Star Wardrobe

MICHAEL J. KEHOE

Fashionable Tailor,

All Orders will receive my personal attention

Brockville, Ont.

THE ATHENS REPORTER & COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

SHINGLES, SHINGLES

ATHENS

LUMBER * YARD

LARGE STOCK JUST ARRIVED

W. G. PARISH

VOL. VI. NO. 19. Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday, May 13th, 1890. ($1.00 a year in advance, $1.25if not paid within 6 months. B. Loverin, Proprietor.)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. C. M. B. CORNELL,
BUELL STREET, . . . BROCKVILLE.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

Dr. Stanley S. Cornell
MAIN STREET, . . . ATHENS
SPECIALTY: DISEASES OF WOMEN.
Office Days—the afternoons of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

J. F. Harte, M.D., C.M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER. Graduate Royal College (Queen's University.) Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Office: Main st., opposite Gamble House Athens. 22-52

J. P. Lamb, L.D.S.,
DENTIST. After more than 20 years experience Mr. Lamb is prepared to render the best services in both mechanical and surgical dentistry.

Chipman & Saunders,
CIVIL ENGINEERS, Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors. Office, King Street, opposite Victoria Hall, Brockville, Ont.
W. CHIPMAN, B.A.SC. | B. J. SAUNDERS, B.A.SC.

Geo. F. Ackland, V.S.,
LICENTIATE of the Ontario College of Veterinary Surgeons. Office—Gallagher Block, Drummond st., Newboro. 26-52

HOTELS.

The Gamble House,
ATHENS.
THIS FINE NEW BRICK HOTEL HAS been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention given to the wants of guests. Good yards and stables.
23.1y FRED. PIERCE, Prop'r.

Dominion Hotel,
NEWBORO.
THE new proprietors of this hotel will spare no pains in making this one of the best hostelries in this section. The house has been refurnished throughout. The stables and sheds are new and large.
15 GEORGE & HENRY BOLTON.

West End Grocery.

THE subscriber having again taken charge of the grocery store on Elgin street, wishes to intimate to the public that he has just received a full stock of

-:- FRESH -:-

GROCERIES, TEAS, SUGARS, CANNED GOODS, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

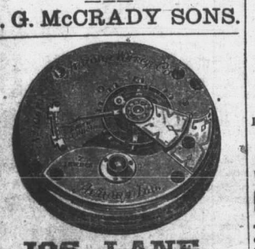
We Guarantee the Best 25-cent TEA in the Village for the Money.

ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
11-4 JOHN A. RAPPELL.
Orders taken for Silverware.

Allan Turner & Co.,
CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS
King Street, - - Brockville
CAN SUPPLY
GARDEN,
FIELD,
AND FLOWER
SEEDS
Fresh and Reliable at the Lowest Prices.
Orders by mail will have prompt attention

OUR NEW 25-Solid Gold Watch FREE. Worth $100.00, has gold watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one FREE, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are FREE. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and then we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $50 to $50 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 513, Portland, Maine.

CASH!
WANTED
40,000 DEAC N
AND CALF SKINS
HIGHEST CASH PRICE AT THE BROCKVILLE TANNERY.
A. G. McCRADY SONS.



JOS. LANE,
King St., opposite Maloy's Boot and Shoe Store,
BROCKVILLE,
Carries the
LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES
of any house in town.
His stock of Clocks, Jewellry, Diamonds, Spectacles, &c. is complete in every Department, and
Will be Sold Right.
Repairing by Skilled Workmen our Specialty.
Give us a call when wanting anything in our line. 49

PUBLIC SENTIMENT, NO HEARSAY

MOFFATT and SCOTT
GENERAL MERCHANTS

Gives Highest Price for Buttar, Eggs, Deacon Skins, and all saleable produce and sells as low as the lowest.

Spring Goods in large quantities bought from leading houses, marked at close profits, now on exhibition. Mark the following prices and make your deposits in the Addison and Rockspring Savings Banks:—

6 lbs. fair Tea for	$1 00
5 lbs uncolored Japan	1 00
3 lbs choice Japan	1 00
Women's fine buttoned Boots	1 25
Women's Boots worth $1.10 for	90
Men & Boys' Boots from $1.40 to	3 50
Gents' Undersaits for	1 00

Coal Oil, Flour, and our 25c. Tea take the lead.

See the additional line of Spring Goods, consisting of Fancy Prints, Dress Goods, Ladies' Slippers, Shoes, Lustre Caps, Flannel Jockeys, Stiff and Felts in colors. Mackinaws, Parasols, Umbrellas, Tinware, etc. exhibited.

We excel in Grey Cottons, Cambrics, Shirtings, Tweeds and Cottonades.

Choice Oils, Ready-mixed Paints, Leads and Glass.

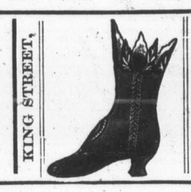
OUR MOTTO: Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain
Your obd't servants,
MOFFATT & SCOTT

A.M. CHASSELS
The Old Reliable
TAILORING HOUSE.
Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in
THE LATEST STYLE
AND
PERFECT IN FIT AND WORKMANSHIP,
SHOULD PATRONIZE
A. M. CHASSLS, - ATHENS.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

BROCKVILLE
VARIETY WORKS
Removed from the Shepperd Mill to the OLD STAND, Mill Street.
THOS. McCRUM,
MANUFACTURER AND REPAIRER OF
SMALL MACHINERY, ENGINES, GUNS, SEWING MACHINES, &C.
PATTERNS AND MODELS MADE.
BRASS AND COMPOSITION CASTINGS TO ORDER. 44-1yr

The Leading
SHOE HOUSE



Geo. S. Young

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1818.
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Capital, all Paid-up $12,000,000
Rest 6,000,000
Head Office, MONTREAL.
Board of Directors.
Sir D. A. Smith, K.C.M.G., President.
G. A. Drummond, Esq., Vice-President.
Gilbert Scott, Esq., Alex. Murray, Esq., A. T. Paterson, Esq., Hugh McLean, Esq., Edward B. Greenshields, Esq., W. C. McDonald, Esq., Hon. J. J. C. Abbott.
W. J. Buchanan, General Manager.
E. S. Clouston, Assistant General Manager and Manager of Montreal Branch.
A. Macnider, Assistant General Manager and Inspector.
R. Y. Hebden, Assistant Inspector.
Branches in Canada.
Montreal: H. V. Meredith, Assist. Manager.

Almonte, Ont.	Moncton, N. B.
Belleville, "	New Westminster, B.C.
Brantford "	Ottawa, Ont.
Brockville, "	Perth, "
Calgary, Alberta	Peterboro, Ont.
Chatham, N. B.	Picton, "
Chatham, Ont.	Quebec, Que.
Cornwall, "	Regina, Assna.
Goderich, "	Sarnia, Ont.
Guelph, "	Stratford, Ont.
Halifax, N.S.	St. John, N.B.
Hamilton, Ont.	St. Mary's, Ont.
Kingston, "	Toronto, "
Lindsay, "	Vancouver, B.C.
London, "	Wallaceburg, Ont.
	Winnipeg, Man.

London, Eng., 22 Abchurch Lane.
New York, 59 Wall Street.
Chicago, 226 La Salle Street.
Collections made at all Banking Towns. Drafts issued on all parts of the world.
Interest allowed on deposits.

SALESMEN WANTED
To sell our unexcelled Nursery Stock. Steady employment and control of territory. Have done business in Canada 39 years. Liberal pay to right man. Send for terms.
CHASE BROTHERS & Co.
Colborne, Ont.

One of the BEST Yet! excepts in the World. Our readers are assured, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to OUR READERS in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $5 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

ROB'T WRIGHT & CO.
MAIN STREET OPPOSITE BUELL STREET. TELEPHONE 188a.
BROCKVILLE'S
BARGAIN ONE PRICE DRY GOODS HOUSE

Come direct to us for best value and variety in Lace Curtains and Art Muslins. Popular low prices for Curtain Poles and Curtain Chains.
12 yds Bleached Twilled Cotton for 75c.
Ladies' 4-buttoned Kid Gloves. Ask to see our New Spring Assortment at 55c, 75c and 95c per pair.
Ask to see our Ladies' Swede Kid Gloves just received.
Headquarters for stylish Millinery. | Show Rooms Main Street opposite Buell Sreet.
OPEN UP TO 10 O'CLOCK SATURDAY NIGHT.
12 yards Printed Challies, new designs, for 96c.
12 yards either Plain or Striped Chambrays in different colors for 78c.
8 yards wide double fold Jacquard Sateen Dress Goods, in different new colorings, for $2.40.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY
THE REPRINT OF THE
ORIGINAL WEBSTER UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
Bound in Full Embossed Cloth, Marble Edges, 1,300 Pages.
Which is a whole library in itself. You can now see it on our front counter. We give you a $25.00 premium purchase ticket with your first purchase, we punch out every purchase from 5c up, when it is all punched out we present you with the above mentioned dictionary, which is a whole library in itself.
N. B.—All who now hold our premium purchase tickets for oil paintings, steel engravings, or articles of silverware, can make choice of dictionary if they desire. Prompt and careful attention to orders by mail.
Buy the best, the celebrated D. & A. Corsets Kid fitting in Black, Ecru and White, at same prices as inferior goods.
CORSETS | ROBERT WRIGHT & Co. | CORSETS

THE WEST END ONE PRICE DRY GOODS HOUSE.
CORNER OF MAIN AND PERTH ST., BROCKVILLE. **H. Y. FARR** CORNER OF MAIN AND PERTH ST., BROCKVILLE.

DRESS - GOODS.
Fancy Grey Suitings, at 8½c and 11c per yd; Jacquard Sateen Dress Goods, different shades, at 16c and 17c per yd; Black, Navy and Cream Lama Cloth at 20c per yd; Wide double fold Jacquard Sateens, new colors, at 30c per yd; the now very fashionable Lustreens in black and new colorings, single and double fold; Printed Challies 8c and 20c per yd; Fine French All Wool Challies, extra wide, beautiful patterns.
Giving away Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings in two sizes, elegantly framed. Giving away valuable articles of silverware as premiums. We give you a premium purchase ticket with your first purchase. We punch out of your premium ticket, every purchase from 5c up.
H. Y. FARR

Lewis and Patterson
BROCKVILLE.

LACE CURTAINS.
What have we got? Lace curtains in white, cream, scalloped and lapped edges, 2½ yds long, 50c and 65c, 3 yds long $1, $1.15, $1,50, from that to the most expensive.

LACE CURTAINS
In this department our stock is large, goods never better value. We want you to come and examine our assortment.

Imitation Raw Silk, Heavy Turooman Curtains, Fancy Dado Patterns, etc. You are asked to see them before buying.

DADO SHADES
SPRING ROLLERS
CURTAIN POLES
We don't know of better value to be got anywhere than is to be had at 205 King St.

DON'T FORGET
The sale of Prints now going on at our store. Patterns the prettiest, prices a surprise. English Prints, full width, 8½c per yard, actually worth 10c, and 12½c. Come along and see the assortment of patterns, there may be one just suited to your taste. It's an awful drop, but they must be sold.
KING ST. - 205 - KING ST.
LEWIS & PATTERSON.

"In conclusion," said the orator, "we must stand shoulder to shoulder, put forth every effort, call up all our energies and enthusiasm, let nothing dampen and discourage us, feel that we will sacrifice our very lives, if necessary, to—to—to—"

"To what?" asked a voice.

"To compel our wives to get up first and shake down the fire in the coal stove."

WALL PAPER

Just received, our first shipment of American Wall Paper. We are to the front again with the newest styles and the best patterns. Everyone admits that we have the best and finest assortment. Gold papers at 15c. Our papers at 5, 6, 7 and 8c. are the best we have ever had.

REMEMBER—We sell 10 rolls of good paper and border to match for 59c. Come in and look through our line of American papers at 10c.—borders to match. No trouble to show goods. Don't buy Wall Paper until you see our stock and prices.

WINDOW SHADES

Just received—New Colors. In these goods we keep the best cloth made and we keep only the best make of Rollers. Just think, we sell you a handsome Dodo Blind. Roller complete for 49c.
Don't forget the place,

ODELL'S
(LATE NEILSON'S)
- - BROCKVILLE

COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS.

A Budget of News and Gossip.—Personal Intelligence.—A Little of Everything, well Mixed up.

SOPERTON.

SATURDAY, May 10.—Our store has opened up again under the management of Mr. Williams, and we hope that he may find the business profitable enough to continue.

Mr. H. Whaley's youngest daughter, was badly bitten by a dog on the arm last Saturday. We hope that nothing more serious will result.

R. Cronk is building a new wire fence in front of his house, and intends moving his barn as soon as seeding is over.

Lake st. is going in for blood stock, Mr. J. Hudson having purchased two thoroughbred Ayrshires.

W. Randolph is gaining slowly.

The farmer who bought a pulverizer on the quick time spoken of in your issue, while the B. & W. had come to a stand still, works with renewed energy at both ends, while the middle has and inclination to seek the fame of the dude, to rise above work.

WHITEHURST.

MONDAY, May 5.—It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Reuben Peer, Sr., at Whitehurst, on April 29th, of pneumonia, aged 56 years. The funeral sermon was preached at the home of the deceased by the Rev. Mr. McAmmond, of North Augusta, taking for his text 2nd Corinthians, 5th chapter, and 10th verse. She had been in poor health for a number of years, but always had a desire to see her family grown up to man and womanhood. She lived to see it. She left a husband and eight children—two sons and six daughters—to mourn her loss. She died in the triumphs of faith. The veil was taken away. She said she was going to Paradise, and seemed to have sweet communion with the spirit world. She was a kind and loving mother. The whole neighborhood sympathise with the family in their sad bereavement. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea saith the spirit, they do rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

ELBE MILLS.

MONDAY, May 12.—Mr. Tripp received a large consignment of flour from Westport on Saturday last.

The cold wet weather is greatly retarding spring work.

A young man in this neighborhood recently undertook, for the first time, to harness a horse to a buggy. He found that the harness had been left without being separated, and how to get it on the horse that way was the theme for a long study. The first attempt resulted in the crupper coming over the horse's ears and the bridle at the rear. This surely could not be right, for he thought he had never seen a horse driven that way. By the time he got it off, it was so tangled that he could not tell one end from the other. Then slowly and painfully he proceeded to unbuckle and separate the lines bridle and tugs from the rest, and after an hour and a half he succeeded in getting on enough of the harness to draw the buggy to a neighbor's, where he got help. His adventures on his trip to the back country will form another chapter when I get the particulars.

WESTPORT.

MONDAY, May 12.—The services conducted by Rev. Mr. Whyte, in the Baptist church are being largely attended. Mr. Whyte will occupy the Presbyterian church the coming week.

Several new and attractive dwelling houses are in course of erection.

Westport Fair will be held on Tuesday, May 13th.

Mrs. A. F. McCann will offer her farm, implements, stock, etc. for sale by public auction on fair day.

Mr. W. Dier is home from Ottawa, where he has been in the employ of the C. P. R. as telegraph operator.

Uncle Tom is here and this evening was put through his facings before a large and appreciative audience. The play was fair, the chief features being Eva, Topsy and Lawyer Marks. We were not altogether too well satisfied with the man who sold pop corn without sugar, nor yet with the performances of the dogs. If bloodhounds in the days of slavery displayed no more eagerness for the capture of a fugitive than the canine part of the hunt did, this evening, we would infer that the slave's break for liberty was nothing when compared to what the average small boy has to contend with, when he attempts to mount a barb wire fence, chased by the cantankerous collie of some indignant farmer, whose fruit he has been testing.

SHEATOWN.

TUESDAY, May 6.—Mr. John Dockrill was laid up for a few days with a lame back. He has Mr. M. Shinnock hired to follow his six hundred dollar team. Moses says that when they strike any rock or stone, they go right through it and lift him right off his feet.

Mr. Bennett Kavanagh is giving his house a coat of paint. When it is finished it will be one of the finest residences on the street.

Mrs. Edward Kayes has been very sick for some weeks, but she is recovering, under the skillful management of Dr. Addison. Her two daughters came to see her from the U. S.

The separate school inspector, Mr. Donoyan, visited the separate school here in the last of April, and by the appearance of things he put a little nerve in the trustees.

Mr. Peter Coby is the only man that is making any progress in spring work as yet.

MONDAY, May 12.—P. Coby has postponed the erecting of his store. He says commerce is in too dormant a state now.

The separate school is making rapid strides in progress. With such pillars as P. Hickey and P. Coby, why not?

Mrs. Kayes is convalescent. Ed. finds his position embarassing. He says that a house without an active female is like a pudding without fat. A little more courage.

Jas. Keyes had assigned him by his father, 100 acres of stoneless land last week. Jim is hard at work erecting a dwelling house.

Miss M. A. Shea is in Mallorytown, studying telegraphy. She will, says the tutor, become a clever operator.

McINTOSH MILLS.

MONDAY, May 5.—The disputed school site is not settled. A board of arbitrators has been formed, whom, as we write are unsuccessful.

Mr. Green, the master sawyer in Fortune's timber mills, complains of the inadequate water-power this spring to operate the machinery of the saw mill. Last week the master sawyer had a hair's breadth escape. The mishap, as Mr. Green states, is simply the cause of his being a little green in the running of such institutions.

Mr. Fortune, in conversation with one of his patrons, informed him, that in order to satisfactorily conduct a grist mill one should attend the Guelph agricultural school, where a miller gets proper training. Just the other day, Mr. Avery went there to have grinding done. Mr. Fortune went to work, threw in the grain, started the apparatus, but, worse than usual, it would not proceed effectually. He suspected that the grain was too large, which might be the indirect cause of impeding the mechanical action of the burrs. Mr. Avery said he thought the stones were in default. Thereupon Mr. Fortune called a derrick and had the stones extracted. After minute investigation, it was decided that stones and grain were all right, but that the process of preparation for action was deficient, which deficiency lies with the miller.

MONDAY, May 12.—Ben Leeder is doing a rushing business in his mill. He is not green in the running of a saw mill. The R. C. committee of St. James' Church bought of him 16,000 of shingles for their sheds. They are said to be superior. We regret that Ben's mill is not to the front.

BALLYCANOE.

MONDAY, May 5.—Mr. W. Kerr, of Ballycanoe avenue, is incontrovertibly endowed with an extensive stock of inventive talent. But a few months ago, he completed his new potato-digger, which all the farmers sanguinely hope he will have patented before autumn. Just the other day, a friend perchance, furtively peeped into the secret sanctum of inventor Kerr, whilst the latter was being interviewed on a question of intricate jurisprudence by a local Frontenec, when, to his great astonishment, he perceived the fetus of a new cross-cut-saw in an advanced state of perfection. This invention of a saw, is, as reported by my interlocutor, a vast and decided improvement on the lance-teeth cross-cut now extant in our county. The originator, when interviewed by a Young Fronter, as to his intentions about applying for a patent, would not give any information. Mr. Kerr is a man of deeply rooted humility, like a legion of the great geniuses of past centuries, who preferred their writings and mechanical inventions not to appear till after death, thus fulfilling the address of God to Adam, in Gen. chap. iii.: 19.

Mr. Jas. Bolger, assisted by his father, is hard at work beautifying the grounds and house on his new farm, formerly the Donnely home. It is rumored that Jim will join the Benedicts after harvest.

Pete Flood is off, learning to be a brick layer in Lyn. He is taking lessons on the violin from a professed artist.

Mr. J. Wight has secured the contract for the building of the public school at McIntosh Mills.

Mr. R. J. Leeder was the guest at M. Ronan's last Sunday, who, after a long absence, were pleased to greet him welcome.

Mr. Geo. Leeder's mare, on Saturday night, brought to the light of this world twin colts, which are both living and apperently healthy.

MONDAY, May 12.—The ladies on this street, go in for horticulture this year. They are a shade more æsthetic in the disposition of their parterres than usual. We presume they copy some of the tasty Athenians.

This street is ornamented with "turkey goblers," majestically strutting along with red veils over their bills.

The Leeder twin colts closed their eyes on this world Monday. The obsequies were held the same day.

NEWBORO.

MONDAY, May 12.—The building boom has set in quite strong in the Eastern Ward. H. Kilborn's valuable lots are finding an increasing demand and new streets, which were surveyed a year ago, will shortly be opened up to give access to lots north of Drummond St. in the neighborhood of Lorne Park.

The smallest man, exhibiting the largest cheek, is he who would persist in giving up the school grounds for the benefit of a travelling show to pitch its tents upon, thereby mutilating it shortly after the children took the pains to clean it off and set out shade trees through it. We set this official up as a champion.

Messrs. John Hart and J. R. Wight have been granted hotel licenses. No applicants for shop license this year.

The water of the Rideau, in the neighborhood of Newboro, has given proof of its superiority in the way of fishing and scenery over other resorts in this part of Canada, having direct communications both by boat and rail. Its increasing popularity is not due to continual puffing and advertising in the local papers, as many other resorts are, but mainly to its merits, attested by those who have been fortunate enough to visit this locality. Its pleasure seekers have increased one hundred per cent each year for the last eight years. This alone is ample proof of its qualities. Many handsome buildings have been erected in the past three years on the islands adjacent to the village and extensive improvements have already begun this spring, in preparation for the coming season.

From another correspondent.

The "Mica King" made his first trip to the city last week, for the purpose of entering into negotiations with a certain Kingstonian concerning the disposal of a valuable mine which he has in his possession. Being a man characterized by great decision and energy, he, no doubt, succeeded in disposing of it to his satisfaction.

Judging from the remarks of the Singleton correspondent, in late issues of the *Standard*, the farmer's base ball club is very popular. The "ball" is of a superior quality and is still as good as new, notwithstanding the hard knocking to which it is subjected. The gamey, silvery-haired yeoman referred to is, no doubt, an expert in all stages of the game. He is said to excel in the use of the bat, which he wields with a skill that can be attributed only to long experience. He can also take the part of catcher, on any base, and deftly swing into gear for an innings with the dexterity and earnestness of a master hand, whose heart is in his work.

Mac McCann visited our town a short time ago, and, if we can Judge by appearances, enjoyed himself to the uttermost during his short stay. He has peculiar taste, however, auburn being his favorite color and vanilla his favorite drink.

Parties wishing to purchase new stoves would do well to patronize the enterprising hardware man of Bedford Mills. He has for some time past been "penetrating" stoves to the people of this vicinity, and his extremely low prices enable him to dispose of his stock without difficulty.

The Phantom with the beckoning hand, that "still allures and still eludes," struck town on Saturday. Young ladies, beware.

QUABIN.

MONDAY, May 12.—The Misses Fields, of Mallorytown, were visiting friends here last week.

Arbor day was devoted by the pupils of this school to planting cedar and maple trees. The trustees have repaired the outbuildings and fence, which adds greatly to the appearance of the ground.

Mr. T. H. Powell lost a fine young horse last week of Lagrippe.

Mr. A. H. McDonald is setting out a fine young orchard.

Mr. Alexandria Thompson and J. P. Mallory passed through here last week taking orders for aerators.

Mr. F. Hagerman, of Holland, paid us a flying visit last Sunday.

Mr. Chas. McDonald was busily engaged last week delivering apple trees for R. W. Gowan and W. Vanston.

The Hagerman Bros. have purchased a Toronto light binder from our agent, Mr. L. Griffin.

Mr. Peter Larue is building a wire fence this spring which adds to the appearance of his fine farm.

LYN.

MONDAY, May 12.—A decree has gone forth that no cows be allowed at large on the streets in future. Judge B. has been appointed pound keeper. Commencing his duties on Monday, two critters were placed in his charge. This decree bears hard on the poor man.

Two funerals last week. Charley, son of Mr. Bryson, a tailor, who has been ill for a long time, and Miss Adda Booth, who died in Montreal in January last.

Mr. Pegan's new house is daily nearing completion.

Messrs. McCrady and Burris raised the frame of a new barn on Friday, said to be the heaviest in this section, for Byron Judson, near here.

David Cornell has set a good example to farmers, having put up a wire fence on the road that is both animal and storm proof.

A loud report that made things rattle, about 8 p. m. on Sunday, followed by a dense cloud of smoke in that direction, indicated that something had gone up at the dynamite works, near Brockville. Several parties drove down to see what was the matter, and found both factories total wrecks. The cause of the explosion was not learned. No one was injured.

On Saturday, May 24th, the Reformers of this riding will meet in convention at Brockville to select a candidate to represent them in the election for member of the Local Legislature to be held on 5th of June. A meeting of the Reformers of Athens will be held on Thursday, 22nd inst., in the town hall, to appoint delegates to the convention. Five delegates from each polling sub-division may be appointed. There seems little doubt as to what the result of the convention will be, but it is nevertheless desirable that there be a good representation present.

Bradford - Warehouse.
JAMES V. MILLER, MANAGER.
BROCKVILLE'S BEST VALUE DRY GOODS STORE.

SILK SALE
AT
BIG REDUCTIONS
DURING THIS WEEK
All silks reduced in price during the sale. This is a rare chance to secure Silk Dress Patterns at a bargain.
BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

BLACK DRESS GOODS
HENRIETTAS
CASHMERES
FRENCH FOULES
SATIN SOLIELS
All Wool Cashmeres from 23c to $1.15. All Wool French Foules from 18c to 40c, black and grey plaids, black with white stripes, double fold. Henriettas, beautiful quality, from 40c to $1.40, all wool and silk and wool.
BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

BEAUTIFUL DRESS GOODS
New Shades
Best Value in Brockville
7½c, 9c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 23c, 25c, 27c, 30c, 32c and 35c.
Bradford Warehouse is showing unequaled value in beautiful new Dress Goods. A beautiful line of Reversible Dress Goods for Combination Suits only 12c per yard. A splendid line All Wool French Estamen, worth 25c for 16c. A beautiful line Self Stripes, all wool, double width, worth 75c for 65c.
BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

SPECIAL BARGAINS
IN
TABLE LINEN
TABLE NAPKINS
TRAY CLOTHS
CARVING SQUARES
Table Linens, real Barnsley makes, from 14c to $1.25. All Linen Napkins from 47c per doz. We import direct from makers and can afford to give good value.
BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

CHEAP COTTONS
3c 4c 5½c 6c 7c 8c 9c
CHEAP GINGHAMS
5c 6c 6½c 7c 8c 9c 10c
COTTON SHEETING
72 in. wide 18c
40 in. Pillow Cotton 9c
Bradford Warehouse is the place to get the best value in Cottons, Ginghams, Sheetings and Pillow Cottons. Large stock always on hand.
BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

GENTS FURNISHING
$1.10 White Shirts for 75c
$125 Regatta Shirts 80c
4 ply Linen Collars 8c
3 Beautiful Silk Ties 25c
Best value always in White and Colored Shirts, Collars, Ties, Socks and Handkerchiefs. A good Kid Gloves, embroidered back, 50c.

Bradford -:- Warehouse
Opposite Central Hotel.
KING STREET — BROCKVILLE

Spring Has Come
AND SO HAS
ARNOLD'S
NEW
Dress Goods, Prints,
Ginghams, Zephyrs,
Sateens, Chambrays,
Cottonades,
Cotton Shirtings,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
We ask you specially to see our
PRINTS .·. AND .·. GINGHAMS
They are marvels for beauty and value. Stock very complete in all lines and direct from the best markets. No old second hand stuff with us.
H. H. ARNOLD.
Central Block - Athens

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1890-SPRING-1890.
Weekly Settlers Trains
By the Old Reliable Short Line and Through Car Route, the
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
To Minesota, Dakota, Manitoba, the North-West, Montana, Washington Territory, Oregon, British Columbia, &c., &c., &c.
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CHEESEMEN
We have now in stock a large supply of Milk Sheets for cheese factories, size, 16½x21 inches, with heading for name of factory, names of patrons, columns for weight of milk delivered morning and evening, and total for week. They are printed on extra heavy paper, and are furnished at very reasonable rates. A sample sheet to any address on application. Address
REPORTER Office,

May-Day Morning.

You must wake and call me early; call me early,
husband dear;
To-morrow will be the busiest day we've had for
just a year;
The truckman's coming early; you must wake,
and wake me, too,
There'll be more work about the house than
fifty of us can do.

As I crept into the morning, dear, when the day,
hope for goodness' sake,
We must both get up and stir around, and
The day will be the only precious thing that will
be broken
And I hope you'll think, without regret, at night,
of all you've spoken.

You know you're apt to get provoked, and when
you're mad you swear,
But try to keep your temper, dear, and don't go
on a tear.
You know the truckman always do destroy
more than one's share,
And you're very exasperating, I really must confess.

The stoves must all be taken down, and the
carpets taken up,
And if I'm prompt you'll get a chance for a
cool bite or sup;
We'll have to do the best we can, with things
from the great store,
And cook them on the market place, or it may be
off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and
the pillows are put away;
You must sleep on the kitchen table. To-morrow is moving day.
Your toothbrush is near the bottom of a barrel
of books and clothes,
And the soap and towels are somewhere, but
goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed
them as tight as I could;
Your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I
put the coal and wood.
The razor is packed in the bureau-drawer, and
the baby is in there, too.
I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best
place I could do.

L'ENVOI.

Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all
the glad New Year;
You must wake and call me early, before the
truckman's here.

Texas Siftings.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"Oh don't mention it, pray; it is of no consequence. We find we must have a rule of the kind, but of course you could not be expected to know. You find your subject interesting?"

"Indeed I do," replied Claude, earnestly. "It's only fault is, that every part of it is so marvelous, one hardly dares to attempt it."

"I went in at half past six this morning, but it was some time before I could settle to work, everything was looking so exquisite."

"We never saw your picture this morning," said Esperance. "Was it hurt in that downfall?"

"No, luckily it was not much damaged, it was the easel which made all the noise."

Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia entered while he was speaking, the former with many apologies for her lateness, and immediately after dinner was announced.

The conversation was much more lively than usual, and Esperance was able to enter into it thoroughly; her English was much improved by the three months she had spent at Rilchester, and her slight French accent was rather pretty than otherwise.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, did not altogether approve of this advance of knowledge, for although she could not accuse Esperance of forwardness, yet there was certainly something in her lively chatter which was apt to swamp other conversation. The dean would often stop to listen to her—she voice reminded him of his sister's, and he liked to hear it—Cornelia was always on the watch for grammatical mistakes in her pupil and Bertha, who disliked the exertion of talking, thought herself exempted from it if any one else sustained the conversation.

Mrs. Mortlake herself was a good, solid talker, and she liked to have an open field for her operations, so Esperance's little flighty remarks, and her clear, ringing laugh annoyed her; and when she found Claude Magnay much more inclined to talk to the bright little French girl than to enter into the conversation which she had carefully prepared beforehand on the Renaissance, she resolved to put a stop to it at once.

Claude had just said that he had studied chiefly at Paris, and Esperance, with a look of delight, was pouring out a stream of eager questions. Whereabouts had he lived? Did he not like Paris? Was it not the most beautiful city of Europe? When was he last there? He had not been in France during the war, then?

As it to provoke Mrs. Mortlake still further, Claude seemed to catch something of Esperance's enthusiasm, for his replies were as animated as her questions, and it was evident that if they were not interrupted the Renaissance would be quite neglected.

"You were at Paris all through the siege, did you say?" Claude was asking.

And Esperance had just begun her answer when Mrs. Mortlake broke in.

"Oh, really, Esperance, you must not take Mr. Magnay all through that dreadful siege; we have heard quite enough of it, and the dinner-table is not the place for horrors."

Claude Magnay was surprised, and glanced at Esperance as if for an explanation. She had flushed all over, and her lips were quivering; he was sorry for her, and would have tried to turn Mrs. Mortlake's uncomfortable speech to some different meaning, but she was too quick for him, and the next moment the conversation was entirely in her hands.

"I was wanting so much to ask you, if you had seen that magnificent altar-piece of Perugino's in the Church of St. Peter, Perugia. You were in Italy last winter, were you not?"

Whereupon ensued a long account of Mr. Magnay's Italian tour, stimulated by Mrs. Mortlake's peculiar form of questioning.

Esperance meanwhile had recovered herself, and sat proudly erect, without betraying any desire to join in the conversation. She was wounded by her cousin's most unfair speech, for it had assumed that she was in the habit of talking about her sufferings in the siege, whereas the subject had scarcely been mentioned since her arrival, and she had, moreover, made an unjust insinuation as to her good taste.

"Horrors at the dinner-table!" she very idea of being suspected of mentioning anything of the sort made her blush anew.

Her indignation gradually died away, however; the mention of Paris, and other familiar names, had recalled all her sad memories, and it was so much from this sadness, as from the effects of Mrs. Mortlake's snub, that she answered all Claude's further attempts at conversation in monosyllables.

Only once was she at all roused. It was at dessert; the dean was striking Claude Magnay to explore some of the old parts of Rilchester, thinking that the half-ruinous and very ancient buildings could not fail to please an artist. This led to a comparison of cathedral cities with ordinary towns, wherein Claude expressed his opinions so very kindly that Esperance quite trembled for him. To her dismay she found herself implicated in the conversation. Claude and Mrs. Mortlake carried on quite a little argument, as to the dangers of narrowness in a limited community, Mrs. Mortlake upholding her beloved cathedral town in everything. Of course, the discussion was perfectly good-humored, but unluckily, Claude, glancing round the table with his quick artist eye to gather the expressions of the different people, was attracted by Esperance's sad, wistful face, and without thinking asked, "And what is your opinion? you are a comparative stranger, and must be unbiased. Do you think cathedral towns superior?"

Esperance was in great difficulties; she would not willingly have offended her relations, but truth was truth, and she was too tired and sad-hearted to be ready with any skillful counter-question or laughing allusion with which to change the subject.

With an appealing, "How can you ask me?" in her eyes, she replied, quietly, "I love the cathedral as much as I dislike the town."

Cornelia looked up quickly.

"Your reasons?"

Esperance, looking much distressed, tried to confine her remarks to the material town, though the previous conversation had related to the society.

"The streets are so narrow and dirty, and there are so very few people—" she paused and for once was greatly relieved by one of Mrs. Mortlake's cutting little speeches.

"Oh, yes, we know your ideas of the beautiful are different; you care for nothing but boulevards."

Again Esperance flushed crimson, again Claude felt sorry for her, and this time he was vexed that she should suffer from his rashness; however, he had no opportunity for making amends, for the ladies left the table almost directly, and in the evening the dean carried him off to his observatory, and kept him so thoroughly interested with his telescope that all else was forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

Claude Magnay was young and energetic, by no means one of those lazy prodigies whose very genius seems to dull their other powers. Since he could not work in the cathedral from nine to ten, he resolved to take the first hours of the day, and often by five o'clock he would be at his post, or wandering about in the gray morning light enjoying the dim grandeur of the place, and with the key which the dean himself had placed at his disposal, unlocking the inner doors and exploring at his pleasure until the light was favorable for his picture.

During service time he returned to his hotel for breakfast, and afterward worked at his open-air paintings—some curious parts of old Rilchester, and an exterior of the cathedral. His days were so well filled that he was not very much pleased when one evening a note arrived, with a proposal which must either usurp some of his precious time or occasion a longer absence from Rilchester. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Magnay,—I am so very anxious to have a portrait of my little girl. Do you think you could spare time to paint her? There is no one whom I should like better to do it. Your picture of Lady Worthington's little boy, which I saw this year at the Academy, was perfect.

"Bella could give you a sitting at any hour; the morning is, I think, her best time, but please suit your own convenience. Believe me, yours, very sincerely,

"Christabel Mortlake."

"That little fair-haired girl, who looks so cross," soliloquized Claude; "she will be a difficult subject, in more ways than one, if I am not mistaken. Shall I attempt her, or shall I find it necessary to return to town, and work up my Scotch pictures? Rather shirking, perhaps, still I hate painting spoiled children, and that Mrs. Mortlake will be the death of me. How that poor little Mademoiselle de—something—endures it, I can't imagine; snubs at every turn from one sister, and sarcasms from the other. I got her into a scrape myself the other evening, and never helped her out, which was a shame. Yes! I will undertake little Miss Mortlake's portrait for that reason—the little *demoiselle* looks as if she needed a Don Quixote. And now I think of it, what an interesting study her face would be. Those lustrous eyes—such a color, too, and so wonderfully pathetic, and her quaint little mouth, which looks somehow as if the sadness were all a mistake. The forehead? yes, it is low, and the hair dark and silky, with a wave in it. She is the very impersonation of what I always longed to try—'Mariana in the Moated Grange,'" and he repeated the lines:

"After the fitting of the bats,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced adwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said.
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"

"Yes; she is exactly what I have dreamed of. I must at least get a sketch of her face, though I suppose it would hardly do to ask her to sit to me."

He drew pencil and paper toward him, and sketched Esperance's face from memory, but not altogether successfully. Dissatisfied with the attempt, he tore it in pieces, and lighting his cigar, gave himself up to a deep meditation in which the further imagination of "Mariana" bore a prominent part.

After morning service the next day Claude went to the deanery, there to undertake the not very congenial task of painting Bella Mortlake's portrait.

Mrs. Mortlake was delighted to have obtained her wish.

"The dear child is quite at her best. I was so very anxious that she should be painted now—I am so glad you can spare the time. Esperance, run and fetch Bella."

Claude arranged his easel, discussed size and position with Mrs. Mortlake, set his palette, waited fidgeted, but still no Bella appeared. At length a distant screaming was heard, drawing gradually nearer. Mrs. Mortlake hastened to the door and listened. Esperance's voice was heard remonstrating.

"Bella dear, you must come down; Mr. Magnay is waiting for you. See, then, I must leave you and call nurse."

No answer but screams.

Mrs. Mortlake hurried to the scene of action, and Bella was borne into the dining-room kicking with all her might.

Claude shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his "Mariana." She was paler and sadder-looking than ever, and as she stood waiting for Bella's sobs to cease, there was a drooping hopelessness about her very attitude which Claude longed to catch. He hastily sketched an outline, and watched her varying expression almost breathlessly.

Bella was sobbing out something about "Esperance," and Mrs. Mortlake, without waiting to find what the real grievance was, turned round with a severity of tone and look quite out of proportion even to the imagined offense.

"Esperance, how often must I tell you not to interfere with my management of Bella? these crying fits are far more frequent since you came. Why do you aggravate the poor child?"

"Indeed, Christabel, Bella was crying because she did not want to leave the nursery. I only—"

"Ah! that is always the way—excuses always ready! No, do not attempt to evade the truth. You know quite well the child is good with every one else. It really is most provoking! Here is all Mr. Magnay's time wasted, and Bella's face so swollen with crying that she cannot possibly have her picture taken."

Esperance did not reply. A look of sudden pain passed over her features, her eyes grew more despairingly miserable—her whole face was expressive of the sense of isolation and injustice.

Claude drank in her whole aspect and bearing almost greedily, thrilling through and through with the delight of thus grasping his subject. It was not still a mist of tears dimmed those bright eyes that his human nature began to be touched by the sight of suffering, and half ashamed of his artistic rapture, he turned eagerly to Mrs. Mortlake

"Pray don't think you are wasting my time; and as to Miss Bella's face, I expect it will soon be sunny again. Ah! I thought so," as Bella, who was the most arrant little flirt, looked up smilingly, and inclined to be propitiated by his attention.

There was some little difficulty about the placing. One chair was too high, and another too low, and it ended in Mrs. Mortlake's sending Esperance to the library to fetch one of the large books for Bella to sit on.

Claude, who, after his momentary forgetfulness, had suddenly become very human and very polite, hurried after her to carry the bulky volume. She was standing by the book-shelves when he entered, pulling not very energetically at "Webster's Dictionary."

"Let me help you," he exclaimed; "this is a famous book indeed, but too heavy for you."

She thanked him, and would have turned away, but he detained her.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am to have been partly the cause of all this—to do"; he would have said "this scolding," but prudently refrained.

"You are very good, but indeed I do not see that you caused it. It is always the same," said Esperance, wearily, with the hopeless "Mariana" look again.

Claude was full of sympathy, but only ventured to say, "Miss Bella is somewhat trying, I should fancy. I hope you will give me your help during the sittings, for she will soon look upon me as her arch-tormentor."

This was all that passed between them the first day, but it was the foundation of a strong mutual liking. Claude of course admired the subject of his future picture, and felt sorry for one who was doomed to live with Mrs. Mortlake, while Esperance naturally clung to any one who showed her the least sympathy or kindness, and looked upon Claude Magnay as one of her greatest friends.

Had she been a little older, or had her home-training been less simple, she might have been in danger of falling in love; as it was, however, the thought never entered her head.

Claude's kindness and his little attentions were too pitying to be at all lover-like, and Esperance, accustomed to live entirely with men, was far more at home with him than with her cousins, and regarded him as a sort of English substitute for Gaspard.

They had several opportunities of meeting, for Claude was often asked to luncheon or dinner, and Bella was so refractory that her portrait required several sittings. Mrs. Mortlake soon wearied of attending to these, and the duty of keeping the child quiet devolved upon Esperance; and though at first her confidences were checked by a pretty demureness, she soon found that a sympathetic listener was too delightful to be resisted.

Gradually Claude learned her whole history. She dwelt long on the happy years at the chateau, describing her favorite haunts among the ruins, telling him of the prim old garden with its terraces, its clipped yews, its mazes and grassy paths, and painting the surrounding country in such glowing terms that Claude promised her as some future day to visit it himself, and bring her back a picture of her beloved mountains of Auvergne.

A few questions elicited the whole story of the siege, and the relief of speaking again of her father and of Gaspard, after the long enforced silence, was so great that this alone would have made her fond of Claude.

He was really interested and touched by her sad history, and let her see it.

"Your brother is in London still, then?" he inquired, when she had finished the story by telling of her arrival at Rilchester.

"Yes, he is still at Pentonville, but he has not heard of any work yet. There seems so many French exiles in London and that, of course, makes it more difficult for him."

"I am afraid I cannot be of much use in helping him, but still I will bear it in mind. You must give me an introduction to him, and then I shall be able to give an account of you and your Rilchester home."

"Oh, thank you, you are so good," said Esperance, gratefully; then, with a sudden look of fear, "but you must not let him think I am unhappy. You will not tell him anything that could trouble him?"

Claude promised to be most careful, and delicately turned the conversation, though he was not a little curious to know if the "Moated Grange," were a real necessity for "Mariana."

One afternoon, early in October, Esperance, as a most unusual favor, was invited to take a walk with her uncle. He was in the habit of taking a "constitutional" every day, accompanied by Cornelia, his favorite daughter; but on this particular afternoon Cornelia was unable to go, and the dean had himself asked Esperance to take her place. Half pleased, half frightened, she set out, suiting her pace to her uncle's slow and rather infirm steps, and now and then venturing little remarks, which, however, failed to attract the dean's notice. It was not till they had walked for at least half a mile that he even heard her voice, but then he roused himself from his brown study and looked down at her kindly.

"I am used to such a silent companion, my dear, that I am out of the habit of talking. But go on, for I like the sound of your voice, it is like poor Amy's."

"Is it?" said Esperance, much pleased. "I should like to be like my mother. Am I in other things?"

But the topic was not a good one for conversation. The dean shook his head and sighed deeply, then again relapsed into profound meditation.

Esperance was disappointed. She had hoped to hear something of her mother; but though she talked obediently, half to herself, half to her uncle, she could not obtain any answer.

It was certainly a little dull, and it was scarcely surprising that her heart gave a great bound of delight, when in the distance she perceived Claude Magnay and one of the minor canons coming toward them. Some one who could talk would be such an inestimable blessing! and her pleasure was complete, when on their approach, the dean, suddenly starting from his reverie, shook hands cordially with the two young men, said it was time he should be turning home, and entering into conversation with Mr. White, the minor canon, left Esperance to follow with Claude

"I have been enjoying your flat landscape," began Claude. "Mr. White has taken me a glorious walk."

He looked so fresh and cheerful that Esperance quite envied him.

"Do you really like the country about here?" she asked, wonderingly. "I think it is the ugliest I ever saw; so bare, and flat, and wide, it quite hurts one's eyes."

"I think it has a beauty of its own," said Claude, "though, perhaps, you have to look carefully to see it. Of course I don't mean to say I prefer it to a mountainous country, but I think it is unjustly abused. Whatever people say, I shall always maintain that there is beauty in—

"'The level waste, the rounding gray.'"

"Ah! that just expresses it," said Esperance. "It is all so gray, and sombre, and dreary."

"Not all," said Claude, pausing beside a field gate which commanded an extensive view. "Now, look at this; here is the greenest of grass in the foreground—above grazing—as much color as you could wish in that tiled cottage, and the faint blue smoke rising into that perfect sky, then out beyond you have a boundless expanse. See—this side is flooded with light, while over there you have the dark shadow of that cloud; then quite in the distance it does all fade into 'the rounding gray,' but you must own now that it is beautiful."

Esperance drew a long breath

"Yes, it is, indeed; but I should never have seen all that by myself. I am glad you have showed me."

"I'm proud to have introduced you to your own country," said Claude, smiling. "Not my own!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Ah! of course not; I forgot," said Claude, amused by her earnestness. "Your Auvergne scenery is, doubtless, much more beautiful, but you will not call this ugly any more?"

"No, indeed, I will not; and you will tell Gaspard when you see him that you have quite converted me, for I have sent him most unfavorable accounts of the country."

"I will certainly tell him," said Claude. "I shall try to see him next week."

"Do you leave Rilchester so soon?"

"Yes, I'll leave to-morrow," replied Claude. "My commission is finished, and it is time I was at home again."

"I am so sorry" said Esperance, simply. "But it is delightful to think of your seeing Gaspard so soon, though it makes me a little envious."

"You will be coming up to town soon, perhaps," suggested Claude

Esperance shook her head.

"I don't see how that can be, but of course I hope, or else I could not get on at all; my motto in life must be—'*Esperez toujours*.'"

"It is certainly a good one," replied Claude, musingly, but in his artist-soul longing to catch once more the hopeless look which he wished to represent in his picture.

It did not return that afternoon, but the next day, when he paid his farewell call to the deanery, all the expression of dejection, misery, and hopelessness was there in full force. Esperance was evidently in disgrace, while Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia were in that disturbed, ruffled state which betokens a family disagreement; and although Mrs. Mortlake was particularly cordial Claude detected subdued irritation in the forced tones of her voice.

Esperance scarcely spoke, but sat looking half abstractedly out of the window, her knitting lying untouched on her knee, her hands tightly clasped.

Claude could not have wished for a better opportunity, but now that his desire was granted he began to feel such pity for Esperance that he would far rather have missed seeing her.

He tried to draw her into conversation, but without success; she answered with constraint, and only looked more miserable.

At last he rose to go, took leave of Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia, and then turned to Esperance, determined that she should at least speak to him.

"You will not forget our walk yesterday, and the beauties of level country?" he said, smiling.

She colored painfully, and her hand trembled as Claude took it in his.

"What message may I take for you to your brother?" he asked.

Her color deepened, the tears rose to her eyes, and her voice was low and tremulous as she answered:

"Tell him, please, that I am very well, that—that I will write soon—'

She broke off abruptly, not daring to trust her voice any longer, and Claude, seeing that it was sheer cruelty to keep her, said good-bye, tried to put Mrs. Mortlake in a good humor by leaving a playful message for Bella, and alluding to her prettiness, then left she house, dissatisfied and perplexed.

Esperance was really almost desperate. Claude could hardly have chosen a more unfavorable time for his visit, for as he had rightly judged he had come in during a dispute, if indeed that could be called disputing in which two leagued against one refused to listen to reason or justice.

It all arose from a simple remark made by Esperance. She casually mentioned Claude's intended departure, and this led to an account of their walk on the preceding day. Mrs. Mortlake, ever ready to find fault, declared that she behaved with far too much freedom, that she ought to have kept beside the dean, and not allowed herself a *tete-a-tete* with Claude Magnay.

Esperance explained that this had not been possible, and owned that it had never occurred to her that any one could think so simple an act improper.

Whereat Mrs. Mortlake accused her of speaking disrespectfully, denounced her French manners, and losing all prudence and justice in her anger, said that all along she had been flirting with Claude.

Esperance was so entirely innocent in this respect that for a moment she was too much surprised and shocked to refute the charge. She was unaccustomed to society, and knew little either of French or English etiquette, and her father had been well content to leave her without any artificial rules beyond those of natural good-breeding While she paused Cornelia uttered one of her cold sarcasms.

"Never mind, Christabel, you know the proverb, 'French women know how to make note, but not cages.'"

Then Esperance had lost all self-control, and with flashing eyes had turned upon her cousin.

"You may talk about French women as you like, but I will let you know what such a speech as that would never have passed the lips of those whom you slander—they at least do not speak so rudely. And what you say is false—untrue—unjust. Such an idea would never have entered my head if you had not suggested it—no never!"

Cornelia, a little vexed at her own most unwarrantable speech, tried to calm her down, and entered into a long disquisition on the folly of losing temper in an argument; but Esperance scarcely heard, her anger had died away, and she could only dwell in grief and dismay on the accusation brought against her.

While Cornelia was still speaking, Claude had been announced, and it may well be imagined that Esperance was embarrassed and self-conscious—for the first time in her life, however. Shame, annoyance, and unutterable longing for Gaspard were filling her heart, and Claude's kindness and the thought of his proposed visit to her brother proved too much for her very imperfect self-control.

By the time he was fairly out of the room she was crying unrestrainedly, and was far too miserable to heed Cornelia's long harangue on the duty of self-mastery.

Mrs. Mortlake might well feel dismayed at the tempest she had raised, but she was too much blinded by conceit to see the full extent of the harm she had done. She made some pretentions to virtue, and was consequently vexed, that exaggerated, if not wholly untrue, accusations had escaped her, but rather than own herself in the wrong she still stood by it, and though conscience pricked her into making some useless attempts to pacify Esperance, she would not retract what she had said.

The breach between the cousins was in consequence greatly widened, and the effect on Esperance was most disastrous. She grew more and more ready to see faults in all around her, her face rarely lost its expression of hopeless suffering, her manners lost much of their grace and ease, and, worst of all, Mrs. Mortlake's perpetual fault finding began to make her self-conscious and introspective. She gave up even attempting to love her cousins, and, consequently, was at once open to all those faults from which she had hitherto been free. When love—which had been her guard and strength all her life—was allowed to die, selfishness at once stepped in, bringing in its train false pride, discontent, suspicion, and a morbid sensitiveness; while what had formerly been courageous patience was turned into a falsely assumed callousness and indifference.

The only things which kept her from utter ruin was Gaspard's letters, full of the old love and confidence—although her answers were most disappointing—and the remembrance of her father. Even these did not hinder her from sinking very low, but they kept one soft spot in her heart which could never alter.

(To be Continued.)

Rural Notes and News.

Air the cellar on mild days.
Now for real spring work!
Mixed farming is the safest.
Use good seed—plant carefully.
Is your wood-house well filled?
Fat vegetables require fat land.
Girls, have a fine show of flowers.
Farm for both profit and pleasure.
Make all tramps work or move on.
Remedy for worry—earnest work.
Be gentle with the colts and calves.
Carefully guard against forest fires.
Raise plenty of carrots for the horses.
"Plow deep while sluggards sleep."
Keep the poultry house and yard dry.
Confine the fowls on cold, windy days.
Make a good seed-bed before planting.
All foods for plants must be soluble to be available.
Do not remove the mulch from trees and plants too early.
Ground bone is a good fertilizer to put around trees in setting them.
Docking and castrating may be done when the lamb is a week old.
Give your fruit trees a good soil. They cannot feed and thrive on nothing.
If you want to feed milk to a lamb use a tin can with a long spout like an oil can.
"Management." This one word has more meaning on the farm than is generally supposed.
A wash of fresh buttermilk is said to kill lice on hogs. The milk needs to be well rubbed into the bristles.
The scrub animal has a pedigree which by adverse circumstances has a downward instead of an upward tendency.
A well-managed creamery in a community will give the community a prosperity that it has never before known.
Plant the garden so that you can have a regular succession of vegetables. Plant small fruit with the same end in view.
Give the cows clover hay if you have it, bran, and crushed oats, and she will provide the lamb with plenty of milk.
Prepare your ground well before planting, cultivate well, and, barring accident, the harvest will not disappoint you.
Every man should try to furnish himself with all necessary tools and not rely too much on the good nature of his neighbors

Little Curtistes.

Don't cut off your leg to cure your corns.
Any man can carry a revolver. Few can use it.
Don't jump too hard when anybody is boosting you.
It takes a good liar to catch other people fibbing.
Twins are like troubles, they never come singly.
You can drive tacks without using a pile-driver.
Better play a jews'-harp well than a violin poorly.
Hold up your head even if you are sitting in the mud.
There's no need of buying a typewriter to write one letter.
It's easy to break your neck trying to look over your own head.
Even a king scratches his own nose when it itches. Help yourself.
A slow shilling is better than a nimble sixpence to have in your pocket.
There is only one way to be born, but there are fifty thousand ways to die.

Why He Moved West.

Sumway—I hear that McWatty has moved to Chicago and is literally going to the dogs.
Simeral—He knows what he is doing.
Sumway—Indeed?
Simeral—Yes; in Illinois habitual drunkenness for two years is legal ground for divorce.

Economy That Kills.

Nickleby—Why, what makes you look so dull, old man? Times hard?
Benedict—No; but I'm afraid that they will be with me pretty soon.
"Why, what's the matter?"
"My wife has begun to make her own dresses, with a view to economizing."

Married Life's Thorny Path.

She—Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings.
He—You don't want to walk on roses barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in your feet.

Appealed to His Nature.

Occupant of the Parquet (of Philadelphia)—Encore! Encore!
Chorus of Ushers—Shut up, you blamed idiot! This is the death scene!
Occupant of Parquet—Oh, come off! Don'e you s'pose I appreciate the fine points?

The buckwheat and beans Protectionists of this country are only surpassed by their brethren in Canada, who in the new tariff have increased the 30 per cent. duty on paper bags to 35 per cent., and made a 5 per cent. advance of the rate on doll babies. —*Philadelphia Record.*

Miss Alcott wrote, January, 1874 "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time, and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life. I suppose it's the discipline I need; but it's rather hard to love the things I do, and see them go by because duty chains me to my gallery."

The late Mr. David Buchanan, M.P., of New South Wales, was a native of Edinburgh, became a barrister of the Middle Temple, developed into a successful criminal lawyer in the colonies, and has sat in the Sydney Parliament for some thirty years.

AMONG THE TROTTERS.

Rev. Dr. Laidlaw's Visit to a Kentucky Stock Farm.

HIGH PRICES FOR HORSES.

Temperance, Presbyterianism and Horse-Breeding for Speed.

A 3,200 ACRE FARM.

Mr. Editor,—Having been asked to give some account of my recent visit to "Woodburn," the great Alexander stock farm of Kentucky, I have pleasure in sending you the following: Leaving Louisville in company with a friend, who had kindly come hundreds of miles to show me some of the wonders of Kentucky, of which State he was for many years an honored citizen, we made our way northeastward toward the famous blue grass country. As we passed Eminence station, in the region which has been made historiously immortal by Mrs. Stowe having chosen it as the mythical arena of some of the most interesting scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was shown the road along which Lizzie sped with her child in her arms as she was escaping toward the Ohio River, to cross on the broken ice "chunk 'ker-splunk 'ker-splash" for liberty. I hadn't the satisfaction of seeing her actual tracks, nor did I see anything of "Sam and Andy," and the rest. We did not tarry to explore any of the interesting scenes in Shelby County as our objective point was "Woodburn," the far-famed stock farm on which "she dams of the two fastest horses that ever lived were bred." Arriving at Spring Station, Woodford County, within the precincts of Woodburn we were met by manager L. Brodhead, a gentleman in the truest sense, and a man of genuine worth, measure him as you will. While the carriage bowled along the beautiful avenue leading toward the heart of Woodburn, I began to question our very kind and agreeable host. "How many acres are there in your estate here, Mr. Brodhead?" "Thirty-two hundred." "Three thousand two hundred?" "Yes, the original property bought a hundred years ago, by Mr. Robt. Alexander (brother, as I afterwards learned, of Sir. Wm. Alexander, of Airdrie, Scotland) contained 3,000, the 200 acres through which we are now passing, were added recently." "What stock have you at present?" "About 120 sheep, Southdowns, etc.; 250 head of cattle, Jerseys and shorthorns, and between thoroughbreds and trotting stock about 300 horses." We had not gone far from the railway station when we met a little negro boy riding on what I innocently took to be an ordinary old horse, and leading other three, which led me to suppose that there must be a gipsy camp somewhere in that vicinity. Stopping the carriage and the negro boy, "That," said Mr. B, pointing to the animal on which the boy rode, "is 'Malmaison,' sister to 'Primrose,' and dam of 'Manette,' 'Malice,' 'Manfred,' etc. She is now 26 years old." My friend by my side, observing that I was a little bewildered, remarked, *sotto voce*, "Le's showing you Malmaison." "Malmaison!" said I "I wouldn't have thought that animal worth $50." "I dare say not," said Mr. B., "but we have received from the hoof of her colts the sum of $25,000." On arriving at the heart of Woodburn our carriage drew up at the door of the stately mansion of Mr. A. J. Alexander, the proprietor, brother of the late R. A. Alexander (who established the farm in the sent character), and nephew of Sir Wm. Alexander, whose estate at Airdrie he inherits. On being introduced to Mr. Alexander we found him a gentleman of quiet and kindly bearing; his benignant countenance has grown more beautiful under the frosts of age, though his tall and erect form has not yet begun to bend beneath the weight of years. His whole deportment testified to his being the upright, generous, God-fearing Presbyterian elder he is far and near well-known to be. He has a Presbyterian church on his estate for the accommodation of the fifty or sixty families represented by his employees. Looking out from the door of his mansion upon the spacious domain of beautifully undulating park land, with its hundreds of acres of woodland, pasturage, and immense open fields artistically shaded by circular coppices of pine and fir, surrounded with a fringe of Osage orange—its streams and winding vales, with horses, sheep and cattle grazing at will and peacefully cropping the rich spring herbage—playing lambs and frisking foals leading fresh life and beauty to the scene; the elegant residence of the manager, with the cottages of the employees here and there making all seem home-like—I could imagine myself admiring, not the pioneer stock farm of Kentucky, but a beautiful domain in the south of Scotland or the heart of England.

After dinner we were driven over this 3,200 acre park to visit the stables. Among the thoroughbreds we were shown King Alfonso, Falsetto, Powhatan, Lisbon and other famous horses, whose progeny from 1870 to 1886 won prizes (perhaps I should say "stakes") amounting to the enormous sum of $2,242,385 (two millions, two hundred and forty-two thousand three hundred and eighty five dollars! Among the scores of trotting stock to which time would fail me to attention was called, we were shown Harold the sire, and Miss Russell the dam of Maud S, the fattest trotting horse in the world, "record 2.8¾ which beats the record of Jay-Eye-See, the next fastest by one second and a quarter. The record of the latter being 2.10."

Among the wonderful things we saw on this novel bucolic excursion were little scrawny looking foals, six or seven days old, valued at $5,000 each. On myexpressing surprise that such unpromising looking quadrupeds should have such a value placed on them my friend reminded me that "you can't always tell by the look of a frog how far it will jump." But many of the horses we saw were perfect pictures, models of equine beauty, and everything we observed went to show that the business of rearing swift-trotting horses (which I believe originated at Woodburn, and that only some thirty years ago) has been reduced to a science, and is as far above the ordinary horse-jockey business as the cultivating of barley is above the keeping of a beer saloon. And this illustration reminds me that the gentleman who for the past twenty years has been the remarkably successful manager of Woodburn is a level-headed advocate of temperance. Though in the habit of entertaining visitors and purchasers from all parts of the United States, Canada and other countries, almost daily, "except on Sundays," and though one of the most genial and hospitable of men, he is a genuine "Scott Act" man, and this in proverbially hospitable Kentucky, and within less than twenty miles of Frankfort, where no gentleman's toilet outfit is supposed to be complete without a corkscrew—at least, so tradition hath it; but my experience of Frankfort hospitality warrants me in pronouncing it a libel.

Some idea of the business done at Woodburn in the way of buying and selling may be gathered from the fact that the annual sales of thoroughbred horses bring from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and the annual sales of trotting stock about one hundred thousand ($100,000). No doubt much betting is subsequently practised in connection with the speed of some of the animals purchased, though gambling practices are wholly foreign to the spirit and conduct of the Woodburn men themselves. It is a gratifying fact that the best horses are not bought and owned for racing purposes, but for the personal pleasure and convenience of the owners, as in the case of Robert Bonner's ownership of Maud S at a purchase price of $40,000. So highly does he prize this remarkable animal that it is said he would not part with her at any price and has actually refused an offer of $100,000. Some may object to any man having so much money invested in so "needless" a luxury, but if all rich men would give with proportionate liberality to objects of public beneficence, they might be allowed a few extra luxuries.

I am as much opposed to betting on a horse race as to holding a lottery in connection with a church bazaar or a charity fair, and would be sorry to write a line that would lead any young man to go foolishing away his time and money on fast horses, but having noticed that the proprietor of the famous Woodburn Farm is a Presbyterian elder, that the manager is also a Presbyterian, that his excellent lady is the accomplished daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and that the fastest horse in the world is owned and properly used by a Presbyterian, it is in order for me to add that if the whole horse business were conducted on proper Presbyterian principles it would be—different. Yours, etc.

R. J. L.

There's white mahogany furniture.
Plants in pots are having a lively sale.

BY THE WAY.

Reflections on Current Subjects of More or Less Interest.

One of the wants of the age is a substitute for the toasting custom at public dinners. When inebriety was, if not a virtue at least one of the customary general results of those gatherings, the toasting habit or custom gave excuse for frequent libations, and the list was usually long enough to excuse speakers from trespassing on the good nature of auditors and evoking the remark attributed to the Governor of North Carolina to his official visitor, but in these days it is as much out of place as would be a mailed warrior in a battery charge.

And toast responses! They are not like wine that improves with age; and what a trial of good nature to sit for hours listening to oast expressions, "tiddlejuin," "rub-dub and gull," mutual admiration and self-laudation that one has heard a hundred times from as many lips of ability, mediocrity and incompetency, and in all tones of eloquence and drivel! Happy the man at a public banquet who if he has something to say knows how to say it in few words, and if he has nothing to say knows enough to earn the gratitude of the company by his silence!

* * *

Then there is the outrage upon good habits to which good natured people are compelled to submit, if they would not be considered churlish, in the hours kept. Men who would not think of going around to do banking business two hours after closing time, or who would be shocked if a guest invited to dinner kept the company waiting half an hour, get around to public dinners called for 7 30, or 8 o'clock at about 9 or 9.30. Speaking, then, is begun at an hour when men of well-ordered habits ought to be retiring to bed and is continued until late in the morning. If we had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Public Diners lights would be extinguished at midnight or earlier.

* * *

And what a boon a new form of after dinner entertainment would be that would abolish the one-nutty speeches and open a new field! Why should we be everlastingly boasting to each other about being the most loyal people, the most ably governed, the best legislators, the greatest warriors, and having the grandest country and most important interests of any in the world, things were all agreed upon! Why not let pass as a matter of course? We don't dispute the multiplication table, but it wouldn't be very edifying as an after dinner speech.

* * *

Isn't our treatment of divorce cases calculated to bring our boasted morality more or less into contempt? To one who does not care to burden his mind or confuse the issue with fine sublimations of theological alchemy or the exigencies of politics, the granting of divorce for recognizedly proper causes is merely a matter of evidence. We practically make it a question of money and political influence. In a recent case we find that sage senators canvassed their respective friends for votes just as less austere people do in cake contests. This is degrading to the people they do not represent but are privileged to govern. Divorce should be a matter for the Courts of Justice, and they should be open alike to rich and poor. There is no need for reducing the cause, but when cause exists there should be no refusal because of the poverty of the applicant, nor should money facilitate divorce when cause is absent.

* * *

Isn't it astonishing what vitality there is in a well-told fiction! How often that little story about the Queen's reply to the Indian Prince's query as to the source of England's greatness has been met by the Queen's denial, yet it does duty daily at the same old stand. Wellington's "Up guards and at them!" is equally tenacious of life. The Washington ones are hale and hearty, and daily increasing in size and numbers. The Lincoln hoots are met with daily. General Grant ones are robust enough and the civil war chronicler's faithful reports of the "late onpleasantness" go on increasing in number and vividness as the actors leave the scene. I heard a Grant one the other night; same old one about Lee handing Grant his sword and Grant handing it back, with the words "Let us have peace."

* * *

Now this is very pretty—very characteristic, but not historical. The surrender at Appomattox was not a very theatrical affair. It took place just 25 years ago on the 9th of last month. Gen. Grant had been pressing Lee hard and felt that the army of Northern Virginia was near its last ditch. He opened up correspondence with Lee by courier on the 7th, looking to a surrender, and on the 9th agreed to meet Lee to consider the terms of surrender. That meeting took place in the house of Wilbur McLean, and the documents there written and some of the witnesses of the interview are available to-day. At General Lee's begin at, General Grant put the proposed "terms" in writing, and one paragraph of the "terms" regarding the turning over of captured material reads: "This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." Lee was much touched by the generosity exhibited and said: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." The current story of Lee's surrender under the apple tree (where he was lying when Grant's letter making the appointment reached him), the theatrical sword episode and many other equally "neat" stories, lack the element

Day-Day Moving.

You must wake and call me early; call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow will be the busiest day we've had for just a year.
The truckman's coming early; you must wake, and wake me, too,
There'll be more work about the house than both of us can do.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, dear, when the day begins to break,
We must both get up and stir around, and I hope for goodness' sake,
The day will be the only precious thing that will be broken,
And I hope you'll think, without regret, at night, of all you've spoken.

You know you're apt to get provoked, and when you're mad you swear,
But try to keep your temper, dear, and don't go on a tear.
You know the truckmen always do destroy things, more or less,
And are that sort of men that are very exasperating, I really must confess.

The stoves must all be taken down, and the carpets taken up,
And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for a decent bite or sup;
We'll have to do the best we can, with things from the grocery store,
And eat them off the mantel-piece, or it may be off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and the pillows are put away;
You must sleep on the kitchen table, To-morrow is moving day.
Your toothbrush is near the bottom of a barrel of boots and clothes,
And the soap and towels are somewhere, but goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed them as tight as I could;
Your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I put the coal and wood.
The gridiron is packed in the bureau-drawer, and the baby is in there, too.
I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best that I could do.

L'ENVOI.

Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all the glad New Year;
You must wake and call me early, before the truckman's here.

Texas Siftings.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

"Oh don't mention it, pray; it is of no consequence. We find we must have a rule of the kind, but of course you could not be expected to know. You find your subject interesting?"

"Indeed I do," replied Claude, earnestly. "It's only fair to say, that every part of it is so marvelous, one hardly dares to attempt it."

"I went in at half past six this morning, but it was some time before I could settle to work, everything was looking so exquisite."

"We never saw your picture this morning," said Esperance. "Was it hurt in that downfall?"

"No, luckily it was not much damaged, it was the easel which made all the noise."

Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia entered while he was speaking, the former with many apologies for her lateness, and immediately after dinner was announced.

The conversation was much more lively than usual, and Esperance was able to enter into it thoroughly; her English was much improved by the three months she had spent at Rilchester, and her slight French accent was rather pretty than otherwise.

Mrs. Mortlake, however, did not altogether approve of this advance of knowledge, for although she could not accuse Esperance of forwardness, yet there was certainly something in her lively chatter which was apt to swamp other conversation. The dean would often stop to listen to her—the voice reminded him of his sister's, and he liked to hear it—Cornelia was always on the watch for grammatical mistakes in her pupil and Bertha, who disliked the exertion of talking, thought herself exempted from it if any one else sustained the conversation.

Mrs. Mortlake herself was a good, solid talker, and she liked to have an open field for her operations, so Esperance's little flighty remarks, and her clear, ringing laugh annoyed her; and when she found Claude Magnay much more inclined to talk to the bright little French girl than to enter into the conversation which she had carefully prepared beforehand on the Renaissance, she resolved to put a stop to it at once.

Claude had just said that he had studied chiefly at Paris, and Esperance, with a look of delight, was pouring out a stream of eager questions. Whereabouts had he lived? Did he not like Paris? Was it not the most beautiful city of Europe? When was he last there? He had not been in France during the war, then?

As if to provoke Mrs. Mortlake still further, Claude seemed to catch something of Esperance's enthusiasm, for his replies were as animated as her questions, and it was evident that if they were not interrupted the Renaissance would be quite neglected.

"You were at Paris all through the siege, did you say?" Claude was asking.

And Esperance had just begun her answer when Mrs. Mortlake broke in.

"Oh, really, Esperance, you must not take Mr. Magnay all through that dreadful siege; we have heard quite enough of it, and the dinner-table is not the place for horrors."

Claude Magnay was surprised, and glanced at Esperance as if for an explanation. She had flushed all over, and her lips were quivering; he was sorry for her, and would have tried to turn Mrs. Mortlake's uncomfortable speech to some different meaning, but she was too quick for him, and the next moment the conversation was entirely in her hands.

"I was wanting so much to ask you, if you had seen that magnificent altar-piece of Perugino's in the Church of St. Peter, Perugia. You were in Italy last winter, were you not?"

Whereupon ensued a long account of Mr. Magnay's Italian tour, stimulated by Mrs. Mortlake's peculiar form of questioning.

Esperance meanwhile had recovered herself, and sat proudly erect, without betraying any desire to join in the conversation. She was wounded by her cousin's most unfair speech, for it had assumed that she was in the habit of talking about her sufferings in the siege, whereas the subject had scarcely been mentioned since her arrival, and she had, moreover, made an unjust insinuation as to her good taste.

"Horrors at the dinner-table!" the very idea of being suspected of mentioning anything of the sort made her blush anew.

Her indignation gradually died away, however; she mention of Paris, and other familiar names, had recalled all her sad memories, and it was as much from this sadness, as from the effects of Mrs. Mortlake's snub, that she answered all Claude's further attempts at conversation in monosyllables.

Only once was she at all roused. It was at dessert; the dean was advising Claude Magnay to explore some of the old parts of Rilchester, thinking that the half-ruinous and very ancient buildings could not fail to please an artist. This led to a comparison of cathedral cities with ordinary towns, wherein Claude expressed his opinions so very handily that Esperance quite trembled for him. To her dismay she found herself implicated in the conversation. Claude and Mrs. Mortlake carried on quite a little argument, as to the dangers of narrowness in a limited community, Mrs. Mortlake upholding her beloved cathedral town in everything. Of course, the discussion was perfectly good-humored, but unluckily, Claude, glancing round the table with his quick artist eye to gather the expressions of the different people, was attracted by Esperance's sad, wistful face, and without thinking asked, "And what is your opinion? you are a comparative stranger, and must be unbiased. Do you think cathedral towns superior?"

Esperance was in great difficulties; she would not willingly have offended her relations, but truth was truth, and she was too tired and sad-hearted to be ready with any skillful counter-question or laughing allusion with which to change the subject.

With an appealing, yet low can you ask me?" in her eyes, she replied, quietly, "I love the cathedral as much as I dislike the town."

Cornelia looked up quickly.

"Your reasons?"

Esperance, looking much distressed, tried to confine her remarks to the material town, though the previous conversation had related to the society.

"The streets are so narrow and dirty, and there are so very few people—" she paused and for once was greatly relieved by one of Mrs. Mortlake's cutting little speeches.

"Oh, yes, we know your ideas of the beautiful are different; you care for nothing but boulevards."

Again Esperance flushed crimson, again Claude felt sorry for her, and this time he was vexed that she should suffer from his rashness; however, he had no opportunity for making amends, for the ladies left the table almost directly, and in the evening the dean carried him off to his observatory, and kept him so thoroughly interested with his telescope that all else was forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

Claude Magnay was young and energetic, by no means one of those lazy prodigies whose very genius seems to dull their other powers. Since he could not work in the cathedral from nine to ten, he resolved to take the first hours of the day, and often by five o'clock he would be at his post, or wandering about in the gray morning light enjoying the dim grandeur of the place, and with the key which the dean himself had placed at his disposal, unlocking the inner doors and exploring at his pleasure until the light was favorable for his picture.

During service time he returned to his hotel for breakfast, and afterward worked at his open-air paintings—some curious parts of old Rilchester, and an exterior of the cathedral. His days were so well filled that he was not very much pleased when one evening a note arrived, with a proposal which must either unsurp some of his precious time or occasion a longer stay at Rilchester. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. MAGNAY,—I am so very anxious to have a portrait of my little girl. Do you think you could spare time to paint her? There is no one whom I should like better to do it. Your picture of Lady Worthington's little boy, which I saw this year at the Academy, was perfect.

"Bella could give you a sitting at any hour; the morning is, I think, her best time, but please suit your own convenience. Believe me, yours, very sincerely.

CHRISTABEL MORTLAKE."

"That little fair-haired girl, who looks so cross," soliloquized Claude; "she will be a difficult subject, in more ways than one, if I am not mistaken. Shall I attempt her, or shall I find it necessary to return to town, and work up my Scotch pictures? Rather shirking, perhaps, still I hate painting spoiled children, and that Mrs. Mortlake will be the death of me. How that poor little Mademoiselle de—something—endures it, I can't imagine; snubs at every turn from one sister, and sarcasms from the other. I got her into a scrape myself the other evening, and never helped her out, which was a shame. Yes, I will undertake little Miss Mortlake's portrait for that reason—the little *demoiselle* looks as if she needed a Don Quixote. And now I think of it, what an interesting study her face would be. Those lustrous eyes—such a color, too, and so wonderfully pathetic, and her quaint little mouth, which looks somehow as if the sadness were all a mistake. The forehead? yes, it is low, and the hair dark and silky, with a wave in it. She is the very impersonation of what I always longed to try—'Mariana in the Moated Grange,'" and he repeated the lines:

"After the fitting of the bats,
When the thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said.
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.'"

"Yes; she is exactly what I have dreamed of. I must at least get a sketch of her face, though I suppose it would hardly do to ask her to sit to me."

He drew pencil and paper toward him, and sketched Esperance's face from memory, but not altogether successfully. Dissatisfied with the attempt, he tore it in pieces, and lighting his cigar, gave himself up to a deep meditation in which the further imagination of "Mariana" bore a prominent part.

After morning service the next day Claude went to the deanery, there to undertake the not very congenial task of painting Bella Mortlake's portrait.

Mrs. Mortlake was delighted to have obtained her wish.

"The dear child is quite at her best. I was so very anxious that she should be painted now—I am so glad you can spare the time. Esperance, run and fetch Bella."

Claude arranged his easel, discussed size and position with Mrs. Mortlake, set his palette, waited fidgeted, but still no Bella appeared. At length a distant screaming was heard, drawing gradually nearer. Mrs. Mortlake hastened to the door and listened. Esperance's voice was heard remonstrating.

"Bella dear, you must come down; Mr. Magnay is waiting for you. See, then, I must leave you and call nurse."

No answer but screams.

Mrs. Mortlake hurried to the scene of action, and Bella was borne into the dining-room kicking with all her might.

Claude shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at his "Mariana." She was paler and sadder-looking than ever, and as she stood waiting for Bella's sobs to cease, there was a drooping hopelessness about her very attitude which Claude longed to catch. He hastily sketched an outline, and watched her varying expression almost breathlessly.

Bella was sobbing out something about "Esperance," and Mrs. Mortlake, without waiting to find what the real grievance was, turned round with a severity of tone and look quite out of proportion even to the imagined offence.

"Esperance, how often must I tell you not to interfere with my management of Bella? these crying fits are far more frequent since you came. Why do you aggravate the poor child?"

"Indeed, Christabel, Bella was crying because she did not want to leave the nursery. I only—"

"Ah! that is always the way—excuses always ready! No, do not attempt to evade the truth. You know quite well the child is good with every one else. It really is most provoking! Here is all Mr. Magnay's time wasted, and Bella's face so swollen with crying that she cannot possibly have her picture taken."

Esperance did not reply. A look of sudden pain passed over her features, her eyes grew more despairingly miserable—her whole face was expressive of the sense of isolation and injustice.

Claude drank in her whole aspect and bearing almost greedily, thrilling through and through with the delight of thus grasping his subject. It was not till a mist of tears dimmed those bright eyes that his human nature began to be touched by the sight of suffering, and half ashamed of his artistic rapture, he turned eagerly to Mrs. Mortlake.

"Pray don't think you are wasting my time; and as to Miss Bella's face, I expect it will soon be sunny again. Ah! I thought so," as Bella, who was the most arrant little flirt, looked up smilingly, and inclined to be propitiated by his attention.

There was some little difficulty about the placing. One chair was too high, and another too low, and it ended in Mrs. Mortlake's sending Esperance to the library to fetch one of the large books for Bella to sit on.

Claude, who, after his momentary forgetfulness, had suddenly become very human and very polite, hurried after her to carry the bulky volume. She was standing by the book-shelves when he entered, pulling not very energetically at "Webster's Dictionary."

"Let me help you," he exclaimed; "this is a famous book indeed, but too heavy for you."

She thanked him, and would have turned away, but he detained her.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am to have been partly the cause of all this—to do"; he would have said "this scolding," but prudently refrained.

"You are very good, but indeed I do not see that you caused it. It is always the same," said Esperance, wearily, with the hopeless "Mariana" look again.

Claude was full of sympathy, but only ventured to say, "Miss Bella is somewhat trying, I should fancy. I hope you will give me your help during the sittings, for she will soon look upon me as her arch-tormentor."

This was all that passed between them the first day, but it was the foundation of a strong mutual liking. Claude of course admired the subject of his future picture, and felt sorry for one who was doomed to live with Mrs. Mortlake, while Esperance naturally clung to any one who showed her the least sympathy or kindness, and looked upon Claude Magnay as one of her greatest friends.

Had she been a little older, or had her home-training been less simple, she might have been in danger of falling in love; as it was, however, the thought never entered her head.

Claude's kindness and his little attentions were too pitying to be at all lover-like, and Esperance, accustomed to live entirely with men, was far more at home with him than with her cousins, and regarded him as a sort of English substitute for Gaspard.

They had several opportunities of meeting, for Claude was often asked to luncheon or dinner, and Bella was so refractory that her portrait required several sittings. Mrs. Morslake soon wearied of attending to these, and the duty of keeping the child quiet devolved upon Esperance; and though at first her confidences were checked by a pretty demureness, she soon found that a sympathetic listener was too delightful to be resisted.

Gradually Claude learned her whole history. She dwelt long on the happy years at the chateau, describing her favorite haunts among the ruins, telling him of the prim old garden with its terraces, its clipped yews, its mazes and grassy paths, and painting the surrounding country in such glowing terms that Claude promised her at some future day to visit it himself, and bring her back a picture of her beloved mountains of Auvergne.

A few questions elicited the whole story of the siege, and the relief of speaking again of her father and of Gaspard, after the long enforced silence, was so great that this alone would have made her fond of Claude.

He was really interested and touched by her sad history, and let her see it.

"Your brother is in London still, then?" he inquired, when she had finished the story by telling of her arrival at Rilchester.

"Yes, he is still at Pentonville, but he has not heard of any work yet. There seems so many French exiles in London, and that, of course, makes it more difficult for him."

"I am afraid I cannot be of much use in helping him, but still I will bear it in mind. You must give me an introduction to him, and then I shall be able to give an account of you and your Rilchester home."

"Oh, thank you, you are so good," said Esperance, gratefully; then, with a sudden look of fear, "but you must not let him think I am unhappy. You will not tell him anything that could trouble him?"

Claude promised to be most careful, and delicately turned the conversation, though he was not a little curious to know if the "Moated Grange," were a real necessity for "Mariana."

One afternoon, early in October, Esperance, as a most unusual favor, was invited to take a walk with her uncle. He was in the habit of taking a "constitutional" every day, accompanied by Cornelia, his favorite daughter; but on this particular afternoon Cornelia was unable to go, and the dean had himself asked Esperance to take her place. Half pleased, half frightened, she set out, suiting her pace to her uncle's slow and rather infirm steps, and now and then venturing little remarks, which, however, failed to attract the dean's notice. It was not till they had walked for at least half a mile that he even heard her voice, but then he roused himself from his brown study and looked down at her kindly.

"I am used to such a silent companion, my dear, that I am out of the habit of talking. But go on, for I like the sound of your voice, it is like poor Amy's."

"Is it?" said Esperance, much pleased. "I should like to be like my mother. Am I in other things?"

But the topic was not a good one for conversation. The dean shook his head and sighed deeply, then again relapsed into profound meditation.

Esperance was disappointed. She had hoped to hear something of her mother; but though she talked obediently, half to herself, half to her uncle, she could not obtain any response.

It was certainly a little dull, and it was scarcely surprising that her heart gave a great bound of delight, when in the distance she perceived Claude Magnay and one of the minor canons coming toward them. Some one who could talk would be such an inestimable blessing! and her pleasure was complete, when on their approach, the dean, suddenly starting from his reverie, shook hands cordially with the two young men, said it was time he should be turning home, and entering into conversation with Mr. White, the minor canon, left Esperance to follow with Claude.

"I have been enjoying your flat landscape," began Claude. "Mr. White has taken me a glorious walk."

He looked so fresh and cheerful that Esperance quite envied him.

"Do you really like the country about here?" she asked, wonderingly. "I think it is the ugliest place; so bare, and flat, and wide, it quite tires one's eyes."

"I think it has a beauty of its own," said Claude, "though, perhaps, you have to look carefully to see it. Of course I don't mean to say I prefer it to a mountainous country, but I think it is unjustly abused. Whatever people say, I shall always maintain that there is beauty in—"

"The level waste, the rounding gray."

"Ah! that just expresses it," said Esperance. "It is all so gray, and sombre, and dreary."

"Not all," said Claude, pausing beside a field gate which commanded an extensive view. "Now, look at this; here is the greenest of grass in the foreground—cows grazing—much color as you could wish in that tiled cottage, and the faint blue smoke rising into that perfect sky, then out beyond you have a boundless expanse. See—this side is flooded with light, while over there you have the dark shadow of that cloud; then quite in the distance it does all fade into 'the rounding gray,' but you must own now that it is beautiful."

Esperance drew a long breath

"Yes, it is, indeed; but I should never have seen all that by myself. I am glad you have showed me."

"I am proud to have introduced you to your own country," said Claude, smiling.

"Not my own!" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Ah! of course not; I forgot," said Claude, amused by her earnestness. "Your Auvergne scenery is, doubtless, much more beautiful, but you will not call this ugly any more?"

"No, indeed, I will not; and you will tell Gaspard when you see him that you have quite converted me, for I have seen him most unfavorable accounts of the country."

"I will certainly tell him," said Claude. "I shall try to see him next week."

"Do you leave Rilchester so soon?"

"Yes, I'll leave to-morrow," replied Claude. "My commission is finished, and it is time I was at home again."

"I am so sorry," said Esperance, simply. "But it is delightful to think of your seeing Gaspard so soon, though it makes me a little envious."

"You will be coming up to town soon, perhaps," suggested Claude.

Esperance shook her head.

"I don't see how that can be, but of course I hope, or else I could not get on at all; my motto in life must be—*Esperez toujours*,'"

"It is certainly a good one," replied Claude, musingly, but in his artist-soul longing to catch once more the hopeless look which he wished to represent in his picture.

It did not return that afternoon, but the next day, when he paid his farewell call to the deanery, all the expression of dejection, misery, and hopelessness was there in full force. Esperance was evidently in disgrace, while Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia were in that disturbed, ruffled state which betokens a family disagreement; and although Mrs. Mortlake was particularly cordial Claude detected subdued irritation in the forced tones of her voice.

Esperance scarcely spoke, but sat looking half abstractedly out of the window, her knitting lying untouched on her knee, her hands tightly clasped.

Claude could not have wished for a better opportunity, but now that his desire was granted he began to feel such pity for Esperance that he would far rather have missed seeing her.

He tried to draw her into conversation, but without success; she answered with constraint, and only looked more miserable.

At last he rose to go, took leave of Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia, and then turned to Esperance, determined that she should at least speak to him.

"You will not forget our walk yesterday, and the beauties of level country?" he said, smiling.

She colored painfully, and her hand trembled as Claude took it in his.

"What message may I take for you to your brother?" he asked.

Her color deepened, the tears rose to her eyes, and her voice was low and tremulous as she answered:

"Tell him, please, that I am very well, that—that I will write soon—."

She broke off abruptly, not daring to trust her voice any longer, and Claude, seeing that it was sheer cruelty to keep her, said good-bye, tried to put Mrs. Mortlake in a good humor by leaving a playful message for Bella, and alluding to her prettiness, then left the house, dissatisfied and perplexed.

Esperance was really almost desperate. Claude could hardly have chosen a more unfavorable time for his visit, for as he had rightly judged he had come in during a dispute, if indeed that could be called disputing in which two leagued against one refused to listen to reason or justice.

It all arose from a simple remark made by Esperance. She casually mentioned Claude's intended departure, and this led to an account of their walk on the preceding day. Mrs. Mortlake, ever ready to find fault, declared that she behaved with far too much freedom, that she ought to have kept beside the dean, and not allowed herself a *tete a-tete* with Claude Magnay.

Esperance explained that this had not been possible, and owned that it had never occurred to her that any one could think so simple an act improper.

Whereat Mrs. Mortlake accused her of speaking disrespectfully, denounced her "French" manners, and losing all prudence and justice in her anger, said that all along she had been flirting with Claude.

Esperance was so entirely innocent in this respect that for a moment she was too much surprised and shocked to refute the charge. She was unaccustomed to society, and knew little either of French or English etiquette, and her father had been well content to leave her without any artificial rules beyond those of natural good-breeding While she paused Cornelia uttered one of her cold sarcasms.

"Never mind, Christabel, you know the proverb, 'French women know how to make nets, but not cages.'"

Then Esperance had lost all self-control, and with flashing eyes had turned upon her cousins.

"You may talk about French women as you like, but I will let you know that such a speech as that would never have passed the lips of those whom you despise—they at least do not speak so rudely. And what you say is false—untrue—unjust. Such an idea would never have entered my head if you had not suggested it—no never!"

Cornelia, a little vexed at her own most unwarrantable speech, tried to calm her down, and entered into a long disquisition on the folly of losing temper in an argument; but Esperance scarcely heard, her anger had died away, and she could only dwell in grief and dismay on the accusation brought against her.

While Cornelia was still speaking, Claude had been announced, and it may well be imagined that Esperance was embarrassed and self-conscious—for the first time in her life, however. Shame, annoyance, and unutterable longing for Gaspard were filling her heart, and Claude's kindness and the thought of his proposed visit to her brother proved too much for her very imperfect self-control.

By the time he was fairly out of the room she was crying unrestrainedly, and was far too miserable to heed Cornelia's long harangue on the duty of self-mastery.

Mrs. Mortlake might well feel dismayed at the tempest she had raised, but she was too much blinded by conceit to see the full extent of the harm she had done. She made some pretentions to virtue, and was consequently vexed, that exaggerated, if not wholly untrue, accusations had escaped her, but rather than own herself in the wrong she still stood by it, and though conscience pricked her into making some useless attempts to pacify Esperance, she would not retract what she had said.

The breach between the cousins was in consequence greatly widened, and the effect on Esperance was most disastrous. She grew more and more ready to see faults in all around her, her face rarely lost its expression of hopeless suffering, her manners lost much of their grace and ease, and, worst of all, Mrs. Mortlake's perpetual fault finding began to make her self-conscious and introspective. She gave up even attempting to love her cousins, and, consequently, was at once open to all those faults from which she had hitherto been free. When love—which had been her guard and strength all her life—was allowed to die, selfishness at once stepped in, bringing in its train false pride, discontent, suspicion, and a morbid sensitiveness; while what had formerly been courageous patience was turned into a falsely assumed callousness and indifference.

The only things which kept her from utter ruin was Gaspard's letters, full of his old love and confidence—although her answers were most disappointing—and the remembrance of her father. Even these did not hinder her from sinking very low, but they kept one soft spot in her heart which could never alter.

(To be Continued.)

Rural Notes and News.

Air the cellar on mild days.
Now for real spring work!
Mixed farming is the safest.
Use good seed—plant carefully.
Is your wood-house well filled?
Fat vegetables require fat land.
Girls, have a fine show of flowers.
Farm for both profit and pleasure.
Make all tramps work or move on.
Remedy for worry—earnest work.
Be gentle with the colts and calves.
Carefully guard against forest fires.
Raise plenty of carrots for the horses.
"Plow deep while sluggards sleep."
Keep the poultry house and yard dry.
Confine the fowls on cold, windy days.
Make a good seed-bed before planting.
All foods for plants must be soluble to be available.
Do not remove the mulch from trees and plants too early.
Ground bone is a good fertilizer to put around trees in setting them.
Hooking and castrating may be done when the lamb is a week old.
Give your fruit trees a good soil. They cannot feed and thrive on nothing.
If you want to feed milk to a lamb use a tin can with a long spout like an oil can.
"Management." This one word has more meaning on the farm than is generally suspected.
A wash of fresh buttermilk is said to kill lice on hogs. The milk needs to be well rubbed into the bristles.
The scrub animal has a pedigree which by adverse circumstances has a downward instead of an upward tendency.
A well-managed creamery in a community will give the community a prosperity that it has never before known.
Plant the garden so that you can have a regular succession of vegetables. Plant small fruit with the same end in view.
Give the ewe clover hay if you have it, bran, and crushed oats, and she will provide the lamb with plenty of milk.
Prepare your ground well before planting, cultivate well, and, barring accident, the harvest will not disappoint you.
Every man should try to furnish himself with all necessary tools and not rely too much on the good nature of his neighbors

Little Curtisies.

Don't cut off your leg to cure your corns.
Any man can carry a revolver. Few can use it.
Don't jump too hard when anybody is boosting you.
It takes a good liar to catch other people fibbing.
Twins are like troubles, they never come singly.
You can drive tacks without using a pile-driver.
Better play a jews'-harp well than a violin poorly.
Hold up your head even if you are sitting in the mud.
There's no need of buying a typewriter to write one letter.
It's easy to break your neck trying to look over your own head.
Even a king scratches his own nose when it itches. Help yourself.
A slow shilling is better than a nimble sixpence to have in your pocket.
There is only one way to be born, but there are fifty thousand ways to die.

Why He Moved West.

Bumway—I hear that McWatty has moved to Chicago and is literally going to the dogs.
Simeral—He knows what he is doing.
Bumway—Indeed?
Simeral—Yes; in Illinois habitual drunkenness for two years is legal ground for divorce.

Economy That Kills.

Nickleby—Why, what makes you look so dull, old man? Times hard?
Benedict—No; but I'm afraid that they will be with me pretty soon.
"Why, what's the matter?"
"My wife has begun to make her own dresses, with a view to economizing."

Married Life's Thorny Path.

She—Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings.
He—You don't want to walk on roses barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in your feet.

Appealed to His Nature.

Occupant of the Parquet (of Philadelphia)—Encore! Encore!
Chorus of Ushers—Shut up, you blamed idiot! This is the death scene!
Occupant of Parquet—Oh, come off! Don't you s'pose I appreciate the fine points?

The buckwheat and beans Protectionists of this country are only surpassed by their brethren in Canada, who in the new tariff have increased the 30 per cent. duty on paper bags to 35 per cent., and made a 5 per cent. advance of the rate on doll babies. —*Philadelphia Record.*

Miss Alcott wrote, January, 1874 "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time, and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life. I suppose it's the discipline I need; but it's rather hard to love the things I do, and see them go by because duty chains me to my gallery.

The late Mr. David Buchanan, M.P., of New South Wales, was a native of Edinburgh, became a barrister of the Middle Temple, developed into a successful criminal lawyer in the colonies, and has sat in the Sydney Parliament for some thirty years.

AMONG THE TROTTERS.

Rev. Dr. Laidlaw's Visit to a Kentucky Stock Farm.

HIGH PRICES FOR HORSES.

Temperance, Presbyterianism and Horse-Breeding for Speed.

A 3,200 ACRE FARM.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been asked to give some account of my recent visit to "Woodburn," the great Alexander stock farm of Kentucky, I have pleasure in sending you the following: Leaving Louisville in company with a friend, who had kindly come hundreds of miles to show me some of the wonders of Kentucky, of which State he was for many years an honored citizen, we made our way northeastward toward the famous blue grass country. As we passed Eminence station, in the region which has been made historically immortal by Mrs. Stowe having chosen it as the mythical arena of some of the most interesting scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was shown the road along which Lizzie sped with her child in her arms as she was escaping toward the Ohio River, to cross on the broken ice "chunk 'ker-splunk 'ker-splash!" for liberty. I hadn't the satisfaction of seeing her actual tracks, nor did I see anything of "Sam and Andy," and the rest. We did not tarry to explore any of the interesting scenes in Shelby County as our objective point was "Woodburn," the far-famed stock farm on which "she dams of the two fastest horses that ever lived were bred." Arriving at Spring Station, Woodford County, within the precincts of Woodburn we were met by manager L. Brodhead, a gentleman in the truest sense, and a man of genuine worth, measure him as you will. While the carriage bowled along the beautiful avenue leading toward the heart of Woodburn, I began to question our very kind and agreeable host. "How many acres are there in your estate here, Mr. Brodhead?" "Thirty-two hundred." "Three thousand two hundred?" "Yes, the original property bought a hundred years ago, by Mr. Robt. Alexander (brother, as I afterwards learned, of Sir. Wm. Alexander, of Airdrie, Scotland) contained 3,000, the 200 acres through which we are now passing, were added recently." "What stock have you at present?" "About 120 sheep, Southdowns, etc.; 250 head of cattle, Jerseys and shorthorns, and between thoroughbreds and trotting stock about 300 horses." We had not gone far from the railway station when we met a little negro boy riding on what I innocently took to be an ordinary old horse, and leading other three, which led me to suppose that there must be a gipsy camp somewhere in that vicinity. Stopping the carriage and the negro boy, "That," said Mr. B, pointing to the animal on which the boy rode, "is Malmaison, sire of 'Primrose,' and dam of 'Mancetta,' 'Malice,' 'Manfred,' etc. She is now 26 years old." My friend by my side, observing that I was a little bewildered, remarked, *sotto voce*, "Le's showing you Malmaison." "Malmaison!" said I, "I wouldn't have to give much for that worth $50." "I dare say not," said Mr. B., "but we have received from the sale of her colts the sum of $25,000." On arriving at the heart of Woodburn our carriage drew up at the door of the stately mansion of Mr. A. J. Alexander, the proprietor, brother of the late R. A. Alexander (who established the farm in its present character), and nephew of Sir Wm. Alexander, whose estate at Airdrie he inherits. On being introduced to Mr. Alexander we found him a gentleman of quiet and kindly bearing; his benignant countenance has grown more beautiful under the frosts of age, though his tall and erect form has not yet begun to bend beneath the weight of years. His whole deportment testified to his being the upright, generous, God-fearing Presbyterian whose is far and near well-known as the host. He has a Presbyterian church on his estate for the accommodation of the fifty or sixty families represented by his employees. Looking out from the door of his mansion upon the spacious domain of beautifully undulating park land, with its hundreds of acres of mead, pasturage, its immense open fields artistically shaded by circular coppices of pine and fir, surrounded with a fringe of Osage orange—its streams and winding vales, with horses, sheep and cattle grazing on its well and peacefully cropping the rich spring herbage—playing lambs and frisking foals lending fresh life and beauty to the scene; the elegant residence of the manager, with the cottages of the employees here and there making all seem home-like—I could imagine myself admiring, not the pioneer stock farm of Kentucky, but a beautiful domain in the south of Scotland or the heart of England.

After dinner we were driven over this 3,200 acre park to visit the stables. Among the thoroughbreds we were shown the sire Alfonso, Falsetto, Lyphaitan, Lisbon and other famous horses, whose progeny from 1870 to 1886 won prizes (perhaps I should say "stakes") amounting to the enormous sum of $2,242,385 (two millions, two hundred and forty-two thousand three hundred and eighty five dollars! Among the score of trotting stock to which our attention was called, we were shown Harold the sire, and Miss Russell the dam of Maud S, the fattest trotting horse in the world, "record 2.8¾ which beats the record of Jay-Eye See, the next fastest by one second and a quarter. The record of the latter being 2.10."

Among the wonderful things we saw on this novel bucolic excursion were little scrawny looking foals, six or seven days old, valued at $5,000 each. On my expressing surprise that such unpromising looking quadrupeds should have such a value placed on them my friend reminded me that "you can't always tell by the look of a frog how far it will jump." But many of the horses we saw were perfect pictures, models of equine beauty, and everything we observed went to show that the business of rearing swift-trotting horses (which I believe originated at Woodburn, and that only some thirty years ago) has been reduced to a science, and is as far above the ordinary horse-jockey business as the cultivating of barley is above the keeping of a beer saloon. And this illustration reminds one that the gentleman who for the past twenty years has been the remarkably successful manager of Woodburn is a level-headed advocate of temperance. Though in the habit of entertaining visitors and purchasers from all parts of the United States, Canada and other countries, almost daily, "except on Sundays," and though one of the most genial and hospitable of men, he is a genuine "Scott Act" man, and this in proverbially hospitable Kentucky, and within less than twenty miles of Frankfort, where no gentleman's toilet outfit is supposed to be complete without a corkscrew—at least, so tradition hath it; but my experience of Frankfort hospitality warrants me in pronouncing it a libel.

Some idea of the business done at Woodburn in the way of buying and selling may be gathered from the fact that the annual sales of thoroughbred horses bring from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, and the annual sales of trotting stock about one hundred thousand ($100,000). No doubt much betting is subsequently practised in connection with the speed of some of the animals purchased, though gambling practices are wholly foreign to the spirit and conduct of the Woodburn men themselves. It is a gratifying fact that the best horses are not bought and owned for racing purposes, but for the personal pleasure and convenience of the owners, as in the case of Robert Bonner's ownership of Maud S at a purchase price of $40,000. So highly does he prize this remarkable animal that it is said he would not part with her at any price and has actually refused an offer of $100,000. Some may object to any man having so much money invested in so "needless" a luxury, but if all rich men would give with proportionate liberality to objects of public beneficence, they might be allowed a few extra luxuries.

I am as much opposed to betting on a horse race as to holding a lottery in connection with a church bazaar or a charity fair, and would be sorry to write a line that would lead any young man to go fooling away his time and money on fast horses, but having noticed that the proprietor of the famous Woodburn Farm is a Presbyterian elder, that the manager is also a Presbyterian, that his excellent lady is the accomplished daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and that the fastest horse in the world is owned and properly used by a Presbyterian, it is in order for me to add that if the whole horse business were conducted on proper Presbyterian principles it would be—different. Yours, etc.

R. J. L.

There's white mahogany furniture.
Plants in pots are having a lively sale.

BY THE WAY.

Reflections on Current Subjects of More or Less Interest.

One of the wants of the age is a substitute for the toasting custom at public dinners. When inebriety was, if not a virtue at least one of the customary general results of those gatherings, the toasting habit or custom gave excuse for frequent libations, and the list was usually long enough to excuse speakers from trespassing on the good nature of auditors and evoking the remark attributed to the Governor of North Carolina to his official visitor, but in these days it is as much out of place as would be a mailed warrior in a battery charge.

And toast responses! They are not like wine that improves with age; and what a trial of good nature to sit for hours listening to cant expressions, "hifalutin," "fuddle dab and guff," mutual admiration and self-laudation that one has heard a hundred times from as many lips of ability, mediocrity and incompetency, and in all tones of eloquence and drivel! Happy the man at a public banquet who if he has something to say knows how to say it in few words, and if he has nothing to say knows enough to earn the gratitude of the company by his silence!

* * *

Then there is the outrage upon good habits to which good natured people are compelled to submit, if they would not be considered churlish, in the hours kept. Men who would not think of going around to do banking business two hours after closing time, or who would be shocked if a guest invited to dinner kept the company waiting half an hour, get around to public dinners called for 7 30 or 8 o'clock at about 9 or 9.30. Speaking, then, is begun at an hour when men of well-ordered habits ought to be retiring to bed and is continued until late in the morning. If we had a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Public Diners lights would be extinguished at midnight or earlier.

* * *

And what a boon a new form of after dinner entertainment would be that would abolish the community speeches and open a new field! Why should we be everlastingly boasting to each other about being the most loyal people, the most ably governed, the best legislators, the greatest warriors, and having the grandest country and most important interests of any in the world, things were all agreed upon! Why not let that pass as a matter of course? We don't discuss the multiplication table, but it wouldn't be very edifying as an after dinner speech.

* * *

Isn't our treatment of divorce cases calculated to bring our boasted morality more or less into contempt? To one who does not care to burden his mind or confuse the issue with fine sublimations of theological alchemy or the exigencies of politics, the granting of divorce for recognizedly proper cause is merely a matter of evidence. We practically make it a question of money and political influence. In a recent case we find that sage senators canvassed their respective friends for votes just as less sagacious people do in cake contests. This is degrading to the people they do not represent but are privileged to govern. Divorce should be a matter for the Courts of Justice, and they should be open alike to rich and poor. There is no more sacred cause than that of the outcast, but when cause exists there should be no refusal because the poverty of the applicant, nor should money facilitate divorce when cause is absent.

* * *

Isn't it astonishing what vitality there is in a well told fiction! How often that little story about the Queen's reply to the Indian Prince's query as to the source of England's greatness has been met by the Queen's denial, yet it does duty daily as the same old stand. Wellington's "Up guards and at them!" is equally tenacious of life. The Washington ones are hale and hearty and daily increasing in size and numbers. The Lincoln hosts are met with daily. General Grant ones are robust enough and the civil war chronicler's faithful response of the "late ongle-saxtuses" go on increasing in number and thickness as the actors leave the scene. I heard a Grant one the other night; same old one about Lee handing Grant his sword and Grant handing it back, with the words "Let us have peace."

* * *

Now this is very pretty—very characteristic, but not historical. The surrender at Appamattox was not a very theatrical affair. It took place just 25 years ago on the 9th of last month. Gen. Grant had been pressing Lee hard and felt that the army of Northern Virginia was near its last ditch. He opened up correspondence with Lee by courier on the 7th, looking to a surrender, and on the 9th agreed to meet Lee to consider the terms of surrender. That meeting took place in the house of Wilbur McLean, and the documents then written and some of the witnesses of the event are available to day. At General Lee's request, General Grant put the proposed "terms" in writing, and one paragraph of the "terms" regarding the turning over of captured material reads: "This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." Lee was touched by the generosity exhibited and said: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army." The current story of Lee's surrender under the apple tree (where he was lying when Grant's letter reached him), and the appointment and many other equally "neat" stories, l

An Ig'rant Kind o' Jay.

I am sumthin' of a veteran, just a-turnin' eighty year,
A man that's hale and hearty and a stranger to all fear;
But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
And I'm goin' to ease my combine if I never speak agin.
I've lived my four score years of life and never till to-day
Was I taken for a jackass or an ig'rant kind o' jay—
Tew be stuffed with such darned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' bugs and worms
That's killin' human bein's with their microscopic germs.
They say there's "mikrobes" all around huntin for their prey;
There's notin' pure to eat or drink or no safe place to stay;
There's "miasmy" in the dew fall and "malary" in the sun;
'Tain's safe to be out doors at noon or when the day is done.
There's "bacteery" in the water and "trichecony" in the meat,
"Ameeby" in the atmosphere, "catorey" in the heat;
There's "corpuscils and pigments" in a human bein's blood,
And every other kind of thing existing sense the flood.
Yerbacker's full of "nickerteen," whatever that may be,
And your throat will get all puckered with the "tannin" in the tea.
The butter's "oily margareen," it never saw a cow,
And things is getting worse and worse from what they be just now.
Them bugs is all about us, just workin' for a chance
Tew navigate our vitals and to knaw us off like plants.
There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms just like a goose,
And takin' Latin names to 'em and setten on 'em loose.
Now, I don't believe such nonsense, and don't intend to try,
If things has come to such a pass I'm satisfied to die.
I'll go hang me in the seller, for I wont be such a fool
As to wait until I'm pisened by an annymally-cool.

—Brief.

DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

A Few Negatives Which Young Women Should Ponder Over.

Don't encourage young men to call upon you who frequent liquor saloons, billiard parlors or pool-rooms. Don't notice men who stare at you on the streets, even if it is a well-bred stare. Doubtless they think themselves irresistible and you very much impressed with their appearance.

Don't stand at street corners talking to young men, though they are acquaintances.

Don't consider it a sign of your popularity to be accompanied by several escorts whenever you take your walks abroad.

Don't accept promiscuous invitations. It only cheapens you and may draw you into a circle of acquaintances you will regret having formed.

Don't sanction wine drinking when out to parties or weddings. Your simple act of declining the proffered glass may act as a check upon your companion. Tacit disapproval sometimes does more good than the most eloquent temperance lecture.

Don't marry a drinking man. If the sweetheart will not give up the dangerous habit, it is very certain the husband will not.

Don't allow men to be familiar with you, to use slang or doubtful expressions in your presence.

Don't make appointments with men, either at a friend's home, in the park, or at any place but your father's house.

Don't expect to have exclusive use of the parlor for yourself and callers. Others of the family have the same rights as yourself, and your conversation ought not to be of so private a nature that the presence of a third person is felt to be a restraint.

Don't rebel if the visits of a certain gentleman are disagreeable to your mother, and she says so. She knows best, and can see faults and deficiencies that your youth and inexperience would never discover.

Don't attempt to copy the manners and dress of your brother. Nothing so unsexes a woman as masculine ways.

Don't use loud tones in talking, nor call men by their last names without the usual prefix. Men may treat you as a comrade, but they very rarely marry such girls.

Don't be deceived that men want to raise a family of Amazons Remember that while men apparently have more license than women, still they expect their wives to be like Cæsar's wife, "beyond reproach."

Don't be ashamed to help mother with the housework. A practical knowledge of bread making, cooking and the general management of a house is worth more than a smattering of music or painting. To know how to "set" sponge for bread is an accomplishment that no girl need despise, and the kneading of it is grand exercise.

Don't set your mind too much on dress. While it is your duty to look your very best with the means at your command, it is wrong to give so much time and thought to the adornment of your person, while your mind is starving for want of proper food. You need not be a blue-stocking, but a good healthy course of reading and thinking is splendid gymnastics for your mental powers.

Don't come down to breakfast in a soiled wrapper, slovenly shoes, "bang" done up in curl papers and back hair in a cracker knot on the top of your head. You will never see any one better to dress for than those in the home circle. They are the ones to be cheered by your sweet, wholesome appearance, and not strangers.

In a word, girls, try to be true women, and by so doing you will gain an influence which, like a sweet perfume, will shed its fragrance upon all with whom you may be brought in contact.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Some Strange Devices in England for Keeping People Awake in Church.

Mention is made in early English history of some remarkable bequests. Among the most singular was that of John Rudge, who on the 17th of April, 1725, bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Staffordshire, the sum of 20 shillings a year in order that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the delivery of the sermon and keep the people awake, and incidentally to drive dogs out of the sacred edifice. It would appear from this that either the sermons in those days were long and dry or the people were lacking in piety. It was not an unusual thing in old days for comparatively wealthy men to set apart a portion of their worldly goods for keeping the congregation awake. Some curious provisions were made for this purpose. At a church in Cheshire forty or fifty years ago one of the church wardens used to go around during the service carrying a long wand. If any of the congregation succumbed to drowsiness and fell asleep, they were awakened with a gentle tap on the head from the wand. At Dunchurch a similar custom existed. There a person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hayfork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectually that he speedily was aroused from his dreams, this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the neck.

KEMMLER'S CASE.

The Case to be Brought Before the U. S. Supreme Court at Once.

A New York despatch says: Roger M. Sherman will go to Washington to-morrow and apply to a Judge of the United States Supreme Court for a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Kemmler. The object is to bring the case directly under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and skip the Circuit Court. Sherman's first step will be to secure an order upon the District Attorney of Erie county, requiring him to show cause why a stay should not be granted. This order will probably be made returnable a week from Monday in Washington. Sherman thinks the Supreme Court will insist that proceedings must first come before the Circuit Court, where the case now is. If it goes directly to the Supreme Court, or if the Supreme Court Judges refuse to grant Sherman a writ or order to show cause, then Judge Wallace will cancel the existing Circuit Court writ. This cannot be done in time, however, to allow of Kemmler's execution under the sentence for this week. It would be necessary to re-sentence him. Sherman positively declines to state who his employers are.

Very Appropriate.

Miss Amy—Why have you named your yacht the Kiss, Mr. Dolley? Isn't that queer name.

Dolley—Not at all. It is a little smack, you see.

A young lady wants to know why a gathering composed only of men is called a "stag party." Because more horns are indulged in than if the deers were present.

Sir William Gull, a celebrated London specialist, said that tight lacing was productive of bad complexions and red noses. This ought to do away with the evil at once.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

Canadian Railways to be Brought Under the Interstate Law—Tolls on Canadian Vessels.

A Washington despatch says: Senator Cullom, chairman of the special committee appointed to investigate the alleged diverting of commerce from the railways of the United States to those of Canada and the alleged discrimination on Canadian canals against American vessels, presented the report of the committee to the Senate to-day. The substance of the report was recently published.

In concluding the report the committee says that the entrance fee of 50 cents and clearance fee of 50 cents, or $1 every time an American vessel visits a Canadian port on the great lakes and their tributary bays, rivers and straits, constitute an unjust discrimination against American vessels, Canadian vessels being exempt from such charges by a license fee of 50 cents payable once a year. Such discrimination violates the spirit if not the letter of the Washington treaty of 1871. The laws of Canada place American and Canadian vessels upon the same terms as to entrance and clearance fees, but the discrimination is made through an order in-council.

The committee recommends that so long as such discrimination continues all Canadian vessels should be required to pay entrance and clearance fees of equal amount on entering and clearing the ports of the United States on the great lakes or their tributary navigable waters.

The report also says that the rebate of 18 cents per ton in tolls on certain products of the United States passing through the Welland Canal, if bound to Montreal, constitutes an unjust discrimination against ports of the United States on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. This discrimination is an open violation both of the spirit and letter of the Treaty of Washington.

The committee recommends that so long as this discrimination is made, a discriminating toll on the tonnage of all Canadian vessels shall be imposed every time they pass through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

The report says that the proposition that Canadian railways which compete with American railways for traffic between different points of the United States shall be subjected to the same requirements of law and regulations which apply to American railways, must command the assent of every fair-minded person. The Canadian laws justify Canadian railways in disregarding the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act.

The committee recommends that either such a license system shall be established as will be applicable to the Canadian railways doing business in the United States, or that some other plan not injurious to the general trade and commerce of the country be adopted, which shall secure to American railways an equal chance in competition with Canadian railways.

Mr. Platt, a member of the committee, dissents from the above report. He wants the long and short haul clause and the pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce law repealed.

DRIVING OUT CANADIANS.

A U. S. Treasury Spy's Story About Employment-Seeking Canucks.

A Washington despatch says: A special agent of the Treasury Department to-day informed the Immigration Committee that in New England the Canadians have taken the place of Americans, and that at Gloucester 75 per cent. of the fishermen are Canadians. The Contract Labor law was under consideration. Mr. Lee was examined by the committee. His territory extended from Norfolk to Brunswick, Ga., and his duties were to investigate and prevent violations of the Contract Labor law in that section of the country. He said several hundred Canadians came and went every year, working while there in loading cotton in the steamboats. They did not do any more work than the native laborer, nor did they work for less wages, and it was his belief the employers were not benefited financially by their labor. They were more pliant, Mr. Lee thought, than the native laborer, and for that reason were desired. He had worked up a case against one Norfolk firm for the importation of 35 Canadians, and the case is now pending in the United States Court at Richmond. The Canadians themselves, fearing trouble, had left West Point and returned home. The greater number of these Canadians worked at Norfolk, West Point and Savannah.

The Webster's Dictionary Humbug.

Some "enterprising" Americans have recently put upon the market what they call the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary at a very low price; in some places in the United States it sells as low as $1 65 retail, and it is given as a premium by grocers and others. It is a reprint of Webster's Dictionary of over forty years ago, but it lacks many of the words that men look for now. Lest any readers of the TIMES should be deceived into buying this bogus book, under the impression that they are getting a modern "Webster's Unabridged," the following quotation from the New York *American Bookseller* of a recent date is given:

"We have before us a circular issued by an enterprising house of what professes to be the 'Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.' We have also seen the thing itself. To call it a book would be a libel on every book manufacturer. It is not printed from type, but reproduced by some photographic method; it is not printed on paper, but on some material inferior to wood-pulp; it is bound in a marbled cover of some hideous stuff, and it gapes at the edges as if it were going to burst. It is the most discreditable-looking volume ever offered for sale to an inoffensive public. It is a book which no one would buy for its external appearance. The contents of this precious volume consists of Webster's Dictionary of 1847; that is, it is fully forty-two years behind the time. The etymologies are utterly misleading, and naturally so; for when the Webster of 1847 was issued comparative philology was in its cradle. The definitions are imperfect, requiring condensation, re-arrangement and additions. The vocabulary is defective, some of the commonest words of to-day, especially scientific terms, for which a dictionary is most often consulted, being entirely absent. In not one of these three prime requisites of a dictionary is the Webster reprint a trustworthy guide, or, rather, it is a misleading one. While the orthography and pronunciation of 1847 have not undergone such changes, as the departments mentioned, they have in many respects been changed, and therefore here, too, the 'reprint' is not a safe instructor. All these things are known to every intelligent man. But this "reprint" is not intended for intelligent men. It is made expressly to be foisted by all the arts of the book canvasser on those who have been precluded from a knowledge of what developments lexicography has undergone during the last forty-two years. This is the cruelest feature of this money-making enterprise. The only persons who can be expected to touch the book are persons of small means, who have the most praiseworthy ambition to improve their minds, their style, or their language. For this they are willing to make great sacrifices, and a common regard for decency ought to prevent any firm calling itself respectable from palming off on them all kinds of misinformation."

Trouble Over a Leprosy Case.

A Boston despatch says: Experts examined Mrs. Johnston, the suspected leper, at quarantine to-day, and pronounced the disease genuine. This has given rise to a peculiar question in international law. The Customs authorities have ordered the Cunard Steamship Company to take her back; the company declines to do so, as the woman has been taken off the ship and received on American soil. They say also that if they take her back the health authorities at home will not allow the diseased woman to land, and they will not know what to do with her, as they cannot go sailing the seas with this pestilence on board. The Customs people decline to acknowledge quarantine as being in the meaning of the law, and the woman goes back on board the steamer if it takes a fleet of revenue cutters to do it.

He Fooled With the Machine.

A Boston despatch says: Geo. Morse, press boy in the Lynn *Bee* office, attempted yesterday to test the strength of the current applied to the electric motor which supplies the power. He completed a perfect circuit and received the full force of 500 volts. The pressman found him unconscious on the floor. He remained insensible twenty minutes. The doctors say he will be all right in a few days.

Sara Bernhardt is said to be delighted with Sardou's adaptation of "Cleopatra." So enthusiastic is she over the death scene of the famous Egyptian that she rehearses it daily with a live snake encircling her arm

THE LONGUE POINTE HORROR.

The Number of Deaths Estimated at About 100.

FOUR BRAVE NUNS BURNED.

Heartrending Scenes—Narrow Escapes—The Efforts of the Firemen—Maniacs Refuse to Be Rescued—The Loss of Life and Property—Insurances.

Yesterday morning between 11 and 12 fire was discovered by the chaplain in the upper part of the centre, but the distance from Montreal and the condition of the road enabled every one to see that help could not arrive in time. At the first alarm the Sisters, nurses and others at once turned to save the patients. The fire spread with amazing rapidity, and the buildings were in an incredibly short space of time enveloped in flames. There were over fifteen hundred inmates in the burning building at time.

HORRIBLE SCENES.

The scene was well-nigh indescribable. There were 168 sisters in the asylum, and their first care was for the unfortunate inmates who were unable to care for themselves. Many of the inmates rushed from their rooms and jumped from the different stories of the buildings to the grounds beneath, which were soon swarming with demented people rushing wildly hither and thither. In the background stood the vast buildings almost entirely enveloped in flames, which shot high into the skies. Only the two end wings were untouched, but it was only a question of time when these, too, should go. Of the centre building nothing was visible but flames and smoke, and at intervals portions of the walls could be seen tumbling into the fiery mass below. Above the flames could be heard the shrieks and moans of many of the demented inmates being slowly roasted to death in the upper stories of the buildings. At intervals men and women would appear at the windows, linger for a moment amidst the smoke and flame, and then frantically jump to the ground below, or fascinated by the flames be engulfed in the seething mass of fire.

THE WORK OF RESCUE.

Hundreds who had escaped wandered aimlessly around the grounds, some in nothing but their underclothes, with bare feet, and a few, who had torn their garments off them in their excitement, with nothing on. To add to the horrors of the scene the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the frightened inmates dazed with terror were huddled around in groups shuddering and moaning. It was a frightful sight, and one which once seen was not likely to be soon forgotten. The Sisters and men connected with the asylum worked like heroes to rescue the inmates from their terrible position. Many a fragile Sister, losing all thought of herself, but filled with a noble heroism, rushed to the cells and literary dragged the inmates, who in many cases, fascinated by the flames, refused to move, out of their danger. To prevent the patients from escaping the large gates leading to the grounds were shut, and were only opened to allow the Sisters to pass out with groups of inmates, who were removed to the St. Isidore Convent, a large institution near by. Meanwhile the fire continued to burn with unabated fury, and it soon became dangerous to approach within twenty-five yards of the burning buildings. The demented inmates, however, appeared to be entirely oblivious to all danger.

IN THE VIOLENT WOMEN'S WARD

the poor creatures refused to move. Some clung to the bars, declaring that it was their property and they would be burnt with it. Some were got away, while others rushed back into the building and were lost in the flames. One of the inmates, having been brought out, jumped into a cart that was standing there and crawled into the burning building, but was seized and saved just in time. A policeman found another hidden away in the corner of his ward, refusing to come out. He fought with desperate energy, but was finally overpowered and dragged away just before the floor fell in. Half a dozen of the more violent, frenzied by excitement, rushed from their keepers, and jumping under the tumbling walls started to yell at the top of their voices, tearing their hair and contorting their faces in a most awful manner, and laughing like witches at the ruin that was being done. They had to be removed by force. While the flames were at their height many of the inmates still remained inside, although the nuns and doctors had done everything in their power to get them out.

FASCINATED BY THE FLAMES.

The flames seemed to have a terrible fascination for the poor creatures, who in many instances welcomed the horrible death that awaited them. All hope of saving those in the upper portions of the building was soon abandoned. Most of the men were got out, but many women, especially those in the violent wards, had to be left to their fate. Many acts of heroism were performed by the nuns and doctors in trying to save the inmates. Dr. Bourque, one of the medical attendants, continued his efforts until he had to be carried out half dead with smoke. As soon as one body of rescuers was exhausted there were others to take their places, until at least two-thirds of the inmates had been rescued. It was almost impossible, or only under the greatest danger, to approach within twenty-five yards of the front of the burning building.

SELF DOOMED LUNATICS.

When the firemen found they were powerless to save the building, they turned their attention to the inmates, and burst in the doors with axes. Inside Chief Benoit says it was such a sight as no fireman ever witnessed. In one ward he entered were twenty-five patients, and at his approach they huddled together like a pack of beasts, entwining their arms into one mass of humanity. "But," said the chief, "I could no more separate the crowd than I could the parts of your house." He tugged at them till the fire darted into their garments and enfolded them like a shroud of flame, and then he escaped with his life. In another ward three firemen were nearly trapped to death—Captain Doolan, Lambert and Gyr. They entered, and the door closed behind them by a spring lock. As is customary there was no handle on the inside, the doors resisted their axes, and they rushed to the windows, but were driven back by the flames. The chief, suspecting their peril, sent to the other side, and the men were carried down on ladders. The engineer of the building, O'Rourke, did good work in saving nine patients, and every fireman made a record of which he may feel proud. On the first alarm the engineer turned on the hose, but it was utterly useless, as the fire leaped along the ventilating shaft to the towers and burned in a dozen places at once.

BRAVE NUNS GIVE THEIR LIVES IN VAIN.

And here a melancholy event occurred. One of the Tertiary Nuns, Sister Marie, lay sick in the infirmary on the fifth floor, and to her rescue came three others. They seized their companion and bore her in a blanket to the staircase, but they were met by a sheet of flame and all four perished. Let their names be recorded: Sœurs Marie, Demerise, Gilbert and Lumiene. None of them were over twenty years, and all came from parishes below Quebec. The Sisters worked with the persistency of heroines, by turns imploring, beseeching and commanding the patients, and finally saving an enormous number in view of the inadequate facilities at hand. Sister Therese, the Superioress, is broken hearted, and being at present in ill-health her name may be added to the already long list. Doctors Bourque and Baralet were carried from the building unconscious, and whatever can be said of the management as a whole, the individuals exercised every power to lessen the calamity they neglected to avert.

A TOTAL LOSS.

A loud explosion was followed by a crash of beams. The interior was giving way. Wild faces sank from the windows, and the shrieks of the maniacs were lost in the general uproar. One by one the walls toppled inward, and a fierce blaze burst up from the newly added fuel that rose to the dark sky and shot its glare over the St. Lawrence to the southern shore, and even tinged the crest of Mount Royal, ten miles distant. Then it died down into blackness and nothing but a few broken towers remained, bounding a seething mass of metal and debris.

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

How many have been lost cannot precisely be told at present. Some estimate the number at 200, but this is probably exaggerated. Those who have been lost are all women. Three nuns are amongst them. Sister Therese, the Superintendent in charge of the Asylum, was ill at a neighboring convent, and for some time the news was kept from her. As soon as the calamity became known the directors of the Protestant Insane Asylum offered their assistance and the use of their own building, which is not yet occupied by its proper patients. In this and other refuges the patients have been received.

MANY PATIENTS ESCAPED.

The patients wandered about aimlessly, clad in scant garments, many of them veritable Ophelias in their fantastic dress. When released many of them leapt for joy, and bounded like deer across the fields to the woods. Patients of both sexes escaped, and, though a cordon of police was thrown round, not all were included, and a horribly suggestive tale was borne in by a habitant who was coming through the woods to the scene of the disaster. A new dread has come upon the inhabitants from the presence of so many escaped lunatics, and they will count themselves fortunate if they are not visited by a series of such crimes as only madmen can devise. The spring rains had converted the place into a quagmire, and only horsemen could get from place to place. The poor Sisters, most of them young and delicate, stood ankle deep in mud, securing and superintending the removal of such furniture as had been saved

CARING FOR THE PATIENTS.

Some difficulty has been found in providing shelter for the inmates of the asylum. A number were sent to the Protestant asylum, some to the jail and others put in cottages, barns and any other available space. An American gentleman staying at the Windsor, having witnessed the fire, returned to the city and ordered a waggon-load of eatables to be got ready at once and sent down to Longue Pointe for the use of the unfortunate people. Mr. Mercier, who is in Montreal, ordered sent down to the scene all Government officials who could be spared to give assistance. A gentleman, who well understands the subject, thinks it will be impossible ever to arrive at a correct estimate of the number of people destroyed. The system under which the asylum was carried on practically prevents any examination that can be regarded as thoroughly arriving at the facts. On receiving the news Hon. P. Garneau, Commissioner of Public Works, despatched a telegram to Premier Mercier and to Sister Therese, superioress of the asylum, saying that accommodation for 400 patients could be found in the Beauport asylum. That number will be, in consequence, sent down by special train. Mr. Garneau's prompt action has been of immense service to the sufferers.

The Building.

The St. Jean de Dieu Asylum, commonly called Longue Pointe, was founded in the year 1873. The Government, being desirous of closing the St. Jean d'Iberville Asylum and relieving the Beauport Asylum at Quebec, which was overcrowded, came to an understanding with the Sisters of Providence, with the view of establishing an asylum for idiots and for the insane. The erection of the edifice was commenced the following year, and on the 16th July, 1875, the asylum received its first patients. The buildings consisted of the main building and four other smaller buildings connected by wings, and had a frontage of 630 feet. These edifices were of brick, with freize and ground floor in cut stone. The principal building was six stories high, the other portion of the building five. The Sisters of Providence spent in founding and organizing this institution $1,132,282, of which sum $700,000 was spent in buildings. The building was insured by the Government for a sum of $300,000 in the Royal Insurance Co. Its founder was Madame Gamelin, widow of a wealthy Montreal merchant, who endowed the new sisterhood. The Mother House of the Order was for many years the convent connected with St. James' Roman Catholic Church. Lately the headquarters of the Order were removed to a large new convent and asylum on Fulham street. The deaf and dumb institution on St. Denis street is the other large city house of the Providence nuns. Universal sympathy is felt for Sister Therese, the energetic Lady Superior of the Longue Pointe Asylum. This lady's family name is Tetu, and she belongs to the Quebec district.

THE ASYLUM STAFF.

The staff was composed as follows: Sisters 72, lay sisters 92, total 164, of whom three were in the office, two in the parlor and others in the wards, kitchen and working departments watching over the patients; lay keepers (female), 14; keepers, 23; night guardians (male), 4; night guardians (female), 2. Besides these, two female keepers, four sisters and lay sisters on the average kept watch each night. In addition to these there were employed on the farm and in superintending the patients' labor, three; in the industrial departments and supervising the patients' working there were nineteen men besides two chaplains and two physicians, making a grand total of 242. The Lady Superior had control as well as the general direction of the establishment. In the women's hospital the supervision was done by a nun assisted by two lay sisters or by one lay sister and one keeper selected by the Sisters. In the men's hospital the superintendence was also given to a nun, who was assisted by two keepers.

INSURANCES.

The insurance on the building is divided as follows: Atlas, $15,000; British America, $10,0000; Connecticut, $5,000; Caledonian, $10,000; Citizens', $10,000; City of London, $5,000; Commercial Union, $10,000; Fire Association, $10,000; Guardian, $20,000; Hartford, $10,000; Imperial, $10,000; Lancashire, $10,000; Liverpool & London & Globe, $20,000; London & Lancashire, $10,000; Norwich Union, $5,000; London Assurance, $5,000; North British & Mercantile, $20,000; Northern, $10,000; Phœnix, $20,000; Queen, $10,000; Royal Canadian, $10,000; Royal, $50,000; Western, $20,000.

The Government, it is understood, will take steps towards the rebuilding of the asylum at once.

TWICE READ.

Balfour's Land Bill Gets Its Second Reading in the Commons.

A London cable of last night says: The wind-up yesterday of the Irish land purchase debate was exceedingly interesting, far surpassing in that respect any previous stage of the proceedings. Mr. Balfour delivered what is known as the characteristic speech, well interlarded with flouts and jibes. Mr. Sexton presented a good specimen of Irish eloquence. Mr. MacCartney, a Conservative Irish landlord, entered a very emphatic protest against the bill. Lord Hartington was moderate, earnest and judicious, as he always is. Mr. Morley summed up in a masterly manner, and with much literary grace as well as oratorical force, the main points against the bill. Such a programme is not to be despised, and it was not. Mr. MacCartney, speaking from the Ministerial side, declared that the bill would ruin all landlords with incomes below £5,000. A year ago he spoke of it as involving a scheme of scientific spoliation. Mr. Sexton declares that the tenants did not want the measure. Mr. MacCartney alleges that it will destroy the landlords. Has the bill any friends at all outside the Irish Office?

Although Mr. Parnell's alternative scheme was frequently referred to last night, the Irish leader was not visible. There was a strong reinforcement, however, of the main guard of the Nationalists. Messrs. Dillon, William O'Brien, the two Healys, the two Hartingtons, and most of the fighting men were there. Mr. Gladstone also was there, backed by his chief supporters. The Ministry were in full force, as it is their duty to be on such nights. And now the main work in connection with the bill still remains to be done. The second reading of the measure was carried by a majority of 80.

The Singer Sewing Machine Works Destroyed.

A last night's Elizabeth, N. J., despatch says: The Singer sewing machine factory was discovered to be on fire at 11 o'clock to-night. The flames were first seen on the third floor, having broken out in the main office. The entire fire department responded to the alarm, but the water from the six steam engines had but little effect. At midnight the flames were burning fiercely, and it was thought the main building, which covers acres of ground, would be destroyed. Within thirty minutes after the fire was discovered the immense building was a mass of flames. It is likely the entire factory will be destroyed. The loss will amount to several million dollars.

Coalman—"I can't give you any more than fifty cents a hundred weight, Ice-man." "All right, if you let me weigh it on your own scales."

ANOTHER KEMMLER WRIT.

The Supreme Court Will Hear Argument On a Writ of Error.

A Washington despatch says: Roger M. Sherman to-day made application in the U. S. Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus for Kemmler, under sentence of death in New York State, by electricity, pursuant to the order of Judge Wallace, of New York, directing that he should make the application immediately. The court denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus, but informed Mr. Sherman that on the 19th of May the court would hear a motion for a writ of error in the case, notice to be given the Attorney-General of the State. This will permit the whole record to be brought here and the case argued. The court follows the precedent established in the Spies Anarchist case. As the court adjourns for the term on May 19th, the decision denying or granting the writ of error will be announced almost immediately after the argument.

The Chief Justice, in denying the application for a writ of habeas corpus, said he did so inasmuch as a writ had been granted by Judge Wallace. Justice Blatchford then said that as Mr. Sherman had applied to him in Chambers as the Justice presiding over the Circuit Court, for a writ of error to bring the case here for review, he would suggest that Mr. Sherman should make such an application before the full Court, as was done in the Anarchist case. Mr. Sherman said he would do this, and the Court said it would hear the application on its next and final term on May 19th. Should the application be denied, as was done in the Anarchist case, it will end the matter, but should it be granted it simply defers for about a year final disposition of the matter, the case having to come up again in a more extended way.

ANOTHER WRIT.

A Buffalo despatch says: This morning a writ of habeas corpus was served upon District Attorney Quinby and others interested in the case, including Warden Durston, to produce Kemmler before County Judge Day at Auburn on Saturday next. The writ was granted by Judge Corlett and was obtained by Charles S. Hatch. It is issued to dispose of the question as to whether the Warden of the State Prison at Auburn can legally execute Kemmler. A stay of execution was some time ago asked upon the same ground, Mr. Hatch urging that nobody but the Sheriff of Erie county could execute his client.

MAY DAY TROUBLES.

Collisions of Working Men and Military in Older Lands.

A yesterday's Perth cable says: Early this morning a large number of working-men gathered in front of one of the rolling mills here. At first the men were orderly, but under the incitement of agitators they became aroused and bitterly denounced the alleged tyranny of their employers. Finally they lost all self-control and engaged in a riotous demonstration, which the police were powerless to quell. Military assistance was summoned and a body of troops promptly appeared on the ground with fixed bayonets. The mob was ordered to disperse, and upon refusing the troops charged. The crowd broke and fled in all directions, but not before many of the rioters had been pierced by the bayonets of the soldiers. The mill where the trouble occurred remained open, and work is going on as usual.

A Rome cable says: A few insignificant rows are reported at Milan and Naples in connection with the labor demonstration. The disturbances were quickly suppressed. At Naples a police inspector was wounded. A few workmen were arrested here for trying to cross the Tiber against the orders of the military.

A Vienna cable says: At Prossnitz a number of workmen had been put in prison, and when their fellow-workmen gathered on the streets this morning a plot was hatched for their liberation. The result was that a mob of 4,000 men made a desperate attack upon the prison. The authorities, however, had provided a strong guard for the prison, and the rioters were repulsed and routed.

At Trieste, Pola, and Cracow there was only a slight cessation of work and everything is quiet.

Ground Work of a Tragedy.

A Winnipeg despatch says: An encounter, in which revolvers were drawn, occurred between members of the W. A. Brady theatrical company in the Leland House early yesterday morning. The wife of one member of the company left her room during the night. The husband, awakening and missing her, sought the room of a fellow-member of the troupe, with whom his better-half plays the wife in "After Dark." Looking over the transom he saw his wife in a compromising position. He demanded admittance, and was finally let in, when the fight occurred. The wife afterwards sought admittance to her husband's room. He let her in, but he gave her a sound thrashing, and the actor in whose room she was found was ordered to leave the hotel, and last night he did not appear in the cast.

Married in Haste, Repenting at Leisure.

A Denver despatch says: On Monday a stranger arrived in Colorado Springs who gave the name of James Howell of Topeka. He at once called at an employment agency and said that he desired a housekeeper for his mansion in Topeka, being willing to pay the agent $10 as his fee. While the conversation was going on Mrs. M. E. Reed, proprietor of a restaurant, entered, and hearing part of the conversation suggested that she could take the place. The meeting of the two occurred at 4 30 p.m. and at 5.30 they were married. Howell late in the evening visited and proposed marriage to another woman, but was indignantly refused. On Tuesday the groom deserted his wife and left for parts unknown, leaving her to mourn his loss, as well as that of a sum of money.

Portugal Still Hedging.

A Lisbon cable says: The Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs has replied to Dr. G. P. Loring, the United States Minister here, accepting the principle of arbitration proposed by the United States Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He suggests that the question as to whether the case of the Delagoa Railway is or is not one for international arbitration shall be referred to some impartial friendly nation. He further put forward that if it be decided in the affirmative the same arbitrator might decide on the terms and basis of settlement. In the case of the arbitrator deciding negatively, the arbitration would be between the Portuguese Government and the Delagoa Railway Company.

Spanish Labor Riots.

A Saturday night's Barcelona cable says: The strikers assembled to-night in thousands. The troops endeavored to disperse them, but were met with stout resistance. Several shots were fired at the soldiers, who replied with a volley.

The mob was then charged and scattered at the point of the bayonet. Three of the strikers were shot and seriously wounded. Many arrests were made.

A striker was sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor to-day for wounding a policeman. Five others were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each at hard labor for attempting to prevent others from going to work.

Jumped 200 Times and Died.

Annie Dooley, a 13-year-old girl living at No. 852 Second avenue, died yesterday in convulsions. When she came home from her work at the Brussels Tapestry Works on Second avenue, on Tuesday she commenced to jump a rope with a young girl companion. Annie said she could skip the rope 200 times and the other girl said she could not. Annie did all she said she could and then stopped. The next day she was taken ill and Dr. Barnard, of 148 East Forty-third street, was called in. Meningitis, brought on by the violent exercise, set in, and after that there was no hope for the child's life.—*New York Herald.*

Galveston sign writers and grainers get $5 a day; tinners, $3 50 to $3; bricklayers, $4 to $5, and plumbers, $2 50 to $4.

Instantaneous photographs have been taken of troops engaged in sham combats and using the ordinary powder and the smokeless variety. The pictures were taken at the instant the command to fire was given. In the first thick black cloud of smoke appears, through which the troops are scarcely discernible. In the second only a thin haze appeared and the soldiers stand out clearly and sharply defined in the background.

It's a foolish man who doesn't know enough to fall down when he slips.

Louisville (Ky.) brick moulders struck for an advance from $2 to $2 25 a day, and the wheelers demand $1.75.

THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

Helpful Hints About the Everyday Cares of the Farm.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

Care of Foals.

The season has now come when the complaints of mortality among the young foals will again be heard. Last season was the worst for many years in some sections of the country. That there are causes for these epidemics is generally allowed, and in most of the cases it is not hard to define. In a general way, with the mare running quietly in the yard, not overfed, there is not often trouble, neither is it the case when the mare is worked moderately and moderately fed, but where mares are kept in idleness and fully fed, trouble multiplies fast. The difficulty is caused by the blood being heated. The foal should be carefully watched after birth to see that it has its passages all right. Should it be costive great care in the treatment is required, as very little over-dosing will kill it outright. In this case try injections of warm water with a little oil added; a dose of sweet or castor oil is the safest. Should costiveness be anticipated give a dose of raw linseed oil to the mare before foaling. In a case of scours also try mild remedies; a dose of sweet oil will help allay any irritation, and often stop an attack of this kind.

Horse Sense.

Good care lightens the horse's load. With easy, well-fitting harness not so many oats are required. Exercise is just as necessary to thrift in winter as in summer. To bring up a worn-down horse, give it light work, not idleness. The horse will be all the better for working his way through the winter. The man that knows the right use of a horse blanket is a first-class horseman. Too many horses eat up during the winter all they have earned during the summer. The horse blanket saves feed and flesh—less substance is used to make animal heat.

Soap Making.

Do not forget that every housekeeper can make her own soap. The mere action of combining the lye and grease requires but five minutes, and when the mixture cools you have as good soap as you need. A box of the "Red Star lye" or "Lewis' lye" can be bought for twelve cents, and either of them, with the grease, will make ten pounds of excellent soap. Keep all the grease not needed for cooking, and render it before putting away in a jar. A housekeeper always feels proud when she has made a quantity of soap as good as she can buy, and at a cost of twelve cents.

Sitting Hens.

This is the season when the sitting hens will be busy, and when lice will have a harvest. Before placing a sitting hen on eggs, give her new material; first dusting both the hen and the material of the nest with insect powder. At the end of seven to nine days, which will be only a few days before the chicks come out, again change the material of the nest, and use the insect powder freely, which will prevent the young chicks from being infested with lice.

Linseed Meal as an Appetizer.

Linseed meal is an excellent and harmless food and medicine. Many animals that have lost appetite may be brought into condition by allowing linseed meal once or twice a day. It should be used sparingly at first. For the cow allow half a pint a day, and gradually increase the quantity, until a quart or more may be given. For hide-bound it is excellent, and where cattle are lousy it soon drives the vermin away. It also regulates the bowels, and largely assists in balancing the ration when it is composed of food not nutritious in nitrogen and carbonaceous matter.

Green Oats as Food.

A crop of oats, cut when the seed is in the milky stage and cured, is excellent for stock, and serves as an agreeable addition to the regular diet in winter. In same portions of the South, where but little hay is grown, the oats and straw are passed through a fodder-cutter and fed to horses and cows with good results. By cutting the crop when in the milky stage the nutrition is arrested in the stalk on its way to the seed-heads.

Distinct the Premises.

In all cases where disease of any kind has appeared in a flock or herd the difficulty will reappear unless it is stamped out by disinfection of the premises. The germs may remain in the location in a dormant condition for years. Every inch of ground occupied by diseased stock should be disinfected, as well as the buildings and stalls.

How to Kill Caterpillars.

An emulsion of one quart of kerosene in five gallons of strong soapsuds is an excellent remedy for the caterpillars that will now infest apple trees, but kerosene is fatal to peach trees. The proper way, however, is to tear out the nests that appear in the trees and burn them, which work should be done late in the afternoon.

About Strawberries.

In the desire to secure size in the strawberry the more desirable qualities of hardiness of vine and flavor of the fruit are being overlooked. A well-flavored, solid berry, even if small, is better than some of the large, hollow, insipid berries that are more attractive in appearance than in quality.

Pigs in Clover.

The pig is happy when he is in the clover field. If kept in a pen, give him all the clover he can eat, with a mess of bran at night. On such a diet he should thrive and grow. No corn is necessary for a growing pig, but his quarters should be clean.

Rural Notes and News.

Open the mouths of all drains.
Breed from no scrubs this year.
Avoid sowing fowl or mixed seed.
No swill tubs near doors or windows.
Adorn home and elevate the family.
Grease the waggons—oil the harness.
Clover makes the best swine pastures.
Chopped beets are good food for milch cows.
Don't use plaster on wet, mucky soils.
Song of the garden seeds: "Put me in my little bed."
Remember that different soils require different fertilizers, and want no others.
Will varieties of buckwheat cross and mix? is one of the questions of the day.
Brains as well as farms are capable of cultivation. Never lose sight of this fact.
When your soil needs potash only, what is the use of putting on other fertilizing ingredients?
In eighteen of the great agricultural, sheep raising states and territories there is no dog tax at all.
A soil may be overfed and troubled with indigestion as well as the animal system, but it is oftener starved.
The Vermont maple sugar crop, just harvested, is only about five million pounds—much less than usual.
Try to find out the best way of doing everything you undertake and be sure that you do not do it the wrong way.
There is nothing gained by crowding crops. Numbers of plants do not compensate

CHEAPSIDE

FREE RAILWAY TICKETS

BROCKVILLE AND RETURN

NEXT WEEK

HINCH & CO.

LOTS FOR SALE

MRS. W. H. GILES offers for sale two lots on Main st. and two on Elma st. An indisputable title can be given for this property. Its situation is excellent and its value sure to increase. This property will be sold en bloc or in lots as above stated. For particulars, apply on the premises to
14-tf MRS. GILES, Athens.

MONEY TO LOAN

WE HAVE instructions to place a large sum of private funds at current rates o finterest on first mortgage on improved farms. Term to suit borrowers Apply to
HUTCHESON & FISHER
Barristers, &c., Brockvill

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. Clynne, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont. 16-2mo.

W. J. Earl & Son

SUCCESSORS TO A. JAMES

Are selling all kinds of

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE

At lowest prices.

All kinds of Farm Produce

taken in exchange.

W. J. Earl & Son

T. G. Stevens & Bro.

Wish to say that they have now on hand a full and complete line of

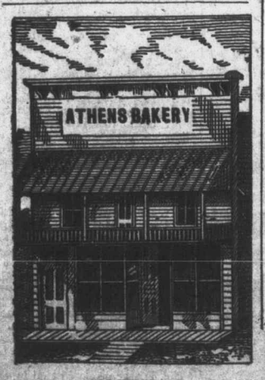
FURNITURE

ready for the Spring trade. They have just received a fine lot of

Parlor Suits, Students' Chairs, Model Rockers, Fancy Tables and something new and fancy in Sideboards, with and without mirrors. Also, latest design of bedroom suits,

All of which will be sold at moderate prices.

DON'T FORGET that we keep everything complete in the
UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT
and are ready at any time to attend to calls.
T. G. STEVENS & BRO.,
Victoria St, Athens, Ont.



ALL KINDS OF

CAKES and PASTRY

On hand or made on short notice.
FLOUR, FEED & OATMEAL FOR SALE

CANDIES & BISCUITS

Bread Delivered in the Village.

SYDNEY MOORE

Athens, June 25th. 3mo

IT'S NO SECRET

THAT THOMPSON has one of the best equipped Grocery and Provision establishments in the County. Everything in our line as low as the lowest. A large stock to select from.

D. W. DOWNEY

The One Price Bargain Shoe House

BROCKVILLE

We are ready with our new spring stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Trunks and Valises. We have long enjoyed the reputation of being the leading house in those lines and we intend to keep it.

Ladies' fine French Kid Button Boots, over-lapped quarters	$2 00
" " Dongola " " " " "	2 00
" India " " " " "	1 00
" " " Lace Shoes, nicely finished	75
" Polished Calf " " " "	1 00

We invite you to visit our store. We promise to show you goods at lower prices than has ever before been exhibited.

D. W. DOWNEY

One Price Bargain Shoe House, 184 King Street, Brockville

BENTLEY'S FAIR

242 King St. (Opposite Buell St.) Brockville.

SOME OF OUR BARGAINS

200 page Scribbling Book 4c. — 12 sheets Foolscap 5c.
100 page Scribbling Book 2c. — Good Slate Pencils 3c. doz.
Good Lead Pencils 8c. doz.
Good Lead Pencils (rubber tip) 10c. doz.
Best Lead Pencils (rubber tip) 20c. doz.
Best Black Ink 4c. bottle.

Penknives from 5c. upward, Pocket-books and Purses from 5c. to $3.50 Albums from 25c. to $3.69 each, Teapots and Coffee Pots from 15c. upward, Dish Pans from 14c up, Quart Dipper 5c.

ALSO BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

Soaps, Starch, Woodenware,
Tinware, Agate-ware — Embossed-ware, Rockinghorse-ware
Hardware, China — Birdcages, Jewelry
Brooms, etc., etc.

Our Spring Stock of Window Curtains has arrived and we defy competition in this line. No trouble to show goods.

Geo. F. S. BENTLEY

What Everybody is After

IS THE DOLLARS AND CENTS

Now, that means to buy $1 worth of goods for 75c. Having purchased the stock of Dry Goods and Groceries of Jas. H. Ackland, opposite Thompson's grocery, I am prepared to give some of the greatest bargains ever offered in Athens. Observe some of the prices enumerated below, which are for Spot Cash. No goods will be allowed to leave the store without the cash or its equivalent. I mean business and I am bound to do a business.

Ladies' Pocket Hdkfs	2c. each	Grey Flannel	13c. "
Men's Drawers and Shirts	24c. each	Room Paper	2c. roll
Print	4c. yard	" "	4c. roll
All silk and wool Henrietta	80c. "	Batting, ½lb. bunches	6c. per bunch
Dress Gaods	8c. "	Corn Starch	7c. per package
Check Shirting	5c. "	Good Japan Tea	20c. per lb.
Gingham	6c. "	Soap	2c. per bar
All wool Dress Goods	17c. "	Kid Boots	$1.25
Cottonade	12½c. "	Lamp Chimneys	3c. each
Bed Ticking	12½c. "	Soda	3c. lb.

Come and see that what I say is correct.

T. VANARNAM

FARMERS—REMEMBER

THAT THE

Agricultural Insurance Co.

OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Is the only Company doing business in Canada that insures farm buildings against Wind, Fire or Lightning; also farm stock from loss by lightning.

DEWEY & BUCKMAN, AGENTS

OFFICES - - COMSTOCK'S NEW BLOCK, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

THE REPORTER'S CIRCULATION

The number of Reporters Circulated last week was 816.

THE REPORTER

ATHENS, ONT., MAY 13, 1890.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Knight of the Pencil.—Local Announcements Rolled Right Down.

A meeting of the village council will be held in the town hall on Thursday evening.

It has not yet been decided what day Athens will observe as a holiday in honor of the Queen's birthday.

Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Lyn, will preach morning and evening in the Methodist church on Sabbath next.

For Sale.—A 12 gallon keg of McColl's celebrated machine oil, at 60 cts. per gal. Apply at Reporter office.

On Sunday a load of Athens Odd Fellows drove to Mallorytown to attend divine service with the brethren of that place.

Inspector Hicks is convalescent and has resumed the discharge of his duties which were performed during his illness by Inspector Boddy.

The largest and cheapest stock of china, crockery and glassware between Montreal and Toronto is at the China Hall, Brockville.—T. W. Dennis.

On Saturday last the Quarterly Board of the Methodist Church, by resolution, requested Rev. Mr. Wilson to remain on this circuit another year.

The Masons attend service in Christ Church on June 22nd, not on May 25th, as stated in our last issue, and as we were informed by a member of the order.

Mr. H. W. Marshall, optician, of Brockville, will be at the Armstrong House, Athens on Thursday and Friday of this week, with a full line of optical goods. Consultation respecting eye sight free.

There was a very large attendance at the quarterly service in the Methodist church on Sabbath last, a large number being present from the country. The sacrament was partaken of by 171, and in the fellowship meeting 110 spoke.

Rev. McGillivray and Mr. E. S. Somerskill, of Brockville, were in town last week in connection with the establishment of a branch of the order of Foresters. The society is fraternal and carries with it a guarantee of a benefit in case of sickness or death.

Some church congregations are apparently copying after that of St. Paul's in London. After a visit to that famous edifice, an Irishman is credited with having said—"Its a quare church entoirely, where nobody comes till after everybody gets there."

The Newboro *Standard* says that on 17th March last, Messrs. Newman and Abernethy, merchants, were fined for selling goods without having obtained a license from the municipality so to do. The defendants appealed the conviction, and were tendered back the fine and costs by the village clerk, but they refused to accept the same.

The following lines are from the pen of a Charleston oarsman:—

There are fish in the lake
Good as ever were caught,
But I don't see the comfort
By that saying taught;
For we've really no cause
To be thankful about
The fish in the lake,
If we can't get them out.

A small boy with a bone bag and a briar-root pipe promenaded Reid st. on Friday. He was accompanied by two smaller boys who regarded the combination with evident respect. Later in the day, he returned with a woodchuck suspended by its tail to the end of a pole. The boy evidently requires attention.

Brockville's annual blow-up took place on Sunday last, the material being furnished by the Standard Powder works, which ascended to the empyrean at 3 p. m. The explosion was caused by fire, the origin of which is unknown. Mr. Griffin's dynamite mill was also destroyed, and cottages in the vicinity suffered to a limited extent.

A large number of the friends of Mr. W. Connerty attended a party held in his honor at the residence of Mr. R. Arnold on Monday evening. He is eminently deserving of the distinction thus conferred. For three years he has served Mr. H. H. Arnold as a clerk faithfully and well, and in his social relations he has been deservedly popular. He goes to Irish Creek where he has a brother in business.

A number of hunters from Harlem were in Athens on Sunday. During the day they hunted in couples and, no doubt, selected their game. When the shades of evening fell, some of them went on a still hunt, while others took up good positions on the various runways of the village and waited for the dears to come along. It was a good night for dears, but the game was very shy, and at the close of the hunt it was found that only one little fawn had been captured and that it had made its escape after a brief captivity.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn." A young Athenian one day last week took advantage of the unexpired portion of his noon hour to linger in the vicinity af the home of She. Cold-blooded unsympathetic workmen in a neighboring shop decoyed him into the attic and barred the door. He languished in his enforced retirement for upwards of an hour. Realizing that his absence from the store would cause great anxiety, he took his hat in one hand and his life in the other and made his escape through an attic window to the roof and thence to the ground.

The sight of anyBody moving among the bushes on the shore of Charleston strikes terror to the hearts of the fish pirates. One day last week a law-abiding lake-dweller was approaching the Charleston wharf when he espied a man moving stealthily among the cedars, evidently with the intention af meeting him at the landing. When close in shore he put about and made for the pier at Cedar Park. Again the figure on shore accompanied him. He did not land, but turned and once more steered for the wharf at Charleston, the shadow on shore keeping pace with him. On landing, the shadow materialized into a vigilant inspector, who, on seeing that the boat contained no "contraband," asked the boatman if he had "seen Lew King," and the boatman replied "No Sam, I haven't caught any fish this spring."

Board.—Accommodation for 6 boarders at residence of Eri Hayes, Isaac st. New house—pleasant location—terms reasonable.—15tf.

We are disposed to think that his honor Judge Reynolds is just a little finical in demanding that a better place than the town hall be provided in which to hold the Athens Division Court. We would not like to say that better men, but certainly feel safe in saying that as good men as his honor have not felt it beneath their dignity to preside at court held in this building. The edifice is not strikingly handsome and the style of architecture may be somewhat antiquated, but it is clean, comfortable and well lighted, and is the best that the village can provide. There have been no complaints from the litigants respecting the character of the building, and one would naturally expect, from their social position, that some of these would have been quite as particular as his honor. It has always been esteemed by the municipal councils and by the public generally as being good enough for them, and we are inclined to think that what is accepted by the public should not be rejected by a public servant. Of course, we recognize the necessity of maintaining the majesty of the law and the importance of treating with becoming respect a man appointed to perform the high functions of administering it, but we think it well not to lose sight of the fact that judges are but men, subject to the same light passions as the rest of humanity. It is possible that a judge, especially a young judge, may appropriate to himself a portion of the respect and reverence paid by the public to the office which he holds. It is hard for a man acting in a purely official capacity to lose sight of his individuality, and thus it not infrequently happens that this reverence is misapplied, with the result that the person receiving it is unduly puffed up. We trust that these few words, spoken in all kindness of heart, will have the effect of making his honor think twice before he carries into execution the threat made here on Saturday last.

SUNDAY DESECRATION IN HOLLAND.

Rear of Yonge and Escott.

Monday, May 12.—We charitably call the attention of the public to the present scandalous practices that are boldly perpetrated in this locality every Sunday morning, by a certain clique, who, we are informed, are dictated to by a ram-headed resident whose heart is impregnated with sanguine desires to wield, if he could, the sceptre of the autocrat in all local business, such as schools, cheese factory, and council. A certain contingent of farmers in the morning of the Lord's day, drive milk to the factory, and consequently cause their cheesemaker to work all day Sunday at making cheese. On the holy day the stamping of horses, the clang of milk cans, the hallowing of men and boys, who too often in the race for the "whey projectile," curse the holy name of God, when they should be in their homes, either quiet at ordinary permissable work, or reciting their morning prayer to the eternal God. Such audacious violation of God's sanctified day of rest would not be allowed to exist, even in a barbarous country. The red man, or tawny uncivilized indian, that roams amidst the wilds of our American forests, suspends his piercing arrow and tomahawk on the day given to what he calls in his maternal tongue the Manitou or Great Spirit. From their phlegmatic mode of acting and speaking, one might judge that those Sabbath breakers believe themselves empowered to dispense with the third commandment, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day," so solemnly spoken to Moses on the Mount Sinai by the divine lips of the omnipotent God. When rebuked on the matter, they will tell you that they keep a large stock of cows and the great quantity of milk cannot be kept over till Monday. We ask the authorities, do these reasons suffice to exempt them from keeping holy the Lord's day? Let us inform the milkmen of Holland and thereabouts that the farmers in all other sections of this township have milk in quantity and quality equal to them, yet they manage to keep it over, and never do they allow it to be lost. In no other district of this County of Leeds, nor even in the whole Province of Ontario, can we trump up such barefaced farmers as those of the above named place. We therefore, wishing to avert the visitation of God, and banish from our homes all scandal, do appeal to the indignation of the respectable public to discountenance such effronterie and to brand them with vigorous public opinion. We, furthermore, formally protest and do suggest that immediate steps be taken to have this Sunday desecration stopped by the authorities, or by the directors of the Farmers' Institute.—Com.

THE APIARY.

Comb Foundation—Pound Sections—Reflections and Suggestions.

Mr. Bruce Holmes, one of the most enterprising and successful bee-keepeas in eastern Ontario, will furnish one-piece pound sections, in the flat and comb foundation, at Mr. Earl's grocery, Athens. He does this, not to benefit himself, but only for the encouragement of those who wish these things. Their uses will be explained.

Mr. Holmes is a gentleman of leisure and ample means who has retired from farm life. Bee-keeping to him is only a pastime, and he is fast acquiring a superior knowledge of the apiary. He loves to see beginners prosper and the industry develop, and I have reason to believe that he will introduce whatever is needed cheerfully, with only this one great end in view.

It is with regret that I confess that some of our leading bee-keepers in every locality are actuated by a spirit the very opposite of this; in other words, malevolent jealousy imbues them If, when a bee-keeper loses his bees, I smile with satisfaction and say to myself, "there is one less to contend with," do I not thereby brand myself with the words iniquity and oppression? Oh! it is pitiful to see professing humanity fall to such depths of selfishness and relish with gusto their own degradation.

Most bees this season were set out on the same days of the week and month as they were last season. Last season they at once had nearly sixteen consecutive hot days, the mercury part of the time at 80 deg., which well prepared them for the many cold days that followed. The result was ample swarming. This season the temperature remains low from the beginning, and unless the temperature rises soon, swarming will be late and limited. There was ice in some swamps near by that would bear up cattle on the 5th of May.

Aside from regular robbing, the reason why bees fight and kill in early spring is a queenless colony, or a starving one, or part of each disperse among their opulent neighbors, determined to domicile where there is plenty of bread and honey. They are soon served with a writ of ejectment which, if they do not heed, is summarily executed. It is amusing to observe an intruder that has failed to obtain honey. He is seized by the authorities, pulled and cuffed, severely reprimanded, then let go with orders to leave that country. I once witnessed an absconding swarm from a distance make a descent on an apiary. In two minutes they struck and entered nearly every hive, sans ceremony. There was a general uproar and war for a week before peace was restored. I infer in such cases that only a limited number are deputised to search out and kill the intruders, or they would not be so long about it.

Remember that a hundred of these long-fingered gentry, hiding and dodging among 20,000 bees, around and over the great combs, cannot be discovered and arrested for 24 hours, for the simple reason that nearly all the bees are hard at work and do not stop to meddle with the detective business, unless the disturbance becomes serious; then all business is suspended and the community declared under martial law. Proof that the above is no fiction: I often see pollen and honey passing into the hive and robbing taking place at the same time. The force detailed is not strong enough to repress it in such cases for some time.

I have spent much time in observing the following:—About 30 half digested feeds are daily placed in a cell, after the egg is deposited, until the cell is sealed on the eighth day, or about 240 feeds. There are fifty brood cells to the square inch. Leaving a margin, one comb may contain 4,000 cells in the larval state, requiring 96,000 feeds. The practical value of this knowledge is this: that if a colony have not ample stores in early spring, followed by cold, wind, or wet, they will rear no young bees and the brood they have must perish. Don't delay to take a frame of honey from a heavy hive and give to the light one before it is too late to be helped by its aid.

Swamp flowers were five days later this than last season. The soft maple, willow and alder have flowered. Abundance of honey up to the present.

W. H. Hough.

FOR SALE

A GOOD COW, of a quiet disposition. Apply to JAS. K. REDMOND, 1½ miles north of Athens. 18—tf.

Incorporated Village of Athens

COURT OF REVISION FOR 1890.

Public Notice is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the village of Athens for the year 1890, will be held in the town hall in said village on Friday, May 23rd, 1890, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. Parties having business at said court will please attend.

B. LOVERIN, Village Clerk.
Athens, May 13, 1890. 2in

Rear of Yonge & Escott

COURT OF REVISION

The Court of Revision for the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott will be held at the town hall in the village of Athens on Monday the 26th day of May, 1890, at the hour of 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

R. E. CORNELL,
Township Clerk.
Elbe Mills, May 13, 1890.

DENTISTRY.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

Why suffer for years, with a mouthful of decayed teeth and old ulcerated roots, when you can have them removed without the slightest pain or suffering. Foul breath, dyspepsia, neuralgia, diseases of the eye, ear and throat are often caused by bad teeth. There is nothing that can so mar the beauty of the human face as a mouthful of putrefying and discolored teeth.

Twenty-five years of an extensive practise enables me to speak with some authority on the above.

Ash and Sons celebrated English rubbers and teeth kept constantly on hand. They are without doubt best in the world.—D. V. BEACOCK'S Dental rooms, 89 Main St., Brockville. 16 4-in.

ATHENS

FANCY STORE

Opposite the Gamble House

WALL PAPERS

In Endless Variety.

WINDOW CURTAINS

Complete for 47c.

School Books, Stationery, and Novels at lowest prices.

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Berlin Wools,
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VERY CHEAP

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Athens, April 21st.

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He has the best assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware, Fishing Tackle, &c., in town and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns "best in the market" always in stock and at lowest prices.

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Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is now complete and is pronounced the finest in Brockville.

In Dress Goods you will find Henriettas, Serges, Cheviotts, Lustres, Alpaccas, Fancy Bordered Goods, Combination Dresses and Challis. The The largest and finest stock to choose from in Central Canada.

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The agency for Ferd Rouillion's Kid Gloves. The best goods in the market.

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A large stock of Ready-made Mantles and Mantle Cloths to choose from. All cloths cut and fitted free by a genuine mantle maker.

A kind invitation to all.

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When you come in to Brockville, if in want of anything in the line of foot-wear, come straight to the

"OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE"

Three doors east of Court House Avenue.

A good assortment of Trunks, Valises, Hand-bags, &c., always on hand.

Remember the place—Next door to Messrs. Hutcheson's large dry goods establishment.

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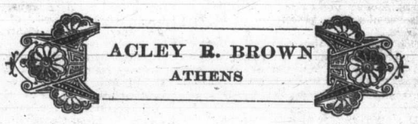

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GEO. A. BULFORD

Takes pleasure in announcing that he now has open and ready for inspection the LARGEST, FINEST AND RICHEST stock of Tailoring Goods ever offered to the people of the village, consisting of

COATINGS, VESTINGS, PANTINGS & SUITINGS

In all the Newest Patterns Shades and Colors.

WORSTEDS—COATINGS—In Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Drab and Bronze; Wide Wale and Narrow Wale; Small Checks and Large Checks; Plain and Fancy Patterns.
PANTINGS—To match, in Stripes, either Narrow or Wide. Single or Double; all Warranted Solid Wool Worsted.
Only the BEST Lining and Threads Used.
Only the BEST Workmen Employed.
Only MODERATE Prices Charged.
TWEED SUITS—Latest Styles; Newest Patterns; Fast Colors; Best Designs; Strong Trimmings. From only ten dollars each.
BOYS' CLOTHING—A nice assortment of Boys' Suits (ready-made) in good strong tweeds. Only $3.50 each. Overcoats, ditto, at $4. All wool and wool lined; will wear well.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED, AND A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

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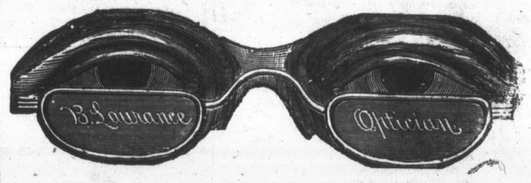
WATCHMAKER - AND - JEWELLER

ATHENS, ONTARIO

Large stock of gold and silver Watches, Clocks, Jewellry, etc., all of excellent quality and at low prices.

REPAIRING is done by first class workmen and guaranteed in every case.



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Real pebbles are kept in stock. Tests are given to purchasers to prove genuineness. Every pair guaranteed to give perfect vision, or can be exchanged free of charge within 12 months. Recommended by leading Physicians and Educationists.

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LARDINE - OIL

Is yet unequalled in quality and price for Reapers and Mowers, Threshers and all kinds of Machinery. Bolt Cutting and Cylinder Oils at the lowest market prices.

All oils guaranteed to suit or no sale. Try sample barrel.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto

FOR SALE AT G. W. BEACH'S Athens.

CEDAR POSTS.

THE undersigned has for sale a large quantity of first-class Cedar Posts. Write or apply to B. W. LOVERIN Greenbush. 6-tf

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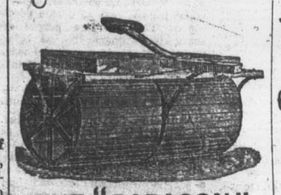
Agricultural Works



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Seven feet 3 inches wide, two sections, heavy iron heads and hangers, with chilled bearings running on cold rolled steel axle; bearing in centre to prevent springing. Moveable spring seat. The best roller made. Prices low. Delivered at your nearest station. Address
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Cabinet-making in all its Branches.

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TWO or three Houses to rent or for sale. Apply to H. C. PHILLIPS.
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