

Visit to Lundy Lane Battlefield.

We gladly give space in THE BEE to the following letter, which appeared in Tuesday's Empire, believing it will be of interest to our readers, some of whom will have a vivid recollection of that memorable field.—Although very many articles have appeared in the papers about the battleground, a few remarks may not be uninteresting at this season, when so many thousands are visiting this most interesting locality.

I have visited the Falls perhaps fifty times, and were I to visit them, fifty times more I would not tire of seeing them. There is a freshness in the water, in the green foliage, in the parks on both sides, now all free, that ever invites, never tires. Like a grand old forest of old trees, we love the scene more and more. Unquestionably, the Niagara Falls, all in all, are the grandest sight in the world. When you think that over their brink pour the waters of lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie, running from the far west and north, and which lakes are fed by innumerable creeks and rivers in the distant north and west, and that this pouring has endured for perhaps 20,000 years, and will endure for countless centuries to come—there is something grand, awful in the thought! Now let us remember what our world has been. Long before the pyramids of Egypt were erected these falls were wearing their way southward from Queenston Heights year after year, century after century. Perhaps no human eye had seen them until they were 10,000 years old. The mammoth, those mighty elephants which once roamed over Canada may have gone to their brink 10,000 years ago. There thousands of years ago the first Indian mound builders may have gazed in wonder at them. They are near Toronto (three hours' journey only from this city), and no one can better spend two or three days than in visiting them. They are wonderful—beautiful—grand—emblematic of eternity.

I attended at the celebration of the anniversary of the great battle of Lundy's Lane, and read an address there on the salient points of this battle, which, if it were not too long, I would ask you to insert, but your columns will not permit the space. Nevertheless, I will just describe the ground, as I took more notice this time of it than ever before. It is a beautiful locality—just such a place as would suit two contending armies to fight. As ascending ground gradually rises from the Falls, from Queenston and from Chippewa river, to the height of perhaps 200 feet. All around there are beautiful old oak trees—some which stood there and heard the roar of the battle—some appear to be 200 years old. Towards Chippewa the land sinks into a beautiful plain. The ground is sandy, smooth and warm. Towards Queenston it descends very gradually, and there is a road leading to the battlefield of that village. You can see Brock's monument from this rising ground plainly—six miles away. On this road the British troops came to the battle. On the road to Chippewa directly south the American troops came to the field.

The militia men saw at once it was necessary to possess the high grounds, and here the battle raged from 6 o'clock to 12 o'clock at night on the 25th July, 1814. Lately I have been told that the American school books give a very untrue account of the battle, saying they gained it, that the troops engaged on each side were about equal, etc. On the occasion of our meeting, 25th July last, resolutions were moved in favor of our schools having a Canadian war history taught, to set things right. There is no use in Americans deceiving their people about this battle. Taking all things into consideration the number of the Americans, their freshness, equipment and arms, they had a decided advantage over the British, who were scattered, fatigued and not at first in a compact body, as also in numbers. The Americans were nearly twice as numerous. They had better guns and had the best men they could turn out, well officered. The fact is at no time had the British 3,000 men, whereas the Americans had 5,000 available. The high grounds were fought for, sometimes in the American possession, sometimes in the British occupation, and finally at midnight were left in the hands of the British. What right had the Americans to say they gained the battle when they left their dead in British hands and many of their guns on the field? Taken on all points—assaults, reverses, rallies, muzzles to muzzle, rings, close bayonet charges, fighting with the butt ends of muskets, heroic endurance, the loss of over two thousand men out of eight thousand on both sides in killed and wounded—no such battle was fought in the late American war as this. Both sides displayed wonderful bravery, skill and pluck, but the glory (if such there is in battle) was left with the British. Never did British soldiers, officers and militia—so greatly distinguish themselves. Can they do it again? Yes, on this very ground, in perhaps three or four days Canadians can assemble an army of soldiers and militia from 5,000 to 10,000 strong, who would fight as bravely. Let not Americans be deceived about this. We will fight for our country, but we don't desire anything but a friendship. We glory in the success of all branches of the American and Canadian races—on their own respective soil.

"Nemo me impune lacessit" is our motto—it was always a British motto—it was the Scotch motto. Americans talk about the exposed condition of Canada, and of what they could do with us. Why, they are much more exposed, much more vulnerable, their cities are large and could be destroyed by war on the seaboard and lakes very soon. Our country is more agricultural. What would be the fate of Buffalo from Fort Erie, of Detroit from Windsor, of Cleveland from Port Stanley, in case of war? But, as Lord Volesley lately said, we must not have war if possible to avoid it. Yet such a thing may occur. Any nation who will be so base as to claim a sea like Behring sea, 3,000 miles wide, as against Canadians and England, I fear might do many other acts which would lead to war. Only let us caution our neighbors, "Nemo me impune lacessit." No one shall insult us or invade our soil unopposed.

Yours, etc.,
CHARLES DURAND.
Toronto, August 8th, 1890.

Brussels.

Miss Mary Hindes is home from Toronto.
Miss Edith Hill Sundayed in Wingham.
Alex. Hunter has gone on a trip to Chicago.
G. A. Beer, of Seaford, was in town this week.
Miss Addie Vanstone is home from Goderich.
Miss Bessie Moore is visiting in Stratford.
John Varcoe left Monday on a trip to Manitoba.
Miss Leah Hill, of Wingham, spent Sunday in town.
Miss Minnie Shaw is home from her situation in Bridgen.

Mrs. Macrae and daughter are visiting Mrs. F. Farrow.
Miss Currie, of Walkerton, was visiting Miss Toddick last week.
Rev. W. E. Kerr preached in Cranbrook last Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. Ed. Dunford and Lorne were away last week on a trip to Detroit.
Jno. Shannon, of Greta, Man., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. S. Pearson.

The first instalment of this year's crop of flax is being delivered at the mill here.
Mrs. (Rev.) Hughes, of Listowel, was visiting Mrs. Geerige Rogers last week.
Miss Lizzie Thompson is confined to the house with erysipels in her foot.
Russel and Reginald Fletcher returned home last week from their trip to Paris.
J. J. Denman is managing the flour and feed store as W. Hartley is on the sick list.

Master Ulysses Pelton, of Port Huron, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. S. Pearson.
Mrs. J. Creighton and Miss Clara spent several days at Southampton and Port Elgin last week.
Miss Mabel Jackson is home again, having spent several weeks in the Queen City.
Miss Lissia Farrow had the misfortune to injure her knee one day lately and is taking a rest.

Next Sunday the pulpit of the Methodist church is to be occupied by J. H. McBain, of Atwood.
Quite a number of our townfolk intend taking in the excursion to Kincaidine Thursday and Friday of this week.
The brickwork at Wm. Bashill's new block is completed and the tar and sand roof will be put on at once.
Miss Aggie Shiel arrived home Monday of last week, having spent several weeks visiting friends and relatives in Galt.

Mrs. Wm. Vanstone has returned from Galt, where she has been visiting friends and relatives for several months.
Rev. W. E. Kerr, of Owen Sound, and Miss F. E. Kerr, arrived home after a three weeks' camping on an island in the Georgian Bay. They had a grand time.
W. H. Hill, formerly of Brussels, is renewing old acquaintances this week. He is now preaching on the Artria mission, Simcoe county. We wish him every success.

The woollen factory has received a freshening up coat of paint to cover the damage of the late fire. W. R. Wilson has replaced the plate glass windows in his store with a 4-light sash in each window.
Last Monday evening W. H. Hill addressed the Y. P. C. A. of the Methodist church, subject: "Come." Two weeks from Monday there is to be a debate "Resolved the Bible should not be used in our Public Schools."
On Sunday morning, Aug. 3rd, Dr. Graham's gray driver cut an ugly gash in her neck, supposed to be done by getting the strap twisted by which she was tied. The veterinary had to put in seven or eight stitches to close up the wound.
Wednesday night of last week fire was discovered in Walter Jackson's stable, but ready hands soon put it out. How it started is a mystery. Had it not been noticed when it was a serious conflagration might have been the result as Mr. Jackson's dwelling is close by as it was the inside of the stable was badly scorched. A horse standing in the stall where the fire started was nearly suffocated.

DISTRICT MEETING

ABLE ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON SABBATH SCHOOL WORK IN THE EVENING.

In accordance with announcement the ministers stationed within the Listowel District of the Guelph Conference met for the general transaction of business in the Methodist church, Atwood, on Tuesday afternoon, E. S. Rupert, M. A., presiding. Henryryn was recommended to the favorable consideration of the missionary committee. The arrangements for holding the missionary meetings were made. Most of the services will be held in the fall, and the meeting fixed for Atwood is Oct. 19. An interesting conversation on the state of the work on the District took place and the meeting closed with a profitable prayer-meeting, in which Revs. Caswell, Torrence, Sherlock, and P. Hepinstall took part. The May District Meeting is to be held in Fordwich.

The public Sabbath school meeting in the evening was fairly well attended, and were not for the busy season with farmers the church would doubtless have been filled to its capacity. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman, E. S. Rupert, M. A., and a selection of music by the choir, Rev. Mr. Sherlock was called upon to address the meeting, choosing for his subject, "Temperance in the Sabbath school." He said it was wise to teach in the S. S. what we believe on this subject. The same law that applies to the adult should be taught to the children. Undeveloped views and traditional ideas regarding temperance have largely passed away, and all churches are now of one mind on the subject of temperance—total abstinence. The proper place for alcohol is among the poisons. And it is not strange that alcohol preserves a dead body but destroys the living one. In teaching total abstinence we should be perfectly satisfied with the principle ourselves. It was a notable fact in connection with the recent Scott Act campaign, that where the large majorities for the Act were rolled up were in most instances the result of temperance effort in these particular localities. The speaker gave numerous Old Testament illustrations of the disastrous results of intemperance. The devil's stimulus for human pains is alcohol; God's stimulus, His grace. We should teach our children that nine-tenths of the world's poverty, pauperism, crime, etc., is attributable to the deadly effects of intoxicating drink. He singled out places in the north of Ireland, England and the U. S. where prohibition was in force as fitting illustrations of the grand and glorious results of temperance effort.

Rev. J. W. Pring was next called on to deliver his address on "Literature in the Sabbath school." The speaker regarded the Sabbath school work the most important in the church. The first and primary book to be introduced into the school is the Word of God—the raw, unadulterated Word of God. There is a danger at the present day of introducing multiplied helps, which have a tendency to crowd out the Word of God. There should be helps, however, and in the Methodist school the helps should be Methodistic in their tone. In other words, no literature should be taught in the school that was not in harmony with the doctrines and teachings of the Methodist church. The concise as well as comprehensible. Too much chaff is contained in many of the lesson helps to be used in the school. In his opinion the Methodist book room supplied the best helps to be found anywhere, particularly the S. S. Banner. Every S. S. should have a library. The boys and girls of to-day read, and if they cannot get good literature they will read bad. The country is filled with sensational, cheap, trashy literature, which, if read, cannot fail to corrupt and demoralize the youth of our land. He was not opposed to all works of fiction, although he was persuaded that some of Rev. E. P. Roe's productions were not healthy in their tone. Fiction had a tendency to give young people a wrong impression of life. A good library should consist of travel, history, biography, science, philosophy, together with healthy fiction. The books should be in accordance with Methodist doctrine, and of a true, moral tone. The Methodist Magazine was a library in itself, as it contained interesting sketches on science, history, biography, etc. The catechism should be a part of the literature in the S. S. This book has been sadly neglected in the school and is seldom taught to the children. There are many people who profess to be Christians that cannot give an intelligent definition of the doctrines of justification, sanctification, etc., whereas if they studied the catechism more in their youth they would be better able to define these important foundational doctrines of Christianity. Music books should also be introduced. God has put melody in the heart of man, and the musical exercises of the S. S. impress the mind and draw out the those powers of feeling and sympathy which will go with the pupil in later life.

The last speaker, Rev. J. Livingstone, addressed the meeting on "The aim and object of S. S. effort." The Latin root of the word "aim" is "to weigh," so that we are to weigh the boy or girl mentally,

morally and spiritually in God's eternal scales. We cannot tell what lies slumbering in the intellect of the little boy. Washington never dreamed of seeing a steamboat, railroad, telephone, etc., such are the achievements of the fruit of the mind. Science is simply education is drawing out the soul. Man is a moral being, but he will break the moral law and that is what makes him weak. We should aim to keep the children of the S. S. moral. A man, a rough block of stone before him, and he takes his chisel and slowly carves and chisels out of the marble the form of a beautiful angel. He says it is to be placed in a niche in the king's palace, in that ungainly little fellow the hidden, undeveloped character and loveliness of an angel, and with this thought filling his mind and heart, he goes to work earnestly and prayerfully, perhaps for years, and finally his task is completed, and the little angel—the work of his brain and heart—is not placed in an earthly palace to be gazed at by a perishing world, but in the palace of the Kingdom of God. Mr. Livingstone is indeed an orator and his eloquent address was listened to with wrapt attention.

The choir is deserving of credit for the excellent selections interspersed during the speaking. The frequent hearty applause was an evidence of their appreciation by the audience. A collection was taken up at the close to defray expenses.

Women as Employees.

A business man of the city giving employment to both men and women, upon being asked why he did not employ more women than he did said:—"I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work, a wife, home and happiness are to be earned, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy and wholly dependent upon herself for her living, but she feels that she will probably be married by-and-by and she then she must give up the work. So she goes on listlessly. She has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that her happiness depends on it. She will marry and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so and it spoils her work."

The Auburn Execution.

The name of Kemmler will go down to the ages as that of the first criminal to die under process of law by electric shock. It may even be one of a very few notorious in this manner of death, for it cannot be said that the first trial has been calculated to impress people in favor of the method. In fact, there are many considerations arising out of the whole proceedings which will give pause to the contemplated adoption of "electrocution" by other states than New York, and may even lead to a repeal by that state of its recent law on the subject.

The details published over the whole world of the execution are quite as sickening as almost any with which people have been made familiar in connection with hanging and guillotining. The condemned man bore the ordeal with unusual fortitude. Natural temperament may have had much to do with this, but it is quite probable that manner of his taking off, the eyes of the world would be upon him as they have death had much to do in preventing the nervous collapse the terrible preparations of the death chair might be expected to inflict on a prisoner. These preparations must always be made by a death by electricity be contemplated, and no one can read their details without a shudder, nor perhaps conceive how the agony of death could be anything but increased by the careful adjustment of pads, wires, sponges, straps and skull cap. The noise or even the guillotine seems a simple and humane contrivance compared with the scientific refinement of cruelty in which the death pang in Kemmler's case was repeated over and over again for five minutes in order to shorten the final pang by one or two seconds.

The 1,700 volts applied to Kemmler for ten seconds have been pronounced by almost every expert quite sufficient to insure instant death. But the symbol of bosom and the repeated groans of the victim will be generally accepted as a justification of the assertions of other experts that it is impossible to tell how much or how little electricity will kill in any particular instance. The terrible scene which ensued—the second and savage application of the current to the writhing body until the flesh began to smoke—rivals in horror any of

the scenes enacted on the scaffold. No doubt the condemned man was unconscious from the instant the current was turned on, and the symptoms which his body brought him no pain. But those bungled hangings in which death evidence of scores of would-be suicides in time to preserve life, is that no agony was felt after the tightening of the fatal noose. So far as the suffering of a condemned man is concerned there appears to be little difference between hanging and death by electricity after the drop has fallen or the button been touched. As to the suffering proceeding the fatal application, it can scarcely be said that the deadly chair, with its innumerable adjustments, gives less simple arrangements of the scaffold. And when the feelings of the spectator are taken into account, as no doubt they were quite as much as those of the condemned man, when the New York law was passed, the new method does not seem to have any decided advantage over the old.

It may be said that Kemmler's execution was the first of the kind and that with experience killing by electricity will be better done. But this idea does not appear tenable. Extraordinary attention was given by experts to secure the prompt action of the deadly current. Months ago—just before Kemmler's respite came—the preparations were as complete as experts could make them and since then calves have been put under the electric pads to test the preparations. It is unlikely that greater care will be taken in any future case. And when the difficulties and ignorance to be encountered in preparations for executions in country towns are taken into account it is altogether likely that a general adoption of the new method of death would be followed by horrible occurrences such as might make the public turn with relief to the old method of hanging, which can be applied quite as easily and satisfactorily in the wilds of Arizona as in the great civilized centres whence emanated the idea of putting murderers to death by the most refined processes of applied science.

Hanging a murderer like a dog is cheaper and simpler than killing him with wires and pads. It is certainly not more cruel, and the degradation associated with it is greater, a fact which may have some effect as a deterrent on persons inclined to commit murder.

Perth County Notes.

Already the Mitchell Board of Works have expended \$1,864, and yet the sidewalks in some places are dangerous to walk upon.
For the six months of 1890 ending June 30th, there were registered with the Mitchell town clerk, 24 births, 15 deaths and 12 marriages.
We are sorry to hear that Miss Allie, daughter of William Mitchell, manager of Bennewise Mills in Ellice, is dangerously ill with malaria fever.
Thomas McClay, who was Mayor of Mitchell for two years, and a good citizen, favored the town with a visit last week. He reported business good in Woodstock, and expressed himself as highly pleased with the change he made.
The widow of the late Hon. Michael Hamilton Foley, died at her residence, Larry Sound, on the 22nd ult., aged 72 years. The late Mr. Foley was well known in Perth, he having once defeated T. M. Duly, sr., in a hard fight for the representation of Perth in the old Upper and Lower Canadian parliament.

The other day two young lads of Mitchell were summoned to appear before Magistrate Flagg, for disorderly conduct. If they stood their trial they were afraid imprisonment would follow so they thought the best thing they could do would be to wipe the dust of the streets of Mitchell from their feet, so they got a lively rig, and, by a circuitous route, reached Stratford on Sunday morning of last week, where, it is thought, they took a train for Toronto.
After a life of over 70 years Mrs. Gustave Smith, Mitchell, was called to her long home on Thursday night, July 31st. Deceased had been a resident of Mitchell for 40 years, and always bore an unblemished character, and for thirty years had been a consistent member of the old Bible Christian Church. She married sixty years ago and her husband, who will be 94 years old if he lives to the 10th of the present month, survives her. They had born to them 10 children, 6 of whom are living.

On Sunday of last week the Rev. Mr. Taylor announced his resignation as Rector of Trinity Church, and read his appointment by the Bishop to St. James, St. Marys. It is likely he will remove from Mitchell the 1st of next month. Financially his position by the change will not be bettered, but the Rectory being almost in the centre of the town and close to the church will be an advantage. In the Diocese of Huron ministerial changes are becoming very frequent, and the question of adopting the Methodist plan of changing every three years, will no doubt be taken up at an early day by the Synod. The movement, especially among the lay element, is becoming popular, and would find many warm supporters.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

There is a marked revival in the Montreal shipping trade.

The retail grocers of Halifax have formed a combination.

About 4,000 men are wanted in the Northwest for harvesting.

The Nova Scotia coal miners report a season of unprecedented prosperity.

James Lane, a Rosebank, Man., farmer, was killed by lightning on Saturday.

A cyclone in Madawaska county, N. B., wrecked thirty buildings on Monday.

Sir John Macdonald has gone to Prince Edward Island, where he will spend a week.

George Robinson, a young man, dropped dead while dancing at Winnipeg the other night.

Canadian cotton, in large quantities, is being shipped from Vancouver for China and Japan.

Well-informed politicians state that there will be an early session of the Dominion Parliament.

Mr. George T. Blackstock has been retained as senior counsel for the defence of Birchall.

Fire did \$700 damage at the residence of Hon. David Mills, London, on Monday morning.

The general conference of the Methodist church of Canada opens at Montreal on September 10.

Joseph Rollin, a 16-year-old boy, fell over the cliff at Major's hill, Ottawa, on Monday, and was killed.

The report of the Montreal harbor master shows an increase in the trade of the port for the present season.

The English Royal Niger Company has prohibited the importation or sale of intoxicating liquor in its African possessions, not on moral grounds, but on business principles, holding that the profits growing out of the liquor traffic are more than cancelled by the pecuniary losses resulting from drink demoralization.

Hon. C. C. Colby will leave for Europe in a few days. He will be accompanied by his son, Mr. Charles W. Colby.

Forty-three Icelanders arrived in Montreal on Tuesday night with the intention of settling in the North-West.

It is reported that the debts contracted at Halifax by Prince Duple Singh will be paid by the British authorities.

Gordon, who set fire to the Cambrian hotel, Wapella, Man., will spend the next fifteen years of his life in prison.

The manager of the Deloraine Coal railway says he will be able to lay coal down in Winnipeg this winter for \$5 a ton.

A strong crusade is about to be commenced in Montreal against tax exemptions. The amount of exempted property there is \$19,745,210.

Mrs. Rodger Vallinier, of Tecumseth, who has suffered for months from dyspepsia, died a few days ago after an absolute fast of 43 days.

Valuable phosphate leads in the Wakefield district, about twenty miles from Ottawa, have just been discovered by a Californian miner named Doller.

Farmers in western Ontario pronounce the growth of the two-rowed barleyseed imported from England by the Dominion Government a grand success.

A Nova Scotia girl was fatally burned through the instrumentality of her pipe, which she put in her pocket too quickly when she was done smoking.

Two women and one man were baptized according to Mormon rites, by an elder of the Latter Day Saints' Church, in the River Thames, at London, Ont., on Saturday.

Belgian settlers in the North-west are highly pleased with their new homes. So says Mons. L. Hacault, editor of the *Courrier de Bruxelles*, who has just visited them.

Contractor Randolph Macdonald has brought suits against Toronto claiming nearly a quarter of a million dollars' damages in connection with the Don improvement works.

Fifteen hundred Icelanders celebrated their national holiday at Winnipeg on Saturday. The orators of the day expressed their greatest satisfaction with the change from Iceland to Manitoba.

Premier Mowat declines to pay a bill of \$17,000 presented by the Dominion Government for the maintenance of lunatics sent from the disputed territory which was ultimately awarded to Ontario.

General Manager Graham, of the Northern Pacific & Manitoba Railway system, is to be transferred to the Pacific coast, and the Manitoba lines are likely to come under the Dakota division superintendency.

The new town site of Fort William, Ont., has just been placed on the market, and the company owning the property have been made sanguine of the success of their enterprise by the sales of lots already made.

The merchants of Brandon propose boycotting the Northern Pacific and Manitoba railway for entering into an agreement with the Canadian Pacific to furnish discriminating rates to Winnipeg as against Brandon.

A book agent at St. Thomas on Saturday forged the name of Mr. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, to a cheque for \$50, and with this document paid a bill of \$14 to a lively stable-keeper, receiving the change. He has not yet been caught.

By an arrangement entered into between the Calgary and Edmonton Railway Company and Rev. Leonard Gaetz the site for a new town to be called Red Deer has been located on the property of the latter. The property consists of twelve hundred acres, half of which will be given to the railway company.

The Dominion mortality statistics show that during the year ended December last there were 480 deaths of illegitimate children in Montreal, against 413 in all the rest of Canada. The city authorities explain this by saying that Montreal is made the dumping ground for such unfortunate infants owing to the facilities for their reception.

On Monday night the wife of Constable McDuff of Montreal was sitting on her gallery when a drunken neighbor attempted to assault her. She escaped into the house, locked the door and fell fainting from fright. Tuesday morning she was prematurely confined, and now the mother and child lie dead. She had been married only a year, and was a woman of superior attainments. Guerin, the assailant and cause of the dual death, is in custody.

ENGLAND.

The British authorities will leave Heligoland on Saturday.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley has quite recovered, and will soon be off for Switzerland with his bride.

Viscount Boyle (the Earl of Shannon) reached Liverpool last week by the steamship Tontonic.

The steamer Majestic made the voyage from Queenston to New York in five days and twenty-three hours.

The order for the removal of the West Riding regiment from Halifax to Bermuda has been countermanded.

Gen. Walseley retired on Friday from his place as Adjutant General, and will assume command of the forces in Ireland in October.

It is announced that on the expiration of a year from the Duke of Manchester's death, his widow will marry the Marquis of Hartington.

Editor Walsh, of the *Cashel Sentinel*, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for publishing a speech delivered at a prohibited meeting.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking at the National Liberal Club, referring to Gen. Simmons' mission to the Pope, said it was generally regarded with misgiving and suspicion, with doubt, indignation, and even with disgust.

Viscount Cranbrook presided on Monday at the unveiling of a statue on the Thames embankment to the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, the Liberal statesman, chief secretary for Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's Government.

The London postmen recently discharged on account of their activity in organizing the men and urging their demands for better treatment are in a starving condition, despite the efforts of the union to save them. The newspapers very generally urge Postmaster General Raikes to reinstate them.

The English Royal Niger Company has prohibited the importation or sale of intoxicating liquor in its African possessions, not on moral grounds, but on business principles, holding that the profits growing out of the liquor traffic are more than cancelled by the pecuniary losses resulting from drink demoralization.

UNITED STATES.

Philadelphia's population is 1,044,894.

A hailstorm in North Dakota has caused great destruction to crops.

The flour output from Minneapolis last week was the heaviest in two years.

The Kansas drought has been broken, but the rains have come too late to save the corn crop.

From 2,000 members in 1881 the Brotherhood of Carpenters of the United States has grown to 70,000.

It is estimated the public debt of the United States has been reduced about \$4,000,000 during the month.

During the one hundred years of the existence of the patent office in Washington, 433,432 patents have been issued.

In the neighborhood of Austin, Tex., millions of caterpillars have invaded the fields and are destroying the crops.

Miss Jennie Hartman, of Mertzown, Pa., shot herself dead the other day because of fears of hydrophobia. Her pet dog had bitten her.

The collision of the steamers Virginia and Louise at Baltimore on Monday caused the loss of fourteen lives, and two of the injured are dying.

The San Francisco chamber of commerce has declared itself strongly in favor of commercial reciprocity on the lines advocated by Secretary Blaine.

Senator Hoar argues that regard for the interests of her dressers should cause Great Britain to agree to the American view of the seal question.

The celebrated Blythe will contest in San Francisco, involving \$4,000,000, has been decided in favor of Florence, the illegitimate child of the dead millionaire.

It is possible that the opposition of the eastern masters and handlers of barley may influence enough Senators at Washington to knock out the proposed duty on barley.

On Saturday afternoon Charles McCaffrey, the Canadian bridge jumper, jumped from the Shears at the Atlantic works, East Boston, a distance of 150 feet. He was killed.

The report as to the great distress among the settlers in western Dakota has been fully confirmed. Many of the distressed people propose crossing the border into the fertile Canadian North-West.

A Tucson, Ariz., despatch says: The rainfall in this section during the last three days are unprecedented. All the streams are flooded, and much destruction of property has taken place in the valley.

A San Francisco despatch says the Pacific Mail steamers from San Francisco will hereafter call at Victoria, B.C., on the way to and from China, and the Canadian Pacific steamships will even up by calling at San Francisco.

A tramp named Charles Blackwell, for whom inquiry has been made recently, was found in Watertown, N. Y., and informed that \$9,000 awaits him in England.

William Rae, a Minneapolis license commissioner, who got away with \$20,000 of the people's money, has been arrested in Montreal. Rae consented to accompany a detective back to Minneapolis without extradition formalities.

Senator Cullom says the Interstate Commerce Committee has a mass of evidence which indicates the existence of cheaper transportation across the continent by Canadian routes than can be offered by American railways. The Senator says he wants to see American railways protected against such competition.

GENERAL.

Eighty deaths per day is the cholera record in Mecca.

Joseph Chamberlain says for America on Wednesday next.

Emperor William will go to Heligoland after his visit to England.

The German emperor is the guest of Queen Victoria at Osborne house, Isle of Wight.

In some parts of the Sudan the deaths from starvation number one hundred daily.

There are 500 American doctors at the international medical congress now in session at Berlin.

Paris papers report that another plot against the Czar has been discovered at St. Petersburg.

The cholera epidemic is diminishing in Valencia, Spain, but is greatly on the increase in Mecca.

A French Syndicate is building a telephone line from St. Petersburg to Berlin, via Moscow and Warsaw.

The Alpine club, of France, will visit Ottawa in September, and will be accompanied by Mgr. Labeille.

A Buenos Ayres despatch says one thousand persons were killed and five thousand wounded in the revolution.

The Russian government has taken steps to stop the work of Protestant missionaries, especially in western Russia.

It is announced by the Russian newspapers that transportation to Siberia will shortly be abolished as a judicial punishment.

The Russian paper *Grashdanin* says Russia should increase her forces near the Afghan frontier in order to teach England prudence.

Pekin, China, is submerged and business there paralyzed. The government has ordered the immediate opening of Shun King to foreign trade.

The Russian Government has ordered the enforcement of the edicts of 1882 against the Jews, and a million Hebrews will be compelled to leave the country.

Italy has ordered the study of English to be added to the curriculum of all Italian universities, and has endowed the necessary professorships for the purpose.

In the Divorce Court suit brought by Viscount Dunlop against his wife, formerly Belle Bilton, the London music hall singer, a decision was given in favour of the lady.

By order of Emperor William, all the weak or ailing children of workmen employed in Government factories will have a holiday at the seaside at the Government's expense.

It is stated that many people in Newfoundland express themselves in favour of annexation to the United States if there is not a satisfactory settlement to the fishery question.

Emperor William had a private conference with King Leopold at Ostend on Friday, and it is thought that as a result Belgium may be taken as a kind of sleeping partner into the Triple alliance.

Much excitement has been caused in Southern Russia by the apparently authentic statement that many Russian peasant girls are decoyed or abducted from their native country to supply Turkish harems.

The war between Guatemala and San Salvador still goes on. The Salvadoran army is advancing into the interior of the enemy's country, and it is expected that when Guatemala has mobilized her forces she will be able to annihilate the intruder.

The celebrated Russian novelist Glyn Ushienky has been sent to Siberia because he wrote a letter to the Czar in support of the memorandum sent by Madame Tzebrikova, and a school girl of eighteen, who was arrested in bed and hurried to prison in her night dress, has also been banished on suspicion of possessing nihilistic secrets.

No Hogs There.

In these days when persons of proclivity are so common, when from encountering them on the street, in the shop at the mart, in the place of public concourse, on the cars, on the steamboat, etc., many were beginning to conclude that there is no place where the "befurcated hog" is not, it is a small compliment to a community to be advertised presence. Such praise has just been bestowed upon Edinburgh, by a Mr. Swinton, at present sojourning in that ancient capital. Mr. Swinton testifies that though he has mingled freely with the people he has not yet encountered the animal in question, that he has seen no hogs among the public hack drivers, who are helpful, respectful and not given to cheating; no hog in the hotels whose keepers are cautious, and waiters models of service who don't expect big tips; no "jostling hogs" who disregard the rights of fellow pedestrians; no "staring hogs," not even among the swells, dandies and "tobacco hogs" who puff their smoke in other folk's faces and expectorate their filth in public places; no hogs among the police, the officers in charge of tramways, the patrons of public conveyances, the frequenters of parks and gardens, the keepers of shops and their employees, the drivers of carts, not even among the beggars upon the street. Everywhere he explains the signs of good breeding are manifest. For this eulogium the Edinburgh council ought to grant its author the freedom of the city. And what a paradise that other city must be! Were its advantages equal in every respect there can be no doubt but that "Modern Athens" will soon be filled to repletion by men and women who would fain escape associations that now render their life a burden.

The admirers of the "Grand old Man" will be pleased with the high encomium bestowed upon their favorite by an influential American citizen at present in England.

In a letter to the Springfield *Republican*, describing his impressions of the leading men of the British House of Commons, this correspondent says: "I have had no chance yet to hear Mr. Gladstone speak at any length; but it is enough to see him among his supporters in the House to recognize that he is the one statesman, talent, polish, courtesy, self-control, are manifest among the Tory leaders; nothing can surpass the good manners of Lord Hartington, the good-nature of W. H. Smith, and the self-controlled audacity of Mr. Balfour; but they lack the regnant and earnest spirit which shows itself through the back of Mr. Gladstone's coat as he glides out into the lobby, as well as in his eagle-like activity when facing the ministry on his bench across the big table, at one end of which sits the Speaker under his winged wig, and at the other end lies the awful mace. Mr. Gladstone is a more religious statesman than was at any time in fashion during the period of Walpole, the Foxes, and the Pitts, but he has much of the impetuosity of Chatham, with a better-balanced judgment, and much of the liberality of Fox, curiously combined with the conservatism of Burke."

Hon. James White, the Australian sportsman, owner of Kirkham and Narellan, the candidates for this year's Derby, died at Sydney, N.S.W., on July 14.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN PEASANT.

His Traits, Habits, Language, Food, Dress, and Manner of Life.

In the August number of the *Magazine of American History* Dr. Prosper Bender describes the peasant, the *habitant*, as he is called, of the Province of Quebec. Travellers in that region who are familiar with provincial life in France have often remarked how the difference between the people of Brittany and those of Normandy are repeated among the descendants of the Bretons and Normans who founded the French colony in Canada.

Those of Breton descent, for example, are sturdy in body, strong of will, and fervent in piety, while the Normans are "shrewder in business, gay, and more sociable." Inter-mixtures with English, Irish, Scotch, and who claim descent from the old French nobility that remained in Canada after the cessation and dignity of their claims with courtly bearing and highly aristocratic names. But amid all variations the general type of the *habitant* is perfectly well marked.

He is usually of small or medium size, dark, with sparkling brown eyes, well-knit frame, having astonishing powers of endurance; his face, generally placid, often dull, quickly brightens at a jest. The women, or *cracheuses*, as the men call them, are mostly brunettes, pleasing rather than pretty as a rule, generally strong, tranquil, growing trious, they help the men in the fields during harvest time, and spin and weave—indeed, often clothing the whole family. Their houses are clean and orderly, and the prayer book constitutes most of their reading.

A point of importance made by Dr. Bender is that it is a great mistake to suppose, as many people do in the United States and the British portion of Canada, that the French Canadians speak a mongrel dialect or *patois*. The uneducated speak ungrammatically and inelegantly, and they use words current in Normandy, Picardy, and other centuries ago in their old rather than their modern sense, but that does not constitute a *patois* such as is heard in French provinces. The working classes in the cities use technical English words, such as "at me job," or hose instead of *maitre*, and ship instead of *magasin*. The French Canadians have also coined words not in the dictionary of the French Academy, such as *pousseries*, *baltrure*, *bordee de neige*, and so on.

"The peasant speaks without English admixture, he will say, *Il mouille*, 'It wets,' he will speak of his *butin*, plunder, when he means *deux*, goods. These are instances of a few words. A few more: If he wishes to describe a fellow who wears out his clothes quickly, he will say, *C'est un vrai petit usurier*, 'He is a real little usurer'; and he will say, *Il me tance*, instead of *Il m'impatiente*, 'He worries me.' Instances of corruption of words are numerous. One frequently says, *Ah! que c'est d'valer*, when a great misfortune is implied, and he should say, *Ah! que matheur*, 'Ah! what a calamity.' Many nautical terms are applied to land matters: *Embarquez a cheval*, 'embark on a horse,' instead of *montez a cheval*, for *Bienfournt*, 'well supplied,' *amarrau*, in lieu of *attaches*; *cordeaux*, in place of *guides*.

Some of the political leaders speak alternately in French and English in the House of Commons at Ottawa; and this is notably the case with Hon. Wilfred Laurier, of whom it is said that it would take a well-trained ear to tell which is his mother tongue.

But one does now and then see in the French-Canadian press such Anglicisms as *Rencontrer ses parements*, *Faire honneur a ses engagements*, and *Faire une application au Parlement*, "to apply to Parliament," in lieu of *Presenter une petition*, or *une demande*.

For many years the sticklers for pure French have been trying to extirpate Anglicisms, and to make the language of public speakers and writers more accurate and polished. Louis Honore Frechette, the national poet, and the Abbe R. H. Casgrain have won prizes in literary competitions in France.

The cabin of the *habitant* is ordinarily built with a view to the rigors of a Canadian winter, having a porch or *tambour*, with a double door. Its furniture and ornaments are of the simplest, and the snowshoes or *raquettes* for winter travel, and the moccasins or *bottes sautoires* for summer use cut a prominent figure.

A few plain three-legged stools, some wooden chairs with wicker bottoms; one or two rocking-chairs, *berceuses*, of rustic make; one heavy, spacious wooden trunk serving as both wardrobe and seat of honor; a settle-bed, and of course the kneading trough, generally sum up the furniture. Most households have a spinning-wheel and rag-carpet, *catalogne* and the walls are covered with old newspapers.

Above the bed is a wooden cross painted black below which is the sprig of blessed palm in a small bottle or vase *benitier*, containing holy water, and about the religious calendar of the diocese. This twig of palm plays an important part in the religious ceremonies of the household, around it clustering beliefs of impressive character. It is credited with the power of exorcising the evil one and preventing a stroke of lightning to the house. It is renewed each year on Palm Sunday, the old twig being carefully burned.

The houses of the well-to-do are larger, and are often built of stone. All houses are blessed by the *curé* about the time of their completion, while as soon as the walls are raised, a few bunches of palm, which they call *le bouquet*, are attached to the chimney or a gable, and a gun is fired by way of salute. The peasants cross themselves before beginning or completing any act, and stop work to say a short prayer three times a day at the sound of the Angelus. The large number of children in families is very striking.

Before the cession a royal bounty was granted to all young men marrying before the age of twenty, and to young girls wedded before sixteen. Parents who had more than ten children were also in receipt of a royal gratuity. In most households there are from a dozen to sixteen children, and even as many as twenty-eight. Two prominent officers of the province of Quebec are physical development and mental culture they are too. Recently the Parliament of Quebec passed a law granting a lot of land of one hundred acres to all parents who have

twelve or more living children, and already over one thousand applications have been made for the provincial bounty.

The dress of the peasants is usually the coarsest homespun, worked up without dye, but the dull and monotonous brown or gray is relieved by a colored sash about the waist, and by the blue or scarlet of the madding *toque*.

They wear beef moccasins, stretching near to the knee in summer, and cloth shoes and leggings, *mitasses*, in winter. The moccasins are all made round about the toes, and for this reason old country people sometimes call the French Canadians *roulettes*. The wife's *labonne femme* dress is of the simplest description, composed of a warm woolen shawl, a blue skirt or dress of homespun, and a neat linen cap, frilled, and tied under the chin.

As the railroads begin to make the peasantry better acquainted with the outside world, they indulge more in dress, and are beginning to discard homespun, and also to introduce more luxurious living. But the diet of the farmer is still exceedingly plain: Just before the morning meal he takes his dram, *petit coup d'appetit*, the beverage being usually whiskey, in which he has infused some absorbent leaves. He is careful he will take it a la *cachee*. The first meal of the day consists of a platter of sour milk, in equal proportions, with buckwheat bread broken and soaked in the milk. Dinner is served shortly before midday, the bill of fare comprising pea soup, in which pork has been boiled with green herbs. The pork is generally eaten with molasses. The dessert is a bowl of new and sour milk, mixed with the bread, as for the morning meal, but they add maple sugar at this repast.

All their soups, meats and stews are served in one large dish, *a la gamelle*. They break their pieces of bread, drop them in the main dish and then scoop them out with spoon or fork till the appetite is satisfied. This custom is called *saucez*, and the parent is heard now and then saying to a child whose appetite is flagging, *Saucez donc, mon cher*—"Dip in, my dear."

After dinner all take a nap, including the servants. Supper brings more new and sour milk, cold potatoes, and the remains of the pork from the dinner. Near the coast plenty of fish is eaten. Occasionally an infusion of hot water and toast, under the name coffee, is served. In harvest time, the men carry bread and cold pork to the field for lunch, and eat it with a clasp knife.

They have an odd way of cutting the bread and pork; they hold the sandwich in the palm of the left hand, and while pressing a piece off with a circular motion, they cut next stick the end of the knife into this piece and carry it to the mouth. The process is a peculiar and striking one. With a draught of water the meal is complete.

Of a Sunday they enlarge their dietary, treating themselves at breakfast to thick pancakes, *crêpes*, made of wheaten flour and milk, cooked with butter, and eaten with maple sugar or molasses. Another article of indulgence is roast pork, *porc frais*, the drippings of which, *graisse de rot*, are much appreciated by them, and also a stew, *ragout* of meat, but they use it in winter when game is abundant. When they kill cattle and portions for family use, which they bury in the snow and dig up as wanted.

The aim seems to be to live on the simplest fare, and preferably on that which is not convertible into money. The original make their own clothing and tools, as well as to raise their own food, so as to be independent of outsiders, especially of the English. But communication with cities and towns soon began to work changes among them.

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff,
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best of boys,
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would;
So come on, boys, and lend a hand,
And we will play at German band,
I know 'twon't hurt dear mamma's head,
'Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.

Now, Ted, you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can,
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs,
And beat the time to all our songs;
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I blow it you shall see,
And I will be the leader too,
And strike the table one and two.
Now, we are ready to begin,
Ted, here's a spoon to strike the tin.
Now, tootie-toot! and a bim, bum, bang!
And a too-who-who! and a rum, bum, clank!
And a cling-a-ling! and with a foot and hand.

Hooray! for the American German band.
"My mamma we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We fought—you know you said so, Fred—
Zat you c'n't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the bestest boys—
And nobody calls music noise!"

A Brutal Husband.
Toronto, Aug 14.—William J. Finlayson was up at the Police Court on Saturday on a charge of assaulting his wife. The poor woman appeared in the box carrying a baby. For a whole week, she said, the prisoner had done nothing but drink, had regularly on his return home abused her. She keeps a small shop, from the proceeds of which she supported four children besides her husband, who spent his time loafing round town. The magistrate on hearing Mrs. Finlayson's story expressed his opinion of the man's brutality in no measured terms, and gave him thirty days in jail, with the proviso that when he came out he should prove a better man.

A special despatch from Washington says that the Behring Sea correspondence will in the negotiations last winter. Great Britain and the United States were about to conclude a treaty as to the close season, for the catching of seal, when Hon. C. H. Tupper, Canadian Minister of Fisheries, represented that a close season was not necessary as the seal were in no danger of extermination by the methods of catching which were suspended.

LORD BOYLE RETURNS.

Dramatic Ending to a Widely-Circulated Sensation.

Among the passengers who reached Liverpool by the steamship Teutonic a new day ago was Viscount Boyle, the missing heir to the Earldom of Shannon, a small-sized, modest-looking young man, with decidedly the manners of the far west about him. The passengers found him to be an affable fellow. He went by the name of Mr. Boyle, and no one ever dreamed he was the long-missing Viscount Boyle. The rumors spread on the ship two days out, that a live lord was on board, but Boyle guarded his secret well. "I have no romantic story to tell," he said, "I have simply come home to take possession of the family estates, and to assume my duties as a British Peer. I first learned of my father's death in an old copy of the San Francisco Chronicle, which I picked up by chance at a hotel in Seattle, where I had gone to sell some horses. I had been running a small stock ranch a hundred miles from Boise City, and was surprised to find my brother advertising for me. I wrote to him in England, but he had gone to New York again, and the letter was forwarded to him there. He wired me soon as he could to arrange my affairs and come to New York and meet him. I did not remain in New York seven hours."

"But why did you not write to your relatives, or make your whereabouts known through all these years?" "Well, there really is no good reason. I always was a poor correspondent. I intended to write every week but I always put it off."

In brief, Lord Boyle's story, as he gives it, is this: He went to America in 1882 to start a stock farm in Canada. He was a member of the Dominion parliament for Port Macleod. His brother, the same one who was advertising for him, was there in the same business and at the same time. Early in 1887 the younger brother tired of stock raising and went home, but Lord Boyle determined to try his luck again in another part of the country. He first went to Tacoma, and finally bought a farm and a few horses near Boise City. There he went under the name of Boyle, always taking pains to conceal his title. From the time he settled there, three years ago, he never heard from or wrote to any friends or relatives, and never read any newspaper. Three times in three years he journeyed to Seattle to sell horses. It was on his last visit that he picked up a newspaper advertising for him.

"My brother showed me the newspaper clipping," said Boyle, "saying I had been seen in Alaska, and that some United States Marshal claims to have seen me there. This is not true. I never was within a thousand miles of Alaska. I knew nothing of the reports presuming me murdered. I never dreamed that my family was advertising for me."

Lord Boyle repeated several times that he had no ulterior motive in concealing his whereabouts; had no quarrel with his family, or alliances by marriage or otherwise, which made his seclusion desirable. He simply took a notion to keep quiet for a time and did so. Lord Boyle's brother, who listened to the conversation, confirmed this.

"If he had any serious reason for hiding himself," said his brother, "I have no found it out yet, and he has not told me."

"Why did you omit his title when you booked his name for sailing?" "To avoid publicity, and being obliged to answer questions," was the answer.

Lord Boyle said that though he knew nothing about New York or "Down east," he liked the far west, and intended going back some time.

Emperor William's Visits.

The visit of Emperor William to Queen Victoria, which is to be followed closely by his call upon the Czar, will keep the quidnunc busy for some weeks in an attempt to fathom their purport. The one thing they will decline to admit is that these are simply the courtesies which a dutiful grandson or affectionate relative feels called upon to pay from time to time. Yet, since the German Emperor is inordinately fond of stirring about, and seems to be eager to find an excuse for traveling anywhere, from Norway to Greece, we certainly need not search closely for the motive that inspires his present movements. That his journey to England could not be better timed is clear enough from the conclusion of the Zanzibar compact with its Heligoland attachment. This should furnish the material for much amicable speech making and toast drinking. When he afterwards visits Russia he will be able to offset any suspicion that he has been too friendly with John Bull by suitable professions of amity for the Russian bear. It has been suggested that the fate of Bulgaria is to be determined during the visit to St. Petersburg, but it is hardly necessary to hunt up such an excuse for the journey.

"All Flesh is Grass."

It may be presumed that Dr. Junker, who learned in Central Africa to relish fried ants and lived for years on a negro bill of fare, and who gives it as his opinion that the white man who accustoms himself to native food in that country will keep in better health than if he enjoyed the best European cookery, schooled his stomach into submission to the new regime by repeating to himself the authoritative declaration, "All flesh is grass." It is doubtful, however, whether others would find that indispensable servant so submissive, and that however much they might desire to adapt themselves to the conditions under which, for the time being, they might be placed, they could not go so far as the Dr., who tells us that it was his rule of life in Africa to adapt himself as nearly as possible to native customs and usages whether he was living among Arabs or negroes, and this practice saved him from many trials and perplexities when the resources he had brought from Europe were exhausted. The difference between Dr. Junker and many of his medical brethren is, that the former is willing to follow his own counsel.

Couldn't Find One.

London Fun: A gentleman in search of a man to do some work met on his way a highly respectable lady, not so young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I can not," she replied, smiling; "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

Christy, the London hatter, died leaving assets of nearly a million and a half of dollars.

Prison Life in Russia.

A new phase of prison life in Russia is brought to light by a Mr. Lanin, who professes to derive his data from official reports which have received the sanction of the Russian government. His account has respect to the prisons in Russia proper, while that of Mr. George Kemnan treats of the penal mines in Siberia. In the latter country the most inhuman and barbarous cruelties are inflicted upon the prisoners by their heartless and brutal keepers. In the prisons of Russia proper, according to Mr. Lanin, the wretchedness of prison life is due chiefly to neglect on the part of the officials, who act on the theory that prisoners are noxious members of society who should be cast out and no further care taken of their lot. Left to themselves the stronger and more abandoned, systematically prey upon the weak. It is this phase which Mr. Lanin discusses particularly. He sets forth that in most prisons are found a few desperate fellows, who are often convicts escaped from Siberia, and who erect themselves into an oligarchy and exercise a despotic rule from which even the Government is powerless to protect its victims. They levy contributions upon the poorer prisoners and sell them at exorbitant rates goods which they introduce into the prisons and which they are able to conceal in an extraordinary manner. In a room that seems to be empty they can store away spirits, tobacco, tools and even arms in such a way as to escape detection. Moreover, the moral despotism which they wield is more hideous than the physical atrocities they practice. It is useless for the victims to complain against their persecutors, as the former is punished by death. A case is mentioned of a prisoner who had informed on three of his companions; he was beaten and poisoned in several prisons and, although protected to the extent of its ability by the Government, was finally executed by unknown persons in the prison of Tiumen.

What makes the picture the more pathetic is the circumstance that many of the occupants of Russian prisons are not prisoners at all, even in the view of the Government. Among the multitudes that languish in these torture houses are thousands who are waiting until their innocence can be proved. Besides these are many persons detained for the purpose of giving evidence, also young boys and girls who are being forwarded to their homes, or soldiers' wives who are being sent to their husbands in Siberia, soldiers on their way from one post to another or going home at the expiration of their service, or persons temporarily without a passport. All these classes are just as much subject to the prison tortures as the most hardened criminals. In the light of these additional facts, the vigorous protests recently made by various organizations in America and Europe are doubly warranted. Humanity demands that the civilized nations shall raise their voices in condemnation of the present state of things. Probably this is all that can be done; but so much at least ought to be done. As a contemporary remarks: "The only help for these unfortunate is to be found in the awakened shame of Russia. We presume that the Court and the Russian ruling class are bent upon maintaining the present despotism, but we do not see that even this intention is inconsistent with a prison reform which might make Russia respectable in the eyes of the civilized world."

Customs of the Heligolanders.

Describing the character and customs of the Heligolanders, who, through no motion of their own, have come so prominently before the attention of the civilized world during the last month or two, a recent writer says: "In a few places in the world, I suppose, are there more inter-marriages, generation after generation, than here. Everybody on the island is related pretty closely to everybody else. Yet no evil results, either mental or physical, seem to follow. "In referring to the results of this inter-marriage the writer has evidently in his mind the theory which teaches that inter-marriage between persons consanguinely related tends to the deterioration of the stock physically, and is a prolific source of insanity and idiocy. An answer to the implied objection against the pernicious results of such consanguineous marriages is found in the fact that, though the Heligolanders do not manifest signs of peculiar physical or mental weakness, they have few or none to whom they can point with pride among the world's intellectual leaders. That it must be recorded of them that they are "a particularly easy-going and simple hearted people" goes a long way towards negating the statement that "no evil results, either physical or mental, seem to follow." Until the case of these islands is more fully inquired into the advocates of the theory above referred to have no reason to dismiss the view as untenable. The apparent facts in its favor are too numerous to be set aside by this single exception."

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All Men.

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CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Over 1,200 pupils last three years. Fall Term Begins Monday, 1st September. Send for 90 page calendar containing announcements for coming season. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director. Cor. Yonge street and Wilton avenue, Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. J. DOAN & SON. For Circular Address, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto. Canadian Headquarters ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES T.W. NESS 614 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL. Send for catalogue.

WANTED Salesmen. Newest & Choicest FRUITS. Best Trees. Best Terms. Best Plan. Best Outfit Free. Special Aids for Beginners. Mo. Nursery Co., Louisiana, Mo. Address WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 155 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS. Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address. H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

SOLID LEATHER. The Best Goods Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped. J.D. King & Co. TORONTO.

IS YOUR STRENGTH RUN DOWN? Regain it by taking Johnston's Fluid Beef. 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. SLOOUM, 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company, of Ontario, Limited. INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 27TH, 1890. CAPITAL \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 36 Front Street East, Toronto. This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out sales of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debentures, mortgages, bonds, bills notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds or other obligations. Receives and invests sinking funds and invests money generally for others and offers the best terms therefor. Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe. All investments are guaranteed. THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the company are issued in amounts of \$100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security. Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to. First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to THE ALLIANCE BOND AND INVESTMENT CO., OF ONTARIO, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

FIRE-PROOF CHAMPIONS. With Upright or Horizontal Boilers. 12, 16, 20, 25 } Suitable for all work. and 30 H.P. } Threshing, Sawing, Brickmaking, etc. Traction Engines 12, 16 and 20 Horse-power. STRAW-BURNING ENGINES For the North-West. Send for Circular. Waterous Engine Works Co. BRANTFORD AND WINNIPEG.

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.

COMPLETELY CURED. Thousands Declare it So. GENTS.—It gives me pleasure beyond expression to certify that your ST. LEON WATER has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion, from which I suffered for many years, a cure which no other medicine or drug could effect. Publish this if you desire. MADAME LEGER, Montreal. The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in Province Quebec for the reception of visitors. For particulars address The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto, or St. Leon Springs, Quebec.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE TURKISH DYES. Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the ONLY DYES. WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness. ONE Package EQUALS 50 of any other Dye in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dye. Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 Cts. Canada Branch: 491 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.

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



WHEN TIMES ARE HARD



You Want to Buy where you Get the Most for Your Money.

→ I have Cut Prices to Suit the Times ←

Prints worth 12 1-2 cts. for 10 cts.; Cashmere Prints worth 17c. for 14c.; Cottons from 5 to 10c., and Shirtings from 8 to 15c., the best value to be had anywhere.

In Dress Goods we lead the trade. Some new lines just in to sell from 10c. to 25c.; handsome Black Cashmeres from 50c. to 80c. Don't buy till you see them. Table Linens we start at 25c.; pure Linen Tabling at 60c. Always full lines in Cottonades, Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Collars, Laces Ribbons, &c. Printed Canton—something new—for curtains or lambrquins.

--OUR GROCERIES--

Are always Fresh and Cheap. Our 35c. Tea beats anything in the market. Try a sample pound. New customers say it is better than they have been paying 50c. for. Sugars are now down in price. We are giving 12 lbs. best Granulated for a \$. 13 lbs. very bright English Sugar, and 14 and 15 lbs. of Raws for \$1. (Remember \$1 don't mean the promise of a dollar next winter.) These Prices for Sugars are for the Ready Cash Only.

Our Boots and Shoes are Very Cheap.

Men's Plow Boots only \$1, worth \$1.50; Men's low lace Shoes for 75c. Just the thing for summer. Full lines in Ladies' lace or button fine Shoes very cheap now, to make room for fall goods now coming in. Men's fine gaiters and lace Balmorals—the nicest goods in the village.

→OUR TAILORING DEPARTMENT←

Is keeping up its reputation for Nobby Suits. One of our Customers remarked the other day that he "could pick out the men on the street who patronized our tailor shop from their dressy appearance." A full stock of Tweeds and Worsteds always on hand. Also collars, cuffs, ties, braces, and everything in Men's Furnishings.

A Big Lot of Boys' Ready-Made Suits to be sold out at COST. Buy Them Now. A Big Lot of Hats for Men, Women, Boys and Girls, at all prices from "Give Away" up to \$3.

TRY THE LIVE STORE.

I am paying 13c. for Eggs and 12 1-2c. for good Butter.

JAS. IRWIN,

Atwood, Ontario.

THE BEE
R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The French will build a railway across the desert of Sahara.

Italy is about to acquire important territory south of Zanzibar.

Warden Brush, of Sing Sing prison, is opposed to electrocution.

Silver ore valued at \$31,000 was shipped from Port Arthur Saturday.

One hundred and seventy-five deaths occurred from cholera in Mecca on Wednesday.

The Hungarian town of Moor has been almost destroyed by fire. Ten persons perished.

The strike at the Springhill, N. S., coal mines is now entering upon its eighth week.

Samuel B. Home, of Connecticut, has been appointed United States consul at St. Thomas.

The run of salmon in the British Columbia rivers this year is of the most extraordinary character.

Terrific hailstorms have been raging since Monday throughout the northern districts of Germany.

Complaints are made that the Grand Trunk company is discriminating against the people of St. Thomas.

Lord Brassey intends to visit Canada in his famous yacht, the Sunbeam. He will cruise up the lakes to Port Arthur.

The total output of coal this year from the Cape Breton mines will be the largest in the history of the coal trade of that island.

Thomas Fitzgerald, Huron road, was thrown from a hay rake some time ago and crushed between a fence. His injuries are serious.

Sir John Macdonald is at Charlotteville, P. E. I. He was presented with an address from the corporation along with other greetings.

F. N. Innis, leader of the 13th Regiment band, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will be judge at the Hamilton band tournament, which began on Monday.

Right Hon. William Edward Baxter, Privy Councillor, formerly secretary to the admiralty and secretary to the treasury, is dead. He was 65 years old.

It now transpires that the electrical machinery in the dynamo room at the Auburn state prison was out of order at the time Kemmler was executed.

Nearly 2,000 Grand Army excursionists, en route from Chicago to Boston, took steamers at Kingston on Saturday and sailed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

SCHOOL!

The school bell rings on the 18th inst., at 9 a.m. Boys and girls, don't forget it, and also remember that the

Atwood Drug Store

Has a full supply of

BOOKS, SLATES,

STATIONERY PENS,

PENCILS, ETC.

Call Around

On your way to school and get your supplies.

Martin E. Neads.

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.

THE 777 STORE.

The 777 Store is: Headquarter in Listowel for

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

ATWOOD 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

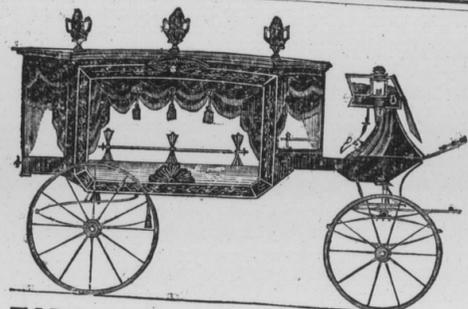
Confectionery

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.



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.

WE ARE STILL DOING A

RUSHING BUSINESS

—IN THE—

Tailoring Line!

OUR GOODS CANNOT BE SURPASSED

—IN—

Style, Quality or Cheapness.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED OR NO SALE.

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Goldsmith's Hall

Is where to find the Gift My stock answers that question-answers it fully. Come and See. Novelties practically without limit; such an array of dainty, dazzling, desirable gifts. Something for every age, the sort of stock in which the buyer finds 'just the thing wanted.' To look through my splendid assortment of Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc. is a pastime; to price the goods is a pleasure; to possess them is a privilege.

Fine and Complicated Watches Repaired, adjusted and satisfaction guaranteed.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express 7:21 a.m.	Mixed 8:07 a.m.	Express 2:34 p.m.	Mixed 3:20 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.	Brno 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m.	Mankton 4:45 p.m.	Brno 10:15 a.m.	Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m.	Atwood 6:00 p.m.		

Town Talk.

MISS McDOWELL and Miss Stevenson, of Listowel, Sundayed in town.

THE BEE for the rest of the year for 40c. Now is the time to subscribe.

REV. R. PAUL filled the Methodist pulpit very acceptably last Sabbath morning and evening.

MISS AGNES KNOX, of St. Marys, has been delighting the people of Medicine Hat with her eloquent powers.

THERE will be a meeting of the Listowel Beekeepers Association on Aug. 16th, at the Royal Hotel, Listowel, at 2 p. m.

OUR readers should bear in mind that M. E. Needs carries a stock, consisting almost exclusively of drugs and books. Read his advt. regarding school books in this week's paper. He deserves your patronage, therefore give it to him.

REV. MR. LEASK occupied the Presbyterian pulpit last Sabbath morning. Mr. Leask is a deep, logical reasoner and his able discourses were doubtless productive of much good. He filled the pulpit for the past four Sabbaths in the absence of the pastor.

TWO FULL MOONS IN JULY.—If the popular theory that the moon in some measure dominates the weather is correct, we may expect an early respite from the present intense heat. July 31 was the second full moon of the month. On the hypothesis that the increase of our lunar heat at full moon dissipates the clouds, which prevent radiation from reaching the earth, we might infer that the hot soil will soon throw off some of its surplus heat into space.

MURDER OF REV. T. A. LARGE.—The account, as contained in the official report of the British Minister of Japan of the murder of the Rev. T. A. Large, has been forwarded to John Large, father of the murdered man, by H. S. Matthews, secretary of the Toronto Conference. It also embodies the report of the Marquis of Salisbury, and was forwarded to Mr. Large through the Governor General, Provincial Secretary and the Methodist Conference.

ADVERTISING DEBTORS.—An action was commenced at Osgoode Hall Monday of last week to restrain the Retail Dealers' Protective Association from publishing the names of debtors on posters. The action was taken on behalf of a lady who owes a bill for plumbing to a city firm, and whose name the Association threatened to publish on their public poster. Mr. Justice Falconbridge granted an injunction restraining the Association from publishing the name in question till August 5th, when the case will come up again for argument.

THE raspberry crop is about exhausted.

WM. DUNN, Annie and Harold were camping in the vicinity of Colpoys Bay, Wiarton, last week. They arrived home Monday.

SOME of the sermon announcements of the Hamilton preachers read—"Twenty-minute sermons during the hot weather."

J. L. MADER is giving away a lot of valuable silverware as an inducement to purchase goods. This is certainly a novel scheme.

A LOAD of Listowelites drove out here Monday, Aug. 4th, to the I.O.G.T. social and unfortunately got a drenching besides being disappointed.

D. LOWERY and staff, masons, are busy as bees this week completing the several jobs they have on hand. Mr. Lowery has had a big run of work in Atwood this summer.

JAS. DUNCAN and wife, 12th con. Flma, left Tuesday for Moose Jaw, N. W. T., where they purpose spending a few weeks with their son. They purchased their tickets from R. Knox.

THE cigar dealers in St. Marys have been notified by the inland revenue officers that they must in future destroy all cigar boxes as soon as they are empty. The penalty for neglecting to comply with the law is a fine of \$200.

WARDEN McMillan and County road and bridge inspector Corrie were through here last week. The object of their visit north being the letting of a contract for erecting a new bridge on the Perth and Huron boundary opposite the 4th con. of Elma.

THE prospects for a good crop has stimulated business of late, so commercial travellers say, and the dullness which has prevailed for years is lifting. During the past two years a great many weak traders all over the country have been weeded out with the result that there is less competition and therefore less over-buying.

THE publication of the Stratford Daily Herald has been continued, the proprietors having been led to change their minds about suspending its publication, owing to the citizens of the classic city expressing a desire to have it continued and promising a more liberal support. The Daily Herald is a newsy little sheet and deserves to succeed.

I. O. G. T.—The lawn social held in John Allen's orchard last Friday evening under the auspices of the I. O. G. T. was a decided success from every standpoint. The evening was delightful, in fact everything appeared to blend in harmony with the occasion. Listowel, Trowbridge and Elhel sent large delegations, while ones and twos from other places joined in the festivities. The football match between Trowbridge and Atwood formed the centre of attraction during the fore part of the evening. The clubs were pretty evenly matched and a hot contest was naturally looked forward to. About fifteen minutes hard playing had been witnessed before Jos. Ward scored the first goal for Atwood. Shortly after another goal was made for Atwood, this time by J. L. Wilson. Both goals were scored during the first half-time (half-hour). The next half hour was played without either making a goal. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the game and we will say to the credit of Trowbridge that they can put on the field a manly, gentlemanly lot of boys, and the good-natured way in which they took their defeat gave evidence of this fact. Our boys of course did their part well and at the close of the match took their visitors to the residence of J. G. Robertson where a sumptuous repast was spread before them. Meanwhile the orchard was thronged with people, who, judging from their happy countenances, had come for the sole purpose of enjoying themselves. The grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and an organ placed at the disposal of the visitors. Some excellent instrumental music was rendered by Mr. Adams, of Trowbridge, and the quartette, "Jesus lover of my soul," by Miss Miriam Dunn, Mrs. Geo. Currie and Messrs. J. McBain and G. Currie, was given in good style. A duet, harmonica and organ, also elicited a hearty encore from the gathered assembly. Little Georgie Corrie delighted the people with his Scotch dancing. The refreshment stall was well patronized, which, together with gate receipts, netted \$40, and were it not for the heavy losses incurred the first evening, for lemons, etc., the lodge would have realized a nice little sum after all expenses had been met. The members of the Atwood I. O. G. T. are to be congratulated on the success of their gathering, and anything they may undertake to get up in the future will doubtless be well attended and liberally patronized. Success to the promoters of the noble cause of temperance reform.

THE Listowel Standard staff are holidaying it this week.

REV. MR. SCOTT and wife, of Brookdale, are the guests of R. Anderson this week.

WM. RODDICK and niece, of Brussels, were visiting friends in the village last Monday.

REV. MR. HENDERSON returned home Monday from his four weeks' vacation looking much improved in health.

A CHILD of Henry Mitchell, 14th of Elma, died last Sunday, and was interred in the Elma cemetery on Tuesday. Aged 5 months.

THE local implement agents are doing a rushing business this season judging from the number of binders, etc., shipped to this station.

THE Listowel District Meeting brought into town a lot of visitors from the surrounding places. Report of the proceedings elsewhere.

EIGHTEEN newspapers have been started in San Diego, Cal., in the past three years, and all have gone into the graveyard. There will be a great resurrection there some day.

THE Tribune gives a list of twenty-two parties in Minto, Arthur, and Maryboro, and says there are many others who have lost their entire crop through the terrific hail storm of last week.

J. LOCHHEAD, book-keeper in the McCormick biscuit factory, London, is in British Columbia for his holidays. He had previously intended visiting his relatives and friends in this vicinity. His wife and Miss Leggat are spending a days at Wm. Lochhead's.

THE Atwood football club, are open to receive challenges from any club in the counties of Huron and Perth. First match to take place in Atwood. Communications addressed to J. W. Ward will receive prompt attention.

THE Ingersoll Sun prints this suspicious item:—"Mr. A. D. Hoagg has gone off on a prolonged absence from town. We don't expect to see him back again. He don't owe the Sun anything. Can our fellow citizens all say the same."

LOUIS R. FOX, son of our esteemed citizen, John Fox, spent a few days in this locality this week. Mr. Fox is bookkeeper in a wholesale leather firm in Toronto and is doing well. He was favorably impressed with the appearance of our village.

OUR circulation is steadily increasing in Listowel. This week A. McIntosh, the genial proprietor of the Royal Hotel handed in his subscription for THE BEE. He has just recently taken possession of the hotel and we hope the travelling public will give him a liberal patronage.

THE pastor of the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Dack, has been having an excellent time travelling in the prairie province. He spent last Sunday with relatives and friends in Woodstock. Mr. Dack no doubt feels grateful to his parishioners for his long leave of absence.

A PIGEON shoot will be held in Ethel on Friday, the 22nd inst., when members of the Stratford, Listowel, Atwood, Elhel, Brussels and Wingham Gun Clubs are expected to compete. John Burton will present a trap to the winners. In the evening a ball will be held at the Hotel Royal to conclude the proceedings.

MISS FRITH, a returned missionary from India, having spent seven years in mission work among the Telugus, delivered an interesting address in the Baptist church last Sabbath afternoon. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Her remarks were greatly appreciated by all, especially those interested in foreign mission work.

JOURNALISTIC CONSCIENCE MONEY.—A country newspaper hints to its subscribers to pay up:—"Once in a while we notice an item going the round of the papers headed 'Conscience Money,' and wonder if some seven or eight thousand dollars—the aggregate at least—of outlawed accounts due may not mysteriously, in whole or in part, come through the post-office to us. We really do not expect a cent of it, but if conscience should prompt one or more of the delinquents, no account need be taken of the interest."

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.—Ottawa was considerably stirred over the announcement of a wedding which took place on Monday of last week. The groom was Dr. Merkeiz, the Hindoo oculist, whose extraordinary garb, bronzed countenance and gold earrings are sights with which Ottawa is getting familiar. The bride was Miss Bella Law, of the Aylmer road. Miss Law was one of his patients and she and the physician fell promptly in love with each other. The most remarkable thing in the show was the groom's costume. He wore a brilliant red plush coat trimmed with ermine, velvet breeches and plush cap.

A DESIRABLE house and lot for sale in the village of Atwood. See advt.

MISS DAISY and Bethune Blain, of Detroit, Mich., are visiting at the Dunn residence. They have just returned from an extended trip up the St. Lawrence.

GOOD!—Wednesday's Globe contains a full list of the names of the successful candidates who wrote for teachers' certificates at the recent examinations, and it will be gratifying to many of our readers to know that most of those who wrote from this district were awarded certificates. The names are as follows:—District 39—Listowel—Primary—W. Anderson, J. Armstrong, G. Braden, H. Boyd, G. Campbell, P. Code, E. Chamney, A. Fallis, A. Gordon, T. Later, I. McBain, G. McKee, C. Nichol, B. Rothwell, C. Strachan, M. Stevenson, C. Stevenson, G. Terhune, E. Turnbull, F. Turnbull, Junior—V. Clayton, C. Engler, D. Hume, M. Harvey, J. Kirkwood, B. Morrison, J. McCormick, J. Simpson, District No. 101—Stratford—Primary—J. Burnet, G. Bald, F. Baker, E. Clark, M. Clark, M. Cameron, C. Campbell, M. Dunn, G. Daly, K. Kelly, B. Lucas, E. Lucas, D. Lucas, C. McDonald, M. Patterson, J. Rothermal, C. Stewart, W. Smith, Junior—M. Abraham, A. Beatty, S. Battran, A. Bains, A. Chalmers, C. Danard, N. Forest, E. Fleming, J. Fraser, E. Gibbs, H. Johnston, M. Lang, N. Matland, G. Murray, D. Macklin (passed in Latin), M. McLarty, M. McGuinness, K. McCallum, E. Noble, M. Pye, A. Panton, R. Rutherford.

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THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER XXI.

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

Six ladies trotted into the arena for the open race, each in a black riding habit, with a knot of coloured ribbon on her shoulder—Nessa wearing blue and white. Alone in a box near the winning post sat a very small man in a very big fur coat. A field glass hid the greater part of his face, leaving little visible but a hooked nose, a tufted chin, and a waxed moustache. Nessa felt sure she heard the French girl by her side whisper to another, "Toilà le patron!" Fergus on his thoroughbred stood in the middle of the open space with the bouquet for the victor in his hand.

The signal was given as the girls came round in a fair line to the starting place, and Nessa was left behind at the very offset. Her intelligent mare, having learnt by the experience of the two preceding nights that she was to keep back resented the cut with which Nessa intimated a change of tactics, and rearing up, pawed the air shaking her head viciously under the sting of the whip.

Every eye was turned to the girl with the blue and white favour. To some it was a marvel how she kept her seat; all were on the look out for an accident. Another cut as the mare came to her feet brought her to a sense of the new duty before her, and, with an impetuous spring, she dashed after the other riders. Nessa was half a dozen lengths behind as she passed M. Duprez, and there was a ring of applause through the building when it was seen, that, despite her disadvantage, she intended to try for a place. The mare understood it and tore over the tann, picking up lost ground so well that when Nessa passed Duprez again she was no more than a length behind the rest, who stuck close together. The little man gave an approving sweep of his glass and smiled enchantingly—a Frenchman.

A thunder of applause greeted Nessa as she came along on the second lap, still working hard. The other riders, who alone were unconscious of Nessa's delay in starting, were at a loss to understand the unusual excitement. Mrs. Redmond, however, who headed the race, took the applause to herself, and elated by this testimony of admiration, kept her mare to it with whip and heel, putting her a clear length before the rest. But in finishing the second lap, Mrs. Redmond became conscious of a rider gaining on her, and, glancing back, found Nessa close on her heels.

The audience rose, and, craning forward, became wild with excitement. Duprez himself rose and leant forward in the box to see how the girl was coming on. The mare's head was level with Mrs. Redmond's shoulder as they passed him. The two riders heard the little man cry, "Blue and white wins!" as they passed, and then understood what it was the audience cried as they rushed round in the final lap. "Blue and white wins!" was on every tongue.

"No, by Jove, she doesn't!" retorted Mrs. Redmond between her set teeth, thrashing her mare afresh. But she had plied her whip from the start and her mare was dull to the sting. Nessa had been merciful, and her mare strove her utmost to show that she needed no incentive.

"Now for it, Mignon!" cried Nessa, half intoxicated with excitement as they rounded the end.

Mignon threw herself forward with a mighty effort, and in a tumult of applause they passed the winning post, and the bell rang.

"I don't bear you any grudge, chummy," said Mrs. Redmond, as they walked their mares side by side to the opposite side of the ring. "You nearly got in."

"I did get in," said Nessa, feeling convinced that she was ahead of her friend before her mare gave the last magnificent leap that decided the race.

Mrs. Redmond laughed insolently. "We shall see about that directly," said she.

They came to a stand in front of the orchestra. Mr. Fergus rode up to the umpire, took his award, and trotted across the arena. With a touch of her whip, Mrs. Redmond stepped out to meet him.

"Very good second," he said, with a smile; and, passing her, he handed the bouquet to Nessa, with a few words of congratulation as he raised his hat, which were drowned in the thunder of applause that greeted the award.

Mrs. Redmond turned white with fury upon Fergus, swore at him, and, putting her mare to a trot, cut across the arena to the exit to mark her displeasure. It was the very worst thing she could have done; for the audience, kindly disposed towards the defeated when defeat is taken with a good grace, is quick to resent anything like an exhibition of spleen towards its favourite. A distinct hiss followed the vexed woman out of the arena, giving place to a storm of applause as Nessa, with the bouquet in her hand, trotted slowly round the arena bowing her acknowledgements.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Redmond, with such venomous jealousy burning in her heart as only unfortunate creatures like herself know, betook herself to the dressing room, sent for brandy and soda, and poured out her grievances to the dressers, who listened in silence, and did not even pretend to sympathize with her, for not a soul in the place liked the woman. When she was called for the steeplechase, she sent the grinning call-boy with an insulting message to Fergus and never boded from her seat.

The race was run without her, Nessa winning easily. The girls, delighted with Mrs. Redmond's defeat rather than with her friend's victory, waited on the stairs to congratulate her, and trooped up to the dressing room laughing loudly and chatting, with the express intention of mortifying the common enemy.

Mrs. Redmond had her bonnet on, having purposely wished to show the lot that she was not afraid of them. A silence fell on the girls as they entered in expectation of a scene. Nessa laid down the three bouquets she had won, and went to her friend with outstretched hand. Mrs. Redmond took no notice of this overture, and occupied herself with the fastening of her glove.

"I'm off," she said; "you can stay and settle it with Fergus. He'll expect something for his favouritism."

"Oh, that's tommy nonsense," said one of the girls. "You tried all you knew to get in and lost by a neck. The audience wouldn't stand injustice—and you know it."

"You'll have to put up with your beating as we have," said another.

"I don't know why any of us should take a defeat personally," said Nessa. "It's the horses who win; not we. You'd have won with my mare."

"I don't know about that," said the boldest of the party. "If Totty had your temper as well as your mare, she might win."

"At any rate, she wouldn't have got hissed."

Mrs. Redmond, who had prepared some smart things to say, forgot them all under their shower of taunts. She could only assume a look of disdain as she marched to the door; but the last sting was unendurable, and, turning at the door, she poured forth a volley of coarse abuse that made Nessa shudder, and took away all the delight of her success, and distracted her infinitely.

"Mr. Fergus wants to see you, miss," said the call-boy, as Nessa was going down from her room.

She went into his office, where she found him seated with the little man in the big coat—M. Duprez. The impressario rose, took off his hat, and made a most ceremonious bow. Then he paid her an elaborate compliment on her horsemanship, which Nessa made out pretty well, and replied to in such "French of Stratford-att-Bowen" as she could command, but with a natural grace and self-command which more than compensated her faulty pronunciation. She was no longer a raw school girl.

"You understand my wishes with respect to this young lady," M. Duprez said to Fergus; and with another deeply respectful bow to Nessa, he withdrew.

"The boss," said Fergus, in a low tone, as the door closed. "You saw him, I suppose. I never saw him so enthusiastic before. Well, you took the whole audience. That France of old Mignon's made it a regular coup de theatre all through. But you handled her finely—by George, you did! If you had put the whip on, she'd have turned rusty, and left you out in the cold."

They talked about the race for five minutes, and then he said—

"Totty made a fool of herself. I know she would. I told you how it would be. Look here—she's just sent this in."

He showed her their agreement, torn into half a dozen pieces.

"What does it mean?" Nessa asked, anxiously.

"Why, it means that she breaks her engagement, and don't intend to come again. For my part, I'm jolly glad. She's a good horsewoman, but she always upsets the show wherever she goes. I told you the other day that I shouldn't have taken her on except to get you. I knew you were too good to be lost. Of course, your success means a success for me. Duprez wants a delighted with you; and I tell you, candidly, it's as good as a note for fifty pounds to me. Well, now Totty has broken this engagement, it allows me to make a fresh one with you; and I offer you individually the same price I proposed to pay Totty for both—four guineas a week. In addition to that, besides the bouquets, which the dressers are always glad enough to get from you at five shillings each, there will be a money prize of ten shillings to the winner, five shillings to the second, and a consolation prize of a pound for the girl who makes the highest number of third places in the week. You are to have l'Esperance, the governor says. It'll be a handicap so far as you are concerned; the rest will have a fair start, and you'll have to beat 'em. You see, these races are the most attractive thing in the whole show, and we're going to make a star of you. Look! this is going into all the papers, and will be billed all over London before the end of a week."

He held up a sheet of paper on which M. Duprez had scrawled in large letters;—

HIPPODROME RACES:

BLUE AND WHITE WINS!

This took Nessa's breath away. She sat blinking, looking at the sheet of paper with blinking eyes that seemed dazzled by the words, and a warm flush in her face.

"Now," continued Fergus, "I have called the time when you ought to break with her for good and all, and she'll give you a good opportunity, I bet, before she goes to sleep, or lets you sleep. Go away from her, and get nice little diggings of your own in a respectable street—"

"Oh, I cannot!" exclaimed Nessa, earnestly, though with an accent of regret.

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"I can't separate from her against her wish. And I can't accept this brilliant offer."

"Don't say that—why?"

"It would mortify her so cruelly."

"She would have no hesitation in mortifying you if it were in her power."

"That doesn't matter. I have told you that I am under a great obligation to her. I owe her my life!" Nessa said, impressively.

"You may not like her, Mr. Fergus."

"Nobody does," growled Mr. Fergus, by way of parenthesis.

"Then she is the more unhappy. And I must not—I cannot—do anything that would add to her unhappiness."

Mr. Fergus was vexed; and he looked it as he jabbed his pen into the table in morose silence. He was thinking of himself and his relations with Duprez, who had expressed his wishes significantly; but he glanced up, and catching sight of Nessa, her cheek pale now, and her dark lashes wet with a tear, his selfishness vanished.

"You are a brick, Miss Dancaster," he said. "Didn't foresee this, though; might if I'd reflected a bit, for any one can see you're not an ordinary girl."

He rose, stuck his hands in his pockets, and looked at the floor between his feet.

Nessa rose also, but he didn't attempt to terminate the interview.

"I'll tell you what, dear," he said, suddenly, looking up. "I'll square it with Totty. You leave it to me. I needn't say that, though. Some girls would go home and tell her what has passed in here, to show up their own generosity. You won't—I know precisely. Generous girls don't show off—it's the mean lot that have to do that. Only just you manage to go out for a walk to-morrow morning about ten or eleven, and stay out till one. I'll drop in and see Totty. She can be squared; I know her. She'll put up with a beating every night, if I make it worth her while. I see my way clearly enough now," he added, cheerfully. "She'll come into the show again to-morrow—especially if she thinks she is forcing me to eat humble pie; and she's welcome to thank that, for all I care. But you and I will have

that agreement all the same, and we'll get the posters up on Monday."

And on Monday, sure enough, all London was wondering what was the meaning of the bills on the boarding—'Hippodrome Races: Blue and White wins!'

CHAPTER XXII.—STICKING TO IT.

It was a great hit. The hippodrome races were the talk of the town. The common theme of discussion was whether the races were run fairly or not, was it an arranged thing that Blue and White should win against such odds, and it became the thing to go to Arcadia and decide by personal observation?

In the dull season before Christmas, when other places of entertainment were doing bad business, the hippodrome drew "big houses." The management had lighted upon Nessa in the very nick of time. There had been an enormous development in public taste for everything connected with sport, and through Nessa the Hippodrome had succeeded in taking the tide of Fortune at the flow.

But independent of her skill and audacity as a horsewoman, she attracted the crowd by her youth and beauty. She was called upon to sit for a fresh photograph every three times a week; her portraits were stuck in every place of vantage in the building; they were carried in pockets by the programme boys; they were in all the shop windows; she was shown, in coloured posters, flying over a five-barred gate, with her knot of parti-colored ribbon streaming from her shoulders, and "Blue and White wins!" for a legend. Viola Dancaster was, in fact, all over London.

Nessa's salary was doubled and doubled and doubled again. She might have commanded any terms she chose to make. In her place Mrs. Redmond would have made her fortune. Nessa was not greedy of gain. She enjoyed her life so much that it seemed to her almost too bad to take money for what gave her such delight. It is doubtful if she fully realised the value of money, never having had more than a few shillings at a time. She was glad of course, to live in a better house, and dress well, but her desires only went one step further, and that was to discharge her obligations to Mrs. Redmond. To her she handed over all the money she made, taking what she needed for her own immediate requirements with something almost like an apology.

As she came to know men and women better, and obtained a clearer perception of the motives that govern their actions, her faith in Mrs. Redmond's disinterestedness died away and she ceased even to like the woman; but for that reason she felt more strongly than ever bound to discharge Mrs. Redmond's continually-reiterated claim on her gratitude.

One morning, when Nessa had risen almost to the zenith of her popularity, Fergus said to her—

"Miss Dancaster, which would you prefer—money or a horse?"

"The horse," replied Nessa, without a moment's reflection.

As she came to know men and women better, and obtained a clearer perception of the motives that govern their actions, her faith in Mrs. Redmond's disinterestedness died away and she ceased even to like the woman; but for that reason she felt more strongly than ever bound to discharge Mrs. Redmond's continually-reiterated claim on her gratitude.

"I knew it!" cried Fergus, slapping his thigh in satisfaction. "I bet a fiver you would choose the horse. Well, now, my dear, you've only got to choose which horse it shall be. We'll walk down the stalls—perhaps there's one in the stud I can let you have."

"I don't quite understand you."

"It's like this: there's a lot of betting goes on in the canteen among the mashers—the habitués, you know—and you've put a lot of money in some of their pockets. Well, they want to make you some sort of recognition, and they have asked me to do it in as delicate a manner as possible. I'm a bad hand at that sort of thing, you know, but I thought you would not refuse a gee-gee."

"But I can refuse it," said Nessa, very seriously. "If—"

"If there were any mortal reason why you should. But there ain't. Now, look here: I've got the money. Every man subscribed, but who gave a fiver or who gave fifty, I don't know; and if I had to return the pleasure, I shouldn't know where to begin, and should end, ten to one, in sticking to the lot myself. If you refuse it, I shall consider that it's because I am wanting in delicacy, and I shall be horribly mortified, and so will every one else."

"If you really think I might take it—if you could advise your own sister to take it—"

Nessa said, casting a longing eye down the row of sleek horses.

"I wish to Heaven I had a sister worthy of such a compliment! Now, what do you think of Caprice?"

Nessa thought Caprice was lovely, and so she went down the line, admiring one after the other, quite at a loss which to select from so many worthy of selection. Then suddenly she stopped with that look which was as beautiful on her face as the shadow of a cloud on a sunny landscape.

"How much money might I have instead of the horse?" she asked.

"Two hundred guineas."

"Then I think I'll take the money if it's all the same."

"Oh, of course it's all the same, my dear," said Fergus, cheerfully as he could for it meant the loss of his bet—five pounds out of pocket. "Will you have a cheque or notes?"

"Notes," said Nessa, with a sigh and one long, regretful glance at Patatrice.

"Now, what the deuce is she going to do with the cash?" wondered Fergus, when the transaction was concluded and Nessa nodded a sunny "good-bye" to him from her hansom.

Nessa drove to all the shops she could remember going to with Mrs. Redmond, Vanessa Graham, paid up, and found herself in the end with barely enough to pay her cab fare home.

"Now they can't send her to prison for getting things under false pretences," she said to herself; and thought no more of Patatrice.

She had no fear for herself now, and held Redmond in contempt; and this fearlessness arose partly from a change in her own character, and partly because the danger was less. Physically and mentally her strength was vastly increased by the exercise in which every faculty of body and mind was daily called into play. She was no longer helpless and friendless. An inexperienced girl just run away from school might easily get out of the way, but it was another thing with a young woman whose face was known all over England. Kidnapping was out of the question while she had a voice and the courage to call for help; and a dozen doctors could not prove her of weak mind in face of the witnesses she could bring to attest the contrary. She

reasoned that the instinct of self-preservation would restrain Redmond from attacking her if accident led him to discover that she was Viola Dancaster, seeing that such course would lead only to an exposure of his own villainy.

Amongst the men of the world who frequented the canteen was an eminent Q. C. One night he said to Fergus, who was always open to receive a cigar, and willing to talk about the show—

"I don't see Miss Dancaster here. All the other girls drop in pretty regularly."

"Perhaps that's the reason why Miss Dancaster doesn't."

"Hum! Considers herself a cut above them, eh?"

"No; there's none of that confounded nonsense about her. She thinks not the worse of others because she respects herself."

That hardly explains, Mr. Fergus, why the presence of other young ladies causes Miss Dancaster to absent herself."

"I'll endeavour to make it clear even to the meanest comprehension," retorted Fergus, smartly. "You gentlemen adopt a style of conversation in the presence of those young ladies which Miss Dancaster could not listen to with pleasure. She used to come in here once, and liked it. She drank champagne here with the rest, and seemed to like that too. But not for long. When she found that the women who drink champagne here cease to be ladies, she dropped that; and when she found that gentlemen who came here took the privilege of laying aside good manners, she dropped you, too. On the whole, I should think the loss is yours, for a more charming young lady doesn't exist."

"Oh! she is a young lady."

"I should have thought even you could see that."

"Thank you, Mr. Fergus."

The Q. C. turned the cigar in his lips, looked at the ash as he expelled a thin whiff of smoke, and then, fixing one eye on Fergus, said—

"Should you be surprised to learn that the young lady is heiress to a considerable fortune?"

"Not a bit. If she had a title I should not be astonished. From the very first I have believed that she has been driven from home."

"What reason have you for supposing that?"

"Her education—manners—face—figure; everything shows birth and breeding."

"You have no other evidence than such as you might take in judging the character of a horse, I suppose, Mr. Fergus?"

Fergus acknowledged the hit, and said he needed none better.

"Now, would you ask Miss Dancaster if her name is Vanessa Grahame?"

"I dare say I could, but I'm quite sure I wouldn't."

"Unless it were to the young lady's advantage," suggested the Q. C.

"That would alter the case certainly."

"I think I can show you that you may ask the question without impertinence. I have lately taken into my office a clerk. His name is Levy. This young man, without knowing the interest I took in Miss Dancaster, asked my opinion in a case where certain soundrels have conspired to rob Miss Grahame, not only of her fortune, but her liberty also, and possibly her life. If his story is true, I believe there would be no difficulty in punishing at least one of the offenders, and restoring Miss Grahame to the position she has been forced to relinquish. Now, if Miss Vanessa Grahame and Miss Viola Dancaster are one and the same person, I might be disposed to take up her case from a feeling of respect with which I fear, Mr. Fergus, you hardly credit me."

"Oh, you're a gentleman at heart: it's your manners I find fault with," Fergus said, brusquely, as he knitted his brow.

"Thank you, sir," replied the Q. C., with mock politeness. "The first thing is to find out if Miss D. is Miss G., and that you can know by putting the question to her point blank, as I certainly should if I had the pleasure of speaking to her instead of you."

"Restoring Miss Grahame to her position means taking Miss Dancaster out of the show. You are asking me to do too much," said Mr. Fergus, gloomily.

"But you'll do it, all the same, Mr. Fergus, unless I am greatly mistaken in your character."

Fergus made no reply to this. It was hard lines to sacrifice his own interests for those of a friend. But it looked as if he must. Nessa had admitted that her life had been saved by Mrs. Redmond.

"Her life isn't in jeopardy now, is it?" he asked.

"Yes, it is, my friend. Her life must be in jeopardy while those rascals have the chance of profiting by her death."

"I'll see about it," said Fergus, coldly.

The next day he found an opportunity to speak to Nessa in private.

"Now, don't you say a word till you've heard all I have to tell you," he began. And then he recounted, as closely as he could remember, all that had passed the night before between himself and the Q. C.

"There you are, my dear," he said, in conclusion. "Now it's for you to say whether you wish to be known as Miss Dancaster or Miss Grahame."

Nessa reflected for a few minutes, and then she said—

"I am very grateful to you, Mr. Fergus, and very grateful to your friend; but I do not wish to be known by any name but Viola Dancaster."

"But if your life is in danger?" suggested he.

"My life is not in danger," replied Nessa, in a tone of conviction; for she had quite resolved that Redmond was powerless to harm her.

"I'm glad to hear it, with all my heart. But there's your position to think about."

"I have thought about that. I am very happy here—happier than ever I have been in my life. I like the people here—every one. I have what I desire. The excitement is such a delight to me that I pity those who only look on. I do not think I could live without this nightly pleasure. It is everything to me. I would not lose it even if my life were in danger."

Fergus breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"Then what am I to tell this fellow?" he asked.

"Tell him that Viola Dancaster refuses to acknowledge any other name."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

During the Argentine insurrection, the iron-clad fleet, which had joined the revolutionary movement, bombarded Buenos Ayres for two days, killing a thousand persons, wounding 5,000 and destroying many fine buildings.

THE NEW GAS GUN.

Trial of a Marvelous Rifle Invented by M. Giffard.

At the headquarters of the London Scottish Rifles on July 23rd, some interesting experiments were conducted with Mr. Paul Giffard's appliance for the employment of liquefied gas as an explosive or, to be more strictly accurate, one should say as a means of propelling projectiles—in place of gunpowder. Mr. Paul Giffard's scientific reputation as inventor of the pneumatic tube and of the "Giffard injector," so largely used in connection with steam power, stands so high that any invention to which his name was attached would be worthy of attentive consideration.

The weapon now introduced by him, however, is something more than an ingenious appliance; it is a discovery which not only promises to revolutionize the gun other purposes as a motive power. Those who are interested in the Giffard gun claim that it is the military weapon of the future. The idea of using liquefied carbonic acid gas as a propulsive power is not new, but M. Giffard is the first who has turned it to practical account.

The gas gun is a model of simplicity, so far as one can judge without examination of the discharging mechanism, in which much of the merit of M. Giffard's invention lies. A small cylinder, called a cartouche is attached to the barrel of a rifle or smooth-bore gun. This cylinder contains liquefied gas about 220 shots, equal to about 50 bullets of an ordinary service rifle, with a velocity sufficient to kill at 600 yards. There is no other explosive. The bullet is simply dropped into an aperture of the barrel, which is hermetically closed by pressing a small lever, and the loading is complete. When the trigger is pressed a small quantity of liquefied gas becomes released and expands in the breech chamber. There is no powder report than the drawing of a champagne cork makes; no smoke, and no fouling of the barrel. In all these respects M. Giffard's gas gun seems to fill the requirements of an ideal weapon for warfare; but whether in other respects liquefied gas has advantages over ordinary explosives for military purposes remains to be proved. The inventor says there would be no difficulty in refilling the cylinders with gas on the battlefield; but it is obvious, even if that be the case, that reserve cylinders would have to be supplied to each man in order to make up the number of rounds now thought to be necessary; and as the bullets would of necessity be carried in addition, the ammunition for a gas gun would weigh just as much as ordinary cartridges, weight for weight.

The charge of liquid liberated for each round is regulated by a milled screw, and each charge, as liberated, is contained in a special chamber, from which it is released by the pulling of a trigger. The bullet is dropped separately into an orifice in the breech-lock. In the rifles shown the bullets were round, but elongated bullets can be used. When the guns were discharged a rush of vapor was seen issuing from the muzzles. But it instantly faded away, and the bullets flew with strict precision to the targets. Barrels which had been repeatedly discharged in the past two months were shown to have suffered no corrosion. The pressure of the gas and fluid in the above magazine was 500 pounds on the square inch, and this pressure is maintained up to the last drop of fluid. The preparation of the liquefied gas involves no mechanical power; but the needful pressure is got entirely by the chemical manipulation of ordinary substances, such as carbonate of soda.

Prince and Crown Princess.

Twenty years ago, at the close of the Franco-German War, another war was declared, of which the newspapers had no bulletins. That was a war between a man and a woman. The man was Prince Bismarck and the woman the Crown Princess of Germany, the daughter of Her Majesty the Queen and the mother of the present Emperor. The Princess Victoria has been a wise student of politics from her childhood, and had become, as was inevitable, an advanced Liberal. Bismarck, who at one period of his life had been a Liberal himself, had crystallized in his old age into a bigoted and venomous Tory. His idea of governing Germany was by the sword; hers was by educating the Germans until they were fit to manage their own affairs without interference by the ruling family. Between the two collisions were frequent and savage. Once Bismarck tried to close the Empress's salon; she moved to the Italian lakes and refused to return to Berlin till the tyrannical police measure was revoked. On another occasion he poisoned her son's mind against her. But she hid her time, regained her control over William, and this time she assumed the aggressive and caused the Chancellor's overthrow. Now, in his exile, he proposes to publish documents setting forth her repeated interference in public affairs, in order to make her odious. He will probably discover before he is through that a man who undertakes to fight a woman had better be doubly armed.

The Ocean Cattle Trade.

Mr. Plimssoll's crusade against certain United States cattle exporters for the cruelty which he alleges they practice in loading cattle on vessels has its phases of interest to Canadians. English advices show that an effort is being made to bring Canadians within the scope of Mr. Plimssoll's charges.

The evidence in possession of the department at Ottawa shows that so far as Dominion cattle exporters are concerned there is little ground for complaint. The Department of Agriculture long ago issued regulations on this subject and inspectors appointed by the Government are on hand to see that the regulations are carried out and the animals properly cared for. Dr. McEachern, chief veterinary inspector, in his last report states that owing to the superior advantages of the St. Lawrence route for shipment and the excellence of the steamers and carefulness of ship-owners and agents to carry out any suggestion made by the Government inspectors with reference to space and ventilation, the mortality of Canadian cattle at sea continues to be light and as a rule the condition in which the animals land in Great Britain is very satisfactory. He suggests, however, that an effort should be made by both shippers and ship agents to provide better attendants to feed and care for the cattle. By this means the shipments of live stock are to reach the British markets in the best possible condition.

Montreal will shortly be visited by the North American and West India squadron.

THE MARVELLOUS RUG.

John and I moved into our new home a few days before Christmas, and Christmas eve found us very happy in our little house. It was so different a matter to purchase the small garden adjoining the old Stuyvesant mansion that we considered its attainment in the light of a triumph. The bit of ground was very small, but upon it John built our house—the tiniest box that was ever inhabited by two people.

"We must not be impertinent to our betters," said my brother, "and flaunt out in modern gew-gaws to shame our aristocratic neighbors."

And so he selected a style of architecture in keeping with the old colonial mansion. This made our adjoining house look precisely like an office attached to the massive structure.

"Who knows, Nelly," said John, "we may own the grand house some day? Stranger things have happened; and this will be my office then, sure enough."

I am very proud of my brother. He graduated in the first ten in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and entered Bellevue second in the list of competitors. He gets a splendid practice already. He is ready with this little home as soon as I finished at Miss Porter's—at least he had bought the lot and commenced building. I was glad to live near the old gray mansion, although I did not know my neighbors. One need not fear, I thought, to lift that knocker. No contemptuous dunkey could possibly stand behind those broad doors, no cold hearts beat under those low ceilings. I expected to be very happy in my home, for my brother has been the best of guardians to me. He is handsome too.

"I have been unfair to you, Nelly," he said one day, "I have taken all the size and strength of the family and left none for my little sister."

"And all the beauty and talent too," I thought.

But John never makes one feel insignificant, like some great fellows. With him one always grows stronger and cleverer and more ambitious.

We were so happy on this Christmas eve, and in such high good humor with all our belongings that we would not acknowledge our house to be too small.

"It is rather like a ladder I am afraid," said John; "but it is a Jacob's ladder, on which angels will ascend and descend. Mark you, I sleep on the first floor. This remark applies only to you and your friends, Nelly. I am afraid you will have to select them with reference to their slimmness. No room here for good things about our house," he added—"there will never be any ghosts in it. No living over dark deeds in our domain. When the title was searched it appeared there was never a building of any kind on the ground before. Nothing ever grew there but old Mr. Stuyvesant's Dutch tulips."

"How about wigwags?" I suggested.

"Nor wigwags. When the foundations were dug not a bit of a tomahawk or arrow-head was turned up; nothing but old roots. A great tree grew here in the Indians' time, and dear little papooses swung on its branches. We will have to make our own history for ourselves."

I was too tired that Christmas eve to speculate about history or anything else. But how sweet and fresh and dainty it all was! My pretty maids in their white caps, my glistening floors and artistic rugs; the rose-colored sash-curtains with a fleur-de-lis pattern, the delicate bits of china—surely there was never a daintier spot to be happy in.

As John left me after luncheon he exclaimed, "O Nelly, you will have to buy your own Christmas present! I have not had a moment—nonsense, this is not a present! Who ever heard of furniture etcetera, given as a Christmas gift? Do run across to Union square and get a little jewel or something you fancy. Bring it home, give it to me, and hang your stocking outside your door."

I was very busy that afternoon and it was late, nearly half-past five o'clock, before I set forth on my errand. I had barely time to reach Tiffany's before dark. The streets and shops were thronged. We all remember how warm it was on Christmas eve, and almost suffocated in the crowded store, and saw at once it would be useless to think of reaching a vacant place at the counters where the smaller wares are displayed. When John asks me to do anything I like to be a strict constructionist, so I resolved I would buy some trifle in one of the smaller shops nearer home. But when I turned to retrace my steps I found a thick, warm fog filling the atmosphere, and the streets unpleasantly moist and slippery. I could not see the houses half a block off. I had a short distance to go, but it had grown so dark I felt a little nervous at being alone. I was hurrying along when a voice very near me said, "It is for you, lady! I sell cheap! I make bargain. It is for you." Close to my face I saw the gleaming eyes and thin cadaverous countenance of a foreigner. From his black fez and long tight coat I supposed him to be a Turkish peddler—the same in fact that I had seen at Narragansett last summer. The face was rather pathetic, not sinister, but I did not like to be followed in the street, and with a decided "No" I hurried on. "But lady it is for you," he protested. Glancing at him again I perceived he held under his arm a tightly rolled rug, and it was this he wished me to purchase. I was glad to lose him the crowd; and presently I discerned through the mist, looming up like an old gray Santa Claus with a Christmas box under his arm, the old Stuyvesant mansion with my own little home tucked snugly at its side. I fairly hugged myself with joy to think it was mine! When I reached the door John approached it from the opposite direction.

"Ah, good little sister!" he exclaimed, "so you have brought my present! I see you may dispense with the stocking."

"Why no, John," I began, when I perceived he was looking beyond me. Sure enough I had been followed by the Turk, who now pressed forward and with tremulous earnestness entreated John to buy his rug. "It is royal Daghestan! It is for the lady. Twenty dollar! Fifteen!"

"Fifteen dollars! poor fellow," said John, "he must be in distress. Come in, we will look at it," and opening the door with his night key, he followed him into the hall. The merchant, looking very worn and ill, began to fumble at the strings which tied the parcel, when John said kindly, "Never mind. Do you know Nelly, we will buy it without looking at it? It will be more ex-

pecting. It will be like a lottery." Hastily counting twenty dollars into the hands of the bowing Turk he gently put him from the door, and calling Norah bade her take his purchase to Miss Nelly's room. "You are not to run upstairs to look at it," he said to me. "That would not be proper and Christmasy. You look as pale as a little dark sister can. And I am famished. Come right in and give your good brother a plate of soup."

That was our first dinner in our own house. And how lovely it was to sit opposite my dear brother at our own round table. John had produced a stout black bottle from the side pocket of his overcoat.

"This, Nelly," said he—"this is the genuine Westmoreland punch from the club in Richmond. Lee Nelson sent it to me by a thimbleful in her glass, Norah. It is too ardent for little girls—now! To old Virginia. May she never tire of such punch."

John had proposed to make me an additional present of his company that evening, and take me to the theatre, but I was too tired to go. So we read aloud to each other, Dickens' "Christmas Carols" and Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity." A big bunch of mistletoe and some Christmas roses, ordered by him, arrived late. He hung the former in the doorway, kissed me under it and sent me to bed.

When I entered my room I found Norah had put a lump of candle coal in my grate, which was sending a thin flame upward. I was glad of this, for I never like to sleep in utter darkness. The new rug was spread before the fire. Such a beauty! The ground work was light blue, clear and soft as the sky. On this the most delicate Turkish characters were traced. Turning up my gas, I perceived it to be a rare old rug with a sheen of velvet, and the curious light only found in the best antique carpets. There was a dark spot however in the centre. This I remembered it was just here that the Moham-knelt in prayer, and I knew that this would be considered by connoisseurs to enhance its value. I called my brother and we admired it together. "I must find that poor fellow," said he, "this is a super rug—worth more than a hundred dollars. It will never do to cheat him this way because he was in extremity. What a marvellous blue! It becomes you spirituelle and aristocratic style, Nelly, but it makes everything else in the room look disgustingly new and shoddy."

I could not fall asleep at once that night. I thought of many things—of long ago Christmas times when our parents were living, of my great treasure in my brother and schemes for my future. I must speak to Norah about her naps; she must not fold them in fancy shapes; and Agnes would need better butter paddles. Her balls looked rough and sticky. There had been no alcohol provided for the coffee urn in the morning. I thought I had best make memoranda of these things as I thought of them, so I rose, found my pen and pencil, and by the light of a candle on the table beside my bed began to jot down various items for my use on the morrow. I mentioned these things in this painstaking way to prove I was not asleep, nor dreaming with my eyes open, nor indulging in romantic fancies.

The clock in the room below was striking twelve when I saw my door open a little way very gently. I suppose the new bolt had not caught when the door was closed, and I was adding to my memoranda "a hand lock oiled" when the fingers of a small hand appeared, clasping the door as if the intruder hesitated on the threshold.

Presently the door was pushed quickly open, shut again (I heard the bolt click), and the figure of a young girl stood within. She was clad in oriental garments. Her head was covered with a white cloth, which she dropped upon entering, disclosing a delicate, dark and very beautiful face. Her hair was parted in a thin, long, black braid, gold cord and tassels tying it at the end. A hand of gold sequins bound her brow. Similar bands and chains fell over her bosom and encircled her arms and slender ankles. Her robe was of striped silk—white and yellow, and bound about her waist with a fringed sash of blue and crimson, and she wore a little black velvet jacket embroidered all over in gold. She stood quietly at the door, looking around the room, and once her dark, lustrous eyes gazed earnestly at me. I was not frightened. I observed every peculiar about seeing everything. When one is intensely surprised one cannot speak for awhile. After a few minutes, more or less, she moved forward and stood motionless in the centre of the rug. Another pause and then she knelt, threw her head backward and clasped her hands in an attitude of supplication. I distinctly saw her expression of agony and fear as she gazed upward. Instantly a bright scimitar, held by an invisible hand, circled above her, descended, and I severed her head from her body!

Shriek after shriek brought my household to my bedside. Almost fainting with terror, and with my hands pressed over my eyes, I could not explain for a moment. "Oh, John," I gasped; "the girl."

"Where?"

"There, there on the carpet."

I felt my brother's hand on my brow, and his voice sounded far away as he said quietly, "Miss Nellie has been dreaming, girls. She is overdone. And Norah, bring me a quilt and a pillow. I will lie on the sofa awhile after I give her a powder."

My brother raised me to give me the soothing powder, and to my amazement everything was just as I had left it upon going to bed—the blue rug, little rocking-chair, dim light from the coal fire. I was overwhelmed, but I told John the whole story. He did not rally me or ridicule me. He looked with interest at the dark spot, bade me say no more, that he would not leave me alone and I must try to sleep.

The next morning when I opened my eyes I found my brother dressed and standing beside me. "I have let you sleep, little girl," he said, "and after all my visits over I am going with you to dine at Delmonico's. I'll run in to time to go with you to church. And—Nellie, don't mention your dream to anyone."

"But John, it was no dream! I was wide awake and writing. Look, here are the notes I was taking."

"Ah, well, the girls think it was a dream. It will be better to let it pass as such with them. We will not tell it! People might say that we had taken too much Westmoreland punch!"

I came very near being indignant with my

brother. I resolved to say no more. The rug I perceived had been removed, but I was too proud to ask questions. My brother brought me a pretty violet pin with a diamond centre, and what is more, he sent me to Tuxedo to spend Christmas week with my mother's old friend, Mrs. Morris. When I returned on New Year's eve he had put all my belongings in the front room, and my own room was entirely empty.

"Front rooms are best," he explained; "the street noises prevent your feeling lonely."

I had prepared a basket of New Year's gifts for all the patients in John's hospital, and wishing to make each one as personal as I could, I asked for a list of the names of the sick people. John hesitated.

"All of them are very few just now," he said, "pretty books and flowers except one, who is in the last stages of consumption and would hardly notice your gift."

"Please let me give it," I entreated; "I will keep the lilies for her. Let her feel that some one cares for her—some other woman."

John looked puzzled.

"All right, little woman," he said; "have your own way. I'll take your basket for you."

It was New Year's eve and quite late in the evening—warm and foggy again as it was on that Christmas eve. We walked together to the hospital and John introduced me to his patients—some of them boys and young girls—and waited while I talked a few minutes with each one and presented my pretty presents.

"Now for the poor dying woman," I said. John hesitated. "All right," he said, "it is kindest." He led the way to one of the sitting rooms. A hospital nurse was seated beside a cot, but she rose upon our entrance and left the room. Approaching for I knew I was in the presence of death, I started with surprise at the figure before me.

There lay the restless form, emaciated face and fast-fading eyes of my Turkish peddler. Across his knees lay the haunted rug, one edge of which he held fast in one of his thin hands. In the other he clasped a long, thin braid of dark hair, tied with a tarnished gilt cord and tassel.

"Poor fellow," said John; "so far away from his home." I was dreadfully shocked; but I laid my hand gently on his, and placed my purse in his bosom. He gazed at me earnestly, murmured "Zuleika!" and gasped and expired.

My brother knows he can always expect me to be sensible. I never wish him to keep painful things from me. Why should he bear everything and have no one to speak to.

Sitting beside the fire that night we talked the matter over. "It is a most strange occurrence," he admitted; "I found this Christmas morning. He was desperately ill. I took him with me to the hospital, and soon saw all was over. I gave him back his rug, and he has bequeathed it to me. It is almost priceless in value. It was the dower of his bride. She was found upon it dead, the night of her marriage."

"Perhaps he killed her," I said, "what do you think?"

"I know he did," replied my brother. He told the story in his delirium. Fortunately no one understood him except myself. I picked up a little of the language when I was in Constantinople. He thought she had been unfaithful. He has wandered all over the world, poor and penitent."

"The miscreant!" I exclaimed, "I am sorry I touched him."

"Gently, little sister," said John. "Remember that 'who with repentance is not satisfied, is not of heaven nor earth.'"

John sat silent a few minutes and then rose with a sigh and stood before the fire. "Did you notice the long tress of hair?" he inquired.

"Severed by his scimitar?" I ventured to ask.

"Precisely. I had it buried with him. He left no papers—and as to his rug, I shall have it cleaned, fumigated, exercised sprinkled with holy water and sold. The Turkish minister will tell me of some good charity for girls in his country, and there the money must go! I don't want it!"

"Dear John, do you suppose—" I began.

"Yes, I do suppose," said he, taking me by my shoulders and giving me a little shake. "I do suppose that there are many dreams in our philosophy, and I suppose we had just as well suppose nothing about matters we can never understand. Zuleika and Mahmoud are now upon equal footing and can settle their own affairs, and I have had enough of them and am glad to be rid of them.—S. A. P. in Home Journal."

The outbreak of Asiatic cholera at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian, cannot fail to create a widespread feeling of alarm throughout Europe. For on the occasion of its former invasions of that continent the dread disease has invariably obtained admission by way of Baku. A quarantine of the most stringent nature has been maintained there for months past. But apparently the precaution has been of no avail. The danger of when it is borne in mind that at least two-thirds of the petroleum used in Europe is shipped from Baku. Should the apprehensions that prevail on the subject become realized, it would prove the death-blow of the popular theory, according to which mineral oil in its crude state is the most powerful disinfectant destroyer of cholera germs.

The vehemence with which the Twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, have kept up the strife over the question, "Who is bigger?" and the fear that according to present prospects the war would be long and injurious, have led the authorities to order a recount. Speaking of this new enumeration the Chicago Times is led to remark: "There is to be an official recount of the population of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and it is now probable that the names on the gravestones will be omitted and that the ghosts of dead men, who opportunely wandered around in that region, are not residents, as was claimed by the first figures. Leaving these out, and figuring on the decrease in population in Minneapolis since the original count was made caused by the flight of crooked enumerators, the big claims of Flour city men will have to be amended."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Over Fatted Beast.

As the season of fairs is not far off, and that of fat stock shows will not be long thereafter, it is well to consider the effect of feeding for show upon such animals as are to be sold to the butchers for immediate use as food, or otherwise retained upon the premises as breeders.

A thin beast is of course unfit for show, and it is equally true that the flesh of a beast in a state of poverty is unfit for human food. But it is equally true that except to the eye of the novice the excessively fatted beast is, to a degree, a monstrosity. No infant in a baby show, nor any man or woman on a street or elsewhere, receives compliments on great fatness.

It is a perverted taste that brings encomiums upon the excessively fat beast in the show ring; for the beast is drifting from its natural state of usefulness, whether this be in the breeding yard or upon the butcher's hooks.

The two extremes, scant flesh and great obesity, should be ruled out of all exhibitions where usefulness is the end sought.

Rules governing fairs should so far make it a misdemeanor to greatly overfeed as to entirely change the drift of public sentiment on this subject. There is no diversity of opinion as to the end sought being usefulness and profit to the grower; yet, such extremes are tolerated and even encouraged, that the points of usefulness and profit are overlapped, the real ends sought being thwarted.

A loaf of bread so puffed up by chemicals as to unfit it for use upon the table would certainly be ruled out by the proper committee. Yet from year to year awards are made upon breeding cows and upon heifers intended for breeding that have had their usefulness utterly taken from them by such long continued and excessive feeding that every generation of tissue is crammed till delirious. Impregnation becomes difficult, and not in a few instances impossible, simply because the ovaries and fallopian tubes are hemmed in by pressure, and prevented from acting in the way intended by nature.

Regarding the fatted steer, made so for show purposes, it is well known to many that the carcasses of some of these have been bought by hotel keepers, and that the long continued excessive fat state had so dwarfed the muscular tissues and so filled these with grease as to have changed the flavor, rendering the meat entirely unlike a properly fed and fatted beast; this being carried to such a degree that the meat was rejected by guests.

The rich juices that belong to meat properly fitted for use as food are in over-fatted meat driven out, mere fat being substituted. The term "ripeness" when applied to an overfatted beast, is a perversion of the term. The meat is over ripe, and like an over ripe peach—has, at one period during the feeding process, been just right for the butcher's knife. It has seen a condition which, if a vein had been opened and the hide taken off at that time, the palate would be better. But, as with the peach, the grape and the nectarine, when held too long, the flavor that invites gives place to that which repels.

No committee on fruit awards premiums upon specimens that have passed the state and condition of highest flavor and usefulness. Fruit that has passed its best state has a condition akin to degeneration of the muscular state of obesity. The muscles of the body are so pressed upon, so restricted in motion, and so excessively charged with fat, that while fatty degeneration may not fully occur, there is so near an approach to this that the natural flavor of the meat is so nearly destroyed that it is far from satisfactory when served upon the plate.

As fully outlined in these columns a year ago, the state of perfection is reached in meat when animals are so bred that there is within the muscles' cell tissue into which fat may be deposited, resulting in that state known as "marbling." When this marbling occurs early in the fattening process, we are quite certain to have well flavored, juicy meat as the result. But, as stated, when the fattening process is pushed beyond a reasonable limit and long continued, a degree of degeneration of the lean tissues will occur; and thereupon all inviting flavor is parted with, and we have not by any means the taste of meat under a state of decay, but it has a greasy, ill-flavored taste. The meat may reasonably be suspected of having approached too nearly to a state of degeneration of tissue.—G. S., in Chicago Prairie Farmer.

Why Thunder-Storms Affect Milk.

During electrical disturbances it seems that cream and milk are put into a condition to sour easily. The probable cause of this the editor of the Cultivator (Albany) explains as follows: The effect of an electrical discharge is to decompose a portion of the atmosphere, by which ozone is produced. This substance has peculiar properties from its intense activity as an oxide of oxygen, and its action believed to be, and may be, fresh wine during what are known as thunder-storms. The ozone is diffused through the air, and is believed to be the cause of the strong acid odor which prevails after the storm is passed. No doubt if the milk is submerged in water, and access of air is prevented, no result of the kind need be apprehended; and as the more milk is exposed to the air the more it will be affected by the ozone, the milk in open shallow pans will be acidified more readily than that in deep pails, although these may be open. In our experience, however, the writer adds, we have never had any milk affected in this way, either in shallow pans or deep pails, and are of opinion that the heat of the air preceding thunder-storms is more directly the agent in the souring of the milk than the ozone that may exist in the air after the storm is passed. Carefulness to maintain a proper temperature, by closing dairy houses and cellars against the outer atmosphere, will be a means of safety.

For designating him as a rag-seller instead of a dealer in bric-a-brac one Roy has entered suit against the publishers of the Quebec Directory for \$2,500 damages. Verily this is an age of fine distinctions.

solved in warm water, of which a few drops only are required for each gallon of cream. But good taste and common sense (both of these are collateral) forbid the use of any coloring whatever; the natural "gilt edge" of the chlorophyll of the fresh grass clover, or of the corn or other soiling fodder, is alone sufficient to give the delicate primrose yellow of the best butter. And such fodder by foresighted plans laid for the season before the work begins.

The Power and Price of Skill.

BY PROF. JAS. ROBERTSON.

Following is a brief report of an address delivered at the dairymen's convention in Stratford, by Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, Dominion Dairy Inspector:—

And then a man's skill should penetrate all his work, right from the beginning to the end. A man should never try to sell what is barren of skill, but in all his efforts should try to apply skill, skill, skill, and whether he works in a field or a factory, or only thing he can sell honestly at a profit is his skill, and therefore a cheesemaker should sell his skill, and make himself rich by selling what God gave him a chance to have lots of—skill, talent. [Applause.] When a man sells anything out of a farm or a factory, he sells something of a three-fold character: Some material, some labor and some skill. There is this difference: when a man has material and sells that there is nothing left where the material was. When a man has a ton of plant food in his soil and sells that there is nothing left of that ton. When a man expends a great deal of strength and sells labor, he has nothing but exhaustion and what there was before.

But when he sells skill, the more he sells the more there is left to follow, and it is like the widow's cruse of oil and the meal—the more there is taken out the more there is left to take. If the man who keeps 14 cows gets \$200 will, instead of these 14 cows, he will just have to keep five cows and get the same pay as the man who keeps the 14. If you take the cost of the farm or the cost of the feed and the interest on capital invested, the balance is left for labor and skill. The man who keeps five cows instead of 14 and gets \$200 gets big pay for skill. When a man sells pork he does the same thing.

When a man sells hogs whose main occupation has been to squeal he does not sell any skill that way. [Laughter.] There are long-tongued hogs that live for a year and a half on a man, and then are not willing to die at a profit for his benefit. [Renewed laughter.] A man cannot sell skill in such a package as that, but is trying to sell squeal, and it is not marketable either through a hog or any other channel that the world knows of to-day. And let me say further, when a cheesemaker brags about his own great ability to make fine cheese, and when a buyer comes around and finds the ability turned out, he is trying to sell squeal to the buyer, but he cannot succeed in that effort.

If I were occupied in the dignified calling of the law I would consider that my occupation was to sell skill, and if I tried to sell squeal my client would think I was worth \$100 less than nothing per hour. [Renewed laughter.] So, whether we work in a cheese factory or on a farm, if we use skill we will find a good market always. When a man sells a horse for a high price, what does he sell? What do you think he sells? Great hay? Not a bit of it, but when he has fortified his skill to raise a good horse he will get a good price for it, and for his skill which it embodies. A man says, "I am going to be a well-known man in years to come. I am going to get some large blocks of marble, and I am going to chip off enough marble to make these blocks smaller and different in size and shape; then, when I have made these blocks into shapes about the dimensions of a man, I will sell statutory and get my name perpetuated through the ages as a famous sculptor." And he sells strength, and out of his marble block he makes a marble stump, and cannot sell the marble stump except as material for road-making. Another man says he will sell skill.

From a marble block he makes a statue that looks back at him almost as though it had life. That man has materialized his skill, and he can sell that skill for anything he asks, and that skill is more skillful than when he began. The man who applies skill to his work in any honorable honest line of endeavor becomes a more skillful man, and the cheesemaker who earnestly strives to sell skill glorifies work that erstwhile he thought to be drudgery. He is verily doing part of God's work in reasserting his right to have dominion in the world over the products which he handles for the service of men; to do that well he requires skill.

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How to Pack Butter.

Dairymen or farmers who are packing away butter for future sale in the hope of getting better prices by and should remember that only good butter, well packed and stored in a dry cool place on benches elevated at least eighteen inches from the ground, will keep in good condition. The butter must be freed from every taint of the buttermilk; cooled before it is packed; salted evenly and thoroughly, so that the brine is mixed all through the mass and is not in excessive quantity; the packages must be new and wholly free from taint, and must be solidly filled; each packing covered with brine until the next layer is put in and then sprinkled lightly with dry salt; and when filled a cover of clean muslin dipped in brine should be laid on the fastened down. Good butter well packed in this way is safe to hold for higher prices, while "fresh creamery," especially that which is made from sweet cream, must be sold at once, regardless of low prices caused by a temporary oversupply. Where ice or other methods of cooling, such as a clean special subcellar, are available for storing butter there need be no hurry to sell on a falling market. An excellent subcellar for storage is one 12 or 14 feet deep, made in dry soil, and walled up with brick; (but it does not matter if there is a well in the bottom) if the water is pumped and kept fresh.) A tight floor is made over the top and a shed is built over it. The bricks are white-washed and a glazed window is put in the floor. Shelves are ranged around the wall for supports, and the butter packages rest on these. The well may be protected by a curb 3 feet high around it.

The use of carrot juice for butter coloring is wholly inadvisable. The albumen in the juice quickly decomposes and spoils the butter. If coloring is used in spite of all objections, let it be the clear annatto, dis-

List of Fall Fairs.
 Elma, Atwood—Oct. 2.
 Western, London—Sept. 18-27.
 Industrial, Toronto—Sept. 8-20.
 Southern, Brantford—Sept. 9-11.
 North Perth, Stratford—Oct. 2-3.
 Wellesley, Wellesley—Sept. 23-24.
 South Grey, Durham—Sept. 23-24.
 Northwestern, Goderich—Sept. 15-17.
 Great Central, Hamilton—Sept. 22-26.
 Southern Counties, St. Thomas—Sept. 16-18.

Country Talk.

Listowel.
 BEEKEEPER'S ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of the Listowel Bee keeper's Association on Saturday, August 16th, in the Royal Hotel, at 2 p. m.

The excursion to Goderich on Tuesday of last week was well patronized, fifteen carloads of excursionists having visited the circular town. About fifty tickets were sold at this station.

During the storm on Sunday of last week S. Tatham's cow is supposed to have been struck by lightning and killed. She was found dead next morning.

The Royal Hotel has changed hands, Fred. Zilliox having gone out, and Arch'd McIntosh, late of the Grand Central, having taken possession.

TOWN VOTERS' LIST.—The Listowel Voters' lists for 1890 have been published. Ratepayers are now one month from the 28th July—the date of their first publication—to examine them in order to have any errors or omissions corrected.

UP THE LAKES.—R. Martin and his son John, and A. J. Collins left last Thursday for a trip to the "Soo" and Mackinac. They took the steamer Pacific of the Northern Transportation Co. at Warton. D. D. Campbell and some members of his family also left for a trip up the lakes by C. P. R. boat from Owen Sound.

The first new wheat was brought to town on Monday of last week by Henry Moore of the 4th con. of Elma, and delivered at Moyer & Co's mill. It tested a little over 62 lbs. to the bushel, and was an excellent sample. It is expected that the crop generally in this neighborhood will test high, the berry being unusually plump and firm.

TAKEN TO THE ASYLUM.—Mrs. Ward who lived on Main street east, and who had been acting in such a manner lately as to indicate that she was not of sound mind, has been removed to the London Insane Asylum. Her case is one to excite sympathy, she being the mother of a large family of young children. It is hoped that her derangement will only be temporary.

The fall wheat harvest is getting pretty well over and the sound of the threshing machine is again heard in the land. Barley harvest is now on, and like the fall wheat, is an excellent crop and of good color. Farmers should use every care in preserving the barley so as to retain as bright a color as possible. When in the shock it should be covered to keep out the wet.

Miss Alma Ann Hawkins died at the residence of her brother-in-law W. Watkins, at Glenwilliams on Sunday. Although she had been unwell for some time, she did not become seriously ill until a week before her death. She was 35 years of age and highly respected. She was a sister to Mrs. W. Watkins, and also of Mr. Hawkins, the editor and proprietor of the Listowel Standard. There was a large attendance at the funeral on Monday of last week. Miss Hawkins was a member of the Church of England.

Stratford.
 Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Duffon and Miss Duffon are summering at Warton.

J. A. Davidson, barrister, has returned from a short trip to Muskoka.

Mrs. W. G. Mowat and family are visiting her father, J. D. Murray, G. T. R. agent, at Sarina.

The returns for the port of Stratford for the year ending June 30th, 1890, show:

Free goods imported.....	\$153,052.00
Annual imports.....	322,563.00
Imports for consumption.....	220,105.00
Duty collected.....	57,777.77

The Minister of Education has replied to the communication respecting the charges made against Principal Woods by the London Collegiate board. The Minister will deal with the charge of untruthfulness, but he considers that the others are outside of his province.

On Wednesday of last week a special freight train, in charge of Conductor Thompson of Stratford, struck a horse four miles west of Parkhill, was thrown from the track and the fireman, named Chas. Cheeseborough of St. Thomas, was killed. The engine and ten cars are a wreck.

The championship of Stratford, 100 yard foot-race, between J. Cecil Hamilton and Geo. Moir, took place on the fair grounds, on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and was won by Mr. Hamilton. Time, 10 1/5 seconds. Cecil has made his mark as a runner, and is now champion of Stratford.

Joseph Workman and family returned from Colorado whither they had removed about two years ago. Mr. Workman not being then enjoying good health. The change of climate has proved most beneficial, we are glad to know, and he has returned a much heavier and no doubt a happier man.

Several bags of new fall wheat have been brought into the city this season, but the first load was brought in on Wednesday of last week by J. R. Miller of Fullarton, and was bought by Messrs Hodd & Cullen at the city mills, at 95c per bushel. The grain was of the Democrat variety and weighed 63 pounds to the bushel.

On Wednesday evening of last week the members of the H. M. Church of this city met for the purpose of looking into the assessment of the congregation by the Synod of the diocese of Huron. The Rev. Mr. Young, rector St. George's church, Goderich, and one of the members of the committee on assessment was present and addressed the audience setting forth the claims of Synod upon this congregation, stating that the committee had decided to raise the assessment \$50 more than previously, and stating that his mission was to find out whether or not the congregation thought themselves able to pay the increased sum. The meeting decided, however, that in view of the heavy expenditure of the church, recently paid out for different purposes, they could not think of paying the advanced sum, at least for the present, believing as they do, that they are now paying as large a proportion as any other congregation of their size. The rev. gentleman promised that the committee would give the matter a fair and impartial consideration.

Grey.
 A large barn, with stone foundation, is being built this summer by Wm Bawtinheimer.

Miss Bertha Ball is home for a short vacation from Toronto. She is greatly taken up with the Queen City.

Wm. Perrie, 12th con., sold 20 head of prime cattle to Messrs. Heffernan & Bawtinheimer. They averaged 1348 pounds.

On Tuesday, 29th July, Wm. McKelvy was driving near Jamestown when his horse shied and broke the bridle strap when the buggy ran on the horse he kicked through the dashboard and broke Mr. McKelvy's leg.

Ethel.
 Wm. Spence was away at Brantford for a few days last week.

W. McTaggart has been rusticiating in the northern portion of this province.

It is stated that Robt. Dilworth has sold one of his farms to Wm. Thomas.

Sunday, July 3rd, was a regular scorcher. The thermometer marked 90 in the shade.

Mr. Klimeshot has gone West to the lumber woods. There is a good opening here for a butcher.

A large crane was shot by Robt. Dilworth lately that measured about 6 feet from tip to tip of wings.

Miss Panabaker, the Misses Cobes and Neil Panabaker, of Hespeler, are visiting relatives in Ethel and vicinity.

Messrs. Bawtinheimer & Heffernan, cattle dealers have contracted to supply one firm with 125 head of cattle. They shipped 99 head last week, 80 of which were for export.

We regret to state that the infant daughter of T. P. Simpson died last week. The funeral was on Tuesday afternoon, the interment being made at Brussels cemetery.

Preston.
 The harvest in this locality is nearly garnered and a good yield is expected.

A young lady of this place had a fearful surgical operation performed on her on Friday, Aug 1st, which lasted over five hours, by Dr. McGillawee, of Wellesley. The patient is doing as well as could be expected.—Com.

Poole.
 Miss Nellie Dewar is visiting relatives in Carrick.

Rich. Gray and Will Angus spent Sunday in Honey Groye.

Mrs. Stewart, of Port Huron, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Hammond, 3rd line Wellesley.

Mr. and Miss Struthers, of Clinton, have been spending their holidays at Robt. Struthers.

The Misses Fraser, of Toronto, are visiting their aunts, Mrs. John Chalmers and Mrs. Peter Dewar.

Jas. Burnet sold a car load of fat hogs last week to John Whyte, of Mitchell, the price realized being 5 cents per pound.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

St. Thomas is to have a public hospital.

Winnipeg has a population of over 25,000.

The corn crop in many counties of the state of Kansas is an absolute failure.

Albert Oliver, a G. T. R. brakeman was killed at Woodstock on Saturday night.

Rapid progress is being made with the construction of the Chignecto marine railway.

Cardinal Newman, who was taken ill of pneumonia at Birmingham, died there Tuesday evening.

It is estimated that the pack of salmon on the Fraser river, B. C., last week was 100,000 cases.

Frank Alonzo, an Italian, leader of a bad gang of counterfeiters, has been arrested in New York.

Telegrams have been sent from Winnipeg by persons interested in bulling wheat, stating that frost had visited Manitoba on Friday night of last week. The statement is untrue.

Tenders for Bridge.

The undersigned will receive Tenders for the erection of a new bridge on 14th Concession line, Elma, opposite Lot 21, up to Ten o'clock a.m., 23rd inst. Contractors to find all material. Plans and specifications can be seen at my office, Atwood. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

THOS. FULLARTON, Clerk.
 August 4th, 1890. 23-3in

LAMONT'S MUSICAL EMPORIUM, LISTOWEL

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

George Barber	Listowel	John E. Baker	Dorking
H. T. Buschert	"	Nellie Guise	"
Francis Coleman	"	Mary Allingham	"
Annie Koehntel	"	Thos. Connolly	"
B. McQuay	"	Joseph Adam	"
H. H. Akey	"	Wm. Ogram	"
Jos. B. Barry	"	L. B. Dupel	Mildmay
Mary Martin	"	Annie Huebschwerlen	"
John Holmes	"	Emma Parselle	"
Joseph Ainley	"	Joseph Girodat	"
Rev. C. G. Franklin	"	R. Harding	"
W. C. Kidd	"	Edward McDonagh	Mount Forest
John J. Stewart	"	R. C. Morrison	"
Mrs. James Coghill	"	John Allen	"
Matthew Danson	"	C. Callaway	"
John W. Watson	"	C. Cook	Wagram
Mary Gibson	"	Ed. Callaway	"
Henry Lindenschmidt	"	J. McLean	"
W. F. McCloy	"	John Ferguson	Farwell
Emma Ross	"	John A. Morrison	"
John Elliot	"	David Starks	"
J. P. Wellesford	"	M. Potter	"
Mary Peffer	"	H. Murray	"
Singleton Wilson	"	N. Cowling	Hollin
John Hamner	"	Janet Leggett	Orchardville
John Walsh	Tralee	James Hoy	"
John Davidson	"	Wm. Gordon	"
Lewis Smith	"	R. J. Henderson	Palmerston
Andrew Donaldson	Atwood	James Corvay	"
Wm. Duan	"	C. Robertson	"
E. Johnson	"	John Bedford	"
Wm. Dickson	"	Thos. Duff	"
Thomas Dickson	"	P. E. Hittler	"
Jacob Knupp	"	Jas. Balfour	"
Presbyterian church	"	Robt. Cross	"
Thomas Ballantyne	"	Isaac Robb	"
S. Shanton	"	Robt. Beamish	"
James Menzies	"	James Chevillie	"
Thomas B. Miller	Burgoyne	Richard Lobb	"
Miss Wickham	"	Walter Hayes	"
Robert Strachan	"	Wm. Brown	"
Dr. Rutherford	Port Elgin	Peter McGrath	"
Matthew Hunter	"	W. T. Mitchell	"
Nellie Dewar	"	James Coult	"
Peter Helm	Musselburg	Joseph Schulthus	"
Philip Helm	"	Thomas Williams	"
Wm. Kerr	Doyle	David Humphries	"
Mr. Surgeson	Millbank	Jacob Corbett	"
Alex. Bruce	"	Thomas Mitchell	Rothsay
Wm. Priest	"	Maggie McKay	"
F. W. Sturgeon	"	H. H. McKay	"
A. Hughes	Durham	H. Heselstine	"
R. C. Stewart	Harriscon	James Giles	"
David Campbell	Milverton	Jos. Gregory	"
Wm. Ausman	Molesworth	Chas. Krousic	New Hamburg
T. and J. Gibson	"	John Hamcock	"
John Fox	"	Duncan Caldwell	Newbridge
David Campbell	"	Wm. Barber	"
Geo. McCombs	Gorrie	R. J. Henderson	"
Geo. Gregg	"	P. J. Peters	"
H. B. Halladay	"	Francis Arkens	Brunner
J. C. Jacques	"	Geo. Hiles	Toppin
Richard Twainley	"	Joseph Kresper	Newry
John Scott	"	Duncan Anderson	Wallenstein
Alex. Cromwell	"	John Mewhiney	"
Jos. E. Coombs	"	John Holmes	Burns
Robt. O'Leunden	"	Alex. McEachem	Trowbridge
Wm. Hoegi	"	Wm. Ross	Cotswold
E. J. Edgar	"	David McKay	"
Wm. Evans	"	Barney Doneghan	"
James Armstrong	"	Geo. Stickney	Carthage
James White	"	Methodist church	Teviotdale
Alex. Mewhiney	Dorking	Rev. Feinkbeinder	Alsfieldt

40 CENTS 40

THE ATWOOD BEE

FROM NOW TO JANUARY 1, 1891.

THE BEE

Job Department IS COMPLETE.

AUCTION SALE POSTERS

ORDERS BY MAIL

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THE BEE 40c.

IS THE—
 Latest, Newsiest, Cheapest
 PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

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.

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.

THE BEE FROM 40c. SECURES NOW TO JAN 1, 1891. FOR SALE.

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

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

Conveyancing Done. MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

THOS. FULLARTON, Commissioner in H. C. J.

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.

Agents Wanted.

FONTHILL NURSERIES—LARGEST IN CANADA.

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

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ontario.