

The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1890.

NO. 19.

The McKinley Tariff Bill.

In the House at Washington on Wednesday of last week Mr. Baker, of New York, offered an amendment to the tariff bill providing that all articles on importation into the United States, whether embraced in the free list or otherwise, shall be subject to and pay no less rate of duty than is or may be imposed by the country of export on like articles exported into the United States. This amendment, he said, was in the interest of good government. The tariff bill was reported to the House at noon by the committee of the whole.

The previous question on the engrossment and third reading of the tariff bill and amendments was ordered by a vote of yeas 161, nays 143. Coe, of Louisiana, and Featherstone, of Arkansas, were the only Republicans voting in the negative. Adams, of Illinois, and Butterworth refrained from voting. The House then considered the amendments agreed to in committee of the whole. The first amendment upon which a separate vote was demanded was that of changing the phraseology of the tin plate clause, and it was adopted; yeas 150, nays 149. A committee amendment to restore jute yarns from 30 per cent. (as in the bill) to 35 per cent. (the present rate) was rejected; yeas 143, nays 144.

The effect is to reduce the duty 5 per cent. by taking advantage of a point in the bill, and is the first democratic victory so far.

The tariff bill was passed in the House by a strict party vote with the exception of Mr. Coleman, of Louisiana, who voted with the Democrats in the negative. Mr. Butterworth voted aye.

Huron County Notes.

Wingham's population is put down at 1,996. Messrs. Smith and Hearn shipped 55 head of beef cattle from Clinton station recently. 43 head were fed by Jas. Fair of Clinton roller mills. 21 of these weighed 30,285 lbs. 25 head weighed 27,015 lbs. 12 head were fed by D. A. Forrester of the Clinton Flax Mill and weighed 15,370 lbs.

The meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America has been postponed until Tuesday, August 19th. The annual will be transmitted to the various County Masters in time for the semi-annual meeting in June, of which due notice will be given.

The population of Wingham according to the assessor's returns, slightly decreased during the year. The following statistics are gleaned from the assessment roll:—Total value of real property, \$436,030; personal property, \$58,800; income, \$6,000; total, \$500,830; total population, 1,996.

TWINS.—The week before last a mare belonging to Henry Robb, 1st conr., Morris, presented him with twin colts. They are both living and bidding fair to do well. They were sired by A. F. Embury's "Young Taste-all." This is the second case of this kind this season in connection with the above named horse.

Oliver Johnston's "Copper-bottomed mare," Crazy Jane, dropped a remarkably fine horse colt, on Monday evening of last week, in Clinton. It is sired by Jos. Copp's Allan Wilkes, son of the celebrated Jay Bird, which was sire of Allerton, whose 3 year old record was 2:18 1/2, 3rd heat in a contested race against aged horses and for which colt he has since refused \$30,000.

A curious case came before Reeve Castle the other day. A man went to S. Blair to order some wood. Mr. B. told him to go to hell, so it was stated. The man replied he did not know the way to Mr. B.'s home. Whereupon Mr. B. so plaintiff stated, struck him. Mr. B. denied having done so. But it was proven to the court that Mr. B. at least put his fist threateningly up to plaintiff's face and he was fined \$1.00 and costs.

Constable Day, of Dungannon, arrested James Wilson, alias James Scott, at Milton, on Tuesday evening on the charge of horse stealing. The alleged offence took place at Dungannon on Friday last. Wilson is said to have stolen a horse there which he drove to Marden and at that place traded it with a farmer receiving \$20 and a good horse in exchange. He then drove to this city and traded the animal which he procured at Marden with Geo. Hower, liveryman, giving \$20 to boot. Wilson then proceeded to Milton where he was captured as before stated. He is a young man about 25 years of age, 6 feet high, fair complexion and wears a dark suit of tweed. He does not resemble a sharp and would pass as an honest farmer.—Galt Reporter.

A most unfortunate and lamentable accident happened on the farm of the late Henry Medd, Hullett, on Wednesday morning whereby three young men had their backs broken and will in all probability lose their lives. Gavin Hamilton, recently bought this farm, and Mr. Riley, a well known farmer, was engaged in pulling down a barn.—They were in the act of removing one of the purline plates, and for safety had tied it with ropes to the other purline plate, when in spite of all their care and precaution, it fell, striking four young men who were holding posts, and breaking the backs of three. These were Gavin Hamilton, third son of G. Hamilton, Albert Cole and Robert Little. Jas. Ball was also struck and knocked to the ground, having his collar bone broken.

Donegal.

Sunday School next Sabbath at 1.30 p. m. Wm. Vipond is recovering from his recent illness.

S. Vipond delivered a load of good hogs at Atwood on Wednesday.

John Squire has been very poorly of late and especially the early part of this week. We hope he may recover.

A political meeting was held in the school house Tuesday afternoon. It was fairly well attended. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Campbell and Hess, of Listowel, and Messrs. Ellice and Schmidt, of Stratford.

The following is a list of those pupils who were this week promoted to Junior Third Class—Joseph Petrie, Frank Wilson, Sarah McNichol, Willie S. Buchanan, Mary Hammond, Jessie Hammond, Isabel Baker, Geo. Robson. To Second Class—Albert McLennan, Robt. McCourt, Christence Petrie, Willie Burke, Andrew Buchanan, Louis McNichol, Maud McCourt, Maud Wilson, Addie Buchanan, Willie Buchanan, Geo. McCracken.

Nova Scotia Elections.

THE GOVERNMENT SUSTAINED—LATEST RETURNS.

The Provincial elections resulted in the Government being sustained by a large majority, on May 31st. The latest returns indicate the election of the following:—

Halifax—Fielding, Power and Roche, Liberals.

Lunenburg—Church and Sperry, Liberals.

Queen's—Hemeon and Hunt, Liberals.

Shelburne—Johnson and McCoy, Liberals.

Yarmouth—Law and Gayton, Liberals.

Digby—Tupper and Comeau, Liberals.

King's—Welton, Liberals, and Webster, Conservatives.

Hants—Haley, Liberal, and Smith, Conservative.

Cumberland—Forrest and Oxley, Conservatives.

Colchester—Lawrence and Clarke, Liberals.

Pictou—McGregor, Liberal; Grant and Cameron, Conservatives.

Antigonish—McGillivray and McIsaac, Liberals.

Richmond—Leblanc and Matheson, Liberals.

Cape Breton—McPherson and Macdonald, Liberals.

Inverness—McNeill and McKinnon, Liberals.

Victoria—Fraser, Liberal, and Bethune, Conservative.

Guysboro—Cameron and Morrow, Conservatives.

Depleting the Soil.

The older cultivated farms in this country are gradually becoming less fertile, owing to the continued system of cropping and taking away the elements of plant food and making no adequate returns. The different eastern and middle states of the American Union have already gone through a similar experience, and in many of the States there are abandoned farms which can be purchased for a trifling sum. This is scarcely to be wondered at when even by the owners of the farms the maintenance of fertility and the general improvement of the land has been so little regarded. The object all round has seemed to be to get as much from the land and put as little back as was consistent with decent cultivation. Putting money into land in any other way than adding to the acreage, has been deemed a foolish waste. Yet it is by this foolishness that farmers can alone hope to get out of the slough into which the opposite policy has brought them. A halt has already been made in Ontario among the owners of large farms, and they are plowing and cultivating better acres, manuring and cultivating better, growing larger crops at less expense, and going more generally into dairying and stock raising, and thus providing an increased supply of plant food to keep up the fertility of their farms. The wealth of a farmer now does not so much consist in having a broad acreage of poorly tilled and infertile soil, as in the productiveness and condition of a smaller quantity. The value of land in reality is in its power to produce, and a farm in a high state of cultivation is as valuable now as ever in this country. To a great extent too it is mainly the large farms that have been mulctured that have decreased in productiveness and value. Take any of the large farms in this country, that have been tenanted from year to year; their values rapidly decreased, not only in fertility, but the buildings and repair, and thus lack in improvements. This half-silly of farming is the natural result of spreading capital and labor over too large an acreage to do anything effectively. Any kind of business would fail under such management. The division of farms will necessitate a wide diversification of industry, or a mixed husbandry, and this is what farming men need in Ontario to make it profitable and keep up fertility. The business has been overdone, mainly because the improvement in farming machinery has enabled a few great grain staples to be over-produced. The markets have been glutted, and all branches have suffered thereby.

Who May Not Vote.

The persons who may not vote at elections to the Legislative Assembly in Ontario are thus specified by the Election Act:—

Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, County Judges, Officers of the Customs of the Dominion of Canada, Clerks of the Peace, County Attorneys, Registrars, Sheriffs, Deputy Sheriffs, Deputy Clerks of the Crown, and Agents for the sale of Crown Lands, Postmasters in cities and towns, Specially Employed Magistrates, and Officers employed in the collection of duties payable to Her Majesty in the nature of the duties of excise, shall be disqualified and incompetent to vote at any election.

If a public officer or person mentioned in this section votes at an election, he shall thereby forfeit the sum of \$2,000, and his vote at the election shall be null and void. R. S. O. 1877, c. 10, s. 4; 49 V. c. 2, s. 10.

No Returning Officer or Election Clerk, and no person, who at any time, either during the election or before the election, is or has been employed at the election or in reference thereto, or for the purpose of forwarding the same, by a candidate or by any person whomsoever, as counsel, agent, solicitor or clerk, at a polling place at the election, or in any other capacity whatever, and who has received or expects to receive, either before, during or after the said election, from any candidate or from any person whomsoever, for acting in such capacity as aforesaid, any sum of money, fee, office, place of employment, or any promise, pledge or security whatever, shall be entitled to vote at the election.

The preceding provision shall not apply to Deputy Returning Officers and Poll Clerks appointed under this Act, and receiving as such the fees to which officers are entitled under this Act. R. S. O. 1877, c. 10, s. 5.

No woman shall be allowed to vote at an election under this Act. R. S. O. 1877, c. 10, s. 6.

Landlord and Tenant.

The following questions and answers appeared in a recent number of the Free Press, and should be carefully perused by our readers and cut out for future reference:

QUESTIONS.—1. What furniture and effects are exempt from seizure for debt or rent?

2. Can a landlord eject a tenant? If so, what is the proper course to take?

3. Please number the articles exempt?

ANSWERS.—1. Furniture to the value of \$150. Fuel and provisions to the value of \$40. One cow, six sheep, four hogs and twelve hens, in all not exceeding \$75, and food therefor for thirty days and one dog. Tools and implements, ordinarily used in the debtor's occupation, to the value of \$100. Bees reared and kept in hives to the extent of 15 hives. The bed, bedding and bedsteads (including a cradle) in ordinary use by the debtor and his family, and the necessary and ordinary wearing apparel of the debtor and his family.

2. You can eject a tenant after giving him a clear month's notice to leave.

3. Besides the articles we have enumerated those exempt in furniture and which have not to exceed \$150, are:—One cooking stove with pipes and furnishings, one other heating stove with pipes, one crane and its appendages, one pair of andirons, one set of cooking utensils, one pair of tongs and shovel, one coal scuttle, one lamp, one table, six chairs, one washstand with furnishings, six towels, one looking glass, one hair brush, one comb, one bureau, one clothes press, one carpet, one cupboard, one broom, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve plates, twelve tea cups, twelve saucers, one sugar basin, one milk jug, one tea pot, twelve spoons, two pails, one wash tub, one scrubbing brush, one smoothing iron, all spinning wheels and weaving looms in domestic use, thirty volumes of books, one axe, one saw, one gun, six traps, and such fishing nets and seines as are in common use.

Newry.

(TOO LATE FOR LAST ISSUE.) A new fence is to decorate the north side of our school yard. The rest is to undergo some repairs.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day in our village now. Blinds are securely fastened and our modest youth need not fear of having his modesty shocked any more.

Owing to the proximity of the examination for teachers' certificates and the pressure of study Miss Mary Harvey and Miss Jessie Simpson remain in Listowel till Saturday noon to get the benefit of the extra lessons given on that day.

Our general carriage builder, Wm. Humphreys, is kept on the jump turning out buggies and wagons. He has a fine sample of the former ready for the road, and no doubt the young man who is to receive it may justly feel proud on taking his best girl out for a drive in it.

A football contest of unusual interest was played on the 10th con. last week between some of the Atwood and Newry ladies. The match was keenly contested and some severe charges indulged in on both sides. After due consideration the umpire declared the match a draw.

Methodist District Meeting.

The Listowel District meeting was held at Milverton on the 21st and 22nd instants. Rev. Dr. Henderson presided with his usual courtesy and ability. The examination of ministerial character was satisfactory, no objections against any, which is always a cause for thankfulness. Rev. D. Rogers presented an obituary notice of the late Rev. J. B. Gibson, who died in the Lord last July. In the evening a largely attended Sunday School convention was held, at which different phases of the work was discussed by Revs. Henderson, Caswell, Ayers, Rogers and others. On the following day the laymen were present, and the schedules from the different circuits were presented, from which we glean the following facts:—For missions, \$1,003.82, an increase of \$164; for Sunday schools, \$908.10. The spiritual condition of the church is very good. Notwithstanding the depression financially the funds and ministerial support showed liberality on the part of the people. Henry and Fordwich were recommended to the favorable consideration of the Sustentation Fund. Some resolutions affecting future legislation were considered, but were not deemed advisable, and voted down. The following were appointed on committees:—W. Ayers, on Stationing Committee; T. Gee, on Sunday School Committee; W. M. Bruce, on Missionary Committee. Laymen were elected to the annual conference as follows:—W. M. Bruce, T. Magwood, C. W. Watson, J. Pool, S. Vipond, W. S. Bean, H. Hipinstall, W. King, L. Panabaker. The Financial District Meeting of this District will be held in Atwood next September.

Prudence and Thrift.

The volume of life insurance in force in Canada was increased during the year 1889 by \$20,184,687, which must be regarded as a very satisfactory showing. The advance in this regard during the past fifteen years, have been steady and encouragingly large. The figures of total life insurance in force are:—

1875	\$ 5,009,364
1878	81,751,937
1881	103,390,932
1884	137,453,726
1887	191,494,270
1889	231,945,270

It will be seen that since 1875 the amount of insurance in effect has gone upward by leaps and bounds; but it will also be observed that between 1875 and 1878 their was an appreciable decline. That was during a period in Canadian history when the stringency and the stern necessities of the times forbade investments of this sort. For life insurance, after all, is but one of the forms of investing money; and the extent to which men avail themselves of this means of the well-being and advancement of the people. That is to say if the people are hard up there will be a falling off in the amount of life insurance in force. Old policies will be allowed to lapse and fewer new policies will be issued. On the other hand, if fairly good times prevail, it will be found that the volume of life insurance increases. If this rule be applied, we have at once a cause for the decline between 1875 and 1878, and encouragement is to be drawn from the showing of successive years. The life insurance table shows that Canadians are enjoying a happy degree of prosperity; and these figures are all the more significant when it is remembered that since 1880 there has been a remarkable development of provident and mutual aid societies in Canada—such societies as the Foresters, Royal Arcanum, United Workmen, National Union, &c. It is at all times a comforting thing to know that the people generally have not only gained a more prudent appreciation of the value of life insurance, but have the means to avail themselves of its advantages.

There is one other point in relation to the life insurance business of the last year which is worthy of attention. Of the \$20,184,687 of increase, \$11,091,413 was taken by Canadian companies, \$466,976 by British companies and \$8,625,298 by American companies. This leaves the total account as follows:—Canadian Companies.....\$125,125,692 British ".....30,471,186 American ".....76,339,392

This would seem to indicate a growing confidence in the stability and general good conduct of domestic companies. Since 1875 the amount of insurance in force held by Canadian companies has increased 230 per cent., of British companies 53 per cent. and of American companies 129 per cent. The showing is creditable to native institutions. The main point, however, is the proof which these figures, as a whole, afford of general thrift and well being.

Perth County Notes.

A nine year old son of John Dufton, of St. Marys, had his leg broken a few days ago while attempting to mount a land rover in motion.

Black Creek cheese factory, near Carleton Place, commenced this year on the 23rd of April, and took in 10,000 pounds of milk in one day in April.

The directors of St. Marys Mechanics' Institute say that the Pansy series of books have created such a demand that they have duplicated the complete set and still find that it is seldom any more of these intensely interesting books remain long on the shelf at a time.

Sheriff Hossie, is returning officer for North Perth.

Fall wheat prospects in Milverton locality are poor indeed. Under the most favorable circumstances not a third of a crop can be expected.

At the annual spring elections of chief consuls and representatives for the several districts of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, held at Simcoe, on the 12th, J. A. Macfadden, of Stratford, was elected Chief Consul by acclamation for the Huron district.

The latest development in the Lillooic affair is the serving of papers on Messrs. Blair and Buschler, the two heaviest creditors, for \$15,000 damages for injury sustained by Mr. Lillooic through the action of the defendants in getting out injunctions against him. This move means more fees for the lawyers.

T. H. Follick, B. A., of the St. Marys Collegiate Institute, at the Victoria University Convocation received the degree of M. A. He is to be congratulated on the high rank which his industry and ability have won. Rev. H. W. Crews, B. A., of Bryanston, had the degree of M. A. conferred upon him on the same occasion.

At the recent adjourned meeting of the vestry of Trinity Church, Mitchell, the question of free seats and voluntary contributions was discussed and it was found that by the voluntary contribution system some \$400 more had been promised than by the pew renting system. It was unanimously agreed to do away with rented pews, consequently the seats in Trinity church are free. The committee on church lighting reported that they had made arrangements to have another electric light placed in the church as soon as possible, which, they are of opinion, would supply sufficient light.

Trowbridge.

T. Tughan and his sister spent the 24th at Rothsay.

Miss Mina Pelton, of Atwood, was the guest of Miss Hattie Jackson last week.

Jacob Israel and his son, from Seaford, paid a flying visit to their friends here last week.

Wm. Baker, who has been working for the past few months with Mr. Later, carriage builder, left here last Thursday for his home in Essex.

A number of the leading men of this place drove out to Listowel last Friday evening to hear the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education. We understand they were well pleased with the hon. gentleman's able address.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Fire in Cincinnati Tuesday caused a loss of \$250,000.

Toronto Industrial Exhibition directors have decided to have the closing games of the intermediate series of the Canadian Lacrosse Association in Exhibition Park during the first week of the September fair.

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

During a heavy lightning and thunder storm that passed over St. Catharines on Saturday night W. C. Butch, who lives a few miles out, had two valuable horses killed by lightning. The horses were found dead under a tree without a mark on them.

An exchange made the suggestion, by way of reminder to its subscribers, that for those who want to remit small sums such as subscriptions, post office orders for amounts up to \$4 may be obtained for two cents; and when such an order is obtained, registration of letters, which costs the absurd sum of five cents is unnecessary.

The criminal statistics for the last statistical year are issued by the Minister of Agriculture. The ratio of total convictions to population was one to every 132, the same as the year previous. The ratio to 1,000 of population in cities and towns was as follows:—Montreal, 33.13; Toronto, 33.83; Quebec, 21.88; London, 31.09; Hamilton, 45.60; Winnipeg, 42.15; Kingston, 27.18; Ottawa, 29.27; Brantford, 42.18; Belleville, 30.17; St. Thomas, 30.72; Guelph, 11.69; St. Catharines, 14.46; Windsor, 33.20; Berlin, 15.04; Galt, 6.98; Pt. Hope, 35.07; Cobourg, 37.76. The total convictions were in Ontario 22,527, and in Quebec 9,521, and in all Canada 38,341, against 37,649 the previous year.

The medal which has just been presented to Mr. Stanley by the Geographical Society is the first special medal for such services that has ever been struck by that Society. The head of Mr. Stanley has been modelled from Prof. Herkimer's portrait and numerous photographs taken before his departure. The design on the obverse shows a female figure, the Africa of classical tradition, wearing on her head a helmet in the design of an elephant's head, and pouring from urns the two great rivers on which Mr. Stanley has done so much to throw light. A lake a great mountain and a tropical forest form an appropriate background. The gold of the medal presented to Mr. Stanley was given to the council by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M. P., from his Welsh mines. Bronze copies of the medal were presented to each of the European officers connected with the expedition.

MY WEDDING DAY.

CHAPTER II.

"What time is it?" asked Mrs. Green, when the two women had started up the hill once more. "Two o'clock? You don't say so! Well, we may as well have a bit of something ourselves. The fire will be on the top of that hill in half an hour, at the rate it is coming. If they can't stop it, it will come down here, and we'll have to turn to and fight with the rest of them."

"We'll have to look out, anyways," said Biddy. "The sparks will be all over the place, with this wind, and it's not much time we'll have then to be thinking of dinner."

The children were called in; and we sat down to a picnic sort of meal, consisting of cold beef, plum-pudding, and a tart or two from the unfortunate wedding breakfast.

These tarts reminded me of a fact that I found hard to realize—that I was really married, and that this was my wedding day; yes, actually my wedding day! and here I was, the bride, sitting down to a demoralized sort of Christmas dinner in a hot kitchen, with a half-roasted clergyman in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs. Green in a voluminous cooking apron.—And Jack? Where was he? Over a mile away, fighting the fire in the heat and dust and smoke. In danger, perhaps! Oh Jack, dear Jack! And I lost myself in loving anxious thought, till I was roused by Biddy's voice: "My word!" she said, coming to the back door—"it's near now, roaring like anything, and they're beating like mad."

We jumped up at once and went outside. There was a fierce deep roaring rushing sound like a big bush-fire, and nothing else. The smoke hung over us thicker than ever, and like a lurid cloud kept off the sunlight, the sun itself showing through as a deep crimson disc; and through the roaring and crackling of the flames we heard the sound of the branches as the men fought with all their might.

While we watched, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones came hurrying down again, bringing with them some of the eatables they had just taken up.

"They've no time to eat," said Mrs. Brown; "but they're just dried up with thirst. They want some more tea as soon as you can send it up."

"I will take it, I said.

"Pray, allow me," said Mr. Smith. "Well," said Mrs. Green, "I expect Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones are tired; besides they want their dinner."

I went in search of my shadiest hat, and the parson donned his coat—a great mistake, as it proved—and we started off, he with two buckets of tea and I with one. Now, full buckets are awkward things to carry up a hill-side at the best of times, and when they are full of tea every drop of which you know is precious to the thirsty men above, you get nervous, and consequently spill more. Mr. Smith started with a light heart to carry those buckets up that hill, and if his heart was heavier when he reached the top, the buckets were considerably lighter. We got on well enough at first, but soon came to a steep place, where, though our arms were aching furiously, there was no place flat enough to set the buckets down on. Then we had to slide along the hill, and Mr. Smith had to hold one bucket higher than the other to keep it off the ground; and in spite of all his care, that up-hill bucket would keep catching on sticks and stones, and sending cataracts of steaming tea over his legs. He did not complain; but it must have been too hot to be comfortable. At last we got on to a cattle track, which made walking easier, though it had its drawbacks too, being six inches deep in soft well-trodden dust. The condition of the parson's moist legs may be imagined. He sailed benignly on, however, with one long coat-tail in each bucket of tea, till I could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "I am afraid the tea will spoil your coat."

"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "what shall I do? They will go in, and I can't put the buckets down, and the tea will be spoiled. Dear me! what shall I do?"

"Shall I pin them up for you?" I asked.

"Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Rushton, if you would," he answered gratefully. I managed to set my bucket down and steady it with my foot while I pinned the tails of his coat together behind, so that it looked like a demoted swallow-tail.

"Thank you, thank you, very much indeed," was all he said just then; but when we came to a place where we could set down our loads and rest, he observed, as he mournfully gazed at his muddy legs: "Really, Mrs. Rushton, I am afraid this kind of work is detrimental to my cloth."

At last we reached the top, and found the men hard at work. The fire had come upon them before they expected. Where a track was already burnt, they stopped it easily enough; but just here they were having a hard fight. So much we learned from one and another as they stopped to swallow a panikin of tea and then rush back to their work again. How hot they looked; hot and tired, with faces scorched and grimy, and eyes red with the stinging smoke. I had seen thirst before, though not quite so bad as this. Mr. Smith had not, I think, and his face grew very grave as he watched them.

"Well, parson," said one, as he drank the tea, in a voice husky and weak with exhaustion, "you're a Christian for this, if you never said a prayer."

The little clergyman looked distressed; he was a little shocked at first, I think; then I heard him murmur to himself: "A cup of cold water! I never knew what that meant till to-day."

When we got down again, he insisted on making another trip at once. I could not help admiring him as he started up the hill again with a bucket in each hand, this time without his coat.

"Well," said Biddy, looking after him, "he's got some pluck in spite of his coat."

"He is a brick!" declared the children, and I quite agreed with them.

The fire was stopped on the hill behind the house, and the men had gone along the ridge to stop it further on. We had dismantled the neglected breakfast table, and rearranged it with more regard for compactness than elegance, ready for the men's supper; and at last the long hot day was nearly over. Having nothing particular to do, I went and sat under the back veranda to rest. Mrs. Jones did likewise, and leaning her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, gazed silently upwards at the smoke that told of the fight still going on. Mrs. Brown seized a broom and

proceeded to sweep up the leaves scattered about by our discarded decorations, talking meanwhile about other bush-fires she had seen. Now that the fight was no longer in sight, the sense of excitement and conflict we had felt all day in some degree abated. Peaceful home sounds—the crying of a calf, the musical sound of milking from the bail-yard close by, and the cheerful tinkling of teaspoons in the kitchen—contrasted strongly with the lurid glare of the smoky sunlight and the distant roaring of the flames. In a gum-tree close by were a crowd of magpies that had flown screaming away from the fire, and were watching it intently, now and then bursting into a flood of angry song; while once or twice a flock of paroquets whizzed shrieking overhead.

I paid little attention to Mrs. Brown's conversation, but fell to thinking—of Jack, of course—till Biddy came across to the dairy with her buckets of milk, and Mrs. Green came out and called the children in to tea. They came scampering in, discussing the day's events with a vivacity which put day-dreaming out of the question for the time being.

During tea, the talk was still bush-fires; no one ever talks of anything else while one is burning. Afterwards, when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones had departed to their respective homes—cottages a little distance off—and Mrs. Green and Biddy were busy preparing for the men, whom they expected soon, I sat on the veranda and tried to talk the children into a calm enough state of mind for bedtime. It had been a wildly exciting day for them, and a "continual feast" as well; for they had made raids on the kitchen every now and then, carrying off their booty to be devoured in some place where there was a good view of the fire. They implored me not to speak of bed at first; but in spite of themselves they grew drowsy as they calmed down, and were soon ready to say "Good-night."

When they had gone I lost myself in my own thoughts again. How long I sat there dreaming I do not know. The sun had set; the short twilight was over, and the smouldering logs shone out like large red stars from the blackened hillsides above, when I noticed a strange light to my left. Going to the end of the house, I saw a line of fire coming towards us along the flat. A smouldering log must have rolled down from above and lit the grass. "Fire! fire! just here!" I shouted.

Mrs. Green and Biddy rushed out, and took the situation at a glance. Biddy just threw back her head, put her hands to her mouth and "oo-ee-ed" loud and long.

"Get a can and wet the grass at the end of the house, Mary!" Mrs. Green called to me as she ran round the house shutting the windows, to keep the sparks out.

"Biddy," she continued, "throw water on the roof; it's as dry as tinder."

Biddy gave one more long "oo-ee-ee!" and seizing a bucket, fell to work; while Mrs. Green disappeared into the house, returning with the children, blinking and bewildered. Rolling them in blankets, she deposited them in the bed of a dried-up creek near the house. Meanwhile, I had been running backwards and forwards with two large watering-cans from the tubs we had filled in the morning, trying to soak a strip of grass to check the fire in its advances on the house. My task was only half finished, however, when the fire came up. I caught up a branch and called to the others for help. We beat and beat with all our might; but the wind was high and the grass long, and it seemed as if we could not keep it back. The heat was intense, and the smoke choked and blinded us; but we kept on, till I felt as if each blow would be the last, and dimly wondered what would happen when I gave in, as I must do soon.

I do not know how long we worked; it seemed hours; but I suppose it was not many minutes. All at once we heard men's voices and running feet, and a dozen strong arms were beating beside us. It was a sharp tussle; but they got it under, and were just congratulating themselves on arriving in the nick of time, when a voice—Jack's voice—was heard calling for help, and they saw that the fire, though turned away from the house, was making straight for the wool-shed, which stood on a slight rise a little beyond. Jack was fighting it single-handed. It seemed to be getting the better of him; then, while I watched, I saw him fall, and the fire rushed onwards. And then I suppose I fainted, for I remember nothing more till I felt myself slowly and painfully coming back to life in my own little room. At first, I was only conscious of a deathly sick feeling; then I remembered that something had happened, something dreadful. What was it? Ah!—Jack. I believe I called his name aloud and then—could it be true?—I heard his voice answering me, and felt his strong arms and his kisses on my face. It was no dream, but Jack himself! I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. I have a dim remembrance of hearing some one say, "She'll do now;" then the door was shut and we were alone. I had my arms round his neck, and clung closely to him, unwilling to lose my hold even to look up at his face.

"Hush, Mary," he said—"hush, my darling, I am here, safe and sound. Look up, dear, and see for yourself."

At last I did look up. Could that be Jack? It looked more like a badly-blackened Christy minstrel. "Why, Jack!" I cried, "you are as black as a—" and I paused for want of a simile.

"A kettle!" he suggested.—"Come, little woman, don't call names. I fancy there's a pair of us," he added, looking laughingly at me.

Of course I sat up at once, and looked towards the glass to see what was the matter, and this is what I saw—Jack kneeling by the side of the couch, looking like a sadly-dishevelled sweep, for one of his shirt-sleeves was burnt off to the shoulder, and he was more or less black all over; while his eyes were red, and his teeth, displayed just now by a broad grin, shone like a negro's from beneath the singed and stubby ends of what had once been his moustache. As for me, my light cotton dress was ornamented by sundry prints of a human hand in black, while round my waist was a broad band of the same hue. My left cheek was one dark smear; while on the other, as well as on my forehead and lips, were numerous rough but unmistakable impressions of Jack's moustache.

It was no use trying to be sentimental under the circumstances, so I laughed in-

stead, to Jack's relief, for he had a man's hatred of scenes.

"How did you escape?" I asked. "I thought I saw the fire go over you."

"Why, so it did," he answered. "When I found I could not stop it, I lay down, and let it go over me."

"Oh Jack! you must have been hurt."

"Well, I found it rather warm, certainly; and I am afraid my clothes have suffered.—There, there, little wife; don't cry like that. The thought of my danger had been too much for me. "I am quite safe, thank God, I don't think I am seriously damaged, though my complexion is a little spoiled for the present."

He stayed talking a little while, and then had to rush back. They had just managed to save the wool-shed, but a good deal of fencing had gone. The worst of the fire was over, but it needed watching.

Next morning, a rather dilapidated but very happy bride and bridegroom started on their honeymoon way, after saying good-bye to a still more dilapidated parson, and being honoured with three very husky cheers from all hands.

[THE END.]

The Heat of the Sun.

There seems to be sufficient reason for the belief that the heat at present emitted from the sun is neither greater nor less than that which our luminary used to dispense ages ago. Here the vine and the olive now grow, the vine and olive were growing twenty centuries back. We must not, however, place too strong a reliance on the deduction from such a fact. Darwin has taught us how by natural selection an organism can preserve its adaptation notwithstanding the gradual change of the surrounding conditions. The facts, however, fail to show any ground for imagining that there have been changes in the climates of the earth within historic times.

We have geological evidence as to the character of the climates which prevailed at a remote antiquity far earlier than any historical testimony. The records of the rocks show us unquestionably that our globe has passed through many striking vicissitudes of heat and cold. Those records demonstrate that there have been periods during which some of the fairest regions of this globe were desolated by a frost so frightful that they became thickly covered with solid ice. There have also been periods when conditions of a precisely opposite character have prevailed. Those polar regions which are now the perennial abode of impenetrable ice have once enjoyed a succession of long and delightful Summers, divided by Winters remarkable alike for their brevity and their mildness. Arctic solitude, now so dismal and so barren, then nourished plants and animals that can only thrive under genial conditions of climate.

No doubt the question as to the origin of these great climatic changes which have so frequently occurred in the course of geological time, presents many difficulties. Opinion is divided as to what the cause of these changes may have been. I do not now enter into this subject, because for our present purpose it suffices to note one very important conclusion. Those who are competent to offer an opinion on the question of the cause of the geological variation of climate are in substantial accord that the changes have been due to any actual variations in the supply of heat emitted from the sun. In other words, there is not the slightest reason to believe that the sun itself has been either appreciably hotter or appreciably colder during geological times than it is at the present moment.

A Woman in the Case.

A woman is supposed to be a prime instigator in every mischief; she certainly forms an important element in the fight in fiction, whether innocently or of malice prepense. Many of these belligerent scenes would lack their crowning charm without the feminine business in the background—the agonized sobs, the wringing of hands, the supplicatory appeals of the gentle, timid maiden; or else the self-satisfied smile of the selfish beauty, glistening in her power, though it be for evil, over the masculine species. The fight takes on a more perilous aspect when there is no spectator—if one may except the moon, who, from time immemorial, has appeared as interested in these proceedings as in lovers' meetings, and who looks down with cold dispassionate gaze on the dear struggle for life; for in these lonely contests—on the barren heath or rocky shore—it generally means nothing less. If the encounter takes place on the side of a precipice (a favorite situation—that is, with the author, so much the better for the effect. The villain of the occasion has an awkward knack of working his reluctant adversary nearer and nearer, inch by inch, toward the edge of the yawning abyss, and ends by precipitating him over, going about with an uneasy conscience ever after, till the Abel of his dreams turns up to confront him at the most momentous crisis of his life; for things seldom turn out so badly as they might have done in these fights. Fiction here is sometimes stranger than truth.

The fight is dying out of fiction—if we except those hand-to-hand encounters between white man and savage with which we have been regaled of late and which take place a very long way from home. On the rare occasions in which the exigencies of plot may still force a fight upon the novelist, the affair is slurred over in a perfunctory style, with nothing of that gusto of detail that animated his predecessor. Whether or not a worse element has crept into his (or her) pages may be a doubtful question.

Work and Long Life.

There has been so much justly said about the prejudicial effects of overwork, especially in using up the powers of man and cutting short his life, that it may be hastily assumed by some that work itself is opposed to length of days. This, however, is a very fatal mistake. Whatever may be proved concerning the comparative tendencies of different employments to shorten life, it will always be found that a life of idleness will surpass them all. The faculties of man, used and not abused, serve not only to benefit the world, but even more to benefit himself. His health, happiness, and length of life depend largely upon the regular, steady, and full—not excessive—employment of his powers. He who neglects this law and suffers them to run to waste, leading an aimless and vacant life, will reap the penalty quite as much in his own inferior condition, physical and mental, as in any external loss he may sustain.

Old-fashioned French lawns, old friends with new faces, once more envelop, in their limp, sheer folds, the form of the woman of fashion as they did in the days of our grandmothers.

AGRICULTURAL.

Breeding For Quality.

We clip from Colman's Rural World the following sensible hints on the subject of breeding for quality:

"Young breeders have often been advised to be sure and breed for size, says an exchange. Now, this is all well enough as far as it goes. Get size if you can do so without sacrificing quality. Bear in mind, however, that where size will add \$1 to the selling price of an animal, quality and finish will add \$10. As a rule, most large rooey mares that breeders are advised to 'tie to' are somewhat coarse.

There are exceptions, it is true. Occasionally a mare can be found which, like Miss Russell, dam of Maud S. 2:08½, though of good size, possesses the quality and finish of a thoroughbred. Such cases are the exceptions, however. Horsemen who want animals for their own use are becoming more and more critical every day not only as regards the fashionable producing blood lines required in pedigrees but in quality, finish, style, gait and other attributes, which though not always combined with the highest rate of speed need not detract from the trotting capacity of an animal.

Quality is quite as important in the road horse as in the trotter. It is a fact that most of the best turf campaigners were out of small nervy mares such as showed a deal of quality and possessed lots of vim. Clara the dam of Dexter, was one of this kind. She stood only 14½; the dam of Goldsmith Maid was not a large animal; the dam of Jack 2:15, was thought to be too small for brood purposes, so after producing this famous campaigner she sold her for about \$60; she has since been sold for \$3,000. Reina Victoria, the first broodmare that brought \$7,025 at auction, the greatest broodmare feed, Alma Mater, the greatest broodmare of her age that ever lived, stands only about fifteen hands, yet if report is correct her present owner paid \$15,000 for her. Zoraya, the only broodmare that has ever yet been auctioned for \$13,000, is quite small, barely fifteen hands in height. Nellie May, lately bought by J. Malcolm Forbes in New York City, belongs to the same class; about fifteen hands is her size. Voodoo, which sold for \$24,000, was a little pony-built fellow that good judges think will never exceed fifteen hands in height.

If you wish to obtain good prices for your horse stock, young breeders, pay more attention to quality, whether you are breeding roadsters or trotters. Never be persuaded to buy a rooey mare that has nothing but her rooniness to recommend her. Sizing can be increased by liberal, judicious feeding. Quality, however, must be bred in the animal. If not, then no amount of care can supply it.

Just keep your eye upon the quotations and learn the breeding and characteristics of those which bring the most money. Facts and figures correctly stated will not mislead. Quality will always be at premium. Those who have large, rooey mares should as a rule, mate them with the highest-formed, round-barrelled, closely-ribbed stallions of medium size that can be found. Get size if you can and breed for quality at all events."

Asparagus.

There is probably no vegetable that is so absolutely superb to the delicate appetite of the epicure as the first delicious cuttings of asparagus. Although a native of Europe and Asia, it has become so common in this country as to be almost naturalized in some places, having found its way into the fields and sometimes being seen on marshy places on the sea coast.

Most of our prominent growers prefer to plant one-year old root, although two and three-year are often used. The asparagus bed should be five feet wide and any desirable length, according to the size of the family. It should be well cultivated, two feet deep, and well manured. Three rows of plants will suffice to each bed; the plants should stand one foot apart in each row, and the crowns should be well covered four inches deep; a good deep soil with sandy bottom is found most suitable, as the plants do not thrive well in a wet stiff soil. As soon as the tops are cut down in the fall cover with a top dressing of coarse manure, which may be forked early in the spring. A partial cutting may be made the third year, but it will add materially to the vigor of the plants if none be got until the fourth year. In locating away from the sea shore a top dressing will be found beneficial. The asparagus is naturally a marine plant, this being a reason why salt acts beneficially.

A Valuable Lesson.

I know a man who lives not very far from me who raised nine bushels of wheat per acre on a field of fourteen acres in 1888. He broke and sowed the same field in the fall of that year, and then began to haul manure upon it. He was told that the manure was too green, too fresh, too new; it would kill the wheat roots sure. But he haubd on just the same. Again he was besieged by a lawyer who was hunting quail in the field, and was cautioned not to put the manure on the ground after the wheat was sown. His hair began to turn gray, but he went to another livery stable and bought all the manure they had. His minister told him to pile it up in piles, his doctor told him to give it in broken doses and a section boss on a railroad said he was wasting time, that he had better feed it to the "praties."

But he haubd on, in all sortof weather, on all sorts of occasions and uner all sorts of circumstances; despite all opposition. At last his threshing season came on, and when his crop was measured him that field yielded thirty-five bushels per acre. Then there were more men who "kew it all the time" than you could count.—[Country Gentleman.

Value of Cow Manure.

The fact that cow manure does not heat so rapidly as that from the orse, sheep or hog makes it less immediately available, unless first composted, than that from either of these other animals. If spread without composting it ferments mor slowly. But what it loses in availability it gains in durability. Chemically, of course, the manure must depend on the feed, on most farms the cow is less highly fed than the horse or pig, the latter receiving an most exclusive grain ration when fattening. It is often said that the manure from ows giving milk must be impoverished by hat the milk

glands take from the food for their manufacture. On this point practice and more careful analysis shows that the theoretical loss is not large. Good farmers know that they get large results from manure made by milch cows liberally fed. Dr. Collier of the New York Experimental Station at Geneva has been testing this matter with some very interesting results. He reports in a recent address that with growing animals not six per cent. of the material in the food was retained in growth. With milch cows in full flow of milk this proportion was increased to 9½ per cent. He therefore calculates that fully ninety per cent. on an average of all the fertilizing elements of food consumed by milch cows is voided in the manure, and if, properly preserved, may be used to maintain the productive capacity of the soil. This is a most important contribution to practical farming, as it sets at rest any doubts which farmers may have derived from partial theorizing whether keeping cows, and even selling the milk, might not be another way of making their land poorer instead of richer. Very few milk farmers now buy much more than one-tenth the food their cows consume. Hence if they sell all the milk their land grows richer. If they sell only butter there is no loss of fertility, as all goes back to the farm.

In Apia Bay.

(Moriturus vos salutamus.)

Ruin and death held sway
That night in Apia Bay,
And smote amid the loud and dreadful gloom,
But, Hearts, no longer weep
The salt unresting sleep
Of the great dead victorious in their doom.

Vain, vain the strait retreat
That held the fated fleet
Trapped in the two-fold threat of sea and shore!
Fell reefs on either hand
And the devouring strand!
Above, below, the tempest's deafening roar!

What mortal hand shall write
The horror of that night,
The desperate struggle in that deadly close,
The yelling of the blast,
The wild surf, white, aghast,
The whelming seas, the thunder and the throes!

How the great cables surged,
The giant engines urged,
As the brave ships the unequal strife waged on!
Not hope, not courage flagged;
But the vain anchors dragged.
Down on the reefs they shattered, and were gone!

And now were wrought the deeds
Whereof each soul that reads
Grows manlier, and burns with prouder breath,—
Heroic brotherhood,
The loving bonds of blood,
Proclaimed from high hearts face to face with death.

At length the English ship
Her cables had let slip,
Crowded all steam, and steered for the open sea,

Resolved to challenge Fate,
To pass the perilous strait,
And wrench from jaws of ruin Victory.

With well-tried metals strained,
In the storm's teeth she gained,
Foot by slow foot made head, and crept toward life.

Across her dubious way
The good ship Trenton lay
Helpless, but thrilled to watch the splendid strife.

Helmless she lay, her bulk
A blind and wallowing hulk,
By her strained hawsers only held from wreck,
But dauntless each brave heart
Played his immortal part
In strong endurance on the reeling deck.

They fought Fate inch by inch,—
Could die, but could not flinch;
And, biding the inevitable doom,
They marked the English ship,
Baffling the tempest's grip,
Forge hardly forth from the expected tomb.

Then, with exultant breath,
These heroes, waiting death,
Thundered across the storm a peal of cheers,—
To the triumphant brave
A greeting from the grave,
Whose echo shall go ringing down the years.

"To you, who will have won,
From us, whose course is run,
Glad greeting, as we face the undreaded end!"
The memory of those cheers
Shall thrill in English ears
Where'er this English blood and speech extend.

No manlier deed comes down,
Blazoned in broad renown,
From men of old who lived to dare and die!
The old fire yet survives,
Here in our modern lives,
Of splendid chivalry and valor high!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Immigrants we Want.

However greatly we may desire to see the number of immigrants to our North Western Territories increased, no lover of his country would rejoice in the mere fact of numbers, unless the new comers were of such a class as to warrant the belief that they would help to build up our cherished institutions and to develop the country along the lines of order and true progress. We want men to occupy the waste places, but we want men. We are not anxious that the scum of the old world shall find its way to our virgin plains; that the Socialist, the Anarchist, the mer-dog-well, the social parasite shall seek a home among us. These we will thank to stay away. It is gratifying to learn, however, that the class of immigrants arriving this season are all of a superior character. Mr. Stafford, the Government agent at Quebec, writes as follows: "Ten families, per Sardinian, going to Lord Brassey's settlement, accompanied by Mr. Craswell, were a fine lot of English farmers who, I am satisfied, will do well. Sixteen single men and eleven single women assisted out by the Chu ch Emigration Society were a fine lot, well adapted for country work." For such hardy, sturdy sons our doors stand open wide; and to such we bid a cordial welcome.

THE TROMBONE.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the pier at Silvesea one August night that they first saw each other. She was only a little child, and he a trombone-player in the regimental band temporarily stationed at Silvesea.

Nothing very romantic about either case, apparently. Yet the story of two lives dated from that night; and that big unromantic instrument was the cause of it.

Silvesea is a watering place on the south coast of England—not a very fashionable one, or a very gay one; but with a quaint, picturesque beauty of its own, and with a short "season" that filled the bow-windowed terrace houses with visitors, and made the little pier into a promenade for pretty girls, and stout matrons, and elderly gentlemen, and beating "mashers," who rejoiced in the loudest of striped blazers, the whitest of flannels, and the most knowing thing in nautical caps and hats.

There was a concert room on the pier, a sort of pavilion with glass windows all round and a couple of hundred seats. If the audience outnumbered the seats they had to stand. It is only fair to say that, as a rule, the seats outnumbered the audience very considerably.

It was the opening night of the "season" of Silvesea; warm, windless and brilliant with stars, set like a jeweled frame around the young crescent moon. A concert was going on in the Pier pavilion. The band, "by kind permission of the Colonel," etc., was discoursing a medley of operatic airs called by courtesy "a selection."

The selection was distinguished by a solo for the trombone. The player's name stood on the programme as Angus Fraser.

He stepped forward a little in advance of his accomplices, and commenced one of the two hackneyed, yet pathetic airs from the Trovatore. No one expected anything very remarkable, and no one was listening very attentively, only a little child in the front row pushed back the "granny" bonnet from her golden curls, and fixed her great serious eyes on the pale handsome face of the player.

Before he had played many bars a great many other eyes were following her example. Long ere that solo was concluded, the audience were listening in wonder to the skill of the player, and the amount of the expression introduced into the melody that the big, unwieldy instrument was giving forth.

The child never took her eyes off him, and he noticed it. When he ceased playing, and bowed to the applauding audience, he half smiled at the beautiful, excited little face that still turned to him so persistently. He was a singularly handsome man, and a man who looked as if fate, or misfortune, had placed him in his present position, so unvisited in bearing and appearance was the man to his surroundings.

When in repose, his face wore an expression of the most intense sadness—a sadness which, at times, bordered on despair. Leading the ordinary life of a private soldier, bound to its discipline, or humiliations, or privations, he yet stood aloof and apart from all that was vulgar, low and vicious in that life, and had won respect and liking from comrades and officers alike. Yet none knew his history or had his confidence. The boldest man in the regiment would have shrunk from questioning him as to his antecedents, or the reason of his present position.

When the first part of the programme was over there was an interval of fifteen minutes, and most of the audience strolled out through the glass doors. The band also were dismissed and in groups of twos and threes they lounged about the pier, the handsome uniforms making a bright spot of color among the black coats and serge costumes which prevailed.

The trombone player walked to the furthest end of the pier and, leaning his arms on the wooden rails, stodd gazing over the quiet sea, to where the rippling silver of the young moon's tender light left one narrow track of brightness.

How far away were his thoughts one might have guessed who saw those strained, sad eyes filled with a yearning too intense for words, a regret too deep for tears.

Suddenly, a little soft touch fell on his arm, and he started and looked down. The child he had seen in the concert room was standing beside him—her face a little pale, but her eyes calm and serious, as of one who had a purpose in view and meant to accomplish it.

"If you please," she said, "would you mind telling me your name?"

"My name?" he repeated in astonishment, "why do you want to know it?"

"Because," she said, "I have seen your face—somewhere, I do not quite remember where—or, was it a photograph? Only, you were younger then, and I asked my mother who it was, and she would not tell me. I know it was you, I knew it directly I saw you to-night, and I watched you come here, and then I thought I would speak to you, so I slipped away from Potts, that is my maid. Mother is not here to-night; and that is all."

The quaint little pause, the old-fashioned, serious manner were charming. He looked down from his tall height on the upturned face, framed in by that loose cloud of golden curls, and wondered why so strange and haunting a memory seemed to lurk in it, and look back at him as if through mists of years, from the big, solemn eyes.

"My name," he said, somewhat unsteadily, "is Angus Fraser. I am sure you are mistaking me for—some one else. It is not possible that any one you know should have a picture of me."

She shook her head as if unconvinced.

"I am sure," she said, "it was you. I could not think there were many faces like yours."

He felt the blood come into it at that innocent flattery. It was no new thing to hear from feminine lips; and yet how he hated to hear it.

"Indeed, my child," he said sadly, "you are mistaken. To the best of my recollection only one person in the world ever had a picture of me, and she—she is dead—long ago."

His voice broke. He turned and looked again over the quiet sea, but the mist in his own eyes shut out that shining track of silver now.

"Were you very sorry?" asked the child, in a low hushed voice.

"Very, very sorry," he answered with a sigh, whose echo haunted her for longer than he could possibly imagine. "But it was all long ago," he added with a sudden effort.

"And I am sure she is happy now. She ought to be, she was so good."

"Good people always die, do they not?" said the child dreamily. "I suppose it is quite right. God would like to have them with him."

He did not answer her. His thoughts were far away, and in memory he was living over again the saddest scene in all the history of his life.

"It is in a frame with a door," the child went on, seeing he did not speak. "Your picture, I mean. And the door is always locked. Only just that once the key was in it, and I opened and looked at it. Directly I saw you to-night I knew it was you."

Her persistence rather surprised him. Yet still he thought she must be mistaken. That folded leaf of the past had been so long folded, that black time of error and its punishment so resolutely pushed aside, that he could not allow himself even the luxury of hope that her words offered.

"As I have told me your name," he said, "will you not tell me yours?"

"Oh, yes," she said, glibly. "It is Barbara Monteith. And mother."

She stopped abruptly, frightened at the low, hoarse cry, the gray, ashen face, the sudden terror her words seemed to have awakened in the great, strong man by her side.

"Barbara!" he muttered, stupidly. "Her name. Oh, my God!"

"How strange you look! What is the matter?" asked the child.

"Nothing," he said. "At least, your name recalled some memory I—I had almost forgotten."

"Was it the name of the person you said was—dead?" she asked, in a faint, awe-struck voice. "Because, of course, my mother is not dead."

"And are you her only child?" he asked, his voice hoarse and shaken, as if by some strong emotion.

"Yes," she said simply.

"And how—how old are you?"

"I am just 9 years old," was the answer. Again his gaze changed; the pain and the passion in it would have frightened one older and more experienced. But the child only slipped her little hand into his big, strong palm, and stood quietly by his side, waiting.

"I—I must go now," he said presently; "I have to play again; and a soldier's discipline is a strict one."

He looked down at the innocent, childish face with those sad, tired eyes of his.

"Just as long as—your life," he said.

CHAPTER II.

The lodging-houses at Silvesea were very much like other lodging-houses. They stood in terraces, bow-windowed and balconied; and were let out as drawing-room floor, and dining-room floor, respectively.

The last house of the terrace was the house where Barbara and her mother lived, and the one to which the child was walking with slow and thoughtful steps beside the faithful Potts, after leaving the pier.

That face still haunted her; that inter-volver, perplexed her. The handsome, soldierly figure, the sad, grave eyes, were associated in her mind with some fixed memory; and, young as she was, there was a resolute-ness of character in that small, childish face that, before now, her elders had been obliged to recognize.

Her mother was sitting in a low arm-chair by the open window when Barbara entered the room. She turned her head as the little figure came in so quickly—came straight to the open arms and the loving welcome of most loving lips. How dear those two were to one another any one might have guessed. How much they were to one another they alone knew.

"How is your headache, mother," asked the child gently.

"Better, my darling," she answered as she took off the big bonnet and began to arrange the tumbled golden curls. "And how did my pet enjoy herself, and what did she see on the pier?"

"There were a great many people," the child said with a thoughtful gravity of face and voice that was the outcome of constant association with those older than herself. "And the band of the regiment played. One of them was so handsome, and I spoke to him."

"My dear little Barbara," said her mother reproachfully.

"Was there any harm?" the child asked, innocently. "His face was so sad and so kind. Do you know what it was like, mother? The face of that man in your room; the one in the locked frame. I wish you would tell me who that man was."

The face of Barbara Monteith turned very pale—so pale that it almost frightened the little child, whose anxious eyes were watching it so intently.

"Oh hush, dear—hush," she said, brokenly. "You know I can not bear to speak of it."

"Is he—dead?" asked the child mournfully. "Because my soldier also knew some one like you, mother; and she—she died long ago—so he told me."

"Barbara, what are you saying?"

She had sunk back in the chair; her hand went to her heart. Her eyes, wild and staring, looked back at the little quiet face so near her own, and strangely like it.

"He told me so," the child repeated. "Perhaps my face reminded him of her. You say I am so like you, mother; and other people have so often said it—"

"Like me in the 'long ago,' yes, Barbara. When I was young, and free, and happy. When no one had brought shame and sorrow to my life and trouble to my heart—"

A heavy sob broke the words. She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out even the sympathy and tenderness of those loving eyes.

"Every one I meet seems only to have been happy 'long ago,'" said the child at last. "I begin to think that life must be a very sad thing, mother."

"It is sad because of its mistakes: sad because of its dependence; sad because it can not stand alone, and act out for itself its little drama of happiness. Oh, Barbara! Oh, my little child! To have back my youth—my lost mistaken youth."

The child stood there silent. The passion and despair of that cry frightened her by their intensity, and held her dumb because of incomprehensiveness.

They were so dear to each other, these two; and in some vague way she seemed to touch hands with that heavy hidden sorrow, the shadow of which had been always about her mother's life. Of its nature she was ignorant, and yet its strength and intensity she had recognized often, even as she recognized it now.

She stood there quite silent, waiting till those heavy sobs should cease. Only her

small, soft hand strayed gently over the golden hair that was scarcely darker than her own; and her breath came quicker and nervously as she tried to think of some word or speech that might be consoling, and not too childish. As nothing occurred to her, she just remained standing there, her eyes turning from that beautiful bent head to the sea rippling and shining under the clear, pale light of moon and stars.

Presently her mother recovered, and looked up and drew the little patient figure into her arms. Then they sat there together, both quite silent, for the woman's thoughts were far away in the past, and the child could not follow them; and, for all the love and sympathy, and companionship that had made these two so much to one another, there was one secret unshared—one dark page returned in the history that the woman's lips had whispered from time to time in the child's young ears.

Soon she dismissed her to bed, and then drew her own chair up to the window, and sat there for a long, long time quite motionless, looking out at the quiet night and the quiet sea, asking herself—as she had so often asked in the black and awful time of sorrow—whether it would not be better to seek rest, peace, forgetfulness in the last sleep which we call death—in that endless and unbreakable peace which only looks back from the sealed lips and closed eyes of those for whom life is an ended tale.

"If I had only courage!" she told herself. "If I had done it then—when it seemed so easy—before ever this other life had claimed my care!"

Following that sad train of sorrowful thought, she lost herself in mournful retrospection. She saw the lights extinguished on the pier and in the houses; she felt the dreamy peace of the quiet night steal softly over her tired and aching senses. Her eyes closed; she leaned back in her chair. She and sleep had so long been strangers that she thankfully accepted even its passing presence, and yielded herself to its influence without a struggle.

Suddenly she started and looked up. It seemed to her as if hours had passed; but in reality, only a few moments had lent her that brief unconsciousness.

The room was in darkness, and she herself sat in the shadow of the window curtains. It was only separated by folding doors from the adjoining chamber, which was her bed room.

The noise that had roused and startled her into sudden alertness was a noise of some one moving in that adjoining room. Breathless, she sat there and listened with strained ears. Everyone in the house was in bed, she knew, for the child's return had been the signal for general shutting and bolting of doors.

The noise had ceased; now there was only silence—a silence in which her heart-beat sounded with loud and painful distinctness. It was broken at last by the sound of a match striking softly on its box. Then she saw a gleam of light through the crack of the folding doors—a little bright quivering thread that set her pulses leaping with sudden terror.

Who was there? What intruder had found entrance at this hour? She had left her purse and watch on the dressing table. Was this some robber—some midnight thief who had effected an entrance? And was she alone and helpless now at his mercy?

With nerves strung to highest tension, with that strange calmness and boldness that sometimes mark the sense of danger braved in very desperation, she rose and softly and noiselessly approached the doors. They were not so closely shut but that she could see through, and, in the gleam of a small lantern left on the table, she saw a tall figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, standing with back toward her, and with head bent down over something that it held in its hand.

Her heart seemed to stand still; but she did not move or seek to raise any alarm. What it held—only a little square frame, with closed doors, which now a strong hand wrenched violently open.

Silence—for a second's space; then, quick as thought, she flung back the doors and stood before the intruder, whose white face matched the pallor of her own as it was lit to answer the challenge of her words!

CHAPTER III.

The pictured face in that frame was the face of the man who looked back at her, and he quietly laid it on the table, before he answered her indignant question.

"You—and here?" she said. "How dared you come?"

"I had no right, I know," he said, hoarsely, "and I have no excuse. Only something I heard to-night made me do it. For all these years, Barbara, we have been strangers—dead to one another. It was your wish and your act. But you might have told me I had a father's rights to forego, as well as a husband's. If—if I had known—"

"It is too late to speak of that now," she said, coldly. "With your own hand you cut yourself adrift from me. I married you a girl, young, innocent, trusting. You know if you deserved either the love or the trust; at least I have learned how you rewarded them."

"For heaven's sake do not reproach me," he said, brokenly. "Do you think I have not suffered? Love, home, position and fortune—all sacrificed in a moment's drunken madness. Look here!" he threw back the cloak, and stood there in the uniform of the regimental band—"my livery—my badge of slavery," he went on bitterly. "I could scarce have fallen lower, could I? And yet when I came to my senses, to learn that you had left me—forever, as your letter said—I cared little enough for any further humiliation."

"Then it was you to whom the child spoke to-night?" she said. "But how does that explain your presence?"

"She was so like you," he said. "And the name—your name, Barbara. And she told me of the picture that stood here, always locked in a moment's drunken fit, was mine—if—if you ever cared for me enough still to remember. And she talked on so innocently of where you lived; and when I stood there, looking over those low railings, and saw the steps and the balcony and the open window, the desperate thought came into my mind to satisfy myself at any cost. I saw the room was empty; I came in. There, on the table, stood the frame with the locked doors. You know the rest."

She was silent. Her face had grown very hard and stern; all the grace, and the beauty, and the youth of it seemed to have died out in that first shock of terror and recognition.

"I thought you were dead long ago," she said, at last.

"You mean you wished it." "Can you blame me if I did? wedded to a gambler, a drunkard, a man who had only sought my fortune, while another woman had his heart, and all that he called—love!"

"As there is a heaven above us, Barbara, you wrong me. I told you the truth of that old fatal tie; of the woman who held me bound and trapped, and whose memory I loathe as I loathe no other thing on earth. I did you a great wrong. I acknowledge that; but I did love you, Barbara, and it was your coldness and disbelief in me that drove me to that last desperate means of forgetfulness—drunk."

"All this," she said, "is very useless. It is merely going over the old ground again. Voluntarily you cut yourself adrift from me. You left me heart-broken, alone, at the mercy of strangers. To such mercy I owe my child's life and my own."

"I thought," he said humbly, "your own people would have taken you back."

"Did you think I would ask them? Did you know me so little?"

"I ought to have known you better, but I did not. And this child, Barbara, she is 9 years old, she told me."

"Yes," was the curt answer, "9 years old yesterday. She—she does not know. No; I could not burden her young life with so sad a history. She only thinks of her father as dead."

"He had better remain so," was the answer; and the hopeless bitterness of the one struck painfully on her heart. She looked at the worn and altered face, the pathetic eyes, the lines that suffering and endurance had drawn on brow and cheek. Strangely, sadly altered he was, indeed; but for all that he had told her, he was better worth loving now than when he had been only the laughing, debonair young Laird of Ardersier, whose barren acres and burdened estates had long been forfeited by his own folly.

The humiliation of his present position touched her to a sudden sense of pity for him. Only a private—a player in the band of a Scotch Regiment—he who had once been so courted, and gay, and blessed by fortune!

"Why did you do that?" she said at last, as her eyes wandered over his uniform. "It was my last act of folly," he said. "I believe I was not in my right senses; but there was no help for it, and I found my knowledge of music might be easily turned to account. So I sank the Laird of Ardersier into plain Angus Fraser, whom no one recognized, and now no one remembers."

"It must have been a great change," she said, with momentary compassion.

That little touch of softness in her voice was harder for him to bear than all her previous coldness. He turned aside to hide the great tears that gathered in his eyes. "And—used to it now," he said huskily; "and—there is one thing I should like you to know, Barbara, and that is that from the hour I recovered my senses, and knew at last what I had done, I made a vow to give up that fatal habit that had been my ruin. I have kept that vow for nine years. I mean to keep it all my life now. Oh, if you only knew what it cost sometimes—the longing to stifle thought, to dull memory, to forget—even for an hour—your face and its reproach!"

"I am glad to hear this, for your own sake," she said, very quietly. "But I see only in prolonging an interview that is so painful to both of us. Having satisfied yourself as to the existence of that picture, don't you think it would be as well to return to your—duties?"

He started; his eyes darkened with sudden anger.

"I had forgotten," he said, bitterly, "it is only a woman who never lets sentiment interfere with duty. Well, good-by, Barbara; time has not softened you, I see; but you might say one kind word to the poor devil who has only learned too late what he has lost—wife, child, home. You must allow it is hard."

"Not so hard as you made my life; not so hard as to learn one had been mocked and deceived," she cried passionately. "There was a time, Angus, when I was so desperate and so wretched that I could have killed myself, or you. If it had not been for the child—"

"You will not say 'our child,' Barbara," he pleaded.

"No," she cried, dashing the tears from her eyes, and facing him with the old, hard, desperate look. "No, I will not. What right have you to her love, even to her knowledge?"

"Then," he said, gravely, and yet with a certain proud dignity that she could not but recognize, "there is but one thing more to say. Our lives lie far apart, severed forever. Why do you not claim the freedom the law can give you? It is so easy to do. Four years' desertion, by Scotch law, and your refusal to return, that is all that is necessary."

She turned very white. A crowd of memories were rushing back; the tumult of feelings, long opposed and kept back by sheer force of resolution, surged wildly now through heart and brain. She had loved him so dearly—so dearly. Were even her wrongs and her sorrows sufficient to drown the memory of that love, or harden her to its appeal for pity?

"I—I could not do that," she said, brokenly. "After all, you are my husband."

"Barbara!" he cried, breathlessly. "Oh, my wife—my love—my sweetheart of long ago!"

He threw himself on his knees and buried his face in the folds of her soft, white gown, his strong frame shaken with sobs.

"Oh! hush, Angus, hush," she cried, striving for self-command, and terrified at this sudden tempest of emotion. "You will wake the child," she added, suddenly, as she turned and looked at the alcove where stood a little white-curtained bed. He raised his head then and followed her glance. The curtains were drawn slowly aside, and a little hand pushed away a cloud of tumbled curls from two sleepy, wondering eyes that gravely regarded them both.

"Well," she said, "this is—funny. Have you come to call on us?"

"Were you in his feet in confusion. Barbara flushed to the roots of her bright hair, but seemed incapable of speech.

The child bent forward and looked at them thoughtfully.

"Were you the man in the frame there?" she asked. "I told mother all about you when I came home. But you seem to know each other."

Still silence. Angus Fraser could not speak and Barbara would not.

The child rose suddenly and slipped out of the little bed and crossed the floor to where they stood, and then gravely regard-

ed them from beneath the tangle of curls that clustered about her pretty brows. Then, suddenly, she turned toward the photograph frame.

"Why, it is broken," she said, and stretched out her arm and took it down from its place. Then she looked at the face no longer hidden by those jealously locked doors, and from it to that other face—pale and tear-stained now, and yet with a strange light of happiness in the dark eyes that watched her so attentively. "It is you," she said, triumphantly, "I was quite right. Then you did know each other—once."

"Yes," she said, "mother. You were quite right, Barbara."

The child laid the frame back on the table and glanced, in her quaint, direct way, at the tall, soldierly figure.

"I should like," she said, "to know who you are—really."

He glanced at that downcast woman's face, where the tears were trembling on the lowered lashes.

"Will you tell her, Barbara," he said, very gently, "or shall I?"

"You" she murmured, her voice low and and uncertain; but all the hardness and coldness gone from it now.

He laid his hand on the little golden head—he was trembling greatly.

"I am a—friend of your mother," he said, "who loved her very dearly; but I was very foolish, and wicked, too, in those days of long ago—"

"Ah," said the child, below her breath, "it is another story of the 'long ago.'"

"And I offended her, and hurt her very cruelly," he resumed. "And so, having forfeited all rights to be any longer her friend, I went away, and lived my own life, as—as she has lived hers. The years passed; we were dead in name to one another. Of her life, her fortunes, her welfare, I knew nothing. Oh, child, I had added brokenly, "may you never know that death in life of an unbroken silence between two who once have loved! The grief is not so cruel or so hopeless. Well, the months and the years went on, and—and, one night, that man who was your mother's friend heard a voice that spoke of her, and saw a face that had her look, and once more knew that life had brought them near each other. But the past had borne bitter fruit, little Barbara; and he saw the shadows of his own sins rise and face him like phantoms of dead hopes and forfeited joys. So, that is all the story. Perhaps some day some kinder thought may linger in her memory of one who loved her, even when he sinned most deeply. She finds it hard to believe that, little Barbara; for women so often judge of men as they would judge themselves, and, therefore, they cannot excuse because they cannot understand. Life has many hard lessons to teach—perhaps that is the hardest of all."

"And are you sorry you hurt her and offended her," asked the child.

"So sorry," he said, brokenly, "that if I could lay down my life to win her forgiveness—or—make her happy once again, I would do it, gladly—to-night."

The child came close to her mother's side and took her hand.

"Mother," she whispered, "he is so sorry, and he looks so sad, and you have so often said you have not one true friend who loves you—could you not forgive him because it was 'long ago?'"

The woman's face was uplifted then—the great tears falling unchecked from her dimmed eyes.

"Angus," she said, "your child pleads for you. I—I am not, perhaps, so hard or so unforgiving as you think. Let the past be forgotten and its errors and its pain buried in the years that have held them."

She held out her hand and he fell on his knees and pressed his trembling lips upon it.

Pale and awestruck, the child drew near. Her mother placed her arm around her, and both gazed with tender and compassionate eyes on the figure of the kneeling man.

"He is your father, Barbara; kiss him and call him that," she whispered.

The child bent forward and put her pretty lips against the bronzed and care-worn brow.

"Father," she said, wonderingly. He looked up, his eyes radiant now, his whole frame trembling with agitation.

"She may call me—that?" he said, breathlessly. "Then, Barbara, will you not say what I asked you, a little while ago? She has reconciled us—she may yet unite us. Heaven bless her—our child!"

"Yes, Angus, my husband—our child!"

DIYAK DELIHANS.

Blindishments of Borneo's Dusky Maidens.

The Dyaks, except on special occasions, are a temperate nation, and like all people who use the betelnut are seldom given to excess. At their feasts, however, a special license prevails, and an immense quantity of taak, their national drink, is consumed. It is a tippie I never could indulge in, and one or two trials were sufficiently suggestive that I was not built to indulge in the flowing bowl as demonstrated by taak. The liquor is an abominable mess, in color like thin milk, with an odor that a polecat would envy, and in taste utterly indescribable.

If I had a pet enemy who was susceptible to the blandishments of female fascination and entreaty, I'd take him to Borneo and get him to attend a feast where the nectar would be freely dispensed by sirens, than whom Circe was a novice in witchery and voluptuous abandon in comparison, and if in half an hour he wasn't sport for the merry cup-bearers I would forfeit my hope of prize money in the next war; for be it known that the female Dyak is a most abstemious lady, but her moral code does not extend to keeping brute man from over-indulgence.

On the contrary, with artful insinuation, gross flattery, seductive looks, bewitching coquetry, and finally by caresses, they knock a big hole in a visitor's resolution, and it invariably winds up in the victim getting filled up, to the great amusement of that fascinator, who brings her friends to jeer at the impotent but conscious sufferer.

No Delilah better knows her power than a beautiful Dyak girl and uses that power with more freedom to make a fool of strong man nor is more inclined to exert her beguiling fascinations to undo him; but in America we are used to run the gauntlet of more dangerous if less openly conducted perils, and I for one was proof against the arts of the temptress who assailed me several times; though what it would have resulted in had the tippie been good punch I am afraid to conjecture.

The pun is mightier than the sword—it has killed more people.

THE BEE.

R. S. PELTON, EDITOR.

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1890.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, May 19, 1890.

The expected happened when by an unanimous vote the democratic members of the Kentucky legislature selected ex-Speaker Carlisle to succeed the late Senator Beck. It is seldom so high an honor is conferred on a man under such circumstances as existed in this particular case, but Mr. Carlisle's services in behalf of his party fully entitle him to such recognition. It is also a high compliment to the ex-Speaker that the most forcible argument that could be used against him was the fact that his elevation to the Senate would deprive the House democrats of a leader whose ability was conceded on every hand. Mr. Carlisle's Congressional career has been marked by a spirit of fairness to his political opponents which has won for him the highest regard beyond the lines of his party. In fact this one trait was the only thing which could be urged against his efficiency as a leader on the floor of the House. His overshadowing spirit of fairness rendered him less aggressive than was sometimes necessary for successful leadership. The dignity of the Senate will no doubt be more suitable to Mr. Carlisle's tastes than the turmoil of the House, and will strengthen the democratic minority in the upper branch of Congress. There will now be an interesting contest on the democratic side as to who shall wear the discarded mantle of the ex-Speaker. There is no Samuel J. Randall or no Samuel Sullivan Cox to turn to. The democratic minority must exploit in an untried field and make a selection, but the opportunities for success are, however, almost unlimited.

Mr. McKinley has to hold a pretty tight rein to keep some of the members of the majority from kicking over the traces and smashing the dashboard of his tariff cart. The republican members of the ways and means committee held court in the private consulting room Saturday and heard a number of republican members who want certain things in the bill different from what they are. At one time the room was crowded with members. Half a dozen or more different subjects were discussed but the committee did not commit themselves to any new proposition. There are a large number of republicans in the House who have amendments to offer and are clamoring for more time for the consideration of the bill by sections. The committee will not grant this extension, however, and Mr. McKinley says that the vote on the bill and amendment will be taken on Wednesday, as provided by the new rule. ex-Speaker Carlisle is expected to make his last effort in the House on next Wednesday, closing the debate for the democrats. He will have but five minutes under the rules, but if he arrives in time unanimous consent will be asked that he be allowed to speak without limit. It is hardly possible that any member would object to this, in view of the uniform courtesy shown to everyone by Speaker Carlisle when presiding over the House.

The House committee on claims under consideration the Roach claim against the Government growing out of the building of the Dolphin. The matter has become a party issue in the committee, the democrats endeavoring to defeat it as a vindication of ex-Secretary Whitney, while the republicans have accepted the issue as a political one and are on the Roach side of the issue. So far the democrats have been more alert and attentive and have kept the hands of the majority tied. This is the only claim that the committee on rule will give a special order, and the democrats are greatly amused over the tie-up they have accomplished in the claims committee.

Will the Senate ever adopt the previous question? This query has been made many times and has usually been answered in the negative. The Senate is a body which is sometimes, with all its dignity, more partisan than the House. But as regards the privileges of its individual members it is disposed to subordinate party advantage to personal consideration. The Senate will probably maintain free-and-easy debate and let election and other party measures take care of themselves.

Senator John James Ingalls says the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics, and First Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson declares that this Government should be wholly political, business principles having no place in it. According to the combined logic of these two distinguished republicans therefore, there should be neither morals nor method in the administration of the public affairs of this Republic.

Senator Sherman does not want any free coinage in his and says he will vote by himself first. It is not likely, however, that he will be permitted to flock by himself on the negative of this question.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The Paris police are keeping a close watch on foreign Anarchists.

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

The Senate of Toronto University has adopted a law curriculum for 1892-5.

Contractor Whelan states that he has been "bled" to the extent of \$100,000 by the needy politicians at Quebec.

In the House of Representatives recently Mr. McKinley moved the previous question on the Tariff Bill, and the measure was shoved through its final stages on a party vote.

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

ATWOOD

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Flour,

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Cheese,

Oats,

Peas,

Bran,

Shorts,

Potatoes,

Turnips,

Clover and Timothy Seed,

Salt,

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Cracked Wheat,

Graham Flour,

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REMNANTS !!

After a successful sale I find a number of Remnants which will be placed on the table on Monday at from

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To clear them out.

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I have replenished my stock during the week. You will find my it complete in every department. Take a look at our

Parasols, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Cottons, Shirtings, Carpets, &c.

I feel convinced that you will find my Prices Away Down.

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Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery.

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Prescriptions and Recipes a Specialty.

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

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.
Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
Express 7:21 a.m. Mixed 8:07 a.m.
Express 12:24 p.m. Express 2:34 p.m.
Mixed 10:00 p.m. Express 9:12 p.m.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
Atwood 8:00 a.m. Mitchell 2:30 p.m.
Newry 8:05 a.m. Brno's 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m. Monkton 4:45 p.m.
Brno's 10:15 a.m. Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m. Atwood 6:00 p.m.

Town Talk.

POLITICS! Politics! Politics!!!
Miss Maggie Roy, of Listowel, was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Currie last week.

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

The bricklayers are busily at work on Jas. Irwin's new residence this week.

J. J. TILLEY, Inspector of High Schools, was the guest of J. W. McBain one day last week.

There is nothing like a baby in a home. It seems to fill a small house so that nothing else is missed.

The Nesbit boys are working in Palmerston at present. In fact all of our masons are kept more than busy these days.

Don't neglect to attend the concert in Knox church, Listowel, on June 9th.

The Lady Whistler, Miss McManis, will be one of the drawing attractions on that evening.

MAKE your friend in the western states and territories, in Manitoba and British Columbia, or anywhere else, happy by sending him THE BEE for the balance of the year for fifty cents.

HENRY LEMMON, after 50 years proprietor of the Brantford Courier, has retired. His nephew, Mr. Reulle, takes hold, and signaled the change by issuing the paper in an entirely new dress.

LIKE many other places the Queen's Birthday was unobserved in Atwood. Quite a number attended the celebrations in other towns. There is some talk of having a trades procession on Dominion Day.

HURRAH for the rhubarb, its sauce and its pies; we'll laud the fine wine plant clear up to the skies; who loves not the pie plant that comes in the spring is a mighty poor judge of a mighty nice thing.

EXCAVATIONS are being made for John Rogers' brick hardware store, on the corner opposite the store of Mrs. M. Harvey. Mr. Rogers has doubtless secured the best building site in town, and we have reason to believe that the proposed building will reflect credit on both Mr. Rogers and the village. We are pleased to note the many evidences of enterprise and progress to be seen here and there in Atwood.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.—He riseth in the morning and knoweth not what a day may bring forth. If he telleth all the news he runneth a great risk of having a tin ear put on him, and if he telleth not the news the people say he is n. g., and there is no joy in it. The crafty man cajoleth him into giving him a 50 cent puff for a 5 cent cigar, and fond mothers frown on him if he fails to flatter their freckled-face broods. And all his ways are ways of woe, and his days are full of sorrow. The life insurance man setteth snares for him, and on the whole he hath a tough time of it.

ONE of the small-soled men who took a newspaper for a year or two and then sent it back marked "refused" or "not wanted," was sued by a Goderich publisher a few days ago, and the Judge gave a verdict for the plaintiff for full credit amount with the costs. The court decided notice to discontinue was not sufficient if the subscriber was in arrears. He must first pay up. In any event he was responsible for all the time he took the paper from the office; and if he refused to take it and the postmaster does not return them to the publisher, with the notice giving reasons why it is returned then that official becomes responsible because of his neglect.

E. HILL hung out his new shingle this week. It looks like business, Edward.

J. S. HAMILTON was in the Classic city last Saturday renewing old acquaintances.

Miss MIRIAM DUNN, of Stratford Collegiate Institute, spent her 24th under the parental roof.

Mrs. G. PELTON, of Innerkip, Oxford Co., is the guest of her sons, R. S. and C. E. Pelton, this week.

A BILL forbidding all children under 16 years of age from smoking in public places has just passed the New York Assembly. It will now be in order for the small boy to get behind the barn.

THE Atwood Pork Packing House is rushing business these days. Last week Mr. Hawkshaw disposed of 1,000 pounds in Palmerston, and 500 pounds this week to parties in Ethel and Henfryn.

THERE will be a sermon preached to the Sunday School children in the Methodist church next Sabbath, at 11 a. m. The pastor will also occupy the pulpit at 7 p. m.

THE splendid property adjoining THE BEE office was purchased last week by Wm. Hawkshaw from John Graham for the sum of \$145. It has 33 feet frontage and is an excellent building lot.

THE Guelph Conference will meet in the Central Methodist church, Stratford, next Thursday, at 9 a. m., to be in session about a week. The Stationing Committee meets on the Monday evening preceding the opening of Conference.

J. L. MADER'S great discount sale will close to-morrow (Saturday) evening so that intending purchasers should take advantage of the bargains offered at once. He is almost giving away his remnants. A choice assortment of new goods arrived this week. For particulars see his advt. on page 4.

THE man who went out to milk and sat down on a boulder in the middle of the pasture and waited for the cow to come up to him, was the eldest brother of the man who kept store and did not advertise because he reasoned that the purchasing public would back up to his place when it wanted something.—Ex.

THE Mitchell Advertiser says:—"THE ATWOOD BEE is a stinger. It added fifty names to its list in two weeks. That beats us, knocks out the Advocate, downs the Recorder and surpasses its own most sanguine expectations." We are determined to boom our circulation, Bro. Colwell, even if we send the paper gratis, with a chomo and almanac thrown in.

A MASS meeting of the citizens is called for Tuesday, June 9th, at 7:30 p. m., sharp, to discuss matters with a view to making up the deficiency in the funds of the Fire Co. We understand that a considerable number who subscribed have not as yet remitted. The appliances recently purchased will be on exhibition in front of the school house on that evening. Let there be a rally of our citizens and see if some practical effort cannot be made to meet the deficiency and thus enable the boys to complete their arrangements and put the Co. on a sound financial basis.

RUNAWAY.—Last Friday afternoon Thos. Kitchen's span of horses took fright and ran full tare down the G. T. R. track east, with a heavy lumber wag on at their heels. In crossing the first culvert they scraped their legs badly between the stringers which run parallel with the rails, but when the next culvert was reached, 1 1/2 miles distant, they halted, being unable to jump the open culvert, and were caught. The team does not appear to be much the worse of their mad experience, but had the runaway taken place twenty minutes sooner they would have had to confront and battle with the express train which would have resulted in their instantaneous destruction. The affair caused quite a ripple of excitement in the village.

THE following pitifully suggestive lines were found in the trunk of the unfortunate girl, Ida Torrance, whose death from a dose of opium caused a sensation in Toronto the other day:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell, Fell like the snow flake from heaven to hell,

Fell to be trampled as filth on the street, Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,

Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy; Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead, Merciful God have I fallen so low?

And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

WELL DONE.—On Thursday of last week Jacob Klump, jr., a lad 12 years of age, took it into his head that he would surprise his father, who was away at Listowel, by knocking down, killing and dressing a beef. So putting his words into action he drew a 4 year old cow, purchased from John Gray, con. 10, Elma, in the usual way into the slaughter house, took the axe and struck the floor a few times with all his force sufficient to convince himself that he possessed sufficient strength to knock down a full grown beast, and with a pale countenance and John L. Sullivan strength he directed two blows at the animal's head which stunned it, and after cutting its throat Master Jacob felt that he was master of the situation, and that he had succeeded in doing what no other lad in the county could boast of. We must candidly assert that this beats anything we have ever heard, and we doubt very much whether another boy of his age and slender build could be produced in the county capable of doing what we have referred to above. As further proof of his wonderful nerve, tact and skill he drew the beast up by the wind-lass, skinned and dressed it ready for market. Mr. Klump justly feels proud of the extraordinary feat accomplished by his boy.

J. W. PEURCELL, of Listowel, called on us last Tuesday.

THE Advertiser says "Mitchell has all gone to the dogs as a sporting town."

New Grit and Tory declaim their views, But look to THE BEE each week for the news.

Wm. WHALEY has engaged for the season to make cheese in the Newry factory. Will is a steady, reliable young fellow and we wish him success.

C. J. WYNN and a young friend drove over to Mount Forest Saturday where they put in an excellent time with former friends and acquaintances.

DR. AHNES, the Reform candidate for North Perth, will address the electors on the leading questions of the day in Graham's hall next Friday evening.

COMPLAINT has been made that boys are engaged in robbing bird's nests. They may not be aware that they run the risk of being fined \$20 for what they term fun. Boys caught at it should be handed over to the authorities to be dealt with.

A NUMBER of the leading Reformers drove over to Listowel on Friday evening to hear the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, on the political issues of the day. Apart from politics Mr. Ross is generally accorded to be one of the most brilliant platform orators in the province.

Yes, reporters of local newspapers should always be furnished with tickets of admission to concerts, entertainments, etc., unless the managers of the same do not desire publicity. It is a well established city custom, but does not prevail to an alarming extent in rural communities.

WE are now into the turmoil and heat of the election for a member of the Local House for this important riding, when the how-do-you-do, shaking of hands, inquiries after the health of the babies, mothers, etc., and all sorts of smiling compliments, will be the topics of the day until the 5th of June.

OUR townsman, James Hanna, had the misfortune to get his right arm below the elbow badly lacerated while loading stone on Monday for John Rogers' hardware store. Although the wound may heal in the course of a few weeks yet it will prove a serious drawback to Mr. Hanna at this busy season of the year.

REMOVED.—Our popular watchmaker, J. Johnson, has removed from his old stand in A. Campbell's harness shop to the more commodious premises recently vacated by Jas. Henderson, better known as the Foresters' hall, where he is prepared to attend to anything and everything in the watch and jewelry line. Look over his advt. in this issue and call on him.

GEO. HESS, the Conservative candidate for North Perth, addressed the electors on the political issues of the day in Iogers' hall last Tuesday evening. He was supported by Col. Campbell, Dr. Philip, Jas. Irwin and Mr. Morphy. T. E. Hay, J. S. Bowman and J. W. Scott spoke in behalf of the Reform candidate. Dr. Hamilton, President of Elma Conservative Association occupied the chair.

WHILE most of our readers are deeply interested in the political struggle now going on in this riding it would be more profitable, from a money standpoint, to read carefully James Irwin's announcement in this issue. He appears to be determined to cut prices to the quick and thereby enable all to reap the benefit. Mr. Currie is still rushed with orders for summer suits. He guarantees a perfect fit every time.

LAST Monday Jas. Henderson left for Pinkerton, Bruce Co., where he purposes engaging in the boot and shoe business. Mr. Henderson has been in business here for over a year, during which time he made many warm friends by reason of his honest, upright, industrious habits, and we feel confident that he will build up a profitable trade in Pinkerton as he is a practical workman and an obliging young man. We are requested to state that all accounts due Mr. Henderson by parties in this locality must be settled with Robt. Whaley at once. Those indebted will please take note.

SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.—THE BEE has many times referred to the inadvisability of going away from home to purchase goods. Not long ago an incident was related of a lady who went to Buffalo to purchase cheap shoes and brought back with her a pair manufactured in Toronto, which could have been got as cheap or cheaper at home. For health or pleasure's sake by all means take a trip to Toronto or Niagara, but for the prosperity of Atwood spend your money at home. Every dollar spent out of town for merchandise of any kind that can be procured here means a loss of two dollars to the place and therefore an indirect one to the person spending the dollar. This applies to every line of business, and is felt to be true alike by the grocery man, dry goods man, boot and shoe man, jeweller, tailor, druggist, bookseller and printer.

SEVERAL Atwoodites ventured out to the Monkton settlement last Saturday and attended one of their pow-wows (pic-nic). The natives used them splendidly, so we are told. The only thing perhaps that aroused suspicion among them was the visitation of two pedagogues who were seen prowling about in the woods for some hours, then crossed the ravine, through the jungles, up over the mountain sides, and thence north along the Indian trail toward the white settlement, recently named Atwood. It is rumored that one of them has since been captured on the trail running east and west, just north of the settlement, by a young lady, who doubtless is possessed of more than ordinary daring and heroism. The other, being terrified at losing its companion, took to the dense swamp and it is supposed hid among the jungles near the Elma and Wallace trail.

Miss BELLA HAMILTON, of Stratford, is the guest of her brother, Dr. J. R. Hamilton, this week. She has just recently returned from an extended tour to New York.

A TRAVELLER representing Baker's Collecting and Inquiry Agency, of Toronto, was in town Wednesday. We understand a number of dead head accounts were put into his hands for collection.

W. G. MORRISON, the efficient teacher of Newry school, spent the 24th amid the scenes of his boyhood in the grand old county of Oxford. W. G. is intimately acquainted with many of the boys in Woodstock.

Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat	95	00
Spring Wheat	80	90
Barley	35	40
Oats	30	32
Peas	52	55
Pork	5 00	5 20
Hides per lb.	3	3 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 00
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bag	60	
Butter per lb.	12 1/2	
Eggs per doz.	10	

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

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

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

Farms for Sale.

Lot 13, Con. 5, Elma, containing 100 acres; price, \$5,000. Also South Half of Lot 2, Con. 6, Elma, containing 50 acres; price, \$1,150.

WM. DUNN,
6-3in* Atwood.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK,
Painter, Brussels, 8th.

FOR SALE.

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

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

Conveyancing Done.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

THOS. FULLARTON,
9th Commissioner in H. C. J.

Agents Wanted.

FONTHILL NURSERIES—LARGEST IN CANADA.

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

STONE & WELLINGTON,
18-2m Toronto, Ontario.

J. T. PEPPER,
TICKET AGENT C.P.R.

More Wall Paper
Than Ever.

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

Come, See, and be Convinced.

J. TOLBERT PEPPER,
Chemist & Druggist,

GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.

Excelsior Painting Co

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

SHOP,
ON MAIN STREET,
Over Wm. Moran's Carriage Shop

Will be promptly attended to.

W. J. MARSHALL,
Manager.

ATWOOD

Harness Shop

Cheapest place in Town for

Trunks & Valises.

Light Harness,

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

SOMETHING INDISPENSABLE TO CARRIAGE DRIVERS.

BREWSTER'S

Safety Rein Holder

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

A. Campbell.

SEEDS.

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

Examine our stock of

Straw Goods,

Both in staple and fancy, for Men and Boys.

We have lately received a consignment of

Boots & Shoes

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

Call and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. M. Harvey

ATWOOD.

ATWOOD BAKERY!

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

Fresh Bread, Buns, and Cakes

Of all descriptions kept constantly on hand.

Pastry, and Fies,

Also Wedding Cakes made to order on Shortest Notice.

A large and pure stock of

Confectionery

and Pickled Goods offered at Reduced Prices.

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

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

CHAS. ZERAN.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Mrs. McLaren, of London township, was 100 years old on Monday.

Mr. Black, City Treasurer of Montreal died suddenly on Monday.

About 125,000 salmon fry were placed in Lake Ontario, near Kingston, on Monday.

The rails are laid on the Regina & Long Lake Railway to within sight of Saskatoon.

Henry Smith, convicted of wife murder at London, has made full confession of his crime.

Mr. Justice Proudfoot, vice-chancellor of Ontario, has resigned on account of advancing years.

Mr. Geo. Munro Grant, second son of Principal Grant, of Kingston, died last week of typhoid fever.

The Toronto Trades and Labor Council have decided to take steps to agitate in favor of the eight-hour movement.

Having \$100,000 in hand for a new library, the Toronto University Senate has decided to procure plans for a new library building.

A syndicate composed of parties interested in the Canadian Pacific has purchased a large block of stock in the Commercial Cable Company.

Dr. J. P. Russel, one of the old practitioners in Toronto, having been born in 1821, died suddenly at his residence last week of apoplexy.

The marriage of Miss Ward, the daughter of Mrs. Alexander Cameron, of Toronto, to Prince Caraman de Chimay, took place in Paris on Thursday.

There is a rumour current in Ottawa that Sir Fred Middleton intends to resign, but the gallant general refuses to make any statement on the subject.

During the month of April the deposits in the Dominion Government savings bank aggregated \$205,014, while the amount withdrawn was \$390,181.

Western railways on Saturday made heavy cuts in passenger rates between various points, and the rate from Winnipeg to Toronto has been affected.

Sir John Macdonald announced in Parliament the other night that there were no negotiations in progress looking towards the annexation of Newfoundland.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific railway was held in Montreal last week. The report shows a surplus of \$1,226,926 on the year's business.

Suit has been brought against a Winnipeg teacher to restrain him from imparting religious instructions, on the ground that he is violating the new School Act by doing so.

The death is announced of Sub-Chief Frank McCulloch, of the Montreal fire brigade, who had been a servant of the citizens, fighting fires, for nearly half a century.

Mr. Dewdney has received the medal presented to Crofton, the late chief of the Blackfeet, by Lord Lorne, bequeathed by him to the Minister in memory of their long friendship.

Premier Greenway, of the Manitoba Government, who is at present in Ottawa, says the crop outlook is magnificent and that the wheat yield is expected to be about 26,000,000 bushels.

Monsieur Blais was consecrated at Quebec on Sunday as coadjutor bishop to Monsignor Langevin for the diocese of Rimouski. Cardinal Taschereau officiated and Bishop Langevin preached.

Senator McCallum the other day protested against railway subsidies, believing that the \$27,000,000 voted since Confederation for such enterprises was as heavy a burden as Canada could safely bear.

It is stated that the Ontario Government has intimated its intention next session to vote an appropriation for the establishment in Kingston of a School of Science and Metallurgy for Eastern Ontario.

The traffic managers of C. P. R. and Grand Trunk have notified train shippers that, owing to frauds practised by some shippers, all grain carried hereafter must come through the companies' elevators.

The Winnipeg Free Press says that such arrangements have been made between the Dominion Government and the Hudson Bay railway as will enable the company to at once commence the work of construction.

Mr. Samuel Grigg, late proprietor of the Grigg house in London, Ont., who was converted under D. L. Moody's preaching, has been appointed manager of the Northfield, Mass., summer resort, owned by Mr. Moody.

The members of the press gallery of the Dominion House paid their annual visit on Friday to the Experimental farm. A dairy department has been added to the farm, and strenuous efforts will be made to improve the quality of Canadian butter.

At the conclusion of Major-General Cameron's lecture on Thursday night at the Canadian Military Institute, Toronto, on the "Messenger Pigeon," a motion was carried in favour of the formation of a Dominion Messenger Pigeon Association.

The Montreal Board of Trade on Monday passed a very strong resolution of sympathy with Newfoundland in having a portion of its coast ceded to the French by Downing street ignorance, from which in the past Canada has been so serious a sufferer.

A report comes from the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary that Donald Morrison, the Lake Megantic murderer, attempted to starve himself to death. For sixteen days he did not taste food of any kind, and for a few days he even refused to drink water.

In London, Ont., on Sunday night Rev. Mr. Porter, Baptist minister, preached on the subject, "From Brewery to Gallows," in which he referred to the Smith wife murder as the result of drink. He vigorously denounced the manufacturers of liquor, and said he would rather be the humblest beggar that walked than a brewer with all his curse-stained gold.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Count Herbert Bismarck is very popular in English society circles.

The Great Northwest Central Railway is offering £500,000 of land grant mortgage bonds in London.

The tenants' defence fund in Ireland has been closed, the subscriptions reaching a total of \$300,000.

The English syndicate which bought nine breweries at San Francisco for \$6,000,000 has sent on an instalment of \$1,000,000 of the purchase money.

Lord Salisbury declares that the statement that Germany in 1888 had requested England to join an offensive and defensive alliance is utterly untrue.

The London Chronicle and Post have joined H. M. Stanley in asserting that Britain has been badly cuckolded by Germany in the African business.

Negotiations are in progress between England and Germany for the delimitation of their possessions in East Africa, but no agreement has yet been reached.

Harrison, Parnellite, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for the middle division of Tipperary. He was returned without opposition.

Mr. Goschen, in defending military expenditures, accused some of the Opposition of having lost their instincts of Imperialism in an excess of sentimental gush.

The British Government was defeated on a vote for the second reading of the Irish Agricultural Labor Bill yesterday, due to the blundering of the Conservative whips.

The Marquis of Lorne presided at a meeting at the Mansion House the other day in aid of the restoration of the library of Toronto University. He stated that 2,400 books had already been received and many more were promised.

It is stated that Lord Salisbury has yielded to Germany's claim for disputed territory in Africa, and the London Chronicle takes the Premier readily to task for ceding important strategic points, upon the keeping of which the Imperial position in two continents depends.

UNITED STATES.

Two pronounced cases of leprosy are reported in the Chinese colony of Chicago.

Frosts in Iowa and Illinois have caused considerable injury to fruit and vegetables.

Eight inches of snow fell Monday night at Neche, North Dakota. The farmers are jubilant.

At Columbia, Texas, a funeral procession was obliged to go to the cemetery in boats, the whole district being flooded.

An effort is being made by the Castle Garden officials of New York to bring Mormon immigrants under the contract labor law.

A farmer of Ipswich, Mass., while ploughing in his field the other day, found an Indian idol in the shape of a serpent, an undoubted relic of the stone age.

A bill has been introduced into Congress providing for reciprocal rights in affording assistance to wrecked vessels on American and Canadian waters.

Senator Gorman has introduced a bill intended to practically bring the Canadian railways under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act.

The two Presbyterian General Assemblies of the States met in annual session on Thursday, the Northern at Saratoga and the Southern at Asheville, N. C.

Secretary Blaine has sent to President Harrison a plan for the proposed railway to connect the commercial centres of the nations represented in the Pan-American Congress.

Black leg has appeared among the cattle in sections of Schoharie county, N. Y. One farmer at Sharon Hill, Jacob L. Kito, lost seven cows last week. The rapid spread of the disease causes great alarm.

Edward Spellman, who was a witness in the Cronin murder case, has been indicted on two counts of aiding and abetting illegal voting, whereby he is accused of securing a seat in the Peoria, Ill., city council.

George Francis Train arrived at New York on Sunday on his trip around the world and left for Tacoma, Wash., where his journey ends. He will have been 65 days on the trip, beating Nelly Bly's time by 10 days.

IN GENERAL.

Typhoid fever is epidemic in Cairo, Egypt.

Russia is pressing the Porte to pay up the arrears of the war indemnity.

The International Prison Congress will open in St. Petersburg on June 16.

Bogosolov, the Alaskan volcano, after a lapse of seven years, is again in a state of great activity.

Russia has ordered an immense supply of smokeless powder cartridges from the factory at St. Etienne.

It is denied on the authority of Bismarck that he ever asked for the adhesion of Britain to the Triple Alliance.

There has been a rising of the people of the province of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, against the government.

There has been more fighting between the French and the Dahomians, in which the former were decidedly victorious.

A destructive fire occurred recently in Tomsk, Siberia and hundreds of lives were lost. The military remained quietly watching the conflagration, and refused to render any assistance.

The Paris Figaro publishes two columns of Bismarckian maxims, communicated by an intimate friend of Prince Bismarck, and in which the young emperor is not too highly spoken of.

The St. Petersburg press express great surprise at the warlike tone of Emperor William's speech at Koenigsberg, for which they fail to find any justification in the European situation.

Signor Crispi, in his speech in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, said that the policy of the triple alliance was unchanged. In Africa, Italy does not intend to pursue an aggressive course, and will act in accord with England.

Respecting the protests sent to Russia against the barbarous treatment of prisoners in Siberia, Mr Gladstone says the Czar might well retort by pointing to the English Government's action in shooting down Irish citizens for attending a public meeting.

The Irish members of Parliament have raised a subscription among themselves for a wedding present for Mr. William O'Brien on his approaching marriage with Mlle. Raffalovitch. The wedding will take place next month. M. Raffalovitch is not, as has been said, a Greek financier. He is a Russian Jew.

Gen. Von Moltke, speaking on the Military bill before the German Reichstag, said that the days of war waged by Cabinets are passed. The danger now lies in the discontent of the people. To avert this danger the Government must be strong, and to preserve peace the strength of the army must be maintained.

SHOCKING CASE OF CHILD TORTURE.

A Fiendish Stepmother's Barbarous Cruelty to Her Husband's Two Daughters.

A shocking case of child torture is reported from Oldtown, a dozen miles up the river from Bangor, Me. Fred Sawyer and his wife, with his two little daughters, aged 8 and 10 years respectively, live in a little frame house on the outskirts of Oldtown village. Sawyer himself is not regarded as a particularly vicious man, but his wife is a veritable fiend. It had long been known to the neighbors that the two little girls were not well treated, but last week it was learned that they were subjected almost daily to shocking abuse, the eldest, Myrtle, being especially maltreated. Several persons declared that they had seen the stepmother, Mrs. Sawyer, take Myrtle by the hair, pull it from her head in handfuls, and then throw her violently to the ground while others had seen the unnatural woman strike the child across the face with a club with such force as to make her unconscious.

It did not require much of this kind of talk to excite the wrath of the townspeople, and on Saturday night a mob surrounded Sawyer's house with the expectation of capturing him and his wife. They were too late, however, for it was soon learned that the couple, having got wind of what was going on, had skipped for Bangor, leaving the children behind.

It was just as well that Sawyer and his wife did get out of town, for when the people came to know the extent to which the woman had carried her barbarous practices, unhindered by her husband, the pair would not have been safe a minute in the hands of the mob. The eldest child presented a pitiful appearance, her frail little body being covered with cuts, sores, and bruises from head to foot. Her left wrist was broken and the arm fractured, while the bridge of her nose was smashed in as though by a blow from a club. It was found that the wrist and arm had been broken six weeks before by the stepmother throwing the child heavily to the ground and then kicking her. No attention was paid to the child's sufferings, the savage stepmother threatening her with instant death if she did not stop crying, and, moreover, the helpless victim was told that she would certainly be killed if she complained to any one of her treatment.

About a week ago the girl, hardly able to walk, and suffering intensely from her broken arm and other hurts, was taken to visit an aunt, and was told at the outset that if she did not run along briskly and appear cheerful she would be whipped to death. This, of course, was impossible. The child could not appear well and happy when she was miserable and terrified, and so the fiendish stepmother dragged her back home, where she was whipped and beaten into a state of insensibility.

Who Is She?

On the materialistic hypothesis that matter and force are the only entities, a question more difficult than the Sadducean query concerning the seven-times married woman is raised by a recent surgical operation performed in the New York General Hospital. A young lady partially asphyxiated with gas was taken to the hospital in a comatose condition, when as a last resort to save her life it was decided to try the transfusion of blood. A big, healthy, telegraph lineman under treatment for a muscular affection of the arms volunteered to give the blood needed to fill her veins. Accordingly about forty ounces of blood, poisoned by the inhaled gas were drawn from her and about twenty-five ounces, taken from the young man's arm and inserted through the radial artery in her wrist, were inserted into her body. For a time her recovery was very slow and doubtful, but after four months careful nursing she has just been discharged from the hospital about as sound in mind and body as ever.

And now with twenty-five ounces of the vital part of another flowing through her veins the question comes, not "whose wife shall she be?" but "who is she? Herself or somebody else?" Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll will rise and explain.

No Need for Immigrants.

The wonderful fecundity of the French Canadian people has long been a subject of public comment. Attention is again directed to this peculiarity of our fellow-countrymen by the action of the Quebec Legislature, which has offered a free grant of one hundred acres of crown lands to each family in the province comprising a dozen children, living at the time of the application. Up to the present time no less than five hundred and forty-seven claims have been filed, that is, so many heads of families have made a sworn statement, before a local magistrate, that they have now living twelve or more children. Nor does this represent the full complement of those who are entitled to the favor. A gentleman connected with one of the provincial departments estimates that the outside number is likely to reach seven or eight hundred. The palm in this race is carried off by Wolf county, a small division, which boasts no less than forty-four families counting twelve or more children. Now it does not require much mathematical knowledge to perceive that a continuation of such fruitfulness will in a few generations solve the problem of settlers for our Western Territories. If Canadians would only exercise a little patience, they might save all those expenses involved in our present immigration policy, though so far as the present generation is concerned, economy in this direction might prove a doubtful gain.

What can It Be?

It might prove a real gain to the man whom London and all England is delighting to ho: or, if I min would publish the information, so sensational, which he claims to have in his possession. Though it might slightly wound the feelings of Mr. Stanley, it might be the means of saving him much weariness of flesh and spirit in attending receptions, public dinners and all the rest of it, which are being given in his honor. For, of course, the intimation of any anything dishonorable or immoral could not fail to dampen the ardor of those who are vying with each other for the honor of playing the part of "mine host." Perhaps the disappointed Pasha has concluded that by leaving his rival to his fate he will be quite as sure of his revenge, while at the same time he will gain a reputation for kindly consideration and forgiveness. It was inconsiderate, however, for Emin to arouse the curiosity of those who have become interested in African affairs, and then refuse to tell. The world will want to know what it is that "would create a great sensation."

FIVE MILES HIGH ON A TRAPEZE.

The Adventures of a Parachute Man Whose Parachute Got Away From Him.

Great excitement was caused at Croydon England, on Saturday afternoon in connection with the ascent from the old fair field of Prof. Higgins, the parachutist, and for several hours doubts were entertained as to his safety. The balloon, which had that day been named "The Duke's Motto," and was of the capacity of 12,000 cubic feet, was fully charged by 5 o'clock. Higgins said the direction of the wind, which was north-east, would necessitate his travelling a considerable height, but he hoped to return to the field in about half an hour. When he gave the signal to the attendants to "Let go," the machine gradually rose, and appeared to go in the direction of Norway. Upon reaching an altitude of something like 4,000 feet, the parachute became detached from the net of the balloon, which was evidently proceeding upward at a great rate, as the parachute was fully expanded, although inverted. It was now evident that something was wrong with the apparatus, and

AMID BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT,

he parachute dropped from the balloon and fell into a garden in East Croydon. The balloon rapidly disappeared in the clouds. When darkness set in and no news had been received of the parachutist, much anxiety was evinced as to his fate. Shortly after 8 o'clock, however, all fear was dispelled by the receipt of a telegram, stating that Higgins had landed safely near Tunbridge. Higgins and his balloon arrived at East Croydon by the 9:20 train.

In an interview with a correspondent Higgins stated that he had experienced the most wonderful of all his aerial voyages. When he had reached a height of 4,000 feet he began to get into a strong current, and the balloon twisted right round. The current then caught his parachute, causing the wooden ring of it to catch him very tightly under the arms. The test cord which held the parachute then broke. Directly that happened he saw that the parachute was hanging below him fully inflated, and the pressure on him was so great that it was impossible for him to descend into the middle of the town with anything like safety. He therefore opened his penknife with his teeth and cut the parachute away. This caused the balloon to shoot up 6,000 feet higher, and on

REACHING THAT ALTITUDE

he met another current, which brought him back, and he saw nothing until he passed through some sleet and snow. He could hear, however, the sound of trains.

All of a sudden he found himself in darkness, caused, he presumed, by the snow and the thick atmosphere. He was in this snowstorm for at least ten minutes, and when he had passed through it the sun was shining beautifully. Below him he could see what appeared to be snowy mountains rising up and down for miles. He could see a distance of some forty clear miles, and was able to discern the sun glistening on the water at Brighton. It was evident to him that he was going toward Tunbridge Wells. He found the air getting very sharp and keen; icicles were hanging from his moustache, and he had no sooner rubbed them off than others formed. For a few minutes he was quiet deaf. He now seemed to be descending on

THE MOUNTAINS OF SNOW,

and he thought he was getting near Hastings or Brighton. He could smell the sea. Thinking he was coming down, he took hold of four of his gny ropes, and pulled the balloon partly over on one side to allow the gas to escape at the mouth.

The balloon then turned round three times, and he felt he was descending. He did nothing more to the balloon, merely sitting on his trapeze watching for terra firma, which he did not see for some time. At length he saw ploughed fields, and close by there was what he took to be a large park, with white roads across it. He then travelled about five or six miles at a very rapid pace, and saw more ploughed fields, which he thought would be a suitable place to land on. When he was about 2,000 feet from the earth, he prepared to descend by hanging by one arm to his trapeze rope as if he were using his parachute. When his feet touched the ground, the balloon, which was in front of him, dragged him for ten yards, and then rebounded some sixty feet in the air, between two trees. Two laborers ran from opposite directions, and, in response to his signals, they arrived just as he came down a second time, and held the balloon until he let out the gas. He found that he had landed on a farm in the occupation of Mr. Nash of Penhurst, about thirty miles from Croydon; in reply to questions, he said that at one time he must have been five miles above the earth, the highest he had ever been. He added that the balloon had no escape valve.

The Glade.

What is the reason such rare verdure grows In this green glade? And by the brook whose water haply knows Why we delayed Our stolen interviews among the boughs In vesper shade.

It was a lovely and a peaceful place Secure from sight. The sun was finishing his fervid race Far off in light. The larch bowed lowly with poetic grace, She was so bright.

Where yonder waving alders slowly trail The ground's dark green, Beyond the dewlit spicewood of the vale, Which formed a screen, All accidentally, but without fail, She came—my queen.

This is the reason such fond verdure grows In this green glade. O secret brook, full well thy water knows Why we delayed Love's stolen interviews among thy boughs, O sacred shade!

—ANDREW RAMSAY.

Dr. W. G. Grace, who is publishing a series of articles, entitled "Forty Years of Cricket," tells this story: "George Brown, born at Stoughton, Sussex, April 27, 1783, is supposed to have been the fastest under-hand bowler that ever played. He was so very fast that two long stops were needed for him, and nearly all the fieldsmen were placed behind the wicket. At Lord's a man once tried to stop the ball with his coat, but Brown bowled through it and killed a dog on the other side! He was a dog of some size, too."

Living Without Eating.

What with the upward tendency in the price of all things that go to nourish and sustain these physical frames, with beef racing towards twenty cents a pound, and lamb at two dollars a quarter, and with even the poor man's loaf showing a disposition to disregard the law that holds all things down, the announcement of a more excellent way than that of living by eating will come as a delightful sound to the ears of many a hard-pressed son of toil. That we are on the brink of a new discovery would appear from the reports that come from Bourdeaux, France. The Paris correspondent of the London Standard writes, that a woman in that district has not eaten anything for nine years, and, that though thin, she is not emaciated, and has been able to attend to her household duties all this time. Her case is said to have aroused great interest and has led to the appointment of a committee to investigate the matter and confirm the report or expose the deception. It is to be hoped that the committee will perform its work thoroughly, as an anxious world will eagerly await its report, which, if it contains the lady's secret will do more than even Edward Bellamy and his industrial army to solve the great labor problem of our times. Only think of it! Living without eating. Who can estimate the feelings of relief that would come to many an anxious parent as he sees the wolf fleeing forever from his door? What a sense of relief would come to the tired housekeeper to feel that she was rid of the endless round of cooking and baking, and washing of dishes. For of course if our French lady can live without eating, all others can do likewise. The solidarity of man is such that people are very much alike the world over as far as their internal physiology and anatomy are concerned. Until the evidences are forthcoming, however, and the secret clearly revealed, prudence dictates that impatience be curbed and the time of trial delayed, lest for reasons which all can understand the necessity for eating should be permanently removed.

The Panama Canal.

The French scheme to overcome the obstruction which nature has placed in the way of commerce, and cut through the string of land connecting North and South America has not proved a booming success. The old Panama Canal Company having gone into liquidation, M. Burnet, the liquidator, has had a commission sent out to make investigations. This commission reports that it would cost \$97,000,000 to complete the canal on the lock system; that to this 20 per cent. must be added for unforeseen expenses and interest; and that the total cost would amount to \$180,000,000. The report further says that it would take between seven and eight years to complete the canal. The annual cost of management is estimated at \$2,000,000. According to the estimates of the commissioners the net receipts for the first three years after the opening of the canal would be \$7,600,000 annually, gradually increasing year by year until twelve years after the opening, when they would amount to \$12,200,000 per year. If the hopes held out in this report could be certainly depended upon the enterprise would stand a good chance of being pushed to completion; for as a matter of fact many capitalists are now receiving from investments a much lower return than that promised by the report. But just in this uncertainty lies the difficulty and the feature that will tend to dampen the ardor of those who might otherwise be disposed to carry the project through. Altogether the outlook for what our neighbors are wont to call "De Lessep's great ditch" is not at present very promising.

Liverpool and Manchester.

The proposition to remove a great ledge of rocks from the harbor of Holyhead, so as to make that place a port for the arrival and departure of large steamships, is said to be looked upon by those interested in the commercial prosperity of Liverpool as likely to be of serious injury to their city. Liverpool now disputes with London for the commercial primacy of the world, but in order to hold her own, it is evident that the great city on the Mersey must strain every nerve. Greatly against her interests and wishes, permission was granted to build the Manchester ship canal, which will be completed in a year or more, and which when in operation is likely to carry to the wharves and docks to be constructed in that inland city not a little of the commerce that has hitherto paid toll to the Liverpool merchants. The people of Bristol are also endeavoring to obtain by improved facilities a share of the transatlantic trade which Liverpool has hitherto enjoyed, and now that the backing of the London & Northwestern railroad, the authorities at Liverpool will need to bestir themselves in order to prevent a loss of tonnage which has hitherto come to that place. Of natural advantages Liverpool has but few. The river Mersey is a serious obstruction to trade, and it is only by wise forethought in liberally expending money in the construction of great docks and providing these with splendid railroad facilities that the town has held its own. Complaint is now made that the dock facilities are not all that they should be in order to accommodate the immense steamships that have recently been built, and both the Inman and White Star lines have petitioned the dock authorities for improvements in this respect. We have little doubt but that these will be made, and that nothing that can be done will be left undone in the struggle that Liverpool will make to hold her commercial supremacy.

The truth as to the extent and causes of the abandonment of New England farms is gradually coming to light, although it may be a long time before the relative importance of the various influences at work in producing this unfortunate condition of things is accurately gauged. The last report of Mr. Valentine, the Vermont Commissioner of Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests, is largely occupied with a discussion of the causes of abandonment of farms in his own state. The state is about 100 miles long by 30 to 60 in width, and embraces an area no greater than half a dozen Ontario counties. Yet in this very limited area the official returns from municipalities reporting show that there are over 1,000 abandoned farms with an area of 118,000 acres. Many towns—or, as we would say, townships—have failed to report, but Mr. Valentine estimates the total area of abandoned farms and occupied land (not including timber land) at 500,000 acres.

HEALTH.

The Care of the Ear.

The ear, next to the eye, is the most delicate organ we possess, and the failure of its powers is as distressing to the sufferer's friends as to himself. Yet too little attention is paid to its slight ailments, since it is not always fully appreciated how much damage may be done by what seems to be slight neglect, and how little treatment, properly applied, may be required to avert a lifetime of discomfort.

It is not an uncommon thing to see matter running from the ears of children. Sometimes this means nothing more than an inflammatory condition of the passage leading to the drum membrane, but far oftener there is disease of the cavity beyond.

The affection begins with an inflammation of the delicate membrane lining the drum cavity. In some cases this process is not very severe, and passes away without other complications. If, however, the inflammation is intense or long continued, a considerable quantity of watery fluid collects. This not only causes severe distress and temporary deafness, but after a time it is liable to burst the drum membrane and escape through the outer ear. In such an event it is often supposed that an abscess has broken.

Sometimes the small opening thus formed closes rapidly, and after a time another collection may take place and be followed by a similar discharge. Should this be repeated several times a considerable portion of the drum membrane is likely to be destroyed. The very minute bones which are essential to the perfect transmission of sound to the internal ear may at the same time be washed away, and there then results a loss of hearing power which no art of man can make good.

These inflammatory conditions are apt to occur in the course of certain diseases, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, and, if, during the run of these diseases, an ear-ache should come on or a discharge be seen, it should not be looked upon as of small importance.

Sometimes, if there is an accumulation of fluid in the middle chamber, from an inflammation just beginning, the simple puncture of the drum membrane by a surgeon will allow the escape of the fluid, and entirely avert the danger of permanent deafness.

The Domestic Doctor.

Excessive tea drinking is said to cause decay of the teeth.

A safe, sure and certain cure for corns is said to be found in a poultice formed of stale bread soaked in strong vinegar, applied at night on retiring.

Many people, while covering the chest with flannel, fail to remember that cold attacks the lungs at the back as well as the front. Be sure to protect the back as well as the chest.

In medicine the shell of the egg is used as an antacid, being better adapted to the stomach than chalk. The white of the egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system, the white of an egg swallowed quickly will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in cases of jaundice, and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

In apoplexy, the person falls down as if struck with death. There is neither thought, feeling, nor voluntary motion. There is no sign of life, except that of deep heavy breathing. It comes on with the suddenness of the lightning's flash, and with as little premonition. If the person is not really dead, the face is flushed, the breathing loud, and the pulse full and strong, usually. In mild attacks, a person is found in bed of a morning apparently in a sound sleep; but no amount of shaking makes any impression. The earliest Greek writers described apoplexy with minute accuracy, which has scarcely been exceeded since, showing that it is a malady belonging to all time. To pass from an apparent perfect health to instant death on entering one's own dwelling, or sitting down to the family table, or while at the happy fireside, in the loving interchange of affectionate offices, strikes us as being terrible. But the terror belongs to the witness; the victim is destitute of thought, feeling, sensation and consciousness. In many cases, after lying for hours and even days, in a state of insensibility, the patient wakes up as if from an uneasy sleep or dream; but often, as many sadly know, there is no return to life again. The essential nature of the disease seems to be such an excess of blood in the brain that its appropriate vessels or channels cannot contain it, and it is "extravasated," let out, upon the substance of the brain itself, and thus arrests the functions of life. Corpulent persons with short neck, are almost the sole subjects of apoplexy, but it may be induced by falls, blows, shocks, and over-doses of certain drugs. Apoplexy is an avoidable disease, except in some cases of accidents, which we can neither foresee nor prevent; it results from too much blood in the brain, which is either sent there too rapidly, or detained there in some unnatural manner, he effect being the same. Whatever "excites the brain," such as intense and long thought on one subject, all kinds of liquors, any drink containing alcohol, whether ale, beer, cider, wine, or brand, induces apoplexy. So will a hearty meal, especially if alcoholic drinks are taken at the same time; going to bed soon after eating heartily, sleeping on the back, if corpulent, may bring on an attack any night; so will a hot bath, so will a cold bath soon after eating. The ultimate effects of all opiates are to detain the blood in the brain, while the things just mentioned send it there in excess. The great preventives are warm feet, regular and temperate habits, and the avoidance of opiates, tobacco, and all intoxicants. In case of an attack, send for a physician. Meanwhile, put the feet in hot water, and envelop the head with ice. It is safer to live in a hilly than level country, in town than country. Winter is more dangerous than summer. The liability increases rapidly after forty years of age, greatest at sixty, when it gradually diminishes. Statistics seem to show that the most dangerous years are from fifty to sixty.

Diet for Dyspeptics.

I cannot forbear giving for the benefit of our dyspeptic readers a few rules that are

laid down by English physicians for the observance of those who suffer from acute indigestion.

1. Do not eat beef; it is too hearty for the average dyspeptic. Eat the lean of mutton (boiled preferred).
2. Bacon in small quantities may be eaten; also thin slices of aerated bread fried in bacon fat; also boiled pigs' feet and tripe and the fish not known as oily fish.
3. Eat no fruit. Of vegetables partake of baked potatoes, rice and boiled peas.
4. Bread may be eaten (aerated bread preferred) in thin slices toasted till they are brittle.
5. The brown meat of fowl may be eaten. Avoid all gravies and sauces.
6. Abstain from all liquors and drink no tea unless it be fresh made.
7. Eat no eggs, except fresh raw, well whipped. Sugars should be avoided.
8. Drink no iced water; partake freely of hot water and of hot milk (not boiled).
9. Lie down for twenty minutes after each meal.

America's Gibraltar.

A correspondent of the New York Times calls the attention of the people of the United States to the dilapidated and defenceless condition of Key West, a naval station situated on the southernmost key of Florida, fifty-nine miles from the mainland, and occupying an almost central position in the waters opening into the Gulf of Mexico. After pointing out that Key West virtually controls the Gulf of Mexico, the Straits of Florida, and three-fourths of all commerce with the West Indies, Central America and the northern part of South America, the writer adds, "As a base of supplies and as a naval and military point of operations, perhaps no place in the United States equals it in importance. It is questionable whether Gibraltar as a commerce protecting post is of more importance to England than is Key West to the United States." But notwithstanding its military and commercial importance, the station, which subsequent to the civil war and up to '72 received some little attention in the way of fitting it up with batteries and improving it generally, has for nearly twenty years been virtually neglected, and is at present in a condition of general decay. It is difficult to understand the apathy of the authorities at Washington in not fortifying and improving this important station. Perhaps it is to be accounted for by the fact (and the thought is not an unpleasant one) that the attention of the people of the Western Hemisphere is more taken up with industrial pursuits than with military establishments; and that development rather than defence constitutes the watchword of the New World. Nor are there many, let us hope, who would desire to have it otherwise, for the victories of peace are more enduring and satisfactory than the victories of war.

That Joke Again.

"Four hundred and twenty-two," yelled the elevator boy.
"What is?" asked the passenger.
"You are! You are the four hundred and twenty-second man to ask me this week if my life isn't full of ups and downs. Ask it again. I like it."

"The Naked Truth."

Whilst Truth was one day bathing in a limpid river, Falshood happened to pass, and noticing the garments of Truth on the bank of the stream, conceived the idea of exchanging his clothing for that of the bather, who came from the bath and mourned the loss sustained, but, disdaining Falshood's garb, has since gone naked through the world. Whether the origin of the expression—"the naked truth"—is mythical or otherwise, it is universally known to be the "naked truth" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as a curative agent for consumption (lung scrofula), bronchitis, chronic nasal catarrh, asthma, and kindred diseases of the throat and lungs.

All Men.

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

Hats and bonnets are now kept on the head by means of splendid jewelled pins, antique daggers, and pins with gold, silver, steel, and copper, shell, and amber heads.

All the most fashionable women wear their skirts flat in the back, a little longer behind than in front, and all the trimming placed at the bottom.

Quantities of gold braid, gold passementerie, gold lace, and gold embroidery bands are sold on all the trimming counters just now.

The tendency to showy flower-laden hats is so great as to tax the milliners to supply the demand.

The awe-struck audience gazed on the figure gaunt and gray; 'Twas the murdered king or the ghost of him, And Hamlet was the play.

His hour was brief, he said, He must go ere light of day, To the place of torture prepared for him, Till his sins were purged away.

Yes, purged was the word he used, And I thought what a remedy would Pierce's Purgative Pellets prove, In his case, then and there.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets have no equal as a cathartic in derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Small, pleasant in action, and purely vegetable.

A sermon on the mount—The usual bicycle advertisement.

"What's the female beauty, but an air divine, Through which the mind's all gentler grace shine."

This may be good logic in poetry but in real life "the mind's all gentler grace shine" is a better advantage when enclosed in a sound physique. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

A. P. 504.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

WHEN LOGS ARE HELD UP FOR WANT OF SNOW

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EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1899.

New Proposals Received,	1990 for \$3,764,905.00
Declined,	433 " 633,280.00
Accepted,	1647 " 3,131,625.00
New Premium Income,	122,724.37
Total Premium Income,	786,421.95
Total Funds 31st December, 1899,	3,298,08.33
Assets in Canada,	1,100,000.00
Surplus to Policy Holders in Canada,	236,816.00
Annual Income in Canada,	242,513.85

GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT IN CANADA \$817,324

The Expense Ratio was Reduced in 1899 Nearly 2 Per Cent. The following figures show the success of the Company during the past seven years

Years.	New Sums Assured.	New Premiums.	Increase in Assets.
1893-1899	\$14,615,052.	537,413.	1,332,081.

The Next Division of Profits will be on the 31st December, 1899. Those declared in 1897 were large, averaging on the "Ordinary Plans" 70 Per Cent. of the Premiums Received.

At Age 30.—On policies of 4 years' duration, Endowment at age 70 Plan, Bonuses have shortened the Endowment Period 3 years.

Under the Deferred Bonus System, the additions vary from \$10.00 to \$40.00 for every premium paid on each \$1,000 of assurance.

Company's Office, May 22, 1890.

B. HAL. BROWN, Manager for Canada.

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

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There's nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness.

ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dye. Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 cts.

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

POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York & London

Country Talk.

Elma.

The following is a complete list of the pupils of S. S. No. 8, who have been considered eligible to take up the studies in the class under which they are named, and their examination having been duly held and their promotion sanctioned by those in authority. Senior Fourth.—John McKenzie, Melissa Porterfield, Robt. Struthers, Junior Fourth.—Lena Crooks, Fanny Horn, James McDonald, John Struthers, Amos Porterfield, Bessie Rolland, Charles McKenzie, Henry Ludington, Mary Quipp, Clara Hiles, George Struthers, R. Hammond, Senior Third.—Aggie Struthers, Jane Hiles, Maud McCourt, Adie Carterfield, Annie Ferguson.

Grey.

Wm. McDonald, of the Boundary, who arrived home from Manitoba a few weeks ago has been quite ill. He had a gripe and that was followed by inflammation. We hope he will continue to improve.

ALMOST A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Thomas Johnston, of the 18th concession of Grey, had a very narrow escape one day recently. In passing through a gate in the fence, with a roller, one end of the roller caught the end of a rail, when the horses made a spring. The pole of the roller broke, causing the platform of the roller to tip forward, throwing Mr. Johnston and his little son, who were both on the roller, behind the horses' heads. The little boy swung himself clear by getting hold of the high horses' tail, but Mr. Johnston fell across the off horse's whiffletree, the roller getting onto his legs, and he was trailed quite a distance, until the boy got the horses stopped and got help to take the roller off his father. Mr. Johnston is considerably bruised, but not seriously hurt. The little boy deserved great credit for his presence of mind under such trying circumstances, and his prompt action no doubt saved his father's life.

OBIT.—Mrs. Brown, sr., mother of Councillor Brown, of Grey, died on Friday morning, 9th inst., at the house of her son-in-law, having reached the ripe old age of 80 years. For several years she has been failing in health, but about two months ago she slipped on the door step so injuring herself as to be thereafter unable to walk. She possessed her mental faculties to the last, having been able to call upon the members of the family by name a few minutes before she died. Many years ago she came with her husband and children from Laurier, Berwickshire, Scotland. Shortly after their arrival her husband died near Caledonia. Several of their daughters married there. With the rest of the family she came here to what was then called the bush, being one of the pioneers. For over twenty years she has lived with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, where she died. She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church and lived respected and died regretted by all who knew her.—Post.

Monkton.

T. Gowan is the guest of C. H. Merryfield this week.

A. Huggins was visiting friends in Oshawa last week.

Miss A. Humberson, of Atwood, is visiting friends here.

Miss Maggie Huggins spent Sunday with her parents here.

Miss Nellie Dobbs returned home from Toronto last week.

A wedding party from Atwood paid our village a flying visit one day last week.

Miss N. Hopkins, of Ethel, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Heatherstone, this week.

Mr. Merryfield, our general agent, is doing a rushing business in the implement line this season.

The farmers in this neighborhood are nearly all done seeding and everything looks fresh and green since the rain.

Mr. Erskine's house on Main street is being remodelled, and when completed, will present a very pleasing appearance.

W. R. Davis, the Conservative candidate for South Perth, will address a public meeting in Huggins' hall on June 2nd.

C. H. Merryfield, our popular machine agent, sold a handsome organ to James Porterfield last week. This speaks well for C. H.

Two large dwelling houses are being erected on Main street, which, when completed, will greatly improve the appearance of the village.

A young man in this vicinity appears to be greatly taken up with his new girl, and he is frequently seen wending his way towards Matthew's street.

The baseball club has been re-organized for the season, and we feel confident that they will be successful in winning the championship of the county.

While Messrs. Dent and Thomson, of Mitchell, were driving one of Mr. Goebel's livery horses through here the animal stumbled and broke one of its legs. The Veterinary was called but nothing could be done. This is a great loss as it was a valuable animal.

The picnic in connection with the Methodist Sunday School was a grand success, and was largely attended.

Able addresses were delivered by Revs. D. Rogers, of Atwood, and C. Davis, of Ethel. The singing and instrumental music was well rendered. Proceeds amounted to \$26.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING.—That the heaviest rain of the season fell on Sabbath last, and on account of this the churches were poorly attended.

—That flags were hoisted on the 24th in honor of Our Queen.—That a number of our leading politicians attended the grand reception accorded to Mr. Meredith in Stratford on May 26th.—That a young gentleman from the boundary east while assisting a young lady across a ditch was unfortunate enough to let her fall in. However, this did not discourage him as he turned up at the picnic as brisk as a bee.

Poole.

The Temperance Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens last Monday.

Miss Sarah Struthers, of Stratford Collegiate Institute, spent the 24th with her parents. Miss Steele accompanied her on her visit.

On Wednesday evening of this week Messrs. Schmidt, Reiner, and others will address a meeting of the electors in behalf of Dr. Ahrens.

Robert Burnett, of Galt, is visiting friends in this neighborhood. Mr. Burnett had the misfortune to meet with an accident prior to his leaving Galt and is in consequence suffering from a very sore hand.

The heart of the average boy of Poole was sick and sore last Monday on account of the heavy rain Sunday having spoiled all his plans for fishing excursions. The mature angler is also debarred from the favorite recreation the water having risen in the river to such a height as to render fishing impossible, consequently Poole is without its usual 24th of May fish story.

Turnberry.

John McBurney lost a valuable mare and colt a few days ago.

Most of the young people of this part took in the sports in Wingham on 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Woodstock, spent 24th May with Mr. and Mrs. Bott, of Turnberry.

Teeswater Base Ball Club succeeded in defeating Wingham club on the 24th. Score: Teeswater 12, Wingham 0.

The youngsters were more than pleased with the Calathumpian procession in Wingham on Queen's Birthday.

The Bluevale Foot Ball Club have re-organized and are now practising with a view of having a game on Dominion Day.

The Cosgrove family, of St. Marys, gave an excellent concert in Wingham on the evening of the 24th, and was well patronized by country as well as townspeople.

Several of the teachers of this vicinity were in Clinton on Wednesday last attending the funeral of the late D. Malloch, Public School Inspector for East Huron.

Listowel.

Dr. Ahrens, Reform candidate for North Perth, was in town on Monday.

It has been decided to hold a two days race meeting and sports on the park on the 1st and 2nd days of July next. Good liberal prizes will be awarded for all the events.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, addressed a meeting in the skating rink, last Friday evening, on the political issues of the day. The attendance was very large. The hon. gentleman spoke largely on educational matters.

As Dr. Rutherford was driving into town about 11 p.m., on Wednesday evening of last week he met a rig just as he approached the first railway track on Main street. The rig did not turn out and the Doctor's horse sprang aside, upsetting the buggy into the deep ditch, and throwing the doctor with such force as to dislocate his shoulder. His companion, Mr. Snyder, was not injured. Coming down town and securing assistance the joint was put back without a great deal of trouble. The road is so narrow at the place that on a dark night it is dangerous.

A NOTE CASE.—On Tuesday afternoon of last week R. L. Lillico, son of Peter Lillico, late banker of this town, was arraigned before Police Magistrate Terhune on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. The complainant was Archibald Riddell, of Mornington, and the cause of the complaint was that Mr. Riddell had paid into Lillico's bank the sum of \$44 or thereabouts, in payment of a certain note, and for which he had been given a receipt by the defendant, with a promise that the note would be sent to him in a few days. It appears that the note was held by the Bank of Hamilton, though Mr. Riddell testified that the defendant had led him to believe that it was locked up in the safe in Lillico's bank. Mr. Riddell subsequently received notice from the Bank of Hamilton to pay the note over again, hence the action was taken against R. L. Lillico. The P. M., after hearing the evidence, considered that the case should go before a higher court and committed the defendant for trial. Bail, however, was accepted. Mr. Harding, of Stratford, appeared for the crown and Mr. Morphy for the defence.

Brussels.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bruce visited Wingham the 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Wilson spent Sunday with friends in Wingham.

Mrs. Carter and children, of Blyth, are visiting her mother, Mrs. K. Burns.

Mrs. J. R. Grant and Miss Nessie Kay are visiting the Queen City this week.

Russel and Reginald Fletcher are visiting their grand parents in Lucknow.

Mrs. Theford, of Port Elgin, was the guest of Mrs. J. Creighton on the 24th.

J. Hill, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Lavis, of Holmesville, are visiting at John Hill's, Grey.

Rev. Mr. Torrance, of Walton, and Rev. S. Sellery, B. A., B. D., exchanged work last Sabbath.

The choir of the Methodist church assisted at an entertainment in Blyth last Thursday evening.

The 24th was a very quiet day in town. Nearly every one that could go went to Stratford or Wingham.

Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Brucefield, preached in Knox church morning and evening last Sabbath, also gave a very interesting lecture Monday evening, subject: "China."

G. A. Fear, of Toronto, W. Rivers, of Teeswater, J. Rivers, of Guelph, W. H. Willis, of Mitchell, and G. A. Powell and wife, of Stratford, spent Sunday in town visiting friends and relatives.

IMPROVEMENTS.—D. Ewan has made a great improvement in his dwelling. The debris from the fire is about all cleared away.—The new wire fences at J. J. Denman's and Wm. Martin's have greatly improved the appearance of their respective properties.—John Wynn is having the dwelling on his lot on Queen street put in shape for habitation.—George Burton has made some alterations on his premises on Turnberry street.—The fence around the Grey Branch Agricultural grounds has been receiving attention. What about other alterations and improvements?

DISTRICT MEETING.—The annual District meeting of the Methodist church, Wingham District, was held in Teeswater on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The worthy chairman, Rev. John Scott, M. A., presided. Rev. A. E. Smith, of Wroxeter, was appointed Secretary. The first days session was devoted to the ministerial brethren, good portion of the afternoon being given to discussion of religious ordinances. Rev. Arch. McKibbin was recommended for a year at Cobourg University. The superannuated ministers whose names are attached to the District are Revs. J. L. Kerr, Rich. Paul and S. Swann, of Brussels, and Wm. Mills, Blyth. In the evening a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Epworth League. Timely and practical addresses were given by Revs. I. B. Walwin, Bluevale, A. E. Smith, Wroxeter, and Rev. S. Sellery, B. A., B. D., Brussels. The pastor, Rev. W. W. Sparling, occupied the chair. Excellent music was supplied by the church choir. On Wednesday morning the financial and statistical returns were presented from the various stations and circuits and on the whole they were very satisfactory and an improvement on last year. Rev. S. Sellery was elected to the Stationing Committee; Rev. W. Torrance and N. H. Young to the S. S. Committee; Dr. Towler representative of the Missionary Board. The following lay representatives were chosen to attend the Guelph Conference:—Wingham, W. B. Towler and Geo. Thompson; Teeswater, Geo. Yeo; Wroxeter, W. C. Hazelwood; Bluevale, W. J. Johnston; Belgrave, B. Bengough; Brussels, Dr. Holmes, T. Fletcher and W. H. Kerr; Walton, Wm. Pollard; Blyth, N. H. Young and Jno. Wilford; Auburn, J. Murdock; Lonsdale, J. Braithwaite. A doctor's bill of \$15.50 in connection with the family of Rev. J. R. Isaacs was referred to the Contingent Fund, and a \$50 claim to the Sustentation Fund from Belgrave circuit. New churches have been built during the year at Blyth and Westfield, an addition put to the brick church in Wawaunah, and a lot purchased for a new church at Bluevale. (for which the contract is now let.) The following changes in the bounds of circuits were recommended:—Ebenezar appointment from Belgrave to Bluevale; Sunshine from Blyth to Belgrave; and Jackson's appointment from Walton to Blyth. If the above is approved, of at Conference Jackson's appointment will have regular afternoon service each Sabbath by the Blyth pastor. Resolutions were passed on the Federation question, on the extension of the pastoral term, the election of lay representatives to Conference and to the Teeswater people for their hospitality. The Fall District meeting will be held at Lonsdale. The meeting was brought to a close about 3 o'clock by the chairman pronouncing the Benediction.

Stratford.

Stratford will have an independent band.

Lawn tennis and croquet are now in order.

Operations have begun on the natural gas well here.

The population in 1888 was 9,002; in 1889, 9,404; 1890, 9,906.

Stratford civic holiday this year will be on Friday, 8th of August.

The owners of flyers in the city have them out to practise every night.

John Killier, who recently moved into the City hotel, from Gadshill, is refitting that place up. Mr. Kill makes a popular hotelman.

If natural gas is found Stratford's population may be doubled in a very few years. Help along the good work by taking a few shares.

Rev. Dr. Griffin, of this city, attended a meeting of the Senate and Board of Regents of the University of Victoria College, at Cobourg, the other day.

John Hoy met with a painful accident one day recently, having the misfortune to have one of his hands crushed in the machinery at Durton's wool-en mills.

The A. O. F. have started a drill corps with a membership of 25, which they expect will be increased to 40 by the 9th of June, when the installation takes place. They are the uniformed degree, A. O. F., known as the Knights of Sherwood Forest.

The G. T. R. taxes are fixed at \$2,000 for ten years from date of inauguration and to make their assessment in keeping it had to be reduced \$193,005.00. These reductions left an assessment of \$3,529,500, on which the council struck a rate of 18 mills on the \$.

The Arkansas Democrat, of Little Rock, Arkansas, says: "John Elder, one of the most popular of Gus Blass' popular corps of clerks, is preparing to remove to Stratford, Ontario, with the intention of locating. He is a good boy and will make his way in any country, but all will regret to have to say to him the parting word." Mr. Elder will go in with Hoffman Bros. & Elder of this city.

The city band gave a thoroughly enjoyable open air concert Thursday evening of last week. Their playing is something superior to what Stratford audiences have been treated to for a long time. The evening was decidedly cool, but this did not keep the people inside, as the streets presented an animated appearance until nearly ten o'clock. These concerts will be repeated every week during the summer season.

J. JOHNSON

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

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

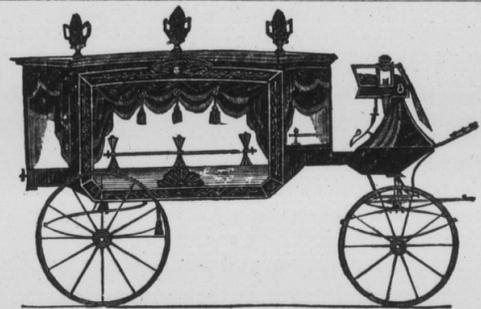
FORESTERS HALL

REPAIRING! WATCHES.

CLOCKS. **REPAIRING!**

WATCHES AND RINGS A SPECIALTY.

18 KARAT WEDDING RINGS.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

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

Atwood, April 1st, 1890.

JAMES IRWIN

ATWOOD,

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At as Close Prices

As anyone in the County.

We Do The Leading Trade

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

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