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Is the most complete, and we are always willing to give the best possible attention to outsiders when in to have something done at Goldsmith's Hall, Main Street, Listowel.
J. H. GUNTHER.

The Bee.

Where is Listowel?
A look through J. H. Gunther's Jewelry Store will satisfy you that he keeps the finest stock in this part of the country. His staff of obliging young men are always ready to show you through his immense stock.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1891.

NO. 23.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Few Days at Home.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—On my journey to this old spot in the township of Darlington, I dropped off and spent Sabbath, the 21st inst., in Toronto. It is a city of churches, and though I suppose there may be many who do not attend any religious services, yet it may be said that the people of Toronto are a church-going people. The churches in which I worshipped were well attended—about 1,700 in the evening congregation. I arrived at Bowmanville on Monday. The face of the country looks beautiful. The lovely maples have grown and now almost overarch the road, and the recent showers have refreshed the trees and fields. It is eight years since I was privileged to look upon these scenes. I wanted to see again the place where we passed the happy years of my boyhood. I took a trip west for a few miles to see my friend and former pastor, Rev. Geo. Leach, and on the way passed the spot on which stood (in 1860-'62) the old frame school house where I got started on the path of learning. The images of boys and girls I met there came back vividly to me—the hardy, manly lads, and the pink-cheeked, bright-eyed lassies in their gingham or striped home-spun dresses. How sweet some of them looked in their home-spun frocks! They were as fresh and as sweet as the honey-suckles they placed in their hair on the way to school. When I inquired for some of them I found they had gone—some to different parts of the country and some to another world. Others are left, some mothers of families, some still "serving alone" in the old home. The rush of old memories made a mist before my eyes—shutting them for a moment the 30 intervening years vanished and I was a boy again. They were glad to see me and happy days. A dear brother who walked with me past the old mill, around the swamp and over the hill to school, is no more—gone to a sunnier clime, where there are no wild moaning winds and no chilling snows. My father, who in 1832 settled on the spot where I now write, is still living, having reached the advanced age of 78. Though he enjoys moderately good health I was affected to see the evidences of decay. There is no longer the firmness in step of former years, and even the memory which was unequalled for retaining the minutest details of all events is showing some signs of failure. He has been a Christian for many, many years, and is patiently waiting the summons to join the friends passed on before, including my pious mother, who departed this life in 1862. I would journey on in the same path, and with renewed vigor press forward to obtain the prize.

Yours, &c.

D. ROGERS.

Enniskillen, June 27, 1891.

The Newspaper Law.

- 1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the postoffice, whether in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.
- 2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the postoffice or not.
- 3.—In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted in the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.
- 4.—The courts have decided that refusing newspapers or periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, while unpaid, is prime facie evidence of intentional fraud.

The Influence of Trees.

It is becoming more and more evident every year that a great mistake has been made in this country by cutting the land bare of timber and leaving the farms without adequate shelter. There should be left a wood growth on all hillsides too steep to plow, and in patches and belts along all slopes that are subject to washing or gulying, and also a strip along all watercourses, there is no doubt. The reason for this is obvious. Wherever you travel half the year you will find our rivers a dirty chocolate color, laden with sand and soil. Where does it come from? It is the best part of the farms in the vicinity of the watercourses, and millions of dollars worth of farm values go down the rivers every year for the lack of proper attention to forest growth. It is washed by the rains from the fields into the brooks and rivers, because the water's edge has been planted up to, instead of leaving a fringe of forest cover along the banks. It is washed from the slopes and knolls, because they have been left uncovered, and the rain, leaking down and being unable to drain off subterraneously, has carried the soil and debris down the slopes, gulying the ground, reducing the farm value and filling up the rivers. B. E. Fernow, of the department of Agriculture, Washington, in a recent lecture said that the forest cover, with its interposing foliage and undergrowth, its protection of fallen leaves and twigs, its intricate root system and its fallen trunks and

branches, first of all retards the rain from reaching the ground and thus breaks its force, and then retards the surface drainage and prevents the rush of water as over the naked soil; and, if large areas are being denuded in a hilly country, the chances are that both the flood springs and the flow of brooks and rivers are made uncertain, because the forest, while it acts as an equalizer in time and quality of the waterflow, is cut off.

There is another influence that trees have, the absence of which is felt by the farmers in Ontario. It is the shelter they offer. Now, with the country unduly open, spring opens late. The young cattle that used to be turned out into the wood-sheltered pastures, about the first of April, now are kept shut up until the middle of May. Peach orchards that were sure to be loaded every year with luscious fruit and furnish a good crop, now only furnish an exceptional one, and apples seem to follow the same rule. Drouth in summer and floods in spring time are now frequent and more destructive because the spring tree-sheltered belt and the forest floor have been destroyed.

Thus, what the farmer is doing on his farm or leaves undone in the way of forest management is felt not only by himself, but by a large area far away from him, and ultimately the large cities which depend on the streams for power and drinking water, or for navigation, upon the regular drainage waters of the country, find themselves in danger and distress.

Improper Business Methods.

Considering the business situation the Monetary Times especially there has been a very considerable clearing out of weak firms, a process which began more than two years ago and has been going steadily on ever since. The results can scarcely help being beneficial to those who still hold their ground, and the way ought now to be open for some years of good business. Competition had undoubtedly reached a point that was simply destructive, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest has had another illustration in the sphere of mercantile life. It is the heavy deduction for bad debts that has been the bane of this line of business for years back, and it will continue to sweep away all the profits that are made, if the same style of things is preserved in ready. Where credits are restricted to thirty and sixty days, and customers are looked upon suspiciously who want any longer time, business can be conducted with some satisfaction both to the wholesale and retail merchant. The Canadian style of crediting is bad for the consumer as it is for the merchant. The storekeeper who buys goods on long credit almost invariably buys too much and he is led, in his turn, to give unreasonable long credit to customers. Many of these are of the farming class, and are allowed to run up debts at the store which it is impossible for them ever to liquidate. Many a farm mortgage in Canada, if we could go to the origin of it, would tell us a story of continuous foolish purchasing on long credit at the country store, and the running up of debt which can never be shaken off. All these things finally have their effect on banking profits. They lay the foundation for the losses which come to the surface from time to time, and so seriously diminish the returns made to stockholders.

Huron County Notes.

A football team has been organized at Salford.

Thomas Bell, of the Wingham furniture factory, is having a large addition put to his factory.

At Toronto Mode, Miss A. Porter, of Turnberry, carried off honors at recent examinations.

Alex. Dawson, Wingham, sold a pair of twin Jersey calves to Geo. Parrish, of Turnberry, at a good figure.

The Goderich Signal has the largest staff of correspondents of any paper in the Huron Tract. It is a live paper.

One evening recently sneak thieves entered the store of Cantelon Brothers, Clinton, and stole a bride valued at \$4.

Goderich High School pupils will have at least three months' holidays, as the Collegiate Institute will not be ready for occupation until Oct. 1.

Rev. E. W. Hughes and W. F. Brockenshire, Wingham, were in Peterboro last week attending the meeting of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T.

The Wingham Orangemen will attend divine service on Sunday, July 12, when Rev. E. W. Hughes will preach a special sermon for their benefit.

The Cole farm, lot 20, Bayfield con., Goderich township, was sold under power of mortgage, on Saturday, Mr. Farran of Clinton, being the purchaser at \$3,800.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by fire.

The Fall Assizes for the county of Huron will open at Goderich on Monday September 17th, when Justice Falconbridge will preside. The fall sittings of the Chancery Court will open at Goderich before Justice Meredith, Monday, October 5.

Country Talk.

Grey.

School picnics are in season. Miss Lottie Hill has gone on a holiday trip to her sister at Burk's Falls. Marsden Smith has been at Wrexeter for the past few weeks superintending the Gibson saw mill. There is no better mill-wright in this country than Mr. Smith. Mrs. Henry Tindall and two children, of Neepawa, Manitoba, arrived here the other day for a visit to her old home. Mrs. Tindall is a daughter of Wm. Harkirk's, 9th con.

Brussels.

Mrs. W. A. Calbick has received the \$2,500 insurance on the life of her late husband. St. John's Sunday school picnic was held in the Hargan grove on Thursday afternoon of last week. H. P. Moore, editor and proprietor of the Acton Free Press, visited the Post on Monday of last week. R. Leatherdale has placed a dandy upright Karn piano in the apartments of the manager and teller of the Standard Bank here.

A beautiful Easter lily has been exhibited in the store window of A. Strachan. The buds of the flowers now blooming measured 8½ inches in length. It is reported that the Misses Dimsdale, evangelists, who visited Brussels a few years ago, were married on Tuesday of last week to Revs. Aikenhead and Jamieson.

Mrs. W. J. Fairfield has received the \$2,500 insurance on the life of her late husband from the Covenant Mutual Benefit Association, and acknowledges her thanks for the same. The G. T. R. authorities are determined to put a stop to the loafing round the depot of an evening and during Sunday, and in future legal proceedings will be taken against any persons found trespassing on their premises.

On Monday, July 13th, the 201st anniversary of Orangeism will be celebrated in Brussels in right royal style. In addition to the large number of Orangemen expected there will be at least four lodges of Lady True Blues in carriages in the procession. Several brass bands will be in attendance. Addresses are expected from Rev. W. Smyth, of Harrison; Rev. E. W. Hughes, of Wingham; Rev. W. T. Cluff, of Brussels; A. H. Musgrove, of Wingham, and others. Special excursion trains will be run both east and west at low rates. A great big crowd is expected. Every body should make it a point to be present. County Master Clegg, of Gorrie, will preside at the platform meeting which will be held on Victoria Park.

Elma.

Mrs. W. S. Buchanan, Donegal, is visiting friends in Michigan.

The I. O. G. T., of Trowbridge, held a successful lawn social Wednesday evening.

H. Y. Smith, teacher of S. S. No. 5, is spending his vacation with relatives and friends at Uxbridge.

Quite a number of young people attended Mr. Burke's picnic at Britton, Tuesday afternoon. All enjoyed themselves immensely.

The lawn social held in John Roe's orchard last Friday evening was a decided success. After all expenses were met over \$44 was received.

The garden party in connection with the Monkonk Presbyterian church, at Monkonk Monday night, was well patronized. A good program was given, and the receipts at the gate netted \$29. Miss Belle Mitchell, of Atwood, gave an exhibition of Indian club swinging to the delight of the visitors. Rev. Mr. Brandon's presence was a source of joy to many of his friends. Mr. Scott, a young student, has kindly consented to take charge of the Monkonk circuit during Mr. Brandon's leave of absence.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is the standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 4 for the month of June. Names in order of merit:—Fifth Class—Ernest Smith, Wm. Hamilton. Junior Fourth Class—Bert Turnbull, Maud Harris, Ida Shannon. Senior Third Class—Thomas Hamilton, Etta Shannon, Edith Harris, Wood Welsh, Ed. Gaynor. Junior 3rd Class—Eliza Wilson, Rachel Laidlaw, Jas. Gaynor, Allie Hunter, John Edgar, Bella Laidlaw, Lottie Adams, Aggie Hunter and John Gaynor (equal), Arch. Fogal, Annie Rozzelle. The average attendance for the month was 49.

J. W. WARD, Teacher.

Following is the report of the standing of pupils of U. S. S. No. 2, Elma and Wallace, for the month of June. Names in order of merit:—Fifth class—Edward Thompkins, Perry Brisbin. Senior Fourth—Jennie Whaley. Junior Fourth—Charlie Brisbin, Annie Brisbin, Willie Thompkins, Willie McLaren, Chas. Lowery. Senior Third—Annie Sanderson, Bella Urquhart, Chas. Thompkins, Bennie Everal. Junior Third—Willie McMillan, Jessie Urquhart, Willie Sanderson, Jessie Milburn, Annie Martin, Lizzie Marks, Jno. Barrett, Ester Marks, Samuel Barnett, Ernest Stapleton, Susie Bender, James Gardner. Second class—Henry Sanderson, Fannie Milburn. Part II—Solomon Weber, Lizzie Chapman, Thomas Barnett, Lyman McMillan. Miss I. R. McBain, Teacher.

Bornholm.

Miss A. Pain, Mitchell, is visiting on the 12th con. this week. Rev. Nietardie, Baden, occupied the pulpit of the Lutheran church last Sunday.

A very successful picnic in the interests of the Sunday school of the Lutheran church was held in the school yard on Wednesday afternoon. Two ministers present delivered short addresses. The choir rendered several beautiful selections, together with the singing of the children, and music from the Brodhagen band made the time pass both pleasantly and profitably. Refreshments were provided by the Davis Bros., Mitchell, which did much credit to the establishment.

Newry.

SCHOOL REPORT.—Following is the standing of the junior classes of S. S. No. 5 for the month of June. Names in order of merit:—Junior 3rd Class—Lavinia Gilkinson, David Dunlop, Annie Danbrook, Olive Attridge, Tilda Newstead, Sarah Struthers, Charles H. Coulter, Polly Richardson, Susie Johnston, Eva Gee, Robbie Johnston, Eva Holmes, Sam Newstead, Richard Morrison. Second Class—Laura Simpson, Willie Struthers, Willie Gilkinson, A. Dickson, Willie Morrison, Laura McMane, Melbourne Gee, Annie Chapman. Senior Part Second—James Robb, W. Gilmer, Albert Ducklow, Elie Hannah, Susie Johnston, Fred Richardson, Mervin Morrison, Maggie McMane, Thos. McIntyre. Junior Part Second—Arthur Simpson, Willie Coulter, Lily Holmes, Herbert Ducklow, Whiteford Morrison. Newstead. Ida Danbrook, Liza Richardson, John Hannah, Guy Hannah. Junior Part First—Lily Taggart, Liza McMane, Mary Coulter, Francy Fullarton, Jane Coulter. Harold Danbrook, Henderson Robb, Robert Gilkinson, J. Allison, John Gilmer, Howard Gee, Bella Morrison, Katie B. Morrison, Russell McMane, Thomas Smith, Adam Smith, Annie Holmes. Average attendance for June 78.

H. Y. SMITH, Teacher.

Ethel.

Mrs. R. Barr, jr., spent July 1st with friends in Stratford.

Miss Lily Doig, of Gorrie, is visiting friends in this village.

A young daughter has come to stay at the home of T. P. Simpson.

H. Cunningham spent Sunday in Kin cardine with his mother-in-law.

The Misses Scott, of Brussels, were the guests of Mrs. J. M. Davis.

Mrs. Wm. Spence, Miss Spence and Willie were away for a holiday visit.

Photographer Mason, of Wingham, took several views in our village this week.

John Slemmon has got his new barn completed. He should now build a new house.

The Orangemen of this place intend celebrating the Battle of the Boyne in Brussels.

The C. O. F. went to Harrison on the 1st of July. They presented a good appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McAllister left on Tuesday for an extended visit to St. Paul, Minn.

The garden party held by the temperance lodge, on L. Dobson's grounds, was a decided success.

Mrs. Daniel Eckmier, sr., had the misfortune to run a nail into her foot. It will be sore for some time.

Wm. Spence, our worthy postmaster, was called away on Sunday to attend the funeral of Mr. Watson, of Blyth.

"If marriage is a failure," said Binks, "what on earth is an engagement?" "Only a temporary embarrassment," said Maude.

Tuesday, June 23, Constable Scott and Detective Bradley, of the G. T. R., were in this locality looking for Joseph and Alfred Kress, charged with trespass on railroad property. The youths were found at a picnic at Atwood and were arrested while on a swing. They were brought here in Mr. Scott's buggy to the hotel and stopped at the Burton hotel. The prisoners asked leave to get a drink of water at the pump and Mr. Scott consented, thinking it was all right as they were handcuffed together. The constable stepped into the bar room to get Mr. Burton to send his rig towards Henfryn to meet the detective who was walking and on coming back to the door found the Kress' walking off west. He called to them to halt but they broke into a run down the side street past the Orange Hall, pursued by Mr. Scott and others. The prisoners got into a little clump of bush and despite the vigilance of the guard gave them the slip and escaped, going south through the river, fields and bush. A rig was procured and the chase continued but no capture rewarded the effort. It was a matter of surprise the gait the prisoners struck. They called at Peter McNeill's and borrowed an axe from a boy and severed the chain and were thus allowed greater freedom. The prisoners are suspected of burglarizing Brussels freight house and warrants are out for their arrest. They are 25 and 23 years old, respectively; 5 ft, 10 inches and 5 feet 8 inches in height; red hair; dark clothes; white shirts without collars; black felt hats. The suspicion of their guilt is strengthened by the daring manner of their escape.

Additional Local Items.

J. H. McBain returned home from Londesboro' Tuesday.

ELMA Council asks for tenders this week for a bridge and drain.

MR. CASWELL, of Trowbridge, filled the Methodist pulpit Sunday morning and evening with much acceptance. He is a young man of promise.

ALEX. LOCHHEAD returned from Scotland last Saturday. He visited friends in Ayrshire, Galston, Catline, Kilmarnock, etc. He also visited Burns' monument, near Ayr—his birth-place.

REV. J. FERGUSON, of Londesboro', and well known in Atwood, has been granted a three months' leave of absence by his Quarterly Board. Mr. Ferguson purposes spending his vacation in England. His Atwood friends wish him a pleasant journey and a safe return.

THE best sample of flax we have seen this year was brought into THE BEE office Monday, by James F. Porter, lot 15, con. 5, Elma. It measured 3 feet and 7 inches, and was pulled June 29th. John Gray, 10th con., Elma, pulled a sample on the 22nd inst., that measured 3 feet and 4 inches.

JULY 7TH.—Be sure and go to the lawn social, to be held in Jas. Wilson's grounds, on Tuesday night, July 7th, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Alban's church. In addition to other attractions the Atwood brass band has been engaged for the evening. It promises to be the party of the season.

CHANGE OF TIME.—We notice by the new G. T. R. time table, just issued, that several slight changes have been made on the W. G. & B. Division. According to the new timetable trains will leave Atwood station as follows:—Going north—Mixed, 8:25 a. m.; express, 2:34 p. m.; express, 9:24 p. m. Going south—Express, 7:21 a. m.; express, 12:30 p. m.; mixed 10:10 p. m.

AT a meeting of the directors of the Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co., held Monday night, James Irwin was elected President and Wm. Lochhead re-elected Secretary. Mr. Irwin having filled the Presidential chair before, is acquainted with all the workings of the Co., and is, no doubt, the right man in the right place. Mr. Lochhead is a financier of no mean ability, which together with his long experience entitles him to the fullest confidence of the company. The Co. may be said to be well officered and we anticipate a most prosperous year.

WE received a letter from our old friend and former Elmaite, Robert Morrison, last week in which he says he is greatly pleased with the country, and the crops are looking well. He has pitched his tent at Beresford, Man. We learn from another source that Mr. Morrison has taken up a homestead of 320 acres near Beresford and will move his family out there in the near future. Mr. Morrison has always taken a deep interest in township and school matters and his removal from amongst us will be keenly regretted. Having a family to make future provision for he regards it his first duty to look after their interests, which is quite right.

KILLED AT ST. PAUL.—Word reached here last week that Jos. Porter, brother of Jas. Porter, of Elma, was killed on the railroad at St. Paul. The deceased was home during the past winter, and left here about two months ago for the west. A St. Paul, Minn., paper, of June 21st, contained the following sad intelligence: "Joseph Porter, of Winnipeg, was run over and so badly injured by a car on the First Avenue electric line in Minneapolis to-night that his recovery is very doubtful. Porter was on an out going motor and spoke to the conductor about getting off at Twelfth street. Before the train came to a stop, however, Porter stepped off the rear platform of the front car. Somehow he managed to get between the motor and the trailer, and before the terrible predicament was appreciated he was crushed beneath the wheels and dragged several rods. When removed he was in a semi-conscious condition. Both legs were frightfully crushed and twisted and both will have to be amputated above the knee if he survives the shock. He was taken to the City hospital. Porter is about 30 years of age."

THE MACDONALD MEMORIAL.—The people of Kingston have taken action towards the erection of a national memorial monument in honor of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, her most illustrious son. This is a step in the right direction and there will be a general response to the call for assistance in this great undertaking. There are but few cities in Canada which could erect more monuments to renowned men connected with their history than Kingston. It is gratifying to know that the people of that city are awaking to a sense of the beauty and importance of its situation. Its railway connections, shipping facilities by lake and river, capital and business enterprise of its citizens and numerous industries all indicate steady growth and a promising future. There's no reason why Kingston should not become the monument city of Canada and this recent action on the part of its citizens is a great step forward in that direction. There should be no difficulty in raising the sum of \$25,000, the amount fixed upon as necessary for such a monument as is intended. The committee of representative citizens have agreed that no subscription for the purpose shall exceed ten dollars.

Nothing to Wear.
"Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing at all to wear."
This is the song she sings to him and fills him with despair.
When he goes out to toll each day and earn their daily bread,
She hangs around his weary neck until these words are said,
And when he comes home late at night she sits upon the stair,
And warbles out, "You know, dear Charles, I haven't a thing to wear."
The polonaise I had last year, I tell you is a sight,
My old black grenadine is worse; it makes me look a fright;
My black silk is so shiny, and I feel so mortified;
And then, for summer, I must have something in white beside,
And so she sings her little song throughout the living day—
"Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing to wear, I say."
And Charles is at his office, and his face is blanched with fear.
Because he cannot pay for all the things she got last year.

TWICE MARRIED.

WHEN the idea of a removal to Virginia was first mooted in the family of General Percival Smith, ex-brigadier in the United States service, it was received with consternation and a perfect storm of disapproval. The young ladies, Norma and Blanche, rose as one woman—loud in denunciation, vehement in protest—fell upon the scheme, and verbally sought to annihilate it. The country! A farm!! The South!! The idea was untenable, monstrous. Before their outraged vision floated pictures whereof the foreground was hideous with cows, and snakes, and beetles; the middle distance lurid with discomfited, corn-bread, and tri-weekly mails; the background lowering with solitude, ennui, and colored servants.

Poor Mrs. Smith wished it might be the end, or anywhere near the end; for the soul within her was vexed with strife and broken in pieces with words. The general could—and did—escape the rhetorical consequences of his unpopular measure, but his wife could not; no club afforded her its welcome refuge, no "down town" offered her home and endure it all.

After the indulgent American custom, she earnestly desired to please all of her children. In her own thoughts she existed only for them, to minister to their happiness; even her husband was, unconsciously to her, quite of secondary importance, his strongest present claim to consideration lying in his paternity. And this preference must be indulged, the more particularly that Warner—the elder of her two boys, her idol and her grief—was slowly, well-nigh imperceptibly, but none the less surely, drifting away from her. A boyish imprudence, a cold, over-exertion, the old story which is so familiar, so hopeless, so endless in its repetition and its paths. When interests were diverse, the healthy, blooming daughters could not make little headway against the invalid son. They had all the sunny hours, of many long years before them; he perhaps only the hurrying moments of one.

For Warner a change was imperative—so imperative that even the rebellious girls were fain to admit its necessity. His condition required a gentler, kinder atmosphere than that of New York. The poor diseased lungs craved the elixir of pure air; panted for the invigoration of breezes freshly oxygenized by field and forest, and labored exhaustively in the languid, devitalized breath of a city. General Smith was a man trained by military discipline to be instant in decision and prompt in action. As soon as the doctors informed him that his son's case required—not wanderings—but a steady residence in a climate bracing, as well as mild, where the comforts of home could supplement the healing of nature, he set himself at once to discover a place which would fill all the requirements. To the old soldier, New England born and Michigan bred, Virginia appeared a land of sun and flowers, a country well-nigh tropical in the softness of its climate, and the fervor of its heat. The doctors recommended Florida, or South Carolina, as in duty bound, and to the suggestion of Virginia, yielded only a dubious consent; it was very far north, they said, but still it might do. To the general, it seemed very far south, and he was certain it would do.

In those old campaigning days, the fancy had been born in him that some time in the future he would like to return and make his home here, where "amorous ocean wooed a gracious land"—that when his fighting days were over, and the retired list lengthened by his name, it would be a pleasant thing to have his final bivouac among the gallant foes who had won his admiration by their dauntless manner of giving and taking blows.

The idea that any portion of his family would be displeased by the realization of his fancy, or feel themselves aggrieved by his arrangements, never entered into the veteran's calculations; he returned from the South with his purchase made, and his mind filled with anticipations of the joy the unloading of his precious honey would occasion in the domestic hive, and when he was met by the angry buzz of discontent instead of the gentle hum of applause, his surprise was great, and his indignation unbounded.

"What the devil are they grumbling about?" he demanded of his wife. "Shirley's a fine plantation. The water is good, the air superb; here are excellent gardens and first-rate oyster beds. The house is old-fashioned, but it's comfortable, and a little money will make it more so. What's the matter with them?"
"The girls are young, Percival," explained the mother, putting in a plea for the rebels. "They are used to society and admiration. They don't take interest in gardens and oyster-beds yet; they like variety and excitement. The country is very dull."
"Not at all dull," contradicted the general. "You talk as if I were requiring you all to Selkirk on a ten acre island, instead of going to one of the pleasantest and most populous countries in the oldest State in the Union. Mr. Byrd, the former owner of Shirley, told me that the neighborhood was very thickly settled and sociable. I counted five gentlemen's houses in sight myself. Southerners, as a rule, are great visitors, and if the girls are lonely it will be their own fault. They'll have as much boating and dancing and tom-foolery as is good for them."
"Are there any young men?" demanded

Mrs. Smith, who recognized the necessity of an infusion of the stronger element to impart to social joys body and flavor.

"Yes, I guess so," replied her husband, indifferently, masculinity from over-association having palled on him; "there's always men about everywhere, except back in the home villages in Maine—they're scarce enough there, the Lord knows. I saw a good many about in the little village near Shirley—Wintergreen, they call it. One young fellow attracted my attention particularly; he was sitting on a tobacco hog-head, down on the wharf, superintending some negroes load a wagon, and I couldn't get it out of my head that I'd seen his face before. He was tall, and fair, and had lost an arm. I must have met him during the war, I think, although I'll be hanged if I can place him."

Mrs. Smith looked interested. "Perhaps you formerly knew him," she remarked cheerfully; "it's a pity your memory is so bad. Why didn't you inquire his name of someone, that might have helped you to place him?"
"My memory is excellent," retorted the general, shortly; for a man must resent such an insinuation even from the wife of his bosom. "I've always been remarkable for an unusually strong and retentive memory, as you know very well—but it isn't super-human. At the lowest computation, I guess I've seen about a million men's faces in the course of my life, and it's ridiculous to expect me to have 'em all sorted out, and My memory is very fine."

Mrs. Smith recounted pleasantly. Her husband's memory was good, for his age, she was willing to admit, but it was not flawless. About this young man, now, it seemed to her that if she could remember him at all, she could remember all about him. The hitches in recollection were provoking. It would have been nice for the girls to find a young man ready to their hands, bound to courtesy by previous acquaintance with their father.

But all this was trifling and unimportant in comparison with the main issue, Warner's health. To secure the shadow of hope for her boy, Mrs. Smith decided that any thing short of cannibalism in her future surroundings would be endured.

The information gleaned from her husband was faithfully repeated by Mamma to her daughters, with some innocent exaggeration and unconscious embellishment. She always wanted to make things pleasant for the children.

Blanche looked up from her crevel sun-flowers with reviving interest, but Norma walked over to the window, and stood drumming on the panes, and regarding the passers with a lowering brow.

"I wonder what Nesbit Thorne will think of it all," she remarked, after an interval of her discontent.
"He'll hate it!" spoke Blanche, with conviction; "he'll abhor it, just as we do. I know he will." Blanche always followed her sister's lead, and when Norma was cross considered it her duty to be fearful. She was only disagreeable now because Norma was.

Percival, the youngest of the family, a spoiled and lively lad of 12, to whom the prospect of change was rapture, took up the last remark indignantly.

"Nesbit won't do anything of the kind," quoth he. "Nesbitism's spoiled, airified idiot of a girl. He's got sense enough to appreciate hunting and fishing and the things that are of importance to men. I guess he'll want to come to Shirley this autumn for his shooting, instead of going down to North Carolina." Norma turned her head slightly; her tatos and turned her head slightly; her boy, observing that he had scored a point, proceeded: "Just the minute he gets back from Montana, I'm going to tell him all about Shirley and beg him to come. And if he does, I'm going gunning with him every day, and make him teach me how to shoot—see if I don't," regarding his mother from under his tawny brows threateningly. Percival had red hair.

"Nesbit got back last night," announced Warner from his sofa beside the other window. "I saw him pass the house this morning. There he is now, coming up the street. If his opinion is a matter of such importance, you can call him over and get it. I don't see that it makes any difference what he thinks, myself." The latter part of the sentence was muttered in an unheeded undertone.

Norma tapped sharply on the glass, and beckoned to a gentleman on the opposite pavement, her brow clearing. He nodded gayly in response, and crossing, in obedience to her summons, entered the house familiarly without ringing the bell.

CHAPTER II.

All turned expectantly toward the door, pausing in their several occupations; even Warner's eyes were raised from his book, although his attention was involuntarily and grudging. The attitude of the little circle attested the influence which the coming man wielded over every member of it; an influence which extended insensibly to every one with whom Nesbit Thorne's association was intimate. He was Mrs. Smith's nephew, and much in the habit, whenever he was in New York, of making her house his home—having now none of his own.

He was a slender, dark man, with magnificent dark eyes, which had a power of expression so enthralling as to disarm, or defy, criticism of the rest of his face. Not one man in fifty could tell whether Nesbit Thorne was handsome, or the reverse—and for women—ah, well! they knew best what they thought.

Some years previous to the opening of this story, Nesbit Thorne then a brilliant recent graduate of Harvard, a leader in society, and a man of whom great things were predicted, whose name was in many mouths as that of a man likely to achieve distinction in any path of life he might select, made a hasty, ill-advised marriage with a Miss Ethel Ross, a New York belle of surpassing beauty and acumen. A woman whose sole thought was good of life was a constantly varied menu of social excitement, and whose noblest reading of the word duty was compassed in having a well ordered house, sumptuous entertainments, and irreproachable toilets. A wife to satisfy any man who was not emotional, unexact, and prepared to give way to her in all things.
Nesbit Thorne, unfortunately, was none of these things, and so his married life had come to grief. The first few months were

smoothed and gilded by his passionate enjoyment of her mere physical perfection, his pleasure in the admiration she excited, and in the envy of other men. Life's river glided smoothly, gayly in the sunshine; then ugly snags began to appear, and reefs, fretting the surface of the water, and hinting of sterner difficulties below; then a long stretch of tossing, troubled water, growing more and more turbulent as it proceeded, boiling and bubbling into angry whirlpools and sullen eddies. The boat of married happiness was hard among the breakers, tossed from side to side, the sport of every wind of passion. The craft yawed and jerked in its course, a spectacle for men to weep over, and devils to rejoice in; ran aground on quicksands, tore and tangled its cordage, rent the planking, and at the end of a cruise of as many months as it should have lasted years, it lay a hopeless wreck on the grim bar of separation.

The affair was managed gracefully, and with due deference to the amenities. There was gossip, of course—there always is gossip—and public opinion was many sided. Whole circles around which played the whole gamut from infidelity to bankruptcy; these lived their brief span, and then gave place to other rumors, equally unfounded, and therefore equally enjoyable. The only fact authenticated was the fact of separation, and the most lasting conclusion arrived at in regard to the matter was that it had been managed very gracefully.

The divorce which seemed the natural outcome of this state of affairs, and to which every one looked, as a matter of course, was delayed in this instance. People wondered a little, and then remembered that the Thornes were a Roman Catholic family, and concluded that the young man had religious scruples. With Mrs. Thorne the matter was plain enough; she had no reason, as yet, sufficiently strong to make her desire absolute release, and far greater command over Thorne's income by retaining her position as his wife.

When his domestic affairs had reached a crisis, Thorne had quietly disappeared for a year, during which time people only knew that he was enjoying his recovered freedom in distant and little frequented places. There were rumors of him in Tartary, on the Niger, in Siberia. At the expiration of the year he returned to New York, and resumed his old place in society as though at his set, and no man or woman ever saw him set foot within the precincts of his own house. Occasional he was seen to speak to his little son. His life was that of a single man. In the society they both frequented, he often encountered his wife, and always behaved to her with scrupulous politeness, even with marked courtesy. If he ever missed his home, or experienced regret for his matrimonial failure, he kept the feeling hidden, and presented to the world an unmoved front.

In default of nearer ties, he made himself at home in his aunt's house, frequenting it as familiarly as he had done in the days before his marriage. In his strong, almost passionate nature, there was one great weakness; that love and admiration of women was a necessity to him. He could no more help trying to make women love him, than the kingfisher can help thrusting down his beak when the bright speckles of his prey flash through the water.

As he entered the room, after an absence of weeks, with a smile and a pleasant word of greeting, the younger members of the circle fell upon him clamorously; full of themselves and their individual concerns. Even Warner, in whose mind lurked a jealousy of his cousin's influence, forgot it for the nonce, and was as eager to talk as the rest. Nesbit found himself listening to a demand for advice, an appeal for sympathy, and a pean of congratulation, before he had made his salutations, or gotten himself into a chair.

"Hold on!" he cried, putting up his hand in protest. "Don't all talk at once. I can't follow. What's the matter, Norma?"

His eye turned to his favorite, involuntarily, and an almost imperceptible brightening, a lifting of the clouds on that young lady's horizon began to take place. She answered his look, and (assisted by the repressible Percival) unfolded to him the enthusiasm that threw himself into the scheme, pronounced it delightful and proceeded to indulge in all manner of cheerful prognostications. Percival was enchanted, and, establishing himself close beside the arm of his cousin's chair, commenced a series of vehement whispers, which lasted as long as the visit. Norma's brow cleared more and more, and when Thorne declared his intention of paying them a long visit during the hunting season, she allowed a smile to wreath her full crimson lips, and snubbed poor little Blanche unmercifully for still darning to be lachrymose.

CHAPTER III.

Backward and forward, from pantry to sideboard, from sideboard to china closet, fitted Pocahontas Mason setting out the table for breakfast. Deftly she laid out the pretty mats on the shining mahogany, arranged the old-fashioned blue cups and saucers, and placed the plates and napkins. She sang at her work in a low, clear voice, more sweet than powerful, and all that her hands found to do was done rapidly and skillfully, with firm, accustomed touches, and an absence of jar and clatter. In the centre of the table stood a corpulent Wedgwood pitcher, filled with geraniums and roses, to which the girl's fingers wandered lovingly from time to time, in the effort to make each blossom into the position in which it would make the bravest show. On one corner, near the waiter, stood a housewifely little basket of keys, through the handle of which was thrust a fresh handkerchief newly shaken out.

When all the arrangements about the table had been completed, Pocahontas turned her attention to the room, giving it those manifold touches which, from a lady's fingers, can make even a plain apartment look gracious and homelike. Times had changed with the Masons, and many duties formerly delegated to servants now fell naturally to the daughter of the house. Perhaps the change was an improvement; Berkeley Mason, the young lady's brother, maintained that it was.

Having finished her work, Pocahontas crossed the room to one of the tall, old-fashioned windows, and pushed open the half-shut blinds, letting a flood of sunshine and morning freshness into the room. Un-

der the windows stood an ottoman covered with drab cloth, on which the fingers of some dead and gone Mason had embroidered a dingy wreath of roses and pansies. Pocahontas knelt on it, resting her arms on the lofty window-sill, and gazed out over the lawn, and enjoyed the dewy sunshine touched with golden glory the bronze abundance of her hair, which a joyous, rollicking breeze, intoxicated with dew and the breath of roses, tangled and tumbled into a myriad witcheries of curl and crinkle. The face, glorified by this bright aureole, was pure and handsome, patrician in every line and curve, from the noble forehead, with its delicate brown brows, to the well-cut chin, which spoke eloquently of breadth of character and strength of will. The eyes were gray, and in them lay the chief charm of the face, for that of a child—true eyes they were, fit windows for a brave, true soul.

The branch of the Mason family still resident at the old homestead of Lanarth had dwindled to four living representatives—Mrs. Mason, who had not changed her name in espousing her cousin Berkeley, son of Lanarth, and her son, Temple Mason, and daughters Grace and Pocahontas. There had been another son, Temple, the younger, whose story formed one of those sad memories which are the grim after-taste of war. All three of the Masons had worn gray uniforms; the father had been killed in a charge at Malvern Hill, the elder son had lost his good right arm, and the younger had died in prison.

The two daughters, Grace had early fulfilled her destiny in true Virginian fashion, by marrying a distant connection, of her family, a Mr. Royall Garnett, who had been a playmate of her brothers, and whose plantation lay in an adjoining county. With praiseworthy conservatism, Mrs. Garnett was duplicating the uneventful placidity of her parents' early years, content to rule her household wisely, to love and minister to her husband, and to devote her energies to the rearing of her children according to time-honored precedent. Pocahontas, the youngest of the family, was still unmarried, nay, more—still unmarried.

They had called her "Pocahontas" in obedience to the unwritten law of southern families, which decrees that an ancestor's sin of distinction shall be visited on generations of descendants, in the perpetuation of a name no matter what its hideousness. It seems a peculiarity of distinguished persons to possess names singularly devoid of beauty; therefore, among the burdens entailed by pride upon posterity, this is a grievous one. Some families, with the forest vain in their blood, at an early date took refuge in the softer, prettier "Mattoaca"; but not so the Masons. It was their pride that they never shirked an obligation, or evaded a responsibility; they did not evade this one. Having accepted "Pocahontas" as the name by which their ancestress was best known, they never swerved from it; undaunted by its length and harshness and unmoved by the discovery of historians that Pocahontas is no name at all, but simply a pet sobriquet applicable to all Indian girls alike, and whose significance is scarcely one of dignity. Historians might disagree, disagree, wrangle and explain, but Pocahontas followed Pocahontas in the Mason family with the undeviating certainty of a fixed law.

Grace tramped on the protest: "Not name her Pocahontas? Why, of course I shall! If the name were twice as long and three times as ugly my baby should bear it. I wonder you should object when you know that every Pocahontas in the family has invariably turned out an exceptionally fine woman. All have been noble, truthful, honorable; quick to see the right and unswerving in pursuit of it. I shall call my baby by that name, and no other."

Pocahontas opened her eyes. "Why, Grace," she said, "you talk as if the name were a talisman; as if virtues were transmitted with it. Isn't that silly?"
"Not at all," responded Grace promptly; "unless we cease to be ourselves after death, we must still take interest in the things of this world, in our families and descendants. We may not be able actually to transmit our virtues to them, but surely by guardian influence we can help them imitate ancestral good qualities. Guardian angels of our own blood are a great deal nearer Lord appoints them wherever he can; and if so, why shouldn't the good women who are in heaven take interest in my baby who will bear their name? It is their name still, and it must hurt them to see it soiled; of course they must take interest. Were I an angel, the child on earth who bore my name should be my special charge."

"Then, according to your showing, Grace, six good women, now holy angels, love my baby and in constant keeping for love of our ugly name. Theidea is fanciful, and I don't consider it orthodox; but it's pretty, and I like it. Miss Pocahontas the ninth, you and I must talk with circum-spection, not to grieve the good ladies up above who are kind enough to take such interest in us."

"Yes, my dear, I used often to think of it—long before Jim thought of it himself, I believe, Berkeley. He spoke to Princess this summer and she refused him. She did not tell me about it; but from little things I could guess pretty accurately. It's a great disappointment to me, for I scarcely remember each other first dawned in my mind. Mary Mason and I were warm friends, as well as cousins, and it seemed natural that our children should marry."

Berkeley knew that his mother had wished him to marry Belle or Susie, and that this was not the first time that she had been disappointed in her desire for another Byrd-Mason match. Had Temple lived, Nina Byrd would have been his wife; the two had been sweethearts from babyhood.

Mrs. Mason sighed regretfully. "I wish she could have loved him in the way we wish. Marriage is a terrible risk for a girl like her. She is so straightforward, too uncompromisingly intolerant of everyday littlenesses, to have a peaceful life. She has grown up so different from other girls; so full of ideals and romance; she belongs, in thought and motives, to the last century rather than to this, if what I hear be true. He is large-hearted and has a great capacity for affection, but she is self-willed and he could be hard upon occasion. If she should fall into weak or wicked hands she would both endure and inflict untold suffering. And there is within her, to, endless

power of generosity and self-sacrifice. Poor child! with Jim I could have trusted her; but she couldn't love him, so there's nothing to be done."

"Why couldn't she?" demanded Berkeley, argumentatively. "She'll never do any better; Jim's a handsome fellow, as men go, brave, honorable and sweet-tempered. What more does she want? It looks to me like sheer perversity."

"It isn't perversity, Berkeley," she said; "I hardly realize, myself, why the thing should have seemed so impossible. I suppose, having always regarded Jim as a kindly old playmate, and big, brotherly friend, the idea of associating sentiment with him appeared absurd. Had they ever been separated the affair might have had a different termination; but there has never been a break in their intercourse—Jim has always been here, always the same. That won't do with a girl like Princess."

In the afternoon Pocahontas, providing herself with a book and a gayly colored fan, established herself comfortably in the oldspit-bottom rocking-chair in the deep shadow of the porch. She was thinking of Jim, and feeling pitiful and sad over her old friend who must break away from every home association, and far from kindred and family, among strange faces and unfamiliar surroundings, make for himself a new life. She was sorry for Jim—grieved for his pain in parting, for his disappointment in regard to herself, for her own inability to give him the love he longed for. She would have loved him had it been in her power; she honestly regretted that the calm, true, sisterly affection she felt for him could not be converted into something warmer. Her friends wished it; his friends wished it. It was the natural and proper thing to have happened, and yet with her it had not happened.

Pocahontas, rising, advanced out of the shadow to meet them—Jim Byrd, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a great silky red beard, her brother-in-law, Mr. Royall Garnett.

Pocahontas mocked at Grace's idea, but it pleased her all the same, and unconsciously it influenced her more than she knew. She loved the legends of her house, delighted in the fact of descent from brave men and true women. The past held her more than is common with the young people of the present day, and she sought out and treasured all the records of the six women who had borne her name, from the swarthy-haired lady who held the place of honor at the Lanarth breakfast table.

"Princess," said Mrs. Mason as she distributed the sugar and cream, "I wish you'd ring the bell. Rachel must have breakfast ready by this time, and I hear Berkeley's step outside."

Princess rang the bell quite meekly. Aunt Rachel was an old family servant, faithful, fat and important, and Aunt Rachel hated to be hurried. She said "it pestered her, an' made her spile the vittles." She answered promptly this time, however, entering with the great waiter of hot and tasty dishes before the bell had ceased its faint tintinnabulation. Berkeley, a tall, fair man, whose right sleeve was fastened against his breast, entered also.

"I saw Jim Byrd this morning," he remarked as he seated himself, after the customary greeting to his mother and sister. "He called here on his way over to Roy Garnett's, where he was going to bid good-bye. I asked him in to breakfast, but he couldn't stop; said he had promised Grace to take breakfast with them. He has to make a farewell tour, or old friends' feelings will be hurt. It's rather awful, and hard on Jim, but he couldn't bear the thought of the neighbors feeling slighted. I suggested a barbecue and a stump speech and bow, but the idea didn't seem to appeal to Jim. Poor old fellow!"

"Couldn't he contrive to hold Shirley, Berkeley?" questioned Mrs. Mason, as she passed his cup. "He had retained possession so long, there must have been some way to hold it altogether."

"No; the thing was impossible," replied Berkeley; "the plantation was mortgaged to the hub before Jim was born. The Byrds have been extravagant for generations, and a crash was inevitable. Old Mr. Byrd could barely meet the interest, even before the loss of Cousin Mary's money. During the last years of his life some of it was added to the principal, which made it harder work for Jim. But for Jim's management, and the fact that the creditors all stood like a row of blocks in which the fall of one would inevitably touch off the whole line, things would have gone to smash long ago. Rachel man was afraid to move in the matter, lest by so doing he should invite his own creditors to come down on him. Until lately they haven't bothered Jim much outside of wringing all the interest out of him; they could get. While his sisters were single, he was obliged to keep a home together for them, you know. Nina's marriage last spring removed that responsibility, and I reckon it's a relief to Jim to relinquish the struggle."

"What a pity old Mr. Byrd persuaded Mary to sell out her bonds, and invest the money in tobacco during the war!" observed Mrs. Mason, regretfully. "It would have been something for the children if she had kept the bonds. It was bad that those great warehouses, full of tobacco, belonging to the Byrds and Masons were burned in Richmond at the evacuation. Charlie Mason persuaded Mr. Byrd into that speculation, and although Charlie is my own cousin and Mary's brother, I must admit that he did wrong. Your father always disapproved of the sale of those bonds."

"The speculation was a good one, and would have paid splendidly had events arranged themselves differently; even at the worst no one could foresee the burning of Richmond. Cousin Mary's money couldn't have freed Shirley, but if things had gone well with the venture that tobacco would have done so, and left a handsome surplus. Charlie Mason is a man of fine judgment, and that he failed that time was through no fault of his. It was the fortunes of war."

Mrs. Mason sighed and dropped the subject. She was unconvinced, and continued to feel regret that Mr. Byrd had been allowed to work his speculative will with his wife's little patrimony. It would have been a serviceable nest-egg for the children, and a help to Jim in his long struggle.

Pocahontas helped herself to hot waffles, and sugared them with a liberal hand. "Dear old Jim," she said, calmly, "I wish he had come in; you should have assisted, Berkeley. It's cruel for him to have

A Father's Joy.
 A farmer lived in the long ago,
 I can't say just how long;
 He had three sons who were his pride—
 They all were stout and strong.

He wished to see their character
 Well formed without a blot,
 But his ambition was to make
 Each boy an expert shot.

His barn, just half a mile from home,
 He visited one day,
 And in it saw a staring owl,
 Then made quick haste away.

To tell his sons what he had seen
 Oh high up in the shed,
 And that, with rifle charged with ball,
 The owl they would strike dead.

Obedient to their sire's command,
 On to the barn they went,
 And with unerring aim a ball
 Into the owl's brain sent.

Exultant with the bird of night
 In hand, to bless their sire;
 One looking back in terror cried,
 "The barn is all afire!"

Back to the barn the trio ran
 To quench the incipient flame;
 Their efforts were of no avail,
 The barn to ashes came.

Sadly went the boys to tell
 The ruin they had wrought,
 By firing of that little gun,
 Their father's pride had bought.

The father looked as they drew near;
 Upon his brow a scowl;
 "I fear those boys won't amount to much,
 For they ain't got the owl."

And ere inquiry he could make,
 One boy in anguish dire
 Cried out, "Don't whip us, papa, dear,
 We set the barn afire!"

"The barn burnt down! Why how you talk;
 Well, that is pretty bad;
 But that you missed the owl to me's
 A matter much more sad."

"Nay, father, as the fellow sat
 A-winkin' overhead,
 I look dead aim and down he came,
 Shot through and through the head."

"Well done, my boy!" the father cried,
 As joy beamed in his eye;
 "The barn is burnt, but that is nought—
 You hit the owl, don't cry."

LAW OF SUNSTROKE.
A Kansas Court Holds That It is a Disease, Not Accident.

A sunstroke is not an accident, but a disease of the brain arising from natural and known causes. So, at least, was held yesterday by the United States Circuit Court at Kansas City in suit on an accident policy. The decision may have been perfectly correct from a legal point of view, says the New York *Star*, but it suggests the scientific character of the word "accident." In its general use the word almost always implies a notion of spontaneous chance, or at least of the operation of some unknown cause; but in the world, as we now know it, of unvarying sequence of cause and effect, "accident," in this sense, will soon be recognized as synonymous with "miracle" and with the advance of knowledge will disappear.

There remains, however, the very common and practical use of the word as designating any event that happens "without the design of the agent," to quote the words of the dictionary. But surely a sunstroke is an accident according to this definition. At some seasons in some tropical countries a sunstroke may follow exposure to the sun as certainly as a wetting follows exposure to the rain. Such is hardly the case in any part of the United States, for here in the severest summer heat only an infinitesimal number of people are sunstruck out of millions equally exposed and equally unconscious of danger. A disease of the brain may be the immediate cause of death, as is the rupture of a blood vessel when a man is killed by a brick from a roof falling on his head; but in each case the efficient cause is a peculiar combination of external conditions.

The word "sunstroke" itself shows that from the practical point of the victim or the bystanders the man might as well be struck down by a falling brick or a thunderbolt. And yet again, if everything that happens to a man without his design is an accident, all diseases not inherited nor rashly and voluntarily risked would be accidents, and the word would lose all definite significance. The meaning of "accident," like the meanings of most English words, varies indefinitely and illogically with the circumstance of its use, but summer tourists may do well to remember that in law it does not apply to a sunstroke.

FIGHT WITH PIRATES.
Twelve of Them Flee on Russian Soldiers With Deadly Effect.

A St. Petersburg cable says: At Batoum last night a boat containing five Russian soldiers met a strange boat manned by twelve pirates. The officer in command of the soldiers ordered the pirates to stop and allow the soldiers' boat to run alongside of them. The pirates answered by firing a volley from their rifles at the soldiers, killing four of them. The pirates then escaped, and the surviving soldier pulled ashore and gave the alarm. A boat manned by four soldiers then went in pursuit of the pirates and overhauled them. Again the pirates fired, killing two, and wounding the two remaining troopers. The wounded Russians managed to pull ashore and report their experience. A third boat better manned was sent after the pirates, but the latter escaped. A Russian gunboat has gone in pursuit of the pirate craft.

THE SENAPUTTY TO HANG.
The Leader of the Hardcore Manipuri to be Executed.

A Calcutta cable says: The Senaputty, second brother of the Maharajah and commander-in-chief of the Manipuri forces, has been convicted of rebelling against the Empress of India and of abetting the massacre of Chief Commissioner Quinton, Political Agent Grimwood, and other British officers in March last and has been sentenced to be hanged. This sentence is, however, subject to confirmation by the Viceroy of India.

The attempted reformation of an ideal is as hopeless a task as an attempt at rearranging the rainbow colors of a soap-bubble.

Joseph Ellinger, a famous Hungarian singer, died at Buda Pesth recently at the age of 71 years.

Ole Bull's son is soon to make his debut in this country. He has all of his father's talent for music.

RURAL URUGUAY.
A Country of Cattle Raisers and its Primitive Dwellings.

Excursions across the territory of Uruguay reveal nothing of very great interest to the tourist. The landscape in parts is pretty; some finely situated estancias are to be seen along the banks of the Uruguay; the vicinity of the Rio Negro, too, is especially interesting and characteristic of the fertile parts of the territory, which present a similar combination of water, wood, and rolling prairie. But, after all, one soon wearies of looking at the same kind of view hour after hour, league after league, and province after province. The fences of posts and wire are varied; sometimes by fences of aloes and cactus; the eucalyptus, the poplar, and other trees are also planted to form fences as in Chili; the roads, where one sees long teams of oxen toiling along with huge waggons, are as terrible as those of the Argentine; the prairies are dotted with innumerable herds of cattle and horses; occasionally you see two or three peasants wearing brown ponchos riding and driving animals before them; at long intervals you see one or two ranchos, or huts, where the peasants live. In the Argentine the ranchos appeared miserable enough, but in Uruguay I saw many even more primitive, mere huts of black mud, with a roof of maize straw, a floor of beaten earth, a doorway, but not always a window. The cabins of the Irish peasantry give some idea of the Uruguayan dwelling. It is a comfortable, unhealthy, rheumatic dwelling, less civilized than that of the Esquimaux, and more carelessly built than the most ordinary bird's nest.—From "The Republic of Uruguay," by Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine for May.

FREAKS OF FAMOUS MEN.
Stories of Cardinal Richelieu, the Great Conde, and Prince Conti.

Cardinal Richelieu, the famous French statesman, often gave way to irrepressible proxysms of laughter after returning from the secret sessions of the council. If he had been especially clever in outwitting an enemy, he galloped round and round the billiard table, neighed like a horse, pranced, and kicked out right and left like a charger caracoling.

The great Conde, while listening to a long-winded address of welcome from a village magistrate, amazed that worthy official by taking advantage of a low bow to leap over him. The magistrate, on recovering from his surprise, faced round and continued his speech, taking good care not to give the famous marshal a chance for a second spring by making too low a reverence; but his caution was in vain. Conde grasped him by both shoulders and took another jump.

Prince Conti had the odd trick of barking exactly like a little yapping lap dog, and not infrequently barked at a lady instead of answering her. Once he was seized with a desire to perform this strange antic while in the throne-room of Louis XIV., but knowing how furiously le grand monarch would have resented such an infringement of his royal dignity, Conti hurried to an open window and, leaning out, pressed his handkerchief over his mouth and barked softly to his heart's content.

The Spring Bride at the Market.

In a close-fitting tailor-made dress and a light-colored cape of Persian lamb, she appeared before the stall keepers at a noted Harlem market. She carried a Russian leather note-book with a gold pencil, and the most artistic little willow basket imaginable.

"Oh, the dear little piggy," she exclaimed, walking up to where a number of pigs were incarcerated. "How much are they a pair?"

"Forty shillings, mum," said the butcher. "I'm that pretty dear?" she asked timidly. "I guess I'll take some oysters, instead," she said, walking over to where the men were busy opening the emblems of silence. "I want some oysters sent up, scalloped oysters," she said, "with plenty of raisins in them."

"Oh! those lovely pure pumpkins," she said, walking over to a stand where a lot of Wollongong cheese was displayed.

"I'll take four of these. I know it's plebeian, but Reginald does like pumpkin pies."

"Are all hams yellow like these?" she asked, pointing to a counter full.

"No, miss, that's only the cover," said the man in charge.

"Those lovely pink onions will just match my china. How do you sell them a dozen?"

"Seventeen and six a hundred," said the huckster.

"Send me up two hundred weight," she said.

The Value of "May" and "Should."

A Terre Haute, Ind., despatch says: The use of the word "should" instead of "may" gives a convicted murderer a chance for freedom. Harry Trogon was found guilty of the murder of Hays Sanders and given a three-years' sentence. In his instruction to the jury the judge said: "You should consider also the statements he makes, whether they are reasonable or unreasonable," etc. The defence held that the Supreme Court had decided the word "may" should be used instead of "should," and the instruction was in error. The judge granted a new trial on that ground.

Smash-up on the Big Four.

A Lithfield, Ill., despatch says: A passenger train on the Big Four road was run into yesterday morning by a freight train at Eight Angles, wrecking the baggage car and the coach. About twenty passengers were in the coach, all of whom were more or less hurt. Thomas Clegg, of Mattoon, Ill., was fatally injured. Conductor Dixon and Brakesman Miller were severely injured.

If your dogs and cats disturb the neighbors by howling in the night, it is your fault, not theirs. You have no more right to let them disturb neighbors by howling in the night than you have to go out in your back yard and howl yourselves; and if by reason of your neglect they are poisoned or otherwise killed, it is your fault.—Our Dumb Animals.

The most quietly entertaining people are those who speak a variety of truth without intending it and are fantastically witty without knowing it.

SWALLOWED A SNAKE.
It is in Benjamin Gilbert's Stomach and He Believes It is a Foot Long.

A Garrison, N. Y., despatch says: The case of Benjamin Gilbert is exciting great interest at this place. Gilbert is the man who swallowed a small frog or reptile of some sort recently, while drinking water from a brook at night. Gilbert is about 35 years of age. He is a hod carrier and is employed on a new house now being erected in the mountains by Mr. Wm. Osborn, son of the railroad magnate of that name. I saw Gilbert to-night at 11 o'clock at his home. He boarded in a little brown house three miles east of the home of Mrs. Margaret Robinson. Gilbert had the adventure referred to last Monday night, while returning home from a lark with some convivial fellows. He put his head out of an upper window to-night after I had repeatedly rapped on the door. He refused to come down stairs and be interviewed, saying that he was too ill from the effects of the reptile he had swallowed to do so.

Gilbert is naturally a heavily-built man but during the last few days he said he has lost a great deal of flesh. He informed me unpleasantly of an experience of swallowing what he thought was a reptile. He added that, as he took a long draught of water, he felt something smooth glide down his throat. He ceased drinking at once, put his fingers in his throat as far as he could and attempted to draw the thing back, but Gilbert says he only caught hold of the tail of the reptile, or whatever it was, and it slipped through his fingers. It went on down his throat and into his stomach. He claims to have experienced no inconvenience from it until the next afternoon. Then he began to feel a gripping sensation at the pit of his stomach. He placed his hand upon his stomach and could plainly feel something wriggling around there.

On the day following, and on Thursday also, Gilbert says he felt so ill that he could not work, but still he declined to have a doctor, hoping to get relief from his trouble without medical assistance.

On Friday and Saturday he was at work, however, and on the latter day spoke for the first time about his trouble. He said that all to-day he had been troubled with nausea and severe headache. He says he can still feel the reptile in his stomach, and is now thoroughly alarmed concerning his condition. He informed me that if he lived until to-morrow morning he would have a physician and get what help he could. He also declared that his recent loss of flesh was due to the effect of the snake in his stomach.

Gilbert remarked that he was sure he had swallowed a young black snake, which was probably about a foot long. He is one of three ruggedly built brothers, all of whom live here in the mountains.

RIOTOUS LONDON LAUNDRESSES.
They Raid Laundries, Maltreat "Black-legs," and Bedraggle Linen.

A London cable says: At an early hour this morning there was a meeting of laundresses in North London, and, after speech-making and some wrangling, 300 of the women announced their intention of striking, and they did. The laundresses demand the eight-hour day and 42 pence for a day's labor. The demands are considered excessive by the employers. The strikers, enraged at the fact that all the laundresses in North London did not join in the strike, marched in a body to the establishments where the "blacklegs" were employed, and, after smashing the windows of such establishments, the striking laundresses invaded the laundries, and, with many taunts and jeers, dragged the "blacklegs" away from their work, upset or emptied the washtubs, overturned the ironing tables, knocked over the clothes horses, and played havoc generally with the mass of clean linen. The police were utterly powerless to prevent the demonstration.

CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.
A Farm Hand Dies from the Effects of a Fall from His Wagon.

A London despatch says: Henry Forsyth, living in the gore of London, fell off a load of manure while at work on the farm of W. H. K. Talbot, market gardener, last evening, and died at midnight. The deceased was a laborer, and worked for several farmers near his home. He was on a load of manure with Mr. Talbot's son at the time of the accident, and when going over a rough spot he was jolted off and struck the ground heavily on his head, stunning him. He regained consciousness shortly afterward, but complained of a pain in the head, and a doctor was called and found him suffering from concussion of the brain. The unfortunate man again soon lost consciousness and died. He leaves no family.

Signor Corte As Munchausen.

A Rome cable says: The *Fanfulla* states that Signor Corte, late Italian consul at New Orleans, at the request of Premier Rudini, has prepared a report on the New Orleans affair. Corte affirms that the victims belonged to no particular society, but were Italians and were competing in the labor market against natives; that immediately after the murder of the Italian prisoners his American servants ran away, and that he himself and his secretary barricaded the consulate and armed themselves with revolvers, the lynchers having threatened to attack the consulate, and being prevented only by influential citizens intervening.

Scientific Whipping.

Pall Mall Gazette: The "anti-baby-beating" society is, we understand, in favor of the juvenile whipping bill, but urges upon Parliament (1) that the opportunity of the bill should be taken to totally abolish juvenile imprisonment; and (2) that a schedule of regulations should be introduced to the bill, strictly defining (a) the size of the birch, (b) the place, (c) the reasonable manner of its application, (d) the number of the strokes for 7 years old, and for each subsequent additional two years of age, and (e) finally, that the birching ought not to be inflicted at a prison or police station, but at the offender's house.

"Look at the crowd around the corner. What's the matter?" Baggs—Oh, nothing, only a policeman killed by an accidental discharge of duty.

TRIALS OF AN AUTHOR.
The Check of a Woman Whose Poem Was Declined.

There came to a man who has been a success in literature which we should envy did we not all agree that he deserves it, says Arlo Bates in the *Book-Buyer*, a lady who was neither young nor fair, but who had the assurance of youth in combination with the obstinacy of advancing years.

"I have lived," she said to him, that I must earn my living by writing poems. I sent a poem to the *Blank Magazine* and they returned it with a printed slip. Now, I want you to write to the editor and tell him that he made a mistake."

It naturally seemed to the author that he had to deal with a humorist or a mad woman; but the lady was certainly in earnest and apparently sane. He endeavored to show her that it was not his business to interfere with the decisions of editors of magazines, who might be supposed to know their own business.

The lady insisted, however, and at the end he was forced to decline point blank to do what she asked. Thereupon she turned upon him, and declared that he was out in order that they may have the field to themselves, and who are mainly jealous of other authors who are sure to eclipse them if they are but heard.

"It is all a ring," she declared with vehemence. "I have been told so before, and now I am sure of it. I can't make you do justice to me, but I can show you up."

Her method of "showing him up" has been to send letters of bitter invective to the papers, one of which fell into my hands. Of course nobody would print them, but she perseveres, and in addition to this she sends to the luckless author, whose crime it is that he did not make the editor print the rhymes of an unknown woman, a letter once a week.

Of course he burns them unopened, and it is not easy to see what satisfaction it can be to the woman to keep on with this sort of thing; but the fact remains that she does. The story is not of profound import, but upon the life of the successful author of to-day.

WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION?
Brooklyn Navy Yard Authorities Puzzled by a Strange Occurrence.

A Brooklyn despatch says: This afternoon a loud explosion started the men at work in the Navy Yard, and smoke was seen arising from the new cruiser, Philadelphia, lying at the dock at the foot of Main street. There was no powder on the ship, and what it was that exploded could not be learned this afternoon. The explosion occurred in the magazine forward below the berth deck, and Joseph James, captain of the hold, was knocked insensible and severely burned. He was taken to the hospital. The fire was put out without much damage to the Philadelphia. A rigorous investigation is to be prosecuted as to the cause of the explosion. A wild rumor was prevalent that one of the crew attempted to blow the ship up, but Captain Rogers, of the Philadelphia, and Captain of the Yard Kane, scouted the idea.

Lincoln's Prediction.

Abraham Lincoln was a patriotic seer, and withal the tortuous turmoil of his public life discerned coming events which were foreshadowed but dimly in his time. Often to intimate friends he spoke of the unsettling of values and the spendthrift use of vast sums of money during the war, giving rise to various wild and unscrupulous forms of speculation by which money was diverted from the pockets of the masses to those of millionaires. Foreseeing the results of this tendency, he expressed, only a few days before his death, the following prediction: "I see in the near future a crisis arising which unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, and an area of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this time more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my fears are groundless."

In these latter days we have the utterance of Jerry Simpson, one of the new "off" departure school of politicians, to the effect that slavery never made a millionaire, while "the system which grew out of the war made a thousand millionaires in the single city of New York."

Mr. Lincoln was a plain, hard, matter of fact man. Every plan he formulated proved of greater or less practical intrinsic value. He was not given to vagaries. He frequently, in confidence, expressed to friends, his omens that the enemy of popular government was the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and the substitution of the influence of the moneyed class for that of the people's voice at the polls. Does not the present situation more or less verify Lincoln's prediction and warning—*Rochester Herald.*

Where Criminals Come From.

Philadelphia *Public Ledger:* Social conditions and environments undoubtedly have much to do with shaping the lives of the young for good or for evil. The child born into a home of intemperance, ignorance, sloth, vice or crime, and environed daily and hourly during the formative period of the mind, is much more likely than not to form his character in accordance with his surroundings, and to make his life of a kind with the lives of those with whom he is constantly in intimate communication. Idleness at a time when youthful blood flows warmly and eagerly, when the passions are developing, becomes a strong and persistent incentive to crime.

"No, Miss Amy," remarked young Dr. Paresis, "as a physician I cannot accept the Biblical account of such longevity as Methuselah's." "O, I can," replied Miss Amy, sweetly, "there were no doctors in those days."

"Who held the pass of the Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class said: "Father, I reckon; he holds a pass on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

THE JUGGERNAUT JOGS ON.
2,000 Men Drag It and 50,000 See It Roll.

The annual procession of the Juggernaut Car will take place this month at Serampore, about fourteen miles from Calcutta. The car is forty feet in height, though appearing rather less from the fact that it was photographed from the top of a house. It was made principally of iron, and weighs about forty tons.

The colors in which it is painted are bright red and yellow. On the top platform is placed the image of the god Juggernaut, covered at first with a veil. The withdrawal of this veil is the signal for setting the car in motion.

It is dragged away by means of three ropes, by about 2,000 men, to a spot some hundred yards off, where it is left for eight days, and then retaken to its former resting place.

It is estimated that 50,000 Hindoos come from different parts of India to celebrate the festival.

Observations.

No man is accountable for the mistakes of his friends.

Don't call a spade a spade when it is a shovel.

No man ever yet minded his own business who didn't get into trouble.

However great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are always greater.

A man is frequently known by the company he keeps out of.

Honesty is the best policy, because it is the only policy which insures against loss of character.

Don't lose sight of an honorable enemy; he'll make a good friend.

The soaring hawk has no ear for music, and rates the cry of the partridge above the song of the nightingale.

After a while the king will do no wrong, because he will never have a chance.

The man who believes in ghosts may be a better citizen than the one who does not believe in his fellow-creatures.

Fashion and decency should be always on good terms.

English Mourning.

Here are some of the latest regulations a laigleuse: Mourning for a parent is worn for twelve months, six months with crape, six months black without crape, then slight mourning, such as gray or black and white, is worn for a few months longer. The same rules apply to parents' mourning for children. For quite an infant mourning is worn more than three months. For brothers and sisters mourning is usually worn for the same period as for a parent, though some persons consider six months a sufficient length of time. In each case the exclusion from society is for two months, though of course on this, as on many other points, one must be guided by personal inclination and circumstances. For a grandparent, from six to nine months is the time mourning is generally worn, half the period with crape, the latter half without. The time of seclusion from society is from three weeks to a month. For an uncle, aunt, or cousin, nephews and nieces, mourning is worn for three months, generally without crape, and few persons go into society for a month. For more distant relatives mourning is only worn for a month, and seclusion from society is not necessary.

A Haunted Berth-Deck Removed.

A newspaper which generally furnishes authentic and reliable marine news, the *Chicago Times*, is responsible for this: It is stated as an actual fact that the berth deck of the United States man-of-war *Monongahela* has just been reconstructed on account of the ghost of old Surgeon Keiser. Whole crews who had been in the ship testified that "No. 3, port side," was haunted. Men who slept in that room alone would wake up and find the cold corpse of Keiser in bed with them, his one eye set in a fishy stare, the red beard matted with seaweed. Not more than one person ever saw the ghost at the same time, but the berth was always found literally soaked with icy salt water.

You won't make any mistake if you drink plenty of lemonade this season of the year at all or any hours, but for the preservation of the teeth, which are not improved by acids of any sort, straws should be provided. In their absence use a spoon, so as to swallow the refreshing liquid without letting it touch the denture.

That the United States is a beer-drinking nation is evidenced by the fact that for the year ending April 30, 1891, they consumed 30,000,000 barrels of the amber fluid.

A Scotch gentleman of fortune on his deathbed asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the Kirk, his salvation would be secured. The cautious minister responded: "I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying."

The Queen of Roumania has undertaken to write on the subject of Bucharest for a great illustrated work of the capitals of the world, which is now being prepared in Paris. Vienna will be treated by Mme. Adam and Tokio by Judith Gautier.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES

OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLIC, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh preserver. Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, BOSTON, U.S.A.

WITHOUT exaggeration or undue flattery, the *Toronto Globe* is the ablest conducted newspaper published in Canada, while its Saturday edition will compare very favorably with any journal published on this continent.

THE Manitoba crops are in a most hopeful condition, the acreage under crop being 264,893 acres in excess of that cultivated last year. Different from Ontario, if the crops fail in Manitoba the people are deprived of their only means of subsistence, whereas in Ontario the extensive dairying and stock-raising business serves as an offset to poor crops. A bountiful harvest in Manitoba means considerable to farmers having from 300 to 1,000 acres under crop. A failure of the same is likewise a very serious matter.

THE following resolution was passed at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church at Kingston: That this Assembly re-affirm the opinion of past Assemblies regarding the nature of the general liquor traffic and its evil effects on individual, family and social life, and the necessity of the faithful preaching of the Gospel to effectually overcome these evils and build up a Godly, temperate and prosperous nation; that it asserts its conviction that, in the matter of legislation, nothing short of prohibition, rigidly enforced by the proper authorities, should ever be accepted as final or satisfactory, and that it is now the duty of the Dominion Parliament to enact such a law.

THE *Montreal Star* says: It has been remarked as a curious coincidence that fifty years ago Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were young men just beginning their careers in Kingston. Sir John was then a newly fledged lawyer, Mr. Mowat a student in his office and Mr. Mackenzie a working stonemason. None of them had anything like the advantage for education and training now so bountifully supplied throughout the country. In the case of each of these three Canadian worthies, advancement on a career of honor and usefulness was the result of personal pluck, energy, ability and the wise use of opportunities. Canada offers even a better field now than it did then to young men of like ability and character, and the fact that no three youthful contemporaries of the three Premiers, raised in wealth and assisted by friends, achieved the success they did, is proof that the field was open to them as it is now to young men who have the stuff in them that leads to success.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The Canada Presbyterian in the following paragraph points out one of the leading points of difference between the Liberal and Conservative parties of Canada. It says:

The dying hours of Sir John Macdonald were not made bitter by the ingratitude of his political friends. Never since party government began did any party stand more loyally by their chief than the Conservatives of Canada have stood by Sir John for more than a quarter of a century. If some of them turned or remained away from the polls in '74 the fault was not theirs. In this respect the Conservatives of Canada and perhaps of Great Britain, present a marked contrast to the Liberals. The Liberals are always exacting, are easily offended, are often cruelly unreasonable in their demands, and are greatly given to finding fault with their own best men. Of course this is not true of all, but it is true of a number large enough to make service of the Liberal party exceedingly difficult and precarious. A step that would ruin Mr. Laurier or cost Mr. Mowat his place would simply stiffen the backs of Sir John Macdonald's friends. Sir John, of course, deserved much of the praise given him for managing men, but it should not be forgotten that his party has always been comparatively easy to manage. Loyalty to their leader has always been one of their chief characteristics. Possibly they may at times have carried their loyalty to excess, but we venture to say few of them regret at the present moment the course they pursued. When able men like Mr. Mowat or Sir John devote their lives to their country they certainly deserve the support of their friends. This Canada of ours needs all the statesmen she has, and she has never treated many of them too generously.

THE Supreme Court will take no action in the Manitoba school legislation until next October.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Published by request.
When mother was to father wed,
Some sixty years ago,
Girls weren't so proud as they are now,
Nor dressed to make a show.

Each dress was then short waisted cut,
Plain, narrow, short the skirts;
Women dressed modestly and plain,
But men wore ruffled shirts.

My darling mother's wedding dress,
Of calico was made;
It cost some fifty cents a yard;
'Twould wash and would't fade.

And she had worn it many times,
And washed it too, I guess,
Ere she stood up to father wed,
In that stamped cotton dress.

Then women's hair was parted prim,
Combed smooth around each ear;
Men wore such long, thick beauty-locks,
That they could hardly hear.

These townships were a wilderness,
Wolves prowled beneath its shade,
And when the night had fallen dark,
Terrific howls they made.

And wild-cats, deer, moose, caribou
And bears stalked to and fro,
In this vast howling wilderness,
Some sixty years ago.

And houses then were made of logs,
Mother's had but one room,
Scant space for beds, chairs, table and stools,
And place to set her loom.

And mother hadn't any stove,
Of any kind, at all;
So father built a big fire place,
Close up against the wall.

This old fire-place of stones was built,
Some large and others small,
And then he built with cedar sticks,
A chimney wide and tall.

Lime mortar was beyond his reach,
(He'd hard work to get bread),
So he made mortar out of clay,
And that he used instead.

He in the first place put a crane,
And on the crane a hook,
And on the hook a pot was hung,
Thus mother used to cook.

And this old fire-place broad and large,
We gathered round at night,
We needed neither lamp nor gas,
The fire glow gave us light.

And here we children danced and played,
In this one cluttered room,
And when we littered up the house,
'Twas swept with cedar broom.

And in the ashes on the hearth,
In winter we popped corn,
And sometimes we played "fox and geese,"
Till mother would us warn,

That it was time we should retire;
Then soon our sleepy heads
Were lying quietly and still,
In our low trundle beds.

And we were happy and content,
In this one room so small,
As those who dwell in castle grand,
In palace, or in hall.

TRY

THE BEE

—FOR THE—

BALANCE OF 1891

—ONLY—

50-GENTS-50

THE BEE is the best printed, best written and newsmiest village newspaper in Ontario.—Stratford Beacon.

THE BEE

Is one of the

BEST ADVERTISING MED- IUMS IN PERTH.

CRADLE.

FLOOD.—In Elma, on Sunday, June 28 the wife of Mr. John Flood, of a daughter.

LOCHHEAD.—In London, on June 17th, 1891, the wife of Mr. John Loch-head, of a daughter.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$ 98	\$1 00
Spring Wheat	90	95
Barley	45	48
Oats	40	45
Peas	60	65
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	60	60
Butter per lb.	13	14
Eggs per doz.	11	11

TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.

Fall Wheat	\$1 05	\$1 05
Spring Wheat	1 03	1 05
Barley	50	51
Oats	45	46
Peas	75	78
Hay	8 00	8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00	5 50
Eggs	11	12
Butter	12	14
Potatoes per bag	1 00	1 10

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.

Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express	7:21 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.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Atwood	8:00 a.m.	Mitchell	2:30 p.m.
Newry	8:05 a.m.	B'rnho'm	3:30 p.m.
Monkton	9:00 a.m.	Mankton	4:45 p.m.
Bornho'm	10:15 a.m.	Newry	5:55 p.m.
Mitchell	11:15 p.m.	Atwood	6:00 p.m.

House and Lot

For Sale or to Rent.

THE undersigned offers for sale or to rent his splendid frame house situated on Main street, south of G.T.R., Atwood, containing 7 rooms, together with a never failing spring well and other conveniences. Terms to suit the purchaser.

ALEX. CAMPBELL,
23-4in Atwood, Ont.

THE VERY LATEST IN

MILLINERY

Hats, Trimmed
And Untrimmed.

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

Pongee Silks & Satins

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

DRESS GOODS.

HOSIERY, GLOVES AND EMBROIDERIES.

Eggs taken the same as Cash.

Mrs. Johnson.

—FROM—

\$12 to \$20!

The warm summer days are at hand, and you are doubtless meditating a change of clothing. Perhaps you are in need of a

SUMMER SUIT.

If so, leave your measure with us, we keep nothing but the best goods at right prices.

Let dogs delight to yelp and bite,
For 'tis their nature so,
At Currie's shop, across the way,
They say his goods are low.

In Scottish Tweeds and Pantings fine,
His styles attract the gaze;
So to be neat your purchase make
Which best your form displays.

Canadian Tweeds and Worsteds Suits
From figures Twelve to Twenty,
Are said by some to be as low
If not lower than McGinty,
And he's at the bottom, etc.

CURRIE & HEUGHAN,
ATWOOD, ONT.

The Bottom

All the Home News

WILL BE FOUND IN

THE BEE

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

50 CTS. TO JAN. 1, '92.

TENDERS.

Township of Elma.

SEALED Tenders (marked Tenders for Bridge) will be received by the undersigned up to 10 o'clock a.m., July 18th, 1891, for the erection of a new bridge on creek, con-4, at Mr. Turnbull's. Contractor to furnish all material and give security. Plan and specifications can be seen at my office, Atwood, between 9 and 5 o'clock each day.

THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk Elma, Atwood P. O.
Atwood, June 30, 1891.



TENDERS.

Township of Elma.

SEALED Tenders (marked Tenders for Drain) will be received by the undersigned up to 10 o'clock a.m., July 18, 1891, for each section (separately) for digging, grubbing and for all work in connection with a municipal drain, running through South-west of Elma and South-east of Grey; Contractors to state how much per rod and to name (2) responsible securities in tender. Plan, profile and specifications can be seen at my office, Atwood, between the hours of 9 and 5 o'clock each day. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk Elma.
Atwood, June 29, 1891.

KNOCKED OUT

Of the Tailoring Trade entirely.

Canadian all wool Tweed Suits for

\$10.00.

Scotch Tweed Suits for

\$16.00.

Irish Tweed Suits for

\$17.00.

All wool Tweed Pants for

\$2.00.

Give Us a Call

And Save from

\$2 to \$5 on One Suit.

R.M. Ballantyne.

FARMERS !!

MILLMEN !!

ATTENTION !!

WHEN buying oil for your machinery ask for **McCull's Lardine Machine Oil** and see that you get it. It is considered by all to be the best machine oil in the world for all sorts of machinery. For sale by all first class dealers throughout Canada. Manufactured solely by McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

FOR SALE BY **J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.**

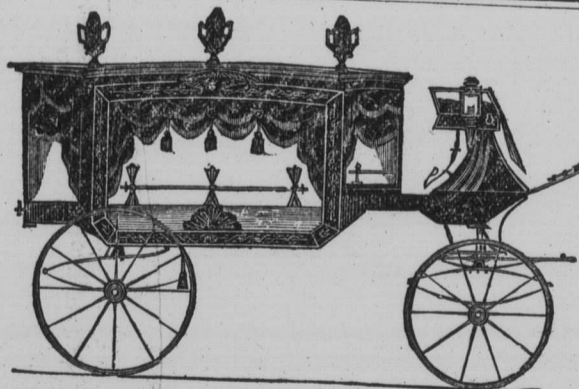
THE 777 STORE !

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 Wiggins, Baby Carriages, different prices, different kinds. Parties purchasing \$10 and over worth may have goods delivered to any part of Elma township free of cost.

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

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

Paris Green.

You want to have

Good Potatoes

therefore you should Buy your

PARIS--- ---GREEN

where you are sure that it is

---PURE---

Call at the

Atwood Drug Store,

and you will have an opportunity of examining before purchasing. You will also find all the latest inventions for

KILLING FLIES.

M. E. NEEDS,

Drugs and Books,
Atwood.

Town Talk

JULY.

STRAWBERRIES are here. HUGH JACK and Will Angus, of Newton, Sunday in town.

ATWOOD and Elma township were well represented at the farmers' excursion to Guelph last Saturday. Over 200 tickets were sold by station agent Knox.

R. M. BALLANTYNE has just added a splendid line of Scotch, Irish and Canadian tweeds to his already large stock, and his quotations for suits made from these goods will surprise you for cheapness. Just think of an all-wool pair of tweed pants for \$2! See quotations in his adyt.

THE Band favored THE BEE with several selections of music Thursday evening of last week. The boys play well, and are deserving of the hearty support of the people of the village. A good band is the life of a place, but it cannot thrive without the liberal financial support of the citizens, generally.

35 FEET OF GIRLS.—Don't this sound funny? Rather. Well, let us explain: Six young ladies stretched themselves out on Wm. Dunn's lawn one day last week, and Mrs. Dunn undertook the task to measure them with a tape line. They measured exactly 35 feet. Their names are: Misses Alice, Annie and Miriam Dunn, Ella F. Hawke, Beckie Easson and Belle Sharman. We would consider this a pretty fair average height for domestic furniture.

It is stated that the short hay crop in Quebec Province will be made more certain by the conduct of many farmers who are plowing up their meadows for oats or turning them into pasture lands. This move on the part of the farmer is in the right direction. A hay crop is bulky and impoverishes the soil, already poor enough through many crops and the neglect of manuring. The crop is an uncertain one, and hay dealers are not always in the best of favor at the bank, while by turning a portion of meadow into pasture the farmer should be able to turn his grass into butter, cheese and cattle, all of which are capable of yielding him a fair and almost certain profit.

SATURDAY, the 20th of June, Her Majesty the Queen reigned over the United Kingdom fifty-four years, having succeeded to the throne on the 20th of June, 1837, on the death of her uncle, William IV. This length of reign has been exceeded by only two other English Sovereigns, Henry III, who reigned fifty-six years, and George III, the Queen's grandfather, who reigned for nearly sixty years, though it may be said of the last ten years of his life he was mentally incapacitated from performing any of his high functions. With the exception of the King of Denmark, who is one year older than the Queen, Her Majesty is the oldest reigning sovereign, and the little King of Spain, the youngest. Recent events will certainly cause all true Britons to say "Long live the Queen."

ALEX. CAMPBELL offers his splendid house and lot for sale or to rent in this issue. He will sell it cheap.

TRUE politeness consists in being easy on one's self, and in making everybody about as easy as one can.

OUR Homes Publishing Co., of Brockville, have assigned, and the sheriff is in possession of the Warton Encore. Hard luck.

The clergyman wastes his breath who talks of the happiness of the world to come to a youth who has just received his first love letter.

THE crop of strawberries is proving more abundant than is generally supposed. There are indications also of a splendid crop of raspberries this year.

Two members of the Plymouth Brethren exhorted on the street Friday night to a goodly number who had gathered out of curiosity to hear them.

THE Orangemen of North Perth have decided to go to Walkerton to celebrate the 12th year. Quite a few are opposed to being trailed so far this hot weather.

JOHN ROBINSON's great circus has arranged to exhibit throughout Western Ontario during July. It will show at places contiguous on the Grand Trunk Railway.

THE Londesboro' correspondent to the Clinton New Era says:—Mr. McBain took Rev. Mr. Ferguson's work on Sabbath last, and was listened to with profit and pleasure by his old friends.

THE prize list for the next Toronto Industrial Fair, which is to be held from the 7th to the 19th September, has been issued. Copies can be procured by dropping a post card to Mr. Hill, the secretary, at Toronto.

WHERE do you intend spending your summer vacation? Whether it be east or west, north or south, J. A. Hacking, of Listowel, can supply you with tickets and all necessary information. See him before purchasing your tickets.

SCHOOL teachers who purpose attending the National Educational Association Convention in Toronto, July 14th to 17th, must secure certificates from their Inspector that they are bona fide teachers, in order to have the advantage of the reduced rates.

THE Britton picnic, June 30th, was not inferior to other gatherings held in that place. The crowd was large, the provisions were abundant, the sports and fun unlimited. Music was furnished by several ladies, speeches by Rev. Cameron and Messrs. T. M. Wilson, J. Hird and S. Boyd.

IN making roads it is the worst policy imaginable to put drain mud, or even rich black soil on the crown of any road, as is very frequently done; better to draw the rich soil away and put it on some cultivated field, where it will do most good, and finish up the road with gravel, or even hard clay or barren sand.

A TALE is told of Sir John when he was seriously sick in 1870, and was so reduced that his medical attendant would only give him the soft portion of an oyster and a little claret at a time. Sir John, though by no means a great eater, wanted more and asked for more. "You must be contented, Sir John," was the reply, "remember the hopes of Canada are on you." "Well, doctor," said Sir John, "it's a funny thing if the hopes of Canada rest on half an oyster."

This man thought he could run his store cheaper without advertising, and that is the way he got SKINNED!

DEANERY OF PERTH.—The first annual Sunday school convention in St. James' church, St. Marys, Tuesday, July 7th. This is the program:—Morning session—11 a. m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in St. James' church. No sermon. Afternoon session—2:30 p. m.—Hymn, reading of scripture and prayer. 2:45 to 3 p. m.—Address of welcome by the president. 3 to 3:30 p. m.—"How to make our Sunday schools more efficient." Paper by T. D. Stanley, St. Marys. 3:30 to 4 p. m.—Discussion upon the paper. 4 to 4:30 p. m.—"The relationship of the Sunday school to the church." Paper by the Rev. G. R. Beamish, assistant minister, St. James' church, Stratford. 4:30 to 5 p. m.—Discussion. 5 to 5:30 p. m.—Question drawer opened and questions answered. 5:30 to 6 p. m.—Reports from the Sunday schools of the Deanery. Evening session.—7:46 p. m.—Opening service. 8 to 8:30 p. m.—"Sunday school work generally." What I have seen and what I know of it. Address by the Rev. J. C. Farthing, Rector of St. Paul's church, Woodstock. 8:30 to 9 p. m.—Discussion. 9 to 9:30 p. m.—"How can parents help the work of the Sunday school?" Address by Rev. A. Dewdney, rector of Trinity church, Mitchell. 9:30 to 10 p. m.—Discussion. An offertory will be taken up at each session to defray expenses. All who are interested in church and Sunday school work are invited to attend. Hospitality will gladly be extended to those who come.

GAREN PARTY.—Owing to a similar gathering in Moncton the L. O. G. T. lawn social was not as largely attended on Monday evening as it otherwise would have been. The night was all that could be desired, and the visitors apparently enjoyed themselves splendidly. The program, consisting of choruses by the quartette club, recitations by Miss Robertson, and a reading by Sydney Holmes, etc., was of a very pleasing character. Miss Robertson recited "The Last Hymn" in a manner that did her credit. Refreshments were provided for those who were disposed to indulge, and altogether the affair was up to the average entertainment of this sort. J. W. Ward performed the onerous duties of chairman with grace and acceptance. The receipts netted about \$20. The Order, under whose auspices the social was held, is making substantial progress, new additions being made almost weekly.

VISIT TO THE FARM.—The excursion to the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, last Saturday, was largely and enthusiastically patronized by the farmers of Elma and Grey townships. It was gotten up under the direction of the North Perth Farmers' Institute. About 7:30 a. m. the long train pulled out of the Atwood station having on board 204 of the sturdy sons and daughters of Elma. We learned from the station agent that 118 got on at Brussels 44 at Ethel, 20 at Henfry, and 212 at Listowel. Altogether over 800 people from this district took in the excursion, including James Grieve, M. P., who put in a splendid time with his constituents. When Guelph was reached (about noon) cabs were in readiness to take the visitors to the farm for the trifle of 10 cents apiece. Here the party were joined by two other mammoth excursions from East Simcoe and East York, making in all 2,000 people, mostly farmers, who came to see how farming could be conducted on scientific principles. At the college main entrance the President, Prof. Mills, hospitably received the guests, and after a few words of welcome, directed them to the barn where a splendid free lunch, consisting of ham sandwiches, cheese, biscuits and tea, was served. Too much cannot be said in praise of the lunch thus provided. It was good and there was enough for all and to spare. During luncheon Prof. Mills and Shaw delivered short impromptu addresses on the aims and objects of the institution, which could not fail to impress the average mind with the thoroughness of the system of training taught there. It was a school of practical farming, and a glance at the surroundings would at once convince one of the sincerity of their remarks. The museum, dairy, horticultural gardens, stables, experimental plots, each served to entertain and instruct, and each was a model in itself. The broad fields of growing grain stretching far to the east was a sight not soon to be forgotten, though it was painfully evident that rain had not fallen for some time and as a result the ground looked parched and baked. We afterwards learned that the farm had had only one shower since seeding time. The farm contains 500 acres and is beautifully situated. Prof. Shaw took as many of the visitors as cared to accompany him to the experimental plots, and in his usually interesting way described the nature, growth and superiority as well as the inferiority of many of the 600 varieties of grain growing on the farm. It was a sight worth seeing—grain imported from almost every nation of the world growing in little plots side by side. Although the soil set apart for each variety of seed received similar treatment and the seed sown the same day, there was a marked difference in the growth of the grains. From what we could learn the grains commonly grown by our farmers still lead and are superior to many of the newer varieties. Very few of the new grains give promise of surpassing the old and tried varieties. The Professor then escorted us to the pasture lands, where he gave a few practical hints on the best methods of raising sheep for the foreign market, and of killing thistles in pasture lands, and in fields of growing grain. He recommended spudding, say four times the first year, three times the second, and two times the third and fourth years. This he claimed would completely annihilate thistles in any field. The stables were next visited and were found to be as complete in their equipment as could be conceived, in fact everything in connection therewith was a combination of economy, convenience and comfort. It is here one sees perfect specimens of the horse, cow, sheep and hog. To see a perfect specimen of anything is to admire it. Of course the average farmer cannot have barns fences and stock on a par with the Model Farm, for the reason they have not the capital, yet many, if not all of our farms, could be managed in much better and in a more economical way. While every detail of the system taught at the Guelph farm could not be introduced into average farming the primary principles taught and exemplified there could and should be adopted by every farmer who is anxious to promote the interests of his calling in life. The stock should be well bred, the soil should be properly cultivated, drained and manured, good fences put up where necessary, and stables made warm and convenient, and always kept clean. All this and much more could be accomplished without the assistance of the Ontario Government or a large bank account. Some people have the idea that farming is akin to slavery and work at it with about as much vim as the fettered slave, and thus allow their work to move along in a slipshod fashion, instead of throwing their soul into their work and striving to make farming a source of pleasure as well as profit. About six p. m. the weary excursionists left the farm and Royal City, feeling grateful to the professors for their kind and courteous treatment, having learned important lessons in the art and science of modern agriculture. The people of Ontario have abundant reason to feel proud of the Ontario Agricultural College and its efficient staff of professors.

James Irwin,

A GOOD STORY IN A FEW WORDS!

When You Want Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Hats, &c.,

You Can't do Better than Try JAMES IRWIN.

Butter, Eggs and Dried Meat bought. Highest Price always paid.

Atwood, : Ontario.

Wool Wanted!

Highest Cash Price Paid for Wool
AT THE
Listowel Woolen Mill

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

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

Come and See for Yourself.

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

14 3m
B. F. BROOK & SON.

Richmond Pea Harvester!



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

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

HORSESHOEING AND REPAIRING.

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

12 4m
HENRY HOAR, Atwood.

THAT GAME OF CARDS.

The Fuss Over the Tranby Croft Party Continues to Grow.

CUMMING ROYALLY RECEIVED.

The Prince Looks Upon the Situation as Serious—Wilson a Substantial Friend—Lord Coleridge Objects to Cumming's Strictures on His Charge.

A London cable says: The storm rising round the Prince of Wales is fast obtaining intensity, endangering his chances of succession to the throne, if not the existence of the English monarchy. No class appears to be stirred so deeply as the great middle class, the real strength of the country, and hitherto a solid and stolid prop of monarchy. Representative gatherings of religious bodies, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian and Presbyterian, have already recorded their condemnation. Boards of Guardians are going out of their accustomed paths to discuss motions branding the gambling propensities of the Prince of Wales as a disgrace to the country. Several Liberal societies have adopted protests against his continuance in the army. The agitation has every character of permanency. Ere long the glowing fierceness of the popular heat must penetrate to the core of politics, causing party action in Parliament. It is believed Emperor William has written Queen Victoria a long and serious criticism on the Prince's life, dilating especially on the gambling of officers as a grave offence to military honor, and made worse by the signing of a paper permitting a colonel of the Guards to retain his commission in the army. The Queen, it is said, forwarded the letter to the Prince. The *Church Times* advises the Prince of Wales to sign a renunciation of card-playing in the presence of Lord Salisbury and the Archbishop of Canterbury. This, it says, would have a tremendous moral effect over society and would not harm the Prince.

Considers It Serious.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge came to town this morning on, it is said, important business. The Prince of Wales leaves London to-day in order to be present at the royal palace at Virginia Water. It is generally understood that the Prince's flying visit is connected with the baccarat scandal. The Prince of Wales, who at first was disposed to treat the baccarat matter lightly, has now awakened to the seriousness of his position.

A Prince's Apology by Proxy.

The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* says he has reason to state that the Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, will apologize on Monday next in the House of Commons on behalf of the Prince of Wales for the share he took concerning the conduct of Sir William Gordon Cumming at Tranby Croft.

Coleridge's Dander Up.

It is reported that Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who presided at the recent trial of the suit of Sir William Gordon Cumming against Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson and others, will take official notice of the charge made against him by Sir William, the substance of which is that the verdict of the jury would have been entirely different had it not been for the partiality for the defendants which the Lord Chief Justice showed in his summing up and charge to the jury.

Helped Wales Out.

The Scottish Leader says: At the time of the financial trouble known as the Argentine or Baring Bros' crisis, several financiers who had loaned large sums of money to the Prince of Wales were obliged to ask for the return of the money they had advanced. These sudden demands put the Prince in a serious fix for a time until Arthur Wilson, at whose house the baccarat games were played, came to the assistance of the heir apparent and lent him \$1,000,000, with which the Prince paid back some of the money loaned him.

Cumming Royally Received.

An Edinburgh cable says: A formal address of welcome, neatly engrossed and signed by the Provost of Forres, the local magistrate and the members of the municipality, was presented to-day to Sir William Gordon Cumming after the provost had voiced the welcome which Forres extended to the bride and bridegroom. The address declared that the inhabitants of Forres had heard with lively satisfaction of Sir William Gordon Cumming's marriage and welcomed him and his bride to Forres and Altyre. In order to present this address the provost and the entire Municipal Council proceeded to the railway station and there met the happy couple. The provost was arrayed in his full robes of office, and gathered about the depot with several thousand people who enthusiastically cheered the party bound for Altyre. The party consisted, in addition to the bride and bridegroom, Lady Middleton, the sister of Sir William Gordon Cumming, who with Lord Middleton and other friends have not in a single action in any way shown that they believe in Sir William's guilt. After the provost had presented the address of welcome Sir William replied that it was his duty besides his privilege to reside there among his brother-Scotchmen who have shown such kindness to him. In the midst of rousing cheers the horses were unhitched from Sir William's carriage, and the vehicle conveying the bridal pair was drawn to Altyre by the wildly-enthusiastic clansmen of Forres.

A Drunken Fool's Freak.

A Pottstown, Pa., despatch says: While several small girls were wading, barefooted, in the Schuylkill near Parkersford, last night, Frank Bixbee, aged 23, of Royersford, came along and said he was going to teach them how to swim. He seized two girls, one under each arm, and waded out into the water beyond his depth. One of the girls escaped from his clutches, but Bixbee and Jennie Kneers, aged ten, sank, and both were drowned. Bixbee, it is thought, was intoxicated.

Affable but very bow-legged shop assistant—Walk this way, madam. Old lady—Why, bless me, man, I couldn't walk that way ye was to give me the whole shop.

HIGH LIFE DIVORCE.

A Suit in Which Gossip Names Wales as Co-Respondent.

A TID-BIT FOR MOTHER GRUNDY.

A London cable says: The sluice gates are open, and scandal after scandal will rush through them. The chief personage in the latest drama of high life is the Prince of Wales. It is said that in spite of all his efforts, and his influence in social life is tremendous, he will soon be responsible for an action for divorce to be brought by Lord Brooke. Curiously enough, the Gordon Cumming case was the last straw that broke Lord Brooke's patient back. You already know that it is an open secret that Lady Brooke is believed to have been the first person to tell the story of the card scandal. You also know who is believed to have told her. She repeated it to Lady Norreys. The talk gradually reached the ears of Lord Brooke, who grew wild. He had put up with a good deal; but was determined to stand the shame no longer, even though his wife have a prince for her paramour. Sympathy does not go with Lord Brooke among his set, by none of whom is he particularly liked. He is the oldest son of Earl Warwick, and the owner of the handsomest castle in England and one of the great show places. He is an uncounted fellow, quite the opposite of his wife, who has plenty of style and dash. Her history would make interesting reading for persons who have forsaken the ways of the world. Before she and the prince became bosom friends Lady Brooke and Lord Charles Beresford ran into couples. Lord Beresford had a wife of his own. Lady Beresford is dark and handsome, and is fond of society. This scandal will do the Prince of Wales far more harm than the Gordon Cumming case.

ON FIRE AT SEA.

The Inman Steamer City of Richmond Was a Thrilling Experience.

A Queenstown cable says: The Cunard line steamer *Servia*, which left New York June 6th, arrived here to-day. The captain reports that at midnight of Thursday he sighted the Inman line steamer *City of Richmond*, from New York June 3rd, bound for this port and Liverpool. The latter vessel was flying signals of distress, and the *Servia* bore down to her to offer assistance. The captain of the *City of Richmond* reported that his cargo was on fire, and the *Servia* stood by and steamed slowly by the side of the *City of Richmond* until Brown, the captain of the *Servia*, reported that on Tuesday at midnight a lady cabin passenger upon getting out of her berth noticed that the floor of the state-room was very hot. She immediately gave the alarm to the engineers, who communicated with the captain, and an examination was quickly made. This resulted in the discovery that smoke was issuing from the forehold, and the smell indicated that the cotton in the hold was on fire. Steam and water were promptly injected into the hold, and it was supposed for a time that the fire had been extinguished. At 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, however, three bales of cotton were found to be on fire, and were taken from the hold and thrown overboard. In the meantime the British steamship *Counselor*, bound from New Orleans for Liverpool, had appeared on the scene, and on learning the condition of affairs stood by the *City of Richmond* until the *Servia* came up. It is believed the fire was completely subdued before the *City of Richmond* reached Queenstown. The vessel proceeded for Liverpool, and appeared to be all right. Throughout the period of alarm a gale was blowing and the ship rolled heavily. During the dark hours of suspense the mass of the passengers were perfectly calm, most of them making preparations to leave the ship. Until daylight on Wednesday the extent of the fire was not known, so dense was the smoke enveloping the decks.

The Kendall Theatrical Company and the Actor Dacre landed at Queenstown. The passengers were unanimous in praising the conduct of the captain, officers and crew of the *City of Richmond*. As a mark of their appreciation of the services of the captain and crew a memorial was presented to the commander of the vessel, while a collection of £70 was taken up for the benefit of the crew.

UNHAPPY CHILL.

A Forced Loan Ordered—Stringent Repressive Laws Passed.

A Washington despatch says: The official mail from Chili brings exciting news. The House of Deputies has passed a bill authorizing the President to levy a forced loan of \$20,000,000 to carry on the war. The measure has not yet passed the Senate. Under an order from the Executive, carriages are not permitted to drive on the streets of Santiago after midnight under a penalty of \$50 for the first offence and \$200 for the second. A decree has also been issued prohibiting groups of more than three persons standing together in the streets, squares or public places of Santiago. Persons guilty of infringing this decree will be liable to a fine of \$25 to \$100. By another decree all the theatres of Santiago are closed until further notice. Under the authority of Congress all the gold and silver in the treasury of Chili, comprising what is known as the metallic reserve, was sold at auction on May 15th. The coined silver was sold in lots of \$5,000 and upward, and the bar silver in lots of 2,000 kilograms and upward.

Curio dealer—Here's a skeleton of George Washington's pet cat. Collector—I don't want one so large. What's this small one? Curio dealer—That's a skeleton of the same cat when it was a kitten.

A fool and his winter underwear are soon parted.

HEAD TURNED BY A NOVEL.

New Brunswick Girl Runs Away From Home.

Dressed in Her Brother's Clothes, and Hires Out on a Farm While Hundreds of Men Search the Woods for the Missing Girl.

A Moncton despatch says: Clara Wortman, the missing Salisbury girl, has been found, but not in the woods. Between two hundred and three hundred men have been tramping woods around her home for over a week, without getting the slightest trace of her, and latterly suspicions have been aroused that she was not in the woods at all, but had run away from home. This proves correct, though the girl had no reason for going away. It has been learned that a boy dressed in ill-fitting clothes stopped a few days ago at the house of Byron Freeze, of Penobscot, relatives of the Wortman family. Mr. Freeze did not know at the time that Clara was missing, but since hearing of the fact, suspicion was aroused on account of some enquiries made by the boy in regard to the Wortman family. The clue was followed up, and Clara was found working as a laborer on the farm of Byron McLeod, near Penobscot. She was wearing her brother's clothes, and the name she gave was that of the hero of the story she took with her when she started for school on girls' head. There is supposed that the boy's head was turned by reading trashy stories. There is great indignation among hundreds of men who have been scouring the woods for her. Large search parties have gone from Moncton, Petitcodiac and other places to assist residents of the district.

A GREAT LUMBER FIRE.

Fears That the Village of Castlemain Will be Wiped Out.

An Ottawa despatch says: The village of Castlemain, about 30 miles from Ottawa, on the line of the Canada Atlantic, is likely to be entirely consumed before daylight. The passengers by the Canada Atlantic train from Montreal to-night, amongst whom were Mr. W. T. R. Preston, saw the livid reflection of the flames in the sky ten or fifteen miles east of the village, and as the train drew nearer it seemed as if the village was a mass of fire. Upon reaching Castlemain it was found that immense piles of lumber, measuring millions of feet, and huge stacks of tan bark containing thousands of cords and nearly every house and store in the village were the prey of an immense conflagration. The roar of the flames could be heard distinctly half a mile away. The train stopped quickly through the station, but the sight was so never to be forgotten. The large planing mill, the saw and blind factory, the saw mills, lumber piles, stores and residences were being rapidly consumed. Men, women and children were rushing towards the woods in the most frantic manner with what little of their household effects they could rescue from their dwellings. In the midst of the lumber piles were to be seen great water tanks, round which the flames were playing with terrible effect. There was no possibility of ascertaining whether there had been loss of life, but the destruction of property must have been enormous.

The village is the second largest on the Canada Atlantic line between Ottawa and Coteau. Its sudden growth within the last three or four years is entirely due to the opening up of the country by the construction of the Canada Atlantic Railway. The population is said to be somewhere in the vicinity of 1,000.

Nearly all the able-bodied men and boys are employed in the factories and sawmills, which will be in ashes to-morrow. When the train passed through at 9 o'clock some loaded cars on the Canada Atlantic were burning. A large creek divides the village of Castlemain from the station, but when the train was passing through the heat and smoke was so intense that the passengers had to turn away from the windows and seek places of safety. The alarm was given early, but it was not until 10.30 o'clock that the steam fire engines with the horses managed to leave Ottawa. Some western people are, it is understood, interested in the Castlemain Lumber Company.

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

How "Judge Smith" Swindled McKay Out of His \$1,500.

An Amsterdam, N. Y., despatch says: George McKay, a well-to-do citizen residing near here, was swindled out of \$1,500 last Thursday by a couple of fellows travelling with a circus. McKay met a man on the "Judge Smith," and the latter was but a short time in renewing the acquaintance when they met at the circus. "Smith" said that he was interested in the sawmill temple, and would give McKay a large sum of money if he would advertise it, but before he could pay the money McKay would have to give some kind of a bonus to show that he was responsible. The old gentleman went to one of the local banks, of which he is a stockholder, drew out \$1,500, and returned to the circus. Here he met Smith and a third party. Considerable money was spread out on a table, ostensibly to be turned over to McKay, when suddenly the third party fell in a pretended fit. There was a commotion, and somebody grabbed the \$1,500 from McKay's hands. The old gentleman has an officer following the circus in the hope that he will find the strangers.

Lightning Strikes a Picnic Party.

A St. Louis despatch says: During a severe storm this afternoon 25 picnickers huddled together in an outhouse in Forest Park, near the police station, for protection from the rain. They had scarcely got inside when there was a sharp flash of lightning and a quick reverberating peal of thunder. Then shrieks and moans and cries for help issued from the building. A wild scene of confusion followed, and policemen hurried to the scene. Sadie McArthur, aged 12, was killed, and nearly all the other occupants of the outhouse were more or less injured. Miss Lizzie Golden, Miss "Kate Bender and Miss Laura Beaulac were seriously hurt.

Senator Sherman is going to build a house on K street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, Washington, to cost \$60,000.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Davin Introduced a Bill to Amend the Dominion Lands Act.

The first clause, he explained, was to provide for protection from the contamination of coulees in the Northwest. Another provision of the bill was that where a homesteader after five years failed to take out his patent, his interest in that patent might be sold by the municipal authorities for school or municipal taxes. There was also a clause providing that from and after January 1st, 1895, no patent should be issued to a homesteader except upon the condition that should the land be allowed to remain three years without fifteen acres being continuously cultivated it should revert to the Government.

The Bill was read a first time.

Mr. Sproule introduced a Bill to regulate private detective, financial and commercial agencies and corporations, which was read a first time.

Sir Hector Langevin arose and said: Mr. Speaker, I wish to answer the question put by the hon. leader of the Opposition (Mr. Laurier) yesterday afternoon. He wanted to know either to-day or another day if I would make a statement as to the policy of the Government. I have this to communicate to the House: The Government propose to carry out the policy which, hitherto guided the Liberal-Conservative party, an outline of which in respect of the measures of this session is indicated in the speech from the Throne. The trade and financial policy will be declared in the budget speech.

Mr. Amyot moved the second reading of his bill to make voting compulsory. Mr. Langelle, in moving for the correspondence and documents respecting the building of the bridge at Quebec, said that requests had been made to the Government for financial assistance to aid this important and much-needed work. The citizens of Quebec considered that it was a question of life or death for the prosperity of Quebec. The estimated cost of the structure was between three and four million dollars. Mr. Chateaubert, the candidate who had opposed him in the last election, had told the electors upon his nomination that he had, through the influence of Sir Hector Langevin and Sir Adolphe Caron, a promise of assistance from the Government for the Quebec bridge. The Minister now said that the statement of a promise having been made was untrue. Mr. Chateaubert would be branded as a liar by the citizens of Quebec, and if it were true the people would like to know it. Sir Charles Tupper had also promised that the bridge would be built. The motion was carried.

Mr. McMullen, on motion for returns, said that the people of his district would not rest satisfied till they had received some compensation for the bonuses they had given to railways, whilst in other parts of the Dominion the Government had built the railways entirely at the public expense. Before the session ended he proposed to bring the matter before the House by a resolution covering the whole ground.

Mr. Landarkin said that some of the claims were so strong that justice demands they must be settled in the near future. Not a dollar had been spent by the Government in the counties of Grey and Bruce, while they had contributed largely to the public revenue. The claims of those counties were irresistible.

Mr. Davin, in introducing the bill to amend the Railway Act, said that it proposed to re-insert the clause which the Senate had struck out of the Government Railway bill last session. The bill required six feet wide through a fire guard not less than 250 feet of the track. This was necessary to prevent prairie fires. Another clause required railways after January 1st, 1893, to equip freight cars with automatic air brakes. The next clause provided that the fences built by the railways should be built not only where the railway passed through municipalities, but where it passed through any settled district. The object of this was to prevent accidents caused by collisions with straying cattle. The bill was read a first time.

Sir Hector Langevin moved that the Government orders have precedence on Thursdays for the remainder of the session. Sir John Thompson moved the second reading of the bill respecting the settlement of accounts between the Dominion of Canada and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Mr. Tupper moved the second reading of his bill to further amend the Act respecting certificates of masters and mates of ships. He said that the object of the bill was to make regular the practice that had obtained since they passed the law concerning the certificates of masters and mates. This made the Act applicable to masters and mates on minor waters.

The following Bills were passed through committee and read a third time: Respecting the Niagara Grand Island bridge. Respecting the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada. To incorporate the Vancouver Dock & Shipbuilding Company. To enable the Victoria & North American Railway Company to run a ferry between Becher Bay, in British Columbia, and a United States of America.

MIRACLE OF MODERN DAYS.

Hamilton Produces One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record.

"TOTALLY DISABLED," YET CURED.

Hamilton Times, May 27th, 1891.

One of the most remarkable cures in the history of medicine has just been effected in this city and the fame of it is fast spreading throughout the land. Over four years ago Mr. John Marshall, then employed as manager of Mr. J. C. Williams' coal oil refinery works here, sustained a fall, which at the time was not thought to be serious. He doctored, but his trouble grew worse, and contracting cold after cold upon his other trouble he was compelled to give up work entirely. His troubles developed into ataxia, a nervous disorder, held by medical authorities to be incurable. For four years Mr. Marshall has been an intense sufferer. He lost the use of his legs entirely and could not raise himself from a chair except by the use of a crutch and a stick. Though there was power in his legs there was no feeling. They were like dead weights, cold as ice and not susceptible to feeling. He could take his heavy stick and hammer the flesh until the sound of blows filled the house. During the course of these years no less than fourteen leading physicians of this city treated him. Sometimes two or three of them were in attendance at once. All agreed that his disease was incurable. Mr. Marshall went to Toronto for electrical treatment, at a heavy expense, but received not the slightest benefit. He tried every patent medicine that was recommended to him, yet without getting any aid. The "suspension" treatment was resorted to, and he was suspended by means of appliances around his neck and under his arms from the ceiling of the barn, but got no relief. Electric belts and appliances of an endless variety were tried, and thoroughly tried, too, but all resulted the same way—they left Mr. Marshall just as they had found him. At one time twenty pins were run round into the flesh of his leg. He barely felt two of them; the others he did not feel at all. His flesh was cut into with a knife and he felt not the slightest pain; and so he went on until the 13th day of April last, every remedy suggested by any one being tried, and hundreds of dollars spent upon patent medicines, to say nothing of doctors' bills.

Mr. Marshall was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance. He was possessed by the physicians of the Order as totally disabled for life. The chief medical examiner passed him, and he was paid the \$1,000 paid by the Order in cases of total disability.

A day or two ago a *Times* representative called upon Mr. Marshall at his residence, No. 25 Little William street. The door was open, and upon knocking a strong steady step was heard. Mr. Marshall opened the door and received the reporter cordially. He walked without either crutch or stick, and looked the picture of a sturdy, fine man. He conversed freely of his case, as did Mrs. Marshall, who came in later. "Five weeks ago," he said, "I could not raise my foot or bend my leg. As for walking without a stick or crutch it was impossible. I had seen an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as they were especially recommended for nervous disorders, I resolved to try them. I had what the doctors called Locomotor Ataxia. I had not walked for almost four years. My wife said, 'Oh, what's the use of trying another patent medicine?' but I tried the Pink Pills. I had not used one box before I began to feel the effects. The feeling came back to my right leg first. After using them two weeks I was able to walk up to Mr. C. J. Williams' place on MacNab street, over a mile and a half from here and back. I had got nearly home when my left leg gave out, and I nearly went down. I had to stand and rub the leg for several minutes. Then it felt as if a thousand pins were running in it. That was the blood beginning to circulate in the leg that had been dead almost four years. From that time it has steadily improved. Now see how I am. (Here Mr. Marshall arose and walked briskly around the room without artificial assistance.) I have used absolutely nothing but the Pink Pills and taken cold baths as directed on the boxes. To-day I walked to the market and back—a three mile walk. I have lived in Hamilton for thirty years and am well known. Hundreds of people stopped me to see if it was really John Marshall. Hundreds of them have been here to see me. Among them came several physicians who attended me. One of them, and the one who did the most for me, said, 'Well, you are the first cure in 10,000 cases.' I can tell you of a bank messenger in this city who has not walked as straight in twenty-five years as he has this last week. He took Pink Pills on my recommendation. Scores more in this city are trying them and quite a number in this vicinity have been benefited."

Mr. Marshall is gaining strength rapidly and expects to be back to his work before long. He grows more enthusiastic in talking of Pink Pills, and he has good reason, for his is a remarkable salvation. Since beginning to use the remedy he has regained lost flesh and now weighs more than he has for nine years. He has not an ache or pain, but is conscious of a delicious feeling of healthy life in his legs.

The remarkable case noted in the above article from the Hamilton *Times* conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way overstated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood purifier and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus' dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvelous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

Time Keepers.

Harry (adoringly)—Your sweet little feet keep such admirable time in the dance.

Harriet—Naturally! I wear stockings with clocks on them.

to give up the old home to strangers, and start life in a new place. I can't bear to think of it. Jim's such a good fellow, and Mexico seems a long way off. When is he coming to say good-by to us, Berke?"

"This evening. He is coming to tea; so mind you have something special."

After a pause, Mrs. Mason resumed the subject of the inquiry whether he had heard anything relative to the purchaser of Shirley. But Berkeley only knew that the place had been bought by a northern man, a retired army officer, and that his name was Smith.

When his sister was out of hearing, Berkeley reopened the topic of Jim Byrd. He was standing at the mantle filling his pipe, which he balanced dexterously against one of the ornaments, and his back was toward his mother as he spoke.

"Mother," he questioned, "did it ever occur to you that Jim might grow fond of Pochontas—might want her for a wife, in fact? I fancy something of the sort has happened, and that he came to grief. He has been depressed and unhappy for months; and neither business nor trouble about the old place can account for his shunning us in the way he has been doing lately. I don't believe he's been inside this house twice in the last three months."

After a joyous exchange of greeting with her brother-in-law, of whom she was unusually fond, and a sweet, gracious welcome to her old play-fellow, Pochontas withdrew to tell her mother of their arrival, and to assure herself that everything was perfectly arranged for Jim's last meal among them.

Through some strange deficiency in herself, she was unable to give him what he most desired, but what she could give him she lavished royally. She wore her prettiest dress in his honor, and adorned it with his favorite flowers, forgetful in her eagerness to please him, that this might make claim an answer to his suit. And in the pocket of the constant man, when he kissed his own true love, lay a letter, from across the sea, full of brotherly affection and congratulation.

This little story was a favorite with Pochontas, and she was fond of relating how her great-great-grandmother by a little wit and generous self-sacrifice, averted a feud between brothers, and kept family peace unbroken.

(To be continued.)

The Koords.

Their women go about with uncovered faces; many of them are distinctly handsome, with dark raven locks dragged over their cheeks, bright-red complexions, and large, almost Jewish, noses; but unfortunately they love to tattoo these otherwise comely faces, and to wear silver solitaires in their noses. Their heads are hung with all sorts of ornaments, cowry beads and savage jewelry, and their headgear generally is weighty and uncomfortable-looking. Over their loose, baggy trousers they throw a red dress, and in the photographic groups we obtained we find our friends at home are generally at a loss to determine the sex unless some babe in arms or other evidence of maternity settle the question.

The men have for their distinguishing feature the turban made of checked silk, red, yellow and blue, with gold and silver thread; this is bound round a red cap, and is infinitely more becoming than the sheep skin bonnet of the Persian peasant. A mounted Koordish chief, with his light blue jacket, long flowing shirt cuffs, and magnificent things in the way of daggers, keenly excited my wife's desire to photograph—but before the camera could be set up he had fled, and we never saw his like again.

Everything among the Koords points to a higher state of art than among the other tribes, stone is largely introduced into the construction of the houses, red ornamentations made with henna adorn the doors and windows, and the construction of the "compounds" is curious. You enter by a low wicket gate, which is covered with cakes of dung, into a courtyard; a covered shed contains the tripod for meat, the blacksmith's bellows with double funnel ornamented at the top with carved and standing on feet made to represent birds with long beaks. Out of this shed you pass into the family rooms full of great store cupboards for grain, elegantly-shaped wicker pots made of a clay found close to the village, in digging up which the women are employed; any number of quaint-shaped copper utensils for boiling milk and cooking stand around, and amid a haze of smoke you perceive women sitting on their haunches busily engaged in watching the pot boiling for the evening meal.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

When, in after years, the grandson of the artist had married a bride with Indian blood in her veins, the punch-bowl had been added as a special compliment to the lady, and the china had been sent a wedding gift from the Masons of England to the Masons of Virginia. The bowl was very graceful, and contained on one side a lovely representation of the landing at Jamestown, with the tranquil, smiling river, the vessel in the offing, and the group of friendly red men on the shore; on the other was, of course, depicted the rescue of Captain John Smith by the Indian girl. The bowl was finished at top and bottom with wreaths of Virginia creepers, forest leaves and blossoms.

To bring out this precious heirloom in honor of a guest was making him of consequence indeed.

Jim knew all about it, and when he caught sight of the pretty tea-table he understood the girl's intention, and shot a quick, grateful glance across to her from his brown eyes. A whimsical memory of a superb breakfast he had once seen served to a man about to be hanged obtruded itself, but he banished it loyally.

It was a merry meal, despite the shadow in the background, for the gentlemen taking their cue from Pochontas vied with each other in talking nonsense, and depicting ridiculous phases of camp life in the tropics with Jim always for the hero of the scene. And Jim, shaking off the dismal emotions peculiar to farewell visits, responded gallantly, defending himself from each sportive attack, and illuminating his exile with such rays of promise as occurred to him. He knew these old friends were sorry to lose him, and trying to lessen the wrench of parting; and being a quiet, self-controlled man—more given to action than speech, and with a deep abhorrence of scenes, he appreciated their efforts.

After tea, Berkeley and Royall lit their pipes and strolled out toward the stables, leaving Jim and Pochontas alone together on the porch. The girl leaped back in her chair silently, not trying to make conversation any more, and Jim sat on the steps at her feet, letting his eyes follow wistfully the slope of the lawn, and the flow of the river. Presently, without turning his head, he asked her to walk with him down to the old willows by the river-side, for a farewell look on the scene so dear to him, and Pochontas rose instantly and slipped her hand within his proffered arm.

Down by the river, where the lawn bent

CARE OF THE EYES.

A Few Simple Rules That May Save "Specs."

A skilled optician furnishes the following bits of information as to the care of the eyes:

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner. Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness. Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness into light.

Never read by twilight, moonlight or any light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

FAILING VISION.

The symptoms of failing vision are set forth in this way:

1. Spots or sparks of light floating before the eyes.

2. Quivering of the lids or sensation of sand in the eye.

3. Perceptible fatigue or the requirement of strong light in reading.

4. The holding of objects at arm's length or close to the eye.

5. Squinting one eye or seeing objects double.

6. Dizziness or darting pains in the eyeballs, or over the temple.

7. Perceiving a colored circle around the lamp.

8. Sensitiveness of the eyeballs or contraction of the visual field.

9. Blurring of the vision or being unable to see objects distinctly at a distance.

10. Watering or redness of the eyes or lids, running together of the letters when reading, or seeing the vertical better than the horizontal lines.

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"August Flower"

Biliousness, "I have been afflicted with biliousness

Constipation, "and constipation

Stomach "for fifteen years;

Pains, "first one and then another preparation was suggested

"to me and tried but

"to no purpose. At last a friend

"recommended August Flower. I

"took it according to directions and

"its effects were wonderful, relieving

"me of those disagreeable

"stomach pains which I had been

"troubled with so long. Words

"cannot describe the admiration

"in which I hold your August

"Flower—it has given me a new

"lease of life, which before was a

"burden. Such a medicine is a ben-

"efaction to humanity, and its good

"qualities and

"wonderful merit Jesse Barker,

"made known to

"everyone suffering

"with dyspepsia or biliousness

"G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N.J.

Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

A TALE OF FOUR TRAVELERS.

How They Quarrelled and Why They Made up.

Four travellers, an Arab, a Turk, a Greek and a Persian, met at the gate of a city. They agreed to pool their cash and purchase food. But the Arab insisted that agub must be the dish procured, while the Persian begged that it be anghar. The Turk said that azum was the best of all foods, and the Greek as strongly contended for sympathy.

They came quite to a quarrel; but just then an ass was driven by loaded with grapes. Each one sprang up shouting joy. "It is agub," cried the Persian. "Aughar," cried the Arab. "No!" screamed the Turk, "it is azum." "That is my sympathy," added the Greek. Then they all ate grapes together, and loved each other with whole hearts and comfortable bellies.

Our quarrels are mostly matters of words; or over affairs that we know nothing about.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Fire Proof Hotels.

There is hardly a new hotel or business building in New York but that is advertised as fireproof, and yet a leading architect told a *Herald* reporter that such a thing could not exist. "They may be fireproof to all intents and purposes," said he, "but if inflammable material be in them and it get afire the iron girders and beams will so expand that they will let the floor above down. When one floor falls in an iron-beamed building they will all go, and then the side walls fall. The ruin is usually more complete than it is in an ordinary building. We do not build those iron fire proof fronts any more, because in case of a fire they fall forward and demolish the building across the street."

Local Items.

Elsewhere in this issue we republish an article from the *Hamilton Times* relating to the wonderful cure of a gentleman in that city, who had been pronounced by physicians incurable, and who had been paid the \$1,000 total disability granted members of the Royal Templars. The well-known standing of the *TIMES* is a guarantee as to the entire reliability of the statements contained in the article.

A Friend's Sympathy.

"I suppose you know that Miss Sage rejected me?"

"No, did she, though?"

"She did."

"Well, old fellow, I sympathize with you. But it's just as I expected. I tell you women are not the fools men take them to be."—*New York Press.*

Neighbor, see you not the signal in the loved one's cheek! Heed you not that constant hacking, While the form grows weak! O, delay not, or this dear one Soon death's own will be.

You can save her by the use of Pierce's G. M. D.

In other words, get the "Golden Medical Discovery," and rescue this member of your family from consumption, which threatens her. It has saved thousands. According to the doctors it has wrought miracles, for it has cured those whom they pronounced incurable, except by a miracle. It is a truly wonderful remedy. For all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

If that volatile essence which is sentiment in youth be not crystallized into principle at maturity, the chances are that its vapor will have passed beyond the horizon and the sunset.

—St. Louis has just added 100 men to its police force.

CONSUMPTION SURELY

* CURE

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

I CURE FITS!

THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Cure I do not merely refer to them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I war against it with the most powerful of all medicines. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a free trial and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express to Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—P. O. Box 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO.

SOME FUNNY DEMANDS.

Titles of Books Misquoted by Would-Be Purchasers.

There's a broadly humorous side to the book trade, says London *Tit-Bits*. The fun is generally furnished by the ridiculous mistakes people make in the names of books. A lady sent her maid one day for Annie Thomas' novel of "He Cometh Not, She Said," but the damsel asked for "He Cometh Not His Head."

The little boy of a prominent divine went to a shop to procure for his father a religious book called "The Hour Which Cometh," but he inquired for "The Hen Which Croweth."

At the time that Thomas Hardy's clever novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," was at the height of its popularity, a young assistant in a bookseller's, who was as new to the business as he was slow of comprehension, when a lady came in and said to him, very eagerly and inquiringly, "Have you 'A Pair of Blue Eyes'?" blushing stammered out, "No, miss; my eyes are black."

One day an errand boy brought up from the cellar a trap containing a large rat, just as a well-known society belle, wishing to look at one of Anthony Trollope's most popular novels, said to the new assistant: "I want to see 'What Will He Do With It?'"

"Very well, miss," was the reply; "if you will walk to the back part of the shop and look out of the window you will see him drown it."

Princess Alexander's Busy Life.

The Princess of Wales is one of the busiest women in the world, says the *Chicago Post*, compared to whom the wife of a day laborer has leisure. When her daughters were in the school-room, punctually at 9 o'clock every morning she went into the school-room with the teachers and masters to examine the work of the previous day, and now that they are in society she personally supervises their gowns, designing and working on them herself, as she is a skilled dressmaker. Besides her own arduous public duties and those she has to perform for the Queen, she undertakes a large correspondence with her brothers, sisters and parents. So numerous are her calls of duty, and pleasure which frequently takes the form of duty, that when in London this royal lady, who is never expected to button her own boots or curl her royal hair, cannot get her work done to retire earlier than 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Mother Goose."

"Mother Goose" was a real character, and not an imaginary personage, as has been supposed. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she was born in 1665. She married Isaac Goose in 1693, and a few years after became a member of Old South Church, Boston, and died in 1757, aged 92 years. The first edition of her songs, which were originally sung to her grandchildren, were published in Boston in 1716 by her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet. The house in which a great part of her life was spent was a low, one-story building, with dormer windows and a red-tiled roof, looking something like an old English country cottage.

The average laborer wastes five ounces of muscle a day.

D. C. N. L. 27. 91.

St. Jacobs

SURE CURE OIL PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA

Back Aches

All Aches

NEURALGIA

IT HAS NO EQUAL

IT IS THE BEST

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Lazzotte, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.

NOTICE

AUTOGRAPH

OF

Stewart Hartshorn

THE GENUINE

HARTSHORN

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

If you are going East, West,
North or South, by
**Rail, River, Lake
or Ocean,**

Call on Me for Rates and
Tickets.

J. A. HACKING,

Railway and Steamship Agent,

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Perth County Notes.

The proceeds of the Kirkton Presbyterian S. S. anniversary and picnic amounted to \$95.

Mrs. T. S. Hill has presented to St. James' church, St. Marys, two handsome cups for the Holy Communion.

It is rumored in Stratford that the George T. Smith Purifier Works have passed into the hands of a local company.

The Grand Lodge, I.O.O. F., meets in Stratford on the 11th of August. Between four and five hundred Oddfellows will be present.

27,000 lbs. of milk was taken into the Avonbank cheese factory June 8. Such a large amount had the effect of bringing several wagons to grief.

The Chancery Autumn Courts will be held in Stratford on Thursday, Sept. 10, before Robertson, J.; and at London on Monday, Nov. 9th, before Meredith, J.

A meeting of the Reform Association of South Perth will be held in the opera house, St. Marys, on Friday July 2nd, at one o'clock p. m., for general business.

R. T. Harding, son of Stratford's esteemed citizen, J. E. Harding, Master-in-Chancery, has passed his examination at Trinity and received his degree of B. C. L.

The Autumn Assizes will open at Stratford on Monday, Oct. 19th, Justice Falconbridge presiding. At London on Monday, Oct. 15, Justice Macmahon presiding.

Wm. Graham has sold his farm on the 8th concession, Fullarton, to George Henry. The farm contains 100 acres and is one of the best in this section. Price \$5,000.

The walls of the St. Marys town hall are slowly growing heavenward. On Tuesday afternoon of last week about 4 o'clock, the corner stone containing two glass gem jars, was placed in position.

Harry E. Shaver, a bright young graduate of the Stratford Collegiate Institute and a son of Dr. P. R. Shaver, has passed his examination in arts at McGill University. He intends studying medicine.

On Saturday, June 20th, a very sad and painful accident happened to a little son of Thos. Wilson, Prospect Hill. The child fell into a pail of scalding water, and after suffering until Tuesday morning, died. He was 2½ years old.

That was an interesting quartette that met a few days ago at the residence of H. M. Byers, Downie. The combined ages of the four persons was 346 years—H. M. Byers, aged 79; G. Pringle, aged 91; Mrs. Wm. Byers, aged 91, and Thos. Brown, aged 85.

An old resident of West Lorne, one of the wealthiest men of the place and a man whose word is as good as the bank of England, offered W. Colwell, editor of the West Lorne Herald, and formerly of the Mitchell Advertiser, a building lot last week if he would build a house on it.

C. King, a well known farmer east of Strathallan, has a peacock that is not only beautiful but useful. This sagacious and vivacious bird walks up and down the potato field between the rows, picking off the potato bugs on which it seems to thrive. It is a great and perhaps a rare thing to be able to combine beauty and usefulness.

The Stratford Herald press which has been more or less of an invalid for the past ten years is again able to sit up alone, and partake pap, its pulse beats quite regular and it is on a fair way to recovery. The nursing it received at the Geo. T. Smith Purifier Works of this city, speaks well for that excellent firm. It was given allopathic treatment.—Times.

An exchange says that tenders will be asked shortly by the Standard Oil & Gas Co. of Stratford, for the boring of five wells at places hereafter to be decided on, and each well will be bored to a depth of 2,500 feet if occasion demands it, but no further. The location of the wells will probably be left in the hands of Eugene Coste, a geologist of wide experience in such matters, and who has had exceptionally good fortune in locating paying wells in many parts of the country.

The North and South Presbyterian churches of Nissouri have given a call to Rev. Mr. Craugh.

The bachelors of Stratford entertained their friends at a ball in the rink Friday night, 19th inst., which was a brilliant success. The music was furnished by Corlett's band, of Toronto, and there were present nearly 150 persons from Toronto, Woodstock, London, Listowel, St. Marys, Brantford, Mitchell and Goderich.

Rev. Mr. Leitch was inducted as pastor of Knox church Tuesday afternoon, June 23. The church was decorated with flowers. Rev. T. A. Cosgrove, of St. Marys, preached a sermon from John 12:7. Rev. Mr. Stewart addressed the new pastor and Rev. Mr. Hamilton the congregation. The ladies of the church furnished a sumptuous repast in the basement. A public reception took place Tuesday night.

Listowel.

R. R. Hay has opened a livery and sale stable on Mill street, in rear of the Grand Central property.

Christ church Sunday school will hold its annual picnic in John McKeever's grove, 3rd con. Wallace, on Friday afternoon of this week.

The Arlington Hotel has recently been fitted up with a complete system of electric bells. They were put in by J. Chenoweth, of Stratford.

Mrs. Gray, wife of Geo. Gray, Alma St., died on Monday last week after a short illness. The deceased had been a resident of Listowel for a good many years.

T. H. Rolls is having the debris in the front part of the Grand Central hotel property cleared away preparatory, we understand, to erecting a block of stores on the site.

Listowel lodge A. O. U. W. intend holding a garden party and lawn social on the grounds of B. F. Brook on Friday evening, 3rd July, for which invitations are being sent out.

The contract for the erection of the new furniture factory has been awarded to J. Large of this town. Mr. Large's tender was \$8,000, which was below any of the others.

Messrs. Hay Bros., millers, have dissolved partnership, J. C. Hay retiring from the firm. The flour mill business will be continued by W. G. Hay and his two sons, and J. C. Hay takes over the Gas works and real estate of the firm outside of the mill property. The changes will not affect the extensive business of the old firm, which will be continued as heretofore under the name of Hay Bros.

The waterworks which have been put in for the use of the town for fire protection, by Messrs. A. Moyer & Co., are now completed and were operated for the first time on Wednesday evening of last week. The pressure is furnished by a powerful duplex pump, the cylinders being 18x12 inch, and the pumps 10x12 inch. The capacity of the pumps are about 3,000 gallons per minute. Messrs. Inglis & Son of Toronto were the manufacturers.—Standard.

NEWS OF THE DAY

Joseph Mitton, Ridgetown, expects to have 1,000 bushels of peaches. The crop will be heavy.

Miss Nora Clench leaves shortly for Europe. She will spend several months at the Brussels Conservatory of music.

The soul must sometimes sweat blood. Nothing great is achieved without the severest discipline of heart and mind; nothing is well done that is done easily.

Prof. Wolverson, of Woodstock College, intends leaving in a couple of weeks to take the position of President of a University for colored people in Texas.

Mrs. Langtry is said to be wearing a pair of black eyes, the result of a dispute with her latest admirer, John Baird, a Scotch millionaire, known on the turf as Abingdon.

The Prince of Wales was born November 9, 1841, visited Canada in 1860 and married a daughter of the King of Denmark, March 10, 1863. He will be fifty years of age in November.

Japan has appropriated \$500,000 for a Japanese exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. This will be the first instance of an Oriental nation being adequately represented at an international exhibition.

A spiky breach of promise case will likely be ventilated at the next assizes in Woodstock. The plaintiff is a young man of that town, while the defendant was recently married and has become a resident at Norwich. The amount asked to heal the wound is \$10,000.

The question as to the most beautiful woman of the century is still progressing in London. One writer, who champions the Countess Castiglione, but who did not know her when he saw her first, says, "The sight of her took my breath away, her beauty was so harmonious and in all points so faultless. When I was told who she was I thought of Helen and the Trojans."

The Windsor Record has the following: Napoleon Laland, of Belle River, has eaten 17 goslings last week. She will follow up a flock of geese and catch them in her mouth and eat them body and bones. When first reported little confidence was placed in the story, but now it can be vouched for by over a dozen citizens who have seen her eat them.

Queen Victoria's family circle now numbers fifty living descendants, including sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, great grandsons and great granddaughters. Besides these she has four sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, five grandsons-in-law, and one granddaughter-in-law. The queen has lost one son, one daughter, five grandsons, one granddaughter, one great-grandson, and one son-in-law.

BY-LAW NO. 288,

Of the Township of
Elma.

To raise the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars for the purpose of paying certain maturing railway debentures of the Municipality and to authorize the issue of debentures therefor.

Whereas certain railway debentures of the said Municipality will mature on the 24th day of September, A. D. 1891, and it is necessary to raise the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars for the purpose of paying the same, and in order thereto it will be necessary to issue debentures of the Municipality of the Township of Elma for the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars payable as herein provided.

And whereas it is desirable to make the principal of the said debt, hereby created, payable by annual instalments during the currency of the period of Twenty years, within which said debt is to be discharged, such instalments to be of such amounts that in the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest in any year shall be equal as nearly as may be to what is payable for principal and the interest during each of the other years of said period.

And whereas for that purpose it will be requisite to raise the several sums in each year, respectively, hereinafter set forth in this By-law.

And whereas the amount of the whole rateable property of the said Municipality of Elma according to the last revised Assessment Roll of the Municipality amounts to the sum of One Million Five Hundred and Thirteen Thousand Nine Hundred and Ninety Dollars.

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said Municipality amounts to the sum of Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars and no principal or interest is in arrear.

Therefore the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Township of Elma enacts as follows:—

1. It shall be lawful for the Reeve of the said Municipality of the Township of Elma for the purposes aforesaid to borrow the said sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars and to issue debentures of the said Municipality to the amount of Twelve Thousand Dollars in sums of not less than Six Hundred Dollars, each payable in the manner for the amounts and at the times respectively set forth in the schedule to this By-law.

2. The said debentures as to principal and interest shall be payable at the agency of the Bank of Hamilton in the Town of Listowel.

3. It shall be lawful for the Reeve of the said Municipality and he is hereby authorized and instructed to sign and issue said debentures hereby authorized to be issued and to cause the same and each coupon attached thereto to be signed by the Treasurer of the said Municipality; and the Clerk of the said Municipality is hereby authorized and instructed to attach the seal of the said Municipality to the said debentures.

4. There shall be raised and levied in each year by special rate on all the rateable property in the said Municipality a sum sufficient to discharge the several instalments of principal and interest accruing due on the said debt as the same becomes respectively payable according to the following schedule to this By-law, that is to say: In twenty equal annual payments of Six Hundred Dollars each with interest thereon at the rate of Five per centum per annum, payable in each of the years 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910 and 1911.

5. This By-law shall take effect on the Eighteenth day of July, A. D. 1891.

6. The votes of the ratepayers of the said Municipality shall be taken on this By-law at the following times and places that is to say on the Eleventh day of July next, at the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon and continuing until five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and the persons also herein-after named shall be returning officers to take votes at the respective polling places hereinafter set forth, that is to say: Electoral Division No. 1, Cosens' work shop, Charles Cosens, Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 2, Grange Hall, lot 15, con. 4, Wm. Shearer, Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 3, Orange Hall, Britton, Wm. Stevenson, Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 4, Orange Hall, Newry, Thos. Fullarton, Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 5, Orange Hall, Donegal, Jas. Dickson, jr., Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 6, Davies' school house, J. B. Hammond, Returning Officer. Electoral Division No. 7, Lambert's school house, Ferdinand Doering, Returning Officer.

7. On Wednesday the Twenty-Fourth day of June, A. D. 1891, the Reeve shall attend at Clerk's office, Atwood, at the hour of Ten o'clock in the forenoon, to appoint persons to attend at the various polling places and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk, respectively, on behalf of the persons interested in and promoting or opposing the passing of this By-law.

8. The Clerk of the Council of the said Municipality shall attend at the Clerk's office, in the Village of Atwood, on Saturday the Eleventh day of July, 1891, at Seven o'clock in the afternoon, and sum up the number of votes given for and against this By-law.

TAKE NOTICE

That the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law which has been taken into consideration and which will be finally passed by the Council of the Municipality of the Township of Elma in the event of the assent of the electors being obtained thereto after one month from the first publication in the newspaper (known as THE ATWOOD BEE) which first publication was on the

Nineteenth day of June, A.D. 1891, and that at the hour, day and places therein fixed for taking the votes of the electors the polls will be held.

THOS. FULLARTON,
Clerk of the Municipality of Elma
June 16th, 1891.

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JULY 8, 1891

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

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