

Girls are Queer Creatures.

GIRLS are queer creatures, remarked one of them. They're not a bit like men. For instance, you can know a man for years and yet see and be quite sure that there are depths in his nature which you have never fathomed, nor even so much as approached. But you know a girl after you have seen her half a dozen times, and what is more, you know her thoroughly. You have heard all her stories, you have memorized every one of her phrases and tricks of expression, and you can divine the course she would pursue under any kind of circumstances. If I may use a simile, a girl is like an oil well which flows abundantly for a week and gives promise of keeping it up, but peters out completely at the end of that time and runs quite dry. Or, to vary it a little, a girl is like "Old Faithful" that geyser in Yellowstone Park, which spouts every fifty-eight minutes regularly. After you have seen it once you know exactly when the next eruption will take place, you know to an inch how high and how large the column of water will be, and you are perfectly certain that it will never be different in the smallest degree from what it was when you saw it. But men are like those other geysers that sometimes spout a feeble stream and at others rear a tremendous bulk, so that you never know what to expect and always have a feeling that the next eruption will be mighty beyond all previous ones. To be plain, you can never flatter yourself that you really know a man. And then there is always the shadow of his unknown past.

Trowbridge.

Mr. Wherry, of Atwood, preached here last Sabbath morning.

Jacob Black is making preparations to build a beautiful brick house this summer.

On Tuesday morning of last week J. R. Code's youngest child died with the measles.

Norman Witmer has returned home from Sarnia and has gone to Listowel to work.

The Misses Porter have come out from Ireland to visit their sister, Mrs. Alex. McLeod.

Miss Bertha Jackson left here Saturday for Elora where she proposes working at the dressmaking.

Albert Witmer left here last week for Fordwich, where he intends working at his trade during the summer.

The Good Templars of this place have organized a Juvenile Temple. We hope they will meet with great success in this noble work.

W. F. Mann, of Minnedosa, Man., arrived here last week and has returned home this week accompanied by his brother, John Mann.

Miss M. Delyea is going to Listowel next week to start dressmaking. She will no doubt be pleased to have her lady friends of this vicinity call on her.

Huron County Notes.

Chief Murray, of the Seaforth fire brigade, was presented last week with a beautiful plush upholstered easy chair.

James Somerville, of Roxboro, McKillop, finished seeding on Wednesday, April 22nd. This is the date he finished on last year.

Dr. Ferguson, of Seaforth, who has been practising there for some time, intends removing to Blyth in a few days and will take up the practice of Dr. Sloan in that village.

C. E. Mason, Brucefield, has disposed of the first prize 3-year-old Clydesdale stallion Monksman (8059) Vol. XII, to Messrs. Myer, Youngblut & Farquhar, of Londesboro, for \$1,800.

The friends of County Clerk Adamson, of Goderich, will be glad to know that he is making considerable improvement in his illness, and there are now good grounds for the hope of his recovery.

John Jarrott has sold his farm on the Parr line, near Hill's Green, to William Coust for \$6,000. The farm contains 100 acres, has on it a good brick house and a large bank barn with stone stabling underneath.

The Seaforth firemen intend holding a grand fireman's tournament in that town on 23rd and 24th of June next. Eight hundred and fifty dollars will be offered in prizes. Each fire department that takes a band of twelve men or more, and take part in the parade with the band will receive \$25.

David Sanderson, of the 4th con of Howick, has a cow which gave birth a few days ago to a calf with two heads, one on each end, six legs, in three pairs, and two tails. The tails are attached to the side of the body just about the two centre legs. This is one of the strangest cases ever reported in this township.

On Friday, April 17, a very lamentable accident happened to a little six year old girl, a child of Mr. Flanigan, Wingham. It appears that a teapot full of boiling hot tea stood on the stove, and she taking it from the stove on it upset, the whole contents going over her head and down the back, scalding her so severely that she died from the effects thereof on Monday morning following.

The Census.

When the census enumerator calls it may be well for you to bear in mind that you are not supposed to answer these questions:—

1. Do you owe for your paper?
2. How much do you owe?
3. Why don't you pay it?
4. Why do you borrow your neighbor's papers?
5. Where do your boys spend their evenings?
6. Is your back yard clean?
7. Do you believe in the whale story?
8. Are you vaccinated?
9. Do any of your daughters chew gum?
10. How do you vote?
11. Have you bought your new spring hat yet?
12. Who owns that dog?
13. Why did you?
14. Will you ever do it again?
15. Good afternoon?

Perth County Notes.

All hotels and liquor stores in Perth will be obliged to keep closed May 24th and July 12th.

The new Hicks House stables, Mitchell, are under way, and will be ready for teams by May 24th.

Henry Dinsmore, of the 10th of Blanshard, is suffering from a severe fracture of the collar bone.

Noble Johnston, one of Anderson's accomplished sportsmen, shot several wild duck on the shores of Goose Lake the other day.

Miss Agnes Knox, B. E., will give a recital in the St. Marys Opera House on the evening of May 15th, in aid of Knox church, St. Marys.

John Square, for many years a resident of Mitchell, died in Stratford early on the morning of April 23rd, from the effects of heart disease.

Cephas Woodger appeared before Police Magistrate Flagg, Mitchell, on Tuesday of last week and had to pay \$2.70 for using insulting language to a married woman.

Mitchell Advocate:—On Monday, April 20th, a protest, with a deposit of \$1,000, was filed at Osgoode Hall against the return of James Trow, and in due time another will also be entered against Mr. Grieves.

Tenders were received on Tuesday of last week for the stock of stationery and fancy goods of Wm. Colwell, Mitchell, an insolvent. Nine tenders in all were received, and they ran all the way from 20c to 41c on the dollar. That of Isaac Hord being the highest was accepted.

Organizer James McLean, the Lambton county farmer, has organized the following Patrons of Industry associations: Banner Lodge at McIntyre's Corners, 21 members; Avonbank, 24 members; Summerville lodge at Fullarton Corners, 20 members; Motherwell, 29 members.

J. A. Hacking, Listowel, reports the following passengers for the West:—Jno. Arnold, Austin, Texas; Fred Keesig, Chas. Voigt, W. J. Clinie, J. Paul, Calgary, Alberta; John Hudson, Du luth; Amos Robinson, Mr. Wetzel, Vancouver, B. C.; Thos. Robinson, W. Menzies, Denver, Col.

The newly elected officers of the Stratford Board of Trade are:—President E. T. Duffon; Vice-President, A. J. McPherson; Secretary, W. G. Mowat; Council, J. A. Duggan, W. J. Ferguson, F. D. Hamilton, H. G. Hopkirk, W. Maynard, Jr., A. F. McLaren, J. P. Macdonald, E. O'Flaherty, John Payne, T. Plummer, T. E. P. Trow and John Walsh.

At the recent county promotion examination the Millbank school passed 38 that being 100 per cent of the number sent up. This makes 52 written promotions in the school this season together with 26 promotions in the first classes, thus the total number promoted of all grades being 78. The average attendance for the month of January was 82, February 80, March 76. The number registered during the quarter 97.

St Marys is seriously considering the advisability of purchasing a standard chemical engine. This would raise the fire rate in that town from class D, to C, thus affecting a reduction of 10 per cent on premiums. The yearly risks carried in the stone town are considerably over \$700,000, so that a reduction of 10 per cent, means \$700 per annum on insurance. A chemical engine can be got for \$2,500, or \$340 a year for eleven years.

In Mitchell, Hibbert, Blanshard, St. Marys, South Easthope, Logan, all who held shop and tavern licenses last year have again been granted them. In Downie T. Ruffrich and E. Chouven have also been granted licenses, but decision as to an application from Pigeon is reserved, while J. L. Willaby has been refused. Fullarton, George Hoch gets privilege to sell again, while Russeldale and Fullarton hotels are under consideration.

Thomas Freeborn, of Mornington, was up before the police magistrate at Stratford for practising surgery unlawfully. It appears that about a year ago Mr. Freeborn treated a Mrs. Baunon, of Ellice, for cancer of the face. Afterwards she gave him \$25. The information was laid by Detective Webb, of London, acting for the Ontario Medical Association. The evidence did not show clearly that the offence had been committed within a year before the information was laid, and as the defendant made no regular charge and asked for no pay the magistrate dismissed the case.

THE SYNOD.

Rev. A. Tolmie Unanimously Elected Moderator.

THE RETIRING MODERATOR DELIVERS AN ABLE SERMON.

THE Presbytery of Hamilton and London was convened in the Park Avenue church, London, last week. Following is a summary of the business of general interest transacted:—

MONDAY EVENING.

The Synod met at the appointed hour, Moderator A. McLean, of Blyth, presiding. After the usual religious exercises, the singing being led by the choir, the rev. gentlemen delivered an excellent sermon on "the qualifications and work of the preacher." The four dations for the remarks which he made was found in the 13th chap. of Matthew and the 52nd verse, where Jesus says to His disciples, "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old"—a commendation by our Lord of His disciples for the progress they evinced in mastering the subject which He sought to teach them. At the time of Ezra the scribes were looked upon almost entirely as the representative scholars and not only the custodians and expounders of the scriptures. Hence we saw the force of the word "scribe" as in the New Testament, and so the true preacher should have the qualification of being first among the learned of the land. This was one ideal, always held by the Presbyterian church, and attained also. Every preacher should be as a tradesman who has his trade "built into his mind." The kingdom of heaven would be to us a kingdom on paper only until we had it thus locked up in our hearts. The work of the preacher was "like unto an householder which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The word householder was one which thrilled the soul as scarcely any other could. It implied "home" and what word has such fascinations? Around it were entwined the dearest associations of life. We loved our country and fought for it. Why? Because our homes are there. Perhaps there was no figure employed in Scripture implying more aptly the relations between pastor and people as did the term "householder" because he is, next to those of the home, the nearest friend. He is expected to toil and wear himself away for those among whom he labors. Was it not by great suffering and loss that the treasurer of the kingdom of heaven had been procured for us? And the whole mind became chaotic when it attempted to compare the treasures of heaven with those of an earthly kingdom. Another characteristic of the householder was that he employed his treasures for the benefit more especially of those of his own household, and the true preacher poured forth his treasures in living streams, refreshing all those around him. In the kingdom "of many mansions" we had the Great Father bringing those around Him to "living fountains" continually, and from this we saw that one of Christ's employments in heaven would be to bring before his chosen the glories of the redemption purchased for them, as the patriot tells to his children the battles fought for their freedom. Christ would be ever leading His people to higher treasures "new and old" as the householder in the text was portrayed. Agreeable surprises were no small part of the pleasures of this earth, and the preacher must bring forth from the abundance of God's word "things new and old." The speaker had nosympathy with sensational preaching, but every preacher should have a sense of originality in his soul. Every child and man had an individuality distinctly his own. Man was not a machine, and whatever he did that was inimitable. Was it not a fact that there was nothing new under the sun? What were the discoveries of science? Did not the scientist go to the old rock, or to the old stars that swing in the heavens long, long ago, and yet did not they bring forth "new things" that convulsed the world? And the preacher could bring forth from the Old Word new things—a pardon for the profligate, signed long, long ago, comfort for the sorrowing, a salve for the woes of all mankind. The church was charged with being derelict in her duty, and it was no new thing to find parents who could not control their own families sufficiently to send them to school, condemning the preacher if he did not draw their unruly Arabs to the Sunday School, the church or the Bible class. But as far as the Presbyterian church was concerned, it had not lost its power or vitality, and was continuing its grand work for the good of man. Hearers of the gospel had duties to perform as well as the ministry; the ministry had inexhaustible resources to draw from, and the preacher must of necessity be diligent in study, wear lessons with which the speaker summed up in concluding.

ELECTING THE MODERATOR.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, clerk of the Synod then called the roll, after which the Moderator intimated that the time had come for the Synod to elect his successor. He thanked them for the honor conferred upon him last year, and hoped they would this year select a more worthy man.

Nominations for the Moderatorship were then received, and Rev. Finlay McQuig was the first named by Rev. Mr. Fletcher.

Rev. W. S. Ball nominated Rev. Andrew Tolmie, of Southampton, and the motion was supported by Rev. Dr. McMullen.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher then withdrew the name of his nominee, and Rev. Mr. Tolmie's election was unanimous.

TUESDAY.

The subject of the Toronto Mail's "Most popular preacher" fake was introduced by Rev. G. Munro, who said he thought the action of that newspaper was most disgraceful. He moved that a committee be appointed to take cognizance of the matter, as he felt quite sensitive over it, though his name had not, as yet, appeared in this connection. (Laughter.) He was very certain, however, that the respectable brethren whose names were being used had not sought the publicity they were receiving.

Rev. W. S. Ball said he felt with the previous speaker, but regarded the best way to bury the matter out of sight would be to take no notice of it at all. "We cannot prevent a dog from barking at our heels." Such literature should be put in the stove.

The report of the Stratford Presbytery regarding the claim of Rev. Thos. McPherson, of Stratford, stating that \$1,500 had been recognized as payment in full, was adopted.

Rev. W. T. McMullen moved a vote of thanks to the retired minister.

Rev. A. Tully took exception to the motion. "It is enough," he said, "that the money has been paid, in a matter the details of which should not be discussed in this synod."

Rev. Dr. Cochran presented the report of the Brantford Young Ladies' College for the present year, giving details of the highly satisfactory condition of the College in every department. There had been a largely increased attendance during the year, sixty-one boarders and over seventy day pupils being enrolled, nearly double the number that was in attendance two years ago, when Dr. Cochran resumed closer relations with the college at the directors' request. The staff of teachers was never more complete than at the present moment. There has been a large representation at the college of the daughters of clergymen and elders belonging to this Synod and other parts of the church. The report referred particularly to the greatly reduced fees for ministers' daughters, and the system of bursaries that had been initiated in order to assist the daughters of clergymen, who might not otherwise be able to secure a first-class education in such a college. The members of the synod were appealed to to continue their patronage, and endeavor to secure that of their respective congregations, to enable the directors from year to year, to bring the college to the highest possible state of efficiency.

The report of the committee on THE STATE OF RELIGION

was submitted by Rev. Mr. Farquharson. The report dealt with such questions as what encouragement ministers had experienced in their work during the year; what enjoyment the elders had in the discharge of their duties; what was done in the matter of pastoral visitation; in the exercise of discipline; what organizations existed in the congregations, such as Missionary Societies, Temperance Societies, Mission Bands, Ladies' Aid Associations, Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, etc.; how Sabbath services are appreciated; how the prayer meeting and after meetings are attended; how many young people have identified themselves with the church, and what are the prevailing hindrances to religious life. The answers to these questions from the various sessions indicated that while there was many evils and imperfections to be deplored, yet on the whole there was abundant cause for thankfulness.

WEDNESDAY.

The Striking Committee presented the following draft for standing committee for the year:—

State of religion—Revs. E. Cockburn (convener), A. Beamer, and A. Sutherland, Senator A. Vidal, John Charlton, M. P., Duncan Stewart, John McMaster and James Bell.

Sabbath schools—T. W. Nisbett (convener), Revs. J. W. Dey, T. C. Tibb and Andrew Henderson (Atwood), and A. Campbell, Andrew Thompson, George Rutherford, and M. Hossie.

Sabbath Observance—Revs. Peter Musgrove (convener), Dr. Thompson, Dr. Laidlaw, and John Gray, D. K. McKenzie, Alex. Bartlett, Peter Marshall and Thos. Gordon.

The report was amended by the addition of Rev. J. M. Mitchell to Sabbath Observance Committee.

The Synod decided to meet in Knox church, Stratford, on the third Monday of April, 1892.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

An accident on the Columbia & Kootenay road, a branch of the C. P. R., resulted in the death of three men.

Lady Dufferin, the wife of Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador at Rome and formerly Governor-General of Canada, will shortly publish a work entitled "My Canadian Journeys, 1872 and 1873."

The Successful Merchant.

THE merchant who is successful in business is a man that is interested in his business, and attends to it. He should always be pleasant, patient and attentive to his customers as this is the way he gains their good will and patronage. It should always be a pleasure to him to show his goods to customers, and if after so doing they don't care to purchase at that time, they may see goods that they would come in later and purchase if they get the attention and courteous treatment due them. Even the children should be received with a welcome, and as the parents love their children they naturally have a kind regard for the merchant that has a kind word for the little ones.

The children themselves always remember the "nice man" that has a pleasant word for them, and even though their purchases are small they are most always cash and a source of profit to the dealer, besides they almost always recommend their little friends to trade there too. A good word spoken of you by the children has a great influence over the parents toward respect and friendly feeling to the dealer. Now don't get too old-fashioned so that you would not take a bargain offered you in the way of trade, as trade is progressive and you should keep up with the times. Yet, as a rule, I don't think it advisable to be continually changing your places of trading.

Be economical, but not stingy. Buy close and pay cash. If you can't pay, don't buy. Sell for cash even though you sell less. Advertise your business in the home papers. Don't hire small boys for clerks, but men of brains and judgment who will take an interest in your welfare and work for your interests faithfully, so they may advance with you as they help build up your trade.—Grocers' Advocate.

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THE MANIPURIS REPULSED.

Capt. Presgrave Gives the Rebels Another Check Killing 50 of them.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

A Calcutta cable says: A despatch from Rangoon states that Capt. Presgrave, who was reported to have reinforced Lieut. Grant at Fort Thabat, has met and defeated 300 Manipuris. Presgrave's Mounted Infantry pursued the Manipuris and killed 50. There was no loss of life on the British side.

The Thirteenth Bengal Infantry, from Barakpore, the First and Second Ghorkas, the Eighth Bengal Mountain Battery, the Thirty-sixth Bengal Infantry (Sikhs), from Calcutta, and other troops from Burmah are on the way to the front. The troops from Burmah are under the command of General Graham, and include half a battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, the Second battalion of the Fourth Ghorkas, two guns from No. 2 Mountain Battery of the Royal Artillery, and a regiment of Madras Infantry. General Graham was last reported as advancing via Tamu. General Collett was reported as advancing from Nigriting on the Brahmaputra with No. 8 Bengal Mounted Battery, the Second Ghorkas and other troops which have been despatched to Kehima.

The cause of the dispute is as follows: The Maharajah of Manipur was deposed in September last as the result of a revolt headed by his second and third brothers, known respectively as the Jobraj, or heir of the Maharajah, and the Senaputy, or commander-in-chief. The latter, it will be remembered, was recently killed in the assault made by the Manipuris upon Fort Thabat, defended by Lieut. Grant. The Maharajah, with his fourth brother, known as the Lord of the Elephants, took refuge in India, and are now in Calcutta awaiting developments. Since that time the power at Manipur was in the hands of the Jobraj and the Senaputy.

Chief Commissioner James W. Quinton, following the traditional policy of the British authorities in India, prepared to recognize the *de facto* ruler, and proceeded to Manipur with an escort of about four hundred men of the Forty-second Ghorkas with the intention of officially installing the Jobraj as Maharajah, and resolved to send the Senaputy, who was a troublesome chieftain, to India. Commissioner Quinton was accompanied by the following civil officers: Assistant Secretary Coesins, Deputy Commissioner Gordon and Deputy Commissioner Woods, and Superintendent Melville, of the Telegraph Department. The military officers included Colonel Skene, commanding the Forty-second Ghorkas Light Infantry; and Captain G. H. Butcher and Lieutenant E. J. Luger and J. B. Chatterton, of the same regiment; Captain T. S. Doilean, second in command of the Forty-fourth Ghorkas Light Infantry; Lieutenant L. W. Brackenbury, of the same regiment, and several others, nearly all of whom are believed to have been killed in the massacre which followed the Durbar, at Manipur, on March 24th and 25th, the details of which have already been published.

Lieutenant Grant, on the British side, is still holding Fort Thabat with admirable success. The insurgents will find it difficult to dislodge him, especially since he has been reinforced by the small detachment of troops under the command of Captain Presgrave, and in view of his brilliant achievement in repulsing on April 6th a force of 4,000 Manipuris, well armed with rifles, during which engagement the Senaputy was killed. Lieut. Grant, with a force of eighty Ghorkas from Tamme, was believed to have fallen a victim to the Manipuris, but, instead, he carried Fort Thabat, garrisoned by 900 Manipuris, by assault, driving the enemy out at the point of the bayonet.

The telegraph wires being out by the insurgents renders communication from the front rather slow.

PIERCED WITH A RED HOT IRON.

Horrible Story of Juvenile Ferocity from Cape Breton.

A Halifax despatch says: A revolting story of youthful ferocity comes from Little Narrows, C. B. A number of boys on their way home from school called in at the blacksmith's forge where the smith's apprentice, whose name is Logan, was at work. The boys began playing, and Logan becoming offended drew a red hot and sharp iron out of the fire and taking hold of a boy by the neck of Matheson, drove the iron into his abdomen. The victim, who is 12 years old, is not expected to recover. Logan, after committing this act, skipped at once, and is supposed to be hiding in the fastness of Logan's glen, between Little Narrows and Lake Aislie.

Shot in a Drunken Brawl.

A New York despatch says: Frank Siemerson and Peter August, seaman on the brig Henrietta G., were shot by Mate George T. Libby to-day in the legs and painfully, though not seriously wounded. The brig started to-day for Cuba. Several Swedish sailors who had come aboard intoxicated quarrelled. The mate seized a bottle of whiskey from one of them and threw it overboard. The men knocked the mate down. He retreated and got his pistol. The sailors again attacked him and he fired. Four sailors and the mate were arrested by an officer who went out to the vessel. The mate was paroled and the sailors were held.

A Child on a Mad Cow's Horn.

A Shamokin despatch says: The bright red frocks of 3-year-old Bessie Metaskie of Hickory Ridge, attracted the attention of a vicious cow while the child was gathering arbutus yesterday. The beast rushed towards the child, knocked it down and then gored it with its horn. Frightened by men, the cow raised its head with Bessie impaled on one horn and ran into the underbrush. There the infuriated beast was lashed and the bleeding little victim released from the horn. Though still alive, Bessie will die.

Merely Practising.

Detroit News: Aunt-Do not be so impudent and rude, Charles. It is bad manners. Charles—I know it, aunt, but I am going into the life insurance business.

A DEMOLISHED TEMPLE

Arouses the Religious Prejudices of the Hindoos, AND A REBELLION MAY RESULT.

The Holy City of Benares in a State of Siege—Shops Closed—Work Suspended and the Natives Angered—A Perilous Situation.

A Benares cable dated to-day says: The excitement in this city originating from the demolition of a temple in order to provide a site for the new waterworks, increases every hour. All the shops in Benares are closed and all the natives in the city and district have stopped work and are gathering in large crowds in and about the principal thoroughfares of the Holy City. The result is that serious riots have already occurred between the disturbed natives and the local authorities, who are supported by the British troops quartered in the vicinity. In Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, who is now at Simla directing the movements of the troops marching on the Manipur district, strong reinforcements, composed of English and native troops, have been detailed in Benares, and further reinforcements are on the way. The British troops are guarding all the banks and public buildings, and also occupy in force many points of vantage throughout the city and district. It is presumed that the troops will be able to suppress promptly any serious outbreak on the part of the natives. But the eventual effect of the spirit of resentment and indignation existing among the Hindoos, already felt far and wide in India, cannot at present be correctly estimated.

HE MEANT MURDER.

A Banana Vendor Arrested While Trying to Strangle His Wife.

A Boston despatch says: A man named Placide Cannata attempted to murder his wife to-day. She says her husband went out this morning to sell bananas, and she did not expect him back before noon. He came back in half an hour, began to abuse her, and accused her of having been untrue to him. After more words he went down into an alleyway and brought up a big box. Then he told her that if she did not give up the \$500 she had he would murder her and put her in the box. This threat and the box frightened her. She begged that he would not kill her and that he would take \$250 and go away and leave her. This he consented to do until he secured the money. Then he once more declared she had been untrue, and said she had ruined his life and it was no more than right that he should take hers. He yanked a handkerchief from his pocket, threw his wife to the floor, tied her mouth so that it was impossible for her to utter a sound, and then coolly pulled a rope from his pocket, at the end of which he made a slip-knot, which he put around her neck. His wife had struggled bravely, only to be thrown down again. Cannata took his plaiding inability to speak English. He practically admitted that he wanted to kill his wife, and declared that her unfaithfulness had led him to take the step he did. The \$250 which his wife says she gave him was not found on him. He was held in \$1,000 for the next term of the Superior Court. No serious injury was inflicted on the woman.

TRAGEDY IN A CIRCUS.

The Audience Loudly Cheered While a Woman Was Being Slowly Killed.

A St. Petersburg cable says: News of a most remarkable and horrible tragedy which has just occurred in the town of Polotsk, in Russian Poland, has reached here. A day or two ago a travelling circus gave a representation in that town. The manageress of the circus, a woman of remarkable beauty and popularity, who was herself an excellent horsewoman, was just on the point of leaving the ring after performing some daring feats with a spirited horse, when the animal suddenly attacked her in a furious manner. For a few minutes the audience, in spite of the woman's shrieks, did not appear to realize anything unusual occurring, but applauded and cheered the actions of the horse, thinking them a part of the performance. Not until the animal kicked her with such force that she fell to the ground did the people realize that something was wrong. The brute then trampled upon her with such fury that none of the public or the grooms in attendance had the courage to approach the spot. At last, by some means the unfortunate woman managed to extricate herself from beneath the animal's hoofs, half stunned, with her dress all torn and her face and body streaming with blood. She had sufficient fortitude to salute the audience and stagger from the ring without any assistance. She, however, had hardly reached the dressing-room before she commenced to utter piercing shrieks, which were heard by the audience in the circus. After lingering several hours in great agony she succumbed to the terrible injuries she had received.

He Struck an Earl.

A London cable says: In Ireland the farmers are up in arms against fox-hunting squires and peers. The young Earl of Huntingdon, a captain in the Prince of Wales Regiment, was dashing to-day across Farmer Murphy's meadow after a fox and a pack of hounds, when the farmer unexpectedly appeared and seized the Earl's horse by the bridle. The Earl, who traces his ancestry to a steward of the Conqueror, was aghast at such a liberty on the part of a plebeian, and raising his whip struck a blow at the farmer. Murphy held the horse with one powerful arm, while with the other he struck and nearly dismounted the Earl.

Dr. John Hall of New York is reported as saying that he finds it a means of grace to stand before one of the great store windows in Broadway and thank the Lord for the large number of things in that window he can do without.

IRISH SUNDAY SALOONS.

The Public Houses to be Closed on the Lord's Day.

HEALY GETS AFTER PARNELL.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons yesterday the Bill making permanent the closing up of public houses in Ireland on Sunday, and including in its scope the cities of Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Waterford and Limerick, passed its second reading 248 to 94. During the debate preceding the vote Parnell protested against applying the measure set forth in it to the city of Cork or other Irish cities. He said Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, was not inconsistent in supporting the measure against Irish opinion, because he (Balfour) always maintained that the Imperial Parliament ought to decide such questions. This, however, was not the case with the Liberals. The latter had been urging for years that the Irish members should decide Irish matters. Upon the elementary question as to how Irishmen ought to eat and drink the Liberals might have shown a greater attachment to the principles they had proclaimed on English platforms.

Maurice Healy, one of the members for Cork city, assured the House that Parnell did not upon this or other questions represent the city of Cork; adding, if he wanted to test the truth of his (Healy's) words let him keep his promise made to his constituents and face him in a contest for election. (Cheers and laughter.)

A CRAZY BRIDEGROOM.

On the Eve of His Wedding a Young Man Runs Amuck in the Costume of Adam.

A Durham cable says: A most extraordinary and exciting incident occurred at Durham yesterday afternoon. A young man who lived at West Stanley came to Durham yesterday morning with a young woman, who came from Kimblesworth, the purpose of being married at the Registry Office. Owing to some cause the wedding, it was found, could not take place yesterday, and it was put off till Wednesday. The young couple went from the Registry Office into the Banks and sat down on a seat. They had not been there long when the girl noticed something strange in the demeanor of her companion. He went away from where they were sitting, and having divested himself of all his clothing was running about Prehend's bridge completely naked. The police were sent for, and the young man, who was inclined to be violent, was removed to the police station in the ambulance cart. The young woman followed to the station, and said she could not account for the behavior of her sweetheart. The young man is stated to have been of a religious turn of mind for the last eight or nine years. He was detained at the police station. The man was released, and next day on the road near Kimblesworth he stripped off the whole of his clothes and proceeded to the village in a nude condition, much to the alarm of the inhabitants, who ran away in terror at the sight of the big, powerful young fellow in that state. When he got to the house of his intended wife's parents he knocked out of the window a pane of glass eleven inches by fifteen, and crept through into the house; then from the inside he knocked out the remainder of the panes and crept out again. By this time there was help at hand, and the poor fellow was taken to a neighboring house and attended to, a medical man being summoned at once. His two passages through the broken glass had inflicted frightful lacerations all over his body, and last night he was considered to be past recovery.

Cheyenne Indians Troublesome.

A special from Pine Ridge states that Boss Farmer Smoot arrived at the agency to-day from Medicine Root bringing with him a band of Cheyenne river Indians are now camped on Wounded Knee, near the Big Foot battle ground. Amos Ross, a missionary, and Mrs. Keith, a school teacher, both half-breeds, were stopped, but finally allowed to proceed. They met Smoot, who was bound for the agency, and warned him to go in by a circuitous route if he wished to avoid trouble, which he did. The authorities here regard the occurrence as the act of some crazy young braggart, whose hears are attached to it, and the general opinion is that there will be no renewal of the trouble this spring.

"I Have Spited You Now, Mamma"

A Montgomery, Ala., despatch says: Willie Mendheim, the 13-year-old son of Mrs. Mendheim, an estimable widow, became angry with his mother yesterday and to-day he was going to commit suicide. The boy went out into the barn, procured an ordinary white hamstring, returned and, before his mother's eyes, made his preparations for death. He fastened the leather to the ceiling with a large nail, cut a slit in the leather large enough to admit his head, got up in a high chair and jumped. Just before the leap he said: "I have spited you now, mamma!" His neck was broken. His mother saw him as he made the fatal spring.

The Fatal Fire Damp.

A Tamaqua, Pa., despatch says: A terrible explosion of gas and fire damp occurred at No. 10 colliery, owned and operated by the Lehigh Valley Coal and Navigation Company, a few miles east of this place, to-day. James Haggerty, of Lansford, was instantly killed, and was burned to a crisp. William Reuss, of Tamaqua, was fatally injured. John Davis, Frederick O'Donnell, Chas. F. Lilly, all of Coaldale; Daniel Reese, of Lansford, and James Gallagher, of Gearytown, were seriously injured. The explosion was caused by a naked lamp.

It appears to be a fact that Customs Officer Drouillard has made a seizure of some of the plant of Ryan & Haney, contractors for the Sault Canal. Mr. Hugh Ryan made the statement the other day that every dollar's worth of plant in the work had been made in Canada, and that there was therefore no ground for such action on the part of the Customs authorities.

A WIFE-MURDERER SENTENCED.

James Kane, of Belleville, Condemned to Die on May 21st.

LITTLE DEFENCE ATTEMPTED.

A Belleville despatch says: The courtroom today was crowded beyond its proper capacity with spectators anxious to witness the trial of James Kane, who murdered his wife on March 23rd. Since his incarceration Kane has rather improved in appearance, and when he stepped into the box he was tastefully attired in a dark suit of clothes and clean linen. His side whiskers have been cut off, leaving only a goatee. He showed no sign of uneasiness, and took his seat before the court with the greatest composure. To look at him one would come to the conclusion that he was pleased that he was soon to shuffle off these mortal coils.

The gentlemen composed the jury: Albert Parke, Hy. Lee, Chas. Wilson, Hy. Tammdage, John McFarther, John R. Smith, W. H. Kells, E. J. Edwards, Leo Huffman, Joe Pitts, Robert Jarvis. The case was well handled for defence by C. E. Lyons and W. C. Mikel. W. B. Riddell, Q. C., of Cobourg, conducted the case for the Crown.

James Skinner, step-son of the accused, testified that on the day of the murder Kane came into his barber shop on Front street and asked where "she" was. He was told that she was assisting her daughter-in-law to move on South Church street. Then Kane left the shop. The couple did not live on agreeable terms and were continually quarrelling over trifles. Kane did not appear to be drunk at the time.

Margaret Skinner in her evidence said that Kane came to her house on Church street, and, after knocking, walked through the half-open door and asked where Mrs. Kane was. Mrs. Skinner was alarmed at his appearance. As he came in he unbuttoned his coat and drew out a long, glittering carving knife. At this Mrs. Skinner ran out of the house in a fright, and meeting her husband and two men on the street, told them that Kane was going to murder mother. The men rushed into the house in time to see the victim fall with an agonizing cry dying away on her lips. A deep wound in the vicinity of the heart told the awful tale. Alfred Skinner threw himself on the murderer and disarmed him.

Fred Abraham, reporter for the *Daily Ontario*, who interviewed the prisoner in his cell a few minutes after the murder, testified that the accused expressed his satisfaction with the deed he had committed, that he gloried in it and only wished he could have murdered his son. This was his last case for the Crown. There was little or no attempt at defence.

The jury retired at 4 o'clock and in less than an hour returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Ross asked if the prisoner had anything to say, and the accused replied that he had not. The judge said the crime was deliberate and premeditated, and that he could hold out no hope for mercy. He sentenced Kane to be hanged on Thursday, May 21st.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

A Wife-Beater's Leap to Death While on His Way to Prison.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: On Thursday night Constable McDonald, of West Newton, having in charge prisoner Sandy Wilson of Greensburg, boarded the fast train on the Pennsylvania road bound for Greensburg. After taking his seat in the smoker the constable removed the handcuffs from the prisoner, and they sat together smoking and talking. Jeannette remarked: "Well, Sandy, you will soon be locked up." Wilson replied: "I'll see you in hell first," and with a blow knocked the constable from the seat, rushed out on the platform, and sprang McDonald the followed. Just as both men reached the ground a freight train came down the opposite track. The fast line train stopped and ran back, and after a search Officer McDonald was found alive but unconscious from several wounds. Wilson's lifeless body was found thirty feet from the track, horribly mangled. The men had jumped immediately in front of the freight train and were struck by the pilot. The constable and his lifeless prisoner were placed on the train and taken to Greensburg. McDonald will recover. Wilson was wanted on a charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife.

A Shocking Death-bed Confession.

A Shawano, Wis., despatch says: Near Washington, in this county, a few days ago Bahr and his wife quarrelled, after which Bahr hanged himself. Before doing so he told the children that Mrs. Bahr had poisoned an old man named Zell, the father of his first wife, who died suddenly a year ago. The children informed the authorities, and they arrested the woman, who confessed. Mrs. Bahr is ill and under the care of a physician. Bahr was an ugly dispositioned man. Not long after Zell's death Bahr pounded one of his children inhumanly, and after jerking his leg almost out of the socket threw it on a bed, where it soon died. He was never prosecuted for the child's murder.

Trouble in the Holy City.

A Calcutta cable says: At this hour (3 p. m.) there has been a change for the better in the aspect of affairs in Benares, though the change filled the streets during the morning because more violent. In spite of the efforts of the local officials, the police and the military, the natives graph wires, looted the railway station, and plundered the railway treasury of 3,000 rupees. The local authorities summoned a large number of volunteers to their assistance, and succeeded in arresting a hundred of the most violent of the rioters. These arrests have resulted in quelling the disturbances for the present at least.

A topic extensively discussed in society is the exhibition of the rational dress society. Prominent ladies are aiming to introduce new dress combinations, which consist of brevity of skirt, duality of under-dress and shortness of upper drapery. The mode most approved by the society is that of Syrian trousers and full blouse of silk over a velvet zonne bodice. No member of the society, however, has ventured to walk out in "rational" costume for public criticism.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Steamer Crashes Into a Schooner—The Terror of the Passengers.

WHERE IS THE SCHOONER?

A New York despatch says: The steamer Connecticut left Stonington at midnight for New York with 150 passengers and a large cargo of freight. A thick fog hung over the sound all night. Everything went well until the steamer was half-way between Huntington and Capping Island. This was about half-past 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The fog was very thick. The steamer was proceeding at two-thirds speed, when all at once there was a fearful crash, followed by a scraping and smashing of woodwork, with the additional noise made by the cries of the affrighted passengers. The Connecticut heeled over to port, but finally righted herself. As soon as possible she was stopped, and an effort was made by her officers to learn what had happened. Meanwhile the wildest excitement prevailed among the 150 passengers. Many of them had been thrown from their berths, and others had been slightly injured by falling woodwork and broken glass. For a few minutes all was confusion, but the officers kept cool and soon succeeded in restoring order. They then turned their attention to the boat, and found that she had run into a big schooner which lay at anchor in the roadway. The jibboom of the schooner had struck the steamer on the starboard side, and had ripped out all the woodwork along the side as far as the main gangway, carrying away two lifeboats, tearing out all the sides of the rooms on the main and upper decks, and demolishing the engineer's stateroom, the bathrooms, paddle-box and part of the starboard peddle-wheel. At the time it was thought the steamer was in danger of sinking, and the purser was sent ashore to Whitestone in a small boat for help. After he had left, however, it was found the boat was leaking but little, and it was decided to make for New York. This was done after the wreck was cleared away. After colliding with the schooner the Connecticut rebounded and drifted away, and the fog was so thick that the schooner was lost to view. Several of the passengers who occupied rooms on the starboard side were slightly injured by being thrown from their berths or by having their berths knocked out from under them by the schooner's jib-boom as it crashed through the light woodwork. The Connecticut was detained two hours by the accident, and reached her dock yesterday forenoon. She is badly damaged, and will be laid up some time for repairs.

Temperance in High Life.

The N. Y. *World's* Washington representative, commenting upon the social season in that city, says: This will be known as the great application season, if nothing else. A few high official families are believers in total abstinence, and will have nothing intoxicating in the house; apollinaris accompanies their banquets and sparkles at their balls. It is the fashion of this winter, too, to even forego punch at large entertainments, and several of the handsome affairs in the finest houses in town have been cheered by lemonade and mineral waters only. Even people who give seven wines with their dinners, give nothing spirituous or fermented when it comes to any large entertainments. The dancing class, which is the swiftest gathering of young people, has had more temperance suppers than other kinds of suppers, and champagne has been cooled for them only in very few houses. Lavish entertaining is frowned upon, and the days of terrapin by the tubful and champagne by the hundred baskets have gone by. People of even good incomes hope that it is not coming back.

Arranging for a Good Time.

Mr. Joseph Hobson, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk, in referring to the St. Clair tunnel, recently said: "In two months we hope to have the tunnel officially opened. The towns of Sarnia and Port Huron are arranging opening exercises of an unusual character, in the completion of which the Grand Trunk will enter heartily. There is to be a grand dinner out in the tunnel. The table will be set out on the international line, with one-half in the States, the other in the Dominion. At the head of the table, in Canada, will sit President Harrison, while at the other end, in America, will be seated the Governor-General of Canada. Of course, there will be congratulatory speeches, etc., and a general good time is expected. At any rate, it certainly is a very interesting enterprise and deserves to be carried out."

Why Big Men Have Little Wives.

There is a very general and ancient impression that big men in choosing wives prefer small women. At first glance this would appear to be true, because the number of big men with little wives is certainly in an overwhelming majority, as we see them. In the five years I have held my office I have learned a thing or two through the medium of the marriage license office, and it is my impression that it is not that big men prefer little women, but that little women prefer big men, and it is the experience of the world-wide that what a woman wants and starts out to get she generally captures.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Pennsylvania's Tariff on Oaths.

A Sunbury, Pa., despatch says: Ex-Mayor Gen. G. W. Stroh was arrested on Monday night charged with swearing 27 times. He was fined 63 cents per oath, or, with costs, \$20 in all. Gen. Stroh had a law suit last week in regard to the rent of a piece of ground before the same square, and while there got into a controversy with the prosecutor, at which time the oaths were uttered. Memoranda of the oaths were made at the time by Jacob Bartholomew, a personal enemy of the Mayor, who brought the suit, which created much amusement and excitement.

—A mother has lost her prerogative in a home when she permits her daughter to get a new straw hat every season, while she trims over her old bonnet.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following bills were read a second time:

Respecting the town of Bracebridge
To authorize the town of Collingwood to issue certain debentures.
To consolidate the debt of the town of Essex.

To consolidate the debt of the town of Port Arthur.

To amend the Act to incorporate the Perry Sound Colonization Railway Company.

To enable the Synod of Huron to consolidate and manage its trust funds.

Mr. Barr moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Assessment Act by apportioning the assessment of real estate between the mortgagee and the mortgagor. He believed such a measure would have a beneficial effect upon the country generally by encouraging investment in real estate. He did not propose to include assessments for local improvements and drainage.

Mr. Hardy—Withdraw.
Mr. Meredith said that some effort should be made to remove the anomalies of the present law, and he hoped if this Bill were dropped the Government would give the matter some attention.

Mr. Fraser—It's a pretty hard job.

Mr. Meredith—That's what we pay you for. Anybody could do the easy jobs.

The Bill was withdrawn.

Mr. Davis moved the second reading of a bill respecting the use of velocipedes on the public highway. He had recently had the importance of such legislation urged upon him by a deputist.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) had received a deputist of bicyclists dead against the legislation.

The bill was allowed to stand.

Mr. Meredith moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Judicature Act.

The object of the bill was to provide that wherever a person brings an action to recover damages for personal injuries it should be lawful for the court, at discretion, to issue an order for examination of the person by a medical practitioner.

Mr. Mowat thought it specially objectionable that a woman should be subject to this examination.

Mr. Meredith thought the committee could settle that. If women claimed damages they should also stand the examination.

The bill was read a second time.

Mr. Arey moved the second reading of a bill to reduce the cost of appeals to the Court of Appeal. The object of the bill was much as the words would imply. In many cases the cost for printing exceeded the amount in dispute. He wished to secure legislation that would provide for lessening the number of copies of evidence required in cases of appeal in the Appeal Court. He did not see why it was that 40 copies were required in the Court of Appeal, especially when so much less sufficed in the Division Court, Queen's Bench and Courts of Chancery. He wished to provide that the same copies might be used in the Appeal Court as had been used in the other courts.

The bill was read a second time.

Mr. Hardy moved the second reading of a bill respecting liens for labor on logs and timber, and the payment of wages thereon. The purpose of the bill was to apply to the newer districts of Rainy River, Thunder Bay and Algoma, where, owing to the difficulties of lumbering, wages were not regularly received. He was not aware that a necessity existed for any such legislation in the older districts. The object was to devise some process, if possible, of obtaining the results of the lien. This was a more difficult thing than appeared on the face of it. The proposition was, that for claims of \$200 or under suit might be brought in the Division Court to enforce the lien. The person desiring to retain his lien should file a certificate with the officer of the district court, stating the amount claimed. This could be done in a limited time. Suit could be brought in the ordinary way, or an attachment could be issued if an affidavit was certified to as to the nature of the debt.

Mr. Ross proposed to amend the 11th clause by providing that where the trustees of a High School in any city or town notify the County Council that the school is open to county pupils, the council may appoint three trustees.

Mr. Meredith objected that this would give the county a share in the management of the schools for which the cities or towns provided the funds. Under the old law there must be an agreement as to terms of union before the county would have representation.

Mr. Ross considered the present proposition more reasonable than the old law, as it gave the counties three out of nine trustees, instead of three out of six as formerly.

The amendment carried.

Mr. Ross said there was a difficulty as to the election of trustees at the end of the year, and he now proposed to restore the old practice. He moved an amendment to that effect.

The amendment carried.

Mr. Meredith thought that High school boards ought not to be limited to charge non-resident pupils fees not greater than the cost of maintenance at such High schools, as proposed by the hon. Minister of Education. High schools were essentially for the benefit of the communities in which they were erected.

The clause was carried in a slightly amended form.

Mr. Waters wanted the bill printed as soon as possible that persons interested might see the full drift of the amendments.

Mr. Ross moved the second reading of a bill to consolidate and revise the laws respecting the Education Department. He proposed adding a clause giving the department power to refer matters affecting Public, High and Separate Schools for interpretation to the High Court of Justice.

The bill received its second reading.

The House went into committee, and carried a bill to amend the Act respecting cemetery companies.

Mr. Ross's bill respecting the profession of stenographers received its second reading without discussion.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into Committee of Supply.

Mr. Meredith took exception to the increase in the expenditure required for

the maintenance of the Toronto Asylum. The expenditure on public institutions was yearly increasing. The Government were constantly placing officials on the permanent staff or creating unnecessary offices.

The item for maintenance, amounting to \$101,816, was carried.

Mr. Hardy said that the fare at the asylums was very solid and very plain—too plain. In some of the institutions in the United States which he had visited they had more expensive victuals, such as puddings, etc. They were, too, fitted up more elaborately, something like a summer hotel.

Mr. Meredith wished to know why the bursar had been discharged at the Central Prison, Toronto.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) explained that the action had been taken on account of the bursar using moneys temporarily without permission for accounts received at the institution. He had not been perfectly accurate in his dealings with the funds of the institution. Although, perhaps, fraudulent intent could not be established against the gentleman, yet the irregularities that he had been guilty of were such as to necessitate a discontinuance of his services.

Mr. Ciancy was of the opinion that the kind of meat served at the institutions was too expensive, that the beef was from export cattle, and not butchers' cattle as was called for.

Mr. Fraser read extracts from the examination of the officials, in which the superintendent had testified that nothing better than butchers' cattle was used.

The item, amounting to \$125,895, was carried.

The items under the head of public institutions, immigration, agriculture, public buildings and repairs thereto, and public works, were passed, and the committee rose.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

To amend the Municipal Act—Mr. McKay (Oxford).

To amend the Assessment Act—Mr. Arey.

To amend the Voters' List Act—Mr. Tait.

Mr. Mowat, in introducing a bill respecting disputes under the drainage law, said it had been suggested that there be appointed a special referee, and that the Government had concurred in that suggestion.

He would have the powers of a Judge, and would be a salaried officer with all powers of an arbitrator, with a salary of about \$3,000 a year. The bill was drawn up on these lines.

Mr. Mowat introduced a bill entitled an Act to detach from the Chancery Division of the High Court one of the Judges thereof. He had communicated with Sir John Thompson, and understood there would be no objection from that source.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) moved a resolution that in the opinion of this House the system of paying provincial officers by fees is objectionable in principle, and that the law ought to be so amended as to provide for the remuneration of the sheriffs, registrars of deeds, clerks of the peace, and county attorneys by salary instead of by fees, and a like change should be made in the mode of remunerating all other provincial officers now paid by fees to whom the same could be satisfactorily applied.

The subject of the fee system as compared with remuneration by salary had been discussed a great deal during the past few months. The system was as old as the offices for which it had been created. It was no plea to urge in behalf of the system that because it had existed so long it must necessarily be good. What he understood to be the tenor of the public feeling in the matter was (1) that officials should be fairly and amply paid for the work done and the responsibilities devolving upon them; (2) that there should be no distinction in the salaries, except in so far as there was a distinction in the value of the services rendered; (3) in estimating the value of such services the previous standing of the officials should not be considered, but the service and responsibility of the office; (4) only persons capable of discharging the duties should be appointed to offices. The last clause the hon. gentleman considered equally as important as, if not of greater importance than, the previous clauses. No greater wrong could be done to the community than to seek to underpay those officials who were laboring for their daily bread. The man was worthy of his hire, be that what it may. The principle of paying officials in consideration of past services was as absurd as it was unjust. Dealing with the system as it affected county attorneys and clerks of the peace, the hon. gentleman stated that there were forty-two such divisions in which these officers were appointed. The receipts ranged from \$9,964 as the total of the eight lowest-fee offices to \$24,062 for the eight highest-fee. He found anomalies in some of the counties. In one county an official held no less than four responsible public offices, and though his salary was not excessive his duties must have been onerous. While a registrar received \$9,000 for doing almost nothing, the Attorney-General was paid \$5,000 for his services. Was there any justice in that?

Mr. Mowat—The hon. gentleman thinks I should be paid \$10,000. I thank him. (Government applause.)

Mr. Wood thought it an anomaly that such permanent officials should be paid larger salaries than Ministers of the Crown, who were much more subject to change. He contended he had established that the system of payment by fees was objectionable, and while he did not hold the Government responsible for the existence of the system, he contended that if they did not make the change demanded the public would hold them responsible in the future.

Mr. Meredith congratulated the hon. gentleman on the fairness with which he had presented the case. A very large part of the feeling upon the subject had arisen from the exaggerations of the press. The actual figures varied enormously from the salaries it was generally supposed the registrars received. He did not say the country would go to destruction if the salary system were instituted. But at the same time he pointed out that the fee system was not instituted by this Government. The fee system might be so regulated as to produce the same results as the salary system. The only way to procure a reduction under the fee system was not by its abolition. He contended that in almost every respect the fee system was the better system if it did not produce too large incomes. The chief advantage was that it paid men according

to the work they did. The disparity in the incomes which had been complained of was in reality an advantage, because it apportioned the amount of income to the amount of labor. To adopt a uniform scale would be highly objectionable and indefensible. The journals which had opposed the system were not fully informed. One paper had declared that twenty of these officials were receiving more than the Attorney-General. As a matter of fact, there were not a quarter that number. An officer paid by salary would confine himself to office hours, but when he was paid by fees sometimes he would work till midnight. If the salary system were instituted the result would be no gain to the Province. The receipts would be reduced and the expenditures increased. It was now complained that many cases the fees charged were too high, and that a change would remedy that. The meaning of that was that the receipts would be reduced. The computation of the fees of surrogate judges had in most instances resulted in a reduction of the amount of fees. Complaint had been made of the income of the registrar in Toronto. But three years ago, when there was a Conservative in the office, no complaint was made, and the income then was \$9,610. The receipts of the office fluctuated. During the first quarter of the present year they were not half what they aggregated during the last quarter of last year. He pointed out that the cashiers of the Bank of Commerce and of the Bank of Toronto received \$15,000 a year. The manager of the Standard Bank received \$12,000, and of the Dominion Bank \$11,000. The Ontario Bank manager and the manager of the Canada Permanent were paid \$10,000. These positions of trust called for proportionate remuneration. It was so in regard to registrars, and the beauty of the present system was that under it an official was paid in proportion to his responsibility. The conclusion the Government had come to as a result of their experience was that the present system was the more workable of the two. As far as sheriffs were concerned the salary system was impracticable. The Government had had under consideration the question of taxing the surplus received over a reasonable remuneration, and without further announcement he would say that the matter was still occupying the attention of the Government, and they might submit a measure to the House next session dealing with it. As to the resolution proposed, he did not think it should meet the approval of the majority of the House, and asked them to vote it down.

To consolidate the debt of the town of Milton.

Respecting the city of Kingston Gas and Electric Light Companies.

To amend the Act incorporating the College of Ottawa.

The following Private Bills were given a second reading:

To incorporate the Tilson Spur Line Railway Company.

To amend the Act incorporating the Synod of the Diocese of Niagara.

To provide for the consolidation of the debt of the city of London, and for other purposes.

To enable the corporation of the city of Hamilton to issue certain debentures, and for other purposes.

Dr. Blair said the subject had been brought before the House in a temperate speech, but a good case had not been made out. It was easy to find fault. When the late Sanford Macdonald was Premier of Ontario the law provided for the division of counties for registration purposes, not by the will of the House, but by order of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. When the Liberals came into power a reform was made—a reform which was the desire of the people. Mr. Edward Blake, when Premier, brought in the law readjusting the whole system, and fixing what proportion of the fees were retained by the officials and what went to the counties, the proportions varying according to the annual totals. If it were found now that in some cases the amounts retained by sheriffs, registrars, or other officers, were excessive, they could be remedied by an extension of the principle of the legislation placed upon the statute book by Mr. Blake. As for himself, he could vote conscientiously and with all due regard to his duty to the Province against the proposal of his hon. friend from North Hastings.

Mr. Davis moved in amendment the following resolution: That it is the opinion of this House:

1. That remunerating sheriffs, registrars of deeds, clerks of the peace, and county attorneys by fees is in the public interest, preferable to a system of payment by salary.

2. That placing these officers on salaries would result in a general increase of the expense and cost of carrying on the necessary business of these offices.

3. That it is very probable that the salaries to be paid to such officers and their necessary assistants would considerably exceed the total of fees received, and by reason thereof the Province would in most, if not in all, cases be burdened with an increase of expenditure.

4. That as to registrars, the result of such a change if made would in some instances wipe out, and in others greatly reduce the amounts which under the present system are payable to counties out of the fees received in registry offices.

5. That as to sheriffs, the system of payment by salary could not well be adopted, and if adopted the work of these officers generally would be apt to be less diligently performed, and thereby the interests, not alone of the general public, but of suitors, litigants, judgment creditors, and others would suffer and be greatly prejudiced.

6. That having regard to the public interests, and of persons having to transact business in or through the offices of clerks of the peace and county attorneys, the results would probably be the same as in respect of the business to be transacted in sheriff's offices, and in a somewhat less degree.

7. That having heard the assurance given that the Attorney-General purposes before next session to make official enquiry as to the remuneration at present actually received by such officers respectively, and as to such other matters as will enable the Government to fairly and fully consider in what degree and with respect to what offices, if any, said remuneration might be reduced, further consideration of the question during the present session is unnecessary.

The House divided at 12:30 p. m., it

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ©

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

being the first division of this Parliament.

Mr. Meredith's amendment to the amendment, which affirms the salary principle, was lost on a division of 30 yeas and 51 nays, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Barr, Bueh, Campbell (Algoma), Clancy, Dunlop, Glendinning, Godwin, Ham-mell, Hiscott, Rayson, McCleary, McColl, McLonsgha, Magwood, Marier, Mescham, Meredith, Metcalfe, Miscampbell, Monk, Preston, Reid, Roche, Smith (Frontenac), Tooley, White, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings), Wylie—50.

Nays—Messrs. Allan, Arey, Balfour, Baxter, Bishop, Bissard, Bronson, Caldwell, Carpenter, Charlton, Chisholm, Clarke (Wellington), Cleland, Connee, Deak, Davis, Dowling, Dryden, Evansville, Ferguson, Field, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Guthrie, Harcourt, Hardy, Lockhart, Loughrin, McKay (Oxford), McKay (Victoria), McKee, McKenzie, E. McMahon, Mack, Mackenzie, C. Moore, Mowat, O'Connor, Paton, Porter, Rayside, Rouillard, Ross, Sharpe, Smith (York), Snider, Sprague, Stratton, Tait, Waters, Wood (Brant)—51.

The following pairs had been made: E. F. Clarke with Mr. Biggar, Mr. Fell with Mr. Garrow, Mr. Hudson with Mr. Gilmour, Mr. H. E. Clarke with Mr. Fraser.

The only member of the House who was not paired and did not vote was Mr. Campbell, of East Durham, Equal Righter.

The amendment by Mr. Davis was carried on the same division reversed.

The House went into committee and carried the following bills:

To amend the act incorporating the Synod of the Diocese of Niagara—Mr. Harcourt.

To incorporate the Tilson Spur Line Railway Company—Mr. McKay (Oxford).

Respecting the Weston, High Park & Toronto Street Railway Company—Mr. Gilmour.

The following bills were read a second time:

To incorporate the Port Arthur & Fort William Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

To incorporate the Mimico Switch Line Railway Company—Mr. Gilmour.

To incorporate the Niagara River Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

The House adjourned at 6:20 p. m.

A Traveler Rejoicing.

Sammerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888: "Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can testify to its peculiarly curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." GEORGE GAZER, Traveler for J. C. Ayer & Co.

An Important Question.

Texas Sitings: Fortune teller—A hand some young man is desperately in love with you. You will have three children, two boys and a girl, so I see in the cards. Young lady—Yes, but don't the cards have something to say about a wedding?

Blood Will Tell.

Of course it will—that is if it is good, healthy blood. It will glow in the cheek, and tell the story of perfect physical health. If it does not, if the complexion is devoid of color, the muscles weak and flaccid, something is wrong, and something ought to be done about it as soon, for in such cases delays are dangerous. For torpid liver, "biliousness" and the thousand and one ills to which these conditions of the system lead, there is no remedy in the world equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Boils, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores, salt rheum, and all kindred diseases are cured by it.

An Unkind Remark.

Rochester Herald: Mrs. Peterby—Jones' wife ran away last night. Mr. Peterby—Did she, really? Mrs. Peterby—Suppose I ran away from you, what would your friends say? Mr. Peterby—Humph! I guess they would ask me to set up the wine.

—There are over 16,000 Bands of Hope in the United Kingdom.

The Knell of a Broken Heart.

In the shops of the C. H. & D. R. R., at Hamilton, O., is a cracked locomotive bell that has a history. It was attached to a locomotive presided over by a strong, manly, handsome engineer, whose great objects of pride and adoration were first his sweetheart and then his faithful engine. He loved them both devotedly, though, of course, in quite different ways. One day at Hamilton 8001 in the cab of the engine, bell in hand ready to move the lever and start the train when he saw a bridal party approaching. He glanced at the bride; it was the girl he loved. His heart stopped beating, he gave a groan and dropped—dead. As he fell with the bell rope in his hand he gave the bell a loud ring that cracked it from top to bottom, and it was found afterwards that he had died literally from a broken heart. The bell in the shop at Hamilton is still called "the bell of the broken heart."—St. Louis Republic.

Behind the Scenes.

On the stage the tinsel, the glitter, the powder and the paint, show forth the most, but step behind the scenes, and you will behold the truth. The chorus girls are not all "fancy paints them"; but rather what they paint themselves; just so with many of the flaming advertisements of so-called "catarrh-cures." Get back of the scenes, and they are not cures. The real one, and the only one that is a cure, is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Lift the curtain, and you will find the naked truth to be, that this remedy is the one that cures the worst cases of Catarrh in the Head, and no mistake. It is also a remedy in all catarrhal conditions, such as Catarrhal Headache, Catarrh of the Throat, etc.

Toasting the Gentlemen.

The Ladies' Association in Great Britain is relaxing the severity that associated women seem to think it incumbent upon them to assume, and one of their chairmen gave as a toast at a great banquet: "The Gentlemen—Bless 'em! They have our joys, they double our sorrows, they triple our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, awaken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property and out-marceuvre us in everything. This would be a dreary world without them. In fact, I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without them this world would soon pine and wither, and the last female would have to put up the shutters. I do not envy her that job!"

John Quickly Extorted Five Tow Bagg.

This is a meaningless sentence, but it contains all the letters of our alphabet. Five of these letters spell "woman," and large numbers of women believe in the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a strictly vegetable compound, for her use only, and an unfailing cure for the many ills that beset her. It recuperates wasted strength, restores the functions to a normal condition, and fits her to bear and rear healthy offspring; promotes digestion, purifies the blood, and gives activity to the bowels and kidneys. In a word, it is woman's cure and safeguard. Guaranteed to give satisfaction, or its price (\$1.00) refunded.

Not An Important Loss.

London Free Press: Chappie—I lost my head completely last night. Maud—Indeed? I don't notice any difference in you.

"Alas, this is certainly a drop too much," sighed the gentleman who was suspended at the end of a halter.

The St. Clair River is blocked up with ice.

D. O. # 18, 81

Rheumatism

—IS—

PROMPTLY CURED BY

Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.

The Chas. A. Vogel Co., Baltimore, Md., Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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

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 Epilepsy or Falling Stickness a life-long study. I want my remedy to cure for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express to Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—T. A. SLOAN, 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

ARBOR DAY.

To-day (Friday) is Arbor day. The schools will be closed in consequence. Let every citizen who has the welfare of Atwood at heart do something tangible in the matter of beautifying the streets with shade trees. Perhaps no place in Western Ontario looks prettier than Brussels in summer, and why? because her citizens have an eye to the beautiful, and are not afraid to roll up their sleeves and set out maples every spring and thereby enhance the value of their homes and the beauty of their town. What is more exhilarating on a sultry summer's day than to walk down a street on either side of which may be seen growing luxuriantly the broad foliaged and stately maple—the emblem of Canadian nationality—fanning the gentle zephyrs, and lending a striking and pleasing contrast to the parched, monotonous looking buildings and dusty roads. Why do many people prefer walking on College Avenue to many other streets in Toronto? Simply because of the many shade trees which have been carefully planted in years gone by, until to-day it more strongly resembles a beautiful city park than a thoroughfare. We hope the foregoing hints will be carried into practice.

THE BABCOCK MILK TESTER.

Science has unfolded to the world many practical and useful lessons, treating on the best and most economical schemes for bettering the condition of man. In no age perhaps has the powers of genius and invention been more exerted than in the present century, especially during the last fifty years. Be it said to the credit of the Republic, that in practical science and invention she has eclipsed the world. The mechanical world pays homage to the United States, even England with all her vaunted mechanical skill. Every department of manual labor has been made easier and more profitable by the ingenuity of man. A revolution may be said to have taken place in the mode of agriculture. Let any of our farmer readers compare the farming utensils of 1841 with those of 1891—50 years—and the progress is simply marvellous. But the process of cheesemaking has not witnessed so many striking changes, possibly because there is not the scope for the inventive mind as in other departments of manual labor. Yet, nevertheless, during the past five years cheesemaking has been steadily undergoing some very important transformations for producing a superior article for the foreign market. The latest boon to the dairying industry is the Babcock Milk Tester, a little contrivance of American invention for testing the percentage of the various ingredients contained in milk. By it the cheesemaker is enabled to accurately tell the amount of fats or solids, water, etc., contained in each patron's milk. It is in this connection we wish to suggest a practical scheme whereby each patron's milk will be paid for just in proportion to the percentage of solids, or cheese-producing ingredients, it contains, and not by the bulk as is now the universal system. By adopting this new method it will do away with the pernicious and illegal "watering" process resorted to by too many unscrupulous farmers in order to increase their quantity of milk which of course means for them a larger cheque at the end of the month. If the farmer is paid in proportion to the cheese producing value of his milk he will at once see the folly of the watering scheme. For no matter how much water he adds to 500 quarts of milk he can only receive, by the new method, the percentage of solids contained in the 500 quarts. Again, it would place all on an equality with each other, which is all but an impossibility under the present system. The patron who sends 500 quarts of inferior milk because of his poor breed of cattle and poor pasturage, receives just as much as the patron who sends 500 quarts from the best improved stock, fed on the choicest feed. The former's milk may contain only 3.20 per cent. of solids, while the latter's milk contains 5.00 per cent. Thus it will be seen that it is unjust to both patron and company to pay for milk by the bulk. The new method would tend to encourage breeders of good stock, and never more would factories be humbugged by the "watering" nuisance. We submit the foregoing suggestions to the directors of the numerous cheese factories of this community for the consideration they are entitled to, believing that a change in this particular branch of dairying would prove to be in the highest interests of both patrons and directors.

So far thirty-seven protests have been entered against the return of Liberal members of Parliament, and thirty-two against Conservatives. Several cross petitions have also been filed. In Tuesday's *Globe* we notice North Perth among the long list of protested constituencies. This everlasting protesting business is a downright nuisance; it tends to keep the public peace in a state of turmoil and paralyse trade, and we fear too many of the protests are the outcome of party vindictiveness rather than an honest seeking after justice. The only class of individuals who will really be profited will be the legal fraternity. This is the largest number of elections ever protested since Confederation.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is dead. The great hero of many battlefields lived to the ripe age of 91 years. "By the death of Von Moltke," says the *Montreal Star*, "the greatest military strategist that ever lived has passed away. He was more than a strategist. He had the power of planning a campaign in such a way that he could put his finger on the map and say: 'At that place, on such a day, we will conclude this war.' He did this in the Austrian war and in the war with France. Of course he could not have done so had not the whole military system of Prussia been organized to a nicety and all means looking to the predecated end carefully perfected. But Von Moltke was an embodiment of military system brought to the utmost exactness. Hence his success and the success of Prussia."

"We all do Fade as a Leaf."

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF MISS EMMA G. HORN, ELMA, WHO DIED MARCH 22, 1891.

COLD winter came with the beautiful snow
And spread a white mantle over the earth,
But little thought we ere the time it would go,
One so near would be called from the family hearth.

A beautiful blossom in her youthful day,
So attractive, and hearty of promise fair,
A picture of health fully blythe and gay,
A credit to society anywhere.

Of the fairest flowers are the first to fade
In an hour untimely caught by disease,
Thus the bright hued lilies in the dust are laid,
No more to wave in the balmy breeze.

What a striking picture of the sad event,
Which loved ones now are constrained to condole,
For the relentless foe once more has rent
The family band and one away stole.

Poor nature would almost fancy 'twere dreams,
But alas! the truth is unalterable now,
For in the dark grave lie the last remains,
With the deep print of Death on the withered brow.

No more the countenance fair is seen,
With the modest smile of affection and cheer,
In the pleasant home by the trees ever green,
Her happy abode from the earliest year.

No more in the Sabbath assembly met
At the chapel pew where she loved to be,
Or the little band by the rivulet,
Ah no! and never in this scene will be.

Ere the sun arose in the eastern sky
Or the twilight appeared on that Sabbath morn,
The spirit had departed to God on high,
Amidst the bleeding hearts by sorrow torn.

Solemn are scenes we often behold
As we travel across this teary vale,
When the wreck of disease cannot be controlled,
And Death draws near the helpless or the hale.

Oh yes! a solemnity deep prevails,
When a kindred group are standing around
A dying friend when all remedy fails,
And they seek a balm which cannot be found.

Constrained they wait to hear the latest breath,
To see the last struggle in this world of care,
To view the sunken eyelids close in death,
All hopes of amends now sunk in despair.

To stand face to face with the monster foe,
To struggle for life 'neath a crushing pain,
Is something of which we really don't know
Until all exertions have proved in vain.

But when the trials of this world are o'er,
How different the scene for the saved through grace,
No tyrant Death approaches the shore,
No pain ever enters that glorious place.

In that land of light they shed no tears,
They know no sorrow no parting again,
But joy to endure for unnumbered years,
And fadeless beauties which ever remain.

—Thos. E. Hammond.
Elma, April 25th, 1891.

HORSES FOR SALE

One Heavy Draught, 3 years old, by imported sire.
One 6 year old General Purpose horse.

WILLIAM DUNN.

LUMBER!

ATWOOD

Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring,

SIDING AND
Muskoka Shingles!
Wm. Dunn.

SPRING IS HERE!

WE have just received a fine assortment of Boots in every design and quality.

DRY GOODS!

New Cottons,
New Cottonades,
Prints and
Ginghams,
Extra Value.

Fresh Groceries!

RECEIVED EVERY WEEK.
A Call Solicited.
Mrs. M. Harvey.

THE VERY LATEST IN

MILLINERY

Hats, Trimmed
And Untrimmed.

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Pongee Silks & Satins

In all the Newest Shades. Blouse Silk Laces in all colors. A few choice pieces of

DRESS GOODS.

HOSIERY, GLOVES AND EMBROIDERIES.
Eggs taken the same as Cash.

Mrs. Johnson.

To Flax Growers!

The Shareholders of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co. may have what

SEED FLAX
They require at any time after Monday, March 23rd, by applying at the mill.
WM. LOCHHEAD, Secretary.

NEW

Tailor Shop.

NEW TWEEDS
WORSTEDS
AND TRIMMINGS!!

GEO. CURRIE

Wishes to intimate to the public that he has opened a New Tailor Shop in the premises lately occupied by Stark & Wherry, Atwood, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Merchant and Custom Tailoring in the Latest Styles. A perfect fit guaranteed or no sale.

Men's Suits from \$12 up to \$22.
Now is the time to Order your Summer Suits.
A Trial Solicited.

GEO. CURRIE.

A. A. CRAY,

(FORMERLY OF LISTOWEL) OF THE FIRM OF

JOHNSON & CO.

Royal Art Studio,
513 QUEEN STREET W., TORONTO.

Enlargements for the Trade. Solar, Bromide, Platinum, Opal and Oil Prints.

PORTRAITS

In Crayon, Ink, Water, Oil and Pastel Colors.
Full line of Artist's Material kept in stock. Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Brushes, Palettes, Crayons, &c., &c.

SAMPLE OF WORK
On Exhibition at THE BEE Publishing House, where Full Particulars may be had and Orders Taken.



Agents Wanted.

FONTHILL NURSERIES—LARGEST IN CANADA.

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

STONE & WELLINGTON, 12-2m Toronto, Ontario.

DR. SINCLAIR

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

Specialist, - Toronto,

—WILL BE AT—
Iceberg's Hotel, Atwood.

—ON—

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891

Consultation Free.

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

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

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

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

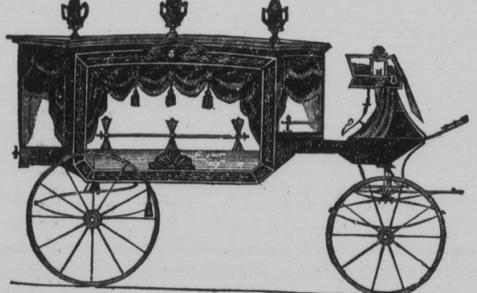
Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.

THE 777 STORE!

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

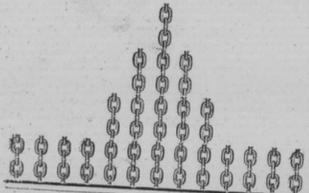


WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O. Atwood, April 1st, 1890.



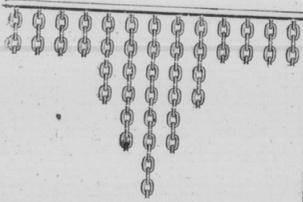
Seeds Seeds

Mangel,
Turnip,
Carrot,
Garden
and Field
Seeds

—AT THE—
Atwood Drug Store.

M. E. NEADS,

Sole Agent for the famous Short White
Carrot.



Town Talk.

MAY.

LAST month of spring.
TROUT fishing commences on Friday
of this week.

BETWEEN 4,000 and 5,000 enumerators
are employed throughout the Dominion
to take the census.

MRS. A. ERSKINE, of Monkton, was
in the village Sunday visiting her
daughter, Mrs. M. Harvey.

It is proposed to have sermons preached
throughout Ontario, as far as possible,
to the A. O. U. W. on Sunday,
May 24.

SUIT yourself of course, but we will
give anything we have very cheap now
before leaving on May 15th. G. B.
Ryan & Co., Listowel.

THE home of our friend, R. K. Hall,
Listowel, was made joyous the other
day. For particulars see birth notice.
No mistake this time.

OWING to the meeting of the International
Teachers' Convention in Toronto
in July there will be no meeting of the
Ontario Teachers' Association until
the Easter vacation of 1892.

SAMUEL WOODS, father of Mrs. (Dr.)
Hamilton, of Atwood, and a former
principal of the London Collegiate In-
stitute, has entered the ministry, and
accepted the pastorate of the First
Presbyterian church, of Lewiston,
Idaho. The rev. gentleman has also
been chosen representative to the Gen-
eral Assembly to meet in Detroit.

CHURCH NOTES.—Mr. Hird, of Listow-
el, preached in the Baptist church
Sunday afternoon.—Rev. A. Henderson,
M. A., occupied the Methodist pulpit
Sunday morning. He preached an able
sermon from Luke 16:26. Rev. Mr.
Rogers filled the Presbyterian pulpit
very acceptably.—The Epworth League
entertainment Friday evening was fair-
ly well attended, and the program was
of an interesting and pleasing charac-
ter. The Quartette Club made their first
debut and created favorable criticism
among lovers of music. Their voices
blend nicely and their selections were
mostly new and well rendered. "The
Midnight Fire Alarm" was exception-
ally good. "Rev. James Livingstone, of
Listowel, gave a short address, as did
also Rev. Mr. Henderson. The readings
by J. W. Ward and E. Brokenshire and
the recitation by S. Holmes were good.
—Mr. Terrant, a student of Toronto
University, preached in the English
church Sunday evening. He will officiate
every Sabbath until next October,
when he purposes attending Wycliffe
College, Toronto, to finish his theologi-
cal course. The services at Henfryn and
Trowbridge will be conducted every
Sunday at the usual hour. Mr. Terrant
created a very favorable impression on
Sunday evening.—We are instructed to
extend an invitation to the members of
the Epworth League to attend the
Young People's Christian Association
service in the Presbyterian church this
(Friday) evening, at the usual hour.

Jos. McKoy has disposed of his vil-
lage property to John Graham.

Now is the time the dutiful child
takes its spring dose of molasses and
sulphur.

THE beautiful May flowers are in
bloom, scenting the air with their sweet
fragrance.

MINISTERS should remember that
they are liable to a fine for not register-
ing marriages.

JOHN O'DONOGHUE, of Stratford,
District Manager of the Manufacturers'
Life Insurance Co., is in town this week
intent on business.

W. D. MITCHELL has just received a
\$15 set of Dickens' Works in one of the
prize competitions of the Ladies' Jour-
nal. He was lucky.

A FINE of \$20 and costs may be im-
posed upon any person who kills rob-
bins and other harmless birds. The fine
goes to the complainant. Nest robbers
are liable to the same fine.

SUCKERS are very plentiful this year.
Large strings of fish are brought into
the village almost every day by the vil-
lage urchins. The creeks and bog holes
in this vicinity are black with suckers,
some of them quite large, too.

WALTER HAMILTON returned last
Friday to Montana, where he will work
at his trade. George, his son, will work
the farm on the 8th con., Elma. Mr.
Hamilton, who has been in Montana
for some time, is doing well we under-
stand.

DANIEL McMILLAN, who has been
spending the winter months under the
parental roof, at Harrington, arrived
in Atwood last Saturday and took his
old position in the Elma Cheese Co's
factory. He is an A 1 hand so Mr.
Gray tells us.

A COAT of paint has materially en-
hanced the appearance of J. Rogers'
hardware store. Several hundred dol-
lars could be judiciously expended in
this way in the village. Wooden struc-
tures soon become water-soaked and
rotten if not early attended to. "A
stitch in time saves nine."

A PROGRESSIVE ghost euchre party is
the latest. Not a word is to be spoken
by the guests until the twelve games
are played and the prizes won. Sheets
and full curtain masks are to be worn,
and no player is to know his partner.
This sort of a party might prove a suc-
cess, but it is doubtful if a party of men
and women, especially women, could
play hands of euchre and not say a
word. It would be impossible to make
a man believe such a thing, if he had
ever looked in upon an afternoon party
of ladies.

A BY-LAW was passed by the Tilson-
burg town council at its last meeting,
making it compulsory for any elector
who may wish a by-law submitted to
the people, to at the time of presenting
the petition deposit \$100 with the treas-
urer of the town, for the purpose of
defraying all expenses in connection
with presenting said by-law to the peo-
ple, if not carried. If the expenses do
not come up to \$100, the balance will be
given back to the applicant. But pro-
vided the by-law carries the whole
amount will be returned to the applic-
ant.

PERSONS who patronize printers,
should pay promptly, for the pecuniary
prospects of the press passes a peculiar
power in pushing forward public pros-
perity. If the printer is paid promptly
and his pocketbook kept plenteous by
prompt paying patrons he puts his pen
to his paper in peace, his paragraphs
are more pointed, he paints his pictures
of passing events in more pleasing col-
ors, and the perusal of his paper is a
pleasure to the people. Please paste
this philosophy where you can perceive
it often if you owe THE BEE for your
past subscription.

QUASED.—At a congregational
meeting of the Presbyterian church last
Monday afternoon the pros and cons of
the manse question was discussed. The
committee appointed to canvass the
membership reported an unwillingness
on the part of many to contribute to the
building fund. After considerable dis-
cussion it was decided to abandon the
project until the annual meeting in
January next, when it is expected it will
again come up for consideration. On
motion it was agreed to take the old
manse off Mr. Henderson's hands and
allow him \$150 additional to his salary
for the rent of the same, he (Mr. Hen-
derson) to have the use of the manse
grounds for horse pasture. Mr. Hen-
derson's salary is now fixed at \$1,150
per annum together with free horse
pasture.

THOSE PEDAGOGUES.—In reply to a
communication received in reference
to the Grit and Tory teachers of Elma,
mentioned in last week's issue, we did
not of course include the teachers of
the two union schools, nor the assistant
teachers of the Trowbridge and Atwood
schools. We might add, however, that
D. G. Anderson, the efficient teacher of
U. S. S. No. 1, would not hesitate to use
his shillally in the cause of Reform gov-
ernment, while Miss Ida McBain, who
makes the youngsters of U. S. S. No. 2
toe the chalk line, makes no uncertain
sound regarding her political faith. She
likewise is a Liberal from away back as
far as Winnipeg. Miss Miriam Dunn,
the young lady who makes the disobe-
dient kids of the junior department of
the Atwood school stand on one foot
and face the blackboard all forenoon,
is not exactly a member of the Elma
Unrestricted Reciprocity Association,
but moderately inclined to lean that way.
Miss Halpenny, of the junior depart-
ment of the Trowbridge school, is, we
think, an admirer of Old To-morrow.
In summing up the whole we find 14
teachers, politically biased as follows:
—Double-dyed Tories—T. G. Ratcliffe,
J. W. Ward, H. Y. Smith, C. J. Wynne,
S. H. Harding. Moderate Tories—J.
Burke, J. McCormick. Away-back-
past-recovery Grits—Thos. M. Wilson,
Miss Ida McBain. Moderate Grits—
D. G. Anderson, Miss Miriam Dunn.
Doubtfuls—Misses Halpenny, McLarty
and Hepburn.

CLEAN up your back yards before the
Board of Health gets after you.

JOHN ROGERS and wife spent Satur-
day and Sunday with friends in Fullar-
ton township.

As the bathing season approaches we
have to announce that undressed kids
will be fashionable for small boys.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers
for sale or to rent, a comfortable dwell-
ing house with three lots attached.
WM. BELL, Atwood.

THE License Commissioners granted
the following licenses for Elma town-
ship:—Hotels—A. Huggins, V. Ioerger,
A. H. Wynne, R. Graham.

WE congratulate our Listowel and
Atwood Baptist friends on having set-
tled on a pastor. We understand that
a call has been tendered the Rev. C. H.
Phillimore, of Port Colborne, which he
has seen fit to accept. His duties will
commence about June 1st.

A WAIL.—Puck has heard that the
magnificent tunnel of the G. T. R. un-
der the St. Clair River will be lighted
with electricity, and it thus mourns:—
Farewell now to the stolen kiss
In which we once delighted;
Railroading knows no more bliss
If tunnels must be lighted.

WOOL WANTED.—The Listowel Wool-
len Mill spring announcement appears
in this issue. The proprietors, B. F.
Brook & Son, are prepared to receive
any quantity of wool, for which they
will pay the highest market price. They
have in stock a splendid range of fine
and coarse tweeds, yarns, horse blankets
in fact such goods as many of our read-
ers must have. Call at the factory
when in Listowel.

SPEAKING of free pews the Hamilton
Times says:—There are several church-
es in Hamilton where the free seat
system is in vogue. It is found to work
well, and none of them would care to go
back to the pew rent plan again. Grace
church, Toronto, has had a year's trial
of the free seat system, and at the vestry
meeting on Monday evening, April 20,
the churchwardens reported that it had
resulted in larger congregations and
heavier receipts, and had proved in
every way an improvement upon the
pew rent system previously in use. It
was therefore unanimously resolved to
abolish pew rents in the church. There
are ten churches in Toronto, we believe
where the seats are free.

THE PRESS.—H. T. Butler and family
left Stratford last week for Warton,
where Mr. Butler will assume the edi-
torship of a new Conservative journal.
Mr. Butler was for many years editor
of the Stratford Times, and about a
year ago started a new paper, the Sun,
which, however, did not prove a finan-
cial success. He took a prominent part
in municipal affairs, and was mayor of
Stratford for two years.—We are in re-
ceipt of the initial number of the Daily
Standard, a new Conservative paper
published in St. Catharines. The new
sheet is typographically neat and clean,
and is chock full of bright and catchy
local, district and general news. True,
its field is somewhat circumscribed,
but brains, capital and push will tri-
umph over a heap of difficulties, and
we understand the publishers possess
these elements of success. THE BEE
joins in wishing the publishers success
and trust they will lift high the stand-
ard of Canadian journalism.—It makes
crocodile tears run down our cheeks
when we behold the seven columns of
municipal by-laws which appear from
week to week in the Amherstburg Echo.

—A. McLean, brother of Y. McLean,
of the Seaforth Exportor, some years
ago went to Colorado and engaged in
ranching in order to ward off the
threatenings of consumption; for a
considerable time his health seemed to
improve, and he purchased a paper
there and gave his attention to it, but
the old trouble came on again and with
the addition of a severe attack of grip
has laid him low, but not before he had
gone back into ranching. It is said
that the chances of recovery are against
him.—The Stratford daily Herald has
been enlarged, and is a live sheet.

CRADLE.—
HALL.—In Listowel, on Sunday, April
19th, the wife of Mr. R. K. Hall, of a
son.

COGHLIN.—In Atwood, on Wednesday,
April 29th, the wife of Mr. John
Coghlin, of a daughter.

ALTAR.—
VIPOND—PARKER.—At the residence
of the bride's father, on April 29th,
by Rev. D. Rogers, Mr. William
Vipond to Miss Annie Parker, all
of Elma.

TOMB.—
THOMPSON.—In Elma, on Saturday,
April 25th, Mr. Albert Thompson,
aged 35 years.
BURGESS.—In Brussels, on Saturday,
April 25th, beloved wife of Mr.
Samuel Burgess, aged 57 years and
4 months.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.		
Fall Wheat	\$1 05	\$1 08
Spring Wheat	1 00	1 03
Barley	45	48
Oats	45	48
Peas	70	75
Pork	5 00	5 50
Hides per lb.	4	4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 50
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bushel	50	54
Butter per lb.	14	15
Eggs per doz.	12	12

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.		
Fall Wheat	\$1 05	\$1 12
Spring Wheat	1 03	1 05
Barley	50	51
Oats	48	50
Peas	75	78
Hay	8 00	8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00	5 50
Eggs	11	11
Butter	18	20
Potatoes per bag	1 00	1 10

Wool Wanted!

Highest Cash Price Paid for Wool
—AT THE—
Listowel Woolen Mill

WE wish to call your attention to the fact that we
still want more wool and we are determined to make this wool season
one of the largest, for we have a tremendous stock on hand. It is
necessary that you should look around before you dispose of your
wool to see where you can make the best purchase with your Wool in

WOOLEN GOODS.

Do not fail to come and see our Tremendous Stock of New Fine Flannels in
all shades and patterns—something never before shown to the public.

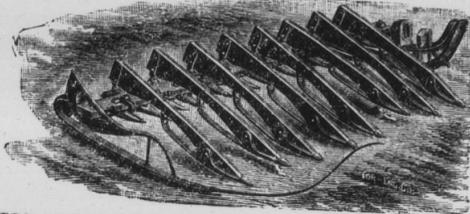
Come and See for Yourself.

We have made up a lot of Fine Summer Halifax Tweeds, just the thing for
school boys. We have also a big stock of Fine Tweeds, Coarse Tweeds and Full
Cottonades, Bed Blankets, Horse Blankets, Robed Skirts, Cotton Shirtings,
Piques. Do not be deceived by pedlars, but come and deal direct at the factory
where you can rely on getting a good assortment to choose from. Everybody
should come and try our fine Gray Flannels that won't shrink in washing, and
outwear the common Gray Flannels sold to the public. Roll Carding, Spinning,
Fulling, and Manufacturing Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, &c., on short notice.

14 3m

B. F. BROOK & SON.

Richmond Pea Harvester!



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

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

HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

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

12 4m

HENRY HOAR, Atwood.

Prints, Prints.

Large Stock!

Choice Patterns!

See our 10c. line, equal in quality of goods and patterns
to the usual 12c. lines. Full lines in

General Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

STRAW AND FELT HATS,

Boots and Shoes, &c.

See Our Prices before you buy.

I Want Butter, Eggs,

Potatoes and Dried Meat.

Highest Price always paid.

JAS. IRWIN.

The Ministerial Call.
 The "Call," the "Call," the "Call,"
 Which doctors love and doctors hate;
 And some exact, others berate;
 With righteous zeal, more so of late;
 My muse would overhaul.

The call—the annual call—
 Unknown to Old St. Paul!
 The Apostles went, with full consent,
 To mission fields, where they were sent;
 And seemingly were well content
 To do so—big and small.

The call—the worked-up call—
 The stipulated call!
 Fixed up by men, whose love and grace
 Shine sweetly in their cheek and face;
 Who never think it a disgrace
 To dickor for a call.

The call—the one-horse call!
 Made by some boss, that's all,
 Who poses as the big bell sheep
 On circuit board, and who will keep
 A row fermenting—broad and deep—
 Rhoud conference slight his call.

The call—the two-horse call,
 Which means a swap—that's all—
 The jockeys call it "moo change."
 The parsons but "a mild arrange,"
 And fix it "subject to a change,"
 At conference—with a squall.

The call—the ringers call—
 Three cornered, that is all,
 Which leaves some brother "in the soup,"
 Or works him to a lower group.
 By means to which self-seekers stoop;
 Then vow 'twas Heaven's call.

The call, the saintly call,
 Once "honor bringer" for all;
 No longer comes from Heaven you know,
 For when it did some got "no shee,"
 Who yearly now move to and fro,
 Transferred by louder call.

The call, the outside call—
 Five or ten thousand call;
 That with a fly takes lively fish
 Out of our book, to grace the dish
 Of nobby kirks, whose people wish
 High flyers that won't bowl.

The call, the lightning call—
 The telegraphic call;
 "Send salary"—"some photographs,"
 "Also some newsy photographs,"
 "That tell of you"—"Your autograph";
 "Our board meets soon," that's all.

The call, the bogus call,
 Someone to boom, that's all;
 Who goes about making pretense
 That he is in demand immense,
 Has many applications, hence
 He'll wait a bigger call.

The call, the unsought call,
 Just to descend, that's all,
 To work for God—truth's sword to wield
 On some poor circuit, mission field,
 Which cannot pay much salary yield,
 Goes in the stove, too small.

THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."
 "Do you see the carriage, Lizzie? They
 should be here by this time. Look again,
 child; your eyes are younger than mine."
 The speaker was a comely, rosy-faced
 dame of fifty years or thereabouts, with a
 white apron reaching down to the bottom
 of her stiff dress, and a spotless muslin
 cap shading her thick gray bands. Alto-
 gether she looked what she was—a respect-
 able, confidential servant—one, too, who
 took more than the usual amount of
 interest in the affairs of her master, the
 youngest, and withal the favorite practi-
 tioner in Fenmore. The little town of
 Fenmore stands on a small slope, looking
 down on the German Ocean, and behind it
 stretch fens and salt marshes, desolate
 enough to look upon. At the date of my
 story, it was a sleepy, out-of-the-way fishing
 village, with one straggling street of poor
 houses and tiny shops; that was Fenmore
 proper, but round about in the wide tract
 of country that went by that name for lack
 of a better, there were several handsome
 mansions.

In the immediate neighborhood of the
 village there was the rector's house and Mr.
 Needham's, the land agent, among the rest
 Dr. Lennard's. It stood on the highest
 shoulder of the little hill, and its wide,
 pleasant windows looked over corn fields
 and shining sands to the sea. It was all of
 one deep mellow brown shade, and a terrace
 led from its low-stepped door to a sunny,
 well kept garden, then in a flush of
 bloom, for it was June, "the month of
 roses."

The garden sloped gently down, and its
 green shady nooks and mossy banks,
 where the sun could not reach the drier,
 and a cool, tinkling fountain, and a cosy,
 flower-wreathed summer house.

It was as pretty a home as any in the
 kingdom, and to it, this bright June day, its
 master is bringing home his bride—bring-
 ing her home with such joy and pride that
 his dark eyes are sparkling in liquid glad-
 ness, and his grave, sweet mouth cannot
 keep from breaking into smiles. An heiress,
 a belle, queen of a brilliant London season,
 she had read those signs of her power on
 more faces than her husband's; but some-
 thing in its passionate love, its entire,
 unflinching devotion, touched a new chord
 in the heart of the bride, and her bosom
 fluttered under its silken covering, her
 pulse beat higher as she neared her future
 home, and for the first time, perhaps, the
 sense of her new life dawned upon her.

Beautiful and an heiress, Paul Lennard
 had feared to aspire to the love of Pauline
 Grey. The shame of being looked upon as a
 fortune-hunter had held him back; the
 strong love he bore her urged him forward,
 till his heart getting beyond his control
 he resolved to fly from temptation, since
 he could not overcome it in a fair fight. So
 resolving, he went that same night to a
 party where he knew he should meet her,
 and, lured by the dangerous fascination of
 her smile, he drifted further and further
 from his only safeguard—the resolve of the
 morning. She was gentler and kinder than
 he had ever known her. She leaned upon
 his arm, listened with a bent head to his
 low, almost incoherent whispers; and
 every instant laid his senses more and
 more under the siren spell of her youth
 and loveliness, till all prudence, all fears
 forgotten, he poured out his love, and
 asked her to be his wife.

The season had been an unusually
 brilliant one. Pauline was weary of ad-
 miration, weary of London life altogether.
 The real, earnest love in the eyes of the
 young country doctor was inexpressibly
 sweet to her woman's heart after the tinsel
 and flatteries of the last few months. She
 longed for change, and she accepted him.

None of these reasons ever entered the
 brain of the happy lover as he took her in
 his arms, and kissed her red lips softly,
 almost reverently, with a great wonder and
 joy in his heart that they should be so

yielded to him. The world was all sun-
 shine and beauty, and Pauline Grey was
 the radiant centre from which all his glory
 flowed out.

"They were married at once; and this
 bright June day he was bringing his trea-
 sure home to the house that in his eyes
 only needed her presence to be a little
 "earthly Eden." What the young bride
 thought of it he could hardly tell, for the
 sunshine was flinging a dazzling haze round
 her as he stood to help her out of the car-
 riage; and perhaps, too, the happy tears in
 his eyes helped to blind him a little. But
 Judith, the old servant, standing back in
 the shady hall, with no glance of love and
 joy to dim her vision, saw and inwardly
 fretted at the haughty curl of the scarlet
 lips, the scornful rise of the arched brows,
 as the young bride stood for an instant and
 surveyed her new home.

"A proud, tricky creature! She'll be
 as like as not to break his heart," thought
 the old woman, as she courtesied low, and
 then stood aside and held back her stiff
 skirt, that the sweeping silken train of her
 mistress might have ample room to pass.

A gleam of the outer sunshine seemed to
 follow the fair young creature as she went
 through the dim stone hall smiling now,
 and clinging like a patted child to her hus-
 band's arm. From the wavy gold of her
 thick hair, as it fell in flossy curls over her
 shoulders—for the tiny lace bonnet had
 been shaken off and was swinging by one
 string as she went—to the delicate sheen of
 her peach silk dress, a light and a glory
 seemed to envelop her. Her dainty feet
 went from room to room; her clear laugh
 rang out through the quiet house with a
 jubilant gladness.

Paul Lennard, usually so grave and quiet,
 laughed with her in the fulness of his joy;
 and this young doctor, who had almost
 grown an old man in his lonely home, re-
 newed his youth, and told his heart to be
 glad, inasmuch as it had gained its desire,
 and won the love of Pauline Grey.

The desires of our hearts are not always
 good for us. They sometimes coil them-
 selves into scorpion whips to scourge us;
 and so Paul Lennard learned, in many a
 bitter lesson, before the autumn passed into
 winter. Not at once did he discover the
 real feelings of the woman he called wife.
 For a few short, blissful weeks she seemed
 happy in her quaintest of a home, and
 gave him back love for love. Then she
 began to fret a little, only a little, at first;
 but day by day the plaint grew stronger,
 till it broke into an open murmur; and the
 love she had feigned to feel—perhaps she
 had felt it for the time—was cast aside as
 a child might fling a toy it had wearied of,
 with no more care for the pain she was in-
 flicting than if the quivering human
 heart had been indeed a senseless plaything.

She was but a spoiled child, after all; and
 like one, she sighed after forbidden
 pleasures. She had been used during the whole
 of her little life to being feted and admired,
 and made much of. Pleasure was as the
 breath of her nostrils, and almost as neces-
 sary was admiration.

In the dreamy little fishing village she
 had admiration, it is true, but unexpressed,
 and of coarse, rustic quality; and pleasure,
 in the sense she read the word, was a thing,
 undreamed of there. The people, as she
 knew them, were simple, and hospitable,
 and kindly-natured, but they lacked, one
 and all, the hard surface-polish that gave
 such brilliance to her London world. The
 life was not her life, and she would
 not fit herself to it.

Her husband saw this, and, in the plen-
 itude of his love, forgave it, and tried to
 forget the cruel stings her unrest gave
 his faithful heart. He blamed only himself,
 not her; and when all his efforts to content
 this willful woman, who was his, and yet a
 stranger to him, failed, he did what his
 own honest nature told him was best to be
 done—he spoke openly to her, and asked
 her if it was indeed true that his love had
 ceased to suffice her.

They were standing together in the sunny
 bay window of their sitting-room, looking
 out silently on the fair view spread before
 them. One, at least, saw little of it, and
 perhaps it was the same with the other.

Within the last few weeks Paul Len-
 nard's pale, grave face had aged whole
 years in its appearance, and the rare smile
 that made the dark eyes so wonderful, and
 the whole face bright, had not once crossed
 it.

Mrs. Lennard stood and leaned her fore-
 head against the glass, while her fingers
 turned the gold circlet round and round,
 and now and then nearly drew it off alto-
 gether. Her husband, standing a little way
 behind her, saw the movement and sighed;
 it was like the restless toying of the captive
 with his chain.

"Pauline," he said, abruptly, urged to
 speak, as it were, by her dreary unrest,
 "you are not happy, I can see. Tell me
 what I can do to make you so?"

She turned round quickly, and replied:
 "You don't want to make me happy.
 You don't care how I am."

"I care so much," said he, "that your
 unhappiness is my torture. I would do
 anything. I would lay down my life almost
 to see you content."

"I do not want you to lay down your
 life," she replied. "I only want you to do
 a very sensible, pleasant thing."

"What is that, love?" he asked.

"Leave this place, and go to London,"
 said Pauline.

She had drawn closer to him as she
 spoke, and her sunny head almost touched
 his shoulder. The spell of her loveliness
 was stealing over him, as it had stolen
 once before, and had felt thankful when
 she did not trample on it.

"I cannot live here," she continued. "I
 want to see someone, I want to go some-
 where, Paul; I shall die if you keep me in
 Fenmore."

Then the illusion fell upon him. It was
 he who wearied of it; and it was to be free of
 his society she longed so to get to London.
 To be free of him! There was the winning,
 coaxing, and sweetest beauty on that up-
 turned face, but no witely love, no womanly
 consideration, and the young doctor's
 heart hardened as he looked down on it.

"I cannot go to live in London," he said
 coldly; "but you can go there on a visit if
 you like."

"Oh, Paul, how can you be so cruel?"
 she cried. "How could you think of send-
 ing me all that way alone? You say I may
 go, because you know that I cannot,"
 she added, bursting into a storm of sobs.

After all, Paul was a young husband, and
 he loved Pauline. The tears did what no
 bright glances could have done, they brought
 back his tenderness, and he took her in his
 arms and kissed her hot cheeks again and

again, soothing her like an infant."
 "You will go to London, Paul?" she
 whispered through her tears; "you will go
 to London?"

"My precious darling, I cannot," he re-
 plied; "my home is here, my duties lie
 here; it would be worse than beginning life
 anew to go. You must see this, Pauline,
 if you consider one moment."
 She flung herself out of his arms, and
 her sobs ceased, as they had begun, on the
 instant.

"I see nothing but that you are unkind
 and hateful," she exclaimed. "I knew you
 would do nothing I wished you."
 "Hateful, Pauline?" she said; "that is
 a strong word. I think you cannot mean
 it."

"I do," she answered, sullenly, her
 beauty under a cloud.

"I cannot be hateful to you, you know,
 if you ever loved me," said Paul; and
 he tried to smile, but it was a faint
 mockery, and his lips were white.

"I never did love you," she replied. "I
 only thought I did."

"Pauline!" said her husband.

She answered nothing, but her angry
 eyes turned restlessly from the set face
 before her.

"You thought you did, Pauline?" she
 said. "Who made you think so? Who
 made you?" he repeated, when she did not
 answer.

"You, I suppose, with your talk," said
 Pauline. "You said I should be as happy
 as a bird in your country home," she said;
 the tears began to flow again, plainly show-
 ing the disappointment.

"And I thought you would," he said.
 "Heaven knows, Pauline, I thought you
 would when I said it. But it has been a
 mistake from first to last—whose fault I
 dare not think."

"You know whose fault it was," she
 said, flashing up; "it was yours. And now
 you will not do what you can to mend it."
 "I will do anything, and everything you
 wish, except leave this place for London,"
 he replied. "You shall live there, if you
 like; and I will go with you, and stay till
 you are settled."

The doctor's voice was steady enough, but
 his face was a sickly gray, and the fine
 muscles around his mouth twitched ner-
 vously. The agony those words cost him
 would have been plain to a stranger, but
 the wife's eyes saw nothing of it.

"When will you take me? Will you
 really take me?" she asked, anxiously;
 the frown faded from her face.

"I will really take you whenever you tell
 me you are ready to go," he answered
 readily, as he walked from the room, went
 off to his favorite resort, in trouble or glad-
 ness—the smooth, glistening sands of the
 shore.

The young wife saw his tall figure hur-
 rying and striding through the long grass
 of the meadows, and she watched it disappear
 down the dip of the hill. She saw it again
 after a little, still hurrying on, this time to
 meet the great green waves that came
 tumbling and tossing in. Then she turned
 from the window altogether, and went to
 her own room to look over her things and
 consider what would be the earliest time at
 which she could be ready for the journey.

Not one thought of the home she would
 leave so desolate; not one care for the true
 heart her going would well-nigh break,
 perhaps wholly smother. She had married
 the young doctor for a change, at a time
 when she was weary of her London life.
 Now she had wearied of him as she had
 wearied of everything in turn, from the
 time she lay in her white satin orb, and
 played with her silver bells and coral. She
 was going back to town in search of fresh
 changes, and not one womanly instinct
 whispered that such search was sin.

The afternoon passed, and Dr. Lennard
 did not return. The evening set in stormy,
 and the hail-drops rattling against the
 kitchen windows were as so many drops of
 ice falling on old Judith's faithful heart, as
 she sat by the low fire and listened for her
 master's knock.

It was late when the doctor came in, pale
 and weary, his thin summer coat wet
 through and through. Pauline was sitting
 reading in the parlor, and she looked up
 from her book with a frown as he entered.

"I waited dinner ever so long for you,"
 she said; "where have you been all this
 while?"

"I met Mrs. Gresham's man on the
 shore," he replied. "He was on his way
 for me, and I had to go back with him at
 once."

Mrs. Gresham was a lady of fashion, and
 worthy of interest, so Mrs. Lennard lowered
 her book again to ask what had been the
 matter with her.

"Spasms," replied the doctor. "She
 was better when I got there."

He had crossed over to the fire when he
 came in, and now he stood there perhaps
 in the hope of receiving some kind word,
 some little wifely attention; but none came.
 Presently she looked up with a gesture of
 disgust; the steam was rising from his
 damp clothes, and had reached her.

"Do change that coat, Paul!" she said.
 "You will give me my death of cold if you
 stand there."

The pale face went a shade paler, and a
 sharp spasm crossed it as he went to his
 own room.

"I will give me my death of cold," he
 repeated, bitterly. "Always herself—never
 me. She spoke the truth; she could never
 have loved me."

"It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music mute,
 And ever widening slowly silence all."

So it was in the young doctor's house-
 hold. Day by day some little grievance
 rose up that jarred his life to the very
 centre; day by day the mask fell lower
 from off his bride, and if she did not stand
 revealed as a "mocking demon," she most
 surely did as a soulless, loveless woman.

Dr. Lennard kept his word. As soon as
 Pauline told him she was ready to go, he
 took her to London, and saw her safely
 settled with the lady friend who had offered
 to receive her; and then he travelled back
 to his dreary home in Fenmore.

The people, always fond of the kindly,
 handsome young doctor, whose father and
 grandfather before him had cured the sick
 of Fenmore for years, were now doubly
 devoted to him, and the brilliant young
 creature whose passing light had left such a
 deep gloom behind it, had many a hard
 word and slighting speech flung at her,
 though she could not know it, and perhaps
 would not have cared if she had known it.

For a month or so, Pauline was perfectly
 happy, or nearly so, and then the restless
 demon began to gnaw at her heart again,
 and a worse discontent than had devoured

her in Fenmore devoured her there.

When the first flush of her return had
 worn off, she discovered that Pauline Grey,
 possessed of fifteen thousand pounds, and
 Mrs. Lennard, possessed of that sum still,
 but removed from competition by her
 marriage, where two different beings, and
 differently regarded by the world. For the
 first time she saw, without any gloss or
 passion or novelty the step down she had
 taken when she married the country
 doctor, and the sight went very near turn-
 ing her head.

By her wealth and by her beauty she
 managed to hold her own among the fairest
 for a time, but the struggle was wearisome,
 and then the longing to return to Fenmore,
 where at least she was somebody seized
 her, and she wrote and told her husband
 that she wanted to come home.

The poor fellow went up to fetch her in
 a tremble of delight, picturing to himself
 the fondness that would once more shine
 on him from out of her beautiful eyes, and
 the pleadings he would kill with kisses ere
 they had passed her lips. Very different
 was the reality from what he had pictured
 it. The woman that met him seemed
 scarcely the same he had left behind him
 the morning he started alone on his home-
 ward journey three months before. The
 bloom of her face had faded with late
 hours and fretting; her red lips were
 drawn down, and the whole charm of her
 blonde beauty was gone.

Almost her first words were a complaint,
 and nothing he could do or say pleased
 her from the hour they left London behind
 them till he handed her into the bay-
 windowed parlor of her house at Fenmore.

There her fretfulness reached its climax,
 and amid a storm of hysterical sobs she
 told him he brightened her whole life, and
 made her miserable; that he never had
 loved her—he had only married her for
 her money.

Standing by the fire, with his arm rest-
 ing on the mantle, and his face turned to
 the shadow, Paul Lennard heard her to
 the end in silence, his pride too sorely hurt
 for him to defend himself, his heart too
 keenly wrong for him to feel anger against
 her even then, for she was his wife, the first
 and only woman he had ever loved. His
 soul shivered within him as he stood there,
 and looked the fruits of his folly in the
 face. A wife who did not love him had
 been had enough, but a wife who despised
 him was more than he could bear, though
 every instinct of his nature told him she
 was unjust, and selfish, and unwomanly.
 Presently her sobs ceased, but finding that
 he did not answer, even to upbraid, they
 began again, this time made a little louder
 by anger.

"You want me to die," said she; "you
 brought me here to die. Your knew this
 horrible place would kill me and you want
 it to kill me right off, you do, that you may
 get my money. You do—I know you do!"

The last words rose in a shrill cry, and
 Dr. Lennard, with a closed lip, rang the
 bell sharply. Old Judith, her face almost
 as cloudy as her master's, came up quickly,
 hastened by the imperative peal.

"Your mistress is not well," he said,
 pointing to the now silent Pauline, who
 lay in a heap on the couch quivering like a
 frightened bird, and gasping for breath.
 Get her to bed as quickly as you can and
 then call me."

He left the room as he spoke, and the
 spoiled girl on the couch gave a more angry
 sob as she heard him going out.

"Paul!" she cried, under her breath
 almost; but if he heard he did not likely
 and the indignant Judith was not likely to
 repeat the summons.

Pauline went to bed of her own free will,
 but she would not let Judith call the doctor.

"She was almost well," she said, "and
 would be better still after she had slept."

Guessing something of this, the doctor
 lingered by the gate for some time, and
 then, finding he was not summoned in-
 doors, he strolled off to the beach.

The wind was high, and the sky gloomy
 enough in parts. The waves, all flecked
 with foam, rolled high with an angry roar,
 and Fenmore sands looked dismal enough
 in the glooming. Turning on to them, the
 doctor saw that he was not the only one
 who had ventured out, in spite of the high
 wind and threatening storm.

A few yards in advance of him, standing
 where the spray fell her over in showers,
 was a young girl, rather above the medium
 height; slender and well built, without
 being exactly graceful, you might see at a
 glance that, though she was no longer a
 child, she was not yet a woman. Her hat
 was off, and her fresh, young face was
 dimpling and flushing with sheer delight
 at the salt wind swept by her.

Even in the midst of his bitter thoughts
 Dr. Lennard could not forbear a smile at
 the keen enjoyment this wild scene
 evidently afforded the stranger, for that
 she was one he saw at a glance. He stood
 still for a moment watching her, the
 amused smile still on his face, and just
 then the girl turned and saw him.

Paul Lennard was naturally a handsome
 man; the rare sweetness of his
 smile added greatly to the charm of his
 dark face, and perhaps the stranger young
 as she was, was not altogether insensible
 to this charm, for she blushed vividly as
 she saw him.

Feeling guilty of rudeness the doctor
 raised his hat, and turning, walked in the
 opposite direction, his own troubles soon
 sweeping away all remembrance of the
 meeting.

Not so with Letty Leigh. She had no
 sad thoughts to dim her recollection of the
 handsome man she had found observing her
 so intently; and the wonder whether
 she should meet him again, and if he was
 a resident, or only a chance visitor at
 Fenmore, served to beguile the homeward
 walk to the lonely little cottage about a
 quarter of a mile from Fenmore, where
 the Leighs, father and daughter had, lately
 taken up their abode.

(To be continued.)

An Inspiration.

Judge: Wealthy Man (giving an order for a picture)—I want you to put on canvas the most bountiful spread of estates that you can conceive.

Artist (after the departure of his patron)—Happy thought! I'll go down to Charley Smith's and sketch his free-lunch counter.

HE GOT EVEN WITH HER.

He Saw She Didn't Like Him And So He Turned the Tables.

He had finished his introductory remarks and was about to propose, when he discovered that his proposal would be treated with contempt.

"Go on, Mr. Sprigger," she said, impatiently tapping her foot on the carpet as he paused in his remarks.

"I was about to say, Miss Hilder," he continued, "that I am aware that the human heart, especially a woman's, is a delicate thing, and I come to-night to correct a wrong impression which you have been under for some time, I think. To be plain, Miss Hilder, because I do not wish to cause you future suffering, let me state that I have never cared enough for you to ask you to link your lot with mine, therefore do not think that I can return the love you bear for me. My attentions to you have been prompted purely by a friendly feeling, nothing more. But I trust this will not mar our friendly relations," he said, taking his hat to go, "for remember, you ever have in me a true friend. Be assured I will always be a nephew to you."

And she was so dumb with surprise and anger that she didn't say good-bye to him when he bowed himself out.—*Boston Herald.*

Dyspepsia vs. Hair.

Dyspepsia is one of the most common causes of baldness. Nature is a great economizer, and when the nutrient elements furnished by the blood are insufficient to properly support the whole body she cuts off the supply to parts the least vital, like the hair and nails, that the heart, lungs and other vital organs may be the better nourished. In cases of severe fevers this economy is particularly noticeable. A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from over-work, anxiety or under-feeding. The hair falls out when the strength of the roots is insufficient to sustain its weight any longer, and a new hair will take its place unless the root is diseased. For this reason each person has a certain definite length of hair. When the hair begins to split or fall out, massage of the scalp is excellent. Place the tips of the fingers firmly upon the scalp and then vibrate or move the scalp while holding the pressure steadily. This will stimulate the blood vessels underneath and bring about better nourishment of the hair. A brush of unevenly tufted bristles is also excellent to use upon the scalp, not the hair.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Helping the Poor.

The question which the Rev. Dr. Reinsford asked in *The Forum*, "What can we do for the Poor?" he answers in a few words. His plan comprises "two or three large free churches, built on cleared spaces on east and west down town sites, always open to the public, provided with real preacher, a swimming bath and a gymnasium as important parts of its outfit. Near these churches a band of unmarried clergy and picked lay workers should live, undertaking duty for a stated time, perhaps, and under their control all these accessories of civilization should be placed. This plan would cost money, but it would do more to right the Church in the eyes of the working people; it would more immediately affect the life of the metropolis, it would do more to sweeten and purify the bitter springs at which the poor must drink than the building of ten cathedrals would ever do." And a Hamilton lady adds: "Close up the drinking places, and lots of money will be forthcoming to carry out this grand scheme."

He Could Not Say That It Was.

Brooklyn Life: "Isn't this perfectly delightful?" she asked, as they sat on the sofa with their arms intertwined and the brilliant one on his mustache not very far from the crimson balm on her lips.

"Dorothy," he replied, "when I know that your mother is listening on the stairs, that your father is waiting in the vestibule with a cane, that the bulldog is loose in the front yard, and that your little brother is under the sofa, how can I say that it is delightful?"

It Pays to Advertise.

Philadelphia Record: The estimate has been made that within the last twenty years P. T. Barnum expended upward of \$3,000,000 in newspaper advertisements, and notwithstanding this expenditure, he left behind him a fortune of \$5,000,000. Many other business men seek to make their fortunes without such expenditure. It is needless to add that they do not succeed.

Railroad Temperance Men.

The Midland Railroad Temperance Union of England has a total membership of 4,625. Three hundred and fifty-six meetings have been held during the past year among the employees of the Midland line, and an effort is being made to establish a circulating library for the use of men employed in small stations where good literature can not be obtained.

Better Than Dancing.

Mansey's Weekly: Maude, severely—Edna, you broke seven successive engagements to dance last night.

Edna, sweetly—Yes, my dear, but I made an engagement of far more importance.

At the Ball.

Buffalo News: Col. Yerger—Who is that tall young lady over there?

Gilholly—Well, she was my future wife a couple of months ago. The engagement was broken off.

"The Princess of Wales," said Ward McAllister the other day to a New York Sun man, "is the best dressed woman in the world. I don't believe she wears the same dress twice, and she has her hair dressed in Paris every day. She wears false hair, you know, and she sends her wigs over to Paris daily. While one wig is going across the Channel to France to be dressed the other is coming to London."

Come on at Once.
Come on at once, oh spring, and hitch
The south wind to your golden wagon,
Oh, rush the north wind to the ditch
And crush this fireless, frosty dragon.
We're waiting for you day by day,
We're listening for your wagon wheels,
Come on at once and sweep away
The cold impatient nature feels.

Come on at once with flowers and birds,
And start the timid grasses growing;
Come on and joy the sullen herds,
And set the perfumed streamlets flowing.
Come on at once and sweep away
With leaves of green and grasses sunny;
Remember that the hungry bees
Are almost out of wax and honey.

Come up at once and find the rose;
With white and red and yellow blond her.
You know the place the lilac grows,
Come up and weigh her down with splendor.
Come on at once and blow your breath
Upon the naked hill and valley;
Oh! stamp upon six months of death
And life and hope will round you rally.

THE KILAN
Barnum in His Coffin.
A man of mark has fallen. Strange to think
That he who boasted (and with reason too)
The lofty and the unconquered title
Of champion showman of the human race
Should lie on exhibition now himself,
In Death's grim cage a prisoner, they
Of one thrice more voracious and more cruel
Than all the monsters that he ever displayed:
Whose appetite's appeasement; who will ne'er
Rest satisfied until the latest thing
Alive in earth or air shall disappear
Before the sweep of his remorseless scythe.

Farwell, bright Barnum! many an hour
Of wholesome pleasure we've enjoyed from thee.
If great historians can extol the man
Who shows us in the field of wicked war
How men can imitate the brutes, and crush
Each other with as little thought or pity
As they do—men in shape, but brutes in spirit—
The poets may be pardoned if they weave
A wreath of admiration and roses
O humanizer of wild beasts! to thee.

This is Spring.
When the green gets back in the trees, and bees
Is a buzz! 'round again,
In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please"
Old gait they bum 'round in;
When the groun's all bald where the hay rick
stood
And the creek's rize, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gets back in the trees,
I like, as I say, such scenes as these,
The time when the green gets back in the trees.

When the whole tall-feathers o' winter time
Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweet it filters out on
A feller's forehead, a-gittin' out
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' a loafarin' round
When the green gets back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' round as I—durn—pleas—
When the green, you know, gets back in the trees!

CONVENTIONALITY.
How It Was Thrown to the Winds by a
Lady in a Street Car.

Did you ever think what an odd thing
conventionalities are? The unwritten code
of good manners, for instance—which is
quite apart from the laws of etiquette—
places man on a plane higher than the
animal, and makes the humblest human
being "behave" with propriety, not to say
good breeding, in public. But the other
day a street car was the scene of a bit of
unconventionalities that caused a commotion
among the passengers, for from its very
"queerness" the car was well filled when
a well-dressed woman entered. From all
appearances she belonged in the "lady"
category, for her dress was of the best and
fitted her admirably, and she wore
fresh gloves, and what is more to the
purpose, her countenance bespoke refinement
and intelligence. No sooner, however, was
she seated than, opening a paper bag which
she carried, together with her muff, she
took out a corn bread muffin, and began
nibbling it with the gusto of a hungry
child. The passengers opposite gazed at
the operation with some surprise, but there
observed no one, for, having
disposed of this corn cake, she drew forth
a second, and, after eyeing it well, devoured
that in the same nibbling fashion as its
predecessor. By this time every eye in the
car was fixed on the "lady," and more
than one winked telegraphically to
draw attention to the free and easy
lunch, but its consumer apparently
took no heed, for she went on eating corn
cakes until the little paper bag was empty,
and then, squeezing it into a ball, she
cast it on the floor. Her unconsciousness
was the most singular part of the whole
performance, for not a sign escaped her
that she was doing anything uncommon or
that the attention of the crowded public
conveyance was fastened on her. Some
one suggested that the three muffins were
eaten on a wager, but it is more likely that
the well-dressed being was defiant of con-
vention, and belonged to the new class of
"independents." At all events, she
amused a lot of people, and carried some of
them beyond their destination in their
desire to see the end of the performance.

Persistent in His Doings.
New York Herald: Sanso—The young
fool wouldn't listen to reason. He ram-
pled all family and social ties under foot
and went on the stage.

Rodd—And what is he doing now?
Sanso—Still tramping ties under foot—
railroad ties.

Under Ground.
Bridges—How is your son getting on with
that paper he is running?
Brooks—Well, he got it so far under
ground that he's had to change its name
from the *Setting Sun* to the *Colliers' Gazette*.

Might Object.
New York Herald: Maud—This book
on "Health" says young girls who wish to
have bright eyes and rosy cheeks should
take a tramp through the woods each
morning before breakfast.

Small Profits.
New York Times: Drug Clerk (to
stranger)—What do you wish, sir?
Stranger—I wish you "good morning,"
sir. Where is your directory?

LUCKY are the women who live in New
South Wales. Sir Henry Parkes, the
Premier, announced in Parliament yester-
day that his Government would introduce
a Bill providing for their enfranchisement.
—The salaries of New York school teach-
ers are very poor, the vacations in a year
amount to about three months, and the
inconveniences they suffer are keener than
the world is aware.

TRIP OF THE ABERDEENS.

"Through Canada With a Kodak" by
Her Ladyship.

THE SOJOURN AT MONTREAL.

(From "Onward and Upward.")
Glad to see you at Montreal! "Well,
and what do you think of Canada?"
"Lord Aberdeen, I think? You're heartily
welcome, sir!" "Grand hotel this!
Nothing to beat it on the continent!"
Such like were the greetings which fell on
our ears as we entered the vast central hall
of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, after a
hot and dusty railway journey from
Quebec. This hall and the spacious
dining-saloon and public drawing-rooms of
the hotel are practically a club for the
inhabitants of Montreal and its visitors.
Here we find many of our fellow-passen-
gers from the Parisian again—here, too,
was our captain; this celebrity and that
waiter, as they sat at the head
merable small tables at meals, and
before many hours had passed we
felt ourselves quite habitués of Can-
ada's commercial capital, and accustomed
to her ways. Quite conscientiously, too,
could we pass master with the most exact-
ing Canadian in paying due tribute to the
comforts, the conveniences, and the splen-
dor of the Windsor Hotel.

As at Quebec, our thoughts irresistibly
turned to the contrast between this proud
and splendid city, with her beautiful
buildings, and churches, and universities,
to the nestling Indian village found by
Jacques Cartier at the foot of the moun-
tain which he first called Mont Royal (the
royal mountain), in honor of his King.
We fancied we could see the groups of
"braves," with their squaws and children
crowding out of their little huts to look
at these strange beings; the women stroking
the moustaches and beards of the explorers,
to make sure of their reality; the infirm,
and sick, and feeble, with their paralyzed
chiefs at their head, imploring for the
"healing touch" which they believed these
deizens of another world could give.

The words which were spoken by Maiso-
neuve, the leader of the little band of
forty-five emigrants who landed on the
island of Montreal in 1642, with the inten-
tion of founding a colony and a mission,
have indeed come true. No sooner had the
little party landed than they gathered
together for prayer and in consecration of
their mission in this new land, and at the
close of their worship Maisonneuve turned
to his companions and said, "You are well
dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow,
and his bill for extras soon assumed
startling proportions.

The hotel people became alarmed, and
after he had been there several days a
party stopping there told them he was a
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calmly gathered up the fellow's coat, vest
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bill.

The fellow's nerve did not desert him
even in this extremity. He borrowed a
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Dr. Nansen across Greenland in 1888 is
evidence in favor of the feasibility of using
the inland ice as a means of travel, and the
daring Peary has certainly a fair prospect
of success.

One Customer Found.
New York Weekly: Stranger—Have
you Ruydard Kipling's criticism of Chi-
cago?
Chicago Dealer—Yes, sir. Don't seem
to be much demand—
Stranger—Give me half a dozen copies.
Dealer—Certainly. Certainly. How is
everything down in St. Louis?

In No Danger.
Mrs. Chugwater—Look out, Joeiah! I'm
going to throw at those hens.
Mr. Chugwater (alarmed)—Where are
they?
"Right behind you."
(Relieved)—Fire away Samantha, fire
away.

Is There a Hitch?
The Rochester Herald of yesterday said:
The Canadian Pacific has not got into
New York yet, if the reports are true.
Opposition on the part of the Lake Shore
and Michigan Central portions of the Van-
derbilt system may lead to a revision of
the agreement between the New York
Central and Canadian Pacific.

TRADE, PRESTIGE AND SENTIMENT.

The Relations Between Great Britain and
Her Colonies.

SOME PLAIN SPEAKING.

During the recent Dominion election
campaign, the duty of Canadian loyalty to
the Mother Country was often referred to,
and the man who dared to suggest that
love and loyalty should be reciprocal—that
a Canadian was under no obligation to care
more for England than Englishmen cared
for Canada—was overwhelmed with re-
proaches. It would be interesting to know
how large a proportion of the people of
England share the views expressed in the
following editorial of London Truth:

There are doubtless many advantages in
being a codfish, a lobster, a Frenchman or
a Newfoundland, but I happen to be a
much-enduring taxpayer of the (partially)
United Kingdom. Therefore, I take an
exclusively British view of the dispute, and
wish from the bottom of my heart that the
spirit and not the painter. Not, of course,
staying of much consequence in itself; but
the example would be useful. It is the
premier pay, the first move in these matters,
that makes the difficulty. If Newfoundland
would only go, perhaps the other
colonies would follow suit.

What I want to know, is England the
better for her Colonies? Not a single brass
farthing. On the contrary she would be
infinitely richer, infinitely, super-infinitely,
more respectable, more respected, and be-
yond all comparison whatever more power-
ful without them. Why, the only one of
the colonies she has had that is a feather in
her cap is the United States of America.
This independent colony, because it is in-
dependent, and great, and power-
ful, and progressive, really is
a credit to the mother country.

But as for the others, I don't see that we
get much credit out of them while they
remain in a state of impotent and per-
petually squalling; babyhood, and if we get
no credit out of them, I am sure we get no
cash. On the contrary we are always
pockets on account of these British bant-
lings and ne'er-do-wells, till they learn to
set up for themselves and run on their own
legs.

It is said that trade follows the flag.
There never was such nonsense. Trade
follows the language, naturally, when there
is no interference. Usually it is not at
all dependent on the flag, and then
trade takes a sensible view of the situation,
and paying not the slightest regard either
to the flag or the language, follows the
customs duties. Where the customs duties
are low or nil, trade goes on; where the
customs duties are high, trade keeps out.
Trade is not a fool at all. Trade does not
conduct its business on the principles of an
after-dinner speech at the Mansion House.

"But then," it is said, "there is prestige.
Has prestige no value?" Well, of course,
it has some; but the question is, as Dr.
Johnson would have said, what do you give
for it? It is not a more profitable transac-
tion to give a shilling's worth of cash for a
sixpenny worth of prestige than to give two
farthings in the hand for one sparrow
in the bush. I can understand prestige
being sometimes valuable as a "cheap de-
fence of nations;" but here we are paying
infinitely more to guard our prestige than
we pay to guard ourselves, maintaining
fleets at enormous cost in this, that,
and the other ocean, whereas the only fleet
we really want is a good fleet in the "Silver
streak" that surrounds us.

Again it is objected, "but there is senti-
ment." Well, I confess I have no senti-
ment about the Colonists. I am, indeed,
in what a theologian would call "perfect
harmony" with them. I wish them no evil,
far from it. But I can't distinguish them
from people of a host of other national-
ities with whom I have nothing whatever
in common. The mere facts that they are,
in a certain very much mixed and
mainly conventional sense, my "own
flesh and blood," and speak (usually at in-
ordinate length) a more or less corrupt
idiom of my own language, are not
enough to endear them to me. On the
contrary, I find them profoundly uninter-
esting, and as for the "Great Statesmen"
whom they occasionally send over, on a
return ticket, well, they may be great
statesmen "over there," just as "over
there," as I am informed, the common
Scottish thistle sometimes forgets that it is a
weed and lifts its head with something
like the magnificence of a forest shrub. But
"over here," as distinguished from "over
there," they always appear to me very like
what any British vestryman might be, if
he had been watered a little more, and
yes, and perhaps scaped a little more, and
grown under a bell glass—just about the
difference, in fact, between a cauliflower
bought at Les Halles and a cauliflower
bought at Covent-garden. If, therefore,
the emancipation of the Colonies is desir-
able on other grounds, I see no reason to
oppose it on the ground of sentiment.

So far, in fact, as I can see, the main
thing in common between Englishmen and
Colonists is the bad language which they
both use in moments of irritation. Now, a
curse is a trumpery thing to be sentimental
about. As for the Colonists themselves, I
cannot for the life of me understand how
they can be content to go on in their
present hobbledehoy garments, trundling
their little one-horse chaises of countries
which not one European out of ten can spot
without the aid of a map. However, that is the
Colonists' own affair. I don't want to
hurry them out of knickerbockers and to
stir them up to the dignity of a latch-key,
if they do not themselves feel old enough.
Personally (but, of course, it is a mere
matter of taste), it seems to me preferable
to be the native of a country of some sort
than to be merely the native of some
country's back garden. I don't think
I should care much to be a native of
a South American Republic. But I would
sooner (at least when no revolution was
going on) be a native of a South American
Republic than a mere colonist of any kind.
As a Chilean, a Peruvian, or a Brazilian,
I think I could hold up my head. Now, I
really don't think I could as a New South
Walesman, or rather New South Welsh boy.
But, as I said before, it is all a matter of
taste. If a man likes to be all his days a
hobbledehoy, let him.

SLICK HOTEL BEAT.
His Clothes Seized in One House He Gets
Square With Another.

The fellow had no baggage when he
registered first at the Markham House
Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and
told such a plausible story that he was
permitted to register and given a room,
says the Chatsanooga Times. He was well
dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow,
and his bill for extras soon assumed
startling proportions.

The hotel people became alarmed, and
after he had been there several days a
party stopping there told them he was a
beat. The clerk fixed up a scheme, and
that evening he got into the fellow's room
on some pretext after he had retired, and
calmly gathered up the fellow's coat, vest
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THE DEMON JEALOUSY.

How It Separated a New York
Couple.

Tears, Tender Missives, Poison and a Stomach Pump Play Important Roles in a Romance of Real Life—Pretty Termination of a "Little Family Affair."

They were the happiest married couple
in Madison street—all the neighbors
acknowledged that. Fred and Ella Wass-
mann had been married four years, and yet
they seemed just as much in love with each
other as the day when they were made one
and went to live in neatly furnished apart-
ments on Essex street. Two years ago
they moved to 107 Madison street, and
their billings and cooings seemed to be
without end. The good wives in the ten-
ement house held Fred up to their hus-
bands as a model, and the husbands
answered back that any man who had
a wife as affectionate and as helpful
as Ella Wassmann couldn't help but come
home early nights and give up his money
every Saturday with the seal on the pay
envelope unbroken. Fred was a packer in
the brass foundry of John Croder, 225
Canal street, and when his father dies he
will come into quite a bit of money. Ella's
parents live in Essex street.

The Wassmanns had no children and no
intimate friends, save a big policeman,
who figures in the story only as Billy, and
to whom they confided their occasional
small troubles. Billy's eyes nearly bulged
from their sockets in astonishment when
he heard what happened a few days ago.
From no cause as all, except perhaps the
superstition that accompanies such
deep mutual affection, a cloud came upon
the Wassmanns' honeymoon. It became
such a big cloud finally that it threatened
all of a sudden to send both husband and
wife broken-hearted to a common grave.

Three weeks ago Fred stayed away from
work one day on the plea of sickness. He
never told his wife about it, no one knows
why, and when Ella accidentally discovered
it the whole fabric of their marital happi-
ness seemed threatened. The more she
thought about it the more it seemed as if
demon jealousy for the first time appeared
in her life. Fred had another girl, she
thought. There could be no other explana-
tion. He was growing tired of his wife, as
all men did sooner or later, sad-eyed
women had told her. She didn't believe
them then, but it must be true, she thought
now.

When Fred was away, Ella cried all day,
but she was too proud to let him know it.
She had a brave face when her husband
came home, but she was quieter than usual
and Fred thought she was cold. Then he
began to brood. He was only a workman,
he thought. Perhaps some one better
looking and better dressed, some rich
man's son, had taken his darling's fancy.
So the breach widened. It doesn't take
much to make trouble between husband
and wife when once suspicion or jealousy
enters the door.

When Fred came home from work Mon-
day night his wife was gone. No supper
had been prepared. He gasped at first,
and then he made up his mind to the awful
truth—his wife had deserted him. He
packed his best suit of clothes and a few
other things in the valise and left the house.
He spent that night with a fellow-workman
who lives in the neighborhood. Mrs.
Wassmann came home late from a visit to
her mother at 167 Essex street. She
almost ran up the stairs, only to find the
rooms dark and deserted. She sobbed her-
self to sleep that night, and Tuesday went
to the brass foundry. Fred had not been
walking the streets trying to shut out the
awful thoughts that crowded into his brain.
But his absence confirmed the heart-broken
wife's suspicions, and she went home and
wrote this letter:

DEAR FRED,—I see you took your suit and I
can see all hope is lost with you. You know I
cannot live without your love, so I will end it all
when I have the courage. I have waited with
your supper for you until I looked in the door
and saw that you took your clothes, and that
settled me. Good-bye, darling; dear, dear love,
good-bye. God bless you and the one you love.
I have nothing against you. Good-bye. Your
over faithful wife,
ELLA.

P. S.—Don't think hard of me. At the foot of
Market street is my grave.
Ella pinned this letter to the tablecloth
and then went to Essex street to cry her
eyes out at her mother's knee, as she did
when a little girl. But Fred had shut out
the thoughts of death in the river, and the
pistol and the rope, and he went home
Wednesday, thinking that perhaps his
Ella had come back, and knowing that if
he only saw her dear face once more he
would forgive everything. Then he found
the letter.

He sought blue coated Billy and the
policeman told him that it would all come
out right and to go home and wait for his
wife until she came. This cheered Fred a
little and he went to his lonely home and
waited. But no Ella came. Yesterday
morning about 9 o'clock the dark thoughts
had crowded all the hope and desire from
life out of Fred's brain. He found some
Paris green in a closet. His wife had
bought it to kill roaches, and he smiled
grimly at the recollection as he mixed it in
a cup and drank it off.

Arsenical poisoning is very painful, and
although Fred lay down on the floor to die
he was very soon rolling around in terrible
pain and crying lustily for aid. The neigh-
bors heard him and an ambulance rattled
up and Fred was taken to Gouverneur
Hospital. Dr. L. F. Donohue applied the
stomach pump so vigorously that Fred will
live, and he is very glad of it now.

A neighbor went to Mrs. Wassmann's
mother when Fred was taken to the hospi-
tal and told Ella all about it. She rushed
to his bedside in ward 12. There were
shrieks and tears, explanations and em-
braces and finally eternal protestations of
fidelity and affection. There is no more
jealousy or suspicion in the Wassmann
household. Fred is pretty sick but very
happy, and Ella, betwixt smiles and tears,
is bustling about the apartments on Mad-
ison street, making them brighter and pret-
tier than ever before against tomorrow's
midday, for then Fred will be well enough
to leave the hospital, and the honeymoon
of the Wassmanns will enter on its second
term.—N. Y. Recorder.

The Dominion Trades Congress will
petition the Dominion Government to pro-
hibit the importation of Chinese labor.

The crisis in the Lisbon Cabinet has
been settled.

I AM NOW OPENING UP

---NEW---

Wall Paper.

Beautiful Patterns.

Low Prices.

Garden, Field

AND FLOWER

S-E-E-D-S

From the Best Growers.

Carrot, Turnip & Mangel Seed

Very Cheap this year.

J. A. HACKING,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Country Talk.

Grey.

Miss Annie Smith is home from a visit of several weeks with friends in London. Her health is somewhat improved.

John McLachlan, 12th con., will erect a brick residence this year. Jno. Pugh, of Brussels, has the contract.

James Smith, who is in the employ of the Ogilvie Milling Company, of Montreal, was enjoying a holiday visit with relatives in this township last week. Mr. Smith has a good position.

John McDougall, eldest son of John McDougall, 8th con., was married on the 8th ult. at Bowmanville, to Miss Etta Golwilt, by Rev. Magee Pratt. Mr. McDougall holds a position in the Dominion Organ Co's factory in Bowmanville, where he has been for the past six years. The many relatives and friends of the groom in this locality are a unit in wishing them long years of prosperity.

Friday, April 17th, the veteran horseman, Lachlan McNeil, well known to many in this section, brought home a splendid imported Clydesdale stallion from Toronto. His name is "Macfarlane's Hero," No. 8002, Vol. XII. He was imported by John Raiston last fall and sold to Thos. Mengher, from whom Mr. McNeil purchased him at a high figure. The horse is a light brown, with white face, hind legs and off fore foot white; is four years old and weighs 1,550 pounds.

Stratford.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Lord Bishop of Algoma diocese, will visit Stratford on Sunday next, preaching in St. James church at the 11 o'clock service.

James Grieve, M. P., and Thomas Magwood, M. P., left together on the 3:50 train on Monday afternoon, one for Ottawa, the other for Toronto.

A branch of the Emerald Beneficial Association was organized on Monday night in the C. M. B. A. hall by Wm. Jamison, grand organizer, of Hamilton.

The number of prisoners committed to Stratford jail for the year ending September 30, 1890, was 122, or a decrease of 28 over previous year. The greatest number confined at one time was 20. The total cost of maintaining the goal was \$2,507.08. The Government inspector reported that he found the goal in perfect order.

SPRING SHOW.—While the entries were not as numerous as in former years, the class of horses shown at the spring fair on Friday April 17, was a very good reward for the indefatigable exertions of Secretary Scott and others to encourage the breeding of better stock in Perth. The day was fine and there was a large attendance of visitors from the surrounding country. Messrs. E. A. Walker, of Ayr, and Francis Clare of Otterville, acted as judges and gave satisfaction. Following is the prize list: Heavy Draught Clydesdale, aged—1st, "Gordon," John Busch & Co. Fullarton; 2nd, "Gay Lad," Jno. Jacobs, Fullarton. Three year old Clydesdale—1st, "Scottish King," E. Dingman, Zorra; 2nd, "McHardy," D. McFarlane, Shakespeare. Canadian Draught, aged—1st, "Decidee," Mark Kelly, Ellice; 2nd, "Bangup," W. Steele, Stratford. General purpose horse, aged—1st, "Young Decidee," Chris. Werner, Ellice; 2nd, "Knight of Annandale," John Nichol, N. Easthope. General Purpose, 3 years old—1st, "Norman," Henry Kuhne, Carriage, aged—1st, "Mambrino Star," W. Dunseith, St. Marys; 2nd, "Chicago Volunteer," Samuel McKay, Downie. Carriage, 3 years old—1st, "Mambrino Spangle," James McFarlane, Downie. Roadster, standard bred—1st, "Thornwood," Ford & Murphy, Mitchell; 2nd, "Omas," J. W. Cathcart, St. Marys. Roadster, aged—1st, "Abdallah," Walsh Bros, Stratford; 2nd, "Grand Sentinel, jr., Robert Thompson, Shakespeare. Roadster, 3 years old—1st, "Rosewood," W. P. Kerr, Mitchell; 2nd, "Prince Victor," D. O'Connor, Stratford. Thorough bred Blood Horse—1st, "Dandie Dinmont," W. H. Millman, Woodstock.

Poole.

Henry Engel, of Hanover, is visiting his parents this week.

Robert Fleming's house took fire on Sunday morning last, but was extinguished before doing any serious damage.

W. Weir, of Milverton, conducted the sale of John Engel's household furniture on Tuesday. Mr. Engel purposes moving to Milverton.

What might have proved a serious affair happened to Rev. Mr. Kay, of Milverton, as he was returning on Sunday evening from his Wellesley appointment. His buggy broke down, throwing Mr. Kay and Mr. Merklinger, who was riding with him, to the ground. The horse, a valuable animal belonging to Mr. Kay, took fright and started for Milverton, leaving a part of the vehicle and its occupants on the road. The horse was captured, however, before reaching Milverton. Mr. Kay had his hand cut and bruised but beyond that neither of the gentlemen felt much worse for their mishap.

Brussels.

T. Hall is on the sick list.

D. Hayden is laid up with a sprained foot.

Mrs. Wat. Ainlay is visiting in Listowel.

Rev. R. Paul preached in Palmerston last Sabbath.

Geo. Love, sr., of Harriston, was in town Tuesday.

Tom. Calbeck, of New Westminster, B. C., is in town.

Mrs. (Rev.) Sellery is visiting in Kindacine this week.

Lawyer Taylor is confined to the house with sciatica.

J. A. Creighton was home from Palmerston for Sunday.

Rev. W. E. Kerr, of Durham, is visiting his parents this week.

Mrs. Wm. Vanstone and Miss Addie spent Sunday in Wingham.

J. Seli was away at Lucan last week attending his mother's funeral.

Andrew McKay is getting ready to erect a dwelling on Thomas street.

W. H. McCracken sold a car load of potatoes last week to American buyers.

D. Lowery has a large force at work on the foundation of the new American hotel.

Miss Addie Vanstone has gone to St. Louis, Ill., to spend the summer with relatives.

Miss Mary Olliver went to Toronto last week, where she will remain for a few months.

Mrs. J. Alexander, of Toronto, was in town Tuesday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. S. Burgess.

D. C. Roberts and family moved to Wingham this week, where he has secured a good position.

Miss Annie Rivers who has been sick for some time with inflammation of the lungs is able to be up again.

E. R. Grundy disposed of his windmill to Joseph Clegg, the well-known cattle dealer of Morris township.

\$219 per annum was the price agreed upon by the council for the use of the five electric lights now on the streets.

The Orangemen of this locality are booming the celebration of July 13th in Brussels. A big turn-out is expected.

Geo. Thomson, grocer, has the material on hand for a brick storehouse, 20x30 feet, to be built to the rear of his store.

W. H. Kerr supplied the pulpit of the Methodist church in Gorrie last Sunday owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Wm. Torrance.

Neil Richardson has leased the stone building opposite the Town Hall and will utilize it for an agricultural implement emporium.

Great sport is being enjoyed at the mill dam these days, fishing for suckers. They have been caught in abundance, as many as 24 secured in one haul of a net.

The fall wheat has not wintered better in this vicinity for many years. Should the present weather not prove fatal, the prospects are favorable for a fine crop.

Monthly gospel temperance meetings will be held in the Town Hall, Brussels, commencing on Sunday evening, May 10th, under the auspices of the Royal Templars of Temperance.

Messrs. Stewart & Lowick have with in the past few weeks, shipped 20 cars of wheat, 10 cars of oats, 4 cars of flour and 3 cars of barley from Brussels station to various points in the east.

Sabbath evening, April 19, the organ was used for the first time in connection with public worship in Melville church. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the roof is still on the building.

John Hewitt, tonsorial artist, has a fine large owl on exhibition in his shop window. The bird measures five feet from tip to tip and was shot by Adam Zimmer, of Cranbrook. It was stuffed by R. Johnson, of Brussels.

J. Somerset has disposed of a half acre of land, immediately south of the Town Hall, to Postmaster Farrow for the sum of \$350. A brick residence will be erected on the property next year, it is said. It is a good site.

Wednesday evening, April 22nd, Rev. S. Sellery, B. D., tied the matrimonial bow between Daniel Denman and Miss Alice L. Denbow, both of Brussels. The ceremony took place at the parsonage. Miss Emma Denbow and Samuel Carter supported the bride and groom.

The dwelling belonging to Geo. Carr, farmer, one mile from Brussels, caught fire last Monday afternoon, 27th ult. The house is a total loss, but part of the furniture was saved. Loss about \$600; insured for \$300, with \$100 on furniture. The house caught fire from sparks out of the chimney.

Turnberry.

May—balmy May.

To-day (Friday) is Arbor day and should be observed by all in decorating their farms with shade and ornamental trees.

Owing to the favorable weather seeding is progressing rapidly, and ere long will be finished and Nature will then have full sway in producing a bountiful harvest.

One night last week some evil disposed person broke the handles of a plow belonging to R. Anderson. A few grains of shot in the seat of his pants would have been an excellent lesson to him for his mischief.

SPRING—IN MAY.

April now has come and gone,

On us dawns the glad May morn,

Pealeth forth the robin's note,

From his rich and ruddy throat.

O'er the hill and valley sounds,

The youthful rustic's favorite song;

Sings the birds among the boughs,

While the youth his furrow ploughs.

On the hillock skips the lamb,

While the boys along the dam,

On the grassy banks recline,

Catching fish with hook and line.

Soon the bee will hum with glee,

As he flies from tree to tree,

Sipping from their blossoms sweet,

Honey, honey, honey sweet.

Nature soon shall clothe the field,

And the earth her verdure yield,

While the milkmaid's song is heard,

As she calls the lowing herd.

Elma.

Silver Corners cheese factory commences operations on Monday, May 4th.

J. Phillips, who has been laid up with inflammation for some time past, is able to be around again.

Jas. Porterfield's splendid brick residence has been greatly improved in appearance by a coat of paint. The work was done by W. Marshall, of Atwood.

George Hume, 8th con., has a sheep which weighs 240 pounds. This is considered an unusual weight, 150 pounds being the average weight of a good sheep.

The school house, of U. S. S. No. 2, is undergoing much needed repairs. A new fence will be built and the yard drained and levelled. This is a step in the right direction.

At the Council meeting last Saturday quite a lively time ensued over the 14th con. drain by-law. Some of the interested parties claimed that their assessment was out of keeping with the possible benefits they would derive from the drain when completed. The Council did not adjourn until quite late in the evening.

At the Jubilee church, 12th con., a meeting was held last week to re-organize the S. S. for the summer months. On nomination Joseph Blatchford was appointed Superintendent, S. Wherry Assistant Superintendent, and William Lucas, Sec.-Treas. A larger number of S. S. papers is to be taken and it is expected that the school will be flourishing in a few weeks, when the fine weather and good roads return.

DIED.—On Saturday, April 25th, Albert Thompson died at his home, near Trowbridge, aged 35 years. Deceased was a son of John Thompson, 1st con., and was a young man of much promise, but was attacked last fall by that dread disease, consumption, to which he finally succumbed. His wife died of the same disease about 13 months ago. Rev. Mr. Henderson made frequent visits during deceased's illness, and it is a consolation to his friends to know that he died in the conscious hope of a happy future. The funeral took place on Monday and was largely attended.

Listowel.

W. Sutherland, of London, spent Sunday in town.

C. Taylor left on Wednesday for Toronto, where he has secured a situation.

J. Purcell, who left town a few weeks ago for Montana, has returned owing to illness.

The Bachelors' Ball, which was held in the town hall on Tuesday evening, was well attended.

Rev. J. Ortwein, who leaves shortly for Ottawa, will be succeeded by Rev. C. Bolander, of Port Elgin.

Inland Revenue Inspector, A. Caven, of Stratford, and his son James, of Palmerston, were in town last week.

The High School foot ball team are now practising regularly and we may expect the boys to do some excellent work this season.

A number of Listowel Oddfellows drove to Palmerston on Sunday to listen to an eloquent sermon preached to the Order by Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Harriston.

Owing to poor train connections the Right Rev. Lord Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, who was to speak on Foreign Missions in Christ church last Monday evening, was unable to attend.

The committee appointed by the Athletic Association, for the securing of funds have met with fair success, and if our citizens continue to patronize it we no doubt will have plenty of amusement and recreation during the warm months.

Mr. Roll is rebuilding the rear part of the Central. He intends to erect a building with a bar and dining room and later on to erect the front part. It is also fitting up the Arlington with all modern conveniences and will occupy it in a short time.

Remember the entertainment in the Town Hall on Friday May 8th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid and Young People's Societies. The Ladies Aid will act "The district school," and the young people will delight the audience with plenty of vocal and instrumental music.

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

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