

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

The Lecture Hall and Literary Institute, Monkton—a long, rectangular room, lit with six gas jets on hanging T-shaped fittings; the drab walls decorated with half a dozen maps; the coloured representation in section of a very early steam engine; an ethnological chart; and other instructive works of art. At one end a small stage, opening 14 ft. x 8 ft., flanked by red curtains, and furnished with six footlights and a drop scene, showing Athens, the worse for many falls; a grand piano below the proscenium by way of orchestra. The body of the hall ranged in parallel lines with red-cushioned row seats, on which are closely pressed the relations and friends of pupils connected with Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's High School and Academy for the daughters of gentlemen. An overflow of bashful youths line the walls right and left. Three very warm-looking gentlemen, each with a packet of programmes in his hand and a white favour in his buttonhole, are endeavouring, with smiling assiduity, to find places for a gang of late comers; while two more, similarly distinguished, are striving at the entrance to make an honest working man, slightly the worse for liquor, understand that he cannot possibly be admitted without a ticket; these are the professors, who "have kindly volunteered their services as stewards on this occasion."

There is a general inspection of pink programmes, and a buzzing is heard. Even the professors speak in hushed tones, for the general effect of the hall, despite the stage, is that of a Methodist chapel. A lady explains to a gentleman—who seems, by some accident, to have come there without knowing why—that is toward:—

"It's a High School, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd—I'm sorry to see that she's not here; she is indisposed, I'm told—I hope it's nothing contagious—is a lady of the most advanced modern views, and this entertainment has been got up to demonstrate the advantage of the elocution and department class."

"Oh, I see,"

"She wrote to the great tragedian—what is his name?—on the subject. Here is his reply on the back of the programme. It was he who suggested what should be acted."

"You don't say so? And what is the play he recommends?"

"She stoops to conquer. My little Milly takes the part of Diggory. She's only twelve, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd assured me that, if she had only been a year or two older, she should have asked me to let her play old Marlow."

"Ah, indeed! Then all the performers are—eh—young ladies?"

"Oh, of course; and, naturally, Mrs. Vicary Shepherd has carefully revised the play for the use of her pupils. Ah! that is Miss Tinkleton, the music mistress. It's going to begin now."

Miss Tinkleton plays an elaborate sonata of Schumann's—brilliant, but rather long; not long enough, however, for the completion of arrangements behind the curtain. An awkward pause, in which the humming of feet, some giggling, and a confusion of whispering tongues are heard coming from the other side of Athens. A voice from the same remote part asks, "Are you ready now, young ladies?" to which a general reply of "No, no! not yet, not yet!" in accents of terror, creates a titter amongst the audience. Miss Tinkleton, with admirable presence of mind, attacks another sonata; but before she gets to the foot of her page, a bell rings, and the curtain rises in three spasmodic jerks. Applause from the parents and friends of the young ladies, who are discovered in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, facing each other, and in doubt whether they ought to begin before Miss Tinkleton has gone through her sonata. Miss Tinkleton stops in the middle of a bar with confusion. The play proceeds, the rigid Mr. Hardcastle and the rigid Mrs. Hardcastle exchanging their *quid pro quo* with the regular intonation of a well-learned lesson, and the audience already assuming an air of calm repose and resignation, when a vociferous voice halloo beyond the red curtain, followed by the brisk entrance of Tony Lumpkin on the scene, fairly galvanises the audience into life. The entrance is clearly unprepared, for Mrs. Hardcastle incontinently forgets her part. What does that matter? Every one is occupied with Tony, and he has the sense to turn the silence to effect. There he stands a strapping black-eyed young fellow with a red wig, standing astraddle, looking audaciously at the audience as he cracks his riding whip and whistles through a long row of white teeth. Suddenly, as if recollecting an engagement, hesays, "I'm off," and crosses the stage with an unseemly wink to Mrs. Hardcastle, and a quickly-whispered line that she is to take up. As he goes off battling stoutly with Mrs. Hardcastle at the end of the scene, every one in the audience consults the programme, and (in whispered exclamation) "Surely that cannot be Miss Vanessa Grahame!" is on every one's lips. But it is, though—Nessa herself, who, taking advantage of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's absence, has determined to play the part as she conceives Goldsmith intended it to be played, and in defiance of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's express injunction that she should not disgrace herself, has painted her pretty face—and especially her dainty nose—with ochre and rouge, and hidden her pretty waving chestnut hair with a red wig sent down with the costumes from Bow Street. What is more, she has got hold of an unbridged copy of the play, and is determined to say every word of it, big D's and all.

The second scene is set, and Tony is then found at the head of the table with a long churchwarden pipe in his mouth. It is a real pipe and real tobacco that Miss Grahame smokes, too, puffing out the smoke in a cloud, and never choking once—though she was giddy and sick enough after it when she went off at the end. And here, to the terror of Miss Tinkleton at the piano, she introduced the second verse in the song of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," which Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had cut out, without a moment's hesitation; and also restored the vulgar word "jorum" in the third verse, which had been changed to "goblet" by the careful lady. Moreover, she introduced a step dance in the final chorus of "Torroddle, torroddle, torrol," as if unable to contain the exuberance of her spirits. But that was not the worst. There is that dreadful part about Bet Bouncer, and here she slapped her leg and winked roughly at the Rev. Mr. Wholeforth, whom she seemed specially to

single out for that purpose; and when it came to describing the road to Quagmire Marsh, she put a particular emphasis on the words, "A damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way," as if "very dark, etc.," as Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had written it, was not good enough!

The act is finished, and Athens is once more in view. There is commotion in the auditorium. The ladies are shocked and alarmed. They cannot understand how Mrs. Vicary Shepherd could allow such a performance to be given. Department and elocution were all very well in their way, and Oliver Goldsmith was, undoubtedly, very excellent writer, but really such language! And how Miss Grahame, a young lady who, in a few years, would have a position in society, with three thousand a year, however could she so forget herself! Little Milly's mamma is quite sure that her daughter would not have played the part in that dreadful manner. It is a most serious thing to have such a person in a school where her example, though, of course, contemned, might possibly influence her fellow pupils.

Paternalist listens with attentive gravity to the severe remarks of Materfamilias, but on the whole seems less displeased with the performance, and indeed ventures a few excuses; but the young gentlemen along the walls do not conceal their delight. They have already got the worst lines by heart, and there is chuckling all along the line. The professors withdraw into the entrance lobby to conceal their feelings. Here they are joined by Miss Tinkleton with tears in her eyes. She has tried in vain to get behind the scenes by the one door, which is locked. No one would answer her knock. She feels that she will be held responsible for the terrible behaviour of Miss Grahame, which will certainly ruin Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's reputation. What is to be done? The professors really do not know; but, as it is impossible to stop the performance, it is suggested that the wisest course is to let it go on. Miss Tinkleton returns to the piano, and strenuously endeavours to restore the credit of the High School by the accurate rendering of another sonata. However, the worst is past, and Nessa inflicts no fresh shock upon the sensibilities of her audience. Audacious she is, but not indelicate; certain expressions in the original she finds unseemly, and adroitly avoids them; but she abates nothing of her boisterous abandon, and throughout the play sustains admirably the part of Tony.

The audience sits out the performance with something more than patience; the dash of impropriety in Miss Grahame's acting gives something to think about and talk about when it is over; and the majority go away very well content. But there are some who never will forgive Nessa; these are the mammas of those young ladies whose light on the stage has been completely outshone by her.

They hear no name mentioned but that of Miss Grahame; and the fact that she is a born actress, and certainly saved the entertainment from being insufferably tedious, is dwelt upon in tones intended for their ears, and with malicious emphasis by those other mammas who had desired that their daughters might not take part in the play. There is not a word said about the youthful Milly in the part of Diggory, and her mamma taking the little darling home in a fury, and chiding her on the way for not speaking out so that she might be heard, sits down the moment she gets in to write a note informing Mrs. Vicary Shepherd that she cannot permit her daughter to commence another term if Miss Vanessa Grahame remains in her establishment.

Meanwhile, a couple of young gentlemen who have been madly in love with Nessa for the past two years, and three or four others who have seen her to-night for the first time and have not that excuse, loiter outside the hall to see her pass to the omnibus that is waiting to take her and herest of the board down to the school at Westham. She comes down after the small fry, with her arm linked in Miss Tinkleton's.

The full moon is right overhead; its light glistens on her white teeth and sparkles in her dark eyes as she laughs. She is clearly trying to make the poor governess forget her trouble, and indeed succeeds in raising a faint smile on her lugubrious countenance. But though she is laughing and full of fun, Nessa is neither boyish nor vulgar. Those who have not seen her before to-night can hardly believe that it was she who played Tony. They expected to find her a red-faced, romping, heavy-sided tomboy; they see a pale-faced young lady, dressed with striking elegance, whose every movement is graceful. But there's no mistaking those big, fearless eyes, and that capital set of white teeth.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Mrs. Vicary Shepherd accepted only a limited number of pupils as boarders—just as many, in fact, as could be stowed away in the six rooms on the second floor of Eagle House. Among the many duties of a meek-spirited resident governess, Miss Tinkleton had each night to see the young ladies in bed before retiring to her own. She had visited five of the rooms and extinguished the light in them, when she came to the last in the corridor. That was Nessa's. Miss Tinkleton passed it with a slight cough and went down stairs, Nessa having long ago emancipated herself from a rule that was only to be suffered by children. Five minutes later, the doors up the passage began to creak, and heads were cautiously thrust out; then the white-robed young ladies, seeing the corners clear, crept out, treading on their soft, bare toes, clasping the wraps thrown over their shoulders with crossed hands on their bosoms, and made their way noiselessly towards the end room on a visit to their heroine, Nessa. With infinite precaution, one turned the handle, while the rest clustered together for common support, and did their best to keep from tittering audibly. But they ceased to giggle altogether when the door was opened, for there before them was the most unexpected spectacle to be found in this world of surprises. Nessa, who had never before been known to cry, was seated on her bed with a handkerchief up to her eyes, and her bosom heaving with stifled sobs. Her hat and jacket lay on a chair; but she had not begun, to undress. Two trunks were open, and her room, never too tidy, was littered from end to side with things taken from the open drawers and put down anywhere. "I can't help it," she said, brushing the tears away im-

patiently and heaving her breast with a long, fluttering sigh; "and now it's all over, I wish I hadn't done it. I like Mrs. Vic and old Tinkleton. Oh, Hoveyouall, and there's no one else in the world I care anything at all for, or any one who cares for me. I'm glad you've come. I've been trying to think what each of you would like best for a keepsake. Now you shall choose for yourselves. I know you like that pearl set, Dolly." She rose in her quick, impulsive way to get the trinkets, but Dolly restrained her, and clinging to her arm made her sit down again.

"You're not going away, dear," she said. "Oh, no," murmured the others, echoing her tone of remonstrance.

"Yes, I am," said Nessa; "that's why I'm such a goose. I can't bear to think of saying good-bye, it has been such a jolly term, hasn't it?"

"Do you think Mrs. Vic will be so very angry?"

"Of course she will. Tinkleton says I've ruined the reputation of the school."

"Oh, but you can make some excuse."

"I never did in my life," Nessa said, bristling up. "I will tell her I am very sorry—and so I am; but that isn't making an excuse."

"Oh, she won't let you go away."

"She cannot prevent my going, and she won't try to. I'm not a girl now; I'm a woman, and it's time I left school. I know all the professors can tell me; or at any rate all I choose to learn; and I'm unmanageable. How is Mrs. Vic to punish me when I do wrong? She can't put me in a corner, or send me to bed. And I always am doing wrong."

The voices mingled in unanimous dissent. "Mrs. Vic says I am. She tells me I encourage those horrid little wretches who stare at me in church, and dog us about, and throw letters into the garden; and those professors are quite as bad—if she only knew it, worse. I hate them. It's an insult to make love in that cowardly way. I think all men are mean and horrid, don't you, Dolly?"

"Nearly all," Dolly admitted with reluctance. "Of course, papa is nice, and so are brothers."

"And uncles," suggested another.

"And some cousins," hinted a third.

"Oh, they don't count," said Nessa. "I cannot remember my papa, and I don't know that I have a single relative in all the world."

"Not one?"

"No. A step-father is not a relative, and," she added, bending her pretty brows, "I'm glad of it, because I hate him myself with all heart."

"Oh, Nessa!"

"I know he is a coward, and I believe he is as wicked a man as ever lived. Ah, if you only knew!"

"Couldn't you tell us, dear?"

"Well, papa was a soldier—a general, you know, and he was killed in battle when I was quite a tiny little thing; and mamma was very young and very pretty; and very rich, because papa left her everything. And so when I was about six years old, she married again; and I believe Mr. Redmond only married her for her fortune, and really did not love her at all. I know she was unhappy; for whenever she came to see me at school, she cried over me as she held me in her arms. That made me cry too, and I used to ask her to take me home with her, so that we might live always together, but all she could answer between her kisses was—

"One of these days, love—one of these days. I remember that quite well. Though I was such a little thing, I used to think about her, and cry in the night, seeing her in imagination; always unhappy, always in tears, as I saw her when she came to me. She did not live two years after her second marriage; my step-father broke her heart."

"Oh, you don't know, dear."

"Yes, I do. I'm sure of it. I have seen Mr. Redmond, and he looks like a man who would break a woman's heart."

"Is he very ugly?"

"Oh, no! I daresay you would think him handsome. He is a fine tall man, dark, with a black moustache; but, oh, he has those long sleepy, treacherous eyes, and those lines down here by the mouth, don't you know? That people get who are always trying to conceal a wicked thought with a smile."

"Oh, I hate those people who are always smiling. They get a shiny look on their face, don't they? Go on, dear."

"I have only seen him four or five times, when I have been moved from one school to another; but that is often enough for me, and for him too. He knows what I think of him and hates me; and fears me too, I'm certain. That is why he has kept me all this time at school—why he would keep me here until he has no longer any legal control over me. He thinks he is safe while I am here—that in this artificial life I can learn nothing about the real world. But he is mistaken, as he shall find. Wait a moment."

Nessa went to one of the boxes, and returned with an imposing document tied with pink tape.

"Look at this," she said. The girls gathered closely round her, and looked at the blue foolscap in breathless awe. "This is a copy of mamma's will. I sent to London for it. It's very short. See, mamma leaves all her estate, 'real and personal,' to me, her only child, Vanessa Grahame. You see, she says 'I have been moved from one school to here,' turning the page with evident satisfaction in the crumple it made, 'here is the codicil. Mamma has evidently been told that she must provide a guardian for me during my minority, and make some disposition of her property in case I should die before coming of age. And here she makes James Redmond my sole guardian, with power to draw eight hundred pounds a year from the invested capital, to provide for my education and personal requirements. And further, in the event of the said Vanessa Grahame dying before the age of twenty-one, I'm only eighteen now, you know—all the property goes to that horrid step-father, the aforesaid James Redmond. Now, what do you think of that?"

Your poor mamma could not have loved him, or she would have left him some money, wouldn't she, dear?" said Dolly.

"Of course she would; but how is it that leaving nothing to him in the will, she leaves me to his tender mercies in the codicil? Can you explain that, any of you?"

None of them could.

"I can explain it," said Nessa, raising her voice in excitement above the low whispering tone in which it had previously been pitched; "this codicil is a forgery!"

"Oh, Nessa!"

"It is, and it's just the sort of forgery a cunning coward would make. He had not the courage to forge a will making the whole estate his; but he had just enough to sub-

stitute his own name for one that mamma had written, and so get a nice little income for ever so many years out of the money for my schooling and clothes. He could do that without raising suspicion. What have I cost? Not two hundred a year; that puts him in possession of six hundred pounds, besides the use of my house, Grahame Towers."

The girls were lost in admiration of the heiress and her wonderful romance. It was quite like a story, and the part of heroine became her so well, with her pale face, her dark, fearless eyes, the soft hair flowing loosely over her well-shaped head, her beautiful young figure, and noble carriage! Their young eyes were not learned enough to see her weakness and vanity, or the faults which are inseparable from every character. She was not unconscious of their admiration or her own importance.

"When I received this," said she, folding up the paper with unction, I wrote to Mr. Redmond, saying that I desired to leave school, and asked what arrangement would be convenient to him to make for my accommodation during the three years that I was still nominally to be under his authority—for I am eighteen, you know. This was his reply."

She drew a letter from her pocket with the same impressive gravity, and opening it read: "My dear Nessa—what right has he to call me his dear Nessa?—I have not a nominal but an actual authority to control your movements, and while that authority is mine, I intend to keep you at Eagle House or some similar establishment. Yours, etc., etc., James Redmond." The letter is dated from my own house, Grahame Towers. It came this morning, just before we were going to the rehearsal. You can imagine my indignation."

"You did seem rather worried, dear."

"Oh, I didn't seem so, as you know. As Mrs. Vic had written it out it was simply ridiculous. Now when the dresser told me how she had seen it played, I saw what a capital part it might be made; and when I thought of this letter, I resolved to play it. So I sent to the station for a copy of Goldsmith, and studied it with the dresser, who promised to make me up exactly like the actor she had seen. Ha, ha! thought I, we will see if you are going to keep me at Eagle House, or some similar establishment, Mr. James Redmond. If I am expelled from one school, is it pretty certain that another won't take me when they hear what they are exposing themselves to?"

"But isn't it rather dreadful to be expelled, Nessa?"

"I shall not be expelled. I shall resign," said Nessa, loftily. "I have not studied the political history of the British constitution for nothing," she added, with a flash of humour in her eyes.

"When are you going to resign, dear?"

"The very first thing to-morrow morning. I made Tinkleton promise she would say nothing about the performance to Mrs. Vic to-night, in order that I myself might tell her in the morning. You may be sure she was glad to get out of it. There's another reason why I prefer to resign. If I were expelled, Mrs. Vic would get nothing out of Mr. Redmond; but if I resign, he must send her the payment for a term, and that will help to compensate the poor old soul for the injury I have done the school."

"And where shall you go when you leave here?"

"To Grahame Towers, of course."

"But aren't you afraid, Nessa?"

"Afraid of what—that coward? Not I. If I were a man, I'd be a soldier like my father. There's nothing I should like better than a good fight with that villain, Redmond."

"But are you sure he's a coward, dear?" asked one of the girls naively.

"I am certain that he is. I am anxious for to-morrow to come; but, oh!" she added, with a sudden drop in her voice as the tears sprang into her eyes, "I shall never have the heart to say good-bye to you, dears."

There were hugging and kissing all round, and then Nessa, bursting away, said "Come, let us get it over now. There, take these, Dolly; and now little witch, you're next. Choose what you would like."

But the "little witch," sitting on the bed with her face buried in her hands, shook her head and whispered. She was a strangely small girl for her age, with long thin fingers, a dark complexion, and black hair, long and sleek as an Indian's. Her ways were odd and exclusive. Sometimes the girls found her seated in the dark, huddled up with her chin resting on her knees, and her weird vacant eyes half closed, as if her spirit was wandering in some other world. She could interpret dreams, and take sense out of the greatest rubbish. She was an authority on all that concerned signs and tokens and palmistry, and had won a smuggled pack of cards limp in telling the girls' fortunes. Her title was not unmerited.

The girls gathered about her prepared for some new sensation in the romance of this night. Nessa alone seemed to be unawed.

"What's the matter, you little goose? Is there anything dreadful in giving presents?"

"Don't don't!" pleaded the little witch, without removing her hands. "It's like Naomi, my sister. When she was going to die she made us take things."

"But I am not going to die. Look at me—do I look like it?"

"You don't know all," said the girl, shivering, and whispering so low that her words were scarcely audible. "Not all that I know. I would not tell you, while it might do you harm to know, but I must now that it may save you. Oh, you must not go." She raised herself suddenly, and threw her arms about Nessa's neck; "you, so beautiful and kind," she added, nestling herself in Nessa's ready embrace.

"Why dear, why?" whispered Nessa, coaxingly.

"You are in danger. Your life is not safe. There is going to be a great change, and there is peril in your path. I have seen it whenever I have looked—in the cards, in your hand. Your line of life is broken in the nineteenth year."

Nessa was the only one of all the little group who was not terrified into silence by the little witch's prophecy.

"Oh, come, this is too bad, after promising me last week that I should have riches and long life," she murmured, playfully, as she smoothed her cheeks upon the girl's sleek hair. "Two things can't be true, you know, and of the two I would prefer to believe your first promise."

"They are both true," said the girl with feverish eagerness; "you will be happy if you live; but there are three years of terrible danger before you. It was that I dared not tell you. Oh, do, do stay with us till the peril is past."

Nessa herself stood now in silence, sub-

dued with grave perplexity by the earnestness of her little friend. But suddenly a ray of intelligence gleamed in her face, and unclasping the girl's clinging arms from her neck, she put her away, holding her at arm's length.

"You little trickster!" she exclaimed, with mock disdain; "I have found you out. I see through your conjuring. You have been thinking about that clause in the codicil that puts Mr. Redmond in possession of my fortune if I die before twenty-one, and it struck you that he might murder me for my money if he got me under his hand in Grahame Towers. I forgive you, dear," she added, taking the child back to her bosom, and kissing her, "for your sweet love of me; but, oh, you are awfully mistaken if you think that fear would keep me from getting into difficulties."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not, you will not be responsible for the consequences." But doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money. "Well, if that is impossible, try

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A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS.

A cold Canadian winter. Snow and slush; dripping leaves and gables of our rude log-house; a bitter February day near its close; the cold intense; all around outside, the picture of desolation; tall trees, gaunt and leafless, uprearing skeleton arms to the murky sky. A thaw has set in, and at every step you take out of doors you sink ankle-deep in the soft snow. Indoors, is dreary; the cold air is forced through many a chink.

Upon that night, my fingers were benumbed, toes ached painfully, and a feeling of depression seized me such as I had never felt before. Save for my baby, I was alone. My little child, indeed, gave me employment for hands and mind; it had been ailing, and its pretty face looked pinched and wan, with a hectic flush on it, and its little hands were hot and feverish. I had been frightened about it all day, as it lay moaning in my arms; but now, as sleep closed its eyes—a troubled sleep at first, but gradually deepening and growing tranquil—my mind, relieved about it, began to revert to my own loneliness. With a heavy heart, I looked around the scantily furnished room, where all the articles were of the commonest kind; at the partition of rough boards which divided the hut into compartments; at the fire, which had burned down, and was a heap of white ashes. Replenishing this last, and fanning it into a flame, gave me fresh occupation. It was not easy to make the damp, green logs catch fire. And at last, weary with the effort and nervous, I burst into a fit of impatient tears.

I was indeed desolate; divided by at least a mile from any human beings, in the heart of a forest, the small portion of cleared land round our cottage shewing forth more plainly, as it were, the density of the surrounding woods. My husband, the day before, had gone to a town some miles distant, to obtain a sum of money due to him for the sale of cattle. He had left me alone with my one female servant, sorely against his will; but it was impossible to avoid going, and equally impossible to take me and my sick baby with him. I had never been without him for a night since our arrival in the bush, and I felt miserably weak and nervous as night came, and morning dawned, and day again faded into night, and still kept him. One comfort was my child. My servant had been summoned that morning to go to her father, who lay dangerously ill some distance off; and though I missed her much, there was nothing for it but resignation. And now that my husband had not returned, I began to fear I should have to spend the night alone with my baby. Before the fire, now beginning to burn dully, I sat on the ground. The shades of evening fell fast, and a thick haze was dimming the small panes of the one window. Ah me! crouching thus on the cheerless hearth, listening to the soft breathing from the cradle where nestled my treasure, my thoughts went wandering, travelling backward; my heart was too oppressed to look forward. As far as human companionship went, I was, but for my baby, alone; but I had one faithful friend with me—a dog, a rough-haired Irish terrier. We had had him some time, and the faithful creature seemed to us to have more than canine sagacity. Now, as I sat brooding, he placed one paw on my lap; then his cold nose rested on my folded hands. "Poor Ter," I said aloud—and the sound of my own voice, breaking the stillness, made me start—"poor fellow; then stroking his rough coat, I relapsed into thought. Far away from the dark Canadian forest—far away, indeed, my memory carried me. I saw rise before me a rose-embowered cottage, its windows opening on a sloping lawn; at the foot of which ran a rippling river; a pretty lawn studded with trees, an orchard close by, bright with blossoms, giving promise of golden and russet fruit, the sweet scent filling the air; underneath a spreading elm, a rustic seat, and a girl resting thereon. From an open French window issues forth a gentleman, old and gray-haired, but erect and stately still—the village doctor, my father. In that house I was born; by that river-side passed my youth; underneath that spreading elm dreamed I my foolish romantic dreams—built my castles in the air. Under that dear father's loving care, I was simply, calmly happy; no sorrow came near me. Alas! he died—died in the discharge of his duty, and I was left alone to commence the struggle of life. The speculation in which my father's whole savings were embarked proved a failure, and all was lost. Determined to be up and doing, I became companion to a lady, but daily found the life grew more distasteful. But just when hope seemed dead within me, my life was suddenly brightened by the possession of the love of my brave and faithful Jack.

We got married. Things did not go on quite well in worldly matters, and we had trials; but we were so much to each other, and Jack was so strong and brave, that they were not very difficult to bear. At last came a day when he determined to emigrate, and we came to Canada. He had a good knowledge of farming, and thought he would get on. So with the little money he had, he purchased this place, and was now trying to get a living out of it. He had hard work enough. We were poor, and could not get proper help to clear the land, and Jack had to depend a great deal on his own strong arms and clear head. But, thank God, neither failed him. He never gave up hope; when things looked their worst, he was ever calmly brave; his strong heart never gave way. He used sometimes to say words of self-reproach for having married, and brought me to face such a hard struggle. My dear Jack, he need not have so spoken or thought. I cared for nothing in the life he had rescued me from. I regretted sometime I was not stronger—a more useful help-mate for him. But I was only too glad to do all I could with him, and strong in the will to rough it with him, and strong in the will to do all I could to set his mind at ease on my account.

And to-night all this came before me—my dear dead father, my absent husband; and I sat dreaming on, until the darkness had quite fallen, and I awoke with a start to the realities of the present. The fire had begun to crackle loudly, shedding a bright light around, dancing and flashing on the timbers, and filling the room with a crimson glow. I went to the window, and drew the screen. I did not close the shutter, thinking that if he did come home to-night, he would like to see the cheery light, in token of welcome. I went to the next room, used as a kitchen, softly followed by the dog, and bringing forth some candles, lit one. I had to be sparing of them, for my stock was but small; but to-night, I could not bear the shadows cast in corners by the flickering of the fire. I scarcely expected Jack. Still,

hope would whisper—"He may come." But the hours grew into night, and still the longed-for arrival did not take place.

My baby was sleeping soundly in its cot, and "Terry," the dog, lay snugly before the now cheerful fire. I tried to while away the lonesome time by reading and thinking; but my book proved tedious and my thoughts became sad. My fears were for Jack. I cried with sheer nervous fright. "What, what can delay him so?" I cried. "Oh! what trouble is in store for me?" Then my better sense came to me. "What use in idle repining! I made some tea, and drank it, but with little result."

As I watched my sleeping infant, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a wild unearthly yell! The wolves in the swamp some distance off. I cowered, and shrank. What if Jack, determined on coming home, had faced the night, and those terrible foes!

Nerving myself by a great effort, I stole to the window, and fastened the shutter tremblingly. Terry barked violently at this moment, and awoke my baby, which diverted my thoughts for a while, until I had petted and nursed it into another soft slumber. I heaped on fresh wood. The night was far advanced, but I could not go to bed. Indeed, I felt thoroughly sleepless; and drawing my low rocking chair to the fire, sat down. I must have slept some time, when a long low whine from the dog aroused me. He was standing facing the window, his ears erect, his hair bristling, listening attentively.

"Terry, poor boy, good dog," I whispered, trembling, "what is it?" How long the silence lasted, I cannot say; all at once it seemed to me as if some one or thing was creeping round the shanty—round, slowly feeling its way. There was a crunching sound in the snow, at first faint, now quite distinct. And now, first, the dog's behaviour changed. With a fierce bark, he dashed forward to the door. At this moment, on the glass on the window, came a violent rapping—a rapping, it seemed, of human fingers! I smothered a shriek, and sank on my knees. Then, again, Jack came before me, and I approached the case. But the loud barking of the dog, and the crying of the awakened child, stifled all other sound. I opened the shutter, and raised the screen, looked into the darkness. I recoiled with a shriek! A white face was pressed against the glass, and I saw the face of a dying man, as he had called himself. I helped him to a sitting posture, then to his feet. He staggered in, and sank down again when he reached the hearth. His hands were benumbed, his teeth chattered with cold, and his clothes were wet and torn. Altogether, he looked the picture of wretchedness and misery. His wild eyes were riveted on the door.

"Shut it," he whispered. "Keep him out, for—"

I quickly closed the door, and fastened it. Then, giving him a little cordial, it revived him greatly.

"My poor fellow, are you better?" He nodded.

The fire's heat seemed to make him drowsy; so, getting a blanket and some skins, I made him a kind of bed. He lay down obediently, and gradually I saw his eyes close. I looked at him curiously. I was not frightened now. The man before me could not have injured a child, were he so inclined. Worn to a mere skeleton, the wreck of a once powerful man lay there. As the light fell on his face, I saw that he must once have possessed no ordinary portion of good looks. His beard was grizzled, though he was not past the prime of life; but toil and hardship, and toils from the sunken eyes and furrowed brow, care and sorrow, had done their work. I pitied him, and was glad that no cowardly fear had caused a refusal to his entreaty for admission. Poor fellow! those sinewy hands, feeble as a baby's now, spoke of hard work, a life spent in outdoor toil. I anxiously looked for morning, as well as for the return of my husband. While enduring this sad vigil, the stranger whom I had sheltered suddenly burst into exclamations, like the ravings of a madman.

"Keep him out—keep him out! Don't you hear him?" The man was sitting up, pointing with extended finger. "Keep off!" he cried; "keep off! Your time is not come yet. Stand there between me and him. Save me!"

I sprang towards him. "There is no one here," said I hastily; "no one, indeed. I am quite alone, except the little child and the dog. You are mistaken." I was terrified, but strove to speak calmly.

"I am not mistaken. Have I been mistaken those ten years? For ten years on this very night, this twentieth of February, I have heard his voice and seen his face. Stand there between me and the door. Hark! hear to him!" He cowered down, shuddering. "Let me die," he murmured. "He said he'd be with me at my dying hour; and he is." He stopped speaking. His last words were uttered in a hoarse whisper.

In the silence, I could hear the beating of my own heart. He stretched out his hand feebly. "Touch me!" he said; "it will give me courage."

I did so, taking his hand in mine. "You are an angel," he said, his fingers convulsively tightening on mine. "Look at the dog!" he cried. His voice was low and hoarse through excessive weakness. "Maybe you think it's the horrors of the drink that's on me. I haven't tasted liquor till you gave it me, these six months. It only drove me worse when I took it.—And I am not mad," reading some such thought in my face. "Though, if I was, you'd be in

no danger; even madness couldn't put the strength to harm into this bag of bones," straining at his hands lying before him. "No, ma'am, I am not mad."

I knelt down, the cowering dog at my side. I prayed earnestly, and when my voice ceased, he spoke.

"I'll tell ye true," he said—"I'll tell ye true. Besides, an I can through your means help another, I know you won't refuse me. I have done harm, maybe—a deal of harm, to one who never injured me. An' now, I can never repair it, if you don't help me."

His eyes were on mine, and the pupils seemed covered with a film. The effort seemed evident, when he spoke even in the lowest tones; yet in voice and gaze there were signs of strong anxiety.

"I promise you," I replied; "I shall try to have your wishes complied with. All my husband and I can do we will."

"Moisten my lips; they're parching. Bless you," he said, as I poured a little water, speaking in a stronger, yet constrained tone, as if he had never himself to the task, he said: "Let me say my say. I haven't much time left now. 'Tis ten years ago since I spoke in confidence to any human creature; 'tis ten years since I spoke the truth by word or deed! I was a happy, contented man. I was a husband and father, an' my wife a purty girl, an' as good an' true as ever lived. We rented a little farm in the county Limerick, an' we were happy an' honest. I was considered a smart fellow, an' likely to do well; an' Mary had the good word of all the neighbors. Ah! a bitter drop it is—I'll never meet her again. She's in heaven."

So things went on fair enough with me for some time; when on a day comin' in from the field, I found my wife cryin', an' lookin' vexed an' flustered somehow, wid the flush on her face. She would not tell me the cause. So I went out to my work again, an' a bit at her being secret like with me. I met Mr. Donevan, the agent, by the way, an' he gave me a civil good mornin' an' talked for a bit about the cattle an' the crops, an' was mighty kind entirely. He went his way, an' I went mine, I thinkin' what a nice gentleman he was."

The speaker had kept his eyes fixed on me, and never once glanced round. I strove to rise, to get him more stimulant, for his voice had grown alarmingly weak.

"No, no," he said; "I am dyin'; I know it. But if I had twenty years' life in me, and knew the gallows was before me, I'd spake now, well, one evenin', a month after, I found it out. Comin' through a lonely windin' borrough, I came suddenly on a woman stridin' with a man. 'Help!' she cried. My heart leaped. I knew that voice. I rushed forward, and with a blow knocked down the villain who held her, and caught my wife in my arms. I'll never forget the scowl he gave me, as picking himself up, he limped off, I kept, by Mary clingin' round me, from following him. 'O Jim, don't go after him,' she said. Then at length she told me how Mr. Donevan had followed her about for a long time, both before and after her marriage, and how the day I found her cryin', he had made proposals to her, insultin' to an honest woman, and how he had threatened her, if she ever told me a word about it, he'd be the ruin of me."

"Well, to cut it short, for I feel the life's goin' fast from me, we were turned out of our home by the agent; all my little stock and furniture seized. My wife was after her confinement only two days, and the bed was taken from under her. A neighbour took her in, but the shock and removal killed her. I lost her an' her baby together."

"In one short week I was a widower and childless, without house or home, or one penny in the world. I did not much care for the poverty, now, though. I met Mr. Donevan the day I buried Mary, an' his give me one look, which said to me plainly: 'Haven't I kept my word?' But I was determined to be revenged on him who caused my bitter sorrow. It came to my hand, my revenge did, unexpected. One night, I was comin' along a lonely country road. There was a moon, but the clouds were scudding across it sometimes, an' thin all would be dark; an' thin she'd suddenly appear, lightin' up everythin' quite clear. It was in another country I was, away from my own place, having gone there for work. I had to live somehow, an' was bound to work. All alone I walked, an' all alone in the wide world I thought I was too; when, all of a sudden, a horse's trot sounded on the road, and towards me. I moved aside, to let him pass, when he pulled up, an' asked me if this road was not a short-cut to K—."

The moon shone out then clear an' bright, an' I seen his face, an' heard his voice an' knew it was him. In an instant he was on the ground at my feet. One blow from the stout stick I carried had felled him from the saddle. He never stirred after! The frightened horse rushed away, an' I dragged the body inside a low ditch. I took his watch, purse, an' some papers that were on him, an' left him, as if he had been murdered for robbery's sake. I was unknown in them parts. None would ever suspect me, in my own place. If they searched for me, I never knew it. I got away from Queenstown by a ship which was short of hands, an' as I had at one time lived by the sea, an' been used to boats, they were glad to get me. Over the vessel's side I flung, as we left Cork Harbour behind us, the watch and purse, but the papers I kept. They were in one small packet. I put them up; I don't know why, but I did not like to destroy them. They are now in my pocket. I went to San Francisco, an' I went all round the world, but never back to Ireland. I changed my name, an' none would ever know me would have recognised me. I became so changed in looks. But, as it happened, I never met one from my own place. My revenge brought me no comfort."

Here his voice quivered, and he uttered some wild exclamations. He was evidently laboring under a terrible sense of remorse, and his mind was wandering. I could see the watch and the purse, but they were still and fixed. The rattling became fainter; he breathed at longer intervals. Suddenly he put out one of his hands feebly, and touched mine; a smile stole over the mouth, that had not smiled for years. "I shall see Mary," he said, and died. Just then, when all was over with this miserable being, there was a loud knocking at the door, and with rapture I heard the voice of my husband: "Hollo! Nell! Let me in, child. Where are you?"

I flew to the door, and, in the agitated state of my feelings, I fainted away in his arms. When I came to myself I was in his kitchen, and Jack beside me; his dear face looked pale with anxiety, and he held me close to his heart, as I told him what had

occurred, as soon as I could find voice at all, and I did not forget to mention the packet. Jack had been unable to leave D—until late the preceding day, and had been overtaken by the darkness. The fog increasing, he had consented to accept a friend's hospitality for the night; but being long before dawn, and arriving home, beheld the strange scene related.

I was ill, and it was a good while before I got well. In the interval, my baby was attended to by an English settler's wife, who lived next to us. Having lost her own child, she nursed mine with care and love until it could be restored to my care. During this dismal period, I escaped any concern as to the removal and burial of the stranger who had died in the distracting circumstances I have recorded.

On returning to everyday life and sitting one day with little Willie in my arms, Jack proposed to tell me a story. "If you are able to hear it," he said, "I will tell you a story full of interest, but also a little painful. I think you should hear it." I requested him to proceed. He then went on as follows: "Ten years ago, in a certain county in Ireland, lived a gentleman who had two sons. He had been married twice, and the brothers had different mothers. The first wife's son was a great deal older than his half-brother, and was married, with a son reaching manhood, when the younger came home to his father from the English college where he had been educated. The mother of the younger brother had died in giving him birth. The elder brother's wife was a most intriguing woman. The younger son had a will of his own, and was too proud and too honest to flatter. Things did not go on well between him and his brother's family, who disliked him, and were jealous of the father's affection for his younger son. The fortune of the father was in his own power, with the exception of a small entailed property. Gradually an estrangement crept between the old man and his favorite son, which was not wholly the son's fault. And there was no lack of malice to widen the breach on the part of others. At last, a serious quarrel occurred between the young man and his father on the subject of the former's marriage with a lady of large fortune. The father and son parted in anger. The father sent for his lawyer, and made his will leaving his whole fortune to his elder son, cutting off the younger with one shilling. The father and son did not meet again until just before the old man's death. The son hearing one day of his father's wish to see him, hastened to him. The meeting gave happiness to both, and they parted reconciled. The old man had not been very well for some time, but after his son's departure, rallied wonderfully, and seemed likely to live for years. One day he started on a journey, telling no one his mission. The same evening he returned, apparently in good health. The next morning, he was found dead in his bed! Heart disease was the verdict of the physicians. The night before the morning, of his death, a terrible murder had been committed near a town not twenty miles distant from the old man's home; the victim being a solicitor and land-agent from a neighboring county. This gentleman had come to K—on business, and had accepted the invitation of a friend to dinner. On returning to his hotel from his friend's house, he was attacked on the public road. His body was not discovered for several hours after the deed was perpetrated; and as all the valuables on his person were gone, it was believed it was for the purpose of robbery the crime was committed. It was generally believed there were more than one engaged in the matter, as, though lame, the deceased was a powerful man, and well able to cope with a single antagonist. The murderer was never discovered. There were some hard dealings with tenants, which had brought the dead man into disrepute with the peasantry; and there was one man in particular whom suspicion fell. But the fact of the robbery took people off the scent, and gave the crime another character than agrarian."

"Search was made, however, for the man in question, but he was never found, and was believed to have left the country; and no trace of the murderer, whoever he might be, was discovered. The elder of the two brothers stepped into his father's fortune, and the younger got his shilling! They never met after they parted at their father's grave. But the younger went his way with a lighter heart to think that his father's last words to him had been those of peace and love; believing also, that if he had but lived a little time longer, another will would have been made, and justice would have been done him."

"Justice had been done him; another will had been made. For some reason (probably suspicion of his elder son) he had wished to keep the matter a secret; and had employed the murdered man to draw the will, instead of the family lawyer. He had known the dead man a long time, and had confidence in him. He had gone to K—to meet him the day of that sudden journey—the last day of their lives—and had executed the will. Whether the elder brother ever had any suspicion on the subject, it is impossible to say. The witnesses to the will are both living in R—. No papers of any kind being found on the dead man, of course all was clear for the elder of these sons; and he was at liberty to disregard any idle gossip he might have heard as to his father's executing a deed the day before his death. The will, which was the old man's last wish and act, is found, and has through a mysterious interposition of Providence, been sent to him to whom it chiefly applies."

"That is fortunate, dear Jack, for the younger brother will get his due." "And that younger brother is about to claim it, and is going to carry off his wife and child to share it with him," said my husband, jocosely. "Ay, Nell, I am that younger brother, whose earlier history has, till now, been such a mystery to his sweet little darling wife."

"Then," said I, tears of joy brimming my eyes—my hand fondly clasped in his; "then that is the story of the 'packet'?" "That is the story of the packet; so carefully guarded for years by the poor outcast who is dead and gone. And now I think my Nell will have no cause altogether to repent having sheltered the castaway on that Night in the Backwoods!"

It is proposed to establish a temporary refuge for children in Toronto.

Arabi Pasha a few years ago was a handsome, black-haired man with a fine military bearing; now he is quite gray, is often ill and complains that he suffers much from the hot and humid climate of Ceylon. Nobody would think of calling him Arabi the Blest.

Stanley's Christian Testimony.

There is nothing more attractive than the religious side of Stanley's character. In the midst of civilization, surrounded by all the helps and comforts of enlightenment, a man may forget his dependence upon a Supreme Being; and he may argue with some show of plausibility that as the age of miracles is past, even going so far as to deny that miracles were ever performed in the days of the prophets. But when the intelligent man of today, skeptical or not, places himself in the wilds of nature, where civilization has never had a foothold, he turns to a higher power, just as did the children of Israel in their wanderings, and though he may not have the pillar of cloud for guide he finds evidence of a Creator not only in his surroundings, but in his own miraculous preservation from the dangers that hourly beset his path.

This is amply testified to by Mr. Stanley. No one will deny that this man of undaunted courage has been practical in his explorations, and used every aid human intelligence could command to sustain himself and his followers in their trials on the Congo, in the forests, and among the savages of the Dark Continent. But he often found himself hemmed in where human intelligence could not extricate his little army, and he naturally turned to a greater power than himself. In his forthcoming book, "In Darker Africa," Mr. Stanley does not claim all the credit for what he has accomplished. Like Joshua and Moses of old, he acknowledges his dependence upon a God who led him when human courage and human intelligence failed. He does not consider it any less manly that he should acknowledge that on many occasions he was dependent upon a power beyond himself, and he distinctly sees in some of his rescues the hand of Divine Providence.

In a letter to Sir William Mackinnon, which appears in his book, Stanley writes: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence, as of death, was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exiting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column."

Again when trying to reach Emin's camp he writes: "If he with 4,000 appealed for help, what could we effect with 173? The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of those brave words or whether it was a voice, I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard: 'Be strong, and of good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' When the next day Mazambani commanded his people to attack and exterminate us, there was not a coward in our camp; whereas the evening before, we exclaimed in bitterness on seeing four of our men fly before one native. And these are the wretches with whom we must reach the Pasha."

Again when they had fairly entered the trackless forest and were starving with no human possibility of succor, Stanley says: "Each officer had economized his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could spare for myself. My comrades were also as rigidly strict and close in their diet and a cup of sugarcane tea closed the repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether in my previous African experience I had encountered anything so grievous as this. 'No; not quite so bad as this,' I replied. 'We have suffered; but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way to Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbire we certainly suffered much hunger, and, while floating down the Congo to trace our course our condition was much to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be. Moses drew water from the rock of Horeb for the thirsty Israelites; of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook of Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us.' Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly. We turned our heads to see and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vise as of iron. 'There, boys,' I said, 'truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past,' and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine, fat guinea-fowl."

Very pretty American calico frocks for piazza and house wear are made up with large cuffs and collars, gumpes and waist-coats of white pique, duck or butchers' linen, or ecru canvas.

Discussions are going on all the time in regard to the reasons for the salmon "alking" the fly. All the books printed for several centuries almost universally assert they take it in sport, play with it. It is astonishing how little is known of the habits of a fish seen daily by thousands during the weeks and months it is running up the fresh water rivers, says *Forest and Stream*. If any one will sit on a rock and cast a fly, and bring a salmon to his feet, he will see that he takes it in anger, that his eye will be like a coal of fire, and a tiger ready to strike his prey will not indicate more fury. His appearance is precisely that of a rattlesnake in the act of defending himself. His gills, and eyes alike, a burning red. I have often brought one to my feet, so that my Indian could gaff him, before he struck the fly, and have seen this exhibition of anger again and again, and so intense that he never noticed me or my rod till the fly pricked him. The knowledge of this fact will account for many peculiarities about fly-fishing. Any one not skillful enough to entice a fish to his feet can easily verify this by watching a salmon waltz his companion casts a fly at him, and see the difference he may show to it for a time, and finally be provoked into making a rush at it in a state of absolute frenzy. This is why they so often come short of the fly, but when they are excited and angry it will take a smart angler to get his fly away.

THE BEE.

R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1890.

The Weather and Corn Planting

There has been altogether too much rain of late for the successful planting of corn, especially on heavy, low lands. The consequence is the planting has been deferred and farmers are beginning to be anxious about this crop. There is no use putting in corn if the weather is cold and wet, for the kernel is sure to rot, and replanting has to be resorted to. If the weather is favorable there is time yet from the 5th to the 10th of June, but of course a few days before this is better if the weather is favorable. Corn requires warmth, and if the spring is a cold and wet one, as at present, some means to dry and warm the ground should be employed. The best mode of doing this is by ridged-cultivation until the ground gets sufficiently warm and dry. Level cultivation, however, is advisable except in the cold, wet part of the spring. It is well to fertilize well before planting, but it has been discovered that the use of fertilizers after planting, in addition to that used before planting, increases the yield in a greater ratio than that used before planting only. About 300 lbs. of some good fertilizer to the acre applied after planting will increase the yield from fifteen to thirty bushels to the acre. It is best to apply it about three times—100 lbs. at a time. The first application should be made after the corn is a foot or a foot and a half high, and the second application about half way between this time and the silking time, and the third application about the time the silks are well started. If this manuring be followed corn planted next week (the second in June) will make more progress than an unmanured crop planted a week or ten days earlier.

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.

GO TO

J. S. GEE'S

FOR YOUR

STRAW HATS!

A large assortment to choose from in Gent's, Boy's, Girl's and Children's. Also

Youth's & Boy's

READY-MADE

--SUITS--

A Fine Range selling at Close Prices.

J. S. GEE,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
NEWRY.

-ADVERTISE-

-IN-

THE BEE

-YOUR-

STRAY

ANIMALS

IT WILL BRING THEM

EVERY TIME.

Rates Moderate.

ATWOOD

HARDWARE EMPORIUM!

R. BROOKS & CO.

Headquarters for Hardware, Tinware, Cutlery, Barb Wire,

Plain Wire, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, very best Prepared House Paints, etc.

Milk Cans Made to Order. Harvest and Garden Tools.

Anything and Everything in the Hardware line kept constantly in stock.

Headquarters for Sportsmen. Arms and Ammunition always on hand.

Revetroughing a Specialty.

Fine Garden Seeds.

14tf

R. BROOKS & CO.

50 CENTS

-SECURES-

THE BEE

FROM NOW TO

Jan. 1, 1891.

Neatest,

Nearest,

Cheapest

LOCAL PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

Subscribe Now

R. S. PELTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

R. M. BALLANTYNE

-THE LEADING-

Merchant Tailor

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

Biggest Reduction

In Ordered Clothing

EVER KNOWN.

Men's all wool Tweed Suits \$11 for \$9
" " " " \$12 " \$10
" " " " \$15 " \$12

Black Worsted from \$16 up.

WE KEEP THE BEST

TRIMMINGS

AND GUARANTEE AN

A 1 Fit or No Sale.

Call and Examine Our Goods and see for yourself.

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

ATWOOD.

In Full.

15tf

War in China!

Yes, War! We are doing the fighting and the war is in China.

Earthenware--

--Glassware

Are preparing to move to the front

ranks, which we are putting

down to the lowest

notch

On This Side of Cost.

China Tea Setts,

Dinner Setts,

Glass Setts,

&c., &c.,

At Bottom Prices.

J. L. MADER.

Toilet Soap, Dressing Combs, Pocket Combs, Fine Combs.

Tooth Brushes, Perfumes, Fly Paper, Hellebore,

—AT THE—
ATWOOD DRUG STORE.

Call in and See Them.

MARTIN E. NEADS.

The 777 Store.

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

Atwood Carriage and Blacksmith Shop

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

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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

HENRY HOAR.

2tf

SPRING time has come, so has my New Goods come. New designs in everything and cheaper than ever.

Goldsmith's Hall is the leading house in town. You cannot do better than to give Gunther a call and look through his immense stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

Fine and Complicated Watches Repaired and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

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

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.
Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

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

Town Talk.

JUNE.
HAND in the local news. We cannot be everywhere at one time.

RECOMMEND THE BEE TO YOUR NEIGHBOR. 50c. to the close of the year.

FOR SALE.—A number of tanks suitable for cisterns. Cheap. J. L. Mader.

DR. AHNES, the Reform candidate, was in town Tuesday feeling the pulse of the electorate.

A NUMBER of our citizens attended the political meeting at Monkton on Monday evening.

MISS ALICE DUNN returned home Monday from Harrison where she spent a pleasant time with old friends.

The Canadian Pacific Railway earnings for the week ending May 21st were \$286,000; same week last year, \$282,000.

WM. HAWKSHAW is busy this week erecting a pork packing house on the lot recently purchased from John Graham. It will be a frame structure, 15x22 feet.

MISS LAURA McMANIS, the whistling soloist, of Indianapolis, assisted by her sister, Miss Maud pianist, will appear in Knox church, Listowel, on the evening of June 9th. Be sure and go.

GREAT bargains in Boots and Shoes at the Bankrupt Store in Listowel. The stock must be sold this month. All new goods and in prime condition, and our prices will surprise you. Come early. A. D. FREEMAN.

As will be seen in another column tenders are asked for the building of a fence around the school house in S. S. No. 4, Elma. Specifications may be seen at this office, or at the residence of J. A. Turnbull, 8th con. Elma.

HERE is a notice to burglars given by an exchange.—All burglars are hereby notified not to pay us any nocturnal visits with the expectation of getting money. If they want our money they must call on our delinquent subscribers.

DO NOT SWEAR.—An exchange says: Do not swear. There is no occasion to swear outside of a printing office. It is useful in proof-reading, and in getting forms to press and has been known to assist in looking over the paper when printed, but otherwise it is a very disgusting habit.

THE CURTAIN WORM has arrived, and has started to work; get your heliobore on hand, or all the leaves will soon be gone. Now is the time to prune your fruit trees; cut out the black knot from your plum trees. Away with the locust, poplar and willow; they are destroying your gardens. Cut down dead trees and make fire wood of them.

IF YOU are not a subscriber to this paper you should save a dollar by shooting it in a year's BEE. You would get more and sounder sleep, have less responsibility for your neighbors' profanity, and fool the corporation out of a dollar that would go to buy a square meal for a poor editor.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.—An editor works 365 1/4 days per year to get out 52 issues of a paper; that's labor. Once in a while somebody pays him a year's subscription; that's capital. And once in a while some dead beat takes the paper for a year or two and vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But later on justice will overtake the last named creature, for there is a place where he will get his deserts; that is in—

THE roads are in an excellent condition.

CABBAGE plants at the Atwood Drug Store.

ELECTION literature is being circulated pretty freely in town this week.

A FEW cheese factories have sold the first half of May cheese at 8 1/2 cents per pound.

MRS. HALL left Tuesday forenoon for Cadillac, Mich. She purchased her ticket from R. Knox.

MAN enters newspaper office. Editor looks up in alarm—"My dear sir," says the visitor, "I have a bench warrant for your arrest." Editor—"Thank God, it is no worse! I thought you had a poem!"

THE weather appears to be more like summer during the past few days and although not yet settled appears to promise better for the farmers who are suffering from the effects of the recent rains. Low lands all through the district are very wet.

THERE is a postoffice in Idaho called Deer Valley, with a mail twice per week. For six weeks last winter the only letters received came for a young man from his girl in Chicago, and the inhabitants finally became so wrath that they arose in their might and ran him out of town.

ACCORDING to the Election Act for Ontario any voter entitled to vote within a city or town, no matter by whom he is employed, can "from the hour of noon in the daytime until the hour of two of the clock next thereafter, use this period to vote in without being liable to any penalty or reduction of wages." The Act further provides that if the person with whom the voter is employed requires, the hour shall be made up at some future time.

THE masons have finished the brick work on Jas. Irwin's residence and are now busily engaged on H. Hoar's new house, which promises to eclipse anything for grandeur in the north end of the village. We admit that D. Lowery and his efficient corps are helters in their line, and the many buildings that are being erected by them testify to this fact. Some of the finest and costliest brick structures in Huron county were erected under the superintendence of Mr. Lowery.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—At the May examinations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario the following were the primary passes: Messrs. W. F. Brown, Medina; W. S. Ferguson, Avonbank; A. E. Fraleigh, London township; A. J. Murray, Embro; R. H. Shaw, Lucan; J. J. Thompson, Avonbank; A. P. Chalmers, Poole, and the following passed the final examinations for the license of the College: Messrs. R. J. Chrystal, Avonbank; C. B. Oliver, Motherwell; W. S. Ferguson, Avonbank; W. C. B. Murray, Harrington; L. E. Rice, Embro; J. M. Sifton, Thamesford; J. F. Uren, Medina; A. R. Gordon, Harrington; and Miss Mary Hutton, Forest, formerly of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute.

CHEESE MARKETS.—At London on Saturday 16 factories offered 2,012 boxes; no sales. First half May sold at 8 1/2c, which was offered for last half. At Peterboro on May 27th about 900 were offered. The lot was sold to W. H. Wrighton at 8 1/2c. The lot boarded was the first half of May. At Ingersoll May 27 there were 2,500 boxes offered. Sales at quotations; good representation of both buyers and salesmen. On May 28 at the Campbellford Cheese Board 400 boxes were offered; 8 1/2c was held for the board and 8 1/2c for selections, and 200 boxes were sold at these prices. On May 28 at Woodstock 1,400 boxes boarded, about half of which was sold at 8 1/2-2 cents. At the Belleville market on May 28 1,916 boxes were offered; sales, 1,536 boxes at from 8 1/2 to 8 5/8c. Offerings at Brockville on May 28 were 3,750 boxes; sales, 120 at 8 3/4c, 40 at 8 1/2-16c, 1,100 at 8 5/8c, 360 at 8 1/2-16c, 200 at 8 1/2c.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.—Politics to take a rest for the next four years.—Some over-confident Grits and Tories to lose a few dollars in betting over the election.—Cheap excursions over the various railway lines.—People who are flush with wealth to contemplate going to some favorite resort for the hot season for the good of their health.—Promenades to be in season these beautiful moonlight evenings.—White pants and blue smocks to make themselves conspicuous on our streets during the summer.—The daily newspapers to be more readable since the elections are a thing of the past.—Political opponents for Legislative honors to shake hands and "set 'em up," now that the elections are over, but the humble elector to live at enmity with his next neighbor for a year because he differed with him on the Separate School question, parliament buildings, etc.—More hot weather.—Dust.—The implement agents to worry the daylight out of the poor farmer endeavoring to persuade him to purchase.

A POLITICAL meeting in the interests of Dr. Ahrens, the Reform candidate, was held in the school house last Friday evening. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity with people of every shade of politics. Some stirring addresses were delivered by Messrs. Austin, Campbell, Bowman, Morphy and Cleland, and the order was good for a political meeting. The personal abuse and mud slinging resorted to by some of the speakers, particularly by Messrs. Morphy and Bowman, did not reflect much credit either to themselves or their respective parties. It is no index of a speaker's argumentative ability to malign and belittle the private character of his opponent, but such a course only tends to lower the speaker and weaken the force of his arguments in the estimation of his hearers. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the political issues of the day can be discussed by the press and on the public platform not from a party standpoint but on their honest, individual merits.

THE Guelph Conference meets this week in Stratford, and is composed of 500 ministers.

ADJOURNED Court of Revision meets at Iogger's hotel, on the 14th inst. Interested parties will please take notice.

THE Atwood Drug Store keeps an excellent stock of combs, brushes, perfumes, etc. Read change of advt. this week.

LEWIS ZERAN is rusticiating around home this week previous to going to Manitoba, where he intends teaching school.

R. GRAHAM's hotel looks much the better of a coat of paint. Considerable money could be profitably expended in the village along this line.

GEO. DANBROOK's new residence is ready for the bricklayers. Mr. Danbrook is sparing neither time or means in making his residence a model of neatness and convenience.

You have the opportunity offered to furnish yourselves with china ware at prices entirely below the ordinary, and it is an opportunity that will not soon return. We refer to J. L. Mader's ad. Look it up.

APPRENTICE WANTED.—Wanted to learn the printing a steady, reliable boy, 16 or 18 years of age, with fair English education. A grand opportunity to learn a good trade. Apply at once at THE BEE office.

THE Post Office department has been instructed that in future electrotype blocks may be sent to Canada and United States addresses at fifth class rate (one cent per ounce); but when addressed to other countries they will be liable to parafrates.

DOMINION Day will be celebrated in right royal style in Brussels. Base ball tournament, lacrosse, games and sports, &c. on the program. The committee will meet in a short time to perfect arrangements. How about a celebration in Atwood? We are given to understand that their is \$30 or \$40 in the treasury from last year, and it would therefore cost the village but little to get up a grand celebration of some kind. A committee should be appointed at once and make all the necessary arrangements and see if we cannot eclipse Brussels and other neighboring towns.

A GREAT HONOR.—Paul Peel, the clever young Londoner, has been awarded the gold medal of the Salon at Paris, France, and is now the most famous painter in Europe. Considering the number of paintings, 10,900, and all the noted works of art, this selection in itself placed Paul Peel in the front rank as the best on exhibition is indeed an honor. The painting selected for the gold medal is entitled "Apres le Bain." This is the first time in the history of the Salon that a native of the American continent has been awarded the gold medal for exceptional excellence. The news reached John R. Peel, father of the illustrious painter in a cablegram this morning, as follows: "Awarded medal. Paul." The artist is not yet 30 years old.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS FOR PERTH.—In the summary convictions by police magistrates and other justices in Perth county, following is the report for the year ending September 30th, 1889:—Adulteration of food, 1; assault 51; breach of peace, 3; carrying concealed weapons, 1; cruelty to animals, 1; disturbing religious meetings, 2; Liquor License Act, offence against, 9; selling liquor during prohibited hours, 8; without license, 1; malicious injury to property, 6; Master and Servants' Act, offence against, 6; Municipal Acts and By-Law, breaches of, 43; highways, offences relating to, 7; profanation of the Lord's Day, 5; statute labor, offences relating to, 2; threats and abusive language, 4; trespass, 33; vagrancy, 63; drunkenness, 51; indecent exposure, 2; insulting, obscene and profane language, 7; keeping, frequenting bawdy houses and inmates thereof, 7; disorderly, 7; insanity, 1; total, 390.

A BRUTAL MURDER.—About two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a brutal murder occurred on con. 14, Logan east of the gravel road. It happened in this way: George Oughton, a young man of about 25 years of age, was engaged by Ed. Humphrey to take out stumps in a lot owned by the Canada Company, on the concession referred to above. Mrs. Humphrey objected to having the work done that afternoon and her and Oughton had some words about it, when her husband requested the young man to cease from quarrelling with his wife, whereas Oughton assailed him and was met by Humphrey with a handspike which he drew and struck the young man over the head above the left eye, crushing his skull in and causing his brains to ooze out of his eye socket. Mrs. Humphrey begged of her husband to assist her in lifting up the dying man and carrying him to the house which he refused to do, but told her he would go for the doctor and started in the direction of Mitchell where he remained for some time and returned in the evening with his people at Monkton. Next day at the request of his friends he gave himself up to the authorities and is now safely lodged in jail. It was with difficulty that a true version of the murder could be had from Mrs. Humphrey, the terrible affair having set her almost crazy, but made a statement which corroborates with our account. Young Oughton succumbed to his injuries at about 8 o'clock p. m., six hours after receiving the fatal blow, and was unconscious during that time. Dr. Shaver of Stratford, held a coroner's inquest on Wednesday. This is regarded as one of the most brutal, inhuman murders ever perpetrated in this section of the country and has stirred up an uproar of excitement among all classes of the community. We are in receipt of a number of other versions of the tragedy but we can vouch for the authenticity of the above statement.

TOMATO plants at the Atwood Drug Store.

THE Stratford Herald published a day earlier this week.

'Tis not by tongue alone we hear, The workings of the inner mind; But through the pen we still, so clear, The thoughts and images we find.

THE Grand Trunk Ry. have arranged for three special colonist excursions to leave all points in the province of Ontario, June 17th, return until July 27th; 24, return until Aug. 4th; July 8th, return until Aug. 18th. Return rates to Deloraine, \$28; Moosomin, \$28; Glenboro, \$28; Saltcoats \$28; Moosejaw \$30; Calgary, \$35. Excursionists should arrange to arrive at Toronto in time to connect with the 11 p. m. train—leaving June 17, 24 and July 8, 1890. For full information apply to Robt. Knox, Agent, Atwood.

Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat	95	00
Spring Wheat	80	90
Barley	35	40
Oats	32	34
Peas	52	55
Pork	5 00	5 20
Hides per lb.	8	3 1/4
Sheep skins, each	50	1 00
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bag	60	
Butter per lb.	12 1/2	
Eggs per doz	10	

Business Directory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

50c. SECURES
NOW TO JAN 1, 1891.

Farms for Sale.
Lot 13, Con. 5, Elma, containing 109 acres; price, \$5,000. Also South Half of Lot 2, Con. 6, Elma, containing 50 acres; price, \$1,150.

WM. DUNN,
6-3in* Atwood.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. BODDICK,
Painter, Brussels.

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 Britton 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.

J. T. PEPPER,
TICKET AGENT C.P.R.
More Wall Paper
Than Ever.
Better, Prettier, Cheaper.
Than any yet shown in Brussels. Wall Papers and Borders to match. Corners and Extension Borders to match. Ceiling decorations and Mica Borders.
Come, See, and be Convinced.

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

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.

ATWOOD
Harness Shop
Cheapest place in Town for

Trunks & Valises.
Light Harness,
In every style and at common sense prices. Our customers come all the way from Mitchell to buy Harness from us.

SOMETHING INDISPENSABLE TO CARRIAGE DRIVERS.
BREWSTER'S

Safety Rein Holder
This Rein Holder is the Neatest and most complete contrivance in the market for holding the lines while the occupant is out of the carriage. No tie posts or tie straps needed if you have one of these Safety Rein Holders. Price 50 Cents. Call and see them.

A. Campbell.

SEEDS.
We have a fine stock of Garden and Field Seeds which are new and fresh.

Examine our stock of

Straw Goods,
Both in staple and fancy, for Men and Boys.

We have lately received a consignment of

Boots & Shoes
For Summer wear, which, for style and durability cannot be beaten.

Call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. M. Harvey
ATWOOD.

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,

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

The Nova Scotia Legislature stands: Government 27, Opposition 11.

The contract for the Parry Sound railway was signed in Toronto on Monday.

It is reported that times are very bad at the coast towns and cities of British Columbia.

One hundred and thirty Scotch girls have reached Brockville from the Edinburgh Orphan's Home.

Premier Mercier on Sunday stood godfather for 118 children at the Grey Shepherd Convent, Quebec.

The London Standard, in speaking of the Newfoundland dispute, mentions the island as a part of Canada.

Over one hundred carpenters are left in London, Ont., for British Columbia, to work for a railway company.

The great lumber firm of Smith, Wade & Co. of Quebec, are reported to be financially embarrassed. Liabilities about \$2,000,000.

It was stated at the Toronto City Council on Monday evening that the rate of taxation would be 18 miles on an assessment of \$126,000,000.

Canadians settled in Minnesota and Dakota will send a delegation to Manitoba to ascertain what inducements there are for them to immigrate.

The Department of the Interior have sent 8,000 traps to the North-West, designed to catch gophers, which threaten to become a pest in that country.

The erection of temporary buildings for the insane asylum at Longue Pointe began last week, and it is expected they will be ready for occupation by September.

On Saturday morning James Heale, grocer, of West Toronto Junction, was struck by a special express on the Grand Trunk railway near High park and instantly killed.

There appears to be no prospect of a settlement of the difficulty between the cotton weavers of Hamilton and their employers. Fifty of the strikers have left the city.

At a meeting of the Montreal Civic Finance Committee Major Grenier and City Comptroller Robb were authorized to proceed to England and negotiate a new loan of £600,000.

Archbishop Fabre, in a pastoral letter on the Longue Pointe fire, suggests that the terrible disaster may have been a divine chastisement to enforce a better observance of the Lord's day.

The carpenters and painters in the C.P.R. shops at Winnipeg have asked for a reduction of the working hours to 55 hours per week and an increase of wages from 25 to 37 1/2 cents per hour.

Col. Gzowski has been made a K. C. M. G. Other Queen's Birthday honors include knighted for Judge Johnston, of Montreal, and a C. M. G. for Mr. Griffin, ex-Deputy Postmaster-General.

The Minister of Finance is in receipt of advices that the steamship service recently inaugurated between Canada and the West Indies and Demerara has developed a trade beyond all expectations.

Officials of the Hudson Bay railway who have arrived in Winnipeg from Ottawa state that the company have made such arrangements with the Dominion Government as will ensure the construction of the road.

Thomas B. Fisher, aged about 40, machinist, married, with four children, was found in his dining room, at Galt, Monday night, having been stabbed over the heart. He died in the evening. Supposed to be suicide.

President Wilson, of the Toronto University, received a letter from the Marquis of Lorne regarding assistance for the restoration of the university, and stating that he has written to leading European universities in behalf of the institution.

Mr. James Taylor, of Winnipeg, had an interview with the Deputy Minister of the Interior urging the claims of the white settlers who went to the Red river country after the year 1835 to receive scrip similar to that granted to settlers who went there between 1818 and 1835.

The ninth annual meeting of the Royal Society commenced in Ottawa on Tuesday. Abbe Casgrain attacked the theory of evolution, which he called the worship of death, and advocated the belief in special creation. Principal Grant reviewed the progress of the Australian colonies in the direction of nationalism and presented the claims of Imperial Federation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The iron industries in the north of England are very prosperous.

H. M. Stanley has received the LL. D. degree from Cambridge University.

The London News says explorer Stanley will be married in Westminster Abbey.

Rumors of the serious illness of the Queen are officially denied. Her majesty has a trifling cold.

The Queen has created Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone.

Rajah Brooke has annexed to his Sarawak dominions another large slice of Borneo, which means practically its annexation to British territory.

Emperor William, as if desiring to mark the strength of the entente with England, celebrated the Queen's birthday with unusual effusiveness.

The Paris Figaro suggests that if England would fix a date for the evacuation of Egypt, France might be willing to relinquish her Newfoundland claims.

The Marquis of Salisbury, speaking at a banquet, said nothing had been surrendered to Germany in regard to Africa as no agreement had yet been reached.

The police believe Anarchists and agitators are arranging for explosions in London. Additional precautions are being taken for the protection of public buildings.

The London Daily News, the champion of the home rule cause, upbraids Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien and others for holding a meeting at New Tipperary in defiance of the Government's proclamation.

A cablegram announces that the new British gunboat Thrush, commanded by Prince George, son of the Prince of Wales, has sailed for Halifax. She will be attached to the North American squadron.

The British freight steamer Bayswater, Capt. Taylor, which left New York March

16 for Lisbon, is reported as missing. The Bayswater was owned by E. H. Watts, of London. She was of iron and had a crew of 30 men.

On Saturday a note tied to a stone was found in the courtyard of Marlborough House, addressed to the Prince of Wales. The note said:—"Give us bread if you would reign," and was signed "Thousands of starving Englishmen."

The King of the Belgians arrived at Balmoral on Saturday having made the long journey from London for the express purpose of wishing his old friend, Queen Victoria, many happy returns of her birthday. His present consisted of a huge bouquet, three feet in diameter, composed of mauve-colored orchids.

UNITED STATES.

An insect called the saw fly is doing much damage to wheat in Illinois.

All the criminals in the county jail at Belmont, Ohio, escaped on Sunday.

The United States Presbyterian General Assembly will meet next year in Detroit.

The executive committee of the World's fair at Chicago have elected Lyman J. Gage as permanent chairman.

The Missouri Grand Lodge of Oddfellows has decided that saloonkeepers cannot remain members of their order.

George Francis Train has arrived at Tacoma, having circled the earth in 67 days 13 hours 3 minutes and 3 seconds.

An epidemic of hydrophobia prevails in the village of Breeds, Iowa, and neighborhood, and live stock has suffered largely.

The revision committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States will meet on the first Tuesday in October at Pittsburg.

Comptroller Onahan, of Chicago, has found that the city has been cheated out of hundreds of thousands of dollars of interest by its treasurers.

It is again rumored that an English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, the price being \$10,000,000.

The Chicago shippers of dressed beef have entered into a contract with the Canadian Pacific and Wabash line, and the other roads are excited over the matter.

A majority of the members of the United States House judiciary committee have agreed to a favorable report on a constitutional amendment granting the franchise to women.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated in Boston, Mass., Monday evening by the British charitable institutions with a banquet and speech-making. Over 1000 were in attendance.

The United States man-of-war Pensacola has arrived at New York from Africa. She had on board the scientists who went to the Dark continent to observe the recent eclipse of the moon.

Rev. Dr. Barrett, of St. Stephen's R. C. church, was shot on his doorstep in Chicago Monday night and fatally wounded by an insane young man named Cady, who professed to be dying from heart trouble.

The report of the Committee on Dietetics at the American Medical Association, sitting at Nashville, Tenn., concluded that the American people were being ruined by the too free use of liquid food, which causes defective jaws and teeth.

A special Washington despatch says the United States Government has not determined upon any new course in regard to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea. No order has been issued to seize any British or other vessel which may be found taking seals.

IN GENERAL.

Emperor William had his foot sprained by a fall on Sunday.

The Paris police are keeping a close watch on Prussian army, is dead.

Gen. Edward Frederick Fransecky, of the Prussian army, is dead.

The pilgrims, who have visited the pope recently, have carried to his holiness about £39,000.

Seventy-seven Chinamen were lost by the wreck of the American ship Oneida in Behring Sea.

Emperor William will start for Peterhof August 14. He will be the guest of the czar about ten days.

The Czar is reported to have declared that in the event of a Franco-German war Russia will not interfere.

M. Santereau cables from Paris that he has contracted for the completion of the Panama canal in four years.

The Spanish Government has decided to give an English syndicate the contract for the Cuban Central railway.

Prince William of Saxe-Weimar has been declared a bankrupt. His debts, chiefly due to gambling, amount to 243,000 marks.

The workmen employed in the state gun factories at Spandau, Germany, has received an advance of twenty per cent. in wages.

There is said to be a conspiracy, with its centre in Berlin, for the organization of a rising against Russia in the Baltic provinces.

The negotiations between England and Germany regarding territorial rights in East Africa are not making satisfactory progress.

Gen. von Caprivi will accompany Emperor William to England to assure Lord Salisbury of the continued friendship of Germany.

Miss Clara Ward, of Toronto, a few days prior to her marriage with Prince Caraman-Chimay, made a settlement on the Prince of \$100,000.

The Berlin Volks Zeitung, Socialist organ, makes a violent attack upon Prince Bismarck. It charges that the veteran statesman is insane.

The Christians of Canea, Crete, have adopted a resolution appealing to the foreign consuls for protection against the continued outrages by Turks.

The postmasters' conference at Adelaide, Australia, has adopted a resolution in favor of reducing the cable rates to and from England to four shillings per word.

The Tribune of Rome says that Gen. Sir Adrian Dingle, president of the Court of Appeals of Malta, has been appointed English ambassador to the Vatican.

Dr. Bayol, formerly Governor of the Gabon colony, says Dahomey is a very rich country and it would be folly for the French to abandon their possessions in that region. It is stated Emperor William is highly incensed because Prince Bismarck has allowed himself to be interviewed by foreign correspondents. His majesty says the Prince is only fit for a lunatic asylum.

AGRICULTURAL.

Feeding Sheep.

Proper feeding is a matter of particular moment in feeding sheep. They are very particular as to their tastes and kind of food they eat. They will not eat unsuitable feed, unless it is the only alternative. Starvation will alone compel them to eat what does not suit them. If the feeder caters to their likes they will thrive, otherwise they will lose flesh rapidly. The most successful sheep feeders feed their sheep three times daily, and universally adopt the plan of feeding only what the sheep will eat up clean. They regard too liberal feeding as mistaken kindness, and when carried to extremes the results are injurious. Small ricks are provided, that will hold a small quantity of hay, and the sheep are fed early in the morning, without grain; fodder for the mid-day meal, and some grain, with the allowance of hay for supper. When regularity is regarded, a flock thus fed and cared for cannot help thriving. Sheep will eat but very little at a time, but need it often. One other matter in feeding sheep, of paramount importance, is that of the provision of plenty of salt and water. Much better satisfaction is always had when the flock is graded. The lamb flock, breeding ewes, and the mothers, should be kept in separate flocks. Many flock owners prefer and practice the method of feeding three times per day instead of two. This has never been our practice, but we have no reason for filing objection to it. We want to hear from our successful sheep breeders.

Cure for a Kicker.

Kicking horses are a dangerous nuisance says a horse exchange, but they can be frequently cured of the habit by the use of expedients and exercise of patience. One lesson that may take a good deal of time with a young horse, and especially with a young mare, is allowing articles of any kind to be placed between its tail and its body. First put on a common crupper, and fasten it moderately tight to the surcingle. The foreleg may be strapped up if necessary for this purpose and let down again as soon as all is secure. Let the colt move round you, and you will soon see if it is going to be ticklish about its tail. If it kicks at it kick as long as it will, and when it will not kick any longer slacken the crupper, so that it will drop three inches down its tail, and try the colt round at that. When it will no longer kick at a tight or slack crupper tie a piece of stout string as long as your lounching line to the crupper midway between the tail and the surcingle, and taking the loose end of the string in your hand tighten and slacken the crupper with it as the colt passes round you. When reconciled to this, strap up the foreleg and take off the crupper. Fold and secure a piece of some such fabric round it so as to make it three or four inches in diameter. Then put the crupper on again, and try the colt round with it. If it kicks, keep it going until it kicks no longer. See that it is not too tight, and that there is nothing about it to make very tender skin under the tail sore, so that it may be kept on several days and nights if necessary. It will have a greater effect, and be less likely to produce any soreness or tenderness if the materials under the tail, as well as its position, are varied every day. The crupper can be shortened and lengthened so as to touch different parts of the tail. On the second day a piece of woolly sheepskin may take the place of the duster; on the third day a hay band, on the fourth a loose cloth or a wide piece of leather or duster the colt will take no notice of any harmless thing, and will not pinch any of them when placed under his tail.

Out Worms.

These pests are exceedingly destructive on newly set cabbage, tomato and sweet potato plants. The most successful way to get ahead of them is to wrap the stems with newspaper. Cut strips from two to two and one-half inches wide, throw them in a pan of water and wet them slightly, and they will wrap better around the stems. While one is planting the house wife or one of the children can wrap the plants so one-half inch of the wrapped paper will be below the surface of the ground, and an inch and one-half out. The paper will dry and harden, and the worms will not bother the plants except occasionally one will climb over inside and cut a plant, but after taking the above measure loss will be light.

The Ayrshire Cow.

The merits of the Ayrshire are more seldom seen in the papers than those of most dairy breeds, which is probably in a great measure due to the less speculative tendency of the owners. While the owners of other breeds are keeping their good qualities before the public, the owners of Ayrshires are silent in regard to their performances, and are quietly at home attending to their cattle and deriving a handsome profit from the income of the dairy. The owner of a dairy of Ayrshires never complains of hard times, for where any other cows can simply pay their way, the Ayrshire will return a dividend. The reason of this is that it costs less on an average to produce a quart of milk or a pound of butter from an Ayrshire than from any other dairy cows. As a dairy cow, their size is the standard, being about a thousand pounds in fair condition, weighed at about a month or six weeks after calving. A cow of this size has large enough capacity to consume enough food to produce a good return without seeming to strain her organs; then too she is not as large as to be unwieldy in getting about, nor does it require the extra food to support an unnecessary size. Perhaps the great secret of the success of the Ayrshire as a dairy cow, is her digestion enabling her to extract and turn into milk and butter the largest possible amount of return for the food consumed. They are like a healthy workman when he sits down to dinner—all the food is good, and tastes good. An Ayrshire cow does not stop to find out the quality of the hay placed before her—she eats with a relish, good hay and poor. Of course she does not return to her owner as much milk from his poor hay as from his good but she eats it with nearly as good relish. She is hardy, healthy and strong—always hungry and eats heartily. When placed in competition with other breeds, it has seldom been allowed the Ayrshire to compete on her strongest point—that of taking into account the cost of food consumed to produce the quantity of product. The owners of other breeds have never, in

public test seemed to be willing to have the test conducted on this principle, and the only way an Ayrshire could be admitted was on the "feed-as-you-please" plan, and simply look at the result. This, in a public test, usually has placed the Ayrshire second, but in the great dairy contest on the farm, it makes a wonderful difference in the profits whether a cow can produce butter and milk at a few cents a pound or quart less or more.

At the New-Hampshire Experiment Station, last year, four breeds were tested for cost of production—Short-Horn, Holstein, Ayrshire and Jersey. The animals appear to be fair representatives, and as they stand in the stable, show no favoritism in their selection or care. The result is what might naturally be expected from an impartial selection of cows and a fair test. As between the Holstein, Ayrshire and Jersey (the strictly dairy breeds), it was:

Average per Cow.	Holstein.	Ayrshire.	Jersey.
Yield of milk, lb.	5971	5845	4847
Butter, lb.	207	207	209
Cost of keeping, \$50.00	\$44.43	\$44.43	\$44.43
Lb. milk to 1 lb. butter.	29	21	18

At the Vermont State Fair in 1889, there was a prize offered for the best dairy cow of any breed, tested for one day on ground. The Jersey cow gave 1 lb. 9 oz. butter; the Ayrshire, 1 lb. 6 oz. No account of food was kept, but it was stated that the Jersey was fed nearly double the ration of the Ayrshire.

While tests from exceptional cows are of little value in proving the average dairy quality of any breed, and one or two tests of average cows of a breed do not prove a rule, still they are of value if conducted fairly, and it is to be hoped that more of the experiment stations will take up this work, prove to the dairymen the need of better cows, and show them that the product of fully a third of the common dairy cows does not pay for the food consumed. While we claim the Ayrshire from her economical production, to be the most profitable of the thoroughbred dairy breeds for the common dairyman, we also claim that any of the registered dairy breeds are far more profitable than the scrub cows composing a large percentage of the dairy herds of our country.—Country Gentleman.

White Dorkings.

The Dorking is the oldest pure-bred variety known to fanciers of to-day. Their origin is still shrouded in mystery. The weight of evidence shows that they were introduced into England during the old Roman occupancy of that country. From history we learn that they were then the favorite fowl for the table, which position they have held ever since. The description given of them by the old writers differs considerably in color and markings from the breed as known, being described as red with various markings. But all name the fifth toe, which is still one of the distinguishing marks of the breed. They are large birds, attractive in appearance, showing to the most casual observer their aristocratic descent, and have a general "pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves" look of business.

The flesh is very firm, fine-grained, tender and of delicious flavor. The carcass possesses a very large percentage of palatable food to total weight of bone and offal. The meat on the breast and thighs is particularly heavy and plentiful.

They are excellent layers, their eggs being large, clear white in color, and of fine flavor. The general characteristics of the Dorkings are a large but well-formed and smooth head, rose comb, neck so heavily feathered as to look rather short; abundant flowing hackles, body very long and deep, with a rectangular appearance, when viewed from the front; tail very large, with long, flowing sickles; thighs heavy and so thickly feathered as to show very little shank; short, with good bone, but not excessively heavy; of a white or pinkish shade, and with a large fifth toe, which turns upward with a slight curve and not resting on the ground in walking. The weights required in our shows are: Cocks, seven and one-half to nine pounds; hens, six to seven and one-half pounds. English authorities give the weight several pounds heavier for both sexes. They have never been held in as high favor in this country as in England. Their reputation as moderate layers probably being the reason why our fanciers have not taken them up and pushed them to the front. Within the last two or three years some of our most enterprising fanciers have imported a good many from the best flocks in England, and they are gradually working their way into the esteem of the Canadian public. We confidently expect to see them take the place they deserve to hold in the ranks of pure-bred fowls in a very few years. The rank and file of poultry raisers are paying more attention to pure-bred stock in the poultry line year by year, but they want to see the usefulness in what they take hold of as well as the rare blood; and this they will find in the Dorkings.

The Congo Forest.

One of the most striking passages in Mr. Stanley's letters, received before he himself emerged from the center of Africa, was that in which he described the vast, gloomy forest of the Congo. In the "parliamentary papers" upon the Emin relief expedition just issued, containing Stanley's report, there is another remarkable description of this wonderful region, says the London News.

"We can prove," says Stanley, "that east and north and northeast of the Congo there exists an immense area of about 250,000 square miles, which is covered by one unbroken, compact and veritable forest. A scientific writer, Prof. Drummond, as late as 1888, writes that in the fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forest with their flowers, the gorgeous cloud of insects, the gaily plumed birds, the parquets, the monkeys swinging from their trapeze in the shaded bowers, are unknown to Africa.

"With due deference to the professor, these are precisely what are every day seen within that area of 250,000 square miles, through and in which we traveled for 13 months and in which our progress was so many scores of our dark forebears perished. Our progress through the dense overgrowth of brush and ambitious young trees which grew beneath the impervious shades of the forest giants, and which were matted by arums, phytolacca and amoma, meshed by endless lines of calamus and complicated by great, cable-like convolvuli, was often only at the rate of 400 yards an hour. Through such obstructions as these we had to tunnel a way for the column to pass. The Amazon valley cannot boast a more impervious or a more unbracon forest, nor one which has more truly a tropical character, than this vast upper Congo forest, nourished as it is by 11 months of tropical showers

The Temperance Movement in England.

Though it is generally claimed that the temperance movement has not made as great progress in England as on this side the Atlantic, the present session of the British parliament is likely to pass a bill that will compare in strictness with any license measure found in any country of the world. This bill which is proposed by Lord Randolph Churchill shows signs of being influenced by the Gothenburg system, whose fundamental principles aim at reducing the number of liquor shops and improving the character of those licensed, also providing that the sale of food shall be an indispensable adjunct of the sale of liquor, and the delegation of exclusive authority over licensing to local authorities. The bill if carried, will wipe out the most numerous and objectionable class of licensed houses, viz., the beer shops, which with the publican's or spirit retailer's license, and the wine license, taken out by the keeper of a hotel or eating house, constitute at present three important classes of licenses for the sale of liquor to be found on the premises. To the license commissioners, chosen from the county council, is given absolute and final power as to the suppression of licenses and the selection of licensees, as well as power to regulate the hours of opening and closing, and the structure of licensed houses.

A feature of the bill which is unique so far as temperance legislation on this continent is concerned is the provision for compensating the present holders of licenses, who through the operation of the proposed law would fail to get their licenses renewed. This provision has aroused the prohibitionists who are strongly opposing it and who argue in England as here, that license holders having been engaged in an iniquitous and unwholesome calling have no claim to be indemnified for the loss of their business. The opposite view, however, widely prevails that their business having been authorized by law, satisfies the definition of legitimacy; and that every lawful trader, suppressed not as a criminal but for the general advantage, is entitled to compensation. The Spectator voices the feeling of a large body of the people when it says, that to continue a right of selling drink in the case of one man and then shut up his rival without indemnification would be sheer robbery. But while the beer houses which are the poor man's club will be ruthlessly assailed by the provisions of the bill the rich men's clubs do not entirely escape. Upon clubs in general Lord Randolph proposes to levy so heavy a tax that some of the larger London establishments will have to pay as much as \$10,000 a year apiece. This fact will take the edge off an objection which might otherwise destroy the prospects of the bill.

Another feature of the bill is, that it provides that the power of the licensing commission to grant licenses may be suspended in any parish, if two-thirds of the ratepayers shall vote to that effect. The resolution may be rescinded after the expiration of a year, if two-thirds vote for such rescinding; otherwise the suspension remains in force for three years. It is not thought, however, that this provision will be finally embodied in the law, the feeling being very general that so long as alcohol is salable under a general law and one resident in a given district desires alcohol, he has a right to get it. These are the main features of the bill which stands the exception of the local option clause, stands a fair chance of passing into law in as much as its main provisions elicited the cordial approval of Sir William Harcourt, speaking for the opposition, and of Mr. Ritchies, President of the Local Government Board. The bill refers only to England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland presenting peculiar difficulties which render a delay necessary.

Russian Barbarism.

The inhumanity of Russian officials is fast becoming a byword. The outrages that have come to light in recent times have shocked the sensibility of civilized nations, and aroused their just indignation. Now it appears that the same spirit which actuates the officers possesses the subordinates as well. An instance of brutal cruelty occurred the other day when Tomsk, the capital of Western Siberia, was reduced to ashes. The place was visited simultaneously by a conflagration and a cyclone, the result of the combined disasters being the destruction of three-quarters of the buildings, which were of wood, and the loss of hundreds of lives. Among other buildings destroyed was the Cathedral whose walls in falling crushed an adjacent hospital, burying the inmates, who were subsequently roasted alive. On being appealed to for help the garrison heartlessly refused to render the least assistance in saving lives and property, on the plea that they had enough to do to protect the barracks and other Government buildings. They also added that they had no time to assist "worthless exiles." It is difficult to imagine such appalling insensibility to the suffering of others. However it may be accounted for, the fact is beyond gainsaying, that in this respect Russia is not separated many removes from the barbarism which steems a human life of no more value than that of a brute. Evidently here is a field for the Missionary of the Gospel of love.

The Behring Sea Dispute.

The return of Hon. C. H. Tupper from Washington with his lips virtually sealed and with no word of information further than that "the negotiations in reference to the Behring Sea dispute were not finally settled"—a conclusion to which we should have come had he not told us—does not encourage the hope that the present negotiations are destined to result in an arrangement that will be mutually satisfactory. It is said that Mr. Blaine has a scheme which he would like to carry out with the consent of England and Canada if possible, but that failing this acquiescence he will proceed to carry it out at all hazards. Now it is possible that Sir Julian Pauncefote and Hon. Mr. Tupper, who can hardly be supposed to consider the matter absolutely without prejudice, are making demands that justice cannot approve, but from the known views of the Secretary of State it is easier to believe that the stay of proceedings is owing to some unrighteous demand on the part of Mr. Blaine. It is a pity that some means could not be devised of changing that gentleman's spectacles or placing him in a different relation to the question. He might then be able to see things in a different light.

Tabooed by Society.

Emma—"I notice you don't speak to Miss De Conye any more."
Lucy—"No; I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog."

FOR THE LADIES.

A Minister's Wife.

A minister's wife—well, let me see, just what a minister's wife should be: Quiet and thoughtful, and kind and good, A very queen in a generous mood; With the softest voice and the gentlest air, That will carry comfort everywhere; With fairy footfall among the sick; Considerate, pious, always quick To see the good in her neighbor's face; Quiet, comforting, full of grace, With a bright face and a loving heart, The better to act her chosen part; Averse to gossip, dainty and nice, She gives no ear to this common vice; A "lady bountiful" to the poor; Now what shall I say, anything more? She makes her home a heaven of rest To him, her chosen, whom she loves best; An elysium on earth, pure and bright, Full of sunshine, an exquisite sight; Like Cassa's wife, above suspicion, E'en to the most distorted vision; In truth, just a good wife; that is all, Such as may to your own lot befall.

ROBERT F. DEBELLE.

Story of the Empress Victoria.

The Empress Victoria, wife of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, has always been a careful and keen-eyed disciplinarian in domestic life. She notices the slightest variation in the dress of a housemaid as quickly as she used to detect a fault in her children, and punishes one as inexorably as the other. Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and tearful struggle, on his part, against "tubbing." His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable, and that he must submit to them; but she finally gave the nurse orders, one morning, to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in snarly taunting remarks to his attendants; but on returning home he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed.

On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally remiss, and, knowing as well as any of his punctilious military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked severely: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, hebeht," said the sentinel, standing motionless. "Who am I?" "Prinz Heinrich." "Why don't you salute, then?" "Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had received orders from the Prince's mother. The little fellow said not a word, but walked on, bravely winking back the two big tears which filled his eyes. Next morning, however, he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.

A Paste That Will Adhere to Anything.

Prof. Alex. Winchell is credited with the invention of a cement that will stick to anything. Take two ounces of clear gum arabic, one and one-half ounce of fine starch and one-half ounce of white sugar. Pulverize the gum arabic and dissolve it in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Dissolve the starch and sugar in the gum solution. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water until the starch becomes clear.

The cement should be as thick as tar and should be kept so. It can be kept from spoiling by dropping in a lump of gum camphor or a little oil of cloves or saffras. This cement is very strong indeed, and will stick perfectly to glazed surfaces, and is good to repair broken rocks, minerals or fossils. The addition of a small amount of sulphate of aluminum will increase the effectiveness of the paste, besides helping to prevent decomposition.

Bismarck and the Fair Sex.

If in all Germany there are those who rejoice in the retirement of Bismarck they belong to that class who have come to regard Bismarck as a woman-hater. The truth seems to be that Bismarck has always had a very distinct conviction that woman had a sphere and that she ought to stick to it. It is told that upon one occasion the Countess Wadersee remarked to the chancellor that the Empress Frederick was a lady of ripe political judgment. "Yes," answered Bismarck, "I am sure of it, for the politics of the ladies lie in the nursery and the kitchen, and I am aware that the empress is an admirable wife and mother."

"But," argued the countess, with a good deal of vehemence, "a woman may have interests outside the nursery."

"Certainly," said Bismarck, "when her husband is content to rock the cradle."

The wife of Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador, was always quarreling with Bismarck and amusing tales are told of the spirited disputes that passed between them. Upon one occasion Bismarck was particularly grumpy and he snubbed not only the countess but every other lady in the room in the most brutal manner. As he withdrew from the apartment one of the large Russian mastiffs in the hallway had the temerity to growl at the chancellor. Whereupon the Countess Schouvaloff ran to the door and called out, scathily: "Prince Bismarck, don't you dare bite my dog."

The Farmer's Wife.

BY LARRY GAULT OF ATHENS.

I will not waste all of my sympathy on the farmer. There is one class even more deserving of pity and relief than you, my friends. I refer to the farmer's wife. There is not a burden that you bear but the little woman, who is the light of your home, shares it with you. Your trials and cares pierce her tender and sympathetic heart as a dagger. She bears a quail with you your every load; but, I say with pain and regret, that she is at a loss too often deprived of a share of your pleasures. Did ye horny-handed lords of creation ever consider that while you are working in the field your wife was at the house toiling just as hard as yourself; and that while you had but one task before you she has a host of duties to perform, each pressing upon her at one and the same time? When you return to your noontide meal and find a welcoming smile and everything ready to your hand—as if the confusion of the morning had been touched by a

fairy's wand and order produced from chaos—do you ever consider the vast amount of work that these pleasant surroundings have cost the poor wife?

At night, when taking your ease, does it occur to you to look around and see if your wife is having her season of rest? You will find the old couplet verified in her case, which says:

"Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

We men are all too selfish and self-conceited—and I am no exception to the rule. We imagine that because we are the bread winners of the family, the women's work is mere child's play.

Never was there a graver error. There is not a farmer beneath the sound of my voice but who, if he were made to exchange places with his wife, would be begging her to rue back in less than twenty-four hours.

At night, when you are locked in the arms of Morpheus, and your weary frame's drinking in the rest that nature demands, the wife at your side is trying to quiet a fretful child lest it disturb "poor tired papa." The dear, unselfish creature! She never thinks of her own weary frame and aching brow.

By the dawn of day that poor wife is on her feet, preparing the best repast the larder will afford. You return to your work in the field, while the wife resumes the old treadmill existence that is rarely broken by a ray of pleasure.

You men can go to town and there meet and mingle with friends and discuss the news of the day. How many times during the year does the poor wife cross the threshold of her home, except to attend divine worship on Sunday? And even then you expect her to look after or prepare a dinner for your friends.

I do not believe there is a man living who appreciates his wife as he should. He loves and cherishes her; but he should do even more than this. We should resolve never to take a pleasure but the wife equally enjoys it with us. She bears her full part of our toils and trials and it is only just and right that she should also reap the fruits of our prosperity.

It should be the first duty of a good man to look to the comfort and pleasure of his wife. Before you add another acre of land to your possessions; before you build a new barn; before you purchase an implement to expedite your work, or before you improve your stock, look through your home—go into the kitchen, the wash room and the dairy, and see if there is not some utensil or invention that you can buy to lessen your poor wife's labor. Lift a part of the burden from her shoulders, that she has so long and uncomplainingly borne, and see that her remaining days are made as happy and as comfortable as your affairs will warrant.

Effect of Strikes.

The strike which has been going on in Toronto, among the building trades for the last five or six weeks, though greatly reduced, is still of sufficient strength to interfere perceptibly with the building operations of the city. That the city has sustained a great loss by this enforced holiday, few will be disposed to deny, while should the men ultimately gain their demands, the increase of wages will hardly compensate them for the loss of nearly one eighth of a year's wages. Of course it is not to be forgotten, that where a question of principle or right is at stake the money consideration is an insignificant thing, and will not be seriously considered by a true-hearted man, nevertheless the profit and loss aspect of strikes is a legitimate subject for consideration. And in this respect it is doubtful if they are ever a gain. Indeed some economists boldly assert that loss is always the result. One writer has compared a strike to the act of a man who burns his barn to destroy the rats that ate his corn. Here are some figures that may be profitably pondered by those social agitators who would cure the ills of poverty by first impoverishing society. According to the United States Reports of 1880, the total amount of wages lost by strikes during the year was \$3,711,097. The aggregate number of days lost was 1,989,872 and the number of men idle was 64,779. The loss of wages in the St. Louis railroad strike of 1886 was a million dollars, without reckoning the loss of productive labor, which is estimated at a million more. The loss of railroad property in Pittsburgh by fire and otherwise in the great strike of 1877, was from eight to ten million dollars. In the engineer's strike on the C. B. and Q. railroad in 1888, the cost was over two million dollars. The dockmen's strike in London last summer was estimated to have entailed a loss of several million dollars. From all which the conclusion is drawn that every strike, whether successful or not, is a total loss to the community as a whole, however it may effect particular individuals.

WIRELETS.

Large quantities of gin and whiskey have been seized by the Customs authorities at Quebec.

The northern part of the city of Sofia, Bulgaria, has been almost destroyed by a hurricane.

The cholera scourge has made its appearance in Southern Russia and is travelling westward.

Henry M. Stanley will come to America in the autumn and will lecture in most of the principal cities.

A fire started by an incendiary has rendered two thousand people homeless in Middleborough, Ky.

The Argentine Republic has determined that in the payment of Customs dues one-half the amount must be payable in gold.

The Bey of Tunis has ordered that all negro domestics in his dominion must be given certificates of freedom by their employers.

An official enquiry is being made concerning the frequent cases of starvation in London, England, the object being to obtain information for the benefit of Parliament.

The Governor of Louisiana, in addressing the State Legislature, denounced the lottery as a monster evil, and said he would use his best exertions to prevent the company obtaining a renewal of its charter.

The Canadian Mutual Aid Association gives life insurance at lowest rates, with best security. Assessment system. Agents wanted. Good pay to good men. Apply to head office, King St. east, Toronto. W. P. Page, Manager.

A field day—when the favorite loses.

The Difference.

"It's all rot. If I had written what Holmes has written, I wouldn't be famous," said Sneerwell. "That may be so; but it works both ways. If Holmes had written the stuff you write, he wouldn't be famous."

The World Moves!

Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just become some old fogey doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper enquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents) and they "mean business."

Billows of white crepe on a background of net and hemmed with a garland of flowers has given a blonde a poem of a dancing gown.

"Boat Ahoy!"

The rapids are below you," cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

Large round hats of chenille tulle, with soft crown and brim covered with fan plisse's on in and outside, are very popular this season.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy,
Was his slow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
Of the human race.
Now he is blimmed with sunshine o'er
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he lives in cover;
Ask you the reason why?

What has wrought the transformation?
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets restored this individual in a single week. Nothing like them to regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

The charming idea of wearing natural flowers on bonnets and shadowy gauze hats is to be extended to fans and parasols.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum—Used by all base-ball players, etc. 5 cents.

What is the most proper exclamation for a man to make when he barks his shins? "Dog gone it!"

A child's toy is often a short's top.

St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

The Palace Hotel at this widely famed watering place, 200 double rooms, will be opened June 1st to tourists Despairing sufferers and all who desire highest health and strength should secure rooms in advance, the press is so great; so wonderful have been the cures in former years.

Address the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (L'V'd.) or to St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

M. A. THOMAS, Hotel Manager.

All work and no play—Learning the piano.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 505.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE.

Best thing out. Agents make \$5 per day Sample by mail. Sec. CLEMENT & Co., 36 King St. E., Toronto.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S.

W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

POSTAGE STAMPS—Will pay cash for an old specimen of the early Canadian issues.

20 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

CANCER

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

\$10.00 A DAY.—Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address T. N. OSBART, 1 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

STEEL STAMPS

STENCILS I.C.F. & CO. 13 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO

For a No. 1 Roadster or Business Machine, see the "COMET SAFETY." We guarantee our Machines. Catalogue free. T. FANE & Co., Manufacturers, Toronto.

PLATE GLASS

Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

McCausland & Son,

72 to 76 King St. West, Toronto



Address WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 153 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED ANCIENT EDITION.

A so-called "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" is being offered to the public at a very low price. The body of the book, from A to Z, is a cheap reprint, page for page, of the edition of 1847, which was in its day, a valuable book, but in the progress of language for over FORTY YEARS, has been completely superseded. It is now reproduced, broken type, errors and all, by photo-lithograph process, is printed on cheap paper and flimsily bound. A brief comparison, page by page, between the reprint and the latest and enlarged edition, will show the great superiority of the latter. These reprints are as out of date as a last year's almanac. No honorable dealer will allow the buyer of such to suppose that he is getting the Webster which to-day is accepted as the Standard and THE BEST—every copy of which bears our imprint as given below.

If persons who have been induced to purchase the "Ancient Edition" by any misrepresentations will advise us of the facts, we will undertake to see that the seller is punished as he deserves.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NEVER FAILING ST. LEON.

Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrible sensation, wretched pain and choking. The very phlegm will use. A friend got cured with St. Leon; urged me to drink. I did. The choking lumps got softer and softer. I was cured and remain in the best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail. GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COY'S

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

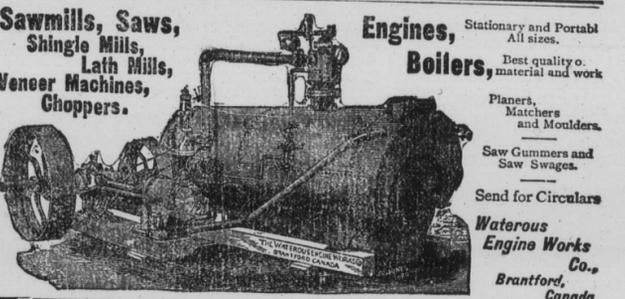
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Deloraine and Return, \$28
Moosomin, - 28
Glenboro, - 28
Saltcoats, - 28
Moosejaw, 30
Calgary, 35

FARMERS' EXCURSIONS
JUNE 17, 24, JULY 8, 1900

For full particulars apply to nearest Station or Ticket Agent.

Johnston's Fluid Beef The Great Strength-Giver A Perfect Food for the Sick



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. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Co. 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 issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities, will give careful attention to management of estates, the collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons, and other securities; will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds or other obligations; will act as agents for the purchase and sale of securities; and invests moneys generally for their clients and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested wither 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.
G. F. POTTER, Managing Director.
First-class General and Local Agents can obtain remunerative contracts by applying to WILLIAM SPARKLING, Superintendent.

ICURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst case. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my INFANTS' Remedy, five Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Confederation Life ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE
Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation
Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy
THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST
EARLY DEATH
Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT.
Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums. Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured. Profits so allocated are Absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances.
Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.
W. C. MACDONALD, J. K. MACDONALD, ACTUARY, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

Country Talk.

Turnberry.

W. D. Bently has gone to Blyth for a few weeks visit.

Work has commenced in the erection of the new Methodist Church, Bluevale. Several of our young nimrods have been successful in capturing several wild ducks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bolt, have returned to Woodstock.

Wm. McPherson is in Goderich this week attending the meeting of the County Council.

Several of the farmers of this vicinity proceeded to Wingham Thursday evening to hear the result of the general election.

Elma and Wallace Boundary.

Geo. Leslie intends raising his barn next week.

Geo. Tompkins has the finest field of fall wheat in North Perth.

Mrs. Tompkins returned on Tuesday from a visit to her daughter in Toronto.

"Have you your potatoes in?" and "How goes the election?" are the principal questions at present.

The following is the standing of the pupils in U. S. S. No. 2, Elma and Wallace, for the month of May. The names are in order of merit:—Fifth Class—A. Milburn, Senior Fourth Class—P. Brisbin, A. Henderson, B. McMillan, Junior Fourth Class—E. Stapleton, Maud Mann, J. Whaley. Senior Third class—Annie Brisbin, Wm. Tompkins, Wm. McLaren. Junior Third Class—S. Honeyford, Jas. Stapleton, J. Urquhart. Average attendance for the month 34. J. W. WARD, Teacher.

Stratford.

The receipts of the G. T. R. last week were \$383,064, an increase of \$10,806 over same period last year.

The order of Railway Conductors at its annual convention voted, by 210 to 65, to eliminate from its constitution the clause prohibiting strikes.

The remains of J. McAskeil, of Port Huron, were buried here Tuesday last week. He was a member of the Royal Arcanum and the order attended to the funeral arrangements. His wife, who, with three children, survives him, was formerly a Miss McTavish of Stratford. She will receive \$3,000 from the Arcanum.

Harry West, a young married mechanic in the boiler department of the G. T. R. shops here, left last week for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he will have a position in the shops of the Atlantic and Pacific railway. The removals from the shops are much more frequent than are to be desired, and include unfortunately some of the best men.

W. T. Maxwell has purchased a lot on the market square adjoining Ald. Uelacker's. It is Mr. Maxwell's intention to commence the erection of a store this season. The gap across the lower end of the square is gradually filling in and soon the streets bordering on the market will be solidly blocked with fine buildings that will be creditable to the city.

At an adjourned meeting of the city council on Thursday evening of last week, at which all the members were present with the exception of Messrs. Harding and Ahrens. A petition, signed by 268, was presented, asking the council to take steps for securing the military camp here this summer. A number of motions were made and lost and finally one was carried, providing the council find the necessary funds on condition that the citizens raise \$250.

Listowel.

There is a splendid fruit prospect in this section, which so far has not been injured by frost.

Mrs. G. A. Holland, sister of F. E. Kilvert, accountant of the Bank of Hamilton here, left for her home in Toronto on Tuesday, after spending a week or two in town visiting Mrs. Kilvert, Bismarck street.

Miss Minnie Campbell, daughter of Col. D. J. Campbell, of Listowel, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Highmond, of this city, on her way home from a two months' visit in New York—Buffalo, Evening News, May 22nd.

The Queen's Birthday was not celebrated in Listowel, and numbers of our citizens consequently went out of town on Saturday and Monday. The town Band was engaged to take part in the celebration at Harriston.

The two Courts of the Canadian Order of Foresters in town have jointly undertaken to hold a Foresters' demonstration on a large scale in Listowel on Friday, 20th June. Invitations are being sent to all the Courts in Western Ontario, and it is expected that many of them will respond, the coming demonstration therefore promises to witness an immense gathering of Foresters. It is intended that this will be the inauguration of an annual demonstration of the society, to be held at different points as may be chosen. An attractive program of amusements is being prepared, and everything will be free to all. Several bands are expected to be present.

CANADIAN.—On Wednesday evening of last week the members of the Town Band met in their practice room and presented John Watson, their efficient Secretary, with a handsome gold-headed cane, as a mark of their appreciation of his valued services. Mr. Watson has been Secretary of the Band for a good number of years, and no citizen of the town has taken a greater interest in keeping up the Band. Its efficient organization is greatly due to Mr. Watson, who has "stayed with the boys" with a perseverance which was well deserving of the recognition which he has received. Mr. Watson's connection with the Band has been severed on account of him taking a position as traveller for a wholesale house.

The ladies of Knox church, Listowel, have been fortunate in securing the Misses McManis, the celebrated whistlers from Indianapolis, who have given exhibitions of their wonderful whistling powers to delighted audiences in all the large cities in Canada and the United States. They will perform for one night only in Knox Church, Listowel, Monday, June 9th. Admission 25c, children 10c.

Mornington.

The whole talk around here is politics.

Miss Minnie Laird, of London, spent the 24th under the parental roof.

Miss Kate Wilson, of Atwood, was the guest of the Misses Edwards last week.

Send in your name and 50c. and secure THE BEE for the balance of the year.

Quite a number of the leading men of Milverton went down to Stratford last Friday evening to hear the Hon. S. H. Blake deliver an address on the political issues of the day. They report that it was the greatest oration ever delivered on a Stratford platform.

Bernholm.

A great deal of rain has fallen recently.

Miss Sarah Davey has gone to Motherton to reside for a time.

Rev. Mr. Litvain, pastor of the Lutheran church, is at present attending Conference at Baden. Mrs. Litvain accompanied him.

The teacher and pupils of S. S. No. 10 will have a holiday next Thursday owing to the school being used for one of the polling places.

A meeting in the interests of Mr. Ballantyne, Reform candidate for South Perth, was held in the Brodhagen school house Wednesday evening of last week. Interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs. Ballantyne, Trow and Race. The result was that many went home impressed with the idea that Mr. Ballantyne was the right man for South Perth.

Poole.

Wm. Shearer, of Bright, is visiting Mr. Burnett.

Adam Chalmers, who has been attending the Medical School at Toronto, is spending his vacation at home.

Both political parties were well represented here last Wednesday evening, and the greatest harmony prevailed throughout the meeting.

The entertainment given last Wednesday evening by the Good Templars of Poole was a decided success. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Rev. Mr. Gee, of Milverton, occupied the chair for a short time, but arrangements calling him elsewhere he, after a few pleasant remarks complimentary of the work done by the lodge in Poole, vacated the chair in favor of the Lodge Deputy, Mr. Cannell, who filled it in his usual happy manner for the rest of the evening. The program was varied and instructive. The recitations and essays mostly relative to temperance work. The dialogues were unusually good, the ladies and gentlemen who took part in them being possessed of considerable artistic and executive ability. The lodge Glee Club sang some choruses in fine style, while the Poole Quintette brought down the house. A vocal solo entitled "Drifting with the Tide," by Miss A. Struthers, called forth an encore, and Miss Jennie Kines, one of the school girls, sang a couple of temperance songs in character, displaying very sweet vocal powers in her rendition of them. The program was interspersed with some very fine selections of instrumental music by the Messrs. Oppel. Altogether the lodge is to be congratulated upon having furnished such a very pleasant and instructive entertainment.

Brussels.

Alf. Lowery is sick with bilious fever. Harry Dennis is sick with typhoid fever.

Misses Lillie and Addie Vanstone are visiting in Goderich.

Mrs. Jos. Walker and children are visiting in Londresboro'.

Geo. Currie and wife, of Atwood, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Rilla Hunter is sick with inflammation of the lungs.

Mrs. Wm. Vanstone is visiting relatives and friends in Galt.

Miss Isa M. Swann returned to her home in Glencoe last Tuesday.

Mrs. Dutton, of Stratford, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. A. Deadman.

Rev. R. Paul is to occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church next Sunday.

Rev. S. Jones is visiting in St. Mary's. He supplied the work in Thorndale last Sabbath, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. Perrie.

T. Fletcher and wife, W. H. Kerr and wife, and Miss Emilie E. Kerr are attending the Guelph Conference which is in session at Stratford.

Rev. S. Sellery B. A., B. D., has been at Stratford all week. He is one of the stationing committee in connection with the Guelph Conference.

Misses Bessie and Minnie Moore left last Tuesday to attend a cousin's wedding in Alma, they also intend going to Stratford to the Conference.

Rev. D. Perrie, of Thorndale, preached in Melville church last Sabbath. The church service was withdrawn in the evening in consequence of the Sacrament in the morning.

A very successful missionary meeting was held in the Methodist church last Wednesday evening, May 27th, under the auspices of the W. F. M. S. The following is the program:—Music, by the choir, and 12 little boys and girls; readings by Misses May Turnbull, Emilie Kerr, Minnie Moore and Eva Bawtinheimer; Sec'y's report by Mrs. W. A. Calbeck; address by Rev. S. Sellery, W. H. Kerr occupied the chair. Mrs. J. J. Gilpin officiated as organist.

Perth County Notes.

When the St. Mary's tax collector returned the roll \$370 remained uncollected.

The Young Men's Christian Association, Stratford, have organized a foot ball club.

A commercial traveller and a citizen engaged in a pitched battle on the public street, in St. Marys, Sunday evening. They were before Mayor Poole and R. Box, J. P., on Monday, and were fined each \$5 and costs.

Mr. Wolfe and wife, of Wallace, had a narrow escape on Thursday of last week, as they were returning from church. Their horse took fright and ran away throwing Mr. Wolfe and wife out, but happily without injuring them.

At the annual fat cattle show held at Shakespeare on the 14th inst., there were 92 head of cattle exhibited, weighing 133,940 pounds. The cattle were purchased by Mr. Waddell, for the English market, and in return for them nearly \$7,000 went into the farmers' pockets. They filled five cars.

The other day in Stratford a piece of paper flew in the face of one of the horses attached to Tune & Robertson's delivery wagon. The horses were frightened and started to run away. Geo. Tune happened to be at the horses' heads, and in endeavoring to hold them back was thrown under their feet and severely bruised, narrowly escaping with his life.

THE VOLUNTEER CAMP.—Stratford is again on the war path for getting the Camp to the Classic city this year. A special committee was appointed by the Board of Aldermen to report at a subsequent meeting. Ald. Dunsmore considered the cost too great and recommended that no effort be made to secure the camp this year. He thought the figure would reach nearly \$1,500, which was out of all proportion to the benefits derived by the citizens. Ald. Harding and Ahrens favored a moderate appropriation, and thought many citizens would assist with subscription to bear a fair proportion of the expense.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A woman named Maggie Smith is under arrest at Chatham for making and passing counterfeit 10-cent pieces and nickels. The latter are very clever imitations.

The late W. Marshall, of Kingston, left an estate valued at \$55,000. He bequeathed \$15,000 to his wife, the remainder to be divided between his sister and brother.

Bowmanville has been scourged by incendiary fires lately and last Sunday morning another was started which consumed several thousand dollars' worth of property.

Sir Rich. Cartwright, with his family, is now enjoying life at "The Maples," having vacated their townhouse, henceforth to be the residence of the Bishop of Ontario. Sir Richard has not decided whether he will live in Ottawa or Toronto.

President Wilson, of the Toronto University, received a letter from the Marquis of Lorne regarding assistance for the restoration of the university, and stating that he has written to leading European universities on behalf of the institution.

The Catholic School Board in Selkirk West, Manitoba, has complied with the new Manitoba school law without the least sign of a grumble. The Separate School ceased to exist on May first, and the young lady teacher therein was at once engaged by the Public School Board. Her Catholic scholars are now in attendance at the Public schools.

John Allan, a Toronto machinist, had been shooting rats with a small rifle, and after killing one rat reloaded the rifle and stood it in a corner. He went into his shop, and while gone Mary Allan, a 7-year old child, picked up the rifle and pointed it at her two-year-old brother James. The little girl accidentally pulled the trigger, and the baby was shot in the head.

Township of Elma.

ADJOURNED COURT OF REVISION.

The adjourned Court of Revision for the Township of Elma will be held at Loerger's Hotel, Atwood, on the 14th day of June, 1890.

T. FULLARTON, Clerk.

Tenders for Drain.

TOWNSHIP OF ELMA.

Sealed Tenders (marked) will be received by the undersigned up to One o'clock, June 14th, for the completion of a drain (over 2,000 feet) on the east side of T. Line Elma and Mornington, dropping into 14th con. drain. Tenders to state so much per rod and name responsible securities. Plans and specifications can be seen at my office.

T. FULLARTON, Clerk Elma. June 2nd, 1890.

Notice to Builders.

The Trustees of S. S. No. 4, Elma, will meet at their new school house, on Tuesday, the 10th day of June at One o'clock p.m., for the purpose of letting the building of a fence around the school lot. Fence to be of Galvanized Plain Twisted wire. Specifications can be seen at the office of THE BEE, or at the house of J. A. Turnbull. They have also a quantity of Cedar Rails which they will sell to the highest bidder.

JOHN A. TURNBULL, Sec.-Treas. S. S. No. 4.

J. JOHNSON

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

HAS REMOVED FROM A. CAMPBELL'S HARNESS SHOP TO THE

FORESTERS HALL

REPAIRING!

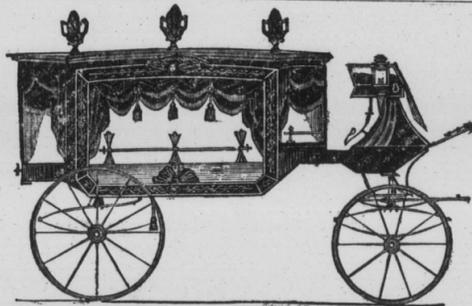
WATCHES.

CLOCKS.

REPAIRING!

WATCHES AND RINGS A SPECIALTY.

18 KARAT WEDDING RINGS.



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

JAMES IRWIN

ATWOOD,

Can sell you Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots & Shoes, Crockery and

Glassware, &c.,

At as Close Prices

As anyone in the County.

We Do The Leading Trade

--Ordered Clothing--

Our prices are as low as any other first-class shop.

You don't need to go from your own village to get a first-class fit. A Full Line of

Men's Furnishings

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Jas Irwin.