



A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE HOME AND FAMILY

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TERRY'S CHRISTMAS.



ARD as Terry's teeth first began to ache, he said nothing about it to anyone, but persisted stolidly, after the fashion of the children of the poor, in going out after school hours every day and trying to sell his papers. This sickness, however, took away his usual energy and cheeriness, and his small business commenced to dwindle. The teacher of the public school, detecting and pitying his unrelieved misery, sent him home one day during the session and told him not to come again till he was better. He dragged his way to the fifth story of the tenement house, through a group of quarreling boys, past several rooms where clouds of steam arose—indicating that the occupants were washing—and up the steep, narrow, rickety stairs to the one room where, his mother, his brother Cory, and his sister Eileen all lived. Terry dimly remembered that a long time ago—before his father, who was a brakeman met his death on the railroad—he had enjoyed the freedom and luxury of two rooms; but now his mother found it hard to pay the rent for one. That one, however, though bare and poor, was not squallid, for Mrs. Martin abhorred dirt and kept it out of her domicile as well as she could. The two floors were well scrubbed, and the two windows brightly polished, and Terry was glad to sit by the small stove until his mother came. She had a number of employers for whom she washed, ironed, cleaned, and swept six days in the week, and with what Terry earned by selling papers, they had not so far lacked food or fuel, and the rent was usually paid promptly. To be sure, three years ago—old Fred had neither shoes nor mittens, and that account had not been out to play on the sidewalk for a month; but the Christmas season was at hand, and Mrs. Martin hoped to have extra work at that time, the profits of which might serve to cover little Eileen's cold fingers and toes. Two blue eyes had looked up anxiously at Terry as he entered the room. He managed to say, "Are you here, Eileen, ma'vourneen?" and then sunk into quietude. His teeth ached badly; his whole face ached, in fact; his pain seemed to rush up over his eyes and through his head, and a deadly sickness stole through him. The room was chilly, and but little fire smoldered in the stove; but he knew he ought not to add more coal. There was only a basketful on the landing outside, and perhaps his mother might not be able to get more very soon. Eileen played silently with four clothespins behind the stove, where she crept for the warmth, and at intervals took a bite from a dry crust of bread which lay on the floor beside her. She looked inquiringly at her brother, to see if he, too, would not like some bread; but his head was bent and she did not disturb him. Terry felt drowsy, and in spite of the chilliness would have gone to sleep, had his pain not wakened him; but he was still awake when Mrs. Martin, three from a long day's work, came heavily up the stairs and into the room. She saw that Terry was sick, but an in-born habit of reticence prevented her from asking, or Terry from communicating, the details of his suffering. She only said, "Is it ails' yees are?" and then set about brightening the fire. She made some weak tea, cut up a loaf of baker's bread, and added to the repeat half a pie which had been given to her by the lady for whom she had washed that day. Cory, a little fellow of six, who could come home when his mother did, ate eagerly, as did Eileen; but Terry could only drink the tea, and then dropped into a troubled sleep, which became sounder toward morning. He awoke with an enormously swelled cheek and jaw. An abscess had developed from the decaying and uncleaned teeth, and a week of misery followed. Terry moped wretchedly through the long hours. Sometimes he sat over the little stove with his face in his hands; sometimes he wandered about the room. When the suffering was almost too great to bear, he sobbed and cried aloud—poor little Terry! But as this latter course drew forth sympathetic wails from Eileen, he bore the pain as stoically as possible. No tender nursing was his, no physician's care. Mrs. Martin could not leave her work on which depended their food, their home, their very lives. So every morning in the cold and dusk she hurried away, leaving some warm tea for Terry and such food for the younger children as she could hastily prepare after working hours the previous evening. The industrious creature herself usually had a hot, wholesome, and plentiful dinner, provided by her employers, without which she could hardly have endured her laborious life. But all things come to an end; and so did Terry's abscess. It broke, and the cessation of pain seemed to him the most delicious sensation he had ever experienced. The day after it broke was the 24th of December. Mrs. Martin came home from work earlier than usual. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and although not very cold for the season, it was a most un-

pleasant day, with a cloudy sky, and streets filled ankle-deep with melting snow. Her work had not lasted as long as she anticipated, and she had not been able to buy Eileen's shoes. A pang ran through her as she looked at the child's red and chilled toes and at Terry's pale and thin face. It was no use; they could not do without Terry's earnings any longer; so she tied up his face with a thick piece of old red flannel, crowded his old cap closely over it, and said briefly, "Go, get your papers, and sell them." Terry stumbled out of the door, down the long stairs, and into the street. Oh, how the raw air bit him! how his feet and hands ached with the cold! and tremors incessantly ran over his insufficiently clad body, now weakened by sickness. When he reached the newspaper office, crowds of people were pouring in and out of it, as was usual at that hour, and he seemed to lack his usual facility for doing it, under elbows and around corners. He blundered against everybody; he was pushed, he was jostled. After a while he found himself out on the street once more, and offering his wares to the passers-by; but with no earnestness, no vivacity, and purchases passed directly by him and bought, before his face of his rivals. He boarded a car, "Globe, Mail, Empire," he murmured. No one looked up, and he dropped off. Another car came along. As he turned toward the step a new boy proceeded him and swung aboard, remarking to Terry: "Don't yer meddle with my trade, young feller, unless yer want that red jaw of your'n smashed." Terry retired, and then bethought him of a certain large grocery where he often sold papers to the salesmen. This he soon reached and entered. It was quite dark, and the store, large, airy, brightly lighted, and redolent of delightful flavors—Christmas flavors of spices, fruits, and savory herbs—seemed a haven of rest to Terry. But the salesmen were busy. The crowd dense, and Terry could not catch the eye of his usual customer. Christmas conversation sounded all around him. "Send up a bushel of cranberries." "The best quality. I always want the best raisins." "Eight pounds of sugar, please. And have you got the cloves, cocoa, rice, citron? Well, that's all now." "Can I have this turkey sent up with my groceries?" "Then the customers among themselves: 'Yes, yes, Martin's turkey, doll, and so other, and so long as it's Christmas—' "Oh, I do hope Harry'll like his present!" "It's only once a year, you know, and I couldn't disappoint the children." "Why, that's a nice turkey, and trim the tree, and be sure you don't forget to buy some more evergreens." Terry at last was pushed into a nook which was almost solitary, between two cracker barrels. It was quite near a register, and the clerk, who had just finished a welcome. He felt sure he had no business there, but he slipped to the floor, and with his back against a box of canned goods, thought he would rest just a minute and then start on again with his papers. Mother wanted him to bring back some money—Christmas—Cory—and Eileen's shoes—Terry was sound asleep between the cracker barrels. He dreamed a confused dream. Eileen's little feet were there, and she was dancing for joy. Somebody had oranges—was it himself? And there was a phantasmagoria of new jackets, candy, and Christmas wreaths. He did not know that a salesman had passed in the act of slipping a coin into the cracker barrel, and had pushed him gently with his foot, and failed to wake him, had beckoned to a gentleman not far distant, who made his way promptly through the crowd, and the two looked at each other, and then at the man who had slept and childhood could make Terry beautiful. He had curly hair, a snub nose, and a wide mouth; but his defenseless attitude, and the unmistakable signs of sickness and hardship, held a power which appealed to the sympathies of the men. "You said you wanted worthy subjects for tickets," said the clerk, falling afoul of the crackers with redoubled haste, since he had wasted at least thirty seconds. "If you want any more, ask me questions, I think you might better drop a ticket into his pocket." "I'll do better by him than that," replied Mr. Everel. "I'll stay here till he wakes up and see what ails his face." "Me tooth aches," muttered Terry, as he lay on his side, sitting on a chair beside him, an elderly gentleman, well-dressed, prosperous-looking, kindly-faced. In fact, Mr. Everel was a well-known philanthropist who made it his life's business to go about aiding his poorer brethren and distributing his wealth where it was most needed. Terry did not know this, and gathered up his papers, guilty preparing to sink off. "Dreamed of Christmas, didn't you?" said Mr. Everel with a smile, regarding him closely as he spoke. Terry hung his head apprehensively, but nodded, trying to push by. "Wait a minute. What papers have you?" "Saturday-Night! Globe!" said Terry in his familiar phrase. "I'll take a Globe," said Mr. Everel, exchanging a coin for a paper. "What's the matter with your face?" "Me tooth aches," muttered Terry. "Well, let me see. Take off the bandage—ah, yes!" He heated the red flannel over the register, and bound up the thin, aching face skillfully. He took a card from his pocket, and wrote something on it. "Can you read?" he asked as he wrote, without looking at Terry. "Yisorr." "Day after to-morrow—not to-morrow, mind—to-morrow's Christmas—take this card to the printed address, and the doctor will do something for your face that will cure it. If it isn't attended to, you're liable to another abscess every time you catch cold. But the doctor will make it all right, and it won't cost you anything if you give him this card. Will you go?" "Yisorr," again said Terry, struggling between terror and gratitude. "I have written him to make it painless for you," added Mr. Everel, suppressing Terry's thoughts. "Are you going to the newsboys' supper to-night? No! How long have you been on the force?" "A week." "How long have you been a newsboy?" "Time had no meaning for ten-year-old Terry, and it was only after a prolonged mental computation that he evolved the answer, "Free money, sorr." "And where do you live? And your name? Wouldn't you like to go to-night?" Terry conveyed, after sundry gaspings for suitable speech, accompanied by much shuffling of feet, that he must sell his papers first and take the money home for Eileen's shoes. "Is Eileen your sister? A nice little girl, I suppose?" "Indeed she is that," said Terry, for once without an instant's hesitation. The blue-eyed little Irish girl occupied a warm spot in Terry's faithful heart. "As you are in no condition to be out selling them at present," continued the gentleman, making no allusion to Terry's stockinged feet, which showed through some vicious creases in his shoes. "Therefore you may stay here, and I will sell them for you." Terry's eyes, he told his mother afterward, "Were out on two sticks—a lookin' after him! Sure he sold ivery wad widout goin' outside the crowd on the street—many of them greeted him as he passed—so a place where even Terry, used as he was to all sorts of street cries, catchalls, repartees, and shouts, thought that he had surely broken loose from the street. It was in the lower story of an old building that between two or three hundred newsboys had collected, and were using their wares as they frisked about to keep warm. The entrance of Mr. Everel did not check their exuberance in the least; indeed, several attempted to attract his attention by a display of wit, but as they all sang, shouted, and hooted at once, the attempt was in vain. Several wrestling matches were in progress, and one large boy was calmly seated astride a small table, who was apparently slowly suffocating. Mr. Everel lifted the large boy to his feet, and gave him a slight shake as he passed with Terry closely by. He reached an inner door, where stood two policemen and a man in plain liveries. The latter, Mr. Everel, a body-servant and faithful henchman, who always accompanied and assisted the gentleman. "Time's up," said Mr. Everel, looking at his watch. "I think you may open the door now. Check such as you can, as possible. Let no boy pass without a ticket. Look out for the smaller ones." As he spoke he put a ticket in Terry's hand; and the doors were opened. Whoop! bang! smash! clatter! tramp! The crowd of newsboys rushed in, not sufficient to describe the tumult, the roar, the charge with which the hungry but hilarious youths bore down on the ticket-taker, but he, knowing it would be brief, stood up manfully to the fray, and the onset was checked somewhat by the two burly policemen. Terry's confusion was great. Mr. Everel disappeared from his side; he missed his ticket, not knowing it had been taken by the man in plain liveries; and he never knew how he was finally pushed, pulled, and driven into a long, low hall, brilliantly lighted, with Christmas greens on the walls, and long tables draped in white, plates of cakes, apples, and oranges were set at regular intervals; pies of nuts and mountains of grapes were there; nor was the color or perfume of flowers forgotten to beautify the scene. When the rollicking crowd was finally arranged about the tables, Mr. Everel lifted a hand and in brief, reverent words sought a blessing upon the food and partakers. Then came a most astonishing sight to Terry. Young ladies appeared, each with plates heaped high with the belongings of a Christmas meal. Roast turkey came to Terry—he could hardly trust his eyes—steaming gray, hot potatoes, golden squash and snowy turnip. To be sure, his nearest neighbor, having disposed of his own plateful in the twinkling of an eye, reached over and captured the remains of Terry's turkey; but the lovely young lady who was volunteer waitress replenished both plates, and Terry felt at peace with all mankind. They ate till they could eat no more, every mother's son. All the fruit was excepted away. Terry could have told tales of pockets and hats suddenly assuming a puffy, jumpy appearance, and at least one boy dropped a handful of nuts into his stocking. They kept up a very lively conversation, most of it being of a personal kind—commentary on remarks on each other's facial peculiarities, reproaches for extraordinary appetites, reminiscences of former gastronomic feasts, and voluble compliments to the waitresses—these last while the young ladies were presumably out of hearing. The roar and confusion were rapidly becoming as great as at first when Mr. Everel invited them into another and smaller hall. The disorderly crowd was formed into the semblance of a marching column, and led by Mr. Everel, found themselves in the presence of one or two—three Christmas trees! Never in his ten years had Terry partaken of the Christmas fruit from its traditional branches. His jaw dropped, his eyes opened. One after another, the boys walked up as their names were called, and each received an appropriate gift—often useful, always acceptable. Enough joy was Terry's to see the gifts distributed to others. He had not had time to think of his own name being called when "Terry Martin" was shouted, and he was pushed forward to a tree, where Mr. Everel placed in his hands a new cap, a bright-colored pair of mittens and a pocket-knife.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From Atlantic to the Pacific. Renewal wants more light. Orillia is to have a curling rink. Winnipeg's new court house is open. The Acton fire company has disbanded. Ottawa will have its carnival January 21-26. A large bear was shot at Hawkestone last week. Snow plows were out in London last week. Ingersoll's pork factory kills 1,200 hogs daily. The Salvation Army people at Essex have been robbed. Rev. J. G. Scott, Galt, shot 250 ducks at Mitchell Bay. In four weeks Thorold harbored fifty-seven tramps. The G. T. R. may protest; but another station in Galt. Mrs. Margaret Hepburn died at Stratford aged 98 years. "Bonnet socials" are now in vogue in some Ontario towns. Mrs. George Awrey, an old resident of Mimosa, is dead. It costs \$50,000 a year to take Lake Simcoe ice to Toronto. Hawkestone has shipped large quantities of cheese this season. Peel's boot and shoefactory is to be moved from Drayton to Eira. A number of nets have been seized at Lake Simcoe for illegal fishing. Rev. C. H. Tucker will soon be rector of Christ Church, Orillia. Anti-toxine is to be sent to health officers in many parts of Ontario. Salford's young men shoot squirrels on Sunday and steal goat robes. A bridge is to be built over the Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat. It is changed that in Adajla the council pays \$5 for inspecting a \$3 job. There are 25 applications for three vacancies on the London police force. A movement is on foot to reorganize the Kent County Medical Society. Medicine Hat's building improvements for the past year foot up to \$44,905. The firebugs of Chatham township are pointing more threatening notices. Two Parkhill porters bagged forty-one squirrels in one afternoon last week. The Brockville and Westport railway gives a half-rate fare every Tuesday. Thomas Cruickshanks, of Morris, grows turkeys which weigh 35 pounds each. The Presbyterian manse at Comber was recently robbed of money and stamps. Mr. Henderson, Goodwood, is chosen principal of the Zephyr Public school. Miss Bella Weatott, of Exeter, has a chrysanthemum containing 513 flowers. More mission work was done in the Algoma district last year than ever before. A writ is issued to set aside the will of J. O. Cunningham, Wardsville, who left \$30,000. Newmarket has snook thieves who take the periodicals from the Mechanics' Institute. Large shipments of horses are being made from various parts of Huron to Britain every week. J. D. Larke, Dominion Commissioner at the World's Fair, has published an 80-page report. Conductor Terry, of the C.P.R. met with an accident at Field which he lost a foot. It is said that \$500,000 would build and equip an electric railway from Kingston to Ottawa. A Vanderfarmer lost a horse by inflammation for which he refused \$110 the day previous. At Brookville, recently, James Quigg, aged 70, was mortally wounded by a horse. Wm. Trent, a well-known rancher, near Welsh Station on the C.P.R. died suddenly last week. Rev. J. Strumpler pastor of the Lutheran church, Zurich, has accepted a call from Toledo, Ohio. Last week, on Sunday, the St. Thomas police raided a gambling den and made a great haul. Mr. Geo. H. McDonald, B. A., has been appointed teacher at the Collegiate Institute in Ingersoll. Mr. Oppenhauer, Smith, fell fifty feet from a tower on Berlin's hospital and was fatally hurt. A by-law is in force in Walkerton prohibiting coasting on the sidewalks and hanging on to sleighs. Stratford Masons have donated \$75 to the Stratford hospital for the purpose of furnishing a Masonic room. Mr. George Keshaw of Deerpark has

COULD SUPPLY THE WORLD.

The Canadian Nickel Mines—A Large and Steady Increase in the Use of Nickel. According to a writer in the Engineering Magazine the Canadian nickel mines could, single-handed, easily supply the world's present nickel requirements were they called upon to do so. There is a large and steady increase in the production and use of nickel, mainly due to the introduction of the metal into material designs for war purposes. There is diversity of opinion about the quantities produced in recent years, but what is considered a good authority places the yearly production of the world for the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 at 2,550, 5,161 and 6,077 metric tons respectively. The two most important deposits of nickel ore at present known are found in the province of Ontario and the island of New Caledonia. Deposits of less importance are to be found in the provinces of Quebec, British Columbia and New Brunswick. The mines of New Caledonia supply nearly all the nickel used in commerce at the present time, though a trifle is being mined in different parts of northern Europe, and ore bodies more or less extensive are known to exist in several States of the American Union, but not mined or developed now. While the value of nickel, especially when combined with steel liable to be subjected to sudden and excessive strains, is demonstrated beyond question the demand is still very limited, and barely sufficient to present to absorb the present production. It is said that the Canadian ore is accompanied by a large percentage of copper, a useful metal of itself, but the metallurgical separation of the metals has always been attended with considerable difficulty, and so much expense that its present cost bars it from the free use to which its unique utility and material value entitles it. In process of time it is reasonable to expect that improved methods of mining and reduction will reduce the cost of production, and admit of its general use in a measure compatible with its intrinsic worth. Then, but not till then, may we reasonably look forward to a realization of the natural wealth we have in this embryonic industry alone.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

In Railways and in Shipping Canada is Ahead of the United States. A few Canadians have got into the habit of looking away from home for enterprise and development. They belittle their own country, and point to what they consider the greater enterprise of other countries. The United States is generally the country referred to as the embodiment of advancement. If these people were acquainted with the actual facts they would have little reason for such comparisons to the disadvantage of their own country. The fact is, that in an honest comparison of the two countries, Canada is by no means at a disadvantage, but rather the contrary is the case. The only true comparison is one of population. Canada has increased in population more rapidly than the United States, notwithstanding that our population is small as compared with the republic. In railways and in shipping we are clean out of sight in advance of our neighbors, and in education and actual prosperity of the masses, we are certainly ahead of the United States. Following is a comparative statement of the railway mileage of the countries, compiled from recent official reports. In the United States there were added 2,630 miles of railway last year, an increase less than two per cent. during the year, as against 1,764 miles in Canada, equal to an increase of 13 per cent. The number of miles in operation at the close of 1893 was in the United States 145,809 and 17,332 in Canada. There is a mileage of 100 miles to population equal to the railway mileage in Canada, the United States should be able to show 35,000 miles more than that country possesses, according to the official returns quoted from, so that at the present rate of progress Canada is comparatively speaking 15 years ahead of her neighbor in railway development. This is only one comparison of many which can be made to the advantage of this country. It is all very well for our neighbors to boast of their great achievements, but enterprise and advancement on this continent does not remain entirely with them, notwithstanding that some few Canadians seem to be willing to admit that it does. The republic has certainly made great progress in some respects, and we may add that this has been largely possible through the investment of British capital in the country.

STRUCK BY ALUNATIC.

Dr. Vallee, of Beauport Asylum, Has a Narrow Escape from Death. A despatch from Quebec says:—Dr. Vallee, medical superintendent of Beauport lunatic asylum, and son-in-law of the late Premier Chateau, narrowly escaped being murdered by a lunatic yesterday, and is still in a most critical condition. A big burly lunatic named Barque, from Beauport, struck him from behind with a piece of iron piping over the head. The doctor would have been brained upon the spot but for the action of a keeper who jumped upon the madman in time to break part of the force of the blow. The cut upon the head is serious, but the skull is not fractured. The doctor has recovered consciousness and also the use of his tongue, which was first paralyzed, but his physicians will not permit his removal to his home. A Compliment. He—"You are a poem." She—"Sir! Do you mean that I am insignificant?" He—"Oh, don't mean a magazine poem."

FIRED TWO SHOTS.

James McGinn, Late of the Central Prison, Tried to Kill His Brother. A despatch from Toronto says:—Nearly a thousand people were attracted to the corner of York and Richmond streets about 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening by the rapidly circulated rumor that a murder had been committed in the cigar store of McGinn Bros. which is on the south-west corner.

ONLY A DRUNKEN ROW.

Acting Detective Forrest and Policeman Hamilton were notified of the occurrence, and lost no time in sifting the matter to the bottom. They entered the store, which gave ample evidence of a big disturbance therein, and found Frank McGinn, one of the brothers, lying on a couch with a slight bullet wound in his hand. Frank told them that his brother James had come into the store in an intoxicated condition, and had immediately commenced to make things lively for him (Frank) and his wife. During the row which ensued James had drawn a loaded revolver, he said, and fired two shots. One of the shots flew wide of its mark, but

THE OTHER STRUCK FRANK

near the knuckle of his thumb, inflicting a wound. Mr. McGinn then attempted to drive her brother-in-law from the premises, and success crowned her efforts. As James made a precipitate retreat from the premises he was struck by a flying chair hurled by the wife. James had made good his escape, and could not be found when the police learned of his alleged murderous attempt on his brother's life. He is well known to them. During a term he was serving at the Central prison some time ago, he escaped, but was recaptured.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Assiduous in His Attention to Lady Angela Erskine—In Touch With the High Tory Set. A despatch from London says:—Society is actively discussing Lord Rosebery's marked attention to Lady Angela Erskine, the only unmarried sister of the Countess of Warwick. The Prime Minister has just concluded a series of country house visits, in every case meeting Lady Angela, with her mother. Society gossip declares that Lady Angela does not encourage his attentions, her affections being pre-occupied. But her relatives are exerting every influence to arrange a marriage which would be a great coup. She is very handsome, bright, and clever, with a strong literary taste and capacity, and is independent in a high degree. This association brings her into very close contact with the high Tory set, a fact which excites disaffected comment among his political friends.

Matrimony.

Ornamental intentions. On this it's a bit to be said. The ideal wife or husband. Is the one you never get. A Norwegian law prohibits a person from spending more than five cents at one visit to a public house. Therefore, when a man decides that it is time for a spree, he must hustle from house to house.



WITH HER HEELS UP.

A GIRL WHO USES HER HANDS AS THOUGH THEY WERE LEGS

She Performs Startling Feats, and Her Hands Are Like Those of a Monkey—A Question for Anatomists to Solve. About fifty well-known physicians and surgeons attended a private exhibition of the wondrous skill and abnormal physical development of Mile. Eugenie Petrescu, a marvellous equilibrist, acrobat and contortionist, just arrived from Europe, where her performances excited the interest of eminent professors of anatomy. Mile. Petrescu is an undersized young woman, eighteen years of age, of amazing strength of arm. Her performance, in the language of her father and tutor, is "calculated to demonstrate the truth of the Darwinian theory that the human race was originally quadrumanous or four-handed."



THE WAY SHE WALKS.

her shoulders she inverts the body and runs rapidly across the platform, concluding with a clear leap of four feet. Her jumps from chairbacks four feet apart are as gracefully done as if she were a bird. One of a series of studies taken for the use of the medical fraternity shows the abnormal development of her arms and hands. The latter have gradually taken on the shape of a monkey's paw. The thumb is longer than the fore-finger. The young woman has a most remarkable grip and can perform wonders in that line which would shame the professional strong men now before the public. Her arms show muscles that cannot be found in Sadow's rather startling photographs. Mile. Petrescu's father, who directs her performance, states that the wonderful case of a man named Uthman, who was born without arms, and by long practice was enabled to get along very well without them, first attracted his attention to the resemblance between the muscles of the arms and the legs. He conceived the idea of developing a pair of arms to perform the duties of the lower limbs, and chose his daughter, then five years old, for the experiment.

FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

GRACEFUL FEATS IN WHICH THE GUESTS MAY PARTICIPATE.

Not So Easy as They Look—How to Lift a Man with Five Fingers—Pastimes for the Small Boy and the Old Boy and for Girls. The imminence of Christmas brings with it manifestations of that form of youthful irrepressibility which impels the small boy to stand on his head in the parlor and defy his sisters and his aunts to follow his example. Never is feminine regret at lack of gymnastic proficiency more poignant than when, during a lull in the holiday time merry-making, a loud shout arises and says: "Can you do this?"

Count Caprivi had never been active in public life when called to office in 1890. But he took to speechmaking as a duck to water and soon made a reputation as a trenchant debater. Richard Croker, of New York, is said to have at least \$500,000 invested in horses and turf and breeding property, while his racing stable contains winners that have earned nearly \$200,000 for their owner. Captain Mary H. Miller, the first woman granted (at New Orleans, 1883), a license as steamboat master, died the other day in Louisville, Ky. Her husband, Captain George Miller, an old steamboat man, survives her at the age of 86 years.

A new and mysterious beauty, who has taken a charming house and lives alone in it, in London, is causing a sensation in the English metropolis, where it is known of her only that she is "Mrs. Savage," supposed to be from Washington, Boston or Philadelphia. Count Constantine Nigra, the poet, a present Italian ambassador at Vienna, relates in his latest book that as a child of 3 he once played the role of an angel at some private theatricals, adding this comment: "As a child, an angel; as a man, a diplomatist—how are the mighty fallen!"

Among the bills of election expenses sworn to by candidates in New York is one from Benjamin Zacharias, who owns up to 20 cents spent in car fare, and William Sohmer, who put out \$14,380.40. Both were defeated. The actual personal outlay of Mr. Goff, who was elect-a-recorder, was 75 cents.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

How an Insane Man Attempted to Kill His Brother and Then Succeeded. A despatch from Winnipeg says:—Charles and William Forward, two young farmers, lived 10 miles from the town of Langenburg, N.W.T. Recently Charles became slightly deranged mentally, and declared his brother had stolen his savings. Yesterday as William was stooping over a stove Charles approached him from behind with an axe, cutting a fearful gash in his neck. Then he leaped on his prostrate brother with a carving knife, nacking him frightfully about the face and head and cutting one of his ears completely off. Then he poured coal oil over the clothes of his victim and when he had applied a match ran wildly across the prairie. William had sufficient consciousness and strength left to drag himself out of the house into the snow, thus extinguishing the flames. Insensible he remained there several hours, until a neighbor discovered him and drove him into town for surgical attendance. This morning when people visited the Forward's house they found the dead body of Charles just outside. Inside the house he had taken off all his clothes and burned the blood-stained garments. Then, naked, he had gone outside and lying in the snow had frozen to death. William Forward, horrible disfigured, now lies between life and death. His recovery is hardly possible.

TO DRAW A FOWL.

The Interior Parts Should be Taken Out Without Separation and Fat Removed. It is not every housekeeper that understands how to draw a fowl so that all the interior parts come out in one piece. A correspondent thus describes the process: First split the skin on the back of the neck and turn it back over the neck. Loosen the pipes around the neck with the finger. Remove all the fat that can be reached under the skin and lay it aside for use. When this is done, cut with a sharp pointed knife from the leg to and around the vent, in order to open the chicken. Pass the hand up the back of the chicken on the inside carefully till you reach two little ligaments near the wings, which seem to bind the intestines down to the back. Loosen them and pull slowly and firmly and all the pipes in the neck, with the entire mass of the intestines, will come out together without any breaking. When they are on a plate it is easy enough to cut out the gall bladder, and separate the liver and other giblets from the parts that are to be thrown away.

Is Cavalry to be Abolished?

According to the Fremdenblatt, Hamburg, Germany is to do away with the cavalry branch of the service altogether. It is argued that the cavalry is a hindrance rather than a help to the army. "Even as far back as 1870," says the Fremdenblatt, "the French cavalry charges at Reichenfeld, Sedan, and Mars la Tour were useless exhibitions of heroism, as they did not prevent the forward march of the Germans, whose infantry and artillery surmounted all obstacles. It is also certain that with the new rifles and artillery, the cavalry is really nothing but the raw material for hoicocasts. Every saddle could be emptied in two minutes, or within the rush of a mile. It is, therefore, probable that 75 per cent of the cavalry will be converted into infantrymen or artillerymen. The remainder, or the majority of them, will become bicyclists."

A Japanese medical student at the University of Edinburgh recently claimed the privilege of being examined in his native language, which by the rules is allowed to all foreign students who are not French or German. The faculty were not put out, but found one of its own members who could examine him. Richard—'I don't understand what has come over Harry; he doesn't come to see me at all now.' Robert—'Surely, you cannot have paid him that ten dollars you borrowed of him last summer.'

FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

GRACEFUL FEATS IN WHICH THE GUESTS MAY PARTICIPATE.

Another difficult thing of the same order is for a girl to balance a pillow on her head and then try to pick something up from the floor without letting the pillow fall. Trunk torsion is a game adapted for boys and men. Stand erect, the feet touching, the hands on the hips or held outstretched. Then twist the body alternately to the left and right, assuming the position shown in the cut. This is not merely a highly healthful exercise, but a difficult and laughable trick.



A PAINFUL TASK.

The gymnastics are, as a rule, easily inaugurated. During a lull in the conversation, ask one of the little boys or girls to place a book upon his or her head, fold the arms and sit down on a chair without letting the volume fall. This feat will in nearly every case be accomplished with ease. But let a grown person try it, and the result is usually dead failure, even after considerable practice. This is not exactly a gymnastic performance, but it leads off well enough. With this object in view, too, it may be well to get two masses to stand up, incline their heads sideways until they touch. Then, keeping their heads together, let them walk about the room. This they will do prettily and gracefully. Then have two boys or two young men try the same thing. Not only will the pair of males fail to keep their heads together, but one will be almost



AN EASY TASK.

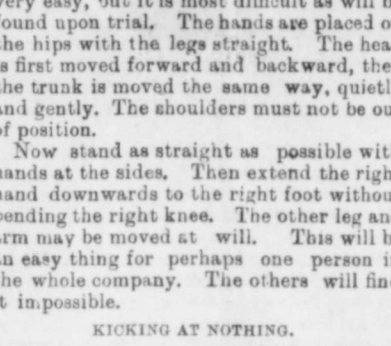
certain to stagger or fall before he has gone many steps. TESTS OF MUSCLE. Now, if one of the young women will sit as straight as possible in a chair, and four youths grasp each a leg of the chair firmly in one hand they can not only raise the chair and girl readily from the floor, but carry the two about the room. Then let an empty chair be carried about by the same four in the same manner, and the effect will be found very painful and fatiguing to the arm. One explanation is that the pleasure of carrying the young woman about makes the difference, but the fallacy of this theory will become at once apparent by seating a heavy man in the chair, and bearing him around the room. The fatigue and pain will vanish. It is easier to carry something than to go through the motions of carrying nothing. The lungs will become filled with air and thoroughly expanded, and he who stands it longest has the most staying powers. This exercise is highly beneficial for delicate girls and boys.



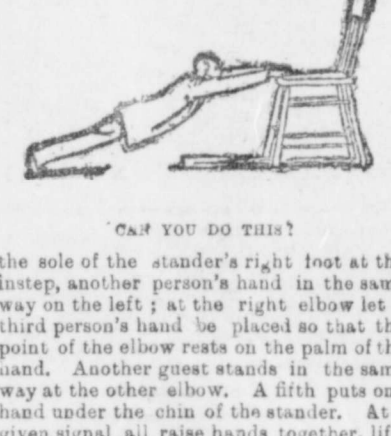
are performed with the aid of chairs. Let three chairs be placed couch-like, side by side. If a boy will lie rightily on his back along the chairs, and at a signal endeavor to turn around without bending a leg or arm (the arms to be held firmly to the sides or in the pockets) it will be amusing to

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

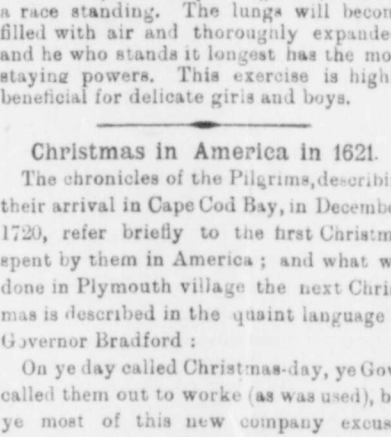
If, among the names on your Christmas list, are those of a few friends who have summer homes, the question of providing an acceptable gift is greatly simplified even if the house holds "all that money can buy. If you paint, there is scarcely any end to the gifts you can make yourself. One which would be very charming to give to the friend in whose house by the sea or in the hills you have visited is a tiny portfolio holding half a dozen water-color sketches of places near the house. Make the portfolio like the illustration, in one piece, each 5 1/2 by 6 1/2 inches; the flaps, 1 inch deep, serve to keep the sketches in place. Fashion ribbons through slits to tie, after the fashion of real portfolios. For the sketches cut the paper rather smaller, and when painting leave a margin around the sketch of at least 1 inch. To give variety, several



sketches might be landscapes; one or two might show a favorite corner of the veranda or a pet flower, and one or two could have wild fancies, if any specially lovely ones grow near the place. Outside the portfolio make, in a corner, a sketch of the gates or a group of the gables, and put on decorative letters the name of the place. These small sketches seem to furnish a happy solution of the problem of giving sketches away. So often the amateur finds that to frame sketches to give away is a very heavy expense, while in very reasonably objects to giving "half a gift" in the shape of an unframed one. To an invalid this small portfolio would be very welcome, bringing to her the places she cannot go to see, and its almost imperceptible weight would be another advantage.



A very pretty and useful gift for a writing table is a letter pad in a decorated case—4 1/2 x 7 inches is a good size. "Irish linen" paper (or what is called so) can be had in this form for about 35c a pad. For the cover use Whatman's Imperial. Cut a shape like the illustration; along the dotted lines score lightly with a knife, so that it can be easily folded over the pastboard flaps of the pad. One sheet of imperial makes four of these covers. Secure the top together by passing "baby ribbons" between the leaves of the pad, and tie at the top; a few stitches before tying will secure the ribbon. Use half a dozen lengths of the ribbon, each about 1 yard long. Never try to economize on ribbon in decorative articles of this sort—nothing looks so shabby as a meager bow of ribbon. For the decorations, be painted in water colors, there are endless charming designs. "Dresden" effects are so much used now, and these are especially charming for the blotters; with garlands of flowers run through with ribbon bows and ends the most delightful effects can be obtained; or scatter over it at regular intervals a flower, slightly conventionalized. Remember to keep the color very pure. Whatman's Imperial has realistic effects and strong contrasts. The ribbons for the bow's can combine all the delicate tints of the painted decoration. When the pad has been made up, a new one is easily slipped in the cover, and it can be used interchangeably. Smaller pads may be decorated in the same way by omitting the folding flaps of the cover. Simply paste the pad on the lower half of the cover. The ribbon bow is also omitted. Make a suggestive little sketch outside and put on a motto, such as "Odds and ends," or when found make a note of. An absent-minded friend will bless you many times for this small, yet great, convenience. The designs may be in black and white, though, of course, colors will add far more effect, and the side of the block, of course, regulates that of the sketch.



If you have a friend fond of botany you may find an acceptable gift in the book called "How to Know the Wild Flowers." This has many illustrations in black and white, to which you can give an additional interest by tinting the flowers and leaves. Remember, however, that you are not painting pictures, but elaborating a scientific book; truth of color, therefore, is the thing to be sought. Use transparent washes, so that the delicate stamens, etc., are not lost under an opaque coat of paint; work largely and freely; avoid too much water on the brush, or the paper will wrinkle, and be especially careful to give individuality to the greens.

Candlesticks, if odd and well chosen, are always welcome. Very pretty shapes can be bought in Haviland white china for 50c and 60c each. Paint with a flower suggesting the summer place, or to match the decoration of an especial room. There is a shape which comes with a pointed edge, jagged, and which is a general favorite. If "fancy farming" is a hobby of the place, most amusing decorations can be made by using tiny radishes, onions or large strawberries. Sketch or eyes, nose and mouth, make the tiny rose suggest arms and legs. Several might yawn and one or two hold a candlestick. If you like, "Good night" may be lettered on the candlestick in dull gold letters, with a few touches of the dull gold on handle and rim. The painting of radishes, etc., should be done in very flat, simple tones, the natural contrast of rosy

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

and green tones being so good that no elaboration is necessary. These are as grotesquely amusing as the well-known "Brownies," without in any way copying them. Photograph frames are legion in these days, but one which withstands the ravages of dust can be made on a gray paste partout mat (to a photographer's supply shop), and, after decorating, have a frame make for 60c a tiny silver "beading" frame, with glass. Prices may vary somewhat in different places; those quoted are the average. The soft gray of the pasteboard forms a most effective background for decoration.

Covers for the current magazines are made of brown or gray linen, made in one continuous piece, much as the pasteboard portfolio is cut. The sewing must be of the finest, the linen should be the smooth, fine linen, at about 60c a yard, in natural flax shades. For instance, a cover for "The Century" might have the name of the magazine and the decorative scroll work which appears on the actual cover—this, in sepia or madder or in olive green would be very effective. A little Chinese white can be added to the paints for working on linen, to prevent running and blurring the pattern. Sketch the patterns directly to the linings, with the lightest tint follow this; then, when almost dry, add the outlines and finer touches. If simply managed two tints will be enough to give a most satisfactory effect. Monochrome can be made as artistic and as decorative as any other form of painting.

Shortness of Breath, Coughs, and Colds.—Thousands of testimonials can be produced to prove the power possessed by these corrective remedies in cases of asthma, incipient consumption and all disorder of the chest and lungs. The Ointment, well rubbed upon the chest and back, penetrating the skin, is absorbed and carried directly to the lungs, where it immediately contact with the whole mass of circulating blood, it neutralises or expels those impurities, which are the foundation of consumption, asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, and similar complaints. On the appearance of the first consumptive symptoms the back and chest of the patient should be fomented with warm brine, dried with a coarse cloth, and Holloway's Ointment then well rubbed in. Its absorption will subdue advancing symptoms, and baffle this formidable foe.

One bottle of English S. vin Lignum completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, also of spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stiff and sprains.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes and specially effects a cure. It is a powerful remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. Williamson, Beaverton.

South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cured in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted S. Ford & Co.

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RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by S. Williamson, Beaverton.

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A Racking Cough

Cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genesee St., Lockport, N. Y., says: "Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a catarrh, soreness of the lungs, accompanied by an aggravating cough, I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve such nights, I was

Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by S. Williamson, Beaverton.

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AMEY'S Musical - Emporium, CANNINGTON, ONT.

Do you want to buy A PIANO AN ORGAN Do you want to rent A PIANO AN ORGAN If so write to G. H. AMEY, Cannington, Ont. Everything in the music line in stock EASY TERMS. \* 20 1894.

NELSON McLEOD, Leading Watchmaker and Jeweller of North Ontario, Cannington, Ontario.

For handsome WEDDING and HOLIDAY PRESENTS McLEOD is showing a beautiful line of SILVERWARE at close prices. I have now to hand a job lot of Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Chains, &c., which I offer at your own price to clear. Cannington, Nov. 13. NELSON McLEOD

G. J. HOYLE, Post-Office Book Store, CANNINGTON.

HIGH and PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS COPY, DRAWING and SCRIBBLING BOOKS, Full lines of SCHOOL SUPPLIES and STATIONERY MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS, —SECLAR and SACRED.— (AGENT for the Montreal and New York Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamship

Advertisement for Holloway's Pills & Ointment. Text includes: 'THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, BOWELS AND BLADDER. They increase and restore to health debilitated Constitutions. In all Female Complaints are invaluable. For Children and the aged they are just what is needed.' 'THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Swelling of the Chest, It has no equal. For sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival. It is used like a charm.' Address: 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Friday, D', 'If Go', 'TOY', 'BEAVER', 'FOUR', 'BUL', 'CONFECT', 'Customer in front', 'Mixed C', '\$5.00', 'Are', 'WR', 'Mon', 'BELL', 'PUN', 'Beaver', 'Farmers of consult yo', 'Their', 'FORCE', 'PERFECT', 'I placeo the working', 'claim for', 'BRASS', 'Galvanized', 'T', 'Be', 'Beaverton'

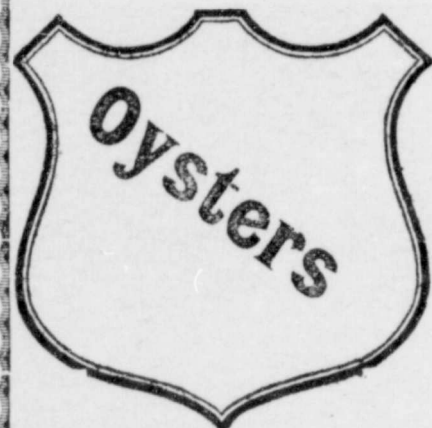


If you want any Christmas Goods and want them Right TRY US.

Raisins Dates Figs Prunes Currants Peels Spices Nuts Special Value.

Confectionery, AND Canned Goods SHELLED Almonds and Walnuts

TOILET SOAPS



FISH, TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, SYRUP

TOYS, Christmas Presents &c.

D. M. SMITH'S

NEW STORE, SIMCOE STREET, BEAVERTON, ONT.

BEAVERTON BAKERY.

FOUNTAIN'S FOR FRESH OYSTERS BULK or PLATE

CONFECTIONERY OF ALL KINDS, ALSO FRUITS

Mixed Candies 3lbs for 25cts

OUR \$5.00 CABINETS Are EXCELLENT!

WRITING CLASS

Monday and Thursday.

BELL, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, BEAVERTON.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

THOS. HODGSON, Beaverton Pump Factory

Farmers of Thorah, Eldon, Mara and Brock consult your interests by comparing my Pumps with those of other makers. Their superiority is unquestionable.

FORCE, or COMMON PUMPS, PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

I place no pump without thoroughly testing its working capacity and guarantee it to do all claims for it with reasonable care.

BRASS and IRON CYLINDERS, Galvanized Piping also supplied when ordered

THOS. HODGSON, Beaverton Pump Factory, Beaverton March 30th, '94.

fully realized. Handicapped by surroundings uncongenial to his instincts he plainly made it felt that dishonesty in purpose and fact found in him no friend and that methods too well known to his party were not to his taste. In many respects therefore Canada has reason to mourn the loss of this illustrious son and the people to regret his removal from her councils

Beaverton's Reeveship.

Once more the time is approaching when new civic officers must be appointed but up to date there has been no move to consider the matter of a successor to Mr. Treleven, whom we understand, will not offer himself for re-election. Mr. Treleven has filled the civic chair for four years, sometimes acceptably, sometimes otherwise, and his successor, whoever he may be, will certainly not bring greater perseverance or more energy to bear on the public business than he has. It is to be hoped, however, that the bitter and oftentimes personal feelings which have animated our elections will hereafter be dropped. It is surely beneath the intelligence of reasonable men to allow the public business of the village to become the plaything of politics as it too frequently has in the past. All are interested in the welfare and progress of the place and we are convinced if this is honestly recognized and a Reeve and council of active and energetic citizens elected on their merits it will be the very best thing that could happen.

ONLOOKER'S COLUMN.

What he Sees to Admire or Criticise.

I could not help observing, Mr. Editor, when in your town a few days ago the fact that there is a screw loose somewhere among the property owners of Beaverton, there being no less than three of the largest stores in the town vacant and I believe have been for some time. Surely there is enough business centering in Beaverton to warrant their occupation, but if not, why not? I do not believe that business is overdone in the village but the reverse is rather the case and if the owners of these fine buildings would stir themselves and secure tenants even if lower rents—which is said to be the obstacle—were accepted it would bring trade and business which the sight of so many empty stores now drives away.

I noticed in one of the Toronto dailies a short time ago a remark by Police Magistrate Dennison to the effect that something should be done in the way of providing suitable entertainment for the youngsters of the city besides allowing them the latitude of their own amusement. Col. Dennison's remarks are equally as applicable to places outside of Toronto, and should fall on ears other than those of indifference. It is true there are many useful institutions stretching out the hand to assist the home—which, however, should be the foremost in the work—but reading rooms and church meetings do not appeal to boys of ten to fourteen years with any degree of pleasure. Their course of amusement is apt to appear tame and uninviting to lads of this age who long for something of a more interesting character. This may be seen from the latest addition to Beaverton's places of assembly, the "Young Checkers" club room in the Iron Block, which, I understand, has been furnished by the boys as an evening rendezvous. What form of amusement is there provided, of course the public must be left to infer, but the fact that such a place of resort should be set up by boys of that age is in itself sufficient to show there is something lacking in our social organization and which in some way should be supplied. Exclusiveness is greatly to blame for this. The societies have their members, the church societies have theirs, and the boys who are too young and without means to join the former and without inclination towards the latter, are left to drift at their own free will, but later, when the seed thus sown bears its inevitable harvest there is nothing but regret and condemnation for that which is really preventable. Let the good people of Beaverton and Cannington see if some means cannot be devised to interest these youngsters. They are at the critical age when good influences ought to prevail and I hope some interested citizens will stretch out a hand and help them to better ideas than they are likely to meet if left to themselves.

The New Studio.

GEO. J. EARLY, (late of Peterborough) Cannington, has the neatest and best fitted up photo gallery in Ontario to-day. Best work only and one price. Everything new and up to date. Come and see. It will pay you to come here for your work. Sit now before the Christmas rush occurs, as we take our time to finish our work. No "butchering" of work. Special attention to children and aged people. GEO. J. EARLY, Cannington

OUR NEIGHBORS.

What they are Doing Round About us.

Interesting Jottings by Correspondents From Many Places.

CANNINGTON.

Division Court was held in Cannington on Tuesday, 18th, Judge Dartnell presiding. There was a light docket. Married—On Wednesday, Dec. 12th at the Parsonage, Lindsay, by Rev. Mr. Totten, Miss Grace McKinnon, to Mr. Reuben Crona of Orillia.

The air is full of rumors in connection with the coming Municipal Elections. An exciting time will be the result of the election for the Reeveship.

Mr. Daniel Brown has been sent by Mr. Hugh Wilson to Balsover to take charge of his stock that was bought from the Strickland estate.

A few of our people attended an entertainment in aid of the Methodist Church, Woodville, on the eve of 17th a good programme was reported but a slim crowd.

A social was held at Mr. M. Perry's on Friday evening last under the auspices of the W.A. of All Saint's church. A pleasant time was spent. Addresses were given by Revs. Mr. Etherington and Rev. Songs by Messrs. P. Perry and G. F. Bick.

D. S. Brown is kept busy these days with every one's troubles. This time it is a case for obtaining property under false pretences, Campbell vs. Johnson—Campbell got a note and Johnson obtained the note to examine for a minute and deliberately tore the note up. Now Campbell seeks redress. Case referred to County Crown Attorney Farewell.

A pleasant evening's programme was given at McIndoo's school house on Thursday evening, Dec. 13th by the Union Sabbath school. A few of our people attended. Mr. W. Heigden and Mr. Weeks sang some very fine duets and some choice recitations and readings were given. Rev. Mr. Greatrix and Mr. Ross gave some fine addresses and the most successful entertainment of the season closed with prayer for all.

GAMEBRIDGE.

The Point Mara Sunday School intended having a basket social in the school house, S.S. No. 2, on Thursday evening next. A good programme has been prepared and a pleasant time is anticipated.

Owing to the state of the roads the concert in Mara school (Montreal) on Friday evening last was not as well attended as in past years. The programme was somewhat long but well received and everybody went home satisfied. Bob had some good songs and did them justice.

The Patrons of Industry are now enjoying more comfortable quarters as Mr. Nichol has fitted up a large hall above his cheese factory with everything necessary to make it comfortable and convenient and the Sons of Scotland are now mourning over their hasty departure.

Yes, the canal is coming! but it has made such slow progress in the last sixty years that it reminds your correspondent of Artemus Ward's slow train when he remarked that the cow-catcher ought to be on the back of the train to prevent a cow from coming in the back door and biting the passengers. Yes, the canal is coming. Surely Gamebridge will boom.

KIRKFIELD.

All Repairing in Watches and Jewelry left with Arch. McKenzie, Kirkfield, will have my prompt attention. A. D. Morrison, Beaverton.

Christmas Specialities.

A large stock of Blankets from \$1 per pair up at J. J. Glover's Beaverton. We are offering the most beautiful stock of Silverware ever shown in Beaverton at great reductions for the next two weeks.—Westcott & Son, Beaverton.

A. T. Elliott's, Beaverton, for Xmas Toy Books. A great variety. Handsome Sleds for boys, very cheap at Elliott's, Beaverton.

When buying your supplies for the holidays consult your interest by buying at D. M. Smith's. Everything new and of the first quality—No poor or old goods in stock. Xmas candies, special goods. Xmas fruits such as Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs &c., also all kinds of nuts.

King's Meat Market, Beaverton for your Christmas supply of Poultry or Meat. Special orders have our attention.

We would invite your attention to a special line of elegant silk pocket handkerchiefs, Holiday goods. J. J. Holmes, Beaverton.

Don't forget the Auction Sale of Crockery, Glassware, & etc., Dunsheath's Mara St. on Saturday evening next.

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit by any person, no matter what may be the condition of the hair, and in every case, it occasions satisfaction and pleasure, in addition to the benefit which invariably comes from its use.

Cataract relieved in 10 to 60 minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dana's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At W. Williamson, Beaverton.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

R. M. NOBLE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, OFFICE—Cameron Block, Beaverton, Ont. Will be in Beaverton every Thursday.

"Cheapside."

HARD TIMES PRICES: At Cost from now till January 1st, 1895.

READ THESE PRICES:

Table with 2 columns of items and prices. Items include Men's Snow Excluders, Men's 4 Buckle Felt, Men's Goat Boots, Men's Dongolas, Men's Grangers, Men's Leather Slippers, Men's Long Boots, Whole Stock, Men's Long Boots, Split, Boy's Heavy School Shoes, Women's Leather Foxed Felt, Women's Dongola Button Boots, Women's Spats, Felt Overgaiters, Women's Overshoes Jersey Cloth, Women's Oxford Dongolas, Boy's Lacrosse Shoes, All other goods as cheap in Proportion.

Our Rubber goods are No. 1 and lower in price than ever offered in town before! See our hand-sewed "Granger" or Plow Boot—Best made boot in town! Ordered work and Repairing Promptly and Neatly Attended to

This advertisement is no Humbug and does not mean simply a reduction in prices.

LAPP & WEEKS, BEAVERTON, ONT.

Corner Store, Iron Block.

The Editor's Table.

For 50 years the Weekly Globe of Toronto has had an enviable reputation as the one great Liberal weekly of the Dominion. It has always been a high-class journal, and a welcome visitor in thousands of homes. It was never better as a newspaper than it is today. The Globe's enterprise is proverbial. Its correspondents have traversed and written up almost every section of the country. All great events have been fully reported. The speeches of leading politicians, whether on the floor of Parliament or on the stump have been presented as they were uttered, and all are fairly treated whether Liberal, Conservative or Patron. The Globe is the only weekly newspaper in Canada that gives such full and fair reports of Parliamentary proceedings, great church meetings, and other similar occurrences of Provincial and national interest. Among leading features of recent numbers may be mentioned speeches by Mr. Laurier, Sir John Thompson, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Martlet, Mr. Haycock, members of the Ontario Cabinet and others; letters from members of the Globe staff who travelled through the Province of Quebec and over the route of the Trent Valley Canal, with interviews and letters on that most important question, the reform of the law system, long reports from the scene of the Jessie Keith murder, the McWherrel trial, and other sensational events. The aim of the Globe is to be trustworthy. The Globe has the best telegraphic and cable service obtainable; it foreign, American and Canadian despatches are unexcelled, and every week the whole world is brought under review. The agricultural department is right up to the times; the crop and market reports are full and reliable. Reasonable space is given up each week to lighter reading, and good stories is one of the Globe's attractions. Another popular feature are the weekly contributions from the Khan's poetical pen. As a family newspaper The Weekly Globe is unrivalled.

Elegant NEW GOODS Just to Hand

SEE OUR HANDSOME SIDE-BOARDS, — EXTENSION TABLES, — BED-ROOM SETTS.

See our Beautiful Plush Rockers Hall Racks, Wall Pockets, Book Cases, Upholstered Chairs and countless Novelties.

ELEGANT GOODS FOR X'MAS PRESENTS.

JAS. B. WARREN.

Beaverton, Dec. 8th, '94.

R. DUNSHEATH

BEAVERTON, for

TURKEYS, GEESE, CHICKENS, DUCKS, &c.,

HIGHEST PRICE Paid for Poultry &c.

TERMS CASH.

R. DUNSHEATH

Underwear For Ladies

and In endless variety at Prices that cannot be Beaten.



J. J. HOLMES.

Beaverton.

November, 1894.











# BOOTS AND SHOES

We have the Stock to Suit Hard Times.

The best assortment and largest stock in town. We buy our goods in larger quantities than any firm in town, get big discounts, therefore we can sell you Boots cheaper than other small firms possibly can.

Men's Snow Boots	\$1.25
Four Buckle Felt	2.25
Goat Bals	1.00
Grangers, bellows tongues	1.10
Long Felt Boots	1.00
Felt Bals	1.10
Hair-lined Larigans	1.40



Lumbermen's Rubbers	1.15
Ladies' Foxed Felt Bals	1.10
Dongola Bals or Buttoned	1.15
Overshoes	\$1.00 to 1.50
Oxfords	50cts to 1.50
Rubbers	25
Overstockings	50 to 75



A pair of GERMAN SLIPPERS will be given FREE to each and every purchaser of \$3.00 and over.

**OUR RUBBER GOODS** are the only first quality kept in town. SEE THEM.

This advertisement is no humbug and means a slight reduction in regular prices. Will continue for 15 DAYS ONLY.

In ORDERED WORK and REPAIRING it is publicly known we do the BEST and CHEAPEST work. GIVE US A CALL.

**SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT!**  
**J. M. GORDON,**

**PORK and POULTRY WANTED!**

## Christmas Presents.

- Cards and Booklets
  - Albums
  - Bibles
  - Hymnals
  - Poems
  - Plush Goods
  - Leather Goods
  - Purses
  - Perfumes
  - Toilet Articles &c.
- PRICES VERY LOW

**A. T. ELLIOTT,**

THE DRUGGIST, Beaverton.

Beaverton, Dec 7, 1894

**FORESTER McMICHAEL,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.  
Room 19, Aberdeen Chamber,  
Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts.  
TOTTEN, ONT.

## BEAVERTON.

**SPECIAL NOTICES**  
Commercial items in this column set a line each insertion.

Highest price paid for all kinds of Hogs.—G. F. Bruce, Beaverton.

One of the best assorted stocks of winter dry goods can now be seen at Holmes', Beaverton.

People requiring dry wood can be supplied by J. J. Glover.

A good assortment of Dry Wood delivered to any part of the town, apply to J. J. Glover.

Our village baker has dropped the price of bread to nine cents per loaf.

A nice selection of Trunks Valises and Satchels, for Xmas at J. J. Glover's.

Division court on Wednesday brought a large number of Brechin's to town.

Gift Books, Bibles, Poets and standard authors in various bindings at Elliott's Beaverton.

Without boasting Holmes' Special Christmas Groceries are the best value in Beaverton.

Our valued exchange the *Stirling News Argus* comes to us this week greatly enlarged and printed on a new Paper Press. We congratulate the proprietor and editor Mr. Jas Currie for merly of Cannington and the founder of the *Ontario Gleaner* on the excellent improvement in his sheet and the evidence thus given of his prosperity.

To the aged, with their poor appetite feeble circulation, and impoverished blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a boon beyond price. Its effect is to check the ravages of time, by invigorating every organ, nerve, and tissue of the body. See Ayer's Almanac for the new year.

The greatest papers in Great Britain and United States freely acknowledge the wonderful merit of the **FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR**, Montreal. The **FAMILY HERALD** is a great newspaper and a great family paper, but it is more than that, it is one of the greatest authorities in the world on cheese, butter, general dairying, and general farming. How a progressive, up-to-date farmer can do without the **FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR** of Montreal is hard, indeed, to understand.

The ladies of St. Paul's church will give an "At Home" in the Alexandria Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 27th. A good programme by the best home talent assisted by Mr. C. E. Weeks, of Woodville; Rev. G. A. Rix, Mr. Pollard, Bandmaster; and others of Cannington will contribute to the pleasure of the evening. The refreshments will include Oysters, stewed or raw. Admission for concert and oysters 25cts. The committee will be pleased to have everybody come and enjoy a thoroughly social evening.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a notice that they will cause to be impounded all horses, sheep, cattle or swine found running at large on the public highways within half a mile of any public road crossing of their railway. If enforced this should effectually put an end to the cattle nuisance on the north side the Beaver in Beaverton, and THE EXPRESS sincerely hopes it will, as a greater nuisance than the wandering cattle of this village does not exist.

We regret having to record the death of John McLeod Cameron, son of the late James Cameron. Deceased had been ill for some time suffering from consumption, but until a short time ago was able to be about. Death, however, came quickly and he died on Monday last. The funeral on Tuesday was largely attended especially by the young people among whom he was a general favorite. A beautiful floral wreath from the young men of the village was among the offerings. Deceased was 19 years of age.

## Presbytery of Lindsay.

The Presbytery of Lindsay met in the new Presbyterian church, Wick, on the 18th inst. The Rev. R. Johnson, Moderator, in the chair. There was not as good an attendance of either ministers or elders as expected. The congregation of Sonya were permitted to purchase the congregational church at Crosswell and to make that point a part of Sonya charge with regular services. The Rev. J. M. Cameron, late of Oak street church, Toronto, was inducted into the pastoral charge of Wick. At the induction service the Rev. G. McKay of Sunderland, preached; the Rev. W. G. Hanna narrated the steps taken to get Mr. Cameron and after the induction addressed the minister and the Rev. D. D. McDonald addressed the congregation. Mr. Hanna then escorted the pastor to the door whence the congregation saluted him. At this stage of the proceedings all retired to the basement of the church where a sumptuous tea had been provided by the ladies, after which a concert was given, a large number gathered and the church was too small for the entertainment. Leave was granted to Mr. Ross to moderate in a call at Woodville whenever the congregation were prepared for such an event. Several session records were examined, the Treasurer's books were also audited. The members of Presbytery were all invited to the house of Mr. Alex. Leask for dinner.

## Beaverton Market.

(Cash Quotations)

Fall Wheat, per bushel, 54c. to 56c.
Spring wheat, per bushel 56c. to 58c.
Wheat (Scotch) 58 to 62.
Barley per bushel, 33c. to 40c.
Oats, per bushel, 27c. to 30c.
Peas, per bushel, (small) 40c. to 45c.
Peas, (large) 55 to 55.
Rye, 40 to 45
Beans, 90 to 1.00.
Buckwheat, per bushel 40c.
Butter, per lb., (rolls) 16c.
Butter, (tubs) 16c.
Eggs, per doz., 15c.
Potatoes, per bushel 25c.
Hay, per ton (timothy) \$6 to \$7.
Hay, per ton, (clover) \$4 to \$5.
Straw, per ton, (Oat) \$4 to \$4.50
Dressed Hogs, per cwt., \$5.00 to \$5.25
Geese, per lb., 4c. to 5c.
Turkeys, per lb., 6c. to 7c.
Chickens, per pair 20c. to 25c.
Beef, per cwt., \$1.50 to 5.25
Lard, per cwt., \$2 to \$3
Lard, per lb., 10c.

## WOODVILLE.

The council met on Saturday evening for the last time in 1894.

A large number attended the shooting match held in the village yesterday.

Rumor has it that Warner & Co., of Lindsay will open a branch store here shortly.

There are rumors that three or four are aspiring for the position of Reeve of the village but as yet none of them have made any public announcement of their intentions.

During the next two weeks there will be numerous entertainments. In fact the indications point to a continual round of pleasure during the holiday season.

Rev. Mr. Totten, of Lindsay, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist Church here on Sabbath last both morning and evening and preached two eloquent sermons.

Rev. Mr. Shorey, delivered a lecture in the Methodist church on Monday evening last, entitled "The Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair." The Rev. gentleman handled the subject in a very able manner. The audience was not large.

In reading the papers, we notice a great many small villages infested with some contagious disease. Woodville has escaped almost all types of disease and we pride ourselves on having one of the healthiest villages in the province.

## MARIPOSA.

The annual meeting of the patrons of Mariposa cheese factory was held in the Grange hall on Wednesday last. Quite a number turned out and after reviewing the work of the last year seemed highly pleased with the results.

The mild spell of weather we have had during the past week has left the roads in these parts in bad shape. However, we expect to see a change soon.

## KIRKFIELD.

Preparations are now under way for the holding of a bazaar by Rev. Father Sweeney during the winter.

## SEBRIGT.

On Thursday, the 13th one of the most successful entertainments ever held here took place under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church, at the residence of Mr. Alex. McDonald. A lengthy programme was dispensed with and the evening was one of enjoyment. The affair was a success financially.

To-morrow the closing exercises of the school take place and the popular teacher is having a Christmas tree in connection therewith. Outside talent as well as local has been secured and we have no doubt that the event will be a success. We hope to see a large turnout.

## Saw and Shingle Mill!

To Sell or Rent!

THE subscriber offers for sale or to rent, his Saw and Shingle Mill, situated in the village of Beaverton. The right man can do a good, safe, local business. Offers for either will be received until Monday, Dec. 31st.

WM. SMITH,  
Phoenix Foundry,  
Beaverton, Dec. 12th, '94.

## MUSIC

Anyone thinking of procuring a first-class Upright or Square Piano or beautiful Piano Case, Organ of the newest designs and at the very lowest price will do well to call on me and examine my stock. I will allow the highest price for organs as part payment in exchange for pianos.

MRS. PENTLAND has 11 years of experience in Teaching and will take pupils on piano or organ.

A. M. PENTLAND,  
Simcoe St., Beaverton

## Money Remittances!

**CANADIAN EXPRESS**  
Money Orders  
CHEAPEST and BEST—Read Rates

Not over \$5.—50c. Over \$5 to \$10.—50c.  
Over \$10 to \$20.—10cts. Over \$20 to \$50.—12c.  
Over \$50 to \$100.—15cts. Over \$100 to \$500.—20c.  
Over \$500 at same rates.

T. W. GRAHAM, Agent, Beaverton.



## Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A recent discovery by an old physician, successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full detailed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address THE COOK COMPANY, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

For sale by W. Williamson, Beaverton

# Clearing Sale!

No Chestnut This Sale But a Bona fide Clearing Sale.

For the Next SIXTY DAYS!

We will offer during this period all our large stock at sacrifice prices. When we say sacrifice Prices, we mean at figures which cannot be approached by any competitor. All these goods were bought for cash and cash discounts these times are trifles the customer need not despise for they enable us to offer our goods at a tremendous reduction.

We have a few lines such as IRISH FRIEZE, MELTONS, and BEAVERS, which we will sell at a price which will surprise you. The goods we offer are first-class in every respect, with linings of the best—no union or shoddy—and are thoroughly reliable.

## H. LOGAN, Beaverton.

REMEMBER, these inducements are for cash purchasers only.

## Westcott & Son

BEAVERTON. Shot and Ball Cartridges, Shells, Etc., Guns, Rifles, Game Traps.

## WINTER—1894.

- Cross Cut Saws
- "INVINCIBLE"
- "VANQUISHER"
- LANCE TOOTH
- NICKLE STEEL
- IMP'D 'CHAMPION'
- "PINE CONE"



**New Store.**  
**AXES:**  
Westcott's "Clipper"  
The Axe of all Axes.

## SKATES! SKATES! all sizes,

H. WESTCOTT & SON.

November, 1894.  
THE BEAVERTON EXPRESS—The best local paper in the district will be sent to any address from now till January 1896 for \$1 in advance.

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### 'A Little Child Shall Lead Them.'

A Christmas Story for the Young Folks



Merry little Mamie stood in amazement, and then ran in-doors to her mother with her perplexity.

"Why, mother?" she cried, "Ned Huntley said there wasn't any Santa Claus—and he was real cross about it too."

"Yes," insisted Mamie, what's he going to bring you, Ned?"

"I don't know, and I don't care much," he answered, "for there isn't any Santa Claus."

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea, if you thought of it. Ah! if only the little Polly had lived!"

"I suppose you're full of Christmas over at your house?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! And I'm so sorry you don't keep it. What's the reason?"

"Don't keep it? Why, we have a regular Christmas dinner as usual on the 25th of December comes round, and Pa gives me a new dress, or something that I need, and we give Ned a suit of clothes, or shoes, or something that he needs."

"Well," said Mamie, "but I like our way best. May I tell you how we keep Christmas?"

"Talk away. I can listen."

"Well, you see, a good while before Christmas my mother begins to get ready. I water the chrysanthemums to have them nice and fresh, and I often see her hide up something quick when I come in, and then she laughs, and I think, 'Oh, yes, something's coming, and then mother takes me in her lap and tells me how Jesus is coming, and how He did come. Do you know, Mrs. Huntley?"

"You can tell me, child?"

"You see, He came a long, long time ago as a little baby. Mama says that He began at the beginning, so that

the evening! When had such a thing happened?"

"On the road Mrs. Huntley told her husband what Mamie had said to her, and she added, 'Perhaps, as I tell it, it don't seem much, but it made me think of our Polly, and—the woman's voice broke, and the father, saddened too, said, 'She is safe, my dear, in heaven.'"

"Yes, father, but I'm thinking of the one that's left, for all I'm a little. I guess you were near right about getting him something nice. He's but a boy yet, and he'd think more of Christmas, and perhaps of the child that was born on Christmas, if we show him that Jesus has made our home a little more tender."

"What it cost that hard, reserved woman to say that, none knew, but I think her husband felt dimly how she must have fought with herself, and he was silent for some time. At last he said, with a tone of gladness in his voice, 'My dear, I'm glad to get him something. He's a good boy, Ned is.'"

"What a pleasant time they had, and how they sang the spirit of Christmas! They bought a sled and skates, a book or two and candies, and Mrs. Huntley found a jack-knife that was just the thing Ned wanted."

"Meantime, Ned mused over his mother's tears and her strangely kind tones, and thought: 'I wonder if she's going to be as good to me as she was to Polly. I hated to hear Mamie talk about Santa Claus. Polly used to talk just the way, and we did have such good times. I used to get skates and things Christmas, but now I get some handkerchiefs or a lot of shirts. It makes me mad.' Then Ned fell asleep, and so the mother found him. She woke him gently and he went off to bed, bewildered by more kind words."

"Morning dawned and Ned hurried down to light the fire in the kitchen, but he went no further than the sitting-room. There was a sled, a splendid one, a pair of skates, and books! He put his hand in his pockets to take a long stare, and felt something strange in one of them. Why! There was a beautiful knife!"

"Mother came in and watching his face, but at sight of her the boy fairly broke down. Laying his head on her shoulder, 'It's like Polly coming back,' he said."

"And so it was, and so it continued to be. —TONYON LADIES JOURNAL.

"I WATER THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

took her doll, Helens Margaret Constance Victoria, named in honor of the Queen, in her arms and thanked the matter over with her.

"What do you think, my dear," said she, "They don't keep Christmas at Ned Huntley's house! I don't know just what mother means by not keeping it, for you know Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and so he can get in during the night and leave Christmas there. Oh, yes, but they don't keep it. They turn it out, I suppose, just like mother told me they acted about

no little child could say, 'I can't be like Jesus, for Jesus never was so little as me. Here it is in the Bible and down on the floor she sat with the book on her knees. All about that first birthday of His, when there wasn't any room for Him at the tavern, and when the dear little baby Jesus was sleepy, they laid Him right in a stable manger, and the Shepherds found Him lying there at Christmas in His birthday, and I suppose they all give the children presents because Jesus loved little children, and then Santa Claus—Oh, Mrs. Huntley, that's what I came about, and I'm most for-got. If I don't keep Christmas—I mean as we do," she added, as Mrs. Huntley

needed 'em; and if you want to spend more than common, you might get him half a dozen handkerchiefs."

"Well, wife, I was thinking that perhaps the farmer tried to be particular about his words, for Mrs. Huntley did not seem in a very good humor—I was remem-bering how you used to enjoy giving the young ones candies and toys; so, perhaps

"Now, Noah Huntley, I'm surprised at you! Buy candies and toys for a great lumbering boy like Ned? Why, you must be crazy, man! The next thing will be that you'll want a Christmas-tree your-self!"

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea, if you thought of it. Ah! if only the little Polly had lived!"

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took her doll, Helens Margaret Constance Victoria, named in honor of the Queen, in her arms and thanked the matter over with her.

"What do you think, my dear," said she, "They don't keep Christmas at Ned Huntley's house! I don't know just what mother means by not keeping it, for you know Santa Claus comes down the chimney, and so he can get in during the night and leave Christmas there. Oh, yes, but they don't keep it. They turn it out, I suppose, just like mother told me they acted about

no little child could say, 'I can't be like Jesus, for Jesus never was so little as me. Here it is in the Bible and down on the floor she sat with the book on her knees. All about that first birthday of His, when there wasn't any room for Him at the tavern, and when the dear little baby Jesus was sleepy, they laid Him right in a stable manger, and the Shepherds found Him lying there at Christmas in His birthday, and I suppose they all give the children presents because Jesus loved little children, and then Santa Claus—Oh, Mrs. Huntley, that's what I came about, and I'm most for-got. If I don't keep Christmas—I mean as we do," she added, as Mrs. Huntley

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"Thank you ma'am. And you'll remem-ber how Santa Claus," said little Mamie, as she walked away with her cookies.

Mrs. Huntley worked on for a few min-utes longer, and then, leaving her dishes, she went to her own room and opened a bureau drawer. There lay a bright little dress and pretty white apron, "Polly's best thing,"—the little clothes in which she used to go to school. There were the last Christmas toys the mother had ever bought,—only a little tin tank, a paper corncrop, and a doll; but she remember-

ed that Christmas so well! Could it be that it was three years ago? How Polly had laughed and chattered over her stock-ings! And Ned,—now that she thought about it,—she remembered that they bought him a pair of skates that year. He had made a great time over those skates, and had taken his little sister to see him try to use them. Ned was so loving and gentle in those days.

Mrs. Huntley went back to the kitchen, but the room seemed different to her. Ned brought in the milk, and looked at her mother curiously at hearing her say, "Thank you Ned." Wonders would never end, Ned thought, when after tea, she said, "Father, it's a moonlight night; couldn't you and I drive to the village? Ned will excuse our leaving him alone."

"Excuse!" When had his mother ever asked him to excuse her? And then, as mother waited for the wagon to be got ready, she told him how Mamie lay in the window seat and read to her about the Saviour's birth.

Mrs. Huntley was bewildered, too. To start off for the village at seven o'clock in

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"On the road Mrs. Huntley told her husband what Mamie had said to her, and she added, 'Perhaps, as I tell it, it don't seem much, but it made me think of our Polly, and—the woman's voice broke, and the father, saddened too, said, 'She is safe, my dear, in heaven.'"

"Yes, father, but I'm thinking of the one that's left, for all I'm a little. I guess you were near right about getting him something nice. He's but a boy yet, and he'd think more of Christmas, and perhaps of the child that was born on Christmas, if we show him that Jesus has made our home a little more tender."

"What it cost that hard, reserved woman to say that, none knew, but I think her husband felt dimly how she must have fought with herself, and he was silent for some time. At last he said, with a tone of gladness in his voice, 'My dear, I'm glad to get him something. He's a good boy, Ned is.'"

"Meantime, Ned mused over his mother's tears and her strangely kind tones, and thought: 'I wonder if she's going to be as good to me as she was to Polly. I hated to hear Mamie talk about Santa Claus. Polly used to talk just the way, and we did have such good times. I used to get skates and things Christmas, but now I get some handkerchiefs or a lot of shirts. It makes me mad.' Then Ned fell asleep, and so the mother found him. She woke him gently and he went off to bed, bewildered by more kind words."

"Morning dawned and Ned hurried down to light the fire in the kitchen, but he went no further than the sitting-room. There was a sled, a splendid one, a pair of skates, and books! He put his hand in his pockets to take a long stare, and felt something strange in one of them. Why! There was a beautiful knife!"

"Mother came in and watching his face, but at sight of her the boy fairly broke down. Laying his head on her shoulder, 'It's like Polly coming back,' he said."

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### THE FIELD OF LABOR.

Items of Interest to Workingmen in all Industries.

Paragraphs Prepared for the Perusal of People Who Plead and Produce—What Workingmen Are Doing in All Parts of the World.

A bakers' national union is projected. Athens car drivers get 50 cents a day. Cincinnati gasfitters get \$3 to \$4 a day. Brooklyn trolley men want \$2.25 a day. New York stereotypers get \$4.50 a day.

The headquaters of the Railroad Firemen's National Organization will be removed to Indianapolis.

The switchmen have organized a new international union and locals are being formed at all principal points.

In Hungary, where the Government owns the railroads, you can ride six miles for one cent. More socialism this.

The Actors' Protective Association of America have become attached to the American Federation of labor.

A manual training school will be established by a St. Louis tobacco company for the benefit of its 3,000 employees.

The Indianapolis Allied Trades Council have been doing good work in forcing a proper recognition of the union label.

The Master Plumbers' Association of America are asking that plumbing inspectors be appointed in all large cities.

A federation of women's trade unions of England and America will be formed on the same lines as the American federation of labor.

The Attorney-General of Michigan, Mr. Ellis, has given a decision against the letting of prison labor in the penal institutions of that State by contract.

The labor organizations of New York have started an agitation to have all factories that employ female labor regularly inspected by female inspectors.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has discharged 400 of its employees on the three divisions of the road centering in this part (Bellevue) of the Ohio Valley. Lack of work is assigned as the cause.

In order to save the necessity of discharging 800 men from the Government departments at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, have been put on short time. Until March of next year the men will not be allowed to work on Saturdays.

A serious dispute in the coal trade has been averted by an amicable arrangement of the dispute which has been existing for some time between the coal-owners of West and South Yorkshire and their engine and boiler men on the question of wages.

Baltimore Federation of Labor is not in humor for nonsectarian action. Two musical unions in that city are striving to bring their differences before the central body but have refused a hearing until they amalgamate and come up in proper shape.

The widows of the miners who lost their lives in the recent Alton colliery explosion, are holding indignation meetings and protesting to the Lord Mayor of London against the action of the Miners Provident Society in retaining £10,000 collected as a relief fund.

The central labor bodies of America are preparing bills for the establishment of a contract labor; for the prohibition of child-labor in factories and workshops, and for the compulsory education of children of classes in some kind of school best suited to the condition of parents and guardians.

The General Assembly of the K. of L. in Orleans, recently passed a resolution protesting against the issue of new bonds by the United States Government and characterizing the issue as a fraud and an outrage upon the living masses, in flagrant violation of existing laws and intended solely to benefit the money power and bondholding aristocracy.

At the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the K. of L., a resolution favoring the amalgamation of all the brewing associations into one organization of the Knights of Labor was referred to the Executive Board. The recommendation that the surface railroad employees of New York be reunited in one body of the knights of labor was adopted.

A document bearing the signatures of the Presidents of eight labor organizations was presented asking Congress to pass a law to amend the existing law, and among those signing the petition are the chief officers—Knights of Labor, the Federation of Labor, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Iron Mould of Locomotive Firemen and the United Mine Workers—all strong organizations with large memberships.

William H. Sayward, of Boston, Secretary of the National Association of Builders, says:—"The labor problem should not be approached by employers as a subject in which sympathy plays any part whatever. The employer is not such a superior person nor is his position so superior that he can adopt such a paternal style. The workmen have never applied to the employers for sympathy. It is solely justice that workmen want. The only basis which is at all proper is that of business. The interests of employer and workmen are not identical. The obligations are of the buyer and seller."

The New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company has advanced the wages of their miners at Plum and Sandy Creeks from 55 to 62 cents per ton, the men signing an agreement not to join any labor organization. The increase affects about 2,000 miners. This company receives a differential of 6 cents, and it was decided to give this to the men.

Every article manufactured by prison labor robs the honest merchant on the outside of that much revenue for the support of himself and family, prevents him from spending that much more for his merchant and groceryman, and deprives him of a proportion of the amount of the support and necessities of life. Prison labor production is a premium upon crime, in which the

thief and outlaw fares better than the man who is honest and industrious, and must by and by be abolished.

Since Monday morning the journeymen bakers of Amsterdam have been on strike. Bread has been scarce, and the master bakers have sold it to-day only under police protection. The strikers plundered several bakers' carts, scattered the loaves, threw stones at the police and smashed baker-houses windows. Forty master bakers yielded to-night, and their men returned to work, but the rest refused to treat with the men.

The most valuable work achieved by trades-unions never reaches the public knowledge. When a strike occurs almost everywhere the unions are ready with censure and disapproval. If they only knew of the scores of uprisings and difficulties that are checked, suppressed and brought to peaceable solution by the concerted action of the unions, they would find reason for commendation instead of condemnation.

THE MONKEY IN THE MAN.

A Round Dozen Points of Resemblance Shown by Human Babies.



SIR PROVO WILLIAM PARRY WALLIS, R. N., G. C. B. A CENTENARIAN WHO LED THE SHANNON TO VICTORY AGAINST THE CHESAPEAKE IN 1813.

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To see the monkey in the man you have only to study the faces, bodies and habits of babies. This is the theme of an article contributed by S. S. Buckman to the Nineteenth Century. The actions of children are, indeed, like "ancient monuments of prehistoric times. The human infant is an interesting object of scientific research and even a cross baby should be calmly contemplated by the philosophic mind." Here are some of the numerous illustrations which Mr. Buckman gives to show how survivals of our simian ancestry may be found by any nursery philosopher:

1. Monkeys are snub-nosed (simian). So are babies.

2. Babies have pouch-like cheeks. To judge from ecclesiastical monuments, this characteristic is supposed to be specially angelic. It is really monkey-like. Baby cheeks are the vestiges of cheek pouches, possessed for storing away food, as in oercopithecus, a monkey in which this habit of storing may be observed at the London zoological gardens, if visitors feed it.

3. At the base of the vertebral column babies have a deep circular depression. This is the mark of the monkey's tail.

4. Babies (as Dr. Louis Robinson has shown) have superior arm power and very short legs. So have monkeys.

5. Babies, in catching hold of anything don't use thumbs, but clasp it between the fingers and palm. This is the action of monkeys in going from branch to branch.

6. A baby can move any of its toes independently, and it can move them one from another so as to make a V between any of the surface railroad employees of New York be reunited in one body of the knights of labor was adopted.

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### PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Cathoed from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Simcoe has a new hub factory. Diptheria prevails at North River. The steamer Manitou is to be rebuilt. Elora badly needs more dwelling houses. Napier village has a rifle club of 15 members.

Typhoid fever is almost epidemic at Bruce Mines. Newboro' will have a hockey club this winter.

Robbing hen roosts is a favorite pastime in Oshawa. A new dock is to be