

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 12.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

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

### Sidewalk between Atwood and Newry.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Having noticed in a recent issue of THE BEE the recommendation of building a sidewalk between Atwood and Newry, I, for one, most heartily endorse the movement for a great many reasons, my strongest reason is that by building a sidewalk between the two places it would, in a great measure, tend to perpetuate the friendly spirit now existing between the two villages, and with the hearty co-operation of both the work could be easily accomplished. The writer knows of one party who offers to give \$5 toward building the proposed walk. I would therefore suggest that a few of the leading men of both places meet soon and push the work forward.

Yours, &c.,  
CITIZEN.

Newry, April 5, 1890.

### Newry "Scoopograph."

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Since the "Scoopograph" made the startling revelations in your issue of March 28th, many were the comments, queries and suggestions as to what the article was referring to. We wanted to draw it mild and not startle you good people by breaking the good tidings to you all at once, but pave the way for what was to follow. In the first place, Mr. Editor, the people of Newry and neighborhood have reasons to be thankful that we have in our midst such an able journal as THE BEE, where such scandals may be made public and the perpetrators names branded before the public. The perplexing problem will be, Mr. Editor, how came the "Scoopograph" in possession of the astounding facts about to be made public? And let me here state that the "Scoopograph" is of Newry parentage, and not of Atwood. Was it applied to the key-hole? Was it set in operation in some mysterious corner of the room? Or is it a thing whose ingress and egress is not barred by padlocked doors? It is the latter. Maybe the "Scoopograph" was a little previous in making the facts public so soon and likely ere this the "stuff" would be in the columns of some journal. When the thing dawned upon us we exclaimed like the statesman of old: "I smell a rat! I smell a rat! I see him brewing in the air, but I shall nip him in the bud!" And nip him we did. We think good people it is not to your interest to know all that was contained in this piece of poetry? We are sorry that the "Scoopograph" failed to turn it out *certatim et literatim* but it gave us enough to satisfy the minds of the public that our last article was true and perfectly justifiable. Such nonsensical trash no journal would dole its columns by publishing it. It is now about four weeks since the "Scoopograph" got on the secret. Now good people prepare your breasts for the dagger and "if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now." This "poetry" was entitled "Our Teachers," and the following are the individuals on whom the "poetry" was composed: Mr. Craig, T. Fullarton, Geo. Thompson, G. A. Harvey and W. G. Morrison. One name may have escaped our notice—that of Mr. Poole. Good people now are you satisfied. We will give some extracts and make a few comments on what we got from the scattered scraps: Mr. Craig—You might be seen pacing the floor and studying your sermon instead of attending to your school. Not your calling. Mr. Fullarton—You kept no strap but the surrounding trees had to suffer. "You are a stiff-backed Presbyterian as may be plainly seen by the way you walk to church Sundays, &c." Geordie you are small but mighty and hampered the boys like forty, then took to wife your M-a-i-r-i-e. Geo. A. you are an angel all you lack is the wings and you will soar away to a more genial clime. You left to pursue a course in a higher sphere. "Next comes our great W. G. He's a good teacher as may be plainly seen;" but "there's meanness in his character, and he is partial to the girls." Now good people how do you like it? We think there were eight verses, eight lines in a verse, each teacher occupied a verse with an introductory and winding up one. Now good people we ask your forgiveness and forbearance for the extracts and comments presented to you. We thought first of "heaving to the line and letting the chips fall where they may," but modesty forbade us. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space in your valuable journal, and may you long be spared to elevate the morals of the public.

INCOGNITO.

Newry, April 1, 1890.

[We will not publish any further communications on this subject as they are of no interest whatever to the public.—Ed.]

### Science is not Providence.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—The following definition I learned at school many years ago, and to this day know no better. "Science is a collection of the general principles or leading truths of any branch of knowledge systematically arranged." It has

been brought afresh to my mind by reading two recent issues of a periodical called Secular Thought, published in Toronto, on March 15th and 22nd. In a verbatim report of a four nights' debate on "Christianity or Secularism—Which is true?" between Rev. Dr. McCann and G. W. Foote, London, Eng., which latter gentleman has recently been elected to the leadership of the English Free Thought Party as successor to Mr. Bradlaugh; he endeavors to prove amongst other propositions that "Secularism recognises no providence but science." This reminds me that over thirty years ago I saw bills placarded over the walls of my native town announcing a lecture to be delivered by an eminent Secularist, Mr. Holyoake, on the subject: "Science the true Providence." Now let us substitute the definition above given for the definition and see how it reads in connection with the foregoing proposition: "A collection of the general principles or leading truths," yes, and we may add of all following truths "of any" of every branch of knowledge systematically arranged is the true Providence." Secularism recognises no Providence but a collection of general principles or the truths of all branches of knowledge systematically arranged." I suppose Secularism, which is a mere abstraction, does not recognise Providence or anything else, let us therefore substitute Secularists for Secularism, and say "Secularists recognize no Providence but a collection of the general principles, etc." The word "but" would lead us to suppose that Secularists see or recognize what they see no where else—a Providence in a collection of truths arranged in a system. Providence, in its ordinary sense, is to see before, and as a result of foreseeing is to provide or prepare for the time coming but not yet arrived. A collection of truths whether arranged in a system and called science or jumbled together as the bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, cannot see at all, either what exists now in the present, or will exist in the future. It is the mind which has the knowledge of truth which sees, or knows, hence we would require to change the proposition "Science is the true Providence," and say "Scientists are the true Providence." I am ready to admit that Scientists see before hand, to a limited extent, some things which are to take place in the universe which ordinary mortals, like me, don't see. For instance, they can tell when an eclipse is to happen long years before it takes place, or in what direction the wind will probably blow on the morrow and whether it will rain or snow. I can do neither. But I don't claim to have any future period of this mundane sphere of existence, any very extensive acquaintance with "the circle of the sciences." However, if a new *divinity* is to be set up for me to worship, I prefer as such the *Scientist to Science*. It is an axiomatic truth; that the creator or maker of a thing is greater than the thing created, or made; and surely the person who discovers, collects, classifies and arranges truths, is greater than his workmanship—the product of his mind and hand to which he and others give the name *Science*. This creature of man's is an inert, lifeless, abstraction, which can neither see, nor hear, nor speak, nor feel. To call it *Providence* is simply to deify an idol. Of the God which I have been taught to worship it is said he counts the number of the stars, "He names them every one." Astronomy, one of the noblest of the sciences, never counted one star, still less *every one*, and the Astronomer, however clever and learned if candid and truthful, will not claim to be able to do what this old-fashioned deity is said to do. He is represented as addressing certain favorites of the human family "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and with these words arising out of this promised never-ending divine companionship they are led to say "So we may boldly say the Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man can do unto me." About his knowledge it is written: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father." "Be not anxious about what you shall eat or drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed, for your Father knoweth ye have need of these things," and if he is my Father with knowledge of my needs he will supply them without fail.

"The beasts with food his hands supply And the young ravens when they cry." Science never fed a sparrow, a mouse, a lion, or a man. It is a very poor Provider. Now if this ancient Deity be a myth existing only in the minds of superstitious people he surely is not one whit more mythical than the modern divinity called Science. The knowledge powers, influences and works attributed to the former as far transcend the latter as the heavens do the earth. My Secularist brother, I would not trade deities with you, if you were to give me all the property you own to boot. It would be a wretchedly bad bargain for me.

T. S.

Atwood, March 31, 1890.

### Planting Trees.

The tree-planting season will soon be on hand and in Ontario, at least in the rural sections, ornamental planting is as yet in its infancy, and a good deal of censure has been passed on farmers for neglecting it, in as much as, notwithstanding the cry of hard times, farmers are in a condition to procure some of the comforts and luxuries of life as well

as the necessities of life. The log shanty has given way to the tasteful frame and the old ox-cart has been laid aside for the stylish top buggy, and to correspond with and beautify their fields, planting should be resorted to. As a this nothing more suitable can be had than a judicious planting of evergreens. They can be made both ornamental and useful if properly laid out so as to protect the buildings, orchards and crops from the cold winds. Among our native deciduous trees of course the maples stand pre-eminent and for planting along the roadsides no better selection can be made. It would, however, greatly relieve the appearance of sameness if a few other kinds such as our basswood, elm, ash, etc., were interspersed among them, which, when properly trained possess a beauty and elegance of which they are destitute when found growing in the woods, with long bare trunks and scraggy branches at the top. There are also other varieties that may be grown for ornament, and profit such as sweet hickory, walnut, chestnut and other nut bearing trees, and it is surprising at the present prices of this 'fruit' in our markets that greater attention is not paid to this class of trees by our farmers. Then the wood of all these kinds will soon be scarce in Ontario for manufacturing purposes, and thus a double profit will be made. Every farmer this spring should lay out to plant some one or other of the trees above mentioned for ornament, use and profit.

### Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1890.

Henry Cabot Lodge's bill to throw a halo of personification about the head of the American postmaster will hardly become a law. While there may be some valid objections to the present manner of selecting this class of officials, Mr. Lodge has made a failure in his attempt to devise a practical substitute. Should Mr. Lodge's bill become a law the country would be divided into postal districts, and a postmaster inspector in each district would inspect the patriots who should offer themselves and pass on their qualifications. It would then be the duty of the inspector to prepare a list of the applicants, placing their names in the order in which he regarded their respective merits, and this list would be filed with the Postmaster General. Then the latter official, be called on to send to the President the name which heads the list, or else furnish in writing sufficient reasons for such refusal. But what Mr. Lodge and other reformers prefer to designate the "spoils" system of choosing postmasters has many advantages over the romantic and visionary fad which is now being considered by the House post office committee. Under the present system, the member of Congress practically names the postmasters in his district, and he is in turn responsible to the voters of such district. If he fails to elect good officers, and the service suffers, the people have the remedy in their own hands. They can turn the Congressman out and elect a representative who would give them competent postmasters. While under Mr. Lodge's proposed system the district postoffice inspector protected by inconsistent and complicated rules, could appoint whom he pleased and laugh in the faces of the people when they saw fit to object. There may be some room for improvement over the present mode of selecting postmasters, but Mr. Lodge and his reform colleagues have failed to present it in a practical form.

To most people in Washington the Capital by day is as familiar as their own homes. But when night comes and the street-seers and place-hunters are driven out, when the noisy house and stolid Senate have both adjourned for the day and the last committee clerk has gone home, then the capital is altogether a different place. The Senate usually ends its day's proceedings in secret session, when the galleries are cleared, and so the change from animation to its suspension is less pronounced and sudden. But in the House wing the transition from bustling activity to silence and desertion is remarkably quick and complete, especially when the session has lasted till well into evening. When the speaker's gavel is finally laid down the members hurry out in groups of two or three, the galleries empty their usually scanty crowds into the corridors, and the whole lot swarm out at the various doors to go to dinner or worse. The big white building is in the hands of the Capital police force, and they are summoned for the night. No one is admitted save members of Congress, clerks of committees and messengers, or people who have business in some part of the building. By midnight the last of the late staying members and committee clerks has gone home, and the capital is left to the watchers and mice. The tessellated floors of the long corridors reach to no footstep to the vaulted ceilings, save when once an hour a solitary watchman passes on his rounds. In the Senate end of the capitol there is one room that is watched with especial solicitude. This room contains the executive files of the Senate the records of the what the Senate does when it hides its chamber and communes alone, out, more or less, of the high light of the public press. One of the watchmen is especially charged with regarding these secrets at night, and he is never far

away from the room in which they are. It is well into the morning before the Capital wakes and becomes again the most interesting place in Washington. Its frequenters are late risers for the most part. But the Capitol is the first building in all Washington the sun shines on. His earliest beams kiss the bronze lips of the helmeted Goddess of Liberty that stands on the dome of the Capitol several minutes before he gets down to any other. But the Goddess is well warmed in the sun's rays before the Capitol displays any signs of animation.

Inspiring strains of music by the marine band, nodding branches from tall graceful palms, arranged in a suit of magnificent apartments on the main floor of the Arlington, were among the attractions which greeted the guests Saturday evening at the reception tented to the representatives of the United States to their associates in the Pan-American Conference. Out of the 700 invitations sent out by the Secretary of State it is safe to say that few regrets were sent, judging from the crowds in attendance until midnight. There was an absence of any formality whatever, but the spirit of fraternity prevailed in the most cordial and enthusiastic degree, and citizens of the sister republics of the American Continent were indeed harmonious and united in having a good time.

### VICTORIA.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PACIFIC PROVINCE METROPOLIS.

The Victoria Times has published a large anniversary number to celebrate the centenary of the finding by the Spaniards of Royal Bay in 1790, the first Europeans to visit the spot. Much information is given in regard to the history and development of the flourishing city which the Times loves to call its home. From the Times summary the following is extracted:—

Victoria ranks as fifth port in the Dominion. The exports for the year 1889 were as follows:—

EXPORTS—PORT OF VICTORIA.	
Mines (gold).....	\$ 490,825
Fisheries.....	2,206,950
Forest.....	150
Animals (furs).....	384,924
Agricultural.....	772
Manufactures.....	34,439

Total.....\$3,088,015  
The imports for the same period were \$2,913,198.

Victoria carries on trade with the United States, Great Britain, Australia, China, Peru, Chili, Sandwich Island, Japan and Mexico, in coal, fish, hides, treasure, lumber and furs. Among the leading resources of the town, apart from its position as a government, social and educational centre, and a manufacturing and commercial city, be named the sealing interests, the fishing and Indian trade of the northwest coast, and the fur trade of the Hudson Bay Company.

Last year 22 British and 8 foreign sealing schooners brought to this port a catch of 35,310 skins, valued at \$247,170.

The shipments of gold dust from the banks amounted to nearly a half a million dollars.

The salmon pack for 1889, of which our merchants handled the greater part, realized the enormous value of \$2,228,617. There have also been several shipments of salted and frozen fish, including the produce of all skill fishery, a new industry.

The coal output of Vancouver Island amounting to 548,503 tons, against 489,300 tons for 1888, including the first shipment from the great Union mines near Comox.

It is estimated that, apart from all the business set forth above, upwards of 70,000 tourists visited the city last summer.

The principal commercial needs of the community are the establishment of a tourist interest on our northwest coast, the extension of the Island railway to Fort Rupert, the construction of the Canada Western Central, connection by ferry with the American system of railways, and the establishment of manufactures.

The population in 1863 numbered 6,000, in 1886 14,000, and is now stated by the City Council to be 20,000, besides some 2,500 Chinese and a few Indians. The increase last year is estimated at 5,241.

### History of Toronto's Debt.

ITS GROWTH SINCE 1834.

The history of the debt is interesting though hard to get at. Prior to the year 1857 the minutes and by-laws of the City Council were in manuscript only and were never printed, nor have they yet. The manuscripts can be seen at the City Hall—a mass of dusty, discolored papers, reams of them—and to go through them all would involve weeks of labor. In 1859 the minutes of the Council and the by-laws were printed for the first time, and since that date, it is not a difficult, if a tedious matter to dissect them.

The following brief history of the city debt, how it first commenced, how it has grown and what it has been contracted for, will be interesting.—

Toronto was first incorporated in July 1834. The first Mayor was Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. At the time of its incorporation the town had a population of

9,254 souls and no debt. On August 1st 1835, thirteen months after incorporation, R. B. Sullivan, Mayor, under the authority of an Act of the Common Council of the City of Toronto passed on the 17th of July, 1835 issued debentures bearing six per cent. interest to the amount of \$5,000, or \$20,000 currency, payable in one year, for the construction of common sewers in the city. These debentures were signed by A. T. McCord, City Chamberlain, and Mr. Sullivan, Mayor, and were bought by Messrs. Fawcett, Green & Co. This loan was the basis of the present Toronto debt, being the first money borrowed by the city. The history of the transaction can be seen in an old musty, odoriferous manuscript book at the City Hall, the ink very faint in places and the spelling slightly different to that taught in the Public Schools to-day. The whole of that first debt, principal and interest, was paid off by August 1st, 1836.

Before that loan was paid off, however, another loan was placed on the market by vote of the then City Council. The debentures were dated January 29, 1836, and the loan was \$300 or \$1,400 in currency, payable at the end of one year at the Bank of Upper Canada, with interest at 6 per cent. The purchaser was a F. T. Billings, and the money was borrowed to help to pay off the previous loan of \$500. The security offered was four acres of land, now the site of St. Lawrence Market and Hall. The city has never been out of debt from that time to the present. Between 1836 and 1840 several small loans, all at 6 per cent., were borrowed, the creditors being Toronto people, and the debentures were payable at the Bank of Upper Canada, F. T. Billings being one of the principal of the city creditors. The amounts borrowed appear ridiculously small in these days of great things; there were loans for \$150, \$200, \$250, the pound sterling in those days being worth \$4 in Upper Canada currency.

To go through all those musty old manuscripts would entail days of labor, and when completed would always be a suspicion that something had been overlooked, and the result might be inaccurate. A brief perusal of them, however, shows one thing, viz; that the City Fathers in those days were very rarely absent from the meeting of the Council, and the reason was, that over their heads hung a by-law imposing a sharp fine for non-attendance.

The debt of Toronto has gradually grown from the time when Mr. Sullivan was Mayor to the present, and it is today:—

For general purposes.....\$11,080,532.95  
For local improvements..... 2,130,523.73

Total.....\$13,211,356.68

The amount of interest paid yearly on this debt and the amount required for sinking fund to eventually wipe out the debentures as they fall due is \$860,000, which has to come out of the year's taxes. Last year, 1889, the taxes amounted to \$2,195,000, this year they will amount to a great deal more, nearly \$20,000,000 having been added to the city's assessment last year. The borrowing powers of the city are limited by Act of Parliament to 12½ per cent. on the first one hundred million dollars of assessment, and to 8 per cent. on any excess over \$100,000,000. The city has, yet very large borrowing powers.

### Britton.

Robert Stevenson, who is at present teaching in Wellington Co., spent the Easter holidays with his parents.

Miss Clara Boyd owing to sickness, was not able to resume her duties on the re-opening of school, however, we are glad to hear she is recovering speedily and will be able to be around in a few days. Her brother, Samuel, who came down from Goderich, where he has been attending the High School, for his holidays, is taking charge of her school.

### Newry.

Lots and some to give away—mud. Ed. Harvey has obtained a situation as teacher in Manitoba.

George Harvey is home from Toronto Medical School and looks well.

S. H. Harding was presiding examiner in our school at the promotion examination last week.

James Coulter is suffering from a severe cold and a slight attack of inflammation on the lungs.

Will Gray has been visiting at Honey Grove this last week. There must be something sweet about the place as it is the apple of his eye.

Samuel Gray and Dan Lineham, the former of Stratford Collegiate Institute, and the latter of Goderich Collegiate Institute, are housed under the parental roof.

The salary in connection with the post office here has been increased by \$18, owing to increase of business. Mr. Gee is a shrewd business man and says that it pays to advertise in THE BEE.

The road work this spring is to be spent in making a sidewalk through the village and extending it as far north as the floor will reach. All the villagers have promised to give extra days of money and the thing has assumed a practical shape, and time will see us in possession of a good walk to Atwood. Let the Atwoodites join hands with the Newryites in this good work and the benefit derived therefrom will be unspeakable. (Give us your paw.—Ed.)

# THE OLD LETTER.

## CHAPTER II.

At a sign from Miss Poining, after a moment of painful silence, Hester Gretworth dropped the curtain with a gesture of despair. As she turned towards me, I noticed that her lips were trembling and that tears glistened in her eyes.

"That picture," said Miss Poining, "is a portrait of my nephew, Reginald Gretworth—this young lady's brother. It was taken five years ago. He was a law-student at that time in Lyon's Inn. May I ask how long you have resided there?"

"Three years this autumn," was my reply. Then I added: "My rooms are No. 7."

"No. 7?" said Hester faintly. "Those are the very rooms which my brother occupied before?"

"But Miss Poining finished the sentence: 'Before he disappeared.'"

She then went on to inform me that the furniture, which I had purchased, had belonged to him. "Since then—for the last three years," added Miss Poining, "we have heard nothing of him. This letter, which you have been kind enough to bring us, is dated more than three years back. It contains no news; it only confirms all that we dreaded might be the reason for his disappearance. We are still in ignorance as to whether he is living or dead."

What answer could I make? I did not yet feel fully convinced that the incident of yesterday was more than a dream; and it is possible that Miss Poining, with some knowledge of the matter-of-fact legal mind, understood that no questioning would lead me to commit myself to any opinion without clearer identification. It was a strange coincidence; but that was no great consolation. I began to wish that I had burnt that mysterious letter before I had brought it to this quiet home; it seemed to have revived in the hearts of those two women such a deeply-rooted sorrow.

Miss Poining expressed a hope, when I rose to take my leave, that I would visit them again. I have little doubt in my own mind that I should have found some excuse for calling even had she said nothing; for Hester Gretworth had in this one short hour made a most pleasing impression upon me. No hint had been given me in Dean Street as to her brother's motive for his disappearance; but I soon learnt from a firm of lawyers with whom I was on intimate terms that there was a warrant out against a man named Reginald Poining Gretworth, who formerly occupied my rooms at No. 7 Lyon's Inn, on an accusation of forgery. Every one, they added, believed that he was dead.

Months went by; another autumn came round with its withered leaves and dull gusty weather. I had learnt to love Hester Gretworth as a man only can love one. I was no longer a briefless barrister; through interest and hard work I was gradually becoming recognized at the bar; and if I could win this girl's heart, there would be, I thought, no happier man imaginable. No obstacle, not one I could recognize—lay in our path. Miss Poining and I were the best of friends; no word about my love for Hester ever passed her lips. But there was a tacit understanding between us on the subject which no words could have made more explicit. My serious fears—fears that sometimes almost drove me to despair—were concerning Hester Gretworth herself. Did she care for me? Sometimes—when we sat under the old plane-tree in the little back garden of a summer's evening—I thought that, though I had not yet spoken, she loved me, and in a manner, as I fancied, too marked to be misunderstood. At last I screwed up my courage and resolved to bring all doubts to an end. The chance soon occurred. Miss Poining had left us alone, as she frequently found occasion to do, and we were standing near one of the windows, looking out upon dreary old Dean Street, where the lamplighter was hurrying along with his ladder and distributing tremulous lights along the narrow thoroughfare. Hester was moving away; and, as I thought, an excuse was on her lips for leaving the room.

"Miss Gretworth, why do you avoid me? If you only knew—but you must have guessed it long ago—how dear your presence is to me! I have so much to say to you, if you would only give me one word, one look, the right to speak."

"She became greatly agitated, but she made no reply. 'Ever since I have known you,' said I, 'for a whole year, you have been most in my thoughts—never, indeed, absent from them. My greatest ambition while working, sometimes day and night, has been to make a home for you, one in which my only aim would be to bring you happiness. Hester, I love you. I can keep silent no longer. Will you be my wife?'

She stood at some little distance from me with clasped hands and head bent low. Looking up now, tearfully, despairingly into my face, she said: "I cannot; it can never be."

Had it not been for the look she unconsciously gave me—a look of overwhelming love while she spoke—her answer would have been more than I could have borne.

She continued in a troubled tone: "It grieves me deeply, more deeply than I can tell you, to be forced to give the least pain to one for whom I have such a very, very deep regard."—I opened my lips to question her; but she raised her hand entreatingly, and said: "I implore you, Mr. West, let me show you how impossible it is for me ever to be your wife. The name of Gretworth has been disgraced. Reginald, of whom we once had every reason to be proud, has brought this trouble upon us. I could not have believed it possible—nothing would induce me to believe it now—had he not as good as confessed his guilt in that conscience-stricken letter which you brought us a year ago. At any moment—my heart seems to stand still when I think of it—my brother may be arrested and brought to justice! Can you believe that I—knowing what dishonour is hanging over his head—would consent to throw a blight over your brilliant career! Let us try to forget—if it be possible—that we have ever met."

"Forget? Oh Hester, that can never be. Do not your words assure me that—more than I dared to hope—you love? There is no sacrifice—this of your brother's misfortune is none—that I would not gladly bear for your sake. Give me the right, dear Hester, to share this trouble with you. May you not some day need my aid? If

your brother still lives, if he is ever found, will he not retain me for the defence? A man is innocent in the eyes of the law until the word 'Guilty' has been pronounced. Is there no gleam of hope?"

Tears came into Hester's eyes—tears of gratitude, more touching than words. But when I said, "Is there no gleam of hope?" she slowly shook her head.

We parted; and as long as I live, as long as my memory last never shall I regret that parting without a sense of pain. I was too restless to return to Lyon's Inn; I walked like a raving madman through the city into the darkest and most deserted streets that could be found in the east of London; and I chose the river-side, where the wind would perhaps cool my heated brain.

But something presently happened—something that gave me new purpose. I was hurrying along in sight of the Thames, when a man ran swiftly past me. This man, upon whose face the light from the lamplight fell, reminded me strangely of my dream of a year ago. I turned instantly to follow; I heard the footsteps, and saw the dark figure creeping along under the high wall of a huge dockyard, where the lamps, hanging from brackets, were far apart. For some minutes I kept this shadow, I can call it nothing else, persistently in view. Was it Reginald Gretworth? I hoped revived in my heart at the mere suggestion. I shouted his name; but no answer came back. The figure grew more dim; and at last it disappeared across the drawbridge, where I could hear the wind whistling mournfully in the rigging of large ships which were lying in the docks beyond.

Night after night, following upon this incident, I wandered about the neighbourhood of Limehouse. It brought a certain relief to my restless spirit. I had begun to experience a faint hope that Hester's brother was still living; and if he could be found, a new light would be thrown upon the crime of which he was accused; for a careful investigation, which I made with the assistance of the firm lawyers who had a knowledge of the case, convinced me that Reginald Gretworth was more "sinned against than sinning." His sudden disappearance had awakened a strong suspicion of guilt; but nothing positive concerning the forgery had been proved against him.

My visits to Dean Street had ceased. But I wrote to Miss Poining and asked her—if she saw no objection—to send this firm of lawyers a copy of the strange letter which I had found that eventful evening upon my hearth rug at Lyon's Inn.

Returning late to my rooms, after one of these barren midnight searches in the East end, I threw myself into my chair by the fire-side completely worn out. Again the rustling of the dead leaves outside, blown about by gusts of wind, sounded to my drowsy senses like some one crossing the courtyard; I fancied, in a dream, that I was following quick footsteps—the footsteps of Reginald Gretworth—through dark ways, where I groped along like one who is blind. And yet I had no fear of the darkness; for every moment the footsteps grew louder as I gained upon them; and at last they sounded so close that I sprang forward to grasp the runaway; and in the effort I started and awoke. Or was I still dreaming? On the opposite side of the hearth, in the old armchair sat the man with the pale face and black beard as I had seen him in my fancied dream a year ago. I could not speak or move; my limbs seemed to be paralysed and my tongue too. A strong inclination to express myself by word and action was there, but all volition had deserted me. The man now rose from his chair, as he had previously done. Meeting my glance, he held out towards me—not a letter this time—a rusty-looking key. "Take it!"—he spoke in a hoarse voice—"I will trouble you no more."

In an instant—at the first sound of his voice—my paralysis vanished. "What key is this?"

"The key to No. 7 Lyon's Inn."

"To my rooms?"

He nodded, and stepped towards the door.

"Stay!—Answer me one question: Are you Reginald Gretworth?"

His hand was on the latch. He looked at me with a searching glance and said: "What can that matter to you?"

"I will tell you. A year ago, you brought me a letter: you gave it to me in my sleep. I was so tired that I thought at the time that I had dreamt it. The letter was addressed to Miss Poining, Dean Street, Soho."

For a moment the man looked bewildered, as if he had half-forgotten the incident. But his face presently brightened, and he said: "I remember. In those days I was worried out of my life. It was like a dream to me. My name is Reginald Gretworth. What became of that letter?"

I told him; and then I related, in as few words as possible, how I had become a constant visitor at Miss Poining's house, and what grief his disappearance had occasioned.

He listened attentively to every word, and seemed much concerned; but I still observed a slightly bewildered look in his eyes. After glancing despairingly round the room, he said: "What could I do? An old schoolfellow—a man in a good position in the city—came and asked me to endorse a bill for five hundred pounds. I gave him my signature. A few weeks afterwards, my friend was pressed—owing to some irregularity which I could not get him to explain—to 'retire' the bill. He had not the money to meet it; and I could no more pay such a sum than he could. Learning from him that he must leave the country—I have no idea where he has gone—I also went abroad. It may be years," he added, "before I shall be able to settle this debt, and so—"

"Do you call it a debt?" said I, looking him keenly in the face. "I should call it by a far worse name than that."

He met my glance unflinchingly. "What would you call it?"

"A forgery."

A startled look came across his face—a look of blank amazement. He spoke scarcely above a whisper: "I knew nothing of this. Who is accused?"

In a low voice I answered him: "You." He gasped as though he had received a keen stab. Sinking down into a chair, he pressed his hands to his forehead and stared vacantly before him into space.

I stood looking at this man, the brother of the woman whom I dearly loved, and the thought crossed my mind: "What a weak character is this that I have got to deal

with!" But I soon had reason to alter my opinion. Reginald Gretworth suddenly sprang up with an expression of purpose in his whole attitude. He was a changed man.

"I will stop," said he, "and face this affair. Had I known," he added, "that it was a case of forgery, I would never have left these rooms. This is indeed a grave accusation, and I will not rest until my innocence has been proved."

I was overjoyed at his words. "Let me defend you," cried I. "You are not guilty; I am convinced of that. I have already gone deeply into the matter, and your presence was all that was needed in order to remove the suspicion which your disappearance had roused in everybody's mind."

He grasped my hand and said: "This is true friendship. What have I done to deserve it?"

Reginald Gretworth little knew. As soon as I had proved him innocent and had restored him to his place in society, would not Hester Gretworth consent to become my wife?

We sat down face to face under the shaded lamp and went thoroughly into the affair that very night; and during our conversation he explained to me how the letter to Miss Poining appeared so dusty and faded as it had done. He had placed it in the corner of an old cup-board in the hall outside, with the intention of returning for it. His latchkey—the rusty one which he had given me the evening—had been dropped into a hole under the staircase, and had remained there ready for use in case he should at any time find it possible to steal into his rooms at Lyon's Inn, as he had done on the night when he handed me the letter.

That letter, composed hurriedly, had been vaguely expressed. "I am concerned," he had written, "in the drawing-up of a bill for five hundred pounds—the man who asked me to endorse the draft is a scoundrel; but I am little better than he." And so it happened that even Hester had been led to believe that her brother was guilty.

The man who misled him was never brought to justice. But it was soon shown, to the satisfaction of every one concerned—by letters and other documents in Gretworth's hands—that he was unaware of any criminal action on the part of his schoolfellow. This individual had forged the name of a large City house, and in order to remove any possible suspicion as to whether the bill was genuine or not, he had asked his friend to endorse it. His object in raising the money was to restore credit at his banker's. Signs of suspicion on the part of the bill-brokers who had discounted the bill had alarmed him; and being unable to get the forged draft into his possession again without paying the amount—namely, five hundred pounds—he had quietly decamped.

Nearly twenty-five years ago! In a few months' time Hester and I hope to celebrate our silver wedding. Reginald Gretworth, under my guidance, had proved his innocence; and so I had won the hand of the woman who had already given me her heart.

Soon after our marriage, I remember, the notice to quit Lyon's Inn arrived. It was "coming down." And when I recall to mind its mouldering walls and cracking staircases, it is a surprise to me that the place had not "come down" of its own accord. Not a stone remains to indicate the precise locality of this ancient landmark of old London; but upon the site of old Lyon's Inn—haunted no longer now—two theatres have been built, and the gloom has gone.

Are dramas that are played there now, sometimes wonder, as stirring as those which were played at various times in that old inn of Chancery?

(THE END.)

## AGRICULTURE.

### Making Good Butter.

BY O. M. TINKHAM, OF VERMONT.

I am called an old fogey; I believe as good butter can be made in the old-fashioned way as by any other. We hear a great deal of the damages of dirt and the ravages of bacteria. The trouble is not so much in the dairy as in the milk before it comes to the house. The dairymaid is not so much in fault as the man who keeps his cows in a dirty stable. Manure piled up in a stable is a common condition of too many stables. The dairymaid can make as good butter on her premises as can be made at a creamery. If he has not the conveniences to do this work, then it is best to send the cream to a factory.

How shall we set our milk? It will do as well if the milk is set in six-quart pans. It may be set in the cold setting or in the large, open pans; all are good.

How shall we treat our cream? If we ripen our cream we sour it, and if we sour our cream we ripen it. In the best five makers in the New York City show, four of them raised the cream in open pans. The small-pan system is the most work. I set in old-fashioned ten-quart pans, and skim when the milk has set 36 hours; set in a cool milk-room. Skim and put it into the cream-pot, and churn till the butter comes, working in granulations. The New-York City prize butter had little grain; at the Ray State it had grain. The first prize went to a little from milk set in pans and churned in a dash churn. With the other prizes there was no attempt at granulation. My prize same way; no washing or attempt at granulation.

Prime necessities: To know how—first, good cows; second, good feed, and further on, care with cleanliness. Set your milk anyway. Working and packing: The first business is to make the butter to suit your customers. Our butter is sold every week now at 23 to 27 cts. per pound. Meet the customer as he wants it, in the form and salted as he wants it.

We average 270 lbs. to the cow; one man 330 lbs. He has only three cows. The cows are graded Jerseys and pure-bred. This crossing he gave thirty years ago. A yearling Jersey bull came first, and from this small specimen came our start, and with the continued crossing with Jerseys the success in butter-making in Vermont. We have never had any other class of bulls since. We had to get our living out of butter, and we had an eye single to butter and butter alone.

We never fooled with fancy points. The bulls from the best cows, regardless of color, were saved for sires. We feed to suit our customers. Good ensilage is all right; the bad stuff will taint the milk. Cottonseed meal gave me bad results, but I think the cottonseed meal was old (no doubt of it, and fermented.) We feed two quarts of bran and two quarts of corn meal, with clover hay. We feed grain in the summer with pasture. We aim to give our cows all they will eat. We feed a little and often, to

tempt our cows. We turn out our cows from 10 to 3 o'clock pleasant days. The water is under cover, where the cows go when they are in the yard. We put our butter in print. When there is a glut of this, the dealers pack the prints in tubs, as it will keep better. The cows come in every month in the year. Make your butter with your name, and make a name for it.

### Breeding for Eggs.

The Western Ploughman has the following on this subject:

There is a statement before us of the number of eggs that hens of different breeds ought to lay in a year under good conditions. Houdans and Black Spanish are rated at 155, Plymouth Rocks and Hamburgs at 150, Leghorns at 160, Creve Coeurs at 145, Games at 140, Dominiques and La Fleche at 135, Brahmas and Partridge Cochins at 130. Of these the light Brahmas, Cochins, and La Fleche lay eggs weighing a pound to each seven; the Dark Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Houdans, Creve Coeurs, Spanish, Leghorn, and Dominiques a pound to eight, and the Hamburgs and Games a pound to nine. If this statement is correct, the Leghorn is the best layer, giving the owner 20 pounds of eggs each year, the Houdans and Black Spanish being next, with only ten ounces less, the Plymouth Rock third with 18 pounds, 12 ounces, while the Games with only 15½ pounds, are the lowest.

Now for the non-fancier it would seem that there is something wrong here. The best hen named here gives her owner only three eggs a week on the average, spending four days out of seven in idleness. Is this the best the hen can do, or is it true that the attention of the fanciers has been occupied too much with feathers and combs, and not enough with actual value of the hens? Is the word "fancier" really descriptive of the man that raises hens? If so, wouldn't it be well to get a new name to apply to men who have less "fancy" about them and more appreciation of actual value? We can understand why a Jersey cow that will make 30 pounds of butter a week or Holsteins that will give big yields of milk is valuable, but we confess to an inability to see why a particular size and color of comb or feathers is valuable unless there is egg-laying or meat-producing capacity with them. There was once a craze for black points in Jerseys. Since butter yields have become the test of Jerseys, we have heard very little or nothing of the "black points."

How would it do for the fanciers to breed a hen that will lay from 200 to 250 eggs in a year? Wouldn't such a hen be better than one that would score 100 under the present system.

### Shearing Sheep.

Sheep should always be shorn on smooth, clean floors. We cannot over rate the importance of close and even clipping. If the fleece is not taken off evenly, but tufts left here and there which require clipping off afterwards, it will be deteriorated in value, and the scraps of wool taken off by a second clipping will be consigned to the locks and will sell for a lower price than the fleece wool. Another consideration is to avoid cutting the skin of the sheep. Whenever a sheep is cut the wound should be covered with tar as a protection against the fly. When a large number of shearers are employed, a boy is usually in attendance with a pot of tar, and runs at the call of any shearer who wants him. Another point that requires great attention is not allowing the fleeces to be broken. It is generally the result of gross carelessness, especially in men running one another or striving who will shear most. The shearing boards should be kept constantly swept and kept clean from pieces and locks. Let the brooms in use be of good quality, so that fibers may not break off and get stuck in the wool, doing much harm. All sheep after shearing are branded conspicuously with one or more of the initial letters of the owner's name. This mark is made by a simple instrument consisting of a wooden handle with an iron shank, at the end of which are the capital letters used. A few words of observation, but a mixture of ruddle and grass is preferable to either. The rain has little effect on it and it remains perfectly legible and conspicuous from one shearing to another, and on the application of hot water it becomes soft and easily washed off. By branding in different places you can have a distinguishing mark by which to know at a glance the age, sex, etc., of any particular flock.

Fleece wool is classed under the general heads of combing and clothing, and these classes are again subdivided into two or three different sorts. Where the quality of the wool reaches a superfine standard, it is usual to make three sorts of each, but when the fleeces do not reach that standard two sorts of each will be sufficient, viz., first and second combing and first and second clothing. When the staple is less than two inches in length it is placed in the clothing class, and anything from two inches upward goes into the combing class. Lambs' wool is divided into first, second and sometimes third class. Greasy wool which has missed the general washing is also kept separate from the rest. The large pieces taken off in skinning go under the head of "pieces," and what is swept off the shearing floor from under the wool table is called "locks."

The men appointed to roll the fleeces spread them on the wool table with the clipped side downward. They first of all remove all extra substances, such as dung, grass or burrs. They also pull off any stained portions, any coarse or kempy parts, also the belly wool, and all matted portions are thrown aside. This done they are folded over toward the middle of the fleece. The neck is then folded toward the breech and the breech toward the neck. When folded close and compact a string is passed round it and tied so as to prevent any disarrangement in its passage to the press.

The fleeces should never be thrown about but carried carefully and placed compactly in the press. The bales should be as near one weight as possible. As soon as a bale is turned out of the press it should receive a temporary mark to indicate the description of wool it contains. In branding the bales it is a good plan to put each class of wool under consecutive numbers. Wool packing and cleaning ought to be done in the best and most thorough fashion. A bale of wool is the product of a whole year, and has not been got without a deal of trouble and expense.

The Dominion Holstein Breeders' Association held their semi-annual meeting in Woodstock last week.

## The Chautauqua Movement.

The marvellous success that has attended the Chautauqua movement, which in a single decade has grown until it numbers more than 100,000 students in its Literary and Scientific Circles, has encouraged the authorities of Chautauqua University, of which Bishop Vincent is Chancellor, to put forth even greater efforts to bridge the gulf that lies between a common school and a university education, and to bring within reach of the general public the more practical and useful of the higher branches of learning. This newest enterprise will be known by the name of University-Extension and contemplates the establishment of courses of lectures in towns and cities which are prepared to furnish an audience of 200 or 250 persons. A course will consist of twelve weekly lectures, each occupying about an hour, and will be delivered by specialists who have been already trained in American or European Universities and who have been successful in conducting popular courses of instruction. In order that students may have an opportunity of familiarizing their minds with the principles of the subject and getting their special difficulties explained, three quarters of an hour preceding or following the lecture will be spent in conversations and discussions. The curriculum embraces subjects bearing upon good citizenship, popular government, modern science and its practical application, etc., etc. It is not designed that these local lectures shall in any way act as rivals to the regular colleges and Universities; on the contrary, it is the wish of the promoters of the enterprise that the different colleges and universities of Canada and the United States will co-operate with them and from the ranks of their best men furnish lecturers who shall take part in the work. Not vainly but the welfare of the citizenship of this continent is the motive which inspires and impels them.

Though the movement is new on this side of the Atlantic, it is not by any means an untried experiment. For nearly twenty years it has been carried on in England. It originated in Cambridge in 1872 and is largely the work of public spirited professors and graduates. The work is under the direction of a committee in behalf of whom a smaller Executive Committee appoints lecturers from among the younger university men, who are qualified not only by special attainments but by natural ability and a genuine interest in popular education. According to their annual report of 1888, "The purpose of the local lecturers is to provide the higher education for persons of all classes and of both sexes engaged in the regular occupations of life. It is, in fact, an attempt to solve the problem of how much of what the Universities do for their own students can be done by means of University teachers for persons unable to go to a University." Very gratifying success has attended the efforts of the Cambridge men. Within ten years, six hundred organized courses of local lectures were given, reaching in all no less than sixty thousand Englishmen. Following the example of Cambridge, Oxford has entered vigorously upon the work of Extension Lectures and has enjoyed a popular success no less gratifying than that of the pioneer in the work. Others besides these ancient institutions of learning are moving along the same lines. Speaking of this department of their work Dr. J. G. Fitch, Chief Inspector of the Training Colleges of England recently remarked: "Our Universities, two of which are at least a thousand years old, instead of being worn out are putting forth every year new energy, sending out missionaries in the most distant towns and hamlets, are instituting examinations all over the country, helping every form of higher secondary education."

It is too much to hope that all will regard this new enterprise with favor. It is to be expected that some will condemn the scheme because of the relatively superficial nature of the knowledge that will thus be gained. Certainly the study of the different subjects cannot be as exhaustive and thorough as in the regular colleges and Universities; but as Bishop Vincent was wont to remark when advocating the Chautauqua reading circles, "It is better to know a little of everything than nothing of anything." But while the knowledge gained can only be somewhat general, this advantage may be confidently hoped for, that the students will get a start in their chosen branches, and that they will have had explained to them many of those perplexing questions which lie so thickly strewn about the entrance of every department of study. It may be hoped that they will have had their feet placed firmly on the way so that by individual effort and study they will be able to steadily progress in gaining a fuller and more complete knowledge of the subjects chosen. In view, therefore, of the history of the movement in the Motherland; in view of the character of the men who are leading in this country; and in view of the incalculable benefits that must come to those communities that avail themselves of this agency, the movement deserves the hearty support of every citizen who believes in education as a means of uplifting and refining those who receive it.

Prince Bismarck was born on April 1st, 1815, and on that day he attained the age of seventy-five years. The young Emperor is only thirty-one years old, but he evidently thinks that he knows better how to rule Germany than the giant among statesmen whose services he has just dispensed with. Before he is much older he may learn that he is mistaken.

A joke, which costs a man \$250 is a luxury in which few persons can afford to indulge. Such, however, was the price paid by a young farmer in the vicinity of Brockville for the joke, as he seemed to consider it, of playing fast and loose with the affections of a young lady of his acquaintance, whose consent to marry he had secured. He appears to have disregarded the fact that we have a law which aims at discouraging the inconstancy of lovers, and which imposes a penalty upon those who say "will you?" to-day, and "good-bye forever," to-morrow. The lightness with which he treated the matter, as evidenced in his letter of farewell to the young woman, and in his peculiar manner while answering before the courts, was not shared in by the jury who tried his case, and who awarded the deserted young lady \$250 as a solatium for her wounded feelings. Not many will grieve with the young man over the result of the trial; nor would they if he had been mulcted for a much larger sum. No person with a heart can sympathize with such trifling with the affections of another.

**HEALTH**

**Wheat Meal Versus White Flour.**

To attain a condition of perfect health certain requirements must be fully met. This fundamental declaration is imperative, and the disobeying of the law is constantly showing itself in a diversity of ailments.

The various forms of machinery that are used in our manufactures receive constant attention. Only the kinds of oil are applied that have the best lubricating power, and as a result, the machinery runs smoothly and even noiselessly. The human machine *per contra* is constantly getting out of order, the nerves, bones and muscles are imperfectly supplied with the proper pabulum, and as a consequence, we have disturbances manifesting themselves in the shape of disordered health. The blood circulates when its victim cringes with neuralgic pains, for better sustenance, but the cry is generally in vain,—the same food is supplied *ad nauseam*. Why should men heed the laws that govern the inanimate, and not pay due attention to the living organism. Perhaps we find the key to this heedlessness in the words of that great stoic philosopher Seneca, who wrote eighteen hundred years ago: "There is nothing against which we ought to be more on guard, than like a flock, following the crowd of those who have preceded us,—going as we do, not where we ought to go, but where men have walked before."

Draper in his physiology likens the body to the flame of a candle,—it is constantly being fed and is constantly burning away. The quality of the light will wholly depend on the material supplied. In the same way, to attain a robust, vigorous, and healthy condition, mankind must take as food only that sort which contains those ingredients that are essential. Too much of one kind, or too little of another, disturbs the equilibrium. Bread has been called the staff of life, and yet this figure of speech, in view of the kind of bread that most persons eat, is a decided misnomer. The ordinary white flour, which forms the basis of so much food that is eaten, is principally a starch compound, and contains only three of the fifteen elements that go to compose the body, namely, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

To prove that white flour does not meet the requirements of the body, Magendie fed it wholly to a number of dogs, and at the end of forty days they died. Others to whom he gave the wheat meal, at the end of this time were in first-class condition. More than half of the children under twelve years of age have decayed teeth owing to the insufficient supply of the required mineral ingredients, and this deficiency is caused as a rule by eating white bread. Dyspepsia, constipation, loss of nerve power, and many other diseases are produced by improper feeding. Sulphur is required for growth of the hair, yet white flour does not contain a trace; the phosphates are also notably lacking, and as these substances are absolutely necessary in the animal economy, then arguing *a priori*, the use of bread as ordinarily prepared should be interdicted.

When flour is made of the whole grain of the wheat, we have an article of food which contains all the elements that the body requires for its support; and this flour should be universally used in spite of the false esthetic taste that demands a "white loaf"; for such theories of taste tend by the canons of common-sense to lose its force; and what the body demands should be the touch-stone, rather than what pleases the eye of the unthinking housewife.

To paraphrase the words of Sydney Smith, in reference to the various forms of errors that still hold with tenacious grip their sway: "The centuries that have passed have had ample opportunity to display the full bloom of their imbecility," and it would seem quite time to call a halt in the way of improper feeding.

Sir Henry Thompson in an article on "Diet," says: "I have come to the conclusion that a proportion amounting to at least more than one-half of the diseases which embitter the middle and latter part of life among the different classes of the population are due to avoidable errors in diet."

**A Mistake to Exercise for Strength Alone.**

When great muscular strength or agility follows in the wake of physical exercise, these should be regarded as incidental and entirely subordinate to the health of body which the exercise has secured. To exercise for strength alone, and to estimate it as the chief aim is an inexcusable blunder. There is no necessary physiological, causal relation between strength and health. Indeed it is a notorious fact that professional athletes are often defective in some bodily organ, and they generally die early in life from either heart or lung trouble. Developing certain sets of muscles to the exclusion of others makes the muscular system unsymmetrical, and interferes with the equable distribution of the general blood supply. Inordinate development of muscular power calls for unnatural activity from the central vital organs, and thus it frequently occurs that under the strain of some special effort the heart or lungs fail, and death results.

**The Cure of Consumption.**

The Boston Herald recently mentioned the case of the father of a highly respected Boston physician who, at a somewhat late stage of consumption, when so weak as to be hardly able to walk, took his horse and chaise, and with a friend as a companion, journeyed from place to place for several weeks, and returned practically cured.

What was the secret of that cure? Clearly not medical drugs. Yet it is just these that the consumptive generally relies on almost exclusively, taking the prescription daily in his cushioned chair, until he is lifted to his bed, to wear out the little remnant of his life.

From first to last his medicines have merely, or mainly, made him feel more comfortable, while the disease has steadily progressed to the fatal end.

In the case of the wisest man mentioned above, pure air was the chief element of cure; and the pure air was kept pure, for, while his own breathing tended to infect it, he was constantly leaving the infection behind him. To the consumptive pure air is always the first requisite, and the main value of winter resorts is in their allowing the patient to spend so large a part of his time out of doors.

A distinguished physician once said that if he were attacked with consumption, he would build a shed to his house and sleep in it. Thus, through the free circulation, he would avoid the constant re-breathing of his own infected breath.

But in the case under consideration, the breathing of pure air was not the only advantage of the course pursued. The man's daily travel gave him a gentle exercise suited to his condition. Diseases can be thrown off only by the activity of the various life-processes—digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, and the many chemical and vital changes.

Now it is an established fact that a certain amount of physical exercise is essential to such activity of the vital processes. In the case of the sick, it is especially essential, since the system must be daily ridding itself of morbid matter, and being making unwonted draughts on its recuperative power.

In some cases a horse's back would be better than the chaise; but the exercise must never be fatiguing.

Another element of the cure was the change of scene. It is a great help to have the mind diverted from one's symptoms, and pleasantly taken up with new surroundings, as far as possible removed from ordinary business cares and the accustomed routine of thought.

But consumption is a disease which specially demands aid in keeping up a feeble appetite. The invalid must be enabled to eat a liberal supply of easily digested food, and the above conditions all tend to serve him in this direction.

**To Disinfect a Room.**

The best means to disinfect a room which has been occupied by a person suffering from any infectious disease is to burn sulphur in the room. To do this take a dishpan and place a flat plate in the bottom of it, and on this plate set a kettle containing the proper amount of sulphur mixture—equal quantities of sulphur and charcoal. Fill the pan with water so that it will come half way up on the kettle. Then turn alcohol or benzine on the mixture, ignite and get out of the room as speedily as possible. Alcohol is much the best to use, and two or three ounces will be sufficient for several pounds of sulphur. Let the room remain closed for twenty-four hours. The room should be left open for another twenty-four hours and then thoroughly cleaned, the furniture washed with disinfectant solution, the walls newly kalsomined or papered and the wood-work covered with fresh paint.

The room should be prepared previously by having every crack about floors and windows tightly pasted or stoppied up. The object of using water is that the heat of the kettle will cause evaporation and send moisture out into the room; for, the spores being very tenacious of life, dry sulphur fumes are not sufficient to kill them all. In the dry state the product is simply oxide of sulphur, but when water is added we have sulphurous acid, which is powerful enough to kill all the spores as well as the germs.

**The Domestic Doctor.**

Ordinary sticking plaster is an excellent remedy for corns. It keeps the surface soft, and prevents that rubbing which is the immediate cause of corns.

Dr. Flint says: "I have never known a dyspeptic to recover vigorous health who undertook to live after a strictly regulated diet, and I have never known an instance of a healthy person living according to a dietetic system who did not become a dyspeptic."

*Good Housekeeping* gives us the following cough remedy: Pour one and a half pints of water on a ten cent package of bonaset. Let it steep by the fire ten or fifteen minutes, then strain it. Sweeten it with two and a half coffee cups of loaf sugar, then add half a pint of Jamaica rum and bottle it. Dose a child with one teaspoonful before each meal; adult, a sherry glassful.

The *Scientific American* gives the following cure: At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child, make the room close, then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire, so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass out. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.

**Do They Suffer Pain?**

A writer in *Forest and Stream*, in an interesting contribution, argues that fish when caught on the hook suffer no pain and that their struggles are merely the result of finding themselves fast. The paper remarks editorially: "We are prepared to believe that fishes are insensible to pain. The pike, after having its mouth torn with a hook, will take the bait as freely as before. We have seen sharks which were disemboweled and thrown away for dead, swim about near the surface and seize food as eagerly as if nothing unusual had occurred. Eel-like fishes are often bitten in halves and make a perfect recovery, sometimes figuring in scientific papers as representatives of entirely new animals. Sun fishes and sticklebacks, which have lost the tail fin and replaced its functions by an extension backward of the dorsal and anal fins are frequently seen." This is a very fine argument and decidedly soothing to the nerves of an over-sensitive angler of rigid humanitarian principles. But just as long as man is compelled to live by death, and enjoys good sport, just so long will he fish and shoot. It is all very well to say the poor beasts do not suffer because they live after being wounded, but do men who survive the loss of their limbs experience no pain in the operation? I am one of those who cannot learn to see a poor dumb brute suffer, but still I am one of those who most thoroughly enjoy a good day's outing with rod or gun. But I seek no consolation for my soul because of doing so, and least of all am I fool enough to believe that fish are insensible to pain. The pike returns to the hook after having its mouth torn just as wounded man or beast will continue the attack on his assailant. Besides, pike are notoriously voracious, and there is hardly a species in the animal creation that will not fight to the bitter end when prompted by hunger.—*Forest and Farm.*

Found at Last.—A practical Friction Grip Pully and Cut off Coupling, simple, efficient, instant in its action, applicable to the heaviest as well as the lightest machines and shafts. Patented in Canada and United States. Send for particulars to Waterous Engine Works, Brantford, Canada, and mention this paper.

**Chance for a Speculation.**

Now don't all run at once for your wallets and check-books! It isn't corner lots in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, or the "Future Great." It isn't options on wheat, corn, pork or lard, nor "puts" or "calls" on Northwestern or Southwestern's, nor yet is it gas, oil, telegraph or telephone stock. It is better than any or all of these. It is a deposit in the Bank of Health, which every one can make by the purchase and use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in all cases of chronic constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, "liver complaint," and the like. Sold the world over.

The professional politician who announces that he has "left the political arena" generally leaves because he got left.

**\$500 Reward.**

So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, that they offer in good faith, the above reward for a case which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at 50 cents.

If we would spare persons we must lash vices.—[Martial.]

Miss Liberty, who holds aloft the torch on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, rejoices in what is literally an iron constitution, and so we don't think it worth while to recommend to her the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. But this is the one great exception which proves the rule. For all the rest of womankind the "Favorite Prescription" is indispensable. The young girl needs its strengthening help at that critical period when she is blossoming into womanhood. The matron and the mother find in it invigoration and relief from the numerous ills which beset their existence. And ladies well advanced in years universally acknowledge the revivifying and restorative effects of this favorite and standard remedy. The only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Let that please man which pleases God.—[Seneca.]

**All Men.**

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak or 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 of vital force having lost its tension very few can be permanently cured. 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, r-p'd 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.

Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good; just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple were always saying this, "Whatever anyone does, I must be emerald and keep my color."—[Marcus Aurelius.]

A. P. 497.

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 Incurable 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.

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

**WATCHES FREE.** 100 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

**CANCER** and TUMOR Specialists. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. G. H. MCMICHAEL, M. D., No. 65 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FENCE**—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard or Town Lots. Prices from 45c per rod, (16 1/2 ft). Send for price list. Toronto Fickett Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

— THE —  
Cheapest and  
**BEST PLACE**  
in America to buy  
Band and Musical  
Instruments,  
Music, &c.

Address **WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.** 133 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

**How much meat is one pound of Johnston's Fluid Beef equal to?**

**JUST THIS:**  
One Pound of Johnston's Fluid Beef contains as much actual and real nutrition as 14 1/2 lbs. of Prime Beef Steak. Therefore, one teaspoonful (or 1/2 an oz) is equal to 1 1/2 lb of Prime Beef Steak.

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.**  
ASK FOR IT, AND TAKE NO OTHER BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Trade Mark. Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.  
DISTRIBUTORS OF THE WORLD-RENOUNDED SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

ENGRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE AND ADVERTISING PURPOSES. J. L. JONES, WOOD ENGRAVER, 10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA.

**NEVER FAILING ST. LEON.**  
Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrible sensation, wretched pain and choking. The very thoughts could me. A friend got cured with St. Leon; urged me to try. I did. The chok-remain in the best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail.  
GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal.

**TREES AND PLANTS**  
COLD MEDALS, SPECIALITY MAIL ORDER, FINE STOCK, GOLD MEDALS, SPECIALITY MAIL ORDER, FINE STOCK, GOLD MEDALS, SPECIALITY MAIL ORDER, FINE STOCK.

1164 QUEEN STREET EAST. Please mention this paper.

**THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.**



Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

**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, 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**ALL STYLES AND DESCRIPTIONS**



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.

**I 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 have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, worst case? Because others have failed, I warrant my remedy to Cure the 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: T. A. BLOOM, 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 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.  
W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.  
J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

**\$10.00 A DAY**—Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address T. A. BLOOM, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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

**Work & Money**

If you want both, go to Great Falls, Mont. and help build the Great Half Million Dollar Dam across the Missouri, the Two Million Dollar Smelter, or one of the Three New Lines of Railway—Nichart Line, Leithbridge Line, and Pacific Coast Line, all being built by the Great Northern Ry. (St. P., M. & M.) 18,000,000 of free farming lands along the line. For particulars send postal card to J. M. HUCKINS, Can. Pass. Agt., 4 Palmer House Block, TORONTO.

**PLATE GLASS**

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

**ARTIFICIAL LIMBS**

**J. DOAN & SON.**  
For Circular Address, Northcote Ave. - Toronto

**POND'S EXTRACT**

THE LADIES' FRIEND

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

# THE BEE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

## COME OFF.

The following item, evidently penned by the editor of the *Advocate*, appeared in the Monkton correspondence, March 28th:—"The council of Elma seem to act with the peoples' money very differently to what they would do with their own. Although sworn to act honestly and impartially, at their last meeting they accepted a tender for printing \$16 higher than that of the *Advocate*." The fact is the Elma township fathers are too wide-awake for the Davis Bros. It appears some years ago the *Advocate* tendered for the Elma printing and got it, together with extra printing, not included in the tender, such as municipal drain by-laws, debentures, etc., but when they presented their bill for the extra printing done it was found to be in excess of what the work was really worth, or in other words, they "tucked it on" the extra work to make up for the loss in the regular contract printing, which they received at a very low tender—a tender much lower than the work could reasonably be done for. This fact we learned from a member of the council, who chanced to have a seat at the board at the time the tender, referred to, was let. It is not an uncommon thing for one or the other of the *Advocate* men to do energetic canvassing for job work in outside towns and villages, where newspapers are established, at figures that are calculated to undermine the regular scale of prices in country offices—prices that are reasonable and in keeping with the class of work. The Chinese, cut-throat racket don't work in Elma worth a cent. The regular Monkton correspondent to the *Advocate* replies to the item, quoted above, very sensibly in this week's issue, which reads as follows: "I notice some person writes a small article finding fault with the Elma council, and the same appeared with my news last week in the *Advocate*. I think the Elma council did right by giving THE BEE the contract for the coming year, even if the tender was \$16 higher than other papers. If our township don't do something for home trade we cannot expect other townships to do so for us, and the price is plenty low enough at what it is let for. We do not like to have a man come back on the council and ask more than the contract was taken for, like a certain man did not 40 miles from here. Live and let live, and no grumbling afterwards."

## Spring Shows.

- Milverton on April 11th.
- Sturford, April 15.
- Elma, at Newry, Tuesday, April 15.
- South Huron, Brucefield, April 16.
- Listowel, at Listowel, April 16.
- East Wawanosh, at Belgrave, April 17.
- East Huron, at Brussels, April 18.

## Monthly Cattle Fairs.

- Atwood—Tuesday before first Friday of each month.
- Listowel—First Friday in each month.
- Guelph—First Wednesday in each month.
- Clifford—Thursday before the Guelph fair.
- Teviotdale—Friday before the Guelph fair.
- Harriston—Friday before the Guelph fair.
- Bosworth—Saturday before the Guelph fair.
- Drayton—Saturday before Guelph.
- Moorefield—Monday before Guelph.
- Elora—The day before Guelph.
- Month.
- Mount Forest—Third Wednesday in each month.
- Millbank—Wednesday before second Tuesday in each month.

## 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.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.  
WM. RODDICK,  
Painter, Brussels.

## FOR SALE.

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

Money advanced to purchasers and others at lowest rates of interest, and best terms for repayment.

Conveyancing Done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

THOS. FULLARTON,  
Commissioner of B. C. J.

ATWOOD

## Pork Packing House.

The undersigned wishes to intimate to the public that he keeps a choice lot of

## HAMS,

Smoked, Dried, and Sugar-cured, Long Side Meat, well cured, etc. Those wanting choice meats should give the Atwood Packing House a trial.

## Prices Low.

Special reductions made to those purchasing large quantities of meat.

Terms Strictly Cash.

W. Hawkshaw.

## Jas. Henderson

THE PEOPLE'S

## Shoe Maker,

ATWOOD,

Keeps a first-class stock of French Calf, Canadian Calf, Kip, etc., and is prepared to do fine Sewed or Pegged Boots, in style and perfect fit guaranteed. Prices to suit the times.

## REPAIRING

A SPECIALTY.

SHOP—One Door South of THE BEE Publishing House.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

## R. M. BALLANTYNE

—THE LEADING—

## Merchant Tailor

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

## Biggest Reduction

In Ordered Clothing

## EVER KNOWN.

Men's all wool Tweed Suits \$11 for \$9

" " " " \$12 " \$10

" " " " \$15 " \$12

Black Worsted 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.

# A Grand Display

A GREAT STOCK!

## GENEROUS BARGAINS!

We invite your inspection of our new and extensive stock of Spring and Summer Goods, with the certainty that you have never yet seen anything that will compare with it for variety or general excellence. The equal of the stock has never been seen in this neighborhood—it is peerless and perfect.

## JUST WHAT YOU WANT.

It has been my endeavor to provide just what you want in quality and price. Think what we offer you:

## WE OFFER

The widest choice for taste or fancy. The newest goods, patterns, and styles on the market. You the best values you ever received. You the lowest prices ever made.

These are Genuine Offers and Genuine Bargains.

## New Dry Goods,

## New Groceries,

## New Boots & Shoes

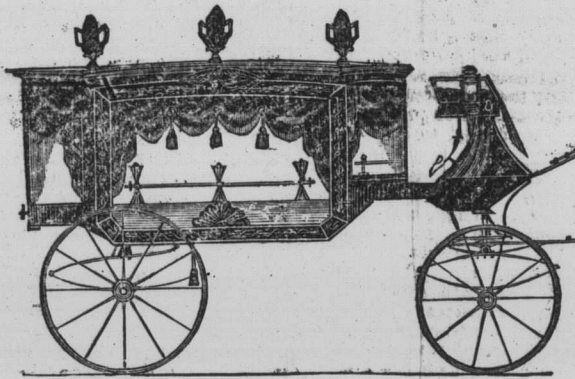
## NEW HATS & CAPS.

## New Wall Paper

And Borderings.

A CALL SOLICITED.

## J. L. MADER.



## WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

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

## 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

## BAKERY!

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

## Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.

Pastry, and Pies,

Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.

A large and pure stock of

## Confectionery

and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.

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

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

CHAS. ZERAN.

## HORSEMEN

GET YOUR

## ROUTE BILLS

PRINTED AT

## THE BEE OFFICE.

## Excelsior Painting Co

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

SHOP,

ON MAIN STREET,

Over Wm. Moran's Carriage Shop

Will be promptly attended to.

W. J. MARSHALL,  
Manager.

## J. S. GEE'S

Ready - Made Clothing.

New Stock opened up for the spring trade. Some specialties in

## Children's Suits.

Fine range in new Spring Prints.  
" " " " Shirtings.  
" " " " Cottonades.  
" " " " Dress Goods.

## NEW SEASON'S TEAS

From 10 lbs. for \$1 to 60c. per lb.

We have some extra values to offer in these goods that will discount any that are being offered by unreliable agents. Our English Blend takes the lead for flavor, also our Old Government Java Coffee can't be beaten.

## HIGHEST PRICES

Paid for Produce.

J. S. GEE,

NEWRY.

## Special Attention

## To the Ladies!

## New Millinery

I have just opened a fine assortment of Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons, Hats and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed.

## Fancy Goods

Of all kinds.

## STAMPING

A Specialty.

## MRS. JOHNSON,

13m ATWOOD, ONT.

Eggs taken in Exchange for Goods.

## Just Received

A New Assortment of False Faces, Fishing Lines and Hooks, Pocket Knives, Allies of all kinds, and Chinese Lanterns, etc.

## GROGERIES,

PROVISIONS, CANNED FRUITS  
CONFECTIONERY, &c.

## Give Him a Trial.

J. S. HAMILTON,

34t ATWOOD, ONTARIO

# Grand Chance.

**J. H. CUNTHER,**

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. & E.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

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

## ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Atwood 8:00 a.m.	Mitchell 2:30 p.m.
Newry 8:05 a.m.	Brimo'm 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m.	Mankton 4:45 p.m.
Brimo'm 10:15 a.m.	Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m.	Atwood 6:00 p.m.

## TOWN TALK.

### MUD! MUD! MUD!

MISS DUFFON, of Stratford, is spending her Easter vacation with friends in town.

CHAS. BEER, of Hensall, called on us last Friday. He was the guest of our young friend L. Zeran.

LEWIS ZERAN, teacher, of Milverton, spent Easter Sunday under the parental roof. Lewis is a warm supporter of THE BEE.

APPRENTICE WANTED.—An intelligent lad, 14 or 16 years of age, wanted at once to learn the harness making. Apply to Alex. Campbell, Atwood.

THE BEE from now to Jan. 1st, 1901, for the small sum of 75c. Subscribe and get the initial chapters of the new story to commence in two or three weeks. It promises to be of thrilling interest.

It would be foolish to wish for an early spring and not be prepared for it by having everything in readiness. The farm implements and machinery should be put in order at the first available opportunity.

THE Blyth Standard has changed hands once more. This week Mr. Irwin, an employee, is running the business. We wish the new publisher success. The former editor, F. B. Cummer, has secured a sit on a Windsor paper.

MISS LIZZIE GRAHAM, who has been attending the Forest City Business College, was home for the vacation. She has been a very successful student and is much taken up with her studies. Her many Atwood friends will be pleased to hear of her success.

QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.—The way some people subscribe for the cheap fifty-cent papers reminds a correspondent of an exchange of a man who was invited to subscribe for several papers, and measured them, subscribing for the largest, saying that "it would go farther on the pantry shelves."

DRINK nothing without seeing it. Sign nothing without reading it, and be sure that it means nothing more than it says. Don't go into law unless you are forced to and have something to lose. In any business don't wade in where you cannot see the bottom. Put no confidence in the label on the bag and count money before you accept it. See bag open before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.—Ex.

THE BEE ADVERTISERS.—The attention of readers of THE BEE is directed to the advertisers in this issue. Spring is now upon us, and those about to make purchases in any line will certainly lose nothing by first calling on our advertisers. We know they treat their patrons with every possible courtesy and if there is a bargain to be had in town, our readers can rely on getting it from the shrewd advertiser. By all means talk to THE BEE advertisers and ascertain what they can do for you.

LOVE VS CASH IN ROCKTON.—Two young men loved the same girl. One had \$1,000 in cash and the other was very poor. The thousand dollar man look over their cash at each other and was very much in earnest, and offered the money to the poor suitor as an inducement for him to retire from the field. The offer was accepted; but when the girl heard of it she declared her love for the man who got the \$1,000. They were married and have used the money in starting house-keeping. The disappointed suitor has sued to recover the money. The jury have not decided the case yet.—Dundas True Banner.

MISS MIRIAM DUNN, of the Stratford Collegiate Institute, was home for her Easter vacation.

CLEAN UP.—A number of our citizens have adopted the custom of the ancient Jew, each cleaning in front of his own door step. More should follow.

ADDIE ROBERTSON, of Berlin, is home for her holidays. She is succeeding very well with the teaching profession and has contributed some excellent articles to THE BEE for which she will kindly accept our thanks.

SOME strangers are said to have been in a neighboring town recently, gleaming information as to firms which have not registered their co-partnership and that a dozen complaints have been filed. The law requires all partnerships to be registered within six months, under a penalty of a fine of \$100.

GEO. A. HARVEY, medical student at Toronto University, arrived home Saturday evening. George is getting along admirably with his studies. His brother Ed. left Toronto for Moose Jaw, N. W. T., where he purposes teaching school for the summer months and return to the University in the fall.

MISS BELLE MITCHELL, of Brantford Ladies College, spent Sunday under the parental roof. Miss Mitchell is much taken up with Brantford, which in summer is one of the prettiest cities in Canada. Brantford people take a peculiar pride in beautifying avenues and public parks, and in this way teach an important lesson to many of her sister cities and large towns.

THEY ALL WANT IT.—The Exeter Advocate catches up the refrain in the following paragraph:—The Brussels Post is agitating the creation of a binding twine factory in Brussels. Would it not be well for Exeter to try and secure such an industry. We understand there is a gentleman living in the township of Hay, who is willing to commence such a factory if the town would bonus him in some small way.

We gladly insert the following card of thanks from Rev. Dr. Moffat, General Secretary of the Upper Canada Tract Society:

Toronto, March 31st, 1890.  
Rev. A. Henderson, M. A.  
MY DEAR SIR:—I received to-day the sum of ten dollars from your branch of the Bible Society of the Upper Canada Tract Society. Kindly convey, in what ever way you see fit, my hearty thanks for their kindly gift.

Yours most truly,  
ROBERT C. MOFFAT.

### A MONTER FOR ATWOOD CHURCHES.

—In New York a life insurance company has lent \$120,000 to a church and the church has had the lives of a number of its members insured in favor of itself. The life insurance company has agreed, every time one of the members who is thus insured dies, to reduce the debt by the amount of his policy. Every time the church has a funeral of one of these it lops a slice of the debt; in other words members and debt disappear together. This thought should enable the pastor to read burial services with almost cheerful resignation and to point out more clearly the beneficence of an all-wise Providence in thus providing a gold or silver lining even to the dark cloud of death.

REV. R. PAUL occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening and at Donegal in the afternoon in the absence of Rev. D. Rogers, who, with Mrs. Rogers, was away at the Queen City visiting old acquaintances. Mr. Paul's discourse in the evening was very pathetic and moved a number of the congregation to tears especially when he related a very touching incident in connection with his Ethel ministry, in which place it was his sad duty to bury four out of one family inside of one year. He had reference to the Tindall family. The jubilee appointment was filled acceptably by Henry Hoar and Mr. Wherry Sunday afternoon, and the large congregation, despite the shocking condition of the roads, gave abundant proof of the active and earnest Christian work carried on in that section.

DIED.—Last Monday morning Robt. Knox received a telegram to the effect that A. W. McMurchy, of Harrison, formerly teacher in the Atwood public school, had passed away to his future reward. Deceased, while here, made many friends and was much esteemed by all our residents. John R. Knox, G. A. Harvey and T. M. Wilson joined in the solemn procession which left the Presbyterian church on Monday afternoon and proceeded to the City of the Dead, where many relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the young man who, had he lived, would doubtless have distinguished himself, and his name be written high up on the scroll of intellectual fame. But alas! the sickle of death cut down the promising young life which had scarcely begun its mortal career. Deceased was a victim of that fell disease, consumption, and was only 23 years of age.

BANK BILLS.—The General Manager of the Bank of Commerce has issued a circular to the several agencies of the bank instructing them that on and after the 7th of May next bills of the defunct City Bank, Royal Canadian Bank and Consolidated Bank will not be received. Up to that date, however, bills on any of these banks will be received or exchanged at par at any of the agencies of the Bank of Commerce, but after that date these bills will be worthless. If, therefore, any of our readers have a "long stocking wellstowed" and laid away, it would be well for them to look over their cash at each other and if they find any of the bills of City, Royal Canadian or Consolidated Banks in their files to bring them along and have them exchanged at the Bank of Commerce before the 7th of May, as after that date they will not be worth more than common waste paper. We do not expect there will be a very great rush, but there may be some to whom this announcement will be of interest.

### LOOK out for big egg eating stories.

MISS SCHEDEL, of Bridgeport, spent Easter with her friend Miss Addie Robertson.

WM. ANDERSON left town Monday morning for Eversley where he intends spending the summer months.

JOSHUA CHALLENGER, 8th con. Elm, says certain Atwood young men will be called upon to do road work on that concession this year.

It is reported that the Massey works, Toronto, the Bell organ factory, Guelph, and the Harris works, Brantford, have been, or are about to be, sold to an English syndicate.

Owing to a number of our correspondents being off on their Easter vacation the usually large budget of district news is not to hand this week. However, they have done so well in the past we will excuse them for one week.

REPORTS are rife that the wheat plant has sustained considerable damage from the alternate freezing and thawing which has characterized the weather during the season, and that much of it, especially on heavy clay land, will be almost a total failure. It is to be hoped that the reports will prove to be greatly exaggerated.

ORGAN RECITAL.—The organ recital and musical and literary entertainment under the auspices of the Young People's Association, of the Presbyterian church, held on Friday evening last, was a decided success, although the day was stormy and wet and the roads unfit for travel. The church was well filled with an appreciative audience and the program excellent and well arranged. The talent was the best that could be got outside the cities, and each and every rendered their several parts in a creditable manner. The organ recitals by Miss Sutherland and the selections by the Listowel Quartette Club were appreciated very much and heartily encored again and again. Listowel people may not have the push, energy and enterprise that our people possess, but they may justly feel proud of the musical talent, which, to say the least, is of no mean order. The instrumental selections on the violin by Miss Dufton, of Stratford, elicited rounds of applause, and although she responded to several encores the audience were still persistent in their demands. Miss Dufton's rendering of "Home, sweet home" was very pathetic. S. H. Harding ably sustained his reputation as a reader of English literature. His selection was taken from the works by the popular American poet, Longfellow. The recitation by Miss Annie Priest and the reading, entitled "A Legend of Brezgan," by Miss Maggie Graham, were well received, and evinced considerable elocutionary gift. Both young ladies are too well and favorably known to call forth words of praise in these columns. The reading by Miss Belle Mitchell and the duet by the Misses Dunn and Mitchell were excellent, and were loudly encored. Atwood's musical talent was fairly represented in the instrumental duet by Miss Pelton and George Wilson, and the quintette (or eightette as the chairman called it, there being eight participants), by the Misses Pelton, Dunn, Hamilton, and Messrs. C. E. Pelton and Wilson. One of the most pleasing, interesting and instructive features of the entertainment was an address on "Music," by D. D. Campbell, of Listowel. Mr. Campbell on rising to speak said: It would be unkind and ungenerous at this late hour to longer detain the audience and it would be especially so after the excellent entertainment they had listened to, every number having been well rendered and some of them exceedingly well. Music, song, and poetry formed an important part of our lives and was a study of uncommon interest. Scottish music and song called all other, perhaps from the fact of their being more pastoral. No doubt that in early times the songs that now prevail in the Highlands of Scotland, Ireland and Wales were common throughout Great Britain. But early in the fifteenth century King James I, of Scotland, not only composed poems set to music but also of himself, invented a new melancholy and plaintive style of music different from all others, and afterwards improved by Carlo Gesualdo, thus enriching Scottish and Italian song—a benefit to the world. "The Flowers of the Forest," taken all in all, is by many considered the finest of Scottish songs. It was composed to commemorate the disastrous battle of Flodden Field. "The Forest" was the name given to a district which comprehended Selkirkshire and portions of Peebleshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its fine archers, who were almost to a man slain at the memorable battle of Flodden Field in 1513. The music was suggested from "The waukin' o' the fauld." This takes place early in August, a season which has long been known as "Lammie time;" at this season of the year the flocks were gathered from the mountain sides and brought to some quiet spot for the purpose of weaning the lambs. The ewes and lambs were separated from each other and carefully watched by night and by day. Nothing can be more doleful than the incessant bleating that resound among the valleys at those seasons, and the piercing cries of the lambs, responded to by the wailing lamentations of their mothers. The original words by Miss Elliot: "I've heard the liltin' at our yowe milkin'" with the ancient music to which it is set gives a perfect effect and anything more solemn or pathetic is not to be found in the whole range of Scottish melody. The wonderful effect of words whose music is finely shown in the melody known as "Hey tatti tatti" the power and pathos of the words were realized by Lady Nairn and Burns, who have ever enshrined it in "The land o' the lea" and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Rev. A. Henderson, M. A., President of the Association, occupied the chair in his usual happy style. The proceeds of the entertainment exceeded the expectations of the committee of management, the roads and weather being so unfavorable.

SINGLE Spring Wagon for Sale. Apply to Wm. Dunn, Atwood.

ERNEST GORRILL, for some time engaged with R. M. Ballantyne as tailor, left for Listowel this week.

J. T. PEPPER, Brussels, has something important to say to you this week. Read his advertisement.

MRS. CALDER represented the Atwood branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Hamilton this week.

The much needed drain on Main St. is now being dug, and when completed will show the unsightly fish ponds will disappear.

Mrs. J. L. MADER is away at Hamilton this week attending the funeral of Mr. Mader's nephew. She will visit friends in Stratford before returning.

A GRAND display, a great stock, and generous bargains are what J. L. Mader places before the public this week. His new spring announcement is worthy the perusal of our readers.

WE regret that Wm. Hawkshaw has been confined to the house this week through illness. His brother at Lucan died recently which no doubt worried him somewhat.

ELMA Spring Show will be held in Newry next Tuesday, April 15. It is to be hoped that there will be a large exhibit and a full attendance. Every effort should be put forth to make the show a success.

YOUNG men contemplating matrimony and others in need of first-class furniture should peruse the advt. of Wm. Forrest in this issue. He is prepared to furnish your house in elegant style and at prices to suit the times.

THE Atwood Brass Band discoursed several selections of music in the open air on Tuesday evening. We hope that the boys will play out often. R. K. Hall, who has been President of the band for some time, handed in his resignation this week, but it was refused we understand.

HENRY BROWN had the misfortune to fall from his horse a little south of the G. T. R. track last Wednesday. The beast pitched violently into a deep rut sustaining serious injuries in one of its shoulders, and the wonder to many is that Mr. Brown was not killed, as he fell and rolled beneath the horse.

W. E. DUNN, of Vancouver, B. C., son of Wm. Dunn, in writing home says:—THE BEE is a smart little paper. I get it regularly and enjoy it very much. It is clever, newsy, and enterprising, and if well supported will do much to build up Atwood. Nothing tends so much to put life into a town or village like a good, live newspaper.

FOR THE WEST.—Robt. Knox, our local agent, ticketed the following parties for the west last Tuesday:—Miss Joan Hamilton, Deloraine, Manitoba; Wm. Machan, Winnipeg, Man.; Robt. Hamilton, St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. Thos. Kerr took her ticket for New York, and J. A. Wilson left Saturday for Sudbury, Man. A large concourse of citizens assembled at the station to see them off. We only voice the sentiment of their many well-wishers when we repeat the title of that beautiful hymn: "God be with you till we meet again."

A SPECIAL service was held in St. Alban's church, here, on Good Friday. Mr. Hughes preached a most appropriate sermon from the words: "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." Rev. G. M. Franklin, of Listowel, presided at the organ. The Easter services were also very interesting, the subject being the words: "It shall be the beginning of months unto you." The preacher explained how the Jews came to date their ecclesiastical year from the Passover, a custom which is still preserved by the English church, dating their church year from Easter. The Easter hymns and other music was well rendered by the choir. The annual vestry meeting was held on Tuesday evening. Jas. Longmire and Jas. Irwin were appointed wardens. Wm. Blair, Dr. Hamilton, J. A. Roe and R. K. Hall sidesmen, and R. K. Hall lay delegate to the synod. It was decided to adopt the envelope system of contributing to church funds.

### CRADLE.

HASTINGS.—In Atwood, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. John Hastings of a daughter.

SINCLAIR.—In Brussels, on the 3rd inst., the wife of Mr. W. M. Sinclair, barrister, of a daughter.

### TOMB.

PEARSON.—In Brussels, on the 8th inst., Samuel Pearson, aged 67 years.

McMURPHY.—In Harrison, on Sunday, April 6th, A. W. McMurchy, formerly of Atwood, aged 23 years.

### Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat	70	78
Spring Wheat	40	90
Barley	30	35
Oats	25	26
Peas	52	55
Pork	5 00	5 20
Hides per lb.	3	3 1/4
Sheep skins, each	50	1 00
Wood 2 ft.	15	1 50
Potatoes per bag	60	
Butter per lb.	13	
Eggs per doz.	8	

### Listowel Market.

Fall Wheat	80	80
Spring Wheat	80	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.	12	13
Eggs per doz.	8	8
Potatoes per bag	60	60
Hides	12 00	4 00
Sheepskins	70	1 00
Dressed Hogs	5 10	5 30

## Business Directory.

### MEDICAL.

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

### LEGAL.

W. M. SINCLAIR,  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c. Private funds to loan at lowest rates. Collections promptly attended to. Office—Loefer'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 Lilloco's Bank, Listowel, Ont.

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

### AUCTIONEERS.

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

Money to Loan  
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

## J. T. PEPPER,

TICKET AGENT C.P.R.

**More Wall Paper  
Than Ever.**

Better, Prettier, Cheaper.  
Than any yet shown in Brussels. Wall Papers and Borders to match. Corners and Extension Borders to match. Ceiling decorations and Mica Borders.

Come, See, and be Convinced.

**J. TOLBERT PEPPER,**  
Chemist & Druggist,  
GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.

### 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.

1890

## NEW GOODS

Arriving Daily.

We have now a complete assortment of

## HATS,

Mens's and Boy's, in the very latest designs, for the

Spring and Summer

Trade. In

## DRY GOODS

We have lately received Hose, Gloves, Lawns, Embroideries, Muslins &c., and you will now find every department complete. In

## Boots & Shoes

Jno. McPherson's take the lead. You will find our

## GROCERIES

New and Fresh.

A Call Solicited.

## Mrs. M. Harvey

ATWOOD.

**W. R. ERSKINE,**  
MANAGER.

## IN ONE SHORT YEAR.

Dick and I were standing in a deep, bracken-grown hollow at the end of my father's great park. In our passionate young grief we had eyes and ears for no one but ourselves. I had, however, chosen the very quiet hour of sunset on a May evening to meet my poor lover, and only a few inquisitive but timid rabbits stared with dark eyes at us from the safe vantage of their own round doors, gently moving their soft brown ears with sympathetic interest.

"My pretty Nancy, my dearest girl, it is quite impossible for me not to see the force of your father's reasons. He is perfectly kind and just to you. He wants to make you happy. He calls me a fortune hunter, therefore I will not accept one penny of his money with you, and I cannot be so selfish as to deprive you of all those comforts you have been accustomed to."

"You are the only comfort I care about, Dick," I sobbed out. "And what good will other comforts do me if I die? For I shall die if I persist in marrying you. Father says, if I persist in marrying you he will cut me out of his will and leave everything to Aunt Betty and her six ugly daughters. Well, dearest, let him do it. It won't make them one bit prettier; and money won't buy them a sweetheart like mine. Do you really believe, Dick, that if I were sitting in a room full of gold with a sack of sovereigns in my hands and saw you outside, that I wouldn't throw the nasty stuff down and rush through the window into your arms? Dick, you don't know much about women. You'll have to take me as I am and begin the study at once."

My love clasped me a little closer, but he sighed profoundly at the same time. "I can offer you so little," he said sadly, "nothing but my love and a share of my poverty. But I can work for you. I will work. My Uncle Richard has promised to help me to a berth in one of the Oriental mail ships, from which I can work my way up. But, Nancy, there is no rank in the merchant service that would meet with your father's approval."

"I am twenty-one!" I cried defiantly. "and if my father chooses to call you names and threaten me with the loss of a horrid lot of money—which only makes us into mean worldly wretches—I shall run away from him and it. I shall certainly run away, Dick, quite soon. You may please yourself whether you help me or leave me to do it alone."

After this bold speech I was forced to hide my shamed face on the breast of Dick's blue uniform; and there I heard his honest heart beating true love's answer to my words. His scruples all vanished, and in the next two hours he had settled the details of my flight. He was to return to Edinburgh, where he lodged with a dear old Scotch lady, of whom he had often spoken to me. I was to follow in a few days. We could be married quietly, and await Dick's appointment in blissful poverty.

I fear I thought very little of my lonely father that evening as I stole home across the wide park, scattering shadowy deer and flurried rabbits from the grassy paths.

My father had always been absorbed in business till he made his fortune, and had taken little notice of his motherless girl. I believe he was fond of her in a certain way, but wanted to keep me in leading-strings all my life. I was only a piece of the very handsome furniture in his splendid house, and had no more right to have an opinion on my own destiny than his easy chair had to say where it should stand.

I left him, therefore, without thinking that it could cause him much grief, but I knew that intense anger, and wounded pride would make him very bitter against me and my almost penniless lover.

I seemed to live in a dream for the next two or three days, till I got Dick's final letter to say all was ready for me at Mrs. Nicholl's. His bright manly face, the ardent look in his gray eyes as we parted that last evening were ever before me. I went on, however, making very practical preparations, such as packing my plainest gowns, and leaving my finest garments in my huge wardrobe. I knew that the simple little lodgings up three flights of stairs—would not fit in with "Liberty Art Silk" dinner dresses. It was more likely I should be cooking our dinner than dressing for it. In view of such a charming novelty I packed up some painting aprons with very smart pockets and bibs—which I knew Dick would think becoming.

I announced my intention of going to visit a school friend in Edinburgh, and my father, who never denied me small pleasures, kissed me at the door as he said good-by, told me to be a good girl and then, as the carriage drove rapidly off, turned to enter his study with an obvious air of relief.

His utter want of suspicion touched me with remorse for the first time. I half started up, and called faintly, "Father." But the cry was lost amid the roll of the wheels, and I was fain to drown my remorse in a flood of tears, which only ceased at the end of my long drive to the station.

For a last time a tall footman got my ticket for me, looked after my luggage and stood respectfully at the door of the compartment which he had secured for my exclusive use. I had recovered my spirits now, and laughed when I thought that the next journey I made would probably be by third-class, but with Dick—my husband—to protect me.

It is only a journey of a few hours to Edinburgh from my home. There, on the platform, stood my handsome, eager young lover, and by his side a plain but most benevolent-looking little old lady. She had two grey curls on each side of her round cheeks, and she nodded and smiled at me in the most friendly way as soon as Dick identified me by rushing forward as if to take my lonely compartment by storm.

Conducted "home" by these two enthusiastic creatures, I was shown into a charmingly clean, bright little flat perched like a bird's nest high above the picturesque town. An honest-faced middle-aged Scotch servant opened the door and said gravely,

"Yer welcome, meen."

"This is my Christie," explained Mrs. Nicholl, "and Mr. Gordon's great admirer." I smiled at her kind though rugged face. Were not all Dick's friends to be my friends now? She afterwards confided to Mrs. Nicholl that Miss Bell was "as bonnie a bride as she could ha' waled for him herself." Which was considered high praise.

Then came the happy days of preparation; the quiet "house" wedding, with only Mrs. Nicholl and Christie as witnesses, and the blissful fortnight in the small cottage in Ar-ran, where Dick and I spent our honeymoon. I abjured wealth and luxury with a light heart. Late dinners and footmen, silk gowns

and ladies' maids, hothouse flowers and soft rolling carriages, all counted as nothing when I stepped lightly over the heather with my tall, brave husband beside me.

I did not think much about my father. I had sent him a letter from Edinburgh announcing my marriage; but he had taken no notice of it.

What did we care? We were absorbed in each other and in day dreams of the future. How foolish and how happy we were! We talked much of Dick's prospect and advancement. He called me "Mrs. Capt. Gordon," and dressed me in all the imaginable embroidery and jewels that a young sailor might find in India for his sweetheart. At last we left Elysium (in the form of a very uncomfortable but most romantic hut in the depths of a glen), and found ourselves one June evening being welcomed back to our rooms in Edinburgh by Mrs. Nicholl, whose grey curls fairly bristled with importance and pleasure, as she showed us into our part of the tiny house. Christie, in a gown that crackled with starch, hovered in the doorway to share in the pride of her mistress as we exclaimed and praised and wondered over everything. These two devoted women must have spent our honeymoon in a grand cleaning and super-polishing, for the furniture almost blinded us by its brilliancy. They had bought yards of white muslin and blue ribbons to convert Dick's bachelor room into a bower for his bride.

That very evening Dick wrote to his uncle about the promised appointment, giving his reasons (me) for desiring to increase his income as quickly as possible.

Our favorite recreation during the summer was to stroll in the evening on the outskirts of Edinburgh. We studied the exterior of small houses, furnishing them from our large stock of imagination, and placing ourselves as a finishing touch, now in the bow window of that little drawing room, now sitting on that green bench in the small garden. But always together, my darling—always together!

At last Dick heard that in a month he would be called upon to make the voyage to Bombay as first officer on board one of the splendid ships with which his uncle's firm was connected. He must go alone, and my heart drooped within me as I thought of the separation from my dearest and the perils of his journey. He only thought of me.

"Ah, how can I leave you, my pretty Nancy!" he cried, "you will grow pale and ill, and I shall not be there to comfort you. What a selfish brute I was to take you from your home and bring all this trouble upon you!"

I soothed him with brave words and told him how happy I should be with Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. I promised to take care of my health for his sake, and assured him that all would go well with me. He might be back early in April, he said, and this was December.

He was terribly moved at our parting, and as he strained me to his heart in a last embrace, he murmured:

"God help me! I will come back to you, my pretty; I will come back to my Nancy!"

Then gently unclasping my hands from his neck, he placed me in Mrs. Nicholl's motherly arms and rushed from the house. Christie followed to bless him on the staircase, and I struggled up to the window in a last attempt to smile on his pale, upturned face and his troubled gray eyes, as he looked his final farewell. Then I slid quietly to the floor in my first fainting fit.

More than three months had passed since my dear husband so remorsefully and anxiously left me. Three months which held much loneliness, much suffering, and in the end much joy.

I was inordinately proud of my baby boy; but my pride was as nothing compared to that of Mrs. Nicholl and Christie. They worshipped him, and often Christie would be caught, duster in hand, hanging over the cradle in speechless admiration when she was supposed to be polishing an already shining room. Mrs. Nicholl "understood babies," and was invaluable to me in my ignorance, and happy in imparting motherly advice.

For some time my heart had been strangely stirred toward my own father. I used to sit sewing, after Dick left home, pondering on the wonderful feelings that move a father's and mother's love toward their helpless little ones. Had my father felt thus toward me? Had my lovely mother—whose portrait hung in my room in my old never-loved face I had alas! never looked upon—felt those yearnings to clasp me in her arms which, for her, were never gratified? Ah! how cruel and heartless it must seem, when your baby grows up, for it to desert you as I had deserted my father.

Influenced by these things, I wrote to him a letter, begging him to come and see me, or even send me a word of forgiveness, but my letter was returned to me unopened. Some mutual friends of ours in Edinburgh told me that my father never mentioned my name; that he secluded himself in his house and grounds, never paid or received visits, and snubbed persistently the many gallant attempts of Aunt Betty to plant one, or all, of her ugly daughters upon his hearth. They told me also that he was changed—looked old and gray—and took life with a listless indifference strange in such an active man. After an interval of some months I wrote again to him, telling him with all a young mother's pride of my baby. The boy was remarkably like my father, having great dark eyes and a stubble of black hair that looked odd on his tiny baby head. My letter was not returned this time but no answer came.

Dick had written to me from every port they touched at on his way out. We had telegraphed our good news from Edinburgh, and now he was on his way home. Any hour I might get a telegram to say the ship had arrived. Then, I knew, no train could bring him fast enough to my side. My heart beat fast and my color rose as I thought of his joy when he should clasp "us" in his arms. I ran to the mirror to see if my "pretty Nancy" had lost any of her good looks. I cared only for his sake—he was so proud of my beauty. My face looked thinner, but my dark eyes shone bright with mother love; and certainly a fine color adorned my cheeks as Mrs. Nicholl came into the room in time to catch me smiling at my own reflection.

She had come to advise me "to look over Mr. Gordon's clothes and air them a bit at the fire; for no doubt the sea air would have spoilt all his things, and he would want 'a change' when he came home."

The delightful task I set myself with alacrity, hanging various blue flannel garments with brass buttons on a row of chairs

near the fire. As I turned out dear Dick's coats and neckties, which I had not had the heart to look at since he left, I felt as if his presence were very near to me now. One great pilot coat looked so like Dick himself that, after hugging it warmly, I consigned the brilliant idea of spreading it on the bed and laying my baby in it—just to see how he looked. The boy fought me manfully, and refused to have his fat, mottled hand thrust under the rough sleeve, but catching sight of the bright gold buttons he laughed and cooed charmingly to them.

As I hung in admiration over his enchanting picture, Christie entered the room. She held in her hand a wonderful pair of socks, at which she had been working for many evenings to present to "the capt'n," as she would insist upon calling Dick. They were knitted in woolen lozenges and checks and stripes, till they looked like cribbage boards or anything but socks. She laid them with pride beside the slippers, and then noticed the baby, now falling asleep in Dick's coat.

"Eh! mem, Gu'd bless the innocent wee lamb! His father'll be the proud man to see sic' a sight—I wish he would step ben."

My heart echoed the wish Christie left the room hurriedly, saying: "I must look after yon lassie—she's breakin' every dish in the house!"

"Yon lassie" was a little red-haired girl, whom I had engaged to help me with my baby; but Christie threatened her with such awful punishment if she ever "dared to lay a finger on him," that she had turned into a small nondescript kind of general helper, only permitted to worship the baby at a distance in leisure moments. I heard her now stamping up the passage to open the front door in answer to a ring that had made my heart leap. Every ring might mean a telegram from Dick.

My bedroom opened off our small sitting-room, and as I heard the door softly open and close again, I looked up with my lap full of Dick's stockings, and saw—what made my heart bound once with incredible joy, and then seem to cease beating entirely.

I saw a man's tall, slim figure, clad in naval blue, exactly like my husband's—but the face was not Dick's face, and though young and kind, was very, very grave.

"Are you—are you—oh! who are you?" I asked in an agony of suspense. He looked like one tongue-tied with ill news.

"I—I am Dick Gordon's friend," he stammered, "and I have come to—to call upon Mrs. Gordon."

Then, as his dismayed glance lighted upon the blue uniform coat, the baby asleep inside of it, and my questioning eyes, this strange young man muttered "Oh, Lord!" and turned as if to escape from the room.

"Stay!" I called in a voice that sounded to myself thin and weak. "Stay, and tell me what you mean. I am Mrs. Gordon. Where is my husband?"

"Oh! on board his ship of course. Isn't there any one else here but you? Can't I ring for some one?" he said, his eyes searching round the room for a bell and determinedly avoiding my face. Beads of perspiration started to his brow, and he seemed once more to be trying to get away. I grew sick, sick at heart.

"He is ill, or he would have been here before any one!" I cried.

Then, as he reluctantly caught my beseeching look, Dick's friend suddenly turned his back upon me. But not before I had seen his eyes—and they were full of tears.

"Dick is dead," I said in a curious voice that seemed to belong to some poor woman stricken cold with grief, but not to me.

Dick's friend had found the bell now, and was ringing so vigorously that Mrs. Nicholl, Christie and "yon lassie" all appeared at once, filling the little room with questions and agitations. Mrs. Nicholl gave one look at my face, and then ran to catch me in her arms. I pushed her back, and again said in that dull, cold voice:

"Dick is dead!"

She looked at the young man, and I saw him bend his head in mournful assent.

I did not lose consciousness, but all at once my life seemed to be ebbing away from my heart and limbs. When Mrs. Nicholl led me to the sofa, and sat with her kind arms pressing my head to her breast, I simply lay helpless—powerless to look or feel—but hearing every word.

Dick's friend, now reassured by the presence of the other women, stammered forth a broken narrative.

Dick had come on board at Bombay with the beginning of rheumatic fever upon him—had been very ill—had struggled back to life, nursed by this good friend—and then—and then—just as home was nearing, had been found dead in his sleep of heart disease.

Dick had talked much to his friend of his wife and child. He made him promise that "if anything happened" he would go to my father first, to implore his protection for me and my little one, and then come to break "it" gently to me.

"He thought of nothing but them all the voyage," said the young man huskily. "And he said I was to bring his watch for his little son."

I looked up at this and saw him, as Dick's old watch—that looked like a familiar face—softly upon the table. As he did so two great tears dropped beside it. How strange that he could cry! His tears must be warm, and I felt so cold—so cold that no warmth could ever come into my frozen veins again.

"Is there nothing for me?" I asked.

Dick's friend looked for a moment at me, and then said unevenly:

"He told me—if he died—I was to give his love to his 'pretty Nancy.'"

The poor young fellow had turned his eyes to the door while speaking. He now rushed out—muttering that he would come again.

But though he wrote to me, I never saw him more.

Torpor took possession of me again. I thought this chill creeping through my veins must mean death; and I was glad in a dull way that it was so easy to join my Dick.

My gallant, handsome Dick! How thin and pale and cold he must be now! But I was coming to him—and surely he would unclothe those pale lips and smile at his "pretty Nancy" still.

I could hear the faint rustle of the women busy about me; I could smell the brandy they were rubbing on my lips. But I did not want to be roused—I wanted to lie thus till I saw Dick's spirit meeting mine.

Suddenly, a tiny cry—growing even louder and clearer—pierced through the stupor in my brain. I tried to shut it out; but it rang in my unwilling ears, and something—could it be my dead heart?—fluttered in answer. I staggered to my feet, and walked swiftly straight to the bed, where my baby lay, just waking from sleep and calling

for me. As his soft face touched mine the ice in my veins melted, and a rush of warm tears made me feel that I still lived—lived to suffer and be lonely, indeed, but to guard Dick's boy.

"Yon lassie" had stolen from the room to attend the door once more; but, warned by her late indiscretion, she called Christie out to interrogate some visitor.

In a second they were both pushed aside, and, with my baby in my arms, I looked up to meet my father's eyes.

He stood in the doorway—white-haired, thin, and strangely aged; but, with a look of love and pity in his dark eyes which I had never seen there before, he stretched out two eager, trembling hands toward me and Dick's child.

**Golden Thoughts for Every Day.**

Monday—Bless, we pray thee, the city in which we dwell. Grant that it may be favored of God. It has been favored of him; and it shall be. Come thou, then, to purge away all evil, to strengthen us in all that is good in the sight of God and of man; and abide with us, that it may be a city of the Most High. We pray that thou wilt bless our land. Bless those who in various ways and in various spheres are seeking its uplifting, its fuller development, its power, and its usefulness. All over the earth may its light begin to be diffused throughout darkness; and though the darkness comprehend it not, may it be rolled back until on every island, in every continent, and around the whole world, men shall be found strong in reason, in conscience, and in love, as the children of God.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Tuesday—The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean will leave a track behind for evermore. The lightest wave of influence, set in motion to make Thy servants truly wise, We should be wary, then, who go before A myriad set to be; and we should take Our bearings carefully where breakers roar And fearful tempests gather; one mistake May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in Our wake!—Anon.

Wednesday—The well-spring of day, fresh and exuberant, as if now first from the holy will of the Father of lights, gushed into the basin of the world, and the world was more glad than tongue or pen can tell. The supernal light alone, dawning upon the human heart, can exceed the marvel of such a sunrise. And shall life be less beautiful than one of its days? Do not believe it! In all the shadow thrown upon the universe where their own dusky souls come between it and the eternal sun—life; and then mourn that it should be less bright than the hopes of their childhood. Keep thou thy soul translucent, that thou mayest never see thy shadows \* \* \* or rather, would I say, become thou pure in heart, and thou shalt see God, whose vision alone is life.—George Macdonald.

Thursday—To-morrow, Lord is thine, Lodged in Thy sovereign hand; And if its sun arise and shine, It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies, And bears our life away; O, make Thy servants truly wise, That they may live to-day.

Since on this fleeting hour Eternity hangs, Awake, by Thine almighty power, The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care; O, be that still pursued, Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renewed.

Friday—Imagine a man who disbelieves everything he cannot see with his naked eye. Suppose that it should come to pass to-morrow that everything shall be taken away that cannot be read by the naked eye: What will come? Shut up the heavens, for astronomy must go, and cover over the fields, for botany shall tell but little to the naked eye. All science, indeed, would be impoverished, insulted, degraded. Yet, the man who can not read his own mother's letter without the aid of an eye-glass insists upon reading the infinite and eternal God by his own unassisted powers. I charge him before God's face with insulting his own common sense and contradicting the highest experiences of mankind.—Joseph Parker.

Saturday—I can not tell the manner Thou flitest all to me, How every sunset banner Is blazoned out with Thee, And seems before the portals Of some diviner west, To marshal weary mortals Oward into rest.

The China-Closet.

Sing a song of china, a closet deep and wide—

Rows and rows of dishes, setting side by side;

When the door is open, 'tis goodly to behold

Dainty shining crystal—the tea-set white and gold.

Grandma's blue-sprigged china on the upper shelf

(Grandma used to wash it and dry each piece herself),

Hoping, poor old lady, if living not to see,

That future generations might from the cups drink tea.

Sing a song of breakage—a closet deep and wide—

Cracked and broken dishes setting side by side

When the door stands open 'tis awful to behold

Fragmentary crystals—the tea-set—minus gold.

Grandma's blue-sprigged china—search well the upper shelf;

Not a piece to tell the tale of its shattered self;

Well is it for Grandma she has not lived to see!

Those quaintly fashioned teacups will never more hold tea.

Sing a song of Bridget—of Mary Ann—of Kate—

The coming, going, restless tide, who form the family fate.

Heaps of sea-washed wreckage strewn along the shore

Tell of devastating storms when the fury's o'er.

Softly close the closet-door—shattered treasures hide,

There's no balm to heal these wounds, though we search world-wide.

Balm will not heal china-ware, nor the sad heart rent;

Nothing now remains to do but to try cement!

## PERSONALS.

The latest turnout of the German Emperor is an open carriage drawn by four white Hungarian stallions. Recently he set out to ride in it from Berlin to Potsdam, twenty miles, and it was expected that they would make it in about 100 minutes. They beat all expectations by doing it in 70.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is about to appoint woman commissioners to take testimony in the harems. They must possess a knowledge of law and of the Urdu, Persian, Arabic, and English languages. They will receive a handsome salary and a guarantee of employment for a term of years.

M. Gounod, best known to the public as composer of *Pastorale*, but the author as well of a whole library of music, is a man of intense religious feeling. He has gradually become more and more ascetic in his habits, until he now lives almost the life of a hermit, and it is feared that he may deny himself the delight of further musical composition, as too worldly and self-indulgent an employment.

The German Emperor rises early, takes a light breakfast, and goes for a little exercise, after which he takes a second breakfast, this time on a omelette, ham and eggs, a mutton loin or broth, boiled meat with vegetables, followed by roast meat and pudding, and if there is company present an entree and an ice. His supper is of meat or fish and pudding. His favorite dishes are *poulets sautees*, with potatoes or baked fish, especially perch, pike, sole, or turbot.

Emperor William II. who has developed a mania for uniforms, has recently established a body guard to do duty before the apartments of the Empress in the palace, and to act as her escort on state occasions, whose uniforms consists, for palace duty, of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings, and huge silver knots in black, white, and silver; a white waistcoat coming down low, white trousers, and "jack" boots. There is also a black velvet three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather in the Prussian colors. The escort uniform has the hat replaced by a helmet of polished steel, crested with a golden eagle.

Prince Albert Victor, during his visit to the Maharajah of Jeypore, was entertained by a performance, some of the features of which are thus described: "The elephants, on entering the open space, chased away, it is said, the thirty or forty spearmen who incited them to the combat, and thereupon they charged each other. After fighting with equal success for some time, they were separated with charges of gunpowder smoke directed toward them. The royal party then went to another open court, where the fights were carried on in succession between pairs of quail, partridges, cocks, black hucks, hogs, deer, rams, sambhur, boars, and buffaloes. The animals were all in excellent condition and fought with great fury, especially the rams, sambhur, and boars."

Nothing daunted by the sad fate of his predecessors, the Rev. Mr. Tucker, a robust young curate of England, is about to start for the dark continent as Episcopal Bishop of Equatorial Africa. Two years ago, at a great Episcopal missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, a cablegram from Zanzibar was handed to the Chairman. It threw a gloom over the great audience, for it announced the death on the shores of Victoria Nyanza of Bishop Parker, whom Mr. Tucker will now succeed. Thus far these Bishops have held their office less than two years each, and the first of them, Bishop Hannington, was cruelly murdered by order of King Mwanga, whose Christian subjects have just restored him to the throne of Uganda; and yet, in spite of the sad history of this bishopric, there were nearly fifty volunteers for the service in which Hannington and Parker perished.

**ROOM FOR ANOTHER.**

**The Avaricious Deacon and His Son-in-Law's Remarkable Dream.**

In a certain town lived an old deacon who was noted for his grasping, avaricious disposition. He had several grown-up sons and a son-in-law—Dave—a wild, harum-scarum fellow, whose chief delight was in "working" the old man. One day when all hands were at work in the hay-field, the deacon stopped and leaning on his rake told the "boys" a story of a wonderful dream he had had, wherein he was transported to the realms of bliss, and wonderful indeed were the sights he had seen there. Dave listened, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, until the old gentleman finished his story, and then proceeded (as was his habit) to tell a bigger one. He also had been transported to the heavenly land, and the glowing descriptions which he gave of that place discounted the old man's by long odds. But suddenly Dave found himself out of that glorious place and standing before a pair of massive stone gates, above which was written, in characters of fire, the word "Hades." He knocked and was admitted, and calling a little imp asked to be shown the sights. His guide showed him two cells with their tortured inmates. "All at once," said Dave, "as we were walking along, we came to where there was a monstrous kettle, filled with a sulphurous liquid, boiling at a terrific rate, in which I noticed a great many queer looking black lumps and inquired what they were. 'Well, you see,' said the guide, 'there are a lot of these fellows who come down here who have such small souls that if we should put them in a cell we could never find them again, and so we have fixed this arrangement, and taking a ladle he fished out one of the lumps, cooled it with his breath and handed it to me to look at. 'It was of iron about the size of a goose egg with a hinge on one side and a lock upon the other, and a name written in the iron. Is it possible, I inquired, that any human being could have a soul small enough to occupy the hole which you tell me is inside of this, 'Oh, yes,' said the imp, 'where did you come from?' I told him and he went around to the other side and began fishing up the lumps and reading the names on them, and to my surprise, the names of several whom I had known, and finally wound up with the name of Deacon—, and the question: 'Did you know him?' 'Know him?' I replied; 'why, he was my father-in-law. I know he was small, but it isn't possible that he was small enough to go into one of those things, is it?' 'Yes,' said the imp. 'He is all in there,' and was about to throw the egg back into the kettle, when suddenly he stopped, held it up to his ear, shook it and exclaimed: 'Holy Moses! There's room enough in there for another.

# THE WEEK'S NEWS.

## CANADA.

Attorney General Martin, of Manitoba, has resigned.

Prince Edward Island Legislature assembled on Monday.

Sheriff Chauveau is very low at Quebec, and his recovery is considered doubtful.

Farmers in Middlesex County report fall wheat in a bad condition, and newly-seeded clover heaved.

The Imperial authorities will build a new fort at the mouth of Halifax Harbor, on Meagher's Beach.

Mr. Andrew Robertson, the well-known merchant and harbor commissioner of Montreal, is dead.

The men in the building trades at St. John, N. B., have secured the nine-hour day at the old rate of wages.

Montreal City Council has granted \$3,000 toward the erection of a statue to Maisonneuve, the city's founder.

The battle of Cut Knife Creek was celebrated on Friday night in Toronto by a gathering of representative military men.

It is understood that the Manitoba Government intends establishing a State University, with an annual endowment of \$20,000 or \$25,000.

The Allan Steamship Company has arranged that clerical men shall accompany their ships for the next three months to attend to the spiritual wants of the emigrants.

Col. G. T. Denison and Mr. Alex. McNeil, M. P., addressed an Imperial Federation meeting at Guelph on Thursday night. It was decided to form a branch of the league in the Royal City.

In the parish of Buckingham, Quebec, lives Louis Poirier, whose wife has just given birth to her twenty-first child. Madame Poirier was married at 15 and is now 39, strong and healthy.

A freight train struck the wagon of John Hazelwood, a farmer of southern Manitoba, whose team was evidently running away, and instantly killed him. He lived just north of Whitewater and leaves a widow and large family.

Applications for the land grant to heads of large families in Quebec are pouring in upon the Government of that province. Seventeen have been received from one parish alone, which has a population of only 2,600, and nearly two hundred altogether.

The Montreal Bridge Company's bill passed through the Railway Committee at Ottawa last week. The company propose to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence from L'Original to Montreal, the height to be 70 feet, with a central span of 1,300 feet.

The Bruce Assizes the grand jury said a petition had been presented to them alleging that some magistrates and county constables trumped up baseless charges and had people arrested in order to extort fees. The Judge referred them to the Attorney-General.

The Quebec bill to bridge the St. Lawrence passed the railway committee at Ottawa last week with amendments providing that the height of the bridge above the water shall be 170 feet and that the work must be commenced within three years and finished within seven years. The capital stock of the company was increased to \$3,000,000.

General Superintendent Whyte, of the western division of the C. P. R., who was in Toronto last week, expects that this will be an excellent year for the Manitoba farmers, a good season generally follows a heavy snowfall such as they have had this year. A splendid class of immigrants are coming to the country now. A large number came by the Polynesian, and on Monday morning seven carloads passed through Toronto, most of them bound for British Columbia.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Salisbury started for the Riviera on Saturday.

The Birmingham Tories have censured Lord Randolph Churchill.

Prince Albert Victor embarked at Bombay for England last week.

It is announced that a bill will be introduced in the House of Commons to abolish the office of viceroy in Ireland.

A special cable says the English press are beginning to see the gravity of the Newfoundland fisheries dispute, and are discussing it.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the Windsor candidate for Parliament, says the Government feel they are floating down upon a Niagara.

Mr. Vesey Knox, Ulster Protestant and Nationalist, was on March 26th, elected to the seat in the House of Commons for the west division of county Cavan made vacant by the death of Mr. Biggar. There was no opposition.

The London Chronicle, referring to the Newfoundland dispute, advocates the buying of France out of that colony. But the Times points out that France does not want to sell, and if she did Newfoundland would not be able to pay her price.

The election in the Ayr district, to fill the vacancy in the English Commons caused by the resignation of Mr. Sinclair, Home Ruler, resulted in the election of Mr. Sumerville, Conservative, over Mr. Rutledge, Liberal, by 130 votes. This is a gain for the government.

## UNITED STATES.

According to its author, the McKinley Bill will reduce the United States revenue by \$45,000,000.

A deficit of \$100,000 has been found in the accounts of the Mutual Benefit Life Association of New York.

In the New York state senate the bill providing for a prohibition amendment to the constitution has been ordered to a third reading.

Reports from Vicksburg, Miss., and other points tell of great havoc through the breaking of the levees. Whole districts are inundated.

Bradstreet's reports that the estimates of the destruction of property in Louisville, Ky., last week by the tornado, vary all the way from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000. Ninety-four lives were lost.

Twenty inches of snow fell at St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday and Monday night, but about half of it is melted. A points in

Southern Illinois and in Central and Southern Missouri from ten to fifteen inches fell.

Dilworth Choate, a New York World reporter who concealed himself in the room where a jury were deliberating and took notes of the proceedings, was subsequently sentenced to 30 days imprisonment and fined \$250 for criminal contempt.

The ice dealers of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City met at New York on Monday and discussed the shortage in this year's ice crop, and decided that at present ice must cost \$5 a ton wholesale. The ice dealers also complain of Eastern speculators having bought up 75 per cent. of the ice crop and are hoarding it.

## IN GENERAL.

The Spanish Chamber has adopted universal suffrage.

Forty thousand factory hands in Catalonia, Spain, are on strike.

The influenza epidemic is still raging in Australia and New Zealand.

Measures are being taken for the cooperation of German and English trades unions.

Students are rioting in St. Petersburg. Revolutionary pamphlets have been scattered through the city.

Prince Bismarck is compiling a memorial for publication, which will embrace the last 25 years of his official life.

Emin Pasha writes that an Arab at Mombassa saw the body of Dr. Peters and declared that the explorer had been murdered.

General elections were held throughout Portugal last week. The results show that the Government or peace party have a strong majority.

It is stated in Odessa official circles that an Imperial commission is likely to be appointed to enquire into the penal administration of Siberia.

A committee of the Anti-Slavery Conference, sitting in Brussels, has decided in favour of prohibiting the sale of alcohol in the African territories.

The Berlin Labour Conference closed on Saturday. England will gain nothing by the labour of the congress, which has simply adopted English labour legislation.

Leading Chinese politicians advocate the opening of Thibet to British trade and the conclusion of a defensive treaty with Great Britain. These measures, they urge, will act as a check upon Russia.

The butchers of Paris intended to make a demonstration on Saturday to intimidate the Government into relaxing their cattle regulations, but admirable police regulations kept the slaughtermen within bounds, and the procession was a very tame affair.

## The Scotch Crofters.

In his report to Parliament, Deputy Minister of the Interior Department Burgess says: "Another detachment of crofters from the western Highlands and islands of Scotland arrived in Manitoba last spring, and were placed upon homestead land in the neighborhood of Salt-coats, and the present western terminus of the Manitoba North-western railway. The actual condition of these people has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and misrepresentation in the British press. To say that they are not yet particularly well fitted to make their living purely by the cultivation of the soil in a new country would not be more than the facts would warrant one in saying in regard to almost any similar number of immigrants from any part of the world who settle in a body. These people are under the disadvantage of having their experience of agriculture in the past confined to the cultivation of small crofts, with which they combined fishing. Many of the best settlements in Canada, however, have been formed by people less fitted for agricultural work, and although at first occasional disappointments and discouragements are to be expected, I see no reason to doubt that in the end the experiment will be a successful one. The colonists in this case were assisted, as were the Crofters who arrived the previous year, and who went into the Pelican Lake country, in Southern Manitoba, by advances made by the Imperial Government, which advances are to be repaid in twelve years, and are secured by liens on the homesteads of the settlers. Frequent reports have been received during the winter through the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, from the agent of the Imperial Government, who is resident among them. These reports completely refute the alleged distress existing amongst the Crofters. As might have been expected, the clothing of the immigrants was not well suited to the climate, and appeals were made in Toronto and Winnipeg to rich congregations of the Presbyterian church—to which church these people chiefly belong—to contribute articles of warm clothing for the benefit of the young and aged. This appeal, it will be satisfactory to learn, was answered promptly and liberally; and it was so far as can be learned, the sole ground for the exaggerated reports alluded to.

## In the Alberta District.

Mr. J. G. Fitzgerald, of Calgary, was in Toronto last week and left for Ottawa, where he will have interviews with several of the Ministers regarding North-west affairs. During an interview Mr. Fitzgerald waxed eloquent over the fertility, beauty and prospects of Alberta. The soil was most fruitful, whether wheat, oats, barley or vegetables were to be grown, and the yield was not only much larger than anywhere else on the continent, but the weight of the grain was greater than any province of the Dominion or state of the great republic to the south could show. Sheep raising, dairy farming and stock raising were also, he said, carried on with the greatest success in the district. Mr. Fitzgerald was the originator of the western exhibition train, and besides, has written an exhaustive pamphlet on the western territories, describing both the advantages and drawbacks of that country. His enthusiasm for the country has led him to undertake a trip to Ontario, and during the last two months he has visited the principal farming centres in this province, and laid before the agricultural population the real facts concerning the North-west. That his arguments and proofs have been effective is borne out by the reception he met from the farmers in the various market towns of the province. Mr. Fitzgerald, in concluding the interview, said that he was certain that the western country was becoming so well known that the immigration this year would be tripled, and that a further advance would be made each year in the

## A Reality and a Promise.

BY THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Philippians iii. 20-21. "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

This whole epistle is full of the experience of Paul himself. We can see the man in his eager desire that his disciples be absolutely consecrated to Christ. Here a difficulty besets every man. We ourselves have felt this difficulty besetting us. It is that we shall be drawn aside from the man to a contemplation of the experience itself, and so get to thinking of ourselves. We thus become absorbed in self, and forget our neighbor's need. You cannot make a summary of your life in a series of precepts. You must put in your own soul also. We must tell what God done for us; the story of our blessings and our experiences of the richness of his grace. St. Paul's heart glows with love for his Philippian converts.

See a verse in the next chapter, in which the words press upon one another, "Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown." The truth is at first in the heart of God, then manifests itself in Christ, and then is given to the great apostle and by him imparted to the Philippian disciples, and so at last comes down to us. It was not possible for Paul's experience to have such a glow simply by looking at these disciples. It was as if his experience opened into another, and this had free course and was glorified throughout the world. Starting in the breast of God, it passed from Christ to Paul, to the Philippian Christians and on down to us.

See how Paul enlarges himself; he does not expect the Philippian Christians to be mere repetitions of himself. Christ is coming to complete the work so grandly begun. We find ourselves here in the midst of a rich and noble confusion. We think of these words as the great spiritual geography of the universe. They represent the cross and even the experience of Jesus Christ and then of Paul. Christ is represented at one moment as gone into the heavens, and the next he is right here in us. One moment the disciple is going to receive Christ, and the next he is in the world. Now he is struggling for something not yet attained, and the next moment he has leaped into the heaven with Christ and is in the presence of God, thence in spiritus places in Christ Jesus. The lines of spiritual truth thus become confused. Now Christ is in the midst of the struggles of earth, and the next he is in heaven. Only a soul with an experience like St. Paul's can understand this—a soul that is both in the world and above it. It is expecting blessing one moment, and the next receiving it. He rejoices in this seeming large confusion and in his new faith and new glow, and tumultuous expression thereof. There is one truth which is stated here again and again; if it loses itself it reappears; and it is this: The true man in the fullness of Jesus Christ has entered upon something which testifies to his own incompleteness. He is absolutely certain of it, and yet it is not all comprehended. The infiniteness of God is in possession of God, and again it is looking at something not taken possession of. There is the knowledge of something given already, of being already blessed, and a longing for something more. At the meeting point of these two conditions stands the soul. It testifies to something greater than we have already attained; a reality and a longing after infinite life; two consciousnesses, both abiding certainties.

We feel this in a degree with everything we have. We say, this is mine. There is nothing more I can do to acquire it. It is absolutely mine. But as we rise to higher things, immediately experience mingles with his little attainments? The more he attains, the more he longs for. Friendship would lose its charm if there was nothing more to learn. Everything really good has a double quality; it has more to give. The more the soul possesses the more it still to possess. Has Christianity reached its complete fulfillment in these nineteen centuries? Has man in relation to man? Has the soul attained all in Christ? Then had these things lost their value. Alas, if this were all, if this were the full manifestation of Christ? The fact of possessing certifies that something more is coming. The sense of Christ in the Church makes certain that he is yet to come, and more guidance is to be given to some. Sometimes the soul is contented, sometimes discontented, with what Christ has done for it. Here are two things playing back and forth—a future promise and a present experience. Let me read you two verses from St. Paul's great prayer, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Here we see Paul's deep consciousness of having Christ. There is pain or perplexity but Christ can explain it. Christ is here. At the centre of the soul. He comes to occupy the soul as its gracious conqueror. If our life is like St. Paul's, then for us these two things (the promise and reality) will mingle. Christ is already in the soul. Here we have a fragment of truth or a bit of comfort; but, oh, how much is coming to my soul! Now we have little strength, just enough for duty; but then how much more strength when Christ is fully come. I am expectant, and lo! Christ is with me. But I could not expect him if he was not already there. Ah, sometimes he comes with comfort to your soul. God will not leave you in your destitute condition. That cry testifies that Christ is there. The soul that wishes to be stronger, holier and purer here obtains something of his strength, holiness and purity. My brother is living an imperfect, poor life. He is weak, a slave to some bad habit. Let me give great value to every struggle on his part. It shows Christ is in him and will take possession. He will make the longing soul his own likeness.

Sometimes we think of Christ as of a master who will smite. But he comes to fill the soul with truth, to exalt its aspirations and transfigure it. The same is true of our bodies. Paul speaks not of "our vile bodies," but as the new version rightly states it, "bodies of our humiliation." We are to be like Christ in tenderness and purity. Do our souls glow with love to God? We must hate evil, do good, and let the "Spirit bear witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God." "When he appears we shall be like him." Let us rejoice in any strength or goodness already attained, for it is a prophecy of coming goodness when all shall be fully attained.

## THE HUMAN EYE.

What That Organ Has Been and What It May Become.

Science gives us interesting details about what the human eye has been and what it may become. The Vedas of India, which are the most ancient written documents, attest that at times most remote but still recorded in history only two colors were known—black and red. A very long time elapsed before the eye could perceive the color yellow, and a still longer time before green could be distinguished; and it is remarkable that in the most ancient language the term which designated yellow insensibly passed to the signification of green. The Greeks had, according to the generally received opinion, the perception of colors very highly developed, and yet authors of a more recent date assure us that in the time of Alexander the Great the Greek painters knew but four colors, viz., white, black, red, and yellow.

The words to designate blue and violet were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history, they calling these colors gray and black. It is thus the colors in the rainbow were only distinguished gradually, and the great Aristotle only knew four of them. It is a well-known fact that when the colors of the prism are photographed there remains outside the limit of the blue and violet in the spectrum a distinct impression which our eyes do not recognize as a color. Physiologists tell us that it is reasonable to suppose that as the color organ becomes more highly developed, and even before the human eye becomes perfect, this outside band will evolve into a color perfectly discernible.

## Historical Storms.

A storm like that in Kentucky always leads to historical research. It is therefore interesting to learn that in 944 a storm in London destroyed 1,500 houses. In 1091 another storm in the same city destroyed 500 houses. In 1696 a storm on the coast of England destroyed 200 coasters with most of their crews. One of the greatest storms ever known was that of Nov. 26 and 27, 1703, which caused in London alone a loss of over £2,000,000. It is estimated that over 8,000 people were lost in the floods of the Thames and Severn, and off the coast of Holland. During the same storm twelve English men-of-war with 1,800 men on board were lost in sight of their own shore. The famous Eddystone Lighthouse was destroyed, and with it its ingenious contriver, Winstanley. Seven thousand Swedes perished in a snow storm in 1719. A storm in India on Oct. 11, 1737, is said to have killed 30,000 people. At Havana a storm on Oct. 26, 1768, destroyed over 4,000 houses and 1,000 people. On April 22, 1728, 7,000 people were destroyed by a hurricane at Seerat, in the East Indies. A terrible hurricane swept the west coast of England and Ireland during Jan. 6 and 7 of 1839. Over 120 people were killed in and near Liverpool. In Ireland 400 houses were blown down, and there was great loss by fire. A big storm drove 143 wrecks on the British coast May 26, 1861. On June 26, 1875, 250 people were killed at Buda-Pest, Hungary. In September of the same year a storm on the coast of Texas swept many villages away and caused an immense loss of life. On Dec. 38, 1879, the Tay bridge in Scotland was blown down, and over 100 persons were killed. Destructive tornadoes in the west part of this country caused great loss of life and property in April, 1880. The great Johnstown disaster of last May in Pennsylvania is still fresh in the memories of all. Millions of dollars' worth of property were destroyed, and nearly 4,000 people were killed.

## Acts Like a Boomerang.

By this time the powers at Washington should know that any attack upon Canada, either in its tariff arrangements or carrying facilities, is just as likely to rebound on themselves as to inflict harm upon this country. We had a fine example of this after the "retaliation" message of President Cleveland—of which every respectable citizen of the United States is now heartily ashamed—when many thousands of tons of traffic passing over their lines in and out of New York on Canadian account were deflected to Halifax, constituting a veritable "boom" to our maritime interest, without any great disadvantage to the commercial public. A similar result is likely to take place in regard to the United States barley interest. If the new duty goes into effect, Oswego will be ruined. There is in that city a large amount of capital invested in the Canadian barley trade. The barley from the Bay of Quinte region is famous the world over, and Oswego is the main port of entry for that product into the United States. There are several large malting establishments in the city, a number of firms of barley buyers and commission men, and a large fleet of vessels engaged in its transportation. Hundreds upon hundreds of laboring men depend upon this trade for employment. To increase the duty on this grain from 10 to 30 cents a bushel will utterly wipe out the only grain trade of the port and leave Oswego, now the seventh port of entry in the United States, a deserted village.

## The New Treaty.

The British extradition treaty with the United States has finally received Her Majesty's signature and been published in the official Gazette. The old treaty made in 1842 restricted the right of extradition to charges of murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery and the utterance of forged paper. To these the new convention adds manslaughter, counterfeiting, or dealing in counterfeit money, embezzlement, larceny, fraud by bailee, banker or agent, perjury, rape, burglary, revolt or conspiracy on board ship, and crimes against the laws of both countries for the suppression of slave-trading. The London Times regards it as creditable to neither party that two nations united by so many and so various ties as England and the United States should have been contented for half a century with the very inadequate provisions of the Ashburton treaty. It also fears that the limitation regarding political offenders may be so interpreted as to screen assassins who have done deeds worthy of death. Still the new is an improvement on the old, and is a good deal more than the proverbial half-loaf.

## His Loud Suit.

He—And what do you think of my new plaid suit, my dear?

She—Oh, I think it is very nice from what I have heard of it.—Terre Haute Express.

## Newspapers and the Public.

"Newspapers and the Public" from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner in the April Form will find many interested readers.

In this article Mr. Warner sets for himself the task of answering the difficult question, "How does it happen that the newspapers most sensational, most vulgar, most chaotically conducted are precisely those which have the largest circulation?" He draws attention to the fact that in the old world this is not so; that in France the paper that has the largest circulation is *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, a small sheet containing a meager epitome of news, but rigidly decent and trustworthy; that in England no paper surpasses the *London Times*, which refuses to print anything it does not believe to be true, which respects the sanctity of private life, which gives fully and impartially the speeches of all political leaders, and whose law reports were so full and correct that they were cited and accepted in court as trustworthy evidence. With-out conceding the point that the English and French are superior to the Americans in taste or morals, he seems to find an answer to his question in several facts or circumstances. The ability to read which the common school so generally confers is to some extent an answer. Multitudes who can read have low tastes, and are incapable of discriminating between the elevating and the degrading. These must have journals suited to their taste. This, however, only partly answers the question and leaves untouched the fact that many readers of the sensational and vulgar journals are reputable people, who have a different standard for choosing the women with whom they associate, the friends with whom they are intimate, the 'set' in which they move, from that which guides in the selection of the daily newspaper they shall read."

This inconsistency Mr. Warner accounts for in three ways. First, the American, owing to the rapid development of his country is always coming in contact with something new. In consequence he is restless, he has a habit of being in a hurry. What he wants he wants immediately, and he wants it compact, "handy," and if it is information, to the point, and strong. Being himself in a hurry, he is pleased with the rattling touch-and-go manner of the sensational newspaper. What he reads he knows may not be true, but it is clever, it shows enterprise. When he sits down at home or in his club, he denotes the newspaper as sensational, not to be credited, lowering to the public taste and morals; and the next morning he buys the same newspaper.

Then again the American people like brightness, audacity, wit and what they call snap. Being credulous also they are apt to mistake a show for substance, to take the repeated pretense of enterprise for enterprise itself, and to think that the matter is most worthy of attention which is leaded and paragraphed and put before them with all the typographical emphasis of a display advertisement. Still again it is undeniable that the American people like "personalities." The people whose names are printed profess to be shocked, and that they are disgusted with the prying vulgar newspaper that contains them; but they want to see the paper, and they run their eyes down the column in search of the names of their friends. Next week they look in the paper to see if their names are there, and if they are left out, is the paper as interesting and enterprising as it was before? It is exceedingly fortunate for Mr. Warner that he has not attempted to apologize for this diseased appetite of his fellow-countrymen, and that he has confined himself to an explanation of the fact. All the same the fact is to be deplored whether it can be accounted for or not. The outlook for the American nation is darkened in proportion to the prevalence and strength of this depraved taste. Such food as is served up in many American papers can have only one effect upon the intellectual and spiritual nature of the readers, it must weaken the one and dull the moral perception and sensibility of the other.

## Bismarck Still Popular.

It is reported that the German Emperor was greatly annoyed at the ovation given to Prince Bismarck by the people of Berlin when the ex-chancellor was returning from the farewell audience. He regarded the display of popular sympathy with the fallen minister as a disloyal reflection upon himself, in which estimate he was not, we take it, far out of the way. There is, of course, no question of actual disloyalty. Except among the Socialists, the Prussians are faithful to the house of Hohenzollern—the backbone of the state from a military point of view—who feel sorest at Bismarck's enforced retirement, would, if need were, be the first to rally in support of the crown. All the same, they have little confidence in the judgment of the young Emperor, less now than when he ascended the throne, for his headlong and erratic conduct has turned hope into distrust. Naturally they are disquieted that he has ceased to take counsel of the longest head in Germany. For it is a complete cessation. The breach may be closed by the pressure of an emergency, but at present it is as wide as ingratitude, a two-edged knife which cuts deep both ways, can make it. If Berlin is uneasy at the ministerial overturn, Dresden and Munich are still more restive, for there a Hohenzollern has no traditions of fidelity to lean upon. In Saxony and Bavaria the empire itself is regarded more or less as an experiment, which has prospered so far, but has yet to show whether it can bear the strain of adversity. And should the test come, the conditions to success will be far less favorable than they were twenty years back. Six men, each a giant in his way—Bismarck, Moltke, Von Roon, William I., the Crown Prince and the Red Prince—labored at the building of the empire. With lighter effort the structure might never have been raised. None of them now counts for its preservation. Four are dead; Moltke is too old for work, and Bismarck, the tallest of the six, has just been turned out of office to make room for an imperial helmsman who knows little of the course, and has boundless confidence in himself. No wonder his subjects fear that, like the Cork pilot, he may have to learn where the rocks are by running upon them.

## It was threatening and cloudy during the stay of the young Prince Albert Victor of Wales at Mandalay, and as soon as he had gone it rained torrents, whereupon the Burmese seers announced that it had been cloudy above "because the glory of the Prince outshone the sun, and at his departure the heavens wept."

75 CENTS

—SECURES—

THE BEE

FROM NOW TO

Jan. 1, 1891.

Country Talk.

**Burns.**

Subscribe for THE BEE and get the home news. Only 75 cents to the end of 1890.

A young stranger came to the door of Herman Ebbelson Sunday last. Herman smilingly says that it is a girl.

Quite a number in this section are taking the advantages given by the G. T. R. to all points in Ontario. Return tickets for fare and one third.

Miss Mary Patterson, formerly of this place, but now of Boston, U. S., is visiting friends in this vicinity. Although she has been absent for about two years she looks well and all are pleased to see her.

**Poole.**

Wm. Gray, of Newry, is here assisting Mr. Chalmers in the building of his new cheese factory.

Miss Beady, of Topping, conducted the promotion exam here on Thursday last while Miss Richmond looked after the interests of the Topping pupils.

Confirmation services were held in the Lutheran church here last Thursday. The church was decorated prettily for the occasion. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Kermiss, had conducted a German class for two months previous to confirmation, for the benefit of the candidates upon that occasion.

Wm. Connell went to Stratford last week in the capacity of delegate from Pooie I. O. G. T. lodge, to make arrangements in reference to a union picnic to be gotten up by the combined lodges of the county; said picnic to be held in Stratford in June. Mr. Connell discharged the duty devolving upon him in his usual prompt and energetic style.

**Mornington.**

(CROWDED OUT LAST WEEK.)  
SCHOOL REPORT.—The following are the best pupils of S. S. No. 12 as shown by the weekly examinations of March:—Senior Fourth—Edward Attridge, W. Lamin, Lizzie Schrenk, Junior Fourth—Gilbert Atkin, Isaac Atkin, Gerda Tucker, Senior Third—Ralph Tucker, Mary Capling, George Langford, Jun. Third—John Westman, Robert Schrenk, LEWIS ZERAN, Teacher.

Sport has been very good around Milverton this winter and several of our local sportsmen have attained quite a bundle of furs in addition to having had the fun and excitement of a fox chase. But all former exploits were eclipsed last Saturday by Messrs Heartmire and Livingstone in their killing of a large wild cat. They were out after foxes and becoming separated they wandered around until each, without knowing his friend was near, espied his cutship in a large tree. They fired as nearly together that the two guns made but one report, and neither knew of the others presence until he came forward to claim his game. Examination showed that poor pussy had two holes through his head which speaks well for the marksmanship of both men. It was larger than an ordinary dog and was quite a curiosity in the village.

**Listowel.**

An Institute entertainment will be given on Friday night this week.

Mr. Livingston's list of passengers last week is:—J. Anderson, Glenboro, Man.; Wm. Porte, Mrs. Porter, Samuel Porter, Miss Kate Porter, Rathwell, Man.; J. Charles, R. Campbell, Neepawa, Man.

That wonderful market building was hoisted on a stone sled on Wednesday of last week and dumped into a vacant lot or a back street where it fits into the scenery to better advantage than it did on Main street.

Dr. Burgess who has been a resident of town for the past eleven years has purchased a drug business at Lakefield above Peterborough which he intends to conduct in connection with his son. He leaves early this week.

We understand that it is the intension of the association to give a liberal program of sports on their grounds on the 24th of May next. Usually our people have gone to other towns on this day because nothing was going on here.

W. R. Tiffin, G. T. R. assistant superintendent, Stratford, has returned from his trip to England. As a result of treatment in London his eyesight has been much improved and his general health restored. He takes charge of his department in a week or two.

Dr. Rutherford has been taken into partnership with Dr. Parke. Dr. Rutherford is not a stranger in town, he has had considerable experience in Canada and took a high standing in his college course both in Canadian Universities and in London and Edinburgh. He is well qualified to work up a large practice.

The Listowel L. O. L. No. 370, presented Andrew Huston, who is about to leave for the Northwest, with a beautifully bound Bible as a token of esteem and appreciation of his services in connection with that Order, on Friday evening, March 21st. Mr. Huston acknowledged the gift in a neat pithy speech.

**Stratford.**

The Stratford Spring fair has been appointed to be held on Tuesday, April 15th.

The managers of the Stratford Hospital Trust, have invited tenders for heating the new building.

Wm. Lumsden, of Woodstock has accepted a position with the Bell Telephone Company, Stratford.

Rev. Dr. McGillivray, lately pastor of St. James church, London, occupied the pulpit of Knox church in this city last Sunday.

We were glad to see His Honor Judge Woods on the street after being confined to his house for several weeks by severe illness.

On Wednesday of last week the bill to permit the commissioner of Patents to consider Geo. T. Smith's application for an extension of his middlings purifier patent, came up in the House of Commons and was buried.

Wm. A., son of Henry Gibson, who has been one of W. J. Fergusson's chief assistants for some time past, left on Saturday for Toronto where he has obtained a good situation in one of the leading mercantile houses. He was a great favorite with all his Stratford acquaintances, being always a well conducted and courteous young man, and the best wishes of many friends follow him to the Queen city, where we sincerely hope he may do well. He was one of the best lacrosse players in the classic city and his removal is a great loss to the Stratford club.

**Hensall.**

Quite a number of our people left for the west during the past week.

John Cutter, of this place, spent a few days last week with his brother in Milverton.

A large quantity of salt and flour is being shipped weekly from Hensall station.

The salt block which has been shut down during the winter months is now running night and day.

T. Miller, of Cromarty, has been employed by the firm of Brown & Clark in the blacksmith department. Mr. Miller is a good workman.

E. Bossenburg has rented Mr. McIntyre's hotel and taken possession. Mr. McIntyre has accepted a position as traveller for a wholesale house.

On Thursday of last week our spring show was held. There was not a very large attendance owing, no doubt, to the bad roads and unfavorable weather.

HYMNICAL.—On Wednesday last a very pleasing event took place at the residence of John Short, Hay township, being the marriage of Henry Welsh to Miss Ada Short, by Rev. J. S. Cook, of this place, and was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends. The presents were numerous and costly. We unite with their many friends in wishing them joy and a prosperous wedded life, and their greatest troubles may be little ones. Move of our young men are about to follow suit.

**Brussels.**

Miss Ida Calbeck is on the sick list.

Miss Emma Calbeck is rustivating in Morris.

Murdie McLellan, of London, spent Good Friday in town.

S. Fear is in Toronto on a short visit to his sons, J. W. and George.

Mrs. David Armstrong spent Sunday with her parents in Walkerton.

Miss Stella Webster, of Stratford, is visiting friends in Woodstock.

James McIntyre, of St. Marys, spent several days in town this week.

We may expect seven wet Sundays now, as it rained Easter Sunday.

T. Thomson, of Lucan, visited at the Methodist parsonage over Sunday.

Thos. Ainley and wife, of Listowel, were visiting friends in town last Friday.

We regret that Alfred Gilpin is confined to the house with an attack of conjestion on the lungs.

Mrs. Coimack, Mrs. Deadman and children returned home last Tuesday from a visit in Stratford.

Misses Hamby, Abraham and Taylor spent their Easter holidays at their homes, viz, Drayton, Stratford and Blyth.

Rev. W. Cassen, of Seaforth, preached two excellent sermons in the Methodist church last Sabbath. Morning text: St. John 20:25; evening: Matt. 17:1-2.

Mrs. Charlie Holland and Mrs. Fred. Pelton, of Port Huron, were summoned by telegraph last week on account of the illness of their father, S. Pearson.

Jas. Dronhas gone to Detroit to take a position with the Singer Sewing Machine Company. He has worked for them before in this and other counties.

Miss F. E. Kerr left for her situation last Tuesday. She is employed as milliner with R. S. Pritchard, of Wyoming. Miss Kerr has been very successful as a milliner, having excellent taste.

TEMPERANCE.—Sunday evening of last week, Rev. S. Sellery, B. A., B. D., took as the subject of his discourse. He spoke of the quantity of liquor manufactured; the amount of money expended in it; the number engaged in the traffic; the revenue derived and the expenditure of enforcing the law; the crime, misery, disaster and death occasioned by its use. Prohibition was pronounced as the only remedy and to secure this we want public sentiment of such a character with no one but Prohibitionists will be elected to Parliament. The church, the public and Sunday school and ballot box must work hand in hand. The following interesting statistics were gleaned from the Reverend gentleman's remarks:—100,000,000 bushels of grain is annually manufactured into beer; Great Britain's liquor bill amounts to \$1,000,000,000 annually; United States \$1,500,000,000 and Ontario \$50,000,000. 20,000 men are engaged in the traffic. The total revenue is \$280,000,000 and the total expenditure \$2,500,000,000. Three-quarters of the crimes committed is traced to drink. There is estimated to be 50,000 drunkards in Canada and 800,000 in the United States.

**Elma.**

Miss Eliza Forrest, of Musselburgh, is visiting friends in Elma.

Misses Jennie and Eliza Forrest were visiting Mrs. J. A. Edgar's, Howick.

Samuel B. Gray, who is attending the Stratford Collegiate Institute, is home spending his Easter holidays under the parental roof.

J. W. Johnstone, of Carthage, and his sister, Mrs. David McLaughlin, of Dorking, were visiting at J. A. Gray's one day last week.

**Bornholm.**

Miss C. Lawson, teacher at Carmun-ock, conducted the promotion examination at No. 10, Logan.

Miss J. Richmond has returned to her school duties, after spending her Easter holidays at home. Miss Richmond is very popular with the pupils of her school.

Rev. F. Swann, of Monkton, preached an interesting sermon on Easter Sunday to his congregation at Bethesda. This church is rapidly improving under his ministry, having gained over a dozen members since New Year's; the choir has also improved since the new organist has taken the stool.

As two or three of the most prominent of the young people of Brodhagen are about to take their departure for Detroit, their friends unanimously agreed to show their appreciation of the young people by giving a party before they left. Accordingly on Easter Monday a large party assembled at Mr. Leonard's hall where dancing was kept up to a late hour. All spent an enjoyable time, as the greater part of the assembly consisted of members of the Lutheran church, who have been deprived of that pleasure for the last six weeks, it being the Lent season.

**Grey.**

Samuel Askin, photographer, of Teeswater, was home on a brief visit last week.

Jas. Strachan is on the sick list this week. Miss Isabel Strachan is also very poorly.

The Star saw-mill has been buzzing away the last two or three weeks, and much fine lumber and shingles are being sawed up.

Wm. Woods has returned from Nipissing Junction. He says snow is a great deal more plentiful up there than here and the weather is much colder.

Quite a quantity of fire wood was got out for Rev. D. B. McRae on Wednesday of last week at Duncan McInnes'. There was a good turnout of hands to the bee.

Archie McIntosh, jr., of the 16th con., went to Dakota on Tuesday, 25th ult. "In the Spring the young man's fancy" generally turns to thoughts of the great and mighty West.

The veteran horseman, Thos. Calder, has purchased the imported Clydesdale stallion, "Standard Bearer," from Jas. Ritchie of Belmore. He is said to be one of the best. Mr. Calder purposes putting him on about the same route as his other horses have usually gone.

John Cardiff has purchased the 100 acre farm recently owned by Donald McLaughlin for the sum of \$4,500. It is a bargain at the price. This gives Mr. Cardiff 250 acres of land now to cultivate. There is quite a little history in connection with the property lately purchased. Mrs. Arch. McLan disposed of the farm about 12 years ago to Donald McLaughlin for \$7,000 and the same property is now sold by private sale for \$4,500. This is not the only instance of depreciation in real estate on a wholesale pattern.

OBIT.—Last week John and Dougal McTaggart were away at St. Thomas attending the funeral of their youngest brother, Malcolm, who departed this life on Friday, March 21st, aged 44 years. The funeral took place on the Monday following. The deceased had been sick for about a month and a half with inflammation of the lungs and this caused his death. Mr. McTaggart was a very highly respected member of the community and was an elder in the Presbyterian church at Kingsmill for many years. A wife and four children are left to mourn his departure. The interment was made in the St. Thomas cemetery.

At a meeting in S. S. No. 2, April 3rd, the petition to have an Engineer appointed and the work commenced of clearing the obstructions in Bushaw creek, met with an unfavorable reception. There were no new signers, and many who signed it at the former meeting in S. S. No. 8, were wanting to withdraw their names. Those in this township who are interested in the clearing of the creek, agreed to remove the obstructions from the river up to Clark's bridge on the Cranbrook sideroad, but the Elma people wanted the members of the Grey Council, who were present, to promise that the work would be done. This was not consented to. The Councilors refused to bind themselves in any way, and no definite plan has yet been agreed upon.

PRESENTATION.—Since Wm. Coultts came here last December he has been practising with the "Strachan" choir. On Tuesday of last week a very pleasant evening was spent at the residence of Duncan Taylor, it being understood that this was to be the last night's practice for the present. During the evening Robt. Cutt read the following address and Miss Mary Strachan made the presentation:—WM. COULTTS, DEAR SIR, —In meeting with you to-night at the close of our singing practice for this winter we have pleasure in presenting you with this purse as a small token of our appreciation of the interest that you have taken in our welfare, and hope that you may long be spared and able to instruct others with the same uniform kindness as you have shown us, and that the blessing of a kind Providence may rest upon you and give you many of the blessings of life, both temporal and spiritual, to enjoy, is the wish of your singing class, concessions 3 and 4. Grey. Signed, in behalf of class, ROBT. CUTT, MARY STRACHAN.—Post.

The Question Answered.

Almost everyone who wants a new suit of clothes and intends to pay, first asks: "Where am I likely to get the best value for my money." I have just completed a year since employing a cutter and tailor for myself, and here is our record:—

No. of Orders for the 12 Months, 175.  
Value of Clothing Made, \$1,900.

Here is what a few of our Customers think of the kind of work we turn out:—

Atwood, Feb. 28, 1890.  
Jas. Irwin, Esq., Dear Sir:—This is to certify that the suit of clothing purchased from you, and made by your tailor, Mr. Geo. Currie, has given entire satisfaction, both in workmanship and quality of goods. Yours truly, R. KNOX.

7 Russel street, Toronto, Feb. 14, 1890.  
Ever since Geo. Currie has taken charge of the tailoring department of Mr. Jas. Irwin's establishment, I have been getting all my clothes made there. I have always been perfectly satisfied, both with the goods and the manner in which they were made. I consider Mr. Irwin particularly fortunate in having secured the services of so able a workman. GEO. A. HARVEY.

Atwood, March 3, 1890.  
Jas. Irwin:—Being asked for a recommend as to Mr. Currie's claim as a first-class cutter or tailor, I consider him another John A. McKenzie as regard to making clothes satisfactory. Yours truly, JOHN A. WILSON.

Atwood, March 1, 1890.  
James Irwin, Sir:—The suit of clothes your Mr. Geo. Currie made for me is the best fitting suit I ever wore. JOHN PELTON.

Toronto, Feb. 14, 1890.  
I am pleased to be able to certify to the excellence of the quality of goods kept by Mr. James Irwin in his tailoring department, and also to the taste and proficiency of his tailor, Mr. Geo. Currie. I have never been better satisfied with clothes than with those recently received from his establishment. Not only was the quality of the cloth all that could be desired, but the fit was also perfectly satisfactory. ED. E. HARVEY.

Corona, Colorado, March 1, 1890.  
Dear Sir:—This is to certify that the suits I have had made for me by Mr. Currie are entirely satisfactory. As regard to both style and workmanship they are equal to anything I have been able to procure from even the most fashionable tailoring establishments in Denver. As long as I can get such satisfaction from you my name will appear on your books as a permanent customer. Yours truly, ARCHIE KNOX, Agent C. B. & Q. Ry.

Atwood, March 10, 1890.  
James Irwin, Atwood:—I reply to your enquiry. I beg to say that the suit of clothes made for me by Mr. Currie, gives me every satisfaction. If you suit everyoneas well, you will have no trouble in getting plenty to do. R. K. HALL.

Brussels, March 1, 1890.  
James Irwin, Atwood:—Both the suit and overcoat made for me by Mr. Currie, give me every satisfaction, I don't want any better fits than they are. JAS. BELL.

We could furnish a hundred more testimonials as flattering as these if they were required,

A Trial Order Solicited.

James Irwin.

GEO. CURRIE, Cutter.

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For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Dress Goods, &c.

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop.

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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

2f

HENRY HOAR.