

**G**ENUINE Holiday Clearing  
 Out Sale from Now till  
 Jan. 1, 1892, at Your Own  
 Prices. Everything must go. My  
 stock is very complete and sure to  
 please you. Come Early and get  
 your choice of a big stock.  
 J. H. GUNTHER, Listowel.

# The Bee.

**D**ON'T delay in waiting to  
 buy. I have a grand line  
 of Plush Goods just in  
 from Germany, Albums, Fancy  
 Mirrors, Work-boxes, Glove boxes,  
 grand line of Watches, Clocks and  
 Jewelry, and Silverware CHEAP.  
 J. H. GUNTHER, Listowel.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1891.

NO. 42.

### Monkton.

John Wasman is visiting here.  
 James Stewart, of Mitchell, spent Sunday at home.  
 There was no service in the Methodist church here on Sunday, on account of the quarterly meeting at Bethesda.  
 While Chas Broughton was at work in the saw mill last Saturday a log fell on his foot inflicting a painful bruise.  
 A special service was held in the Lutheran church on Sunday in commemoration of the great Martin Luther.  
 Wm. Merryfield has purchased the McKeon farm, on con. 18, Elma. Hugh McKeon bought 25 acres from Arthur Stewart, of Logan, for \$1,000.  
 While James Holman's machine was threshing at Mr. Dobbs', near Monkton, the head of the cylinder of the engine blew out, almost causing a fatal accident to Mr. Holman. It was a close call. One piece of the cylinder head struck the boiler, penetrating it an eighth of an inch.  
 The Monkton cheese factory closes this week, the most satisfactory season it ever had. About 60 tons of cheese were made since May 1st last by the popular cheesemaker, Alex. Chalmers, and his assistant, Well. Porterfield. Dairy inspector J. E. Hopkins called at the factory last week. His Babcock tester showed the milk to be A. 1 and far above the average.

### Perth County Notes.

The Avondale cheese factory has closed for this season.  
 Messrs F. Awty and F. Duffon, of Mitchell, are hunting deer in Muskoka.  
 The G. T. R. locomotive shops at Stratford have been enlarged and improved.  
 The Patrons of Industry are increasing. The Lodge in S. S. No. 5, Downie, now boasts 50 members.  
 The Patrons of Industry have organized in Cromarty. They number over 40 strong with F. Hamilton as president.  
 Wm. Grimwood, late of Logan, is now a resident of Mitchell. He purchased the Hancock property, Logan road, North Ward.  
 Thomas Jones has purchased the brick house near the railway station, Mitchell, at present occupied by B. F. Kastner, for the sum of \$1,200.  
 Joseph Dunlop, has purchased the Chicago Mail, he was formerly connected with the Chicago Times, and formerly resided in Stratford.  
 Robert Kinkade, who has sold his farm last spring to Wm. Makins, has purchased another farm containing 114 acres, about a half a mile from Stratford.  
 Wm. Shaw, who taught the Motherwell school for ten years, left three years ago, as a P. S. teacher, returned the other day a full fledged M. D., having passed his exams. with high honors.  
 Jas. A. Keeler, of Mitchell, made an assignment to a Hamilton creditor, and his stock of boots and shoes and book debts, amounting in all to less than \$1,000, is advertised for sale in the city papers.  
 Considerable change will take place among the teaching fraternity at Xmas. J. D. Monteith has resigned No. 4; E. B. Cale No. 5; and C. J. Dickey No. 6. A general change for the Downie pedagogues surely.  
 There were three deaths in Stratford Sunday, Nov. 1. Wm. Roffey, aged 62, an old and respected citizen; Miss Lena Baird, daughter of John Baird, carpenter, Wellington street, aged 15, of consumption, and a Mrs. Smith.  
 Died, on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, at his residence, Mitchell road, Fullarton, after a very short illness of diabetes, Alexander Young, jr., aged 30 years. Deceased was working the horses on the morning previous to his death.  
 License Inspector Coppin, of Mitchell, laid an information against the landlord of the British, St. Marys, for an infraction of the License Act, who pleaded "guilty" and paid a fine of twenty dollars and costs, in all about \$25.00.  
 The Gore of Downie Literary, Musical and Debating Society has re-organized for the coming season with the following officers:—Pres., N. Monteith; 1st vice, Jennie Lawton; 2nd vice, Edith Dunsmore; Sec., John McKay; Treas., Maggie Hyslop; critic, J. D. Monteith.  
 Boom in real estate business in Granton. Mr. Mowbray sold his village residence here to Mr. Fuller, of Usborne, for \$84; and Wm. Lungford, of Lucan, sold the adjoining lot to the above gentleman for the sum of \$100. R. Horn, blacksmith, bought the residence of C. Cook, east side Queen's Avenue for the handsome sum of \$600. Wm. Lambourne, of Awmic, bought of Isaac Parkinson his house and lot for the sum of \$300.  
 Daniel Whale, under a sentence of life imprisonment, and who was Tuesday morning of last week conveyed to the penitentiary by Sheriff Hossie, has a son in India. Some weeks ago he sent word that he was coming home to see his mother. No word of her sad end could be sent to him as the family did not have his address. It will be a severe blow to the poor man to come home and find his mother dead, and his father undergoing a life sentence for her murder.

### Huron County Notes.

Arthur Tierney, of Blyth, leaves on the 14th inst. on a trip to the old country.  
 H. C. Doan, of Zurich, had a corn stalk in his garden which measured 12 feet long.  
 A. McNall has disposed of his neat little property in Blyth to Dr. Ferguson for \$1,200.  
 Wm. Michie, of Morris, has over 400 bushels of Irish lemons this year. Quite a pile for a Scotchman.  
 John H. Henderson, of the Huron road, has a heifer fifteen months old, which is giving milk and which never had a calf.  
 John O'Laughlin has purchased the 25 acres of land which was occupied by Mr. Mitchell, of Leadbury. The price paid was \$1,000.  
 The anniversary of Guy Fawkes Day was royally celebrated in the thriving village of Gorrie, by the Orangemen of Howick District, on Nov. 5th.  
 Messrs. James Howe, C. Wilson and R. Tomlinson, Clinton; R. Ellis, Saltford, and S. Scott, Westfield, left last week for a few weeks' sport in Muskoka.  
 The trustees of the Clinton Collegiate Institute have engaged John Heuston, of Brighton High school, to succeed Mr. Turnbull as principal of the Institute.  
 Miss Maria Parr, daughter of John Parr, Leadbury, died on Sunday evening, 25th ult. The deceased young lady had been in poor health for some years.  
 The Society of the Sons of Scotland started in Seaforth about a month ago, is growing very rapidly. The Society now has a membership of between 60 and 70.  
 Kippen Methodist parsonage taxes and road work amount to \$8.25 this year; this is the first year of tax paying for church property, but it is quite proper.  
 Thos. Hastings passed peacefully away to his last resting place on Friday, Oct. 30, after a short illness. He was one of the oldest pioneers in Turnberry township.  
 A series of evangelistic meetings have been commenced in the Methodist church, Seaforth, at which Miss Williams, the celebrated evangelist, is taking a prominent part.  
 Dr. Hutchison, formerly of Bluevale, Brussels, etc., but now of Montreal, has been appointed assistant surgeon of the Montreal general hospital, also chief medical officer of the Grand Trunk Railway Co.  
 Henry Beacon, of Goderich township, was up Kincardine way last week and on his return showed the News-Record a pear measuring 12 3/4 x 10 3/4 ins. grown on the farm of E. Pollock, Huron township.  
 Mrs. William Payne, of Egmondville, passed peacefully away to the better land on Tuesday morning of last week. Mrs. Payne has been a severe sufferer for several months, and her death was not unexpected.  
 Mrs. Duncan McTavish, of Wingham, was in Ripley last week, seeing her mother, Mrs. McTaggart, who has had a cancer cut out of her hand; she is over 70 years of age, and bore the operation without the aid of chloroform.  
 A branch of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada for the Alberta district, with headquarters at Calgary, has recently been established, and D. M. Radcliffe, formerly of Seaforth, was unanimously elected Vice-President.  
 Thomas McKibbin, of Walton, received a telegram the other day stating that his daughter-in-law, Mrs. James McKibbin, had died very suddenly in Michigan. The deceased was a daughter of Charles Brodie, of Seaforth, and leaves a family of six children, the youngest being only one week old.  
 The business meeting of the Kippen quarterly board was held on Monday, Nov. 2nd, 1891. The board increased the salary of the pastor, Rev. H. Irvin, to \$700, the circuit to pay the superannuation money. Mr. Irvin has the hardest circuit to work in Goderich district as it involves a drive of 12 miles every alternate Sunday.  
 About six o'clock Thursday morning of last week fire broke out in the engine room of the saw mill owned and operated by L. C. Dicks, Fordwich, and before assistance arrived all the buildings, consisting of saw mill, and sash and door factory, were in flames. The machinery was partially insured. The total loss is \$3,500; insurance, \$1,500.  
 A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Richard Harvey, of Usborne, on Wednesday of last week, when his daughter Mary (first cousin to John T. Hawke, editor and proprietor of The London Transcript, Monkton, N. B.) was married to Robt. Downs, eldest son of J. Down, by their pastor Revs. H. J. Blair and H. S. Magee, of Hensall.  
 A lively and sociable time was spent at an oyster supper, held at Farquhar on Friday night, Oct. 30, at which a large number was present. The occasion was a match between two chosen sides of omen to collect the largest number of oysters inside the township. Messrs. Wm. McLaughlin and Thomas Hunkin were captains, and sides chosen, each having twenty. After several days' search for the little leathery creatures they succeeded in capturing 6,277. Mr. McLaughlin and his men won the match by over 500, thus the other side had to pay for the supper.

### The Census.

POPULATION OF NORTH AND SOUTH PERTH.

The following figures are taken from the second census bulletin just issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa:—

PERTH, NORTH.	
Ellice	1891 1891
Elma	3275 3384
Listowel, town	4421 4231
Logan	2683 2587
Milverton village, out of	3355 3094
Mornington	562 603
Mornington	3998 3509
Stratford, city	8339 9501
Totals	26338 26909
PERTH, SOUTH.	
Blanshard	3244 2928
Downie	3489 3281
Fullarton	2708 2511
Hibbert	3394 2636
Mitchell, town	2284 2101
St. Marys, town	3415 3416
Usborne	3074 2529
Totals	21608 19402

### ELMA COUNCIL.

The municipal Council of the township of Elma met at Loerger's hotel, Atwood, on Nov. 7th. Members all present; minutes of last meeting read and signed.  
 Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Tughan, that D. S. Campbell, P. L. S., of the town of Mitchell, be appointed to inspect the work under contract re Wilson drain and report according to the specifications of contract, and that the Clerk be instructed to notify him in reference to certain alterations in the structure of the culverts. Carried.  
 Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Hammond, whereas this Council has been advised that By-law No. 288, of this township, will require to be ratified by an Act of the Ontario Legislature in order to render valid the debentures to be issued thereunder; and whereas it is of the highest importance that the credit of the township be not prejudiced by a failure to take up the maturing debentures. Be it resolved, 1st, that any member of this Council who may join a bond in favor of the purchasers of the debentures under By-law No. 288 in order to maintain the credit of the township, be authorized to hold the debentures to be taken up until the Council shall have released them from liability under said bond. 2nd, that R. Cleland, Reeve of this township, be authorized on behalf of this Council to instruct a solicitor to prepare such an act, to give the necessary notice, and to do what may be required in the premises. Carried.  
 Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Tughan, that in reference to the account of J. R. Hamilton, M. D., \$5 be paid only and that we ignore the claim for \$5.50 for attendance on M. Robinson which ought to be paid by himself. Carried.  
 Moved by Mr. Lochhead, seconded by Mr. Tughan, that in the event of the Engineer rendering his certificate for payment in part of work done on contract of the Wilson drain before next Council meeting the Reeve and Clerk be authorized to issue their order for payment. Carried.  
 Moved by Mr. Hammond, seconded by Mr. Lochhead, that orders be issued for payment of the following accounts:—W. Martin 50c., lumber for culvert; W. Brown \$3.50, repairing three culverts; Idington & Palmer \$20.59 legal advice township business, \$31.54 advice South-western drain, \$22 advice in Wilson drain; W. Scott \$6.75, ditching Engineer's award, and \$15 culverts and other work; A. Ral \$5.50, culvert con. 2; J. Stickley \$4, two drains across 14th con.; R. Nesbitt \$4.30, gravel; J. Curry \$1, repairing culvert con. 5; A. Robertson \$1.16, work on ditching con. 10; J. L. Turnbull \$5.50, for use of road while bridge was building; A. Farrell \$2, cleaning ditch; G. Keith \$5.90, culvert, and \$4.44 culvert T. L. E. & M.; R. Coghlin \$3.50, repairing culvert; R. Cleland \$5.05, selecting jurors and postage; J. Preist \$1.09, balance of account ditching; A. McBain 75c., cleaning ditched con. 8; J. Logan \$36.80, ditching under Krugal's award; S. Forrest 75c., notifying Mr. Hammond; A. Broughton \$2, work on gravel road; E. Broughton 75c., repairing culvert con. 16. Carried.  
 Thos. Fullarton, Clerk.

### Pool.

Memo Schmidt had a plowing bee on his new farm one day last week.  
 Geo. Smith is moving away from htre this week. He intends to live in Berlin.  
 Tom Barnett and Will Connell attended the plowing match at Linwood last Thursday.  
 Miss Lizzie Reed, of Millbank, spent last Saturday here, the guest of Miss Kate Richmond.  
 John A. Chalmers acted in the capacity of judge at a plowing match at Linwood last Thursday.  
 The Good Templars of this place indulged themselves in an oyster supper last Wednesday evening.  
 Mrs. Wm. Donaldson, of Stratford, is visiting her father, Mr. Chalmers, and other friends in this neighborhood.

### The Fastest Train in the World.

A few days ago the Standard described a remarkable trial trip over the New York central road when a special train of five cars ran from New York to East Buffalo, 336 1/2 miles in 339 1/2 minutes. As a result of that experiment a regular fast train has been put on the road and the beginning of this week it made its first trip. The train including the engine tender and five cars weighed 288 tons or 10 1/2 tons more than the celebrated "Flying Dutchman," which runs between London and Edinburgh at the rate of 5 1/2 miles an hour. The New York Central train is called the Empire State Express and her schedule time is 5 1/2 miles an hour. And what is more she can make it, although in her first trip she ran in about 1 1/2 minutes behind time. At points on the road her speed was 70 miles an hour, but there was no jar, no violent swaying, nor swinging of the wheels, nothing but an easy gliding motion that sometimes left the traveller in doubt if he was moving at all.  
 This is a great achievement and will shorten the time between New York and Chicago to 18 hours as the Lake shore with its magnificent road bed is also capable of maintaining a very high rate of speed.

### Telling Secrets to Men.

It is the mistake of a lifetime to give a man any liberty which you would not want known, and to expect him to keep the matter a secret, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Ladies' Home Journal. The exceptional man will sometimes hide the indiscretion of a young girl whom he believes spoke or acted from ignorance; but the average man, in the highest the same as in the lowest walks of life, boasts of his successes with foolish women, and the reverend, the letter, the embrace, or the souvenir which she has given him, thinking it will never be known to others than themselves, is shortly a matter of gossip among a dozen people.  
 Women hide their secrets far better than men do. They fear the censure of the world too much to share their errors or indiscretions with confidantes. But men are almost invariably vain and proud of their conquests, and relate their achievements with the fair sex to one or two admiring friends. They may not use names, but let the incidents once be told, it is an easy matter to discover the personages if one is at all curious to do so.  
 The only way to keep men from betraying our indiscretions is not to commit them. I once made these remarks in the presence of several ladies, and one of them replied, "that she was glad she had never been acquainted with the class of men I knew." At the same time that lady's name had been used lightly in a club room not a week previous, and her indiscreet actions had been commented on by "the class of men" she did know.

### Additional Local Items.

SEE executor's notice in this issue.  
 REV. A. HENDERSON, M. A., was in Stratford this week.  
 The Elma cheese factory has sold all the cheese on hand, and all they will make for the season, at 10c.  
 Miss MOWAT, of Stratford, will deliver a lecture on missions in the Presbyterian church this (Friday) evening.  
 Geo. COGHLIN has purchased the Hamilton farm a half mile north of the village for \$3,000. It is a bargain at that figure.  
 THE BEE will, as usual, be clubbed with any of the city weeklies. \$1.75 secures THE BEE and your choice of any of the Montreal, Toronto, or London papers.  
 ANOTHER canine has succumbed to poison administered by some mean sneak. This time it happens to be Henry Wilson's dog. The owner will miss the little fellow as it was a great pet with him.  
 Mrs. M. HARVEY's change of advertisement appears on the district news page. Big bargains are offered in Japan teas and sugars. She advertises 24 lbs. of light sugar for \$1. This ought to be cheap enough surely. Read the advt.  
 EDMUND FOX and family moved to town this week from Cranbrook. Mr. Fox was engaged in the Cranbrook flax mill, but has secured a more lucrative situation in the Atwood flax mill. We welcome Mr. Fox and family to Atwood.  
 HERE are a few figures taken from memoranda of a Texas editor's life. The only resemblance that it bears to the record of the ordinary editor, so far as can be discovered, is where he gives \$5 to charity.—Been asked to drink 11,562 times; did drink 11,362 times; requested to retract 416 times; did retract 426 times; invited to parties and receptions by persons fishing for puffs, 3,533 times; took the hint 33 times; didn't take the hint, 3,000 times; threatened to be whipped, 170 times; whipped, 0 times; whipped the other fellow, 4 times; didn't come to time, 166 times; been promised gin, whiskey, etc., if I would go after it, 5,610 times; went after it, 5,610 times; been asked "What's the news?" 300,000 times; told, 23 times; didn't know, 200,000 times; lied about it, 99,977 times; been to church, 2 times; changed politics, 23 times; expect to change still 50 times; gave to charity, \$5; gave to terrier dog, \$25; cash on hand, \$1.

### NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Gibson, Welland has been unseated.  
 Hay in Guelph is selling at \$15 per ton, in Stratford at \$12.  
 Lord Salisbury, when he was plain Robert Cecil, was a reporter.  
 Egerton W. King, editor of the Barrie Gazette (Reform), is dead.  
 A Deseronto firm has shipped a cargo of sashes and doors to Africa.  
 The Marquette election protest was dismissed with costs Monday.  
 The seat of Mr. Tarte, Montmorency, was declared vacant on Monday.  
 The collections in Grace church, Winnipeg, on Sunday amounted to \$1,300.  
 Knox church, Harrington, was opened by Prof. Caven, on Sunday, October 25.  
 The petition against the election of Mr. Campbell, Kent, was dismissed Monday.  
 James L. Grant & Co., of Ingersoll, have now the capacity to kill 1,000 hogs per day.  
 Hundreds of islands have appeared in the Bay of Quinte in consequence of the low water.  
 Nearly half a million dollars have been expended in new buildings in Brandon, Man., this year.  
 Owing to the advance in lake freights the price of wheat at Winnipeg has declined 4 cents.  
 Dr. Borden, Grit M. P. for King's county, has resigned his seat, not desiring to face a trial.  
 Rev. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have secured between 500 and 600 converts in Owen Sound.  
 Thomas Donly, proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas, has been poisoned by eating mushrooms.  
 The Dominion revenue for the four months ending with October was \$12,068,890 and the expenditure \$8,664,500.  
 E. B. Osler has consented to become a candidate for the Toronto Mayoralty if he receives a sufficiently signed requisition.  
 John Hartman, a wealthy resident of Brooklyn, was sandbagged and robbed of nearly \$600 in front of his house Sunday night.  
 A farmer living near Hyde Park has had 3,000 peach trees planted on his place this fall, and is confident of success in peach raising.  
 After a term of service of 42 years Daniel Shoif, postmaster at Clandeboye, has resigned. James Carter of London, has received the appointment.  
 The championship of the Ontario Rugby Football Union was won last Monday by Osgoode Hall defeating Toronto University by eighteen points to two.  
 Dr. Coulter, of Third Party fame in East Lambton, and a female companion, were unceremoniously hustled out of a Courtwright hotel the other night, and their baggage thrown after them.  
 A monster stone rolled on Samuel Leeson, of Erin township, and squeezed the life out of him Saturday. He was to leave for British Columbia on Tuesday, but took a longer journey four days before.  
 Nov. 9th was Lord Mayor's day in London. The Prince of Wales' fiftieth birthday and the silver wedding of the Czar were also celebrated by Londoners. The theatrical profession in London presented the Prince of Wales with a gold cigar box weighing 100 ounces on the occasion.  
 About \$200,000 have been expended this year for building in Guelph, and about \$3,500 have been laid out to build rillabarytic stone pavement. Of the residences built, the two finest are those erected by James Goldie and George Sleeman, at a cost of \$40,000 and \$30,000 respectively.  
 Our Northwest provinces have made bountiful provision for the education of the multitude of people who are expected some day to occupy this territory. Saskatchewan has set apart 3,648,000 acres of land for the maintenance of public schools; Assiniboia, 3,040,000, and Alberta 3,200,000.  
 An Epworth League has been organized in the Methodist church, Kirkton—fifty joined with more to follow. The following officers were elected: Rev. P. L. Hutton, Hon. President; President, Samuel A. Tufts; Vice Presidents, Jos. Kirk, Miss Gilpin, Miss Selina Tufts; Secretary, Miss Eliza Jane Tufts; Treasurer, Miss Isabella Kirk.  
 S. Stanlake, who owns a farm in the township of Usborne, being composed of lot 7, con. 4, left a barrel of cider standing in his yard a few days ago while he went to attend a funeral. Imagine his surprise on returning to find that the pigs had turned over the barrel and drank part of the contents, and were in a bad state of intoxication. Mr. S. declares they remained so for 24 hours.  
 "I admire the American press immensely," was the opinion of Sir Edwin Arnold, gave of American newspapers in a Herald interview. "Here you could not stand our slow, solid ways. There is no nobler profession than that of journalism. I have been through all grades from the penny a line up. Twenty years ago people looked down upon the journalist, but now he is looked up to and stands in the front rank."

## UNCLE SAM AND THE JUNTA.

### Chili Recognizes Only the Authority of Chilean Courts.

#### WHAT WILL BLAINE DO?

A Washington despatch says: It was nearly noon when Minister Egan's cablegram was translated and laid before the President. An hour afterwards messengers were despatched to Secretaries Blaine and Tracy requesting their presence at the White House. They promptly responded to the President's summons. Up to this time it had been understood that Minister Egan's cablegram was to be made public at an early hour, but as the consultation ran along, it was apparent that some cause for delay had arisen. Secretary Tracy stayed an hour at the White House and returned to the Navy Department, but had not been there long before he was recalled. Naturally these movements gave rise to all kinds of more or less wild speculation as to the nature of Mr. Egan's despatch and the intentions of the Government. When Secretary Tracy again emerged from the White House he refused to make any statement whatever respecting the Chilean correspondence, on the ground that the Department of State had the matter in charge. Secretary Blaine appeared to be in good spirits when he came out of the White House and stepped into his carriage to go home. He had nothing to say about Mr. Egan's message, but intimated that when the proper time had elapsed the public would be informed of the facts.

#### CHILI IS FIRM.

Soon after 6 o'clock an official statement of the contents of Minister Egan's despatch was made public. It reads as follows: "The Department of State received this morning a telegram from Mr. Egan, dated Santiago, Oct. 28th, in which he gives the following as reply of the Chilean Government to the President's telegram of Oct. 23rd, asking reparation for the recent murder of American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs replies that the Government of the United States formulates demands and advances threats that without being cast back with acrimony are not acceptable, nor could they be accepted in the present case or in any other of like nature. It does not doubt the sincerity, rectitude or expertise of the investigation on board the Baltimore, but will recognize only the jurisdiction and authority of his own country to judge and punish the guilty in Chilean territory. He says the administrative and judicial authorities have been investigating the affair, that judicial investigation under the Chilean law is secret, and the time has not yet arrived to make known the result. When that time does arrive he will communicate the result, although he does not recognize any other authority competent to judge criminal cases than that established by the Chilean people. Until the time arrives to disclose the result of the investigation he cannot admit that the disorders in Valparaiso or the silence of his department should appear as an expression of unfriendliness towards the Government of the United States, which might put in peril the friendly relations between the two countries."

#### WHAT WILL BLAINE DO NOW?

Up to the hour when the above statement was made no reply had been made to it. What will be the nature of Secretary Blaine's reply is altogether a matter of conjecture. The most plausible theory advanced is that the suggestions courteously and diplomatically conveyed in Acting Secretary Wharton's despatch, that this Government had no doubt an investigation would be made and reparation afforded, will now be renewed in the shape of a stern and formal demand for some immediate assurance of proper action on the part of the Junta, and that if these are not forthcoming Minister Egan will take his passage on the Baltimore for the United States, thus severing diplomatic relations.

#### LONDON OPINION.

A London cable says: The *Telegraph*, referring to the Chilean embargo, says: "President Harrison was perfectly justified in acting as he did. Doubtless Minister Egan's appointment has turned out to be the worst that he could have made. His action was a notorious violation of the obligations of the neutrality. But there is no reason in the world why the Chileans should adopt a defiant attitude. If they refuse to make an investigation and to punish the guilty persons they will be acting under the impulse of insane pride. It will be necessary for the United States, doubtless, to be ready against her will, to give them a salutary lesson. The *Chronicle* thinks the affair is hardly a matter for war, or even a mobilizing of the United States navy. It says that Chili will doubtless find it more prudent to apologize, punish the assailants of the American sailors, and pay a compensation, rather than risk her iron-lads in an encounter with the United States. The *Post*, after remarking that the naval inferiority of the United States will make it difficult for her to coerce Chili, expresses the hope that both parties will modify their attitude before proceeding to hostilities.

#### NATURAL DEPRAVITY.

**Curious Case of a Child Afflicted With Murderous Mania.**  
An Indianapolis despatch says: Nellie Copeland, a child of five years, has been sent to the insane asylum at Kankakee, Ill., for trying to murder her sleeping mother with a fork. The child has been insane since her birth. When six months of age she developed a desire to burn things and tear clothes. When a year old she gashed a girl's face with broken glass. Before she was two years old she could talk volubly. She was subject to violent fits of passion, and she refused to accept the ordinary names for articles in daily use, gave them names of her own, and at the age of two and a half she had invented a language. At the age of three she developed a mania for killing domestic animals, and had to be watched lest she harm her brothers and sisters. After her murderous attack on her mother she tried to kill herself.

Densely populated as it is in some places, the earth has room for a great many more people. It is estimated that there are 22 1/2 acres of land for every living person.

## THE GRAND TRUNK.

### The G. T. R. and C. P. R. to Work Hand-in-Hand.

**Sir Charles Tupper Scored.—The Heavy Coal Tax.—The St. Clair Tunnel—Politicians and the Road.**

A special cable despatch to the *Star* says: The meeting of the shareholders of the Grand Trunk to-day was crowded, but fairly harmonious. Sir Henry Tyler was in the chair. The President's speech deplored the bad results of the very miserable half-year. Low rates, he said, were the real cause. He regretted that the Washington negotiations had not been renewed on October 12th, but hoped that they would be renewed shortly. As to the placing of coal on the free list, he showed that the company would save £100,000 yearly. The duty, he claimed, only benefited one little corner of Canada, namely, Nova Scotia. The company had taken every means to prepare for the enormous harvest traffic which will soon be moving. It has 50 more engines and 2,000 more cars than last year. The St. Clair tunnel has promised well thus far. The future prospects are bright. The past year was one of unmitigated gloom for Canada and the company. There was a great commercial political disturbance, and the politicians, not content with fighting each other, wanted to fight the company, but that has all passed away. Whatever betide in the future, the directors have done all that men could do to take advantage of the improved general position of the country. Sir Henry concluded by moving the adoption of the report, which another director seconded.

A discussion was opened by Mr. Baker, who led the opposition to the board at the last meeting. He asked why Sir Henry Tyler said nothing about the Canadian Pacific. Low rates were ruining the Grand Trunk, and the only remedy, he held, was an arrangement with the Canadian Pacific. Now that the Canadian Pacific guaranteed dividend is expiring, that company, he held, must also feel the necessity of friendly relations. The directors should approach the rival company and thus secure good dividends for both companies. Amid loud cheers Mr. Baker proceeded to attack Sir Charles Tupper for his article on Imperial Federation in the "Nineteenth Century." Seeing the past attitude of the Government towards the Grand Trunk, he held, should be to leave such subjects alone, and apply himself to assist the railways to earn fair dividends, and thus restore Canada's credit among English investors. Mr. Baker stated that those who opposed the board at the last meeting had decided not to renew the hostility, seeing that the board was meeting their views.

Six or seven other speakers strongly urged that the Canadian Pacific be approached to secure friendly relations and higher rates. These speeches were much cheered. Sir Henry Tyler, replying, said he purposely omitted to refer to the Canadian Pacific in order to avoid the appearance of ill-feeling. He had himself discussed the situation fully with Lord Mount Stephen and Mr. VanHorne on the most friendly terms. Personally all agreed that the two companies should maintain rates. (Loud cheers.) "We will," he added, "get all we can get out of the Canadian people. (Cheers.) The officials of the company have been instructed to do all that is possible for the mutual prosperity of the two companies. (Renewed cheers.) The American and water competition must, however, still be met, but I hope that cutting rates may be avoided."

Mr. Household repeated Mr. Baker's assurance that the former opponents of the board would assist in the new policy. There must be friendly relations and no amalgamation of other lines into the system. The report was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Hubbard was unanimously elected director. Mr. Household announced that Messrs. Hubbard, Alten and McIntyre were all nominees of the opponents of the board at the last meeting.

Mr. Hammond, a shareholder, then moved the election of Mr. Household as auditor, in place of Mr. Baker, who resigned. Another shareholder seconded the motion, and without a word from the board the motion was unanimously adopted. The meeting then dispersed after a two hours' sitting, amid cheers and some laughter.

#### RIVAL STEAMSHIPS.

**Struggle Between Two Cattle Ships as to Which Loads First.**

A Montreal despatch says: The Dominion Line steamer Ontario and the Allan steamer Grecian were to sail this morning. The cargoes were on board, with the exception of the cattle, which arrived in a special train at 2 o'clock this morning. The Allan boat had about 150 head to put on, while the Ontario had over 400. Both boats are yet in port, through the mismanagement in loading the cattle, and the animals themselves have been kept in the cars without food or water. Besides the loss of time, this may result in the vessels losing the market, and this may cost the shippers much money. The space-broker for both lines decided to load the Grecian first, but in order to do this the Dominion Line tracks would have to be used for shunting, but the superintendent of the Dominion line spiked the track. Things were thus at a dead-lock, neither steamer being able to load its cattle, and matters remained in this position till this morning, when the authorities interfered.

#### Want Erizps' Scalp.

A New York despatch says: The conference between the Board of Directors of the Union Theological Seminary and the committee from the general assembly adjourned this evening. The proceedings of the two days' session were made public. The directors of the seminary have maintained their independence and allegiance to Prof. Briggs, whose election to the chair of Biblical theology was vetoed by the general assembly. No settlement was made, and the war is still on, threatening to wax more fast and furious.

A new dinner boiler has a hollow partition dividing it, so that it is possible to steam two vegetables at one time, one on each side of the partition.

## CRUISING ON THE BALTIC!

### Experiences of a Hamiltonian in Denmark and Russia.

#### RUSSIAN EXTRAVAGANCE AND SQUALOR.

**How the Czar's Custom House Officers Feasted—Impressions of Copenhagen and St. Petersburg—The Emperor's Palace and Belongings—The Poverty of the Peasant—A Schoolless People—An Image as Medicine, Etc.**

A TIMES representative had an interview on Saturday evening with a leading Hamiltonian, who recently returned from a somewhat extensive trip, which included a thirty days' cruise of the Baltic. A description of some of the places visited and some of the things seen, will undoubtedly interest the reader.

The party, numbering about sixty (among whom were some ladies), left Tilbury, England, on August 15th, in a staunch steam yacht owned and commanded by a gentleman formerly connected with the Royal Navy. The registered tonnage of the yacht was 1,804; horse power, 1,600. The points visited were Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, the Island of Wisby, Stockholm, Christiania, and then back to Tilbury on the Thames. The weather for the most part was delightful and the ladies and gentlemen on board felt the utmost security from the start to the finish, as the captain was an experienced sailor and one who knew every inch of the course. He never left the bridge during foul weather or when the craft was navigating the difficult passes which are so well known as the entrances to Stockholm and Christiania. The numerous vessels which ply on the North sea and the Baltic make navigation dangerous, but with such a careful commander our Hamilton party had little to fear. A person who has spent the greater part of his life in Canada can scarcely realize the magnitude of the shipping carried on between Great Britain and Denmark, St. Petersburg, Sweden and Norway. It is true an idea of it can be gathered from the newspapers, but one has to see it to fully comprehend its extent. The sights to be seen while sailing down the River Thames were magnificent, and the beautiful watering place, Epsinore, (from which Senator Sanford got the name for the institution at the Beach) was greatly admired by the party. Epsinore is visited every season by thousands of Englishmen and their families, and many from Copenhagen spent the summer months there. It is also a favorite resort of the Czar of Russia.

#### COPENHAGEN.

The party was much pleased with the appearance of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. The buildings are chiefly of stone, numerous canals are cut through the city, the population look healthy, happy and prosperous, the cleanliness of the houses strikes the eye and evidences of domestic comfort are apparent everywhere. The King's palace, the museum, and other points of interest were visited. There is no show of extravagance at the King's palace. It presents more the appearance of a residence belonging to a refined gentleman, than the home of a king. Two days were spent delightfully in the city. Then the party steamed off for St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia. The sail up the Gulf of Finland was a joyous one, and as the fortress of Cronstadt hove in sight the voyageurs began to wonder as to the nature of their reception and treatment in the land of the Czar. At the fortress five Russian Custom House officers, in the garb of soldiers of the empire (with swords almost as long as their bodies), boarded the yacht and held a palaver with the steward. There was a ripple of excitement amongst the ladies while the examination of the passports was in progress, but a bright English girl calmed the fears of the others by her merry sallies and by pointing out that the brave Russians were holding the precious documents bottom side up while they read (?) them. The officials then made a pretence of searching the yacht for anything that might be dangerous to the well-being of the Emperor or the great Russian nation. The searchers found a few cans (each about the size of a half-gallon peach can), which were used for fastening to the life preservers, and which at night would be made to do duty as lanterns, in case of mishap. These they carefully took charge of, sending them to shore in a rowboat. They could not tell for the life of them what they were. They also sealed up a few brass signal cannon on board, but the little might have met with a worse fate. None of the luggage, however, was touched, neither did they inspect the staterooms, so intending tourists can rest content that it is not such a difficult matter to get into Russia as some people represent it to be. The captain of the yacht, a good-natured sailor as ever told, made the Russian officials feel at home on the yacht.

#### A SQUARE MEAL.

It was dinner-time when they came on board, and he had a table set especially for themselves. A capital meal was served, and in front of each man was placed a quart of champagne and a bottle of Holland gin! After the canals and drinkables had been stowed away, three of the officials went on shore, leaving the other two on the vessel. And then the yacht steamed towards historic Sebastopol. The river Neva, between Cronstadt and Sebastopol, is very shallow, and the Russian Government has spent an immense sum of money in constructing a canal. The harbor of Sebastopol is capable of accommodating a large number of vessels, and when the Hamilton party arrived there were a number of steamers from Germany and Great Britain in port, being loaded with grain. In two days more the embargo prohibiting exportation would go into force, and the activity of the vessel men can be better imagined than described. There are no steam or floating elevators at Sebastopol. The grain is put into bags on board the barges by women, and the bags are carried on to the steamers by the men. Rather slow work. They were working relay gangs, day and night. At midnight preceding the day when the embargo went into effect the work stopped instantaneously. Some of the vessels were only partly

filled, but their commanders had to move off, contentedly or otherwise, as they felt disposed; but there was no help for it. The Government has very properly determined that the grain was required to feed the Russian peasantry. In the light of recent events the step was not taken early enough. The barges in which the grain is brought to harbor are built of stout timber at very distant points. They are never sent back to the territory from whence they came, but are broken up, some of the best being used for building purposes; others as firewood. In this way they are of use to the people, for there is no coal in Russia nearer than Siberia, except what is imported from Great Britain. The party enjoyed their visit to St. Petersburg immensely. It is

#### A LARGE CITY, WELL LAID OUT.

The embankments, some of them that have existed for the past eighty years, although not nearly as high, are equal in solidity to those on the river Thames. There are a few very fine iron bridges across the Neva. At the commencement of the principal bridge, surrounded by glass and in charge of a caretaker who keeps the candles lit, is the image of a saint. To this image all the men are supposed to doff their caps and the women to cross themselves. The Hamiltonians noticed that very few women, whether well or clad, failed to observe the duty; but on the contrary the men, with rare exceptions, paid little attention to it. Those who did uncover their heads belonged to the poorer classes. The streets of St. Petersburg are wide and the buildings generally on an extensive scale. They look a great deal better in the photographs which the party brought home, than they do in reality. Most of them are constructed of rough brick, and then stuccoed and marked off to resemble stone. The statue of Peter the Great stands in the square in front of the naval and military buildings, and is large and imposing. The stores and shops are clean and well kept, and it is a singular fact that the business men are principally Germans. There are two very good hotels in the city, and the rates are much the same as a traveller pays at the Royal. The streets are fairly paved—in fact, compared with New York, one might say well paved, considering that St. Petersburg is built on a swamp. The Church of St. Isaac is a magnificent edifice, much after the style of architecture of St. Paul's in London. The immense granite columns give a person an idea of the building. These columns support the portico on four sides and are forty feet high and six feet in diameter. The interior of one of the bells, which hangs at the top of the church, is twelve feet in diameter. A view of the city and river was obtained from the top. The experiences of the party, however, proved that a tall man must be careful or he will bump his head against the iron columns, and a fat person has no business there at all on account of the narrowness of the stairway. The

#### MISERABLE, SQUALID HOMES

of the working classes of St. Petersburg stood out in contrast to what the party saw in Copenhagen. The windows are filthy and curtainless. The peasantry and poor workmen all dress in sheepskin, in the woolly side-in-blouse fashion. This suit serves the purposes of bed and bedding as well. Some of them never remove it until the time it is put on their backs until, worn business among this class of the community. Soap is never used by the poorer classes. While there is considerable "red tape" in Russia, if one is willing to adopt the custom of the country and bribe every official in charge of places of interest, a very few roubles will save delay, and the annoyance of long waits for authoritative permissions. Money will open the doors of every house in St. Petersburg that is worth seeing. The mechanical school and school of mines were profitably visited. At the latter institution are deposited the various kinds of minerals to be found in Russia. Here also are fine working models of the different mines, and models of the war vessels and fortifications. Strangers are supposed not to see all that is to be seen in this department, but there was a way of managing it which the Hamiltonians understood. Much interest was taken in the visit to the palace of the Czar, which is situated seventeen miles from St. Petersburg. It is a beautiful structure located on the side of a hill which somewhat resembles the eastern portion of Hamilton mountain. The grand park, magnificent waterfall, gorgeous gilded statuary, etc., were such as would repay miles of travel. The residence of Peter the Great is on the same embankment near the river, and about a mile from the Czar's palace, but oh! what a contrast! The late great Peter's entire house, roof, cellar and all, could be placed in one of the rooms of the palace! The lavish expenditure of wealth surprises the visitor. On one of the walls is painted a picture which is sadly

#### ASTRAY FROM AN HISTORIC STANDPOINT.

It represents the Russian fleet blowing the British squadron to atoms in a Crimean engagement. The Czar, had better read up history a little more carefully and paint that painting out. It is not pleasing to the eyes of Englishmen who know better! The Czar owns another palace located inland, the ceilings and walls of which are inlaid with amber. His carriage house and stables in St. Petersburg were also inspected. They are on an immense scale. The state carriages are gilded. The interior of the Emperor's carriage used on state occasions is decorated with diamonds and precious stones. Here was seen the carriage in which the late Emperor of Russia took his last drive. One of the bombs carried away a portion of the back and shattered the seat. The trappings of the horses as well as the harness (of which there are a great many sets) are decorated with rare gems and precious stones! Turn out into the country. Watch the poor peasant woman cutting oats and grass. She leaves her squalid brood of little ones dirt at home to take care of themselves. She uses the sickle and with every hand has to bend over the tiresome task. She has to tie the oats into sheaves, place them on poles to dry. She has to hang the grass on rails (somewhat resembling the fence rails to be seen in a Canadian farm) until it is dry enough to be carried in. Take a note of her home. It is a miserable, small affair, with thatched roof, the eaves almost touching the ground. See her enter. She gets down into a hole in the ground to enter. The earth has been dug out, a few sickles put in position, the thatch put on. She is

the tenement of the toiler. Yonder is the palace of the ruler. Still, does the peasant envy the Czar his position? Not much. But the visitor cannot help commenting upon the contrast between the

#### EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE RULER AND THE POVERTY OF THE SUBJECT!

The Czar is in a constant state of dread. The stories we hear are not exaggerated as to the precautions he takes to protect himself from surprises. As a signal proof it was only lately that he banished his brother and family from the capital of the country, on account of his brother having insulted the chief of the detective force! This shows in what great esteem the Nihilist hunter is held by the Emperor! Not a newspaper is delivered to anyone in the empire until its contents are scanned by the censor of the press, and if it contains any criticism on Russia or the Czar, the objectionable article is smeared over so that nobody can read it. Not a newspaper is sent out from Russia until the contents are scrutinized by the censor. The consequence is that delay in transmitting the news is of daily occurrence. In fact it is twenty-four hours late before it reaches the people. While other religions than that of the Greek Church are tolerated, no sermon is allowed to be preached, no hymn can be sung, no prayer offered, before being submitted to the authorities. No meeting can be held during week days except by special permission. Such is life in Russia. A peculiarity which strikes the eye of the tourist is the sallow complexions and the absence of cheerfulness from the countenances of the working people. When going to and coming from their work they walk alone. There is no sociability among them. They look afraid. There is no joyous laughter, no children prattling at the door or expecting toys. For there are no toy shops in the Empire, and life is too serious a matter for play to be thought of. While the children of the nobility and the wealthy are highly educated, there are no schools for the poor. Ignorance and superstition prevail among the poor. An image is carried to their houses when any one is ill. A certain sum is paid for the privilege of kissing the image! The deluded creatures are taught that it is a good investment, because if the person recovers the image was the cause of the cure. If death occurs then the soul goes straight to heaven. The churches cost a lot of money. The altar of St. Isaac's is gilded over, and massive gold candlesticks are displayed. The altar of another church is of solid silver, with silver candlesticks. During service the people are constantly rising up and kneeling; some of them strike their foreheads on the floor in their acts of devotion. It is a remarkable fact that the worshippers are chiefly women and the poorer males. Well dressed people are conspicuous by their absence.

In another issue will be given some impressions of Sweden and the Swedes.

#### THIRTEEN LIVES LOST.

**A River Steamer Burned on the Mississippi Yesterday.**

A Memphis despatch confirms the burning of the steamer *Oliver Bierne*. Eight lives are reported lost. The boat had on board about 800 bales of cotton, consigned to New Orleans parties, which, it is said, was totally destroyed. The *Oliver Bierne* was one of the finest and largest boats upon the river, being used chiefly as an excursion boat. As cold weather made its approach her captain, Thorwage, decided to take the *Bierne* to New Orleans, and he left St. Louis with her over a week ago. The steamer took on no freight above Memphis, for she drew all the water in the river at the present low stage. Here, however, she received 75 tons and started away on Sunday, picking up freight as she went until she reached the bend where the disaster occurred. She carried 708 bales of cotton and 100 tons of other freight. The fire was discovered in the hold at 3.30 a. m., and the flames spread so rapidly that many of the crew and passengers had very narrow escapes.

The list of those burned to death or drowned now runs up to thirteen as near as can be ascertained. They are as follows: A daughter of J. Adams, of Omaha; Mrs. Fraser, nurse; five cabin boys, two colored chambermaids, and a number of rowers, who are missing.

Dr. Griffith Jones, a missionary at Hankow, asserts that the Chinese riots were fomented by secret societies, but by the Hunan literary and official classes.

At Malchin, in Mecklenburg, they are cogitating much over closing stores on Sunday afternoons. The larger firms declare that it will ruin business. Sunday mornings they keep open, of course.

Gladstone and Tennyson are of the same age, eighty-two, and the former has just made one of the greatest speeches of his life, while the latter has just written a comedy.

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**

ARE NOT A Pur-gative Medi-cine. They are a BLOOD BUILD-ER, TONIC and RECON-STRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to en-rich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WAT-ERY BLOOD, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also INFLAMMATION and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indis-crions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

**EVERY MAN** who finds his mental fac-ulties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

**EVERY WOMAN** should take them. They cure all sup-pressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

**YOUNG MEN** should take these PILLS. They will cure the re-sults of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

**YOUNG WOMEN** should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all Druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing  
**THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.**  
Brockville, Ont.

The Maiden's Choice.

(George Horton, in Chicago Herald.)
Two youths once lived in a country town,
And one was a giant and the other a dwarf...

A PRETTY DECOY.

The Story of a Detective's Search and His Love Episode.

It was in the winter of '53 or '54 that I first ran across Tom Trevitt, as I shall call him. Though I had been detective long enough to know him by hearsay as one of the best and cleverest men that ever hunted a criminal, still we had not met, and at last it was by the merest accident that I was introduced to him.

more than once shadowed the game on the way to and from the cellar in which the coining was being carried on, and as Hawley had brought a friend too, we decided on a raid. We all met just outside the house, and then it came out that Hawley had left his friend behind, though he would give no explanation of his action, only saying that "But you know the man we expect to find—Big Bill?" Tom whispered.

THE CAT SCORED HIS BACK.

Valentine Dolson Flogged at the Central Prison.

About 4 o'clock, Valentine Dolson, a short, thick-set young fellow, accompanied by Deputy Warden Logan and a negro prisoner, passed down the main corridor to the southern wing. A few moments afterwards Warden Massey and the jail surgeon, Dr. Aikins, followed. When they reached the extreme end Dolson took off his coat and shirt and was strapped to the triangle. He is 23 years of age; his crime was indecent assault on Ettie Cooper in the town of Elora on the 6th of last August. He was pale, but wore a determined expression, and for the purpose of assisting him to endure the trying ordeal had his teeth firmly set in a piece of lead.

Thrashed a Man Twice His Size.

The other day a small, harmless looking man entered a New York street car, and accidentally trod on the toes of a big six-footer. He apologized, but the six-footer wasn't satisfied. He talked for some time, and finally invited the little man to leave the car and settle the matter on the sidewalk. Greatly to his astonishment, the latter accepted. Those who witnessed the contest say that it didn't last long, but that the big fellow had to be carried home in an ambulance, while his diminutive antagonist walked away with a cheerful smile.

Figs and Thistles.

The devil's husks never makes anybody fat. Self-conceit is the rope that the devil never lets go of. Don't try to kill a fly on your neighbor's head with a hammer. Preaching that is aimed at the head hardly ever strikes the eye.

Man or Woman, Ghost or Human.

We cannot say what will cure ghosts, but many men and many women who look like ghosts rather than human beings, through sickness, would regain health and happiness, if they would try the virtue of the world-renowned remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, Consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic and strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Bo-An Episcopal's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted with this lad will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL. CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings. THE CHARLES A. VOCELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

Dr. MacDonald's Views Regarding the Destin of the Dominion.

Dr. J. D. MacDonald, a leading citizen of Hamilton, Ont., was asked by a London Advertiser correspondent as to his opinion for or against the political union of Canada with the United States Republic. He said: "It is a difficult matter to discuss. It may be said that, to a patriotic man, there should be no difficulty, but under the conditions which surround Canada we may be allowed to hesitate before discussing even such a question as annexation to the United States. Undoubtedly it is a question present to many minds at the present moment. The greater number, I believe, are loath to look at political union, not from an aversion to the Republic or to republicanism, but from a desire to put from themselves, as far as possible, the confession of political failure which would be implied in their seeking for Canada incorporation with her strong neighbor. Whether as a stepping-stone to annexation, or as affording an opportunity for development in a more honorable way, many would like the experiment of national independence. Attaining to national independence, Canadians would have conditions much simplified for any future arrangements. The advantage or satisfaction or disappointment from them, the honor or the reproach would be all their own, no friends across the sea would be compromised. In the meantime the colonial condition is a source of great political weakness and uncertainty. It affects the very manhood of the country unfavorably. It prevents the dwellers in Canada from seeing with singleness of eye the interests of their own country. It makes them uncertain as to whether the land in which they live is theirs at all. By his condition as a colonist the Canadian in every public question finds himself placed in a strait betwixt two. He is called upon to serve two interests—of one of which, that of Great Britain, he has not the most remote conception, and to the other of which, that of Canada, he has not given much thought. If his country had the responsibilities which attach to independence he would give better attention to its concerns, and would perhaps be less ready than he too often proves to be, to step into the snare "set in his sight" by the bootler to whom his vote is to be of use.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Some of Them Englishmen and Some Good Americans.

Says Harper's Weekly: Thomas Bayley Potter, M. P., the author of the Cobden Club, that bugaboo of American protectionists, is a stout, silver-haired patriarch, and lives near Midhurst, Sussex county, England. He was a life-long friend of Richard Cobden, and succeeded him in Parliament at his death in 1865. At Mr. Potter's home, a quaint, dainty old house, his friend often worked, and in a little church not far away rest the remains of the political economist. Matthew, Daniel and William Grant, of Torrington, Connecticut, triplets, and cousins of the late General U. S. Grant, have just celebrated their 70th birthday. Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco Mint in 1865, when M. H. DeYoung started the Chronicle, and did his first writing for that paper. The late William Henry Smith, of England, was nick-named "Old Morality." M. Renan, the French historian, is 68 years old, but mentally and physically vigorous, and as full of work as ever. Mr. Gladstone is an appreciative novel reader, and often works himself up to a great state of excitement over the unraveling of a plot.

A Good Reason for Living.

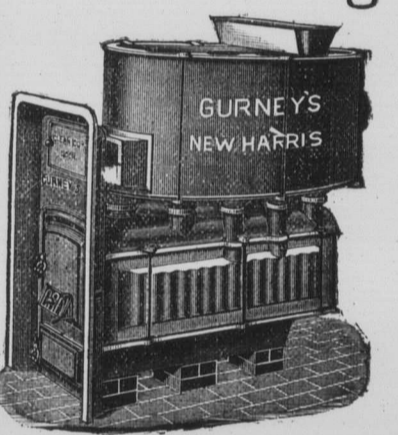
"She lives to love and loves to live. She lives to live because she lives to love." Many think it is a sin to be sick; being so, one cannot bestow their affections on others as the Creator intended; being so, it certainly is a duty to cure yourself. Most women, these days, need an invigorating tonic. Worn-out teachers, "shop-girls," dressmakers, milliners, and those subject to tireless labor, have found a boon in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a soothing and strengthening nerve, inducing refreshing sleep, relieves despondency and restores to full use all the appetites and affections of one's nature. It is sold, by druggists, in every case, give satisfaction, or price (\$1.00) will be promptly refunded. It is said that 420,000 people of France are afflicted with the disease of the thyroid gland known as goitre. "I must give her up. I can never marry a girl who stammers." "Why not?" "Why not! Do you think it pleasant to be made sheepish by being called Ba-Ba-Bob? or to feel like a college cheer when she calls me Rah-Rah-Robert?" The printing machines of the Tiroler Tagblatt, at Innsbruck, are now driven by electric motors. It is said that this is the first example where electricity has been so applied in a printing establishment in Austria-Hungary or Germany. The craze for stage realism met a check when "Held by the Enemy" was staged. The women declined to wear the balloon hoops of the period, and would not hear to adopting the chignon.

DO YOUR DREAMS TIRE YOU? Out-classing all others for home treatment is our specific remedy called THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION. It restores ordinary success in curing Spermatorrhoea, Night Losses, Nervousness, Weak Parts, The result of Indecent Excesses, and all other ailments. It will invigorate and cure you. 30 days success a guarantee. All druggists sell it. \$1.00 per box. Can mail it sealed. Write for sealed letter to Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.



COPP'S WARRIOR HEATER. The most beautiful, economical, powerful hot air wood heater ever invented; suitable for dwellings, stores and churches. Sold by leading dealers. Write for descriptive circulars to the manufacturers, the COPP BROS., Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

Hot Air Heating



Gurney's: Standard: Furnaces. Are Powerful, Durable, Economical. THOUSANDS IN USE, giving every satisfaction. For sale at all the leading dealers. Write for catalogue and full particulars. The E. & C. Gurney Co., HAMILTON, ONT.

INFORMATION ABOUT ARKANSAS.

Good Lands, Low Prices, Easy Terms, Mild Climate, Variety of Corps. Maps and Circular free. THOS. ESSEX, Land Com'r, LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas.

WEAKNESS. Cure Yourself. Face dimpled, loss of nerve, weakness, despondency, etc. from what ever cause arising, cured by DR. PERCY'S VITAL RESTORATIVE. The result of 25 years Special Practice. Cure Guaranteed. Sent by Mail in small pill form in plain sealed packages, with Rules, on receipt of 50 cents. Equals combined sale of similar Specifics. Send for Sealed Pamphlet. DR. JOHN PERCY, BOX 503, WINDSOR, ONT.

WEAKNESS. Cure Yourself. Face dimpled, loss of nerve, weakness, despondency, etc. from what ever cause arising, cured by DR. PERCY'S VITAL RESTORATIVE. The result of 25 years Special Practice. Cure Guaranteed. Sent by Mail in small pill form in plain sealed packages, with Rules, on receipt of 50 cents. Equals combined sale of similar Specifics. Send for Sealed Pamphlet. DR. JOHN PERCY, BOX 503, WINDSOR, ONT.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by mail. Liberal salary to the wholesale and retail trade. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Hamilton, Ontario. Established 39 years. The finest equipped and most successful in Canada. It has over a Thousand Graduates in business positions. Send for hands me catalogue to Principal R. E. GALLAGHER, Hamilton, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Box 831.

# THE BEE

R. S. PELTON, PUBLISHER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1891.

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

Admiral Montt has accepted the Chilean Presidency.

Tavistock has done \$10,000 worth of building this year.

The Pope is falling rapidly and realizes that his end is near.

Thanksgiving Day in the States is set for Thursday, November 26.

The Toronto Scots defeated Detroit by 1 goal to 0 on Saturday.

An exclusive diet of dogs flesh is the latest alleged cure for consumption.

The Congressional elections in Brazil will probably take place in January.

The Provincial Fat Stock Show will be held in Guelph on December 9 and 10.

Flavin, the McCarthyite, was elected in Cork on Friday by a sweeping majority.

The New York Sun names the Republican ticket in next year's Presidential fight as Blain and McKinley.

The Markdale Standard reports a pumpkin, grown by a man in Holland township, which weighs 122 lbs.

Judgment was given in the Halton election trial Friday last and the seat declared void for bribery by an agent.

The Hamilton Young Liberal Club have endorsed the movement to reduce the number of liquor licenses in that city.

The Agriculture and Arts Association has decided to hold no fat stock show here this year owing to the lateness of the season.—Globe.

The by-law to grant J. G. & A. Hay, of Woodstock, a loan of \$15,000 to establish a chair factory was carried in Owen Sound Saturday last, by 822 of a majority.

The season's wheat output from all points in Canada and States to November 5 is 77,376,000 bushels as against 34,975,000 bushels for the corresponding period last year.

John Fraser, Galt road, near Ayr, has a field which yielded 453 bushels, or 75½ bushels per acre. On the farm of Jacob Smuck, South Dumfries, 1,400 bushels of wheat, oat, barley and peas, were threshed from 29 acres.

A Globe reporter visited Beaverton Saturday and investigated the story of the alleged startling and mysterious fires that had been lately occurring in a farm house in the neighborhood. They had caused great alarm but were shown to be the work of a mischievous girl.

The West Oxford cheese factory has undertaken to manufacture an enormous cheese in 1892, to weigh 15,000 pounds—7½ tons—for the World's Fair at Chicago. 225,000 pounds of milk will be required to produce the curd in the manufacture of this cheese, and will require the milk from 11,250 average cows for two milkings.

A few months ago the Massey and Harris companies combined forces; the other day two more of the big agricultural implement firms of Ontario, the Patersons of Woodstock, and the Wisners of Brantford, consolidated with a view to save expenses. This is another mark of the tendency of special industries to centralization and indicates a bad future for those towns that depend upon bonuses as a means of inducing manufacturing firms to establish industries within their bounds.

The Northwest elections on Saturday resulted in an almost unbroken victory for the prohibitionists. Only two prohibitionists were elected. The returns as far as received show that but two prohibitionists were elected. The members elected are:—Banff, Dr. Brett (acclamation); Battleford, Clinksill; Calgary, two members, Cayley and Lineham (acclamation); Cammington, Page (acclamation); Edmonton, Oliver (acclamation); Lethbridge, Magrath (acclamation); MacLeod, Haitian (acclamation); Moosimin, Neff (acclamation); Medicine Hat, Tweed (acclamation); Moosjaw, Ross; Qu'Appelle North, Stewart; Qu'Appelle South, Davidson; North Regina, Jelly; South Regina, Mowat; Red Deer, Wilkins (acclamation); St. Albert, Wilson ahead; Wallace, Patrick; Whitehead, Campbell; Wolseley, Dill; Prince Albert, McKay (acclamation); Batoche, Cumberland. Kinisto and Souris to hear from. The greatest interest in the local fights was in North and South Regina. Mowat was elected for the latter by 100 majority, and Jelly for the North by six votes.

Major McKinley on Nov. 5th, at Canton, Ohio, in speaking of the elections said:—"I am convinced that the judgment of our citizens does not approve the constant agitation of the tariff issue in the face of the fact that it can accomplish nothing. The Republican Senate and the Republican President are bulwarks against which the free trade forces dash powerless, and with no immediate prospects of a change in these conditions the only result of continued agitation is to disturb business and retard enterprises which the new law designs to encourage. In spite of all, the bill is working its way and from being on the defensive as a year ago we are now on the aggressive. When business is already good our people will not tolerate movements which disturb it in the face of the conditions I have named, and you will find that Republicans and Democrats alike will call a halt on men whose stock is not for square argument but juggling misrepresentation of the same. Ohio has gone Republican, and I accept the result as indicating that this State stands by its protective principles as embodied in the tariff law; and more than this: Ohio, as she always has been, is in favor of a full dollar and a sound currency."

Revolution has again broken out in Brazil.

Ducks are being taken into Windsor in wagon loads.

Winnipeg's mayor has been voted \$1,200 for his year's services.

An effort is being made to establish smelting works at Calgary.

The Pope is losing strength and shows symptoms of partial paralysis.

Windsor is to have another French paper called Le Courier d'Essex.

The Western Fair directors have \$6,500 to the good by their last exhibition.

The Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance will meet next year in Woodstock.

The members of the Northwest Assembly have been elected by acclamation.

News is to hand of a terrible fire at Hankow, China, in which 200 lives were lost.

It is understood that J. Israel Tarte, M. P., will resign his seat when the protest now standing against it comes on for trial.

It is understood that Hon. J. A. Ouimet will be appointed Secretary of State and Hon. Mr. Chapleau President of the Council.

During the week ending November 2 about 1,000 cars of wheat—about 700,000 bushels—for export have been shipped out of Manitoba.

The petition to unseat Mr. Porter, the Reform member for North Bruce in the Local Legislature, was dismissed on Wednesday of last week.

If a settlement is not arrived at by the end of this month the combined fleets of the powers will seize Shanghai and other Chinese ports and take control of the customs until China has given satisfaction for the recent outrages.

Hon. J. A. Ouimet, the new member of the Dominion Cabinet, to fill the vacancy caused in the representation of Quebec province by the retirement of Sir Hector Langevin, is being congratulated by his friends on his promotion after nearly 20 years of faithful service in the ranks of his party.

The petitions against three Liberal members of the House of Commons have been dismissed—Mr. Mulock in North York, Mr. Fremont in Quebec county and Mr. Leduc in Nicolet. Three Conservatives are in the same position—Sir Hector Langevin in Three Rivers, Col. O'Brien in Muskoka and Mr. Taylor in South Leeds.

## Most Important.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Matt. 16:26.

If there is one thing more than all important in this scene, It is the welfare of the soul, Whate'er may intervene.

O what would man be profited If he could really gain The whole wide world and forfeited His soul? 'twould be in vain.

For nothing to this world he brought, And naught can take away, His sojourn here a pilgrim's lot, If short or long his stay.

And time is ever on the wing, For none will waive or wait, Whate'er results its flight may bring, Heeds neither form or fate.

And human life's uncertainty So frequently displayed, Augment the grave necessity, None safely can evade.

For all along life's pathway here Death ever seems to be, And oftimes slays by strokes severe, So unexpectedly.

How oft man stands with aching heart Beside the open grave, Of friends beloved so loathe to part, From those he cannot save.

These sad events in solemn tone Give warning oft and loud To moving man in every zone, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Who? Who may of to-morrow boast And cast the thought away? For time is short, uncertain at most, So dangerous is delay.

O why not hear His voice to-day, O harden not your heart, To die a victim of delay, To hear that sad "Depart!"

A little while we tarry here, What will our future be: Lamenting in that awful sphere, Or heaven's felicity?

'Tis all important, yes, indeed, Still on the moments roll; My dearest friend, O may I plead, How is it with your soul?

—Thos. E. Hammond.

Elma, Nov. 9, 1891.

## Read This

The undersigned begs to thank his Customers and the Public, generally, for the liberal patronage accorded him during the past twenty-six years he has been engaged in the Boot and Shoe business in this vicinity, and solicits a continuation of the same. He is prepared to supply your wants in his line on short

**JOHN FOX,**

Boot & Shoe Maker,

Atwood, Ont.

NOTICE.—All parties indebted to me are respectfully requested to settle their accounts by Nov. 21st, 1891, and oblige

JOHN FOX,

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.  
Express 7:12 a.m. Mixed .. 8:25 a.m.  
Express 12:30 p.m. Express 2:34 p.m.  
Mixed .. 10:10 p.m. Express 9:24 p.m.

## A. FRAME.

Any information wanted respecting the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be cheerfully given by applying to R. S. Pelton, of THE BEE Publishing House, or

A. FRAME, 51-ly Box 14, Stratford, Ont.

## THOS. FULLARTON,

COMMISSIONER IN THE H.C.J.; Real Estate Agent; Issuer of Marriage Licenses; Money to Lend on reasonable terms; Private Funds on hand; all work neatly and correctly done; Accounts Collected. Atwood, Nov. 11, 1890. 42-ly

## SHEEP LOST.

LOST, on or about June 15, 1891, three ewes and four lambs from lot 16, con. 5, Elma. One ewe had two lambs; the ewes have pig rings in their left ears, also two lambs have pig rings in their ears. Any person giving information as to their whereabouts will be liberally rewarded.

LOUIS HEIBEIN, Atwood, P. O., Ont.



**The Bee for 14 Months for only \$1.**  
BEST LOCAL PAPER IN PERTH COUNTY.  
**SUBSCRIBE NOW!**

Send The Bee to your friends in Manitoba or the States. It would be to them a weekly letter from home.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

HOUSE, SIGN AND

## Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK, Painter, Brussels.

## LUMBER!

ATWOOD

## Planing Mills.

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

## Dressed Flooring,

SIDING AND

## Muskoka

## Shingles!

Parties indebted to the undersigned will please settle their Accounts and oblige

Wm. Dunn.

## What Shall We Do to be Saved!

The trouble and annoyance caused by a poor machine oil? is a question oft asked by Machinery Men. The only answer we can give is, use **McCull's Lardine Machine Oil**, which as a Lubricant has never been excelled. Best Cylinder Oil always in stock. Manufactured by McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto, Ont.

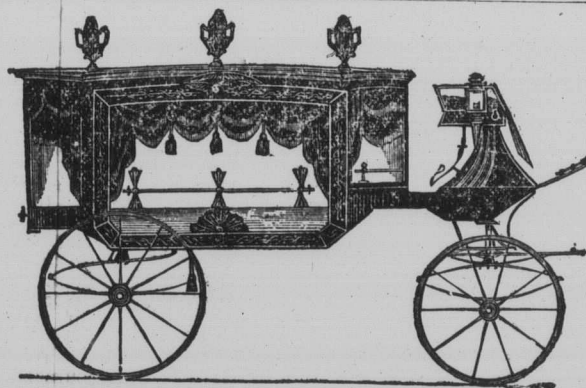
FOR SALE BY J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.

## THE 777 STORE!

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

**JOHN RIGGS.**



## WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

Undertaking attended to at any time. First-class Hearse in connection. Furniture Rooms opposite P. O.

## --AGAIN--

The tale has been told at the

World's

Show!

Atwood, that

R. M. BALLANTYNE

—TOOK THE—

## SWEEPSTAKES

—FOR THE—

## BEST MADE

Suit of

## CLOTHES

# SUBSCRIPTIONS

FOR NEXT YEAR'S

Empire, Mail,  
Herald and Star,  
Witness, Free Press,  
Advertiser,  
News, World,  
Globe, etc., etc.,

Are Now in Order. Leave  
them at the

## Atwood Drug & Book Store.

### Town Talk.

FARMERS are busy with roots just now, and are having beautiful weather for the work.

The average age of British soldiers is twenty-seven years; their death rate is 9 per 1,000, and of every 100 70 are English, 20 Irish, 8 Scotch and 2 colonial.

At the time of birth the octopus, the renowned devil fish, is not larger than a common flea. But he hasn't the same energy. A full grown flea in a good field of labor never asks for shorter hours. That is where he heads off the octopus.

At the election of officers of the American Shropshire Sheep Breeders' Association, held in Buffalo last week, Hon. John Dryden was elected President, and in taking the chair announced his abiding faith in the Shropshire sheep, making some suggestions against striving for size in breeding before quality, and fancy points before constitutions.

SAM JONES was a drayman in Atlanta before he became a preacher, and his outfit is described as a "small, rickety, rattling, ramshaking wagon and a sorrel horse that was old and experienced enough to have come down from the revolutionary war. The world wouldn't have been much worse off if the coarse-mouthed bladderskite had stuck to his dray.—Ex.

The postmasters have received notice that the following papers are non-transmissible by mail in Canada, and if any come into their hands they are to be sent to the dead letter office at Ottawa: Sporting World, Police Gazette, Household Companion, Illustrated Companion, Welcome Friend, of New York; Sunday World, of Detroit; Our Home and Fireside Magazine, People's Illustrated Journal, Practical Housekeeper, Portland, Maine; American Cottage Home, American Fireside and Farm, American Household Journal, Jersey City; The Home, Boston.

The Epworth League meeting on Friday night was of a literary character. The reading of the League paper, The Lantern, by J. W. Ward, and Rev. Mr. Rogers' talk on "Talmage—his life and labors," were pleasing and instructive features of the program. The former reflected much credit upon the ability and judgment of the editors and contributors, while the latter was a master work-portrait of the great Brooklyn divine. The choir enlivened the proceedings with excellent music, Miss Hawkshaw's rich soprano voice leading. J. H. McBain presided over the meeting with much acceptance. It is the intention of the League management to favor the public with meetings similar to the above once in every two or three months.

EDISON'S LATEST.—The New York Herald says: Thomas A. Edison, the electric wizard, has just completed the two inventions before the wonderful and far-reaching results of which all his other remarkable discoveries are comparatively insignificant. One is the practical application of electricity to the great railroad lines, by which speed far beyond anything achieved by steam may be attained, and the other the application of electricity to the propulsion of street cars without the use of the dangerous, unsightly and inconvenient overhead construction. For two years Mr. Edison has been engaged on experiments in this direction. He has met with almost insuperable difficulties, but he has stuck to his work with dogged pertinacity for which he is famous, and at last he has been successful.

MARY had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John who kept a village store; he sat him down and smoked his pipe, and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near; and Mary came and thrived from year to year? Remembering her own bad luck, the little maid replies:—"These other fellows get there, John, because they advertise."

### SQUAW winter.

THE full moon of this month is called the hunter's moon.

A NEW brick kitchen is being erected to the rear of James Hammond's residence.

OWING to the damp weather the flax mill has not been running full time this week.

A LEADING member of the community—the man who owns a balking horse.—Washington Star.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BEE, and get the balance of the year free. \$1 will make you a subscriber to Jan. 1, 1893. Send it to your friends in Manitoba, British Columbia, or the United States.

The game laws applying to deer as given in the Canadian Almanac for 1891 are wrong. The season closes for dogs on the 15th of Nov., and for hunting on the 25th November, not 15th December as there stated. The fine for allowing dogs to run after 15th Nov. is \$25.

As will be seen by his advt., J. L. Mader has just received a new stock of fall and winter goods. Think of 28 lbs. of raisins for \$1, and 25 lbs. of sugar for \$1. It need hardly be added those who read his advt. would be foolish indeed not to take advantage of such big values.

The naughty Kirkton correspondent to the St. Marys Argus gets off the following on a former Atwoodite:—"The village can now boast of two tay-lors (in profession not name) Edward Brokenshire, a young man of fine personal appearance, already he has made his mark and is talking of securing immediate help. Perhaps a help-meet for him!"

RETURNED.—Harry Hoar returned from his trip to old England last week. He looks well, the trip having evidently agreed with him. THE BEE man's shillaly, brought over by Mr. Hoar, will prove a terror to evil doers; dead head subscribers will likely be more intimately acquainted with it in the near future. Bro. Kerr, of the Post, appears to have a large number of this class, perhaps he would like the loan of our shillaly. It was purchased in old London, and its very appearance would send a cemetery chill through you. Mr. Hoar also presented J. H. McBain, R. Knox, and other of his friends with canes. Harry visited his relatives in Crewe, in the North of England; old London, where he has a sister living, and other places fondly associated with his boyhood years. Probably our readers will be favored with a fuller account of his trip in a future issue.

THE PRESS AND PRESSMEN.—The Peterboro Times has temporarily suspended publication.—A new daily and weekly Conservative paper was started in St. Catharines about 8 months ago, named the Standard. The Sheriff took possession of it, last week, under a \$4,000 chattel mortgage.—The Stratford Times is, we regret to say, only the shadow of what it once was. Its ghostly appearance sends cold chills through our sanctum semi-weekly.—The Huron Expositor came to hand last week in an enlarged and improved form. The Expositor is an ideal newspaper.—That valuable exchange, the Clinton New Era, showed up last week in a new dress of brevity, and with a new and more becoming heading. The paper has been slightly reduced in size, but the columns are wider and the type smaller, so that there will be fully as much reading matter given as formerly. Like THE BEE, the Era recognises the value and importance of making a specialty of local and district news; in this respect the Era has few rivals and no superiors in Ontario journalism. It is a creditable reflex of the growing and prosperous town of Clinton and justly merits the liberal patronage it receives.

—Andrew Patullo, President of the Canadian Press Association, and editor of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, was one of the speakers at the dairymen's supper, held in Listowel on Thursday evening of last week. He is a fluent and polished speaker.—The Gorrie Vidette has discarded the blanket sheet form and is now enlarged to an 8-page, 40-column paper, an improvement that will be received with much favor by its readers. The Vidette continues to improve as it grows older and of course wiser. In a few weeks Bro. Nash's wood-pile will be replenished, the editor will continue to teeter on the lemon squeezer, and the world moves on.

Mrs. JOHN PELTON is visiting her people in Brussels this week.

Miss BERT GREEN, of Russeldale, is visiting relatives in this locality.

Wm. F. FORREST is getting material on the ground for a new residence.

Wm. DU NN is building a shed on his property, opposite the saw mill, for dressed lumber.

THERE is a good deal of public praying done that doesn't mean anything in heaven or on earth.

J. H. GUNTHER wants to talk to you this week, through his advt., about watches, jewelry, fine goods for Xmas gifts, etc. Read it.

In connection with the League meetings, next Friday evening, S. H. Harding will speak on the subject, "What can I do for the Sunday school?"

SERVICES in the Methodist church next Sabbath, at 11 a.m. and 6:30 p.m. In the evening the pastor is announced to give one of a series of "Talks for the times." All are invited.

In another column John Fox wishes to thank his numerous customers for past patronage. He also requests all indebted to him to settle their accounts not later than Nov. 21st, 1891.

FOR BRUSSELS.—James Irwin and family removed to Brussels this week, where they will make their future home. The best wishes of the people of Atwood go with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin. Up to going to press it is not definitely known who will succeed him, although several names are mentioned. It is a good stand.

The holiday season will soon be here and with it the opportunity to prove that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Merchants are beginning to lay in a stock of holiday goods, and both old and young are now and then turning their thoughts to what they will select for presentation to their friends when Christmas draws nearer. Now is the time when business men should use printers ink. Let the public know now where it can get the required articles, and not wait until the last moment, when the people have no time to decide what they want.

The following from the Deseronto Tribune is equally applicable to other places:—"Business men in town complain of the great difficulty which they experience in collecting debts, both large and small. They are too frequently only paid in promises. They say there is a lamentable want of honor in keeping a promise to fulfill obligations. "I will pay you next week sure," has become a stale story on which no reliance is placed. There are silly people who get angry when in the ordinary course of business they are presented with a statement of their accounts. They flare up and threaten to take away their custom. The town has more than its share of dead beats.

EVERY woman adores love letters, and here is an extract from one embodying such a high ideal of womanhood that every girl and woman ought to paste it among her scrap book treasures:—"There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little self-conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?" The letter was written many years ago by the Rev. Dr. Stowe to his famous wife, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

FOLLOWING are the officers appointed at a recent meeting of the Y. P. C. A.—President, Rev. A. Henderson; 1st Vice-President, Miss Maggie Graham; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Miriam Dunn; Secretary, Miss Jennie Harvey; Treasurer, Miss Lizzie Graham; Look-out Committee, Misses Mary Harvey, Kate Wilson, Belle Mitchell, Lizzie Graham and Jennie Harvey; Prayer-meeting Committee, Rev. Mr. Henderson, Mr. Robt. Phineas Priest, Misses Belle Mitchell and Miriam Dunn; Social and Literary Committee, D. McMillan, Albert Gray, James Dickson, George Dunn, Mr. Newbigging, Misses Maggie Graham, Miriam Dunn, Belle Mitchell, Jennie Harvey, Kate Wilson; Missionary Committee, Misses Maggie Graham, Emily Harvey, Lizzie Graham, Jessie Wood.

### ALTAR.

KITCHEN.—WARD.—On Wednesday, 4th inst., at the Methodist parsonage, Monkton, by Rev. W. J. Brandon, Mr. W. H. Kitchen to Miss Janet Ward, both of Elma.

HORN.—PARTIDGE.—On Wednesday, Nov. 4th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. W. J. Brandon, Mr. A. R. Horn, of Elma, to Miss Rebecca Partridge, organist of the Methodist church, Monkton.

### Latest Market Reports.

#### ATWOOD MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$ 86	\$ 90
Spring Wheat	85	87
Barley	35	40
Oats	28	29
Peas	57	58
Pork	5 00	5 50
Hides per lb.	4	4 1/2
Sheep skins, each	50	1 25
Wood, 2 ft.	1 15	1 50
Potatoes per bushel	00	00
Butter per lb.	15	15
Eggs per doz.	13	14

#### TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$0 95	\$1 02
Spring Wheat	93	95
Barley	50	54
Oats	31	32
Peas	61	62
Hay	8 00	8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00	5 50
Eggs	12	12
Butter	13	15
Potatoes per bag	000	0 00

# NEW GOODS!

The following goods have been repeated during the week:

General Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Boots, Shoes,  
Hats, Caps, Furs, Robes,

All of which are **Good Value.** It will pay you to Buy from Me.

See Our **28 Lbs. Raisins for \$1.00.**  
**Sugars, 17, 18, 20, 25**  
**Lbs. for \$1.**

JUST OPENED Some Nobby Hats for Boys and Men, Tweed Imitations and Fur Caps.

## BIG VALUES

In Suits and Overcoats for Men, Boys and Youths.

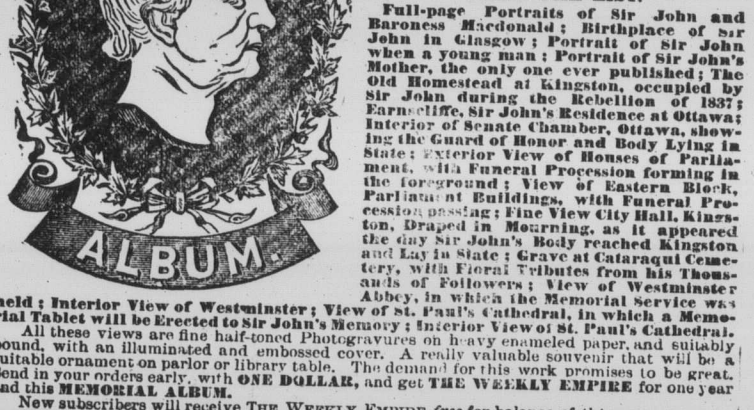
See Us Before buying; we keep our Prices in the Lowest Notch.

Have a number of Specialties which space will not permit to make mention of here.

## J. L. MADER.

## THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL IS THE NEW PREMIUM

Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE FOR 1892. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured; it is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 15 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraits.



Full-page Portraits of Sir John and Baroness Macdonald; Birthplace of Sir John in Glasgow; Portrait of Sir John when a young man; Portrait of Sir John's Mother, the only one ever published; The Old Homestead at Kingston, occupied by Sir John during the Rebellion of 1837; Farm-life, Sir John's Residence at Ottawa; Interior of Senate Chamber, Ottawa, showing the Guard of Honor and Body Lying in State; Exterior View of Houses of Parliament, with Funeral Procession forming in the foreground; View of Eastern Block, Parliament Buildings, with Funeral Procession passing; Fine View City Hall, Kingston, Draped in Mourning, as it appeared the day Sir John's Body reached Kingston and Lay in State; Grave at Cataract Cemetery, with Floral Tributes from his Thousands of Followers; View of Westminster Abbey, in which the Memorial service was held; Interior View of Westminster; View of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which a Memorial Tablet will be erected to Sir John's Memory; Interior View of St. Paul's Cathedral. All these views are fine half-toned photographs on heavy enameled paper, and suitably suitable ornament on parlor or library table. A really valuable souvenir that will be sent in your orders early, with ONE DOLLAR, and get THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for one year and this MEMORIAL ALBUM.

New subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY EMPIRE free for balance of this year.

We have made arrangements with the Empire whereby we are able to club that excellent city weekly with THE BEE for the small sum of \$1.75. Every new subscriber will receive both papers for the balance of this year Free and a beautiful Memorial Album of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. *Subscribe.*

## PREPARE FOR THE Coming Winter!

BY LEAVING YOUR MEASURE FOR A Fine New Overcoat AND SNUC-FITTING SUIT.

Our Goods Stylish!

Our Fits Faultless!

Our Prices Low!

CALL AND SEE US.

CURRIE & HEUGHAN.

# MISS HELEN'S LOVERS.

## CHAPTER I.

"If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it."  
As You Like It.

Upon the uncarpeted floor of a shabbily-furnished bedroom stood a small open trunk, before which knelt a girl who was engaged in packing her few possessions within its narrow dimensions. This task she performed with ostentatious indifference, as though she realized their worthlessness, as though she wrasted of time it would be were she to wrap cotton gowns and shady hats in tissue paper, or to expend thought or ingenuity on the arrangement of so scanty a wardrobe.

Though the room in which she knelt was uncarpeted and not ornamental, it was large, airy and cheerful. The broad window, through which the summer sunshine streamed, was wide open, and round its casement a Gloire de Dijon rose, in full bloom, trailed its notched leaves and sweet blossoms. Outside in the garden a linnnet was singing, and the air smelled of mignonette and heliotrope.

All the time the girl was packing she sang to herself in a light-hearted, nonchalant way, which spoke well for the unshadowed gaiety of her mind.

These were the words she sang:  
"A man who would woo a fair maid,  
Should 'prentice himself to the trade;  
And study all day, in methodical way,  
How to flatter, cajole, and persuade.  
It is purely a matter of skill,  
Which all may attain if they will.  
But every Jack he should study the knack  
If he wants to make sure of his Jill!"

Very soon the trunk was filled and her work done. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and going over to the window she leaned out, still singing—  
"Then a glance may be timid or true,  
It may vary in mighty degree,  
From an impudent stare  
To a look of despair,  
Which no maid without pity can see,  
And a glance of despair is no guide,  
It may have its ridiculous side,  
Or a box on the ear,  
You can never be till you've tried."

She was a tall girl, and she made the most of her height, for she held her head high and moved with much stately dignity when she was in the humor to be grand.

There was a distinguished air about her which was more remarkable than her beauty, though that, too, was by no means inconsiderable.

Her father was rector of Meriton, a village in the Midlands. The living was a poor one, and the rector's private income was very small; the girl Helen, his only child, had been reared in poverty from her cradle. The beautiful things of life which she loved had been denied her; but with admiring parents, pleasant friends, plenty of genial society, a home which she considered perfection, and in which she reigned as absolute monarch, she had found nothing to desire. Her temper was imperious and quick, but where everything was arranged with a view to her pleasure she found little to try it, and had danced through her twenty-one years of life, rejoicing on her way, as happy as a kitten and as light of heart as a child.

Her first trial had come, "not with womanhood," but with her father's first bachelor curate, who had fallen promptly and desperately in love with her.

Her gray eyes were beautiful but cold; laughter, not love, was to be found in them; she really had no patience with the young man's folly. He was a quiet, unassuming person, and Mrs. Mitford had vainly tried to persuade her imperious daughter to recognize and appreciate his commendable qualities.

For some time Helen had refused to treat this serious matter seriously. She had continued to walk with the gentleman, to sing to him, to play golf and tennis with him, to make up his mind for him on all subjects, recklessly disregarding consequences.

"Oh, it is only fancy, mother," she had said, when Mrs. Mitford remonstrated. "If I don't take any notice of it, it will blow over."

"Will it?" her mother groaned, shaking her head. "I hope it may, but these things sometimes blow into flame instead of blowing over."

Mrs. Mitford was right. Driven to desperation by the girl's behavior, her lover had refused to be silenced, and for once so far asserted himself as to demand an interview with her father, and an explanation with herself. For many days, by a thousand ruses, she had managed to postpone it, but it came at last.

The interview had been solemn, and the explanation so passionate and prolonged that Helen had been frightened and agitated into angry resentment. She had been most disagreeable and repellent, and he, stung by her coldness, had reproached her with vehemence. It had been very dreadful, and she had felt extremely ashamed of herself.

Upon the following morning, by what Helen welcomed as a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, she had received an invitation to pay Mr. Mitford's maiden sister a visit, at a village on the North Devonshire coast. Such an invitation had been proffered yearly, hitherto Helen had expressed no wish to accept it, but now she had changed her mind.

As soon as she had finished reading her aunt's letter, she tossed it across the breakfast-table to her mother, saying:

"Here is Aunt Elizabeth's annual invitation, mother; will you read it? She is such a dear old thing, and she really wants me. The new people—those dreadful Jones—are going to give a ball this month; I think, no, I am sure, I should like to go."

Mrs. Mitford, who had never arranged a plan in her life, but who had, with peaceful success, allowed herself to be guided by any who cared to exert themselves to think for her, obediently perused the letter.

Helen and her mother possessed dispositions directly antithetical each to the other, but in common they owned one trait—each adored the other with that open, perfect, self-sacrificing, blind love which seems out of fashion nowadays between mother and daughter, but which creates an otherwise unattainable happiness in home life.

When she had finished reading her sister-in-law's letter, she laid it down by the side of her coffee cup and looked up, rather wistfully, at Helen.

"Did you say that you would like to go to Devonshire, dear?"

"Yes, mother. You see, Aunt Elizabeth says she will pay my journey, so there is really no reason why I should not go."

"Certainly not, dear. You shall do as you wish. Henry"—addressing the rector—"Henry, Helen is going down to Noelcombe to stay with Elizabeth."

The rector was reading the *Morning Post*. He lowered it, and looked rather absently at his wife.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said. "The sea is delightful at this time of year, and Elizabeth's carnations will be in full bloom. I shall be curious to hear whether the primrose variety has deteriorated; don't forget to let me know, Helen."

"I shall start the day after to-morrow, mother," she presently announced, having assured herself that such was her feasible desire, "for I really must get away from Mr. Flight. Now, don't look severe. It is for his own sake I am going—partly, you know. I am sure he will be glad when I am gone, though he mayn't think so just at first. In this place I meet him at every corner; and on Sunday, when he preaches about the sorrows of life, he looks at me, and it is so horrid."

"My dear, my dear, you must not be heartless. Poor Mr. Flight!"

"That's just what he is, mother—he is poor. I don't mean penniless, you know, because he is pretty well off. I mean—poor-spirited; he has no pride. Pah! Think of wishing to marry a person who doesn't like you! Think of not only wishing it, but talking about the wish!" There was a fine scorn in her voice. "It is contemptible, insufferable, despicable!"

Mrs. Mitford never excited herself to argue—seldom to give an opinion—but now she spoke with decision.

"Mr. Flight is a nice young man, Helen—quite nice. You should have believed me; I warned you. I have such experience and foresight as you will some day acquire, no doubt, though you are long about it. In this quiet place, where there is little to distract a gentleman, I do not see how he could well have avoided falling in love with you." The disdain of Helen's face perplexed her mother. "It is no offence on his part; it is the greatest compliment he could pay you, dear. You have no right to despise him for it."

"But mother, he is so ridiculous or so tiresome. I laugh or I get angry—I can't help it."

Mrs. Mitford sighed. "My dear," she said, "you will be an old maid, and when it is too late you will be sorry."

"N, girl likes that dismal epithet, 'an old maid,' applied to her, even in joke. Mrs. Mitford was in earnest, and Helen grew grave.

"I shall marry," she said, "some day—not too soon. I love pretty clothes and pretty things about me, and therefore I love the money that buys them, and therefore I shan't marry a poor man. When I fall in love—with distinct dereliction of the prospect—I shall take care to fix on a rich man—a Cressus—so as to combine prudence with passion, mother, and make a good match."

Mrs. Mitford nodded. "Well, my dear, if you do it will be very wise of you. When I was young, girls were not so prudent as they are at present. When your father suggested our marriage, I agreed without casting a thought to his income. I was never a practical woman, I—"

"No," broke in the rector, startling his wife and daughter, in whose conversation he never joined until his paper had been read from end to end. "Thank my stars, you were not a practical woman, Honora. You were a tender-hearted, sweet girl, such as I should like to see that silly girl there, who thinks her airs and graces very smart at present, but who will find them poor and cold company before long, let me tell you. Don't pride yourself on your obduracy, Nell. A yielding disposition is a charming and womanly attribute."

"Father, that's a dull paper," said his daughter, smiling rather deprecatingly, "or you would not put it down to scold me; if I am made of brick instead of gold-percha, it isn't my fault. It is all Mr. Flight's fault for finding it out. I owe him ten thousand grudges. I shall have to say 'yes' to the only effectual way I know of paying him out."

"Do not worry yourself about her, Henry," said his wife with a calm and superior smile, "when the right man comes she will be, like the rest of her sisterhood, only too ready to leave her home and her people."

"Then I hope the right man will be rich," said the girl, making a grimace, "excessively and abnormally rich, for I shall want a very big bribe to console me for leaving home."

Helen looked down upon her trunk and in her heart of hearts she thought, "Some day I will have a box such as porters tremble to see; its size shall be gigantic, and it shall be full to overflowing, for I will marry a rich man who will fill it for me from his coffers."

But the mercenary intentions of this young woman did not interfere with the sweet lilting of her song, she was still singing—  
"It is purely a matter of skill,  
Which all may attain if they will.  
But every Jack he should study the knack  
If he wants to make sure of his Jill."

When the door opened, and with slow stately step and mild face, lined with an unusual anxiety, her mother entered the room. She looked at Helen with some trepidation; she was conscious of being the bearer of an unwelcome message. She was not in the least bit afraid of her impetuous daughter's anger, but she was afraid of causing any living soul one pang, nay, one prick even, of unnecessary pain. Helen could read her mother's face perfectly; she saw at once that there was something the matter. She stopped singing and began to question her.

"Mother," she said, "you have forgotten to order the fly again, I know you have, and now you have come to break the news to me and be forgiven."

"Nay, Helen, the fly will be here in an hour's time. I ordered it at two o'clock."

"Then what is the matter? Your face is as long as a sermon."

"There is nothing the matter; but I have brought you a message. Poor Mr. Flight—"

Helen stamped her foot upon the ground. "Poor Mr. Flight," she broke out, with a world of emphasis upon the adjective. "I won't hear his name, mother; I shall put my fingers in my ears and run down into the garden if you mention him again—I will, indeed."

"That is just where I wish you to run, my dear. The poor man is in the kitchen garden, and I have promised him that you shall go to him just to bid him good-bye."

An angry color, red as the rose at her bosom, suffused the girl's fair cheeks; up went her little head in the air, her lips curved superciliously.

"Helen, dear, don't be disagreeable," her mother went on, soothingly, "you don't know what you are saying, and the ignorance does not redound in any way to your credit. Remember what your father told you at breakfast the other morning. Don't be hard and don't pride yourself on your obduracy."

"Mother"—solemnly—"if ever I am so unfortunate as to fall in love, I hope and pray, no, more, I swear, that no one shall know it. I shall have sufficient self-respect to keep my feelings to myself and not trail them through dust and mire, so that any one who cares to glance my way can see them."

"When you feel as other women feel you will do as women do, Nellie. Now, dear, don't keep poor Mr. Flight waiting. It isn't probable that you will ever see him again after to-day. He only asked leave to speak to you for one moment, and I could not refuse him such a small request. You have caused him a great deal of pain hitherto. Why not wish him good-bye kindly? Soothe his wounded vanity by a few gracious words, they can do you no harm."

"Oh, mother, you are as soft as the dove, but not so wise as the serpent," said the girl, shaking her head and laughing. "It will be just as unpleasant for him, no matter how nicely I put it. It's a nasty, dangerous order of yours; if I am denied, he won't understand, and I shall have the whole business to go through again. Then I shall miss my train—to say nothing of losing my temper."

"You are heartless and unfeeling, Helen," said Mrs. Mitford, severely. "I am sure you don't inherit those faults from either your father or myself. Henry was a susceptible young man, and he was, by no means, my first lover."

"Then why do you want me to marry my first lover, mother? You didn't, and it's such a poor-spirited, mean sort of thing to do."

"Don't dawdle in this way, Helen; the delay tries poor Mr. Flight and does you no good. Go down, go down now, you will find him between the raspberries and the Jerusalem artichokes."

## CHAPTER II.

Experience does take dreadfully high school wages,  
But he teaches like no other.

Carlyle.

The rectory kitchen garden was untidy—not hopelessly untidy, but somewhat neglected. Poor people's gardens are seldom in apple-pie order. Perhaps that is the reason why poor people's flowers flourish more luxuriantly than their better-tended brethren which are reared under the care of pruning, raking, professional gardeners. Let-alone flowers, like let-alone children are so much more true to nature—to the divine hand whence they came than are the trained and cultivated specimens.

Up and down a moss-grown gravel path, which intersected a row of ragged raspberry bushes on the one hand and a waving sea of artichoke sticks upon the other, a young man paced hurriedly. His handsome features were glum, and gloomy of expression; his mouth was weak and womanly. He hung his head and gazed upon the ground.

This was poor Mr. Flight, toward whom at this moment Miss Helen Mitford was slowly wending her way. Her heart beat unusually quickly as she approached; but, alas for him! it beat with an embarrassed anger—not for love. She was indignant at, and intolerant of, her lover's obstinate and importunate affection, and yet she schooled herself to patience. She would remember her parents' remarks, and endeavor to treat this distasteful passion with leniency, if not respect.

When he heard her step he turned to meet her, holding out his hands. She halted abruptly when he did so, put her hands behind her, standing in an attitude unmistakably on the defensive. She looked very cold, very unapproachable, and not at all a cooing lady whom it would be easy to coax, but withal she looked so beautiful that poor Mr. Flight grew desperate.

"Helen," he cried, "Helen, you did not mean what you said? You could not be so cruel. You will not wantonly break my heart? You have come to tell me that you have changed your mind?"

"I never change my mind—at least, not without a reason. I came because my mother said she had promised you that I should come."

Neither her face nor her words were encouraging, and he knew it.

"Never—never change! There is no such word as 'revert' to me," he told her, mournfully. "I shall continue to hope—I cannot give up hope. You are not heartless. I know you are not. I shall wait. I will not despair. Why should I? For you know that winter does not last forever. If I wait spring will come."

She did not follow his meaning; she looked puzzled, and did not speak. Silence on her part was unusual, and he thought it augured well for him.

"I am in no hurry, Helen. I will be patient—I can hope on. You have only known me six months; I was foolish to expect too much. You shall see more of me, much more, and then, perhaps, you may grow to like me. Don't shake your head. What is it that you dislike in me? Tell me what pleases you, and I will endeavor—"

"Oh, don't," she interrupted; "don't say all those things over again—it is of no use. I have told you so a dozen times. I don't dislike you. Why should I?"

"If you don't dislike me, why not like me?"

"I tell you that I do like you"—impudently.

"Then marry me."

"Helen, look here. You don't dislike me—you mean to be married some day. I have got a fair income, a good temper. I love you dearly, and I will give you your own way in everything."

She stamped her foot on the ground and said:

"Good-bye, Mr. Flight. I start at two. I cannot wait here another instant."

"Helen, listen a moment. I shall not give up hope. I shall come again. I shall be patient. You will not be so cruel as to refuse me hope—it is such a little thing to ask. Helen, your father wishes me to leave this place, to go forever. I shall go, but I shall follow you to Noelcombe. I shall come to see you, I must see you again. I can't bear to be away from you. May I come?—will you speak to me?"

"Noelcombe doesn't belong to me," said Miss Mitford, petulantly. "If you choose to come there I can't help it. Good-bye."

"Then, if I come, you will speak to me?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Good-bye."

"Won't you shake hands?"

Then Helen, much relieved at the thought of the approaching parting, and prompted by the memory of her mother's suggestion, looked up with a smile into her lover's gloomy eyes and laid her cool, slender hand in his.

"Good-bye," she said, with a sudden access of cordial friendliness in her clear voice; "good-bye, Mr. Flight. I am so sorry I have been such a nuisance to you, but if it hadn't been me it would have been some one else, probably."

And so saying, she wrenched her hand from his hold, and, turning her back upon him, she rapidly disappeared down the gravel path and entered the house.

"Mother," she said with a rueful smile, when that lady accosted her at the garden door, "I have done as you wished. I have been so kind to Mr. Flight that he is coming down to Noelcombe to see me. He says that there are a great many of them, and that they will be all right. Oh, mother, why were you so foolish as to make me meet him again?—why didn't you pick it up. Before a week is over he will have persuaded himself that I gave it to him—I know him so well."

A railway journey was an infliction under such circumstances. How high she held her head, how closely her lips closed, how very stately her bearing throughout the ordeal! Woe to the porter who hustled her along!—woe to the loquacious commercial traveler who addressed her familiarly! To navvies, market-women—however big their baskets or however troublesome their children—and such folk she was sweet and gracious; from the other classes of society she held herself aloof.

"There are a great many people traveling to-day, Helen," Mrs. Mitford remarked, coming up to the carriage window at the last moment. "The station master says the train is overcrowded; there are the races at—tomorrow. If I had known it before, you should have waited until the end of the week. Good-bye, dear. Don't forget your change at Exeter. Your purse is in your bag. Write to-night. Good-bye—good-bye."

With mighty puffs and hissing pants the train moved slowly out of the hot station, and Miss Mitford's penance began. How bitter that penance would prove, she was fortunately unconscious, but even the start was sufficiently distasteful.

Nine different persons lolled in nine different attitudes overfilled the narrow carriage upon which a July sun streamed from a cloudless sky; the atmosphere therein was hot with a heavy, fierce heat which was insufferable. Through the open window a stifling wind wafted showers of dust, sand and black, that powdered the faces and clothes of the travelers.

It was too hot for Helen to read or doze, or watch the dazzling landscape reeling past; her companions were not of prepossession appearance, but from beneath the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat she investigated them. Beside her sat a lean man, whose garb proclaimed him a dissenting minister, and whose fixed and benignant smile declared him to be impervious alike to the discomforts of the weather and to the inferiority of his fellows. A smart young woman in a green beige gown, and wearing a large, dark and curlless from the heat, trailed spiritlessly, sat in the corner, opposite Helen. She held *Modern Society*, that paper dear to the servants' hall, in her soiled, gloveless hands; but she was not reading, she was half-asleep; now and again she opened her eyes and glanced with a swift, keen glance at Miss Mitford. Beyond this girl a spruce man, very neat and trim, leaned languidly against the unyielding cushions at his back in an attitude which was probably an exact imitation of his master's. He was a servant, Helen decided—gentleman's gentleman—a valet. The remainder of the company belonged to that unattractive portion of humanity, the third-class racing man, whose personal appearance, let us charitably conclude, is the worst part of him, for the task of finding a step balks the imagination.

The intense heat was so enervating, the glare was so intolerable, that Helen soon lay back in her corner of the carriage and, covering her aching eyes with her hand, abandoned herself to a don't-care lassitude, which took interest in no one or nothing. The train by which she was travelling was express; it would stop only at—, where the races were to be held, and at Exeter, at which place she had to change both train and platform. Helen was usually an anxious traveller, but that day she was conscious only of the melting atmosphere and her own smarting eyelids and many discomforts.

Once or twice Helen uncovered her eyes to draw out her watch, but, after glancing at it, with an impatient sigh she replaced it in her belt, depressed at finding how slowly the lagging time crept past. This watch of hers was a cherished possession; on her 20th birthday it had been given her by a rich and favorite uncle, and it was the only piece of valuable jewelry she owned. It was an enameled hunter, small, and of exquisite workmanship; her initials, H. M., were traced in diamonds upon the case. The eyes, both of the spruce man and the twadry young woman, were caught by the glitter of the brilliants, and each looked with some renewed curiosity at its owner.

The dust, the glare, the intolerable heat, became each moment more unendurable; it was a vast relief to leave the dazzling sunshine and rush, though only for three minutes, into a dark and comparatively cool tunnel. Helen's eyes were still shielded by her hand, and she was leaning back in her corner.

"Allow me to pull up the window, Miss," said the lean man, getting up as he spoke to fulfill his suggestion, "for the smoke is something awful."

"Thank you," said she, shrinking as far as possible from the speaker.

"It is a warm day," the smart young lady opposite remarked, mincingly.

"I call it 'de,'" said the dissenting minister, still busy with the window.

"You have knocked the paper out of my hand, sir," remonstrated the smart young

lady, with indignation. "I should be obliged if you would be a little more careful."

"No offence; if I knocked it down I'll pick it up. No damage done and no time wasted, for you can't see to read in the dark."

The tone of the discussion was pugna-cious; Helen was alarmed lest the difference might lead to a quarrel; such a quarrel would be most unpleasant. Hot as she had been before, she grew still hotter at this prospect. But her fears were groundless, though there was some excitement as the two combatants stooped at the same moment—their heads consequently coming in sharp contact—to pick up "Modern Society." Neither lost their temper; on the contrary, they first apologized and then laughed with praiseworthy amiability.

Just after this occurrence the train slackened speed, and after emerging from the tunnel drew up alongside of the platform of—, where the racing men, the dissenting minister, and the smart young lady presently alighted, leaving Helen and the gentleman's gentleman sole occupants of the carriage.

Helen drew a long sigh of relief as they departed, even though she thought it probable that the man with whom she was now alone would prove either a drunkard, or a lunatic, or, at the best, a hypnotist. She surveyed him furtively from beneath her lashes; he did not look very dangerous, and as he soon moved to the corner of the compartment opposite seat, took off his hat and opened a thin pinkish paper, in the perusal of which he was speedily engrossed, she gradually composed her nerves.

Indeed he was so motionless, he yawned so sanely, and was altogether such a reassuring companion that, she shortly forgot both her fears and his presence, and with her head bolstered against the uneasy cushion behind her, with her chin uptilted, and with her weary body swaying at each motion of the carriage, she was rocked by degrees into a deep, dreamless slumber. The sun poured on her pale face from which the heat had sucked all vestige of color, her long lashes swept the delicate curve of her cheeks, her slim hands, ringless, bare and very white, lay clasped upon her lap.

Once or twice the man lowered the pinkish paper to his knee, and turned his shrewd eyes inquisitively upon her. He was a discriminating and observant person, and he was puzzled how to allot this "sleeping beauty" her right place in the social scale. She was too spirited and self-reliant for a governess, and she was too poorly clad to be a genuine West-end travelling thus humbly by way of novelty, and yet his educated eyes recognized her as a lady bred and born.

The express had entered among the wooded vales and gentle hills of South Devonshire, before Helen, with a sudden start, awoke. A piercing whistle had roused her. She sat upright, set her hat straight, passed her hands carefully over her ruffled hair, adjusted her collar and cuffs, and yawned. Her unobtrusive companion was still reading his paper, and did not look up.

The fiery sun still streamed down on the melting country, the burning air was stifling, clouds of fine dust floated in the track of the train.

Wondering how long a space of time she had cheated from this purgatory in sleep, Helen put her hot hand down to her belt and felt for her watch. It was not there! Dangling from a button of her bodice hung her short watch chain, but though the swivel of the chain was unbroken, the watch was no longer attached to it; while she had slept it had, it must have become, unfastened. It was the first time such an accident had happened.

Startled at this discovery she began to search hurriedly, with eager finger, behind her waist belt for the missing treasure, but she searched in vain. No watch was there. Then, as a last hope, she unbuckled her belt, took it off, shook it violently, as though she fancied that the watch might, by a superstitious conjuring trick, have been concealed in the leather, and cried, in a tragic voice of despair—

"It has gone!"

Meanwhile, unobserved by the preoccupied girl, the train had stopped, the whistle which had awakened her, had heralded the vicinity of Exeter.

Cries of "Tickets ready" were now to be heard approaching; but Helen heard nothing.

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?" the shrewd-faced man inquired, with respectful interest.

"My watch," she answered breathlessly. "I looked at it just now—I had it in the carriage here—it has gone!"

Rising to her feet she shook her serge skirt. She stooped to look under the cracks of the dust-strewn, dirty floor, she peered into possible and impossible places, but she did not find her watch. Her companion assisted in the search. As they were thus engaged, the door was opened, and a porter, hot, and consequently cross, demanded "Tickets" gruffly.

Helen's little travelling-bag lay on the seat, she took it up—it was already open—and looked into it. It was empty, her purse had gone! In stunned amazement she stared, speechless, at the ticket collector.

"Look sharp, Miss," he said, imperiously, to this dawdling third-class passenger, who seemed to consider his time of no more value than her own. Neither his tone nor her discovery tended to soothe Miss Mitford's feelings. The purse containing her ticket was gone, she had placed in her bag, which she had carefully shut. The bag was wide open now and empty. Her cherished watch, all her money, and her ticket, were alike lost. Here was an overwhelming calamity!

The short familiar tones of the porter braced her courage by rousing her indignation; if she had not been annoyed, it was possible that these misfortunes, combined with the overpowering heat of the day, might have affected her to tears. As it was she held out the open and empty bag toward the porter with tragic dignity.

"My purse was in this bag when I left Meriton station," she said, with dismay in her voice, "and," touching the dangling watch-chain, "my watch was fastened firmly to this chain. Both my purse and my watch are gone; I have lost them both, but how, or when, I have not the slightest idea."

"Stolen," said the porter, shortly. Helen looked thunderstruck, and the shrewd-eyed man nodded like a Mandarin.

(To be Continued.)

### NELLIE'S LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

#### The Story of a Little Girl Who Brought About a Wedding.

"Really, Catharine, I don't wonder at Mary's surprise at your behavior. You forget that you are Frank's widow. You are forward!" cried Mary. "Indeed, you would have been shocked last night, mother, and acting as if Herbert Halstead was her only friend, when it was only a married woman!"

"Yes," interrupted Julia. "I think, mother, if you can't make Kate realize that she is married, with a daughter nearly six years of age, you had better—"

"Send me away," I broke in, unable longer to control myself; "it's not the first time that hint has been thrown out and if it were not for little Nelly, poor child, I would go away to earn my living at once. You drive me desperate. I declare I will marry again and get rid of all this!" and then I burst into tears.

"Marry again! How will you do it? Oh, yes! a good joke!" cried Julia, with a shrug at my tears. "Don't you see, Mary, it's leap year!" and she laughed derisively.

"Who'll you ask?" sneered Mary. "Herbert Halstead? Julia, you'd better look out!"

"You may sneer," I cried, checking my tears. "I was now thoroughly angry. 'But I tell you, if no one should ask me to marry and—' he'd have me!"

I had fairly taken up their own weapons of personalities which I had scorned. The moment after, ashamed of myself, I ran to my room to put on my bonnet and get out of the house. I looked in the glass as I put on the crape bonnet, with its widow's cap and veil, on my head, and I saw a face to which black was very becoming, though it was not a remarkably pretty face. It looked not more than 25, some said not more than 20, but I was really over 24. Married at 18 to Frank Stevens, I had been a petted wife for four years and now a widow for two.

The thought of the happiness of the four and the loneliness of the two, as I rade the face surrounded by crape, them away resolutely and went out, knowing that a brisk walk would do me more good than anything else. I went out without my darling, my inseparable companion, my little baby girl, Nellie. This alone showed how troubled I was. Truth to tell, I was too angry to trust myself with the little one, who might have asked to have our conversation explained, for she had been in the room at the time. I could only hope that at 5 years old a child did not understand me.

Soon after I left my mother-in-law and her daughters went out for a drive. They invited Nellie to go, but she feeling, perhaps, that they had not treated mamma well, refused. Soon the front door-bell rang, and like all children, Nellie must run to see who was there. She managed to open the door herself, and there stood her prime favorite among the gentlemen who visited the house, Mr. Halstead, or as she called him since her babyhood, Uncle Herbert. He had been her father's chum and dearest friend, and loved the child for Frank's sake.

"Ladies home, Nell?"

"I'm home," she said, "and I des mamma'll be in soon."

"Very well. Let's go in the parlor and have a chat."

Nellie sat in his lap, discussing the merits of coconut cakes and sugar almonds a little while; but, suddenly dropping her candies in her lap, she asked, "What's leap—leap—leap, I fordet. Do you know what's it?"

"Leap? leap frog? leap year? Is that it?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Why, it's a gentleman when you ladies can ask the gentlemen to marry you. But you see, Nellie, you're too young—or wouldn't you ask me?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't ask you. Mamma's going to ask you."

The young man nearly dropped the child, and then folded her close to him again, lest, perhaps, he should forget her again. "What do you mean, darling?" he asked. "Now think, Nellie, but don't tell Uncle Herbert anything of your own make-up."

"Oh, no! really, truly, bless me, she's alive—isn't that what you say when you are true? Well!"—the little tot gave a long sigh and panted, Herbert not daring to interrupt her lest she should see his anxiety, and, miniature woman that she was, should refuse to satisfy him.

"Well," she repeated, "you see, they does scold mamma, so they does. To-day morning they maked mamma cry, to-morrow (she would call yesterday to-morrow) they scolded her because she wouldn't sing, and then they said she was forard. What's forard?"

"Forward, indeed!" ejaculated Herbert, under his breath. "If it had been some other, now. But Nellie, how about leap year?"

"Oh, yes! I most fordet! didn't I? Well, you see, mamma said—but, oh, Uncle Herbert, I never showed you my two weenie new kittens! They's only little sings, without eyes. Come out on the piazza and I'll show you."

It was no use to be impatient. The young man knew the child too well for that, and so they went out and inspected the kittens. Then he tried to coax Nellie back to the subject.

"Oh, I fordet!" she said. "Only they made mamma say—"

"What did they say, darling, I'll give you a big doll!"

"Yes, yes! Real hair and eyes, and—oh, nothing. But did they say I wanted to marry?"

"They say mamma wasn't a girl, and she was old; and mamma said—oh, there's mamma. Mamma, didn't you ask Uncle Herbert to marry you? He wants to know."

I had come in looking for the child, and that was the speech I heard. I felt ready to sink with mortification.

"Kate, darling, can I hope you'll let me ask? You must know that I hoped when these (touching my veil and black dress) were put aside, that I could ask you to let me care for you, and at once. Come dar-

ling," as I hid my face in my hands, "You've asked me to marry you and I must name the day; and I say now, at once. Let's give them a good, thorough surprise. I can guess how they have treated you. Come, now, get ready this fairy, this blessed little darling that has brought me my happiness, and we will go to your own minister."

I tried to refuse, but I was so weary of living with mother-in-law, that at last we S—, who had baptized me, married me and Frank, and knew Herbert well and married us.

We drove back and reached the front door as the family were returning. Julia, who would appropriate Herbert, stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Halstead. So you met Kate on the steps? Strange!"—with a glance at me, as if I had planned to meet him.

"Not at all, Miss Julia," said Herbert. "My wife and I just called in to receive your congratulations and to leave little Midget here for a few days."

No tableau I have ever seen was half so comical as the one those three made. I really felt for Julia, for I knew she cared quickly and congratulated me, whispering as she kissed me: "So you asked him?"

"My husband heard and answered: 'No, Miss Julia, she did not ask me. Through other means, thank God, I learned the one I loved was unhappy; and, as I hoped, for more than a year past, to soon ask her to be my wife, I persuaded her to marry me at once. Leap year privileges are still open to those who choose them.'"

We are quite an old married couple now, for three years have passed; but Herbert and I still often laugh over Nellie's leap-year proposal.

### A NEW DANCE.

It is a waltz, and is known as the Jubilee. Devotees of dancing will be glad of the new waltz, the "Jubilee." It is certain to win a triumph—just as certain as society dons her dancing shoes. As a matter of fact, beginners want to waltz the first thing, and inability to reverse is apt to discourage them. Now the ardent swain, the college fellow, the apologetic dandy in his second childhood, and the fair, fat and frisky around backwad will commence with the "Jubilee," master it in two lessons, and get a fine opinion of themselves all through a revolving to the right, but a great deal of waltz position and dance two "dips" to the side, separating, advance one step, then kick with the inside foot and again with the outside; join hands, swing in waltz position and take four waltz steps. This mischievous, captivating dance will in all probability score a double success, for some rogue will be certain to write a song accompaniment.—Chicago News.

American Prayers for the Queen.

"The prayers of the righteous availeth much," quoted a genial South Dakotan to the reporter yesterday, prefacing a little story in a manner befitting the day. "The truth of this," he continued, "has certainly a very striking illustration in Yankton. At the Episcopal church in that town finances were a trifle light some time ago, when one of its members visited England, his former home. Well, sir, he actually succeeded there in securing the promise of \$1,000 a year for his church upon the condition that it should offer prayer at each service for the Queen of England. The condition is being fulfilled, and the money, I am told, is being paid regularly. You can visit the Yankton church at either the morning or evening service and you will hear prayer offered for the Queen of England, the President of the United States and all others in authority. This fact is of not a little importance in showing that Victoria thinks South Dakotans are 'righteous.' She is to be commended for her good judgment.—Sioux City Journal.

"I thought Mrs. Snapper was rich." "So she is; she keeps her own carriage." "Keeps her own carriage? That is rather strange." "Why?" "Because I heard the other day that she couldn't keep a servant girl."

Indians don't have ballet performances, but when they give a scalp dance the bald heads are bound to come.

The centenary of the panoramas occurs in 1892. A young Edinboro painter named Barker was thrown into prison by his creditors. From the way in which the light from a hole in the ceiling struck the walls he evolved the idea of the panorama.

In 1804 there were 35 translations of the Scriptures in existence. There are now nearly 300.

A female jewelry drummer is on the road in Maine. She is handsome, dresses stylishly, wears a man's soft felt hat and hails from New York.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so likewise are the greatest men.

Princess Beatrice's last baby, born on October 4th, was Victoria's 12th grandson and 34th grandchild.

"A Book of Scotch Humor" illustrates anew of a native of Annapolis the saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. "I ken them a'" said a rustic, speaking of the Carlyles; "Jock's scarem kind of chiel, an' wreats books an' owre yonder—Jamie's the man o' that family, an' I'm proud to say I ken him; that Jamie Carlyle, sir, feeds the best swine that come into Dumfries market."

"Mary," said Mrs. Barker, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones returns. 'Sure she's just 72 years, 7 months and 2 days old.'"

The average expectation of life on the principle of heredity may be found, according to a statistician, by adding the ages of a man's parents and grandparents, if dead, and dividing the result by six.

He—I see that only one girl has been admitted to Harvard College. She'll be no; there are lots of real nice ladylike young men there.

Ethel—Chappie is sure now that marriage is a lottery. Maud—What has convinced her? Ethel—He told Jessie he guessed he would make her his wife, and she told him to "guess again."

### JAPAN SHAKEN UP.

The Third City in Japan Badly Damaged by an Earthquake.

A London cable says: Despatches from Japan state that shocks of earthquake have been experienced in that country. So severe were they at Hiogo and Osaka that scores of houses were destroyed and many lives lost at both places.

Despatches were received here this evening from Japan announcing that the telegraphic wires beyond Hiogo and Osaka were down. It was added that there had been an earthquake at Hiogo and that the rumor had been destroyed and that the loss of life had been considerable. Hiogo is a seaport town of Japan on the Island of Honshu, with a population of over 50,000, and is situated about 22 miles from Osaka. Osaka in point of size is the third or fourth city in Japan, having over 350,000 people, but in social affairs, fashion, commerce and industry it takes the lead.

Later a private telegram, dated Hiogo, received here to-night, confirms the report conveyed in former telegrams, that a disastrous earthquake shock has occurred in Japan. This telegram says a severe shock was experienced at Osaka and that the destruction both of life and property was very great. So severe was the shock that a number of houses were thrown to the ground and many of the occupants were caught in the falling buildings and crushed to death. A large number of persons succeeded in escaping from their tottering homes only to meet death in the streets. There is no means at present of estimating the total loss of life, as all the telegraph wires in the districts affected were broken by the falling of the poles, which were thrown down by the seismic disturbance. The above-mentioned despatch, however, states that it is known that in Osaka alone the death list contains the names of 300 of the residents of that city.

### A RECTOR'S CRUELTY.

Astonishing Revelations as to the Management of an Orphanage.

A Dublin cable says: Startling testimony was given to-day in the trial of Rev. Samuel Cotton, a rector at Carnogh, County Kildare, who was charged with criminal neglect and ill-treatment of the children in Carnogh Orphanage. Rev. Mr. Cotton, who has conducted the affairs of the orphanage for many years, has made many appeals to the public for financial aid, and has received numerous complaints against the institution the Society for the Protection of Children recently made an investigation into the manner in which the orphanage was conducted. It was ascertained that the children were in an emaciated, filthy and ragged condition. A girl had been chained by the legs to a table leg. The rooms of the orphanage were in the filthiest possible condition. In the kitchen was found a baby, six weeks old, covered with other children were found in the same apartment crowded around a small fire, weak and sickly, and their growth had been stunted by the treatment received. The sanitary condition of the establishment were in a heastly condition, and some of the beds used by the children were old bags and packing cases filled with stale hay. All the children were kept in a state of terror by Mr. Cotton. Mr. Cotton was committed for trial.

### He Loses the Fees.

New York Press: "I see that a man has been buried alive out West, Doctor." "I can hardly believe it." "But the papers say so." "Well, all I've got to say is he is a mighty poor doctor who allows a patient to be buried alive."

### They Had no Use for Him.

Puck: "How did poor Waters happen to get lynched?" "He got into the flooded district and somebody spread a report that he was a Government rain-maker."

### A Welcome Relief.

New York Weekly: Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we shall all be dead! Seaside Passenger—Thank heaven!

### Rev. William J. Boone, Protestant Episcopal bishop in China, is dead. His father before him was also a bishop in the same country.

### HER STRONG POINT.

My wife she cannot cook at all, Roast beef she's sure to spoil, But on her sex she has the call, When she and I at breakfast fall into a family broil.

The Madrid Telephone Company, which recently took a losing business from the hands of the Government, has now 1,800 subscribers, or one to every 270 inhabitants. Bare wires longer than 900 feet are not permitted.

"The privileges you enjoy, my son, from being an American," said the proud father, "are simply inestimable. You may some day become President of the United States; while in England no little boy, however brilliant or good, can ever become Queen."

"I am compelled to announce, dear brethren," observed the minister, taking off his glasses and wiping them, "that our regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting will not be held this week. I shall be on hand, of course, but the janitor will be unavoidably absent that evening, and it takes two to make a prayer meeting. We will sing the doxology and be dismissed."

Miss Eastlake, the actress, was left penniless at Philadelphia Saturday night by the attachment of the box office receipts and her scenery by the management of the Walnut street theatre for money loaned her manager three weeks ago to help him out on another attraction. In consequence Miss Eastlake disbanded her company. She cabled to London for money and will reorganize and finish her season on her own account.

—English barmaids have been introduced in a New York drinking place.

Mother—Why, Rosalie, I thought you were going driving with Mr. De Riche. What are you wearing black for?" Rosalie—You know the poor fellow is mourning for his wife and I want to show my sympathy.

### BURNS NOT A SKEPTIC.

An Edinburgh Magistrate Maintains That He Was a Religious Man.

Baillie Colston, of Edinburgh, in a recent address on Burns, said: Robert Burns was essentially a religious man, and having thoroughly dissected Scottish life and character came irresistibly to the conclusion that the peasant religious life of his countrymen was the grand secret of his country's greatness. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Scotland's peasant life is most admirably depicted. The heads of the household are there, discharging their respective duties. The reception room for all is the kitchen, with its "clean hearth-stane."

There are little children there, who are toddlin' about; and there are older cronies; also, who came in with their trousers, too, who are introduced into the family circle. There is gossip freely indulged in, and the younger portion get a lesson as to their duty. There is business spoken of—as to horses, plows and lye. Then comes the supper—a plain supper of which all partake—

The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food. But there the evening is not ended, and the assembly does not disperse. There is a duty still to be discharged:

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, They round the ingle form a circle wide; The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace, The big'nt Bible, ance his father's pride; His bonnet reverently is laid aside, His lyart hafts wearing thin and bare; Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

Burns then proceeds to describe the service; how they sing a psalm or hymn, with a chapter read and appropriate remarks made by the father; how they kneel before heaven's eternal king and the head of the household prays for all those under his roof, without any strain of sacerdotal pomp, but in his own natural way and language. He then describes the happy parting of the company, and, reflecting on such a gathering, he goes on thus to moralize:

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs, That makes her loved at home, revered abroad; Princes and lords are but the breath of kings. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

But while Robert Burns showed how he looked upon the Scottish religious life as a most important factor in forming the religious character of Scotchmen and making them men in the best and truest sense of the word—he himself was brought from time to time near enough to the fountain of grace to show that he was no skeptic, no scoffer, but one who had the germs of religion deeply implanted in his heart.

### THAT FISH COMMISSION.

The Stocking of Lake Ontario With Fish to be Considered.

The United States Government has decided to establish a hatchery on Lake Ontario just as soon as New York State shall enact protection laws, and engineers the past season have been inspecting the shore for a location. New York State last winter appointed a special commission to confer with the Canadian commission to draft joint laws and regulations for Lake Ontario. This joint commission met last week in New York city, at which Ald. Stewart, of this city, attended. Invitations were extended to and accepted by the United States Fish Commission and the Fish Commissions of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan. It was well attended and much interest was manifested.

Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt was made chairman. A special sub-committee of twelve States fish commission and the several state fish protection and propagation bureaus of Ontario and Quebec, to formulate a plan of action to be submitted at an adjourned meeting. The meeting of the sub-committee voted to be held in Rochester, November 10th. It is thus apparent that this association has been the means of arousing the people and officials of two countries, and most gratifying progress is now confidently expected.

### You May See a Million.

A concession has been granted to M. Stepanni to erect a Moorish palace at the World's Fair. One of the many attractions which he proposes to exhibit in this palace is \$1,000,000 in gold coin in one pile. He card and that nearly every visitor will want to see it. Of course great precautions will be taken for the safety of such great treasure. It will be in a strong cage and Mr. Stepanni says: "Just under the gold will be constructed a fire and burglar proof vault. To the doors of this vault will be connected electric wires. In the event of an attempt to rob the palace my guards will press an electric button, the entire pile will fall into the vaults and the doors will spring shut." A space 200 by 250 feet was granted for the Moorish palace, upon which Mr. Stepanni says that he will expend \$400,000.

### Limited Conversational Points.

Smith—Well, if you can't bear her, what ever made you propose? Jones—Well, we had danced three times and I couldn't think of anything else to say.—Texas Siftings.

The average Atlantic steamer is manned by about 150 men, as follows: Thirty-two deck hands, 4 officers, 9 petty officers, 32 firemen, etc., 8 engineers and 65 stewards. The master and chief officials—that is, mates and engineers—are chosen by the owners or managers, while the remainder of the crew are chosen by the captain. First-class ships muster from 12 to 15 men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen.

Paul du Chailla, the noted traveler and African explorer, is a little brown man with flashing black eyes, smooth bronze face and a head as bald as a baby's. He is a confirmed old bachelor, but has manners that charm women.

In boring artesian wells on the Pacific Coast great depths are reached before striking water. At Jaral and Monclara the wells are 1,536 and 1,280 feet in depth. The supply is inexhaustible, but the water has to be pumped.

By a mixture of oil and graphite, screws used about machinery may be prevented from becoming rusted.

### A Wish.

I wish I were as busy As the cunning little bee; I wish I were a sparrow brown, To fly from bush to tree.

I wish I were a humming-bird, But not a butterfly; For it lives just in summer, And in winter has to die.

I wish I were the sunlight, To sparkle every day; I wish I were the roses, So fragrant, bright and gay.

I wish I were the silver moon That's gleaming up on high; I wish I were the tiny stars— Those flowers of the sky.

I even wish I were my doll, With golden hair a curl; I wish that I were anything But a naughty little girl.

—ELLA BENTLEY (aged 10 years), in "Harper's Young People."

Their Poverty The Destruction of the Poor.

An interesting writer for the New York Times has been visiting in the regions of the working poor in New York city trying to learn what it costs them to live. Entering a typical store in Hester street, he gave the woman who kept it a dollar to answer his questions, and from her he learned that such stores do a strictly cash business, that competition is at times and by spurts very keen, and that the customers pay more for what they buy than does the well-to-do householder. It gave the writer food for thought when—

He discovered that these people pay more for their common kindling wood than the millionaire does for the hard hickory logs that he sits and watches spluttering on his open hearth, and that they pay as much again for their coal as does that same millionaire. The wife of a workman would come with only 30 or 40 cents with which to purchase her supplies for the day. With that amount she would buy meat, vegetables, flour or bread, a hod of coals and a bundle of wood. It was 2 or 3 cents' worth of this and 5 cents' worth of that. Stuff usually sold by the pound was sold by the ounce, and coal and wood instead of being sold by the ton and the wagon-load, were bought here by the basket and bundle. The prices, therefore, had to be high, for the tenement house stores, selling in such small quantities, had to purchase in small quantities. Their wholesale price, owing to this fact, was almost as high as the usual retail price. In fact, they were really the middlemen between the regular retailers and the people of the tenement houses whose small means did not enable them to purchase the quantities usually sold by retailers. They did not want a pound of butter, for they have no ice to keep it on. They do not want to buy a twenty-five pound bag of flour, for they want something else besides bread to eat, and if they bought flour in that way it would take all the available funds.

How did prices run? Well, customers paid 5 cents a pound for flour. So that by the time the patrons of these tenement house stores had purchased 200 pounds they would have invested \$10 for what would only cost the millionaire \$5 at his grocery store. For a quarter of a pound of butter they paid 8 to 10 cents, or 32 to 40 cents a pound for stuff that can be purchased at any first class store for from 25 to 30 cents a pound, and very much less by the tub. They paid 1 cent an ounce for washing soap. First-class grocers are glad to deliver it at your door for 3 cents a pound. For a cup of sugar, holding less than one-half a pound, they pay 3 cents. In a first-class store they could buy a pound for 4 cents. They paid 5 cents for half a bar of seven-cent soap, and at the rate of 40 cents a pound for a cheap tea, and 30 cents a pound for a very inferior coffee.

But the coal and wood end of the business presented an even more striking illustration of the extravagance of the poor. Nearly everybody living in the tenement houses bought their coal and wood each day. If they had money to buy coal and wood in the quantities it is ordinarily purchased, they would not know what to do with it. There is usually a cellar in each tenement house, with a little place partitioned off for each family, but if they put coal and wood there it would not stay long. Therefore these tenement house storekeepers had established the coal and wood bins for the poor. They drew their daily supplies from them, and they paid well for doing it. The storekeepers usually only kept two or three tons of coal on hand at a time. It was a light, bulky coal, yielding 100 baskets or palful to the ton. It cost the tenement house storekeepers \$5 a ton, delivered. They sold it at 14 cents a pal, or \$14 a ton. What a wall would go up from the rich and well-to-do people of New York if they were called upon to pay any such price as that for coal.

For wood people in the tenement houses paid 2 cents for a little bundle of soft pine, about a dozen sticks four inches long, and averaging about an inch and a half in thickness. It is the poorest kind of fuel, and in fact is fit for nothing but kindling. The man who buys his wood by the wagon-load or the cord would get more fire out of a half cent's worth of his supply than the people of the tenement houses get out of one of these two cent bundles.

A Question of Knowledge.

Her Adorer: May I marry your daughter, sir? Her Father: What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off.

Her Adorer: No, perhaps not; but I know when you're well off.

Didn't Miss Him.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away? Mrs. Golightly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he really isn't there.—Puck.

He'd Never Heard It.

Kate Field's Washington: "Jones, did you ever hear the 'Song of the Shirt'?" "No, (hic) Billings, I never did. Fact is (hic) I didn't know a shirt could (hic) sing."

Mrs. George Gould is said to care nothing for society, but devotes all her time to her home and children. She does her own marketing, keeps a set of books showing her household expenses, and altogether proves herself to be a model housewife.

NOW

— IS THE —

TIME

To Do Your Papering

I am selling Remnants at Half Price, and I am giving 20 per cent. discount on the rest. Browns and Whites, Micas and Gilts, nearly all this year's patterns.

**J. A. HACKING,**

Druggist and Bookseller,  
LISTOWEL, ONT.

**Country Talk.**

**Elma.**

Miss McKay, of the Falls, is the guest of Miss Minnie Knox.

The regular meeting of Elma Council meets next Saturday, at 10 a. m.

Threshing is about over and the most of the farmers are well satisfied with their crop.

Miss Lena Jane Roe, daughter of John Roe, is attending the Collegiate Institute, Stratford.

The pastor of the English church, Elma, (Rev. Mr. Ward) preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last.

Robert Roe, who intends moving on his farm in Grey in the spring, is busy doing his ploughing on it this fall.

We are glad to learn that Charles Ritter, who has been off work these last few weeks, is getting around again.

A number of the young people of this locality spent Friday evening, Oct. 30, at the home of John Holmes. Everyone seemed well pleased with the amusement of the evening.

W. W. Gray, the cheesemaker, goes to the Classic City to fill a position in Mr. Whyte's establishment there. We are sure Mr. Whyte's many customers will find him courteous and obliging.

Revival services have been held in the Jubilee church during the past ten days, conducted by the pastor and S. Wherry. Several have been converted, and the meetings are accomplishing much good.

The Broughton boys, of Monkton, have had a big season's threshing. They have done some fast work with their horse power, records that have beaten some of the much boasted steam threshers.

Richard Horn, 14th con., succeeded in shooting a white partridge on Wednesday of last week. This species of the feathered tribe is rarely found in this vicinity. Mr. Horn is anxious to have it stuffed.

James McKenzie, of the 16th con., has almost completed a heavy season's threshing. The yield of grain is everywhere abundant and the daily advance in prices causes the farmer to wear a broad smile.

**SCHOOL REPORT.**—The following is the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 4 at the examinations held during the month of October. The names are in order of merit: Jr. 4th class—Maud Harris, Ida Shannon, Bert Turnbull. Sr. 3rd class—Ella Shannon, W. Welsh, Edith Harris. Jr. 3rd class—Rachel Laidlaw, James Gaynor, Alice Hunter, E. Wilson, John Edgar, Agnes Hunter, Annie Welsh, James Gaynor, Ida Collins, Lottie Adams. Average attendance for the month 39. J. W. WARD, Teacher.

**LISTOWEL.**

Written in loving remembrance of Theophilus Little, who was accidentally killed at Listowel, Oct. 26th, 1891, aged 23 years.

The angel of death's swiftly sweeping  
With pitiless flight o'er our land;  
We wake in the night, never knowing  
What He ere the night may demand.

Death is no respecter of persons,  
His arrows our hand cannot stay,  
Our dearest friends and beloved ones  
Are claimed alike for his prey.

Ne'er o'er the fair township of Elma  
Was o'ercast such a shadow of gloom,  
As the sad fate of him, who that morn-  
ing  
Went forward to meet his doom.

No warning that there was danger  
In the structure his own hand helped  
raise;  
But alas! it gives way; he has fallen  
Down, down to an untimely grave.

His comrades, how sadly they miss him,  
For he was a favorite with all;  
In our memories he'll ne'er be forgotten  
As the past times and scenes we re-  
call.

Forgetful of self, he to others  
Acts of kindness now oft would im-  
part;  
His warm-hearted, genial nature  
Endeared him to every heart.

And thus one life on earth's ended;  
A mother's heart empty and void,  
A home desolate, friends left mourning;  
God whispers pass under the rod.

May we who mourn him take warning  
By the fate our loved friend befell;  
May our souls be in readiness waiting,  
That when death comes "all will be  
well."

—Lizzie Forrest.

Toronto, Nov. 2nd, 1891.

**Stratford.**

Stratford's vital statistics for October are as follows:—Births 17, marriages 6, deaths 3.

James Wright, the market square butcher, has venison steak for sale, which he offers for 12c. per pound.

Neyer put a somber-colored picture in the shade. Put it where the light will fall upon it, says The Ladies' Home Journal.

Charles Macdonald, formerly foreman of the Beacon office, left Monday for Chicago. Charlie has been a resident of this city for years.

Arrangements have been made for the "Special" in charge of Conductor Snider to stop over at Stratford, Tuesday evening, Nov. 19, for the accommodation of all who wish to accompany him over his popular rail route. Excursion rates. 'Tis the season when soda no longer seems good.

When the coal man gets all of your money,  
When the girl wouldn't order ice cream if she could,  
And the stovepipe joke doesn't seem funny.

**Trowbridge.**

Mrs. Samuel Code moved into the village this week.

Revival services are still going on in the Methodist church.

John Robson, of Toronto, is spending a few days with his mother in this village.

Miss Olive Smith has been successful in getting a school, for next year, about nine miles from her home, at a salary of \$200 a year.

Rev. T. W. Cosens, who has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, is rapidly recovering under the skilful treatment of Dr. Rutherford.

Mr. Young of Clinton, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church last Sabbath evening, and preached a very interesting sermon from 51st Psalms, 12th and 13th verses.

The Good Templars hold their meetings on Saturday nights now on account of special services. The following officers were installed last meeting:—C. T. M. Delyea, V. T., M. A. Griffin, Sec. T. Adams; Asst. Sec., B. Jackson; Fin. Sec., B. McCormick; Treas., M. Tughan; Marsh., C. Leslie; Dept. Marsh., L. Cosens; Sent., R. Oliver; Guard, R. Code. G. Romil is Lodge Deputy.

**Listowel.**

Main street west is now the best piece of road in town.

The Choral Society will meet every Monday evening for practice, in Lamont's music hall.

The Rev. Chaplain Searles, of Auburn prison, N. Y., will preach in the Methodist church on Sunday, Nov. 15th, morning and evening, and give on Monday evening, 16th inst, his thrilling lecture, "A voice from Prison Life." The Rev. gentleman has a wide reputation as an orator and gives a most engrossing account of his subject.

Two steel boilers 75 hp. and a latest improved Wheelock engine arrived from Goldie & McCulloch for the new factory and are being placed in position this week. A planer, cut off saw, tenon machine and carving machine, are also to hand, with shafting and pulleys. The building is being rapidly completed, and will be expected to be done on contract time.

**ANOTHER MILK CASE.**—On Tuesday of last week Wilson McKay, of Grey township, and a patron of the Silver Corners cheese factory, was fined \$10 and costs before P. M. Terhune for sending milk from which cream had been taken. He pleaded guilty to the charge. Inspector Miller laid two charges against patrons of the Trowbridge factory, trial to be this week.

**Brussels.**

Samuel Grigg, of London, will preach in the Methodist church, Brussels, on Sunday, Nov. 22nd.

It is said John Morris will open a tailoring shop in Brussels shortly and move his family here.

Messrs. Irwin & McBain were in Toronto last week buying their stock for their store in Brussels.

The orchestra in connection with the Methodist Sabbath school made their first appearance last Sunday afternoon.

Walter Burgess has leased the photo gallery in Stretton's block and is now having it put in shape for commencing operations this week.

A weasel that makes its home under the sidewalk and cellars on Turnberry street had a narrow escape for its life by venturing to cross over the highway to the west side.

The Royal Templars are talking of securing the celebrated Life Boat Club to boom the temperance cause in and around Brussels this month. There's room for a revival.

The exact results of the Voters' List Court cannot be given until the Judge reports on several cases held over for consideration. The gains at present are slightly in favor of our Conservative brethren.

Hockey has of late become the most popular winter sport throughout the whole of Canada. The young men of Brussels intend organizing a club for the coming season and all skaters are invited to assist.

Rev. Dr. Howie, formerly of Brussels, has returned from his visit to the Holy Land. The Toronto Globe of a recent issue says:—At the Leslieville Presbyterian church on Sunday morning the Rev. G. B. Howie preached an able, earnest and instructive sermon. Mr. Howie, who is a native of the Orient, was stationed at Brussels, Ont., until a few months ago, when he resigned his charge with a view of visiting his aged mother in Palestine. He has recently returned to Canada, and will devote his time to evangelical work, commencing in this city and working outward as the way is opened up for him.

**Ethel.**

David Henderson has removed to Brussels.

A few silly tricks were the outcome of Hallowe'en's fun. Nobody seriously damaged.

Robt. Scott offers the "Govenlock" property in this village for sale. It would be a snug home for somebody.

The trustee board has re-engaged Jas. McLachlan and Miss Sherlock as teachers for 1892. They have done well in the school.

**Grey.**

Miss Strachan has been visiting in Teeswater.

A bear has been seen on the eastern end of the 9th con. and appears to be quite at home.

Look out for a wedding on the 5th con. in the near future. Miss—is going to share her fortune with Sandy in a neighboring township.

Hallowe'en tricks in some parts of the township proved the correctness of the old saying, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Miss Aggie, second daughter of Jas. Bishop, who has been attending the Training Home of the Salvation Army, is home on a visit for her health.

James Shaw, lot 12, con. 15, has leased his farm to Duncanson Bros. and will take a well earned rest for a year or two. He will likely remove to Brussels and make his home there in the meantime.

We regret to hear that Mrs. William Bishop, of Beachville, formerly of Grey, is dangerously ill with a cancer in her throat. Her friends are anxious about her as the trouble interferes with her taking nourishment or speaking.

The Patrons of Industry of the 16th con. and locality hold their regular meetings in Turnbull's school house. To create an interest in these gatherings debates are arranged for. The one last week was "Intemperance vs. War."

**Donegal.**

W. T. Whelpton, of Toronto, was visiting here last week.

S. Mason, photographer, of Wingham, was here on Tuesday last securing a view of the school.

The cheese made during the last half of August was shipped from the factory on Thursday, Nov. 5. The balance of the season's make has also been sold. Price, 10c. per lb.

Messrs. Little & Mulross, who lately purchased a threshing outfit from Geo. Keith, are busily engaged threshing out the farmers' grain crops on the 8th con. They are doing good work and will likely make a big season another year.

S. McAllister had a three year old colt very seriously injured on Monday last. In attempting to join the other horses and while going at a high rate of speed its shoulder came in violent contact with a narrow tooth, driven in the gate post to horn musicians, Messrs. John McCourt, J. G. Irwin, H. Roe and R. Roe. The assembly broke up about 1.30 a. m., with a hearty vote of thanks to the Orangemen for the splendid entertainment of the evening.

The following is the report of the standing of the pupils in the Public school for the month of October. Names in order of merit: 5th class—Robert G. Irvine, Mary E. McCourt, Sr. 4th class—John Foulston, Alex. Foulston, Thomas McFarlane, Jr. 4th class—Robert Barton, Emerson Vipond, Ettie Capling. Sr. 3rd class—John Cooper, Sarah McNichol, Mary Hammond. 2nd class—Edith McCourt, Maud McCourt, George McCracken. 1st Senior class—Effie Buchanan, John Buchanan, Albert Hammond. 1st Intermediate class—Maggie McKenzie, Fred Candler, Joseph Burke. 1st Junior class—Arthur McNichol, Isaac Henry, Katie Matheson.

**BE A MAN**



All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the **VIGOR OF MEN** is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,

**ERIE MEDICAL CO.,**  
BUFFALO, N.Y.

**A Boom at the Golden Lion**

LISTOWEL

**S**ALES for October, 1891, exceeds the same month last year by \$1,120.07. Will you mark the great increase? It is to us encouraging, and speaks volumes for the increasing conviction in the minds of the people that our business is rightly conducted. We shall be better prepared than ever before for the Fall and Winter trade with a Fresh Stock of New Goods, arriving this week, which we will sell at most reasonable prices.

**WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE US.**

We shall be pleased to show you our stock. A great Sale of Millinery during November.

**CARSON & MCKE,**

The old reliable Golden Lion, Listowel.

**DRY + GOODS**

**New Dress Goods, Flannelettes, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.**

We have just opened a new stock of Hats & Caps and Gloves, which are worthy of inspection.

**GROCERIES!**

We are receiving fresh Groceries weekly, and are selling a very choice Japan Tea, 3 lbs. for \$1.

**24 Lbs. Light Sugar for \$1,** and everything else in keeping with these prices.

**BOOTS & SHOES** We have a complete stock of John McPherson's Boots and Shoes on hand which need no recommendation as the article sells itself. Also the Granby Rubber and Over-shoe, the best in its line in the market. In short, we are offering good goods at moderate prices.

**MRS. M. HARVEY.**

**Business Cards.**

**MEDICAL.**

**L. E. RICE, M. D., C. M.**

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

**DENTAL.**

**J. J. FOSTER, L. D. S.,**

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

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

**AUCTIONEERS.**

**C. H. MERYFIELD,**

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

**ALEX. MORRISON,**

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

**THOS. E. HAY,**

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

**Money to Loan.**

At Lowest Rates of Interest.

**STAR LIVERY**

ATWOOD, ONTARIO.

The Star Livery is equipped with first-class rigs, fast and gentle drivers, and in every way adapted to meet the requirements of the travelling public. Terms reasonable. Stables opposite Loerger's hotel.

**W. D. GILCHRIST, Prop.**

**I CURE FITS!**

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a **PERMANENT CURE**. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I wear my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Invaluable Remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

**H. G. ROOT, M. C., 185 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.**

**For Sale or to Rent.**

**THAT** desirable property, the south half of Lot 6, in the Ninth Concession of the township of Elma. Apply to the proprietress, MISS JESS. E. WATSON, Listowel, or to

**THOS. FULLARTON,** Atwood.

**Executor's Notice!**

In the matter of the estate of **MARY COULTER**, late of the Township of Elma, in the County of Perth, widow, deceased.

**P**URSUANT to the provisions of Section 36, Chapter 110, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, entitled an Act respecting Trustees and Executors and the administration of Estates. Notice is hereby given that all creditors and other persons having any debt, claim or demand, against the estate of Mary Coulter, late of the township of Elma, in the county of Perth, Province of Ontario, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of October, A. D. 1891, are hereby required on or before the 1st day of December, A. D. 1891, to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to Young Coulter, Newry postoffice, in the said township of Elma, Executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, address and description, the full particulars of their claim and statement of their account and the nature of the security (if any) held by them. If in default thereof the said Executor on the expiration of that time will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said Mary Coulter, deceased, among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the debts, claims and demands of which he then shall have notice, and that he will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose debt, claim or demand they shall not then have had notice.

Dated at Listowel, this 11th day of November, A. D. 1891.

**JAMES L. DARLING, Solicitor** for Young Coulter, Executor of the last will and testament of the said Mary Coulter, deceased.