

**Our Repairing Department**  
Is the most complete, and we are always willing to give the best possible attention to outsiders when in to have something done at Goldsmith's Hall, Main Street, Listowel.  
J. H. GUNTHER.

# The Bee.

**Where is Listowel?**  
A look through J. H. Gunther's Jewelry Store will satisfy you that he keeps the finest stock in this part of the country. His staff of obliging young men are always ready to show you through his immense stock.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 14, 1891.

NO. 29.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Ontario Hedge and Wire Fence Company.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

Sir:—The question has been repeatedly asked me, what is to be the future of this country seeing the present system of rail fences must soon disappear? My answer has always been, a growing fence if we can get the right kind. On a cordial invitation from Mr. Haragon, agent in this part of the county for the Ontario Hedge & Wire Fence Co., we the subscribers visited Niagara Falls last week where the head office of the Co. is located, and were shown specimens of the Honey Locust fence from that sown last spring to a fence on the property of Dr. Ferguson, M.P. for Welland, planted about 12 years ago. We examined them all carefully and came to the conclusion that this was just the fence to fill the bill. It is of quick and sure growth, and under proper management will make a complete fence in four years, that will turn anything and everything from a hen up to a horse. It will be very lasting and add greatly to the beauty of the farm, besides being able to cultivate close up thereby saving quite a piece of land all around the field. We have great confidence in recommending it to the farming community, and as the old fences will soon be gone the sooner we have a good substitute the better. We were shown the charter of the company, list of shareholders, paid up capital and general standing, all of which was perfectly satisfactory.

We are, yours faithfully,  
ROBT. CLELAND, Reeve of Elma-  
A. KENNEDY, Dep. Reeve Wallace  
Listowel, July 29, 1891.

### From British Columbia.

To Woman's Auxiliary, Atwood.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I wish I could be with you at your July meeting, or that you could all meet here in our new home. I am sure you would all enjoy a few hours spent here with me viewing the beautiful scenery by which we are surrounded. The town, or city as it is called, is located in a beautiful valley on the north bank of the far-famed Fraser River, which is here spanned by the longest trestle-work bridge in Canada. Three or four large steamers ply up and down the river daily between New Westminster and Yale. Across the river lies what is known as the Matsqui prairie with the Sumas mountains in the distance, and beyond these the snow-capped summit of Mt. Baker, the highest peak in the state of Washington, is plainly visible on a clear day although it is over 60 miles distant. We spent four very pleasant weeks in Vancouver. While there we attended the Homer street Methodist church which is a handsome and commodious building, they have a fine choir of over twenty voices. I made the acquaintance of a lady, Mrs. Monck, the daughter of Rev. Mr. Robinson, now of New Westminster. She is an earnest Christian worker amongst the Chinese and has been the means of leading many to Jesus. I was going to visit the Mission school with her but had to leave and come up here without having an opportunity to do so. I was very much interested in Mrs. Monck's account of the work among the Chinese, and I was sorry to leave Vancouver as I would liked to have learned more about the work and the needs of this people. There is room no doubt for a great many more Christian workers. The Roman Catholics have an extensive mission here among the Indians, they have a church and two very large schools or convents situated near the station. We had a pleasant trip out here and enjoyed it very much and I think we will like living here very much. We had a great deal of rain in June, which is generally a wet month here. With best wishes for success in all your undertakings, I am, yours very truly,  
Mrs. Jos. McKay,  
Matsqui, B. C., 1891.

### Milk Skimmers Fined.

The recent prosecutions in this county for skimming and adulterating milk seem to have had little effect in suppressing the evil. The services of T. B. Millar, one of the Western Dairy-men's Association inspectors, are constantly in demand for bringing to light the products of dishonest patrons. Daniel Berlet, of Wallace, a patron of last line or Cedar Grove factory, is the latest transgressor. When his milk was tested in the factory by Mr. Millar with Dr. Balcok's tester it tested 2.20 per cent. but the milk was then milked and the milk tested 3.50 per cent. butter fat. An information was then laid against Berlet before Police Magistrate Terhune in Listowel. He pleaded guilty to having skimmed his night's milk, and was fined \$20 and costs, making in all \$24.

Mr. Millar still later tested a sample of milk sent to a factory at Goldstone, in Wellington county, and found it contained only 2.70 per cent. of butter fat, whereas the milk from the cows contained 3.40 per cent. The patron who sent the milk was Mark Waind, of the township of Peel, and he was tried before Messrs. Cross and Burrows, J. P.'s, of Drayton, pleaded guilty of removing cream and was fined \$10 and costs.—Stratford Beacon.

## Additional Local Items.

THE only objection to the self-made man is that in many cases he has failed to put himself together so as to work noiselessly.

SAM FOREST is away on a trip to New York state. It is expected he will return this week. It is hinted he has gone to a *wintery* climate.

THE first load of flax of the season was delivered by John Gray, 10th con. of Elma, to the Atwood mill Wednesday last. The sample was good.

REV. DR. WILD, of Toronto, left for Europe on Friday morning on the Mail's free ticket. Over 70 applications were received from ministers in Canada and the United States wanting to use the ticket if Dr. Wild should not.

### He Hanged Birchall.

AN INTERESTING TALK WITH SHERIFF PERRY, OF WOODSTOCK, ONT.

The following is a sample of the work of the enterprising American newspaper reporter. The reader will at once see that the article is the effort of one unacquainted with the details, and in fact the reporter only had a nod from Mr. Perry:—

Sheriff Perry, of Woodstock, Ont., was among the excursionists who came in to see their champion wheelman ride, and he stopped at the hotel Normandie. The Sheriff is a very large, erect and muscular man and will be recalled in history as the man who hanged Birchall. "Yes, sir, I hung him," said the Sheriff last night, "and it was an awful hard duty to perform, yet I am satisfied that he was guilty and his execution just. I liked him and never knew a man who had a happier faculty of attracting friends. I remember yet how I was badgered by reporters, and I wanted to accommodate them, but my orders were to the contrary. The man we had as outside watch was a crabbed old fellow who never had a pleasant word for anybody, and for some reason Birchall took a strong dislike to him. The night before the execution the old man went in to say good bye to the murderer. Birchall was ready for him. He had written in bold letters on a piece of paper: "Cheap! Three for a quarter." Through this he crooked a pin, and when the old man was bent over weeping, a handkerchief over his eyes, Birchall stuck the sign on the old man's back and he wore it several hours in blissful ignorance of what everybody was laughing at. When Birchall's wife took a final leave it was a heart-rending scene, though Birchall showed the same nerve then as he had at all times. As I helped her into the carriage after she had taken leave of her husband, she had simply collapsed. Her sister said to her: "Flo, Rex can see you. Don't make him feel any worse than he does." Like a flash she braced up, waved her hand toward his cell window, and in a steady voice cried: "I'm all right now, Rex. Good bye." When Birchall was being led out for execution he was whistling a merry tune between his teeth and was the most self-possessed man in the party. The execution that I conducted was the first I ever saw and the second in the county. The first was that of a blind man weighing 250 pounds. He stood on the grass and a rope with a heavy weight attached was placed about his neck. When the weight was sprung the jerk was such that it pulled his head off. That rolled one way and the trunk another while the booby noose hung empty in the air."

### Wallace.

The farmers are busy with their fall wheat harvest. Many are through.

SAD DEATH.—A deplorable accident occurred on Tuesday, Aug. 11, on the farm of John Willoughby, ex-Deputy Reeve of Wallace, adjoining Gowans-town. Mr. Willoughby and his two sons were engaged in hauling in fall wheat from the field, and as they were approaching the barn with a load, some of the sheaves on the front part of the load fell off onto the horses, causing Mr. Willoughby's eldest son John, who was driving, to slide off also, falling upon the tongue of the wagon. This frightened the horses, and finding themselves unreined they started off up the rising ground towards the barn. Mr. Willoughby's younger son, who was also on the load, and his daughter, who saw the accident, tried to stop them, but did not succeed in doing so. Before they had gone very far, however, the wagon tongue got loose from the neck-yoke and ran into the rising ground, bringing the wagon and horses to a stand-still. In the excitement of the moment the position of the eldest son was not noticed by the brother or sister. Mr. Willoughby, who had been following the load a short distance behind, saw the accident, and ran up to the place where it occurred, when he was horrified to discover his son John lying on the ground with his head crushed in, the wheels of the wagon having passed over him. He had been killed instantly, and was dead when his father reached him. Another unfortunate event, though happily not attended with fatal results, took place the same day on the farm of D. S. Weber, on the 3rd line, west of the gravel. His son, a little lad about eight years of age, while driving home the cows was turned upon by a bull and badly gored before assistance reached him. The little fellow will probably recover.

## WAS IT MURDER?

A MRS. WELLS, OF MITCHELL, MEETS HER DEATH IN A PECULIAR MANNER.

Great excitement prevails in Mitchell this week over the peculiar and unaccountable death of a Mrs. Wells. A BEE reporter called upon John Kort, the Mitchell and Atwood stage driver, Wednesday night and learned the following particulars of the affair:

It appears about six months ago Mr. Wells purchased the Royal hotel, Mitchell, and leased it to his son-in-law, Mr. Silton, for a term of years. On Monday morning, Aug. 10th, Wells called at the Royal for his rent, which was then due. Silton said he hadn't the money and requested him to let the matter stand over for awhile. In the meantime Wells had imbibed pretty freely, and began to dispute with Silton respecting the rent, and together they had a few hot words. Wells then went home and returned next (Tuesday) morning, between the hours of six and seven, and after taking several horns of anti-Scott Act he again hung words at Silton that weren't in the dictionary. He returned home and called in his neighbor, Mr. Taylor, the Russeldale stage driver, stating that his wife had fallen off the lounge and hurt herself. Taylor followed Wells to his home and found Mrs. Wells

LYING ON THE FLOOR IN AN UNCONSCIOUS CONDITION.

While in the room Wells told Taylor that his wife had heart disease and was in the habit of falling off the lounge onto the floor. Taylor advised Wells to call in another man, which he did, this time Robt. White, an employee in Ford & Murphy's stables. White arrived shortly after and advised Wells to call in the Dr., and accordingly a Dr. was called, who remained until 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Wells died without recovering consciousness. On examination the doctor found a wound on the back of deceased's head. How a wound, such as to cause death, could be inflicted by simply falling from a lounge to the floor is a problem yet to be solved. The wound has the appearance of having been caused by a blow. Late in the evening Dr. Schaefer, the coroner, was sent for and an inquest was held on the body, including a post mortem. Another inquest was held on Wednesday night, the result of which we have not learned up to going to press. Wells was arrested Tuesday night and will await his trial. The case promises to be one of exciting interest, and some startling revelations are expected to turn up ere a final verdict is rendered.

### Seaforth.

Dr. Wright, formerly of Bayfield, and afterwards of Seaforth, has located in Mitchell.

Mr. Crawford, of the Huron Football Club, and teacher in the Seaforth Collegiate Institute, was offered a place on the Canadian football team, who are going to England this fall, but had to decline on account of school duties.

We notice that Messrs. A. W. Ogilvie & Co have received a gold medal and diploma from the Jamaica Exhibition for their flour, of which samples of the principal brands were sent. Two barrels of this flour was manufactured at their mills in Seaforth.

Harvest operations are now in full swing in this vicinity. The hay has nearly all been housed and in most places gave a larger yield than was expected. On the whole there will be a fair average crop. Most of the fall wheat is now out, and a good deal of it housed. There was not such a large breadth sown as in some former years, but the yield will be very large. A better crop could scarcely be desired. It is thick on the ground well filled and of No. 1 quality. Oats will be an immense crop and a large breadth has been sown. Peas are an equally good crop. Barley is fair, but is not a heavy crop, and less was sown last spring than usual. Roots and corn are doing well now. A good deal of spring wheat has been sown this year and it all looks well, and with favorable weather will also be a good crop. The people have special cause for thankfulness this season.—Expositor.

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

The formal opening of the Sarnia tunnel will probably take place in October.

The wheat yield of Minnesota this year is put at 60,000,000 bushels; that of Wisconsin at 10,000,000.

An effort is being made to have St. Peter's Cathedral, Montreal, completed by May next. It will cost \$2,500,000.

Excitement has been caused in the Whitechapel district of London by a report that "Jack the Ripper" had reappeared and committed another butchery.

Prof. Jones, of Kincardine, dropped dead of heart disease last Friday morning in Paisley, where he had gone to give music lessons. He formerly was preacher in Presbyterian churches in Galt, Toronto, Seaforth and other places.

The biggest doctor's fee of the age is the 2,000,000 marks paid by Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, for Dr. Michelsen's cure of his wife. The money wasn't given to the famous Wiesbaden practitioner, however, but, at his wish, to found an hospital in Ham-

## Huron County Notes.

The Western Fair will be held this year in Wingham on the 29th and 30th of Sept.

Tyndall Bros. have rented 260 acres adjoining to D. Shanahan, on 2nd con. of List.

City has been located at last. It appears on the voters' list of the township of Ashfield.

Persons interested in educational matters should make a note of the fact men examinations is 136; Goderich 76; a Seaforth 37.

Mr. John Smith, and old and respected resident of Morris township, passed 28th u leaving a large number of friends, mourn her demise.

It is noted that Messrs. Edgar and Musgr of Brussels, have received the contract for carrying the mails between Seals and Seaforth, and Brussels and Erie, for 5 years.

One day recently as Miss Messrschmidt of Killop, was driving into a berry patch in Logan the horse got frightened and ran away, throwing the lady out of breaking her leg.

A special session of the Grand Association of Sons of Ontario has been called for Friday, Sept. 22, in London. until Friday, Sept. 25. Huron county will doubtless, well represented.

George New, of Londesboro, has grown in his rden a stalk of 'S. S. corn, which measured 8 feet 9 inches in height, and 3 3/4 inches around the stalk at the butt, being less than two months from the time the seed was sown till measure.

About 6 o'clock Saturday evening, July 25, August, a well-to-do farmer of the township of Stephen, who had been suffering from the results of a severe beating only 1st, was found in the granary of his barn hanging from the rafters, with his neck broken.

The Lillooic proxy in Turnberry was offered for sale the Queen's hotel on Saturday, July 27th, when John Marshall purchased parcel No. 2 (100 acres) for the sum of \$2,000. Parcel No. 1 (100 acres) was afterwards sold to Henry Marshall for the sum of \$3,800.

The many friends of Miss M. J. Campbell, of Brussels, formerly of the Wingham Township, who were pleased to learn that she, along with her mother and sisters, has fallen heir to an estate of \$23,000 by the death of an uncle, are much pleased to hear of our ends good luck.

The Goderich meeting of the Lake Huron Trotting Circuit was held in that town on the 25th of last next, when \$600 will be offered in prizes. The events will be a free for all, a 2:35 trot, and a three minute race, all of which are open to both tiers and pacers.

James Wilson, V. S., of Lolo, Nebraska, formerly of Wingham, has been appointed inspector of the Omaha stock yards of the C. & N. W. R. Co. He has twelve men under him, who slaughter from 60 to 700 calves every day and about 3,500 hogs. He gets a handsome salary.

The Gray, Youn & Sparliu Company exhibited at the recent Jamaica Exhibition a quantity of the production of the Blyth salt works, for which the firm were awarded the gold medal their salt being superior in quality to that of the many exhibits in the line from Canada and her country.

One evening recently as T. Edgar, wife and children were driving into Brussels their horse shied at some child in the road a upset the buggy. Mr. Edgar was thrown out on his head and received an ugly bruise on his forehead. The horse dot get away, however, and consequently the other occupants were not seriously injured. The buggy, a new one, as damaged considerably.

One day last week while Geo. Pizer, con. 14, lot 36, of Lett, was cuing wheat with a selfeder, his little four year old daughter entered on the field and went to so in the grain. The father not noticing her little one he guards of the machine caught the child's arm and nearly ered it from the body. Drs. Milnnd Young were summoned, and its found necessary to amputate the a above the bow.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Taylor, of Wingham, went to Toronto recently to receive a portion of estate left to Mrs. Taylor by an uncle who died in Australia about two years ago. The relatives will amount about \$22,000 and there will be other divisions in the future. Mr Taylor's deceased uncle was an extra sheep farmer in Australia, and hitune was estimated at from \$300,000 to \$500,000.

A joint stock cany for the manufacture of buttercheese in the township of Ashfield, made application to the Lieutenant-governor in council patent, under that seal. The officers of the proposed company are: President, Thos. E. F.; directors, Wm. H. Reid, Thommassey, John Killpatrick and Jos Killpatrick. The factory will be ed on lot 7, in the 7th con. (E. D.) field, and will be a great convenience for farmers in that section. Two red and fifty-seven shares at \$10 each have already been subscribed.

## Perth County Notes.

The steamer in Stratford is once more plowing the waters of the frog pond.

Kidd Bros., Listowel, have purchased the livery business of D. M. Simpson. Rev. Mr. Tully and family, of Mitchell, have left for their summer vacation.

The management of the North Perth Agricultural Society are arranging to build cattle and poultry sheds.

Thos. Dunn, of the G. T. R. shops, Stratford, son of James Dunn, Erie St., had his shoulder dislocated last week.

John Verner, of the G. T. R. shops, Stratford, left last Friday for Winnipeg, where he has secured a good position with the C. P. R.

Thos. Peppers, lot 4, con 10, Mornington, has completed the erection of a handsome two story brick residence, the main part of which is 20x28 feet, with a kitchen 18x20.

Inland revenue collections for Stratford division during July, \$8,431.31. Custom returns, free goods, value \$16,865; dutiable goods \$45,585; duty collected \$4,824.26.

Dr. V. B. Poole, of Mason City, Iowa, accompanied by his family, are visiting their numerous friends in Canada. He is at present a guest of his brother, the Reeve of Wallace.

As they stood on the beach where the wave lets play,  
She laid her head on his satin vest  
And lifted her lips in a pouting way  
And—he did the rest.

Within the past few weeks the names of all the Mitchell streets on which there are buildings have been conspicuously posted at every corner, and the houses, with few exceptions, have been numbered.

The Mornington township council is in the rather unique predicament of being practically without a head, the Reeve being away to the Northwest on a three months' leave of absence and the deputy's seat declared vacant owing to Mr. Reeve's long-continued absence at Ottawa.

At the Listowel cheese market the other day, about 10,000 boxes of cheese were sold, all offered being taken. This represented over \$50,000 in hard cash. A. F. MacLaren, buyer for J. L. Grant & Co., was the heaviest purchaser. Mr. MacLaren shipped three cars from Listowel station and Messrs. T. Ballantyne & Sons shipped four cars.

The veterans of 1866 resident in Stratford, will organize themselves into a veterans' association shortly. The object in organizing is to prevent persons who were not in active service in 1866 from securing veterans' medals. Attempts have been made to get medals and when applicants were asked to what battalion they belonged were unable to tell. There are quite a number of 1866 veterans in Stratford.

Constable John A. McCarthy, father of Chief McCarthy, is eighty years of age to day. Mr. McCarthy attended the school from which the character of "Squeers" is drawn in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby." The original of the character was Thomas Shaw, of Bowes Academy, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, and Mr. McCarthy is the boy who had his clothes stolen by "Squeers." He remembers well the comments of his schoolmates on seeing "Squeers" so parading in his clothes, which were much too small for him, and also remembers a severe whipping he received for stealing a crust of bread and a little bacon from the school larder. Mr. McCarthy is hale and hearty, and carries his eighty years jauntily.

Under the management of the new proprietor, G. E. Goodhand, formerly of Oxford county, the Milverton cheese factory has attained a high standard for excellence and everything is progressing favorably. Mr. Goodhand and several assistants (also good hands) are kept busy attending to the large quantity of milk contributed daily by 111 patrons. Fourteen 98 lb. boxes of cheese are turned out each day. All the cheese sold so far this season has realized top figures. Mr. Goodhand says the milk product of this section is richer than any he ever handled in Oxford. This he attributes to the fact that the cows here feed largely on natural grasses. The whey is fed on the premises, where Mr. Whyte, of Mitchell, has a herd of from two to three hundred hogs.

Many farmers in Perth county are through with their fall wheat harvest, and the balance will likely finish this week. There is but one opinion about the fall wheat crop, and that is that it is the best for many years. Oats, peas and barley, and spring wheat where it has been sown, are equally good. The two former promising an enormous yield. Flax is also a good crop. Hay turned out better than expected; and the pastures are unusually good for doing remarkably well, and potatoes promise to be plentiful. A trip through the townships of Wallace and Elma just now affords a most pleasing sight. The crops in these townships certainly never looked better, and it is doubtful if they were ever as uniformly good as they are this year. It looks as if a new era of prosperity was in store for the farming community, and all classes must be benefited by the realization of such bountiful returns of the farmers' labors.

**DAYLIGHT BANK ROBBERY.**

Sharpers Engage Bank Officers in Conversation and "Sneak" \$4,000.

An Easton, Pa., despatch says: Four thousand dollars was stolen from the Easton National Bank on Tuesday. Three men were engaged in the robbery. First a nicely-dressed man entered, and going to the discount window, asked: "What is your name?" "Bixler," answered the clerk. "You are the man I want to see, then," said the stranger. "I represent the Bixler estate in Germany," and then he began to talk with Bixler relative to a fortune left in the Old Country for the Bixler heirs. After some conversation he left.

A few minutes afterward a man stepped to the teller's window and addressed Chief Book-keeper Frank Sletzer, who was serving in the absence of dinner of Jacob Holt, the teller. He asked Mr. Sletzer to accept \$80 which he proffered, and held it for a note which would soon fall due on the bank.

Sletzer told him it was not the custom to do business in that way when the makers of notes kept no account at the bank. However, the stranger could open an account if he liked. While saying this Sletzer was counting the package of money. He found it to contain \$78, and told the man to take it back to the place where he got it and have the mistake corrected. The stranger got Sletzer to count it again, and then saying he was satisfied the package was short, left the bank. He had held Sletzer's attention about three minutes. A few minutes later Sletzer missed a package of \$1 bills which had been in a safe in the rear of the vault in the rear of the counting-room.

Wm. Hackett, the cashier, returned from dinner at 1 o'clock, and Sletzer informed him of the loss. An investigation was made at once, and it was found that a package containing \$4,000, mostly in \$1 bills, was gone. The package was bulky, and how the thief got it out unobserved is a mystery. The thief is a man with a beard, well dressed, and wearing tennis shoes with rubber soles. Sletzer saw him come in. While he was talking to stranger No. 2, stranger No. 3 went to a desk at the left and began to write. Sletzer does not remember seeing him after that time.

The theory is that the man entered the cashier's room from the lobby; entered the counting room, crept under a table, and getting into the vault, grabbed the first package he could, making his exit from the bank softly. Just a foot away was a smaller package containing \$100,000, and within a space four feet square and twelve inches from his hand was \$10,000. The whole affair took place in less than five minutes.

**CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.**

Bitter Language Used by a Minister's Wife.

A London cable says: Among the closing incidents of the Congregational Council was the proposed union with the Baptists. The proposal excites discussion in both communities. Dr. Noble's suggestion that the union scheme be first tried in local councils finds general acceptance. The official organ of the Baptists says that a close federation of the Church upon a mutually acceptable basis will strengthen them for a common attack upon the enemy's forces. If the united local councils succeed, a longer conference is certain to follow. Dr. Goodwin's vindication of Congregational orthodoxy roused Dr. Parker's ire. When interviewed, Dr. Parker said he would rather not speak on the subject at large; that his wife had written a letter which fairly represented his own thoughts. The wife's letter excels in strong language. She compares Dr. Goodwin to a theologian corpse that had lain in the grave for 200 years, and had been dragged out stinking with the grave clothes not too gracefully draped round him. To much more of this style of criticism. Dr. Parker adds that he was on a bed of sickness ten days, yet the delegates preaching in the Temple failed to remember him in their prayers, thus exemplifying their unholy Calvinism, and that they were so much concerned about their own orthodoxy as to neglect the simplest decencies of civilization.

**THE MINING RIOTS.**

Efforts Being Made to Effect a Compromise and End the Trouble.

A Knoxville, Tenn., special says: The general impression is prevalent that the Governor will come here this evening, and that some compromise will either be effected between him and the committee of miners, or that the troops will be sent immediately to the scene of the trouble. The only way in which the matter can be compromised, it seems, is for the lessees to withdraw the convicts.

A Knoxville special, timed 11.30 a. m., says: Governor Buchanan and Attorney-General Pickle arrived at 8 o'clock this morning. They were at once waited on by a deputation of miners, who are trying to effect a compromise and avoid bloodshed. The Governor is determined to establish law and order, and the troops are anxious to be on the move, especially those who were driven off on Monday. All sorts of rumors regarding the resistance to be offered the troops are afloat, and the Knoxville people encourage the strikers.

**A Young Girl Butchered.**

A Hazelton, Pa., despatch says: Mrs. Garoy went huckleberrying yesterday morning and left her 13-year-old daughter at home to mind the baby. When she returned in the afternoon she found her daughter dead upon the floor in a pool of blood, her throat cut and a large carving knife close beside her. Her clothing was torn in numerous places. The box containing the savings of the family had been rifled, and the theory is that the thief was detected, and to screen himself added murder to theft. There is no clue to the murderer.

A statute to the Pope will be unveiled in Baltimore in October, at which Cardinal Gibbons will officiate.

Princess Christian has settled £1,000 yearly on her daughter, Princess Louise. Prince Anhalt's father gives £800 with a furnished house in Berlin. Queen Victoria gives £500, and Emperor William gives £500 and two carriages and four horses, and pays the salaries of a lady and a gentleman-in-waiting.

Bicycles no longer can be ridden in Danish cities faster than the speed of a cab, by a decree of the Government.

**THE MUTINIOUS GUARDS.**

They Barricade Themselves and Make Terms for Their Leaders.

**THE OFFICERS BLAMED.**

A London cable gives the following additional particulars of the disaffection in the Coldstream Guards: The officers accordingly repaired to the company rooms and argued with the mutinous privates, sending forth to them the disgrace which had fallen upon the Grenadiers, and holding forth to them the prospect of being exiled from England. Finally the rebellious privates consented to parade, and were conducted to St. James' park in full marching order for their usual drill.

But, arrived upon the parade ground, the behavior and bearing of the Coldstream Guards was so glaringly insubordinate that their officers conceded that it would be visible to march them back to Wellington barracks. This was done, the men turning to the barracks with the consciousness that they had at least won a partial victory. The officers, however, issued orders confining their commands to the barracks for three days as a punishment. In addition the officers ordered that the senior privates of the mutinous companies should be placed under arrest, with a view of trying them by court-martial for insubordination.

No sooner did the majority of the excited Guardsmen hear of this order than ninety of them barricaded themselves in a room in the barracks, and declined to emerge until promised the ten senior privates should not fare any worse than their comrades. A considerable time was spent parleying with the officers, and they were finally persuaded on the ground that they would make matters worse for all concerned, to open the door and listen to their officers in an orderly manner. The mutinous Coldstreams, by judiciously stroking the soldiers' egos, figuratively speaking, succeeded in getting them down. The mutiny of the Coldstreams is another illustration of the feeling of discontent which has been growing in certain corps in the British army for some time. Excessive drills, excessive punishment, excessive severity on the part of the officers, and non-coms, with small pay, are said to be the causes of this discontent.

The Times connects the story of the mutiny of the Coldstream Guards. It states that the work of young men now composing the battalions, which was exceptionally severe during the German Emperor's visit, caused ill-feeling when the parade was ordered on Monday, but the officials quailed at the disaffection, and the battalion paraded as usual.

**WILPHOLD LAW.**

The Tennessee Authorities Will Not Compromise With Rioting Miners.

A Knoxville despatch says: A mass meeting is to be held at Coal Creek to-day, the result of which will not be known for several hours. The miners are perfectly quiet, and there are no troops near Coal Creek, which is 35 miles distant. The solution of the trouble for the present depends on the result of the meeting now being held. The impression is that in view of the session of the Legislature called to meet in September the miners will acquiesce in the decision of Gov. Buchanan to send convicts back to the mines until the Legislature takes action on the convict lease question. If they do not, troops will almost surely take the convicts back to Briceville to-morrow.

At a meeting of miners at Coal Creek to-day, committee which conferred with the Governor yesterday made its report, and said the committee had received proposals and the miners ought to grant some. His did not meet with universal approval, but by unanimous vote it was decided to accept the report of the committee on Resolutions. The gist of the resolutions was that the convicts should be returned to the mines, and that they would be molested the militia will be ordered home. Sixty days will be allowed to open the Legislature, during which time convicts shall be molested and no property destroyed. A Miners' Committee turned to Knoxville this evening, and is in conference with the Governor.

A conference between Governor Buchanan and the Miners' Committee ended without result. The Governor declined to confer the proposition for an armistice on the ground that it would be an implied compromise with violators of the law.

**ON A MURDERER'S TRAIL.**

Ne Hampshire Detectives Scouting Out a Montreal Fugitive.

Montreal despatches: Three detectives and a Boston newspaper man arrived here to-day in search of Frank Almy, who had murdered a young lady named Christie Warden at Fall River Junction, N.E. Almy was a laborer at Fall River Junction, and attracted attention to Miss Warden, which that young lady did not reciprocate. Then she shot her in the breast. The murder is about 28 years of age, five feet eight inches in height, and has dark moustaches. After the murder he fled to Canada, and was traced to Sherbrooke. He had 35 cents in his pocket, and it is that he proposed to beheading way to Montreal. There is a reward of \$1,000 for apprehension. It was rumored here to-day that Almy, the New Hampshire murderer, had sailed on board the Allan line steamer, but the truth of the statement has not been confirmed. Messages have been sent to the English authorities to look out for him.

The wide world aunts and her cousins and his aunt will be at Dundrum Park this afternoon.

Illinois has a larger road mileage than any other State in Union; or to be more exact, it has 10,100 miles of main lines and 2,928 miles of sidings.

Mrs. Alexander, thutish novelist, is of Irish parentage. A picture represents her as tall, hene, somewhat portly of late years, and with a freshness of complexion that defies middle age, with fair hair and eyes; she is a striking figure and a charming companion and a admirable conversationalist. —Public Opinion.

**RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.**

What Will Happen if the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Get Together.

A Montreal despatch says: The rumored big railway deal has caused considerable talk in business and other circles here to-day. It was alleged that besides the three roads mentioned yesterday, viz., the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and New York Central, that the Boston & Maine road was to be included in the deal, which, if consummated, will form the greatest railway combination on the continent.

"Probably the idea," said a well-informed gentleman to-day "is to form a great transcontinental pool between the Vanderbilts, the G. T. R., the C. P. R. and the B. & M. to work against the Gould and other American Pacific roads with termini at New York, Boston, Portland and Halifax, a line of transatlantic steamers in connection therewith. If the arrangements are carried out these lines will control the traffic of half the continent." The G. T. R. people here still claim to be ignorant of the deal. A private cable from London says that the rumor published last night was cabled to London and affected both the stock of the C. P. R. and G. T. R., the latter advancing £1 12s. 6d. a share and second preferences £1 10s. Brokers seem to think that if the deal is carried out the stock of both roads will advance rapidly. The head of a large express concern says the story is current in Boston and is credited there. "What would be the effect of the deal?" was asked of a railway man to-day. "Simply this, that the G. T. R. and C. P. R. working in harmony with the Vanderbilts could carry freight from the great west cheaper and more expeditiously to the seaboard than any other roads on the continent."

The Globe has the following from London: The sudden arrival of President VanHorne of the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, coupled with the fact that Messrs. Chauncey Depew and Hosmer are also here, attracts attention in city circles. The official statement made in reply to inquiries is that Mr. VanHorne is only here for a few days on strictly private business; but the statement meets with little acceptance. The belief in many quarters is that the result of his visit will probably be seen in large financial operations.

Sir Henry Tyler, who sails next Wednesday, will spend two months in Canada visiting the chief points on the Grand Trunk system. The chief object of his visit, it is understood, will be to promote better rates.

**THE PILGRIM FATHERS.**

Unveiling a Statue to an Early Pastor.

An Amsterdam cable says: At Leyden to-day a ceremony of great interest was witnessed in the unveiling in St. Peter's Church of the memorial erected there in honor of Rev. John Robinson, pastor in Holland of the Pilgrim Fathers, and one of the passengers on the Mayflower, who settled in Plymouth in 1620. It was a most impressive ceremony, and was witnessed by a large crowd. The exterior of the old church was prettily decorated with flags and flowers, and the town of Leyden was dressed as for its most festive occasion. Miss Edith Palmer removed the sheet which enveloped the memorial, a handsome tablet, suitably engraved, and as it was unveiled three flags were hoisted and saluted. The first flag was the Dutch ensign, then up went the Stars and Stripes, and finally the British Union Jack was run up to the truck. As these flags were hoisted the military band present played "The Star-Spangled Banner," "God Save the Queen," and the Dutch anthem in succession. The procession, on its way to the church, was headed by Dr. Palmer and Dr. Fairbairn. During the ceremonies in St. Peter's church that edifice was crowded to the doors. The responses were made in the Dutch language. The civil and military authorities and representatives of the University of Leyden were present at the unveiling in the church.

**DESTRUCTIVE STORMS.**

Great Damage by Hail in Dakota and Minnesota.

An Aberdeen, Da., despatch says: Reports are coming in of a destructive hail-storm twenty-five miles north of here on Tuesday. The track of the storm extended from Hosmer eastward for over 100 miles, and was from one to four miles wide. In some localities great damage was done. Hailstones of great size fell near Westport, some measuring fourteen inches in circumference. Marks can be seen to-day in the hard roads where the hail struck. Many farmers lost the entire wheat crop of from 30 to 100 acres each. The loss will foot up many thousands of dollars.

**A Tall Tale Corset.**

A bashful young man who has been calling on an up-town girl for quite a long time and could never summon up courage enough to pop the question was making his regular call one night last week, and, as usual, occupied the dark parlor with the object of his admiration. Not a sound was heard from the pair until ten o'clock, when a shriek like the whistle of a Delaware river ferryboat issued from the gloomy depths of the parlor. The father of the house rushed in and, turning up the light, found the young man with his arm around the girl's waist. Making the best of a bad situation, he immediately told his feelings to the old gentleman, and the engagement was closed. The young man was for a time at a loss to know whence the tall-tale shriek originated. He afterward learned, however, that his future wife wore a recently patented electric corset provided by her father, which when pressed, sounded the alarm. —Philadelphia Record.

An air ship is called a she probably because it refuses to be guided by any known contrivance.

"If that's my wife outside there," said the condemned murderer suspiciously to the prison chaplain, "I want to know what's in the package she's carrying before she comes too near." "It is a prayer book," said the chaplain. "I saw her wrapping it up just now." "Then I'll see her," replied the guilty wretch, a gleam of satisfaction lighting up his eye. "I thought perhaps she had bought me a new necktie." —Clothes and Furnisher.

**DOMINION PARLIAMENT.**

Mr. Wallace moved that the order of the House, that witnesses who appear before the Public Accounts Committee be examined under oath be rescinded.

Mr. Speaker ruled the motion out of order.

Mr. Barron moved that all accounts from '88 to '91 for salaries and extra services or otherwise in connection with the Post Office Department paid to J. G. Poston, A. C. MacDonald, M. P. Wright, E. A. LeSueur, Miss Kate Falconer, Miss Jane Craig, A. E. Meighen and Alice Graham be laid before the Public Accounts Committee.

Mr. Bowell said that Mr. Barron should move that these papers be laid before the House and not before the committee. No notice of this motion had been given.

Mr. Dewdney, in answer to Mr. Bain, said that twenty-three applications had been received by the Government for working or purchasing an amber deposit in the neighborhood of Cedar Lake in the Northwest, but no privileges had been granted.

Mr. German moved for a report showing the lessees of the boxes in the Kingston post-office in 1889.

Mr. Wallace moved the third reading of the Bill to relieve Adam Rasmussen.

The House divided on the motion, which was carried on a vote of 89 yeas and 23 nays.

The following divorce bills were read a third time on the same division:

For the relief of Mahala Ellis.

For the relief of Thomas Bristow.

For the relief of Isabel Tapley.

Mr. Wallace in moving the second reading of the bill to amend the Act to prevent combinations in restraint of trade, said it proposed to enact the provisions contained in the bill as introduced two years ago, but rejected by the Senate.

Mr. Mills (Bothwell) said that if protection were reduced the combination to the extent of the reduction of the protection would be done away with. Protection produced the combines, yet Mr. Wallace proposed to make combines criminal, when they were the outcome of the protective policy of the Government.

Mr. Barron said that the bill did not go far enough, inasmuch as it did not define what was an unlawful act under the measure. He was of opinion that Mr. Wallace was more desirous of appearing to be anxious to abolish combines than to abolish them.

Mr. Gillmor said that he believed Mr. Wallace was desirous of abolishing combines, but it was a very hard task in this protected country. Before free trade was adopted by England that country was full of combines.

Mr. Mulock said that the combine in sugar could not have existed had sugar been on the free list. Combines existed in free trade countries, it is true, but they were not so easily formed as in a protected country.

Mr. Lister presented a petition signed by 15,000 members of the Order of Patrons of Industry, praying for the removal of the import duty on binder twine, salt and sugar and the placing of these articles on the free list.

Mr. Tupper introduced a bill providing for the inspection of ships. He explained that under the law as it exists at present the Government inspection of ships is practically confined to hulls. For the greater security of sailors and workmen employed when the ships are loading and unloading, this bill makes provision for the inspection of tackle.

Mr. Tupper introduced a bill amending the Acts respecting the harbor of Pictou, in Nova Scotia, and defining the powers of the four Harbor Commissioners.

Before the orders of the day were called, Mr. Davin asked the Minister of Justice when the report of the investigation by Mr. Frederick White, Comptroller of the North-West Mounted Police, into the conduct of Commissioner Lawrence W. Herchmer would be laid on the table.

Sir John Thompson replied that the report had been prepared, and would be brought down in a few days.

**The Experienced Editor.**

The general reader can easily distinguish by reading a newspaper whether the editor is of the green and callow class, or whether he has been through the mill, so to speak. If he is one of the former, his paper will bristle with attacks on his shortcomings or that neglect; on the idiosyncrasy of this one or the eccentricity of that one, marked on the word "gore" seems to be water-marked on every page. With the experienced editor it is different. He has rid himself of the idea that the reformation of the world is his especial work, and sufficient unto the day are the scars he now bears. He has learned that no man is without faults, and he believes that one line of praise is worth more than a column of blame in securing needed reforms. He vents no personal spites, nor engages in petty quarrels, and if he does strike at an abuse it is because it is flagrant and its correction demanded by the best interests of the public. There is yet another kind of editor—the one who realizes his inability to interest his readers by legitimate news, and so strives to create sensation by attacking prominent men in their weak points, but this sort of tactics never succeeds outside of the largest cities. In the smaller places, this editor is soon short on cadavers and character, and is forced to shut up shop. —News, Colorado Springs.

**Misunderstood.**

Jester: Johnnie's pastor—Why, John, where are you going?  
Johnnie—I'm a-goin' skatin'.  
Johnnie's pastor—But you told me last night you wouldn't miss Sunday school on any account.  
Johnnie—No, I didn't. I said it would be a cold day when I stayed away.

At the famous fancy dress ball given by the Princess de Leon, in Paris, the Princess de Sagan appeared as the Empress of Japan. She was attired in robes of white satin, embroidered with large butterflies in colored silks and beads.

**THE BANANA TRADE.**

The Magnitude and Rapid Increase of the Business.

Among the numerous branches of commerce in which New York claims supremacy as being the centre is the banana trade, the Empire City claiming to be the largest market in the world for this luscious product of the tropics. It is the great receiving and distributing depot, so to speak, for the great bulk of the bananas grown in Jamaica, Belize, Port Limon, Baracoa the West India Islands and other semi-tropical countries, for from this port the trade branches out to every part of the United States and the British-American Provinces.

It is interesting in view of the growth of the trade to revert to the early importations of this new favorite fruit. The first shipments were made to this country some years ago in a schooner, but as may be imagined from experience, but few bunches reached New York in a saleable condition. These sufficed, however, for an introduction, and just as soon as the people had a chance to judge of the fruit the strong demand created for it suggested more rapid means of transit, and more suitable vessels, so as to bring it without loss to the importer within the reach of the great mass of the people. Well-directed enterprise on the part of some of the leading fruit merchants supplied the means of gratifying the popular and growing demand, and steamships suited for the trade were built and equipped, by which the voyage being shortened the process of decay was very much lessened in operation and the enterprise became a paying one. The first steamship intended for this particular trade was built at Paisley on the Clyde. It was called the "Pomona" and was assigned to the transporting of fruit from Jamaica and other of the West India Islands to New York. The venture was successful and soon another vessel was constructed, and so the trade grew until now the fleet of fruit carrying vessels is growing in number every month. The improved methods of caring for the fruit are by this time so well understood that much of the risk attending the earlier shipment is removed and the trade is placed on a sound business basis.

The caring of the fruit after it reaches New York calls for considerable judgment. The banana is of two varieties—the red and yellow—and both are picked and shipped long before they are ripe. The yellow banana is known to the trade as "green," because that is the color when it reaches port, the green gradually giving place to the rich yellow tint according as the ripening process progresses. This can now be retarded or progressed according to circumstances, and the fruit be so kept that it can be produced every day in the year. Those who are competent to form an opinion on the subject say that the artificially ripened banana is superior in delicacy of flavor to that which ripens on the tree, a fact for which the lovers of the luscious fruit should be thankful. Another equally interesting fact is stated, viz., that more of the human species subsist upon bananas than any food with the single exception of rice, over which the banana has the advantage that it can be eaten raw, while rice needs very careful cooking. And still another fact remains to be told and which the makers of the modern cook books should not overlook, and that is that the banana may be baked, roasted, fried, made into pies or puddings, or made to yield a very choice flavoring for other dishes. As Captain Cuttle would say they should "make a note on't."

The increased demand for this delicious fruit has so grown as to tax to the fullest the capacity of the steamers engaged in its transportation and the cold storage facilities, but ample provision has been made and this season will offer no greater drawbacks to the reception and ample storage than previous seasons.

**Reason Knocked Endways.**

Mr. Borem (buying a railway ticket)—What became of the ticket seller who used to be at this window?  
Ticket agent—He's in a lunatic asylum.  
"You don't say so. What drove him crazy?"  
"A shock."  
"Shock, eh?"  
"Yes. One day a man came to his window, bought a ticket, paid for it, and walked off without stopping to ask a string of foolish questions. —Good News.

The Russian Grand Duke Sergius is very religious.

Ex-King Milan has got leave from the Church to marry again.

**"German Syrup"**

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy. G. C. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

**An Awful Office Here.**

There's a fellow—and a fellow  
Is just the proper name—  
Who just drops in a minute,  
Who hasn't come to stay;  
And when you very feebly—  
Just whisper, "Glad you came,"  
He grabs a chair and draws it up,  
And settles for the day.  
He dabbles with your mulligan,  
And spoils a pen or two;  
He jabs things with your scissors,  
And the point is sure to break;  
He asks you what you're writing,  
And proceeds to read it through,  
And point out great improvements  
You so easily could make.  
He tells you of the clothes he's got,  
The clothes he's going to get,  
About his tennis suit and ties,  
And such important things;  
He dilates on the races,  
And "don't you want to bet?"  
From one thing to another goes,  
But to his chair he clings.  
He talks about the ladies,  
For he's always some affairs;  
He reads you several samples  
Of the letters he receives;  
He turns round to your typewriter,  
And critically stares;  
He's simply irresistible,  
So he himself believes.  
And when he's killed \$10 worth  
Of time dead as Saul,  
And given you a headache  
That will last you for a day,  
He saunters out imagining  
You've revealed in his call,  
And that it simply breaks your heart  
To see him go away.  
—Boston Courier.

**THE MAIN ISSUE.**

**A Boy, Who, in Time, Will Likely be a Great Judge.**

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.  
"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in the hole one noon, he took his shot gun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire."  
"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.  
The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And, seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."  
"Did he put it out?" asked another.  
"As he passed inside the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water."  
"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.  
The lawyer went on without answer: "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."  
"Did anyone burn up?" said another.  
The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story." But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"  
The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:  
"I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know."  
"You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my man; you have not been switched off by the confusion and the barn burning, and the hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."  
—

**Vacation Advice.**

Don't go out in the woods to fly a kite—only the birds fly there.  
If a goose cries at you, do not cry yourself in turn. Only geese do that.  
Don't try leap-frog over the cows in the pasture. The cows might object.  
Don't waste your time in trying to catch two-inch fish with a ten-foot pole.  
Don't try swimming in creeks where the water is two feet deep and the mud six feet.  
It is always well to remember the fact that savage cows and fierce dogs can't climb trees.  
If a strange dog smiles at you, it is policy to smile back, and if he runs at you, the best thing is to run back.  
It is adding insult to injury to burn up the farmer's fence in trying to cook the corn that you have helped yourself to.  
A barn roof is not meant as a toboggan-slide, and shingles are rather hard on trousers.  
When you go out for an all-day tramp don't eat up all your lunch at 10 o'clock. You will feel starved by 2 if you do so.  
If you get tired doing nothing it is a good thing to sit under the barn and pass the time in waiting for the weather-cock to crow. A great many days may be employed in this manner.  
You may imagine that you help the hay-makers by jabbing the horses with the pitchfork and getting tangled up in the reins, but you do not, and they will probably tell you so.  
Do not be angry if the roosters awaken you at daybreak. Remember that if you went to bed at sunset you would be willing to get up with the chickens, and roosters don't stop to consider such things.  
Dillon and O'Brien will be restored to a sympathetic world next week, some two or three days before the expiration of their jail sentences. Then will begin a struggle between them and Parnell, no doubt, for the release of the funds locked up in a Paris bank.  
"Long pendant earrings," says the Philadelphia Times, "are coming into fashion, and, as a consequence, the high-shouldered dress must go."  
Madame Patti has decided to accept Marcus Mayer's offer for a series of concert tours, and she will visit America for a stay of two months. Mr. Mayer will personally conduct her tour.  
Robert Bonner has never raced a horse for money or won a dollar on a track in his life, yet there has not been a time in twenty-five years when he has not owned the best trotting stock in America.  
A raw Scotch lad joined the local volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jack was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a'oot o' step but oor Jack."

**TRAINING FOR NEWSPAPER WORK.**

The report of the thirty-third annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association contains an exhaustive paper on "Type-setting and casting machines," and also a paper and report of the discussion on the use of plate-matter. From the address of President Pattullo the following is extracted: "But it is not only in the mechanical and business departments that we must keep up with the altered conditions of the times. The demands of modern life on newspaper workers are more varied and imperious than ever before. There never was a time when men of high and special attainments were more needed than now. The days of the typical Bohemian in journalism are gone; they will never return. His place has been taken by more busy and earnest brain workers, vastly more useful if less picturesque and odorous than the old type. While the newspapers of Canada are on the whole a credit to the country, there is still plenty of room for improvement. This can only be brought about by men of special aptitude and special training. How those whose nature intended for journalists—and no one else should be a journalist—can secure the best training, is a question which it is well that you are considering and every other association of this kind should consider. We are all familiar with the time-honored platitudes of the influence of the press—and no doubt the influence of the press, when fairly and honestly exerted, is very great; but it should not be forgotten that the brain workers, as we may call the editors and reporters, do not constitute the entire interests of journalism. Perhaps few people stop to consider how vast are the business interests of the press, how much capital is invested in the newspaper business, and how much money passes every year through newspaper offices. I have suggested the collection of accurate statistics on this subject covering the whole Province. When these are at hand, they will enable you to realize how great and how varied are the interests you represent, and which it is the object of your Association to promote."

Mr. William Houston said, in the course of his address on "Higher Training of Journalists":

"The higher training should be: 1. Literary. It is easy to mistake the significance of this term in relation to journalism. It means here at least three things: (1) A training in the expression of thought by means of language; (2) a training in the comprehension of thought as conveyed in language, and (3) a training in the appreciation of the beautiful in art as embodied in artistic literature and especially in poetry. No man can possibly be a successful journalist who is not an expert in the use of the English language. It is something to be able to put one's thoughts into sentences that will parse, and paragraphs that are clearly defined. It is something to be able to use figurative language without falling into a mixed metaphor. It is something to be able to use words with that felicity which makes the reader feel that each is the right word in the right place. But there is something behind all this of more importance still—the evolution of thought and the process of instantly fitting the language to it as the press is made to fit the body. Nothing but long experience can make a man an adept at writing on themes, but not even a long experience can make him approach the perfection of style without some preliminary or contemporary training of his critical faculty. It is now to see flaws in our own work, and the most that can be said of the teaching of composition in school is that it usually does nothing in the way of making pupils self-critical.

2. Historical. The possession of a large amount of historical knowledge is for the successful journalist indispensable, but this is the lowest view to take of the matter. He may be able to get on so far as mere knowledge is concerned by the aid of good books of reference, but he cannot acquire by their use that subtle but unquestionable kind of culture which a proper historical training gives. In these days when it is the fashion to subject everything—law, politics, economics, even religion—to historical treatment, the culture may be to some extent acquired incidentally, but it must be exceedingly useful to have some preliminary acquaintance with the subject so as to secure breadth of view and a philosophical spirit. It is hard to understand how one with a wide acquaintance with the events and movements of history can be a pessimist, and a pessimist in journalism has mistaken his calling. The journalist should know best the history of his own country, next that of his own race, then that of modern foreign nations, and lastly that of ancient civilization. Having no time to spare for acquiring this knowledge systematically after he begins his professional career, he should have some training of this kind before he goes into it.

3. Political. I have already called attention to the true meaning of this term, and therefore I can be in no danger of being misunderstood here. Political training is not, ought not to be, partisan training. The study of politics rightly understood is the truest corrective of the narrowness resulting from the constant discussion of things from a partisan point of view. It includes a knowledge, properly acquired, of the constitution of the country, viewed both statically and dynamically, and it includes a knowledge of all of the institutions of the community, not merely those consciously devised to effect certain purposes but those that seem to have a more natural development, such as property and the family. The extent of the field covered by the term "institutions" forbids the assumption that it can be usefully covered incidentally during the journalist's career. He should know something about it before he enters on practical work.

4. Economic. I use the term to imply that the journalist who has from history and politics learned something of society on its political side should make a study of commerce and industry so as to have some idea of the forces at work in the direction of men's activities exercised in producing and exchanging objects of value. Many of the most difficult questions of the day are connected with the production and distribution of wealth, and they are as practical as they are difficult. The journalist is supposed to know all about what determines the rate of wages, how to prevent strikes and lockouts, the best means of utilizing the public resources, the economic effects of any particular policy, whether embodied in a law of the

country or in a treaty with some foreign power. Surely he would be all the better for knowing before hand that these are old, old questions, and for knowing also some of the solutions of them that have been offered by thoughtful men.

I have, in pointing out what the journalist's higher training should consist of, indicated also how it should be acquired. He should have a liberal training before he begins to work, and he should steadily endeavor to supplement that with what culture he can secure by his own persistent efforts. Above all he should use his influence for the improvement of the educational system of the country. So much of the teaching done in schools is mere memory work that it is of very questionable utility, and in this respect colleges and universities are hardly more advanced than the schools. No greater boon can be conferred by journalism on this country—and we are no worse off than others—than the substitution of rational methods of imparting instruction for the rote methods now in vogue.

There is a Buyer's Directory as an appendix to the report.

**THE SUMMER TRUNK.**

**A Few Things That May Help to Fill it**

If you wear a fluffy bang you want your alcohol lamp.  
If you wear laced shoes you want a dozen pairs of shoe strings.  
If you wear varnish or polish your shoes you want a bottle of whatever blacking you may fancy.  
If you are inclined to sunburn, you want a pot of strawberry cream or some cold cream.  
If you are fond of reading, you want your favorite books.  
If you ever use pins, you want a block of black ones and a paper of white ones.  
If you are a good girl and mend your clothes, you want some spools of thread, your needles, your thimble and some buttons.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Personal Experience.**

Edward Hanlan, Champion Oarsman, says: "For muscular pains in the limbs, I have found St. Jacobs Oil a reliable remedy. Its results are the most beneficial, and I have pleasure in recommending it from personal experience."

**The Bairds of Gartsherrie.**

The Rev. P. Anton, in a Scotch newspaper, states that the present members of the Baird family own £2,000,000 worth of land in Scotland, and all acquired in the course of the last two generations. They employ about 10,000 men and boys; they have 42 blast furnaces, capable of producing 750 tons of iron per day; and their business not only extends throughout the west of Scotland but they have also extensive mining interests in England, Spain and Sweden. "Immersed in the affairs of the world," says Mr. Anton, "they have never shut their ears to the calls of religion. In this department their giving has been princely." Their ancestors were tenant-farmers in Lanarkshire, who in the national religious struggle took the Covenanting side; one of them, in 1683, was fined one hundred pounds for refusing to hear the curate of Cathcart, and James Baird, of Strathaven was a sufferer, whose name is recorded by Wodrow. The founder of the Gartsherrie family was William Baird, born in 1765, one of the most enterprising farmers in Lanarkshire; and it was in 1809 that he began the working of coal on his own account at Dalsersf.

**"Life is an ocean."**

Each one has his bark.  
Some have a bark they would gladly be rid of—a ceaseless, persistent, determined cough! present by day, not absent by night. If you take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, it will go with you! There is just one thing to do: begin a thorough treatment with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the problem is solved! You will soon wonder where it is gone, and when it went! The picture is not overdrawn—colds, lingering and obstinate coughs, and even Consumption, in its early stages, yield to this potent vegetable compound. Large bottles, one dollar, at druggists, and guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or money returned by its makers.

**What We Work For.**

Printers' Album: To say that the newspaper is published for money is to say no harm of it. It has passed into a universal maxim that "The church lives by the altar"—by the contributions which the faithful lay upon the altar. And it is true, and it is not discreditable. The newspaper press is generally as high in morals and intelligence as the public conscience and mind, high in that it can never be permanently, as it must be what society demands it shall be. As a matter of fact it frequently runs ahead, temporarily, of public morality; it often creates the public sentiment that destroys public wrongs; it often secures justice by proclaiming the injustice.

**Well Located.**

"And so you're married, Jack?"  
"Yes; I have succumbed, like many another before me. Love match, pure and simple. Come around and see us sometime."  
"Yes, I will, with pleasure. Where are you living?"  
"Well, I expect we shall be at her father's for some time to come."—Judge.

One of the London street car companies has in use an automatic "starter." Two powerful spiral springs, fastened to the front axle, are wound up through being applied for the car's stoppage, so that when it is desired to go on again they are capable of starting it.

Missionary—I have come here, brethren, to devote my life to you. Cannibal Chief—All right, thanks. But we'll wait a while until you are a little fatter.

A seamless steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will last a great while and cannot leak.

M. Sarcey, a French journalist, has a novel way of gaining news. He has elegant apartments, rich cigarettes and choice absinthe. Paris gossips and men of prominence enjoy his hospitality and unburden secrets and matters of interest. These he makes subjects for the bright comments over his signature which grace the Parisian press.

**THE GIRL YOU LOVE.**

**Harry Her and She Will Make a Model Wife.**

You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy.

Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall, so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half-acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and wad of putty and repair damage in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you do anything about the house that Con Reagan can?

My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything that a woman can do.

Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you, in your limited knowledge, set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—Bob Burdette.

**Bible Statistics.**

The following Bible statistics are accurately copied from a slip of printed paper that is pasted on the fly-leaf of a copy of Haddock's Bible (Dublin, 1813), in King's Inn Library, Dublin:

"More than once have statistics of the following character found their way into print, to the delight of both old and young. The statement is mainly taken from an English Bible, as given by the indefatigable Dr. Horne in his introduction to the study of the Scriptures, and is said to have occupied more than three years of the compiler's life:

	Old Testament.	New Testament.	Total.
Books.....	39	27	66
Chapters.....	929	280	1,209
Verses.....	33,214	7,959	41,173
Words.....	683,493	181,233	864,726
Letters.....	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

"Apocrypha—Books, 14; chapters, 183; verses, 6,031; words, 125,185; letters, 1,063,876."—Notes and Queries.

**"Give Us a Lift!"**

"Do send down something to help us!" "Those Little Pleasant Pellets, you sent before, were just what we wanted!" "They helped right where we were weakest!" "Don't send anything else!"

Nature, abused and neglected, does her best to overcome exhaustion and ward off threatening disease, but sometimes calls for help, and knows just what she's about. The system takes kindly to the mild, wholesome influence of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and often their timely assistance corrects evils which would soon lead to serious results. With the first signal of distress, nature will thank you for remembering her request. Therefore, if languid, easily tired, bad taste in mouth, bowels irregular or constipated, give nature a lift by taking Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Best Liver Pill made.

**She Knew Better.**

Mrs. Jaysmith (to grocer)—Ten pounds of sugar.  
Grocer (as customer walks out)—I beg your pardon, but you didn't pay for that sugar.  
Mrs. Jaysmith—Of course not. Sugar's free now. I read the papers, I do, and you can't fool me.—N. Y. Epoch.

**Vinnie Was Tart.**

Philadelphia Record: Miss Gray (the evening before her wedding)—Suppose the clergyman should want to kiss me after the ceremony, dear, what shall I do?  
Miss Vinnie Garr (her dear friend)—He won't want to.

The thickness of human hair varies from the two hundred and fiftieth to the six hundredth part of an inch.

The population of the States could stand on a plot nine miles square.

The Emperor of Germany has introduced the game of baccarat in Berlin.

Cincinnati enjoyed a novel sensation last Monday evening. A bicyclist appeared on the street with his infant son in a basket-shaped affair fastened to the head of his machine. A large crowd followed him, attracted by the unusual sight. Such turns are to be seen on the asphalt pavements of Rochester any evening, and they no longer attract notice, so common is the occurrence.

Frequently it costs a mean man a cat deal to be stingy.  
Otis Skinner is in Scotland. His brother, Charles M. Skinner, is rewriting the tragedy of "Medea" for Margaret Mather.

**PAPERS WITH SILK THREAD.**

**The Mill Where United States Note Paper is Manufactured.**

Anybody who wishes can go into the big Crane & Co.'s factory at Dalton, Massachusetts, and see the workmen place the blue silk on the machine that makes the paper for all the United States notes. The silk comes in spools, and is made by Belding, of Northampton. It is sold here in Bangor. There is no more secret about it than there is about the water flowing over the dam above the toll bridge.

The real secret is in the composition of the paper. The silk thread is secured by patent, to be sure, but the making of paper, the compound of the ingredients, is safe in the head of J. Murray Crane, who received the art from his father, who made bonds for Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's secretary of the treasury, away back in war times. The pure linen pulp is in a big room, looking for all the world like any linen pulp. Then comes J. Murray Crane with a grip-sack. He and the "grip" enter the room together, and it is presumed that he locks the door, for the door is locked on the inside, and the "grip" does not look able to do it.

They are clostet a half an hour. When they come out the pulp goes to the paper machine, and Mr. Crane and the grip go home. But the pulp is changed by that visit, and nobody has been able to penetrate the Crane secret. The company gets about fifty times as much for that paper as for other linen paper made in the same mill.—Bangor News.

**A Happy Combination**

Of the most potent and active properties of the whole vegetable kingdom, is that which makes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription so pre-eminently above every other so-called woman's restorative in the market. Don't stop short of the best! Don't experiment with worthless imitations, when the world acknowledges no superior to the original, reliable, and only guaranteed remedy for the happy restoration of suffering and debilitated women. Costs nothing if it don't do just as recommended. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

**The Thirteenth Superstition.**

Here is some comfort for the superstitious. On March 13th, William Hanlon, whose neck was broken by his fall from the trapeze last week, was present at a dinner where the number of guests was 13. He was the thirteenth man to arrive, and on July 13th, at the age of 31, Hanlon was killed. His funeral took place from Thirteenth street, and the number of the lot he was buried in was 13.—Boston Herald.

Berlin has just decided that wooden pavements are a failure, while Constantinople is having its first one put down.

D. C. N. L. 32, 91.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.  
CURES  
**RHEUMATISM,**  
Neuralgia, Sciatica,  
Lumbago, Backache,  
Headache,  
Toothache,  
Sore Throat,  
Frost Bites, Sprains,  
Bruises, Burns, Etc.  
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.  
Putty in a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.  
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

**DO YOUR DREAMS TIRE YOU?**  
Out-standing all others for home treatment is our specific remedy, called **DR. JOHN PERCY'S** PRESCRIPTION FOR ENGLISH LOSS OF NERVE, BRUISES, NIGHT LOSS OF SLEEP, AND ALL THE RESULTS OF OVER-EXHAUSTION. It will invigorate and cure you. 30 years' success a guarantee. All druggists sell it. \$1.00 per box. Can mail it sealed. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

**WEAKNESS**  
CURE YOURSELF  
Face pinched, loss of nerve, weakness, dizziness, etc., from whatever cause arising, cured by **DR. JOHN PERCY'S VITAL REGENERATOR**, PREPARED BY THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL PHYSICIAN.  
Cure Guaranteed.  
Sent by Mail in small pill form, in plain sealed package, with full receipt of Two Dollars. Equals combined sale of similar specifics.  
Send for Sealed Pamphlet, **DR. JOHN PERCY,** BOX 503, WINDSOR, ONT.

**PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.**  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.  
CONSUMPTION

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOGAN, 658 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**I CURE FITS!** THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.  
When I say Cure I do not merely stop them for a time, and Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of others because others have failed to cure me for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SLOGAN, 658 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

THE COMING FENCE.

Elsewhere will be read with interest a letter from the pen of Reeve Cleland, of Elma, on the subject of the honey locust hedge fence. During our visit to Oxford county last week we chanced to see this fence growing in front of a farm on the 15th concession of East Zorra, and from a farmer living adjacent to the said farm we were informed that the fence had been planted two years, and it would require at least four years more growth to make it of practical service. The hedge fence, such as Mr. Cleland describes, possesses many advantages over any other, particularly the rail fence. The honey locust fence economises space, requires little attention after it has grown to maturity, it is everlasting in durability and enhances the general appearance of the farm. It is a thing of beauty. These are arguments that cannot be refuted by the most prejudiced mind. We believe that with proper treatment it will mature in six years, possibly in less time, certainly not more, and by reason of the thorns growing on the shrub it will repel any attempt of animals to break through. It is needless to add that the time-honored rail fence must sooner or later go, to be supplanted by the more durable wire fence or hedge, or both. The honey locust hedge fence is meeting with much favor in Oxford county we understand, and in view of its cheapness, durability and beauty, we can heartily recommend it to the farmers of Perth.

TAMPED MILK CASES.

Tamped milk cases are becoming quite numerous in Perth and adjoining counties, and the authorities are having their hands full in bringing the guilty parties to justice. The cheese question is one of vital interest to the people of Canada, more especially the people of Western Ontario, and any attempt made by individuals to impair the high quality and hitherto unsullied reputation of Canadian cheese in the English market would indeed prove disastrous. This being a fact, our readers will readily recognize the importance of vigorous enforcement of the law in suppressing whatever evil may be detected and assisting the men appointed to look after the dairying interests generally. Now, the Western Dairymen's Association have appointed out of their number men to act as inspectors of the factories in their jurisdiction—men who are eminently qualified for the duties of the position—and, together with the invaluable and indispensable assistance of Dr. Babcock's Milk Test, they are enabled to maintain the honor and reputation of the various factories and the cheese industry as a whole. It is the duty of the press, cheesemakers, directors and patrons concerned to stand by these recognized authorities and see that the law dealing with unscrupulous patrons be enforced to the very letter. Our cheese has a reputation second to none in the world in the foreign market, and once that enviable reputation is brought into question the industry will have ceased to be a thing of magnitude and profit. We append the following timely and suggestive remarks of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review in dealing with this serious problem of milk tampering:

Men who are mean and dishonest enough to skim or water milk sent to a factory will usually go a step farther and lie about it. Inspectors and the public must rely chiefly on tests as evidence of guilt. When a man's milk shows 1 per cent. more, say, of butter fat the day after the Inspector has been around to test it, the presumption is a pretty safe one that he has been defrauding the factory. It can scarcely be seriously contended that milk will vary to this extent in a day. Every dairyman in this country is interested in stamping out the crime of tampering with milk sent to factories. The cheese trade of Canada rests as much upon the honesty of patrons as upon the skill of the makers. It is a shame that honest patrons and the country at large should suffer by the meanest form of dishonesty. If the truth were known men convicted wrongfully in such cases are probably extremely rare. Those who know themselves to be fined unjustly on the evidence have the right of appeal. And it is easy now for men wrongly suspected to show by continued tests of their milk that they are honest. The Babcock tester is thoroughly reliable. It makes dishonesty dangerous and conviction of the guilty possible. The public will soon realize that it is a terror to evil doers.

The budget debate came to a termination July 29th, at 4 a. m. The vote was upon the amendment of Sir Richard in favor of more liberal reciprocity arrangements with the United States. The whips of both parties had been busy and every available vote was recorded. The vote on the amendment stood: Yeas 88, nays 114, giving the Government a majority of 26.



Voters' List, 1891.

Municipality of the the Township of Elma, Co. of Perth.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of The Ontario Voters' Lists Act, 1889, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up in my office at Atwood, on the 29th day of July A. D., 1891, and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

THOS. FULLARTON, Clerk of Elma. July 29th, 1891.

--NEW--

Fall Goods!

THE Spring Trade is about over now and we are getting in our Fall Stock so as to have it on hand when needed. We ask our Customers and the Public, generally, to

CALL AND SEE

OUR GOODS

Before purchasing elsewhere. Our prices cannot be equalled. We are not afraid to compare goods with any of our neighboring towns. We have no \$2 pants, we don't intend to deal in such goods.

Thanking you for past patronage, we remain yours,

CURRIE & HEUGHAN, ATWOOD, ONT.

—POPE'S—

Harness Shop

REMOVED!

THE harness shop of H. Pope has been removed to the Foresters' block, Atwood, where he is prepared to attend to the needs of the public.

Heavy and light harness made to order. Full lines of whips, curry combs, rugs, brushes, etc., etc. Repairing promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

Call at the new shop.

H. POPE.



All the Home News

WILL BE FOUND IN

THE BEE

TRY it FOR THE

BALANCE OF 1891

—ONLY—

25-CENTS-25

THE BEE is the best print-

ed, best written and newsiest village newspaper in Ontario.—Stratford Beacon.

THE BEE

Is one of the

BEST ADVERTISING MED- IUMS IN PERTH.

First-Class

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THE BEE

Publishing House.

Rates Moderate!



A. FRAME.

Any information wanted respecting the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be cheerfully given by applying to R. S. Pelton, of THE BEE Publishing House, or

A. FRAME, Box 14, Stratford, Ont. 51-1y

NOTICE!

Elma Centre Cemetery.

PARTIES desirous of having their plots in the Elma Centre Cemetery raised, levelled and otherwise repaired may have the work done at 30c. per lot. Orders left at Wm. Forrest's furniture emporium, Atwood, will receive prompt attention. 25tf

Atwood Livery!

Fine rigs, good horses, and everything requisite, is kept at the Atwood Livery Stables. Terms moderate. Special rates to ministers and others requiring livery service periodically. A splendid Carry-all in connection with the stables. 25tf

WM. THISTLE, Proprietor.

House and Lot

For Sale or to Rent.

THE undersigned offers for sale or to rent his splendid frame house situated on Main street, south of G.T.R., Atwood, containing 7 rooms, together with a never failing spring well and other conveniences. Terms to suit the purchaser.

ALEX. CAMPBELL, Atwood, Ont. 23-4in

ADVERTISE YOUR

Farms for Sale

—IN—

THE BEE

TERMS MODERATE.

LARDINE MACHINE OIL!

The famous heavy Boiled Oil for all Machinery. Those who use it once use it always.

McCull's Renowned Cylinder Oil

Has no equal for Engine cylinders. Give it a trial and see for yourself. Beware of imitations of Lardine. Made only by McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

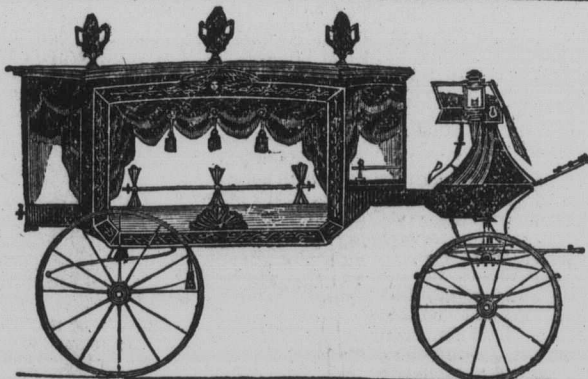
FOR SALE BY J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.

THE 777 STORE!

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O.

\$10 to \$18

R. M. BALLANTYNE

WILL SELL YOU AN

All Wool Suit

—FOR—

\$10.00.

A Fine Worsted Suit for

\$18.00.

Where is

McGinty

Now?

Call and examine our goods, we guarantee to

Save you from \$2

to \$5 on each

Suit.

# SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY.

## NEADS, THE DRUGGIST,

THINKS that all the Scholars should present themselves at school prepared to study as hard as they know how, and that their parents should Call at the Atwood Drug and Book Store to get all their

## SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

As he keeps the largest and best assortment of Books, Paper, Ink, Pens, Pencils, &c.

## CALL - AND - SEE !

### Town Talk.

ELMA Council meets at Ioeiger's hotel on the 15th inst.

Mrs. L. PELTON was visiting relatives at Russeldale this week.

FOR SALE.—A driving beast for sale. Apply to Rev. D. Rogers.

Mrs. ECCLESTON, of Drayton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Jas. Turnbull.

THE Ontario Statutes for 1891 have been issued and are ready for distribution.

REV. J. W. PRING, of Fordwich, will preach here at 11 a. m. next Sabbath, and at the other appointments at the usual hour.

GEORGE THOMPSON and wife, of Millbank, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in this community. Mr. Thompson was formerly teacher of S. S. No. 5, Elma.

WE would direct the attention of our readers to the advt. of M. E. Neads at top of local column. He makes a specialty of school supplies and is entitled to the trade. Give him a call.

THE Grand Trunk has issued a notice that hereafter baggage may be checked from the United States to its destination in Canada, with the proviso that the owners be present when the baggage crosses the frontier, in order to allow the customs officers to examine the same. Heretofore baggage has been checked to the frontier only.

Our thanks are due E. B. Biggar, of Montreal, for a copy of an "Anecdotal Life of Sir John A. Macdonald," late Premier of Canada. The volume contains many of the more laughable and interesting anecdotes of Sir John, together with a brief biography of his life. Nine illustrations embellish the work. It is for sale by all booksellers at the nominal sum of 50c.

\$2 COUNTERFEITS.—The Forest Free Press says: A cleverly raised \$2 bill is in circulation. The alteration, however, can be very readily detected if a person takes time to look at the bill. The Government legal bill reads: "The Dominion of Canada will pay the bearer two dollars" is altered by means of pen and ink to read "The Dominion of Canada will pay to bearer ten dollars."

REMOVED.—As will be seen by advt. H. Pope has removed his harness business into larger and more pretentious premises in the Foresters' block, where he is prepared to attend to the wants of the public better than ever. Friend Pope is doing a good business, and judging from his stock of rugs, whips, curry combs, etc., his capital is increasing. Good workmanship, close application to business and a liberal use of dprinter's ink, will bring its own reward.

AN exchange thinks "there is something wrong with the 'eternal fitness of things' when the minister gets five dollars and a sumptuous dinner for performing the marriage ceremony which only takes five minutes, while the poor editor is asked to spend two hours in writing up a notice, and to set up a list of presents, and he only gets a piece of cake. He considers himself very fortunate if he receives even that much as a token of appreciation."

FALL SHOW.—The date for holding the Elma Agricultural Society's fall show has been fixed for Tuesday, Sept. 29th. The directors are determined that this fair, in point of excellence, will eclipse all former shows, and it rests with the exhibitors and all interested to make it thus. At considerable expense a splendid new hall has been erected and commodious grounds purchased and fitted up, and the Society's efforts along this line should be appreciated by everyone taking hold and help make our fall show of 1891 a decided success. The prize list giving full particulars will be issued shortly.

J. A. HACKING, of Listowel, reports the following passengers per G. T. R. and connecting lines: John McIlroy, Geo. Smith, John Stacey, Adam Gray, Robt. Pride, Scott Peebles, John I. Peebles, I. Vodden, Russell Climie, Mat. Sanderson, for Moosomin, Man.; Alex. Lang, Walter Dobson, John M. Millan, W. B. Hutchison, Samuel Love, for Binscarth, Man.; Louis Lentz, Glenboro, Man.; Miss Draper, Ottawa Ont.; Miss Long, Bradford, P. A.; Geo. Velle, Winnipeg; Mrs. Velle, Miss Schinbein, Chicago; Miss Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Miss Clayton, Mackinaw.

THE rural schools open next Monday. Wm. THISTLE visited the Classic city this week.

REV. J. MILLS, of Mitchell, preached here last Sunday evening.

REV. E. S. RUPERT, M. A., of Milverton, was in town Tuesday.

MAYNE HAMILTON was visiting relatives in Stratford this week.

WE regret to learn that Mrs. Thomas Reid is on the sick list this week.

JOHN McBAIN was renewing old acquaintances in Wingham last week.

STATION agent Knox ticketed 66 excursionists to Goderich last Tuesday.

THRESHING has commenced, the wheat turning out well. New hay has been selling at \$8 per ton.

JOHN ROGERS and wife are spending a few days in Detroit, Mich. We hope they may enjoy their visit.

FARMERS' excursion to Manitoba and the Northwest on Aug. 18th and Sept. 1st. See J. A. Hacking's advt.

ST. ALBAN'S church intend holding their annual "Harvest Home" on Sept. 13th. Particulars will be given later.

R. S. PELTON and T. M. Wilson, teacher, spent last week at the former's home, "The Pines," Innerkip, Oxford county.

THE White Star steamer Majestic has broken the record from Queenstown to New York. Time 5 days 18 hours and 8 minutes.

ED. BROKESHIRE, tailor, has secured a lucrative position in Exeter. We expect to see Edward once in awhile, especially since he is interested in Atwood.

THE Wyoming Legislature has passed a law taxing bachelors \$2 each per annum. The Legislature was elected by female as well as male suffrage. Significant fact.

THAT live hardware firm, Bonnett & Bowyer, of Listowel, request intending purchasers to see their Model cooking stove. It is a dandy, and can only be had at Bonnett & Bowyer's. See new advt.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN has resigned his position as Minister of Public Works. He made a sworn statement before the Tarte committee Tuesday, Aug. 11, denying the various charges against him.

THE Dundas True Banner is desirous of knowing why it is "they always put fences around graveyards? Nobody who is inside a graveyard wants to get out, and nobody who is outside wants to get in." You must hatch something easier in the conundrum line, brother.

TUESDAY last Wm. Heppburn and wife returned to their home in Stratford. Mr. Heppburn has been attending J. L. Mader's store during the latter's absence. Mr. Mader returned Monday night, and from the tenor of his remarks we would infer that he was delighted with his visit to the wolverine state. His Jackson (Mich.) friends treated him with genuine American hospitality.

THE Hamilton Spec. puts the question:—"When will the farming man get enough of the peddling swindles? When will he learn to sign no agreement or document of any kind presented by a stranger? When will he learn that the man who proposes to give him a good thing doesn't mean it?" The Beeton World makes this apt reply: "When he gets rich enough to subscribe for his local paper and has time to read it."

JOHN RABB, the Dutch farmer who took a somewhat prominent part in the Birchall affair, was in town Saturday. He reports that over 200 people visited the swamp Sunday, Aug. 2nd. The old fellow has had several photos of the vicinity taken, in which his own good-natured countenance appears somewhat conspicuously, and his business in town was to sell the said photos. He disposed of a large number, and was advised to take a trip to the large American cities.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

STRANGE.—In cutting down a large silver maple or poplar tree on Wellington street lately, the heart was found to consist of a stick about the size of a walking stick, which, apparently, years ago, it must have been, as it showed distinct marks at the small knobs of having been trimmed off with a knife. How the stick got there is a mystery, but having by some means done so, the tree appears to have grown around it, taking it completely in, but keeping it distinct and intact from the new wood with which it was surrounded.—Galt Reporter.

CRADLE. KUHRY.—In Monkton, on Monday, Aug. 10, the wife of Mr. A. Kuhry, of twins, son and daughter.

MORRISON.—In Elma, on Saturday, Aug. 8, the wife of Mr. Wm. Morrison, of a son.

ALTAR. MURRAY—STEWART.—On Wednesday, Aug. 5, by the Rev. J. Caswell, of Listowel, Mr. Wm. Murray to Miss Harriet Helen Stewart, both of Molesworth.

Fall Fairs. Elma, Atwood, Sept. 29. Palmerston, Sept. 28 and 29. Industrial, Toronto, Sept. 7 to 19. East Huron, Brussels, Oct. 1 and 2. West Perth, Stratford, Oct. 1 and 2. Western Fair, London, Sept. 17 to 26. Guelph Central, Guelph, Sept. 22 to 24. North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 29 and 30. Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 29 to Oct. 2nd. Peninsular Fair, Chatham, Sept. 29 to Oct. 1. Canada Central, Ottawa, Sept. 23 to Oct. 2. Great International, St. John, N. B., Sept. 23 to Oct. 3.

### Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$ 98 \$1 00
Spring Wheat	90 95
Barley	45 48
Oats	40 45
Peas	60 65
Pork	5 00 5 50
Hides per lb.	4 4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50 1 25
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15 1 50
Potatoes per bushel	60 60
Butter per lb.	13 14
Eggs per doz.	11 11

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$1 05 \$1 05
Spring Wheat	1 03 1 05
Barley	50 51
Oats	45 46
Peas	75 78
Hay	8 00 8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00 5 50
Eggs	11 12
Butter	12 14
Potatoes per bag	1 00 1 10

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express 7:12 a.m.	Mixed 8:25 a.m.	Express 2:34 p.m.	Mixed 9:24 p.m.

### ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Atwood 8:00 a.m.	Mitchell 2:30 p.m.	Newry 8:05 a.m.	B'rnho'm 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m.	Mankton 4:45 p.m.	Bornho'm 13:15 a.m.	Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m.	Atwood 6:00 p.m.		

### STAR LIVERY

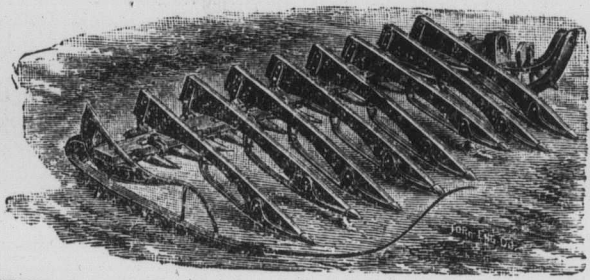
ATWOOD, ONTARIO. The Star Livery is equipped with first-class rigs, fast and gentle drivers, and in every way adapted to meet the requirements of the travelling public. Terms reasonable. Stables opposite Ioeiger's hotel. 27th W. D. GILCHRIST, Prop.

### Tenders for Bridge.

The undersigned will receive tenders (marked) for the erection of a new bridge or side line between lots 25 and 26, con. 10, up to ten o'clock a.m., August 8th, 1891. Plans and specifications can be seen at my office, Atwood, between the hours of 9 and 5 o'clock (not after 5). The lowest or any tender not necessarily received.

T. FULLARTON, Clerk of Elma, Atwood P.O. July 29, 1891.

## Richmond Pea Harvester !



THIS attachment is greatly improved for 1891. It is the best, simplest and cheapest device for harvesting peas ever invented. It can be attached to any ordinary mowing machine, and will work well on any field where a Mower will cut grass. I have the sole agency for Elma township. Price of pea harvester, complete, \$12.00.

I also manufacture first-class Buggies and Wagons. The closest attention given to

HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

I keep road carts, all makes. Anyone requiring a cart should call and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

12 4m HENRY HOAR, Atwood.

## The Best Chance Yet

James Irwin during the Month of August will have a

## Special Clearing Sale !

For full Particulars See Circulars, or better still, Call at the Store. It will Pay You.

Jas. Irwin.

# TWICE MARRIED.

## CHAPTER XXI.

There were two persons in the room besides the little one: Thorne and the doctor, a grave, elderly man who bowed to the lady, and, after a whispered word with Thorne, withdrew. Ethel sank on her knees beside the low bed and stretched out yearning arms to the child; the mother-love awakened at last in her heart and showing itself in her face.

"My baby!" she moaned, "my little one, don't you know your mother? Open your beautiful eyes, my darling, and look at me; it is your mother who is calling you!" Her bonnet had fallen off, the rich wrap and furs were trailing on the carpet where she had flung them; her arms were gathered close around the little form, her kisses raining on the pallid face, the golden hair.

The sleet beat on the window panes; the air of the room stirred as though a dark wing pressed it; the glow of the fire looked angry and fitful; a great, black lump of coal settled down in the grate and broke; in its sullen heart blue flames leaped and danced weirdly. The woman knelt beside the bed, and the man stood near her.

In the room there was silence. The child's eyes unclosed, a gleam of recognition dawned in them, he whispered his mother's name and put his hand up to her neck. Then his looked turned to his father, his lips moved. Thorne knelt beside the pillow and bent his head to listen; the little voice fluttered and broke, the hand fell away from Ethel's neck, the lids drooped over the beautiful eyes. Thorne raised the tiny form in his arms, the golden head rested on his breast, Ethel leaned over and clasped the child's hands in hers. A change passed over the little face—the last change—the breath came in feeble, fluttering sighs, the pulse grew weaker, weaker still, the heart ceased beating, the end had come.

Gently, peacefully, with his head on his father's breast, his hands in his mother's clasp, the innocent spirit had slipped from its mortal sheath, and the waiting angel had tenderly received it.

Thorne laid the child gently down upon the pillows, pressing his hand over the exquisite eyes, his lips to the ones that would never pay back kisses any more; then he rose and stood erect. Ethel had risen also, and confronted him, terror, grief, and bewilderment, fighting for mastery in her face—in her heart. Half involuntarily, she stretched out her hands, and made a movement as though she would go to him; half involuntarily he extended his arms to receive her; then, with a shuddering sob, her arms fell heavily to her sides, and he folded his across his breast.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Smith grew daily stronger, more like herself. Time and care and ceaseless affection had wrought their beneficent work, and mind and body were recovering a healthier tone; her interest revived, and her hold on life renewed itself. As the weeks drifted into months her condition became so materially improved that the anxiety of her family subsided and left room for other thoughts and interests; and finally her health was sufficiently re-established to admit of her husband's leaving them in the picturesque French village, while he returned to America.

The family would winter abroad and return to America in the spring for the wedding, which Blanche had decided should take place in June. June was a lovely month, she thought, past all the uncertainty of spring, and with the glory of summer beyond it.

Some weeks after General Smith's return to New York, Nesbit Thorne joined his relatives in the pretty Mediterranean village. The general had found his nephew so changed, so worn in mind and body, that the kindly old soldier became seriously alarmed, and insisted on trying the remedy uppermost in his mind. He had come, with unwavering faith, regard the south of France as an unfailing sanatorium, and he took his nephew promptly in hand, and gave him no peace until he consented to go abroad, never leaving him until he had secured his stateroom, and seen him embarked on his voyage.

Truly, Thorne was getting into a very bad way. His was not the nature that emits sweetness when bruised; it cankered and got black spots through it. And he knew no physician to whom he could go for healing; no power, greater than his own, to set his disjointed life straight. Love and faith, alike, stood afar off. The waters of desolation encompassed his soul, without a sign of olive branch or dove.

Norma, watching him with the eyes of her heart, as well as those of her understanding, learned something of all this. Thorne did not tell her, indeed he talked little in the days they spent together, walking or sitting on the warm dry sands of the coast, and of himself not at all. His pain was a prisoner, and his breast its Bastille.

But Norma learned it, all the same, and learned, too, that never while that stormy heart beat in a living breast would it beat for her. She faced the conclusion squarely, accepted it, and took her resolution. Norma was a proud woman, and she never flinched; the world should know nothing of her pain, should never guess that her life held aught of disappointment.

A letter from Blanche to Berkeley, written within the following month, contained the result of Norma's resolution.

"You will be surprised," Blanche wrote, "to hear of my sudden marriage to Hugh Castleton, which took place three days ago, at the house of the American Minister here in Paris. We were amazed—at least mamma and I were—when Hugh joined us here, and after a long interview with Norma, informed us that he had called father for consent and that the ceremony was to take place almost immediately. Hugh, as perhaps you know, is a brother of Mrs. Vincent, Norma's intimate friend, and he has been in love with Norma time out of mind. I do not like the marriage, and feel troubled and sick at heart about it. It has been so hastily arranged, and Norma isn't one bit in love with her husband, and don't pretend to be. Hugh is patient and devoted to her, which is my strongest hope for their happiness in the future. It seems to me so unnatural to make a loveless marriage. I can't understand a woman's doing it. Nesbit is going to Palestine and the East. He is miserably changed; his hair is beginning to streak with gray at the temples already, and the

lines about his mouth are getting hard. Think of how that selfish woman wrecked his past, and ask yourself if there is any justice—not mercy—bare justice, in letting her wreck his future, now that the child's death has severed the last link that bound them together. Has anything been spared Nesbit? Has not his heart been wrung again and again? Put yourself in his place, Berkeley, and acknowledge that after so much tempest he is entitled to some sunshine. How can Pocahontas stand it? Could I, if it were you? Could I endure to see you suffer? Do you think that if you were in Nesbit's place I would not come to you, and put my arms around you, and draw your head to my bosom and whisper—'Dear love, if to all this bitterness I can bring one single drop of sweet, take it freely, fully from my lips and from my love?'"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Berkeley Mason went on to New York in ample time to meet the incoming Cunarder. His sister accompanied him, and as it was her first visit to the Empire City, Mason arranged to have nearly a week for lionizing before the arrival of the travellers. Percival was allowed to come from Hoboken and join the party, in order that his mother's eyes might be gladdened by the sight of him the instant she should land. At the last moment, General Smith was prevented from joining his family in Paris according to his original intention, and having old-fashioned notions relative to the helplessness of ladies, and no sort of confidence in Blanche's ability to distinguish herself as her mother's courier and protector, he cabled privately to Nesbit Thorne, requesting him to defer his Eastern journey for a month, and escort his aunt and cousin home. Thorne changed his plans readily enough. He only contemplated prolonged travel as an expedient to fill the empty days, and if he could be of service to his relatives, held himself quite at their disposal.

Pocahontas was ignorant of this change of program or it is certain that she would have remained in Virginia. Her feelings toward Thorne had undergone no change, but, after the long struggle there had come to her a quiescence that was almost peace. So worn and tempest-tossed had been her mind, that she clung to even this semblance of rest, and would hardly give the risked the re-opening of the battle, which a meeting with Thorne would be sure to inaugurate.

She was glad to see her old friend General Smith again, for between the two existed a hearty affection, and more than glad to see Percival. That young gentleman's joy at being released from the thrall of school, coupled with the exhilaration of seeing his friends, and the prospect of a speedy reunion with his mother and Blanche, appeared to well-nigh craze him. It certainly required unusual vents for its exuberance—such as standing on his head in the elevator, promading the halls on his hands, and turning "cart-wheels" down the passages; accomplishments acquired with labor and pain from his colored confederates in the South.

In a marvelously short time after landing, the party were packed into carriages, and whirled away to their hotel, leaving their heavy luggage in the jaws of the custom-house to be rescued later by the general and Berkeley. As they left the wharf, Pocahontas noticed another steamer forging slowly in, and preparing to occupy the berth next that of the Cunarder.

A couple of hours after the arrival of the European travelers at the St. Andrew's Hotel, a squarely-built young man of medium height, with a handsome, bronzed face, and heavy, brown mustache, sprang lightly up the steps of the hotel and passed into the clerk's office. Here he ordered a room and delivered his valise and umbrella to a porter, explaining that he should probably remain several days. Then he turned to the book, pushed toward him by the clerk, to register his name.

The clerk, in idle curiosity, pulled the register toward him, opened it, and glanced at the name; it was the fourth from the top, just under Nesbit Thorne's—James Dabney Byrd, Mexico.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

No; Blanche was not a clever woman; that could not be claimed for her; but her essential elements were womanly. Pain, grief, distress of any sort woke in her heart a longing to give help and comfort.

She talked to Berkeley in her gentle, persuasive way (she had not courage yet to talk to Pocahontas), and exerted her influence in Thorne's behalf; but she speedily discovered that she made little headway; that while Berkeley listened, he did not assent; that he put down her efforts, mainly, to personal attachment to her cousin, and was therefore inclined to rule out her testimony. She needed help; pressure must be brought to bear which had no connection with Thorne; someone from the old life must speak, someone who shared the prejudices, and was big enough and generous enough to set them aside and judge of the affair from an unbiased, impersonal standpoint.

When this idea presented itself, her mind turned instantly to Jim. Here was a man from the old life, a man reared as they had been reared, a man in no way connected with Thorne. Jim could help her, if he would, and somehow, Blanche felt assured that he would.

Jim had discovered their presence in the hotel very speedily and had joined the party, glad, with an earnest gladness, to see his old friends again, glad also to meet these new friends who had become associated with the old ones. Blanche had been attracted by him, as women, children and dumb animals always were attracted by him; he was strong, and yet very gentle.

She determined to speak to him, to make him understand the position, and to entreat him to exert his influence with Berkeley, and through Berkeley, with Pocahontas, to set this matter straight. She did not know that she was about to do a cruel thing; was about to stretch a soul on the rack and turn the screws. That fine reserve which enfolded the Masons like a veil precluded gossiping about themselves or their affairs. Blanche had never heard of Jim as the lover of Pocahontas—or if she had, it had been in an outside, intangible way that had made no impression on her.

Possessed by her idea, and intent on securing an opportunity for uninterrupted conversation, she asked Jim to take a walk with her. She had some calls to make, she said, and they would walk through the park. At this season the park was very beautiful, and she should like to show it to him; New

Yorkers were very proud of it. Blanche knew that she was doing an unconventional thing; but she had observed, rather wonderingly, the frank helpfulness with which Southern gentlemen would identify themselves with each other's affairs, and she felt sure that in speaking to Jim she ran little risk of rebuff. Jim had known the Masons always, was of their blood; to put his shoulder to their wheel would seem to him the right and natural thing to do. Therefore Blanche made her request with confidence, and Jim, who had never in his life questioned a woman's right to his time and attention, went with her willingly.

They sauntered about for a time and Jim admired all the beauties that were pointed out to him, and showed his country training by pointing out in his turn, subtle beauties which escaped her; the delicate shading of bark and leaf-bud, the blending of the colors of the soil, the way the shadows fell, the thousand and one things an artist, or a man reared in the woods and fields, is quick to see, if he has eyes in his head. He pointed out to her a pair of birds were building, and called her attention to a tiny squirrel, with a plume-like tail, jumping about among the branches overhead. He told her stories of the tropics, too, and of the strange picturesque life in the land of the Montezumas, and made himself pleasant in a cheery, companionable way that was very winning. He was pleased with Blanche, and thought that his old friend had done well for himself in securing the love of the sweet-faced maiden at his side. He liked talking to her, and walking beside her in the sunshine; he decided that "Berke" was a deuced lucky fellow, and had fallen on his feet," and he was glad of that.

After awhile they turned into an unfrequented walk, and Blanche seized her opportunity. She made Jim sit down on a bench under the old elm tree and seated herself beside him. Then, insensibly and deftly, she turned the talk to Virginia. She spoke of his old home, and praised its beauty, and told him how a love for it had grown up in her heart, although she was a stranger; she spoke of the cordial, friendly people, and of the kindness they had extended to her family; of Warner, his illness, death and burial beside poor Temple Mason. Then she glided on to Pocahontas, and spoke of her friend with enthusiasm, almost with reverence; then, seeing that his interest was aroused, she told him as simply and concisely as she could the story of her cousin's love for Pocahontas, and the position in which the affair now stood.

Jim never moved; he sat like a man carved out of stone and listened. He knew that Pocahontas had never loved him, as he had wanted her to love him; but the knowledge that her love was given to another man, was bitter. He said no word, only listened with a jealous hatred of the man who had supplanted him growing in his breast.

Blanche looked at him with tearful eye, and quivering lips; his gaze was on the ground; his face wore, to her, an absent, almost apathetic look. She was disappointed. She had expected, she did not know exactly what, but certainly more sympathy, more response. She thought that his heart must be less noble than his face, and she regretted having given him her confidence and solicited his aid. When they got back to the avenue, she released him from further attendance a trifle coldly. She would make her calls alone, she said; it might irksome to him, probably he had other engagements. He had been very good to sacrifice so much of his time to her; she would not detain him longer. Jim went down to the path and sat down again, not noticing her change of manner, and only conscious of the relief of being free from the necessity of talking commonplace, of being left to think this matter out alone. He thought vaguely that she was a kind, considerate woman and then she passed out of his mind.

The first feeling with which he grappled was wonder; a strange thing had happened. A few short months ago these people had been unknown to him; were, as far as his life had been concerned, non-existent. And now! Land, home, friends, love, all things that had been his, were theirs! His place knew him no more; these strangers filled it.

Pocahontas had been glad to see him again, but in her pleasure there had been preoccupation; he had felt it; it was explained now. He knew that she had never loved him, but the possibility of her loving another man had never come home to him before. He tried to steady himself and realize it; it ate into his heart like corroding acid. Perhaps it was not true; there might be some mistake; then his heart told him that it was true; that there was no mistake. She loved this man, this stranger of whose existence she had been ignorant that evening when she had said farewell to him under the old willows beside the river. She had been tender and pitiful then; she had laid her soft lips against his hand, had given him a softer from her breast. He moved his hand, and with the fingers of the other hand, touched the spot which her lips had pressed; the flower, faded and scentless, lay, folded with a girlish note or two she had written him, in the inside pocket of his vest.

The shadows blifted as the wind swayed the branches; the sound of women's voices came from behind a clump of evergreens; they were raised in surprise or excitement, and sounded shrill and jarring. In the distance a nurse pushed a basket-carriage carelessly; she was talking to a workman who slouched beside her, and the child was crying. Two sparrows near at hand quarrelled and fought over a bit of string.

His anger burned against Thorne. He could see no good in his rival; no tragedy, no pathos, in the situation. Had his life gone wrong? Doubtless the fault had been his. Did he suffer? Jim felt a brute joy in the knowledge of his pain.

A little hop came down the walk, trundling a hoop; it struck against Jim's foot and fell over. The helpful instinct that was in him made him stoop and lift it for her; she held a tiny thing, pushed back her curls and looked up at him with grave, wide-open eyes; suddenly her face dimpled; a smile like sunshine broke over it, and she raised her sweet lips to his, to kiss her thanks.

What had happened? A child's look, a child's kiss; it was a strange thing. He raised his head and glanced around, passing his hand over his brow like a man aroused from a delirium of dreams. Forces foreign

to his nature had been at work. He could not understand it—or himself.

Words came back to him out of the past—his own words—"a man must hold up his own weight," and other words, "a man must help with his strength a woman's weakness." He thought of his love with pity, with remorse. He had never failed her, never put himself first, till now. What was this thing he had thought of doing?

Jim stood erect and pulled himself together, lifting his head and squaring his shoulders as a man does who is about to face an issue fairly.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Pocahontas was alone. The party had dispersed, one here, one there, about their own concerns, filled with their own interests. They had invited her to accompany them, even urged it; but she would not; she was tired, she said, and would rest; but there was no rest for her.

If only the scruple would die! If only the old influences would lose their hold; if only she could see this thing as the world saw it. Was she made different from others, that her life should be moulded on other lines than their lives? God, above! Why should she suffer, and make Thorne suffer?

Her mother, Berkeley, the dead brother whom she had exalted into a hero, the memory of the brave men and noble women from whom she had sprung, the old traditions, the old associations rose, in her excited fancy, and arrayed themselves on one side. Against them in serried ranks came compassion, all the impulses of true womanhood toward self-sacrifice and love.

The loneliness of the crowded hotel oppressed her; the consciousness of the life she was leading, of the yearning to get away from it all—out into the sunshine and the sweet air, and the warmth and comfort of nature. If she could get away into some still, leafy place, she could think.

Hastily arraying herself, she left her chamber and descended the broad stairway. She passed through the hall and out into the sunshine of the busy street; and Jim, who, unseen by her, was standing in the clerk's office, turned and looked after her. A troubled expression, like the shadow of a cloud, passed over his face, and he followed her silently.

A quiet street branched off from the crowded thoroughfare. Pocahontas turned into it and walked on. The roar of traffic deadened as she left it farther and farther behind; the passers became fewer. It was the forenoon and the people were at work; the houses rose tall on either hand; the street was still and almost deserted.

A man passed with a barrow of flowers—roses, geraniums, jasmín; their breath hung in the air fragrant. In a stately old church near by some one was playing; a solemn, measured movement. Pocahontas turned aside and entered. The place was still and hushed; the light dim and beautiful with color; on the altar, tapers burned before the mother and child; everywhere there was a faint odor of incense.

Pocahontas wandered softly here and there, soothed by the peace, comforted by the music. On one side there was a small chapel, built by piety in memory of death. Pocahontas entered it. Here, too, lights burned upon the altar, shedding a soft, golden radiance that was caught and reflected by the silver candlesticks and the gold and crystal of the vases. On the steps of the altar, and through a memorial window streamed the sunlight, casting on the tasseled pavement a royal splendor of color, blue and gold and crimson; against the dark walls marble tablets gleamed whitely. Near one of them, a tiny shield, a man stood with his head bent, his shoulder resting against a carved oak column—Nesbit Thorne, and the tablet bore the inscription: "Allen Thorne, obit Jan. 14th, 18—, set at 4 years."

Pocahontas drew back, her breath coming in short gasps; the movement of the music quickened, grew stronger, fiercer, with a crash of chords. Thorne did not move; his head was bent, his profile toward her; about his pose, his whole form, was a look of desolation. His face was stern, its outlines sharp, its expression that of a man who had had hard measure meted out to him, and who knew it, and mutinied against the decree. He did not see her, he was not conscious of her presence, and he knew that it was sent a pang through her heart. A wave of pity swept over her; an impulse struggled into life, to go to him, to take his hand in hers, to press close to his side, to fill the void of his future with her love. What held her back? Was it pride? Why could she not go to him? His unconsciousness of her presence held her aloof—made her afraid with a strange, new fear.

Footsteps neared, echoing strangely; the music had sunk to a minor cadence which seemed to beat the measure of their advance. The eyes of the woman were filled with a strained expectancy. Into the waiting place, framed by the central arch, came the figure of a man—strongly built, of noble air, of familiar presence. Eyes brave and true and faithful met hers gravely, a hand was outstretched toward her.

Pocahontas shivered, and her heart beat with heavy, muffled strokes. The counter influences of her life were drawing to the death struggle. Thorne tured; his eyes were upon her; he advanced slowly. Jim came straight to where she stood and took her hands in his; his face was pale and drawn, as the face of a man who has passed through the white heat of suffering. His hands were cold, and trembled a little as they closed on hers; he tried to speak, but his lips were dry and his voice inaudible.

"Sweetheart," he said at length, using the tender old word unconsciously, and speaking brokenly. "I asked you once to let the thought of me once—sometimes—when life should be hard upon you; to let the influence of my love stir sometimes in your memory. That would be wrong now—worse; it would be selfish and unmanly. A man has no right to cast his shadow on a woman's life when it has passed into the keeping of another man." His voice grew husky, his lips quivered, but he went bravely on. "I know your story—Berkeley has told me—the young lady has spoken—I take back the request. I'd rather all thought of me should be banished from you in this world and in the next, than that it should make a breach, even in the out-works of your life, to let in trouble to you."

He paused abruptly; through the strong frame ran a shudder, like the recoil from pain; but the man's will was firm, his pur-

pose steadfast. All of her life he had cared for her, been tender with her; shielding her from trouble, or grief, or blame, as far as in him lay, and, though his heart should break, he would not fail her now. Slowly he spoke again.

"Child," he said gently, "if I've ever said a word that hurts you, forget it, put it from you, if I did not understand then; I do now—and I'd give my right hand to recall it. What you do has always been right in my eyes—must always be right. I can never—his voice failed him; something rose in his throat and, choked utterance; he bent his head until his lips touched the hands he held, and then turned quietly away.

Pocahontas did not move; she scarcely breathed. The spell of Jim's magnanimity held her, made her realize, at last, the grandeur, the immensity of love. Her soul was awed. Thought followed thought through her brain; love in its sublimity was bared to her gaze; she fell away—burned as dross in the fire of suffering; to guide herself was not enough; she must aid and comfort others. If hands were outstretched in anguish, she must clasp them; if a heart cried to her in desolation, she had no right to turn aside. Was she so pure, so clean, so righteous, that contact with another soul—one that had known passions and sorrows of which she was, of which she must be, ignorant—should soil her? If so, her righteousness was a poor thing, her cleanliness, that of the outside of the cup and platter, her purity, that of unacquainted marble.

Thorne drew nearer; he raised her head; their eyes met; he extended his hands with a gesture not to be denied.

With a smile of indescribable graciousness, a tenderness, a royalty of giving, she made a movement forward and laid her hands in his.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Thorne did not accompany the party to Virginia, although it was tacitly understood that he should follow in time for Blanche's wedding, which would take place in June. Pocahontas wished it so arranged, and Thorne, feeling that his love had come to him as through fire, was anxious to order all things according to her wishes. He was very quiet, grave, and self-contained; his old buoyancy, his old lightness had passed away forever. The whirl and lash of a hurricane leave traces which not even time can efface. A man does not come through fire unscathed—he is marred, or purified; he is never the same. In Thorne, already, faintly stirred nature's grand impulse of growth, of pressing upward toward the light. He strove to be patient, tender, considerate, to take his happiness, not as reward for what he was, but as earnest of what he might become.

Jim remained in New York also. He would go back to his work, he said, it would be better so. He had come north on business for his company, and when that should be completed he would return to Mexico. He would not go to Virginia; he did not want to see strangers in the old home; he would write to his sisters and explain; no one need trouble about him; he would manage well enough.

Poor Jim! He could not as yet disassociate the old from the new. To him it still seemed as though Berkeley, and, in a measure, he himself were responsible for her life; must take care and thought for her future. Love and habit form bonds that thought does not readily burst asunder.


Berkeley was good to his sister—influenced partly by Blanche, partly by Jim, but most of all by his strong affection for Pocahontas herself. He drew her to his breast and rested his cheek against her hair a moment, and kissed her tenderly, and the brother and sister understood each other without a spoken word.

He could not bring himself to be cordial to Thorne all at once, but he loyally tried to do his best, and Thorne was big enough to see and appreciate the effort. There might come a time when the men would be friends.

Poor Mrs. Mason! Her daughter's engagement was a shock, almost a blow to her, and she could not reconcile herself to it at first. The foundation seemed to be slipping from under her feet, the supports in which she trusted, to be falling away. She was a just as well as a loving woman, and she knew that the presence of a new and powerful love brings new responsibilities and a new outlook on life. She faithfully tried to put herself in her daughter's place and to judge of the affair from Pocahontas' standpoint; but the effort was painful to her, and the result not always what she could wish. She recognized, the love being admitted, that Thorne had claims which must be allowed; but she felt it hard that such claims should exist, and her recognition of them was not sufficiently full and generous to make her feel at home with herself. Old minds adapt themselves to new conditions slowly.

However, mother-love is limitless, and, through all, her impulse was to hold to her child, to do nothing, to say nothing which would wound or alienate her. And for the rest—there was no need of haste; she could keep these things and "ponder them in her heart."

THE END.



Children  
always  
Enjoy It.

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Longing.

I'm a goin' back to the country; I'm sick o' this durned old town; It's a reggular flyin' Dutchman, a whirlin' aroun' and aroun'...

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The More Dudes, the More Old Maids, Cats and Humble Bees. This is not so bad when you get through the preface. A professor at Ann Arbor, Mich., was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another...

Sunday Reflections.

We're never too old to learn. The man who has to hoe his own row is foolish to befool the soil with wild oats. An average awkward squad makes a good display of a wheel within a wheel...

BY A MODERN HERETIC.

Snarker—Even the Bible doesn't deal out even-handed justice. Snarker—You surprise me. Snarker—Well, just consider for a moment the opposite fates of Ananias and Jonah.

A REMEDY.

Those honored by the truly good Are blessed in great degree, Though offered up as Fiji food Beside the far South Sea. So, when a dominie we had, Whose preaching wouldn't do, We honored him, and made him glad, With a charge at Timbuctoo.

A Noble Woman.

First Woman's Rights Advocate—Has Mrs. Armstrong ever done anything to distinguish herself? Second Ditto—Certainly she has. Didn't you know she was once arrested for beating her husband?

A Poetic View.

"What did the poet mean when he called this country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave?' "He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers, sadly.

HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE.

Seizure of the Infamous Parisian Dungeon and the Reasons for It.

The building of the Bastille was begun in 1389, during the reign of Charles V. It was destroyed by an infuriated people July 14th, 1789—just 102 years ago to-day—a people infuriated by the misrule of profligate kings and a dissolute aristocracy, who seized and cast into a Bastille dungeon whom they pleased and on any pretext.

The selected victim would be seized at night on the streets, hurled into a "trollis" carriage, a closed carriage, without windows, and with a pipe in the roof to admit air and keep the unfortunate fare alive. The carriage was the invention of Louis XIV., and his own Minister of Finance, M. Foquet, was among those who rode in this royal hearse, to emerge from the Bastille a corpse, years afterwards.

Louis XI., that royal coward who mirrored La Belle France in the middle of the seventeenth century, thrust his own brother, the Cardinal de Bourbon, into this sepulchre of the living, and it is told that each day he visited the cage and stood with folded arms before the grating to listen to the pleadings of the prisoner.

But under Charles Beaumont the grand fort became a prison. A circular ditch, twenty feet deep, surrounded the group of towers; iron bars an inch thick were mortised into the masonry, crossing and barring the little apertures in the walls; cells were cut into the ground under the fort, while a garrison of 100 picked men, under command of a Royal Governor, a royal attendant and a royal major kept relentless guard over the prisoners, so that the unfortunate wretch who was cast into this place was virtually buried alive.

At the whim of the King, peaceful citizens were seized and hurried away to this worse than death without trial by judge or jury, and that was the end of them unless another whim happened to seize the irresponsible Government and let them free. But the Bastille did not become a political prison till the sixteenth century.

Charles de Gontant, son of the great Marshal Biron, died here, even when his father's praises were on every lip. Richelieu and Voltaire, Latude and Blaizet were prisoners here during their lives. Latude escaped by lowering himself from the upper story of one of the towers. Dickens and Thackeray, Hugo and Dumas wrote some of their most stirring stories around this historically tragical place.

Louis XII. walled up the subterranean passages under the already infamous prison at the end of Rue St. Antoine, but the reign of terror that led up to and produced the history of Terror was the blackest in all the history of peaceful times. Small wonder that the exasperated and outraged people of France were transformed from blithe and gay and careless children to fiends in human form, and that in 1789 the Quarter St. Antoine became a seething cauldron of hatred and vengeance.

The Governor, Delaney, defended his stronghold with a half heart and finally submitted to the aroused people. The mob from the wine shops of St. Antoine rushed in, passionate men and very devils of women who had been robbed here of their loved ones, in days gone by. They ransacked the place, tearing down and breaking its furnishings. They opened the barred doors to the prisoners—there were seven there—and next day, with the strength of Samsons, they pulled down the hated walls and razed the Bastille to the ground.

They found skeletons in the subterranean passages, and evidences of the incarceration there of many a husband and father who had disappeared suddenly and days gone by from the haunts that had known him—the fireside and the family circle.

DANIEL SHOULD KNOW.

The Silver-Tongued Orator Tells What Makes a Good Lawyer.

(Daniel Dougherty in the Collector.) Eminence and fortune at the bar are not found often united. The young lawyer whose aim is riches will not become eminent. He who aspires to fame will rarely make a large fortune. Push, cheek, trickery, may for a time be successful, but the true lawyer will starve rather than resort to any indirection.

A business lawyer may become the associate and co-partner of the capitalist, and by the high road to much wealth. To wreck a fortune or start a trust may bring wealth, but will not bring fame. Eminence at the bar may be aided by natural gifts or severe training—a legal mind, self-denial, incessant study, absorbing devotion to the science. The student, not the business man, makes the eminent lawyer. The lawyer may aspire to fame by a seat on the bench.

If he succeeds, then away with the possibilities of fortune—even of a competency. Sheriffs and county clerks may become rich, judges cannot. If the lawyer be eminent, he will doubtless enjoy a handsome income, and, dying, may leave his family a competence, but not what in these days is called a fortune. A great lawyer famous avers of our country have, dying, left large fortunes. I venture to say the lawyer should confine himself exclusively to his profession. To combine the practice of the law with any other calling, however important, respectable or lucrative, is derogatory to the administration of justice.

POINTS FROM PARIS.

Pithy Pickings From the Latest French Capital Letters.

Gold finds increased favor on ladies' hats and dresses. A pretty waist is made of bengaline trimmed with Chantilly lace. A nice baby mantle of pique has the skirt portion laid in hollow folds. Balayouses come into use whenever dresses are, as at present, worn long.

The Summer Girl's Diary.

9.30 a. m. Ate breakfast—wondered where the men were. 10.00. Went to see where the men were. 10.30. Found the men playing tennis—wished I were a man. 11.30.—Talked with the other girls about the men, and wondered what I would do if I were a man. 12.30 p. m. Went to luncheon with the men—wondered why there are not more men. 2.00. Took a nap and dreamed about the men. 5.00. Played tennis with one of the men. 8.00 to 11.00. Danced with the men. 11.30. Engaged to one of the men at last. 11.45. Went to bed after saying "A-men."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

It is almost an affliction to be deaf; anyhow, it is a little embarrassing at times. A certain city editor went out to report a party, the other evening, where the home was blessed with a new baby. Accompanied by his best girl, he met the hostess at the door, and, after the usual salutation, asked after the baby's health. The lady, who was quite deaf, and was suffering from the grip, thought he was asking about her cold, and told him though she usually had one every fall, this was the worst one she ever had; it kept her awake nights a good deal at first, and confined her to her bed. Then noticing that the scribe was getting pale and nervous, she said she could tell by his looks that he was going to have one just like hers, and asked him to go and sit down. The paper was out as usual that week, but the local editor has quit inquiring about babies.—Ez.

Appropos of Proposals.

Philadelphia Record: Maud—I wish Jack would hurry up and propose. Ethel—Why, do you wish to marry him? Maud—No. I want to get him off my hands. —Australians are the greatest tea drinkers. First Farmer—How's your wife, Farmer Peart? Second Farmer—Oh, she's complainin' some. First Farmer—I thought she'd be under the weather when I see her pitchin' hay in the field t'other day. Second Farmer—That didn't hurt her. She walked half a mile after a new bonnet yesterday, and I calculate the walk was too much for her.—Judge.

It is a curious little fact, and worth remembering that on the same day, April 23, 1616, that William Shakespeare died in England, Miguel Cervantes, the celebrated Spanish author of "Don Quixote," died in Spain. —Minneapolis Tribune: Miss Smooth—That flower on your coat is a bachelor's button, is it not, Mr. Allaine? Mr. A.—Yes, Miss Smooth; why do you ask? Miss S.—I was wondering if I touched the button would you do the rest? —At Mrs. Mackay's recent elaborate reception, the first she has given in her new London palace, the hostess was dressed very plainly in pale amber satin, brocaded in a floral design. She wore no jewels whatever.

HE WAS AN INSURANCE AGENT.

And he hadgered a Policy From a Merchant.

He came into the office of a merchant on Jefferson avenue, and, with a cheery "Good morning," as if a familiar friend, pulled a chair up near the desk and sat down. The merchant eyed him for a moment and quietly remarked: "Well?" "Yes, thank you," he replied with a smile. "I hope you are well also."

"I didn't ask you whether you were well or not," he said, getting hot, "and it is none of your business how I am. What do you want?" "I want \$100,000 and a palace and a yacht, and a four-in-hand," he rattled away. "Confound you," angrily exclaimed the merchant, "what do I care what you want?"

"I don't really know," he answered in the best humor imaginable, "but I presume you'd care or you wouldn't have asked me?" "Come, come," stammered the angry merchant, "this is past endurance. You are a perfect ringer to me, and you come in here and take my time and talk like an idiot. What do you come here for?" "For a few minutes only," said the visitor serenely, and with the same placid demeanor. "Oh, did you?" and the merchant jumped out of his chair and started for him.

GOLD ON THE ROOF.

Pretty Good Prices for Old Tin in the Vicinity of a Mint.

Three thousand dollars for an old tin roof would be a pretty steep price, says the Philadelphia Record, but the man who gets the battered roof from the old Tabernacle Church, at Broad street and South Penn square, which is now being torn away, for that sum will be in great luck. Some years ago the paint was scraped off the old roof and yielded \$5,000 in fine gold. It is almost certain to yield as much this time. The gold comes from the mint. When gold is being coined a considerable quantity of it volatilizes with the smoke through the chimney, and as soon as it falls on the air it falls. Much of it strikes the roof of the even the water that falls upon it during a shower. All the drains from the roof are connected with large vats in the cellar of the mint. Before the water finally gets to the sewer it is strained through many blankets and sieves which retain the gold. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the gold that is annually washed into the Delaware from the mint is worth thousands of dollars. Every particle of dirt swept up about the mint is carefully stored away with the washings from the roof, and once every year it is sold to the highest bidder, as it cannot be used at the mint.

The Boastful Pumpkin.

A pumpkin which was growing in the midst of a field of corn got the big head one day and began bragging itself up. "I am not only a fine vegetable to look at," observed the pumpkin with great complacency, "but I am nourishment for both man and beast. Made into pie I am welcomed all over America, and even kings have condescended to eat me. As food for the bovine tribe nothing can take my place. In fine, take it all around, the world could not do without me." Just then the owner of the field and his hired man happened along, and the owner caught sight of the pumpkin and called out: "Here, Bill, this thing is taking up room with the corn. Root it up and throw it over the fence!" Moral: The man who thought he owned the earth died several weeks ago, but the big wheel hasn't skipped a cog yet.—M. Quad.

From Duluth to Liverpool.

The whalebacker, Charles Westmore, the result of whose trip across the Atlantic was awaited with a good deal of anxiety in shipping and mercantile circles, has shown the confidence of her owners in her sea-going powers to have been well-founded, for she made the trip from Sydney to Liverpool in nine days. This is the first time a boat of the class of the Westmore has ever crossed the ocean. Its route was from Duluth, through the lakes and the Welland Canal, down the St. Lawrence and thence to the ocean. In France four stretches of strategical railway have been opened recently. They extend from Aurillac to Saint-Denis-les-Martel, Lons-le-Saulnier to Champagnols, d'Estrees-Saint-Denis to Saint-Jast-en-Chaussie, and d'Estrees-Saint-Dennis to Frassigny.

—New York World: A single white rose is laid each day on the grave of Gambetta. His greatest enemy is the fact that the French Republic survives his loss. Empress Frederick of Germany owns New York Central park bonds to the amount of \$34,700 and \$1,000 in water bonds. Her quarterly interest checks are made payable to "Her Imperial Majesty Victoria Adelaide Marie Louise, Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, Queen of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland," or order.

—Switzerland yearly receives about \$25,000,000 from foreign tourists. Germany will probably adopt the system of execution by electricity. The Ports is preparing a new plan for the conversion of the Turkish debt. The French squadron was given a cordial reception at Cronstadt yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will visit the United States in the autumn. John McLean & Co., wholesale milliners, of Montreal, have assigned. Liabilities, \$281,222.45. The Farmers' Alliance is said to be combining to corner the whole wheat crop of the United States. The boiler of a steam thrasher in Edmonson county, Ky., exploded, killing three men and fatally injuring five others. The break in the Erie canal west of Schenectady, N. Y., will be repaired in about two weeks. The damage amounts to \$10,000. The Brush storage battery patents have been sustained by Judge Cox, of New York. This creates a monopoly in storage batteries. The membership of the Order of the Garter, made vacant by the death of Earl Granville, has been conferred on the Earl of Cadogan. The Queen has consented to the appointment of a royal commission to supervise the British exhibit at the coming World's Fair in Chicago. Recently two children died of typhoid fever in Kingston, and subsequently the well water they drank was analyzed and declared to be poisonous. Information has been received from Allahabad that a party of 500 Russian explorers are engaged in extending the influence of Russia in the Pamir plateau. It is reported that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company intends to place a line of freight and passenger steamers on the route between Duluth and Montreal. Tuberculosis has broken out among several herds of cattle near Hainesville, N. J. A number of cows have died of the disease, and ten cows, valued at \$800, have been killed. With the exception of one point all the charges in the West Algona election trial have been dismissed. Judgment on the point in question has been reserved until September. George Anderson, a saloon-keeper in East St. Louis, yesterday shot and killed Dennis Ryan, another saloon-keeper, and then blew out his own brains. The reason is unknown. The barque Springa, from Philadelphia to Vigo, worth \$27,000, was burned yesterday. Its cargo consisted of petroleum, and the vessel was owned by A. Mills, of St. John, N. B. The crew escaped. The Grand Jury yesterday found an indictment against Charles Hennessy, city editor of the New York Daily News, charging him with misdemeanor for publishing an account of the recent electrocutions at Sing Sing. The first vessel from Iceland since the winter has arrived at Gloucester, Mass. The winter was as severe as usual, but no great distress prevailed. Fishing is reported to have been a failure. On April 12th a Norwegian boat went ashore and all the crew were drowned. Prof. Koch has resigned all the public offices held by him. This step is associated with supposed disappointment over the unsatisfactory results of his discovery of "tuberculin." The Academic Senate will bestow an honorary office upon him, permitting him to lecture whenever he chooses. Fresh trouble has arisen between the Pope and the Italian Government. The Government has closed several parish churches which, having had their sources of revenue confiscated, found themselves no longer able to provide for the expense of public worship. It is expected the Holy See will shortly publish a protest against this action. About eleven last night a fire broke out at Delhi in the back end of the livery stable of L. A. Mehlenbacher and spread to the shoe shop and dwelling of Fred Schmidt, and thence to Morgan's brick dwelling and store. All were totally destroyed, and only by the strenuous efforts of the citizens were the adjoining buildings saved. There is no record of insurance. Albert Pearson is being tried at Portage on a charge of dangerous insanity. He was employed on the farm of George Hunt, Poplar Point, and after some days' absence returned last night and threatened his employer. In the scuffle which followed Hunt shot Pearson in the back of the neck, making a serious wound. Pearson was an inmate of the Selkirk Asylum about three years ago. Two murders, similar in character to those ascribed in London to "Jack-the-Ripper," have been committed in Marseilles within a week. A man giving an Italian name twice took rooms accompanied by a woman, and in each case the woman was afterward found murdered, having been strangled and then mutilated. A letter was sent to the police stating that these crimes were the beginning of a series. Arthur H. Olmstead, a full-faced young man, was arraigned yesterday at the Toronto Police Court on the charge of having embezzled \$1,070 from the Grand Trunk Railway Company while he was their agent at Swansea. He pleaded guilty to the charge and was sentenced to a year in the Central Prison. The prisoner admitted that none of the money had been returned, and though he felt his position keenly he took his sentence calmly.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

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# Farmers' EXCURSION

Via G. T. R. & C. P. R. to  
**Manitoba and the Northwest**

**Aug. 18 and Sept. 1,**

For \$30 and \$35  
Round Trip.

Call on Me for Maps,  
Particulars and Tickets.

**J. A. HACKING,**

Railway and Steamship Agent,  
LISTOWEL, ONT.

## Country Talk.

### Listowel.

Mrs. J. Atkinson, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. B. B. Sarvis, Inkerman street.

James Peppers, typist, is home from Parry Sound on a holiday.

Ed. Brook left town last week for Toronto and Mackinaw.

Mayor Bruce is spending his vacation at Mackinaw. A pleasant time, W. M.

Wm. J. Howe, of Listowel, has been appointed leader of the Kincardine band.

Mrs. and Miss Hay, of Cleveland, are visiting at Mrs. J. C. Hay's, Penelope street.

J. S. Bowman, dry goods merchant, is raising the rear part of the Ontario House another story.

Between twenty and thirty of our townspeople took in the demonstration at Elora Thursday, Aug. 6.

Wm. Jordon, of Listowel, aged seven, had one of his legs badly jammed in the elevator at the Arlington hotel one day recently.

J. R. Grant and family have removed to town from Lucan, and have taken up their residence in C. K. Burt's house on Wallace street.

Henry Rapp, who has had charge of the Mannel house at the station since Mr. Jennings' departure, has taken a lease of the hotel.

John R. Harris, printer, is home on a visit from Terre Haute, Ind., where he has been residing for a number of years. His old friends are pleased to see him again.

Thursday last, Aug. 13th, was Listowel's civic holiday. The only attraction offered our citizens was an excursion to Niagara under the auspices of the Templars.

O. S. Clarke, manager of the Bank of Hamilton here, is off on his holidays, which will include a trip to the Soo and Mackinaw. H. A. Ridout, relieving agent, is taking Mr. Clarke's place during his absence.

H. Buck has purchased the building on Wallace street next door to his furniture store, formerly owned by J. M. Chimie. Mr. Buck intends moving his furniture and undertaking business into his new premises on the 1st of September.

Chief of Police, R. Bulmer, has a stray mustang in his charge, awaiting the owners, Belcher & Co., bankers, of Southampton. The animal appears to have strayed from Southampton to Minto, as it was found on the farm of Jas. Fallis, in that town.

The Manitoba harvest excursions are taking a large number of young men from this neighborhood. John Livingstone, C. P. R. agent, has ticketed about a score during the past two weeks. Mr. Hacking, G. T. R. agent, also reports a large number of harvest excursionists in this issue.

F. S. Howe is to be congratulated on the very attractive window decoration of his barber shop. One of the large windows is well filled with stuffed birds all of which were captured in this neighborhood. The other window is filled with plants, ferns and flowers, artistically arranged.

Messrs. B. F. Brook & Son, of the Listowel woolen mills, have shipped their season's purchase of wool. Messrs. Lang & Bisby, of Hamilton, were the purchasers. It is the largest lot of wool these gentlemen have purchased this season, amounting to about 40,000 lbs. The quality was uniformly good.

The Reliance Electric Light Co., after having entered into a contract with the town to light the streets at 12c. per light per night, and having put in a plant erected poles, and furnished light for a short season, have removed their plant and withdrawn from the contract, which was not signed. The Co's reason for this step appears to be that they couldn't find a purchaser for their plant or make satisfactory arrangements for operating it at the figure agreed upon in the contract. The Reliance Co. have lost nearly \$1,000 by the transaction, which should teach them a lesson which they appear to need, from their haste in rushing in a plant on chance.

### Henfryn.

W. C. Stevenson and wife left Tuesday for southern Manitoba. A pleasant trip.

J. H. Thompson, our enterprising merchant, intends building an addition to his store next fall. J. H. is a pusher.

Several of our prepossessing young ladies are rather given to alluring the susceptible young men of our village of late, at least so Dame Rumor says. Flirting is naughty, girls.

### Ethel.

Miss McNeil is visiting friends in the village.

Frank Ross is on the sick list. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Burton, our popular hotel-keeper, has put out a new gilt sign.

Miss F. Sherlock is spending part of her holidays with friends in Arthur.

A goodly number took advantage of the cheap trip to Goderich on Tuesday last.

Mrs. David McKenzie, of Listowel, is spending this week under the parental roof.

Frank Coats lost a valuable cow on Sunday night. Milk fever was the cause.

Mrs. Wm. Fox leaves this week for her home. She is much improved in health.

The funeral of the late Mr. Tomkins took place last Tuesday. He had been confined to his bed for a long time. He was 85 years of age.

### Carthage.

Flax bees are now the order of the day.

Wm. Heard, of Listowel, conducted the services here last Sabbath in the absence of Mr. Amy.

Jas. Moore of this place has improved the appearance of his premises by erecting a stable thereon.

Mrs. Jas. Gray, of Atwood, and Miss Weller, of Toronto, were visiting at Wm. Johnston's last week.

Robert Harvey, an employee in the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, spent a few days under the parental roof.

Miss Minnie Patterson, of Toronto, is spending a few days with her sister, Lizzie, and other friends in this vicinity.

Wheat harvesting is now over and the hum of the threshing machine may be heard. The first to thresh in this vicinity was Wm. Johnston on the 5th inst., the yield of wheat being about 35 bushels to the acre and weighing 64 lbs. to the bushel.

Chas. Schneider of this place, having decided to remove to the United States is offering his house and lot for sale. There is attached to the house a store, postoffice and telegraph office. Any person desiring a neat, comfortable home should call on Mr. Schneider.

### Elma.

Quite a number of Elmaites patronized the excursion to Goderich on Tuesday last.

A shed belonging to Thos. Ward, 12th con., was demolished by the heavy gale of Sunday night.

Jas. Hammond, Britton, has leased his farm for a number of years to Mr. Blair, of Trowbridge.

M. Scott Peebles and a few other young men are taking in the excursion to Manitoba and if they like the country may purchase land there.

Stratford Beacon: Mrs. R. Donaldson, Jr., and children are on a visit to her parents, Friendly Home Farm, Elma. Miss M. A. Small also accompanied them.

Mrs. John Hanna, 8th con., picked this season fifty quarts of tame raspberries off a patch scarcely six feet square. The crop this year has been something enormous.

A daughter of Robt. Jolly, of Stratford, is at present very ill at her grandfather's, Mr. Golightly, 18th con. She is doing well under the careful attention of Dr. Rice, of Atwood.

The Woodstock Sentinel-Review says:—J. A. Harvey, who was appointed English Master of the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, has, owing to opposition being raised by some citizens, declined the position.

The splendid new barns of Wm. and Thos. Dickson, of Elma, with stone stables underneath, would do credit to more pretentious districts. The contractor for both was James Struthers, of Atwood.

Now that the holidays are over, we would request our hitherto efficient corps of Elma correspondents to aid us with their weekly budget of news. Accept our thanks for past favors.—Ed. THE BEE.

Wm. Soley, son-in-law of Wm. Ellacott, 14th con. of Elma, and job printer on the Toronto Mail, spent several days in this community this week. He has been a member of the Mail staff for seven years and is a crack printer.

A son of Mr. Lucas, 10th con., was gored by a cow the other day, which he as to break his collar bone and otherwise badly hurt. Medical aid was at once summoned and he is doing nicely.

Wm. Ward, Jr., is credited with having seen a wild cat on the sidewalk between the 4th and 6th cons., a mile west of the gravel road, last week. It is still at large. Some of the Atwood crack shots should hunt his catship ere he leaves the locality.

FARM SOLD.—Robt. Morrison has disposed of his 100-acre farm on the 9th con. to Wm. Sweeton, of the 10th con., for \$4,000. As has already been stated in THE BEE, the farm is in prime condition, and Mr. Sweeton may congratulate himself on purchasing a good farm at a very moderate price. Mr. Morrison and family will remove shortly to Beresford, Man., where he has purchased 320 acres of improved land. He and his estimable family will be much missed in Elma.

### Walton.

Miss Penny McDougall, formerly teacher of the village school, but latterly a student at the Goderich High School, died last week in her 25th year. She was a bright girl and beloved by all who knew her. Her parents reside in Grey township.

Dan Ross, of Walton, while leading a two-year-old colt in the barn yard last Saturday the animal became unmanageable, and dragged him over the gate and around the yard a couple of times. At this juncture his wife arrived, when the husband extricated himself from the halter strap and walked hastily into the house. He laid himself on the sofa and his wife summoned the neighbors in, but ere anything could be done the man became unconscious and died in a few minutes. A Dr. from Brussels was soon on the scene, who pronounced death the result of internal injuries. It is supposed his liver was torn from its seat. The funeral was largely attended, the interment being made at Brussels cemetery.

### Grey.

Council meeting on Friday of this week, 14th inst., at McDonald's Hotel, Cranbrook.

Barley harvest is at hand. Oats and other spring grains will be ready in about two weeks.

Wm. Karney has been engaged to teach a school on the southern boundary of Howick township.

John Rann has some black radishes growing in his garden that measure over 16 inches in circumference. Who can beat that?

Duncan McLaughlin the other day sold to Messrs. Scott & Jones, of Listowel, 15 steers and 1 cow, four years old, for \$1,000.

One day recently Miss Sarah McCrae and Miss Mary McLaughlin were renewing old acquaintances near Jamestown. Never mind Ben. berries are a good crop.

We are pleased to hear that S. Y. Taylor, who taught at Smith's school, has been engaged as Principal of the Paris school, at a salary of \$650. He will have nine assistants.

Report says a young gentlemen from a neighboring township is going to take to himself one of our worthy young ladies to share his fortunes for life. We wish Sandy success.

Edward Garvin and Miss Lizzie Garvin were away at Halton county recently attending the funeral of Annie, eldest daughter of Wm. and Jane Garvin, who died at the early age of 20 years. The funeral was largely attended.

Peter Lamont, John Seimon, James Stubbs and James Sholdice left on Tuesday of last week for Manitoba. The first named three go to the Souris district and Mr. Sholdice to Cypress. They will get there in good time to find plenty of work.

On Friday, July 31st, Mrs. Coffyn died, aged 25 years. She was the daughter of the late John Barker and leaves a small family behind her. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, Rev. B. Sherlock officiating. The interment was made at Brussels cemetery.

### Brussels.

A. Hunter, Division Court Clerk, was to Detroit last week.

In response to a petition signed by the business men of Brussels, Reeve Graham proclaimed Aug. 11 as Civic Holiday.

Brussels quoit club played the return match with the Blyth club on Tuesday of last week, and was again victorious, by 30 shots.

Miss Campbell, of North Carolina, a cousin of Principal Shaw, is here on a visit. Miss Minnie Shaw is also home spending her vacation.

Who will be the new County Clerk? is a question now being asked. The only applicant from this locality is Thomas Strachan, of Grey, formerly Reeve of that township.

The directors of the Brussels driving club are getting things ready for the opening of their new race track on Aug. 21st. They are offering good prizes and should have a good attendance of both horse and onlookers.

The Brussels post office has been removed to the wooden building formerly occupied by John Shand as a shoe shop. The Postmaster General evidently had something on hand more interesting than bothering about the change of our postoffice, our safety of our mail matter.

FIRE.—Last Friday morning, about 12.30, a fire broke out in the vicinity of the engine room of Wilson's foundry, Brussels, which rapidly spread, and in less than two hours the entire building together with an adjoining dwelling occupied by Jas. Cooper, was reduced to ashes. Two Royal engines shortly after the alarm was given were played streams of water on the burning buildings, but all was in vain. The foundry being an old frame building and a very dry season of the year, the heroic efforts of the firemen were powerless in staying the maddening fury of the flames. The property was insured for \$2,500. Mr. Wilson will be a heavy loser.

On Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 4, the alarm was given that Smith, Malcolm & Gibson's planing mill was on fire. It seems the shavings in the boiler room caught fire, and there being a great quantity it spread like powder and soon the engine and boiler room was one mass of flames. It soon spread through the opening to the factory. The hands worked like Trojans and the firemen got the engine out in quick time, but by the time they commenced to throw water the hands had conquered the flames and saved the factory. The belting and inside of the engine room were badly charred, but no further damage was done. Had it ever got a footing in the factory, nothing could have saved it, and the loss would have been heavy, as the rate being very high the firm carry no insurance.

# AUGUST!

Our lines for this month are still full.

**Boots and Shoes,**

**GROCERIES,**

**Dry Goods, Crockery,**

**Classware, etc.**

**Mrs. M. Harvey.**

## Are You

FAMILIAR with the merits of

—THE—

## MODEL

COOK STOVE?

If not, come and examine it and you will buy no other.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

**BONNETT & BOWYER,**

Main St. Bridge, Listowel.

## LUMBER!

ATWOOD

## Planing Mills.

The Atwood Planing Mill keeps on hand a good general stock of Lumber, including

**Pine Lath** kept in stock. 24c. per 100.

## Dressed Flooring,

SIDING AND

**Muskoka**

**Shingles!**

**Wm. Dunn.**

## BARAINS

—AT—

## J.S. GEE'S

**Ready-Made** Pants, Vests, Suits.

All to be closed out at Slaughtering Prices.

## STRAW HATS!

Ladies', Gent's and Children's Hats cleared out regardless of cost.

**J. S. GEE, - NEWRY.**

## Business Cards.

### MEDICAL.

L. E. RICE, M. D., C. M.  
Trinity University, Toronto; Fellow by examination of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan; special attention given to the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence, next door to Mader's store, Atwood. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 2:30 p.m., and every evening to 8:30.

### DENTAL.

J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S.,  
Is using an improved Electric Vibrator, Vitalized Air, or Gas, for the painless extracting of teeth. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office—In block south side of Main street bridge, Listowel.

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

### AUCTIONEERS.

C. H. MERYFIELD,  
Licensed auctioneer for the County of Perth, Moncton, Ont. Rates moderate. For particulars apply at this office.

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

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

Money to Loan.  
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

### THOS. FULLARTON,

COMMISSIONER IN THE H.C.J.;  
Real Estate Agent; Issuer of Marriage Licenses; Money to Lend on reasonable terms; Private Funds on hand; all work neatly and correctly done; Accounts collected.  
Atwood, Nov. 11, 1890. 42-1y

### HOUSE, SIGN AND

## Ornamental Painting.

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

REFERENCES:—Mr. McBaia, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey.

WM. RODDICK,  
Painter, Brussels.

## W. J. Marshall

**PAINTER,**

Atwood, - - Ontario.

Is prepared to do all kinds of House Painting, Graining, Glazing, Kalsomining, Paper Hanging, Carriage Trimming, etc., in the Latest Style.

Terms Reasonable.

Satisfaction Assured.

## DR. SINCLAIR

M. D. M. A., L. C. P. S. O., M.  
C. P. S. M.,

## Specialist, - Toronto,

—WILL BE AT—

Arlington Hotel, Listowel

—ON—

**Wednesday,**

**Aug. 12, 1891**

Consultation Free.

Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."

Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."

W. McDonald, Lakefield, Ont., says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of catarrh."

Geo. Rowed, Blyth, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."

Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.