, W. Featherstone, A. Stewart, W. Lawrence, H. Veitor, Elice—Robt. Hanna, J. Kerr, W. H. Coulter, P. Siebert, A. Kuhry.

Huron County Notes.

Blyth monthly fair will be held on Tuesday, March 4th.
The electric light was lit on Monday night of last week, in Wingham, for the first time. There is one light on the street, and it is intended to put up two more. There are 20 lights in the different shops.
We understand that Dr. Hanover, of Seaford, has disposed of his brick residence to Stephen Lamb, of Morris, for the sum of \$1,200; this includes the stable on opposite side of the street. Mr. Lamb has secured a nice property cheap.
The funeral of Rev. Mr. Jamieson, of Bayfield, took place on Monday last, and a large number of the members of the Varna Council of Royal Templars attended and took part in the ceremony and paid the last tribute of respect to the deceased brother, who was held in very high estimation by the Varna Council. His remains were interred in the Bayfield cemetery.
The annual congregational meeting of the First Presbyterian church, Seaford, was held on Monday, 17th inst. From the reports we learn that the membership is something over 540, also that during the past year there was contributed for general church purposes the sum of \$2,902, and for the schemes of the church \$850, making the total contributions of the congregation for the year \$3,752. A resolution was passed guaranteeing the sum of \$400 towards the support of a missionary in the Northwest in addition to the other schemes of the church work formerly provided for.
The South Wellington Farmer's Institute, at its meeting in Guelph on Saturday, adopted the following motion: "That the farmers and millers present at this meeting consider that it is in the interest of both the farmers and millers that the product of the farm and mill should be bought and sold at its market value, and that it is advisable that the system of exchanging wheat for flour should be discontinued, as it has been, under the present system, unsatisfactory in its operation to all concerned."

PATENTS

Caveats and Re-issues secured, Trade Marks registered, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted. Upon receipt of Model or Sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge. With my offices directly across from the Patent Office, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.
Fees Moderate, and exclusive attention given to patent business. Information, advice and special references sent on request.
J. R. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes
Washington, D.C.,
Opposite U.S. Patent Office.

THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN CANADA.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF CENTURY.

1889 KING OF THE WEEKLIES 1890

FREE PRESS, LONDON, ONT.

The handsomest printed paper in the Dominion.
All the news in full. By telegraph, telephone, mail and correspondence up to the hour of publication.
Illustrations, practical and useful, are given each week. Special Market department. Agricultural department. Capital Story always running. Ingenious Puzzle column. Humorous reading.
Just the thing for the family. Every member of the household eagerly looks for it each week. The Agricultural department is a noted feature of the Free Press, being always up to the times, and conducted by persons practically skilled in farm work.
Large \$1.00 paper. In clubs of four and upwards, 75c. each.
A Handsome Christmas Number and Four Chromos given away free of charge to every subscriber for 1890. Artists who have seen the advance sheets of the Christmas number pronounce it a "gem," and alone worth the price of the subscription.
AGENTS WANTED
Everywhere. Liberal Cash Commission allowed. The most popular paper to work for. More money can be made during the fall and winter season working for the Free Press than at any other employment. Address,
FREE PRESS,
London, Ont.

THE BEE and Free Press \$1.75 per annum in advance.

Fancy Goods

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the Ladies of Atwood and vicinity that she has a choice and well assorted stock of Fancy Goods, comprising

- BERLIN WOOLS,
- YARNS, PLUSHES,
- EMBROIDERIES,
- LACES, ETC.

STAMPING

A Specialty.
CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES.

MRS. JOHNSON,
13m ATWOOD, ONT.

OYSTERS!

J. S. HAMILTON

Has just received a large consignment of Baltimore Oysters, together with a choice stock of

GROGERIES,

PROVISIONS, CANNED FRUITS
CONFECTIONERY, &c.

Give Him a Trial.

J. S. HAMILTON,

ATWOOD, ONTARIO.

Farms for Sale.

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

WM. DUNN,
Atwood.

Tenders Wanted.

Tenders will be received till March 10th for excavating for basement, stone work, brick work, and carpenter work of New School House in S.S. No. 4, Elma.

Specifications can be seen at the house of the undersigned. Parties may tender for one or all parts of work. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Please mark tenders as such.

J. A. TURNBULL,
Sec.-Treas.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEWRY, ATWOOD, AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

I take this opportunity of extending my sincere thanks for your liberal patronage accorded me since commencing business in Newry. During a little over six months among you I am pleased to be able to state that my business has been steadily increasing which is sufficient proof that our goods and prices have given satisfaction. For the future, as in the past, we promise to one and all that entrust us with a whole or part of their esteemed patronage, to do all in our power to make the deal pleasant and satisfactory. Having had sixteen years successful experience in mercantile business and buying for cash in the best markets, places me in a position to meet the requirements of our increasing trade both as to quality of goods and prices.

Our stock will at all times be found complete with seasonable goods.

TEAS AND COFFEES.—Having made a special study in these goods for several years our efforts in the past have been rewarded by controlling the largest tea trade done in Listowel and we are making every effort to keep up our reputation by showing full lines in all the different branches (our English blend a specialty), and selling at prices that will meet the wishes of the closest buyer.

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.—New goods are being opened up for the spring trade embracing all the newest styles, designs, &c. Space will not permit to enumerate prices and lines, but in conclusion would extend an invitation to one and all to call feeling convinced that a fair and impartial comparison of our goods and prices will convince the most fastidious that we practice what we preach.

J. S. GEE,
NEWRY.

R. M. BALLANTYNE

—THE LEADING—

Merchant Tailor

Of Atwood, is determined to Cut Prices to suit the hard times.

Biggest Reduction

In Ready-Made Clothing

EVER KNOWN.

Mens all wool Tweed Suits \$11 for \$9
" " " " \$12 " \$10
" " " " \$15 " \$12

Black Worsteds from \$16 up.

WE KEEP THE BEST

TRIMMINGS

AND GUARANTEE AN

A 1 Fit or No Sale.

Call and Examine Our Goods and see for yourself.

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

ATWOOD.

HERE WE ARE

STILL IN BUSINESS

Having failed to find a purchaser for my stock, I have found it necessary to get in new goods to keep the business going. Our new spring goods are to hand, and we have opened up a splendid line in

New Prints! New Shirts! New Cottonades!

The patterns are all new and handsome, the qualities are the very best, and the prices, as usual with us, are Right. 6 cases of New Boots and Shoes to hand and now opening up. See them before you buy. Balance of winter goods will be cleared out at cost.

Tailoring Department.

In our Tailoring Department we have just opened 50 pieces New Tweeds and Worsteds; the newest designs and the finest assortment of Tweeds to be found anywhere. **Our Suits Always Fit.** If you haven't experienced this give us a trial and we will convince you. Look out for special tailoring announcement in a few weeks.

Terms cash, or very short date credit to responsible parties. It's the cash trade we want, and we are making our prices to suit. The highest market price paid for all kinds of produce.

James Irwin.

P. S.—We don't claim to have the largest stock in Atwood, but we do claim to do the largest business, and we have the papers to show for it. Put these two facts together and you have good proof of who sells the cheapest goods.

JAMES IRWIN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop.

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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

2tf

HENRY HOAR.

The 777 Store.

The 777 Store is

Headquarters in Listowel
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.

→SUBSCRIBE→

—FOR—

THE ATWOOD BEE.

—ONLY—

\$1 IN ADVANCE.

Grand Chance.

J. H. GUNTHER,

OF GOLDSMITH'S HALL,

MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,

Has decided to sell goods at a

Great Discount Up to May 1st,

In order to make room for Spring goods. Now if you want to buy a Watch, Clock, Chains, Cuff Buttons, or Silver-ware, you will find Goldsmith's Hall the

Cheapest House in Town

To Buy your Goods. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty,

J. H. GUNTHER,

Goldsmith's Hall,

Main St., Listowel.

Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express 7:21 a.m.	Mixed 8:07 a.m.	Express 2:34 p.m.	Mixed 3:20 p.m.
Express 12:24 p.m.	Mixed 1:10 p.m.	Express 7:12 p.m.	Mixed 7:58 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.	Munkton 3:30 p.m.
Newry 8:05 a.m.	Munkton 3:30 p.m.	Munkton 9:00 a.m.	Newry 4:45 p.m.
Munkton 9:00 a.m.	Newry 4:45 p.m.	Mitchell 11:45 p.m.	Atwood 6:00 p.m.

TOWN TALK.

Rev. A. Henderson, M.A., was in Stratford last week.

William Nesbit has the contract of 7 barns in this vicinity.

Miss Annett, of London, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Oxtoby, this week.

Wm. Gordon returned home last Saturday after spending a week with his sister in the Queen city.

Geo. Dunn, of Tara, brother of our old and respected citizen, Wm. Dunn, is spending a few days in town.

J. L. Mader's syrup is the talk of the neighborhood. He opened a new barrel the other day which is turning out A 1.

Extra copies of THE BEE may be had at the office of publication at 5 cents per copy. Send a copy to your distant friends.

Geo. Neibergal and wife spent a few days with our townsman, Robert Knox, last week. They were formerly residents of Atwood.

We think it would pay a dental surgeon to make Atwood a weekly professional visit. What is the matter with the Listowel L.D.S's?

Robert Brooks has been renewing old acquaintances in Downie for the past few days. Mr. Brook's parents live in that township we understand.

The Woodstock Times has entered upon its 38th year, having been established in 1852. Its popularity increases with its age. The Times is a model county paper.

Our enterprising citizen, Wm. Dunn, has purchased 80,000 feet of dry pine, and is prepared to meet all demands notwithstanding the absence of snow.

Billheads, letterheads, envelopes, etc., printed at THE BEE office in the latest style. A fine stock to select from; prices low. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

One of the biggest loads of dry goods we have seen hauled was a load marked "J. L. M. Atwood." Forrest's dry trucks must have been tested to their utmost capacity to carry the load.

Mrs. Jas. Dickson has been seriously ill for the past few weeks with inflammation on the lungs. We hope that through the skillful treatment of Dr. Parks, of Listowel, and much nursing she will regain her usual health.

OUR SHINGLE.—The passer-by will doubtless have noticed our new sign. Some days ago we gave Robt. May, of the Atwood Repair Shops, the work of designing and executing a sign for THE BEE office, which he completed and placed in position last Saturday. The words "Office of THE BEE," are cut out of pine, and are 1 1/4 inches thick, the first two words being 6 inches deep, while the latter are 10 inches. The face of the letters are bronzed with a background of jet black, making a beautiful contrast. The work is very neatly executed and reflects much credit on the ingenuity and workmanship of Mr. May.

J. J. Denman, of Brussels, was in the village Monday.

Miss Snell, of Londesboro, was visiting at the parsonage last week.

Mrs. Curry, of Chesley, is visiting at her father's, R. Parker.

Wood and grain have been moving lively during the week.

John Porter, of Chesley, spent a few days at his father-in-law's, M. Harvey.

There were 221 persons present at the Methodist Sabbath school in town last Sunday.

L. A. Grippe is talking of leaving town since J. L. Mader's new supply of boots and shoes has arrived.

The increased attendance at the churches on Sunday proved that the influenza is rapidly losing its grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lovell, of Fort Erie, returned home Monday after a few weeks visit in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. John Struthers returned home last Saturday from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. S. Gardner, Walkerton.

James Struthers returned home last week from Anderson, near St. Marys, where he has been visiting for the past month.

Galt is to have another newspaper. It will be published by James K. Cranston, bookseller, and will be called the Nitshell.

Miss L. Donaghy, who has been visiting at Harriston, Fordwich, and at Mr. Hoar's, Atwood, returned to her home in London on Wednesday.

In seasons dull, as well as in seasons brisk, the wise man advertises largely and judiciously, for the right kind of advertising makes bad business better.

The Sunday School and preaching services were exceedingly well attended at the Methodist Church last Sabbath. Mr. Wherry conducted the service in the evening.

The Canadian Order of Forester's met in their hall on Saturday evening last. The lodge is in a very flourishing condition. It is astonishing how few societies there are in Atwood considering the size of the place.

Among the bills read a third time and passed in the House on Monday of last week was Bill No. 20 respecting the Goderich and C. P. Junction Ry. Co. and to change the name of the company to the Goderich and Wingham Railway Company.

Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, is announced to preach in the Methodist Church in this place on Tuesday evening, March 4th, at 7:30. The Dr. is most certainly an able man, and all should hear him. No admission fee, but a silver collection in behalf of one of the funds will be taken up.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co. will be held on Saturday, March 8th, at 2 o'clock p.m., in the public school, Atwood, for the purpose of receiving the financial report, electing Directors, and disposing of such other business as may come before the meeting. A full attendance requested.

Farmers will have noticed that the experiments made by the Experimental Farms, Ottawa, tend to establish the value of two-rowed barley as a Canadian export crop. Arrangements are being made to let applicants have a few bushels of this as a trial at net cost of same in England. An interesting letter from R. Anderson on the subject may be found on the first page of THE BEE.

NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTIONS.—At the meeting of the Press Association in Toronto recently Mr. Pattullo, editor of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, read a paper on "newspaper subscription rates." In his opening remarks the speaker pointed out that the people of the lesser cities in Canada did not patronize local dailies in the same liberal fashion as the citizens on the other side of the line. A hit was made at the foolish competition in weekly journalism in the criticism of men who sent out their paper year after year on trial trips at 25 cents for six months, when the usual rate was about \$1.50. An analysis of Mr. Pattullo's own business had elicited the fact that the reduction of the subscription for his paper from \$1.50 to \$1 did not result in any monetary change either of increase or decrease. The resultant increase in number of subscribers had been counterbalanced by the increase in cost of paper and so forth. Besides, he found it as difficult to obtain a dollar now as it was to obtain a dollar and a half in past years. In deference to others he did not like to attribute this to hard times, but rather to the demoralization of business. To the members who had dollar and a half papers and were asked to reduce it to a dollar, advance payments, he would give the advice of Punch to those about to marry—don't! An interesting discussion followed, the majority of members being inclined to a return to the dollar and a half rate.

Pass this paper to your neighbor after you read it.

Wm. Blain, of Detroit, is visiting friends in this locality.

A couple of coons were captured last Tuesday by our local sports.

Get your auction sale bills printed at THE BEE office with free notice in the paper.

Mrs. V. Ioeger and son are away visiting acquaintances in the county town this week.

Geo. E. Neibergal and wife, of Clavering, were in town last week visiting old friends and acquaintances.

The farmers are taking advantage of the few days sleighing this week by bringing in their logs, wood, etc.

Read J. H. Gunther's change of address this week at the head of the local column. J. H. offers big discounts up to May 1st.

Wm. Dunn offers two valuable farms for sale in this issue. He asks \$5,000 for the 100 acre lot, and \$1,150 for the 50 acre lot.

The interest in Mr. Lamont's singing class is steadily growing judging from the respectable turn-out last Monday evening.

The I. O. G. T. will meet in the Presbyterian church basement next Monday evening, owing to the lecture of Dr. Carman coming on Tuesday evening.

One of the oldest men in our neighborhood is Wm. Zeran, who will be 92 years of age next Thursday, March 6. He was born in the last century—1798.

Be sure and hear Rev. Dr. Carman in the Methodist Church next Tuesday evening, March 4th. The rev. gentleman is one of Canada's ablest speakers.

Mr. Diehl, a student of Helmut College, London, occupied the English church pulpit last Sunday afternoon in the absence of the rector, Rev. Mr. Hughes.

Our ice men started work this week, and if the cold weather continues a large quantity will be housed before long. Mr. Ioeger had an ice bee on Tuesday last.

Tenders are asked for the erection of a brick school house in S. S. No. 2, Elma, to replace the old brick school now taught by Samuel Shannon, 8th con. For particulars see advt.

ONTARIO LICENSE FUND.—The Provincial Secretary, on Monday, submitted a statement showing the license fund for the year 1887-8 was \$329,675.17; for 1888-9 \$470,655.50. The amount imposed by the municipalities by law in excess of the statutory duties for liquor license year 1887-8 was \$69,546; for 1888-9 \$190,297.79. The gross amount paid to the province on account of the liquor license for 1887-8 was \$201,542.45; for 1888-9, \$232,511.55.

COLONIAL TRAINS.—To accommodate settlers going to the Canadian Northwest this spring it is intended to run colonial special trains, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m. every Tuesday until the end of April. Passengers leaving Atwood station at 12:24 p.m. can make through connections. Information as to free berths, rates, &c., can be had by applying to Robt. Knox, Agt. G. T. R., Atwood.

We clip the following bit of sound reasoning from an exchange: "Did you ever stop to think that you are extremely foolish to run a store debt if you can possibly avoid it? If you have employment you can avoid it, and by paying for goods when you get them you can save many dollars in a year. If the bills can be paid at the end of every week they can be paid as they accrue and at a considerable saving. We venture to say that for the average family a saving of a dollar a week can be made by paying cash. The merchant can't afford to do a credit business at as low prices as he can sell for cash. He must charge a little extra to cover the risk of losing the account and it costs the credit customer just that much more to live. Try the cash plan a while and see how much money you will save."

A POINTER FOR ATWOOD REPORTERS.—This is how an accomplished society reporter on a Dakota paper gives its readers an idea of a soiree, with a description of the costumes worn by the ladies of the party: "Mary Munroe, white sack, and bunched hair; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff, white, and tied up with blue tape, and hair frizzled; Jennie Marchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Wexford red hair and grey-suit, flat in front and stuck out behind; Pauline Tealey, dressed up to the top branch—she had a velvet outfit a mile long and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves—her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun, and had a lot of vegetables in it; Florence Ross, green dress fluffed with velvet, and hoisted up at the side with a white check-rain; Winnie Hammersly, white network with red streak and hair frescoed."

J. Burton, Ethel, is asking for tenders this week for the erection of a brick hotel in Ethel. Read notice elsewhere.

At the solicitation of friends at Ethel, our townsman, Wm. Wilson, is thinking of engaging in the butchering business in that place. We shall be sorry to lose him if he decides to go.

I. O. G. T.—A musical and literary entertainment, under the auspices of the Independent Order of Good Templars, was given in the basement of the Presbyterian Church Tuesday evening, and despite the bad condition of the roads over 200 people were present. In addition to the home talent some 25 visitors from Trowbridge and surrounding villages were in attendance and contributed largely to the evening's performance.

The program, consisting of readings, recitations, vocal and instrumental music, etc., was well carried out, the recitations by Mr. Leslie, H. Hoar, Miss Griffin, and the reading by J. Ward being particularly good. Miss Sieling's German solo elicited a hearty encore, as did also the dialogue, entitled "Josiah's First Courtship." R. Hamilton gave a practical address on the state of the Order, the statistical report being particularly interesting to temperance workers. The following is the program: Reading, A. Hume; recitation, R. B. Hamilton; song, C. Bayliss; reading, W. Frier; dialogue, Messrs. Hume and Farrell; recitation, H. Hoar; instrumental, B. Tugher; reading, J. Ward; trio, Misses Peltou, Harvey and Wilson; dialogue, Messrs. J. Hamilton, Sieling and N. Hamilton; reading, D. Graham; dialogue, Messrs. Hume and Farrell; address, R. B. Hamilton; instrumental, Miss Hawkshaw and F. Wilson; German solo, Miss Sieling; reading, R. Oliver; recitation, Chas. Leslie; instrumental, G. Adams and Mr. McGim; recitation, Miss Griffin; song, G. Adams; recitation, A. Holmes; dialogue, Miss M. Graham, and Messrs. Hume and Thompson. The receipts totalled \$20. At the close of the entertainment the visiting lodges were hospitably entertained by their Atwood friends at the residence of R. B. Hamilton, and after partaking heartily of the bountiful supply of good things a pleasant and profitable evening was brought to a close.

CRADLE. DAVIS.—In Atwood, on Friday, 21st inst., the wife of Mr. Emen Davis, of a son.

AUCTION SALES.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1890.—Farm stock on lot 28, con. 9, Elma. Wm. Struthers, prop.; Thos. E. Hay, auct.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1890.—Farm stock on lot 30, con. 9, Elma, near Donegal, at 1 o'clock p.m. Samuel McAllister, prop.; Thos. E. Hay, auct.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1890.—Farm, farm stock and implements, on lot 10, con. 9, Elma, at 1 o'clock sharp. Alex. Morrison, auct.; Alex. Clark, prop.

Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat.....	70	78
Spring Wheat.....	70	80
Barley.....	30	35
Oats.....	24	24
Peas.....	52	53
Pork.....	5 00	5 10
Hides per lb.....	3	3 1/2
Sheep skins, each.....	50	1 00
Wood, 2 ft.....	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bag.....	60	
Butter per lb.....	14	
Eggs per doz.....	12	

Listowel Market.

Fall Wheat.....	60	80
Spring Wheat.....	60	80
Barley.....	35	42
Oats.....	24	24
Peas.....	53	53
Hay per ton.....	7 00	7 00
Flour per cwt.....	2 35	2 35
Butter per lb.....	15	15
Eggs per doz.....	14	14
Potatoes per bag.....	60	60
Hides.....	2 00	4 00
Sheepskins.....	70	1 00
Dressed Hogs.....	5 10	5 30

Tenders Wanted.

Tenders wanted for building 2 storey Brick Hotel at Ethel. Plans and specifications can be seen at J. Burton's any time after 1st March.

J. BURTON.
Ethel, Feb. 26, 1890.

House and Lot for Sale.

The undersigned offers his house and lot for sale. It is a very desirable property and situated on Main St. south, Atwood. For particulars apply at THE BEE office, or at

ALEX. CAMPBELL'S
Harness Shop, Atwood.

FLAX MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co., Atwood, will be held in the Atwood School House, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 8th, 1890,
at 2 o'clock p.m., sharp, for the purpose of receiving the Financial Statement, electing Directors for the ensuing year, and considering and disposing of other business in the interests of the Company.

WM. LOCHHEAD,
Secretary.

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DRUGS!

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Spices, Note Paper, Envelopes, Bibles, School Supplies, WALL PAPER,

Can be secured from
J. TOLBERT PEPPER,
Chemist & Druggist,
GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.
ALWAYS USE PEPPER'S PILLS. 117

ADVERTISE

—YOUR—
**Strayed
Animals**
—IN—
THE BEE.

H. F. BUCK
Furniture Emporium,
WALLACE STREET,
LISTOWEL.

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

BEDROOM SUITES,
SIDEBOARDS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,
AND PARLOR SUITES.

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

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
MOULDINGS

For Picture Framing in Town.

UNDERTAKING
A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.

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

—ATWOOD—

Repair Shop!

ROBERT MAY

Desires to intimate to the people of Atwood and surrounding country that he has opened up a General Repair Shop

**Two Doors South of
Ioeger's Hotel.**

and is prepared to do all kinds of Repairing on Shortest Notice and at prices to suit the times.

BRING ALONG YOUR FURNITURE, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, &c.

Wood-Turning

A Specialty.

2tf ROBERT MAY.



If you want a No. 1 Set of

HARNESS

—GO TO—
Alex. Campbell

As he uses only the Best Material and Workmanship. "For the Best is always the Cheapest."

**Prices Away Down
THIS YEAR.**

N.B.—You would bestow a favor by settling past due accounts at once.

HUNTING THE BEES.

It was forty-three years ago last Summer that the incident occurred which is now for the first time to be recorded, and it was on an afternoon in June.

The two persons who are the chief characters in this brief chronicle are still living. They are now seclude and grey-haired men.

One of them was known in boyhood as "Dick, the Terror." He was agile, mischievous and quick-witted. Joe, the other boy, was, on the contrary, slow of comprehension, awkward and laggard. If there was a stone in his path he was sure to stub his toe against it. His life was a chapter of accidents. The surface of his body was covered with a rare and curious collection of scars, sores and bruises. The commendable things about Joe were that he was honest, and that whatever he undertook to do he persevered in until his task was accomplished, no matter at what cost of effort, of toil or of physical pain. These boys lived in a little farming settlement surrounded by a forest and on the afternoon in question they were strolling through a meadow on the outskirts of the village in search of anything in the way of diversion that they might chance to find.

Suddenly a shout from the direction of the nearest farm-house broke upon the ears of the boys and induced them to pause and look around. The shout was followed by the ringing of a loud dinner-bell, and that in turn by the discordant noise made by beating upon tin pans.

"Bees!" exclaimed Dick.
"Bees!" shouted Joe.

Each boy turned and caught up his jacket and struggled into it as he ran. Suddenly they were aware of a rasping, humming noise overhead, and, looking up, saw a brown cloud between them and the June sky. It was a swarm of honey-bees that had left the home hive and were on their way to the tree in the woods, already selected by their leaders for a future residence. Now it was an unwritten law in the neighborhood that whoever found a bee-tree owned it and its contents by right of original discovery. Therefore, among the boys of the community, no more interesting occupation was known than that of hunting bee-trees, and no more exciting sport than that of chasing these flying colonies to their new homes in the forest.

The swarm passed over with almost incredible rapidity and the boys stood still for a moment to watch it and note the direction it was taking. Then, without further words, they started to follow it. But before Joe was half way across the field, Dick had reached the edge of the woods.

An hour later Dick threw himself down on a fallen tree trunk in the midst of the forest to rest. He had not succeeded in tracing the bees, nor had he found the bee tree.

He was at least two miles from home, perhaps three; it was growing late, and there was a shower coming up. He knew that he must give up the search and return as quickly as possible to the village. He wondered where Joe was. A bee, winging its way over his head, caused him to look up. It alighted on the trunk of a great maple and crawled into a little hole in the tree high above the ground. Dick started to his feet with an exclamation of gladness. He now saw other bees alight and crawl into the aperture, and he saw some come out and fly away. At last and unexpectedly he had found the bee tree.

He drew from his pocket his jack-knife and began to cut into the bark of the tree a capital D. It was his private mark. But before he had fairly finished his task he heard a noise in the distance behind him, and turned just in time to see Joe pushing his way through the underbrush toward him. Instinctively Dick shut his knife and dropped down out of sight behind the fallen tree. Joe came on slowly, talking to himself, as was his custom when alone. Suddenly his attention was attracted by the freshly cut symbol in the maple bark.

"Dick's found it," he said to himself, glancing up into the tree, and then stepping back a little to sit down on the log. "Dick's found it, an' it's his."

"Guess I'd better be making for home," he said, still talking to himself. "It ain't safe here in the woods. Wonder where Dick is?" He rose from the log and started away.

"Joe! Say, Joe!"

It was Dick who was calling. He had risen to his feet, and afraid that he might be left to face the storm alone, he was hurrying after his old companion.

"Why, Dick!" exclaimed Joe, "I thought you'd been here and found the tree an' gone."

"No, I hadn't gone yet. I was just a waiting."

A sharp flash of lightning, followed quickly by a terrific crash of thunder, interrupted Dick's speech, and his face paled with fear.

It was evident now that the storm was going to be a terrible one. The black clouds in the west were twisting and writhing like giants in pain. In the woods it was as dark as though evening had already fallen. There was an oppressive stillness in the air. Not a leaf stirred among the trees. In the zenith the sky was of an angry copper color.

The two boys, hurrying homeward, were still in the midst of the forest when the storm broke on them.

First there came an ominous rustling of the foliage; then a faint, rumbling, sound growing rapidly into a hoarse, heavy roar.

Suddenly in front of them, the branches of the trees began to sway violently, then a great maple came crashing down before their eyes, and it seemed as though the entire forest were being uprooted and dashed to the earth.

It was one of those cyclonic storms in which the flying, whirling wind-cloud, descending to travel for a space on the earth's surface, leaves death and destruction in its path. In two minutes it had passed and the rain was beating down heavily on a wide swath of broken and uprooted trees.

But the two boys were nowhere to be seen. Five minutes, ten minutes went by; the rain ceased to fall. There was even a fitful gleam of sunlight across the scene of destruction.

Finally something stirred slightly the thick branches of a huge hemlock that lay uprooted on the ground. After a minute the branches were again stirred, and from them emerged, first a hand and arm, then a boy's head and shoulders, struggling up into the light.

They were Joe's. His hat was gone, his hair dishevelled, his face bruised and bloody. He rubbed his eyes and twisted himself a little to try to get his legs free, but he was unable to do so. He wondered if Dick would not come and help him. He looked around, but Dick was nowhere in sight. He called:

"Dick!"
There was no answer.

"Dick!" Everything was still. The wind had gone down, there was no rain falling; the sun came out again for a moment and lighted the broad windfall with a yellow glow and then disappeared for the night.

Perhaps Dick had been killed. This thought neverd Joe to renewed efforts for release. He twisted and tugged and pulled, drawing his body inch by inch from its long strained and confined position until finally, he was free. But his freedom had been dearly bought. His tugging and pulling had left his clothing in shreds, his limbs scraped and bruised and his ankles wrenched and sprained.

He crawled painfully from the treetop and again called for Dick. Still there was no answer. Then he began a search, but it was not a long one. Under a hickory sapling, not twenty feet away, Dick was lying prostrate and still. His face was turned away and one arm was thrown up over his head.

Joe went to him and spoke his name, but there was no response. His eyes were closed, his face was very white and Joe thought he was dead. But after a little his hands began to twitch, he drew a long breath, unclosed his eyelids and lay for a full minute looking up into Joe's face. Finally he said:

"What was it, Joe?"

"It was a big wind," replied Joe. "But it's over now. Just wait till I pull this sapling off o' your legs an' then you can get up." But that was more easily said than done. The great hemlock, falling on the wiry young tree, had borne it to the ground and it lay directly across Dick's legs above his knees, binding him to the earth. Joe tugged desperately at the sapling, but a stout horse could scarcely have pulled it loose.

Finally he said, out of breath:

"I can't get it up that way. Does it hurt much, Dick?"

"Awful," replied Dick.

Joe stood for a moment in deep thought, looking away over the fallen trees. "I wish somebody would come," he said. Then after a moment he continued: "Have you got your knife yet, Dick? I'm going to cut the sapling off."

"Yes; it's here in my pocket, but I can't get it."

Joe put his hand into Dick's pocket and drew out the knife. He opened it and began vigorously the work of cutting through the body of the tree. To any one else it would have been a hopeless task from the start. With Joe nothing was hopeless that seemed necessary of accomplishment.

The sky had again become covered with clouds, the rain was falling gently and night was coming on. Already it was dark in the woods. Joe kept at his task persistently, only pausing now and then to say some encouraging word to Dick, who lay moaning in extreme pain.

His hand, already swollen and inflamed as a result of the bee stings, had now become so bruised and chafed by the hard surface of the knife handle that blood was flowing from it freely; but neither to this nor to the pain of his strained ankles did Joe give a thought. His energies were all directed to the accomplishment of one end. There was no room in his mind for other things. Still his progress was slow. The tough young hickory wood was almost like steel in its texture, and the knife was fast losing its edge, while the sapling was not yet cut one-tenth of the way through.

"Is it pretty near off, Joe?" asked Dick, faintly.

"Not quite," replied Joe. "It'll take a few minutes longer. Does it hurt you much now, Dickie?"

"Not so much," said Dick, "but I got a kind o' funny feeling." After a minute he continued: "How do folks feel when they're a going to die, Joe?"

"I don't know," replied Joe. "Do you feel that way?"

"Yes; kind o' light an' airy like, you know."

Joe paused in his task and looked over at Dick's face. It was just a pale blur in the darkness. He could not even distinguish the features.

"I guess," he said, rising to his feet—"I guess I'd better go to help."

"Oh, don't!" cried Dick, holding up his hands appealingly; "don't go! I couldn't stan' it to be left here alone. Somebody'll come if we stay here sure. Joe, don't go, will you?"

"All right," replied Joe, "I won't unless you say so; but I'll holler; there won't be any harm in that, will there?"

So Joe turned his face in the direction of home and called, once, twice, a half dozen times. But no answer came to him through the thick darkness.

At last Joe's knife became useless. The edge was blunt and round, and the sapling was not yet cut half way through. Joe was almost in despair when a new idea occurred to him, an idea so simple that he was ashamed of himself that he had not thought of it before. He turned quickly and began to plunge the broad blade of his knife into the earth under Dick's legs, ploughing up the soft soil and scooping it out with his bleeding, swollen hands. It was marvellous the rapidity with which he worked.

He lengthened the excavation so that it took Dick's hips and feet. The pressure was removed so gradually and uniformly that poor half-conscious Dick scarcely knew what it was that had relieved him.

"There, Dickie," Joe said finally, "how does she feel now?"

"Real nice and comfortable, but don't let me fall, Joe, will you? It's—so high up here."

"No," replied Joe, his heart failing him a little as he noticed these signs of wandering in Dick's mind. "No; you just hold yourself together a bit longer an' I'll have you out o'this."

There were ten minutes more of desperate work on Joe's part; taking hold under his companion's arms, he drew him as gently as possible from under the tree and made a new resting place for him on the soft boughs of the hemlock.

"Thank you, Joe," Dick said in a whisper "You're such a good fellow." After a minute he continued: "Joe, is it dark here in the room, or—don't I see very good?"

"That's all right, Dickie! You're in the wood, you know," a it's night an' it's cloudy an' it's raining a little an' it's very dark."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Joe, don't leave me. Where is your hand, Joe? Give me your hand."

"Here it is. Have you got it? There! Now, shall I holler again, Dickie? Maybe somebody—Hark! what was that?"

Somewhere in the distance a human voice was calling and the call was repeated. The sound of it came echoing up through the wet

woods and across the fallen timber to Joes, most willing ears. He leaped to his feet crying:

"Here, here! Here we are!"

He plunged ahead into the thick darkness, repeating the cry:
"Here, here! This way, this way!"
They came that way, Joe caught glimpses of their lanterns, waving, rising, falling, as those who carried them climbed through the tangle of fallen trees, calling continually for direction. It was Joe's father and Dick's father and around half dozen of the neighbors. And when they reached the spot where the two boys were and found that they were both alive the men sent up a cheer that made the forest ring.

In after years Dick became a successful artist and Joe an honest lawyer. They have been the best of friends, and last Christmas Dick's present to Joe was a handsome painting representing a white-clover bumble-bee resting lightly on a red clover blossom.—[Homer Greene.]

The Workmen and the Ring.

The laboring classes of Germany have secured a new and unexpected ally in the young and energetic Kaiser. Within the last fortnight he has developed an unusual sympathy for the lower classes of his subjects. In a rescript to Prince Bismarck, he refers to his desire to ameliorate the position of the working-men. He expresses a desire that the Ambassadors of France, England, Belgium, and Switzerland shall be officially asked whether their Governments are disposed to come to an international agreement with Germany with a view to meeting the needs and wishes of workmen as revealed in the recent strikes and labour disputes. He has also issued an order to Bismarck, in which he directs an extension in the application of the system of workmen's insurance, and the opening of an enquiry into all trade laws affecting factory labor. The emperor affirms that it is the state's duty to regulate the duration and nature of labor as to insure health, the morality and the supply of all the economic wants of the workmen, and to preserve their claims to equality before the law. Legal measures must be taken toward empowering workmen to appoint delegates to represent them in negotiations with employers or with the government. Concerning the feasibility of the emperor's plans there is considerable diversity of opinion. The English press generally regard the scheme as utopian and impracticable. But their saying so does not make it so—actual trial being the only arbiter that can certainly decide in the matter. As the "Globe" well remarks: Political economists of the regulation pattern may object that Socialistic measures will defeat their own avowed purpose by limiting industrial operations and lessening employment and the wages fund. But that is begging the question.

The proof of the "Socialistic" measure is the working of it. Germany by her national insurance system, England by her Factory Acts, other civilized countries by various measures in restraint of freedom of contract, have incurred the accusation of Socialistic legislation, and yet have plainly gained through the measures so denounced. As might be expected in these days, when the motives of men are so frequently impugned, the emperor's sincerity is not allowed to pass unquestioned. There are those who interpret this latest move as a political scheme to catch votes, and that it was designed to head off the Socialist party in his dominions. But whether sincere or not he has set a ball-rolling which has already gone beyond his control. His action has given definite shape in many minds to what was formerly a vague impression, that the condition of the laboring classes is not what it ought to be, and that the Socialist movement is not without some reason for its existence. The result is that Socialism has been greatly exalted in the eyes of the people, while the hopes of those who are planning the Socialist campaign are greatly strengthened. But as yet the country has no reason to suppose the Kaiser is not in earnest, and that he has no sincere desire to grant the relief of which he speaks. When he shall have given evidence of playing a part it will be time enough to charge him with dishonesty and political trickery.

The Dairying Industry.

We heartily welcome, says the Canadian Gazette, published in London, England, the important step which the Dominion Government has taken with a view to the improvement of the dairying industry of Canada. For some time the dairymen of Canada have urged the appointment of a Dominion officer, whose duty it should be to take charge of the experiments in dairying now about to be conducted at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and at branch experimental farms in the various Provinces and generally to instruct the dairymen of Canada by lectures and bulletins in the best methods of improving and increasing the Canadian supply. The Dominion Government has now acceded to this request by the appointment of Professor Robertson as Dominion Superintendent of Dairy Agriculture. Professor Robertson was formerly attached to the Guelph (Ontario) Agricultural College, and is recognised as one of the highest authorities on dairying in Canada, if not also in the United States. No better appointment could have been made. Professor Robertson begins his new duties at once. If Ontario does not speedily begin to make as good a name for itself in the butter markets of the world as it already possesses in the cheese markets it will hardly be for want of encouragement. Professor Robertson's appointment as Dominion Superintendent of Dairying ought to do much to stimulate the movement to secure a better class of butter; and the spirit which was manifested at the annual meeting of the Ontario Creameries Association, on January 4th, should give to the Provincial butter industry of the future an importance it had never had in the past. The pith of the President's address on that occasion laid in these two significant facts:

That Ontario cheese has earned for Canada the reputation of being one of the finest cheese-producing countries in the world.

Only 8 per cent. of Ontario butter is made in creameries, and the result is that Canadian butter is nowhere in the world's markets.

The inference is plain. Creameries must take the place of farm dairies, and "the best animals must be fed on the best food by the best men." Mr. Derbyshire, president of the association, estimates that Ontario loses each year no less than \$2,700,000 by failing to have her butter made in creameries, and it is easy to see that this is not an overstatement, for while creamery butter will sell readily at 29 cents a pound, dairy butter drags at from 12 to 16 cents. All success, then, to the efforts of Professor Robertson and the Ontario Creameries Association Great Britain pays \$80,000,000 a year for imported butter, and there is no reason why Canada should not take a share.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls and a beautiful image it is.

Bacon tells us that the virtue of prosperity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude; but it depends upon ourselves whether we gather these and other precious fruits from either of those plants.

Conscience is like a sundial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right; but you may cover it over that no truth can fall upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

What He Wanted It For.

Mr. Flippe—Is there an icicle in the refrigerator?

Mrs. Flippe—Why, certainly not. What an absurd question! What do you want of an icicle?

Mr. Flippe—To cut some ice.

SUNKEN TREASURES.

The Enormous Fortunes That Have Gone to Davy Jones's Locker.

A company, it was stated, lately set out from Sydney to New Zealand to recover sunken treasure from some old wreck on the west coast of the Middle Island; but so far, no returns have been published, the operations probably not being complete. The subject of sunken treasure reminds one of the heaps of gold carried in the galleons and like packets years ago. In 1769 a ship-of-war from Rio to Lisbon had on board 9,000,000 of crusades in diamonds and about 100,000 "crowns" in piastres, making in the whole 29,050,000 livres tournois. So much so for a single ship. In 1774

TWO SPANISH SHIPS
from Vera Cruz and the Havana arrived with 22,000,000 crowns, besides merchandise valued at 27,000,000 crowns. Such examples could be multiplied.

Of the cargo of an English Indiaman in 1771, one item alone—a diamond in the rough—was valued at £100,000, "going to be manufactured in England on account of one of the Asiatic nabobs; and on the private freight of this vessel the policies of insurance were opened at Lloyd's at a high premium, so costly were her contents and so doubtful her safe arrival. As a costly shipwreck, La Lutine deserves notice. She was of thirty-two guns, commanded by Capt. Skynner, and went ashore on the bank of the Fly Island passage on the night of Oct. 9, 1799. At first she was reputed to have had £600,000 in specie on board. This was afterward contradicted by a statement that the whole amounted to about £140,000. In more modern times the costliness of shipwreck is to be found in the destruction of the fabric and her cargo rather than in

THE TREASURE ON BOARD.

Whatever may have been the worth of a galleon as a ship, there need be no scruple in concluding that when her value would be but that of a toy in comparison with such ocean mailboats as now convey specie and valuables. The sinking of an Atlantic, Indian, or Australian liner—even with a clean hold—would represent an immense treasure if told in dollars, ducats, or piastres; and when is added the cargo along with the passengers' luggage, which would include a quantity of jewelry expressing many thousand pounds, some astonishing figure would be the result.

The Royal Charter is the most notable modern instance of the wreck of a "treasure" ship. She left Australia with £350,000 in her. Of this sum, says Charles Dickens, in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck in the "Uncommercial Traveller," £300,000 worth were recovered at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where she had driven ashore. Meanwhile, how much gold and silver, minted and otherwise, is annually afloat? How many millions are yearly borne over the deep to and from India, America, Australia, China, and South Africa by English steamers alone? There should be no difficulty in making the calculation, which, when arrived at, must surely yield a fine idea of the treasure over which the red flag flies, and an excellent notion of the trust that is reposed in the British shipmaster, and of the high qualities which go to the fulfillment of it.

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Mediation.

A Helper Near at Hand—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."—Psalm xlii. 1-3.

All that is best on earth to have, all that is brightest in heaven to hope for, God is here and now to all who will earnestly lay hold on that divine fulness that filleth all in all. To ancient Israel God was not a dream, a myth, an impalpable essence, but a grand reality—a living, loving father and friend, with eyes ever watchful for his children's good, and ears ever open to their cries, and a heart ever thrilling with tenderest love. God was over all things and in all things to the Jewish mind; and with the quick appropriation of faith, the Jews, as they met in the synagogue for worship, or chanted their religious poems through valley and glen, and on the mountain side broke forth in loud exultation: "This God is our God, and shall be even unto death." This was not a selfish appropriation of the Deity, but the emphatic realization of an actual, personal God, the God of Israel, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. The text of this morning's meditation is from that psalm which has been significantly described as the battle cry of the church. This name has been given it because on several memorable occasions its words have sprung from the lips of men, who have been the leaders of Israel's hosts in the days of conflict and peril. When Martin Luther was on his way to the Diet of Worms his friends vainly tried to persuade him that danger and perhaps death lay that way, and that it would be wise to turn aside. But the intrepid champion of truth was not to be turned from his purpose. He went forward strong in courage; not the courage that rushes blindly and heedlessly into danger, but the courage that has a sufficient cause to inspire and sustain it. And this was the secret of his unflinching boldness: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear."

There was a foundation for that courage as firm as the foundation of the everlasting hills. A whole world of logic crowds into that one word "therefore." When Cromwell faced the terrible ordeal of Marston Moor, when it seemed as if the cause of freedom was to be overthrown by a battle that was almost as good as won by the fiery Rupert, the valiant farmer of St. Tres sprang upon his horse, and plucking a Bible from his pocket, found in this psalm the watchword and the battle cry, with which he went forth, as with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, crying, "The Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts is with us!" And so crying he won one of the most remarkable battles in the whole range of modern history. But this grand heroic psalm has matter for other days than days of battle. One phrase we may well bind upon our memory and engrave on our hearts. And that phrase is this: "A very present help in trouble." Or suppose we leave out the reference to trouble and think of God as a near and available helper. The thought of God as a helper is worth revolving again and again. It honors humankind and links man's incompleteness with the divine. When we call on God for help the cry presupposes that we have toiled up to the point that needs a stronger hand to finish our uncompleted work. We plan and purpose, and often are permitted to do more than our unaided effort would be possible; and after all we are taught by an experience that does not often lie, that God's helping hand has been with us all along, and that His hand must crown the work or the same will not be complete.

When Solomon's Temple was ready for dedication the poet felt that all was not yet done. God had helped him to carry out the dream of his father's life. This "house" was built for God, but it was only a "house" and far away from completeness till God Himself should crown all by the glory of His presence. And so, with uplifted hands, Solomon cried, "Enter into Thy rest, O Lord, Thou and the ark of Thy strength." God entered, and the "house" became a "temple," the glory of all lands. In the arduous tasks of life we may labor without discouragement. Ever near at hand is a divine helper. God wants to help, and by that help to put the seal of His divine approval on honorable toil. Happy is the man whose toil is such that he can ask God to help him in its fulfillment. We may well be on our guard against any toils that we could not ask God to aid. In all life's true work God will help and for this purpose He is ever near at hand. So near that if we reach out our hand He will grasp it, and its weakness will all pass away and divine vigor will thrill it with power. God is our sun, let us walk in the light with glad and joyful hearts; God is our shield, what danger can harm us? God is our helper, He will crown all our labor with success. Out of our incompleteness His completeness will appear. Resting in His all-sufficient strength we shall grow strong, for the joy of the Lord will be our strength.

Gems from Different Authors.

All Christians must work. What would happen in a battle if only the officers fought?—E. W. Robertson.

Do you know what the moon did when the dog barked at it? Kept shining right on.—[Moody.]

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it is the childhood of immortality.—[Pindar.]

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect are whosoever won't.—[Becher.]

None know what it is to live till they redeem life from monotony by sacrifice.—[Wendell Phillips.]

An injury is sooner pardoned than an insult.—[Lord Chesterfield.]

Doing is the great thing. For it, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—[Ruskin.]

The apostles never wasted a moment on a gospel of patchwork. Their two-fold text was: Turn to the Lord, which means repentance, and cleave unto the Lord, which means a life of faith and holiness.—[Theo. L. Cuyler.]

All those who pass through the door to success will find it labeled "push."

Almost all of us live more in the future than in the present. Those who live mostly in the past are on the high-road to worse sorrow than they know. To the healthy-minded the future has always the treasure to which the present holds the keys.

"DAN CUPID."

BY THE DUCHESS.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines. To-day proves it. Terrible is the strength of the rays that Old Sol is flinging broadcast upon the shimmering earth. The tennis players have given in to it, and, confessing themselves vanquished, have flung their rackets to the winds and themselves into garden chairs, or else prone upon the shaven lawn under the acacias, according to their sex.

Two of them, however, have wandered rather far from the acacias, and the teatables, and the tent where better things than tea can be had for the asking. They have wandered into a little green space, shut out from a noisy world by rows and rows of hedges, all beech on the north and south, and heavy rhododendrons on the two other sides. It is a little dream of a place, entered by one opening only, and through the beeches.

"A sort of Arcadia, isn't it?" says Mr. Brooke, glancing up at his companion from his lounging position upon the grass, at her feet.

"No," says she, with a little frown. She makes a charming picture sitting here in the sunshine, next to the old sun-dial, with her hat lying on the ground beside her, and the glinting rays from the glowing heavens throwing golden lights into her fine brown hair. Her eyes were blue, and just now a little angry; the mouth, too, some promise to laughter as a rule, has now a more delicate shade of society's colors, and her thoughts lie openly upon her lovely face.

"You are hard to please," says he, his eyes on hers. As a rule, his eyes are seldom anywhere else.

"Well, you are not," returns she promptly. From afar the thrum, thrum, thrum of a band comes to them, breaking the stillness that is almost oppressive.

"That's the unkindest out of all!" says Mr. Brooke, placidly. "It's rather a cut at you allude to my engagement to her."

"You presume very wrongly, then. I was not thinking of Miss Morland. She ought to please. She is rich, young, handsome."

"Rich; yes."

"And handsome," persistently.

"Is she? Oh, yes, of course she is. A perfect Juno. Too perfect a Juno, perhaps."

"You shouldn't sneer at her," says the girl gravely.

"I know that, and that is why I do it," says he. "It is so difficult to resist temptation, and to do the wrong thing is always so pleasant." He is talking idly, scarcely knowing what he says, his mind full of her; full of the knowledge that she loves her—her only, and with all the passion of his nature, and that he is engaged to be married to another woman.

A handsome woman, the daughter and heiress of a cotton merchant—what her own class would call "a fine girl," tall, with light eyes, and lighter hair, and distinctly underbred. She had met George Brooke some months ago at the house of a mutual friend, and being filled with a strong desire to rise out of her cotton surroundings, had she was willing to accept him should he choose to accept her fortune, which was enormous, in exchange for the old title that must come to him on the death of his uncle, Lord Farnham. A beggarly title—no penny of money coming with it, as the uncle let the nephew know as often as opportunity occurred. There had been bad blood between Lord Farnham and his second brother, George Brooke's father, and Farnham was not a man to forget. He swore he would visit the sin of the father upon the son, and sooner than let his money go to the young George he would leave it to an hospital. As for the old name, and the keeping up of it, let it go to the devil. Young George would inherit that in spite of him, but it should prove a barren honor to him.

George took no steps to assuage his uncle's wrath, but he thought a good deal of the time when he should be Lord Farnham with only five hundred a year to back his title. He had shirked the idea of marrying for money, but when Miss Morland, with her undeniable golden charms, flung herself at his head, he permitted himself to argue the question with himself. Many a fellow, he told himself, had done it before. It was a fair exchange. His title for her money. He was heart-whole. He would do her or any other woman any wrong in marrying her. He would think about it—he hesitated, and finally was lost.

Miss Morland accepted him calmly; was a little vulgar over her money; let it be known that she thought it a pity that the present Lord Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man; and said she would not like to be married until the coming autumn. It was then November. George glad of a respite, did not press for an earlier day, a circumstance the heiress remembered. He bore up under his new chains with a marvelous courage. He was not in love with any one, so they did not grieve him. Then came a day when both he and Miss Morland were asked down to stay for a month at the Shirleys, and there he met Dorothy Dene.

A little slender maiden, with big grey eyes, and hair that rippled all over her white forehead. A rather out-at-elbows little maiden, whose best frock was a muslin, and whose only ornaments were roses. The Shirleys—a young couple—adored her, and would have her to stay with them as often as ever the oldquire, her father, would let her come to them. She had been taken forcible possession of by them from the month that saw George Brooke there and his fiancée, with the most disastrous results. George Brooke fell madly in love with her, and she loved him.

It has gone so far with them, indeed, that though no word has yet been spoken, each knows the other's heart, and sitting here to-day, in this dangerously lonely retreat, a sense of passionate protest against the fate that is dividing them is thrilling through every bone.

"We ought to go back," says Miss Dene, presently, in a rather changed tone. She had been a little offended, perhaps, by the frivolity of his answer.

"Oh, not yet, surely. We have been here so short a time, and to get away from Shirley's banjo, if only for a minute or two, is so intense a relief."

"It is more than a minute or two, Miss Dene, we have been an immense time. Agnes (Mrs. Shirley) will be wondering what has become of us," regarding him steadily, "will Miss Morland."

"Let her wonder. Besides, she has forgotten us by this time in the delight of Lord

Tottenham's society. I wonder what she sees in that old fossil? For my part, I'm always thinking when with him of what I don't see—hair, teeth, etc."

"She is very kind to him, poor old man!"

"And amiability is her strong point. How many charms you have discovered in her of late."

"I don't think you ought to speak of her like that," says the girl, turning upon him with a little flash in her lovely eyes. "You shouldn't criticize her."

"Why not? I certainly shouldn't be able to criticize her next month, so I may as well make the most of my time now. Next month"—slowly, and almost defiantly, "I shall be the blessed proprietor of Mrs. Brooke; and it is not permissible to criticize one's own wife, whatever you may do with regard to your friends."

He had spoken deliberately, and with seeming unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. They are both standing, but she has turned sharply aside, and has so placed herself that he can not see her face. He had her silence maddens him.

"What are you thinking of?" asks he, angrily, going up to her and compelling her to return his gaze.

She has grown very pale, but she meets his eyes without flinching.

"Nothing," says she, in a tone out of which all her courage can not keep the sound of desolation.

"A woman's answer. I know what you were thinking of, for all that; that there is no more despicable thing on earth than a man who marries a woman for her money. Yet, what was I to do? Was the old name to be forever lowered? A title—and five hundred pounds a year—how do they go together? Money! I felt that I must have, and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care—now? But the thing is done! And my uncle—that old man—he is a perfect devil; he will do nothing for me. I am tied—am bound."

"Yes," says she, simply. She has taught herself indeed to regard it in this light. Of very old family herself, the demands of race seem natural to her. To give up all for the sake of the old name—that has reason in it—but that it should be they two who must give up, that seems hard.

"Why don't you speak?" says he hoarsely.

"You despise me; you think—"

"I think nothing but what is kind of you," says she, her voice trembling, but her face full of a gentle dignity. "I do not despise you. Why should I? I think you are doing right—when an old title comes to one, it should be regarded as a sacred charge; and you—you meant to do the best you could for it. You will be able, in spite of your uncle, to keep up the old name."

"Oh, don't the old name!" interrupts he, passionately—with a deep groan. He has spoken very loud, certainly—and certainly it seems as though the word had been forced from him against his will, but Dorothy, hearing this terrible speech, grows dumb. To so denounce the "old name!" She pauses, gazing at him as if thunder-struck.

"I beg your pardon," says he, moodily. Why has she taken it all so much for granted? Is there no loop-hole of escape? If she had cared as much as he does, would she have been so ready to acknowledge the claims of the "old name?" "Do you never might have been—if—"

With a little swift, imperative gesture she puts up her hand and checks him. Her very lips are white; her large eyes grow suddenly larger as cruel, smarting tears fill them. Even as Brooke gazes at her, two big drops overflow her lips and run quickly down her pale cheeks.

"Dorothy," says he, making a movement toward her.

"No, no. Don't mind me!" says she, bravely, repulsing him with eager hands. "You are doing what is best for you, indeed; and—afterward you will be glad that—Yes, yes, and besides—"

"Oh, that will do," says he, bitterly. "Why should you trouble yourself to try and reconcile me to my fate? I dare say there are worse things that might befall a man than having to accept a fortune."

"I wish," says she, in a heart-broken voice, "that you would try and be a little happy about it."

"Is there anything else you wish?" says he, pushing off his arm the little friendly hand she has placed upon it. "Happy! after all, throwing up his head, with a short laugh; "why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" sadly. "This is only a moment's folly on your part; every other day you are as merry as the rest of us; tomorrow you will be yourself again."

"How well you have studied me! You are right. I am the most frivolous, the most light-hearted of my sex. Sometimes," says he, laughing again, "I'm so happy that I wish—"

"Yes?"

"That I was dead!" says he—with such a sudden vehement change from affected carelessness to honest misery that her heart dies within her. Fear takes possession of her. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" cries she, her voice dying away in a sob. Instinctively she moves toward him—his arms open—in a moment she is lying on his breast.

"Oh! don't wish yourself dead," sobs she, crying bitterly.

"I don't now," whispers he, tightening his arms around the tender, beloved little form.

"I ought not to be here. I oughtn't indeed," says she, making, however, no effort to redeem her position. "There is Miss Morland to think of."

"There is, indeed!" says he, ruefully. It is a cheerful ruefulness, however. With his world in his arms he can afford to fight with outsiders. And he was not wrong after all. She does love him.

"Couldn't you—?" begins Miss Dene, and then breaks off.

"Couldn't I what, darling?"

"Couldn't you break it off with her?"

"Ah! That was what he wanted."

"I could," says she, laughing softly, and pressing the pretty head against his heart with his hand, "and I will!"

"I wouldn't say a word—not a syllable," says Dorothy, with awful determination. "If she loved you—but she doesn't!" This decidedly, with all the impenetrable perspicacity of youth, that never reasons, yet always knows.

"No!" meekly. "I confess that idea has occurred to myself, but if my personal charms are a matter of indifference to her, why then, has she done me the honor to accept me?"

"They say"—says Miss Dorothy, lifting her limpid eyes to his with all the importance of this time-honored authority ought to pro-

duce—"that you want to marry her for her money, and that she wants to marry you for your title."

"Do they?" says Mr. Brooke. "As a rule the mighty 'they' are always right, but for once they are at fault. If she wants to marry me for my title, I'm sorry for her; firstly, because I'm going to marry some one else; and, secondly, because if I did marry her the coveted title would not be hers until her hair was grey, the old boy being about as strong at present as an amputant. And, as for me, I most solemnly swear I don't want to marry her, either for her money or anything else."

"Ah! But you did," says she.

"Even if so, you should not be the one to reproach me," says he.

"Yes; that's true. I'm bound to you," says she, nestling closer to him. "And," in an awed tone, "when will you tell her about it, George?"

She hesitates so admirably over the pronouncing of his name that George laughs, and catching up her pretty hand, kisses the pink palm of it with rapture.

"First thing to-morrow," says he. "To tell you the truth, I think she has an inkling of it; she said something about you the other day that looked as if she was jealous."

"She couldn't be jealous—she doesn't love," says Dorothy, with conviction.

"Oh!" with a little, long-drawn sigh, "it is dreadful to feel jealous."

"You needn't have felt it," says he, tenderly.

"But I did. I couldn't bear to think she was to belong to you, while I—Well," with a happy little sigh this time that brings tears into her eyes, "I'm not jealous now. I wonder what she'll say to you?"

"Give me good-day, no doubt, and rejoice over a riddance of bad rubbish. After all, she was throwing herself away. A girl with a couple of millions might easily have made her own of a better match than I am likely to prove."

"She could have made a better match," indignantly. "Oh!" starting, "is that Agnes calling? Oh! come, let us run! We have been here a dreadful long time."

"Till to-morrow, then," says he, catching her in his arms and kissing her. "To-morrow, I pray Heaven, will leave me free to tell all the world that I love you."

With the hot water at eight which a man brings up, a veritable bomb-shell, in the shape of a letter, that blows all his intentions to pieces.

His uncle, Lord Farnham, is dead. So writes Lord Farnham's lawyer, and has left his nephew not only the title, which he couldn't keep from him, but his entire fortune, fourteen thousand pounds a year. At the last the name had been too much for the old man. He had given his all for the keeping up of it. He had even given up his revenge, though, if he had known it, he could hardly have made his nephew more unhappy than by the bestowal of this most unlooked-for gift.

How is he to go to Miss Morland now, and demand his liberty? With the title and the fortune, too, in his hands, how is he to ask her to break off his engagement? His soul sinks like lead within him. It was such an open arrangement between them, she to give money, he the title, that now when he finds himself independent of her money it seems impossible to ask her to let him go free from the detested bond.

A last fight for life animates him. He will seek an interview with Miss Morland before breakfast and put the case fairly before her. If she still elected to adhere to their original contract—so be it. Good-bye, then to life, and joy, and happiness. The honor that alone remains will be but a poor comfort. Knowledge of Miss Morland tells him that she will be very likely to assert her rights and decide on keeping her hold of title and estate. He manages to ask her for a few minutes alone with him before leaving the breakfast-room. Something new in her face as she answers him—granting the requested interview—strikes him at the moment, but not forcibly. Of late her moods have been very variable.

"Now?" asks he.

"The sooner the better," returns she, shortly. "The library is always vacant at this hour. Shall we go there?"

"A good place," says he, trying to look calm, while his heart is thumping violently against his side, as though it would burst its bonds.

"Look here," says Miss Morland, as he closes the library door behind him. "One word is as good as ten—this is the usual graceful style in which she carries on her conversation—I know quite well why you are here, and I may as well have the first word. You are sick of me, and I'm sick of you."

"That's it—isn't it?"

"Really!" begins Brooke, feebly. He is indeed overpowered by the brilliancy of this attack that he finds words difficult to him.

"The fact is," goes on Miss Morland, waving his attempt at a reply aside with a gesture of her large, firm hand, "I don't think there is the remotest chance of the old gentleman dying. Farnham, you know—and you without the title aren't good enough."

"I can't quite understand that," says he, gravely, shocked at her coarseness. "It is, however, a pity that you didn't think of that sooner. I presume it was never me, then; it was only the title."

"Well, as far as that goes," says she, "I presume it was never me either. It was only the money." At this she colors hotly. She laughs. "Does that trouble you?" says she. "Well, money counts to money, you know, and I have decided that one in the dark is worth two in the bush." This is a hard saying to him, but time explains it. "The truth is, I saw Lord Farnham in town just before I came down here, and he looks as if he would last forever, as if he would never get older."

"No, he will never get older," repeats Brooke, in a curious tone. With the old man lying dead, this heartless speech of hers—this cruel longing for his death—sounds even more detestable than it would have were he living. He himself had not loved the old lord—but he had never wished him dead.

"As to that, I suppose he will have to, whether he likes it or not," says she, vindictively. "But I don't feel inclined to wait for him." And—Lord Tottenham—

"Yes?" says he, his heart giving a great bound.

"Yes!" says she, with a little gasp.

"As Lord Tottenham asked me last night to marry him, I decided that it would be better to bring our engagement to an end."

"I am to understand, then, that you are about to marry Lord Tottenham?" asks he formally, subduing all expression of his passionate relief by a supreme effort. So Tottenham was "the bird in the hand!"

A tough one, truly."

"Exactly so."

"You are wise in your own generation," says he, with a passing smile. "And sound in your proverbs."

"You don't express much regret, at all events," says she, with a shrill laugh. "I am wise in this, at least—that I don't care about dividing my husband's affections with another. That little girl to whom you give your whole time will no doubt be glad to share with you your five hundred pounds a year."

This is unbearable.

"If you allude to Miss Dene," says he, quietly, though his face is pale and his eyes flashing, "I do not think she gives her entire thoughts to money. Five hundred a year, however, would, I acknowledge, be but a poor thing to lay at her feet. I am glad, therefore, that it is now in my power to offer her fourteen thousand."

"What?" says Miss Morland. She takes a step forward. Dismay, consternation, discomfiture, are all largely written on her astonished face.

"Lord Farnham died at ten o'clock last night. Contrary to any expectations, he bows and moves towards the door.

"Stay—one moment," gasps Miss Morland. "If she has even one small grain of hope left that she may still be Lady Farnham, you must pardon me," says he; "I have an appointment with Miss Dene. She has not yet heard my news. Ah! Lord Tottenham, to that carefully preserved old beau, as he most opportunely enters the room.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Morland has just informed me of your engagement to her. I feel she has done wisely indeed. With much humility, I confess myself very much the worse man of the two."

He laughs, and hurries away to find Dorothy waiting for him in that little sacred spot he had named Arcadia yesterday. She rises as he comes toward her, and turns so dithly white that he is afraid she is going to faint.

"It is all right!" cries he, joyously, to reassure her. She would have gone to him, but her limbs refused to obey her, and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen. There is no restorative power so effectual as a lover's kiss. Dorothy is presently her charming self again.

"Oh! how did it happen?" cries she, rapturously. "I prayed for it all last night, but somehow I never had much hope. She has given you up, then? Really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh! how could she?" leaning back from him to gaze into his dear face, the handsome in the world to her.

"Well, it appears she could, quite easily," says he, with a happy laugh. "You may think me good to look at, but when compared with such a youthful Adonis as my Lord Tottenham, even you must allow that I ought to take a back seat."

"Do you mean to tell me," with growing indignation, "that she has given you up for Lord Tottenham?"

"Even so, my good child."

"Poof! She's a fool! She's not worth wasting words upon," says Miss Dene, with scornful conviction.

"That's what I think. Let's talk of ourselves," says he.

"Oh, as for that," says she, turning suddenly very dismal, and trying to give her head the properly dejected droop, "I dare say you will be sorry about all this later on. I have not been a good friend to you," with a heavy sigh, "and that's the truth."

"What am I going to be sorry about?"

"You know. You said yesterday that it would be dreadful to live on five hundred pounds a year."

"So it would, with Miss Morland—not with you."

"Ah! That is all very well now. But I said something about it to father last week—not about you and me, you know, but about things generally—and he said that people without money married other people without money, it was madness." This rather involved sentence she gives forth with great solemnity.

"What a lot he said!" exclaims Lord Farnham, with affected admiration. "But after all it seems to me he didn't know what he was talking about. The real question is, Dorothy, whether you could be happy with me, even though we both were poor?"

"Oh, darling, what a horrid question! Don't you know that if I had ten thousand a year—this seems to be the utmost height of her ambition—and not you, I should be the most wretched girl alive."

"Well, you shall have more than that with me," cried he, folding his arms around her with a tender excess of passion, and with his soul full of unspoken gratitude for this loving heart that has been given to him to perfect his life.

Then he tells her all.

Food for Thought.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this.—Tillotson.

Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind.—Addison.

Prof. Lazarus says: "A nation is not rich unless it is rich in thoughts; it cannot be a great nation unless it is great in heart; and unless it reigns in the department of intellect and with the intellect it cannot reign in the counsel and the dominion of nations, but will be obliged to serve."

New Zealand, as a matter of fact, is evangelized. Christianity has not failed of success in a single island. In India and elsewhere they had to gather the converts one by one, but in New Zealand a movement set in and great numbers came forward; its advance was almost like a bush-fire. The number of native clergy at present laboring there is quite three times what they had previously been. These are not supported by money from home, but by the contributions and endowments of their own people.—[Bishop Stuart. D. D. of Waiapu.

A Little Off.

Smith—Ah, one moment!

Jones—What is it, Smith?

Smith—Yesterday I took off my hat to a young lady whom I took to be your sister. If—ah—if it was some body else, please express my regrets to your sister.

BRAVE BABY SAID "ESS."

A Four-Year-Old Clung Tight to a Line and Was Saved.

A plucky four-year-old baby lives in Oaka loosa, Ia. It is the child of Mrs. Wilson and while playing about the mouth of a deep well, covered by loose boards, fell in. The well is thirty feet deep and contained ten feet of water at the time. The mother saw the child fall and, frantically grabbing a clothes-line, lowered it into the well. The child grasped the line, but of course could not hold on tight enough to be drawn out, so the mother tied her end above.

"Will pet hold on tight till mama runs for papa?" tremblingly cried the mother to her little one.

"Ess," came a brave little sob from below.

The mother hurried away and soon returned with the father and several other men who, after much difficulty rescued the child from its chilly bath. The little one was almost unconscious from cold when taken out, but had bravely clung to the clothes-line all the while, holding its head above water. The happy mother hugged her rescued one and wept for joy, while the assembled crowd threw up their hats and cheered in acknowledgment of the baby's grit.

A Canadian's Experience in Russia

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, has won the championship of the world at figure skating, the contest having taken place at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 10th inst. Mr. Rubenstein, being a Jew, had some very funny experiences, which I will allow him to tell of in his own words. He says: "As is customary in Russia, I handed my passport to the hotel-keeper, and I heard nothing for a couple of days. Then I received a notice from the police office that I was wanted there. One of the members of the skating committee accompanied me to act as interpreter. When this gentleman attempted to explain that I had simply come to Russia for the skating competition, he was peremptorily ordered to leave the room, and then in good English the presiding official said: 'I have a little business to transact with the Jew.' After looking me over a minute the official said: 'You are a Jew; I am,' said I. Then he asked me my age and where I was born. When I had answered he told me my passport would be returned, and he dismissed me without any further information; and when I asked him if there was any trouble he declined to answer. Still my passport was not returned. Two days after this, when I was skating in the rink, a uniformed official came on the ice and told me I was wanted again at the police office. I got the same gentleman to accompany me as on the previous occasion. When we asked why I was wanted, nobody seemed to know. When I asked for my passport we were sent on another journey to another police office. Here again I asked for my passport. It was a different official this time, and he told me very politely and very firmly: 'You cannot be permitted to stay in St. Petersburg, you will be good enough to leave inside of twenty-four hours.' 'Why?' said I. 'You are a Jew, and there is no necessity to further discuss the matter. We cannot permit Jews to remain in St. Petersburg. I had seen a great many of my colleagues in St. Petersburg, and I came to the conclusion that this law referred to Jews of foreign birth. After I had travelled all the way from Montreal to compete for the world's championship, this news was disheartening. The only thing left was to appeal to the British consul, Sir Robert Morier. The ambassador sympathized with me, and got a little bit angry at the way I had been treated. 'A British subject,' he said, 'who comes to Russia whether Jew or Gentile, to take part in an international match, will be allowed to stay, and you will stay here until you compete if the British embassy has any influence at the court.' He gave me his card, and sent a note to the prefect of police, with instructions to show the card if anybody asked me any questions. I was asked a lot of questions, but the card seemed to have a magic influence, and I was left alone, and even some of them hailed me with a typical expression in Russian, 'Oh, thou of noble birth.' Next morning I was hoisted out of bed in my night-gown. After my late experiences I felt nothing less than Siberia was in store for me. Then Baron Wolf and two members of the committee told me to dress immediately and come to the office of the prefect of police. Considering it was only seven o'clock I thought the prefect began business early. The prefect was the wildest looking man with wire whiskers, and at the same time the mildest spoken I ever met. Then I was told that at the special request of the British Minister I would be allowed to stay until the races were over, but that immediately after I was to leave the country forthwith. The funny thing was that when I got my passport the words 'British subject' were crossed out and replaced by L. Rubenstein, Jew, must leave St. Petersburg by February 10.' Sir Robert Morier told me that a foreign Hebrew was in very bad odor." I don't think I can add anything to that statement of Russian hospitality, and with the remark that it must be a healthy old country to live in, I will close for the week with a few odds and ends.

Behring Sea.

A British Columbian Judge has decided that the United States Government does not possess jurisdiction in Behring Sea beyond the marine league from its shores. This decision is of importance to one Solomon Jacobs, because under it he must pay \$4,000 and more damages for having agreed to sell to one Henry Baxter the sealskins he might take in Behring Sea and then having sold them to somebody else. His defence was, it appears, that, since his poaching had been contrary to American laws, the contract was void. If this is all there is of the case, substantial justice may have been meted out to this rather shifty defendant; still, the decision of Justice Drake will hardly alarm the Washington authorities. Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State, said in one of the public speeches he ever made: "It is not to be expected that the United States will submit their rights to be adjudicated upon in the petty tribunals of the Provinces"; and it is hardly more necessary in our day to go for lessons as to international rights to the Supreme Court of British Columbia. Nevertheless, it did not need this case of Solomon Jacobs to convince Canadians that the United States' claim to the exclusive ownership of half of Behring sea is rather preposterous.

COUNTRY TALK.

Brussels.

Albert Denny, of Niagara, is home on a visit.

Miss Mary Oliver has gone to Toronto, to visit Mrs. Jno. Leckie.

Miss Maggie Maunders has gone to the millinery opening in London.

Our ice men have been hard at work all this week getting in their summer supply.

Rev. S. Sellery, P. A., B. D., preached at Wingham for Rev. Mr. Scott last Sunday.

Miss Brownlow, A. R. Smith's milliner for the past two seasons, is returning the 10th of March.

Owing to the "little winter" the farmers have been very busy, hauling in logs and wood this week.

Mr. Leatherland, of Stratford, supplied the pulpit of the Methodist church in the pastor's absence.

Mr. Brown, of Manitoba, is in town looking after a future partner. It isn't good for man to be alone.

Two weddings in which three Brusselsites are greatly interested, will shortly take place. Now guess if you can, now do.

The heart and home of S. T. Taylor, of Wroxeter, (formerly of Brussels) was gladdened by the arrival of a little daughter on the 18th inst.

Several of the persons who disturb the Salvation Army, narrowly escaped a taste of the law by promptly apologizing to the Captain and promising good behavior in future. They had better adhere to the promise, and others should take warning or they will be sorry if they don't.

A very successful social under the auspices of the Y. P. C. A. of the Methodist church, was held at the residence of Jno. Mooney, Morris, on Thursday evening. A good program consisting of readings, recitations and music was given. All enjoyed a pleasant evening, and agreed that Mr. Mooney's is just the place to go to have a good time.

Some of our citizens have evidently got tired of our nice little town, and even of our fair Dominion. As they have gone to Uncle Sam, and when none was looking for their departure, and leave behind several sorrowing friends who are poorer, if wiser, by their intercourse with them. The parties are Arthur Veal and W. J. Hunter. F. C. Rogers has leased the shop recently occupied by H. Willis, from Dr. Holmes, who is putting in a plate glass front, and by April 1st, Mr. Rogers will again be in full blast as a dry goods merchant.

The goods and chattels of the estate of Donald McLaughlin were sold last week and realized the sum of \$1,300. The 50 acres of swamp land was also sold at the sale to Jas. Duncan for \$710. F. S. Scott was the auctioneer. The corner farm was sold the following day to James Ireland, of Morris, for \$5,260, which is considered by everyone a good sale, but Mr. Ireland has got a splendid farm. All the property of the estate being now disposed of, the assignee will be able to distribute the assets as soon as the monies come into his hands, and will pay a fair dividend.

Milverton.

Notwithstanding the general complaints as to dull times there is a very large number of teams in the village daily and merchants say there is a satisfactory business being done.

The annual meeting of Burns church, Milverton, was held on Tuesday of last week. The yearly report of Treasurer Pasmore showed a very satisfactory condition of the congregation's finances. The receipts for the year were \$1,235.51 and there is a balance on hand of \$42.65. The church debt was reduced by over \$100, and is now little over \$500. The membership and general congregational prosperity was of an encouraging character under the able and judicious ministrations of Rev. Mr. Kay, Messrs T. Connell J. Robertson and J. Tucker were re-appointed managers and W. Acheson takes the place of Mr. Pasmore who is shortly to remove from Milverton. Samuel Whaley was chosen treasurer in Mr. Pasmore's stead.

The weekly meeting of the Milverton Literary Society, was held on Monday, 17th inst. A large audience was present, which shows the interest taken in literary pursuits by the Milverton people and surrounding country. After a number of good readings, (one of which was a very laughable piece, entitled "How Sockery set the hen.") The debate then followed, which was hotly contested by both sides, the Negro and Indian being alternately overhauled. The subject being "Resolved that the Negro suffered more by the hands of the white man than the Indian," the leaders of the affirmative and negative were S. Munro and Mr. Acheson, who were supported by Messrs. Florence, Hamilton, Wilson and Curtis, and Munro, Curtis, Zeran and Appel, respectfully. After two hours of eloquent speaking by these gentlemen, the committee appointed decided in favor of the affirmative, which received the approval of the audience. Splendid music was furnished by a quartette, composed of ladies and gentlemen belonging to the society. The next meeting will be held on the 24th inst., at which the subject: "Resolved that the intellect of women is equal to that of men" will be discussed. Besides the debate, there will be songs, readings, dialogues and instrumental music. The meeting was then closed by Mr. Griffin's address on "Old Mother Hubbard," which was both amusing and instructive.

Grey.

Mrs. Robt. Sweeney, of Merrill, Mich., is making a visit with relatives and friends.

Wm. Bishop is away to Woodstock locality where there is a probability of him making his home.

Lachlin McNeil has gone to Michigan for a few weeks on a business trip.

Farmers are making good use of the sleighing marketing wood and other farm products.

Miss Mary McIntosh, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McIntosh of the 15th con. during the last 3 months, returned to Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day.

A resident of Grey, who recently held a sale and converted his stock, implements, &c. into something more easily removed has gone to parts unknown, at least to his creditors. Honesty is the best policy.

The corner farm of the Donald McLaughlin estate was sold to James Ireland, 3rd line, Morris, for the sum of \$5,260. The farm is a good one and Mr. Ireland is a good farmer so we expect everything will move forward.

Prof. Wm. Counts is calling a meeting of the young people of S. S. No. 8 on Tuesday evening of last week, to see about organizing a singing class. We understand he is also making arrangements to have one in Barrie's school house, Morris township.

On the afternoon of Friday, 14th inst., a very enjoyable half-hour was spent in the school house, S. S. No. 8, when a number of the pupils contributed a choice and varied collection of readings, recitations, &c., together with vocal and instrumental music. Master Robt. McTaggart was chairman and good order and harmony prevailed throughout.

Men and oxen are skidding logs in Matheson's swamp for the Star sawmill, but no hauling out on sleighs can be done, owing to the unusual scarcity of snow this winter. Robt. Livingstone has the contract, and this continual waiting for "the beautiful" that seems never going to come in sufficient quantity must be very trying to him, but we haven't heard of any "barrels of profanity" as Mark Twain calls it, being wasted over the disappointment.

DEBATE.—On Friday evening this week, 23rd inst., a public debate is expected to be held in Shine's school house. The subject is "Resolved that Annexation would be better for Canada than Independence." For the affirmative, John Bain is captain, supported by Councillor Hislop, Jas. Bowman, Wm. Sloan and James Robertson. The negative will be looked after by Wm. Brydon, Malcolm Black, Wm. and A. Perrie and Jas. McLaughlin. The meeting will no doubt be interesting and the advent of new speakers will add vigor and freshness to the debate.

An occurrence of more than usual interest last week resulted in the removal of Mark Cardiff and J. L. Taylor, barrister, of Brussels, to stand their trial before the Judge. The nature of it is as follows:—Thomas Watson, agent for the Massey Mfg. Co., held a chattel mortgage on the stock of Jos. Whelpton, which he closed, and by the request of the latter, not to send the Division Court bailiff, F. S. Scott. Mr. Cardiff was sworn in and sent to take charge of the chattels. W. H. Kerr, editor of the Brussels Post, had also lent Mr. Whelpton a sum of money, secured by note, and on learning of the seizure of his stock, went to him and got him to confess judgment which he did on the understanding that no further action should be taken and that he would be paid from the proceeds of the sale of the chattels which were worth considerably more than the mortgage and his claim together. But immediately he got the acknowledgment of judgment he went to Goderich, applied to the judge for an order to execute the judgment which he obtained and placed in F. S. Scott's hands and here is where the trouble began. Mr. Scott went to Whelpton's where Mr. Cardiff was in possession of the chattels, taking with him a law book from which he read to Mr. Cardiff, trying to convince him he was wrong in holding the goods, and after considerable law talk from Mr. Scott, Mr. Cardiff, not being posted in law, and thinking he would not deceive him, gave him admittance to the stable when Scott immediately seized the goods and removed them to Barton's stable, Ethel. When Mr. Cardiff repeated the affair to Mr. Taylor, his lawyer, he ordered a seizure and the two in company with four or five more drove to Ethel and removed animals back to Mr. Whelpton's, and there kept them till Wednesday of last week, when they were sold by auction. Mr. Scott attended. He forbade the sale of the animals he had seized and tried to hold one horse by the halter rope in the stall when his opposing man cut the rope and Scott went backwards, doubling up in the manger. After the sale was over Mr. Kerr's claim was paid together with about \$40 of costs. Mr. Scott then laid information against Mr. Cardiff and Mr. Taylor for unlawfully taking the goods from Barton's stable. The magistrates, after hearing the case on Saturday, committed them for trial, Mr. Lang, of Ethel, accompanying them to Goderich. The judge accepted bail and both returned. The affair has caused considerable excitement in the locality.

Avonbank.

A good, live correspondent to THE BEE wanted here.

Everybody seems to be more or less affected with the prevailing disease, la grippe.

Nearly all the brick is on the ground for the new church at Avonbank. It is going to be a grand structure.

The Misses M. Kellar entertained a number of their cousins on Thursday evening. A very enjoyable time was spent.

The following are the names of the three best pupils in S. S. No. 7, in their respective classes for the month of January:—5th Class—Mary Anderson, Maggie Murray, W. Cornish. Sen. 4th—Bella Cornish, James Gibson, James Thomson. Jun. 4th—Frankie Bell, Newton Hill, E. Gibson. Sen. 3rd—Herbert White, W. Anderson, A. Davidson. Jun. 3rd—W. Lamb, I. Lamb, W. Murray.

Henfryn.

Rev. T. M. Smith and wife were in town on Monday.

A tea and entertainment will be given in the Methodist church on Wednesday evening, March 5th. Addresses will be given by Revs. Dr. Henderson, of Listowel, and D. Rogers, of Atwood, Rev. Mr. Davis, of Ethel, will assist in the musical entertainment. A good time is anticipated.

Elma.

The Elma Agricultural Society have sold their farm, being Lot 20 in the 12th con., to F. Smith, of Listowel, the price is \$550.

John Tree, of the Salvation Army, who has been carrying on a successful revival on the 12th con., at the Zion church, was the guest of Samuel Love, last week.

It is with feelings of deepest regret that we announce the death of A. H. Tindal of the 14th con. Deceased had been suffering for considerable time with that fell disease consumption, and an attack of the prevalent complaint, la grippe, which no doubt hastened the end, which came on the 20th inst. The stricken family have the sympathy of the community in this their sad bereavement.

Fullarton.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Curtis, of Bluevale, were visiting friends in Fullarton during last week.

John Westcott, who has been visiting friends near Oshawa during the past few weeks, has returned to Fullarton.

Robert Colgan, of Thorold, late of Fullarton, has sold his farm in the 9th con., containing 107 acres, to James Phipps, for \$6,030.

Jno. Ridge has bought the house and lot of Jno. Gettler, jr.; price \$437. Mr. Gettler is going to the Nipissing district to seek employment in the sawmill business.

A grand tea-meeting will be held at the Mt. Pleasant appointment of the C. M. church, on Monday, March 3rd. Addresses will be delivered by speakers from Stratford, Mitchell and resident ministers. Choice music will be rendered by the Bethel Choir. Special services on Sunday, March 2nd. It is, we believe, over thirteen years since an entertainment of this kind was held here and we hope this may be a good success, as it promises to be. The proceeds are to be applied to the purchasing of an organ, which the church is in much need of.

OBITUARY.—We are deeply grieved to have to record the death of Mrs. Wm. Morrison, which took place at her late residence in Fullarton township, on Tuesday, Feb. 18th, after an illness of only two weeks. Nothing was left undone that medical skill and careful nursing by kind friends could do, but all without relief. Notwithstanding the severe storm on Thursday afternoon the large procession which followed the remains to Fullarton Corner's cemetery showed the great respect and high esteem in which the deceased was held. She was born in Lanark County, Canada, was of Scotch descent, was a member of Motherwell Presbyterian Church, and at the time of her death was aged 65 years and 10 months. In 1852 she and her husband came to Fullarton township which was then a dense wood. Her husband, who survives her, is about 67 years of age, and has been afflicted with rheumatism for the last seven years. She leaves a large family consisting of six sons and three daughters who mourn the loss of an affectionate mother.

It is so sweet to know,
That safe within the City's gates,
On that fair shore our mother waits
The time that we shall go.

So it is sweet to us,
To thank the Lord that thou hast given
So dear a link 'twixt earth and heaven,
To bind our hearts to thee.

Newry.

There is a good opening here for a shoemaker.

Mrs. Humphreys spent Sunday with her sister in Ethel.

Miss Wynn has returned from visiting friends in the Stone town.

Quite a number from the village attend Mr. Lamont's singing class in Atwood. They speak highly of him as a music teacher.

Mr. Wynn has been laid up for the last week with la grippe and a severe attack of quinsy. We are pleased to state that he is recovering.

A surprise party was held at Mr. Peebles on the 10th con. last week, and a pleasant and enjoyable time was spent. The "light fantastic toe" was indulged in till the "wee sma' hours."

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes spent Sunday with friends in Stratford. Mr. Holmes going as far as London on business.

Mr. Gee sold more eggs to the eggman last week than any other store on the route.

A rather complicated and perplexing query which is agitating the minds of some of our villagers is: What was a St. Marys bake wagon doing in our village the other Sunday? He is not wanted here in his business capacity as the much needed article is ably supplied by our Atwood friend.

THE BEE is slowly, but surely finding its way into every family in this neighborhood. No family should be without it. And in fact no person wishing to keep posted in county news should—not will—be without it.

A rather complicated mechanical contrivance was constructed by one our skilled sculptors and suspended like Mahomet's tomb in one of our business establishments. It must be gifted with a little instinct as its duty clearly shows. It knows dead heads as soon as they enter the threshold and an iron glove descends and seizes the victim by the throat and holds him till the utmost farthing is paid.

Donegal.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, of Ayr, are visiting at J. T. Anderson's.

Revival services are still being conducted in the Methodist church. They are well attended.

A colt rising three years old owned by Chas. Mason died suddenly in its stable on Saturday morning last.

Miss Maggie Varner, of Stratford, is visiting at W. S. Buchanan's this week. Maggie is a prime favorite in the vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hume, of the 8th con., and Mrs. Thos. Whitefield, of Palmerston, were visiting at Charles Mason's on Monday.

James Hemphill, of Listowel, was in the village on Monday pushing the interests of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company.

Our popular storekeeper, J. T. Anderson, has been doing a rushing business of late, judging by the number of eggs coming in. The hens must have got early to work this year.

While playing football in the school-yard on Monday noon one of the pupils, John A. McFarlane, slipped on the wet snow and sprained his ankle. We hope to see John moving around with his usual agility in a few days.

William Buchanan, of the 14th con., has been canvassing the rate payers of this section with a petition praying the Elma Council to open the side line between lots 25 and 26, on the 13th con. It was signed by a considerable number of the villagers, as many of them as are interested in property in that locality.

While Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Abram were returning from Milverton last Saturday afternoon, the horse became unmanageable and turning the corner, near the Union school house, rather abruptly pitching the sleigh box and its occupants into the ditch, when they made a break for liberty. After running more than two miles they were stopped by the determined efforts of John McCourt.

Ethel.

A correspondent to THE BEE wanted here. We will supply you with all the necessary material. Let us hear from you.

MR. MILNE'S SHORT HORNS.—David Milne, the well-known breeder of this sale, has recently made the following sales of Shorthorns: To Elias Wallis, of Stirling Falls, Ontario, one yearling bull; to R. Dillworth, Ethel, two heifer calves; to Roderick Grey, McKillop, a young bull; to Edward Turner, Tucker-smith, a young bull. All these are good stock and brought fair prices. Mr. Milne's herd of shorthorns now number 35 head, with six cows to come in yet. His calves from Perfection and Red King are very promising.

Millbank.

The huntsmen of our town are making rabbit hunting a specialty.

Alexander Stewart, who has been laid up for the last two months with sciatica, is slowly recovering.

The many friends of the Rev. Mr. McKibbin of Millbank will be sorry to learn of his illness, caused by a gripper for the past week. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Wm. Gillispie set a good example to the young men of this place by taking to himself a wife in the person of Miss Helen Reid. They are both general favorites of old and young. We join in wishing them health, wealth and prosperity through life.—Beacon.

Trowbridge.

W. H. Code, of Seaford, paid a flying visit to his friends here last week.

Miss H. Cosins, of Shakespear, is spending a few days with her friends.

Rev. H. A. Baylis, who has been home for a month on account of ill health is now able to take his work again.

Miss Cowan, of Wroxeter, is the guest of Miss Alexander.

James McKee had a bee on Monday last hauling saw logs.

Listowel.

Messrs. Clinie, Austin and Bush shipped a stretcher turning machine on Tuesday of last week to the Knechtel Furniture Co., Hanover.

Mrs. F. Knapp visited her late husband's relatives in Neustadt, on matters connected with her farm in Manitoba. There has been here, awaiting her return since the beginning of the week, a check for \$2,000 insurance benefit in the A. O. U. W. The promissory which these benefits are paid is no small part of their value.

Kate Wenzel was removed on Monday this week to the asylum in London. She was a servant in town some time ago, was seduced by a young man, and her trouble ended in unbalancing her mind, which it appears was never very strong. At times of late, she became violent, and it was on that account decided to take her to the asylum.

R. Roth, of the Listowel brewery, has succeeded in housing about 300 tons of ice, cut from his own pond on the Maitland and other ponds in the neighborhood. In addition to this, Mr. Roth has purchased the ice off a thirteen-acre lake a short distance from Leeknow, and is erecting a large ice house there for storing it. The ice house will be close to the G. T. R., and convenient for shipping.

At a congregational meeting held in Christ Church on Friday evening of last week, a resolution was unanimously adopted asking Rev. E. W. Hedges to reconsider his resignation of this parish, and a deputation was appointed to confer with him upon the matter. It was also resolved at the meeting that Christ Church, Listowel, raise the sum of \$800 per annum for minister's salary irrespective of any other arrangements that may be made in connection with the parish. We understand that Rev. Mr. Hedges intends having a personal interview with the Bishop in reference to his resignation, when it is hoped that a satisfactory arrangement will be made, whereby the rev. gentleman will remain in Listowel.

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READY With your Cash for this is no credit sale nor produce taken.

No goods sold at the present sacrifice can be charged or sent out on approval.

AIM To get the best for your money. Remember our Overcoats are faultless in style, and as perfect in fit as Tailoring art ever produced.

FIRE Your money into our safe and take away with you double the value of your cash in stylish, well made and durable goods.

Former Prices, \$6, \$7, \$10, &c.

Present Prices, \$4, \$4.50 \$6.50 &c.

To make a speedy sale I have marked Suits down to rock bottom, starting them from \$3.75 up.

Robes worth \$9.00 for \$7.00
Caps worth 1.00 for 50
Caps worth 3.50 for 2.00
Shawls worth 1.50 for 1.00
Shawls worth 2.50 for 1.98

Felt Boots, Overshoes, &c., at interesting prices as they must be **Closed Out by March 15.**

If you live for a century such an opportunity as this will probably not occur again; our loss in every garment &c. is almost what we ask for it, but as we are overstocked there is no alternative but to sell. If you have no money borrow enough to buy some of these goods, it will be an investment never to be forgotten while life and memory lasts.

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