

PIONEER LIFE

IN PERTH COUNTY.

Written for The Bee Pioneer Number by Thomas
Smith, of Atwood, Ontario.

ABOUT the end of October in the year 1859 a friend and I left the township of Markham, north of Toronto, where we had been residing, to come to the township of Logan, in the County of Perth. Our object was to begin the clearing of a one hundred acre lot which he had leased with the option and the intention of purchasing from the Canada Company. As I was without any prospect of remunerative employment for the ensuing winter, and also had a

STRONG DESIRE TO SEE THE
PRIMEVAL FOREST

with the process of clearing it, I was easily induced to accompany him. We came to Mitchell by railway, arriving there about ten o'clock, p. m. We took lodgings for the night in the Hicks' hotel, which was the best in the village, although only a second or third class house, if compared with the one afterwards built by the same proprietor. Next morning we started on foot for our destination which was twelve or thirteen miles distant. Seven and a half miles were along the recently made gravel road and the remainder along tracks which were in some places on and at other places off what was in the future to be the road. There were swales and swamps and at least one barver meadow to be crossed and these necessitated a winding and devious track to be made through the woods. There had been a fall of snow during the night which ominously reminded me of the rigors of the preceding winter which was the only Canadian one I had then experienced. It was rather discouraging to be going I scarce knew whether except that it was to live on an unbroken bush lot without a house of any kind on it and with no knowledge of any friend or acquaintance, except him whom I accompanied. He had previously been to see the place and had made the acquaintance of some of the earlier settlers. To one of their shanties he conducted us. There we were welcomed, and kindly and hospitably lodged and boarded for a number of weeks, until we got a shanty built on his lot for ourselves. Our new found friends, lived about a mile from the lot on which we were to settle, and there was a tamarac swamp between. This swamp was popularly credited with

RESEMBLING THE PIT CALLED
PANDEMONIUM

which is bottomless. If the swamp had a bottom it was so far down that neither man nor beast cared to discover it by going into the watery and mire abyss. When we had occasion to cross this swamp, as we had every morning and evening, we had to make a detour from that straight line of what was to be the concession road, and cross on some trees, that had been felled to make a path for travellers. To cross on these required the sure foot, clear head and balancing pole of a rope walker. Timid women had been known to get down on hands and knees to cross the worst part. Travelling this road after dark was seldom tried, and certainly never by me. It made the short days of fall shorter for work, than they otherwise would have been.

HOW WE BUILT OUR SHANTY.

The building of even a shanty required the exercise of some planning and care. The selection of a site involves several considerations; and the first of these is, to be sure it is on the right lot, then that it be on dry land, and conveniently located for the work afterwards to be done on the lot, and with good access to the road that is or is to be, also that it be near to where there are a good number of trees of suitable size and kind to make logs for the structure to be erected. Especially was this last consideration important in our case, as we had no team of our own with which to draw them. In course of time the trees were chopped down and cut into log lengths for the walls. Then came the "raising bee," which was a sufficient number of the surrounding settlers gathered together to raise the logs onto the walls, by the aid of the very simple mechanical contrivances of hand spikes, skids and long poles with a crotch on the end of them. These last were used when the walls were up too high for the men effectively to apply their strength in lifting the logs without them. They corresponded with the pike poles at a frame raising. There were also four corner men with good sharp axes to make the corner joints. In this shanty the joints were of the kind that resembles a horseman's legs astride a horse's back. I don't know whether it was from the inexperience of the corner men or that they thought it was easier made, or that they thought any kind of corner was good enough for a bachelor's hall, that they made this kind of joining. I saw many log raisings after this first one, and generally they were dovetailed at the corners, and often with great neatness and consummate skill, and all done with axes. The walls having been put up by "bee,"

there still remained much work to be done by ourselves. There was the roofing, flooring, chinking, chimney building, holes to cut out of the logs on one side for door and window, with jamps for the sides of these to make and put in. Although timber (that is trees) was near at hand, of various kinds and in great abundance, lumber or boards was only to be got by making it with an axe, maul and wedges. The roof of our shanty was made as follows: Basswood trees were felled, cut into logs thirteen or fourteen feet long, and then split up the middle. Notches were made on the heart side from sixteen to twenty-four inches apart according as the timber was easy or difficult to split, and then, by a w-h-i-s-h-i-n-g and somewhat twisted blow of the axe blocks rather than chips were made to fly out of the heart of the stick. This formed a hollow spout or trough. The last word was the name given to the finished article. When a sufficient number of troughs were made they were laid across the building side by side with the hollow side up. They rested upon the upper logs of the side walls. Then another row of troughs with the round or bark side up were made to cover the joints of the first row. One of the side walls, which we may call the front wall, was made of bigger logs than those of the back wall, which made the top log higher in the front than the top log of the back wall. This gave the troughs a slant or incline lengthwise, so that the water of rain or snow could run down them. The appearance of the troughs inside the shanty, was that of an inclined ceiling of corrugated basswood bark. The weight of them was sufficient, without nail or pin, to keep them from moving or blowing away.

A portion of some of the logs of the front wall had to be cut out for a door, and also for a one sash window. This was done with a cross-cut saw, and wedges were driven in between the logs to keep them from sagging, either during the sawing or until the jamps were put in. The jamps of both door and window were made out of split sticks roughly hewn with the axe and then finished with the jack plane. When they were put in place, auger holes were bored through them, and into the middle of the end of each log, and pins driven through them to keep both jamps and logs in their proper places.

A batten door was made of three or four boards wide, all split too, and dressed with axe and jack plane and tongued and grooved with match planes. Bars made with the same tools as all the rest of our lumber were nailed on behind them to keep them together. Even the hinges and latch were made of wood. The sash was imported from Mitchell and the glass put in after arrival. The floor was made of split basswood slabs or planks laid on mud sleepers as the poles on the ground were called. The largest part of the floor, was not intended to be removed, when there were two short planks intended for removal, as they formed a trap door to a hole dug in the ground, which served for a root cellar to keep our potatoes from freezing.

The thickness and atomic structure of a log is well adapted to keep out both cold and heat, but the spaces between the logs, have no such adaptation. On this account split pieces had to be fitted and driven in tight between the logs. These pieces were called chinks and the process chinking. However well this might be done daylight would be seen coming through in many places, and of course the wind in these places could find access too. To obviate this a quantity of moss was gathered from the trees, and stuffed into all the crevices and holes visible, in much the same way as a boat builder caulks in between the planks of a boat.

The chimney was such a rare work of art that I have seldom or never seen its equal. The material used in building it was neither stone, brick nor iron, but only wood and puddled clay. The latter was dug out of a hole near by. The flue, which was commodious enough to allow a free exit for the smoke, was made of split laths laid one below the other prepared joint at the corner. They were then daubed over with the clay, and plastered with it, to render them fire proof. The fire place was sufficiently large to have a good big blazing fire in it, with a back log that did not need much splitting, and would burn a long time before being reduced to ashes. The lintel, which supported the front part of the flue, was split out of a piece of twisted beech, which, as I looked at it, was a constant eyesore to me in that it was so far from being "out of wind." Conspicuous as a maulpiece and yet so warped!

I must now let my reader into the secret why we went to the trouble of building a fire place and chimney. It was because we had no stove and we needed a fire to heat the one apartment

which was to answer for parlor, kitchen, and bedroom. On that fire the potatoes were to boil, the pork to fry, and the water for the tea to boil. Some fair reader may be ready to enquire: "How did you bake the bread?" I answer he didn't bake it at all. "What! eat it raw?" Nay, but we were indebted (and I feel grateful to this day) to first one and then another kind, motherly woman who made our bread and did our laundrying for us.

THE SHANTY FURNITURE.

Having described the building of the shanty, I must now briefly speak of its furniture. The wooden part of it, had to be manufactured where we were, and out of the material growing around us. The bedstead was made with four posts cut from one or more maple saplings about four inches through. These were planed and made octagonal, or eight sided, about the height of a common bedstead. Other saplings did for the rails to hold the posts together, and to form a receptacle for a straw mattress. Auger holes bored into the posts received the ends of the rails. This was the frame of the bedstead. Smaller saplings with some spring in them stretched from head to foot did for the bottom. Our table was made similar to any small common kitchen table without turned legs, but it had to be made out of a tree or trees growing in the bush. One or two rustic chairs made with crooked sticks for the hind legs and back, and one bench, were our seats. If visitors came to see us, which was not often, one or both of us had to accommodate the strangers with the chairs, and seat ourselves on the chest lid. There were three or four Old Country made chests in our establishment, and one of these was used for a pantry.

CUTTING DOWN AND PILING THE
BRUSH.

When the shanty was finished or made habitable, our next work was cutting down and piling the brush, which means the saplings and small trees. These were cut close to the ground, so that their stumps would not obstruct the plow or harrow, when these implements came to be used. The brush was or should have been thrown into big compact heaps to make it burn better than when left scattered. So much time was taken up with the shanty building, that we did not get as much under-brushing done as was intended, for the snow got to be deep, and it was impracticable then to cut close to the ground. We then began to chop down and cut up the big trees. It was slow and laborious work, but perseverance changed the aspect somewhat. At different times when we went to our work we saw two or three deer quietly, I might almost say tamely—browsing on the tops of the trees we had cut down. On one occasion, a year or two after this, I was walking along the 12th con. of Elma, toward the gravel road, and I saw a streak of blood extending along the ground for perhaps a mile. At length I came to a crossway through a narrow neck of swamp. On the crossway were a deer and two dogs trying to attack it, but it was successfully keeping them at bay. For a time I could not get past them, and could easily have hit it with a stick if there had been one in my hand. However, I was not then in quest of venison, besides I had heard that an enraged deer could with a swift, powerful stroke of its hoof, tear a permanent ugly gash in his flesh in addition. So I considered discretion the better part of valor and let it alone. In a short time it made a bound into the swamp and the dogs after it. It had been wounded and that explained the streak of blood on the road.

When the end of March arrived, my mate left me, and went away to Markham whence we came, to hire out for the summer months. I was thus left to keep bachelor's hall alone, and might almost say: "I was monarch of all I surveyed." But the "survey" was not very extensive when in the woods. The tasks left me to perform, were to under-brush some for preparation for the next winter's campaign of "bush-whacking," and when it got sufficiently dry to burn some of the brush heaps in the vicinity of the shanty, and with the assistance of some of the neighbor settlers and a yoke of oxen, to log a piece of ground for a potato patch. By the time all this was done and the potatoes planted with the hoe and a fence made around the patch it was on in the month of June. Once when I was underbrushing away toward the back end of the lot, several days, and not expecting to see anyone there, or then, I was greatly frightened by hearing human voices. At first I saw no one, but after a short time two men made their appearance who turned out to be two neighbors who in coming home from Mitchell had made for the woods. I never was what is called "home sick," but my sense of loneliness on that occasion gave me vividly to realize the meaning of the poet's question:

"Oh solitude where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?"

But my experience would not prompt me to endorse the following couplet:

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

When the time for doing stultate labor arrived, along with the whole of the adult male settlers, I was summoned out by the pathmaster to do road

work. The work to be done was to under brush, and chop or grub, a road about twenty feet wide, along a line marked by a surveyor's blaze, which had become faint, along the concession road. It began at the corner of our lot and extended across it and other lots for a distance of two miles. Everybody worked as well as they could, for it was not only the Queen's highway, but it was particularly to be their own highway in coming years. However, when the work for the year was all done, there was not more than from one half to three quarters of a mile opened out. Most of the way was swamp, and many of the trees had to be cut level with the ground to make a bed for crossway logs afterwards to be cut and laid, which in turn had to be covered with earth, and that again with gravel before there could be a decently good road. Truly it required undaunted courage and a buoyant hope to enable settlers to attempt overcoming such mountainous difficulties. One day, while the statute labor was in progress, we had arrived at a ridge of dry land, and during the dinner hour I thought I would go across it, see how wide it was, and how it looked. I intended to keep in sight the newly made blaze which some one in our gang had made for a guide in the work. But either from heedlessness or from the trees only being newly blazed on the one side, I soon lost sight of it, and I wandered on. At first I thought I could easily return to where my companions were resting, but on making trial found I could not do so. I shouted and they answered me with simultaneous shoutings. The sound told me I was much farther from them than I expected, and would soon have been, if I was not already lost in the woods. By the help of their shouting I reached them in time for work. One day, some time after this, I decided to go to Mitchell to make some purchases, and I thought I would go out our own concession to the gravel road. Accordingly I set out on the newly chopped road and then began to follow the blazes on the trees. These blazes are chips taken out of the trees growing near the middle of the road and forming a white spot the color of which contrasts with the dark color of the surrounding bark. A centre tree has three notches instead of one. After having gone on with these for my guide for some time, I came to a halt, for I could not see another blazed tree. About this time it began to drizzle and rain and I thought it was a long way to go to Mitchell in a rainy day so I resolved to turn back and go home. I supposed I had made the necessary "right about face" to take me home. But after following the blaze for some time I began to think, I did not see these trees, turn-ups, etc, when coming out. Then I began to think that instead of having turned right around and gone westward as I intended, I had only turned half round, and was going southward along a side road. Bye and bye an opening appeared and I thought now I am coming to a big beaver meadow, which I had heard about. Soon I came to the clearing and to my surprise saw a man whom I had seen before and learned that his clearing. From him I learned that I had gone out the concession, just as I had at first intended, and had never turned at all. My knowledge of the topography of the district very deceiving to me. I wended my way out the remainder of the concession which was cleared on both sides of the road to the gravel and thence proceeded to Mitchell.

Shortly after our arrival in the "bush" T—E— undertook to show one or two men, who were hunting land to settle on, a lot adjoining his own. After wandering about with the strangers for a while and night coming on neither of them could find their way out. Mrs. E was of course anxious about her husband. She blew the dinner horn with her right hand, and a neighbor, whose lot lay alongside of the one being explored, fired a gun in order to guide them home, but notwithstanding these efforts, it was not till midnight or on in the wee small hours of the morning when they arrived father both cold and hungry. It was said that in their attempt to get out, they had circled about on a space not much bigger than an acre. Mr. E was somewhat short-sighted, but who would be anything else in these circumstances? The strangers did not take up that lot. Perhaps that afternoon and night's experience was a sufficient deterrent. The lot was taken up shortly afterwards, however, and is still occupied by the same parties.

I have mentioned some of the difficulties the pioneers in the bush had to encounter. Let me now speak of some others. The nearest village which was also the nearest post office was Monkton or West Monkton. It is now five miles by the road from where our shanty stood. It was then seven and a half or eight miles by a circuitous route which was not fit for a yoke of oxen and wagon to travel. During the whole time from October to July I never was the length of Monkton, and only once, on sight of the gravel road, was I in had not the supplying of the provisions for our establishment or this could not have been said. Our letters came to Monkton P. O. but the newspapers, if I remember rightly, were "like angel visits, few and far between." There was no school and no church nearer than Monkton, and not one of the latter even there. The Methodist circuit preachers came from Mitchell to preach at Monk-

ton on the Sabbath at intervals of two or three weeks, but no one in our settlement ever went to hear them. The task was too arduous, even had the inclination been greater than it was. The Sunday was spent by many in visiting and receiving visits, and of course considerable secular business such as arranging for "bees," "raisings," etc, was transacted. Occasionally the report of a gun was to be heard, caused by some one trying to replenish his larder by hunting on the Lord's Day.

I had been accustomed from earliest years to "the sound of the church-going bell" and attendance at the house and upon the ordinances to which it called. I felt strongly that an effort should be made, and that by me, to counteract my environments in this respect. I first consulted a man who felt as I did and induced him to join with me in forming a Sunday school or Bible class. He consented and we obtained very readily the privilege of meeting in a shanty pretty centrally located of another worthy family. Soon the news spread of the attempt we were about to make and before long nearly all the young people and some of the old came Sunday after Sunday to take part in, or at least to listen to the services in which we engaged. Our meetings were a sort of union pioneer Sunday school and church combined. The day will declare what good resulted from these efforts. It would be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to review the three decades which have come and gone since those days—to note the progress made—to compare and contrast what is now with what was then, but the limits of time and space forbid. Suffice it to say, that near to the centre of the township of Elma, where were two bush lots with a muddy mud road between, there now exists the thriving commercial and manufacturing village of Atwood, having for a source of literary influence:

"The little busy BEE,
Improving each shining hour,
In gathering honey all the day,
From every opening flower,"
and diffusing weekly its gathered sweets in the form of news and knowledge to a wide circle of expectant, eager readers.
Atwood, Oct. 14, 1890.

DONEGAL.

Early History of the Irish
Village.

Written for the PIONEER NUMBER.

DONEGAL is the pioneer settlement of Elma. Early in the forties its first settlers erected their log shanties on the banks of the then considerable creek which crosses the 10th concession, near the site of the Methodist church. The first man to break into the unbroken forest in search of a permanent home is still in the person of Wm. Thompson. He is still hale and hearty and can portray in a vivid manner the stirring scenes of pioneer life. In the fall of '47 the settlement was reinforced by the arrival of the Buchanans, a family group consisting of seven brothers, all hardy and active young men, who also squatted on the banks of the creek and at once commenced to hew their way to fortune. Of this family Andrew Buchanan, our genial mail carrier, so well known, and greatly esteemed by the readers of THE BEE, is still residing in the village. The part of the township then became known as the Buchanan settlement—a name that spread far and wide. After the survey of the township of Elma in the fifties settlers came rapidly in and a postoffice was granted—the first in Elma. John R. Foster was the first postmaster, and the office was situated on lot 29, 10th con. The mail was lotted through the woods by way of Milverton to Troubridge. The present location of the office, after numerous changes, is about half a mile east of the original one. The first school house was erected on the present site in the early fifties, and was presided over by a Miss Dexter, who was succeeded in her onerous duties by a gentleman who is known only to posterity by the sobriquet of "Pat." Wm. Rothwell then took the youngsters in hand, and in turn gave place to Wm. Hammond, (dearly deceased) who held his position for seven years. George McGill then wielded the birch for two years and gave way to Thos. Fullerton, the present Clerk of Elma, who soon pushed the school into a foremost place in the county, a position ably maintained by his successors, Geo. Poole, D. D. Ellis, W. Knox, John Waigh and A. Graham. During the seven years that Mr. Fullerton had charge the present edifice was erected to take the place of the old log school house which had become too small for the wants of the section. The first blacksmith shop was erected in the village in 1874, and the cheese factory in 1875. The early meetings of the religious denominations were held in the old school house, the present Methodist church being erected in 1864, followed shortly after by the erection of an English church on the 12th con. Elma. The Presbyterians, Baptists, etc, at present attend worship in the neighboring villages. Among the oldest settlers still living in the vicinity might be mentioned the names of Wm. Little, Charles Mason, Andrew Hemphill, John Wilson, Alex. Wilson, Robt. Henry and John Irvine.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

DOUGLAS PELLY'S RECEPTION AT HIS NATIVE TOWN.

Received as From the 'end—He Thinks Birchall Tried Three Times to Murder Him—He Suspected His False Friend—He is Reticent Regarding Mrs. Birchall.

The *Herts and Essex Observer*, published at Pelly's home, gives the following account of his return to his family—Seldom indeed does it fall to the lot of a young man to meet with such unenviable experience as Mr. Douglas Pelly, the son of the vicar of Saf-fon Walden, who was so nearly connected with the Benwell murder case, which has created so much excitement, not only abroad but at home, and who ran so narrow a risk of himself being a victim.

Mr. Pelly, anxious to return to his family whose anxiety since the first intimation of the murder has been very great, left Woodstock half an hour after the verdict had been given in the trial, and crossed in the Majestic to England, arriving at Liverpool on Wednesday morning. He was met there by his father, and the meeting was naturally an affecting one. They journeyed to London immediately, and catching the 5-15 train ex-Liverpool street, arrived at Walden just before seven o'clock. The knowledge of the arrival had become known, and the result was that a crowd of some thousands had assembled in the vicinity of the railway station in order to give a welcome to the returned voyager. The arrival of the train was signalled by a feu de joie. Mrs. Pelly, with Miss Geraldine and Miss Daisy Pelly, were on the platform, and the greetings between mother and son, sisters and brothers were very warm. These over, a move was made for the carriage in waiting, and as soon as Mr. Douglas Pelly appeared on the outside of the station he was received with prolonged and deafening cheers. The horses were unharnessed and the car was drawn to Walden place by willing hands, preceded by the Excelsior band playing *Relling Home to Dear Old England*, and men carrying lighted torches. In addition to the large following, crowds had assembled all along the line of route, and as the carriages passed along the occupants were repeatedly cheered. Flags were hung from various private houses, and the residence of Mrs. Bellingham was illuminated with colored lights.

At the entrance to Walden place a triumphal arch had been erected, having on the front the words "Welcome Home." A large portion of the crowd followed the carriage into the grounds, and upon alighting Mr. Douglas Pelly briefly thanked them for their kindness, at the same time intimating that he would do so more fully on another occasion. The band took up a position on the lawn, and under the leadership of Mr. W. Auger played a suitable selection, while a large number of people perambulated the grounds, which presented a pretty appearance, the trees and shrubs being hung with colored fairy lights.

On Thursday morning a representative of the *Observer* had an interview with Mr. Douglas Pelly, and something like the following occurred:

What is your private opinion as regards the Benwell murder case, and the condemned man?

Personally, well I think he had a very fair trial, and every chance a man could have to clear himself. Really nothing could have been fairer. The judge gave his counsel every sort of license and as much time as he asked for. After he had practically closed the case he allowed him to call another witness or two because he thought it was important. Birchall could not complain of not having a fair trial and a fair chance, and there is no doubt the verdict was an absolutely just one in every way. As Mr. Osler, the crown counsel, remarked, all the time he has been saying he had an explanation, but if there was one he would have made it a long time ago. His counsel spoke for nearly five hours and made a most wonderful speech; he is a very clever man, too, and did everything he possibly could for Birchall.

Did you have any impression as to there being anything wrong beyond what has already appeared in the papers?

I hardly know what has appeared in the English papers.

Was there not something about a cigar?

Well, people said he gave me a cigar that was drugged, but I have hardly made up my mind whether there was anything in it. The people in the house where I was staying were very sure about it.

You happened to meet with a friend and threw it away, did you not?

No; there was something in the flavor I did not like and threw it away, but felt the effects of it for some hours afterward. Honestly speaking, I don't know if there was anything wrong with it. He (Birchall) was a most extraordinary character, perfectly cool to the very last. I was not there when the verdict was pronounced.

What is your opinion with regard to Mrs. Birchall?

I cannot help thinking that she must have known a great deal about it, because I don't see how it could have been otherwise. My suspicions were aroused, so how much more must her's have been, living as she was in such close relationship with him. Of course she must have known about the fraud part of the business, or one would think so.

But not about the actual crime?

It is a difficult thing to say. One would not like to accuse anyone of that sort of thing. Look at it in this light. She knew there was no farm and no business, in fact, nothing at all, and yet she allowed Benwell to go off with Birchall on the understanding that he was going to see a farm, the neighborhood where it was, and be introduced to friends, knowing there was no such place at all. As to her idea of what was going to occur that day it is impossible to speak, but there must have been something in her mind. I never expected to see Benwell back that day and I cannot conceive where she imagined he was going to, because she knew that as soon as Benwell arrived up there he would find there was no such place as mentioned.

How many times do you now think you escaped being a victim of Birchall?

Well, looking at things now, I think I had three pretty narrow escapes, leaving the cigar business out. Once he took me down—I had been suspecting him of being a fraud, and was waiting until I had some specific grounds to go on, because one could not make a charge of that sort without strong reasons. I spoke to him, telling him I thought he was different to what he had made out, and the representation he had made before starting seemed to be ab-

solutely without foundation. He made a shuffling explanation and I mentally decided to give him another week, and unless things were in full swing by the end of the week I would leave him. Of course before the week was over he was in prison. We were walking along the river road which goes from the village up to the Niagara Falls—this was about ten minutes after had quarrelled with him—when we came to a place where a good many years ago some religious body used to hold their camp meetings, and it was thought that it would be nice to bathe in the river, so a stairway was made straight down the cliff with the idea that they could go down it to bathe, but it was found impossible to bathe there because the current was so strong. Birchall said, "Oh you have never been down there; you ought to go, it is the best view of the falls." I told him I should like to go down, and went down first, but soon noticed what a rotten, wretched-looking place it was, and, curious to say, there was a man waiting at the bottom of the stairway. No one had been down the stairs for years. I could not say exactly I had any grave suspicions at that moment, but I did not like the look of the place, so I went back. In the light of after events, knowing he had murdered Benwell, and that it was his highest interest to get rid of me, it seems he must have intended to put me away. Well then, another time he took me down to the cliffs close to the cantiever bridge. Underneath this bridge you cannot be seen; you get in between the brickwork of the span and the edge. Well, he took me in there so as to get a better view of the rapids. He tried to persuade me to stand close by him at the edge, but becoming suspicious and noticing something in his manner I did not like, I felt frightened and would not go near the edge, but made some excuse and went away. This was the second time. It would have been so easy for him a little push, and there you are, gone into the rapids, and just there is the place where bodies are never found. I had for some days seen a heading in the papers about a murder near Woodstock, but had never read or taken any notice of it until the Friday, when first mention was made of the cigar case having been found. On that day, early in the morning, Birchall wanted me to go up at once to Princeton to see if it was Benwell's body. Then I was completely frightened and got a revolver, which I put in my pocket and never moved without it, feeling so sure there was something wrong. We went to the station, but there was no train; and the things he said to me, which appeared in the papers, no doubt, made me feel there was something wrong with him, and that he knew something about Benwell's disappearance. I wanted to telegraph to New York, thinking Benwell was there, but he refused to do that, and decided to go over to the American side, where he had opened a banking account. It began to rain while we were there and he wanted to stay on the American side, but it seemed absurd because his wife was at the boarding house still and would expect us back that same night. I would not stay on that side of the bridge, and as we were walking across the lower suspension bridge exactly over the commencement of the whirlpool rapids he wanted me to go to the edge of the bridge, the balustrade of which was only about eighteen inches high, and nothing would have been easier than to push anyone over. He made a weak excuse for asking me to join him at the edge, but it was a sort of revelation to me and I would not go. He was very cross and white, but said nothing. I believe if I had gone to the edge of that bridge I should never have got across. Of course naturally one sees all these things afterwards in a more pronounced light than at the time.

As to the country, Canada what impression have you formed of it during your short stay?

I think parts of Canada are particularly nice. I have seen pretty well the whole of the country, and it is not in any way what emigration agents would have people believe. There are one or two places which you might say were perfection. In the eastern states and Ontario was the finest farming country in the world.

You don't think of going out there again?

I may go out to see Canada again, because I have made a great many friends there. Clerks engaged in London businesses going out there can get any amount of occupation the pay is better, living cheaper, hours shorter, and they would have a far happier existence.

Did anyone connected with the trial come home with you?

No one at all. I only just caught the steamer, and left Woodstock half an hour after the verdict. I left at half-past seven on Oct. 1, and arrived at Liverpool about eight o'clock yesterday morning. We had a wonderful passage and beautiful weather.

Is it true that you have had offers made to you? Did someone wish you to sing at a hall?

Oh, yes (smiling). It was done simply as a matter of advertisement. They will do anything there to make money, which is their sole idea. I must say a man might do very much worse than to go over there. With a small income a man can live there very well and have an enjoyable life. After the offices are closed the clerks are allowed to smoke inside, and people there don't think of going to business in a black coat. The people showed me enormous kindness—in fact I never met such people for kindness.

Insurance Companies in Mexico.

Reports from Mexico state that a bill has been submitted to Congress which proposes to deal with insurance companies in a manner quite heroic. Among other things, the bill provides that in order to do business a company must first obtain a license from the Department of Finance; that said license shall not exceed ninety-nine years duration; that each company shall erect office buildings costing not less than \$50,000; that the government shall appoint a commissioner to supervise the operations of each company and his salary shall be paid by each company; that every company shall deposit forfeit money to the amount of at least \$200,000 in public debt bonds; and that every year, in January, companies must submit a balance sheet showing their transactions during the preceding year. Infractions of the law shall be visited with a fine of \$100,000, or, in default, imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years. What has led to these stringent measures being adopted does not appear, whether owing to frauds having been perpetrated upon the people, or to the persuasion that "prevention is better than cure."

All Sorts of Girls.

There's the pretty girl,
And the witty girl,
And the girl that bangs her hair;
The girl that's a flirt,
And the girl that is pert,
And the girl with the baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl,
And the rowdy girl,
And the girl that is always late;
There's the girl of style,
And the girl of wit,
And the girl with the minging gait.

There's the tender girl,
And the slender girl,
And the girl that says her prayers;
There's the haughty girl,
And the naughty girl,
And the girl that puts on airs.

There's the tolu girl,
And the "fool you" girl,
And the girl that bets on the races;
There's the candid girl,
And the handy girl,
And the girl that has two faces.

There's the well-bred girl,
And the well-read girl,
And the girl with a sense of duty;
There's the dainty girl,
And the "fainty" girl,
And the girl that has no beauty.

There are many others,
Oh, men and brothers,
Than are named in this narration;
There are girls and girls,
And they're all of them pearls—
They're the best things in creation.

Are People Losing Faith?

If it be true that men have faith in what they are willing to pay for, and, *vice versa*, there is no great reason for any feeling of alarm at the assertion so confidently made by some, that the people are losing faith in Christianity. Said a New York clergyman recently, "I hear a great deal about the spread of agnosticism nowadays, yet I never heard before of such a time as this for building new churches. I see reports of them every week, and believe that you will find that since January last more than a hundred of them have been built in this city or hereabouts. Some of them are grand and costly edifices, too. We are raising places of worship all the time for believers of every creed. Only last Sunday a new church was dedicated in this city, and another in Brooklyn, and another in Woodhaven, and the corner stone of another was laid in Jersey City, yet it was rather a poor Sunday for new churches. You can find, too, that most of the churches in New York and vicinity are well filled, and that some of them are crowded at every service. If there is a tremendous spread of agnosticism and infidelity, you can't prove that there is by getting up a list of the new churches that have been built this year, or last year, or within the past ten years." And this witness is irrefutable. It is estimated that in the United States, alone the evangelical churches are building on an average four churches a day, a rate which does not betoken the widespread revolt from Christianity which some of her enemies would have the world believe.

Cavalry in War.

The invention of smokeless powder and the perfecting of the implements of warfare render it improbable that the exciting spectacles of former days when armies met in the shock of battle, will ever again be witnessed. Says a German writer on this subject: "The time for brilliant cavalry attacks upon infantry will be past and the future duties of cavalry will be to escort single detachments and so forth. An attack cannot be risked by cavalry except upon a body of the enemy's cavalry, and whenever it is not stronger than the enemy it would be better to dismount and protect itself by firing. If the cavalry of the future is to be efficient, continues the writer, it should be armed with rifles and instructed in quick firing. The lance, which is being introduced again in France and Germany, is an absolutely useless weapon, and in the age of repeating rifles and smokeless powder the cavalry will never have an opportunity of using it." Now when the dazzling uniforms shall have given place to hues more sombre, and the glittering bayonets shall have been robbed of their power to shine, and armies shall no longer confront each other on the open field but seek the protection of hill or wood, it may happen that much of the fascination of warfare shall have passed away. And this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Velocipedes in War.

Velocipedes are now desired in France for naval as well as military service. Four years ago, at the mobilization of a French army corps, they carried messages to and from headquarters with such rapidity as to receive a regular organization in the military establishment of France; and Russia is now following that example. The wheelmen wear loose artillery jackets and canvas trousers, and may have, for rain, a rubber cloak with a hood; their despatches are carried in a leather wallet, and the weapon is a revolver. But while all this is easy to understand, and also that bicycle or tricycles are allowed at the option of the riders, the former having the superiority in speed and the latter in stability, it may not be quite so clear how the cycle is of avail for the sailor. The explanation is that it is not intended for use on shipboard, but for landing parties, and even then mainly for scouting and reconnaissance. It must be said that this is going to extremes in the anxiety to use the new appliance, and that the occasions when it would be of value could hardly pay for the trouble of taking care of the machine. The uses of the wheel in army manoeuvres are apparent, but naval cyclists seem to be as superfluous as horse marines.

Skilful doctors at Berlin speak in the gravest way about the trouble the young Emperor of Germany constantly suffers with his ear. It seems to be a commonplace of medicine that in such troubles, when of long standing and remaining obstinate in spite of the best treatment, nearly all have tuberculosis as their real cause, in which case an early death or insanity seem to threaten the Emperor's lifework. It is an open secret that his restless travelling is in search of sleep and health, an unceasing struggle with the pain and misery that the inflammation in his ear is ever causing him.

About Old Ocean.

The sea occupies three-fourths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with seawater and allowed to evaporate under the sun there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above. Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamship. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on the Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered from 6564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves. It has been found difficult to get the correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easy back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks, and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sands or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt, as if an electric current had passed through the line.

An Antarctic Expedition.

Now that the Australian colonies have agreed to pay the \$25,000 which Baron Nordenskiold and Baron Dickson proposed as the condition on which they would fit out an Antarctic expedition, it is probable that steps will be taken at once to consummate the scheme. Considering the reliability, experience and resources of the principal promoters of the expedition, it is safe to predict that this exploring party will be the best equipped that has ever entered the Southern Seas. What the results will be can only be conjectured. Two ends will be kept in view by the expedition, one scientific and the other monetary. It is expected that much useful scientific information will be gained; that, owing to the great improvements which the last fifty years have wrought in means and methods of scientific investigation, our present knowledge of the air and sea and land of those regions will be considerably enlarged. Penetrating further towards the Southern pole, these explorers will learn what currents move those seas, and what plants and animals inhabit them; what meteorological conditions prevail; and whether the mighty wall of ice and snow, which former explorers have brought us word, engirds a continent or an archipelago. Moreover, it is known that the Antarctic waters are the home of myriads of whales and seals, and of fishes also, which are of great commercial value. Hitherto their remoteness from the markets of the world has caused them to be neglected. But now that the mammalian hosts of the Northern Seas are so decimated, the eyes of whalers and sealers are turned toward the vast resources of the South. With the Antarctic waters as near to Australia as Baffin's Bay is to England, there is good reason to look for the establishment of paying commercial enterprises on and within the Antarctic circle.

There are other attractions than those which nature provides which invest a country or a locality with interest to the traveler. The works of his fellowmen, especially those works which indicate the possession of rare gifts or genius can never fail to delight and attract, for nothing is more interesting to man than man. This fact is sometimes overlooked by those who institute comparisons between new and old lands, between a country, on the one hand, without traditions, history, or monuments, and a country which has been the theatre where have transpired events that have given direction to history, and the home where have lived some of the wisest, the noblest and best of mankind. Into this error the author of "Our Italy," by which he means Southern California, has fallen when he says that the latter is more attractive than the former. By going to Italy one gets a knowledge of the records and works of mankind that cannot be got anywhere else, and this knowledge is more valuable than any other.

A judgment has just been rendered at Ottawa in connection with an insurance case which is of more than ordinary interest to the public. It appears that the Ottawa agent for the Mutual Reserve Life Association, of New York, sent in two applications which were rejected by the company, but upon which the premium had been paid at the time applications were made, and that the agent when requested to refund the money, seeing that the policies were not issued, refused to do so. Instead of suing the agent, the parties interested instituted action against the company and succeeded in winning their suit, the judge holding that the agent having taken the applications and received the money for the policies, the company was bound to make repayment. The effect of this judgment will doubtless be to induce insurance companies to exercise more caution in selecting their agents while it will give greater security to the insuring public.

TO PREVENT PREMATURE BURIALS.

A Society to Institute Precautions Against the Interment of the Living.

Medical literature contains many true stories, sadder than fiction, of people who have been buried alive; of the resuscitation of persons supposed to be dead; of the deception of physicians and friends by the apparent symptoms of death, and kindred tales. Some time ago the subject was discussed at a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society, and it was shown that there are good grounds for believing that men, women and children are frequently buried alive; that our laws permit of too hasty interment of persons supposed to be dead, and that common sense dictates the adoption of some measures, whereby the occurrence of such horrors may be prevented.

The outcome of the discussion has been the suggestion of a society for the purpose of taking precautions against premature burials. The originator of the movement was Dr. S. Newton Leo of New York. Speaking on this subject the other day Dr. Leo said: "There are a number of prominent men in various walks of life whom I know to be interested in this movement who would prefer not to have their names mentioned at present. But the society is progressing, and I have no doubt that a permanent organization will be formed. I will take this occasion to explain that there seems to be an impression among some medical men that these statements as to premature burials that have been made from time to time have not been sufficiently authenticated to lead to the conclusion that they were based on absolute facts. In this they are mistaken. Who knows how many such cases are concealed in deep graves: in the cremating furnaces; in the tombs of the wealthy? It is idle to say that these things do not happen. They do happen. This nobody can deny; that no harm and possibly great good must result from the adoption of common sense precautions to prevent such horrible things.

"The obvious point is this: People who have been pronounced dead are often with undue haste placed upon ice. This renders it impossible for them to revive in many cases where the vital spark has not left the body. If they are not dead the ice kills them, or the air-tight coffin kills them. Sometimes when after a lapse of time coffins have been opened, and bodies are found to have been displaced, the terrible reflections of friends have been quieted by the assurance that gases of the decaying body must have done the work. But the probability is that the unfortunate victim has been prematurely buried, and has writhed in unspeakable torture until relieved by welcome death.

"The main cause of premature interment is the custom of haste to prepare the subject for the grave. The undertaker is sent for on the instant. He may hint that there is no hurry, but it is at the risk of losing his business. If one undertaker will not hurry another one will. People must be educated up to the idea that it is not only necessary to hurry, but is the dictate of humanity and common sense to go slowly in such matters. Of course, in cases of death by diphtheria or contagious disease, such as cholera or small-pox, haste is pardonable for the sake of living, but, in most cases, undue haste is at the risk of homicide. The Board of Health will take care of urgent cases. In all others it would be better to proceed carefully.

It is best to call in a physician who is fully qualified and familiar with the signs of death, and not to be too hasty in taking it for granted that death has actually occurred, even in cases where people have been long sick, and where death has been for some time regarded as a forgone conclusion. Too much care cannot be taken before making preparations for a funeral, to make it absolutely certain by the most unmistakable evidence that death has really taken place.

Our society proposes to adopt these obviously necessary precautions: To exercise vigilance; to employ medical appliances which have been invented for the purpose of making such thorough and scientific examination in every case of alleged death a render it absolutely impossible for any person not dead to be treated as if he were dead. Precautions will be taken to watch the subject from the time the physician of the society are notified of the death of member to the end. The closest supervision and most perfect tests will be maintained until the final moment of consigning the body to its last resting place, that it will be impossible for any person to be either prematurely killed or interred alive.

Styles for the Ladies.

In collars fashion is so varied that it is hardly possible to make a choice out of them. We must be guided by the make of the dress, whether the bodice is open at the neck or quite high at the throat, both styles being equally in style. Medici collars are more worn on capes, jackets, and cloaks, than on dresses, whilst the high, straight collars is reserved for tailor-made costumes.

Dresses cut in a short V back and front may be worn without any collar at all, on condition that the neck itself be faultless in shape, otherwise the V must be filled in with lace, gauze, tulle, or silk fichu, fastened at the neck by a brooch or pin. The V may also be edged round with a full ruffling of lace or feathers, boa fashion, which will generally trim the neck sufficiently, even without the under fichu.

Neck ribbons and necklets are also returning to fashion, and are worn with open V-bodices. Necklets may be made of silver, steel, and Strass diamonds, boldly asserting their common origin, however, without any pretence to assume more than they really are. For day wear, indeed, much mock jewelry is allowed.

Young ladies having pretty throats find the large pleated lace or muslin collars becoming. The Pierrot collar is of this style, fastening in the back or on one side, and may be sufficiently deep to reach the waistline, front and back.

Empire laces in yandyke patterns form box-pleated ruffles in white, red, black, and evening shades, that sit up in the back like a Medici collar, and may taper toward the front to leave a tiny V at the throat. Box-pleated ruffles or ruffs of tulle or crepe are just long enough to surround the neck, and tie with long loops in the back. They are worn with low-necked evening frocks and high visiting or theatre toilettes.

Ostrich feather ruffs and boas are also worn; lace boas, and those of a cream marabout tinged with brown on the ends. The neck is now made quite an important factor in one's general appearance, and the variety of turn-over frills and standing ruffs is immense, though, like all other novelties, prettily articles bring pretty prices.

To Our Patrons.

AFTER due consideration, weeks of concentrated effort, together with considerable outlay, we are enabled to present our subscribers and the reading public with a Pioneer Number of THE BEE. We will allow the contents to speak for themselves. Readers will find much in these both to interest, please and instruct. Typographically, the paper is an illustration of the work done in THE BEE Job Department. We hope this Pioneer Number will please you, and that you will appreciate the outlay of work and money incurred in getting it up. At a busy season of the year such special numbers are a tax on the resources of the best equipped offices.

THE BEE is so thoroughly known throughout this district that it is not easy to say anything on its behalf that is not already familiar to everyone. Nothing that energy or outlay can accomplish will be left undone to maintain its prestige in Canadian journalism and to give its readers the very best that can be supplied. There is to be no standstill. THE BEE'S progress is to continue a quick march at the head of the procession. Great changes in the newspaper world have taken place and are impending. No changes will leave us behind. We propose that in 1891 THE BEE will be brighter, better and more popular than ever before. THE BEE makes a special feature of local and district news, and in this connection we beg to thank our able staff of correspondents for their voluntary and generous aid in furnishing its columns from week to week with items of interest from their respective localities. Their contributions are always welcome features of its news columns. It never had so many correspondents as at the present time. Almost every corner in North Perth and a large portion of East Huron is represented, so that everything of interest that occurs may be learned through its columns. It has not what could fairly be called a rival in this field in its own district.

A reference to the reading matter of THE BEE would scarcely be complete without an allusion to its advertising columns, because the advertising columns of a really live newspaper are of as much interest and value to many people as any other part of it. Nowadays men do not spend money in advertising unless they have something to say. Every man who advertises in THE BEE has something to tell the public, and it is worth the public's while to read what he says. THE BEE is the medium through which the farmers and business men speak to each other.

The price of THE BEE will be, as in the past, \$1 per year in advance. As these terms will be strictly adhered to, subscribers should see to it that they do not allow their papers to fall in arrears. On a trial trip for new subscribers we will give the balance of the present year free. In other words, we will send THE BEE until the 1st of January, 1892, for \$1—to those who are not now taking it. This is a liberal offer which hundreds should take advantage of. We repeat, THE BEE will be brighter, better and more popular next year than ever before. Fourteen months for \$1 to new subscribers. It is without doubt the newest and cheapest local newspaper in the county. Every resident of Perth should take it.

R. S. PELTON, Publisher.

The School Difficulty.

MANY of the residents of S. S. No. 5, Elma, have expressed their regrets at the needless strife and ill-feeling that has arisen over the school management. Notwithstanding the question at issue is one of public interest, we reluctantly give further publicity to the matter from the fact that whatever grievances there possibly may have been respecting the school should have been settled by the trustee board of the section and not allowed to have been heralded abroad through the public prints. We have listened to the grievances of both factions interested, and to our mind both are equally responsible for the disturbance thus arisen. In the first place the party or parties who complained of their children being too severely punished should have consulted with or written to the teacher, Mr. Morrison, in (this is not the legal way, but the wiser) a quiet, gentlemanly manner, and laid their complaints before him, and by this means give the teacher opportunity to adjust matters satisfactory to both

without the knowledge of the board. It is scarcely necessary to add that every charge laid before a trustee board against a teacher, whether the grievance be real or imaginary, places that officer in a very awkward position and lessens his chances for re-engagement the ensuing year, although the charges may have been proven to be groundless. But, if the teacher refuses to listen to the complaints of the parent, who is persuaded his child has been unduly punished, then it is the parent's duty to lay the matter before the board, and that body should be composed of men capable, and with sufficient stamina, of exercising the power vested in them without fear or favor, and, having dealt with the charge in accordance with the law laid down by statute, to remain steadfast and unmoved. Now, the trustee board of No. 5 have listened to too many little petty tales from different parties in the section, which they have allowed to overrule their judgment in dealing with the real question at issue. The decision of the board should be final in every instance, and the rate payers who put them there ought to have implicit confidence in their ability to manage the affairs of the section, or else not elect them to the office. Mr. Morrison's capabilities as a teacher can not be brought into question. The school under his tuition has gained for itself an enviable reputation, which was evidenced at the recent Entrance and Promotion Examinations. Doubtless Mr. Morrison has punished Mr. Gee's children illegally. Mr. Morrison admits that he may have whipped Mr. Gee's children too severely, but did not think so at the time. If this be true, and we believe it to be, then Mr. Gee's grievances are real and genuine, and he is entitled to the solicitation of the board. Now for a few words in reference to the letters which appeared in these columns bearing on this question. One individual is as much entitled to express his conscientious convictions, for or against, in the columns of a newspaper as another, and neither of them forfeit their characters, providing they keep to the subject and avoid needless and libellous personalities. Writers Nos. 1 and 2 expressed their convictions in a manner which none could justly take offence at, but writer No. 3 gave utterance to statements which were injudicious, unprovoked and untrue. We have reference to the attacks on the private character of J. S. Gee, the accused writer of article No. 2. We are prepared to defend the character of Mr. Gee at all hazards. During our social and business intercourse with this gentleman we have found him honest, straightforward and gentlemanly, and his character beyond reproach. The writer of article No. 3 owes Mr. Gee an apology when he accuses him of being an "unprincipled man." We have learned with much regret that several parties have allowed their antipathy toward Mr. Gee to enter into their business relationships and withdrawn their patronage, or in other words, boycotted him. This is not right, and we sincerely trust the individuals, whoever they are, will not let their better judgment and many principles be overruled by the popular evil clamor of the moment. In conclusion, we hope the gulf of strained relationships will be bridged in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

MAMIE'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE BEE PIONEER NUMBER BY MISS IDA PELTON, OF INNERKIE, ONT.

MAMIE RAY was a bright, winsome girl of fourteen, but I am sorry to say she had one fault, and that was she could never resist the temptation to improve her outward appearance; and any small article of finery which she happened to spy in her mother's bureau drawers were appropriated for the adornment of her own small person.

"Murder! Help!" rang through the house one night.

"They are dragging me back! I can't get free," screamed Mamie. A strong chain was fastened to each bare ankle, and unseen hands were slowly but surely dragging her down, down—

Mamie sprang suddenly out of bed with a terrified face and gazed fearfully around. "Why! where am I?" she exclaimed. "I must have been dreaming," and a smile took the place of the frightened looks as she crept into bed and was soon fast asleep.

Next morning while helping her mother with the work, she laughingly told her the dream. But no answering smile was on the mother's face as she said: "My child you know your own great fault?"

Mamie blushed, but didn't answer.

"It is vanity, and those secret little captives you make for your personal adornment may seem trivial, but the ocean had its beginning in the little spring on the hill-side; so with your little fault, which, like your dream, will drag you down, down, not ending with finding yourself safe in bed, but ending in finding yourself unable to resist great temptations in every form."

Mamie's dream had done her good, and whenever she is tempted to take anything not belonging to her, she remembers her mother's words and conquers.

10c. SECURES A COPY OF The Bee Pioneer Number. Get several copies to send to your far away relatives and friends.

STRAYED

ON the premises of the undersigned, on Lot 13, Con. 5, Elma, a Red Steer, rising 2 years old. Owner may have the same by proving property, paying charges and taking it away. JAS. HUMMASON, Atwood P. O.

J. S. GEE

Is showing Full Lines in FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

All Wool Dress Goods, in plads and stripes.
All Wool Black Cashmeres, plain and stripes.
All Wool Gray Flannels, fine lines.
All Wool Gent's Underclothing.
All Wool Tweeds, fine range.
All Wool Shawls, Clouds and Mufflers.
Children's Underclothing, in all sizes.

Felt Hats—Latest Styles.
Ladies' and Gent's Cloth, Curl, Astrachan, Persian Lamb and Beaver Caps.
Ladies' and Gent's Cashmere, Kingwood and Astrachan Gloves.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Full stock for Fall Trade opened up. Ladies' and Children's Kip Shoes. No. 1 value to compete with ordered work. Men's and Boy's Long Boots. Also Ladies', Gent's and Children's Rubbers.

GROCERIES.

New Raisins, Currants, Peels, etc. New Baking Powder. Each purchaser of a Pound Can secures a handsome present. Remember this is no lottery business. You select your own present. Oat and Corn Meal by the lb. or bag. Goods Delivered Free.

J. S. GEE, - NEWRY.

A. A. GRAY,

(FORMERLY OF LISTOWEL) OF THE FIRM OF

JOHNSON & CO.

Royal Art Studio,

513 QUEEN STREET W., TORONTO.

Enlargements for the Trade, Solar, Bromide, Platinum, Opal and Oil Prints.

PORTRAITS

In Crayon, Ink, Water, Oil and Pastille Colors.

Full line of Artist's Material kept in stock. Oil and Water Colors, Canvases, Brushes, Palettes, Crayons, &c., &c.

SAMPLE OF WORK

On Exhibition at THE BEE Publishing House, where Full Particulars may be had and Orders Taken.

Dr. Sinclair,

M. D., M. A., L. C. P. S. O., M. C. P. S. M.,

THE SCOTTISH SPECIALIST, OF TORONTO.

Specialist for the treatment of Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and Diseases of Women positively treated successfully.

Consultation Free.

Dr. Sinclair will be at

TOERGER'S HOTEL, ATWOOD.

ON FRIDAY,

Nov. 28, 1890.

TESTIMONIALS.

Jonathan Buschart, of Listowel, Ont. says:—"After I spent all my money and property on medical men for what they called Consumption Dr. Sinclair cured me."

Mrs. Lockhart, Dundalk, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of what was termed incurable lung trouble when all others failed."

Mr. McDonald, Lakeside, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me completely of Catarrh when years of others' trials failed."

Geo. Rowed, of Plym, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of Heart affection and Dropsy."

Jas. Beattie, Brook, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured our son of fits."

J. IRWIN

Is Showing for the

FALL TRADE!

New Flannels in all patterns and at all prices.

NEW Blankets, factory or home made,
NEW Shirts and Drawers, unions and all wools.
NEW Top Shirts, buttoned & laced.

New Winceys,

Meltons, Cottons, And Cottonades.

New Hose, for women and children.

New Mitts and Gloves.

New Caps---Persian Lamb, Beaver and Astrachan.

New Robes---Black, White and Gray.

New Overcoats, a big range of prices.

Felt Boots & Shoes, Overshoes and Rubbers.

Full lines in Groceries, Crockery, Glassware.

OUR

Ordered Clothing

Still Takes the Lead.

The best Tweeds, Worsteds and Trimmings, always in stock. We still keep up our reputation for Good Fitting Suits.

We carry a Full Stock! We Sell Cheap!

We pay the highest price for Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Fowl and All Produce.

IT WILL PAY YOU To Deal With Us,

TRY AND SEE.

JAS. IRWIN,

ATWOOD.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Sitting-Room Window.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

It is autumn and we are busy garnering the fruits and other products of the earth. The sitting-room window is deserted, but for a few ferns, and every one is doing a little toward the harvesting. There are flower seeds to pick and label, sweet herbs to dry and put in bottles, and the pumpkins and squashes to put on a cool dry shelf. Parsley dried in the oven and packed away in paper bags is very useful through the winter, and speaking of bags, those who have only a few grapes can keep them from birds and have them ripen better if put into paper bags as soon as they are formed. I find, too, it is a protection against early frost.

This Province has a great deal to contend with in the matter of climate. Late frost and cold in spring, early frost in autumn make a short season and make fruit growing quite precarious. The children revel in grapes and apples and they seem to be able to eat them without any decrease of appetite.

The bees have finished storing honey for this season, and we realize that it has been a very poor one comparatively. How rich this luscious sweetness is and so scarce this year that it is being manufactured and simply given and syrup. The science of adulteration has made rapid progress and one is hardly sure, off a farm, that products are genuine.

I like these long autumn evenings, they are full of pleasant possibilities, and if we do not always carry out our intentions in the way of improvement and study, who does? Let us enjoy the seasons as they come. The violets have left us, the roses are gone, so we will try to be contented with the chrysanthemum and our home cheer. We will burn on the back log, and get out the plates of fruit, for the long winter is at hand when the sitting-room must be the coziest and cheeriest room of the house, full of pleasant associations and cordial good will.

"Come, stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And in innocent recreation and mirth,
With thankful hearts and contentment that all is well.

"So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

The Care of Shoes.

For men and children, especially, shoes (or boots, if they are worn) should be well oiled from time to time, depending upon the employment of the wearer, the quality of the leather, and the weather. Not only is a hard, dry leather painful to the feet, but it is of short life, cracking and breaking away oftentimes when with proper care it would last much longer. It is not frequently happens that makers or dealers are blamed when their goods do not wear better, when in fact the principal fault is with the wearer, or in not using reasonable care. Speaking generally, any shoes which have been well should be well dried, thoroughly cleaned, and then faithfully oiled before being worn again. The kind of oil to apply varies somewhat with the nature of the shoes. For ladies' fine shoes, vaseline is recommended; glycerine is sometimes used with good effect; or castor oil can be employed, and will be found excellent. Whatever is applied, the leather should be warmed—not heated—so as to involve danger of burning—and the application should be faithfully rubbed in, so that the entire body of the leather may be reached and softened. For coarser shoes, such as are often worn in farming and manufacturing employments, any oily substance possessing "a body" will give satisfactory results, provided it be absolutely free from salt. Lard should not be used, but entirely fresh butter answers admirably. So does a mixture of about equal parts of pure neat's foot oil and beef tallow; and mutton tallow is an old-time favorite. But one thing is quite certain—no boot or shoe which feels harsh and stiff from exposure to wet weather or dampness of any sort should be worn in that condition. The leather will be almost sure to crack and spoil the shoe. And there is another fact which should be born in mind, and that is that a coat of blacking, while it may make the external appearance of the shoe all right, does not in any degree atone, so far as wear and comfort are concerned, for the absence of a lubricant and of proper care.

General tidiness not only "pays" on its own account, but because to be tidy is to be economical. First of all—and it is surely only necessary to say this for the children—keep the shoes neatly buttoned or laced. It requires only the absence of a button or two to spoil the effect of the most elegant pair of shoes; and as for going with them unbuttoned, as sometimes is done, for the sake of ease to the feet—don't. But a pair of slippers or easy low shoes, if necessary, for this particular service, but do not spoil a fine pair of shoes in that way. Do not consider that it is too much work to replace a missing button when it is needed; do not put it off because "things are not handy." Have them handy! It is very little trouble, indeed, to have a little box of shoe buttons, a needle and thread, in easy reach, and it is the work of but a moment to give the few stitches that are needed. Then—the work is done. If laces are used, never fail to have a few extra pairs, right where the hand can be placed on them when they will be wanted. All this costs nothing—it is simply the difference between providence and improvidence. And speaking of buttons, especially for the restless feet of the child, beware of patent fastenings. They are sure to break away sooner or later—generally sooner—and then it is no simple matter either to replace them, or supply the absence with an ordinary button. A plain, round, black button, securely fastened with strong thread, is the best.

A Few Pickles.

You call for recipes. The following are from my home-made, hand-written book, and I know they are reliable:

BEAN PICKLES, PLAIN.—Pick and top young tender beans (wax are best), and boil in salted water till tender. Pack carefully in glass jars or crocks, if not for long keeping, and pour over them clear white-vinegar in which you have boiled to each quart one tablespoonful of sugar, any spices liked, and one small teaspoonful of vanilla. Seal while hot.

FRESH PICKLE.—Slice one part of small onions to two of cucumbers. Put in separate dishes, well sprinkle with salt and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain, mix, and pack in jars. Cover with cold vinegar and a paste made of one tablespoonful of pepper and two of mustard mixed with sweet oil. Seal.

CHILI SAUCE.—Four quarts of tomatoes, four onions, six peppers, six cups of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of salt, one of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Skin the tomatoes, chop the onions fine, and boil about one hour. Bottle hot.

PICCALILLY.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced, one-half peck sliced onions, one cauliflower, one peck small cucumbers. Leave in salt and water twenty-four hours, then place in kettle with a handful of scraped horseradish, one ounce tumeric, one ounce whole cloves, quarter pound pepper, one ounce cinnamon, one pound white mustard seed, one pound English mustard. Cover with vinegar and boil fifteen minutes.

CHOICE MUSTARD PICKLES.—One cupful vinegar, half-cupful sugar, half-cupful of flour, six tablespoonfuls of mustard, half ounce of tumeric, half-ounce of curry powder. Have the vinegar hot and stir in the dampened seasonings. Pour over onions (small), sliced cucumbers, cabbage, beans, etc.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel small white onions and boil in milk and water till tender. Drain, put in jars and cover with hot spiced vinegar.

PICKLE FOR PEACHES OR APPLES.—Pare fruit, stick with cloves, scald till tender, and pack in jars. Pour over them one gallon of vinegar, seven pounds brown sugar, one ounce of cloves, one each of cinnamon and allspice.

PICKLED WALNUTS.—Gather when soft enough to be pierced with a needle. Cover with strong brine and let stand three days, changing the brine each day. Place in the sun till they turn black. Pack in jars and pour over them one gallon of vinegar in which has been boiled two ounces pepper, half-ounce each cloves, ginger root, allspice and mace. Will keep any length of time and will be ready for use in four weeks.

CHOW-CHOW.—One quart cucumbers, one small cauliflower, two of onions, four heads of cauliflower, six green peppers, one quart green tomatoes, one gallon of vinegar, one pound mustard, two cupfuls sugar, two of flour, one ounce tumeric. Put all in salt and water over night. Cook in the brine till tender. Pour over vinegar and spices.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE.—Slice into a colander, sprinkled with salt and let drain two days. Place in jars and cover with boiling vinegar. A few slices of red beet will give it color. Spice if liked.

Sleeping Two in a Bed.

The custom of sleeping in double beds is one which is going—and rightly going—out of fashion, says the Sheffield Telegraph. Of course, every one knows, theoretically, that it is far more healthy to sleep alone. But of what avail has this theoretic knowledge been?

The child has been first allowed to sleep with its nurse—a most pernicious custom—or its elder sister, or its mother; the growing girl sleeps with her room-mate at school; the young lady with her aunts and her cousins and her girl friends indiscriminately.

People who would have hesitated to allow a bunch of roses to remain in the room over night, or a growing plant, have never had their own bed to themselves year in and year out. The plant—which did not consume the oxygen of which their lungs stood in need, but precisely the effects gases thrown off by their own system—was thought very injurious.

Another pair of lungs breathing up the breathable air and infecting the remainder with the respiratory refuse of those physical processes that are most active during sleep was not thought of with any objection at all.

Yet what a simple law of hygiene would not do, fashion, a notion as to what is "correct," is beginning to achieve. From fashionable furniture establishments there comes the announcement that two single bedsteads are always called for at present with each chamber suite furnished for what is known as "swell patronage."

How many fatal diseases, how many cases of slow undermining and poisoning of the system are due to this custom of promiscuous sharing of double beds on the part of young girls, who will ever know?

The fact will never be fully realized till people grow sensible enough to know that bed linen takes the insensible rejections of the pores as well as body linen, and who would care to wear another's body linen?

Have your single bed, then, if possible; if not possible, do not sleep with a person much older than yourself. Young girls occasionally sleep with their grandmothers!

She Took Them Back.

They had quarreled, and the high-spirited girl said, as she handed him a small package: "There, Mr. Ferguson, are the presents you have given me. Now that all is over between us, sir, there should be no reminders of the foolish past."

"You are right, Miss Keezer," he said, humbly, "and I suppose I must return the gifts you have presented me."

"I never gave you anything, sir, that I remember."

"Indeed you did."

"Miss Keezer—Katie!" he exclaimed, with something that sounded like a sob, "I value them beyond every thing else in this world. It will break my heart to return them, but there is nothing left for me to do."

"Will you kindly tell me, sir, what things you speak of?"

"I am speaking, Katie, of the kisses you have given me! They are not mine now. It is my duty to restore them. Forgive me, darling, but I cannot go away without—"

"Oh, George!"

When the clock struck eleven, about three hours later, George was still returning them.

A scandal-monger is a person who talks to our neighbors about us. An entertaining talker is a person who tells us mean stories about our neighbors.

"The town is booming," writes a Georgia editor. "We have taken in seventy new subscribers, and our efficient justice has given us ten dollars—or thirty days."

THE HERO OF MANY BATTLES.

Wolsley's Remarkable Career.

Anent the departure of Lord Wolsley for Ireland—held to be a sign that we have entered upon a period of halcyon calm—the *Review of Reviews* gives some interesting reminiscences of the General's career. As a commander he has been singularly fortunate. His record is unstained by a single reverse in the field. Wherever he went fortune smiled on his flag, and promotion followed as a matter of course. Curiously enough his luck on the field was coupled by a persistent ill-luck in other matters. Some men go through the hottest battles without a scratch. Lord Wolsley was wounded—sometimes very seriously—in almost every action in which he fought. Still more curious and persistent has been the misfortune which has dogged him in the minor matter of the loss of his kit. After the loot of Lucknow an officer gave him a valuable cashmere shawl; it was stolen. The men of his company presented him with two large silver bowls. They afterwards shared the same fate. A similar malign influence seems to dog his footsteps when he makes a voyage. His first journey to China was one long

SERIES OF DISASTERS, culminating in the foundering of the transport in the Straits of Malacca. When he went to Ashantee the steamer behaved so infamously that the war correspondents on board declared that the voyage out was enough to account for all the mortality of the West Coast; and when he was hurried out to Canada, during the Trent affair, his ship took 30 days in crossing the Atlantic. This is the more notable because Lord Wolsley, unlike that great sea captain Nelson, does not suffer from sea sickness. Like General Joubert, he is a very good general on horseback, but he hates the sea and life on board ship, which makes it all the more trying when storms pursue him as if he were a new Jonah. Lord Wolsley's career as a soldier is the more interesting because his warfare has been waged more against the brute forces of nature than against his fellow-men. Excepting when a mere stripling, he has never been engaged against a civilized foe. He has done plenty of slaughter, no doubt, in his time, but that was incidental. The triumph was gained before the slaughter began—in some cases it was so complete there was no need of slaughter at all. Of

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES he has had enough to furnish even a hero of one of Ouida's novels. In his first serious action in Burmah nothing but the accident of falling into a covered pit as he was leading a storming party against the Burmese position saved him from destruction. In the second attempt, he and his brother officer, who were the first to enter the enemy's works, were both shot down together. Both were struck in the left thigh, each by a large iron-jingall ball. His companion bled to death in a few minutes Wolsley, although for months he hovered between life and death, recovered, thanks to a magnificent constitution, which has stood him in good stead at every turn in his career. But it was in the war of his escape from the perils of the siege—

"During its progress Captain Wolsley was wounded severely on 30th August, and slightly on the 10th April and 7th June. On 15th Feb. his coat was pierced by a ball; on 10th April a round shot struck the emerald at which he was working and his trousers were cut; and on 7th June a ball passed through his forage cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his head. It may be said without exaggeration that he

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

BORN A CHARMED LIFE, who had had enough to furnish even a hero of one of Ouida's novels. In his first serious action in Burmah nothing but the accident of falling into a covered pit as he was leading a storming party against the Burmese position saved him from destruction. In the second attempt, he and his brother officer, who were the first to enter the enemy's works, were both shot down together. Both were struck in the left thigh, each by a large iron-jingall ball. His companion bled to death in a few minutes Wolsley, although for months he hovered between life and death, recovered, thanks to a magnificent constitution, which has stood him in good stead at every turn in his career. But it was in the war of his escape from the perils of the siege—

"During its progress Captain Wolsley was wounded severely on 30th August, and slightly on the 10th April and 7th June. On 15th Feb. his coat was pierced by a ball; on 10th April a round shot struck the emerald at which he was working and his trousers were cut; and on 7th June a ball passed through his forage cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his head. It may be said without exaggeration that he

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds." Men were killed all around him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a round-shot took off one man's head and drove his jaw-bone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol:—Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately, the latter thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last 24 hours and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain

and the injury done to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so that both his limbs had now been injured. The wound in the left thigh received in Burmah rendered him slightly lame.

My Old Wife and I.

Many long weary years have labored by. Since I caught the first glance of her sparkling eye.

Her cheek, all glow, was passing fair; Her temples adorned with nut-brown hair.

I sought her affections, I gained her hand; I united, we pledged in life's battle to stand. We've passed through deep waters, we've struggled in pain, But still Spartan was she, and scorned to complain.

Our summer of life with the past is told, My good wife and I are growing old, Week

THE BEE

PRIZE ESSAY.

WRITTEN BY MISS KATE RICHMOND, OF POOLE, ONTARIO.

WHAT enterprising newspaper editor ever before asked for an essay on the bee. But "keep a thing for seven years and you will find a use for it," or for seventy times seven for that matter; but, oh! ye shades of my ancestors! to think that one of the purposes of the preservation for thousands of years, of that insect, small and insignificant in stature, albeit mighty in action, should be to furnish a theme for the versatility and eloquence of a modern nineteenth century student, and if the student in his essay shall succeed in relegating himself as well as the bee to the dungeon of literary oblivion, what matter? I suspect the essayist at least will go down "unknell'd, unconfind, and unsung."

In point of antiquity at least the bee is deserving of honor, since it in all probability, was a native of the garden of Eden. I wonder, in those halcyon days of the early purity and innocence of man, when the long and beautiful days must have seemed to the two human inhabitants an endless paradise of glorious summer, if the beautiful silence was ever displaced, or, perhaps, made more restful, by the "humming and the thrumming" of the bee, as it winged its drowsy flight from blossom to blossom gathering the honey that must have been spread with such a lavish hand in that queen of gardens.

But, besides the insect, there are other kinds of bees clamoring for notice. There is the missionary or church sewing bee, where noble-hearted women assemble to fashion, with loving hands and prayerful hearts, garments for the inhabitants of benighted lands, and when every fold of the garment is perfumed with the prayers of the mothers of the land, that the Giver of all good may be gracious to their own sons and daughters, who may be breaking the bread of life, and speaking of the beautiful garments of immortality, to the recipients of those mortal garments.

Then there is the common, every-day sewing and quilting bee, where the younger ladies of the community gather, and stitch into their work the same sweet fancies that were stitched by their mothers, a score or more of years before, and that is all now. I am a woman myself, and I am not going to libel my sex by admitting that there may be bitter fancies and rivalries woven into the meshes of the quilt, or that the most fortunate in the neighborhood, that day, are the ones present at the bee, so as to be able to defend themselves should occasion offer. Then, what pioneer of this country has not a vivid recollection of the logging and chopping bee, which the people from miles around gathered, with kindly hearts and willing hands, to help the new settler make a home for himself in the wilderness?

I don't know to what family the above mentioned bees belong, but I sincerely trust that the insect bee, whose name is indicative of loyalty, royalty patriotism and thrift, has no occasion to feel ashamed because its name has been given to those gatherings. The insect bee, to which I purpose directing your attention, is a member of a very large family of the order *Hymenoptera*, and is found in all parts of the world. Naturalists tell us there are two hundred and fifty species of bees known as natives of Britain alone, and I presume that means 250 different kinds of torture for the inhabitants thereof.

Amongst the ancient Egyptians, the bee was the hieroglyphical emblem of royalty. I do not know whether it became the emblem of royalty to them from the fact that something analogous to a monarchy, has frequently been mistakenly supposed to exist in a bee hive. True, there is one of the members of the hive known as the queen, who, at certain seasons, is the object of particular regard on the part of all the other members of the hive, but only because the instincts of all its members, are variously directed towards her, at that time, as one indispensable to the objects for which the bee community exists, but beyond the fact of having this attendance upon her, those who make a study of the subject tell us there is no evidence whatever, of anything like authority exercised by the queen.

To modern nations the bee furnishes an example of all that is inspiring and patriotic. The patriotism is there at any rate. You don't find the members of a bee community taking exception to the way in which the affairs of their kingdom are managed. There is no clamoring for promotion, but each in-

sect fills the place for which it was intended without questioning. They all co-operate towards the common benefit of the community, and agree that "Union is strength," since in repelling invasion, or avenging aggression, the whole community become as one, inasmuch as their several energies are directed to the one object of the preservation of their hive. And as to the inspiration, no one can deny that an interview with a bee, that means business, is decidedly and intensely inspiring. The interviewed is inspired with feelings of—well, they need not be recounted here, as every one who has had the pleasure (?) of an interview with the bee, can supply the ellipsis to suit himself.

There are different orders or classes in a bee hive, all the divisions being with a view to the permanent good of the members. There are the workers, who are formed for the part they are expected to perform, viz., to collect and carry the food for the community, and for this purpose their bodies and legs are partially covered with feathered hairs which serve for the purpose of collecting the pollen which adheres to them. In addition to these hairs they are supplied with a sort of feathery brush, with which they brush the pollen adhering to them into a hollow in the outer surface of the hinder pair of legs, so that the pollen is thus safely carried to the hive for food for the bees. The drones and queens, who form the other two orders in a hive, are never employed in collecting pollen, and are, consequently, not adapted for that particular kind of work. The drones of a hive evidently understand and appreciate the fact that they are not expected to labor, since they are the most delightfully graceful idlers in the universe, (some human drones excepted) though their bird-like pleasure is short lived, since after swarming the greater part of them are massacred by the workers of the hive—a lesson, surely, to us, that there is no rightful room in the busy hive of life for the lazy drones of society, though, I certainly would not altogether countenance the delicate massacre of the human drones.

As a mathematician, the bee can prove Euclid mistaken, when he said "There is no royal road to learning" since it is a geometrician par excellence, and reached that state, too, without any of those weary interviews in which the human student questions the advisability and accuracy of the great mathematician's geometrical plans, but, in which the student invariably comes out second best. Look, for example, at the mathematical ingenuity exhibited by the bee in the formation of the cells in the comb of the hive. They are hexagonal in form, the shape which, as every mathematician knows, will combine the greatest economy of space and material, since the hexagon being perfectly regular, there can, therefore, be no interstices between, and consequently every atom of space is economized. Besides the hexagon, the bee constructs other mathematical figures of various forms that are necessary to the strength and continuance of the hive. And then in respect of the construction of these mathematical figures, the bee is way ahead of the human student again, for it never makes mistakes. All its proceedings are founded on sure and infallible principles, and you never find a bee unwise enough to question those principles. The bee furnishes a lively testimony to the proverb "Familiarity breeds contempt." With what supreme and wholesome contempt for the insect are you permeated after an interview, in which the bee, to say the least of it, has been decidedly familiar; and how feelingly you remark to yourself that you will keep it at a distance evermore.

What a lesson is furnished to us, too, in the provident industry of the bee. Observe, will you, how instinct, which is merely a blind impulse as far as the bee is concerned, leads it to provide for a possible future, to care for its young, to provide, in fact, in every way for the healthful continuance of the community; while man, whose superiority over the insect is asserted in the fact that he is provided by the Creator with reason, the noblest of all God's good gifts to man, will look upon to-day only as the day before to-morrow, and defer being prudent to old age, looking forward to a promise of wisdom as a patron of his latter years, and who when he arrives at old age finds that his years have far outstripped his wisdom, and that he has now neither the opportunity nor the capability for the wisdom that might have been his portion had proper prudence been exercised in his earlier years.

In studying the habits and work of the bee, we cannot help referring the instinct shown in their work to a higher power, which makes the insect subservient the highest ends for which it was created, and we must conclude also,

that the Creator in showing his perfect work in the bee has also shown his perfect love to man. May we have in a measure the true philosophy displayed by that wise insect.

"Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow breccet philosopher:
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst't outsleep:
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

Autumn.

WRITTEN FOR THE BEE PIONEER NUMBER.

Now Autumn brings the golden days
That fill the air with smoky haze;
She brings for us the lisp'ing breeze,
And gentle murmur in the trees.
Upon that bough a vacant nest,
Forsaken by its feathered guest,
No more we'll hear the sweet refrain
Until the birds come back again.
The gray leaves flutter all around,
Beneath your feet a rustling sound;
The leafless boughs no beauty bring
Till they sprout forth in bud in spring.
The waving fields of golden grain,
Made ripe by sunshine and by rain,
Are waiting now the farmers scythe,
The piteous crop makes him so
blythe.

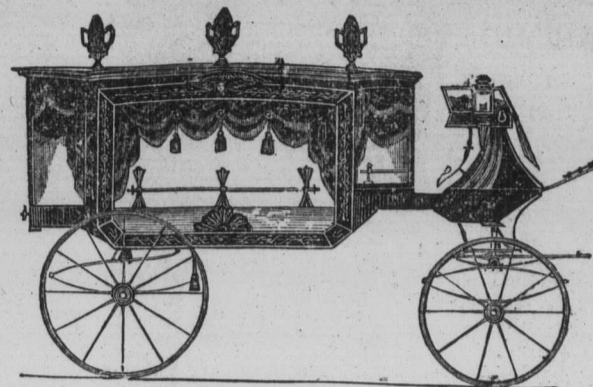
Behold! the harvesters are here
To gather in the golden ear,
And as Christ taught while here below,

The fragments all away to stow,
Now to the orchard wend your way,
And gaze upon the rich display:
The loaded boughs bend to the root,
Displaying all their luscious fruit.
The ripest lie upon the ground,
Scattered in rich profusion round;
The sky looks wan and dreary now,
The clouds, they pass, they fly, see how
Each one in swift pursuit does go,
Casting a shade on all below.

The waving, moaning Autumn trees,
They weave right royal robes of leaves,
Then why, Oh wherefore do they sigh?
It must be sweet, so sweet to die.

But lovelier things, Oh Autumn trees,
Than thy rich dress of brilliant leaves,
Do wither, fade and droop and die,
'Tis only meet that you should sigh.
One glance at nature in decay,
Reminds us life is but a day,
Too short to spend in foolish strife,
In living out an aimless life.
We want an object great and grand,
An ideal not built on sand;
And may we strive to attain,
Although our brightest hopes be slain,
Too high we cannot fix the mark,
O may Christ be the central spark;
And pressing forward in the name
Of Him who was for sinners slain,
We'll conquer and at last rejoice
We harkened to that still small voice.

Berlin, Oct. 14, 1890. —Violet Snow.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood.

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

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

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

The 777 Store.

The 777 Store is Headquarter in Listowel for

For Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Dress Goods, &c.

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.

Atwood Saw & Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring and Siding

A SPECIALTY.

WM. DUNN.

First Prize

—FOR THE—

BEST MADE SUIT

WAS AWARDED TO

R. M. BALLANTYNE,

At the World's Fair, Atwood, on Oct. 4.

We always keep a well assorted stock of Tweeds and Worsteds, and will

Guarantee You the Best Fit of Any in Town.

We are Giving Away a \$40 Fur Overcoat at Christmas to any person purchasing \$5 and for every \$5 worth of Goods and paying Cash will be

ENTITLED TO A TICKET

On said Overcoat. A Call Solicited.

Respectfully yours,

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WANTED.—Two First-Class Coat Makers at Once. None but first-class need apply.

BUSY ATWOOD.

ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

THE FIRST LOG SHANTY ERECTED BY THE BLAIR FAMILY IN 1864.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY SCENES IN ELMA CENTRE-NEWRY-GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OPENED IN 1873-NEWRY STATION-ATWOOD RECEIVES ITS NAME IN 1881-ATWOOD IN 1890, ETC.

TIME works wonders. The onward march of this resistless conqueror has laid waste mighty kingdoms, gorgeous cities, and swept away like a mighty avalanche the work of centuries. Yes, her destructive hand has laid low the once happy, though rude, homes of the early settlers of our fair Canada, and scarcely anything is left to remind the rising generation of the toil, hardships, and privations endured by their forefathers, who, in their unflinching zeal, laborious work and indomitable perseverance felled the towering pine and giant oak, and thus hewed out of these timbers homes for themselves and their posterity. And as one's thoughts run back in solemn reverie to those good primitive days and recall the happy memories of youth, when the forests were full of game and the brooks abounded with trout, we wonder, and with sorrowful heart we ask why has the relentless hand of Time obliterated forever those places and scenes around which hang so many fondly cherished hopes and sacred memories? Alas! Time has swept away the work of our fathers and mothers, who were rich in the wisdom of the fields and ripened in the hot suns and rough winds of more than three-score years and ten, and left only the tottering ruins of the old log house here and the cold, silent white stones on yonder hill.

THE FIRST SETTLER.
A way back in the fifties, when Elma, the now banner township of Perth county, was the Queen's bush, with scarcely a sound to break the stillness which pervaded the dense forest during the day-time or the deep solitude of the night, save the sweet love songs of the birds, or the howling of hungry wolves in the thicket, one

WILLIAM BLAIR.
with his family erected a log dwelling upon the plot of ground which James Wilson's brick residence now stands. This was in the year 1850, and at about this period Mr. Blair erected a log tavern on the premises now occupied by R. Graham's hotel. There were no hotels in those days, at least they were not so designated, but were commonly called and known as taverns. The word *hotel* is a French word and of comparatively recent origin, and applies here to a superior house for the accommodation of strangers, travellers and tourists, while in France it even carries with it a more significant meaning, viz., a palace. But, by-gone days it was chiefly understood as a place wherein the fatigued pedestrian could find shelter on a cold Canadian winter's night, or the weary settler might gather himself around the old bar-room stove and rest his cold limbs after a hard day's chopping. Generally speaking, the bar-room was the best room in the house, certainly the most frequented.

The Blair family owned the 100 acres upon which the east side of Atwood is now situated. The fifty acres nearest the G. T. R. was the property of John Blair and the other fifty was owned by his brother, W. M. Blair. At this time the toll-gate system was in full swing, one being erected somewhere near the present site of James Ferguson's shoe shop. In fact, his dwelling is the toll house remodelled. However, in 1873 the long tolerated nuisance was abolished and the necessary funds were required to keep the roads in repair were raised by way of direct taxation.

IN 1860 NEWRY POST OFFICE WAS INSTITUTED.

Previous to the granting of this boon to civilization the settlers received their mail from their far away friends at flame through the Trowbridge office. At this time the village of Atwood was the future town of Listowel. But, upon petition to the Postmaster-General, an office was opened in the residence of Chas. Coulter, father of the well-to-do family still residing in this community. For long years the old gentleman faithfully discharged the duties pertaining to the office, until 1864, when Daniel Falconer, who established the first general store in Newry, in the house now occupied by the worthy Clerk of Elma, Thos. Fullarton, was appointed his successor, and who was for some time both postmaster and store-keeper. In 1873 Young Coulter, son of the veteran postmaster and at present one of Elma's township fathers, was given the keys of Her Majesty's mail, who removed the office into the new store of Alexander & Coulter, where it has since remained. Since 1889 the duties of the office have been discharged with general satisfaction by J. S. Gee. About 1856 Chas. Coulter erected the first and only hotel in the village. The house changed hands frequently down to 1870, when A. H. Wynn, the present oblique landlord, purchased the house and has conducted it up to the present time. Another of those indispensable necessities in a rural district—a blacksmith shop—was put up by John Morrison, st., who looked after the wants of the public in his line for many years, and then handed the business over to his son and namesake, the present proprietor.

NEWRY CHEESE FACTORY.
The dairying interests of the community also received the attention of this enterprising citizen, and he accordingly erected a factory in 1875, and which has been successfully controlled by the family up to the present. This factory has a large patronage and occupies a place amongst the best factories in the Province.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
In 1873 the surveyors drove down the stakes for a railway. The proposed line ran within the limits of the prosperous village of Newry, but for obvious reasons it was subsequently removed half a mile further north, the route the Company finally agreed upon, and in 1877 the first railway locomotive steamed through the township of Elma. The removal of the track half a mile to the north sounded the death knell to the village of Newry, and from the time the first passenger coach glided through this township up to the present hour this historic village has given way stubbornly, but surely, to her northern rival—Atwood—known at this period as Elma Centre and subsequently Newry Station; the latter name was designated by the G. T. R. and the former by the old residents.

This brings us up to the most eventful period in the history of the village.

NEWRY STATION.

The opening of the Grand Trunk Railway and the location of a station necessitated a name being given the same, and with this thought uppermost in the minds of the officials of the Co. Newry Station was accordingly lettered on the signboard over the station house. A petition was gotten up by the villagers and forwarded to the Postoffice Department, much against the wishes of the people of the rival village at the south, and was favorably received by the Postmaster-General, and shortly afterwards letters were passed through and addressed to Newry Station. Donald Gordon was officially appointed postmaster. Everything moved along satisfactorily until the fall of 1881, when the postoffice question again agitated the minds of the people, and many resolved to have the name changed, from the fact that the two villages, Newry and Newry Station, were so closely related to each other, as regards name, that letters were continually going astray. This was not due to any lack of duty, or the result of negligence on the part of Mr. Gordon, but because of the similarity in the names of the two respective places. A meeting was accordingly announced to be held in the old Presbyterian church (then used as both a public hall and school house) and the subject fully discussed with the hope that a more suitable name would be suggested and finally adopted. Of course favorite names were settled upon by many of the residents, some of whom having fresh and sacred memories of their old home across the Atlantic naturally desired to christen the new village after their families. However, one evening a young lady, Miss Eliza Gray, was visiting at her uncle's, Wm. Dunn, and as the much debated question was going the rounds of the family circle Miss Gray suggested *Atwood* as a very pretty name for the village. Mr. Dunn coincided with her, and at the meeting held on the above mentioned place Mr. Dunn after many other motions were put to the meeting, rose and made a motion to the effect that *Atwood* be unanimously agreed upon as a suitable name to substitute Newry Station. The names, Lady Bank, Dunedin, Renwick, etc. (the latter was suggested in honor of Rev. Root, Renwick, pastor of the Presbyterian church at this period) were pretty fully commented upon by all present, after which *Atwood* was brought up for consideration, and upon a vote being taken the motion was sustained unanimously. Hence the name, *Atwood*.

ATWOOD IN 1881.

This was in the year 1881. At this date there was only one frame store, 18x24, in the place, which was situated on the property of the old log hotel and later R. Graham's hotel. The business was conducted by Simon Fraser. In 1874 a brick mill was erected by Hill & Jones on the property of Wm. Corrie. Dunn & Wood put up a saw mill in the same year. In 1880 they dissolved partnership, Mr. Dunn having sole control of the business from that date up to the present. General stores were opened by Messrs. Irwin (1875); Carson, (1876); Mader (1877); etc. The first school was opened in the old Presbyterian church, already referred to, in 1875. Miss Radcliffe, teacher. The old dilapidated building proved to be unsuitable for further service as a church and that strong and by this time wealthy body resolved to build a new edifice, and, as a reward of their thrift in the affairs of secular life and zeal in religious life, the handsome brick structure on the 8th con. Elma, north of the village, was erected in 1877, at a cost of \$7,000. The year following the Baptists felt their need of a comfortable and commodious place of worship and accordingly built a frame church, which is in every respect a credit to the denomination. In 1882 the old Methodist church, erected in 1871, and which stood near the Elma Cheese Co's factory about a mile north of the village, was replaced by a new brick edifice on the corner of John and King streets. An addition of 38 feet will be added shortly to the new building, which is evidence of the rapid growth and increase in numbers of this division of the Church of Christ. The Episcopalians kept pace with the onward march of progress displayed on every side in this newly created place by putting up a neat frame church on Main street. Corrie's brick hotel was erected in 1878, and R. Graham's was built to replace the one

destroyed by fire in 1885. The hotel destroyed stood on the property now occupied by Wm. Steven's residence and was erected in 1860 by Robinson Hamilton.

ATWOOD IN 1890.
Having faithfully, though necessarily briefly, narrated the striking incidents connected with the past we now come down to the busy scenes of the present.

Atwood is situated in the centre of the township of Elma, county of Perth. It is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and possesses every modern convenience as regards railway facilities, good market, churches, schools, etc. It claims to have a population of about 700 souls. The fact of its not being incorporated lessens taxation greatly. This is regarded a decided advantage over many neighboring towns and villages, which are over-burdened with heavy corporation debts.

Following is a list of the business men of Atwood:

- Donald Gordon, postmaster.
- Robert Knox, G. T. R. agent.
- Robert Anderson, grain buyer.
- Wm. Dunn, Atwood saw and planing mills.
- Wm. Corrie, Atwood roller mills.
- R. S. Pelton, editor and proprietor of THE BEE.
- Robert Morrison, President; Wm. Lochhead, Secretary, Ontario Farmers' Flax Manufacturing Co.
- William Lochhead, Secretary, Elma Cheese Co.
- James Irwin, general store and tailor shop.
- V. Joergel, Elma House.
- J. L. Mader, general store.
- Lemuel Pelton & Son, Atwood Pump Works.
- R. Graham, Pacific Hotel.
- J. Klump, butcher.
- Wm. Ferguson, shoemaker.
- Henry Hoar, blacksmith shop.
- Wm. Marshall, Excelsior Painting Co.
- E. Hill, butcher.
- Wm. Moran, carriage shop.
- D. Murray, blacksmith shop.
- John Fox, shoemaker.
- Mrs. M. Harvey, general store.
- Miss Donaldson, dressmaker.
- A. Campbell, harness shop.
- R. B. Hamilton, bakery.
- Mrs. Johnson, fancy goods store.
- Miss Hunt, dressmaker.
- J. R. Hamilton, M. D.
- R. M. Ballantyne, tailor shop.
- J. Johnson, watchmaker and jeweller.
- J. A. Roe, V. S.
- Thos. Fullarton, Clerk of Elma, issuer of marriage licenses, conveyancer, etc.
- Wm. Forrest, furniture dealer and undertaker.
- Stark & Wherry, tea merchants.
- Wm. Thistle, Atwood livery stable.
- James Wilson, J. P.
- S. H. Harding, Principal of Public School.
- R. Brooks & Co., hardware.
- Samuel Forrest, drayman.
- R. May, repair shop.
- J. S. Hamilton, grocery.
- Robert Brown, drayman.
- Joseph McKoy, stage driver.
- Jno. B. Hamilton, President; Jno. Morrison, Secretary, Elma Agricultural Society.
- M. E. Neads, Atwood drug store.
- C. O. F., R. M. Ballantyne, C. R.

NEW BUILDINGS OF 1890.

Building operations have been decidedly brisk during the present year, belying the oft heard predictions of the croakers, (of which every community has a share) that Atwood had reached the top of the tree; that now—and now—and now—each time the prediction was heard—Atwood must begin to go back. The first and perhaps the most important of the new buildings of 1890, is the school house, which was completed in August and which is in keeping with the reputation of the village for enterprise and is a credit to the section. Our space will not permit of any extended description of it or any of the other new buildings, but will have to content ourselves with a list of the owners and the buildings that have been erected, viz.:

The new hardware store erected by John Rogers, on Main street, next the postoffice, is a very handsome structure of white brick and adds materially to the appearance of the street.

Among the new dwellings erected is a brick house at the north end of the village, by H. Hoar.
Brick dwelling on Main street, by W. R. Erskine.
Brick cottage south of the G. T. R., by Jas. Irwin.
Brick dwelling on Main street, by R. Stevens.
Brick dwelling on Main street, by Geo. Danbrook.
Brick dwelling on Main street, by J. Pelton.
Brick cottage on John street, by Wm. Danbrook.
Frame dwelling, by Wm. H. Wilson.
Frame dwelling, by Jas. Stewart.
Frame dwelling, by Wm. Stewart.
Frame dwelling, by Wm. McNeeland.
Fire Hall.
Butcher shop, by Wm. Hawkshaw.

An last, but not least in size, appearance, nor the benefit it is likely to be to the village is the least, the

NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL.

For a number of years the site of the Society's grounds was a bone of contention between the rival villages—Newry and Atwood. But in 1889 a compromise was agreed to, and the present site, convenient to both villages, was selected and during the present year the new hall was erected. All parties united to make the fall show, what it has proven to be, the best in the Society's history. The villagers and the farmers are united in an endeavor to make the Elma Agricultural Society second to none in the county. In this respect we might add, that the feeling of animosity between town and country, which characterizes so many localities, has here been almost obliterated; that in joint stock business such as the Flax Co. and in the Agricultural Society they have come to consider that their interests are identical—what helps one cannot but benefit the other. That this mutual good-will may ever continue is the wish of THE BEE.

INDUSTRIES OF ATWOOD.
The two leading factors in the prosperity of a village or town are the amount of business it can draw from the surrounding country and its own industries to give employment to its people. In the first Atwood has been successful beyond many similarly situated villages, while in the latter if we have not come up to the expectations of some of our enthusiasts we are fairly well represented. However, notwithstanding this fact we need more industries if

THE FUTURE OF ATWOOD
is to be as bright and progressive as in the past. We would strongly urge upon the people of Atwood and vicinity to immediately inaugurate some practicable scheme whereby we might stand on a better commercial footing with the outside world. We do not purpose suggesting any plan to adopt in this respect but leave it with those who have the real interests of the place at heart.

THE CHURCHES.
While the commercial interests of our rapidly growing village are represented by the religious and philanthropic institutions of the place are likewise of such a character as to reflect the highest credit on the morality of the community. Good churches and good schools are a sure index of the thrift and enterprise of any people. Education based upon sound moral principles is the safe-guard of society. We are proud to say, among other things, that our people are a church-going people, and the four beautiful edifices in our midst testify to this fact. Following is a list of the officers of each denomination:

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Pastor, Rev. A. Henderson, M. A.; Elders, James Dickson, John Bell, Wm. Dunn, Wm. Lochhead, Andrew Laidlaw; S. S. Superintendent, William Dunn.

METHODIST CHURCH.
Pastor, Rev. D. Rogers; S. S. Superintendent, J. W. McBain.

ENGLISH CHURCH.
Incumbent, Rev. E. St. Yates; church warden, Jas. Longmire and Jas. Irwin; S. S. Superintendent, Jas. Irwin; Lay delegate to synod, R. K. Hall.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Pastor, Rev. D. Dack, (Listowel); S. S. Superintendent, Wm. Forrest.

In conclusion we sincerely thank those to whom we applied for information bearing on the subject we are about concluding, and any errors respecting dates and other technical points that may appear in connection therewith we trust will be overlooked by the critical.

We remain,
Yours faithfully,
THE EDITOR.

BEST OFFER YET!

\$1 SECURES THE BEE FROM NOW TO JAN 1, 1892.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK,
Painter, Brussels.

Goldsmith's Hall

Listowel, - Ont.

Is very busy receiving New Goods for the HOLIDAY Trade, which I can sell very cheap. Having made grand improvements in my store by again enlarging it to handle a larger stock. Come along and see for yourself the grand display of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. In Silverware don't be surprised to see the finest stock ever seen in Listowel, of American and Canadian manufacture, which I will sell cheaper than ever, and sure to please the most exacting buyer. You are invited to come and look through.

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

THOMPSON BROS.,

CORNER STORE,
Listowel, - Ont.

Leading Dry Goods House.

MILLINERY-
A SPECIALTY.

Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,

GROCERIES.
TWEEDS AND

Cents Furnishings.
HAWKSHAW'S

Meat Market,
ATWOOD.

The undersigned begs to thank the Public for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past, and solicits a continuance of the same.

A choice stock of
All Kinds of Meats

Kept on hand. Meat delivered to any part of the town Free.

Leave your orders at the Atwood Meat Market, one door north of THE BEE office.

Wm. Hawkshaw.

First - Class GOODS

At Reasonable Prices

Our stock of Goods for
FALL TRADE

Is Now Complete.
Boots & Shoes.

Ladies and Gents Underwear, Dry Goods and
CROCERIES,
Crockery and Glassware, &c. These goods cannot be beaten for Quality. Examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. M. Harvey.

H. F. BUCK

Furniture Emporium,
WALLACE STREET,
LISTOWEL.

I wish to intimate to the people of Atwood and vicinity that I have on hand a most complete stock of all lines of Furniture.

BEDROOM SUITES,
SIDEBOARDS,
EXTENSION TABLES,
SPRINGS & MATTRESSES,
AND PARLOR SUITES.

All goods best of their class. I am bound to sell them. Call and get prices.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
MOULDINGS

For Picture Framing in Town.
UNDERTAKING

A Specialty. Full lines funeral goods always on hand.
1-3m H. F. BUCK, Wallace St.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Boy Who Helps His Mother.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by;
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."

Just then a playmate came along
And leaned across the gate—
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried;
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?"
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now."
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

"The Best Boy Story I Ever Heard."

That is what a lawyer said about the story
that I am to relate to you: "It is the best
boy story I ever heard."

"We have had a good many boys with us
from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the
senior member of a large hardware establish-
ment in Market street, Philadelphia, "as
apprentices to learn the business. What
may surprise you is that we never take coun-
try boys, unless they live in the city with
some relative who takes care of them and
keeps them home at night, for when a coun-
try boy comes to the city to live, every-
thing is new to him, and he is attracted by
every show window and unusual sight. The
city boy, accustomed to these things, cares
little for them, and, if he has a good mother,
he is at home and in bed at good season.
And we are very particular about our boys,
and before accepting one as an apprentice,
we must know that he comes of honest, in-
dustrious parents.

"But the best boy we ever had is now
with us, and a member of the firm. He is
the one man in the establishment that we
couldn't do without. He was thirteen years
old when he was apprenticed to us, and he
was with us for eleven years, acting several
years as salesman. When he first came, we
told him that for a long time his wages
would be very small, but that if he proved
to be a good boy, his salary would be in-
creased at a certain rate every year, and, as it
turned out, when, according to agreement,
we should have been paying him five hun-
dred dollars a year, we paid him \$900, and
he had never said a word about an increase
in salary. From the very outset, he showed
that he had an interest in the business. He
was prompt in the morning, and, if kept a
little over time at night, it never seemed
to make any difference with him. He grad-
ually came to know where everything was to
be found, and, if information was wanted, it
was to this boy, Frank Jones, that every one
applied. The entire establishment seemed
to be mapped out in his head, and every-
thing in it catalogued and numbered. His
memory of faces was equally remarkable.
He knew the name of every man who came
to the store to buy goods, what he bought
and where he came from. I used often to
say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth
more than a gold mine! How do you manage
to remember?'

"I make it my business to remember,"
he would say. "I know that if I can re-
member a man, and call him by name when
he comes into the store, and ask him how
things are going on where he lives, I will be
very likely to keep him as a customer."
"And that was the exact case. He made
friends of buyers. He took the same inter-
est in their purchases as he took in the store,
and would go to no end of trouble to suit
them and to fulfill to the letter everything
he promised.

"Well, affairs went on this way until he
had been with us eleven years, when we
concluded to take him as a partner. We
knew that he had no extravagant habits,
that he neither used tobacco nor beer nor
went to the theatre. He continued, as at the
beginning, to board at home, and even when
his salary was at the very lowest he paid
his mother two dollars a week for his board.
He was always neatly dressed, and we
thought it was very probable that he had
laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his
salary for the last two years had been twelve
hundred dollars. So, when we made him
the offer to become a partner in the business,
and suggested that it would be more satis-
factory if he could put some money in the
firm, he replied:

"If ten thousand dollars will be any object
I can put in that much. I have saved out
of my salary \$9,400, and my sister will let
me have \$600."

"I can tell you I was never more astonished
in my life than when that fellow said he
could put in \$10,000, and the most of it his
own money. He had never spent a dollar, or
twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an un-
necessary thing, and kept his money in a
bank where it gathered a small interest. I
am a great believer in the Bible, you know,
and I always kept two placards, in big let-
ters, up in the store. On one was this text:
'He that is faithful in that which is least,
is faithful also in that which is much';
and on the other: 'He that is diligent in
business shall stand before kings, and not
before mean men.' And Frank Jones' suc-
cess was the literal fulfillment of those
two texts. He had been faithful in the
smaller things as in the greater ones, and
diligent in business. That kind of a boy
always succeeds," concluded Mr. Alden.

A small boy of ten, who had listened to
the story with eager eyes, as well as ears,
said:

"But we don't have any kings in this coun-

try, Mr. Alden, for diligent boys to stand
before!"

"Yes, we do," laughed Mr. Alden. "We
have more kings here than in any other
country in the world. We have money kings,
and business kings, and railroad kings, and
land kings, and merchant kings, and pub-
lishing kings, and some of them wield an
enormous power. This is a great country
for kings."—*Wide Awake.*

A Fairy Tale.

One rainy night a lazy family sat around
the table after supper. Some were wishing
they did not have to wash the dishes, and
the man of the house said he wished the
plow would turn over the dirt itself, so
he would not have to go behind and hold
the old thing up.

Suddenly the molasses pitcher jumps up
and runs and whispers something to the tea-
pot, and he runs and gets the dishpan. The
old teakettle spits out some water, which is
too hot and burns the teapot's fingers. He
does this because he wants the teapot's
fingers to swell up. O, well, the coffee-
pot takes its place, and makes the pepper-box
run and get some cold water.

Then he puts the dishpan on the table, and
all the dishes, except the sugar bowl, jump
into it, and he says he does not want to wet
up his contents with the dishwater. Then
the dishes wash themselves off, and jump out
and find no towel. O, well, they will have
to go without wiping this time. Then the
dishes get into the places they were before.

In the morning the man gets up and says
to himself:

"I wonder who washed them dishes last
night."

Sally comes down and says: "I wonder
who set the table; did you, Patty?"

"No, I didn't. There must have been
some robbers in the house last night."

When this lazy family sat down to break-
fast, the dishes made all sorts of ugly faces
at everybody. The family thought the
dishes were the robbers and fled from the
city, leaving the dishes to keep house for
themselves.

This is the way of the world.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

A Mine of Information Condensed Into Instructive Sentences.

The sea occupies three fifths of the sur-
face of the earth. At the depth of about
3,500 feet waves are not felt. The tempera-
ture is the same, varying only a trifle from
the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the
equator. A mile down the water has a
pressure of over a ton to the square inch.
If a box 6 feet deep were filled with sea
water allowed to evaporate under the sun,
there would be 2 inches of salt left on the
bottom. Taking the average depth of the
ocean to be three miles, there would be a
layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed
of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the
bottom than at the surface. In the many
bays on the coast of Norway the water often
freezes at the bottom before it does above.
Waves are very deceptive. To look at them
in a storm one would think the water travel-
led. The water stays in the same place,
but the motion goes on. Sometimes in
storms these waves are 40 feet high, and
travel fifty miles an hour—more than
twice as fast as the swiftest steamship.

The distance from valley to valley is
generally fifteen times the height, hence a
wave 5 feet high will extend over 75 feet
of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell
Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each
square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful
power in drawing the water from the sea.
Every year a layer of the entire sea, 14 feet
thick, is taken up into the clouds. The
winds bear their burden into the land, and
the water comes down in rain upon the
fields, to flow back at last through
rivers. The depth of the sea presents an in-
teresting problem. If the Atlantic were
lowered from 6,564 feet, the distance from
shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500
miles. If lowered a little more than three
miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a
road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ire-
land. This is the plain on which the great
Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediter-
ranean is comparatively shallow. A drying
up of 600 feet would leave three different
seas, and Africa would be joined with
Italy. The British channel is more like a
pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.
It has been found difficult to get the cor-
rect soundings of the Atlantic. A midship-
man of the navy overcame the difficulty,
and shot weighing 30 pounds across the sink-
er, through which a rod of iron is passed,
moving easily back and forth. In the end
of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside
coated with lard. The bar is made fast to
the line, and a sling holds the shot on.
When the bar, which extends below the
ball, touches the earth, the sling unhook,
and the shot slides off. The lard in the end
of the bar holds some of the sand, or what-
ever may be on the bottom, and a drop shov-
er over the cup to keep the water from wash-
ing the sand out. When the ground is reach-
ed a shock is felt, as if an electric current
had passed through the line.

A Good Method of Copying.

Buy a piece of common factory or cheese
cloth, or as many pieces as may be necessary
to make the desired number of copies, each
the size of the letter book page. When
about to take copies wet the cloth, or several
pieces if necessary, so thoroughly that there
shall be no dry spots. This done wring them
out as dry as possible with the hands. Now
place the oil sheet in the book and the cloth
thereon, and the leaf of the copybook on
this. Next lay the letter or manuscript on
this, and if another sheet is to be copied add
another oil sheet, a wet cloth, the tissue leaf,
and so on for as many sheets as there may
be to copy.

By this process as many as twenty sheets
may be copied successfully at the same time,
while the most expert with the brush, or
any similar device for moistening the tissue
leaves, will sometimes fail on a single copy.
We retired our hair and felt brushes to
make place for the cheese cloth a number of
years ago. For typewriter work nothing
exceeds the cloth. Clear copies may be pro-
duced as long as there is enough ink left on
a ribbon to make an impression.

Try to keep clear of prejudice and be will-
ing to alter any opinion you may hold when
further light breaks in upon your mind. He
is clever beyond precedent, or weak beyond
measure, who never sees reasons to change
his judgment of men and things.—(William
Unsworth.

HEALTH.

Children's Teeth.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and
health on both," says Shakespeare. Health
will fail to "wait" on either if parents will
allow their own and their children's teeth
"to become a mass of decay" at an early
age.

There is no one point on which people are so
careless as the proper care of children's first
teeth, and those of the second set that erupt
between the fifth and seventh years of
age.

There is no one condition that tends in a
greater degree to produce good health and
vigorous growth of the body than a good
sound set of teeth.

People do not relish the idea of being told
they are careless or worse, but it would seem
that a subject of such vital importance would
receive the most careful attention.

Incalculable harm is done to both the health
of a child and to the integrity of the second
set of teeth, in allowing the temporary teeth
to become decayed and abscessed, carrying
pain and suffering, and frequently indiges-
tion and all its accumulated evils.

The number of children who have decayed
teeth, and in many cases a part of the first
set gone, and the second set badly broken
down is too great.

"Neglect is the mortal enemy of the teeth."
If the first set of teeth is lost before the prop-
er time, the second set suffers much from
their loss, and in some cases, does not erupt
at all. If decayed, the first should be filled
with plastic filling material, and let remain
until their places are ready to be taken by
the second teeth.

But a great deal of good can be accomplish-
ed and cleaned. The child should be taught
to brush its own teeth, and use the pick after
every meal.

In this manner, one can save more teeth,
using no instruments but the brush and pick
(and, by the way, one should use nothing
but a quill tooth pick) and silk thread, than
all the dentists can by performing their usual
dental operations.

It must not be inferred that we can, by
any means, always or in every case avoid the
necessity of filling children's teeth. But
when cared for properly, the defect would be
detected at so early a stage that the opera-
tion for repair (filling) would be painless,
not tedious, involving but little expense and
its durability beyond question.

If not filled then, while decaying, the
mouth will be foul and unhealthy, the lips
and tongue will be irritated, often severely,
by the rough and ragged edge presented,
the decay will be likely to reach the pulp,
causing excruciating pain, the death and
premature loss of the tooth, and lasting in-
jury to the jaws and position of the incom-
ing set.

The child will not and cannot chew on
sore gums and teeth. The food will be put
down and out of the way as soon as possible,
without the proper preparation of it for the
stomach, and the result is early dyspepsia
with its train of horrors. The one point
of paramount importance which I wish to
urge, is that the teeth should be kept clean
from their first appearance through the gums,
no matter how young the child may be, even
if born with teeth, as some are.

Teeth should be kept as scrupulously clean
as the cheeks, the eyes, or the ears, for they
will suffer more from neglect, even though
milk be the only food for the extremely young.
The brush is the only thing that will accom-
plish this.

All Forms of Life Cellular.

All life is cellular; this is true of the low-
est plant and of the most highly developed
animal. In the unicellular organism all the
functions of life must be performed by the
one cell; it must absorb, digest and ex-
crete. It must fecundate and reproduce
its species. As we ascend the scale of de-
velopment we find a greater number of cells
in the body. Not only do the cells multiply
in number, but there is a division of labor
among them, and the more marked this
differentiation becomes, the higher stands
the organism. In man, some cells take upon
themselves the duties of digestion, others
that of elimination; some are concerned in
locomotion, others in the facts of inter-
communication, others in the performance
of a certain duty or duties, constitute an
organ; and these, with their paths of inter-
communication, form our bodies. Health is
maintained only when each of these various
communities of workers does its duty fully.
If the pancreas fails to elaborate its proper
secretion, the food does not undergo the nor-
mal digestive changes, and the liver, the
heart, the lungs, the brain, and in short, the
whole mass, becomes diseased or out of
health.

Diphtheria in Chewing-Gum.

A contemporary thus calls attention to
the possible spreading of diphtheria through
chewing-gum:

"The practice of chewing gum has be-
come very wide spread. It is not a very ele-
gant habit; to many it is positively repul-
sive; and there are sources of danger, too,
that should not be overlooked. A case in
point was related to us a few days ago.
Diphtheria broke out in a family in East
Des Moines. After the child had recovered,
the clothing and all the exposed articles
fully disinfected, the parents, with the con-
valescent child, visited some relatives in the
city. The indispensable chewing-gum, like
Satan, went also—in the mouth of the
little child. Prompted by generosity, it
allowed its country cousins—two children—
to chew also the gum previously chewed by
the visiting child. In three or four days,
without any other known source of in-
fection than the chewing-gum, the two
children were simultaneously stricken
down with diphtheria in a most seri-
ous form. It would be hard to
imagine a more successful mode of propaga-
tion—distributing the disease. It would be
a great deal safer not to chew the stuff at all,
but it must be done to satisfy the demands of
a weak head and a depraved appetite, or
advice is, don't 'swap' gum to chew any
body else's gum, nor allow any body else to
chew yours."

Measures for the Prevention of the Increase in Diphtheria.

Diphtheria has come to occupy such a
leading place in the thoughts of hygienists,
on account of the way in which it is gradu-
ally but surely spreading, that nothing that
bears on this serious question can fail to
arouse our interest. We think, therefore,

that it may be useful to call the attention
of readers to the discussion which took place
at the Berlin Congress in connection with
the means best suited to prevent the spread-
ing of this terrible disease. The following
are the conclusions that M. Roux, of Paris,
presented in the paper which he read on the
subject before the section of hygiene:

The disease should be diagnosed at the
earliest possible moment, and in order to
do this bacteriological means should be
brought to bear, as they enable us to form
an early and precise opinion. As the virus
can continue to exist a long time in the
mouth after the patients are apparently
cured, they must not be allowed to resume
their ordinary life until proof has been fur-
nished that they are no longer carrying the
bacillus with them.

The virus keeps its vitality for a long time
in a dry condition, especially when it is pro-
tected from the light; everything therefore
that has been in contact with diphtheritic
patients should be sterilized by boiling
water or steam, and this is particularly
necessary for all linen and other coverings
dwelling should also be disinfected, as well
as the vehicles that have been used to trans-
port the patients.

In order that the patient's relations should
not carry away the germs of the disease with
them from the hospitals to their homes all
visits should be forbidden as far as possible.
Those visitors who are allowed to enter the
ward should be required to put on a special
garment which they shall lay aside on leav-
ing, at which time they must also disinfect
their faces and hands.

When a case of diphtheria has appeared
in a school the throat of each of the scholars
should be repeatedly examined with the
greatest care. In all complaints of the throat
during the course of measles or scarlatina,
especially in children, repeated antiseptic
gargles should be employed from the begin-
ning.

Dr. Loeffler, of Griefswald, who also read
a paper on this subject, completed in the
following way the conclusions of M. Roux:
—The diphtheritic bacillus exists in the pro-
ducts of the secretion of the deceased mucous
membranes and can be found there several
days after all the membranous products
have disappeared. Children must be kept
away from school for at least four weeks.

The bacilli continue to live four or five
months in fragments of dried diphtheritic
membranes. It will therefore be necessary
to disinfect rooms in the most thorough
manner, and especially to scrub the floor
with sublimate in a solution of 1 to 1,000,
and to rub the walls with soft bread. Damp-
ness favors the continuance of the vital
properties of the microbe; all dwellings
therefore that are badly lighted and damp
should be made more healthy and accessible
to the light and air.

The diphtheritic bacillus develops very
well in milk. This product should there-
fore be watched closely, and should be con-
demned whenever it comes from a place that
is infected with diphtheria.

The different diphtheritic complaints of
the various animal species, such as pigeons,
fowls, calves and pigs, have no connection
with human diphtheria; still, Klein claims
to have observed a disease of the cat which
is the same as the diphtheria of man. This
is a point that must be verified.

The slightest lesions of the throat in-
crease the risk of catching the complaint,
they should, therefore, be attended to. Dur-
ing an epidemic the mouth, throat and
mucous membrane of the nose of children
should be taken care of with the closest at-
tention; prophylactic gargles and washes
should be prescribed, made of aromatic
solutions or of sublimate one in ten thou-
sand.

The section of hygiene adopted all these
conclusions, which, if they were scrupulously
applied, would certainly have on the spread
of diphtheria a restrictive effect that
would soon be perceptible.

A MEANS OF MODERATING THE PAINFUL CRISIS

In the report of the Limoges Congress a
very simple, and interesting means of mod-
ifying the painful crises in locomotor ataxia.
If this means were to prove successful in
every case an immense service would have
been rendered to those unhappy individuals
whose terrible sufferings inspire pity in the
most hardened breasts and so often lead
these patients to morphinomania.

In the case of one of these patients who
had reached an advanced stage of the disease
Mr. Mossi succeeded by compression of
the neck in putting a stop to most distress-
ing crises of dyspnoea as well as to the feel-
ing of thoracic and cervical constriction.
This means was successful on several occa-
sions and in a very manifest way, but the
time during which the effect lasted varied.

This is a new phenomenon, as far as my
knowledge goes at any rate, in the visceral
complications of tubes. It seems that by
this process the same effect is produced as
that which is obtained by the compression
of special zones in hysteria or of the painful
spots in some forms of neuralgia. The re-
sult was immediate and effective, but, as
might have been expected, it did not last
long.

Are we to believe that it was really the
compression of the pneumogastric nerve
that produced the effect mentioned? In con-
sideration of the complicated anatomy of the
region on which the pressure was exerted
it would not be possible to assert that it
was the direct action on these nerves that
brought about the desired result; therefore
without trying to explain the physiological
mechanism of this phenomenon, I will be
satisfied with making public the results that
can be obtained by compression of the later-
al regions of the neck in crises depending
on the metulla oblongata in ataxia.

Coachman Williams's Luck.

Coachman John Williams, who guards
the horseflesh of E. C. Howe of Bristol, Pa.,
is in luck. He has just returned from a
trip to California, where his uncle died re-
cently, leaving a large estate. The interest
on \$750,000 was bequeathed to John and
his brother William, who lives at Black-
burn N. Y. The wealthy decedent, Theo-
dore Luderick, emigrated to America from
Metz, Germany, in 1849 during the gold ex-
citement in California, and he went to that
State with only enough money to pay his
fare. He got into the mining business and
prospered. In 1876 he was worth \$10,000,
but during the panic in 1877 he lost
heavily. Before his death he left several
millions to charitable institutions in his
country.

It takes more religion to hold a man level
in a horse trade than it does to make him
shout at camp meeting.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT ON THE IS- THMUS.

A Tree Dropped Upon a Moving Train by a Lightning Stroke.

The Panama Star and Herald says:—On
Tuesday as the special express train convey-
ing relief for the sufferers of the Colon dis-
aster was proceeding to its destination, it
came within an ace of itself suffering an
equally frightful fate to that which over-
whelmed Colon the previous night. A heavy rain
storm that commenced soon after leaving
Panama continued with ever increasing vio-
lence until it developed into a terrific elec-
tric storm that was at its height when the
train passed Lion Hill. On the stretch
thence to Gatun, where the line runs partly
through dense forests, and about midway
between these stations, the incident to which
we refer occurred at 1:05 p. m.

The train, being an express, was rushing
along at about thirty miles an hour, when
an extraordinarily sharp flash of lightning
illuminated the darkened interior of the car,
accompanied by a peculiar shocking crash
and rending, the startling effect of which was
not lessened by the plunging and oscillating
of the cars which immediately followed, as if
they were about to jump the track. In a
second every one was on his feet. Although
no visible damage had so far been sustained,
all seemed to intuitively apprehend that the
train had been struck by lightning, and
awaited further developments. In a second
or two, but which seemed minutes, the train
came to a standstill, when a rush was made
to gain the doors and throw up the sashes.

It was now discovered that a tree with
long, bare trunk, about thirty or forty feet
high and twenty inches in circumference,
had been struck by lightning just as the
train was passing under it, and splintered
about six or eight feet from the ground, it
fell with all its weight of branches and foliage
upon the cars. The train, however, had
draggled from under, shaken indeed slight-
ly, but none the worse for the undue expe-
rience. There a delay was made to clear the
debris from the track, and scarcely had the
train resumed its interrupted mission of
compassion when another lightning-prostrated
tree was encountered right athwart
the track.

This, too, had to be cleared away, thus nec-
essitating another delay, the train arriving
at Colon some five and twenty minutes later
than would otherwise have been the case.
Had the first tree fallen but two seconds
sooner, before the engine, nothing could
have averted the smashup that must have
followed; and had it crashed into the car
there might have remained no one to tell the
tale.

A Fair Carpenter.

I come to you, with some carpenter work,
I'll stop hammering long enough to tell you
what I am making.

That square board is to be covered with
crimson plush. I must search the woods
till I find three rough sticks about as large
as a broom handle. These will serve for
legs. Where they cross I shall wind a
wild grapevine, bringing it up the legs,
twine it about the edge of the plush-covered
top for a border. Now varnish the wood-
work, and a pretty rustic stand for my work
basket is made.

Charming, isn't it? And so easily made.
If the rough sticks and grape vines can-
not be obtained use common broom handles,
varnished, and tack a pretty fringe about
the edge.

Since living in the country I find so many
pretty rustic things I can make.

I never could see any beauty in a gridiron,
bedecked with ribbons, hanging upon the
wall, or a spade standing in the corner with
a landscape painted upon it; but a bunch of
cattails, a deserted bird's nest, a bunch of
autumn leaves, or a bit of moss does more to
brighten up a room than one would think.

I took a long walk the other morning, and
came back with wet feet and muddy shirts,
but my arms full of treasures: red and white
lilies, tall buttercups, growing in the corner
of the tumbled down rail fence, modest vio-
lets, and bits of green and gold moss.

I wish I could have shared them with you.
After such a walk, life really seems sweeter,
and one wonders how people can ever cry,
"Is life worth living?"

Mad Bull and Iron Horse.

A big black and white bull undertook the
task of butting a train of the track of the
Port Townsend Southern road, about four
miles north of Tenino, this morning. It
seems that a former attempt had been un-
successful, and undoubtedly maddened at
the failure of the first attempt, he deter-
mined to clean the whole train out this time
or die. He died.

The train was under fair headway, when
his mightiness was seen by the engineer in
an attitude of defiance directly in the mid-
dle of the track. The engineer blew the
whistle and put on the air brakes, but Sir
Boss not only refused to give way to the
approaching train, but even with lowered
crest charged upon it. The shock was a
great one for the bull. The pilot struck
him full in the head, killing him instantly,
and throwing the body slightly to one side.
The combination car scraped by the body
and remained on the track, but the rear
trucks of the following car left the track
and travelled from one side of the right-of-
way to the other, bumping over the ties, and
tearing up both sides of the embankment.
Two wrecking frogs were soon produced,
and in ten minutes the train was on its way
again.

A Little Girl's Story.

One day a lisping little girl ran into the
house and said to her mother: "Look,
mother, what I found on the sidewalk,
a pair of thizzert."

Sure enough, she had found a pair of
scissors, and her mother patted her on the
head and told her what a good little girl she
was to bring the scissors home.

The little girl was praised so much for her
deed that she was beguiled into saying: "I
thaw five or thix other pairth of thizzert on
the thidewalk, but I thought I wouldn't
pick 'em up."

Then the little girl had to be whipped for
lying.

Charges According to Diagnosis.

Pilltaker—Twenty dollars! Too much,
Doctor, altogether too much. Why it was
only a headache.

Dr Pillgiver—I know it, but I diagnosed
the case as incipient brain fever. My bills
are made out according to my own judg-
ment.

FINE

JOB PRINTING

A Specialty at

THE BEE

PUBLISHING HOUSE.

AUCTION

SALE

BILLS,

Posters, Dodgers,

Billheads, Statements,

Noteheads Letterheads,

Cards, Tickets,

Tags, Envelopes,

Funeral Notices,

Memorial Cards,

Wedding Invitations,

Programs, Etc., Etc.,

Printed Neatly, Cheaply and Expediently.

Give Us a Trial!

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Town Talk.

How do you like us?

Copies of the Pioneer Number may be had at the Atwood Drug Store.

COLUMNS of matter intended for this special number are crowded out for want of space.

The total cost of the new buildings erected in Atwood during the present year is not less than \$12,000.

NOTICE.—Any party wishing to rent the Atwood Town Hall may do so by applying to Wm. Forrest, Atwood, Ont. Terms reasonable.

READ the attractive announcement of M. E. Needs in this issue. He has just received a large and well selected stock of Xmas and New Year goods. The Atwood Drug Store is the place to buy your holiday presents.

FOR want of space were obliged to hold over till next week a very able, interesting and instructive article on "The Indians of the Yendimga Reserve," from the pen of Miss Lily Dingman, teacher, of Belleville, Ont.

SERVICES in the Methodist church next Sabbath at 11 and 6:30, conducted by the pastor. Evening subject: "Eternal Punishment." Special services will begin in this church on Sunday, Nov. 23rd. The pastor will be assisted in the early part by Rev. C. Fish.

PROF. LAMB, Phrenologist, was greeted by fairly large houses on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week. His lectures were pronounced good, and those who submitted their craniums to phrenological examination were satisfied that the Professor has a pretty thorough knowledge of the science.

WE are in receipt of another letter on the Newry school controversy, but in the best interests of the section we deem it prudent to close our columns against further needless discussion on this irritable question. We have taken the existing difficulties and placing the blame on the right shoulders, in the hope of bringing the warring factions to a satisfactory compromise.

PRIZE WINNERS.—The prize winners in our Prize Essay Competition are: Thos. Smith, Atwood, and Miss Kate Richmond, teacher, of Poole. There is little difference in the merits of the several essays and stories submitted, and the examiner found it a difficult task to decide between them. The prizes will be awarded some time before Jan. 1, next. We wish to thank the numerous other contributors who have so liberally aided us in getting up this number—the first of the kind published in Perth county.

INDEBTED TO THE LADIES.—Not many know that the fair sex have played an important part in the early history and later development of our village. We see by the records that Atwood's first school teacher was a Miss Radcliffe; in 1881 the village was christened Atwood by Miss Eliza Gray, of Detroit, Mich., and in January 17, 1890, its local paper was established, and was named THE BEE by Miss Lily Dingman, of Belleville, Ont. Thus it will be seen that we owe much to the ladies.

ART.—A. A. Gray, formerly of Listowel, and son of Jas. Gray, Donegal, paid his numerous friends in this locality a visit last week. He is now connected with the firm of Johnson & Co., Royal Art Studio, Toronto. Mr. Gray has made a study of photo enlarging, crayon drawing, etc., and showed us beautiful specimens of his work. He succeeded in taking several orders in the village we understand. The firm's advt. appears in this issue, so that those wishing to have a life-sized portrait of themselves should leave their orders at this office after seeing a sample of their work which will be on exhibition about the 1st of December.

ATWOOD wants an L. D. S.

DRY hard wood wanted at this office at once.

THE population of the township of Elma is 3,896.

SEND along your subscriptions for THE BEE—the neatest, cheapest and newest paper in the county.

WE have just received a choice stock of beautiful wedding invitations latest designs. Call and see them, girls.

A GLANCE over the advertising columns of this paper will tell you who are the enterprising merchants of Atwood.

REMEMBER the lime light entertainment on Monday evening next, under the auspices of the Womans' Auxiliary. This is said to be first-class and well worthy of patronage. Admission 15c. and 10c.

INSPECTOR HOPKIRK paid our post-office an official visit last Friday, and as usual he found everything in ship shape.

During the many long years Mr. Gordon has filled the position of postmaster not one complaint has been raised respecting his management of the office.

ANOTHER bachelor has been added to the list in the person of Dr. L. E. Rice, making two ministers, an editor, a doctor and a veterinary surgeon. Surely with such a host a Bachelors' Union could be organized in Atwood. Couldn't the Monkton Union give us some pointers?

WE ask our regular readers and others who may peruse this Pioneer Number to carefully read the fall announcement of James Irwin. It will put money into your pocket by leaving your measure for a splendid new worsted or tweed suit of clothes. His stock of dry goods is new and complete in every line.

NEW DOCTOR.—During the past summer Atwood has been making rapid strides until now it is regarded by the outside world as a place of considerable importance.

The latest addition to our midst is Dr. Rice, of Drayton, who has decided to hang his shingle out next door to the Atwood Bakery. He comes to us highly recommended and well up in his profession, being a graduate of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan. The Dr's residence for the present is at Graham's hotel. See professional card elsewhere. We extend a welcome to Dr. Rice to our village.

WE notice in the Toronto University Y. M. C. A. Hand-Book our former citizens, E. E. Harvey and R. H. Knox, have been honored by several of the societies in connection with the Varsity.

The former was elected an officer of the Medical Students' Y. M. C. A., and at one of their weekly meetings Mr. Harvey delivered an address on the subject: "Did Christ live as he taught?"

Mr. Knox is Curator in the Natural Science Association, and President of the Class Organization of '92. It is evident there are no menial offices in connection with this society. J. W. Graham fills the smallest office, viz., Lord High-Cocketerum. It is gratifying to know that Atwood boys come to the front in University work.

GALLANTRY UNREWARDED.—On Tuesday last one of our young men was giving riding lessons to some young ladies of the village. He gallantly loaned his own horse to one of the young ladies and placed himself astride of another nag, which had spent too many summer days and winter nights between the shafts to make a good saddle horse. Not acting to please his rider, the latter applied the raw-hide. The mind was evidently willing to go but the flesh was weak, the result being that the body got too far ahead for the feet. The usual result followed. The projecting end, on which the rider unfortunately sat, overbalanced, and the rider was deposited in the middle of the street, which, in their present condition, are not a very desirable though a soft enough seat.

Trowbridge.

On Sabbath last the Methodist Sunday School was favored by a visit from E. S. Pelton, editor of THE BEE. At the upon of the school Mr. Pelton was called upon to give a short address; this he did in a very pleasing manner. We think Mr. Pelton was favorably impressed with the school in general.

Death has again visited our neighborhood. It is with feelings of sympathy that we record the death of Richard Halpenny, who passed peacefully away on Thursday of last week. Mr. Halpenny had been poorly for over a year, low and his friends and neighbors thought he could not get better. However, he did rally and was able to be around again till just four days before his death. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

BRUCE KNOX.

WHAT boy or girl in Atwood has not seen Bruce Knox? Bruce, as he is called by his master, our popular G. T. R. agent, belongs to the noble Scotch collie family, and from his earliest dog days gave evidence of possessing remarkable intelligence. These natural human-like instincts were easily developed by the kind treatment and strict discipline of his first instructor, A. Knox, now agent of the B. & M. Railway, Corona, Colorado, but latterly—for the past six years—Bruce has been learning many new ideas from his present lord and master. Bruce was evidently learned that he is of great importance to the G. T. R. Co., and the intense interest he takes in everything pertaining to the station is too comical for anything. For instance, he knows that rigid instructions to him or animal with four legs shall be allowed to find its way into the station yard, and to carry out this injunction he may be seen every day trotting down to the yard gate and keeping a vigilant watch on every critter that happens to pass

by. He does this without any solicitation from Mr. Knox, but in accordance with his agreement with the Co. Then delivering the telegrams, messages, getting money changed, etc., is a part of Bruce's every day work. After he presents you with a telegram he sits down by you, looks earnestly and knowingly into your face, as much as to say "Will you reply?" If you shake your head in the negative, he at once scampers back to the station! Mr. Knox is a lover of a good Havana, and Bruce is occasionally sent over to Iorger's for several. What is stranger still, this intelligent animal knows the difference between the "store house," post office, "Iorger's," etc. When Mr. Knox wants matches to light the semaphore lamp he has only to send his faithful dog for them, who at once understands his master's orders and accordingly gallops to the house, gives the note to Mrs. Knox and returns with the matches. We have seen Bruce do this. If a door in the house is open Mrs. Knox nods to Bruce and the dog straightway braces both paws against the door and shuts it, or if the door is wide open and he cannot shut it with his paws he uses his nose which never fails to accomplish his purpose. We are passionately fond of a good dog, but we doubt whether our purse is deep enough to purchase Bruce Knox.

THE population of the township of Elma is 3,896.

SEND along your subscriptions for THE BEE—the neatest, cheapest and newest paper in the county.

WE have just received a choice stock of beautiful wedding invitations latest designs. Call and see them, girls.

A GLANCE over the advertising columns of this paper will tell you who are the enterprising merchants of Atwood.

REMEMBER the lime light entertainment on Monday evening next, under the auspices of the Womans' Auxiliary. This is said to be first-class and well worthy of patronage. Admission 15c. and 10c.

INSPECTOR HOPKIRK paid our post-office an official visit last Friday, and as usual he found everything in ship shape.

During the many long years Mr. Gordon has filled the position of postmaster not one complaint has been raised respecting his management of the office.

ANOTHER bachelor has been added to the list in the person of Dr. L. E. Rice, making two ministers, an editor, a doctor and a veterinary surgeon. Surely with such a host a Bachelors' Union could be organized in Atwood. Couldn't the Monkton Union give us some pointers?

WE ask our regular readers and others who may peruse this Pioneer Number to carefully read the fall announcement of James Irwin. It will put money into your pocket by leaving your measure for a splendid new worsted or tweed suit of clothes. His stock of dry goods is new and complete in every line.

NEW DOCTOR.—During the past summer Atwood has been making rapid strides until now it is regarded by the outside world as a place of considerable importance.

The latest addition to our midst is Dr. Rice, of Drayton, who has decided to hang his shingle out next door to the Atwood Bakery. He comes to us highly recommended and well up in his profession, being a graduate of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan. The Dr's residence for the present is at Graham's hotel. See professional card elsewhere. We extend a welcome to Dr. Rice to our village.

WE notice in the Toronto University Y. M. C. A. Hand-Book our former citizens, E. E. Harvey and R. H. Knox, have been honored by several of the societies in connection with the Varsity.

The former was elected an officer of the Medical Students' Y. M. C. A., and at one of their weekly meetings Mr. Harvey delivered an address on the subject: "Did Christ live as he taught?"

Mr. Knox is Curator in the Natural Science Association, and President of the Class Organization of '92. It is evident there are no menial offices in connection with this society. J. W. Graham fills the smallest office, viz., Lord High-Cocketerum. It is gratifying to know that Atwood boys come to the front in University work.

GALLANTRY UNREWARDED.—On Tuesday last one of our young men was giving riding lessons to some young ladies of the village. He gallantly loaned his own horse to one of the young ladies and placed himself astride of another nag, which had spent too many summer days and winter nights between the shafts to make a good saddle horse. Not acting to please his rider, the latter applied the raw-hide. The mind was evidently willing to go but the flesh was weak, the result being that the body got too far ahead for the feet. The usual result followed. The projecting end, on which the rider unfortunately sat, overbalanced, and the rider was deposited in the middle of the street, which, in their present condition, are not a very desirable though a soft enough seat.

Trowbridge.

On Sabbath last the Methodist Sunday School was favored by a visit from E. S. Pelton, editor of THE BEE. At the upon of the school Mr. Pelton was called upon to give a short address; this he did in a very pleasing manner. We think Mr. Pelton was favorably impressed with the school in general.

Death has again visited our neighborhood. It is with feelings of sympathy that we record the death of Richard Halpenny, who passed peacefully away on Thursday of last week. Mr. Halpenny had been poorly for over a year, low and his friends and neighbors thought he could not get better. However, he did rally and was able to be around again till just four days before his death. The sorrowing family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

BRUCE KNOX.

WHAT boy or girl in Atwood has not seen Bruce Knox? Bruce, as he is called by his master, our popular G. T. R. agent, belongs to the noble Scotch collie family, and from his earliest dog days gave evidence of possessing remarkable intelligence. These natural human-like instincts were easily developed by the kind treatment and strict discipline of his first instructor, A. Knox, now agent of the B. & M. Railway, Corona, Colorado, but latterly—for the past six years—Bruce has been learning many new ideas from his present lord and master. Bruce was evidently learned that he is of great importance to the G. T. R. Co., and the intense interest he takes in everything pertaining to the station is too comical for anything. For instance, he knows that rigid instructions to him or animal with four legs shall be allowed to find its way into the station yard, and to carry out this injunction he may be seen every day trotting down to the yard gate and keeping a vigilant watch on every critter that happens to pass

Hurrah for the Holidays!

THE Holidays will soon be upon us and your attention is called to the fact that M. E. Needs has in stock, and continually arriving, a Beautiful Display of Dutton's Celebrated

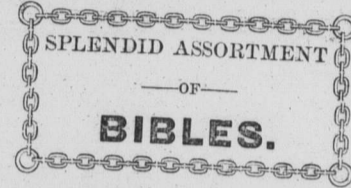
CHRISTMAS AND

NEW YEAR CARDS

AND BOOKLETS,

Holiday Books, of the Pansy, Elsie, Ruby and Every Boy's Libraries. Toy books for the Children. Games of all kinds.

Some very elegantly bound volumes of the



Choice Collection of HYMN AND PRAYER BOOKS.

POETS.

BIBLES.

In Fancy Goods

There is a fine assortment of Purses, something elegant in Plush Goods, and a large and varied stock of Hair, Tooth, Cloth and Shaving Brushes. You will also find Dolls, Mouth Organs, School Bags, Toilet Soaps, Perfumes and Stationery in great array.

Call in and Look Around, No trouble to show goods.

Subscriptions Taken FOR ALL NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

Remember the Place:

Atwood Drug & Book Store.

M. E. NEEDS.

LAMONT'S

MUSICAL EMPORIUM!

LISTOWEL, - ONT.

6--QUESTIONS--6

FOR THE

PEOPLE OF ELMA

TO ANSWER:

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

Parties doing business in Listowel should call at the Emporium and see the

Wonderful Orchestrome.

SHEET MUSIC

FURNISHED AT HALF PRICE.

LAMONT BROS., - LISTOWEL

TROWBRIDGE.

The Beautiful Village on the Banks of the Maitland.

ON the banks of river Maitland, in the northwest corner of the township of Elma, county of Perth, is situated the quiet little village of Trowbridge. It is surrounded by a farming country second to none in the county. Five miles west of the village is the town of Listowel, and 30 miles north, the city of Stratford. Samuel Code and his brother, the late George Code, were the first white men to settle in this neighborhood, having made their way in here 42 years ago. This month, in the fall of 1848, which was then a dense wilderness with no postoffice nearer than Shakespeare. Some four or five years after this date George Code, sr., moved in and succeeded in getting a postoffice established. Mr. Code, sr., was postmaster up to the year 1876, when the office was moved to its present locality on Main street, at which time Charles Cosens, J. P., received the appointment of postmaster. R. Christie, John Frier and Charles J. Buchart were the first merchants, and Thomas Moss the first hotel-keeper. C. Cosens, present postmaster, came in the year 1857 and started the cabinet-making business, and about the same time his brother, Henry Cosens, started a blacksmithshop. Noble Oliver was the first shoemaker, and Robert Oliver was the first tanner, but the tannery has long since been burnt down. The people of this place and neighborhood have always been a great church-going people, so much so that a hotel could not exist. In 1857 all the denominations held service in a little log school house, about 22 feet square, now we have three very good churches: Presbyterian, Church of England and Canada Methodist. The Methodist is a very fine brick structure, erected in 1853. Following are the names of those in business at the present time: James McInae, saw and chopping mill; Isaac Cosens, shoemaker; Thomas Later, general blacksmith and carriage shop; Charles Cosens, postmaster and general merchant; Miss M. A. Griffin, grocery; Miss Delvea, grocery; Stephen Wilcott, brick and stone mason, plasterer, etc.; C. J. Leslie, stone mason; W. Frier, carpenter; W. J. Dunlop, cheesemaker; F. Cosens, constable; Robert Carter, stone and brick mason. We have in Trowbridge an Orange Lodge, a Foresters' Lodge, also a lodge of Good Templars; an excellent sabbath and day school. Byron Snell has been Principal of the public school for the past year and he is an efficient teacher. Miss Ida Halpenny is engaged as assistant for next year. There are only two empty houses in Trowbridge at the present time, and we are looking forward to a branch of the C. P. R. entering our village.

ALTAR.

TARR—HARVEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, 12th inst., by the Rev. A. Hender, son, M. A., Mr. Alfred P. Tarr, to Jane, daughter of Mr. David Harvey, all of Logan.

TOMB.

ALDRED.—In Donegal, on Saturday, Nov. 8th, Wm. Aldred, aged 77 years.

Auction Sales.

MONDAY, NOV. 17TH.—Farm stock and implements, on lot 9, con. 4, Elma, at 1 o'clock p.m. A. Morrison, auctioneer; Robt. Carter, proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25TH.—Farm stock and implements, lot 14, con. 8, Elma, at 1 p.m. T. E. Hay, auctioneer; John Allan Proprietor.

FRIDAY, NOV. 14TH.—Household furniture, at Alex. Morrison's show room, Atwood, at 1 p.m., sharp. Alex. Morrison, auctioneer; Mrs. James Inglis, proprietress.

Atwood Market.

| | | |
|-------------------|----|-------|
| Fall Wheat | 80 | 88 |
| Spring Wheat | 82 | 85 |
| Barley | 29 | 33 |
| Oats | 32 | 34 |
| Peas | 55 | 58 |
| Pork | 5 | 5 20 |
| Hides per lb. | 5 | 5 1/2 |
| Sheep skins, each | 1 | 1 50 |
| Wood 2 ft. | 40 | 45 |
| Potatoes per bag | 15 | 15 |
| Butter per lb. | 15 | 15 |
| Eggs per doz. | 15 | 15 |

THE RATTLE WON

CHAPTER XLVI.

AT LAST!
One morning Johnson, the man servant, came to Nessa and said:
"If you please mum, there's a pusson wants to see you—a female."
"What does she want?" asked Nessa, ever ready to take alarm, despite her resolutions.
"She says it's private affairs mum."
"Where is she?"
"Well, mum, she's on the doorstep at present. She looks such a very shady pusson—if you'll excuse me—that I didn't think it safe to leave her in the hall with the humberellas."
"Did she give any name?"
"Redman—Mrs. Redman I believe she called herself, mum."
Nessa had purposely turned to the table on which she was arranging flowers as she put the question, and it was well she did so, for her face as she heard the reply would have furnished gossip for the kitchen had Johnson seen it.

"Not at home, mum," the man suggested, as Nessa stood silently fingering the flower before her.
With an effort Nessa forced herself to answer with a steady voice—
"I will come down," she said; "show her into the morning room."
As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.

"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

As the door closed behind the man, Nessa turned from the table, the flowers slipping from her fingers and scattering on the floor unnoticed by her.
"At last—at last!" she gasped. "Oh, God, give me strength and guide me, for I am weak, and know not what to do!"
She stood with her chin sunk upon her breast, and her fingers clasped till she heard the door of the morning room close; then, spurred by the dread of Sweeney returning before she had got the woman out of the house, she started from her attitude of helpless dejection, and with an expression of fixed determination in her face ran down-stairs and entered the morning room.

"What! does he know you're Anderson's wife?" asked the woman, in her turn dismayed.
Nessa looked at her in silent scorn.
"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Redmond, impatiently.

"Do you think he would suffer me to live in his house if he knew that I am not his wife?"
"I daresay he could swallow his fine feelings, like the rest of men, if it suited him," Mrs. Redmond sneered. "But I suppose it wouldn't suit him, as he's a doctor, and has to keep up a character for respectability. But he'd make you some sort of allowance, surely."

Nessa turned away in disgust, and covered her face with her hands in shame.
"He must give you something, he's a gentleman, I suppose."
"He's a gentleman, and could not insult even an enemy. He will not offer to pay me—"

The passionate sentence ended there, and she burst into tears.
Mrs. Redmond looked on for a moment in vexed perplexity. Delicate sensibilities were quite beyond her comprehension; but she had the sense to see that she had gone too far in her furious determination to extort blackmail, and that if she did not restore hope and confidence to Nessa, her own gain would be of an unpleasant kind. She had a pretty sound conception that Dr. Meredith would not content himself with merely turning her out of his house; he would more likely detain her until the police took her in charge for further examination.

"Look here, chummy; don't talk on like this," she said, endeavoring to soften her grating voice to a soothing murmur as she laid her hand on Nessa's arm.
Nessa shrank away from that repulsive touch, and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"Come, chummy, come," whined the woman, setting her head aside with abject entreaty in her unhealthy face, "don't look at me like that. I know I've gone too far, and said things I didn't mean; but you must make some allowance for my misery and need. You see what a poor, miserable wretch I am, and what a poor, miserable girl the girl's face. Lord knows I don't want to upset you, and part you from this nice, kind doctor—why should I? My only hope of escaping from the work-house and living a few months depends on my getting a little help from you. Why, I hung about the corner of the street over an hour not to call on you till I saw the doctor was well out of the way in his carriage. Look here, chummy, don't you think of telling him, if it's to put an end to your happiness and bring you to shame. Why should you? You were only half married to Anderson, and that half can't be legal, as he was out of his mind. I take my oath I didn't as mine you plunge yourself into giving way to this foolish impulse. You always were impulsive—you know you were—and repented it afterwards. And if you are really fond of this doctor, you may think that it won't be a very pleasant thing for him—"

"I am thinking of him," Nessa said.
"Well, look how it would damage him in his profession—a scandal of this sort!"
Nessa assented, but she was not thinking of the scandal or professional position; but of how he would sit alone in his room at night, and the grief that would wring his heart.

"Then why should you do such a foolish thing for nothing, when you may both live happily till the end of your lives? Hexham's taken Anderson back to America; Cummings has got a berth in Scotland; and not another soul in the world is living to trouble you. For it isn't likely I shall bother you. All I want is a little bit now and then." She looked round the room greedily. "There's such a lot of things in a house like this—plate and one thing and another—one article or two would never be missed out of so many."

"No, no! that is impossible," said Nessa, in horror; "nothing shall persuade me to rob him."
Mrs. Redmond at a loss how to manage the squeamish girl, bit her lips in silence for a moment, then—
"You don't mean to say you've got nothing," she said. "Look here, doesn't he allow you money for housekeeping?"
"It is his money."
"Oh, bother!" Mrs. Redmond was losing temper again in this trying exercise of finding excuses for Nessa as well as for herself.

"He can't expect you to account for every farthing. He must allow you something over for little expenses of your own—pin money, and so on. And if he didn't, certainly you could economize, and so save something for me."
Nessa received money for housekeeping; more than she needed. With pride she had shown Sweeney the surplus left after paying all the week's bills, and he had told her to put it by for a rainy day. Well, surely, she thought, he could not object, if he knew it, to her giving what she had to supply the needs of this woman. She put her hand in her pocket and produced the purse in which she kept this surplus.

"I think I may give you this; it is all I have," Mrs. Redmond snatched it hastily.
"At present—but you'll save some more for me, won't you?" she said, opening the purse. There was gold inside. "Don't look frightened. I shan't come again for a long time; not till this is all gone. And I shall take precious good care to come when it's quite safe. That reminds me that I'd better go before the servants get curious. You can tell your husband in their hearing that I'm an old servant of yours. Now I'll be off." And as she opened the door, she croaked loud enough to be heard by any listening servant, and with a wink at Nessa, Mrs. Meredith, ma'am. And if ever you should want any one to help in the house, I shall be only too glad to come: you know I was never above a bit of honest, hard work."

Round the corner of the street she joined Cummings. He stood there waiting for her, seedy and down at heel, with his hands in his pockets and a hang-dog look on his face.
"Well, how did you get on—what have you screwed out of her?" he asked, falling in with her quick pace.
"Four or five shillings—that's all," she answered, gloomily. "It's no go screwing her."
"She'll have to be screwed."
"I'll tell you what will happen then. She'll

tell the doctor everything, and bolt without a penny. She's likely enough to do it without screwing."
"Well, what's to be done? I've ruined myself through this cursed job."
"I'll tell you what must be done. We must go for the big stakes. You know—we must do what he was talking about last night. Have you been round to the mansions?"
"Yes."
"Well?"
"Hexham's still there."
"And the madman?"
"Yes."
"Then we must do it!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LAST ATTEMPT.

When Sweeney returned from his round that afternoon, Nessa met him in the hall, and leading him into his own room, said:
"I want to tell you at once, love, something that has happened while you were away. The woman I lived with at the time of my accident—"

"Mrs. Meredith?"
"Yes; she called upon me. She is very ill, very poor, and she has no friends or occupation. She wanted money, and I gave her all I had."
"And so you need some more to go on with, eh?" he suggested, cheerfully.
"Oh, no, no, no! The money you let me have for the week is upstairs. I only had my purse with the savings I have made in my pocket. I gave her that."
"Well?" he said, interrogatively.
"That is all I can tell you, love," she answered, nervously, stroking his hand as she looked into his face with sad, serious eyes.

He laughed and hugged her to his side.
"Why, you dear, mysterious little soul, that's nothing. I thought you had something terrible to relate; that solemn, grave, beautiful face filled me with all sorts of apprehensions. You don't regret giving your savings, do you?"
"No; but I felt that I must tell you all that I could tell you."
"Believe me, I want to know more than that, dear wife. But we will not discuss this subject without another word I should think Mrs. Meredith would call on you again. It's natural she should, you know." His eye twinkled with suppressed mirth.

"That sort of thing is liable to become tedious to you, and it must be uncomfortable to her whenever she calls to accept gifts. Now, for all you think it would be more pleasant to invest in a small business that would give her occupation and restore a feeling of independence?"
"Sweeney, Sweeney—dear, generous Sweeney!" she sobbed, winding her arms round his neck, and with closed eyes drawing his face down to hers.

She was exuberantly gay after this little scene. It seemed as if forgiving Heaven were smiling upon her, and all the clouds rolling away over the horizon. Her husband, Hexham and Cummings all gone; Mrs. Redmond settled and content as she must be with the liberal provision promised by Sweeney—what was there to fear? Nothing could trouble her peace; no shadow fall upon this happy future.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Redmond did not know of the good fortune awaiting her. By ignoring the good policy of truth and candor, she could not foresee the happy turn taken through Nessa's departure from her counsel.

Nessa was anxious to impart the good news to her—to make known her dear Sweeney's generosity. A fortnight passed; Mrs. Redmond made no sign. Nessa took that as a sign of the woman's moderation and became more and more convinced that her peril was past—poor fool!

She had her room of her own, but she preferred Sweeney's study when she was not puzzling very hard over some self-imposed task. She was now forever striving to "improve" herself. In her husband's study she could feast her eyes on the evidence of his prodigious acquirements in the rows of scientific books he understood, and the curious cases of instruments on the shelf which at one time she shuddered to look at, and where there was a prevalent odor of tobacco which she loved because tobacco was dear to him. She was seated in his chair one afternoon when Johnson came in by the door from the passage.

"If you please, mum, there are two pussons to see the doctor—males; and they wish to know how long it will be before he's in."
"He will be in by five o'clock," Nessa replied, looking at the timepiece. It was now a quarter-past four. "Did you say they were gentlemen?"
"Males, mum. Patients, apparently. One of them looks very poorly—a gentleman; the other looks like a messenger, or something of that, sent to take care of him. Had to help him by the arm."
"Show them in the consulting-room if they choose to wait."
"I have done so, mum. They are in there now."
They were there—Cummings, the "messenger" or something of that, with his ear to the door at the end of the room which opened into the doctor's study; his hand on the arm of the gentleman, James Anderson. When Johnson entered by the other door to tell them the doctor would be home in three-quarters of an hour both were seated on the couch, the gentleman with his eyes closed.

Cummings nodded, with a glance at Anderson, to signify that they would wait, and Johnson withdrew.
"It's all right," whispered Cummings. "You've got three-quarters of an hour to get rid of the devil."
Anderson was on the alert in a moment. "He's in there—the devil you sold your soul to, you know," Cummings continued. Anderson nodded eagerly.
"The one I've been hunting for ever since I got out of hell?" he asked, putting his lips close to Cummings's ear.
"Yes. He's at his old tricks again—taken the shape of a beautiful woman."
Anderson nodded and winked, a cunning grin baring his clenched teeth.
"It's no good trying the long game again," said Cummings.
Anderson pursed up his lips and shook his head vehemently.
"You failed last time through being too slow."
Anderson assented with a nod and furious scowl.
"You'll have to do it sharp. Hexham will never let you out of the waistcoat if he catches you before it's done."
Anderson started to his feet and dipped

his hand in his pocket with desperate haste. Cummings rose, also, laying a hand upon his arm, sharply.
"Don't be a fool and lose your last chance by want of caution. You can be sharp without being rash; you must get your opportunity."
Anderson snatched his arm away impatiently.

"Let me alone," he muttered; "do you think I don't know all that?"
"Wait a bit; there may be more than one in the next room. The right one may not be there. If she's gone we may have to wait for another chance."
He went to the door opening into the study, and laying hold firmly of the handle, turned it by imperceptible degrees till the catch was withdrawn from the lock and the door, yielding to the slight pull, slowly opened. With the same noiseless movement he turned the handle back to its original position as he perceived Nessa through the opening seated before the fireplace with her back to the door. He saw her face mirrored in the inclined glass over the chimney-piece. Anderson, craning over his shoulder, saw it also, and with instant perception that the glass which revealed her to them would reveal them to her if she chanced to look up, quickly crouched down, drawing Cummings back with an agony of apprehension in his face. The two bending low nodded to each other significantly.

"Are you ready?" breathed Cummings, livid with horror of the thing he was doing. Anderson replied by a nod, and slid silently down on all fours.

"Wait until I'm outside before you begin. I must bolt the street door for fear of Hexham," Cummings whispered.

Anderson took no notice of the caution, but with cat-like stealth drew the door wider open to permit of his passing in. At the last glance back, as he slipped out into the hall, Cummings saw that Anderson was already half through the door. With a rapid step he crossed the hall, opened the street door, and without pausing to close it, ran down the street.

It was Mrs. Redmond who waited round the corner this time. His face told the tale the moment he came in sight. Without waiting for him to join her she hurried on in the direction he was taking. Coming to her side, he dropped into a rapid walk, which she with difficulty accommodated her pace to.

"Has he done it?" she asked.
"It's all over by this time," he answered. They said no more, but hurried on, panting for breath. There was a "bus" passing the end of the street. Cummings hailed it hoarsely, and both ran to overtake it. No other passengers were on the top. When she had recovered breath, Mrs. Redmond asked for particulars, and Cummings gave them in brief. She was taking. Coming to her side, he dropped into a rapid walk, which she with difficulty accommodated her pace to.

"Supposing he doesn't do it after all?" she said, petulantly.
"Then we shall be no worse off than we were before. It was only an experiment, and it turned out ever so much better than I thought it would. What else did you want?"
"You shouldn't have come away so soon. Time enough to bolt when he'd done it."
"And been caught."
"There was no danger of that. It would be seen that he was a maniac; his name wouldn't be known."
"And Hexham, when the thing got in the papers?"
"He wouldn't have stirred in the matter, to take the responsibility for having let the man get out of his hands twice."
"I wasn't going to risk that. Besides, I tell you, she can't escape."
"For all you know. If she does, we've lost our tool, and shan't get him again; that's sure. Much better have looked about, and brought him away, saying you'd call another day. You might have found out her room, and got him in there next time, if you hadn't followed my plan of drawing her into some hotel, and shutting her in a room with him."
"Oh, shut up, you croaking old—Wait till the evening papers come out, then you'll see whether I'm a fool or not. Get down. We'll take that other 'bus'."

Nessa, bending over her German Grammar, heard a movement in the direction of the consulting room; but knowing patients were awaiting the return of Sweeney she disregarded the sound—only it seemed to her that the movement was particularly distinct considering that the door was closed. She heard the street door shut, another door open—the further door of the consulting room. But when she heard a rap at the door behind her, she raised her head, and, turning round, saw Johnson, with a look of perplexity in his face, in the entrance.

"I beg pardon, mum, but I was going to ask you if you had seen anything of the two pussons."
"No; I have seen nobody," said Nessa, rising, and laying down her book.
"I thought you might, as this door is half open."
"Are the gentlemen gone?" she asked in astonishment, going to the door of the consulting-room.

"Clean gone, mum. I heard the street door open, and ran upstairs at once, and they must have heard me and took to their heels, for I see not a sign of any one when I looked down the street."
"What can it mean?"
"Thieves, mum; that's what it means. I didn't like the look of the one in the long black cloak—looked like one of those pussons that preaches in the parks, and the other was shamming sick for an excuse. They know the doctor goes out after lunch, and reckoned on getting his instruments or something out of the study; but seeing you they were balked in their puppos, and gave up the job. It's frequently done. My last master was robbed in that way, and he took care afterwards to lock the door of the study inside before he went out."

The explanation was conclusive. Nessa left Johnson examining the periodicals on the table of the consulting room, with a view to seeing if any had been taken, and, withdrawing into the study, turned the key in the lock as a precaution for the future. She glanced at the clock; it was a quarter of an hour, at the furthest, Sweeney would be home. There was just time to put her books away and set the room straight. The books packed on the shelf above Sweeney's beloved pipes, his chair pushed back in its customary place, she glanced round to see if anything else needed arranging. Then her eyes falling on the shelf in the case beyond the velvet-lined lid of a box of instruments stood open. Crossing the room to examine more closely, she discovered that one of the

long dissecting knives was gone from its place. Was it possible that one of the thieves had passed behind her, opened the box, and taken the knife, she asked herself? It seemed hardly possible. Another supposition—that the thief, alarmed by the sound of Johnson entering the adjoining room, had found no time to escape, and had armed himself with the knife for defence—caused her to turn her eyes toward the recess behind the screen.

With a horror-stricken cry, she drew back step by step toward the door of the consulting room—the door into the passage lying beyond the screen—keeping her face toward the man, who like a cat hesitating to spring upon the prey it is uncertain of reaching, shifted his position, and stole upon her step by step.

Suddenly it flashed upon Nessa's recollection that she had locked the door; to open it she must turn her back upon this man, and expose herself to his attack. The quivering of the knife showed her that the man was nerving himself for the spring. She strove to scream; but the horror which prompted the cry silenced it in her paralyzed throat. There was a long table in the middle of the room; she thought of it in this last extremity; and just as the man bent suddenly down to spring, she turned, and in a moment placed herself upon the further side of it.

As she reached this temporary barrier she looked back. The man had come from the shadow of the screen, and stood now facing the light. She recognized him, distorted as his face was with demoniacal fury, and faintly gasped:
"My husband!"

He seemed to perceive the paralyzing fascination he exercised upon her, and drew stealthily upon her until he reached the table, and there again he stood, undetermined whether to chase her round it or vault across. In that moment the street door closed, and Nessa's strained perception recognized Sweeney's step in the passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Behring Sea Negotiations.

The want of success which attended their former negotiations on the Behring sea controversy has not discouraged Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, from making another attempt at solving the difficult problem. His latest proposals that Russia be asked to enter into negotiating settlement, and that the agreement have respect to the whole of the waters lying north of the 50th parallel of north latitude and between America and Asia. In his scheme provision is made for a convention, to be called the North American seal fishing convention, in which Great Britain, Russia and the United States shall be represented, and which shall deal with the fur seal fisheries in the Behring sea, the sea of Otschotsk and adjoining waters.

The articles of agreement provide that the high contracting parties agree to appoint a mixed commission of experts, who shall enquire into the subject and report within two years from the date of the convention on the propriety and the advisability of regulations looking to the preservation of the fur seal species. After this report has been submitted a further convention is to be held, and in case the high contracting parties are unable to agree upon regulations, if any are necessary, the questions of difference shall be referred to the arbitration of an impartial government, whose award shall be final. Pending the report of the commission and four months after the date of such report, a temporary measure shall be put into effect, prohibiting the subjects and citizens of the high contracting parties from engaging in the fur seal fishery, and taking of seals by land or sea, north of the 50th degree of north latitude which shall be considered the seal fishery line, from the 1st of May to the 30th of June, and also from the 1st of October to the 30th of December. During the intervening period sealing vessels belonging to the high contracting parties shall not be permitted to approach these islands within a radius of ten miles. Every vessel found engaged in fishing contrary to these prohibitions shall be liable to forfeit and her captain and crew subject to fine or imprisonment, the nation to which the vessel belongs alone having jurisdiction over such cases.

Whatever else may be said of this scheme it is, at least, comprehensive, and if agreed to by the parties specified would doubtless settle this vexed question for all time to come. Moreover, it meets the demands of the United States government that the seals be protected from wanton destruction by unprincipled sealers who care nothing for the interests of others so long as they are making gain. This, it will be remembered, was the principal vindication of the policy pursued by that country during 1889. It remains to be seen how Secretary Blaine, who has not shown himself to be perfectly reasonable in these negotiations, will regard this new plan of settlement.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

According to the London Times a general lockout is being discussed by the shippers of that city. These men complain that, what with arbitrary interference on the part of unionist leaders, what with paying double wages for work half done, and what with frequent fines of \$500 a day for ships that cannot get unloaded, their business is at present being carried on at a heavy loss. They declare that the consequence to them of a general lockout would be less serious than the present piecemeal destruction of their property and business. They recognize, too, that such a step would seriously affect the business of the whole country, and that were they to lay up their ships many innocent persons might be made to suffer. Consequently, they propose this drastic measure only as a last resort to free themselves from what they consider an unjust and intolerable dictation. Says the secretary of the shipper's federation: "Such a step could only be taken after most mature consideration. At the same time it is becoming evident, from some special cases to-day, that it may have been taken in the near future. This Federation must be prepared to make such a stand as will effectually meet the federation of all trades against free labor, which has already been partly accomplished." It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail among those who are responsible for the existing trouble, and that the threatened lockout, which would mean inconvenience, suffering, and probably starvation, to many, may be averted.

WATER ON THE FARM.

Interesting Experiments Made at Ottawa.

The chemist at the Central experimental farm, Ottawa, Mr. F. T. Shutt, M. A., F. C. S., has had a busy year. Latterly it was found necessary to provide him with a competent assistant, and Mr. A. Lehmann, B.S.A., has been selected for the post.

With respect to milk, the data for important conclusions are being gathered in the laboratory. At the Central experimental farm there are five milking breeds of cows, and it is important to the dairyman, as well as the private farmer, to know the relative yield of milk and its quality.

When THE EMPIRE representative was in the laboratory the other day it was found that Mr. Shutt was engaged in making a series of analyses of sugar beets.

When THE EMPIRE representative was in the laboratory the other day it was found that Mr. Shutt was engaged in making a series of analyses of sugar beets.

When THE EMPIRE representative was in the laboratory the other day it was found that Mr. Shutt was engaged in making a series of analyses of sugar beets.

Accident With a Pistol. LONDON, Nov. 13.—A lad named Bayley, living in East London, went on a shooting expedition the other day with three companions.

She Wore the Pants. First Little Boy—My pa's a Free-will Baptist? What's yours? Second Little Boy—Mine says he's a Free Thinker, but I doubt it.

Nature's panacea for indigestion and Dyspepsia Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners everywhere.

Never mind—Matter. We call attention to advertisement in another column of "The Canadian Mutual Aid Association," which company is growing in popularity as a company giving insurance within the reach of those most needing insurance.

READ THIS.

Your cough can always be stopped by using one bottle of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine. For sale everywhere. Price 25c.

Lay figures—Statistics as to egg production. Recommended to sufferers. Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Price 15 cents

A rich man who lives to be over a hundred years old is selfish. For Lung Diseases only these Emulsions which are scientifically prepared can expect to succeed.

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

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free

NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, neuralgia, general feeling of depression, nervousness, general feeling of depression, etc.

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

CATARRH

CATARRH CURED FREE for testimonials after cure. Address THE GERMICIDE CO., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—Big money. Choiceest books. Control of territory. Apply at once. E. N. MOYER & Co., Yonge St., Toronto.

WANTED—Ladies to manage a profitable home. For particulars apply with stamp. J. Trotter, 5 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Canada.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL—Grand chance for young men to acquire a first-class trade. Terms moderate. Send for particulars.—63 King Street West.

PATENTS—Inventors in Canada, U.S., and Foreign Countries. W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Sail weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Sail on Tickets \$49 \$50 and \$60.

AGENTS WANTED For the Patent PINLESS CLOTHES LINE. A wire line which No Pins are required.

CANCER and Tumors cured without the knife. Send for book of treatment and testimonials, free. G. H. McMichael, M. D., 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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

HOW TO GET IT! HOW TO KEEP IT! Fully explained in the HEALTH HELPER. Send stamp for sample copy to the editor, Dr. JNO. H. DYE, Buffalo, New York.

BUSINESS CHANCES. 100 or more along the Great Northern Railway in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana.

DO YOU WANT TO GET A COLLEGE EDUCATION. Or to take special college or preparatory course at home? If so, you should acquaint yourself with the correspondence methods used by Chautauqua College, Address, JOHN H. DANIELS, Registrar, New Haven, Conn.

ENGRAVING FOR ALL PURPOSES. WOOD ENGRAVER. 100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, CANADA

Watson's Cough Drops! Are the best in the world for the throat and chest and for the voice. Unparalleled. R. & T. W., stamped on each drop

J. RATTRAY & CO. WHOLESALE TOBACCONISTS, MONTREAL, Manufacturers of all kinds Domestic Cigars, including Celebrated Crusader and Hero Brands

DR. NICHOLS' Food of Health: For Children and Adults. Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietors. 31, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

Agents for Dr. Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and from the Christ-Land," entitled "FROM MANGER TO THRONE"

WORMS DAWSON'S

Recommended by physicians. Being in the form of a chocolate cream they are pleasant to the taste. Children never refuse a chocolate cream. Requires no after medicine. Ask for Dawson's and take no other. Sold every where. 25 cents a Box.

Dawson Medicine Co., Montreal.

THE POWER OF CONVICTION is causing all the noise and demand for St. Leon Water. The reason is plain. The pure, natural life-giving mineral water is pre-eminently adapted to perfect the organism.

THE ST. LEON MINERAL WATER. Sold by Alex. Tytler, grocer, 384 Richmond Street; W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas Street; W. S. Barkwell, 298 Dundas Street; C. McCallum, druggist, London, and all first-class hotels.

POND'S EXTRACT

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

POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE

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

Send for New Circulars. Waaeros Engine Works Co., Brantford

CHOPPERS -- All the best of their kind.

Send for New Circulars. Waaeros Engine Works Co., Brantford

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario Limited,

Capital \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 36 Front Street East, Toronto.

The Canadian Mutual Aid Association.

Life Insurance at Cost. A long-felt want supplied. Insurance in the reach of those who need it.

Secretary "The Canadian Mutual Aid Association," Toronto: NAPANEE, July 18th, 1899.

Confederation Life

ORGANIZED 1871. REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE

Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation. Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy.

WEE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH

Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT.

Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums.

Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.

Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.

W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY, J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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

I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

AGENTS WANTED

In all parts of the Dominion to sell CHAMPION IRON FENCE. Good Percentage given. Write, Toronto Rolling Mill and Forging Co. Ltd., 68 Esplanade St. W., Toronto, Ontario. Telephone 2383.

FRICITION GRIP PULLEYS and CUT-OFF COUPLINGS

Send for New Circulars. Waaeros Engine Works Co., Brantford

SAW MILL MACHINERY.

Send for New Circulars. Waaeros Engine Works Co., Brantford

CHOPPERS -- All the best of their kind.

Send for New Circulars. Waaeros Engine Works Co., Brantford

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario Limited,

Capital \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 36 Front Street East, Toronto.

The Canadian Mutual Aid Association.

Life Insurance at Cost. A long-felt want supplied. Insurance in the reach of those who need it.

Confederation Life

ORGANIZED 1871. REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE

Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation. Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy.

WEE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH

Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT.

Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums.

Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.

Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.

W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY, J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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

I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ELMA COUNCIL.

1857 TO 1890.

Some of the Men who have made Elma the Banner Township of Perth County.

WRITTEN FOR THE BEE PIONEER NUMBER BY THOMAS FULLARTON, CLERK OF ELMA.

FOLLOWING are the Reeves, Deputy Reeves and Councillors who had the honor of sitting at the Council Board of the Township of Elma during the years from 1857 to the present, and also the other principal officers with short notes in some of the years:

Council of 1857:—Joseph Lennan, Donald Gordon, Alex. Mitchell, Robt. Bingham and Wm. Morrison, who was elected Reeve by the Council, and A. Gordon, township Clerk. The Council at that time met in W. Morrison's house. Arthur Gordon was appointed Treasurer; C. Cosens, Assessor, and Wm. Fennell, Collector.

The Council of 1858 were composed of John Grant, Reeve; R. Bingham, D. D. Hay, John Stevenson and Joseph Buchanan, Councillors. Arthur Gordon was appointed Clerk and Treasurer; George Jackson, Assessor, and Wm. Fennell, Collector.

The Council of 1859 were: Joseph Lennan, Reeve; Samuel Roe, George Jackson, D. D. Hay and John Stevenson, Councillors. D. D. Hay having resigned his seat Jos. Carruthers was elected in his stead. Arthur Gordon was re-appointed Clerk and Treasurer; Chas. Coulter, jr., Assessor, and James Shearer, Collector. In this year the Elma portion of the Gravel Road was completed, and a quantity of seed grain furnished by the Council for the settlers.

Council of 1860: D. D. Hay, Reeve; J. Grant, H. Palmer, S. Roe and C. Cosens, Councillors; A. Gordon was re-appointed Clerk and Treasurer; Robt. Cleland, Assessor; James Shearer, Collector; W. G. Hay, Tavern Inspector.

Council of 1861: D. D. Hay, Reeve (elected as he ore by the Council); C. Cosens, H. Palmer, J. Grant and S. Roe, Councillors; A. Gordon, re-appointed Clerk and Treasurer; J. R. Foster, Assessor; J. Shearer, R. Cleland, Auditor for Council.

Council of 1862: D. D. Hay, elected Reeve by Council; J. Grant, Deputy Reeve; C. Cosens, S. Roe and H. Palmer, Councillors; A. Gordon, re-appointed Clerk and Treasurer; Donald Gordon, Assessor; James Shearer, Collector; J. R. Foster and R. Cleland, Auditors.

Council of 1863: D. D. Hay, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; J. Stevenson, W. Mitchell and C. Cosens, councillors; A. Gordon, re-appointed clerk and treasurer; J. R. Foster, assessor; J. Shearer, collector; Alex. Mitchell and Robt. Cleland, auditors; Wm. Young, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1864: D. D. Hay, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; J. Stevenson, W. Mitchell and W. Dunn, councillors. In this year the offices of clerk and treasurer were separated. W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; J. Shearer, collector; E. Cleland and Henry Thompson, auditors; A. Briley, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1865: D. D. Hay, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; W. Dunn, W. Mitchell and John Stevenson, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; W. Fennell, collector; Alex. Mitchell and W. Lochhead, auditors; Joseph Johnson, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1866: D. D. Hay, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; W. Dunn, John Stevenson and James Bristow, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; W. Fennell, collector; A. Mitchell and Wm. Lochhead, auditors.

Council of 1867: Robt. Cleland, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; John Stevenson, W. Dunn and J. Bristow, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; W. Fennell, collector; A. Mitchell and Wm. Lochhead, auditors; J. Hopkins, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1868: R. Cleland, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; J. Bristow, Wm. Dunn and J. Stevenson, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, assessor; W. Fennell, collector; W. Sharman and J. R. Code, auditors; J. Hopkins, tavern Inspector. In this year the Elma gravel road was conveyed to the county.

Council of 1869: R. Cleland, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; W. Dunn, D. Falconer and J. Nixon, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; Moses Harvey, collector; W. Sharman and W. Lochhead, auditors; J. Hopkins, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1870: D. Falconer, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; J. Nixon, James Hammond and W. E. Sharman, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; Moses Harvey, collector; W. Lochhead and R. L. Alexander, auditors; J. Hopkins, tavern Inspector.

Council of 1871: D. Falconer, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; Robert Moore, Aaron Lang and Joseph Johnson, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; A. Gordon, treasurer; T. J. Knox, assessor; Wm. Lochhead and Thomas Fullarton, auditors; Thos. Gibson, Inspector of taverns (or licenses); George Richmond, collector. In September of this year a by-law was passed granting \$30,000 bonus to the W. G. & B. Railway and for issuing debentures therefor for 20 years, which debenture is still unpaid and will have to be met in 1891.

Council of 1872: D. Falconer, Reeve; S. Roe, deputy Reeve; Alfred Brewer, W. Lochhead and J. G. Alexander, councillors; W. D. Mitchell, clerk; R. Cleland, treasurer; T. J. Knox and E. Forest, assessors; Thos. Fullarton and Geo. McGill, auditors; Thos. Gibson, tavern Inspector; G. Richmond, collector.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

MONKTON.

Its Early History and Growth.

Written for the PIONEER NUMBER.

ASTRANGER seeing our quiet little village as it now exists would scarcely believe that in days gone by it was the scene of great activity and excitement, and that then more business was transacted here in one day than is now transacted in a single day in either Listowel or Mitchell. But such is the case. The dense forests that extended from the very heart of the village for miles around, were filled with abundance of the choicest pine and other valuable timbers. These were mountains of wealth, and afforded for many years employment at the highest wages to hundreds of men. Fortunes were made in a day, only to be lost or squandered by sheer carelessness and the companions of speedily and easily gotten wealth. Those who controlled the saw mills or owned well timbered lots were wealthy indeed, and had they exercised due economy and common caution, we would to-day have miniature Rothschilds and Vanderbilts in our midst. The beneficial effects of a "boom" are everywhere present. Land, the value of which 25 or 30 years ago was almost inestimable, can now be bought for a mere pittance. The lumber has been stripped from the magnificent forests and sold for thousands of dollars. Where is that money to-day? The greater part of it has been squandered and spent in debauchery, whereas had it fallen into the hands of prudent, careful men, who would use it in building up the place, instead of being a little village to-day it would have been a large, important and flourishing town.

The first settler was the late George Dobbs, who came here in 1856 and took up the western part of the village. In the same year he and Philip Reid erected the first house which still stands and is now occupied by Thos. Dobbs. About this time the Mitchell and Listowel gravel road was constructed, the contractor being the late S. M. Daly. One of the foremen on the road was Alex. Stewart, now settled on the boundary. Mr. Daly took up the south-eastern part of the village and erected a blacksmith shop for the use of those constructing the road. His clerk, Dr. Dunsmore, opened the first store on the Lusted property. Two hotels sprang up at this time—one on the present hotel site, was owned by Mr. Bennett, the other across the road in Logan, was owned by Mr. Priest. In 1856 John Sanders settled on the 16th con. of Elma, and in 1857 Chas. McKenzie, postmaster, settled on the same line. In the latter year, the first saw mill (Machan's) was erected by Mr. Winstanley, who had taken up the eastern and south-western parts of the village. The first saw was put in motion on May 26, of the same year. The frame of the mill was built by Mr. Tannahill, and it was sided and roofed as the lumber was sawed. The second blacksmith shop was owned by Mr. Abell. He had but a meagre set of tools, his hammer being an old axe with the steel broken off.

About 1858 Wm. Featherstone became a resident, and occupied a house opposite Mr. Dobbs'. Later on he removed from here but soon returned and settled on his present farm. In 1859 Dr. Dunsmore's store was turned into a school house and church. In 1870 the second school was built, and in its turn gave way in 1888 to the present beautiful and commodious building. The second store was kept by Mr. Little, and the third by E. Greensides who purchased and fitted out an old toll house north of the hotel. Mr. Greensides was the first postmaster. There was a daily mail carried on stage between Mitchell and Listowel. The stage was drawn by four horses. There was a stage stable here as the horses had to be changed midway between the towns. In 1860 Mr. Fox started a tannery where Mr. Kuhry's shop now stands. About the same time a match factory (not quite as large as Eddy's) was started in a building south of the Methodist church, the proprietor was an enterprising Yankee named White, but he failed through lack of patronage.

A cooper shop was also opened in the house occupied by Mr. Ulmer. The owner was Mr. Emery. He gave the business a fair trial, but somehow or other it collapsed.

The first boot and shoe shop was opened about 1865 by Mr. Oliver in the present post office building. About twenty years ago Mr. Erskine first rented and then purchased the building, and has since enlarged and improved it.

Early in the sixties, Messrs. Campbell, Near and Scott settled on the boundary.

The first tailor shop was owned by Wm. Stewart. As new fashions came in and left him far behind he forsook the needle for the knife, and opened the first meat market. By and bye people became hard to please in their taste for meat, and he threw up the butcher business in disgust and became a drover. Not having a conscience elastic enough to permit him to stretch the truth, he also left this trade and retired from active life. Since then he has lived on his hard earned savings.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

COMMENDATORY.

WITH the permission of the author we publish the following extracts from a letter received the other day from a former resident of Elma township, E. E. Harvey, now a medical student of Toronto University:—* * * I must congratulate you upon your success in your journalistic enterprise, and also upon your ability and aptness for the work. Ever since the advent of THE BEE I have been receiving it, and I must confess

I was very pleased with its appearance and composition. My idea of a local newspaper is that it should be essentially local,—the *sine quo non* of a local journal, and I am glad that you, realizing this, have "filled the bill" so well. And the breezy, fresh little editorial paragraphs on various topics with which you intersperse your locals serves to brighten and enhance the value of these columns, giving them a cheery, mentally appetizing appearance. The style you adopt in filling your local columns is as entertaining and instructive as it is unique. I have for the last three or four years taken quite an interest in local journalism, at one time having intended entering its ranks, and had certain negotiations which I opened at one time been successful, but it did not happen so. I have had occasion to carefully inspect the greater number of local newspapers in Canada, in the Toronto Free Library Buildings, and in the offices in the West, so that I can compare your style with that of others from certain knowledge of theirs. I have found no style I admire better than your own. Possibly because I knew almost all the people mentioned in your personal locals, I took a greater interest in them and relished them all the better. I think so. But leaving that aside, I found your style so racy and entertaining I could not help relishing them. * * * If people realized what a benefit a really good local newspaper was in a community I am sure they would give the paper their hearty support. A few enterprising advertisers, like James Irwin, would make a great difference. I do not know when my subscription runs out, nor what your terms are, but I do know I cannot do without THE BEE. Enclosed you will find \$1 which you will please place to my credit on your subscription list; and when that runs out I will send you another. I would indeed have fared badly without its cheering presence while in the West. It was like a good weekly letter from home. [Mr. Harvey will please accept our sincere thanks for his warm appreciation of our journalistic efforts as expressed in the foregoing letter. —ED. BEE.]

Rest.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4:9.

Written for the PIONEER NUMBER.

THERE is a rest, O yes! a glorious home, A rest that remains to the people of God; Where no trouble, no sorrow, will ever come, No sin will e'er enter that blessed abode.

For the saved alone, so happy and so free, Are those mansions prepared in the heavenly band, Where the hosts as countless as the sands by the sea Ever shout in triumph on the glittering strand.

There the inhabitants never say they are sick; No Death ever enters the garden of God; 'Tis life everlasting, what joy for the meek, Who have passed in peace to the abode.

No night ever darkens the scene of delight, They need no candle, no light of the sun, For God and the Lamb are its glorious light, Midst the countless hosts that encircle the throne.

No strife, no commotion, in the realms above, Nothing to disturb an unmingled joy, For they bask in the beams of redeeming love, And praise their Redeemer with naught to annoy.

No mourning for loved ones as oft here below, When our hearts are o'erwhelmed with grief untold; When death has our nearest and dearest laid low, And we bury their dust in the damp, chilly mould.

No sighing, no crying, no farewell tears; No parting again, no event to condeole, But joy and rejoicing while unnumbered years Of ages eternal perpetually roll.

There is naught too weary, no love growing cold, For the Song of Redemption they exultingly sing, As they march in triumph through the streets of gold, And shout hallelujahs to Jesus their King.

Fellow traveller to Zion though weary and cold, We so often become in this foreign land, There remains for us in the City of Gold, A mansion of Rest on that beautiful strand.

Our home is in heaven, we are strangers here, As pilgrims we march to the land of the blest; The way may seem long, but be of good cheer, We shall reach by and bye the bright City of Rest.

—Thomas E. Hammond.
Elma, Oct. 12, 1890.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

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

Trinity University, Toronto; Fellow by examination of Trinity Medical College, Toronto; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario; member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Michigan; special attention given to the Diseases of Women and Children. For the present, office next door to the Atwood Bakery; residence at Graham's hotel, Atwood, Ont. Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m.; 4 to 2:30 p.m., and every evening to 8:30.

LEGAL.

W. M. SINCLAIR,

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

DENTAL.

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

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

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

AUCTIONEERS.

C. H. MERYFIELD,

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

ALEX. MORRISON,

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

THOS. E. HAY,

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

Money to Loan
At Lowest Rates of Interest.

J. JOHNSON

—PRACTICAL—

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

ATWOOD, - ONT.

GRAND ASSORTMENT OF 18K. WEDDING RINGS, CHASE RINGS, AND GEM RINGS. ALSO WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

My \$5 Watch is the Best Value in the Market.

All my Goods are as represented and warranted. We keep in stock all the best Standard Grades of

Gold and Silver Watches.

All Repairing Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

BIG BARGAINS

—FOR THE—

NEXT 40 DAYS

—AT THE—

Listowel Woolen Mill

Having decided to clear out a large assortment of my

FULL CLOTHS & TWEEDS

Left over from this season, have marked them away down. Come and inspect for Yourself and SAVE MONEY. Large assortment of

SOUTHDOWN STOCKING YARNS

On hand. Only place in Town to get

Pure Wool Bed Blankets and Fine Flannels that will not shrink.

COME EARLY and get Good Choice for Goods are Sure to Sell.

B. F. BROOK.

THOS. FULLARTON,

COMMISSIONER IN THE I.C.J.; Real Estate Agent; Issuer of Marriage Licenses; Money to Lend on reasonable terms; Private Funds on hand; all work neatly and correctly done; Accounts Collected. Atwood, Nov. 11, 1890. 42-1y

BEST OFFER YET!

\$1 SECURES THE BEE FROM NOW TO JAN 1, 1892.

Fresh Oysters

—AT THE—

Atwood Bakery!

FRESH BREAD,

BUNS, CAKES,

ROLLS, PASTRY,

&c., &c., kept constantly on hand.

Wedding Cakes

Made to Order on Short Notice.

A large and pure stock of

Confectionery

And Pickled Goods offered at Rock Bottom Prices.

I solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on me in the past.

R. B. Hamilton.