

# The Bee.

VOL. 1.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPT. 12, 1890.

NO. 33.

## In Darkest Africa.

A Wonderful Story of Daring Adventure.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BOOK TO BE GIVEN IN THE BEE PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.

Mr. Stanley's book 'In Darkest Africa' has now been before the public for some weeks. The glamor inseparable from the first telling of the story of such achievements as those of its author or has to some extent worn off. Stanley has not ceased to be a hero, but the first great burst of enthusiasm which welcomed him from the heart of Darkest Africa with his marvellous narrative of heroism and privation, treachery and death, fever and famine, giant forests and pigmy men and women, has sunk into a gentler expression of admiring approval, with a dash of criticism here and there not wholly eulogistic of the literary portion of the great explorer's performances. It is not surprising that the book should contain evidences of the haste with which it was written. Its English is frequently inclined to be slipshod, and still more frequently it is decidedly inelegant, and the reader cannot help regretting that the author did not, by the bestowal of a little more time upon his literary work, bring it to as complete and successful an issue as he did his quest in Africa. The world longer for a book that should have been written with a view to giving it a permanent, not a fleeting value. We must not be too critical, however. Mr. Stanley is a man of action, resolute, rapid and energetic, and these characteristics at least are faithfully portrayed in his book. If a little conceit and a good deal of egotism also find their way into the book the author must be forgiven. It is human nature only, and, after all, most men would be vainier than Stanley if they stood in Stanley's shoes.

### HOW IT WAS WRITTEN.

The circumstances under which the book was written are very graphically set forth by Edward Marston, its publisher, in this month's Scribner. He says:—On Mr. Stanley's arrival in Cairo he immediately telegraphed to me, inviting me to pay him a visit there, with a view to forward the progress of the great work he had in hand; and he suggested that I should bring an artist with me. I need not say that I accepted the invitation with the greatest possible pleasure. I arrived at Cairo at 3 o'clock on the morning of my 66th birthday. I think it may be looked upon as an almost unique thing in the history of authors and publishers for a publisher to be invited to travel so far to give practical assistance to an author in the preparation of his manuscript. The truth, however, was that a great book had to be written within a certain period of time, and if not completed by that time there was every chance that it would never be completed at all. To attain this end Mr. Stanley has very wisely decided not to proceed home, where to write his book in peace and quietness was out of the question; while in Egypt there was a possibility of comparative seclusion.

And they are better told still by Stanley himself at the close of his second volume:—

After arriving at Cairo on the 16th of January, 1890, and delivering the 260 refugees to the Egyptian authorities, I sought a retired house wherein I might proceed to write this record of three years' experiences. In Darkest Africa, and the story of our quest, rescue and retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria. I discovered such a house in the Villa Victoria, and on January 25th I seized my pen to do a day's work. But I knew not how to begin. Like Elihu my memory was full of matter and I desired to write that I might be refreshed; but there was no vent. My right hand had forgotten its cunning and the art of composition was lost by long disuse. Wherefore, putting firm restraints against the crowds of reminiscences that clamored for issue, I let slip one after another with painful deliberation into the light, and thus, while one day my pen would fairly race over the paper at the rate of nine folios an hour, at other times it could scarcely frame 100 words. But finally, after 50 day's close labor, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, I have succeeded in reaching this page, 903, of foolscap manuscript. Besides writing 400 letters and about 100 telegrams, and am compelled from overweariness to beg the reader's permission to conclude.

After reading the above, after all, one feels inclined rather to wonder that Stanley did his work so well than that there are flaws in it.

### THE IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

Mr. Marston bears lightly on some of Mr. Stanley's failings, attributed them to the irritability of genius, as for instance:—

Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, "Am

I a prisoner in my own house?" "I've brought you this telegram, sir." "Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?" "Sally, the black boy who traveled with him through his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his master's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours, but now things were different; every time he approached the den the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar he poked it into the room and bolted.

To say that the book is one of intense interest, in spite of some manifest defects, is to state the case very mildly. The reader follows every movement of the expedition with the most eager attention. From the record of the first day's march down to Stanley's farewell to his brother officers at the close of the second volume not a fact is set down but has its own special interest. The trivial incidents recorded of daily life often do more than anything else to remind the reader that these things are of the last quarter of the nineteenth century and not of the middle ages. The dreadful experiences of the expedition at Starvation Camp, the many weeks of weary march through the densest of African forests, the inroads of death, disease and desertion upon the numbers of those who started from Zanzibar, the treachery of Tippoo Tib, the fatal resolution of Barttelot and the consequent misfortunes of the rear column, the bitter disappointment at not at first finding Emin Pasha on the southern shore of the Nyanza, the weary retracing of steps, the final encounter with Emin and the journey back to Zanzibar all crowd upon each other so closely that the thoughts of the reader have no time to wander. There is some natural disappointment at the discovery of the

### TRUE CHARACTER OF DR. EMIN.

Stanley himself experienced it to a considerable degree. The rescued Governor of Equatoria was not a second Gordon by any means. He was a student rather than a soldier, a naturalist rather than a statesman, and seems to have given Stanley endless trouble that the explorer had not anticipated, in consequence. It must strike the reader occasionally as a curious fact that the two principals in this expedition to the Equator for the rescue of an Egyptian satrap should belong to the new world, being respectively a man bred, though not born, in the United States, and a Canadian; for nobody who reads In Darkest Africa, can doubt that Lieutenant Stanley is the right hand man throughout. The explorer refers to him invariably in terms of the warmest affection and appreciation, and Stanley's marked characteristics of the book are the resolution, hopefulness, energy and activity of Stanley himself. These things make the book of special interest to Canadians. Stanley has his dark moments, however. They came upon him now and then in the great forest.

Al! it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling blindly through that endless forest, following one white man who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself. They were in a veritable hell of hunger already. What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger followed by despair, killed many. Many freely expressed their thoughts, and I knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods. But, as they said, it was their fate to follow us and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emphysema; it is still worse to do so when burdened with 60 pounds weight. Over 50 were yet in fair condition; 150 were skeletons covered with ashy grey skins, jaded and worn out, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan and shed tears and sigh.

Stanley's closing words—a farewell to his companions—are worth quoting:—

Good night, oh, my companions! May honors such as you deserve be showered upon you. To the warm hearts of your companions I consign you should hood or upon your loyalty or honor within these pages, the record of your faithfulness during a period which I doubt will never be excelled for its gloom and hopelessness, will be found to show with what noble fortitude you bore all. Good night Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, and you, Bonny—a long good night to you all.

The Canadian edition of Mr. Stanley's book has been published by the Presbyterian News Co., of Toronto, being a reproduction of that of Messrs. Scribner, New York. It contains two steel engravings and 150 illustrations and maps in two volumes, and is printed in a manner to reflect the highest credit on the publishers.

### LOVE OF HUMANITY.

Written for THE BEE.

All men are brothers, believe it not if you wish, resent it if you will, deny it if you can, the grand truth still stands forth in its beauty and powerful in its sublimity. All the teaching of the extracts, the proud bearing of aristocracy, the chilling disdain of the haughty, the grievous oppression of the great, the cruel wrongs man would inflict on his brother man, would fain deny this fact or crush it down from their sight and trample it under their feet, but if truth and truth must prevail. Every day sees this love for brother growing or expanding in the heart. Earth's noblest and best are all crying with that great woman whose large heart beats in sympathy with prince and peasant, with the pure and impure, with the virtuous and the vicious. "Oh may I be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony." What grander aim can we conceive in life than to be our brother's helper? What higher joy than to inspire him with new courage and struggle on hopefully to the great goal of the human? We stand side by side with him in the race; dare we turn aside and gaze on him with coldness and contempt? He hastens along through the same thorny way, the same passions grind his soul. Do they conquer him? The greater need for our sympathy and help, the greater reason why our hand should clasp his and our strength should be imparted to renew all the nobler aspirations of his immortal nature and fight forth again the sturdy resolutions of manhood. See! the same cares harass his life, the same narrow bed awaits his frame, the same fearful journey into the unknown awes his heart. Why let him know that want of human sympathy which is death in life? Why grave the remembrance of your indifference, coldness and scorn? Were our lives filled with this love of humanity the despairing cry of the human soul "Is life worth living?" would not be wrung from our hearts in this house of solitude and reflection. The blessings we would reap would repay us more than a hundred-fold. There are none of human sympathy, none whose hearts have never been cheered in some of life's dark passages, by a kind word or a not felt glowing glance, none who have not felt gratitude to some benefactor, none who have not caught inspiration from the depths of some other nature which filled them with new life and gave them new power to struggle onward and upward. Have you never felt when you read the words of others which gave you fresh strength and resolution, or to do something also for the benefit of mankind—a desire which craved even the meanest opportunity to prove its sincerity? But how often these feelings pass away and our love for humanity becomes an abstraction, and we, surrounded by countless opportunities of showing its power ignore them all in the pursuit of some ideal. He who would do great deeds must never despise the little things. Progress, be it social, moral or spiritual, must ever be made step by step even as the lofty ladder is climbed by those who planting their feet on the lowest round and ascend round by round. None of us can leap to manhood or womanhood at one stride nor can we in reality love humanity in the abstract if we despise it in the concrete. How do you regard that statesman who talks eloquently of the elevation of the masses and yet hesitates to grasp with his greasy fingers the hand of the laborer; that orator who proclaims "All are born free and equal" and yet shirks from contact with any but an exclusive few, those men and women whose confess that all men are brothers and yet talk contemptuously of the common people, the vulgar crowd? Do you think that these are love of humanity? Not in the true and noble sense, for true love does not despise, it does not debase. It would find in the most degraded some redeeming feature, its pity would fathom depths in that soul that sin had even barred more effectually from the sunlight and it would provide the power that such unbowed love and sympathy has to elevate the human race. This love of humanity calls on us to strive to make ourselves purer and nobler. It will renew and perfect and beautify our characters once its influence permeates our souls but it calls to its shrine single-hearted men and women, who would scorn to sacrifice their brothers' welfare to their own selfish ends and sinful passions. Could the miser, the drunkard, the vicious, the bank defrauder, the swindler, the shudderer, the robber and the murderer stand there, their presence itself would condemn them and stamp their pretensions as the vilest hypocrisy. Would you help that brother by your influence then that in ignorance must be powerful and good? Would you stamp your creed to the world with this foul blot, then you care not in your heart how your character influences others; you care not what an example you set your fellow men, you deny by your life that love for your brother that you proclaim with your lips. If we would be true to our fellow beings we must, above all, be true to ourselves—the second requires and demands the first and the first proclaims and perfects the second. Of what value is that love that seeks for

its own pleasure only? How worthless it appears viewed beside that sublime love which is so pure that it is happy in the happiness of others alone. Selfishness is one of the strongest enemies that besiege the human soul. When we arrived at the years of discretion we find it has full possession of the citadel; then begins a fierce conflict with this tyrant which will never end till our tired hearts cease to beat. Would you have a strong armor for this warfare? Then take this love of humanity. It inspired the labors of St. Paul, the zeal of John Howard, the tenderness of S. Martin, the sacrifice of Bishop Selwyn, the self-devotion of Florence Nightingale, the denunciations of Wm. Wilberforce and the affections of a host of others whose whole lives were an offering upon the altar of their brother's needs. These lives speak to us and to the world of the purpose purged from every selfish taint and proclaimed to those who struggle in the coils of selfishness, to those all their actions, that the victory has been, can be, and will be won again and again. Characters like these have made the whole world glow with their enthusiasm. Others have caught the inspiration and swelled the notes of their watchword till the whole world has resounded with the glorious cry and their influence is never fully realized till we peer into the dark avenues of the past with the glorious light of the present. No! The full conviction of with this divine love for brothers whose fruit is the God-like spirit of self-sacrifice never bursts upon our hearts till we review the past and view ages in which the highest desire was a thirst for blood and the aged, miserable and helpless were left to perish uncared for and abused, in which scores of unconscious innocents were strangled or thrown upon the streets to die and thousands upon thousands of cultured men and women glutted their insane desire for pleasure on the cruel horrors of the bloody arena; in which the wretched convict bowed down with chains toiled slave beat out his miserable existence in a vain struggle for the prized liberty; in which the aged, the deaf and dumb, helpless, ruined and incurable; grand educational systems are sweeping away like a deluge, and in which statesmen are taxing their abilities to give equal rights and liberties to all while heroic men and women are giving all their time and talents to relieve the suffering and distressed. Black in the world's history till from the lips of that Perfect Life rang the words "A new love one another" and again "Love your enemies." Do good to them that hate you." These words were the power that rent the veil of Jewish bigotry; they were the words that rolled back the curtain of darkness that brooded over the middle ages; and they are the strong bonds that are ever binding together more closely the children of the great family whose father loves its every member with an infinite tenderness. All nature proclaims to us the great Creator's care and love. The budding trees, the blooming flowers, the ripening fields, the bubbling streams, the heaving mountains, and the sparkling heavens all tell us of his tender solicitude for his creatures. Can it be that this love echoes not from heart to heart of those who share its bounty? Is it possible that those who daily enjoy its gifts respond to its sweet notes with the jarring accents of bitter intolerance and deadly hatred? The annals of bloody wars, the horrors of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the groans of slavery, the writhings of the sensitive and the distressing cries of the wronged appeal our hearts with their answer and we would fain hide our heads and cloak our faces when we see the aged sneered at, the infirm jostled aside in the race, the poorly clad, shunned, the weary laborer despised, the fallen and wretched scorned and the rude jests, "fresh by coarse, reflected from the hearts of those who recoil from their poor brothers and sisters their lips pressing the words "Our Circle" and "Our Set." Where are the very place where they kneel and pray for all sorts and conditions of men gather up their draperies and shrink from the luckless stranger who has strayed into their pew or turn upon him the cold inquisitive glance which shows him too plainly that his presence is regarded as the most unpardonable intrusion. What shall we say of an age enjoying the light and privileges of the bonfire of the nineteenth century when society of fondles and caresses all sizes and varieties of unsightly pugs while the homeless waifs seek nightly shelter on the hungry Arabs creep through the alleys of London crying for the food they fail to receive? How shall we answer when we thread our way through crowded workshops of when we climb the crowded staircase and peer into the wretched attic where the starving seamstress stitches her life away in the vain struggle for the bare necessities of life while there is fresh in our memories the vision of the magnificent residence and the gorgeous carriage of the millionaire who grinds down all classes with his huge

monopolies? Reflections such as these force us to bow our heads and exclaim with the poet Burns "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Yes, it vies with Death in the sore and bleeding. Though we grant that civilization has improved the masses, that commerce has linked the interest of every nation and every language, that Christianity has carried the lamp of love and light into the blackest and foulest retreats of vice and error, yet we are forced to acknowledge that their fetich self and offering all the wealth of body, mind and soul upon its altars. Let us ask ourselves "What do we owe to humanity?" and this question cannot be answered by pointing to casual offerings for the relief of want and suffering but our lives should be lived striving to do others good. May we ever, by thought ward and deed shed forth in our daily lives the light of this love of humanity and thus hasten with the Divine truth of universal brotherhood that all ranks of society from the nobility to the mud-sill will echo in one grand chorus through ending ages Robert Browning's soul-stirring inspiration:

"Let thrones press them to me;  
Up and down amid mean heart by heart  
fare we,  
Welcome squallid vesture, harsh voice,  
hateful face;  
God is soul, souls I and thou  
With souls should souls have place!"

Berlin Aug. 21, 1890. VELVET SNOW.

### Wedding Bells.

One of those pleasing social events that never fails to awaken a lively interest amongst young people took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Brussels, on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, the contracting parties being John Pelton, of Atwood, and Miss Maggie McBain, of Brussels. The ceremony was duly solemnized by Rev. John Ross, B. A. After the usual congratulations were showered upon this happy couple by the invited guests, comprised of near relatives and intimate friends of the groom and bride, to the number of about twenty, they drove to their new home in Atwood. The wedding gifts were costly, beautiful and useful. From our personal acquaintance with the bride we congratulate our cousin upon winning the hand, and of course the heart, of a young lady, possessing so many estimable qualities, which will no doubt endear her to our people. Mr. Pelton has had erected and nicely furnished a neat, cosy brick residence in which to receive his bride, and as far as the human can comprehend a bright and happy future awaits them. Our warmest wish is that they may have a bon voyage on the tranquil waters of wedded bliss.

### Stratford Presbytery.

Stratford Presbytery held its ordinary meeting in the Presbyterian church, Millbank, on Monday, the 8th inst., at 2:30 p. m. There was a small attendance of members, owing chiefly to the fact that the funeral of the late Mrs. McPherson, wife of Rev. T. McPherson, of Stratford, took place that afternoon, and many members of Presbytery were attending it. The moderator, Rev. J. W. Cameron, occupied the chair, and after the meeting had been duly constituted, and the minutes of two preceding meetings read and sustained, it was moved by Rev. A. Henderson, and seconded by Rev. J. Kay, and unanimously agreed that in consideration of the recent bereavement of Rev. T. McPherson and the funeral of his late wife, Presbytery adjourn till the evening of the 7th inst. On reassembling at 7:30 p. m., Rev. A. T. Tully, of Mitchell, and Clerk of Presbytery, opened the conference by giving an able and interesting address of nearly an hour on "Systematic Giving," in which he gave prominence to the importance and necessity of giving in order to the maintenance and extension of the Kingdom of Christ; the duty and privilege of giving; the Scripture rule of giving—weekly and as God has given prosperity; the manner of giving; conscientiously, continuously, cheerfully and in a Christ-like way; and the rewards of giving, approval of conscience, increased ability to give, and the approbation of Jesus. All the ministers present and some of the elders took part in the conference, and there was a good attendance of the congregation. Mr. Tully received the thanks of the Presbytery for his address, and he was also requested to have it published. Consideration of Rev. T. McPherson's resignation of the treasurer's account of his absence. The committee appointed on the levying of rates had no report ready and said committee was continued. Mr. Hamilton had allotted to the various congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery the several amounts to be contributed by them to the Home Mission and Augmentation Funds, and was instructed to send notice of these amounts to all concerned. Revs. Messrs. Hamilton and Campbell, of Listowel, were appointed a committee to prepare a resolution of Christian sympathy and condolence on behalf of Presbytery and present it to Rev. T. McPherson in the affliction with which God has visited him in the death of his wife. Presbytery meets again in Stratford, Nov. 11th.

# THE BATTLE WON.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

DR. MEREDITH.

As Nessa recovered consciousness, she heard the roll of drums and the strident outburst of brass opening the triumphal march to which, the night before, she had been led to her place of honour, followed by a thunder of applause that drowned the music. But it came from a distance, that music, like the sounds in a dream, that stamping of feet and clapping of hands came from above, and she was bewildered with a strange sense of immobility and pain. What had happened? Had she fallen asleep? Was the spectacle being played without her? Where were the lights and the serried rows of spectators who applauded? It must be so—she has fallen asleep! For now, her eyes opening she saw a whitened ceiling, a gas jet flaring in its wire protector, all blurred and indistinct, but clearly enough for her to know that she was in one of the ante rooms of the arena, and she was lying down.

"Oh, I shall be late!" she cried in terror. "They can't do without me. I am called!" she stopped abruptly. Something choked her, leaving a inky taste in her mouth when she swallowed.

There was a number of voices quite close to her. She recognised the voice of Fergus as he said, in a tone of fervent gratitude, "Thank God!"

"You must not speak. Lie still. Be calm," said a voice, low and soft, in firm, measured tones that commanded obedience. Who was it spoke? She blinked her eyes to clear them of the film that obscured her sight. There was a circle of men about her, and one kneeling by her side who pressed a sponge to the lower corner of her mouth as he held her head in the hollow of his arm. She did not know the man; he was not one of the company. He had a close-clipped beard. It was still a continuation of the dream. But the music rising now as the applause subsided reminded her of the part she should be playing.

"I must go!" she murmured, in plaintive appeal. "I ought to be on the steps. Don't you hear them?"

She stopped again, for, as she struggled to raise herself, a terrible pang shot through her body, while a fresh rising of blood from her throat sickened her and made her giddy and utterly helpless.

The cold sweat was wiped tenderly from her brow, while the same low voice said— "You have been thrown from your horse and hurt. You must not try to move."

Then it all came back to her: the arena, the open course before her, the chariot ahead in the inner course, the voice of Fergus as she rushed past, crying, "Now, now!" the effrontery of Mrs. Redmond, sure of victory, taking the outer edge of the course to add to her triumph, and almost in the same moment as she was putting off her hat, the chariot right across her course and not a length in advance, the fall of her mare, a terrible blow from one of the loads of the overturned chariot horses that seemed to break her arm in two, and the fading away of that awful shriek which rose from the audience.

She wondered what injury it was she had received. At every breath she felt that pain shoot through her body. What was the meaning of the blood that flowed into her mouth, and nauseating—the cold sweat that chilled her? Was she dying? Was it nearly over—the short life so full of triumph and joy? Or was she only maimed and crushed—disfigured and crippled for ever, never again to hear the shouts of applause and receive the homage of admiring throngs? Oh! better die now than live on to remember a joy which could never return!

As these memories and speculations ran through her mind, she lay quite still, with her eyes closed, as if the eternal sleep was stealing upon her. The doctor's sponge had taken the colour off her cheek; her pallor, her stiffness, the waxen set of her features looked so like death that a significant glance was exchanged between one and another of the speechless men that surrounded her. And yet there was no visible sign of fatal injury except the thin line of blood that crept from the corner of her half-closed mouth. Almost as colourless as she, Fergus bent down and, unable to control his feelings, murmured, in a faltering, imploring voice—

"It's all right, my poor girl, isn't it?" She made no answer; she had not the strength to open her eyes, but there was a quivering in her face, and pain contracted her pretty brows.

In horrible contrast with the silence of the grief-stricken group, a strain of lively music came in a sudden burst through an opening door, and the audience in the gallery above renewed their applause at some incident in the arena.

A tear ran down Nessa's cheek and her lip quivered.

"They have forgotten me already," she said, with a faint sob.

The doctor raised his hand warningly as Fergus was about to speak, for he had reason to fear that the slightest excitement might produce fatal hemorrhage. Even at that moment a fresh round of applause caused the stricken girl to writhe involuntarily under the smart of ingratitude, and a sharp cry of pain was choked by a renewed flow of blood from the ruptured lung.

It seemed to Nessa in her delirium that the thankless, cruel crowd was stamping upon her poor, crushed body.

"What have I done? What have I done to harm you that you should so ill-treat me?" she thought, attempting to stretch out her arms in an appeal for mercy to those she had loved, and who had once loved her. The pain at her heart was more than she could bear, and all became dark and confused with the fading away of consciousness.

One morning she awoke to find herself lying in a strange bedroom. She could not make it out at all. There were two windows facing the foot of her bed. The blinds were down, but the sun was bright upon them. It must be quite late, yet she felt very tired and sleepy—so sleepy that she dozed off in the vain attempt to recollect whether there was a rehearsal to attend to-day. Presently she awoke again. Where was she? Clearly it was not her own room. It was much too neat and orderly for that, she reflected, with a painful consciousness that she had been getting more and more untidy and careless of late. There were French hangings to the bed with a crisp, drilled edging. The window curtains were draped prettily—not at all like her own, which were allowed to hang anyhow.

Everything seemed in its place, reminding her of the precision maintained in the old schooldays at Eagle House. Only here could not be so pretty and tasteful, which Mrs. Vic's. No; she had left school long ago—that was certain; but where was she now? She felt that she must be very thick-headed not to know that. Indeed, her intellect did seem to be in that state when she drank champagne after her first great success. To be sure! She was an equestrienne at the International. "Blue and White wins"—and she was Blue and White.

If she could only get her head a little clearer, she would be able to make out exactly where she was. She turned, with the resolution of waking up thoroughly and settling the questions that perplexed her; but at the first movement a dull pain in her side brought back a flood of recollections that for the moment took away all power of reasoning—of breathing, almost. Gradually her ideas grouped themselves into two distinct pictures—the arena with the chariot sweeping round the course, and the ante room with its whitened walls and ceiling and flaring gas, and the circle of silent, awestricken men about her.

She knew that her body was injured. She felt that it was encased in a rigid corset of some kind; and furtively she raised her arm, not without difficulty, to her face, with a horrible fear of finding that also crushed and disfigured. Slightly as the movement was, it attracted the attention of a little beyond Nessa's range of vision, reading. She came to the bedside—a young lady, tall and thin, dressed with a simplicity that would have been severe on any one less gentle than she looked. While Nessa, with her hand still upon her cheek, looked up, making these few mental notes, the nurse scanned her face with earnest anxiety; then, with a flush of pleasure, she said—

"The doctor said you would wake this morning, and you are awake, dear. Your eyes are clear and steadfast. But you are parched with thirst, aren't you?"

Nessa moved her head affirmatively.

"I have something ready for you. Don't rise," said the nurse, taking a glass from the adjacent table and bending down beside Nessa. "See, you can drink easily through this tube. You must let us treat you like a little child for just a few days more."

Nessa felt like a little child—weak and powerless, and willing to yield. She drank eagerly, and feeling refreshed by it looked up again gratefully into the kind face that was already fascinating her. They were dark, compassionate eyes—the beautiful feature in a face that had nothing else but its sweet expression to admire.

Then Nessa's curiosity revived, and she asked in a feeble voice—

"Where am I? Not in a hospital—no?"

"No, you are in my rooms. And who am I? You want to know: well, I am Grace Arnold."

"I don't know you. I can't remember your name in the programme—Grace Arnold—there are so many of us."

"I am not in your company, dear," said Miss Arnold, laughing. "They wouldn't have me. Look at me. Who would come to see me?"

She drew herself up, turning her face to the light that Nessa might see her. She was too thin, her teeth were irregular, her face was long, and her beauty, if she had any, not at all of the type found at the International; but Nessa thought that she looked more lovable than any one she had ever known.

"And if one is not very pretty," continued Miss Arnold, "one must be clever, and I am neither. No, dear; I am nothing but Grace Arnold yet awhile."

Something in the look of her face and the expression in those two last words seemed to indicate that she was ambitious of being something more.

Where is Mrs. Redmond? Why am I in your house?" Nessa asked, after a pause.

"You needed attentive nursing—more than Mrs. Redmond could possibly give, and Mr. Fergus did not wish you to be taken to a hospital, so Mr. Meredith was good enough to bring you to me, knowing that I have nothing to do and that I am fond of nursing."

"Who is Mr. Meredith?"

Miss Arnold's face flushed, and she seemed to find a difficulty in choosing words for her reply.

"He is a doctor, dear; very wise and very kind and good, and thoughtful. He was at the International when your accident happened, and happily he was able to be of great service to you. He knew what to do and what surgeon to send for, though I don't think any can be more clever than he, and I think you owe your life to him, dear."

"Am I—am I very much injured?" Nessa asked, falteringly.

"It was a very grave accident. A bone was crushed inward—there, your side. And then you were taken with fever, and for many days you have been unconscious, lying like one in a troubled sleep. But said you would wake to-day, and you have and all the danger is passed, and you will get well again quickly if—"

She stopped abruptly, for Nessa had caught sight of her own hand lying on the coverlet, and was now looking at it agast as she held it up to the light.

"Look, look!" said she, hardly above a whisper; "this is not my hand!"

Miss Arnold cast a swift, scrutinising glance at her face, fearing that the excitement of talking had produced a return of delirium.

"Yes, dear, it is your hand," said Miss Arnold, taking it gently in her own. "You can feel mine, can't you?"

"But there is nothing of it. I could see my bones through the skin. Bring me a glass—bring me a glass," cried Nessa, with terrible anxiety.

Miss Arnold saw that the best thing she could do was to comply, and quickly brought a hand glass, which she herself held before Nessa's face. The girl looked in awe and wonder at her shrunk face, terrified by the wildness in her own eyes, and then, pushing the glass away, burst into tears, covering her face with her emaciated hand.

It was all over: her beauty was quite gone—colour and form, all gone! Nothing but two great eyes there that stood out like some monstrous caricature. They would never take her back at the International.

It was all over. She felt Miss Arnold's soft fingers passing tenderly over her head, heard her sympathetic voice murmuring hopefully,

but she could not take comfort. It was too terrible to think that all the joy of life was lost, and she could think of nothing else. She fell asleep when her grief was exhausted, but her train of thought was unbroken; only when she awoke it seemed to her that she had realized her position, and brought her mind to reason calmly on her condition. She knew Miss Arnold was by the bedside, but she kept her eyes closed that she might think undisturbed.

"I shall have to make up like the other girls now," thought she; "then perhaps they will take me back. It wasn't my fault. Mr. Fergus must have seen that. But I don't suppose he will trust me to ride d'Esperance again, especially now I look such a dreadful scarecrow. They won't want me. I daresay they've got somebody else in my place—some one just as pretty and daring as I was. I am forgotten altogether perhaps by now."

A light murmur of voices at the bedside caused her to open her eyes. A gentleman standing beside Miss Arnold who Nessa thought to be talking about her. At first Meredith thought that he must be Doctor Fergus, but this opinion was shaken by his appearance. He did not look like a doctor—certainly not like the wise, benevolent, white-haired, elderly gentleman she had figured from Miss Arnold's words.

This gentleman was young—not more than thirty or thirty-two, tall and straight, broad shouldered and deep chested, with short, close curling hair, a beard trimmed to a point, and a long, fair moustache. He wore a grey jacket, and a flannel shirt with a neck, and his silk handkerchief was tied held a pot of lilies of the valley; the other hand rested on Miss Arnold's shoulder, as he listened attentively to what she said. It was more probable that he was her brother by his manner, and like her, had no fixed occupation. Still listening he turned his head towards the bed, and seeing Nessa awake, smiled, and nodded cheerfully. Now Nessa decided that he could not be her brother, for his eyes were a clear blue, and his complexion good, and every feature regular, and wonderfully handsome, in Mrs. Redmond's opinion. Perhaps he was Miss Arnold's lover, and if he were, Nessa thought that they were well matched, for both looked so honest and good.

"These are for you, dear," said he, giving the pot of flowers to Miss Arnold; and then he came close to the bed, and taking up Nessa's hand he held her pulse lightly under his fingers while he fixed his eyes intently on her face—his own taking an expression of gravity that won Nessa's admiration and respect.

"Are you Doctor Meredith?" she asked.

He nodded, still holding her hand, and then a smile breaking over his face he said—

"You'll do me, Miss Dancaster. It has been no end of a tough contest this time, but you've won again. I shall have good news for your friends to-day."

"My friends," said Nessa, faintly; "oh! they have all forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?" exclaimed the young doctor with a laugh. "Hand me that thing off the table, Grace."

Miss Arnold brought an ornamental basket from the table.

"Look at these," he continued, taking up a handful of cards and letting them slip through his fingers back into the basket.

"That will show if your friends have forgotten you. We've had to muffle the door knockers; they came in such numbers. Look at them," stirring the cards with his finger.

"Here are friends by the dozen, and some with capital good names too; what do you think of that for a friend?" he held up a card with a gaudy crest and monogram which Nessa recognized as Lord Carick-bairn's.

"But I remember as I lay there after the accident, hearing the people applaud over my head, as if they had already ceased to care for me."

"Ah, that has been running through your mind ever since, and we've tried in vain to undeceive you. Now, thank Heaven, we can make it clear to you. The applause you heard was intended for you and no one else. You see, your accident created something like a panic in the audience, and to keep them quiet in their seats Fergus had the idea of making you a young lady as nearly like you as he could, and send her in upon a chariot with the robes that you were to have put on as victor, you know. He told the girl to cover her face as much as possible, and the chariot to drive round to the steps as sharp as he could. In that way he deceived the major part of the audience, who thought you had simply fainted in the arena and been brought outside. Thanks to the size of the building and the girl's cleverness in keeping her face well concealed, scarcely one in a hundred of the audience saw through the deception. It was only when the papers came out the next morning that the truth was known. And now you see that the audience was not the heartless monster you have been talking about all through your long sickness."

"Oh, I am glad to hear that," Nessa murmured, with fervent gratitude in her voice.

"And I am glad to set your mind at ease; for you can't get well and strong with a nightmare like that haunting you. Now is there anything else you wish explained—any question you would like me to answer? If so, out with it at once, because, you see, when we get our mental faculties into calm working order—and they can't work calmly while you are harassed with doubts and dread—so that you can govern your actions and lie still, we can do without this uncomfortable waistcoat, and give your body a better chance of recovering strength and vigour."

Nessa thought for a minute, and then she asked, "Was the poor mare hurt?"

"Yes; I think she was sprained pretty badly. I will ask about her to-night."

"Thank you; I was so fond of her. Is Mr. Fergus very angry with me?"

"With you! I should think not. He's cut up a good deal, for he knows he was partly to blame."

"He does not think it was all my fault?"

"How could he? You were not three yards behind when the chariot fouled the tripod. No one on earth could have avoided collision under such conditions. Be quite at ease upon that point. There is no misconception as to the cause of your accident; and if there were, Fergus would be the last in the world to entertain it. He's an honest, good fellow that, and I'm sure your sincere friend at heart, though I hold that he ought never have allowed such a race to be run."

"Then you think he will take me back again?"

"He'll be only too glad—when you get strong and well enough, you know."

Nessa gave a little sigh; then, holding up her wasted hand, she said, in a pathetic tone of self-commiseration, "I shan't be always like this, shall I?"

The doctor laughed; but the laugh could not conceal the pity he felt for the poor girl.

"Why, of course you won't," he said. "You've been starved for nearly three weeks, and it is but natural that you have grown thin and pale. But now you will eat and make flesh, and the colour will come back to your face."

"My friends wouldn't know me now, would they?"

"We will put them to the test soon, I hope."

"Soon; yes," she replied, eagerly, "but not yet awhile—not till I look nice again. That will be soon." He answered her appeal with a cheerful nod. "When shall I look well enough to go back again?"

"You may look well enough before you are able to sit in the saddle."

"But I shall be able to ride again. Not at once, but some day. Oh, do tell me that. I could not live if I thought I should never—never be anything but this. I am not so much injured—see," she moved, and then bit her lip to conceal the pang it gave her.

"That won't do, my child; you must lie quite still. I can only promise recovery on that condition."

"I will do whatever you tell me—nothing without your consent. I will obey you what I shall do now."

"This is famous," said the doctor, cheerfully, rising from the chair in which he had seated himself. "I'll give you my first order, and you must sleep if you can. Shut your eyes, and think of the very dearest friend you have, with a confident belief that there are happy days coming."

She moved her head in assent with a smile, and closed her eyes; then she tried to think who was her very dearest friend, but she could see none but the honest, kind face of the young doctor, and with that before her she fell asleep.

"We must make her wish to live," said Dr. Meredith to Miss Arnold.

## CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. REDMOND ESCAPES.

When the chariot struck the tripod, it seemed to the general spectators that Mrs. Redmond had been thrown out; but in reality her fall was intentional, and she suffered nothing by the collision. When she rose from the arena, and, staggering across the course, clung to the barrier for support, she was indeed nearer fainting than ever she had been in her life, but it was from the terror inspired in her by her guilty conscience by her own act: the fear that her intention had been detected, and that she would be made to suffer for it. As she glanced at Nessa lying motionless under the feet of the plunging horses, she had no doubt that her merciful purpose was effected; but the only remorse she felt was that she had chosen that means of killing her. As the spectators beyond the barrier pressed forward to get a view of Nessa, she noticed that not one of them said "she is dead," but all exclaimed that she was killed. If they said that, it was because they knew she had purposely thrown her chariot across the course.

Sick with fear, she crept under the barrier and tottered to the exit. One or two of the men seeing her pass, glanced toward her, muttering under their breath with significant nods; but no one attempted to stop her. In her unreasoning state of apprehension that she had done wrong, she was making her way up the stairs to the dressing room pressing her hand to the wall for support, a couple of the dressers, who had heard the scream of the audience, and were coming down to find out the cause, stopped and asked if anything had happened to her. She had no power to reply, but, muttering something inaudibly between her chattering teeth, she pointed down towards the arena and continued her way.

But one idea possessed her—flight! In the dressing room she huddled on her clothes, wound a woollen wrap, such as the French girls used, over her head and round her throat so as to conceal her features as much as possible, and got of the building. She passed several groups of men gathered about some member of the company who had seen the accident, and escaped almost unobserved—certainly unrecognized. It was only when she was outside, and at the moment when she was congratulating herself on her escape, that a hand was laid on her arm. With a start and a cry of terror she turned to find that the man who arrested her was the money-lender, Nichols.

"You've done it!" he said, in a low tone.

"Done what?" she gasped, glancing to the right and left to see if they were observed.

"Murdered her!" he replied in a whisper. "Come on, my dear; don't stand here. There's a policeman at the corner, and you have not got a moment to lose."

He hurried her across the road, holding her arm, and led her along the dark side of the street opposite.

"Why, you're trembling like a leaf, I do declare!" he continued, in a low tone. "Have they tried to arrest you already?"

"She attempted a feeble defence—fearing coarsely on his part—doubtful whence the avenging blow would come."

"Arrest me!" she faltered; "what for? It was an accident."

"You stupid woman—oh, you very stupid woman! what a pity! Such a fine woman too—such a wonderful lot of pluck, and yet so stupid. You go and do a stupid thing, and then you're stupid enough to believe you when you tell a stupid story. I knew you were going to do for the girl when you left me. I said to myself 'that little Grahame won't be alive this day week,' I said. And he is a kind of presentiment you wouldn't be able to take time over it and do it thoughtfully and nice. Something or other made me think it would happen to-night, and I couldn't keep away from the show. It was a sort of fascination—just like what a friend of mine told me he felt in seeing a regular tamer go in to a cage of lions. He was sure the lions would kill the tamer one day, and he was obliged to go to that show every time there was a performance until one day sure enough the lions did kill the tamer. There, that's just how I felt. Only when I paid my money down I said to myself, 'Well, I shan't have to go to this expensive long.' I felt sure of it. I did, upon my word."

The sound of the Jew's oily voice and lip, flowing smooth and low in her ear made the woman's gorge rise, but she was constrained to listen.

"But why did you do it like that, my poor woman?" he continued. "Why did you do what thousands of people would swear to—the outsiders—people as know nothing about circus business: to go slap out of your way and run up against a post that could keep clear of. I know what your idea was: you wanted to make believe you were showing off, and that you caused the accident by carrying your showing off a bit too far. Well, that might get you off if the company would support you. But they won't. They don't like you; they are all against you. They worshipped little Grahame, and they'll all swear you did it out of jealousy. All London will be on their side if it was only a question of professional jealousy. But it's something more than that. Your real danger is much worse than that—oh, much worse!"

"What do you mean?" she asked, thrilled with a fresh terror.

"Why, when the prosecution examine your antecedents, just think what a case it will be. You aren't stupid enough to think that they will believe in your *alias*, are you now? Of course not. They will find out who you are, and I ask you what jury is likely to let you off when it's known that your husband will come into £30,000 by the death of the girl, and that you are mad with jealousy of her rise in the profession! Why, public opinion wouldn't let you escape. Stupid woman! Stupid woman! If you'd only taken your time and done it cleverly, how nice and comfortable you might have been for the rest of your life."

She stopped, leaning against some iron railings heavily with her chin sunk on her breast; suddenly goaded to desperation by a sense of her own folly, she turned upon Nichols—

"It was you who put me on to this. If I am convicted, by God, you shall go with me. I'll tell all. You shan't escape if I don't."

"No my dear, but you will escape. If I wanted you to be convicted, I shouldn't have given myself the trouble to come round and find you. For your own sake, you'll save yourself, and keep a quiet tongue. Now what do you think of doing?"

She collapsed again, and merely shook her head in reply to Nichols' question.

"I'll tell you what you shall do, my dear lady. You shall go in and get your money and pack up all you want to save in one box. When that's done, I'll take you home with me. My wife will be delighted to see you. Boat and go to my wife's mother at Hamburg. She will take care of you and make you comfortable till the affair has blown over. While you keep out of the way, there can't be any inquiry as to who you are, and in a few weeks the police will cease to enquire after you. Then, when your husband has come into the property, you can just come back, present your little bill, and get your money—I'll say to that—and there you are a perfect lady for the rest of your life. Now ain't I a real good friend to you, my dear?"

Within twenty-four hours Mrs. Redmond and her baggage were in Hamburg.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Buildings Destroyed by Lightning.

Those who have carefully watched the working of the elements during the present season will have been struck with the numerous instances in which buildings have been destroyed by lightning. The fact that some of these were provided with lightning rods brings up the old dispute as to the protective power of the rod, as well as adds interest to the new theory of the subject by Dr. Oliver Lodge, an English scientist. Dr. Lodge's theory is that while in many cases, probably in a very large majority, a lightning rod is of the greatest service, it cannot be depended on as affording perfect immunity from risk. That they do not provide absolute immunity is, he explains, owing to the operation of a particular form of lightning which he calls the "impulsive rush." Let us assume by way of example the case of a building upon which are placed rods of the most approved form. A thunder cloud approaches from a distance until it overhangs the building. The lightning rods will silently and harmlessly discharge the electricity from this cloud into the earth. But if an overhanging cloud which was not charged with electricity, and was therefore harmless at first, should suddenly receive an excessive charge of electricity by means of a flash from some distant cloud, the time might be too short to permit the electricity rods, and the result would be a disruptive discharge. Even in that case the lightning would probably follow the conductor and leave the rest of the building practically unharmed; but that would not be certain. This difference between the steady electrical strain of an ordinary thunder storm, and the "impulsive rush" of a suddenly surcharged cloud would account, so Dr. Lodge thinks, for those exceptional cases where rods have failed to protect. Whether true or not the theory is certainly ingenious, and will soon, no doubt, be on the lips of every lightning rod agent in the country. And that means that "impulsive rush" whether comprehended or not, will soon be as familiar to the citizens throughout our land as the particular name by which they are called.

## Slavery in Africa.

The announcement that the Sultan of Zanzibar has issued a decree looking towards the suppression of the African slave trade will come as good news to every lover of his kind. According to the London *Spectator* this decree prohibits the exchange, sale or purchase of slaves, and closes all slave-dealing establishments. All slave brokers carrying on the business are made liable to heavy penalties and to deportation. Arabs dealing in domestic slaves are included in this provision, and any houses hereafter used for any purpose connected with the slave traffic are to be forfeited. On the death of their present owners all Zanzibar slaves will be free, unless the deceased leave lawful children, who alone may inherit them. Slaves cannot be willed away or sold after the death of their owner, and their ill-treatment by their masters will be severely punished, and in certain cases, involve the penalty of forfeiture. Any Zanzibar subject married to a person under British jurisdiction is disabled from holding slaves, and all slaves now in the possession of such persons are declared free. Every slave is to have the absolute right to purchase his freedom at a reasonable price; every slave is to have the same rights as Arabs in courts of justice, and the Sultan binds himself to accord them special protection.

# THE WEEK'S NEWS.

## CANADA.

A good many cases of typhoid fever are reported to exist in Ottawa.

Seven hundred and three immigrants settled in Manitoba last month.

Waterloo, Ont., the other day voted in favor of a public park by 235 to 22.

Further discoveries of rich veins of phosphate have been made at Sydenham, Ont.

So far 1,250 families of twelve have applied for the Quebec Government land grant.

Registrar Rose, of the County of Frontenac, died on Monday at the age of 75 years.

The Baptist congregation in Guelph has split in two, and a new church is to be built.

At Moncton, N. B., a girl has been sleeping nine days and nights and it is impossible to rouse her.

Gaudaur has covered Hanlan's forfeit, and forwarded articles of agreement to the Toronto sculler.

Two carloads of cotton were shipped from the Montmorency mills last week for the Chinese market.

Canadian sheep breeders swept everything before them at the Detroit international exhibition last week.

The Ottawa millers calculate that the Manitoba harvest will include 6,000,000 bushels of No. 1 hard.

The Catholic schools of Winnipeg have re-opened with larger attendance than before the new law was passed.

The Labrador short route scheme is attracting attention in London, and it is looked upon as chimerical.

A meeting of citizens has been called in Montreal to arrange for the formation of a Canadian Humane Society.

It is claimed that Montreal has a population of only 220,000, while the recent census was expected to show 245,000.

A sword made in London of Nova Scotia steel is to be presented by the city council of Halifax to Lieut. Stairs, of the Stanley expedition.

Among the articles for sale by auction at Ottawa belonging to General Middleton were the cocked hat and plumes worn on so many fields in Canada.

Archbishop Fabre left Montreal Monday night for Rome, with the intention, it is understood, of protesting against the threatened division of his diocese.

On Monday one of the prisoners in the Kingston Penitentiary twice stabbed a fellow-convict with a pair of shears, but the wounds inflicted were not serious.

A resident of Winnipeg named Louis Arnett was accidentally and fatally shot Monday morning while driving out in the country in search of game.

White amber has been discovered on a 100-acre farm in Bedford, Ont., and the owner of the property has declined an offer of \$10,000 for it. He demands double that sum.

A canning factory, the promoters of which are French-Canadians, was opened at Ottawa on Saturday. The tins are supplied from Hamilton, and wooden cases from Toronto.

A tramp who has been making successful appeals for charity to clergymen in Hamilton, claims to be the grandson of Dean Alford, Archbishop of Canterbury. He has been arrested.

Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, returned to Ottawa on Monday from England. He said he enjoyed his holidays greatly, but declined to say what was the nature of his mission to England.

The British war ships Bellerophon, Canada and Thrush, the Bellerophon carrying the admiral of the fleet and the Thrush in command of his royal highness Prince George, have arrived at Quebec.

A boy in Hamilton amused himself on a swing till he became dizzy, and in returning home while in a giddy state, tripped on the sidewalk and fell. He reached home, however, but four hours afterwards was dead.

A young man North Marysburg, Ont., had his leg caught in the cylinder of a threshing machine on Thursday, and the limb was ground to pieces. The victim lived only two hours after the accident.

An eleven-year-old highway robber was sent to the reformatory on Monday for five years by Judge Desnoyers, of Montreal. The youthful Jack Sheppard had "held up" two boys bigger and older than himself and robbed them.

An ex-member of the 65th Battalion, referring to General Middleton's case, states that while at Grand Rapids, awaiting transportation to Winnipeg at the close of the rebellion, he saw that nearly every volunteer had furs in his possession.

From observations made at the McGill College observatory, Montreal, the total rainfall for August was 8.08 inches, being the heaviest recorded for sixteen years. The nearest approach to it was in August, 1888, when it reached 7.87 inches.

Lieut. Col. Houghton, Deputy Adjutant-General for the Fifth Military District, has addressed an open letter to Gen. Middleton in which he more than insinuates that he was not recommended for a C. M. G. owing to the General's professional jealousy.

Wentworth is a fruit-growing county, but the reports relating to this season's yield are not wholly satisfactory. Grapes and pears, it is stated, will be in abundance; only a fair quantity of plums will be gathered, while peaches and the late variety of apples will be decidedly scarce.

Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia, was entertained on Saturday by Mr. Wiman in New York. Several prominent newspaper men were present at the dinner. Mr. Longley will proceed to Washington, where he will be the guest of Mr. Hitts, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

A Detroit despatch says: An exhibit which attracts crowds at the exposition is from the stock farm of Klase & Beardley, of Waterloo, Ont., and includes a shorthorn Durham bullock whose weight is 4,200 pounds, a month-old Jersey cow which gives six pints of milk per day, and a huge Chester white hog whose weight is 1,278 pounds.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Henry M. and Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Tennant will sail for New York shortly by the Tonic.

The *Figaro's* statement that England had proposed a federation of the Balkan states is semi-officially denied.

The London Dockers' Union has sent £1,000 to the Melbourne strikers, and promises them further assistance.

English ship owners have formed a union, backed by a capital of £100,000,000. It does not include many London ship men.

American competition will be a leading topic at the International Agricultural Congress to be held in London next month.

The London *Times* regards the Trades Union Congress at Liverpool as contemplating an assault upon industrial property and social prosperity.

The largest sailing vessel afloat has just been launched at Glasgow. She is a fine masted ship of 3,750 tons burden, and is intended for the nitrate trade.

A London reporter who has been making a tour of Limerick, Waterford, and parts of Co. Wick, gives a deplorable account of the condition of the potato crop.

At Birmingham, Eng., on Monday, Fredrick Davis was hanged for wife murder. His neck was half severed, and the hangman explained the occurrence by saying the man's neck was too long.

The great annual national festival of the Welsh, the Eisteddfod, was begun on Tuesday at Bangor, with a large attendance. Mr. Gladstone, United States Minister Lincoln and other notables addressed the meeting.

Eight thousand carpenters are on strike at Chicago.

The foreclosures of mortgages in Kansas last year covered \$2,000,000.

The Merchants' Exchange of Buffalo has passed a resolution favoring reciprocity with Canada.

The New York Sun says an English syndicate is endeavoring to obtain control of the tobacco warehouses.

The switchmen's strike at Buffalo has been declared off—said to be a complete victory for the N. Y. Central.

The strict enforcement of the Sunday laws in Wheeling, W. Va., by the Law and Order League raised a riot.

The tonnage on the Erie canal from August 2 to 31 showed a decrease of 29,878 tons compared with the same period last year.

A citizen of London, Ont., exhibiting poultry at the Michigan State Fair, held in Detroit recently, won \$2 first, \$4 second, and \$1 third prizes.

The report of the New England hop crop shows a considerable shortage, particularly in New York state. California has 90 per cent. of a full crop.

The United States cotton crop is estimated at 7,311,922 bales, 373,032 bales more than that of last year, and 265,489 bales more than the largest crop ever grown.

The New York Republican State Committee approves of the McKinley Tariff bill as affording American agriculturists protection against the aggressive competition of Canadian farmers.

W. A. Overton, aged 60, a Baptist minister in Green county, Ga., has committed suicide. A scandal about a young lady is reported to be the cause. He had always borne a pure record.

The Buffalo lumber and manufacturing firm of E. & B. Holmes is said to have failed for perhaps a million dollars, after having been fifty years in business. The assets are reported to be ample.

The belief is expressed in Washington that some amendment providing for a practical plan of reciprocity between the States and Canada will be attached to the tariff bill in the Senate before it is returned to the House.

A Dubuque, Iowa, despatch says Mrs. A. L. Stevenson, of this city, and a brother residing in Chickasaw county will become heirs to an estate in Ireland worth \$9,000,000. Their father, aged 87, has just fallen heir to it.

At Charlotte, Mich., on Saturday, Prof. Stackhouse made a balloon ascension and attempted to drop with his parachute, which failed to work, and he fell about 500 feet into a ploughed field. He has a chance of recovery, so the doctors say.

Miss Barrundia, daughter of the Guatemalan general who was killed on the U. S. steamship *Acapulco* while resisting arrest, attempted to shoot U. S. Minister Mizner, in revenge. The minister saved himself by holding a large book in front of him.

A young man named Milton Redin, of Mansfield, Ohio, while holding one of the guy ropes of a fire balloon, was carried up by the balloon, and when more than a thousand feet from the earth he fell, and was crushed out of all semblance to humanity.

Secretary James G. Blaine addressed a mass meeting at Waterville, Maine, on Monday night, in which he declared that the United States had reached a point where one of its highest duties was to enlarge the area of its foreign trade. He said the U. S. was not seeking annexation of territory.

The King of Portugal is ill of typhoid. Princess Leopold of Saxe Cobourg-Gotha is dead.

Ten thousand Belgian strikers have gone back to work.

It is reported cholera has appeared in three districts of Portugal.

A Paris despatch says the chemical syndicate project has practically collapsed.

The Franciscan Fathers have been expelled from Jerusalem by Turkish soldiers.

An Italian aeronaut named Borletta has been killed at Idraila through the burning of his balloon.

A rumor is current in Paris that Ismail Pasha, ex-khedive of Egypt, has been poisoned at Constantinople.

It is reported influences are at work to bring about a reconciliation between Prince Bismarck and Emperor William.

Prince Bismarck declares that newspaper criticism of him is mere dust. He will be satisfied with the verdict of history.

The Paris *Figaro* charges Gen. Boulanger with having promised to support a project for the restoration of the Monarchy.

The French minister of war has decided that foreign wheat shall be henceforth excluded from all subsistence contracts for the army.

Premier Crispi left Naples on Monday by special steamer for Nice, for the purpose, it is stated, of having an interview with Lord Salisbury.

One of the habits of Prince Bismarck at Kissingen is to get weighed every day. His weight is now 205 pounds. In 1879 he reached the highest point, 247 pounds.

Dr. Baumann, an Austrian explorer, reports that he has marched for two weeks through mountainous territory in Central Africa that had not before been explored.

The Paris *France* urges the Government to withdraw the prohibition against American pork, and thus avoid an economic war of which France would have to pay the cost.

There is a slight misunderstanding between the French and Italian Governments, and no French fleet will be present at the launching of the new Italian warship at Spezia.

The reappearance of the influenza at Montmartre and other parts of Paris has created almost a panic, as the disease has shown a marked increase of severity in its symptoms.

The agricultural schedule of the McKinley Tariff bill has been reached by the United States Senate Committee, and the duty on barley and barley malt has been fixed at 30 and 45 cents respectively.

A despatch from San Jose, Guatemala says several officers boarded an American steamer and attempted to take the revolutionist, General Barrunda, who opened fire, and was in turn riddled with bullets.

Reports come from Armenia of revolting cruelties practised by the Kurds upon the Christians. A circular has been sent to the powers protesting against the Turkish Government for permitting such outrages.

The widow and eight children of Gen. Barrunda, who was shot last week, have sent a petition to President Harrison, holdable for the murder, and praying that justice be done.

On and after the 1st of October Kaiser Wilhelm will publish a newspaper, to be inspired directly by himself, and to be the official exponent of his views on all subjects, military, civil and political. The staff has already been appointed.

An amendment to the Contract Labour Act was passed in the United States House of Representatives on Saturday, making more stringent the provisions of the Act preventing Canadians along the border working in the States, while living in Canada.

The Prince of Wales in Homburg.

Though it may be doubted whether His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would be able to meet all the conditions of membership imposed by some sections of the Christian Church, or whether he would feel disposed to assume very weighty spiritual duties, it is certain that his private life is latterly becoming more regular and less open to objection than it was twenty years ago. Indeed, in this regard he gives the scandal-monger but little employment. Take the following, which comes from Homburg, where the prince has been summering since the visit of his Royal nephew, as an indication of the life he now leads:

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is leading a very quiet and regular life here. He gets up early in the morning, and at 7 o'clock walks to the Elizabeth Springs, where he meets the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, and where a large, curious crowd always gathers to stare at him. He drinks two or three glasses of the waters and stays sometimes to listen to the band. Then he returns home to breakfast and reads the newspaper till ten o'clock, when he takes his bath. After this he works till 1 o'clock reading French works on strategy and bluebooks, when he lunches, usually taking this meal at the Park Hotel, or sometimes on the terrace of the Kurhaus. Afterward he drives to the mountains or makes tea on the balcony of the hotel. At 7 he dines with about half a dozen guests on the terrace, while the band plays in the Kurgarten Pavilion. About 9 the Prince and his guests visit the Kurgarten Concert later than midnight. He looks very well indeed, and everybody is enchanted with his simplicity and kindness. Before going to bed he usually takes one or two glasses of apollinaris water, with lemon juice in it.

## Arbitration.

It would doubtless come with some surprise to those who have kept themselves posted on the history of modern events to note how frequently within the last decade the principle of arbitration as advocated by the World's Peace Association has been resorted to in settling international disputes. Thus, in 1885 it was recognized and embodied in the treaty between Great Britain and Uruguay. In the same year Germany and Spain settled their difficulties in regard to the Caroline and Pelew islands by submitting them to the arbitration of the Pope. In 1886 a provision in favor of arbitration between Great Britain and Greece. A comparatively trivial dispute between Italy and Columbia, arising out of a collision at sea, was referred in 1888 to the Spanish Government for decision. So also the principle of arbitration has been recognized, either in treaties or in the actual settlement of disputes, between Portugal and Morocco in 1888, between the United States and the Central American Republics in the treaty signed last April, between Denmark and the United States, Great Britain and Chili, and France and Holland. Such events, too, as the Congo Conference at Berlin and the Samoan Conference, to which may be added the Anglo-German Anglo-French and Anglo-Portuguese Conventions in Africa, may fairly be instanced as tending in the direction of peace as against war. In these speaking facts there is certainly reason for encouragement. And whether the dream of an International Tribunal, possessing authority sufficient to hold in check any first rate power, say France or Germany, is ever realized or not the Association will be doing good work by helping the world to realize from what heavy burdens the people of all countries might release themselves if war and the policies which produce the sources of war could only be eliminated from human affairs.

## DWARF AND WILD MAN.

Strange Stories Told by Men Who Have Found Queer Creatures in Foreign Lands.

Englishmen Not Clear as to Whom Belongs the Credit of Discovering a Lilliputian Race.

Whether he who found Emin or he who found the gorilla be entitled to the prior right of discovery in Mr. Stanley's celebrated race of dwarfs is a question that, on one side at least, seems likely to be disputed with warmth. It does not appear that either M. de Chailin or Mr. Stanley can claim copyright in these interesting little people. Travelers proverbially see strange sights and tell tough stories, and Africa has in past times been prolific of more wondrous tales than ever Rider Haggard has told. Some of them we cannot quite accept. The tall African forests may possibly be identified with M. Paul de Chailin's old friend the gorilla. The cynocephali or dog-headed man (but they were Asian), have not, unfortunately, been heard of during late years, nor, it is to be regretted, have Mr. Stanley or other modern explorers succeeded in rediscovering probably the most interesting race of the present continent—the one-legged man whose single foot was so massive, Sir John Mandeville assures us, that when its possessor, lying on his back, held it aloft "it shieldeth his whole body ament the sun."

The cautious reader would probably hesitate nowadays to accord unreserved credence to stories such as these, but he can not fail to be struck with the fact that dwarfs have always figured in the narratives of the African traveler. In the unexplored parts of Abyssinia tradition reported the existence of a race four feet high, who climbed trees like apes, were destitute of clothes, religion, civil government, and common decency, and got their living by eating live snakes, ants, and similar small deer. Schweinfurth's description of the dwarfs of the interior is a serious contribution to the knowledge of the subject, and coincides more closely with Mr. Stanley's. His dwarfs are, he says, active and skillful hunters, but are cannibals and not to be trusted. Tales of "wild men"—the "missing link" of the Darwinian system—have always fascinated the multitude, and the popular taste has, without doubt, been very effective in stimulating the imagination and enterprise of the traveler and the showman. The occasional discovery of mute, savage, and wholly uncultivated human beings, even inspired Linnaeus with a belief in the wild man, and led to his dividing the human race in his system of zoology into two species—hominid, or man susceptible of civilization, and hominid ferus, a being which he describes as "mute, hairy, and going on all fours." Science nowadays recognizes not one species of human being—the lowest savage—showing traces of culture and refinement, which separate them absolutely from the brute creation.

It was not always so. The "ape-men" of southern Asia were firmly believed in at the beginning of the present century. The discovery of two of these creatures among the laborers on a coffee plantation in Assam, recorded in the journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1824, and this circumstance, no doubt, encouraged several travelers to report subsequent encounters with these singular beings in different parts, which grew more circumstantial as time went on. Finally it was announced that the Sumatran forests were the home of two distinct races, called orang koolos and orang gajur, both naked and covered with hair, and the latter possessing many characteristics of the ape tribe—long arms, receding foreheads, protruding jaws, with little in the way of chin and nothing in the way of calf.

Not many years ago it was said that a wild creature—a girl of 8 years old—had been captured in the forest of Laos. A whole family, indeed, had been secured, but some died, and the father was detained in the country by order of the king.

This child was Krao, who was afterward exhibited rather extensively in England and America. The girl's body was entirely covered with hair, but Virchow and other scientists who saw her pronounced her to be a true Siamese, and information afterward came from Bangkok that her father was a native official, and that the parents, who differed in no respect from others of their race, had taken advantage of the child's abnormal appearance to let her out on advantageous terms to a smart showman.

Most recent accounts of the discovery of wild people have, when investigation was possible, been proved to be equally fallacious. Four or five years ago the Berlin Anthropological society received a report of existence in the Papuan island of a race of people with ears six inches long, and of others with white skins and red hair who lived in trees and made noises like beasts, but the other natives seemed less inclined to claim them to be descendants of Europeans wrecked upon the coast many years before. The fair complexion and red hair point to a possible Teutonic origin, and it may be that the first discoverers of these modern tree-dwellers did not understand German. At any rate, no subsequent light was thrown upon the discovery.

The existence of races of wild beings has, on the whole, been disproved pretty conclusively, but cases are on record of single individuals who at various times and places have run wild and consorted with the beasts. According to *Die Gartenlaube* there are sixteen such cases reported on tolerably good authority, mostly young children, and all dating from the time when Europe still contained dense forests and impenetrable swamps and morasses. At this day, therefore, it is impossible to ascertain the proportion of truth to falsehood in the descriptions of them which have been preserved. Many of the individuals were probably insane, and there is certainly no evidence that any of them belonged to a peculiar race.

A correspondent writes from the Oetzthal, Tyrol:—"A party of eleven tourists and four guides were descending from the S. Mt. Ann (11,805 ft) to the Marzellgalerie. One of the guides, Peter Paul Gstrein, of Gurgl, and Herr Popper, of Oelsnitz, Saxony, ventured too far on to an overhanging snow cornice, broke through, and fell, immense masses of snow following them. They were roped together, and their bodies were subsequently found dead. The height from which they fell was nearly 2000 feet."

A case of hydrophobia has been reported in Vienna. A lady was bitten by her own dog several weeks ago. It was not a bad bite, and the dog behaved as usual, so that she took no notice. On the following day, however, the dog disappeared, and never came back. When, two days ago, the old lady, who was spending the evening with some friends in a public garden, was suddenly taken ill, and showed signs of intense excitement. Professor Meynert was called and he immediately recognised symptoms of hydrophobia. After twenty-four hours of terrible suffering the victim died.

A special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes:—"Cannibalism, according to Father Angouard, flourishes in all its pristine vigour on the banks of the Mobangi, or Ubangi, an affluent of the Congo. In other parts of Africa, writes the missionary (who has been from Loango to the place which he describes), men eat one another for the purpose of taking reprisals or in order to prevent the posthumous honors of burial. The blacks who dwell on the banks of the Ubangi eat human flesh because they like it, and nearly every day some slave is cut up and cooked for a village festival, the banquets being organized on the least pretext, sometimes even because a head or member of the tribe has a piece of good news."

The miracle-working wells of Galgoc, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary, are attracting many thousands of pilgrims from Bohemia, Moravia, Lower Austria, and various parts of Hungary. The authorities are, it is said, powerless in their attempts to disperse the multitude of devotees, who have, on repeated occasions, become very unruly. The military have been summoned from the neighboring garrison towns. The parish priest endeavours to exert his influence, but to little purpose, and force has to be applied to compel the fanatical peasants to return to their homes. The Queen of Heaven, it is firmly believed, has lately visited the spot, and a large number of the main, halt, and blind have been transported thither to be cured of their affliction.

## Ignorance of Canada.

It might be in the interest of Canada if the Dominion government in making its estimates, would set apart a certain sum to be expended in supporting a few schools in the United States, where instruction concerning our country and its institutions, federal, provincial and municipal, would be correctly given. One for instance in Detroit for the instruction of editors might serve a good purpose. That there is need for the leaders of public opinion in "the city of the straits" to have their knowledge of Canada enlarged and corrected is evidenced by a recent article on "the condition of Canada" which emanated from that city, and which says among other things that in this country we are being devoured by office-holders, there being no fewer than 9,000 officials in the City of Ottawa in a total population of 42,000 people. Six thousand of these are said to be in the service of the Federal and 3,000 in that of the Ontario Government. If this was intended as a statement of sober fact the ignorance displayed is entirely inexcusable. If, on the other hand, it was designed as a hyperbolic expression to set forth in a striking manner the fact that Canadians are a much governed people, though we may question the means employed, we must acknowledge the unpleasant implication. For what with the bondage to red tape and the acquired ease with which our rulers multiply offices for political hangers-on our burdens arising from this cause are not light. Still our contemporary should have reflected that definite statements such as he employed, having so great an appearance of fact about them, are scarcely justifiable when one is dealing in figures of speech.

## Trees 650 Feet Tall.

Prof. Fred. G. Plummer, the civil engineer of Tacoma, Wash., says: "I have been all over this country and have the best collection of the flora to be found anywhere. What do you think of these trees 650 feet high? They are to be found that high in the unsurveyed townships near the foot of Mount Tacoma, and what is more I have seen them and made an instrumental measurement of a number which that result. There are lots of trees near the base of Mount Tacoma whose foliage is so far above the ground that it is impossible to tell to what family they belong except by the bark. Very few people know or dream of the immensity of our forest growth. I wish that some of our large trees could be sent to the World's Fair at Chicago. We could send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or 400 feet long."

## An Intelligent Tiger.

There was no village, but a Mohammedan ryot had a farm there, and was the possessor of a few paddy fields. On inquiring of the native Superintendent what kind of place we had come to, he replied in his usual quaint way: "This is the tigers' house; all tigers live here; here tigers, there tigers, everywhere tigers." He proved to be in the right. One night a tiger got into a cattle shed and killed seventeen buffaloes out of the herd. Finding the wall from which he had descended too high for him to escape by, he piled one dead buffalo on another until he had raised them to a sufficient height for him to use the heaped up carcasses as a stepping stone, and thus the buffaloes were found in the morning.

Among the last generation of "Queer Folks" there was one whose humour was sometimes grim. He had lost one of his fingers, but kept the severed digit in his pocket, and was wont to remark—"Ye notice that I want a finger? Well, d'y'enk, when I put my han' in my pouch I hae a' the fingers e'er I had!"

For saying to her neighbor whom she met coming out of a boycotted town in Tipperary, Ireland, "Don't you know you ought not to go in there? Come out of that. That house is boycotted. Come away," a Miss Clery was the other day convicted under the Coercion Act as guilty of intimidation. To twist these words into a threat so as to make them a means of producing fear, requires considerable ingenuity under any circumstances, but when it is said that the two women had always lived on neighborly terms, and that the party addressed could not remember that anything of the kind had been spoken, the ingenuity of the law is found in finding in them a violation of the law touching boycotting and intimidation is something surprising. It would seem that he had set his heart upon conviction, no matter what the evidence might disclose. If this is a specimen of the tyranny practiced by Mr. Balfour and his minions, then verily it is not well to live in Ireland.

The Dominion's Finances.

The account books for the fiscal year ending June 30 last were closed at the Finance Department last Saturday, Sep. 6th, the official statement showing surplus of \$4,000,000.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Revenue (Customs, Excise, Post-office, Public work, Miscellaneous) and Expenditure.

The revenue and expenditure for the previous fiscal year was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Revenue and Expenditure for the previous fiscal year.

The expenditure on capital account during the year was \$5,737,357. The net debt on August 31, 1890, was \$236,559,930, a decrease of debt in the twelve months of \$1,488,707.

Faults in Farming.

Farming, to be a success, must be brought up to a professional standard. With that, as with all the vocations in life, knowledge, skill and ability are the necessary prerequisites to prosperity and profitable investment.

The learned professions are wont to look down upon the farmer as a sort of beast of burden, ignorant, unskilled and fitted only for a condition of servitude. The truth is, that to be a successful farmer requires more and better brain force than is usually allotted to nine-tenths of the lawyers, doctors and preachers, and is also secondarily a fact.

One of the principal faults now-a-days is what I would call trying to "farm big" without the necessary implements and help.

Notice to Creditors. All notes in favor of the Executors of the late Francis Graham are now past due and we hereby notify all parties indebted to settle by Dec. 1, 1890.

New ideas upset all his calculations—they spoil everything. He is prejudice, illiberal and hide-bound, hence is the last man to criticize, discover, invent and progress.

Bornholm. Miss Penfold, of Brantford, is visiting some of her friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward were suddenly called away to Woodstock last week to attend the sick bedside of the latter's mother; however, we are glad to learn that she is recovering.

Mrs. Harvey, 14th con., recently went to Toronto Hospital, where she underwent the painful operation of having a cancer removed.

Mrs. (Dr.) Wilkins and Miss Hill, of Chicago, are visiting Mrs. A. Large.

Misses Jane and Nettie Shearer, of Bright, are the guests of Mrs. Jas. Burnett.

Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Stratford, held a prayer meeting at Mr. Kines' residence last Thursday evening.

Mr. Corrie let the contract Monday for building the approaches to the new bridge on the boundary between Wellesley and Mornington.

Ten thousand of the Belgian strikers have resumed work at the mines.

A New Orleans dispatch says the cotton crop this year is the largest ever grown.

At Moncton, N. B., a girl has been sleeping nine days and nights and it is impossible to rouse her.

The steam barge Stimson, owned in Toronto, carried away the gates of lock 15, Welland Canal, last Monday evening.

Our young friend, C. J. Wynn, teacher, has one of the finest ponies that has entered this locality.

House and Lot for Sale. A desirable House and Lot for Sale in the thriving village of Atwood.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting. The undersigned begs to inform the citizens of Atwood and surrounding country that he is in a position to do all kinds of painting in first-class style.

Bedroom Suites, Sideboards, Extension Tables, and Parlor Suites. All goods best of their class. I am bound to sell them. Call and get prices.

Mouldings. For Picture Framing in Town.

Undertaking. A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.

H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.

PRIZE

ESSAY

Competition.

OPEN TO ALL

OLD AND YOUNG.

We have decided to publish a Special Edition of THE BEE, on Nov. 14th, 1890, on pink paper, and purpose introducing new and attractive features, such as Original Poetry, Short Stories, Literary Sketches, etc., and invite the hearty co-operation of our friends to assist us.

"In Darkest Africa"

IN TWO VOLUMES, FOR THE BEST STORY ON

Pioneer Life in Perth

We will also give a strong and handsomely bound Book, entitled

"The Spectator,"

With Introduction and Index by Prof. Henry Morley, 920 pages, for the Best Essay on

THE BEE

This subject should and does afford a grand theme for literary effort; we have in it the emblem of Patriotism and Industry, which are the most essential elements in the bulwarks of a great nation and people.

Contributions must be in the office of publication not later than Oct. 15, 1890.

Each production will be submitted to a competent judge, (ourselves excluded) whose decision shall be final.

THE PRIZE STORIES WILL APPEAR IN THE SPECIAL EDITION.

Our Object is to make The Bee the most interesting, newsiest, cheapest PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

R. S. PELTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PURE

- W Mustard, G Cloves, S Red Pepper, R Mace, P O Bl'k Pepper, O Currie Powder, I L Cinnamon, U Mixed Spices, C E Ginger, N Turmeric, E Or Allspice, D Nutmegs, S

CALL AND TRY THEM, AT M. E. NEEDS, - ATWOOD.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood.

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

Freight or Baggage taken to and from Station at Reasonable Rates. Dray always on hand. Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O. Atwood, April 1st, 1890.

New Tweeds Arriving Daily

R. M. BALLANTYNE'S

Merchant Tailor, Atwood. And are being marked AWAY DOWN. We have bought the best goods in the market and bought for cash, at a discount of 6 per cent., which we give our customers the benefit of.

Fine Overcoat, valued at \$40, Given Away.

For each and every purchase of \$5 (cash down) worth of goods will entitle the purchaser to a Ticket. Every person settling their account This Month will also be entitled to a Ticket.

A call solicited. An A 1 fit guaranteed or no sale. Yours respectfully,

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE 777 STORE.

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

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

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

# FULLY FULLY

IN ALL LINES

**My Fall Stock is Now Complete in All Lines.** In DRY GOODS, we carry full lines in Dress Goods, Fancy Dress Winceys, Dress Meltons, Flannels, Cottonades, Tickings, Shirtings, Cottons, &c. New lines in Hosiery just in. New Trimmings in Velvets, Plushes and Velvet Ribbons.

**Our NEW TWEEDS** are extra good value. Be sure you see our Worsteds and Overcoatings before buying anything in that line. We give No. 1 value, and our reputation for good fits is now too well established to need any further comment; we acknowledge no equal in this line.

**My Fall Boots and Shoes** are all in. We have full lines in Men's, Women's and Children's wear. See our Men's calf long boots at \$3.25. My rubbers, overshoes and felt boots are in and are as cheap as can be had anywhere.

**Our Groceries** are Always Fresh and Good.

**Sugars** have advanced in price, but we are still selling at old prices to Cash Buyers. (In all cases where Sugars are charged we give one pound less for a \$). We make a specialty of fine Teas. Try a sample pound.

Our motto, as in the past, will be "Good Goods at Honest Prices."

**We Give No Prizes, No Presents, and have No Fakir Schemes**

To Attract Loose Custom. I am satisfied that this is the Best Policy in the end, from the fact that although these schemes are being worked in Atwood for all they are worth yet the first week in September was the best week's business I have had for over a year.

Highest Price Always Paid

For Good Butter and Eggs.

## JAMES IRWIN, Atwood, Ontario.

### Town Talk.

The consolidated criminal law of the Dominion is being distributed to all J.P.'s throughout Canada.

EX-PRINCIPAL WOODS, of London, spent Sunday in town. He was the guest of Dr. J. R. Hamilton.

BRUSSELS Post.—J. H. McBain, of Atwood, was enjoying a holiday week visiting in Brussels and locality. He has been supplying for Rev. J. Ferguson of Lonsdale, during the month of August, and will go to Victoria University next October, where he intends taking the Arts course. He is a clever young man and will rise.

The small stump on which young Benwell's tomb was resting when his remains were found has been removed to Woodstock and is now on exhibition in the window of Willis' cigar store. The large stump which also supported a portion of the unfortunate young man's body, has been nearly all carried away by relic seekers. Indeed from one case and another, the scene has become so completely changed as to be almost beyond recognition.

DOMINION FACTORY.—The August cheese—760 boxes—was sold last week to E. Caswell, of Ingersoll, at 93 cents per pound which is 1/4 cent per pound more than was paid to the neighboring factories. The Dominion stands high in the estimation of the buyers because of the A 1 quality of cheese manufactured and its past good record. Much of the credit is due to the cheesemaker, Jas. A. Gray, for having brought the factory up to its present enviable reputation.

AFTER passing through the tunnel on Wednesday of last week, says the Sarnia Observer, Sir Henry Tyler, Chief Engineer Hobson and the tunnel staff were photographed at Barron's. Sir Henry informed Mr. Barron that this was the first sitting he had ever given for a photo on this side of the Atlantic. An excellent likeness of the G. T. R. President to remind him and his friends of the completion of a project upon which his mind had been fixed for years before it was undertaken, and which will rank with the great engineering feats of this country.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.—A Michigan exchange says:—Every line in the newspapers costs something. If it is for the benefit of an individual it should be paid for. If a grocer was asked to donate groceries to one abundantly able to pay for them he would refuse. The proprietor of a newspaper must pay for the free advertising if the beneficiary does not, and yet it is one of the hardest things to be learned by many that a newspaper has space in its columns to rent, and must rent to live. To give away or rent it for anything less than living rates would be certainly fatal as for a landlord to furnish house rent free.

The English church sabbath school will be re-organized next Sunday, at 3 o'clock p.m.

JIMMIE THOMPSON and Will Roddick of Brussels, called on us last Saturday. Call again, boys.

The enterprising business-man is heaving his way to success with well directed blows from his aids.

Mrs. CALDER is away this week visiting friends in the visiting friends in the vicinity of Aurora. We bespeak a pleasant time.

OWING to the anniversary services in the Methodist church there will be no service in the English church next Sabbath, 14th inst.

THE St. Marys Journal has passed its 15th milestone. The Journal is a good county paper and enjoys a fair advertising patronage.

A PHRENOLOGIST was in town Monday making arrangements for a visit here in a week or ten days. He is lecturing in this vicinity at present.

OLD Dame Rumor says there will be several weddings in town before snow falls. Call and order fifty or more beautiful wedding invitations. Do it up in style, boys.

We are favored this week with an ably written and highly instructive paper, entitled "Love of Humanity," from the pen of Velvet Snow. The contributor will accept our thanks.

A WHOPPER.—An Early Rose potato was dug out of James Wilson's garden last week weighing one pound and five ounces. A number were dug from the same patch weighing a pound each.

GET your exhibits ready for the Elma Fall Exhibition, to be held here on Oct. 2nd. Big posters have been issued, and 200 prize lists, in pamphlet form, will be ready for distribution this week.

THE Amherstburg Echo, published by Messrs. Balfour & Auld, has donned a new dress and looks brighter and better than ever. It is one of the best papers in the province and deserves the hearty support in receives.

R. MAY's horse got loose Monday day night and took to the country. Robert has only been in possession of the beast since Sunday and was rather surprised to find his pony deserting him so unceremoniously.

A NEW iron fence has been erected in front of the Baptist church. It should be extended around the south corner and painted. There's talk of new sheds being put up in the spring, which will add materially to the value and appearance of the property.

COMING.—Dr. Sinclair, the great Scottish Specialist, of Toronto, will visit Atwood on Monday, Sept. 22nd, at Iochronic hotel. He treats successfully all cases of the brain, nerve, heart, lungs, etc. Consultation free.

The choir and a number of our young people drove over to the tea-meeting at Donegal Tuesday evening. They report having had a good time.

M. E. NEADS extends an invitation to all our readers to call and inspect his stock of soaps and perfumes. He claims the prices are very low for the fine quality.

JAS. IRWIN has just received his fall stock, and every department of his store is well filled with select goods. Those who favor him with their custom may rely upon getting good goods at honest prices. By reading his advertisement readers will have a better idea of the lines he carries.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY.—We were the recipients of some large pears and plums last Tuesday evening, presented to THE BEE staff by one of Atwood's fairest daughters. They were simply delicious, and we would be ungrateful indeed if we did not in some way acknowledge the kindness of the lady who thus remembered us. Truly our pathway has been strewn with white and pink roses, pears, plums and pretty girls.

METHODIST ANNIVERSARY.—Be sure and turn out to the anniversary services in connection with the Methodist church here. Able addresses will be delivered by Revs. J. Livingstone, of Listowel, Toronto, and resident ministers. On Monday evening a tea-meeting will be given in the church. Admission 25 cents. Children's social on Tuesday evening, commencing at 5 o'clock. Let all of these meetings be largely attended.

MILK ANALYSIS.—A good move is being made in the matter of securing good milk for the Province. There is no article of consumption so liable to carry contagious disease as milk. We read of an epidemic of typhoid fever occurring in the parish of St. Marylebone, London, a few years since. Its origin was a mystery to the medical faculty for a long time. Eventually it was traced to a dairy in Buckinghamshire, over sixty miles away, where malignant typhoid had occurred. That milk supplied was stopped and the epidemic ceased. The public analysts of Ontario are collecting samples from each district.

A FURIOUS ANIMAL.—Jacob Klump had an exciting time with a fat cow last Monday. It appears he was bringing the beast from John Leonard's to his the 6th con. Elma, at the G. T. R. crossing, the animal became enraged and uncontrollable and in its frenzy rushed at Mr. Klump and would have made short work of him had not Fred Switzer come to his assistance. But the animal not willing to be outdone in this way turned upon Mr. Switzer, trampling him under her feet and nearly putting his eye out. Reinforcements came, however, from another source, this time the section men, who took their adze and killed the animal on the spot.

Mrs. LOWERY and son, of Belgrave, are visiting at the parsonage.

A VERY pleasant evening was spent at the pie social in the Methodist church of Donegal, on the 9th inst. The weather was favorable, the attendance considering the season good, the entertainment excellent and the pie such as did credit to the ladies of Donegal. The Rev. D. Rogers fulfilled the duties of chairman in a very happy manner. The addresses by Revs. Rupert, Livingstone and Brandon were practical and interesting and were listened to with the closest attention. During the evening the Atwood Methodist choir furnished some excellent music which was very much appreciated. Rev. J. Livingstone gave a selection entitled "A Song of Trust" as a vocal solo, and J. H. McEldy of The Lake. The proceeds of the evening will be applied to the parsonage repair fund.

PROSELER GONE.—Another of Elma's oldest and most respected pioneers passed away to her reward last Sabbath in the person of Mrs. A. E. Tennant, in her 86th year. Deceased was born near Hamilton in the year 1805, and after remaining there two years the family removed to Waterloo Co. In 1830 the subject of this sketch was married to A. E. Tennant, a native of Wakefield, Yorkshire, England, and by this union nine children were born to them, four of whom are still living, viz., Andrew Tennant, 10th con. Elma, Jacob Tennant, Mrs. W. Shines, Grey township, and Mrs. G. B. Stevens, near Wingham. In 1855 the family came to Elma township and settled on the farm now owned by Thos. G. Ballantyne, 8th con. At this period there were scarcely any signs of civilization to be seen in the township, nothing but a dense bush greeted the eye on every side. There were only two families residing where Trowbridge now stands—the Code's and Bingham's. Mr. Tennant died in 1892. The funeral took place at the residence of Mr. Shines, Grey, son-in-law of deceased, on Tuesday of this week, and proceeded to Elma Centre cemetery, her pastor, Rev. D. Dack, conducting the service. Some time before her death she selected a text from which she requested her funeral sermon to be preached from, and with the request one week from next Sunday, 20th inst., when he will preach her funeral sermon from the favored text of Scripture. Deceased died as she lived—a true follower of Christ and a life-long member of the Baptist church. The family have the united sympathy of the community in their loss of a kind mother. Thus one by one the old landmarks of this township are being removed, until bye-and-bye there will be none left to tell the interesting and exciting tales of pioneer life—the good old days when the flame of a torch was the settler's only guide through the dense forest and the merry bon-fire kindled in front of his log cabin served as a beacon light to guide him safely home again.

NOTICE to creditors in reference to the estate of the late Francis Graham appears in this issue.

P. LILLICO, of Listowel, will start a banker's and Broker's business in Brandon, Man., in the near future.—London Free Press.

REV. J. LIVINGSTONE, of Listowel, was in town Tuesday. He assisted Rev. Mr. Rogers at the Donegal tea meeting. Mr. Livingstone is a host at tea meetings.

THE General Conference of the Methodist church opens in Montreal on the 10th inst. The great federation question will come up for consideration before its close.

We direct the attention of our readers to M. E. Neads' change of advt. this week. The house wives who do pickling and cooking are interested in what he says. Purity is his motto.

SIX QUESTIONS.—The Lamont Bros. of Listowel, have six important questions for the people of Elma to answer. We refer you to their advt. in this issue. Those of our readers attending the Listowel show should call at their musical emporium and see the wonderful orchestromes.

R. M. BALEANTYNE, W. G. Morrison, John Morrison, Wm. Gordon, Thomas Carter, Donald Murray, Arthur Peebles and Jas. Donaldson attended the Odd Fellow's service in the Presbyterian church, Listowel, Sunday evening, 7th inst., where a very able sermon was delivered by Bro. I. Campbell, pastor of the church.

### Mornington.

Miss Annie Long was visiting Miss Farrel, of Poole, last week.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kay have returned home from their visit in Michigan.

Chas. Kertcher has returned home from Berlin, where he has been visiting his sisters.

Miss Passmore and Miss Rupert, of Milverton, left on Monday to attend the Ladies College, at Brantford.

Matthew Upton bought the Milverton House for the sum of \$5,200, lately occupied by E. Gartung. He is to take possession on the 23rd inst.

Rev. Mr. Manley, who has been visiting friends around Milverton for the last couple of weeks, left on Tuesday for his home in New York.

The Milverton junior base ball club are open to receive challenges from any junior club in Perth. They are wondering when the Atwood team intend playing the return match.

### List of Fall Fairs.

Elma, Atwood—Oct. 2.  
Western, London—Sept. 18-27.  
Industrial, Toronto—Sept. 8-20.  
Southern, Brantford—Sept. 9-11.  
North Perth, Stratford—Oct. 2-5.  
Wellesley, Wellesley—Sept. 23-25.

SPERIN MAKES AN ODDS.

CHAPTER I.

"Comin' tae the fishin'?" "Will ye ca' me red-headit?" "As sure as deith no."

"Very weel, I'll come." And they trotted off, big brown boy and little pink maiden, hand in hand in the golden sunlight through the fields together.

"There," said Sandy, as he cast the line well up the water, and let it float down till it rested in a promising brown pool.

"Agnes seized the rod and stood on tiptoe, her brown eyes big with excitement and her brown hair tumbled in wild luxuriance over her neck.

"'Tis a wee, wee, wee!" cried Sandy, springing to his feet and running to her aid; "bide or I come."

CHAPTER II.

It was autumn once more. Once more the fields round the farm lay white with harvest, and the little river still bubbled and chattered as it flowed on its way to the sea.

"Where are ye gaun, bairn?" said Grannie, glancing with manifest disfavour from the Alloa-stocking Agnes had thrown down to the yellow-backed novel in her hand.

"Weel," replied Grannie, "ye might gang up tae the village an' speir for your Aunt Jean's knee; ye'll get a' news about the artist body—if he's come yet."

"You're a great girl, Agnes," said Uncle Sandy, who was surveying her with evident satisfaction; "you'll be getting a husband soon."

"Hoots, Sandy," said Grannie wrathfully, "dinna put such havers in her head; the bairn's only twenty, she doena ken she's born yet!"

"Nonsense, Grannie; Uncle Sandy's quite right: it's high time I was settled. I'll away and see if I can catch the artist, and I'll be laughing out at the door. The road to the village wound round the foot of the hill, by lovely old trees that leaned from either side and lovingly mingled their branches.

"Not in the least," said Agnes, her colour heightening under the admiration in his look; "please don't blame yourself too much, the fault was mutual," and with a gracious bow she walked swiftly away.

"I wonder if that's the artist body," she thought; "how handsome and polite he is. But I must finish my book; Grannie doens't approve of it, and will be cross if I take it back again."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Stewart," he said impressively. "How on earth did you get here?"

"Oh, I'm sure ye shall, and I'm so glad to meet you, dear Miss Stewart, Arthur and I were so afraid we'd be lonely; but there's no fear of that now."

"The night was dark and dismal, and Agnes, shivering as she gathered her mantle round her, glanced nervously from side to side, and wished she had stayed at home."

ber; the three had gone away bramble-gathering in the lanes, and Grannie was alone in the big kitchen dozing by the fire.

"Ye're looking weel," she said as she at length gave up her examination; "but why did ye no let us ken ye were comin'?"

The bramble-gathering was a great success, and it was late in the evening before Agnes entered the kitchen with a great unwieldy scene.

"I wonder if that's the artist body," she thought; "how handsome and polite he is. But I must finish my book; Grannie doens't approve of it, and will be cross if I take it back again."

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SUMMER SMILES.

Bloodgood—"Well, how did your bet with Miss Southmayd come out?"

There are many features in which the present age is peculiar. Not the least among its distinctive characteristics is the large business that is done in life insurance.

The power of irrigation to increase the productivity of the soil is also strikingly illustrated. Thus, on the irrigated meadows of the Vosges, the average yield of wheat is about 100 bushels per acre.

Farming in the United States. To the man who realizes his just relation to his fellow-man, it gives no pleasure to contemplate the misfortunes and want of prosperity which others experience.

George K. Holmes, who is in charge of this branch of the census work, thinks the returns will show about 7,000,000 mortgages made since 1880.

A Naval Officer's Opinion. A recently expressed opinion by Lord Charles Bessborough who is said to be one of the most competent of English naval officers goes to sustain the view of Chan. Von Capri that the island of Heligoland is an invaluable acquisition for Germany.

Apologies of the great strike on the New York Central railway, it may be well to present the Encyclopedia Britannica's estimate of how the railroads of various countries are managed.

Jackets of two shades of cloth are considered very distinguished in appearance. Covers of mummy cloth for 5 o'clock tea tables are embroidered in pictures at the four corners with quaint pastoral scenes.

The Possibilities of Agriculture.

The man of fearful spirit, who, looking upon the increasing multitudes of men on the earth, has begun to be apprehensive for the future, lest there should not be sustenance found for all, will find reason for assurance in the facts produced by Prince Kropotkin in his article, "The Possibilities of Agriculture," in the Forum for August.

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Strange Reptiles.

An extraordinary creature of this time was the "fish-lizard." It had a head like a lizard, jaws and teeth like a crocodile, the backbone of a fish, the paddles of a whale, and the trunk and tail of a quadruped.

Nobody can say for certain whether its skin was covered with scales or not. Still, as no remains of scales have been found, it was probably soft and smooth.

Protestantism in France.

Protestantism in France sprang from the same general causes which gave birth to similar reactions against the Roman Catholic Church in other countries of Europe.

An Under-Secretary's Misadventure.

A most amusing misadventure befel one of the Under-Secretaries of State last week, says a London correspondent.

Woman.

Uncomprehended and uncomprehending, The darling, but the despot of our days— Smiling she smites us—fondling us, she flays,

A FREE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD!

This is the age of travel. The people are all educated and cultivated to such a degree that in the hearts of almost every one there is a longing to see foreign countries and view the places whereof so much has been written and said.

"THE HOME FASCINATOR," MONTREAL. The man with the most "horse sense" is the one who lets horse racing severely alone.

Trainer Boys and Girls.

The choice of a school is very important, almost as much so as the choice of a home. This choice is in the hands of parents chiefly.

NOTICE.

One dose of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will instantly stop a severe fit of coughing.

The old appear in conversation in two characters; the critically silent, and the garrulous anecdotic.

Graduates and students of ALMA LADIES COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ont., may now be found in honorable and lucrative employment.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.

One thing can always be found, even where it does not exist—that is fault.

The base-ball player has become a favorite theme of the engraver for designs on silver novelties.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms:

"I would like you to give my son a chance in your printing-office." "What can the boy do?" "Well, at first he couldn't do anything more than edit your paper and take general charge of the mechanical department, but later on, when he learns sense, he'll be handy to have around to wash windows, keep lamp chimneys clean and sift ashes."

A. P. 519.

MAGIC SCALE—For dress cutting, taught by Miss Chubb, General Agent for Ontario, 129 1/2 Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

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For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrophulous, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

PEOPLE out of town coming to the Exhibition should have their dresses Parisian Plaited Skirts, 40c a yard; Children's skirts or capes, 25c a yard. Miss Stackhouse, 427 Yonge Street, Toronto.

LEATHER BELTING.

Best value in the Dominion. F. E. DIXON & CO., Makers, 70 King street East, Toronto.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.

Sailing weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets \$10, \$30 and \$60 Return Tickets, \$20, \$30 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation.

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McGILL UNIVERSITY, SESSION 1890-1.

The Matriculation Examinations in Arts and Applied Science, and for entrance into the Special Course for Women in the Faculty of Arts, and also for Exhibitions and Scholarships, will begin

Monday, Sept. 15th, 1890, AT 9 A. M.

THE LECTURES

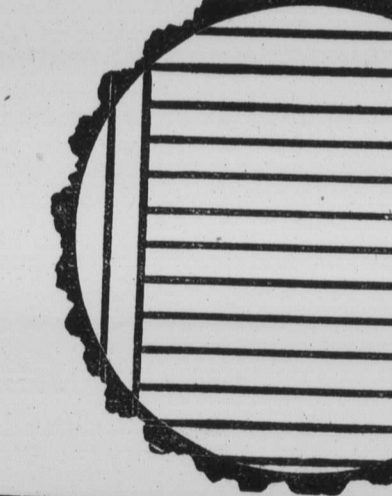
Will commence on Friday, Sept. 19th. Intending students can obtain all necessary information on application to the undersigned.

J. W. BRAKENRIDGE, B.C.S., ACTING SECRETARY. 1st Sept. '90.

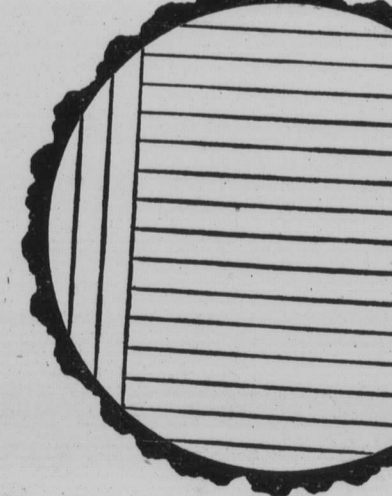
ALL the Nutritious Elements of JOHNSTON'S PRIME BEEF in the most easily digested form is supplied by Fluid Beef.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.



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The difference to you in a season's cut of, say, 3 millions, means a loss or gain of over \$6,000.

Press of orders, local and foreign, prevents our exhibiting a Band Mill at Toronto this year. One in our building, however, for a customer in Hungary, will be erected at our works, where interested parties can see it in operation.

The Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a reliable treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no poisonous drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure

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

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Unrivalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT!

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Keeps a large stock of Gold Watches, Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Rolled Plate Chains, Genuine Diamond Rings, 18k. Gold Wedding Rings, carved Band Rings, plain Gold Rings, Friendship Rings for 50c. and \$1, with a nice bangleon. Large stock of Clocks, Silverware, Spectacles, &c. Fine and complicated watches repaired and adjusted.

J. H. GUNTER, Watch Specialist, Goldsmith's Hall, Main St., Listowel. Two Doors East of Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

Table with 2 columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH. Lists train numbers and times.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

Table with 2 columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH. Lists train numbers and times.

Country Talk.

Over \$1,900 was distributed for cheese from the Donegal factory last week.

John Peebles, of Listowel, was in the village on Monday in connection with his business.

James Dickson, jr., was away at Milbank on Monday attending the meeting of the Presbytery.

Lectures on Phrenology were delivered in the school house on Thursday and Friday evenings by Prof. W. D. Lamb.

John Rogers and George Anderson, of Atwood, were in the village last week carrying out C. Mason's barn. John knows how to do a good job.

Our village was favored with the presence of a band of Gypsies on Saturday last. Taken altogether they were a tough looking collection of dogs, wagons, children, lean horses, laziness and profanity.

Monkton. Fruit is a good crop this year. Miss Mary Batten returned home from Toronto last week.

Miss Nellie Hopkins, of Ethel, spent Sunday in the village.

Mrs. (Rev.) Brandon is visiting friends in Ridgeway this week.

The merchants in this village appear to be doing a rushing business now.

James Holman is doing a rushing business in the threshing line this season.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Hallman is recovering from her severe illness.

The Foresters of the village intend giving a grand concert soon. Particulars later.

Quite a number of our townspeople attended the races at Mitchell on Monday of last week.

Quite a number of our townspeople intend taking in the Toronto exhibition this week. We wish them an enjoyable time.

The annual tea meeting in connection with the Methodist church, of this village will be held on September 21 and 22. All welcome.

We anticipate a few weddings in the near future after last Sunday's furious driving. Richard of the boundary, east, seems to be rather merry of late.

Where was our policeman last week that he didn't attend to his duty, as some persons entered the garden of a certain bachelor of the village and helped themselves to his plums. No doubt if they are found out they will be deservedly punished.

Grey.

The township rate of taxes this year is 2 mills on the \$ 2 additional mills for county rate.

The appointment of two tax collectors for this township is a good idea and will work satisfactorily it is thought.

Mrs. Robt. Inglis is away for a trip to the East on a visit with relatives.

Duncan McDonald and John McNeil have been appointed tax collectors at a salary of \$45 each. The division to be the 9th and 10th cons.

Lorenzo Frayne, lot 10, con 3, threshed some Egyptian oats that turned out 40 pounds to the bushel. This is a good weight and will not be easily beaten.

Jno. D. Campbell is home on a visit from Duluth. He is nursing his right hand, or at least what remains of it, as he had the most of this useful member taken off in a planing mill.

Rev. Geo. Baker and wife, of Tupperville, have been enjoying a visit with Mrs. Baker's parents and other old friends. Mr. Baker was pastor of the Cranbrook circuit under the Primitive Methodist regime about ten years ago.

A larger acreage of fall wheat will be sown this year than has been put in for years. People have not lost faith in this crop yet, although a good many hold the opinion that other produce could be grown that would not be subject to the repeated failures that wheat has been subjected to.

Miss Jane Mitchell was awarded a certificate for admission to the High School. She was recommended by the examiner, being a few marks deficient on one subject. This makes two successful pupils from No. 1 this year and is creditable to Mr. Pickard considering the large number plucked.

Turnberry.

Mr. and Mrs. Reddaway, of New Hamburg, are visiting friends here.

Arthur MacKersie, son of William MacKersie, postmaster, who has been very low with inflammation on the lungs, is recovering rapidly under the skillful treatment of Dr. McDonald, of Wingham.

OBITUARY.—Death has removed from our midst Mrs. James Scott, an old and respected resident. Mrs. Scott and her husband settled in Turnberry when it was in bush so that we have lost another of our pioneers and earliest settlers. Although 85 years of age she remained healthy and strong up to a short time before her death. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hartley, of Bluevale, after which the remains were taken to the Bluevale cemetery for interment. She was a native of Scotland and a faithful member of the Presbyterian church.

Elma.

The farmers are busily engaged with their fall wheat seeding at present. The probability is a big acreage will be put in this fall.

FINGER CRUSHED.—Last Monday Aaron Holman's little girl, of the 17th con., had the painful misfortune to get one of her fingers so badly crushed in the cogs of a fanning mill that Dr. Hamilton, of Atwood, had to amputate it at the second joint. The little sufferer endured the operation unflinchingly.

FALL FAIR.—The Elma Agricultural Society's fall show, at Atwood, is the subject of discussion amongst our farmers at present, and it is expected the exhibits this year will surpass former years both in quantity and quality. Every farmer in the township should be a member of the Society and contribute to the success of the fall fair.

PROLIFIC OATS.—While looking over the columns of THE BEE last week I noticed an account of a Grey farmer's prolific production from a single kernel of oats. I think I can make the Grey farmer take a back seat. While in my garden one day last week, lot 2, con. 7, Elma, I noticed a number of stalks of oats growing in a bunch, and upon closer examination I counted 18 fully developed heads, averaging about 80 grains to the stalk. There were also 17 other stalks growing from the same bunch, thus making the grand total of 35 stalks from the single kernel. Who can beat this. J. J. GIMBLETT, Henfryn.

Brussels.

Jimmie Thompson is visiting in Detroit.

Samuel Walker, sr., has moved into town.

Harry Willis, of Mitchell, was in town Sunday.

Rev. W. E. Kerr left for the Montreal College last Wednesday.

Rev. S. Sellery, M. A., B. D., preached in Harrison last Sunday.

Mrs. (Rev.) Swann returned to her home in Glencoe last Tuesday.

Mrs. Sparling is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Watson Ainlay, this week.

Rev. John Mulholland, of Dakota, is home on a visit to his parents.

Miss W. Babb, of Sydney, Manitoba, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Mulholland.

Mrs. W. H. Kerr and Leslie left Wednesday for a visit with relatives in Galt and Dundas.

A temperance meeting in connection with the Y. P. C. A. of the Methodist church next Monday. A good program.

Walter Smith has a sunflower stalk growing in his garden that measures 12 feet in height. There are 25 flowers on it.

"Mexican Charlie" was in town last week and succeeded in "roping in" a lot of our citizens in his watch rack.

Mrs. Geo. Hayeroff and Fannie, and Miss Lizzie Ross, who have been visiting in Kansas for some months, returned home last week.

Sacrament in Knox church last Sabbath, services conducted by Rev. McNeil. The service was withdrawn in Melville church in the evening.

The first Monthly Horse Fair will be held in Brussels on Thursday, Oct. 2nd, the first day of the East Huron Fall Show. A number of buyers will be in attendance.

A one-horse curiosity show came to town Monday, but our citizens don't take to anything like that.

W. H. Kerr left Monday for Montreal to attend the general conference of the Methodist church which is in session there. Mr. Kerr is one of the delegates.

Rev. Wm. Smyth, of Harrison, preached two excellent sermons in connection with the Methodist S. S. anniversary last Sabbath. His morning discourse was addressed to the children, and in the evening his text was "The boy who stayed at home," the brother to "the Prodigal Son" as found in Luke 15th chap. From the 25th verse to the 31st. Mr. Smyth is always a welcome supply in the Methodist church. The S. S. choir supplied the music morning and afternoon. Dr. Cavanagh leader, and Miss Tillie Knecht, organist.

Brussels never had so many "stop" watches within the corporation as on last Friday evening. The purchasers were kept busy on Saturday telling people the time of day. "Charlie" told them "Don't show your watch to your neighbor, for if it ticks you will make him feel bad and if it don't tick he will have the joke on you." It is needless to say the watch did not "tick" and a number of old heads got badly left. It was a nice example to set the youths of this locality to pay a dollar for a tin box with a paper dial enclosed.

A very successful and interesting S. S. entertainment was held in the Methodist church last Monday evening. The following is the program, which speaks for itself: Singing; Prayer; by Rev. R. Paul; solo and chorus, Reginald Fletcher, S. S. choir; recitation, Miss Lizzie Roddick; duet, Professor Morgan and Fairy; dialogue, "The Rainbow," by 7 little girls in character; solo, Miss M. Sellery, "Only a drop in the bucket," address, Rev. W. Smyth; solo, "Battle Prayer," Miss Fairy Morgan; recitation by four little girls, "Christmas offering"; quartette, "Drifting away," by Messrs. Cavanagh, Will, Hood and Hill; recitation, Fairy Morgan; recitation, Reginald Fletcher; solo, "Far away where Angels dwell," Professor Morgan. Rev. S. Selery was chairman; proceeds over \$12.

ELMA COUNCIL.

The Council of Elma met at Newry on Saturday, 6th inst., for the purpose of holding the Court of Revision on the municipal drain, known as the Aikins drain. The members having subscribed their declaration and after carefully considering the appeals found that it would be impossible to decide them fairly in the absence of the Engineer, who made the assessment, and a resolution for adjournment was passed as follows:—Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Richmond, that the Court of Revision be now adjourned to meet on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at one o'clock p.m. Carried. The Council then met for general business. Minutes of last meeting read and signed. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded, seconded by Mr. Bray, that T. B. Stevenson be notified to have a drain dug and covered across his land on the water course running from a drain crossing side line opposite lot 40, con. 1, (or better known as opposite Mr. Hardie's orchard) without delay and thus save the costs of either referring to fence-viewers or township engineer. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Coulter, that Mr. Richmond be authorized to make the necessary repairs on side line between lots 10 and 11, con. 17, as he may consider judicious. Carried. Moved by Mr. Bray, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that Mr. Coulter be hereby appointed to inspect the construction of the 14th con. bridge. Carried. Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Bray, that applications for the office of township Collector be received and considered at meeting of Council on the 24th inst. Carried. Moved by Mr. Coulter, seconded by Mr. Lochhead that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—J. Fenton \$18, gravel; T. Code \$3, gravel; R. Halpenny 60c., gravel; W. Brown \$1, repairing bridge gravel road; A. Lochhead \$1, repairing bridge gravel road; C. Querengesser \$59.32, lumber; N. Parker \$2.50, repairing three culverts; J. Bray \$4, plans and specifications 14th con. bridge; J. A. Hacking \$3.15, stationery; R. S. Pelton \$12, printing By-law Aikins drain; T. Fullerton \$15, preparing By-law and serving copy of By-law on all interested parties drain, and \$10.74, postage to date; Treasurer of Ellice Elma's yearly payment for drain \$501.98; M. Harvey \$3, expenses to Selbringville and discount on cheque, and W. Dunn \$64.82, lumber. Carried. Council then adjourned. T. FULLERTON, Clerk.

CRADLE.

HOLMES.—In Elma, on the 6th inst., the wife of Mr. W. J. Holmes, of a daughter.

ALTAR.

PELTON—McBAIN.—In Brussels, on the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. John Ross, B. A., Mr. John Pelton, of Atwood, to Miss Maggie McBain, of Brussels.

TOMB.

TENNAUT.—In Grey, on Sunday, Sept. 7th, 1890, Mrs. A. E. Tennaut, aged 86 years.

SINCLAIR.—In Grey, on the 26th ult., Margaret, daughter of Mr. Peter Sinclair, aged 13 years.

Atwood Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Lists market prices for various goods like Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Pork, Hides, Sheep skins, Wood, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs.

LAMONT'S

MUSICAL EMPORIUM!

LISTOWEL, - ONT.

QUESTIONS

FOR THE

PEOPLE OF ELMA

TO ANSWER:

- 1. Do you purpose buying an Organ or Piano?
2. Do you wish to rent a Piano or Organ?
3. Have you seen our beautiful Six-Octave Piano-Cased Organ?
4. Do you know that Lamont Bros. are the only men in the county of whom you can purchase the celebrated Bell and Doherty Organs.
5. Do you know that by writing a card and directing it to Lamont Bros., Listowel, you can procure an A1 Organ or Piano?
6. Do you want a Sewing Machine?

Parties attending the Listowel Fair should call at the Emporium and see the

Wonderful Orchestrome.

SHEET MUSIC

FURNISHED AT HALF PRICE.

LAMONT BROS., - LISTOWEL.

Church Directory.

EPISCOPALIAN. Preaching every Sabbath as follows: Henfryn, 11 a.m.; Trowbridge, 3 p.m.; Atwood, 7 p.m. Rev. Mr. ECCLESTON, Incumbent.

BAPTIST. Preaching every Sabbath at 3:00 p.m. Sabbath School at 2:00 p.m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock. Rev. D. DACK, Pastor.

METHODIST. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. Each alternate Sabbath at 6:30 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 a.m. Prayer Meetings, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 7:30. Rev. D. ROGERS, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m.; Bible Class on Sabbath evening at 7:00; Sabbath School at 9:30 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00. Young People's Association meeting on Friday evening at 7:30. Rev. A. HENDERSON, M.A., Pastor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

LEGAL.

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

DENTAL.

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

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

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

Money to Loan At Lowest Rates of Interest.

FARM FOR SALE.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Monday, Oct. 6th, for a farm, being lot 11, con. 13, Elma, containing 100 acres, 50 cleared and the rest can be easily cleared. A house and a good frame barn, 42x50, also a barn 28x36, a never failing well and a good bearing orchard on the premises. For further particulars apply to JOHN W. ROWLAND or GEO. ROWLAND, Executors, Monkton P. O.

THOMPSON BROS.,

CORNER STORE,

Listowel, - Ont.

Leading Dry Goods House.

MILLINERY

A SPECIALTY.

Boots and Shoes,

Hats and Caps,

GROCERIES.

TWEEDS AND

Cents Furnishings,