

The Bee.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1891.

NO. 8.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE JESUITS.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—The communication on "The Jesuits" by "A Protestant" in your issue of last week reminds me very forcibly of an incident that is reported to have occurred in the British House of Commons some few years ago. A member of that body began a speech by saying, "Mr. Speaker, I rise for information," and after he had concluded his speech the member who replied to him said, "I do not wonder that the hon. gentleman has risen for information, for evidently there is no one in this house who needs it as much as he does." And so also "A Protestant" wishes some one to "enlighten" him, and I would fain hope for the credit of Protestantism that there are few Protestants, if any in our community, who need "enlightening" as much as himself. However, as your readers will notice, his ignorance does not prevent him from attempting to explain why the rev. lecturer of the preceding week adopted a course altogether favorable to the Jesuits in the treatment of his subject, and, let me add, he manifestly approves of the course which the lecturer took. Now,—as most of your readers, and indeed most of the people of this township, and of some of the adjoining townships know—I have no lack of work; yet I am willing, with your kind permission and aid, to try to scatter a few rays of light upon the darkness which envelops "A Protestant" at the same time expressing my very sincere regret that his companions, associations, reading, instruction and surroundings in the past should have been of such a character as to have left him apparently so hopelessly in the dark. And permit me to say at this point, Mr. Editor, that it is currently reported, and has reached my ears from various quarters, that the rev. lecturer, E. St. Yates, and his conditor and apologist, "A Protestant," have stated that I am afraid to discuss the question of the Jesuits. I can hardly believe that report; but if true I beg to remind them of the lines:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring,
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

and that they should know Scripture well enough to remember that the boastful Goliath was slain by a stone from a sling in the hands of a despised shepherd lad, and that there is true wisdom in the words, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." And first let us have a little light on the true meaning of Principal Grant's words as quoted by "A Protestant." I beg to inform him that they simply express approval and admiration of the wisdom and self-sacrificing devotion which marked the conduct and career of the Jesuits in endeavoring to secure the fulfilment of their mission, and cannot in any way be regarded as an acceptance and endorsement of their views, principles, doctrines, and ultimate purposes. I hope even "A Protestant" has sufficient breadth and power of understanding, and sufficient clearness of mental perception to see that skillful, wise, and well-adapted methods for doing certain kinds of work may be taken from those who are utterly opposed to us in principles and aims, and yet we not thereby sacrifice one iota of our integrity, or of our hearty opposition to them. And if Rev. E. St. Yates "could not say anything more eulogistic of the Jesuits" than what is contained in the quotation referred to then I submit that the essential, the fundamental cause for praise must be totally absent. "Magnificent missionaries they were" because they gave themselves with such burning zeal, such consummate skill, and such ardent devotion to their "mission." But what was their "mission" in its ultimate purpose and final end? Every student of moral philosophy knows that motive is essential in determining the moral quality of an action. And what was the motive which actuated these Jesuits in their work? From their oath it is quite clear that it was to extend and glorify the power and influence of their own Society, a Society whose avowed and sworn object it is to place all temporal and spiritual power on earth in the hands of one man, a Society of which history furnishes most abundant proof that its aims and efforts have always been completely subversive of social order and well being, of the peace and purity and comfort of family relationship, of individual responsibility, and of civil and religious freedom. So that Principal Grant in the words quoted merely gives another illustration of our Saviour's words, "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." But while Principal Grant generously and magnanimously gives them credit for their self-sacrificing devotion and worldly wisdom in prosecuting their work, he can not be quoted any further in support of the Jesuits for as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Canada in 1889 he signed a petition in behalf of that Assembly to the Governor-General in Council asking for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act, setting forth among other weighty reasons "that the influence of this Society, as might be

expected from its teachings, and as is fully confirmed by its history, is hurtful to the public welfare, and even dangerous to the public peace." And again in the Assembly of last year his name is among the most prominent ones on the committee opposing the aggressions of Jesuitism. And why should it be thought strange that no "protest" against the kindly things said of the Jesuits in the extract referred to should have been made by any of its readers until the Jesuit question had entered the domain of politics? These "things" are all admitted, but the great mass of our people in Canada know that they do not by any means prove what "A Protestant" claims they prove, or at least what he seems to suppose that they prove. And besides Protestants, as followers of the Prince of Peace, love peace, and only when driven to it in self-defence and in behalf of the sacred rights of civil and religious liberty, threatened to be wrenched from their grasp and destroyed by Ultramontanist do they publicly speak and act as a body against its monstrous and shameless pretensions and demands. As to the difference between "a Presbyterian divine" and "a churchman," the fact remains that no Presbyterian divine can be found who accepts and approves of the principles and doctrines of the Jesuits, while the same can hardly be said of some churchmen judging them fairly and charitably by their own conduct and utterances. And, besides, does not "A Protestant" know that I myself was called "a priest" because I simply exercised my right as a citizen to vote according to my conception of duty at the election held last June? It is a fact nevertheless that I was thus designated and that too when as everybody knows (except perhaps "A Protestant" for he appears to be especially ignorant on these matters) I never spoke to a single elector or sought in any way to influence a single vote either one way or the other. And the same is true in regard to the late Dominion election. The statement that "some assert that in the last few years the township of Elma has become a hot-bed of fanaticism" is wholly unsupported by evidence, and appears to thoughtful minds as merely a Jesuitical manoeuvre to fasten responsibility upon others for what exists very largely, if not exclusively, in "A Protestant's" own mind and heart. Certainly those who are fully competent to judge, and who knew well this fair township many years ago, and also know it well to-day, have told me that there has been very remarkable advancement in their gifts, self-control, intelligence, and independence of thought and action among its people within the last quarter of a century. I shall close by informing "A Protestant" that if he will attend the address which I purpose giving (D. V.) on Good Friday evening as announced in your paper of last week he may possibly receive a little more "enlightening," and disclaiming any intention of carrying on a newspaper controversy, for which I have neither time nor inclination, I subscribe myself, as a true Protestant, who is neither afraid of his opponents and foes, nor ashamed of his name, his position, or his principles.

ANDREW HENDERSON.
Atwood, Mar. 16, 1891.

Additional Local Items.

M. CORRIE returned home last week from Minneapolis, Minn., where he disposed of two carloads of potatoes.

OWING to the snow blockade there was no service in the Baptist church or the English church appointments at Trowbridge and Henfryn last Sunday.

THE heavy snow storm of last Friday so blocked the roads that our stage driver did not get home until Sunday afternoon, and Monday he ventured not out.

THE Stratford Herald, of March 18th, says:—THE ATWOOD BEE is a well named little paper. Its editor has evidently pondered well the busy, industrious character of the little insect whose name he has adopted for his paper, and has imbibed lessons and inspirations therefrom that reflect themselves in his journalistic efforts. THE BEE is one of the newest and best conducted of the smaller papers of this province, and its editor richly deserves to succeed. These remarks are by way of preface to a quotation from THE BEE, which is independent in politics. We "go to the little busy BEE" for the following sensible opinion on the recent election campaign: Etc., etc.

EVERYONE interested in the advancement of agriculture should attend the North Perth Farmers' Institute, to be held in the Agricultural hall, Atwood, next Tuesday, 24th inst. There will be an afternoon session, commencing at 1 o'clock, and an evening session, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. The ladies are invited to the evening session only. Prof. Shaw, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and several local gentlemen of note will address both meetings on topics of vital interest to farmers. A musical program will be interspersed with the evening addresses and altogether a very profitable and enjoyable time may be anticipated. There will be no admission charged. For further particulars see advt. elsewhere. It is needless to add that the people of Elma, Grey, and adjoining townships, will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of listening to the problems of advanced agriculture, stock raising and fruit culture practically and intelligently discussed.

Country Talk.

Ethel.

Robt. Hamilton, jr., of Duluth, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Robt. Barr. The storm of last Friday and Saturday blocked the roads in great shape. J. M. Davis is slowly recovering, having been laid up all winter. We hope to see him around again soon.

Bornholm.

Willie Moran, Mitchell, paid a flying visit to his friends here on Sunday last.

Nineteen children were examined last Sabbath at the Lutheran church preparatory to receiving confirmation next Sunday. Their intelligent answers reflected much credit on their pastor, Mr. Litvain, under whose training they have been all winter.

Pool.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. Dewar, Musselburgh, on Wednesday, 11th inst., being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Grace, to John G. Armstrong, of Calkinsville, Mich. The bride and bridesmaid, Miss Nellie Dewar, looked charming in fawn colored costumes, while James Chalmers assisted the groom manfully through the trying ordeal. Rev. Mr. Kay, of Milverton, tied the mystic knot with his usual grace and expedition. The large number of beautiful and valuable presents testified to the high esteem in which the bride is held. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong leave for their new home in Calkinsville this week followed by the best wishes of their numerous friends.

Elma.

John Barton, of the 12th con., was spending a few days at Mrs. Richardson's last week.

Elma Council met at Graham's hotel, Atwood, last Tuesday afternoon. Report of proceedings next week.

George Long is at present confined to his bed with a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy. May he soon recover.

Be sure and attend the North Perth Farmers' Institute, to be held in the agricultural hall, Atwood, next Tuesday, afternoon and evening, 24th inst.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. S. Wilson, of the 8th con., who for some time past has been very ill, is improving under the skillful treatment of Dr. Hamilton. We wish her speedy recovery.

DIED.—At her residence, on the 8th con., on Tuesday, 17th inst., Mrs. Robt. Long, aged 59 years. The friends and relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

One of Elma's farmers went out to Logan on Thursday of last week with the wagon for seed oats, but unhappily did not return until the next week on account of the storm. Take the sleigh the next time John.

Wm. Vipond is making preparations to build a barn next summer. He has a comfortable house already and when he gets the barn the next thing he needs is some person to superintend the affairs of the house. Who will be the lucky one?

WOOD BEE.—Chas. McNichol had a wood bee one day last week. He got about ten cords of good maple wood cut, after which the young people of the neighborhood gathered at his residence where a very enjoyable time was spent.

Mary Chisholm, daughter of Walter Chisholm, 12th con., died last Wednesday, 18th inst., aged 10 years and six months. The funeral took place to-day (Friday) at 1:30 o'clock, interment in the Elma Centre cemetery. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of the community.

The entertainment at jubilee church, 12th con., on Thursday evening of last week was successful. Mr. Davis, H. Hoar and Miss Richmond gave excellent recitations, and the singing by Mr. Davis, Mrs. Rogers and J. A. McBain was very much enjoyed. Miss Fox presided at the organ. Rev. D. Rogers gave a racy address and Mr. Davis spoke on the duty of encouraging workers. Altogether it was a most enjoyable evening and heartily participated in by the folk of this neighborhood. On motion of S. Wherry a vote of thanks was tendered to those furnishing the entertainment, which was carried with enthusiasm. We will be pleased to have a similar gathering at a no distant date.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is the relative standing of the pupils who took the highest number of marks in S. S. No. 2, for the month of February: Fourth Class—Jennie Douglas, Ida Keith, Jessie Cullen, Edwin Forbes, Agnes Shearer, Maggie Hamilton. Senior Third Class—Tena Shearer, Lottie Stewart, John Thompson, Maggie Burnett, Charles Douglas, Mabel Turnbull. Junior Third Class—Jessie Keith, Ida Forbes, Jennie Cleland, Wm. Shearer, Andrew Tennant, Etta Hay. Senior Second Class—Sarah A. Boyd, Mary Shearer, Herbert Forman, Edward Hamilton, Archie Aitchison, Nettie Burnett. Junior Second Class—Florence Cullen, Hector Aitchison, Ellen Turnbull, Wesley Burnett.

Listowel.

Miss Kerr, of Guelph, is the guest of J. E. Carson.

G. Fowler, dental student, is back from the college in Toronto. Drs. McCullough and Grant are at present at the Grand Central.

Robins and crows were seen during the storm of Friday last.

Andrew Aitchison, cheese buyer, left last week for his annual business trip to the old country.

At a meeting of the Town Council Monday night the contract for lighting the streets was given to the Reliance Electric Light Company.

John Bamford was elected by acclamation to fill the vacancy in the Listowel Public School Board occasioned by the death of Andrew Little.

Owing to the severe storm the Edmund & Shaw Company which was billed here for Friday, Saturday and Monday nights did not exhibit.

Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Stratford, preached interesting and forcible missionary sermons to attentive audiences in the Methodist church on Sunday. His own pulpit was occupied by Rev. Jas. Livingstone.

On Wednesday of last week while the mixed train for the south was shunting in the Listowel yard, brakeman J. L. Sanderson, of the G. B. & L. E. Division, got his hand so terribly smashed that it is feared amputation will be necessary.

Grey.

A social was held at the residence of Mrs. H. H. 9th con., on Friday evening last.

Chas. Williamson, who has been ill for some months, is improving we are glad to hear.

On Wednesday, March 4, John Robertson, con. 14, departed this life at the ripe age of 80 years.

John and Alex. Davidson, of Mornington, were visiting at U. McFadden's 12th con., last week.

Francis Ennis, and Mr. and Miss Shaw, 16th con., are going to try their fortune in the west. We wish them success.

Wm. Baker, who has resided on the 12th con., Grey, has leased and taken possession of the Hugh Campbell fifty acre farm near Henfryn. We welcome him to our midst.

Rumor says the 5th con. is to lose one of its fair ones before next Christmas. Miss — is going to unite her fortunes for life with those of a resident of a neighboring township. Particulars later.

J. J. Ball is away at Toronto on a holiday visit. Mr. Ball's health has been greatly interfered with this winter from sciatica and we hope this change will completely restore him to his usual vigor.

Albert Whitfield, 12th con., had the misfortune to get his right leg broken, below the ankle, by the upsetting of a load of hay while driving into the barn. The accident happened on the 27th of Feb. and Mr. Whitfield is now moving about on crutches.

Turnberry.

(CROWDED OUT LAST WEEK.)

PRESENTATION.—On Monday evening, Mar. 2nd, the many friends of Mrs. John A. Fortune met at the residence of her father, Mr. Green, to wish her a pleasant journey and a successful future in the prairie province, also to present her with a few presents to show how she was esteemed by the people of the community. After meeting at the residence of Mr. Green and partaking of a bountiful repast, D. Gemmill, who was appointed chairman, called upon Mrs. Wylie to read an address and upon Mrs. Fraser to present Mrs. Fortune with the gifts, which consisted of material for a coat, a shawl and a splendid fur cap. Mrs. Fortune was completely taken by surprise as was also Mr. Green, who made a feeling and suitably reply to the address in behalf of his daughter, Mrs. Fortune. The presentation being over a number present favored the company with several songs and recitations and the program ended by singing "Auld Lang Syne." When the older members of the company had departed to their several homes the young people enjoyed themselves in going the rounds of the mazy circle. Following is the address:

To Mrs. John A. Fortune.
DEAR MADAM:—It is with feelings of great pleasure that we meet you here to-night, on the eve of your departure for the prairie province, to show you in some measure the esteem in which you are held by us during your short stay amongst us. We have always found you a good, kind and obliging neighbor, and worthy of our fullest confidence, and we sincerely hope that you may have in your new home more of health and prosperity than we your well-wishers could anticipate. And above all we hope the blessing of God may attend life in which kind Providence may call you to take a part. And further as a slight token of our esteem we would ask you to accept of these few presents, not so much for their intrinsic value as for the motives which prompted the givers. Signed in behalf of your lady friends,
MRS. FRASER.
MRS. WYLIE.
Turnberry, Mar. 10, 1891.

Donegal.

James Dickson, jr., is at present confined to the house with a sprained ankle, caused by slipping from a load of hay. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

Last Thursday afternoon a number of the young men of the neighborhood assembled at the farm of John McCourt, 12th con., and spent the afternoon in cutting wood. Supper being over the groaning tables were removed and soon might be heard the sweet strains of the violins inviting the strong lads and merry lasses to take their places for the mazy dance. It is needless to say that the invitation was promptly responded to and an excellent evening's amusement was enjoyed by those present, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, etc., the music being largely supplied by Messrs. John and Samuel McCourt, W. T. McClellan, H. Roe on the violins, and a local quartette. Mr. and Mrs. McCourt make an excellent host and hostess.

Knox Church, St. Marys, Destroyed by Fire.

A DISASTROUS fire occurred at St. Marys last Monday morning, 16th inst., resulting in the entire destruction of the Knox Presbyterian church. The fire was first noticed at about 7 o'clock in the furnace room in the basement. An alarm was immediately sounded, and steam and hand fire companies responded promptly. By an unfortunate coincidence through the negligence of those in charge, both engines were out of order and refused to work. Hundreds of anxious spectators stood by powerless to check the steady progress of the flames, and the magnificent edifice was totally destroyed before their eyes, without a drop of water being thrown upon it. The fire originated from the furnace, and must have been smouldering nearly all night. The caretaker left the church apparently all right about 10 o'clock Sunday evening. The building is insured in the Western for \$5,000, and the loss is estimated at about \$15,000.

Perth County Notes.

A fire broke out Tuesday evening of last week about 9 o'clock in the house formerly occupied by R. Paynter, St. Marys. The building was destroyed; cause unknown.

Lewis Kirk, of Kirkton, while returning from a sale on Friday, March 6th, suddenly dropped dead. Deceased and his son were driving some stock home they had purchased when Mr. Kirk, who was driving a team, suddenly fell backwards into the rig and almost immediately expired. He was 72 years of age and up to his demise had enjoyed the best of health.

In its report of the Caledonian Society's concert at the Queen's Hall, Montreal, on the evening of the 3rd inst., the daily Herald, of that city, says: Miss Agnes Knox delivered a number of choice readings and recitations. This lady has already been heard in Montreal, and on her appearance in November, 1889, she was recognized as being in the front rank of the lady elocutionists of America. At last evening's concert she was seen at even better advantage than before. All the numbers she gave were accorded a hearty reception, and rapturously encored.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

The death took place on Saturday morning of J. H. MacMullen, P. G. C. I. of the Independent Order of Good Templars' a prominent member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen and Select Knights of Canada, treasurer of the quarterly board of Carlton street Methodist church, and teacher of the Bible class in that church. Mr. MacMullen was head bookkeeper for K. Walker & Sons.

The twentieth annual report of the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute has been received. Of the 872 pupils admitted since the opening of the institution, 54 were the children of parents who were first cousins, 17 the children of second cousins, and 13 the children of third cousins. Twenty had parents distantly related, 742 had parents who were not related at all and 25 were unknown. One family contained five mutes, five families four mutes, and ten families three mutes. Mr. Matheson, the superintendent, in his report to the Government Inspector, protests against the institute being classed among the charitable institutions or asylums, declaring that it is in every respect a school, and should be placed under the control of the Minister of Education. The Superintendent holds, with some show of reason, that the Deaf and Dumb Institute is no more a prison or a charitable institution than is the Guelph Agricultural College or Upper Canada College. The Superintendent also states that a new and improved school building should be erected as soon as possible, the present building being too small as well as unsuitable. Shoemaking is the principal industry taught the boys, but industrial training for advanced pupils makes no advance. The school, he says, requires two additional teachers of articulation, a kindergarten department, an instructor of calisthenics and a properly trained hospital nurse. Statistics show the institute to be the most economically managed on the continent.

The Men Who Won and the Majorities They Got

The Individual Majorities and the Majorities by Provinces—Liberal Gains and Losses.

Table of election results for Ontario, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

Table of election results for Nova Scotia, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

Table of election results for New Brunswick, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

Table of election results for Manitoba, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

Table of election results for Quebec, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

Table of election results for the Northwest Territories, listing candidates and their vote counts across various constituencies.

FROM THE FATHERLAND.

Germany Watching French Travellers on the Frontier.

KOCH AND OTHER CURES. The press here heartily approves the loyalty (as expressed in the address to Emperor William adopted Wednesday) displayed by the Provincial Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine for the first time since the Franco-Prussian war.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Two Murders, or Murder and Suicide, in a Michigan Farm House. A Port Huron despatch says: A horrible story comes from the Township of Riley this morning. Mrs. Chas. Murphy is owner of a farm in Riley. She has lived alone in the house for some time with her handsome daughter, Annie, aged 19. Daniel McAtahon was employed as hired man. Last night Mrs. Murphy was called away to sit up with a sick friend. This morning when she returned home she found her daughter lying on the bed stone dead. Her throat was cut from ear to ear. Everything in the room showed signs of a terrible struggle.

A "GREEN GOODS" MURDER.

A Supposed Informer Killed and His Body Drugged Several Miles. A West Bay City despatch says: Andrew Poulson was found several miles from the city this morning by woodchoppers lying upon his face, with the whole top of his head worn off. He had been murdered during the night, a rope tied around his body and under his arms, and then dragged several miles to the lonely spot in the woods, where his body was placed behind a woodpile and left. Poulson was arrested several months ago for writing to green goods dealers and his case is now pending in the United States court. The opinion is that the green goods men were afraid of him and determined to get him out of the way. He lived alone in a house five miles from where the body was found. He must have been dragged behind a wagon for the entire distance.

THE LUCKY BELLY.

No Sooner Found a Fortune than a Mother Turns Up. A Chicago despatch says: The story told by Harry J. Ferguson, a bell boy in a hotel here, to the effect that he had been kidnapped from his home in New York State when five years old, and that he had fallen heir to \$80,000, has led to unexpected developments. A widow living in a fashionable quarter of the city claims the boy as her son. She says she was divorced from A. J. Ferguson, the late's father, in New York, and moved to Chicago, where she married a man named Norton, since deceased. She picked Harry out of a group of boys as her son, and in further proof of his identity and her knowledge of it, described certain marks upon his body. She also related to the lad a number of incidents in his childhood which he did not remember till she called them to his mind. The police are investigating.

MRS. BARRUNDIA'S CLAIM.

Uncle Sam to be Asked to Pay for His Officer's Cowardice. A Washington despatch says: Transito Hurtarte, widow of Gen. J. Martin Barrundia, in her own name and as the representative of her six minor daughters, and Ramon Bengochea, as the representative of his wife, Teresa Barrundia de Bengochea, have filed with the Secretary of State a claim against the United States for \$1,000,000 for having surrendered Gen. Barrundia to the Guatemalan authorities, at whose hands he lost his life. The claim, the petitioner says, is based on the explicit and precise declarations of the President of the United States in his last annual message to Congress that Minister Mizner, in issuing an order for the surrender of Barrundia, exceeded the bounds of his authority and acted in violation of the precedents established in similar cases, for which reason the United States Government disavowed his act and recalled him from his post.

THE HUNTLEY TRAGEDY.

Goodwin, Suspected of Murdering Richard Langford, Arrested. An Ottawa despatch says: George Goodwin, who has been wanted for the murder of the old man Richard Langford at the Carp, west of this city, was arrested to-night about three miles from here at a point on the Richmond road. He drove from Arnprior in a cutter to-day. He stopped at Switzer's Hotel in the suburbs, and the proprietor, suspecting him, sent word to the police authorities. Officers Vizard and Hogan went out and made the arrest. The prisoner says he spent the winter in a shanty near Sudbury. Detective Montgomery fully identified him to-night. Goodwin after being placed in the cells wept bitterly, but refused to make any statement.

Hell-Boy in Luck.

A Chicago despatch says: Harry Ferguson, aged 15, a bell-boy at the Brunswick Hotel, told the police to-day that he was kidnapped when five years old, that he lived until recently with a farmer near Monmouth, Ill. He learned that his people lived in New York State. Finally he escaped and came here. He advertised in a New York paper, with the result that he received a letter from Lawyer J. I. Andrews, of Canandaigua, N. Y. The boy showed this letter and one signed by the clerk of the Surrogate Court of Ontario county, N. Y., which said that he was co-heir to property valued at \$150,000.

It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.

Oklahoma is nearly as large as the State of Ohio. It has 60,000 inhabitants, a larger number than either Wyoming or Nevada has, and is now about ready for Statehood.

An Awful Tale of Massacre.

A London cable says: News of a horrible massacre comes from Madagascar. Ramassatra, Governor of the Province of Balamand, presenting a petition from the populace to the Government to defend them from cruelties, massacred 278 persons, including men, women and children belonging to the leading families. The slaughter continued for several days. The agonies of the victims were in many cases protracted. Sometimes their limbs were gradually dismembered, their hands were sawn off, and their bodies were thrown to the dogs. Many of the women were outraged. The survivors were forced to erect a trophy composed of the heads of the victims. The popular fury has caused the Government to announce that the offenders will be punished.

Their Honeymoon Resort.

A Pittsburg despatch says: Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dulany, living near Washington, D.C., started on their honeymoon. On the Pennsylvania road their train collided with another, and they were both seriously injured, the husband in the back and the bride having both her ankles crushed. They were taken to the West Pennsylvania Hospital here, where, side by side, they have lain ever since, enjoying even in their suffering a pleasant honeymoon. They will return home next week.

Who Poisoned the Food?

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: Near Mount Sterling this morning Wm. Ferguson, a respectable farmer, 78 years old, and his son-in-law, B. C. Watts, were found dead from poisoning. Mr. Ferguson's granddaughter, Miss Gracie Boyd, was dying from the same cause. The poison was arsenic, and was put in the coffee made by Mrs. Ferguson. It is believed the poison was put in by some enemy who slipped into the house while breakfast was cooking.

There's luck in a horse shoe if you happen to have it when things are coming your way.

—Phil Armour, the Chicago pork man, is of medium height and heavy, but not fat. His face is full and round and adorned by a pair of burnides. He is quick in speech and easily approachable.

—A company of destitute, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

—Miss Louie Morgan is so much benefited by her stay in Peterboro' that her friends have prevailed upon her to remain still midsummer. So much for Peterboro'!

Bruce, W. Rowand R. acc

LOVE'S NEMESIS.

A Young Girl Faces Her Sweetheart and Shows Him Down—Says He Vowed Fidelity and Gave Her the Pistol as a Pledge.

People who were busily passing along Spring street near Crosby and others who stood around the doors of the big tenements near by saw a dramatic shooting affair this morning says the *New York World*. At about 8:30 o'clock a young Italian, well built and swarthy, who looked a little better off than the ordinary laborer, came along on the eastern sidewalk from downtown. When opposite No. 70 Spring street a woman appeared about ten feet in front of him, so suddenly that it was not known whether she had sprang upon him from a neighboring tenement hall way or had been following him. She was very young, little more than a girl in appearance, and was good looking. She swept across his path like a woman nerved by fierce passion. Her eyes fairly blazed upon him. Some words passed, hot with meaning, but not clearly heard by any one. The man shrunk back and tried to escape. For a moment he turned his back as if to fly. At that moment, however, the young woman drew a revolver and fired. Again, again, and a fourth time, without lowering her weapon, she pulled the trigger. The man fell to the sidewalk, wounded and gasping. The crowd pressed around, and some one knocked the weapon from the woman's hand. Others seized her and held her till a policeman came. She struggled until exhausted, shrieking out maledictions upon the victim of her wrath. An ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital took the wounded man to that institution. The surgeon said two of the bullets had entered his body. One had lodged near the heart. The woman's remaining shots had flown wide of the mark, and were found flattened upon the sidewalk. At the Mulberry street station house the woman calmed down and coolly admitted that she was glad she had not missed her aim. She said she was Pasquale Robertelli, by trade a tailoress, and that her home was 15 Most street.

"The man whom I shot," she said, "is Nicolo Piero."
"He is my betrayer," she continued, "and it serves him right."
"He lives in Sullivan street, near Houston street. The number is 145, I think."
"I had a right to kill him."
"About four months ago this man took advantage of me, and he broke his promise, and he broke his promise."
"When I reproached him he told me he would surely make me his wife."
"He gave me his revolver then, and told me that if he failed to fulfil his promise I might shoot him dead whenever I saw him. I only did what he gave me leave to do and they cannot harm me for it. A woman has some rights."

At 10 o'clock Pasquale was taken to the Tombs court by Policeman Haggerty, who arrested her.
A crowd thronged the court room to see the girl, whose beauty made a great impression upon all. She is really pretty, with black eyes, fine hair and rosy cheeks and lips. She told her story to Justice Taintor, stating little in addition to what appears above. She said, however, that she was told yesterday that Piero was on the eve of sailing for Europe. She believed he was going to day, and waited all night for him in front of his home, 145 Sullivan street. He did not come home at all, but she met him on Spring street, as he passed through on his way to breakfast. She was reminded to wait the result of Piero's injuries, and was taken back to the station house. The revolver with which the deed was done was produced in court. It is a new and rather fancifully ornamented weapon of 28 calibre. A witness of the shooting, Pasquale Varrone, of 68 Spring street, was committed to the House of Detention. Pasquale is only twelve years old and lives next door to the house opposite which the scene occurred.

CANVASSING WITH CARDS.

Latest Plan of That Gentry to Secure an Audience.

"The want to see the lady of the house" dodge has been discarded by fakirs, book agents, collectors and other door-bell ringers of private houses for a newer and better method, says the *Yonkers Statesman*. They now pick out a route and learn the names of the occupants of the most desirable-looking houses. They then ring the bell, and when the servant comes to the door inquire if Mrs. Blank is in. If she is, the bell-ringer presents a neat card containing his name, and patronizingly says: "Present this card; I will wait."

That this new form of annoyance is more exasperating than the old one is explained by the fact that it not only secures an audience with "the lady of the house," but frequently compels "the lady of the house" to undergo the tedious process of making her toilet in order to receive the visitor, whose identity she cannot suspect, and whom she cannot refuse to see for fear she may be guilty of breach of etiquette.

A Fast-Talking Parson.

Two hundred and forty words a minute, four words every second, is a rate of speed which seems almost beyond the power of articulation, yet was the measure of the torrent of eloquent exposition and appeal poured forth in St. Paul's Church last Monday by the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks. Try to equal it reading from a printed page in a conversational tone, and then imagine the immensely increased difficulty of the task in a large church, before a great congregation, and without the guidance even of a written note. The business men, for whom the service was especially designed, had been assured that the discourse would be short, and so it was in time, for it was finished in 25 minutes, but the report made by two stenographic reporters, of the *Journal's* regular staff, covered 6,000 words, and gave the extraordinary averages with which this paragraph opens.—*Boston Journal*.

Tommy—What sort of preachers are called "doctors," pa? Pa—The kind who practice what they preach, my son!
The Oregon Legislature has passed an Act prohibiting profanity. The proviso ought to be that sidewalks shall be kept clear of ice and snow.

THE CHINAMAN IN CANADA.

How He Kludges the Vigilance of the Customs Officials.

Every Chinaman who leaves Canada takes a certificate which shall serve as his passport when he returns. He may take out a certificate when he does not mean to leave the country. He may take one when he is merely going to smuggle himself over our border, and never means to go back to the Dominion. Or he may take a certificate when he has made all the money he needs, and is on his way to China to end his days there, after years of that luxurious idleness which the average laborer counts upon obtaining in China from the judicious investment of \$2,000—the coolie's plum. Of course it is fair to presume that in many cases the certificates are demanded by men who mean to return. At all events, these certificates, which are passed to Canada, and indirectly to the United States, have a money value. They are sold in China. They can be purchased openly to-day in the streets of Hong-Kong, like ducks or chopsticks. There they possess a fluctuating value, and have been known to fetch as high as \$65. Sometimes they are let go at a less price than the \$50 they are expected to save in the avoidance of the poll-tax, the fluctuations being governed by the demand at the time of the departure of a vessel, because only so many un-certified Chinese laborers may take passage on the steamers under the Canadian law—one to every fifty tons of the ship's burthen. Of those who carry certificates and of those not of the laboring class as many as those may come.

It is to guard against trickery with the certificates that the customs officials at Victoria and Vancouver have all that they can manage. When a Chinaman enters the office of the collector to apply for a certificate, several men are called in—the interpreter and a clerk or two. The Chinaman gives his name, age, place of birth, and other particulars of value in identifying him. He is asked to step upon the platform of a measuring machine, such as is in use in our army and elsewhere—an upright pole marked off into feet and inches, and fitted with a sliding rod that gives the man's height when it rests upon his head. All this the Chinaman perfectly comprehends; but what he does not know is the description of himself that the men around him are going to write down in the big Government book after he has gone, a description which takes in his general appearance, the peculiarities of his features and limbs and shape, with notes of every scar or pit or mark upon his hands, neck, face and head. And yet, in spite of these precautions, Chinamen who go away from Canada looking at least 40 years of age, return appearing to be only 24; and others who measure five feet and nine inches when they depart, come back in a few months several inches shorter or taller than when they sailed for China. They are new-comers, with the certificates of other men, of course. The silent scanning of the features of applicants for certificates does not pass unnoticed by these shrewd and intelligent people. The manner in which they endeavor to make themselves appear like the persons whose certificates they carry shows this. They frequently go as far as to disfigure themselves for life in order to save the \$50 and to bear out what they judge must be written in the customs book against the numerals that mark each of the certificates—which, by-the-way, contain no word of descriptions of the men who take them out. Chinamen was in Victoria one of these. In his arrival with a great scar burned in, and forehead, a cut disfiguring one cheek, and a deep pit burned in his neck. When questioned and proven to be a fraudulent fellow, he confessed that he had never been to Canada before.

The cross-examination each certificated Chinaman must undergo in the British Columbian custom houses before he is allowed to pass into the country without paying the tax is very searching. He is asked what city he worked in while in Canada, and then he must name the principal streets in that city, some of the names of the merchants there, and also the notable peculiarities of the town; what sort of looking things drag the railroad cars; what kind of machines are used to put out fire—a hundred questions cleverly devised. In spite of all this, the customs officials frequently have to admit that they cannot tell whether they are being imposed upon or not in special cases. Doubtless many Chinamen slip through without attracting suspicion. The men who sell the certificates accompany the sales with descriptions of themselves, and with a great amount of the information they acquired of the localities they were familiar with. As to the general facts about Canadian life, there are plenty of men in China and on the ships to post the immigrants fully. Every three weeks, when a ship arrives, the Chinamen with certificates are questioned, and several are found to be the purchasers of the certificates of others, but not one Chinaman has yet been sent back on this account. All that Canada wants is her tax, and if any Chinaman caught at this trickery, looks the \$50, he finds his countrymen in Victoria or Vancouver willing to advance the money to him.—*From the "Chinese Leak," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Not Exactly Aristotelian.

A tall man can't help living long.
A millionaire has large will power.
A novel industry—writing romances.
An affair of the heart—when it is a trump.
The sewing machine agent's toast—Howe.
Conjugal love is not preserved in family jars.
There is a great deal of back talk in the phonograph.
Suspenders ought to sell readily in braising weather.
Is it proper to speak of two physicians as a paradox?
It doesn't hurt a missionary to be shot in his tracks.—*Picked up all around.*

An economical bartender can make two lemonades with one lemon, but it's a tight squeeze.

First man—Your wife and my wife don't seem to get on very well together.
Second man—Well, it's undoubtedly my wife's fault.
First man—It's nothing of the sort, sir. My wife is entirely blameless.
And after a few more angry words they came to blows.

A NEW CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.

The Treatment a Japanese Discoverer—How It is Effected.

The Berlin correspondent of a syndicate of provincial papers has had an interview with Dr. Kitasato, of Tokio, a Japanese doctor now studying at the hygienic institute there, who professes to have discovered a method for the cure of lock-jaw. This cure is based on a principle somewhat similar to that of Mr. Hankin's cure for anthrax. Yet it is different in some important particulars. Dr. Kitasato first renders an animal impervious to tetanus, and then injects the blood serum of that animal into animals suffering from the disease. In order to render an animal insusceptible, he first injects the germs or bacilli of tetanus, and follows this injection with injections of trichloride of iodine, which he repeats at intervals of twelve hours. After four days the animal, which under ordinary circumstances would have died from lockjaw, is not only cured, but rendered impervious to the disease. The blood serum of such an animal has been found in successive experiments on mice to act as a complete cure. Hankin's method for the cure of anthrax is to obtain from rats directly the peculiar chemical product which secures for them immunity from particular diseases, and, after cultivating and preparing it, inject the extract obtained into suffering animals. Both discoveries are based, however, upon the law of antagonism postulated by Sir William Roberts Grove in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and illustrated as far as bacteriology is concerned in a paper by Mr. Hankin, contributed to the *British Medical Journal*, entitled "The Conflict between the Organism and the Microbe."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Paper Wheels.

Persons who have never had any business with a railroad except to ride on its cars occasionally, have an idea that paper car wheels are entirely made of that substance. This is a mistaken idea, as the only portion made of paper is the inside or filling of the wheel. This paper is held in place by steel plates which are bolted together through the paper. The tire is then put on and the wheel is finished. Of course there is a good deal of work included in the making, but this is the sum and substance of a paper wheel. There are several sizes of paper wheels made for instance, 42-inch wheels, 33-inch, 30-inch, 28-inch and 26-inch. The last two sizes are locomotive truck wheels. Some roads use paper wheels exclusively under their passenger equipment and east iron ones under their freight equipment. These paper wheels are made by a Chicago company. Tires for paper wheels are made in Europe and in this country also. The weight of a 42-inch paper wheel is 1,150 pounds, and an axle 350 pounds, so that the weight of a pair mounted on an axle is 2,650 pounds. There are two pairs on each truck and two trucks under a car, and axles placed under each car is 10,600 pounds. The value of a pair of 42-inch paper wheels is in the neighborhood of \$150, the tires alone being valued at about \$56. The wheel centre is worth about \$17 itself.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands head and shoulders above any other remedy specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of wonderful. Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

Reciprocity Under Foot.

A story just started will give Congressman-elect Jere Simpson, of Kansas, a wide reputation for repartee. While he was at the Capital at Washington Monday a pretty woman thus addressed him: "Is it true that you don't wear socks, Mr. Simpson?" "Well, you let me see, please?" "Madam," replied Mr. Simpson, gravely, "I'm a believer in reciprocity. Do you wear socks? If you'll show me yours I'll show you mine!"—*New York Standard.*

A boiler in the dye house of James McCombe, on South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., exploded on last yesterday. The boiler went through the upper floor and roof and over housetops and landed in a yard fifteen feet square three hundred feet distant. James McCombe and his sons were in the second story and were buried in the wreck, which caught fire. James McCombe, George McCombe and Samuel McCombe were terribly injured.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

ROBERT FERGUSON.

Brief Sketch of the Man Who Was the Inspirer of Robert Burns.

Robert Ferguson, whom Burns acknowledged as his master, was born in 1751 in Cap and Feathers Close, the site of which is now covered by the buildings standing on the east side of the North Bridge. He went to a small school in Niddry's Wynd, and later to the first High-school, and before he had reached the age of twenty-four he had died in the pauper lunatic asylum called Old Darien House, which was demolished a century later. A tablet on the comparatively modern building, No. 15 Bristo Place, states that there the so many children of genius, Ferguson's conduct reflected but little credit on his dam, and he was a relentless enemy toward himself, if not toward his brothers and sisters. He abandoned the study of medicine because he fancied himself afflicted with every disease of which he read the description, and no doubt he read the mad-house from fear that he would die insane. Ferguson can be traced to his taverns and his clubs in Edinburgh more easily than to any of his homes, except the last one, and wherever fun was rampant and gin cheap, there was Ferguson to be found. He would often, as he sang in his "Caller Oyster,"

"To Luckie Middlemie's loup in,
And sit fu' snug
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin
Or haddock lug."

A favorite resort of Ferguson's, where "wi' sang and glass he'd see the power o' care, that was harras the hour," was the Cape Club, which met at the Isle of Man's Arms, Craig's Close (265 High street). In Craig's Close is still to be seen the broken-down and neglected sign of the Cookburn tavern, in front of a broken-down and neglected tenement, about half-way up the close on the east side, with all of its fishes of merriment gone, this many a year. Standing as it does "between the back and front tenements," this may perhaps have been the site of the Isle of Man. Still another of the inns to which Ferguson went to "get his cares and pother laid" was Johnnie Dowie's tavern, in Liberton's Wynd, which was later a favorite resort of Burns, and which has been dubbed "The Mermaid of Edinburgh." It was famous as the Burns Tavern in the last years of its existence, and was long one of the architectural lions of the Old Town for Burns' sake; but when George IV. Bridge was built both tavern and wynd were swept away, and like everything else associated with Ferguson in life, no trace of it is left. There is even no absolutely authentic portrait of him known to the collectors; and the best, if the most homely, of the contemporary descriptions of him represents him as being "very small and delicate, a little in-kneed, and waigled a good deal in walking."—*From "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," by Laurence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

In his *Forum* article on "The Ring and the Trust," Rev. Dr. William Barry quotes Hegel's remark that reason governs the nations of the world. You cannot, he says, put back the hand on the clock. All mankind are drawing together into a confederacy which may be checked or thwarted, but which has already united Europe and America and the Isles of the Sea into a Hæmætic league, vexatiously disturbed from time to time by tariff disputes, yet forming one great republic of commerce. Capital has no country; it is unpatriotic and cosmopolitan. And whereas formerly it held by the Lehmal principle of every man's hand against his fellows, it now finds that it is a good deal cheaper to buy up competitors than to eat them up. We may trace the development of great industries, of the houses of universal provision, and of trusts of the first magnitude, by the failures, bankruptcies and suicides of smaller men, of which they have led. But the system, though utterly without compassion, looks rather to the absorption of such than to their ruin as individuals.

A Toronto Slender.

Toronto Telegram: On Monday a haughty stranger from London, Ont., struck Hamilton, Ont.
The crowd was coming out of the Centenary Church.

"What's all this about—this ain't Sunday?" was the question, hurled at a citizen.

"Memorial service."
"Who's dead?"
"John Wesley."
"Poor man. An old settler, I suppose? Been dead long?"
"Only a hundred years."
"A hundred years, eh? That's Hamilton all over. A hundred years, and you only getting on to it now. London ain't as slow as that."

Prof. Liebreich, in a lecture before Berlin physicians yesterday, presented cases showing the rapid improvement of lupus under treatment with cantharidate of potash. He dilated upon the necessity of extreme care in preparing and using the remedy.

A troop of cavalry and 24 Indian scouts are stationed in a line 25 miles long across the Cherokee strip, Kansas, to eject all settlers. The arms and ammunition of "boomers" will be confiscated, and all houses and stationary tents burned.

A Marseilles distillery company has been obliged to suspend operations owing to the inability to stand the duty of three francs on maize. The closing of the distilleries will ruin the pork breeders in that vicinity, who use the maize refuse in feeding their hogs.

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 will send a bottle of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who care to receive one for a trial, and it will cure you. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, U.S.C. 138 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

IT CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and the Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send Post-Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—M. G. SLOCUM, U.S.C. Branch Office, 138 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

A GREAT SPOKE.

A Successful Man Tells Why He Succeeded
The fact that success is mainly due to hard work has been expressed in many different ways, says "Youth's Companion," but one of the best was recently employed by a very successful "drummer," or commercial traveller. He was talking with a companion, a rather lazy fellow, when the latter exclaimed:

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand why you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"
"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't give it away."
"Of course, I wouldn't do such a thing," was the answer.
"Well, then," said Jack, impressively, "I succeed because, when I'm after business, I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."

School Board Wisdom.

The trustees of a school house near Monticello, Ga., the other day adopted resolutions to the effect that "that big hickory near the left hand of Ben Hill Academy is dead, and that if it should fall on any of the children between their 7th and 17th year, and near the small of the back, they would surely die; therefore, that we hire an unbleached American to raise the aforesaid hickory tree to the ground."—*Boston Globe.*

The Pope celebrated his eightieth birthday on Tuesday last. Although subject to fainting spells, he has the buoyancy of spirits of a man ten years his junior, and it may be several years yet before his successor will be needed. Just now His Holiness takes a keen interest in the struggle going on in Italy between Signor Crispi, the late Premier, and the Marquis Rudini, the Present Premier. In the fight for power the church may regain some of that which it lost. Rudini's followers propose to conciliate the Pope by ceding the Leduine city, and a free strip of territory along the Tiber to the sea, provided this territory is neutralized forever by a joint treaty of all the powers. This would partially restore the Pope's temporal power.

A Russian named Frises, residing in the suburbs of Berlin, has been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Gen. Seliverkoff, who was shot, it was supposed, by a nihilist named Padlewski, in Paris on November 18th last.

D. C. N. L. 21

St. Jacobs

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Sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

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FOLLOWING are the names of the census commissioners for Perth Co., appointed by the Dominion Government: Perth, North—Samuel Fuller, Stratford. Perth, South—George Leversage, Carlingford.

NEVILLE H. PICKTHALL, who figured in the Birchall case, has been living in Toronto during the winter, and is now wearing a red coat. He is a member of "C" Company, School of Infantry, at the New Fort. The report that Mrs. Birchall had married again is untrue.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER and Sir John Thompson will shortly proceed to Washington, with the object of endeavoring to negotiate a reciprocity treaty. It is to be hoped that some satisfactory adjustment of the strained relations will be arrived at as it is quite evident that things cannot remain the way they are without seriously injuring our great agricultural interests.

In the Ontario Legislature, Thomas Magwood, the member for North Perth, presented the following petitions:— From the council of Perth county, for the appointment of milk inspectors, also from the same body respecting the Drainage Act; also from the same body asking that the county control of jails be not interfered with." Mr. Magwood also asked: "On what day the determination of the judges trying the petition in respect of the election for the north riding of the county of Perth was certified to the clerk of the House. On what day the warrant for the issue of a new writ for the election of a member for the said constituency was dated, and on what day it was actually signed. On what day the new writ for the election of a member for the said constituency was dated, and on what day it was issued. Whether any instructions given by or on behalf of any member of the Government to the clerk of the House as to the preparation or date of the said warrant and writ, or either of them, and, if so, what such instructions were. Whether any communication was received by the Government, or any member thereof, as to the issue of the writ, or otherwise in respect of the holding of the said new election, and, if so, whether such communications were verbal or in writing." Hon. Mr. Mowat said the judges' report was made on Dec. 10, 1890, and received by the Government on Dec. 11. No warrant was issued because there was no speaker, the practice in such a case being that the Clerk issue the writ. The new writ was dated Dec. 30, was completed on the same day and was forwarded to the returning officer on the 31st.

School Statistics.

HON. G. W. ROSS, Minister of Education, has presented to the Legislature his report for the year 1890, together with the statistics for 1889. It gives the school population of the Province for 1889 as 616,028, of which number 500,815 pupils were registered, 263,047 were boys and 237,768 girls. The school population that year was only 675 more than in 1888; the number of pupils registered had, however, increased 4,492. The average attendance in rural sections was 47 per cent, of the registered attendance, while in towns it was 60 per cent, and in cities 64 per cent. With regard to the average attendance as compared with the registered attendance, the report says it is evident that the power conferred upon trustees to compel the attendance at school of children between the ages of seven and thirteen years is not exercised. But legislation will be introduced during the present session dealing with the question of absentees. In 1882 the number of absentees between the ages named was \$7,444; in 1889 they numbered 86,515. There are now 5,977 school houses in the Province. Notwithstanding the large expenditure for school sites and buildings and the large increase in the teaching staff of the country, the cost per pupil has but slightly advanced in thirteen years. The average cost per pupil on the number enrolled in 1889 for counties was \$7.14; for cities \$15.35; and for towns \$9.19; or an average of \$8.44 for the Province. In 1877 the average cost was for counties, \$6.01; for cities, \$7.52; for towns, \$6.51; or an average of \$6.26 for the Province. The number of Roman Catholic schools open during the year was 243, the number of pupils 32,790, and teachers 543. The number of High Schools, including collegiate institutes, was 120, with 18,642 pupils and 427 teachers. Examinations in kindergarten work were held during 1890 at Hamilton, Ottawa, Toronto, and out of 105 candidates who presented themselves, 20 passed for directors and 35 for assistants. In 1890 there were 1,293 teachers in training in the 58 county Model Schools, and out of that number 1,228 passed the final examination. There are now five training institutes in the Province, viz. one at Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, Owen Sound and Stratford. The attendance in 1890 was 59; the number who wrote at the final examinations was 125 and the number passed 88.

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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.

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Our New Prints are Immense.

Everybody is delighted with the patterns. The qualities were never equalled before.

Our 10c. lines are equal, both in quality and pattern, to the 12c. lines of other years. The prices range 8c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 17c., 20c. Don't buy your Sateen Prints till you have seen ours.

Some Extra Good Values in

DRESS GOODS!

New Goods at 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c.

New Cashmeres

And Henriettas!

In Black and Colors. Splendid values.

New Lawns, Muslins and Ginghams. Our

Cottonades and Shirtings

Are Extra Value.

New Lace Curtains.

We start these at \$1.00 per pair, extra fine ones at \$1.50 \$2.00 and \$2.50 per pair.

Men's Furnishings!

In Men's Furnishings we take the lead. New Dress Shirts, Regatta Shirts, Laced Shirts, New Collars.

Our Ties are the Best we have ever shown.

New Boots & Shoes Just In.

Seven (7) cases of new boots and shoes for men, women and children. I can suit you in this line both in QUALITY and PRICE.

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

Stock always complete and prices as low as any.

I Want Potatoes, Butter and Eggs,

For which the highest price will always be paid.

A Call Solicited.

James Irwin.

WALL PAPER.

SPRING TIME

Is close to hand and your attention is called to the large stock of

American Wall Paper, New Patterns,

JUST RECEIVED.

M. E. NEADS,

Drugs and Books,

Atwood, Ont.

Town Talk.

MISS HOOEY, of Wroxeter, is visiting relatives in the village this week.

JOHN GRAHAM and wife were visiting relatives at Molesworth last week.

AN exchange says: The air for the last few weeks has been filled with Methodism. All the good words in the English language has been used to describe what kind of a man John Wesley was 100 years ago.

THE girl who has a generous share of good qualities; and who is generous about using them, is the popular girl. Therefore if you would be popular, make up your mind to be good tempered, sincere, hopeful, sympathetic gentle and useful. Difficult? Yes; but not so difficult as it seems.

It is a fact that Carson & McKee are having a great rush at Burt's old stand in Listowel, where they are clearing out that entire fine stock of dry goods, &c., &c., at such surprising prices. No one can compete with them since they bought the whole stock, over \$10,000.00, at about half its original cost for cash. One lady recently came all the way from Harrison and bought about \$50 worth of those cheap goods. She is coming back again and will bring her neighbors with her. Many Atwood people have been making large purchases and more are going to. Nothing succeeds like success.

Of course there's money in the printer's ink, but the man who makes the most intelligent use of it gets the most money out of it. It does not pay to advertise something you have not got, or anything you cannot do, and do well. The man who advertises a fraud must have a "good" one, and he who advertises bargains in goods must be prepared to satisfy his customers. Our experience is that advertisers in THE BEE recognize this valuable observation, and our readers in the country generally know where they will find what they want, and save time by making a note of it, before they come to do their shopping.

THE fact that Easter falls on a very early date this year (March 29) has caused a "friend of facts and figures" to collect some curious statistics. In 1883, he says, Easter fell on March 25, and it will only once again in this century, namely, in 1894, fall on so early a date. In the three following centuries it will occur only eight times on the same date—namely, in 1051, 2035, 2046, 2057, 2103, 2114, 2125 and 2198. The earliest date on which Easter can fall is on March 22, and this only in case the moon is full on March 21, when this date happens to fall on a Saturday. This combination of circumstances is extremely rare; it occurred in 1063, 1761 and 1817, and will happen again in 1990, 2076 and 2145; while during the three following centuries it is not once "on the books" at this early date. On the other hand Easter never falls later than April 25, this was the case in 1666, 1734 and 1886, and will only happen once in the next century—namely, in 1943.

GET your auction bills printed at this office. Work first-class, rates moderate.

SEVERAL neighboring lodges are expected to be present at the lodge meeting here next Monday evening.

THE St. Marys Journal is just thirty years behind the times judging from the date line on the first page—1861. The paper is dated only (?) fifteen years before it was established.

THE Stratford Evening Herald entered upon its fifth year of publication last Tuesday. The Herald is a neat, newsy and ably conducted sheet, and is a credit to the publishers and the Classic city.

THE returning officer for North Perth H. T. Butler, finished his official count Tuesday afternoon and declared James Grieves elected M. P. for North Perth by 71 majority over S. R. Hesson. The number of votes polled was respectively 2520 and 2449.

SERMONS of an interesting character were preached in the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening by Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Clifford. There was no service at Donegal and Jubilee owing to the snow blockade. Rev. Mr. Rogers took charge of the Clifford work.

JOHN ROGERS is to the front this week with his hardware announcement. He has made ample provision for the wants of the farming community. Besides builders' materials, farm and garden tools, milk cans, pails, pans, etc., he carries a choice stock of timothy, clover, turnip and mangal seeds. For just what you need and must have call at the Atwood hardware store.

WALTER HAMILTON and wife spent several days this week with their daughter, Mrs. T. G. Holt, L. D. S., Durham. Miss Alice Dunn accompanied them. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Holt is establishing a good practice in Durham, and with the smile and cheer of his co-workers and better half the rough places incident to business and domestic life will doubtless be made smooth.

THE youthful editor of the Blyth Standard took unto himself "Mrs. Irwin" last Wednesday. He is evidently a hustler, as it is only about a month since he purchased a new dress of type, changed the form of his paper, and now he has "went and gone and got married." There must be heaps of money in the newspaper business in Blyth to permit of such laudable, though daring, enterprise in so short time. Success, my boy.

THE PERTHS SINCE 1867.—North Perth's record since Confederation is: 1867—Redford, Liberal, 208 majority; 1872—Daly, Conservative, 56; 1874—Monteith, Conservative, 163; 1878—Hesson, Conservative, 83; 1882—Hesson, 252; 1887—Hesson, 200; 1891—Grieves, Liberal, 75. South Perth's record is: 1867—McFarlane, Liberal, 97; 1872—Trow, Liberal, 427; 1874—Trow acclamation; 1878—Trow, 77; 1882—Trow, 172; 1887—Trow, 93; 1891—Trow, 177.

A GRAND literary and musical entertainment will be given under the auspices of the Young People's Association of the Presbyterian church, on the evening of Good Friday, 27th inst., in the basement of the church, and also an address of an hour or more on "The Jesuits," by the President of the Association, Rev. A. Henderson, M.A. Doors open at 7:30 p.m.; chair taken at 8, sharp. Admission, 10 cents. A very cordial invitation is extended to all, young and old.

AND sure Tuesday of this week was St. Patrick's Day in the morning. The sons of the Emerald Isle are few and far between in this district hence the day was not noticeably observed, or as an Irishman remarked, "Divil ye care onyway." We append the following lines composed by John Philpot Curran:

When St. Patrick this order established, He called us the "Monks of the Screw" Good rules he revealed to our Abbot, To guide us in what we should do; But first he replenished our fountain With liquor the best in the sky; And he said, on the word of a saint, That the fountain should never run dry.

WM. HARRIS and family, of Monkton left this week for Brownville, Oxford Co., where Mr. Harris takes charge of a cheese factory, one of the best in that noted dairying county. Mr. Harris is a cheesemaker of twenty years experience and it goes without saying that he has the business well under his control, and has secured for himself an enviable reputation. He was maker in the Elma Cheese Co's factory for seven years and served the Monkton patrons for four years with the best of satisfaction. He will be succeeded in the Monkton factory by one of his graduates, Alex. Chambers, of Kincardine, who, Mr. Harris says, is second to none in the county. Apart from Mr. Harris' capabilities as a cheesemaker Elma township, particularly Monkton, loses one of her best citizens. THE BEE unites with their many friends in wishing Mr. Harris and family continued prosperity.

CLEVELAND World: Advertisers should consider the kind or quality, as well as the size of the circulation of the paper they purpose to use. Nobody ever saw an advertisement of "Ben Hur" in the Police Gazette. A merchant who wishes to reach the family circle is throwing good money away to advertise in a "street publication"—a sheet that is bought for its cheap sensations, which is read in a hurry and the paper then thrown aside. It goes without saying that a journal which enters the homes, which is read by every member of the family, is infinitely more valuable as an advertising medium than one of double or triple its circulation, when the vast bulk of this circulation is in the saloons, the restaurants and the offices—to be scanned, not read, and then thrown into the waste basket. Thus it is, as will be perfectly apparent, that a journal circulating 30,000 may not be half as good a medium for the advertiser as one with half that circulation.

WE understand Rev. E. St. Yates purposes delivering a second lecture on "The Jesuits" in the near future.

THE shareholders of the Atwood flax mill may purchase their seed flax any time after next Monday by applying at the mill. The seed is first-class and it is to be hoped that a much larger acreage this year than last will be sown. The fibre of last season's crop did not turn out quite as good as that of 1889 and consequently the Co. did not realize quite as much as they would otherwise. But this is no index that the crop of 1891 will be inferior, and hence he urge every shareholder to sow a good acreage and thereby push the industry to its greatest capacity.

BANQUET TO MR. GRIEVES.—A number of the members of the Elma Reform Association met James Grieves, the candidate-elect for North Perth, at the station last Friday afternoon and escorted him to R. Graham's hotel and there tendered him a reception in honor of the victory he had achieved. Prominent among the number present were: Wm. Lochhead, chairman; M.E. Neads, vice-chairman; Wm. Dickson, Robert Forrest, L. Pelton, Jas. A. Gray, Wm. F. Forrest, Jas. Donaldson, Jas. Wilson, R. M. Ballantyne, E. Hill, Wm. Dunn, Hugh Jack, of Mornington, and a representative of THE BEE. After the many congratulations were tendered to Mr. Grieves by those present, the company sat down to a splendid tea, presided over by Wm. Lochhead. The table was replete with every delicacy calculated to satisfy the appetites of the hungry yeomanry, and for which the host and hostess received deservedly flattering praises. After tea the spacious dining hall was thrown open and a program drawn up, which was carried out in the following order: Chairman's address; toast, "The Queen and Governor-General," Wm. Lochhead; toast, "Senate, House of Commons and Ontario Legislature," James Grieves, M. P.; toast, "Agricultural interests," Robt. Forrest, Wm. Dickson, James Donaldson; toast, "Manufacturing interests," Wm. Dunn, L. Pelton, Hugh Jack; toast, "The Press," R. S. Pelton; toast, "Mercantile interests," R. M. Ballantyne, James Wilson, E. Hill; toast, "The Ladies," R. S. Pelton, Hugh Jack; toast, "Host and hostess," James Wilson; songs, recitations, etc. Notwithstanding the fact that the several speeches were impromptu all did justice to the subjects allotted them with one possible exception—the ladies—which was hardly to be expected from two bachelors whose experiences are unfortunately limited to the outer circle of domestic paradise. Mr. Grieves, in response to the toast allotted him, thanked the electorate of Elma township, Conservatives and Liberals alike, for their hearty support in the recent contest and assured them that he would endeavor to advocate and promote their interests to the best of his ability in the Commons, notwithstanding the difficulties he would have to fight as a member of the Opposition. He thanked Mr. Lochhead for his valuable efforts in his behalf in connection with the campaign in Elma. Mr. Grieves also thanked THE BEE for the impartial justice and fair play meted out to him and his opponent in the campaign. He readily recognized the power of the press to mould the public mind, and was persuaded that THE BEE's course was to do justice to both parties, and in a legitimate way uphold such men and measures as would commend themselves to the worthy approval of an intelligent people. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Grieves for his eulogistic references to the political course pursued by this journal in the recent contest. Thus closed a very pleasant and enjoyable gathering.

TOMB. LONG.—In Elma, on Tuesday, 17th inst., the beloved wife of Mr. Robert Long, aged 59 years. CHISHOLM.—In Elma, on Wednesday, March 18th, Mary, daughter of Mr. Walter Chisholm, aged 10 years and 6 months.

Auction Sales. MONDAY MARCH 23RD.—Farm stock, implements and household furniture, lots 1 and 2, con. 7, Elma, at 1 o'clock p. m. Alex. Morrison, auctioneer; J. J. Gimblett, proprietor.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	90 95
Spring Wheat	80 90
Barley	35 45
Oats	40 45
Peas	60 70
Pork	5 00 5 50
Hides per lb	4 4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50 80
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15 1 50
Potatoes per bushel	40 45
Butter per lb.	13 14
Eggs per doz.	18 18
TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$1 00 \$1 01
Spring Wheat	95 97
Barley	45 48
Oats	50 52
Peas	63 68
Hay	8 00 10 00
Dressed Hogs	5 00 5 60
Eggs	16 17
Butter	12 14
Potatoes per bag	85 90

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.

WE PROTEST AGAINST HIGH PRICES

And having bought our Spring Goods before the advance we are enabled to Sell at the Lowest Possible Figures.

NEW SPRING GOODS! Viz., Prints, Sateens, Shirting, Shaker Flannels, White and Gray Cottons, &c., &c.

Novelties In Ladies' and Children's Dress materials, Fancy Muslins, Embroideries, Laces, Hosiery and Gloves.

An Elegant Range in Men's and Boys' Top Shirts, Ties, Braces, Collars and Cuffs.

I might exhaust columns of space enumerating the assortment of New Goods, but the best proof that we can give you as to our ability to give Prices Away Down is to invite personal inspection.

Come Early if you want the Pick of the Choicest Lines.

We have always on hand a large and complete stock of **Ready-Made Clothing**

Boots and Shoes and General Groceries.

J. L. MADER.

P. S.—We have just received another shipment of SILVERWARE to be Given Away to Cash Customers. Those who have no Tickets may secure them on application.

THE 777 STORE!

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

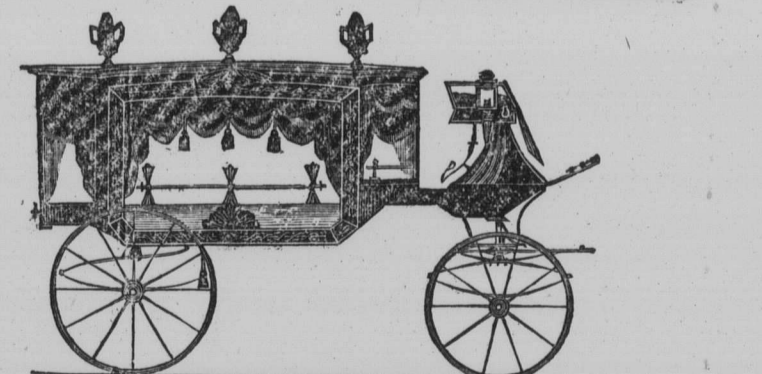
Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town. **JOHN RIGGS.**

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

Lumber, Lath, Muskoka Shingles, Cedar Posts, Fence Poles and Stakes, Cheese Boxes, also Long and Short Wood.

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY. **WM. DUNN.**



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.

"Bodies and Souls are Not in Our Line."

(Edward E. Kildar in the People's Press) Let them strike as much as they like. To us 'tis a perfect boon, Merrily high the price they fly In monopoly's big balloon. Though they starve by bits in the inky pits, Though their children cry for bread, The end of the game must be the same— King Capital keeps ahead.

An Old Maid's Query.

Somerville Journal: Long years ago there lived a man, A learned man, they say, So learned that his memory Has lived until to-day. He'd studied all the sciences, And mastered every art, Except the art of capturing A loving woman's heart. And so a lonely bachelor He lived, and so he died; And Charon ferried him across The Styx's inky tide. And now the question must arise, From countless lips let fall; Although he knew so much, was he A wise man, after all?

UNCLE PAT.

CHAPTER XI. AT THE BARRACKS.

Fanny had started for the Barracks by the time Mr. Monnell got back, and so lost those last few words of caution he had intended for her. They made a great fuss over her—too much, she thought. She fancied she detected a compassionate concern about Joanna which rather went against the grain. Come what might she would not be pitted! The secret of this was that Joanna had already bit by bit elicited all her little history. She knew it all, chapter and verse, and had pricked up her ears at the words "Nobody's Child." This was clearly an expression to be inquired into and explained. She lost no time over it. On the strength of an old acquaintance, she started a correspondence with Mrs. Baldwin, and Mrs. Baldwin, with the prospect of golden days in Brook street for her three stately daughters, entered upon the correspondence with great cheerfulness and alacrity. Joanna received many crossed sheets, bristling with feminine caresses. "I may have spoken hastily," she wrote, "perhaps I did, but I did not speak without reason. Patrick Monnell always declared she was born at Beckenham. I had my doubts, and settled them by simply enclosing half a crown to the District Registrar asking for a certificate. There was no such name as Penland in the Register, and moreover he never heard of any one of that name living there. So much for the out-spoken Mr. Patrick! The thing is plain enough, my dear Miss Hanover. Look at the likeness! Look at the mouth." Joanna could not restrain a flash of joy when she read this. She knew what a weapon this would prove if she chose to use it. The question was, would she choose to use it? At the same time she was sorry for Fanny, and in consequence had instinctively assumed that compassionate attitude towards her which the young lady resented by assuming her most dignified manner. In pure wilfulness she devoted herself to two gentlemen from Tallyho. With one smile she chased away Mr. Boothby's chronic despair, and both before and during dinner appeared so utterly lost in a maze of wonder and delight at his mysterious accounts of soot and night, mesmerism, palmistry and fortune-telling that Mr. Monnell's soul was filled with pity for poor Harry, who sat severely unconcerned and happy on her other side. A broad plane of yellow light met their eyes as they stepped outside. Across it lay bright bars of gold and purple; below, a mass of grey and brown clouds out the outlines of the hills and tumbled and rolled about the moorland, making it so mysteriously gruesome in its awful expanse of waste that Harry's artistic soul was stirred. "If I painted landscape I would paint this," he said enthusiastically. "Do you mean to say you have painted nothing since you have been here?" "I have started a figure subject?" "A figure subject, with all this natural beauty about you! Harry! Harry! you are not a bit altered." "It is a first-rate subject though, I can tell you." "Ah! Fanny's portrait?" "No, a village scene. It promises well. When you get back to London you must come and see my studio." "Only after you have been to see me, Mr. Wynter. If you can go to Camden Town, you can go to Brook street." "You gave me a pretty strong hint to stop away, Joanna," he said bluntly. "Yes, and I was right. I tried you and you took the hint readily. Perhaps women are more sensitive than men about this, but I must own I felt it hard after helping to shape your course to hear only second-hand accounts of you. It was horrible to think you were blotted out; but—but—if you are happy, really happy and content, is it all right?" "One hears of you as a sort of queen in Brook street, Joanna. Everything you do is a success. I grind and rub away in a flower groove." "For heaven's sake don't throw that in my face. I don't quite deserve that. It would be about the hardest blow of all to know you thought me selfish because I happen to be what the world kindly calls ambitious. Ambitious is as if one could not be ambitious and have great aims in a life of quiet work. Besides, success is an empty nothing alone. No! whatever I am, I am not selfish, Harry." "I'm sure you are not." "Sometimes when I heard people speaking of your work I felt the big house so

hateful that I half made up my mind to run straight out of it up to the poky rooms at Camden Town."

"You are where you should be, Joanna. You were born to be a queen." "I said just now you were not altered, but you are. You never spoke like that in the old days. Cannot you be your own self for the few short minutes we are together? Be natural. Be human." "What on earth makes you think I am not natural?" "You have grown artificial. I have not seen you for years, and you treat me to dry conventionalities. Cannot you understand my isolation? What is life worth unless you have quiet moments when you can speak heartily and unreservedly to those you love? Is it horrible to think I have stepped out of the pale of sympathy?" She was very pale. Tears were struggling in her eyes, and she looked royally lovely in her close fitting dark dress. Instinctively he drew nearer to her. He had kissed her at Camden Town, and he kissed her now.

"Do you mean to say you are unhappy, Joanna?" "And you so happy?" she replied interrogatively. At that moment he felt inclined to tell her everything. Then he hesitated. For the life of him he could not open his mind to her as he had done to Uncle Pat. He dared not breathe of his abiding and pervading love for Fanny to her. There would be something displeasing in it. So there followed a long, irksome pause, during which his eye wandered from the distant fading landscape, down the winding river to the shrubberies below, where in a moment they encountered Hugh Cameron's savage face glaring up at him. The "wild cat" was in his eye too, but Harry met it manfully, till Hugh turned and disappeared with a muttered oath down the path. "What is Hugh Cameron doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Come with a message from Dunan, perhaps. It is only a couple of miles from here. His father, our keeper, lives there. So you have not forgotten Camden Town?" She sighed. "Neither Camden Town nor you, Joanna."

"It used to be Jo." "Well, Jo." "You will get the uncomfortable sensation of a cold if you stop out here, Miss Hanover."

It was Mr. Dawleigh who spoke. He had come in search of her, and had stepped out on to the balcony as an unfortunate moment. "We want you to sing to us." "And it is to be Bragg's serenade," cried Fanny, holding up the piece as they entered. "I have just found it in your folio." Strange to say, of all Joanna's songs this ultra sentimental "Serenade of Angels to a Dying Child" was the cynical Mr. Dawleigh's favorite; but after what he had seen and heard on the balcony, music seemed a senseless mockery. He knew his fate at last, and he sat dull and dazed. In the round of applause that followed this song Joanna detected a shade of constraint among her guests. Neither Mr. Monnell's covert glances at her uncle and Fanny nor Mr. Dawleigh's pale gloomy brow escaped her. She was sensible of Miss Dawleigh suddenly becoming starchy and ironed into the most rigid formality, but with Harry's cousinly kiss tingling on her cheeks she felt fit to cope with anything. A wild gaiety took possession of her. Her color brightened, her eyes glittered; never had Dawleigh seen her so brilliantly beautiful. When at last she had sent her guests away puzzled at her unwonted liveliness, she carried Fanny off to her bedroom. She had taken the plunge, and she must now go on.

A bright fire was burning, and the draw their chairs up to it. "How merry you have been," said Fanny, with undisguised admiration; "I never saw you so jolly before." Joanna laughed. "That is one of my vices; you will discover the others by-and-by."

"I am sure you have no vices." "Have I not? Listen. I have an insatiable love of admiration. I like to be worshipped, and to know I am talked about, was lauded in the Morning Post. There's a confession for you!" "How can you exist here, then?" "I like one thing or the other—London or the wilderness. I dare say you are the same. If one makes friends in the wilderness, one makes real ones. You see, I have met with a little mother confessor here in our wilderness. I am not quite sure about her, though."

"I am dumb!" "So says every confessor. Why, you'll go and blab every word to Harry." "No!" "Nor Harry to you?" "No."

"What an original pair of lovers! Seriously, Fanny, do you very very much care for each other?" "My dear, we are engaged! That's serious enough in all conscience." "You are dreadfully cold-blooded about it!" "We practise reticence. Peckham fashion, my dear."

"I wonder if Mr. Monnell has told Harry about your parents?" she asked carelessly. "I am sure he has not." "Perhaps you have never asked him?" "Oh, yes, I have. He has some good reason for not telling me, I suppose." "How extraordinary! Don't you even know where you were born?" "Beckenham. At least so Aunt Mary says."

"And you never inquired?" "No." "I could not rest quite so quietly about it as you do, Fanny." "I don't intend to be quiet. I intend to find out all about it." "Now for it!" thought Joanna. "Perhaps I can help you."

"You!" "Yes, dear. I have been fighting your battles. After what you told me I could not rest until I had brought Mrs. Baldwin to book about her words. So I wrote and gave her a bit of my mind. She is sorry enough now, but declares she wrote to Beckenham, and there is no record of your birth there. No such name as Penland in the books."

"Then I am nobody's child!" said Fanny, gaily. "Nonsense! But I think Uncle Pat should tell you, and—Fanny—there is Harry. He should know."

Curiously enough this never struck her before. She had brooded and brooded over Mrs. Baldwin's words, but never once in conjunction with her trouble about Harry. Now the two together struck her so cruelly that she was half stunned by the blow. She knew Joanna was watching her, and shut her eyes and fought bravely against showing her pain.

"It would not make much difference," she said, as unconcernedly as she could. "I suppose not. It's just a piece of absurdity on the part of your dear old Don Quixote. He is eccentric, my dear, to say with my mind is something too funny. He seems afraid you would be gobbled up and devoured. He is devoted to you!"

"And I to him!" "That is as it should be; but you won't like Harry to be kept in the dark?" "No."

"Of course it would make no difference!" "Of course not!" replied Fanny, with a sham yawn. "You are tired, dear!" What a wretch I am to have bothered you. I'll send your maid to you. Go to bed and go to sleep. Good night!"

Fanny returned the kiss mechanically, and submitted to her maid's attentions with such unusual silence that the faithful Susan scolded her young mistress for having "been and gone and overdone it downstairs," and Fanny, having no words, replied with a simple kiss which sent Susan away pleased but frightened.

The fact was, it took the poor soul some time before she could accept the full import of Joanna's words. She had boasted of her pluck to Uncle Pat, but had never dreamed that she would have to give up Harry. This was what it meant, though—nothing more or less. Harry must and should not be kept in the dark, and she would never, never marry him with any stain on her name.

A poor consolation now to think of his coldness. She loved him and she was going to leave him. That was enough. And she crept to bed and cried half through the night as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XII. HUGH'S TROUBLES.

After watching Mr. Wynter and Miss Hanover on the balcony, Hugh took up his position at the outer lodge gate, so that he might intercept the Dalchoisie carriage as it drove out. A pretty little sonnet for Harry Wynter's chasteiment had flashed suddenly upon him. He had a long time to wait, but his opportunity arrived at last.

"I was bringing you a bunch of stag's horn moss to put among your flowers, Miss Dawleigh," he said, politely, coming to the carriage window, cap in hand, "and I was hoping you would be getting back to Dalchoisie before the rain came on."

"For goodness' sake, let us get home," said the little lady, shivering pettishly. She was as cross as two sticks at the failure of the evening.

"You need not have stopped the carriage for this nonsense, Hugh!" said Mr. Dawleigh, curtly. "And it was you I was wishing to speak to, Mr. Dawleigh. You will be for going away to-morrow or maybe the day after, and I was wishing to say a word with you before you would be going."

"It must keep till I come back!" "Pull up the window!" said his aunt, peremptorily. Hugh was not to be shaken off, though. He swung on behind the carriage, and when they reached Dalchoisie opened the door for them without having turned a hair.

"I was wishing, Mr. Dawleigh—" he began again. "Was a bit, Hugh," said Monnell. "Dawleigh, here is a telegram for you." He opened it and handed it to his aunt. Lord Forton was dead.

"I ought to have gone as I intended," he said. "It is my fault!" replied his aunt, with tears of vexation. "Everything has gone wrong to-day. I prophesied it in the morning. I will go with you to-morrow, Dawleigh. It is no use my stopping here now. Arrange about the carriage before the man goes."

"And get rid of Hugh," said Monnell; "he is in the summer-house. Tell him to put up at the lodge." "Now, Hugh, what is it!" Dawleigh asked, after he had spoken to the coachman.

"Mr. Wynter, sir? He's a friend of yours?" "Yes, yes! Go on?" "He will be a friend that would be all the better for being looked after, Mr. Dawleigh. He will be a friend we should be the better without at Rannoch. This is no place for him or those like him."

"Look here, my man! I am not going to mix myself up with village tattle. I don't care two straws whether Mr. Wynter paints Maggie or not. Don't bother me."

"I was not asking about Maggie!" Hugh rejoined, savagely. "Maggie will be known by the what I will be thinking about her. Let her be!" "What do you want here, then? Is the whiskey in you?" "No matter for the whiskey! What will be wanting here? I will be wanting to tell you that Mr. Wynter will be no friend of yours. That will be why I have come at this time of night!"

"All right! Good night." "All right! Ay, Mr. Dawleigh, then it was all right that I should be seeing him with Miss Hanover this evening on the balcony? It was all right that they should be talking and whispering together, like two birds on a branch? It was all right that they should be kissing! And Mr. Wynter is your friend! Oh, it was all right!"

(To be continued.) President Barillas of Guatemala has not been an improvident ruler, and if the present troubles force him out of his country he will not go penniless. Besides \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 which he has lately realized on his property he has a matter of \$30,000,000 in the Bank of England. W. W. Story, the American sculptor and poet, whose home is the Palazzo Barberini, Rome, is modeling a figure of Christ, dressed in the Oriental Jewish robes, with the keyfah (couvre-chef, kerchief) on his head—the usual head-dress in the Moslem East, where the turban is not worn. —Benevolent individual—Young man, didn't you know that tobacco smoking was very injurious? Small boy—Well, who's smoking tobacco? This is a cigarette.

WILL A CANUCK RULE HAWAII?

Two Fort Hope Brothers in the Late King Kalakaua's Kingdom.

Ever since the death of King Kalakaua and the accession of the Princess Liliuokalani there have been rumors of impending revolution in the little Kingdom of Hawaii. The affairs appear to be in a somewhat chaotic condition, and the question has been raised whether it will not be necessary to establish an American protectorate for the security of American interests. But Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, who has enormous investments in the island and is probably better posted on the situation than any other American, has steadily discredited these reports.

The latest rumor, which Spreckles pronounces to be "a bundle of nonsense," refers to the possibility of "General" Volney Ashford being at the head of a conspiracy to seize the Government and becoming King Volney I. of Hawaii. The sugar king claims that Ashford has no military forces that he could control if he desired to, and that he was a quiet attorney who never was a member of King Kalakaua's cabinet. His brother, Lawrence Ashford, was Attorney-General in the so-called revolutionary cabinet. Whether Volney Ashford is engaged in any such scheme or not, his past career makes one doubt his being such a quiet fellow as Spreckles represents.

It may not be generally known, but he and his younger brother Clarence, are natives of the little town of Port Hope, in Ontario, and were educated at the High School there. Volney, who was a handsome, imposing looking man, the very ideal in appearance of a *beau sabreur*, became captain of a troop of Canadian cavalry under Col. Arthur Stewart. In the rebellion he enlisted in the Northern army and, if we mistake not, served for a time on the staff of General McClellan. Whether he regularly gained the title or not he became known as "Colonel" Ashford. He must have gone to Hawaii something like fifteen years ago, and we have understood that he was commander of the military forces under Kalakaua. Is it possible that we are to have a Canuck-American King?—Buffalo News.

SARAJEVO BY MAJESTY.

A Brantford Girl's Presentation to the Queen.

In her new and charming book, "An American Girl in London," Miss Sara Jeanette Dunan describes her experience when being presented to Queen Victoria. She says: "I looked beyond, and there, in the midst of all her dazzling court, stood Queen Victoria. And Lady Torquillin was bending over her hand! And in another moment it would be—it was my turn! I felt the touches on my own train, I heard somebody call a name I had some vague familiarity with, "Miss Mamie Wick." I was launched at last towards that little black figure of royalty with the blue ribbon crossing her breast and the Koh-i-nor sparkling there! Didn't you believe in queens, Miss Mamie Wick, at that moment? I'm very much afraid you did not."

All that I remember after was going down very unsteadily before her and just during the slightest touch of my lips upon the gracious little hand she laid upon mine. And then, not getting nearly time enough to makefall of those nine courtesies to the beautiful, sparkling people that stood at the Queen's left hand before two more gentlemen of the court gathered up my draperies from behind my feet and threw them mercifully over my arm for me. And in one awful moment when I couldn't quite tell whether I had backed out of all the royal presence or not, made up my mind that I had, then unmade it, and in agony of spirit turned and backed again!

It was over at last. I had kissed the hand of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and—there's no use in trying to believe anything to the contrary—I was proud of it. Lady Torquillin and I regarded each other in the next room with pale and breathless congratulation, and then turned with one accord to Oddie Pratte. "On the whole," said the young gentleman, blandly, "you did me credit!"

The Ring and the Trust.

Combination is found to be a mightier principle in the economic game, than competition. As well oppose handicraft to machinery as the scattered efforts of individuals, with their limited resources and consequent lack of staying power, to the trust, which knows how to control every avenue of transportation, to undersell its rivals and to hinder them from receiving supplies and from loading or unloading the goods they may have in hand. Under the despotic commercial regime of the middle ages, prices and qualities were fixed, in a rude way doubtless, by the whole community acting through its rulers. When the "ring and the trust" have spread like a network over the land—as in regard to some commodities they have done already—prices and qualities will be determined, not by the people, who can but wait with oriental submissiveness till the fiat has gone forth, but by syndicates representing—shareholders. A small oligarchy of wealth, at the summit of which are enthroned the great railway kings and their satellites, will have thus put the free American democracy under its feet. Free? Why certainly, free to vote for the candidates sent to Congress by the omnipotent "trusts," whose commercial mandates will there be converted into law.—Rev. Wm. Barry in the March Forum.

Pleading for Homes.

Four thousand unemployed workmen who attended a recent meeting in Hamburg adopted a resolution which will be presented to the Senate, asking for the promulgation of a temporary law, forbidding house owners, at the end of the present quarter, to expel tenants who have been without work four weeks. They also ask the city for a loan of 50 marks each and that the children of suffering families be fed once daily with warm victuals in the public schools.—New York Tribune.

A woman who figured as a pauper died recently in San Francisco, leaving \$6,193, which she had accumulated by begging. Three benevolent societies that had befriended her to the amount of \$840, \$895 and \$905 respectively, have begun suits to recover the sums named from her estate.

FAIR HANDS KEPT WHITE.

Every Woman Her Own Beautifier—Spice in Season.

As a writer in the Chicago News assures us: There are not nearly as many secrets in hand treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clear and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten their hands when they go to bed, wearing gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. Those people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of an egg, with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for it, but all can make it. They also make the Roman toilet paste. It is merely the white of an egg, barley flour and honey.

Increase of Religious Intolerance.

I am sorry to have to confess it, but among the many lessons which a comparative study of religions teaches us, there is one that seems very humiliating, namely, that religious intolerance is much more common in modern than in ancient times. I know the excuse which is made for this. It is said that, as our convictions become deeper and stronger, our intolerance of falsehood also must assume a more intense character, and that it would show an utter want of earnestness if it were otherwise. There may be some truth in this, but it is a dangerous truth. It is the same truth which led the Inquisition to order the burning of heretics because it was better for their souls, and which inflicted in our own times a less violent, though perhaps a not less painful, martyrdom on such reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers and earnest inquirers after truth as Dean Stanley, Bishop Colenso, and Charles Kingsley.—Prof. Max Muller in the March Forum.

Break the Head Frequently.

If there is nothing the matter with the head or the skin, the hair will grow all right if it is treated in the natural way. Ordinarily stiff brushes should be used, and occasional rubbing and smoothing out with the hands are soothing to the head and good for the hair. Mental workers are especially troubled with neuragic pains and headaches, which frequently kill the coloring pigments and turn the hair prematurely grey. Combine and rubbing the scalp of the head with the hand draws the blood up to the surface of the head, and not only relieves the pain at times, but adds new strength to the hair. Those suffering from neuragic head pains should spend half an hour in this work every night before retiring. This gentle massage treatment also has a tendency to cure dandruff. It strengthens the skin and opens the pores, so that the blood can throw off its effete matter.—Yankee Blade.

How Cigars Are Kept Moist.

Cigars must be kept in a more or less moist atmosphere, else they will dry out and crumble apart. Some years ago a genius who knew that fact in regard to cigars so arranged that the atmosphere within it could be fed with moisture from a wet slab of compressed sponge or blotting paper. To-day the best cigar stores in the city are built like these moistening boxes, say the New York Sun. Material for holding water is kept in frames, like panels, in the walls, and the air within the storerooms is kept incessantly moist.

Douglas Jerrold.

His countenance was open and bright (when sober!) and showed nothing of that satirical bitterness for which he was so eminent. Leigh Hunt, in proposing his health on one occasion, called him "the bitter Jerrold, with honey under him." I once ventured to tell him that several of the members of the club were afraid of him and his bitter tongue, and shunned conversation with him on that account, when he said to me, with great energy: "Sidney, I have never in my life said or written a bitter thing of any one who did not deserve it." And I must say that I have frequently heard him speak of persons and things in the most courteous and beautiful and even feeling language—metaphor following metaphor, quaint conceits, graceful images, beautiful ideas and thoughts, all expressed in one continual flow of eloquence from a fountain inexhaustible. In the winter Jerrold always took a chair close to the fire, where he sat with his cigar, and whence he issued his wittoisms in his dry and amusing manner, keeping us all in a continuous state of uproarious laughter.—My Life—T. Sidney Cooper.

The Treatment of Wrinkles.

How many inquiries are read in the papers concerning the prevention and cure of wrinkles. Some of the suggestions are simple, and a trial could do no possible harm, but it is safest to beware of those methods which suggest any very radical mode of treatment, that is, unless you have the advice of a reliable physician. A famous beauty of the last generation prevented wrinkles by closing her eyes, and keeping her features perfectly composed for the space of ten minutes several times during the day. A remedy which a friend of mine has invented, for her own case, she having had wrinkles on her forehead, is to use the massage treatment night and morning, and at bedtime, after rubbing the wrinkles out, to cut narrow strips of court plaster which she sticks across them. For the sake of my friend I hope this method will prove as successful as the court plaster treatment did in the case of a young mother, who plastered back her infant's turnover ears until they grew into place.

Sadie McMullen, a girl of 17, was placed upon trial for murder in Buffalo yesterday, charged with having in October last thrown two young children from a high railway bridge, one of whom was killed. She pleaded not guilty and her trial commences to-day.

In spite of his troubles arising from the disturbed state of Ireland, the lord-lieutenant of that country has many pleasures. One of these is the right to kiss every pretty girl who makes her debut at his levees in Dublin castle. The present lord-lieutenant, the earl of Zetland, is said to claim his rights in this respect without the fear of the countess before his eyes.

To the Women's Convention.
(An Old Maid in New York Sun.)

Hill, voiceless voters!
And you do well to press
In perfect storm
Against the boasted battlements
Of misguided man,
Mighty in meanness,
Ma'evolent in administration!
Six thousand years ago
The vine-clad walls of Eden's
Sinsless garden
Heard your weeping plaint.
Untirred, pantless,
You have since kept on
Yesterday, to-day and forever
Will see you persevering
Just the same!
Hope, garlanded in man's attire,
Boasts on your banners,
You dear, deluded dreamers,
And he roasts high!
But faint not, faintest of the fair!
All that is man's may yet be yours.
It may take time,
Eye, even eternity,
But what of that?
Age is not what women want,
And reckless extravagance of time
Is therefore the noblest virtue of your sex!
Sweet voiceless voters!
Sweet voiceless voters!
Go bravely on in fanning
With your dimpled chin,
The thin, impalpable atmosphere,
Which like a sponge insatiate
Absorbs the wit of women's
Wit and wisdom,
And leaves but sediment
Of sorrow to her sex!
Gay, golden, glorious,
Giddy girls,
Keep up!
Keep up!
And when you get there,
Let us know!

MASTLAKE'S SMART BABY.

Something That Other People Have to
Suffer from Fond Parents.

"Let me tell you the latest one thing my
baby said," proclaimed Mastlake to Squid-
dig, as they met on the street yesterday
afternoon, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-
Telegraph.

"Sorry," replied Squidig, who is the
father of six children of assorted ages, "but
the fact is I've a train to catch, and only a
few minutes to catch it in."

"Oh, it won't take a minute," persisted
Mastlake, "and it's really the best thing
she ever got off, and she's awfully smart,
too, for a baby only two and a half years
old."

"Go ahead then," said Squidig, re-
signedly, as he looked at his watch.

"It happened a week or two ago. You
see her mamma left her just a minute to
do some little thing, and when she came
back baby wasn't there. Mrs. Mastlake
found her on the porch in her stocking
feet and fairly soaked, for it was raining
hard. Her mamma grabbed her up and
said very severely:

"Frances, if you had a little girl who
went out into the rain and got her stock-
ings wringing wet, what would you do?
And what do you suppose the smart little
thing replied?"

"Dunno. What?" asked Squidig, with
little apparent interest.

"She said, 'Put dry mittens on her,
mamma.'"

"Yes," replied Squidig with a sigh.
And looking at his watch again he started
for the station on a trot.

AN AMERICAN BONAPARTE.

One of the American Bonapartes is
dying in Rome, if he be not already dead.

While he inherited a great name from his
grandfather, he also achieved considerable
fame for himself as a soldier, and as such
deserves mention.

Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is a
grandson of that Jerome Bonaparte who
married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of
Baltimore, but who on becoming at his
brother's command king of Westphalia
repudiated her.

From this union there
was one son, also Jerome, who was born in
England in 1805, but came to America and
about 1830 married Miss Williams, of Rox-
bury, Massachusetts, by whom he had two
sons, the elder one being the Prince
Napoleon now dying in Rome. The father
lived in Baltimore until his death in 1870.

Jerome Napoleon was born in 1832 in
Baltimore and graduated at West Point in
1852, after which he saw service on the
Texas frontier. Two years later he
resigned and was soon after appointed a
lieutenant in the French cavalry service,
serving with distinction in the Crimean
war, for which he was decorated by Eng-
land, France and Turkey. He also served
in the Algerian campaign of France and in
the war of France and Italy against Aus-
tria. He was an officer of the Empress
Eugenie's dragons at the fall of the
French empire, and since then he has lived
quietly on the continent of Europe. His
younger brother, Charles Joseph Bonaparte,
now lives in Baltimore, managing the
extensive estates that came into the
family from the Pattersons.

Miss Terry's Secret of Youth.

Writing of Irving's "Ravenswood," a
recent spectator of the play says that
"Terry, by some unexplainable magic,
looks about 17, and beautiful and innocent
enough to make any man lose his head over
her. And the acting is the best she has
ever done—less restless, and more natural.

She makes Lucy Ashton a gentle little thing
caught in a whirlpool of passions so much
stronger than her own that she cannot
resist or control them. When Edgar comes
and finds she has just signed the marriage
contract, she is too overwhelmed to explain
matters.

"Those who have seen it will never for-
get that white-faced girl, sitting there
helplessly, without a word to say for her-
self, while everybody else rages round in a
passion. She makes one feeble, dejected
reference to the letters she had written, and
then drops over quietly and dies, in the
comfortable way heroines have when things
get unpleasant."

"The last scene is the most remarkable
of all—just a long expanse of seashore,
with the tide out, and a dull, lurid sunset
shining through the bars of cloud; Caleb
stands there wringing his hands, while on
the quicquies all to be seen is the hat
with its raven feathers."

Be Reassured Her.

Philadelphia Record: Mrs. G.—O, doc-
tor, how I should hate to be buried alive!
Doctor—Calm yourself, madam. No patient
of mine need ever fear that.

On Tuesday the Illinois Legislature took
135th ballot for United States Senator
without result, the vote standing: Palmer,
100; Streeter, 86; Oglesby, 10; Wolf, 9;
Lindsay, 2; Greenham, 1. The Democrats
stand resolutely by Palmer, but cannot get
him a majority.

BEAUTY OF FORM.

The Charm of Proportions in Both Man
and Woman.

Beauty of the human form is to-day
exactly what it was in ancient Greece; it is
the same through all the centuries, how-
ever blind we are to its characteristics
through ignorance. The canons of ages are
a true verdict, and classic forms become
safe models. Greek sculpture was wrought
when the body received its highest cultiva-
tion, and was so beautiful as to be called
divine, writes E. S. L. Adams in Harper's
Bazar. This sculpture should be carefully
and continuously studied, as well as pic-
tures of good nude figures. They are to be
made familiar, that one may learn why
they are good, why they deserve admiration.
Most people fancy they admire the classic
models, but it must be in imagination
only, else why should they allow
themselves to exemplify false stand-
ards of form, and positively distort their
own God-given bodies? Searching for the
highest standards of human form, we
discover that manly beauty and womanly
beauty differ essentially. It is agreed that
the type of manly proportion includes a
comparatively large head, wide shoulders,
rather square, a torso tapering to a con-
tracted pelvis; while the whole may be 7 1/2
heads in height, or an additional half-head
added to the length of the legs, giving a
particularly elegant figure. On the other
hand, the proportions for a woman are a
small head, shoulders rather sloping and
narrow, the torso full and widest at the
hips; while the front line from the sternum
over the abdomen should show first a
gentle, and then a full outward curve. The
conventional figure of the day is at variance
with this type. Every effort is made
to imitate masculine characteristics. The
shoulders are thrust up high and square, or
made to appear so, the torso is made to
taper in, and everything under heaven is
done to make the waist look small. The
front line is forced to take an inward curve
below the bust, and the side lines to form
an awkward angle, in the hollow of which
voluminous skirts are hung. One
should study sculpture with the
new knowledge of these propor-
tions most thoughtfully, till the
rhythm of the lines has fastened itself upon
the memory. Studying the pictures of the
best artists of the age, we shall find these
principles everywhere demonstrated. The
charm of womanly proportion is in the long
curve from armpit to ankle, which is so dif-
ferent from the beauty of a manly figure.
The depression at the so-called waist line
—only the meeting of two large muscles
which in a beautiful woman should be
slight—would better be ignored in the
clothing, for the sake of the greater beauty
of the whole sweep.

It is to be understood that the long curves
are made up of shorter contours, one gently
melting into another. A form made up of
graceful sweeps alone would be a weak,
nerveless, insipid thing.

These proportions should be so under-
stood and so thoroughly appreciated, as to
be always in mind, else a beautiful human
form will not be recognized. Use physical
exercises to attain the perfection of these
curves. Hang pictures showing them where
they may grow into your thoughts.

TRIMMING AND BUTTONS.

Spring Passementeries—Galloons, Gimps,
Fringes.

The new passementeries which find most
favor are leaf galloons with pearl border,
Eiffel designs in all sizes are thus made.
Pearls are coming more and more into
fashion; leaf designs and arabesques,
either alone or formed into galloons, are
given a pearl border and filled inside with
dull designs.

Very cheap leaf designs are met with in
great varieties. They are nearly all made
of president lace and are filled out with
designs in cordoned silk.

A nice gimp has zig-zag design of small
atlas lace, below which are teeth in pres-
ident lace.

Cordonnet fringes are much used, and
cheap oblique fringes are being brought for-
ward. These have pearl hangers, which
end in pearl balls.

For ulsters, passementerie garnitures of
president lace filled with cordoned silk are
finding ready sale.

Stuart collars, with or without breast-
pieces and shoulder epaulettes, are also
much used.

Among the latest Parisian novelties is a
leaf galloon in which each figure is formed
by two lengthy leaves of fine atlas cord.—
Berlin letter in Dry Goods Economist.

How a Shrewd Shephiler Utilized a Tame
Rat.

There have been many extraordinary
stories told of the ingenuity of thieves in
the pursuit of their nefarious calling, but a
case which occurred while I was at Chas-
ham recently beats anything I ever heard,"
remarked a newly arrived Englishman to
a Philadelphia Inquirer man.

"A girl was brought before the Police
Court on the charge of robbing milliners'
shops. She was only 14 years of age, and
wore the Magistrate's appearance. What
witnesses ever saw her take anything, or at
least they would not swear to it, although
after she had left a shop where she had
been making a purchase articles of value
were missed.

When arrested nothing was found upon
her. The Magistrate said he could not
convict the girl on mere suspicion, and then
began to cross-examine her himself in a
kind, fatherly way which touched her
heart, and she broke down and confessed
that she was guilty, and explained her
methods to the astonishment and amuse-
ment of the court and spectators.

It seems that she had a tame white rat
which she carried about with her in a muff.
She would enter a shop full of girls and
women and ask the price of some article,
and while looking at it contrive to drop the
rodent on the floor.

"Any one can imagine the result. Those
near the door dashed into the street, while
the employees jumped on the counters and
began to cross-examine her herself in a
kind, fatherly way which touched her
heart, and she broke down and confessed
that she was guilty, and explained her
methods to the astonishment and amuse-
ment of the court and spectators.

Of course her friends soon entered the
required bonds, and Mary Barton will have
to find some other place to practise on the
weakness of her sex. The same rat dodge
won't work in Chatham any more."

RAILS AND THE WEATHER.

Tracks Grow Long or Short, as it is Hot or
Cold.

A roadmaster contributes to the Railway
Age some data regarding the expansion and
contraction of steel rails under various
conditions of temperature, which suggest some
interesting calculations. Steel rails con-
tract or expand one part in each 148,000
parts with each degree of change in tem-
perature.

The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks from
this city to Pittsburgh are 363 miles in
length, and in this distance the expansion
or contraction would amount to about 12.6
feet for each degree of change of tempera-
ture.

Between the ninety-degree weather of
August and the zero temperature of mid-
winter the tracks shrink 1,134 feet, or more
than one fifth of a mile.

If the tracks between this city and
Pittsburgh were continuous rails without
joints and anchored immovably at the
Pittsburgh end the Philadelphia end would
shrink from Fifteenth street out to Seventh
street by Christmas time and would not
return until about July.

Or if the ends of the rails were at Fif-
teenth street in the winter they would
push through the front walls of the station
and upset the equestrian figure of General
Reynolds in front of the Public Buildings
by the time of hot weather.

Rails are laid, however, with a sufficient
distance between each length to permit
contraction and expansion without distor-
tion of the line of track, and the space be-
tween each rail is determined by the tem-
perature at the time the rails are laid.

The Household Prize.

135 Adelaide street west, Toronto, Ont.
"Your reliable preparation, St. Jacob's Oil,
has proved a benefit to me in more ways
than one. I have used it for quinary (con-
vulsions) with very beneficial re-
sults, and for a case of rheumatism, where
its action was swift and sure, and a perfect
cure was performed. I consider it a remedy
to be prized in every household." Thos.
Paxson, with Johnson & Brown.

A Peculiar Custom.

"There is one very peculiar thing about
the laws of the Isle of Man," says a writer
in the Louisville Courier-Journal. "It is
the only country in the world, so far as I
know, except Iceland, which clings to the
ancient customs of hundreds of years ago,
of promulgating them from the top of
the Thingwail Hill, a mountain in the very
centre of the island. They must be read to
the whole people from the Thingwail
Mountain, on the 5th day of July, before
they are binding. Of course there are
some special occasions, but on the 5th day
of July is the lawful day, and on this oc-
casion, each year, 15,000 or 20,000 people
assemble to hear the news read. This is
something that is not generally known, I
think, and is peculiar to the Isle of Man.
The laws must be read in both the Manx
and English languages."

Abundant Evidence.

Editor—Have you any letters or other
testimonials to show that you are a literary
worker by profession?
Applicant—If you will look at my pants,
sir, you will find out that they bag badly
at the knees; and if you will pardon me
for turning around you will see that they
are worn very shiny at the rear. Yes, sir;
I am a literary man.—Good News.

After weeks of untiring effort City Mar-
shal Brits, of Brownsville, Texas, has
arrested and brought to jail here several of
the gang of train robbers. He has in cus-
tody a prominent rancher, living not over
50 miles from the city, who was a leader
in the schemes. From confessions made
by some of the parties Marshal Brits hopes
to bag the whole gang and recover a good
portion of the stolen money.

—Young Cawby—What a plain girl that
new typewriter is—in fact, quite homely.
Old Cawby—But she's not half so plain in
her face as she is on paper. That's why I
engaged her.

LIVED BY HER WITS.

How a Shrewd Shephiler Utilized a Tame
Rat.

There have been many extraordinary
stories told of the ingenuity of thieves in
the pursuit of their nefarious calling, but a
case which occurred while I was at Chas-
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weakness of her sex. The same rat dodge
won't work in Chatham any more."

LAOHAUD'S OLEVER RUSH.

The French Lawyer Wins a Juror's Sym-
pathy by Pulling Down the Blind.

An adroit lawyer, as all the world knows,
says the "Youth's Companion," does not
always depend entirely upon the logic of
his case or his mastery of the art of per-
suation to bring a jury around to his way
of thinking. He has an eye to the individ-
ual peculiarities of the jurymen, and does
not let an opportunity pass to impress
them favorably.

It is related that M. Laohaud, the most
famous of French criminal lawyers of the
present century, that, in pleading a certain
case, he perceived that one of the jurors
seemed to be hostile to him and his argu-
ment.

In the faces of all the other men in the
box he saw, with his practised eyes, signs
that his oratory, or his shrewdness, was
having its effect; but this man, in spite of
all he could do, remained frowning, suspi-
cious, obdurate.

M. Laohaud kept on with his work, and
presently saw that his opportunity had
come. It was a hot day, and a ray of sun-
shine had penetrated a crevice in the
curtain, and was shining upon the top of
the head of this jurymen, who was quite
bald. The lawyer paused in his argument,
and addressed himself directly to the
court: "If Your Honor would please,"
he said, "to order that the curtain in
yonder window be lowered a trifle, I am
sure that the sixth jurymen would ap-
preciate it."

This sign of watchful attention won the
obdurate jurymen's heart and M. Laohaud's
case.

How to Get a Handsome Husband.

"When'er some lucky Indian maiden
found a red ear in the husking,
'Mushka!' cried they altogether;
'Mushka!' you shall have a sweetheart—
You shall have a handsome husband."

The handsome man always admires the
beautiful woman. Then simply make
yourself beautiful. Remove all blotches,
pimples, "forked signs of turkey tracks"
from your forehead, by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic to
the nervous, circulatory and procreative
systems. Its use brings roses to the cheeks,
and sparkle to the eyes. Take it, and you
will, like the Indian maiden, find a "red
ear" in your good health, an omen of future
happiness. Guaranteed to give satisfaction
in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

No Hurry.

Buffalo News: Old Gentleman—My boy,
don't you go to school?
Boy—Yesir.
"It's long after 9, and here you are play-
ing."
"That's all right. We had a rather late
breakfast, and mamma was 'fraid I'd be
late, so she wrote me an excuse, and I've
got it in my pocket."

He Was Not Superstitious.

The new waiter at a Harlem restaurant
asked Jim Talbot, who was just about to
take a beefsteak:
"Are you superstitious?"
"No. Why do you ask?"
"I've got no particular reason, except
that you are the thirteenth man who has
used that napkin to-day."

A Terrible Railroad Accident Occurred
Near Morshank.

A terrible railroad accident occurred
near Morshank, in the Government of
Tamboy, on Monday. Two express trains
came into collision, demolishing the car-
riages of both. Fifty persons were killed
outright and a large number were seriously
injured.

"ANYTHING BUT WORKING."

Idea Some People Have of Stage Folk and
Their Lives.

"Queer idea the public has of stage folk
and their life," said Sol Smith Russell re-
cently to a Chicago Herald reporter. "The
opinion is almost universally held that the-
atrical people live in the most luxurious
fashion, eat pie every ten minutes, and
never do any work. The hardships of
travel, the hours of soul-wearying rehearsal
and study, and the thousand and one trials
that beset the actor's life are not recog-
nized because they do not appear in the
performance. They are behind the scenes,
and, therefore, not knowable to the public.
But they exist and are very harrowing. I
remember a little incident which
brought all this home to me. In making
a jump between large cities it was
necessary to put in a week among the
smaller towns, playing one night in a
town. We had played in one place and,
after the performance, had packed every-
thing for fitting to the next stop, and
were ready to go to the train, which was
due at midnight. When we arrived at the
depot, however, we found that the train
was late.

"How late?" we inquired.
"Don't know," said the comforting
individual who presided at the station.
"May be one hour, may be two; might be
three."

"We didn't dare go back to the hotel to
sleep because of the uncertainty of the time
when the train would come along, so we
stayed in the waiting room, miserably
tired and sleepy, trying to find comfortable
positions on the barbarous seats.

"We waited there until nearly 3 o'clock,
and at last the train came, and we
bundled aboard, disgusted, cross, sour,
the run to our next town was some-
thing less than two hours, so we could
not sleep on the train except to catch
enough of a nap to be aggravat-
ing and wholly discomposing. It was about
5 o'clock when we turned out of the car at
the town where we were to amuse folks
that evening. It was the gray of dawn,
and in the pale light we were a ghastly lot.
The baggage smashers hurled our trunks
and boxes out upon the platform with glee-
ful savagery, and as I look about for some
sort of hack to take us to a hotel I heard
the station agent, who was assisting the
baggage man in getting our trunks out, say
to the train man:

"What is all this baggage anyway?"
"Oh," said the baggage man, with in-
finite disgust in his tone, "it belongs to
some show company, I reckon. Anything to
get out of workin'."

"That's a fact, blame 'em!" growled
the station agent, and I smiled a wan smile,
and went and informed the company that
we would have to walk with our hand bag-
gage to the hotel, about eight blocks.
Anything to get out of workin'! Dear
me, if I had told that story to the company
I think the station agent would have been
maddened."

Looking Down on a Snowstorm.

If there were no other diversion on Mount
Washington, watching the intermittent ex-
tinction and generation of the clouds affords
sufficient interest to occupy much of the
time. "There are 'best days' for this,
however, as well as for the other sights.
The summit of the mountain must be clear,
and the sun should shine brightly. Then,
if a snowstorm forms, say a mile below,
one of the most enchanting of all natural
convulsions delights the observer. The un-
substantial formations rival in grandeur
the solid mountains themselves. Disturbed
by the warm air below them, and chilled
by the cold blasts above, the great mass of
vapor begin to roll and tumble and pitch,
until a regular tempest forms and sweeps
them all. The billows form great swells
and depressions. They break angrily
against the rocky mountains, and their
snowy spray flies high in the air. Rising and
falling, swirling and tangling, they tell of the
falling flakes and blinding snow-dust with
which the earth is being visited. The more
the commotion the more active is the fall
going on below. How they toss and tumble,
and how magnificent are the changes of
light and shade! I witnessed the snow
show I ever saw of this nature, one after-
noon, about half an hour before sunset.
The great orb seemed to sink into a sea of
safron; yet it shone with almost painful
brilliance. Suddenly, upon the cloud sur-
face in front of my standpoint, a mile
below my feet, a great mass of shining
light appeared. It was as brilliant as the
sun, and of about the same color. It was a
"sun-dog"—the image of the sun reflected
on the white bosom of the snow storm. It
remained in sight for some time and was
caught by the camera. The snowstorm
continued, and the sun departed amid an
attenuation of clouds equal in glory to any
summer sunset I ever saw. The coloring
upon the upper surface of that raging snow-
storm was beyond the gift of the painter to
counterfeit.—From "Mount Washington in
Winter," by Edward L. Wilson in February
Scribner.

A Room in Buttons.

Small buttons will be largely used.
Celluloid effects are rich and taking.
Metal buttons with silk centres will be
worn.

Gilt buttons will be used as small as 12
line and as large as 45.

A gross of buttons in one dress! You
express surprise, but you may see such a
sight this season.

Crochet buttons were never in such
demand; in fact, every kind of a covered
button will be good.

This coming spring will be a season of
buttons. Every manufacturer has sold
larger quantities to the jobbers than for
many winters past.

A Funny Party.

"A hammer and needle party" is the
entertainment a country social club in-
vented the other day. Each lady was re-
quested to bring a needle, a spool of thread
and several buttons, and each gentleman a
hammer. When all the materials were on
the table, each lady picked out a ham-
mer and was given a block and some
nails.

Each gentleman chose sewing
materials and buttons, and the contest
began. The ladies drove as many nails in
their blocks as they could in five minutes
and the gentlemen sewed on as many
buttons as possible in ten minutes. Prizes
were given and much laughter provoked.

In the Nottingham colliery at Plymouth,
Pa., a gang of men were engaged in mining
yesterday who had been instructed to use
safety lamps only. One of them, however,
had a naked lamp, and an explosion re-
sulted. George Vida was almost instantly
killed, R. Jones and Wm. Jones were
fatally burned, and W. C. Jones and Neal
Dagberry were seriously hurt.

Lord Tennyson has written a short poem
for the New Review, London, for which he
is said to have received more than \$10 per
word.

A statue of General Sherman will be
erected on the steps of the new city hall
in St. Louis. It will cost fifty thousand
dollars.

MANITOBA,

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST
AND

British Columbia

Via Grand Trunk to North Bay, and
Canadian Pacific to Destination.
Settlers Trains.

Leave Listowel at 1:20 p. m., or
2:10 p. m.,

Every Tuesday

During March and
April.

Trains must reach Toronto by 6 p. m. on above days and leave at 9 p. m. Colonist sleeper attached to these trains in which accommodation is free. Bring along your own bedding; the mattress should be 6 feet long by 3 feet 6 inches wide; or fittings can be obtained at Toronto, North Bay or Carleton Place, at the following prices: Blanket, 80c.; Mattress, 75c.; Curtains, 75c.; Pillow, 20c. You get your Berth Ticket in these cars exactly the same as in the regular sleeper, thereby securing your accommodation through to destination. No Customs, Delay or Expense; no Quarantine; no transfers.

J. A. HACKING,

Railway & Seamanship Agent.

THE BLAKE LETTER.

Canada's Future as Forecast by
the Hon. Edward Blake.

THE GREAT TRADE QUESTION DISCUSSED.

To the Members of the West Durham
Reform Convention.

HUMWOOD, Toronto,

March 5th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN.—On the 11th February last I addressed to your President the following letter: Some days ago I requested to be allowed to wait on the convention.

My object was to ask that my name should be withdrawn, as I found it impossible to accept the honor of a nomination; to give my reasons for this conclusion; to return my heartfelt thanks for the unbounded kindness of four and twenty years, and to bid my faithful friends an affectionate farewell. With this view I had prepared a paper for communication to them.

It has been intimated to me that it is not desirable that I should take the course that I had chalked out, and consequently I defer the communication.

Will you have the goodness to read this letter to the convention?

I will only add that the writing of it is the most painful event in the political life of which it is the close.

2. I have now to ask you to receive my most grateful acknowledgments of your resolution of 12th February, concluded in terms which I know are extravagantly beyond any deserts of mine, and which I can accept only as a last and crowning mark of your kindness and partiality.

3. I have feared from the beginning that every hour's fighting in the contest which ends to-day, must widen the rift between us; and that its close must leave me isolated in opinion, and deprived of any right to expect your continued confidence.

4. Therefore, I am cheered by no such expectation now.

But I must give you "vera pro gratis" truths for compliments. You should know the grounds of my retirement.

And with that view, all excuse for reticence having ceased, I subjoin the paper referred to in my quoted letter.

I have, etc.,

EDWARD BLAKE.

PAPER REFERRED TO IN THE ABOVE
LETTER.

To the Members of the West Durham
Reform Convention.

HUMWOOD, Toronto,

February 6th, 1891.

GENTLEMEN.—I hope you will not deem me presumptuous in assuming that my name may be submitted to you as a Liberal candidate for West Durham.

By your extraordinary favor I have been permitted to serve you for the greater part of four and twenty years, during which long interval public affairs have mainly occupied my time and thoughts.

There is much to be done and much to be prevented at Ottawa; and, while deeply sensible of many shortcomings, it yet seems reasonable to suppose that the experience of all these years has made me less unfit than formerly for your service.

This is the sphere which offers the best prospect of usefulness to my country, during that short remainder of life in which I would fain labor for her, as remembering that "the night cometh when no man can work."

I have been anxious then to retain the seat with which the habits and interests of my life are interwoven; and to the duties of which I had arranged to devote the bulk of my time.

A re-nomination for West Durham would be my greatest prize; the severance of our connexion will inflict a bitter pang.

Therefore I pray you not to suppose that it is despondency at the failure of past efforts, or preference for ignoble ease or sordid toil, or indifference to your warm friendship and warm constancy, that leads me to ask the withdrawal of my name.

It is due to both of us that you should know my reasons.

2. Irrespective of the trade question,

it is important in the interest of our country that the Liberal party, even if it fails to win the election, should yet maintain and increase its strength, in order to the efficient discharge of the great general duties devolving on it—duties at this moment cast into the shade; but none the less essential to the public good.

3. Yet, plainly, the issue which the party has thought fit to tender for the judgment of the electorate is that of Unrestricted Reciprocity, or absolute free trade with the States; an issue which has been maintained as "the sole party plank" ever since it was put forward in 1857.

4. Being at that time in Europe, I wrote, and after my return fully stated to leading men my views on this head. It was agreed that, unless the conditions should change, it would clearly be my duty, when called on to address the constituency to make known those views; but the desire was expressed, in the party interest, that they should not be then published.

Having decided to yield to every wish of my friends compatible with honor, and hoping against hope that some turn of events might ameliorate a situation to me most painful, I yielded to this wish.

5. Lately, when a provincial convention was summoned, and our fifth session was approaching, I thought it right to convey to the riding association, as a basis for discussion, some brief intimation of my opinion.

But, on the statement of prominent men that its publication would, even then, be detrimental to party interests, my letter was held back for a few days.

Pending discussions on the matter, the dissolution has been precipitated; we are now in the throes of the election, and I feel bound to limit my confidence to you alone to-day.

6. Even when reduced, by the elimination of essential political considerations, to its simplest form, our trade and fiscal policy remains a vast and complex question, on which it is impossible, within the limits of an address, to give much more than general conclusions, omitting many qualifications of statement and links of argument.

Of these conclusions some are in their nature speculative, and not demonstrable, and their realization may be precipitated, modified or retarded by political and sentimental as well as commercial and economic considerations, and by events alike beyond our ken and control.

They are stated then by no means dogmatically, which would be absurd; but only as the best forecasts in my power on doubtful matters, about which, had the times allowed, silence might have been more prudent than speech.

So much premised, let me tell you what I think.

7. In our present political condition a moderate revenue tariff, approximating to free trade with all the world, and coupled with liberal provisions for reciprocal free trade with the States, would be, if practicable, our best arrangement.

But—though we may and should greatly improve our tariff, whose defects, anomalies and oppressions, very serious in 1856, have been much aggravated since; and though we may and should substantially retrench the public expenditure—yet, as explained at Malvern, the result of our policy for the last 13 years is that we shall be compelled for an indefinite time to raise the bulk of an enormous revenue by high duties on imports.

On the other side it seems to be the settled policy of the States to decline a limited reciprocity.

So that what would be best is not now attainable.

8. The Canadian Conservative policy has failed to accomplish the predictions of its promoters.

Its real tendency has been, as foretold 12 years ago, towards disintegration and annexation, instead of consolidation and the maintenance of the British connexion of which they claim to be the special guardians.

It has left us with a small population a scanty immigration, and a North-west empty still; with enormous additions to our public debt and yearly charge, an extravagant system of expenditure, and an unjust and oppressive tariff; with restricted markets for our needs, whether to buy or to sell, and all the hosts of evils (greatly intensified by our special conditions) thence arising; with trade developed from its natural into forced and therefore less profitable channels; and with unfriendly relations and frowning tariff walls, ever more and more estranging us from the mighty English speaking nation to the south, our neighbors and relations, with whom we ought to be, as it was promised that we should be, living in generous amity and liberal intercourse.

Worse; far worse! It has left us with lowered standards of public virtue, and a death-like apathy in public opinion; with a racial, religious and provincial animosities rather inflamed than soothed; with a subservient Parliament, an autocratic executive, debauched constituencies and corrupted and corrupting classes; with lessened self reliance and increased dependence on the public chest and on legislative aids, and possessed withal by a boasting jingo spirit, far enough removed from true manliness, loudly proclaimed unreal conditions and exaggerated sentiments, while actual facts and general opinions are suppressed.

It has left us with our hands tied; our future compromised; and in such a plight that, whether we stand or move, we must run some risks which else we might have either declined, or encountered with greater promise of success.

9. Yet let us never despair of our country! It is a goodly land, endowed with great recuperative powers and vast resources, as yet almost undeveloped; inhabited by populations "moral and religious, sober and industrious, virtuous and thrifty, capable and instructed—the descendants of a choice immigration, of men of mark and courage, energy and enterprise; in the breasts of

whose children still should glow the sparks of those ancestral fires.

Under such conditions all is not lost! "Though much be taken, much abides." And if we do but wake from our delusive dreams, face the stern facts in time, repair our errors and amend our ways, there may still remain for us, despite the irrevocable past, a future, if not so clear and bright as we might once have hoped, yet fair and honorable, dignified and secure.

10. Let me glance at some economic propositions which are advanced for our approval.

And, first, as to that revival in Britain of home and agricultural protection which Conservatives invite us to expect.

Fairtraders and Federationists, Tories and Protectionists to the contrary notwithstanding—there is, I believe, no reasonable prospect that the people of the United Kingdom will seriously engage in a struggle, to which their whole Liberal party is opposed, and which their Conservative Prime Minister has likened to a civil war—a struggle to turn back for 40 years the clock of time, and to achieve a social, industrial and economic revolution—in order to re-impose protective duties which shall effectively restrict, in favor of their own landlords, and of colonial producers like ourselves, the supply of their staple foods.

The increase of foreign manufactures, in part stimulated by hostile tariffs, may rather darken and contract the prospects of Britain as the workshop of the world; some of her dependencies may propose to assert their manhood, and even to assume their places, alone or in partnership with others, in the great family of nations; she may justly discredit to-day certain of the dogmas of the older school of political economy; her present generation may be less instructed in its fundamental and impregnable propositions than were their fathers who lived through the corn law campaigns; her impatient democracy may incline to the suggested remedies, however unsuited to her case, of retaliation or reciprocal preference; yet for all that, I cannot bring myself to believe that she will ever decide to tax the bread and beef which sustain the toilers of her industrial hive.

And, indeed, it seems difficult to conceive a suggestion which, coming from Canada, would be more calculated than this to alienate British feeling; even though accompanied by the sop of a delusive differential duty in favor of British manufactures.

11. While that free market with the United Kingdom, on a just conception of its own interests, opens permanently to all the world, is to us of very great value; and while every prudent effort should be made to enlarge our exports there and elsewhere beyond the seas, yet the results of all such efforts must be far below those to flow from a free market throughout our own continent.

12. Though the United States will (and, indeed, unless very high sugar duties be reimposed, must) for a long time remain, like our own, decidedly protective; still there is a fair expectation, based on the last election here, that sounder economic views than those of the sitting Congress will soon prevail, and that their tariff will be re-adjusted on a basis much more moderate and favorable to the consumer than that which preceded the McKinley bill; and may eventually approach what is known as a revenue tariff, incidentally, though still substantially, protective.

13. Having regard to this expectation unrestricted free trade with the States, secured for a long term of years, would (even though accompanied by higher duties against the rest of the world than I for one admire) give us in practice the great blessing of a measure of free trade, much larger than we now enjoy or can otherwise attain; it would greatly advance our most material interests, and help our natural, our largest, most substantial and most promising industries; it would create an influx of population and capital, and promote a rapid development of forces and materials now almost unused; in three words, it would give us men, money and markets.

Thus it would emphatically be for the general and lasting good. And this, although of course it would produce, as all great changes do, temporary derangement of business and local losses, would strike hard some spinning and exotic industries, wholly tariff born, tariff bred and tariff fed, and would put upon their mettle a good many manufacturers unaccustomed to the keen breath of competition, and others who would be obliged to adopt the specialization and the improved methods of production and distribution, which to the signal advantage of the general consuming public, a large market allows and demands.

14. Assuming consent on the part of the States, our financial difficulty is to be considered.

Obviously, any practicable plan involves differential duties against the United Kingdom and the rest of the world.

But, even with such duties, the gaps in our revenue, due to the loss of present taxes on imports from the States, and on imports from Britain, to be replaced by home and United States manufactures, would be very great; in capable of being filled by a tea and coffee tax, a bill tax, and other available taxes of a like nature, and by practicable economies.

Direct taxation, even in its most promising form, a succession tax, is, I regret to say, at present out of the question. And of the financial problem presented by Unrestricted Reciprocity, I have seen no solution which would leave us without a great deficit.

15. I have said that any feasible plan involves differential duties; but it does more. It involves—as to the bulk by agreement, and as to much from the necessity of the case—the substantial assimilation, in their leading features, of the tariffs of the two countries.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

WHY! YES, WHY!

Do the people come all the way from Harriston and Palmerston to visit the

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE!

J. G. BURT STOCK

Garson & McKee

Now being carried on by
IN THE TOWN OF LISTOWEL,
Because Money Saved is Money Made, and the People are finding out they can Save Very Largely by Buying their Goods Now at this Greatest of Sales.

Thanks To the many Atwood people who come to See Us. We invite them to Call Again and bring their friends with them to

BURT'S OLD STAND. CARSON & McKEE.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

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.

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

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

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

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

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

HOUSE, SIGN AND

Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK,
Painter, Brussels.

NORTH PERTH

Farmers' Institute!

The annual election of officers and meeting of the North Perth Farmers' Institute will be held in the

Town Hall, - Atwood,

—ON—

TUESDAY, March 24, '91.

At 1 and 7:30 p. m.

There will be two sessions, afternoon and evening, at which prominent agriculturists will speak on topics of vital interest to farmers especially and to the community generally. In addition to the local speakers

PROF. SHAW,

Of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, will address the meetings on the following topics: "What Crops we should grow in view of the markets of to-day," "Cross-breeding," and "Agricultural Education." The latter subject will be discussed at the evening session.

The Evening Session

Will be enlivened with vocal and instrumental selections of music. The ladies are cordially invited to the evening session only. There will be no admission fee. Let there be a rally of all interested in the progress of agriculture, as well as the success of this the first meeting of the Institute in Elma township.

JAS. DICKSON, JR., W. KEITH,
President. Secretary.