

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1890.

NO. 9.

## Perth County Notes.

The Fullarton spring show will be held on April 4.

Wm. Hewitt, of Carlingford, has sold his farm to John Davidson for \$4,400. J. B. Wilson, postmaster at Russel- dale, has removed to Fullarton village.

Stratford-Spring Show will be held on Tuesday, 15th of April, the day before the Listowel show.

The Stratford Board of Trade is agitating for the establishment of a canning factory in that town.

F. L. Hamilton's side defeated the side led by James Miller in a checker match at Cromarty by 39 to 13.

The council of the town of St. Marys have by-law reduced the number of hotels there from nine to eight, and put the fee at \$200.

The St. Marys Argus says that the unprecedented rate of taxation in the Stone Town is driving owners of land devoted to agriculture out of the place.

The sale of Robert Stewart's, North Easthope, went off lively. Horses averaged \$97, cows went for \$40, and yearlings \$23.50. Everything sold very high.

W. Porteous bought a 50 acre farm in Logan a few days ago for \$1,600. We hear from Mr. Hesson via Ottawa, that farm property has not depreciated in value since 1873.

The old License Commissioners in South Perth have been reappointed; Messrs T. H. Race, Mitchell; James Prindville, Logan; J. S. McIntyre, Blanshard. J. S. Coppin, Mitchell, is the inspector.

John Sehr, Tavistock, has sold his house and lot, about four acres, to Mr. Poeder, of Ellice, for the sum of \$1,550. Mr. Sehr found his property too large for a man of his age and intends purchasing a smaller place where to spend his declining years.

The debt on the Knox church property at Mitchell has been completely wiped out. Since Rev. Mr. Tully became pastor of the church, nearly \$7,000, including interest and principal, have been collected, independent of the annual running expenses of the church. Steps will now be taken for the erection of a new building.

The Presbyterian Record of last week says:—"The Stratford Presbytery will overture the synod of Hamilton and London to reverse the decision in reference to the entertainment of delegates attending the meetings of the synod, and ask leave to return to the good old fashioned way of accommodating delegates in private families in so far as it may be convenient and agreeable to all parties concerned. The Presbytery would have the minister's connection with the aged and infirm ministers entirely voluntary."

Rev. A. B. Winchester, who has ably conducted the services in Knox church, Stratford, most of the time since Rev. Mr. Wright's resignation, has left for Toronto, where we understand he takes charge of a mission church. Mr. Winchester is a very able and interesting preacher and warmly endeared himself to every member of Knox church with whom he came in contact. The congregations were larger than usual on Sunday of last week it being understood the sermons would be the last Mr. Winchester would preach for the present. The discourses were very fine and effective ones and the regrets were universal that they were likely to be the last heard from the esteemed and talented gentleman for some time.

A meeting of the Stratford Board of Trade was held on Friday evening week. There was a good turn out. They first decided to petition the Government to appoint a grain inspector for Stratford. They decided to recommend an amendment to the municipal act to abolish the system of bonuses and exemptions. A committee was appointed to draft a petition bearing upon the subject to be transmitted to every board of trade in the province. They also recommended that the board petition for legislation which will enable magistrates to deal with cases now within the jurisdiction of the division court, giving any police magistrate who is a barrister power to deal summarily with all such cases, and any other two magistrates power to deal with any case not exceeding \$100, and any one power to deal with any case up to \$50. The Government will be petitioned for a reduction of the postage rate from 3 to 2 cents per oz.

On Monday of last week young Strickert, of Logan, aged about 16 years, son of Christian Strickert, who is serving three years in Kingston penitentiary for the woolsen mills burglary, brought a small quantity of peas to market and was given a ticket at Carter & Sons storehouse for two bushels. Before presenting the ticket for payment at Mr. Hord's store he added a figure 2, making the ticket good for 22 bushels. On Tuesday he brought more peas and got a ticket for 4 bushels, which he altered to 41 bushels. He got the money, paid Mr. Hord \$5 on an old store account, bought himself a watch and chain and went home with the remainder of the money in his pocket. In making up the tickets on Tuesday night fraud was discovered, and Mr. Lester drove out to the boy's home and succeeded in getting the matter made right. We understand that Mr. Lester does not intend to prosecute the young scamp this time, hoping that it may act as a warning to him in the future.

## Presbytery of Huron.

Huron Presbytery met in Clinton on 11th inst. Session records were examined and attested. Reports on the "State of Religion" and Sabbath Observance were given by Messrs Musgrave and Henderson, respectively, in the absence of Mr. McConnell, indisposed by a gripe, the report on Temperance was read by Mr. Acheson. Mr. Fletcher stated that the congregation of Carmel church, Hensall, raised the stipend of their minister to \$1,000 and gave a month's holiday yearly. This Presbytery expressed satisfaction with the commendable action of the Hensall congregation in the matter. A call was taken up from Bayfield and Bethany in favor of Rev. Robt. Henderson. A letter from Mr. McConnell was read, stating that he moderated in the call in the usual way. The call was sustained, after hearing Messrs. Simons and Torrance in support of it, testifying to its unanimity, etc. The congregations promise an annual stipend of \$450 and the Presbytery agreed to apply to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee for a supplement of \$300 to make the stipend \$750. It was also agreed to ask that the supplement of \$250 be continued to Grand Bend and Corbett. Reports of missionary meetings held and missionary sermons preached and given. Messrs. Henderson and Simons were appointed members of the Synod's Committee of Bills and Overtures. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, was nominated as the next Moderator of the General Assembly. The following motion was unanimously passed with regard to Sabbath Observance:—"The Presbytery, in view of the persistent attempts made by railroad, canal, steamboat companies and other commercial corporations to rob the community of the boon of a well kept Sabbath, and being impressed with the importance of preserving the sacredness of the day, both from an economic and religious point of view, would express its decided satisfaction with the bill now before the Dominion Legislature to secure the better observance of the Lord's Day, and would further express the hope that our representatives in Parliament give the bill their hearty support, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mr. Charlton and the members who represent this county in the Dominion House of Commons." Next meeting of Presbytery to be held in Blyth in May.

## Huron County Notes.

John Haannah, of Seaforth, is an applicant for the position recently vacated by Prof. Robertson, of the Ontario Agricultural College.

The Lodge of Good Templars that has been established in Wingham is flourishing. About 80 have joined, and there is a good attendance. An excellent program is furnished each evening, of recitation, dialogues, speeches, etc.

On Saturday, of last week, Peter Deans, auctioneer, sold the Plunkett farm, being east half of lot 41, concession 12, east Wawanosh, to Robt. Mason, of Morris, near Wingham, for \$3,900. It is said that Mr. Mason has got a decided bargain.

One of the best auction sales that has taken place in the township was that held on the farm of Thos. Simpson, 11th con. of McKillop. Mr. S. was a good stock-keeper, and all his animals were of the best and in prime condition, and consequently they sold readily and brought, in some instances, fancy prices. Grade cows went at from \$50 to \$70; a pair of horses sold for \$300 and other stock at proportionate prices. The whole sale realized over \$1,000. This for the stuff on a 50 acre farm is pretty good.

Messrs. John McKay & Sons, the well known breeders of Tuckersmith township, have this season sold four thoroughbred bulls and two heifers. They sold a bull and a heifer to T. Luker, of Hay; a bull to John Webb, of Hibbert; a bull and a heifer to Wm. McArthur, of Morris, and a bull to Alex. Buchanan, of Tuckersmith. The bulls ranged in age from 6 to 15 months, while one heifer was a year old and the other six months. The prices paid ranged from \$75 to \$100. Messrs. McKay have now disposed of all their bulls except one, a nine months' old animal. They have still a herd of ten thoroughbreds with four cows yet to calve.

PROFITABLE FARMING.—John Stafford, of the 13th concession of McKillop, is a farmer who devotes a good deal of attention to gardening, and the manner in which he makes it pay may be judged from the following: Last year he sold 200 bushels of onions, at 75 cents per bushel; 3,000 heads of cabbage at \$6 per hundred, and 1,700 heads of cauliflower for \$30. All this stuff was grown off one and three eighths of an acre of land, and as will be seen realized \$360, and Mr. Stafford did all the work himself besides attending to other farm work. This pays better than growing fall wheat. Mr. Stafford also grew 170 bags of potatoes from an acre and a quarter of land. Two years ago he planted 1 1/2 lbs. of Empire State variety of potatoes, from which he grew 80 lbs. This produced 15 bushels, which he is now selling for seed at \$2 per bushel. Two years ago Mr. Stafford cleared over \$300 on the sale of garden vegetables, and for last year he expects his profits will be a good deal larger. Besides running his garden he carries on all other kinds of farming. He always goes in for the best, and rarely has a failure, and he is making money.

## Monthly Cattle Fairs.

Atwood—Tuesday before first Friday of each month.  
Listowel—First Friday in each month.  
Guelph—First Wednesday in each month.  
Clifford—Thursday before the Guelph fair.  
Teviotdale—Friday before the Guelph fair.  
Harriston—Friday before the Guelph fair.  
Bosworth—Saturday before the Guelph fair.  
Drayton—Saturday before Guelph.  
Moorefield—Monday before Guelph.  
Elora—The day before Guelph.  
Mount Forest—Third Wednesday in each month.  
Millbank—Wednesday before second Tuesday in each month.

## Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)  
WASHINGTON, March 10, 1890.  
It is probable that the investigation of the Civil Service Commission which has just ended will lead to no satisfactory conclusion either way. The House committee is very apt to take the ground in hand is to search impartially into the workings of the system, and accordingly it is quite likely that they may regard the administrative mishaps which some of the commissioners have incurred as of slight importance, and as having little bearing on the general question. Beyond doubt Commissioner Lyman favored his brother-in-law, Campbell, but in such circumstances men will act similarly to the close of time, whether there be any Civil Service law or no—Civil Service law is immaterial. Beyond question Mr. Roosevelt was only half-informed in the affair of the Milwaukee postmastership, but a good deal will be forgiven to new zeal and freshness of knowledge in relation to official management. But the strange and utterly inadequate method by which the Commission undertook to try important officials and report upon their efficiency or non-efficiency—their conformity or non-conformity to law, cannot be easily explained. Their mode of proceeding in this matter will strike the average mind as being unfair and un-American, and the census which will probably weigh most heavily on the Commission will be on this account.  
Whatever conclusion the committee may arrive at the investigation will impress the people at large with the belief that the present Commissioners are not thoroughly efficient. Whether this belief in their inefficiency is due to their want of knowledge of, or their want of harmony with, the spirit of a real civil service reform, or is owing to mere personal lack of discretion, is difficult to determine. It would not, however, be surprising if the present contention should lead to some changes in the commission.

Everyone has heard of old grandma searching all over the house for the spectacles which were very conspicuous on her forehead, and of little Johnnie laughing at the woman's vain chase. It seems to me that the Senate in searching for the leaked Senatorial secrets is very much like the old woman looking for her spectacles, and it is very little wonder that the Johnnies laugh. Senators ought to know that fully one-third of their number, at one time or another, give to the newspapers full and detailed accounts of the proceedings held in secret sessions, that a much larger number are always willing to tell, in a general way, what has been done, and that there is hardly a member of the Senate who will not accommodate newspaper reporter so far as to tell him that a certain thing has not been done if it has not. Apart from this, which is a moderate estimate of the general politeness and obligitiveness of United States Senators, everybody who knows anything knows that it is a poor newspaper man that doesn't "own his Senator" as the phrase goes. The members of the Senator Dolph's inquisition seem to be oblivious of the fact that generally speaking, every Senator has a newspaper correspondent for private secretary. They also know that this private secretary correspondent never does any of the work of a private secretary and that he never receives any pay, but that it is simply an arrangement under which the Senator is to help the correspondent to news, and that the correspondent will help the Senator to fame.  
Every stranger who visits Washington remarks upon the hotel-place appearance of the city. On almost every hand this half-built feature is brought to their notice. On prominent residence streets and busy thoroughfares the view is the same. Our great Capitol building enclosed by its beautiful park, is surrounded by small one-story shops and tumble-down frame shanties. Representative Henderson's new house, one of the handsome in the city, is surrounded by hovels. Senator Sawyer's imposing residence is likewise crowded in by objectionable frames. Just below the British Minister's are several dilapidated frames, and adjoining ex-speaker Carlisle's home is another eyesore. And thus it runs over the entire city. Sixteenth street, overlooking the White House, Lafayette Square, and Scott Circle, is one hundred and sixty feet wide, and should be our most beautiful street. However, its very centre is stifled by old frame houses; prices are held high, and very few people have the courage to pioneer such a district.

## Atwood Public School.

The following is the relative standing of the pupils of the village school as determined by Friday's written examination in order of merit:  
FOURTH CLASS.—Geo. Longmire, Frances Mader and Nellie Hoar (equal) Kate Priest, Florence Stacey, Albert Robertson.  
SENIOR THIRD.—Geo. Dunn, Robert Morrison, Minnie Corrie, Mayne Hamilton, Edith Robertson, Robert Nesbitt.  
JUNIOR THIRD.—Geo. Porter, Wm. Longmire, John Skalitzy, Essie Coghlin, John Corrie, Minnie Blair, Mary Murray, Wm. Hoar, Wesley Nichols, Wm. Rogers, Annie Giddins, Eva Priest, Edith Hope, Lizzie Graham.

## ELMA COUNCIL.

The municipal council of the township of Elma met at Loerger's hotel, Atwood, on the 14th March. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and signed. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Couler, that Mr. Noble be paid \$40.08, being amount of contract of gravelling on boundary of Elma and Logan (Elma's share). Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that in reference to the petition of S. Buchanan and thirty others asking for improvements in sideline, con. 13, between lots 25 and 26, the Reeve and Messrs. Couler and Richmond be appointed to examine and report at a future meeting. Carried. Moved by Mr. Couler, seconded by Mr. Bray, that L. Bolton be appointed township engineer at a salary of \$10 per day for each day actually engaged in the field and the sum includes all office work in connection therewith. Carried. Moved by Mr. Couler, seconded by Wm. Lochhead, that the Clerk be authorized to write to the Clerk of Mornington in reference to the payment of the drainage money owing to Elma now past due. Carried. Moved by Wm. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Richmond, that 300 copies of the Auditors' Abstract be printed. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Wm. Lochhead, that the next meeting of the council be held at Newry, at Wynn's hotel, at the call of the Reeve. Carried. Moved by Wm. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Bray, that the tender of R. S. Pelton for the township printing for the sum of \$60 be accepted. Carried. Mr. Couler moved that the tender of Davis Bros. for \$44 be accepted. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Wm. Lochhead, that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—E. Henry, \$5; inspecting gravel contract township line, Elma and Logan; W. Peel, \$34.12; gravelling con. 14, L. Lantz, \$1.75; culvert at Trowbridge, F. Siven, \$20; Elma's share contract, tp. line Elma and Mornington T. Jickling, \$10.00 gravel, and \$10.90 filling gravel. Carried. Pathmasters were appointed as follows:—D. Dipple, A. Weber, J. Mann, A. Henderson, J. G. Ballard, D. Hotel, S. Follis, J. Hamilton, S. Love, W. Hewitt, Wm. Hewitt, T. Forbes, J. Brock, W. Keith, G. Green, A. Rae, J. Stevenson, T. Haddow, J. Mayberry, A. Tughan, E. Medd, J. Mitchell, W. Shearer, T. Jickling, W. Hargreaves, W. Stevenson, J. Boyd, W. Booth, W. Jackson, J. Rozzell, J. Porter, S. S. Boyd, W. Hone, J. Hammond, J. Currie, D. Edgar, T. Grubber, G. Graham, J. Hanna, G. Hume, W. Burk, G. W. Foulston, L. Lucas, R. Hamilton, J. Nichol, J. A. Morrison, W. Wilson, C. Mason, R. Henry, J. Hanna, J. Honze, S. Bennett, J. Holmes, A. Struthers, S. McCourt, S. Roe, W. Peel, A. Forrest, T. Hammond, A. Buchan, W. Buchanan, C. Ritter, A. Luddington, H. Ronnerberg, J. Elacott, F. Debus, E. Cleaver, F. Doering, J. Lambert, J. McKay, R. Smith, J. Holman, Jas. Holman, T. R. Scott, J. Adam, E. Parkinson, M. Gremelin, G. Gollyght, Monkton; Trowbridge, J. McCrae; Newry; J. McNeiland; Atwood north, W. Brown, south, J. Switzer; side road beat, Trowbridge, J. Adams. Fence-viewers: J. A. Turnbull, W. Jackson, A. Tughan, J. W. Boyd, J. Shearer, W. F. Forrest, W. Stevenson, W. Burnett, J. Sproul, W. Brown, R. Ballantyne, J. W. Rowland, A. Coxson, W. J. Gilkinson, W. Gilmer. Poundkeepers: J. B. Hamilton, F. Deaton, J. Nesbitt, J. Mitchell, G. Coghlin, V. Ioerger, W. Stevenson, R. Ford, A. Huggins and J. Cuthbertson. Council then adjourned.  
T. FULLARTON, Clerk.

## Newry.

Our merchants report business as being more promising lately.  
Mr. Humphreys who contracted a severe cold was confined indoors a few days. Billy must be up and doing so long as life exists.  
Mm. Morrison has been laid up for nearly two weeks owing to a large carbuncle which made itself prominent on his cheek. The amount of "cheek" which he possessed was marvellous.  
There is talk of having our village connected with our village by means of a sidewalk. The idea is a good one and about a days work from those interested would soon accomplish the enterprise. [A capital scheme.—Ed.]  
A number from our village took in the surprise party on the 14th con., at W. Forrest's. Nothing was left undone that would add to the enjoyment of those present. The "light fantastic toe" was tripped until the dawn of day. We are in sympathy with Charlie for losing his best girl, but corner lots and cross roads are rather bewildering and perplexing at times.

John Morrison has been suffering from a severely sprained foot this last week.

## Blanchard.

The young people of Anderson gave an oyster supper last Friday evening. A very enjoyable time was spent by the large company present.

Alex. Cameron, one of our enterprising farmers, disposed of four of his cattle last week, realizing \$36 apiece. The animals weighed on an average of 1,000 lbs. each. It pays to raise good stock.

## Britton.

The class organized in the beginning of the winter for instruction in vocal music by Miss O'Connor, of Listowel, is progressing favorably.

John Davidson, our much respected farmer, has moved with his family to Toronto where he secured steady employment. Our loss is Toronto's gain.

The prayer meetings held on Sunday and Wednesday evenings of each week are well attended, notwithstanding the often unfavorable condition of the roads.

Thomas Preston has been engaged for the past few days hauling brick from the depot for his new dwelling house which he intends erecting the coming season.

The choir of the Baptist church, Listowel, held a musical entertainment in the school house here Friday evening of last week. Those who were fortunate enough to attend enjoyed a rare treat.

## Bornholm.

Much sympathy is felt in this neighborhood for the husband and children of Mrs. P. Gaffney who, through illness, has become slightly deranged in her mind.

The farmers in this vicinity are busily engaged in hauling wood from the bush, part of which is sent to town while the greater quantity is piled on the roadside, the scarcity of snow preventing its being taken farther. A couple of weeks sleighing would be gladly welcomed by all.

The Rev. Mr. Swann, of Monkton, preached an excellent sermon on Sunday last to his Bethesda congregation, his subject was "Education." He founded his words on Daniel xii: 4: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." He entreated all, especially the young, to improve every opportunity of gaining knowledge, no doubt many went away impressed with the idea that it is never too late to learn.

## Monkton.

Mr. McClory's sale on the 13th was largely attended. Owing to some misunderstanding the sale was given to two auctioneers, Messrs. Morrison, of Atwood, and Merryfield of Monkton, who wisely came to an understanding and both took part in the sale and fair prices were realized. Mr. McClory has rented the Commercial Hotel, Listowel, where he may be found in the future ready to accommodate the public.

A special meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the Monkton Cheese and Butter Manufacturing Co. was held in the factory on Friday, 14th inst., for the purpose of letting the hauling of the milk on the different routes and other general business. After a spirited discussion it was decided to retain the whey at the factory and either sell it or procure hogs to consume the same. The hauling of the milk was let by auctioneer Merryfield to the following parties:—Con. 14, Elma, J. W. Rowland; con. 16, F. Ferg; con. 18, H. Martin; boundary west, W. Noble; boundary east, D. Adair; con. 14, Logan, A. Aikens; con. 12, A. Campbell, Ellice route, G. Inglis.

## Donegal.

Wm. Shearer, assessor, paid a visit to our village Monday and Tuesday.  
S. McAllister has removed from the farm into the village. He purposes giving his whole time and attention to his cheese manufacturing business in the future, and will no doubt be able to raise the high reputation of the Donegal factory still higher. Push and energy will tell. H. Smith, who has rented the farm is expected to take possession in a few days.

A first class social entertainment was given in the Methodist church Tuesday evening. H. Hoar and A. Holmes, from Atwood took part, also Mr. Davis from Ethel. Rev. F. Swann gave a real excellent address on "Self Improvement." The attendance was good. Though the admission fee was small over \$16 was realized. It was the best and most enjoyable gathering we have had for a long time.

A considerable number of the young people of this locality spent an enjoyable evening at the residence of Wm. Struthers on Wednesday evening last. Music, dancing and singing were furnished in abundance for the assembled guests, and copious provision made for the inner man. We are sorry to lose Mr. Struthers and family from our vicinity, but our loss will be Newry's gain as in a few days he intends to remove to his own farm lot 19, in the 10th con. We wish him continued prosperity.

Throughout our life's brief span  
On this terrestrial ball,  
Kind Heaven protect us from the man,  
The man who "knows it all."



# THE WEEK'S NEWS

## CANADIAN.

Sir Donald Smith will leave for England immediately after the session.

The Duke of Connaught and suite left Bombay for Canada on Thursday.

Influenza is raging severely among the Stoney Indians in the Northwest.

One hundred years ago last Sunday the first Methodist church was opened in Kingston.

Kingston penitentiary will soon be lighted by eleven hundred incandescent electric lights.

The farmers of North Plympton are organizing a joint stock company to run a gristing mill.

Calgary promises the Duke of Connaught a "round up" if he will stop off there on his visit to Canada.

Vancouver, B. C., has passed a by-law donating a site for a sugar refinery, which is to be in operation in eight months.

A letter in The Fort McLeod Gazette declares that polygamy is not practised in the Mormon settlement in the Northwest.

Cyrille Desjardins got into a dispute with three companions over cards at Ste. Rose, Quebec, and was beaten until he may die.

Mr. Mowat was presented with an oil painting of himself last week by his supporters in the Ontario Legislative Assembly.

A mother and her seven children were burned to death in their home on a farm about seven miles from Montreal last Saturday night.

Mr. Geo. B. Borrodale, who has charge of the crofter settlement, strongly denies the reports of destitution among the crofters in the North-West.

A man named McDuff, charged with the murder of a man in Kent county, Ont., who was arrested at Carberry on Wednesday, is now in Portage gaol.

St. Thomas and Hamilton Boards of Trade have petitioned the Dominion Government in favour of a uniform penny postage for the whole British Empire.

James Armstrong, a Canadian farmer of 45 years, was arrested Tuesday night in Buffalo while intoxicated. He claims to have been held up by crooks and robbed of \$1,600.

Captain Warren, of Victoria, B. C., has been summoned to Washington to give evidence in reference to the claims of the owners of vessels seized in Behring's sea by U. S. revenue cutters.

Sir John Thompson brought a bill down in Parliament last week ceding to the provinces the ownership of the foreshores and beds of the various rivers and lakes in the different provinces of the Dominion.

Captain William Zealand, of Hamilton, died on Friday, while under the influence of chloroform, which had been administered by his physician to enable him to undergo a surgical operation for an abscess in the jaw.

A bill for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie railway, from Sault Ste. Marie to the coast of Labrador, which was before the Railway Committee in Parliament last week, was designated a wild cat scheme, and was thrown out on a vote of 26 to 17.

The Dominion Government has issued a circular to the various labour organizations asking their opinion on Mr. Chapleau's proposed bill making it a misdemeanor for working men to require their fellow-workmen to join union or for employers to insist that their employes shall not belong to unions.

Mgr. Labelle, deputy commissioner of agriculture for the province of Quebec, and acting as an immigration commissioner for that province, addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at Lille, France, the other night. He spoke in glowing terms of the France beyond the ocean, where resided so many sons of the fatherland in prosperity. He told of the great regions of the North-west, ready to welcome the sons of old France to its hospitable soil. Mgr. Labelle was heartily applauded. He will shortly proceed to Germany.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Peter Coates, of the well-known thread making firm of J. & P. Coates, is dead.

The imperial naval estimates amount to £14,000,000, an increase of £100,000 over last year.

Elizabeth Vincent, who shot her seducer, L. H. Isaacs, M. P. for Walworth, has been acquitted.

East end workmen in London are said to have entered upon a boycotting crusade against Hebrew laborers.

Brown & Wingrove, maltsters and refiners and dealers in bullion, of London, have failed. Liabilities £300,000.

Mr. Parnell has decided to prosecute the *Exeter Gazette* for publishing the *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime."

Arthur Orton, alias Tichborne, was nominated as a candidate for Stoke-on-Trent, but failed to put in the necessary deposit.

Master Abraham Lincoln, son of the United States Minister to Great Britain, died in London on the morning of the 5th.

Canon Baynes has been found guilty of stealing a trunk at Bristol railway station and has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Portugal is determined to exclude England from Mozambique, and the latter country is resolved to have compensation for the outrages committed.

Mr. Gladstone's amendment, calling upon the House of Commons to reprobate the charges made against the Parnellites, was voted down by a majority of 71 in a House of 607 members.

An election in the Stamford division of Lincolnshire on Saturday resulted in the return of Mr. Crust, Conservative, by a majority of 282. At the last election the Conservative was returned unopposed.

The correspondence, just published, relating to the Berlin labor conference between Germany and Great Britain shows that Lord Salisbury declined to commit himself to any measure limiting the hours of labor.

The Duchess of Fife, in receiving a deputation from the women of the United Kingdom, said that her mother, her sisters and herself did their utmost to promote Irish industries by wearing Irish linen, Irish lace, and Irish poplins.

Dispatches from Stornoway, on the Island of Lewes, state that the crofters are in a desperate condition. They have resolved to

## repossess the Park Deer forest, of which they

were dispossessed, and to portion out the lands in crofts, which they mean to cultivate without delay. They are organized and provided with tents and baggage for a long campaign. Serious trouble is anticipated.

UNITED STATES.

Matilda Ruby has just died at Raywick, Ky., aged 123 years.

Gold has been discovered in a gravel pit just east of Sioux Falls, S. D.

A meeting of citizens has been held at San Francisco to devise means for aiding unemployed workmen.

Two thousand shirtmakers, many of them women, are on strike in New York for a uniform rate in all the shops.

A disastrous collision took place on the Lake Shore road near Buffalo on the 6th inst. Six persons were killed and seventeen injured.

Daniel D. Blake, of Fall River, Mass., says he has received word that he is heir to a \$200,000 estate in England. Blake is a poor man.

The duty on wools agreed upon by the sub-Committee of the republican members of the United States Ways and Means Committee, of both the first and second classes, is eleven cents per pound.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has arrived at New Orleans en route from Australia to London. He said he had been away from home nearly eighteen months and had collected \$150,000 in the colonies for the Irish cause.

John A. Hodgson, a young Cleveland, O., man of position, married Addie May Bishop on Friday, and immediately on reaching the Bishop's residence after the ceremony he blew out his brains without assigning any cause.

The Government printing office at Washington is now engaged in filling one of the largest orders in its history. This is for 18,000,000 blanks for the use of the 40,000 enumerators of the eleventh census, who will begin work in May. It will take 15,000 rooms of paper, and twenty presses will have to be worked twenty-two hours each day for six weeks.

Vice-President Morton, who is visiting the South, says its resources are being developed with marvellous rapidity. The cotton crop now averages 7,000,000 bales. The number of cotton mills in the South ten years ago was 160, with 14,000 looms. To-day there are 14,000 mills and 215,000 looms. The mileage of railways in the South, which ten years ago was less than 20,000, is now more than 40,000.

IN GENERAL.

The Russian navy is to be reorganized and strengthened.

The death is announced at Constantinople of ex-Sultan Murad.

In some parts of Austria last week the thermometer registered from 12 to 20 degrees below zero.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck will retire gradually from his various posts, retaining only the Foreign Office.

The trial at Wadowice, Austria, of persons accused of emigrant swindling, resulted in the conviction of 31 of the 60 prisoners.

Herr Von Tisza, Hungarian prime minister, has resigned owing to disagreement with his cabinet over the naturalization of Louis Kosuth.

Sunday was the second anniversary of the death of the Emperor William I. The Imperial mausoleum at Charlottenburg was consecrated.

A Sister of Charity in Moscow was murdered and chopped in pieces. A medical student was arrested for the butchery, and immediately suicided.

The customs committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has voted to impose a duty of three francs on foreign corn and five on corn flour.

Emperor William has conferred the order of the Black Eagle on Herr von Boetticher, Minister of the Interior, who is regarded as Prince Bismarck's probable successor in the chancellorship.

## Canada and the United States.

We cannot help thinking that a good deal of the belief as to annexation being bound to come has arisen from assuming it as certain that if there were reciprocity or a customs union between the Dominion and the States, absorption must take place. We do not see the necessity. England does not absorb the countries with which she has free trade, nor would America, even if the free trade was restricted to one Power. Countries have often been strictly united in spite of internal customs lines; while again, States have had free commercial intercourse without amalgamation. It is quite conceivable that England, Canada, and America might politically remain to each other in the positions they occupy to-day, although Canada and America admitted each other's goods free, and had a tariff against those of England. No doubt the arrangement would be a very foolish one for Canada; but to speak of reciprocity as necessarily involving absorption, is not so realistic as it essentially logical national sentiment often is. Canada might quite well think she would do injured, both by wearing English cloth and by adopting American institutions. In any case, a customs union is further off than American free trade, and, meantime, we need not be afraid of bills introduced into Congress for absorbing Canada. That is a game that can play at, and the Dominion Parliament is, we believe, occasionally invited to pass measures for admitting the New England States to the federation of British North America.—London Spectator.

## The Removal of Moles.

In a recent number of *The Practitioner*, Dr. Jamison writes on the use of sodium ethylate in removing hairy moles on the face. He operated in this way: The hairs were cut off as closely as possible with a very fine pair of scissors, and the mole was then painted over with sodium ethylate, a fine glass rod being used. When the mole had a varnished look the ethylate was gently rubbed in with the glass rod, to make it penetrate more deeply into the hair follicles. The mole had quite a black look when the operation was over. A hard crust formed over it, which was nearly three weeks in becoming detached. When it came off the hairs were seen to be destroyed, and the surface of the mole had a smooth, somewhat cicatricial appearance, of a much lighter color than before; and this favorable condition continued until the mark was scarcely noticeable.

## Gambling in Wheat.

For hard, practical common sense, pertinent to the actual needs of the times, commend us to the comments of ex-Governor Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, upon the effect of gambling in wheat is having upon the wheat interest. He contends that the farmers and millers have the same interest, and that the depreciating influence of short sales based on wind is detrimental to the interest of both the producer and the manufacturer. He thinks that the millers, for the most part, have lost money. They pay more for their stock than they can really afford to, and yet pay only starvation prices for the raw material of their flour. "I never knew the milling interest to be profitable on low prices of wheat," he says. This statement, which rests in a broad principle of political economy, was called out by the action of the Chicago Board of Trade in trying to destroy the bucket-shops. These do inculcate harm. They are the wheat raiser's "dearest foe," an enemy so fatal that unless destroyed, farmers are liable to be whelmed in one vast ruin. But the fault is not all theirs. So far as the Chicago, Toronto, and Montreal boards sell themselves and practice gambling they are better than the bucket-shops. The fictitious sale of wheat, or the sale of fictitious wheat, whichever way one chooses to put it, is the greatest evil our country has, and it is the greatest evil against any other farmer has to contend with today. The actual production has not increased throughout the world during the last five or ten years, but the market is depressed by the enormous quantity of gambling sales made. It is as if the actual increase had been great as the fictitious. This is the center point of the statement as a whole. "The way the market is now running," Mr. Pillsbury says, "a man selling a million bushels of wheat which he does not own has just as much effect, or even more effect, than a man selling a similar amount of what which he does own, for the reason that these big bears have been so successful in their selling that their very prestige draws a big amount of followers. This evil has grown to be so tremendous that it will tend to depopulate the farming communities unless it is stopped, and vigorous methods will have to be taken to stop it. Clearly this is an evil too stupendous to be overlooked or neglected. If the farmers would better themselves to stop this king's evil of the period they would be able to force some relief.

## A New Bible for Germany.

Germany is to have a new Bible. For twenty-five years a committee has been sitting in revision of the famous work of Martin Luther. The last meeting of this revisory body was held on the 10th of January. The work has now gone to the printers, and it will soon be made public. Of the original commission of distinguished scholars who began the revision twenty-five years ago, nearly all have passed away. One by one their places have been filled with new men. It need not be said that the commission has been composed of men of brilliant and arduous workmanship. The appearance of their work seems, however, to be awaited with no considerable popular interest in Germany—certainly with no such interest as was shown in the appearance of the English revised version issued from the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster a few years ago, and telegraphed in large part across the Atlantic. It is said that the German translators have preserved many popular phrases and readings of the Luther Bible, although confessedly not strictly accurate. Such leniency toward the existing version would hardly seem compatible with the purpose for which the revisory body has been sitting. Nevertheless, undoubtedly many important changes have been made, great care being taken to preserve so far as possible the diction of Luther's famous work. What the King James translation has been to the English language and literature Luther's Bible has been to the language and literature of Germany. It will probably require some pressure upon the part of the ecclesiastical authorities to secure any general use of the new version. Theologians and scholars will find it interesting to compare the critical work of the German committee with that of the English and American committees. A strong effort has recently been made in Germany to procure the publication of an expurgated and abridged edition of the Bible for use in schools; but the movement has been discouraged, and nothing is likely to come of it. It is feared in theological quarters that to take such liberties with the sacred volume would tend to destroy faith in its authority.

## Australia's Wheat Show.

Recent agricultural returns show that South Australia has a great future before it as a wheat growing country, and is likely to become one of the world's chief sources of supply. The population of the whole province is not more than that of many English towns, yet it has produced wheat to the value of nearly three millions sterling in a single year. This gives an average of 295 per head for each of the 30,000 persons engaged in agriculture, or nearly 40 bushels per head for the whole population. When this is contrasted with the figures of the other great grain-producing countries of the world, the prosperity of this thriving little colony is at once apparent. India grows one bushel for each of its inhabitants, Russia about two bushels, and North America (including Canada) seven bushels per head. The cost of production is also surprisingly small. In Great Britain each acre of wheat costs about £8 10s., and in America about £2, but South Australia farmers can raise the grain for 25s. per acre. It thus appears that each family engaged in agriculture has an average income derived from wheat of £205 10s., besides what is derived from other crops, cattle rearing, and dairying. In a good year this has risen to £285, but, taking good and bad together, the handsome average stated is the result. In the year 1887-8 wheat of the value of two millions and a half was exported, leaving a balance worth £200,000 for home consumption, showing that for every person engaged in agriculture £84 worth of grain was sent abroad. These figures are believed to be without a parallel in any country in the world; and as there is abundance of land yet unutilized, a largely-increased supply may be looked for in the future. It is also to be noted that the return per acre raised is only about £1, so that more thorough cultivation will probably result in a still further augmented production.

The large London firm of Brown Brothers has bought for \$200,000 a controlling interest in the large creamery business of Minnesota.

## Smokeless Powder in Battle.

Smokeless powder will perhaps be hailed as a blessing by the sportsman, who will be enabled instantaneously to see the effect of his shot, but to the poor soldier in battle what will it be? With the perfection and general adoption of smokeless powder the shock of battle will no more. All the agony, all the horror, will be brought before the eyes of the combatants, and will act most powerfully upon troops drawn up in support of those actually engaged. "Experimental," that many men who fight steadily in battle turn faint and sick in a field hospital; how will it be when the two experiences are to a certain extent combined? Heretofore the struggles in the arena have been hidden from the spectators by the clouds of smoke. With smokeless powder in use, every individual struggle will be plain to spectators whose nerves have been worked up to a high tension by the mere presence of battle. Again, the smokeless powder gives no indication of the presence of a concealed enemy. A column on the march might have its first intimation of the neighborhood of an enemy when it was cut in two by a volley of musketry almost inaudible. Whence comes the attack might be also difficult to determine, for there are many magazine rifles in Europe that fire a shot a second with sufficient velocity to pierce an inch and a half of steel at short range, and are terribly effective at fifteen hundred yards. Troops may be moved down by the fire of an enemy they cannot see, and who after his blow is struck gives no visible sign of his whereabouts. What a terrible test it will be of the nerves of men, to see their comrades levelled in heaps by a silent blast of death! The liability to such an experience is sufficient to effect the nervous sensibility of nations. Another agency of death as soul-shaking as smokeless and almost noiseless gun powder is the high explosive, whether dynamite or gun cotton. So long as it was supposed that special weapons were necessary for the use of high explosives in warfare, and that they would be necessarily almost as dangerous to those who served them as to those who faced them, the employment of these tremendous agencies was limited. Italy and Germany have demonstrated that charges of wet gun cotton can be fired with safety from ordinary service guns. Both powers have adopted wet gun cotton for bursting-charges for shells, after trials that demonstrated that forty-eight pounds of this tremendous explosive could be fired with safety to a distance of thirty-three hundred yards. The French have gone even farther than this, firing a seventy-three pound charge of melinite from a siege gun to as great a distance. All these horrors ought to frighten the world into peace, but will they? When gun-powder came into use, there were men who thought that the days of war would go out with the bow and arrow.

## France in Africa.

While the English, Germans and Portuguese have been racing one another in their efforts to extend their respective possessions in South Africa, France has directed her attention to the western part of the dark continent. During the past five years the French possessions in Senegambia have been gradually extended, by conquest or treaties with the native chiefs, and now include the whole of the upper Niger country as far east as Timbuctoo. The trade of Senegambia amounts to some ten million dollars per annum and is controlled almost exclusively by the French. A railroad from St. Louis on the coast to the Niger river has been projected and partially constructed. This line will be extended to Timbuctoo and thence in a straight course across the desert of Sahara to Algiers on the Mediterranean coast. In the Guinea country the French have been equally active and successful in adding to their possessions. French Congo and adjacent colonies now comprise an area of 240,000 square miles, while nearly as much more territory lying back of these possessions is conceded to be within the sphere of French influence. The new king of Dahomey, jealous of the rapid progress of the French on all sides of his savage kingdom, and anxious to make a record as a valiant warrior, has marched his Amazon regiments against the invaders, and several bloody encounters have taken place, in which the chivalrous French were ungalantly defeated by the forces of savage black beauties opposed to them. However, in view of the fact that the Amazons of Dahomey regard their vanquished enemies as the choicest of gastronomic delicacies and invariably celebrate a victory with a feast of raw human flesh upon the battlefield, the French will be excused for rude treatment of their ferocious female opponents. Dahomey is one of the blackest spots on the map of Africa. Cannibalism is generally practiced among the inhabitants. The country is rich in natural resources, and if England and Germany should not object too strenuously France will doubtless annex it, or at least bring it within the sphere of her influence. France already has grabbed one-sixteenth part of the entire area of Africa, and the larger portion of these extended possessions has been acquired in the course of the last few years.

## English Gold Again.

Hardly a day passes but the arrival of English capital in some new American channel of trade is reported. Making all allowance for the exaggeration and sheer romancing incidental to the reports of this invasion of alien capitalists, it cannot be doubted that there is a genuine movement of English money toward investment in the northern half of this continent.

Following upon the heels of the authorized announcement of the organization of a gigantic British-American syndicate to operate in a multitude of ways, involving a capital of many millions, comes the news that a number of cotton manufacturers from London, Edinburgh and Birmingham, England, are going to erect there a large number of cotton mills, and a small town out of hand for the operatives. The outward sign of this great transaction at present is confined to the obtaining of a number of options upon several farms, including a thousand acres or more, by an Englishman who says he is empowered to buy the land for the site of the proposed mills and town. The English cotton factors are said to be bent on this transfer of their capital and enterprise for the sake of avoiding the duties which keep their manufactures out of American markets.

## Chicago and the Fair.

The developments in connection with the proposed World's Fair in Chicago are not very assuring, and create a doubt whether the monster exhibition will materialize at all. It would seem that the money necessary for carrying out the project successfully has not been raised by the winning candidate, the so-called guarantee fund amounting almost to nothing. In view of this fact it is now proposed that Congress shall devote \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 of the surplus for this purpose. Quite naturally New York, which has practically raised \$15,000,000, all of which would have been available in a very short time, objects to such a proposal. Says the *Saturday Globe*: "If this argument shall find adoption in Congress, it will be little less than disgraceful. If, after months of lobbying, it, after having made representations of the most positive character, Chicago is not able to raise its own resources, it had better be left alone to hold simply a State or inter-State Fair, in which the rest of the country will have only the slightest interest." The *Sun*, with greater warmth and in terms decidedly vigorous, reminds the legislators of a day of reckoning. "If," it says, "you make a grant of money to Chicago for the purpose of holding the proposed Fair, that fact will become a very important issue in future elections; and the Republican party will be held to a responsibility which no set of politicians will find any reason to rejoice in. Give to Chicago for the purpose just what New York would have asked for, namely, the limited sum which may be necessary for a Government exhibit; make to Chicago, if you think proper and find the security satisfactory, such a loan as was made to Philadelphia in 1876; but beyond this not one cent under penalty of hearing from it very decidedly and impressively in the canvass of 1892." It will be a pity if the jealousy and agrarian of the greater city should place any obstruction in the way of carrying out the enterprise, which, while likely to result in a local advantage, can hardly fail to confer a national benefit. But whether Chicago has over-estimated her ability or under-estimated the magnitude of the undertaking remains to be seen.

## The snub given by Lord Salisbury to the

Brazilian Minister at the Court of St. James, is about to bring forth fruit in an unlooked-for manner. Taken with the circumstances that the authorities at Washington have recognized the new republic and have entered into fraternal relations with the Brazilian government, it has led to the formation of leagues at Rio Janeiro, Bahia, Para, Santos, and Pernambuco, the members of which pledge themselves to boycott British in favor of American goods. Of course Lord Salisbury will feel awfully sorry and will forthwith bring his knees to mother earth and fill his eyes with tears that he may persuade those whom he has so grossly offended to turn from their heartless purpose. For do they not see that the withdrawal of their patronage would prove the death blow to British enterprise and prosperity. Joking aside, we have here an instance of people cutting off their nose to spite their face.

In his report to the government, Commander Gordon, in charge of the protective cruisers, draws attention to the fact that the only seizure of an American vessel during the season was that of the *Mattie Winsip* of Gloucester, held and fined \$2000 for fishing in territorial waters of Canada. The United States mackerel fleet which visited Canadian waters last year consisted of 62 vessels, their catch being recorded as 6775 barrels, an average of 106 barrels, as against 126 barrels the preceding year. Commander Gordon strongly urges the advisability of endeavoring to make an arrangement with the government of the United States for the preservation of the mackerel fishery. The absolute prohibition of the use of the purse seine for the whole, in place of part, of the 12 months would go far toward accomplishing this end. The total number of men employed in the sea-going fisheries of the maritime provinces is 8159, and in the shore fishing, in boats, 34,167.

It is just possible that Major Serpa Pinto, the impetuous young officer who precipitated the east African trouble, may yet involve his government in greater difficulties. Fearing that his presence at home might inflame the patriots who have been seeking to embitter the public mind against England and everything English, the authorities at Lisbon have him orders not to return at present. These orders he is about to disobey, and purposes to leave Cape Town at once, on board the Portuguese mail steamer with the intention of taking part in the debates in the Cortes on the situation in Africa and his treatment of the natives. In an interview at Durban Serpa Pinto blamed the Protestant missionaries and the agents of the African Company as the prime movers in the quarrel between Portuguese and the natives. He asserted that the Portuguese massacred the natives only when they were compelled to do so in self-defence. There is a considerable party in Lisbon who will support him in whatever story he chooses to tell, and there may be trouble on his arrival.

The combined cities of New York and Brooklyn take the palm and lead the world in the matter of large petitions. The monster was presented to the New York Assembly one day last week. It contains 51,144 signatures from New York city and over 16,000 from Brooklyn, and is bound in book form. The book is twenty-six inches wide, thirty-two inches long, eight feet thick, and weighs half a ton. It was carried into the Assembly Chamber on the shoulders of eight men, and was laid, not on the table, but on the floor of the House. This unrivalled petition is in favor of the Saxton Ballot Reform bill. Evidently the political machine is not giving good satisfaction in this great centre.

If matters go on much longer at the present rate it is likely that Detroit will experience some difficulty in keeping up the number of her police force. As a rule, men do not covet being made a target for desperadoes and cut throats. And this is how it has ended on several occasions in that city. The latest victim of the armed burglar is Patrolman Edward Schumaker, who, finding the rear door of a certain grocery store open the other night, entered and saw three burglars working on the safe. The burglars fled, followed by the patrolman, who fired a shot. The three scoundrels returned the fire, and Schumaker was wounded in the abdomen. He has since died. A number of arrests were made. This is the fourth patrolman shot while on duty in Detroit in eight years.



AGRICULTURAL.

BEDROCK PHILOSOPHY.

When worries and troubles surround you, Don't fret. Go to work! You will always have trouble around you, You bet!

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS

Whenever an herbaceous plant begins to drop its leaves it is certain that its health is impaired in some way. This may be due to several causes, such as being potbound, over-heated, exposure to cold or the application of powerful stimulants, etc.

When the nutritive organs of the plants have been destroyed or overgrown the remedy is very similar—that which nature suggests when animal digestion is deranged—namely, that of giving no more food until it recedes.

Let the pot be only large enough to allow an inch of space between the sides of the pot and the ball of roots. After repotting give sufficient water to settle the earth well about the roots.

Small white worms sometimes infest pots in which the plants have stood a long time. These are easily discovered by turning the plants out when rather dry, loosening the soil among the roots.

Ants sometimes cause trouble where pots have been ploughed or kept in the ground. There is no way to get rid of them except by reporting.

KINDNESS IN THE DAIRY.

The following is so true to our experience that we clip it from an article on shots from a dairy farm, in Farm Stock and Home: It is a fact that a cow with generous feeding and good care, but with cross and unkind treatment, will not yield as great a profit as she will with kind treatment.

milk, as well as those he milked, shrunk heavily in their milk yield. Kindness does not cost a cent, only the use of a little self-control and self-respect.

FERTILIZING WITH CLOVER.

A system of rotation and plowing like the following will, in a few years, work wonders on any soil, writes J. K. Davis to the "Western Farmer."

There being such an amount of seed, if some does winter kill plenty more will not. Then sow a crop and the ground is well seeded again with clover, and another crop of hay cut as before.

CITY VERSUS COUNTRY.

The fact that the prevailing epidemic of influenza prevails in towns serves to remind us of the unsanitary influences of town life. There are sanitary influences as well; there is shelter from cold winds and temper, often disastrous to the ill-nourished in the country.

THE TWO-ROWED BARLEY.

Writing under date of Ottawa, March 5th, a correspondent says: "The government having agreed to place in the estimates a sum to provide for the purchase and distribution of two-rowed barley for seed to be supplied to the farmers of the Dominion at cost, the Minister of Agriculture has purchased 10,000 bushels of "Carter's Prize Prolific" barley from the well-known seed establishment of James Carter & Co., of London, England.

It is very prolific, has stout, bright straw and long, heavy heads, usually averaging under good cultivation about 40 grains per head. It may be sown thinner than less vigorous growing sorts; one and a half bushels per acre is considered sufficient.

Many of the new silk petticoats are trimmed with flots of ribbon and cascades and ruffles of lace.

The increase of deer in Maine the past year is reported to be due to the fact that they have been driven from Canada and Labrador by large bands of gray wolves.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wisest man more endearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

The Manitoba Legislature has decided to abolish exemptions.

"The Jingling of the Guinea Helps the Hurt that Honor Feels."

But there are deeper hurts than those that honor feels. The seeds of disease are sometimes deeply sown, and the system is secretly and surely giving away to some deep seated malady. Especially among females are many sufferers from inflammation, ulcerations, prolapsus, and other displacements of weak back, sick headache, nervousness and kidney diseases.

Feather boas and stoles and triple capes of cloth will be much worn with wools.

Now's the Time.

Never put off till to-morrow That which needs doing to-day. If you do you may find to your sorrow.

Too late, that you've trifled away the golden opportunity of a lifetime. If those who complain of weakness and debility, have hacking cough or pain in the side or chest, poor appetite, broken sleep and other symptoms of a general decay of vitality, they might procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and take it as directed.

Heliotrope velvet slippers, with pink silk stockings, are a new fancy of those who like that sort of thing.

\$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case. 50 cts.

Yellow jonquils and purple violets are favorite flowers for combination in corsage bouquets just at the moment.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and 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, and 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, tenderness in the urine, loss of will power, 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.

Yokes and gumpes of velvet go with velvet sleeves.

A.P. 494.

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

LADIES try OLIVE BRANCH, the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. J. TROTTER, 5 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Can.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE. Best thing out. Agents make 25 per day. Sample by mail, 25c. CLEMENT & CO., 36 King St. E., Toronto.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. C. H. MICHAEL, M.D., No. 53 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

WANTED A PARTNER. For \$2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address P.O. Box 266, Toronto P.O., Ont.

ENGRAVING and WOOD ENGRAVER. Illustrating, Bookbinding, Stationery, Advertising, Purposes. J. H. JONES, 10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA.

Work & Money. If you want both, go to Great Falls, Mont., and help build the Great Half Million Dollar Dam across the Missouri, the Two Million Dollar Smelter, or one of the Three New Lines of Railway—Nichart Line, Lethbridge Line, and Pacific Coast Line, all being built by the Great Northern Ry. (est. P. M. & M.) 18,000,000 of free farming lands along the line. For particulars send postal card to J. M. HUCKINS, Can. Pass. Agt., 4 Palmer House Block, TORONTO.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect food. It is the best remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. PALATABLE AS MILK.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced.

\$10.00 A DAY. - Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address: T. M. SCARFORD, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Great Ottoman Blood Remedy. - Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood whether brought on by indiscretion and excess or arising from hereditary causes.

KEEP YOUR EYES AND ON THIS KNITTING MACHINE. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our NEW HIBBER and we will allow you \$10 PREMIUM DISCOUNT.

Borrowers. Large Loans and Church Loans at very low rates, and smaller sums at 5, 6, 8, 10 per cent, according to security.

THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS OF ALL KINDS.

THE EAGLE SCREAMS. My neighbors and friends who saw me in my sickness wondered at the great change in my looks lately, and said I looked ten years younger.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST BELTING IN THE WORLD. Ewart Link Belting. Best for elevating and conveying. Send for new catalogue of Mill Furnishings, and best discounts.

Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Can. I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again.

The Trusts Corporation OF ONTARIO.

CAPITAL, Subscribed Capital, \$1,000,000. Office and Vaults, 23 Toronto St., Toronto. PRESIDENT, HON. J. C. AIRKIN.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. THE PIONEER CANADIAN LINE, and still to the front in regard to the provision made for the safety and comfort of its customers.

The Albert Toilet Soap Coy's Oatmeal Skin Soap. MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL.

POND'S EXTRACT. THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER.

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.

THE EAGLE SCREAMS. My neighbors and friends who saw me in my sickness wondered at the great change in my looks lately, and said I looked ten years younger.

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# Grand Chance.

**J. H. GUNTHER,**

OF GOLDSMITH'S HALL,

MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,

Has decided to sell goods at a

**Great Discount  
Up to May 1st,**

In order to make room for Spring goods. Now if you want to buy a Watch, Clock, Chains, Cuff Buttons, or Silver-ware, you will find Goldsmith's Hall the

**Cheapest House in Town**

To Buy your Goods. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty,

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Main St., Listowel.

Two Doors East of Post Office.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

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

## ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

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

## TOWN TALK.

### SPRING weather.

JAS. IRVIN was away at the Forest City last Friday on business.

THE Mitchell Advocate has entered on its thirty-first year. Success.

W. CLIMIE, B.A., editor of the Listowel Banner, made us a friendly call last Friday.

THE BEE was given the Elma township printing last Friday. There were three tenders.

ELMA Council meeting last Friday brought in quite a number of farmers into the village.

THE picnic season is on now. Buyers are having daily picnics with J. L. Mader's great bargains in new spring goods.

No business man is fully acquainted with the news of the day until he has read the advertising columns of his paper.

Is spring arriving? Is the question which has been prompted by the murky weather and muddy roads which prevail at present.

THE Atwood saw mill shut down last week owing to the defectiveness of the boiler. A Kincardine man has the work in hand and the mill will be running again, the course of a few days.

THE Hamilton Spectator is out in a new spring suit and has changed its make-up from a four to an eight-page paper. The Spectator is in the front rank of Canada's dailies.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. John Wilson was largely attended on Friday afternoon. The Foresters took a prominent part in the solemn ceremonies owing to Mr. Wilson being a worthy member of that Order.

GEORGE HURST, who for some time has been employed on the G. T. R. here, has secured a more lucrative position as section foreman at Guelph. Mr. Hurst is a good citizen and we regret to have him leave. The best wishes of his Atwood friends accompany him.

THE Monkton correspondent to the Beacon has the following to say on M. D.:—Wm Harris, jr., who was at one time dangerously ill with pneumonia, is now rapidly recovering. Dr. Hamilton deserves credit for his skilful treatment of this very serious case.

AN exchange makes a straight hit when it says that the editor of a newspaper will grant more favors for thanks in a month, than any other business man in a year. It is also a well established fact that he will receive more all round abuse in a week than any other man in a life time.

THERE is this to say about Atwood. It must grow from within and not from without. The best and only true elements of progress are to be found among the home people. A town can be advertised in such a manner as to perhaps get new people and plenty of foreign capital, but the future prosperity of our village will still remain with the efforts of the home citizens.

HERE is a pointer to drivers on road ways.—The law provides that if a man wants to go faster than another who is ahead of him on the road he is going, he has a right to pass, and if he is prevented by the other, and an accident should happen thereby, the man thus obstructing the road is responsible for damage done. No man has a right, however, to infringe upon the rights of others in trying to pass.

### MUD, mud, mud.

THE new organ for the Presbyterian church has arrived.

MR. BINNING, architect, of Listowel, was in town on Monday.

WE regret that considerable district correspondence is crowded out this week.

LADIES who don't want to appear in print should see J. L. Mader's stock of dress goods.

"NEVER say dye" to your old dress when you can get a new one so cheap at J. L. Mader's.

MRS. LOWERY, of Belmore, has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, during the past week.

MISS McPHERSON, of Goderich, and Miss McBain, of Brussels, are the guests of the Misses Pelton this week.

THE abstract statement of the Treasurer of the township of Elma may be found in this issue of THE BEE.

W. LOCHHEAD wishes to advise all those in need of flax seed to call early at the flax mill office before it all goes away.

COMBINATION of new goods, new styles, new prices, are the points J. L. Mader is making just now. Drop in and see.

NEXT Sabbath morning Rev. D. Rogers will preach on the subject of "Wonderful Testimonies." There will be a song service in the evening.

H. HOAR has considerable brick and other material on the ground for the new dwelling house. The building will be a credit to the village.

MRS. MOORE, one of Atwood's residents, left for O'wosso, Mich., last Friday. Her husband has a good position in that town we understand. Her many friends here wish her success.

JAMES HANNA and R. K. Hall were appointed delegates last Saturday afternoon to visit the Doon binding twine factory, with a view of gaining all the information possible in regard to the class of machinery required and the actual cost of the same. We will expect a good report from them. They left last Monday for Doon and Baden.

"I TOLD you so" is one of the phrases to denote great human failure and misfortune, but some times it is used otherwise. A customer came to J. L. Mader's recently and said "that was a genuine bargain I bought of you; it has given me perfect satisfaction." "I told you so" said J. L. M., when I do advertise bargains I mean bargains as you will remember in the future.

THE Stirling News-Argus thus expresses itself:—Some people have queer notions about supporting home talent and industry. Last week a drunken tramp painter struck town and was given several jobs of painting that could have been better done by any of our local painters, residents of the village, and who are entitled to such jobs in preference to unknown whisky soaked tramps.

SOME very flattering testimonials in reference to the neat fitting suits of clothes turned out by Jas. Irwin, may be read with interest in this issue. The tailoring department in connection with Mr. Irwin's store cannot be beaten, and the quality, fit and workmanship of the many suits sent out speaks volumes for Mr. Currie, who is not only an A 1 cutter, but has a practical knowledge of the business in every detail.

STOP MY PAPER.—When a man goes mad at something he sees in the paper, he calls the editor names and rattles off an inky shriek to "stop my paper." It stops, but the earth continues to revolve, the moon to get "full" and ice continues as heretofore, freezing with the slippery side on deck; and regularly every week the gent who wanted the paper "stopped" sneaks into his neighbor's to "see what it says this week."

ABOUT THE WEATHER.—Some weather crank, with a phenomenally long memory, writes to an American paper to observe that this winter has been a repetition of the winter of 1815-16, and to prophesy that the coming summer will be after the pattern of that which followed the aforesaid winter. In April, 1816, it became very cold, and that sort of weather, with varying quantities of snow and ice, continued until September, when there was a brief respite. If the doleful predictions of this new Wiggins are trustworthy, Canadians may as well lay in an extra stock of coal and blankets and prepare to spend the summer holidays in frantic efforts to keep warm.

CHOIR CONCERT.—In accordance with announcement the Listowel Baptist church choir gave a musical and literary entertainment in the Baptist church here on Friday evening last. The audience was small, which was largely due to the regular prayer meeting service in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches on the above evening. After a few introductory remarks by Rev. Mr. Dack, the pastor, and prayer, the choir rendered a selection of music, followed by a neat speech by the pastor, in which he eulogized the push and enterprise of the Atwood people, and believed that Atwood was one of the most flourishing towns in Ontario. He also congratulated the Presbyterian friends for having secured an organ, which, in his mind, was of great service to the church, and hoped that in the near future the Baptist church here would be in a position to follow suit. The choir sang another beautiful hymn, entitled "Go wash in that beautiful stream." Miss Allie Winters gave two excellent recitations, entitled "On Grumble Corner," and "Widder Green's last words," the latter appeared recently in THE BEE in which she displayed considerable elocutionary talent. Miss Heatherington also recited, and Mr. Hurd gave a Scotch reading, after which the choir rendered another selection of music, "Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain," and the night's performance was brought to a close. The proceeds were in aid of the Listowel Baptist church organ fund.

THE occasion of the death of Mrs. Jno. Wilson was improved in the Methodist church last Sabbath, at 11 a.m., by a sermon by Rev. D. Rogers. The text was "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." In answer to the question "What is it to die in the Lord?" it was pointed out that it was not getting into some new state when dying but the natural closing of the christian life, the ending of the race as we began it, and ran it. The heroes of the 11th chap. of Hebrews did great exploits by faith and when the end came "these all died in the faith." It is our business therefore to be in the Lord while living, and we may confidently expect to be found in line when death comes, even though it be very sudden. The pious dead are "blessed" in the fact that 1st, Christ is with them when they die, and 2nd, They themselves will be with him forever after death. They also "rest from their labors." They also "rest from their labors." Heaven will not be a place of idleness but rather of ceaseless activity, but activity without weariness. The thought of heaven's perfect rest is sweet to the wearied toiler. "Their works do follow them." The mother dies and though she may not have been known beyond her own street, yet by her devotion to her home duties she has trained her children for God and through them she continued to live and be operative, though she may be no longer at their head. But our works will follow us for good only as we have served our generation by the will of God. None should want their names handed down to posterity, gibbeted as it were in chains, like Jereboam for whom it is constantly said "he made Israel to sin." The preacher urged all to be ready by living faithfully in the Lord—that they may be ready at any time to "die in the Lord." The deceased was a consistent member of the church for the past five years.

PRESENTATION.—Perhaps one of the most pleasing and instructive entertainments ever held in the Methodist church was given last Monday evening. The audience was large and appreciative. The evening's performance was opened by a duet by Miss Hawshaw and A. Clarridge, followed by prayer by Rev. Mr. Smith, of Henfryn, and a neat address by the chairman, Rev. Mr. Rogers. The following program was duly carried out:—Duet, Miss Hawshaw and A. Clarridge; instrumental duet, "Home Sweet Home," violin and organ, Miss Hawshaw and Mr. Davis; reading, "Clerical farming," S. Shannon; duet, "No Hope Beyond," Mrs. Rogers and Mr. Davis; recitation, "Britons never shall be slaves," R. B. Hamilton; recitation, "The fireman's wedding," Mr. Davis; quartette, "Midnight Fire Alarm," Mrs. Rogers, Miss Hawshaw, and Messrs. Clarridge and Wilson; duet, "What are the wild waves saying," Mrs. Rogers and Mr. Davis; address, "Will power," Rev. Mr. Smith; original song, "Move a vote of thanks," Mr. Davis. It is hardly necessary to say that all did their various parts remarkably well, the recitation by H. Hoar, instrumental duet by Mr. Davis and Miss Hawshaw, and the recitation, entitled "The fireman's wedding," by Mr. Davis, being exceptionally good. That beautiful song, "What are the wild waves saying," by Mrs. Rogers and Mr. Davis, was rendered with grand effect, as was also the quartette, "The midnight alarm," by Mrs. Rogers, Miss Hawshaw, and Messrs. Clarridge and Wilson. Mr. Davis is a host in himself, and his genius and musical gifts were highly appreciated by all. His rendering of "Home sweet home" on the violin was truly magical, in fact he is one of the best, if not the best, violinists we ever listened to. Samuel Shannon gave a very amusing reading on "Clerical farming," which was well received and heartily enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Smith's address on "Will power," was very interesting and full of good common sense. We regret that our space will not permit us to give even a few brief outlines of his able remarks. The most pleasing feature of the entertainment, however, was the presentation of a handsomely bound volume of Burns' poems and a neatly bound Bible and hymn book to John A. Wilson, by the members of the choir and congregation as a tangible recognition of his faithful services in the church and choir. We might just add here that Mr. Wilson has not only taken a deep interest in the Methodist church choir but in the work of the church generally, and his valuable and voluntary services will be greatly missed in the church. The presentation was made by Miss Ida Parker, and the address was read by Samuel Shannon, as follows:

To John A. Wilson.  
As you have for some time past assisted the choir of this church in furnishing appropriate music for our services, on behalf of the members and friends we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to you. We are conscious that these small gifts are not at all commensurate with the service rendered, but believing and acting on the principle that "faith without works is dead," being alone, we herewith present you with a copy of Burns' poems, a Bible and hymn book (combined) and a small balance of money, net as payment, but as a slight token of recognition and appreciation. We hope you may be spared to render similar service in the future, if not here, elsewhere. With best wishes for your temporal and spiritual well-being, we remain, on behalf of the congregation of the Methodist church, yours, &c.,  
IDA PARKER,  
SAMUEL SHANNON.

Atwood, March 17, 1890

Mr. Wilson, although taken by surprise, thanked the friends for the kindly worded address and the beautiful gift presented him. He regretted having to leave those whom he had learned to love by reason of their kind brotherly treatment during the time he has been connected with the church, and after imploring God's blessing on the efforts of the church resumed his seat. We understand Mr. Wilson purposes going to Manitoba about April 1st. He may rest assured that the good will of the young people of our village go with him to his far away western home.

THE World's Fair will open April 30, 1892, and close Oct. 20.

NINE car loads of wheat were shipped this week for Portland, Me., and other eastern ports.

A VERY pleasant and profitable evening was spent by the young people at the residence of Wm. Dunn last Monday.

WE regret to announce the severe illness of Jas. Stewart, leader of our band. We hope that with good nursing he will shortly regain his usual health.

PARTIES seeking desirable village or farm property should peruse the advt. of Thos. Fullarton in this issue. Mr. Fullarton does all kinds of conveyancing, issuer of marriage licenses, etc.

A PUBLIC meeting will be held in the Atwood school house next Tuesday evening, 25th inst., at 7:30 p.m., for the purpose of hearing the report of the delegates appointed to visit the Doon binding twine factory. They have a very full and favorable report to lay before the meeting we understand. A full representation of the people requested "Union is strength."

## CRADLE.

GORDON.—In Atwood, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. George Gordon, of a son.

MITCHELL.—In Elma, on the 12th inst., the wife of Mr. Henry Mitchell, of a son.

WATSON.—In Elma, on the 13th inst., the wife of Mr. John Watson, of a son.

ANNETT.—In Grey, on the 16th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Annett, of a son.

GRIMOLDY.—In Brussels, on the 17th inst., the wife of Mr. T. E. Grimoldy, of a son.

## TOMB.

GRAHAM.—In Elma, on Tuesday, 18th inst., George, son of Mr. George Graham, aged 14 years.

STRUTHERS.—In Elma, on the 13th inst., Ellen, daughter of Mr. John Struthers, jr., aged 5 years, 6 months and 13 days.

## Atwood Market.

Fall Wheat	70	78
Spring Wheat	75	80
Barley	30	35
Oats	24	25
Peas	52	52
Pork	5 00	5 20
Hides per lb	3	3 1/4
Sheep skins, each	50	1 00
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bag	60	
Butter per lb	13	
Eggs per doz	12	

## Listowel Market.

Fall Wheat	80	80
Spring Wheat	80	80
Barley	35	42
Oats	24	24
Peas	58	58
Hay per ton	7 00	7 00
Flour per cwt.	2 35	2 35
Butter per lb	12	13
Eggs per doz	12	12
Potatoes per bag	60	60
Hides	3 00	4 00
Sheepskins	70	1 00
Dressed Hogs	5 10	5 80

## Business Directory.

### LEGAL.

W. M. SINCLAIR,  
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public &c. Private funds to loan at lowest rates. Collections promptly attended to. Office—Loefer'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 Vitalised 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.

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

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

### Money to Loan

At Lowest Rates of Interest.

### 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.

## 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,  
Atwood.

## House and Lot for Sale.

The undersigned offers his house and lot for sale. It is a very desirable property and situated on Main St. south, Atwood. For particulars apply at THE BEE office, or at

ALEX. CAMPBELL'S  
Harness Shop, Atwood.

## Tenders Wanted.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to 2 o'clock on Saturday the 22nd inst., for the building of a Hall on the Agricultural Society's grounds in Atwood. Tenders to be left with Wm. Forrest, Atwood, where plans and specifications can be seen after the 15th inst. R. MORRISON, } Committee.  
W. FORREST, }  
JAS. IRWIN, }

## House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

REFERENCES:—Mr. McBain, Mr. R. Forrest, Mrs. Harvey  
WM. RODDICK,  
Painter, Brussels.

## North Perth Farmers' Institute.

The annual meeting of the North Perth Farmers' Institute will be held in the Town Hall, Listowel, on Saturday, March 22nd, 1890, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. Addresses will be delivered by prominent agriculturists on subjects that will be of interest to the farming community. A full attendance requested.

WM. KEITH,  
Secretary.

## DRUGS!

Chemicals, Note Paper  
Patent Medicines, Envelopes,  
Dye Stuffs, Bibles,  
Spices, School Supplies,

## WALL PAPER,

Can be secured from

J. TOLBERT PEPPER,

Chemist & Druggist,

GRAHAM'S BLOCK, - BRUSSELS.

ALWAYS USE PEPPER'S PILLS. It!

## SPRING!

+1890+

## NEW GOODS

Just Arrived.

We have just received an endless variety of Cottons, Cottonades, Shirts, and Everything New in the Dry Goods line.

Finest Selection of

## PRINTS--

In Town.

We have a complete stock of

## Boots & Shoes

And the BEST offered in the Market.

## Fresh Groceries

Received every month.

## Come and Buy

Anything

AND

Everything

Kept in a first-class general store.

## Mrs. M. Harvey

ATWOOD.



## A WILD NIGHT-RIDE.

At nine o'clock one September evening in '78 I took the coach which left Custer City or Custer Village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty log structures—to go to Sidney, Nebraska. A coach, I suppose it should be called, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat on the same level as the passengers' seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply-store at the new town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the "hack" discovered to me two passengers within as I entered and took my seat. One was an old gentleman, apparently weak and ill, for although it was not a cold night, he was muffled in a coarse, heavy ulster overcoat. Moreover, so much of his face as I could see between a gray beard which almost covered it and the rim of a slouch hat was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least, so it struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly clad in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and stand-up collar encircled by a neat tie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom-made, which was unusual "get-up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine, and placed it between my knees.

"I see you didn't have no gun," said he, "an' I keep a couple of extras on sech'."

That was all. No farther explanation was necessary in those days.

I took charge of the weapon, although I was a little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith and Wesson in my hip-pocket, which, indeed, I had never yet discharged.

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with the gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the peaceful and unarmed citizen; but a stage-rider from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped" by road agents, as the phrase went, the freebooters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat, without noticing me, twirling a slight mustache and humming a tune. "A fresh gamester, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver no doubt regarded him as out of the fight in any event.

As we rolled on up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been ill with mountain-fever, and after ward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the East. He spoke freely, and in the careless English of Western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Neh Yawk," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but that was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowing over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner, took such momentary cat-naps as the nature of the road permitted. At eleven o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was exchanged for fresh horses.

I peeped out, and got a glimpse of the teams of two men with a lantern, of a low structure of sod or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine-covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the swaying "flap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and I settled back in my corner, as my companion had done, to get a little solid sleep if possible. I dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the groaning of the old man beside me. He seemed to be in great pain, and writhed about nervously. I asked him what was the trouble. He replied that the rheumatism in his legs was nearly killing him.

"I wish the driver'd let me out when we get 't' the nex' crick. He'll water likely, 'n' I've just got 't' stretch my legs or die. Ye see I'm troubled with cramp rheumatism, an' the 'sint no room in hyer 't' git the cramp out-o' my legs."

I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bank of a stream—White River, I believe. I thrust my head out at the side, and asked that the old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right!" said the driver, as he elbowed down from his own seat. "I'm goin' ter oncheck 'n' let the hosses take a pull at th' drink."

I then helped the old man to dismount, steadying him by the arm as he got down. He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap swung to after him, as I had unbuttoned it all around to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eyeing me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes probably responded when they fell upon his, for he straightened up in an alert fashion, and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old chap's all right? Strikes me that groaning of his was put on. What d'ye think?"

The question startled me no less than the young fellow's manner, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had startled our team, and we went down the bank and into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a front rib of the hack with the other. Then he leaned out and glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were going at a gallop,—they were animals which needed no urging,—kept to the road, and the cool-headed young fellow was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting onto their horses. They've killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long-lashed whip, which lay in the box, and dropping upon his knees began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me; "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defence or action on my own account.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out, on my knees behind the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed. It was light enough to distinguish objects dimly at a hundred yards, and there were at least five horsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, but made awkward business of it. Presently I got a shell stuck, and began trying to get it out. In the meantime our pursuers were gaining with every second.

They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the hack went out, and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at them! Load the guns for me, 'n' let the team go. We might'st well smash as he riddled by bullets. Here; here's two boxes of cartridges!"

I dropped back to the other seat and gave place to him. He threw his carbines over the back of the hind seat and began firing.

Crack! crack! crack! It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun, his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back at me.

Loading was awkward business at first, as I had to feel for the feeder, but I managed soon to thrust them into my gun as fast as he could work the lever of his own. The men, whoever and whatever they were, rode up to within twenty-five or thirty yards, and spreading out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade, as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpses, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horse-man with shadowy, outstretched arms, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right!" rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch, and darn't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, too. I remember the road."

Sure enough, the men had dropped back, and the shots had ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in some way got into the front seat of the jumping coach. A moment later I noticed that we were slowing up and running more steadily. Five minutes more and we halted, what was left of us, safe and sound in front of a stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged and a fresh driver, doubly armed, put with us. Such little accidents did not stop stages in those parts.

There was no danger, they told us, from that same gang. The three men who were left promised to go immediately and look after our other driver.

It was only the darkness and the motion of the vehicle and horses that had saved us from being hit. We found several bullet marks about the coach next morning; one of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and must have passed directly between us. My respect for my young comrade was greatly raised by the events of that night, and was further increased by an after acquaintance which discovered his modesty and worth.

On my return to the "Hills," I learned that our driver had been picked up at the crossing of the creek, badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to the team to go the very second he was hit. He had been carried to Sidney. As to the rheumatic old man, he was, of course, a rascal in league with the band who had attacked us.

FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

The students of Lisbon threaten to attack the British embassy in that city and mob the ambassador.

If by our preaching do not wake you, we rock your cradles and make you more insensible every time we warn you. The most startling preaching in a certain time ceases to arouse the hearers. You know the great boiler factories. I am told that when a man goes inside the boiler to hold the hammer when they are fixing rivets, the sound of the copper deafens him so that he cannot hear it, it is so horrible; but after he has been a certain number of months in that employment, he hardly notices the hammering; he does not care about it. It is just so under the word. People go to sleep under that which was once like a thunder bolt to them. It would need an earthquake and a hurricane to move some of you solid ones.—Spurgeon.

## Fashion's Very Latest Feat.

Women will wear shirts from this time forth if they follow the fashion of the "four hundred," which has already sounded the edict in Paris and London. The woman's shirt is a pretty and delicate combination of female acquisition and masculine concession. It is made with collar and cuff attachments of the latest pattern worn by gentlemen. The body is of fine muslin and the bosom of three or four ply linen, as the case may be. The collar and cuffs are also linen, of course. The garment is made open in front the entire length, the skirts falling loosely to the hips. A gathering string controls the waist and serves to hold the bosom in easy conformity to the personal contour of the wearer. The bosom is provided with worked eyelets for studs, thus granting woman another field in which to gratify her purse or a passion for the display of diamonds or other jewels. The bosom is not so long as that of a man's shirt, only falling to the length of nine inches, but that measurement can, of course, vary with the styles of dress. The bosom of the shirt falls just low enough to come into its place and to be held there by the corsage. With these shirts are worn little cut-away coats. The coat may be of navy or bright blue, brown, or ruby, and is considered in good taste if worn with almost any skirt, and if not an unpleasant contrast of shade. With a black skirt and blue coat, a light blue linen or silk shirt and tie can be worn. The coat is made exactly like a man's cut-away coat, fastened across the chest by one button, with turned-down collar and lapels. It is tight-fitted at the back.

Home gowns for the early spring are made very simply, without bustles or looping, and with a slight train in the back.

White cloth gowns, made in dressy styles, and braided with gold and silver, are now in favor for ball dresses here and abroad.

A London *Lancet* correspondent furnishes the following list of football casualties in the English season from the first week in September last to the third week in the past January, taken from a carefully tabulated record of such casualties as have been publicly announced: Deaths, 13. Fractures—Legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11. Injuries—Spine, 3; nose, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.

A writer in a New York sporting paper makes an interesting comparison of the various modes of locomotion, with the following result: A man can swim a mile in 26 minutes 52 seconds; he can walk it in 6 minutes and 23 seconds; he can cover it on snow shoes in 5 minutes 39 seconds; he can run the distance in 4 minutes 12 seconds; he can ride it on a tricycle in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; on a bicycle in 2 minutes 29 4-5 seconds, and can skate it in 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds. Behind a trotting horse he gains nearly four seconds by covering the distance in 2 minutes 8 3-4 seconds; while on a running horse he gallops the mile in 1 minute 39 seconds, and last and fastest, he sits in a railroad train and flies over a mile of the steel rails in 50 seconds.

A decoy bass is a novelty in angling, yet the *American Angler* tells of one weighing two pounds that belonged to a man named Dyer, that he had trained from a fingerling just one year. The fish has two rings in his gills, upper and lower, and in these Dyer fastens a swivel, so that his bass can't catch minnows while on duty, or take the old man's bait. When he gets to the water he wants to fish he attaches a long line to the swivel and puts his bass into the river. Four or five feet up the line is a large float, as big as your fist, with lead on the bottom for ballast, and a small mast with pennant on the top side. The line is say forty or fifty feet long. Dyer says that as soon as his decoy is in other bass gather about him and keep coming, and he casts in among 'em, snaking 'em out right and left. That's the way he does it, and he catches more big bass than any man on the river.

Ontario is not the only Province that's endeavoring to increase its breed of quail. A committee meeting of the Mainland Game Protective Association was held at the Leland hotel, Vancouver, B. C., the other evening. In addition to the 300 pheasants ordered from China and Japan, it was decided to import 100 quail. These will be turned down as soon as they arrive, and if they do all well there should soon be some quail shooting. The association already has over 40 members, and it was decided to canvass the neighboring city of New Westminster to increase the membership as much as possible. All the farmers in the district are giving the association a hearty support, and the Legislature will be appealed to to protect pheasants and quail on the mainland of British Columbia for at least two years. They had quite a cold snap there after Christmas, which drove the ducks south. They have now returned, and the shooting is again excellent.

The extraordinary prices paid for trotting horses at the great sale of Mr. L. J. Rose's California stud, which was held at the American Institute, New York, for two days last week, cannot fail to attract exceptional attention throughout the world. On Tuesday \$25,800 was paid for the stallion Alcazar, and \$24,100 for another youngster. None of Wednesday's prices approached these almost extravagant figures, although \$13,100 and \$10,000 were paid. The average price of all the horses sold is \$2,712. There was apparent ground for the fear that existed a few months ago that a notable reaction would follow the purchase of Sunol, Axtell and Bell Boy at phenomenal figures, but there are no signs of it now. Nor is there any indication of a decline of interest in trotting. On the contrary, it is obvious that the interest in the breeding of trotting stock and in the development of this species of sport is greater than ever. Moreover, a market for the American trotter has started up in England and in Europe generally, so that there is every prospect of prices being sustained. There is more profit in breeding trotters than in horses for the army.

He Couldn't Answer the Question.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as neatly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure out for yourself."

Tartans, Scotch colors in broad stripes, and bordered robes are the pronounced novelties in woollen stuffs.

## A MERRY FRENCHMAN.

Adventures of Himself and Wife in the Wild West.

The recent duel between the Marquis de Mores and M. Camille Dreyfus, in Europe, recalls the many famous exploits and deeds of De Mores a few years ago in America. Your correspondent was a close friend of the Marquis while the latter was experimenting in the cattle industry among the Bad Lands of Dakota, and had numerous opportunities for sounding the pluck and sand of the doughty Frenchman. The Marquis was certainly a most wonderful man, and deserved better treatment from the community in which he moved than he received. The handsome young Frenchman, who left the clubs of Paris to become a prince of cowboys and manager of slaughter houses and refrigerator cars, possessed more than ordinary nerve and pluck, for he defended his life against organized bands of cutthroats and desperadoes in the Northwest, who had sworn to shoot him on sight.

He was a passenger aboard a Northern Pacific train one day, that was shooting along from St. Paul, Minn., towards the setting sun. He was bound for the Bad Lands, where he was about to put into operation gigantic, though unsuccessful, schemes for sheep raising and beef slaughtering. For some reason or other, the country was down on him. At every station we stopped a report would be received that at Bad Lands, station hundreds of cowboys and other tough citizens were waiting for the Marquis, and that he would be

### RIDDLED WITH BULLETS

the moment he stepped from the train. They called him "A bloated French aristocrat," "A titled land pirate," "A brigandish foreigner," and so on.

The train pulled into the depot at the Bad Lands, and De Mores, with each hand carelessly laid, but ready for quick use, on a pair of handsome silver-mounted repeaters, stepped out on the platform. Bad men galore crowded around him, but when they saw the plucky nerve of the young aristocrat they honored and respected him for it, and not a single arm in all that vast crowd was raised to do him the least harm.

The story of his life in America is quite interesting. He first landed at New York in August, 1882. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterwards he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long-legged boots, and with plenty of silver-mounted jewelry on his belt, he pursued his investigations far and wide on horseback and finally decided to found a city. He bought outright six square miles of land on the Little Missouri River which was then considered to be, by the wise men of the Northwest, about the very worst bit of earth on the whole North American continent. Hence the knowing ones shook their heads gravely and predicted ruin.

The Marquis went bravely on notwithstanding the warnings and predictions of disaster which were gratuitously poured upon him from all sides, and on April, 1883, (I may times said it was a fool's errand, in perfect keeping with the day), he pitched, unaided, a tent in this lonesome desert on the banks of the Little Missouri, and when the last peg was driven which held the canvas house in position, he broke a bottle of wine over the iron tent pins, and christened the embryo city Medora, in honor of his wife. He announced his intention of going largely into the sheep and cattle business, built a rude shack of logs and mud which he furnished luxuriously for his wife, secured large tracts of Government land and bought numerous herds of cattle. At first the herders and roaming cowboys of the Bad Lands looked upon him to be

### AN ADVENTUROUS CRANK.

who would surely leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris. They hated him because he had a servant and wore clean clothes. He was a "monopolist," they said, who was going to fence in the country. They had to scare him away, but they found he had been a soldier once and would not scare. The cowboys said he had come to drive them all off their ranches. The hunters declared he was going to buy up their buffalo grounds; and to own the truth the young man did act as if he were going to buy the earth.

It took the best part of the first year to convince the people that De Mores, though sanguinely foolish, was a sane man, with plenty of capital at command, and with an object in view. Before many days he won the respect of his Western neighbors in more ways than one, but still they took him to be a well-plumed bird that ought to be plucked and who could easily be swindled. Their ire was raised to its highest pitch when the Marquis gained control of about 50,000 acres of land in Montana, which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the East, South, and West. At the time it was generally said that the cowboys in the neighborhood were set against the Marquis by agents of New York corporations, for they began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle wholesale and menaced his herders when they were off duty. Appeals to the Sheriff proved useless, so, finding himself in a bad fix, the Marquis determined to take the matter into his own hands and stop the trouble himself. He declared if he found a man killing his animals he would shoot the rascal as he would a steer. In six months he was shot at by an unseen enemy no less than eighteen times. His most bitter foes were a man named Mitchell and an old hunter called Luffey.

One day while riding over the prairie accompanied by one of the most faithful followers, a man named Paddock, a bullet whistled by his head, the smoke curling from a little bunch of sage brush about two hundred yards in front. Without a moment's hesitation the Marquis dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed headforemost

### DIRECTLY TOWARD THE AMBUSH.

The ringleader of the gang jumped to his feet and levelled a Winchester at the Marquis; but the latter like a flash, and while going at full speed, drew his little silver-mounted repeater, and the would-be assassin fell in his tracks to rise no more. Another of the band was badly wounded, and the rest, quickly leaping to their horses, sought safety in flight. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, for his marksmanship instilled a great deal of respect into the minds of the bloodthirsty herders, and there was peace in the Bad Lands from that time thenceforth. Nevertheless, he had three trials before Justices of the Peace for

the so-called offence, and was three times acquitted; yet he was again indicted by a Dakota jury for murder, and languished in the Bismarck jail many days before he gained his freedom.

The Marquis de Mores is a lovely woman. She is an American, but thoroughly devoted to her brave husband. She is a handsome little brunette, one of the best lady rifle shots in the world, and she rides as well as she shoots. Her father is the banker von Hoffman of New York city. When in the Northwest Mme. de Mores accompanied her husband on most of his round-up and hunting trips. On the plains she rode and shot faultlessly.

GALLOPING WILDLY OVER THE PRAIRIES, on her well-trained buffalo pony, an eagle plume in her hat, and a rifle slung from her saddle. The Marquis and his wife made a trip to Further India not long since, and reports say that the gallant little lady actually killed a royal Bengal tiger. She has done better than this in our Northwest. Once she ran upon a cinnamon bear in the Bad Lands of Dakota, and succeeded alone and unaided, in capturing bruin's scalp. On another occasion, when a hunting party were going after big game in the Big Horn Mountains, she fully equipped herself to go along, determined to accomplish as much as the next one.

In a lonely gorge, accompanied by a good hunter, she tracked three bears. It would not be true to say that she killed the trio of shaggy fellows unaided, and yet in one sense she did precisely that very thing. The hunter was ready to render assistance in case of necessity, although the lady did not require his help; but, keeping her head cool and hand steady, she salted their hides in the most approved fashion, all three of the bears falling as trophies to her own individual skill. One of the fellows was a monster silver-tip, who would have fought savagely had he been allowed the slightest opportunity. In New York, Paris, St. Paul, or London, she is one of the richest and most tastefully dressed women one would want to see; and an observer could scarcely realize, unless he was fully cognizant of the facts, that the delicately gloved hands which hold the lorgnette or move the fan so gracefully can easily and at will check a plain's bronco in his mad flight, or sent a bullet speeding true to the mark.

### PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and shirks her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do untroubled prosperity and success qualify anyone for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

The exercise of every faculty is necessary to its development, and therefore to its life. Inaction, fully carried out, means stagnation and death. On the other hand, over-exhaustion, and if the period of rest necessary to restore its vigor be denied, it will wear itself out. Health and happiness require that these laws be recognized and obeyed.

No matter the rank of life, any woman, be she princess or peasant, who undertakes the care of a family becomes at once responsible for the welfare of that family, whether she actually toils for them with her own hands, as does the laborer's wife, or simply oversees and superintends the work of others, as does the lady rich in all the goods of this world. The responsibility is there, and no one can escape it without risking not only her own happiness and welfare, but those of all connected with her.

### Beautifully the Home.

As yet we have nothing ready-made in this country equal to the Aspinwall (English) enamels, prepared for immediate use in furniture painting, and as they are now sold everywhere, it is just as well to tell people how they can renew their dingy Wakefield or other rat-trap chairs, their old cane-seated rockers, and how to paint the common Windsor (wooden) chair so that it will be a beautiful thing. When there is a broad, low window that you want to use for plants, a common wooden wash-bench painted with some of these delicate colors, or done over for stouter wear, in blacks, dark blues, or Indian reds, such will make a substantial and ornamental stand. There need be, with these pretty paint cans, as ready for use as tomato cans are for cooking, no more lead-colored wicker furniture or worn dingy shelves.

### LADY'S HOME-MADE WARDROBE.

"I made it myself at a trifling expense, and was amply repaid for the time and trouble, as I completed it, hanging and all, in two afternoons."

"Having procured two triangular pieces of wood one and a half inches thick, to fit into the corner where I wanted my wardrobe, I fastened them to the wall by means of strips of moulding, leaving a space of about a foot and a half between them. This space to serve as a receptacle for bonnet-box, shoes, or articles of any description desired conveniently at hand, but not 'en evidence.'"

"Into the lower shelf were screwed a dozen hooks on which to hang garments."

"The upper shelf, which I had previously covered with bronze-colored plush in such a manner as to conceal the outer edge of the shelf, was six feet from the floor, and had attached to it a brass rod, from which was suspended a portiere, also 'home made,' in this wise:

"A piece of cretonne in imitation of Gobelin tapestry, representing a Watteau scene, was bordered top and bottom with the bronze-colored plush."

"The plush-covered shelf served to hold an old brass plaque and a tall blue vase. The effect of the whole was wonderfully pretty and artistic."

### A CHAIR CUSHION.

A new idea in chair cushions, which possesses the idea of adaptability to a greater degree than many of the decorative articles now scattered about houses wherewithal vex the soul of man, is in appearance exactly like a mammoth tea cosy, and fits over the back and half over the front of the chair-back. The chief beauty of this new cushion, which is made of the materials ordinarily employed for this purpose, and filled with down, is that it does not slip down or out of place, but remains firm under the head,



## A CHANGED POSITION.

When the second son of the Right Honourable the Earl of St. Marylebone, commonly known as the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey, threw up his commission as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue, and vacated his apartments in the Albany, he purposed making an entirely fresh start in life. To accomplish this he not only left his native land, literally to pitch his tent some six thousand miles to the westward of the British metropolis, but also repudiated so much of his name as was not absolutely necessary for his own identification and the exigencies of business and society in the Far West.

That he was tolerably successful in his endeavours to construct his own fortune may be inferred from the fact that, some four years after the Honourable John's sudden disappearance from sundry Belgravia hallrooms and Pall Mall club-houses, plain Jack Delancey found himself the owner of a trifling matter of thirty thousand acres of rich grazing lands, over which roamed the finest and largest herd of short-horns in the Canadian North-West. Above and beyond all this, Jack Delancey was the most popular young man in the eastern part of the Territory, both among his neighbours—who were not very numerous—and with his "cowboys," who were decidedly numerous. To them all, after the Western style, he was Jack Delancey—no more and no less. But although this energetic scion of the House of St. Marylebone had discarded the "Honourable" and "Wentworth" and the "Richelieu," and had transformed "John" into "Jack," he was still a Delancey. He might have called himself Moses Smith—he might even have adopted a drawl and seasoned the same with powerful Western slang, but he would still have remained a Delancey.

For, notwithstanding that the young man affected big untanned boots, buckskin breeches, a red shirt, and a sombrero hat; though he dined at twelve o'clock with "the boys," and excused without a murmur such luxuries as table linen, cut glass, and silver-ware; though he slept in a hammock, rolled up in rather coarse blankets, and took his morning plunge in the little creek which furnished bathing facilities for all his men—he was still Jack Delancey, and it needed not the courtesy title accorded him in Burke's Peerage to proclaim this fine specimen of a sturdy Briton as the "Honourable" Jack Delancey. So, although all the stockmen and the farmers and the cowboys within fifty miles of the Delancey ranch freely addressed the wealthy young Englishman as "Jack," they cheerfully yielded him such marked deference as was never paid to any other man in the Territory, and such as Jack Delancey himself had never dreamed of demanding.

It was at the first big "round-up" after Jack's arrival in the West, and the boys were dining after a hard morning's work branding the young cattle.

"That that Delancey o' yours is blooded?" said a gaunt Canadian from a neighboring ranch. "He's got the gener'el in his veins, you kin bet? He's a squar," boys, an' he's fair, so he is."

"Be me faith, he is that same!" responded a son of Erin. "He's a lad after St. Patrick's own heart. Shure he's equal to none—arrah, thin, be jabers, I mane he's second to none!"

"It wur told up to the Station, when I wur over last month, as he wur a dook or a lord-mayor or sumthin' when he wur on the old sod. I'm a trifle shy of sech-like pranks as palmin' off incogniter. Looks kinder slippery, as if a fellow wur 'shamed of his own name an' previous rec'rd."

This last speaker was Calvin Larned, a ranch man of small means and smaller endeavor, who made a practice of "throwing mud" at his neighbours, and who was really only tolerated for the sake of his daughter, Metta.

"That's right, Cal! Wouldn't be you if you didn't shoot your dirty mud," retorted one of the men. "Jack Delancey's got grit and sand, anyhow, which is more than can be said of you."

"And I tell you one thing, boys," said a strapping young fellow, as the men mounted their ponies to resume their work; "Jack Delancey has got something beside pluck—he's got a great kind heart and clean hands. It doesn't make any difference whether he was a lord-mayor or a lord-chancellor over yonder—he was a gentleman, and he's that yet.—Now, boys, whoop 'em up! Stir up those cowboys lively!"

This last champion of the individual under discussion was Jack Delancey's foreman. Just who he was or where he hailed from, not even his employer knew. He had introduced himself as Spencer Knight, and claimed—although his years were less than thirty—to be an "old Westerner." He told Jack that he was originally from "the East," but had settled in the North West when he was very young, with the intention of "growing up with the country."

How Delancey became acquainted with Spencer Knight matters little. The Englishman stumbled across him in Winnipeg, where Knight—after the manner of western stockmen during the dull season—was indulging in a "toot." Delancey rendered the young fellow, who was a man after his own heart and about his own age, a valuable service, which saved Knight from the disgrace of arrest and possible imprisonment; thereby placing the Western man for ever in his debt. This was before Jack had located as a ranchman. Being a fairly good judge of human nature, and rightly estimating that Spencer Knight would not speedily forget a kindness, Delancey invited that young man to enter his service. The compact which they then made had never been regretted by either; for, after four years of hard work and constant companionship, if Knight beheld in Jack Delancey his ideal of a gentleman and a friend, Jack knew, as well as he was aware of his own existence, that with his faithful servant and friend, Spencer Knight, he might safely entrust his possessions, his life, and—his honour. And by Jack Delancey of the West, honour was as highly treasured as ever it had been by the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey of Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue.

Now, although Cal Larned had uttered from time to time many disparaging remarks in regard to his prosperous young neighbour similar to his speech at the "round-up," dinner-party, he was in reality very anxious to secure Jack Delancey for a son-in-law. As a matter of fact it looked as if this ambi-

tion of the lazy stockman would in all probability be gratified. In older communities, Cal Larned's surliness and general aptitude for picking quarrels might have been laid to that very convenient scapegoat, dyspepsia. On the plains of Alberta that disease is unknown, and as cowboys usually "call a spade a spade," they passed upon Calvin Larned the very laconic but expressive verdict of "mean cuss." To his general meanness Larned added the vice of laziness, for which reason, undoubtedly, he was tolerably civil to Jack Delancey, and encouraged his pretty daughter Metta to accept the attentions paid her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack's business interests with those of his son-in-law by turning over his miserably small herd of cattle to Delancey, and himself roam hither and thither at his own sweet will and at Jack's expense.

How the unsavoury and unsatisfactory Calvin ever became possessed of so pretty and good a girl as Metta Larned is one of those conundrums the answers to which are locked securely in Nature's sealed books. When Jack Delancey settled in Alberta, Metta was twenty years old. She had then lived with her father on the plains for five or six years, having left her mother a thousand miles away in an Ontario graveyard. How Jack Delancey came to pay marked attentions to this girl is no conundrum at all. She was the only marriageable girl within a day's ride of the Delancey ranch. Women are scarce articles in the Territory, and unmarried women are especially few and far between. Metta Larned was unmarried, she was young, and she was pretty. Not only so; she was well informed, fairly well educated, and possessed of much good common sense. She was, from a social standpoint, the superior of all her neighbors, except Jack Delancey and, perhaps, Spencer Knight. (Knight was peculiarly reticent in regard to his antecedents, though that he had received a liberal education became constantly more apparent.)

Yes, Metta Larned was pretty; but she had not the patrician beauty of a hundred-and-one young dames whose acquaintance and favour Delancey had forsaken when he struck out for the West. Met was clever; but there were many branches of knowledge that formed the ABC of Jack's own sister's education, of which the girl was as ignorant as she was of Greek verbs and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Met dressed "nattily," yet her neat home-made gowns would have presented a rather "dowdy" appearance alongside the most ordinary efforts of Worth or Elise. To sum up, Met Larned could thoroughly appreciate a good cook or hemstitch a handkerchief with the utmost neatness, and she could manufacture pastry which would have reflected credit upon a Parisian chef. But then—

When Jack Delancey first saw Met, on a breezy summer afternoon, with the sleeves of her simple white dress rolled up, a huge linen apron protecting her from the dusty flour, while with her chubby hands she "fixed up" a batch of bread for supper, the ex-guardian involuntarily confessed to himself that the girl looked "killing." But, later on, as he pondered over a cigar, Jack Delancey's good sense forced him to admit that it would be extremely folly in him to think of a girl like Met Larned as his future wife. It was not snobbishness, in that Delancey's early training, old associations, and family ties compelled him invariably to compare Met with his sister and his mother—always to the disadvantage of pretty Met Larned. Jack was swayed by honesty of purpose, and he resolved never to "make love" to Met; being Jack Delancey, he kept his resolution.

But, nevertheless, Jack found it very pleasant on Sunday afternoon to ride over to the Larneds' cottage, five miles away, and indulge in a chat with Metta. If he desired excuse, he found it in the paper which came to him with his mail every Saturday, and which Metta liked to read. Jack discovered a keener satisfaction in taking tea—supper, they call it in the Territory—with Metta than he had ever experienced in sipping southerly rooms. Metta's suppers were substantial affairs—delicious beefsteaks and the lightest of light hot bread, with butter that the dairy maids at Delancey Park had never surpassed. Such meals were peculiarly appreciated by Jack after a long week of tough meat, indifferent potatoes, and hardtack! And Jack reciprocated Metta's hospitality whenever he journeyed to Crowfoot—as he frequently did—by bringing the girl a new novel or "something pretty." So they became good comrades, and both enjoyed amazingly the long quiet Sunday afternoons. But their regard and esteem for each other stopped just short of love; for, after three years, Metta Larned's affection for the Englishman was no deeper than was Jack Delancey's liking for the girl.

Unfortunately, on the plains, as well as in other primitive and sparsely settled communities, actions and words frequently cause more weight than they would do in large social centres. Therefore, Calvin Larned was not alone in surmising that Jack Delancey intended, ultimately, to make Metta his wife. All "the boys" looked upon such a climax as a foregone conclusion, and even Spencer Knight shared in the general opinion. In deed, this belief alone prevented Knight himself from entering the race for Met Larned; for the foreman, who had never exchanged more than twenty sentences with Metta, loved the girl with an affection which never paused to make psychological estimate or social comparisons—a love that was only surpassed by his deep and undying loyalty to Delancey, for whose sake he kept his secret so well that not a living soul ever once dreamed of it.

Cal Larned's derogatory remarks at the "round-up" about Jack Delancey were not nearly so severe as his mental comments upon the same low subject. In his own mind he thought that the Englishman had been "foolin' around" Metta quite leniently enough. One Sabbath when Spencer Knight and most of "the boys" had gone over to Crowfoot with a couple of hundred young steers to ship by the railroad to Winnipeg, Delancey, as was his custom on Sunday mornings in summer, brought his hammock outside the long low shanty, swung it on the shady side of the building, lit his pipe, and stretched himself out to enjoy the three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*.

"Mornin', Jack!" exclaimed a voice—the only voice whose accents usually disgusted Delancey.

"Good-morning," replied Jack lazily looking up. He noticed that his visitor was

afloat, and added: "You didn't walk over, Larned?"

"Not much, I didn't! I seen your barn door open as I come up, an' found a empty stall; so I hitched my pony an' gev him a feed o' your oats—sposethat's all right?"

"Oh, certainly, you are very welcome," said Jack, as vexed as a man could well be willing to tolerate the fellow for his daughter's sake.

"Purty dry an' dusty, Jack. Can't yer pass the bottle, me son? A small o' rye or Bourbon, or even a couple o' fingers of gin, wouldn't go bad."

"I don't like my men to use liquor, so do not use it myself, and have none on the place. You will find good spring water at the well, yonder, and plenty of milk in the cellar. That's the best I can do for you, Larned. Help yourself."

But neither milk nor water possessed any charms for Cal Larned. He threw himself full length upon the rough bench which ran along the shanty, and filled his mouth with fine cut tobacco, which he chewed very carefully for the space of five minutes. He then succeeded in drowning a grasshopper some seventeen feet away from him by a dexterous discharge of black juice, and proceeded directly to the matter which just then accounted for his presence at the Delancey Ranch. "Comin' in, yonder, in despair, threw down the paper and replied: 'Yes, I think so.'"

"Well now, Jack, how long is it since you planted yourself down here?"

"About four years."

"So? How long was you here when I gev yer a knock-down to my gal?"

"Almost a year."

"So? Well, now, I ain't much of a scholar, so ef my calculations are wrong, kindly correct me. One year from four years leaves three years. Now, on yer own show, yer've been sparkin' Met for four years. Now, Jack, when are yer goin' to marry my gal?"

Jack sat up in his hammock and dangled one leg on the ground. Slowly he repeated Larned's words: "When—am—I—going—to—marry Metta?—You are not indulging in a confoundedly poor joke, I hope, Larned?"

"Do I look as ef I wur a sky-larkin', or as ef I meant bizness? No, Jack Delancey, I'm askin' yer a squar' quesching, and ef yer're the man they say you are, yer'll gev me a straight answer. How is it?"

"My good fellow, I have never made love to your daughter for the very reason that I have never dreamt of marrying her. I have respect for Met, and esteem her very much; but I have been particularly careful to give her no false impressions. Besides, I believe Metta and I understand each other quite well. Metta?"

"You speak for yerself, Delancey. Don't I know all about her? Ain't I seen her change in the last three years until she don't think of nobody nor nothin' but you? Can't I see how she's a-growin' sick an' weary of waitin' for you to ax her?"

Jack put his other leg out of the hammock and with two of his big strides stood over his would-be father-in-law. "Tell me one thing," he said, in a tone of voice which indicated that it would not be well for his listener to tamper with him. "Tell me the truth, man, of your own child. Does Met care all that about me, and does she really believe that—that I love her?"

"She does."

"So help you God?"

"See here, Delancey," said Larned, clumsily rising to his feet; "what do you take me for? What do you suppose I care about you? You never used me half-way decent, anyhow. You an' yer keep-yer-distance, lord-dook style! I ain't in love with you, nor yit yer belongings. I know I ain't a general favourite hereabouts. But Met's my gal, an' I'm her dad, an' curse me, Delancey, ef I'm a-goin' to stand by an' see her heart broke an' the best years of her young life foiled away by you nor yit no other gal rooster!"

"That will do," said Jack quietly. "I care nothing for your blustering threats. As you say, there is no love lost between you and me. But there is that which I dislike even more than Mr. Larned, and you will never find me guilty of any dishonourable conduct.—Yes, I will ride over this afternoon."

Cal Larned had acted his part well, and knew it. He was fully aware that his point was practically carried; for having succeeded in influencing a man like Jack Delancey, he knew it would be an easy matter to mould Metta to his will; so he indulged in considerable chuckling as he shuffled off to mount his pony and ride home.

A few days later, Spencer Knight returned. In the evening, he and Delancey strolled down to the creek to smoke an after-supper pipe. "Spence," said Jack, "I am going to marry Metta Larned."

"Yes," responded the other; "we all thought it would come to that. I hope you will both be very happy, Delancey."

Curiously enough, each of the men, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, remarked a strange glumness in the other. They not only remarked it, but both remembered it very vividly. There was no gladness about Delancey's announcement, and Knight's congratulatory reply had a counterfeit ring about it.

"Next Monday," said Jack after a pause, "I shall start for home to make the folks life. You will stay and take care of things for me while I am gone, won't you, Spence? I shall not be away more than a couple of months, and during that time I should like you to have the carpenters over from Crowfoot and run up a comfortable cottage over yonder by the poplars. Consult Metta as much as possible."

Delancey spoke so mechanically that Knight knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, that something was wrong. But he made no inquiries.

"All right, Delancey; and when you return I shall ask for leave of absence for a similar purpose. Like yourself, I am an Englishman. There was a little unpleasantness in our family, which induced me to locate in the West some twelve years ago. The other day I saw an old friend of mine, who was passing through Crowfoot. We talked matters over, and I think past differences can now be adjusted. However, I will not pester you with my affairs to-night."

Somehow or other, Jack Delancey was absent from his ranch eight months instead of two; so that the following summer had commenced by the time he returned to his Western quarters.

"We will leave business until to-morrow, Spence," said Jack, as he and his first-lieu-

tenant sauntered towards the creek. "Let us talk of other matters to-night."

As a matter of fact, they said nothing at all for almost half an hour. Then Delancey spoke: "How is Metta? I have heard nothing from her for two months. I told her not to write, as I was so uncertain about 'Metta is well, very well.'"

"Silence again, broken this time by Knight: 'Delancey?' Both men paused in their walk, and Jack puffed violently at his pipe. 'You picked me up a stranger, and treated me like the 'white man' that you are. You had faith in my manhood and you have trusted me implicitly. Have I justified your confidence?'

"You have, Spence—a thousand times over, boy. Here is my hand on it."

"Thanks, Delancey. Now, trust me a little more, and believe that I would not pry into being meddlesome, or to wound you. May I go ahead?'

"Surely. Let us sit on this boulder."

"Delancey, you just asked about Metta. You do not love that girl. I knew it the night that we were last on this spot, when you told me of your engagement to her. You will never be really happy with Metta for your wife."

"Stop," said Jack, with a faint smile. "This question is undebatable. I have asked Metta to marry me, and it is utterly impossible to discuss the matter."

"But," persisted Knight, "you love with all your heart and soul another woman. You cannot deny that—you do not desire to deny it. You love, as you can never hope to love Metta, my sister Florence."

"Nonsense, Spence! Lady Florence Knight, your sister?'

"The very same. You see, my dear fellow, I too am an 'honourable.' It was a rather shabby trick on your part, Delancey, to go over there and lose your heart to my sister, while you kept me all these months waiting to become reconciled to my father.—But, to return to our subject. You not only fell desperately in love with Flo, but you have stolen the poor girl's heart away from her."

"Indeed, Spence, I have been strictly honourable in this matter. While at home, I made no secret of my engagement, and studiously avoided anything like a flirtation with Lady Florence. We were thrown much together, and I confess—Well, that makes no difference; I am here to keep my word with Metta."

"Admit, Delancey," said Knight, rather comically, "that in the presence of my sister you tried your best to behave like a sphinx; but—I have it on the authority of my married sister—your attempt was a signal failure: while, as for Florence, she has made a clean confession to her sister.—Now, are you going to make Flo miserable as well as yourself?"

"I am grieved to learn," muttered Jack, "that I have unintentionally caused your sister temporary distress. But as for myself—I think a fellow need not feel particularly miserable in living up to his word.—No; I shall marry Metta Larned."

"Wait a while," continued Knight, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder. "Metta Larned does not love you! What do you say to that?"

"Possibly so. But how do you know that to be the case?"

"Because—why—er (you haven't a pistol about you, Delancey)—Well, the fact is that Met loves me, and I love her; and if you do not seriously object, we should both of us like to release you from your engagement.—Yes," he went on, "I suppose you ought to demand an explanation and satisfaction from me for robbing you of your affianced bride. But I did not begin the robbery until I was tolerably sure that I should not be striking you very hard. As I said, I surmised a good deal more before you started for home. A month ago, Cal Larned died—gored by a young bull—and before his death, he confessed to me that he had terrorized Met and played a 'bluff game' with you.—You are not very angry, are you, Delancey?"

Jack certainly did not look very angry, and he grasped his friend's hand and shook it with remarkable vigour.

The Honourable Spencer Knight is still known as Spence Knight on the Delancey ranch, of which he is sole proprietor; but Jack Delancey of Alberta is no more, his friends having re-christened that gentleman with his old name when he settled down to the pleasant life of an English country Squire.

## Size and Longevity.

Although there is some relation between size and longevity, the duration of the period of growth and length of life being, speaking generally, longest in the largest animals, there is no fixed relation between the two. The largest organisms live the longest, some trees reaching an age of 6,000 years, and some animals, as whales, several centuries. And, after maturity is reached, larger animals require longer time than smaller animals to secure the preservation of the species.

The explanation of this, as pointed out by both Leuckart and Herbert Spencer, is that "the absorbing surface of an animal only increases as the square of its length, while its size increases as the cube; and it therefore follows that the longer an animal becomes the greater will be the difficulty experienced in assimilating any nourishment over and above that which it requires for its own needs, and therefore the more slowly will it reproduce itself." We, however, find corresponding duration of life among animals of very different size. For example, the toad and the cat lives as long as the horse, the crayfish as long as the pig and the pike and carp as long as the elephant. In an interesting appendix, from which these and the following facts are quoted, Dr. Weissmann cites the case of a sea anemone which lived not less than sixty-six years. It was placed by Sir John Dalzell in a small glass jar in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens in 1828, being then, as companions with other individuals reared from the egg period, fully seven years old. It died a natural death in 1887.—*Longman's Magazine*.

If national debts mean national wealth, as Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. D'Israeli) once said, then Russia must be one of the richest countries on earth. Already this year British capitalists have lent the czar's government seventy-one million pounds. Russia has besides £329,581,000 outstanding in sterling bonds, largely held in England. There is about £140,000 in rouble bonds outstanding, and recently issued rail road bonds aggregating some £40,000,000. Besides all this the government has out more than £200,000,000 in paper money. On top of all this the public expenses are always greater than the revenue.

## An Engineering Triumph.

On Tuesday, March 4th, with a great flourish of trumpets, the Prince of Wales formally opened the new Frith-of-Forth bridge, which has been styled the King of bridges. It is big enough to be added to the wonders of the world. It far surpasses not only in utility but in its structure as an engineering feat the Eiffel tower. The calculations have been made that one of the three cantilevers, with its connecting girders, if set up lengthways on end, would be very nearly the same height as the Paris tower. The latter contains only 7,500 tons of iron, while the Frith bridge has absorbed over 50,000 tons of the finest steel that could be procured. It was begun in 1883, and has taken about seven years to complete. The bridge proper is just over a mile in length, but there are viaducts on each end connecting it with the high ground, and these together add half a mile more to the length of the work. The height of the spans above the waters is 150 feet, allowing for the passage of the largest vessels. To attain this height, the cantilevers tower high above, and they required an elevation as high as St. Paul's cathedral. A comparison between the Frith and other great bridges of the world is as follows:

Bridge	Length, feet	Greatest span, feet
Forth bridge	8,091	1,710
Tay bridge	10,780	245
Niagara bridge	818	808
Landore bridge	1,760	110
Crumlin bridge	1,800	150
Britannia bridge	1,511	460
Brooklyn bridge	5,862	1,600

The two great arch spans of the Frith bridge, 1,710 feet each, are beyond any span before attempted. Each is 110 feet wider than the central span of the Brooklyn bridge. It has cost, or it was estimated to cost, \$10,000,000 in money. In human life, up to September, 1888, including five drowning cases, the fatal accidents in connection with its construction amounted to 23, while the total number of accidents non-fatal up to the same time was 543. An army of workmen, numbering at times as many as 4,500, have been engaged most of the seven years in building the gigantic structure.

## The Armies of Europe.

The Almanack de Gotha of 1890 contains a statement of the military strength of the various countries of Europe. As the editors of this annual are especially careful in gathering facts of this class, and have exceptional means of information, their statements are considered as almost official. From these it appears that on a peace footing the military strength of France is, at the present time, greater by nearly a hundred thousand men than that of Germany, and very nearly, if not quite, as great as the actual strength of Russia. Taking Russia and France in combination, and putting their armies on a war footing, the numerical force of these two allies would be greater than that which Germany, Austria and Italy could by combination put in the field. The central powers of Europe would have the advantage of position, and it is probable would have the advantage of direction; that is, the control of military movements would undoubtedly be given to Germany, while the French and Russian would not only be compelled to act separately, but neither would consent to take a position in the matter of direction subordinate to the other. Such a great war may be improbable, but in view of a number of grave uncertainties, it may break out on these lines before the present year is over.

## A Dry Dock at Gibraltar.

England's proposal to establish a dry dock at Gibraltar is not viewed with favor by the authorities at Madrid. In the chamber of deputies the other day Senor Moya, Republican, supported the demand hitherto made that the government should give the House explicit information in regard to the projected new dock which it is reported the English Government is to build at Gibraltar. The minister of foreign affairs replied that what it was proposed to build was a dry dock, and that it was to be constructed within the port of Gibraltar, and consequently upon British territory. Not quite assured by this explanation of the pacific intentions of the old "lion," and regarding the movement as a menace to their safety, several speakers urged the government to adopt precautionary measures, and strengthen the fortifications at Tarifa and Ceuta. Of course no one will say them nay in the matter of improving their defenses; still they need not give themselves any great concern or quake with fear, for it is not the habit of this particular lion to provoke an unjust quarrel with any other nation. Let Spain act as becometh a civilized nation and she need not fear though Britain establish a dozen dock-yards at the straits.

The deceased wife's sister bill in the English parliament is what in this country would be irreverently called, a "chestnut." It has appeared periodically for many years and usually, we believe, passes the Commons but runs aground in the house of lords, where conservative and ecclesiastical influences are too strong for it. A despatch from London says that the promoters of the bill hold that they are pledged not to agree to its extension to cases of marriage with a deceased husband's brother. That is a distinction much like that between twiddle-dee and twiddle-dum. If one is right there appears no earthly reason why the other shouldn't be, although there is this much to be said—that it is sometimes an extremely dangerous thing to weaken the bond of relationship between relatives.

It is not likely that Senator Macdonald, of B. C., will purane his Mormon bill further, now that Sir John Thompson's criminal bill covers essentially the same ground as the other. That part of the minister of Justice's bill relating to the question of plural marriages makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for two years or fine of \$500, or both, to practice by the rites or ceremonies of any denomination or what are commonly known among Mormons as spiritual or plural marriages. This penalty also includes any one who celebrates, is a party to, or assists in any such rite or ceremony which purports to make binding or to sanction any of such sexual relationships, procures, enforces or is a party to the compliance with any such form, rule or custom which so purports, or procures or enforces the execution of any such form of contract which so purports, or the giving of any such consent in all such cases. The lawful husband or wife of the defendant shall be a competent but not a compellable witness for or against the defendant.



# THE ATWOOD BEE

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R. S. PELTON,

EDITOR AND PROP.

## COUNTRY TALK.

### Mornington.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of snow

and frost this winter, James McCloy jr.,

has succeeded in getting out timber for

a large house and barn to be erected on

his farm next summer. Although Jas.

is a single man we think that he will

neither rent his farm nor hire a house-

keeper.

A number of young people from the

vicinity of Milverton spent a very en-

joyable time last Friday evening at the

residence of John Roulston. The hostess,

realizing that the nearest way to a man's

heart is down his throat, provided such

a splendid repast as to win the complete

approval and hearty good-will of the en-

tire company. The guests found it was

hard to get too much of a good thing for

they continued "tripping the light fan-

stastic" until nearly time for morning

prayers.

### Elma.

George Cleland is getting materia-

ready for a silo.

Mrs. Robt. Smith, of the 12th con.,

has been quite ill of late.

Mr. Beck has sold his farm, consisting

of one hundred and forty acres to Mr.

Baechler for \$5,000.

Robert Henderson sold his prize win-

ner at the last two fall shows, to A.

Huston, Listowel. Andrew evidently

knows a good horse.

James Gray, son-in-law of R. Cleland,

has got moved to his farm which he

purchased from S. Brown. No doubt

he will make an enterprising, successful

farmer and a good neighbor.

Wm. Merryfield has disposed of the

west half of lot 19, concession 17, Elma,

to David Adair for \$700. As the

farm is in a good location and the soil

is of excellent quality we feel sure that

Mr. Adair made a paying investment.

Samuel Brown, on the 1st con. Elma,

sold his farm to James Gray from the

12th for \$6,000. The farm con-

tains 100 acres and has a brick residence

and bank barn. Mr. Brown has bought

the Armstrong farm two miles above

Molesworth, 100 acres for \$5,000. He

moved up last week.

James A. Edgar, son-in-law of our

enterprising farmer, Robt. Forrest, of

Howick, is building a large implement

house two storey high, first storey stone

second frame. His next building will

be a dwelling house either stone or brick.

James' farm is a good one and he is

making money out of it.

Last Saturday evening a team belong-

ing to James Brock jr., ran away from

Mr. Tudlope's place, Listowel. The

wagon upset turning the corner by the

show ground, and the team broke

through the ice in the ditch, breaking

a fine mare's leg in two places. It is a

heavy loss for Jim, as he has just built

and furnished a fine house last season.

He was offered \$160 for the mare.

The following is the standing of the

pupils in S. S. No. 9, in geography:

Senior Fourth—Robert Donovan, Henry

Genhealer, Chas. Beck. Senior Third

—Eva Taylor, George Coxon, Mary

Coxon, Sarah Lambert, Robert Ranney.

Junior Third—Levi Cook, Walter Lam-

bert, Willie Debus, Thomas Coxon,

Charlie Prost.

MISS JOAN HAMILTON, Teacher.

It is with feelings of deep regret that

we announce the death of Ellen, young-

est daughter of John Struthers, 16th

con. The little one had been suffering

for some time from measles, together

with croup which proved fatal on Thurs-

day, 13th inst. She was 5 years, 6 months,

and 13 days. The funeral on Saturday

was largely attended. The sorrowing

family have the sympathy of the com-

munity in their sad loss. Willie, another

child, is also quite ill, but no serious

results are apprehended.

There are tiny mounds where the hopes

of earth,

Are laid neath a tear wet mould,

But the light that paled at the stricken

hearth,

Was joy to the upper fold.

And the white stone beareth a new

name now,

That never on earth was told,

And the tender Shepherd will guide with

care

The lambs of the upper fold.

### Listowel.

Geo. Fowler, formerly teacher of the

Trowbridge public school, has removed

to town and is studying dentistry with

W. M. Bruce.

### Trowbridge.

DIED IN COLORADO.—On Wednesday

Mrs. Robson, formerly of Trowbridge

and now residing with her family in

Listowel, received a telegram from Den-

ver stating that her husband had died

there on Tuesday, and asking for in-

structions as to the disposal of the re-

mains. Mrs. Robson sent word to have

the corpse forwarded to Listowel. The

deceased went out to Colorado about a

year ago, and we understand has been

working in the mines out there. The

cause of his death is not as yet learned.

### Stratford.

John Whyt's local agents purchased

a 620 pound hog on the market last Wed-

nesday. It was bred and fed by W.

Snell, Lakeside, Ont.

Death has again entered the home of

C. J. Tracy, one of the proprietors of the

Stratford Advertiser, and robbed it

of his eldest daughter, Mary Eily, (Eily

she was familiarly called.) About three

weeks ago she was taken ill, and in a

few days symptoms of malarial fever

showed themselves, but concealed the

fatal malady, inflammation of the brain,

from which she died on Tuesday morn-

ing. She was nearly eleven years of age,

and was an unusually intelligent child

for her years, of an affectionate disposi-

tion and dutiful to her parents. The

funeral took place from the family re-

sidence, Rebecca street, Thursday, to

St. Joseph's church, thence to the old

Catholic cemetery where the bodies of

two younger children of Mr. and Mrs.

Tracy repose. Mr. Tracy has the sym-

pathy of his *confreres* in his sore bereave-

ment.

The first anniversary of the dedica-

tion of the Baptist house of worship

was celebrated on Sunday. The pastor,

Rev. D. G. McDonald, preached in the

evening. The anniversary sermon was

in the morning—text, Psalm cxvii, 3:

"The Lord has done great things for us

whereof we are glad." The first meet-

ing for public worship in connection

with the church was held in the police

room in the Town Hall on Feb. 6, 1859.

The church was organized on April 3,

1859, with 16 members, of whom there

are 4 survivors. They dedicated the

present building one year ago with a

membership of 235. The work of the

year resulted in the addition to the con-

gregation of 115 persons, or a net in-

crease of 102. In the evening the church

was packed to the doors. Text, Num-

bers x, 29, "We are journeying....

Come then with us and we will do thee

good, for the Lord hath spoken good

concerning Israel." At the close of the

sermon ten persons were baptized. The

church decided on the more excellent

way of voluntary contributions rather

than tea meetings for the support of the

cause and the collections on Sunday

amounted to \$200.

### Brussels.

J. Sparling, of Wingham, was in

town Friday.

R. S. Pelton, editor of THE BEE, was

in town Friday.

Miss McGeorge, of Ayr, is visiting at

Mrs. John Tait's.

Mr. Timmins, of Bluevale, was in

town last Friday visiting friends.

A. M. Kay, of Stratford, smiled on

his Brussels friends last Sunday.

Miss M. Mories, of Wingham, was re-

newing old friendships this week.

Miss Brackenridge, of Goderich, spent

several days with Mrs. T. Haycroft.

J. Roberts, of Porter's Hill, has been

visiting his brother D. C. Roberts this

week.

W. Mathews, Kincardine, is spending

a few days with his sister, Mrs. J. T.

Cook.

Misses M. and J. Henderson, of Ber-

rie, were visiting their cousin, Miss W.

J. Fairfield, last week.

Miss L. O'Conner has been selected

(from a number of other applicants) as

the precursor in Melville church.

J. Thompson left for Toronto last

Monday. We expect to see him quite

often in town as he has relatives here.

Wm. Bishop and family left for their

new home in Beachville last Tuesday.

We wish them every success in their

new home.

Richard Rivers left Friday for Galt

where he has secured a good situation

as clerk in a gent's furnishing and dry-

goods store.

Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, the

residence of John Broadfoot, on mill

street, was burned, the fire being caused

by the explosion of a lamp.

Rev. G. B. Howie, L.A., is away for a

short holiday so there was no service in

Knox church last Sabbath morning and

evening in the absence of the pastor.

A social and lecture will be given in

the Methodist church, 26th, under the

auspices of the Y. P. C. A. The lectur-

er is Rev. R. R. Maitland, of Ingersoll,

(formerly of Brussels) and the subject,

"Uncrowned Kings."

Oran E. Turnbull, of the Post staff,

left Monday for Brantford, where he

has secured a good position on the

daily Expositor of that city. Oran is

well up in all the branches of his

trade and we wish him success. There's

one lonely girl in town, who sings with

great emphasis, "I'm lonely to-night

love, without you."

The annual meeting of the Conserva-

tive Association of East Huron was

held in the town hall, last Friday, when

the following officers were appointed

for the year:—President, B. Gerry;

Vice-president, Wm. Clegg; Secretary,

R. L. Taylor; treasurer, J. J. Denman.

A resolution of sympathy for A. H. Mus-

grove was passed and several resolutions

condemning the policy of the Mowat

administration and expressing con-

fidence in Wm. R. Meredith and Sir

John A. Macdonald. D. Creighton, of

the Empire, announced to address the

constituents, was not present.

## &lt;