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 A Listowel Souvenir Spoon at Gunther's store. If you are going to buy a Watch or Clock come to me and you will be sure to get a good time piece at lowest prices. My Fall stock is in. J. H. GUNTHER, Listowel.

The Bee.

If You have Anything that Needs Repairing
 BRING it to Listowel, Gunther will put it in first-class order on short notice. Special attention given to fine Watches that other watchmakers have failed to make keep time.

VOL. 2.

ATWOOD, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1891.

NO. 41.

Huron County Notes.

J. Harlow, J. P. of Ashfield, has sold his farm to Wm. Draper, of Clinton.

Mrs. Pennebaker, of Goderich township, left in Clinton a cabbage weighing 34 lbs.

The Huron Expositor has been considerably enlarged. It is a first-class journal.

The Hay council have made a wise move in getting 200 chairs for the township hall, at Zurich.

Joseph Mackkirk, of Blyth, has taken the management of Messrs. Pyper & Beattie's store in Seaforth.

Wm. Cole, while threshing at S. Woodman's, Loudesboro, threshed sixty-two bushels of oats in ten minutes.

Thos. Cornish disposed of his 73 acre farm, lot 16, con. 2, Uxbridge, to Wm. Fletcher, of the same township, for \$5,500.

The Dominion Numbering Co. is at work numbering the houses in Wingham. It is a move in the right direction.

John Gill, assisted by J. T. Westcott, the agent for the Stone & Wellington nursery, of Toronto, delivered over \$800 worth of trees at Exeter last week.

Robert Wilson, of Seaforth, lost a valuable standard bred mare a few days ago. The animal had been pasturing with others on the Donovan farm, in Tuckersmith.

The barns and outbuildings of Wm. Armstrong, on the 9th concession, McKillop were destroyed by fire, together with their contents, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28.

Mrs. Alfred Ireland and Miss Ida Pelton, of Wingham Baptist church, are in attendance at the annual convention of the Baptist Woman's Mission Circles, at London, this week.

Mrs. John McNab, of Bayfield, died very suddenly Saturday night of last week. Deceased was born in Inverness, Scotland, in 1826, and had resided here upwards of five years.

Rev. E. W. Hughes and E. C. Clark, of Wingham, and members of Huron Anglican Lay workers' Association, were in St. Thomas last week attending the meetings of the association.

Joseph Tewley, of Colborne, shipped 41 head of cattle recently. Among them were seven which were bought from Mr. Baedler, weighing 10,200 lbs. One pair of three year olds weighed 3,600 lbs.

It is the intention of E. E. Hallett to start a gymnasium in Seaforth if a sufficient number can be got to start a good class. There will also be a class for young ladies, two nights a week.

James Atkinson, a student of the Ontario Agricultural College, and a son of Joseph Atkinson, of Seaforth, won the first prize in his class over nine competitors, at the recent Provincial plowing match at Guelph.

Last week Wm. Mitchell, of Turnberry, brought into the Wingham Times office a wonderful freak of nature in the shape of a number of raspberry bushes, upon which were a number of ripe and green berries and a countless number of blossoms.

John Hanna has rented the Johnston farm on the 3rd con. Tuckersmith, at present occupied by Hugh J. Grieve, to Messrs. Stewart and Cudmore, of the London road. The farm contains 200 acres; has been rented for six years at a rental of \$600 a year.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, a pleasing event took place at the residence of James Erwin, Bayfield. The occasion was the marriage of their daughter, Emma, to Charles Stewart, of Goderich township. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Thibideau.

D. C. Dorrance, whom THE BEE mentioned as having engaged with the trustees of Staffa school for next year, has struck a much better site. He has been engaged as principal of the Harriston Public school for 1892. There were 84 applicants for this position.

Daniel Holmes, G. T. R. conductor, was presented with a small live pig by some St. George residents the other day.—London Free Press. This recalls to memory the fact that several years ago, when Mr. Holmes was a resident of Goderich, he was the owner of the heaviest pig ever raised there, one weighing over nine hundred pounds. We have heard it said that there are bigger hogs there now, but they are two-legged.

A very pleasant event took place on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, at the residence of Finlay Ross, of Seaforth. This was the marriage of Archibald D. Scott, of Thornton Hall farm, in McKillop, near Seaforth, to Miss Annie Elizabeth, the only daughter of Mr. Ross. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. D. McDonald, assisted by Rev. P. Musgrove, McKillop, in the presence of a goodly number of the relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

The United Banks Association of the United States have made the following offer to H. Garbutt (in the Garbutt extradition case) through their detective, A. Lucas: That they will pay the travelling expenses of Garbutt's witnesses from Wingham to Texas and back, besides giving them \$5 a day while away, if he (Garbutt) will consent to go to Texas at once without any more trouble. The offer is made by the banks on account of the cry that is made that he would not get justice if he was taken to Texas on account of his not being able, financially, to take witnesses with him to prove his innocence.

Perth County Notes.

Mrs. T. M. Daly, of Brandon, Manitoba, will spend the winter in Stratford.

A petition in favor of a reduction in the term of Whale's penal servitude is already talked of in Mitchell.

Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, M. P. P., Speaker in the Ontario Legislature, returned from a trip to England Saturday.

T. Later is progressing with the erection of his new blacksmith shop on the property which he recently purchased on Main street, Listowel.

The vacancy in the Stratford Collegiate Institute staff caused by Mr. Radcliffe going to London, will be filled by Miss Clara Platt, B. A., of Picton.

As a result of the rapid growth of vegetation this autumn a number of fields of fall wheat in Blanshard township are turning yellow in the leaf.

The Women's Missionary Association of the English church, St. Marys, have just sent a box of clothing, valued at \$80, to the Indians in the Northwest.

Henry Pinder, Hibbert, showed a Swede turnip which he raised this year, and it turned the scale at 23 lbs. He has several others of nearly the same size.

J. R. Williamson, of Stratford, has made an assignment to E. R. C. Clark, of Toronto, but his affairs are in such indifferent shape that the available assets will probably be nil.

The St. Marys curling club met a few evenings ago and elected a competent staff of officers for the ensuing year. Hon. Thos. Ballantyne and James Trow, M. P., were made honorary members.

A happy event took place in Avonton Friday, Oct. 24th, in the marriage of Robt. Fraser to Miss Addie Thompson. The wedding took place at 11 a. m. The presents were numerous and costly.

Over \$180 was collected in the two Presbyterian churches, in Stratford, on Sunday of last week, in aid of the hospital fund. It is expected when all are in the collections will amount to \$500 or \$600.

Hiram Nutt, lot 33, con. 12, East Nisour, near Lakeside, grew a pumpkin this year in the Mammoth variety, that weighed 176 pounds, and measured 5 ft. 9 in. in circumference. If any one can show up a larger pumpkin we would like to hear from him.

That handsome oil painting of His Worship, Mayor Brown, of Stratford, Messrs. J. & G. Hoffman, boot and shoe merchants, Stratford. The portrait received first prize at the North Perth Agricultural Society's exhibition and is the work of P. Diekmann, Stratford.

Death has removed an old settler, Alexander Clyde of the 1st concession, Wallace, having passed away on Sunday, 25th. Oct., at the age of 70 years. Deceased was a native of County Down, Ireland, and had been a resident of Wallace for about 34 years. In Politics he was an enthusiastic Conservative.

Virden, Manitoba, had a serious conflagration on Wednesday morning, Oct. 28. The estimated loss is \$30,000. Andrew Huston, formerly of Listowel, is among the sufferers, losing his stables. Over twenty valuable horses, just arrived from Ontario, and seven head of cattle perished in the Ottawa House stables.

A tree alive with bees was discovered recently upon the farm of James Crawford, Blanshard. That gentleman accompanied by Mr. Dismore one day recently went out to investigate. Time and time again the intruders were kept at bay by the bees, but they eventually succeeded in locating the comb and were rewarded with four tubs of honey of prime quality.

The trial of the protest against Jas. Trow, M. P. for South Perth, came off at Stratford on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 28th and 29th, and has resulted in unseating Mr. Trow, with costs. Several cases of bribery by agents were proven; the respondent's own sons being among those who were shown to have been guilty of corrupt practices, and the election was consequently voided.

The prisoner Whale is reported to have fits of despondency since his trial. At first he felt cheerful, the relief after the heavy strain of the trial being sufficient to dispel gloom for a time, but now that the day of his removal to the penitentiary is approaching, when he will have to bid farewell forever to the outer world, he has become quite despondent. Occasionally he brightens up however, as he reflects on the adage that "while there's life there's hope."

On Saturday, Oct. 25, D. C. Munro, of Milverton, passed through Stratford on his way from New York, where he took a full course and graduated in the American Institute of Phrenology. Diplomates were granted to fifty-two students at the close of the recent session, three of whom are Canadians. Mr. Munro had the honor of being chosen by the students to deliver the valedictory address at the closing exercises at the Cooper Union Institute, which was largely attended. Mr. Munro was for a number of years a successful teacher in this country. He also spent several years in journalism in Perth, Waterloo and Huron counties. He has been for more than a dozen years an enthusiastic and attentive student of mental science and thinks that in his new vocation he has a wider field of usefulness than any in which he has hitherto been engaged.

Methodism in Canada.

Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Glasgow, Scotland, who preached at St. James Methodist church, Montreal, the other evening, spoke to the largest congregation ever seen there. There is an idea that he is Scotch, but he is not. He says, however, that he has every reason to love Scotland, as she gave him a hearing never given to another Methodist minister. "Yes," says Mr. Dawson, "I think our meeting at Washington was a success. We had addresses on nearly every subject, social and theological. I expect that the results will be towards the federation of all the Methodist parties, and towards the freer interpretation of theology."

"Yes. I preached and lectured there to large congregations, and I hope to publish a volume of the sermons I have delivered on this side of the Atlantic."

Mr. Dawson was pastor of the John Wesley Chapel in London. From there he went to Glasgow, where he always had immense congregations; as many as 5,000 and sometimes there were as many turned away. It was unprecedented in Methodism in Scotland. "The most remarkable service I ever attended," added Mr. Dawson, "was the centenary of the death of John Wesley in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. We had on that occasion representatives of all the colleges in Edinburgh, the Lord Provost and Council, and about sixty clergy of the city and 4,000 people."

Mr. Dawson, besides being an entertaining preacher and lecturer, is also an author. He has written several essays which have wide circulations.

"Yes, this is my first visit to Canada. I have received the utmost kindness both here and in the United States from every one. I have been struck with the helpfulness of Methodism and your country generally. Methodism is not so advanced in theology and social aims as in England. Your people are so practical that they have not had much time to trouble about the higher criticism."

Rev. Mr. Dawson, speaking of the buildings on this side, said: "We have much to learn from you in church buildings and Methodism, as an educational force is greater with you than us at home. You have an infinite future, but it seems as if the shadow of Malthus rests over us. Our churches are not unanimous on the temperance question, but your churches set us an example in that respect irrespective of creed. I have only seen one drunken man since I came here and that was in Washington, and in one hour at home I would see scores of them."

Trowbridge.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is a report of the standing of the pupils of Trowbridge Public school for the month of October. Names in order of merit:—Fifth class—Fred Collins, Sr. 4th class—Edith Jackson, Emma Jackson, Ella Code, Fred Still, Minnie Code. Jun. 4th class—Chester Freer, Sr. 3rd class—Clara Smith, Fletcher Baugh, Eddie Code, Willie Halpenny, Willie Tughen. Jun. 3rd class—Maggie Lentz, Minnie Heath, Edith Code, Theresa Jackson, Bertha Witmer, Lilie Timming, Elizabeth Kirby, Flossy Oliver, Annie Thompson, Frank Timmings. Sr. 2nd class—Edith Still, John Raveil, John Nesbitt, Mabel Wilcott, Willie Kindall, Samuel Oliver, Emma Johnson. Jr. 2nd class—Carl Baugh, Bruce Smith, Alex. Lentz, Alice Witmer, Bert Carter, Sara Kirby, Bert Rozell, Maud Johnson, Iyy Cosens, Lottie Code.

Additional Local Items.

You should read Currie & Heughan's advt. Leave your measure with them for a good overcoat or suit, or both.

The circulation of THE BEE moves quietly forward and new subscribers are added almost daily. We aim to give the local and district news. Tell your neighbor or send the paper to your relatives. Balance of 1891 free to new subscribers for 1892.

HONORS.—Rev. W. H. Harvey, B. A., pastor of the Paisley street Methodist church, Guelph, and son of Treasurer Harvey, of Elma township, has the honor to be elected a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, in Philadelphia. THE BEE extends to the rev. gentleman its congratulations.

SCHOOL REPORT.—Senior Department.—Following are the names of the pupils standing highest in their respective classes. Names in order of merit:—Junior 4th class—Robena Dickson 317, Edith Robertson 304, Hattie Challenger 223. Senior 3rd class—Gertie Hummason 345, Martha Thompson 304, Mary Murray 302, Elgin Robertson 300, Bee Dunn 284, Eva Priest 250, Lizzie Graham 230, Hannah Priest 217, Minnie Blair 185, Burt Wilson 174, Bella Pelton 170, Annie Giddins 166, Melvyn Graham 137, Edith Hope 135, Russell Bell 92. Junior 3rd class—Jennie McAllister 288, Jane Murray 267, Eva Hastings 258, Agnes Dickson 253, Bertha Murray 254, Maggie Findall 240, Unice Dunn 219, Jennima Graham 190, Alfred Challenger 137, Thos. Fox 125. C. Cameron 93, Alice Tennant 83, Charlotte Coghlin 85. Jun. Dept.—Senior 2nd class—Fred. Glebe, James Dickson, Ada Wilson, Arthur Goerger, Minnie Hamilton and Annie Graham equal. Junior 2nd class—Henry Robertson, Elsie Struthers, Elsie Gordon, Ethel Brown, Edgar Mader.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letters of Denial.

To the Editor of THE BEE.

DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly give the two enclosed letters space in your paper. I also hope that a few people who are connected with other reports, as entirely false as these, will take warning, or at least take these letters as a gentle hint to quiet their libellous tongues or I shall take a means of contradicting them less peaceable and far less trouble to myself than I have taken in these two cases. Thanking you for your valuable space, I am sir, yours, &c.,

LEONARD E. RICE, M. D.

Atwood, Nov. 3, 1891.

LETTER NO. 1.

Elma, Nov. 3, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—As I understand it is reported that Dr. Rice charged me \$100, or more, for his attendance during my late serious illness, I wish to deny the report, as I have never received my bill and do not know what it is. I further wish to state that the Dr. made no more visits than I wished him to make, or than were necessary.

STEVEN HAMILTON,
10th line, Elma.

LETTER NO. 2.

Elma, Nov. 2, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I, the undersigned, wish hereby to state that the report at present spreading through the country to the effect that Dr. Rice charged \$150 for twenty visits during my daughter's late illness, or for any number of visits, is false. Further, that neither I, nor to my knowledge have any of my family, asked the Dr. for his bill or offered to pay any part of it. In any dealings I have had with him I have always found him very reasonable in his charges and attentive to his patient.

JOHN HOUZE,
12th line, Elma.

Learn a Trade.

A Chicago correspondent writes to a contemporary as follows: "There are an enormous number of unemployed Canadians in this city. They would be far better off at home than here. There are thousands of them, and most of them with good educations. In my opinion the higher education of your people is being overdone. When they leave college, they are of no earthly use for business. I could write you a book full about the men who have gone through the Toronto University, and are working here for \$30 a month."

I put an advertisement in the paper here on Sunday for a book-keeper, Canadian preferred, and the one insertion brought me 598 replies, and out of these 182 had been through the Toronto University. This was last fall and the state of things is not much better now than it was then, and yet in all this interesting panorama of magnificent business and plenty of work, we cannot find good practical men with mechanical heads as salesmen, to whom we would willingly pay a good salary; and why is this so? Simply for pride on the part of the young men who prefer a so called 'higher education' rather than soil their fingers with a mechanical training which would fit them for good lucrative positions in the future.

Important Decision.

Judge Finkle, of Oxford county, has given an important decision in the appeal of a patron of a cheese factory who was fined for sending deteriorated milk on information laid by one of the inspectors. The Judge has quashed the conviction, and the Sentinel-Review thinks that the effect of the learned Judge's decision in so doing will be far-reaching in its results. It is interpreted as impossible to secure a conviction in nine cases out of ten that come before the courts. The general belief among dairymen has been that the law was framed with the clear intention of placing the responsibility of supplying pure milk upon those who were paid for it. And to laymen the reading of the law seems tolerably dear. Those who have watched these milk adulteration cases know very well the cases are extremely rare where a person can be convicted of tampering with his milk upon direct evidence. The very nature of such cases precludes the probability of anyone being seen in the act. It was for this very reason that the law was understood to be framed as to make a fact of deterioration evidence of guilt, and it is extremely doubtful if such an interpretation of the law would ever do injustice.

But to leave the law and the present decision, this is an opportune time to again point out to dairymen that if they would render all such prosecutions unnecessary, and put a premium on honesty—rather than dishonesty as at present, they should no longer delay in adopting the principle of payment according to quality. As we have often said before, when men are paid according to the grade of milk they supply, they will have no object in deteriorating it. In other words, it will pay them to be honest. At present many are dishonest to think that it pays them to be dishonest. It may be so if the present decision holds good.—Free Press.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Bishop Baldwin has an attack of la grippe.

Virden, Man., had a \$50,000 fire on Oct. 28.

Kingsville had an \$8,000 fire on Saturday night.

Mrs. Parnell's condition is becoming very serious.

The Hamilton Sengerfest Committee are short \$1,527.09.

There are 793 students attending McGill University this term.

Nearly 10,000 lives were lost in the earthquake in Japan last week.

The Prince of Wales will be fifty years old on the ninth of November.

The cabin in which Sitting Bull was killed is to be exhibited at the World's Fair.

The petition against W. A. Charlton, M. P. P. for South Norfolk, has been dismissed.

Patrick McDermott, a McCarthyite, has been returned unopposed for North Kilkenny.

The Detroit Football Club defeated the Toronto Scots 3 to 0 in Saturday's match at Detroit.

The London residence of the Prince of Wales was badly damaged by fire Sunday morning.

The old Southern Belle, once so well known to lake tourists, is being broken up at Deseronto.

The National Educational Association will meet at Saratoga next July and not at Helena, Montana.

The Sabbath School Association of Ontario will hold its annual convention in Guelph next year.

A well of mineral water has been struck in Belleville which is said to have great medicinal qualities.

The Manitoba School Act has been disallowed by the Supreme Court. This decision will be appealed to the Privy Council.

It is rumored the Hon. E. Dewdney has been offered and has accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of British Columbia.

Dr. Howe, for 33 years principal of Montreal High school, was presented with a purse of \$5,000 by his old pupils on Saturday.

Miss Stella Langevin was married in Quebec last week to Hon. Justice Climon. She is the second daughter of Sir Hector Langevin.

Hanlan easily defeated Stephenson, the Australian, in a three-mile race at Vancouver, B. C., on Saturday, in the fastest time on record.

The students of Toronto gathered in force Saturday night and celebrated Halloween by demolishing the fence around the Normal school.

New York girls chew \$6,000,000 worth of gum each year. What's the use of harnessing Niagara when there's that amount of jaw power going to waste in New York.

Mercier has made up his mind that he will be dismissed. He is ready to go to the country and is confident he can get a majority of the electors to send him back to office.

Felix Devlin left in the Guelph Mercury office a curiosity. It is a branch of an apple tree on which there are five apples on one stem. It was grown on his farm near Campbellville.

The oldest church in continental Europe is the church of Ste. Maria in Trastevere in Rome. It was erected in 221 and repaired in 1189. It's about time the congregation could afford to build a new church.

An orator said: "There is not a man, woman or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has left his truth thundering through his brain for centuries."

A literary Frenchman, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on the scaffold to lecture."

The largest yield of wheat per acre over a good sized field in Manitoba is reported by A. Condie, who, from 67 acres near Deloraine obtained 3,300 bushels thresh measure, No. 1 hard wheat. This is over 49½ bushels per acre.

Pat: Excuse me, sor, but fwat soort of a bird do yez call that fricked janins jiggin' the parts of spache on the fine beyant?" Farmer: "Why that's a guinea hen." Pat: "A guinea-hen is it? Well, be the poipes o' Ballyowen! it's not worth it, so it isn't."

Nominations of candidates for the Northwest Legislative Assembly were held last week throughout the Territories. Following are the partial returns: North Regina—Hamilton and Jelly. Moonshine—J. R. Neff. By acclamation, Calgary—Lindsay and Cayley, the old members, elected by acclamation. Red Deer—F. Wilkins.

The excess of women and girls over men and boys in Great Britain is 900,000, an increase of 200,000 in ten years. In Germany the number of females in excess of males is about 1,000,000. In Sweden and Norway the "weaker sex" is in the majority by about 250,000. In Austro Hungary by 600,000 and in Denmark by 60,000. In the United States, Canada and Australia the males are in the majority. In this country there are about 1,000,000 more men than women.

THE RIPPER IN BERLIN.

An Abandoned Woman Murdered and Her Body Mutilated.

THE MURDERER SURPRISED.

A Berlin cable says: The city has been treated to a "Jack-the-Ripper" sensation. The body of a wretched, abandoned woman was found horribly stabbed in her lodgings, in a squalid quarter of the town. The body was horribly slashed and mutilated. The assassin, who is unknown, escaped. The woman was seen to enter the house with a stranger at 1 o'clock this morning, and ten minutes afterwards the man was seen to run away. The woman was found a little later lying on the floor fully dressed, even to the matter of her gloves. Her throat was cut and abdomen ripped open. A large reward for her murderer was promptly offered. The police suspect a well-dressed young man who was some time before on the street. The name of the victim was Hedwig Nitsche, and she lived in Holmsmarkt Gasse. Portions of the woman's body after being cut off were carried away by the murderer. The room where the body was found and the surroundings were entirely untouched. The person in charge of the building where the body was found drove a good trade for a while by exhibiting the remains to the public for a small sum of money until the police interfered.

Blood was spattered all over the ceiling and walls of the room, and it seems impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the deed was the work of a madman. The police have already arrested several persons, but they have all been discharged for lack of evidence, and the authorities are still hopelessly without a clue to the sickening tragedy. The body of the woman was nearly severed, and was ripped from the neck downwards. It seems that another woman tried to enter the room before the crime was committed. Her attempt disturbed the assassin, who suddenly rushed out, pushing aside several who were in his way. The weapons used by the murderer were two knives belonging to the landlady of the house, but the police are of opinion that the first wound, and which would have proved fatal, was inflicted by the assailant's dagger. The excitement in town has greatly increased to-night, and has steadily grown since the discovery of the crime. There have been many other crimes, including suicides, within the past few days in the lower quarters of the city. The rewards for the arrest of the fiend reach 300 marks.

SPICULATING ON CHINESE.

That's What Uncle Sam Thinks Mr. Powell is Doing.

A Chicago despatch says: Treasury Agent Scanlan said yesterday that he had received advice from his inspectors, who are now watching the Canadian border, that there were 10,000 Celestials in Vancouver and along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who are suffering for the want of food. Chinamen in unprecedented numbers are being landed at Vancouver, said Mr. Scanlan, and they are unable to obtain employment or food. The vast number of arrivals, he believed, was the result of a notice spread among the Chinese by an influential Chinaman who returned home, that it is very easy to get into the United States. He believed also the Canadian Government was assisting the Celestials into the country in order to get \$50 per head which they are compelled to pay when they enter Canada. The Government is also expecting some exclusive legislation next winter, and now desires to get in all the Chinamen it possibly can. The big rush, if not stopped, will result in untold suffering among the new arrivals.

THE BRIDGE GAVE WAY.

An Engineer Rushes Part of a Train Over a Burning Bridge.

A Birmingham, Ala., despatch says: A train of thirteen cars loaded with coal was wrecked on the Columbus and Western railroad near Goodwater yesterday. As the train rounded a curve within a few yards of Goodwin creek the engineer saw the trestle approach to the bridge on fire. It was too late to stop, and he pulled the throttle open and attempted to cross by sheer force of speed. The engine went down nearly fifty feet and the others followed. The rear-car was the caboose with Conductor Rice and Flagman Crawford on board. Both men were killed and their bodies burned with the cars. Rice leaves a wife and two children in Columbus. Crawford was single and also lived in Columbus. In his efforts to save the men who went down, Engineer Hendricks was severely burned. The coal is still burning.

The Attempted Coup in Paraguay.

A Buenos Ayres despatch says: Additional accounts have been received here of the recent attempt at revolution in Paraguay. The rebels were led by Major Vera and Deputy Machin, of the Liberal party. They made a desperate attack on the barracks occupied by the regiment commanded by Col. Mino. For a few minutes the fighting was very fierce, and then Vera and Machin both fell. The loss of their leader demoralized the rebels, and they broke and fled. The Government forces also met with heavy loss, Colonels Mino and O'Sura, besides six men, being among the killed. The result of the fight completely settles the attempted revolution.

Bad Catering.

Judge: First Cannibal—I'm going to write a letter of compliment to the missionary society.

Second Cannibal—What's the matter?

First Cannibal—That last missionary they sent was a reformed actor, and I hate him.

A Courtship.

Chapter I.—Anticipation—He would if he could. Chapter II.—Realization—He wooed and he could. Chapter III.—Consummation—He wooed and he could.—Life.

A hussar who tried to swim across the river Oder in his uniform, on a bet, was drowned in the middle of the river.

It is because ignorance is bliss that courting is so much pleasure to young people.

A good many plays by women will be used this season. Martha Morton has two; Etta Henderson and Matilda Estran, one; Blanche Maraden, two; Adelaide Ober, one, and Agnes Monroe, one.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S TROUBLES.

Refused a Resting Place for the Soles of His Feet in Two Countries.

A Washington dispatch says: Another serious complication has arisen in regard to the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act. The first arose when United States commissioners, appointed by United States judges, ordered the return to Canada of Chinamen who, according to the opinion of the Attorney-General and the rules of the Treasury Department, should have been sent back to China. This has resulted in some confusion, and Chinamen entering this country by way of Canada were liable to be returned to Canada or China, according to which country the commissioner by whom they were tried regarded as the country "whence they came." The new trouble is explained by a telegram received by Attorney-General Miller to-day from United States Marshall Price, at Pembina, N. D. It was in regard to the case of two Chinamen who had entered the country by way of Manitoba, and whose deportation to that country had been ordered by Commissioner Carruthers. Marshall Price took the men to the border line, and the customs officials at Emerson, Minn., refused to allow them in except on payment of a head tax of \$50 each. The marshal says he refused to pay the money, and that the Chinamen could not. He therefore brought them back, and wired the Attorney-General that he would hold them in custody until he received further instructions. This new state of affairs, which practically prevents the Government from sending out of the country any Chinese who enter from Canada without paying the head tax required by the law of that country, embarrasses the authorities very much. The Attorney-General said this afternoon that he had not answered the marshal's telegram for the simple reason that he did not know how to instruct him to proceed. It is believed by many that the only solution of the trouble is by legislative enactment.

GRAND TRUNK REPORT.

Good Prospects Ahead—The St. Clair Tunnel—New Directors.

A London cable says: The Grand Trunk half-yearly report was issued last night, in view of the meeting on the 30th instant. The directors admit the disappointing results of the half-year's operations, the net traffic receipts being \$471,775, as compared with \$549,469 for the preceding half-year; and the net revenue receipts being \$502,288, as compared with \$591,891 for the previous half-year. The decline is caused by the low freight rates and low fares, and the deficient harvest of last year. This year's harvest, however, is so excellent in quality and quantity as to assure improved traffic until this time next year. The prospects of the company are more hopeful than for some time past. The condition of the road is such as to enable the company to earn increased traffic. The directors feel justified in expecting a general improvement in the position of the company. The St. Clair tunnel greatly redounds to the credit of the company, and will be of immense advantage to the system. Two agreements in reference to the Waterloo Junction Railway will be submitted to the meeting. Mr. George Allan has been elected a director, in place of Mr. Campbell, resigned, and Mr. Alexander Hubbard, deputy chairman of the Great Western Railway of England, will be proposed in place of Mr. Dickson, deceased.

BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

Suicide of the Ex-United States Consul at St. John, N. H.

A St. John, N. H., despatch says: James Murray, ex-United States Consul at St. John, returned from a trip to New York this morning. About 12 o'clock his wife was startled to hear a loud report from her husband's bedroom. She rushed to the room, where a horrible sight met her. Lying on his back on the floor in a pool of blood, his nerveless hand still clutching a smoking Winchester rifle, was her husband. Doctors were on the scene in a few minutes, but could do nothing. He had laid his plans for self-destruction with considerable deliberation. He had arisen from his bed and, without stopping to dress, had procured the rifle from his son's room. Going back to his own room and standing in front of the mirror, he had held the muzzle of the rifle with his left hand and pulled the trigger with his right hand. The bullet entered under the right ear and came out over the top of the left ear.

Murray was well known in New York city, was a member of the Tammany organization and was appointed consul by Cleveland. Since his retirement he has continued to live here as the business representative for James D. Leary in despatching the famous rafts of logs to New York. Murray was 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three children. No particular cause is given for the act.

CARPENTER SUICIDED.

A Victim of Insomnia, He Took Chloroform While Insane.

A London cable says: The world of science was painfully startled to-day when it became known that Philip Herbert Carpenter, M. A., F. R. S., the distinguished scientist and high authority upon deep sea dredging, whose death was announced yesterday, had committed suicide. At an inquest to-day, Rev. Dr. Hale, father-in-law of the deceased, testified that he found Mr. Carpenter dead in bed with a bottle of chloroform on a table by his side. The dead man hid in his hand an empty tumbler, which had apparently contained chloroform, and on the table was a sheet of paper, upon which the deceased had written: "I cannot any longer endure the load of insanity which I have borne for the last three weeks. I have ruined myself and left my wife and children beggars through my madness." Dr. Hale said his son-in-law had lately suffered from insomnia, and that he made investments which preyed upon his mind. It was also shown that madness existed in the dead man's family, and a verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered.

Cobwiger—The material for this quilt must have cost a pretty figure. Mrs. Cobwiger—How can you say such a thing? Any one but a man would know that it is made of pieces left over. Why, ever since we were married, whenever I bought a new dress I got an extra yard or so for this very purpose.

A MURDER CONFESSED.

Took Hush-Money and Subsequently Killed His Wife's Paramour.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: William Coy to-day confessed the murder of John Whalen, whose body was found buried on the mountain side at Washington, Mass., last Tuesday. He says he learned on Saturday, August 29th, that Whalen had planned an elopement with Mrs. Coy. When he reached home late on Saturday night Whalen was absent. He went into the house to get a lantern, and started to hunt Whalen up. He could find no trace of him, and returned to the house and found Whalen's trunk standing in the room. He broke it open and found his wife's clothing packed in it. While examining the trunk Whalen came in. This was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Whalen asked Coy what he was doing at his house, and a quarrel followed. According to Coy's story Whalen stepped outside and returned with an axe and club, and then struck Coy with his fist, knocking him into a corner. Whalen then seized the axe and struck twice at Coy, who grappled with him, and after a hard struggle succeeded in getting possession of the axe. Whalen then seized the club, and as he tried to strike Coy, the latter struck him with the axe, smashing in his skull. Whalen fell dead. Coy finally took the axe and cut Whalen's throat, to make sure of his death, then dragged the body into the yard, and left it while he cut the bed-stained pieces out of the carpet and bedding and buried them. He then went into the yard and cut the legs from Whalen's body with the axe, and carried the remains up to the mountain and buried them. Coy says he killed Whalen in self-defense, and exonerates Joe Kelly and Mrs. Coy, saying they knew nothing about the crime. When asked about how he came to have so much money immediately after Whalen's disappearance he became reticent, but finally said Whalen gave it to him in consideration of his saying nothing about his (Whalen's) intimacy with Mrs. Coy.

BIG IRONCLADS.

Their Launching a Feature of a Great Russian Celebration.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: The capital of Russia is en fete to-day, for the Czar has declared that this, the 54th anniversary of the battle of Navarino, where, in 1827, the combined British, French and Russian fleets, under Sir Edward Codrington, the distinguished British admiral, annihilated the Turkish and Egyptian navies, should be celebrated with special pomp and significance. The occasion for this special celebration was the launching of three new Russian ironclads—one of them, the Navarin, being a battleship of immense size and power. These launchings took place in the presence of all the foreign naval attaches and crowds of people. Among the spectators was Admiral Count Heyden, who fought at the famous battle which is being so grandly celebrated. The launch of the new naval monster was successful, and there is now floating in these waters a barbettes battleship said to be at least equal in size, strength and speed to anything of the same class possessed by any navy in the world. The other two vessels launched to-day are belted gun vessels, heavily armed, of considerable speed, and are designed for coast defence purposes.

THE BEST JOKE.

Max O'Rell Brought Joy to a Pittsburg Swallow's Heart.

Max O'Rell tells this joke in his new book, "A Frenchman in America": "As I was leaving Pittsburg I was approached by a young man who, after giving me his card thanked me most earnestly for my lecture of last night. In fact, he nearly embraced me. 'I never enjoyed myself so much in my life,' he said. 'I grasped his hand. 'I am glad,' I replied, 'that my humble effort pleased you so much. Nothing is more gratifying to a lecturer than to know he has afforded pleasure to his audience.' 'Yes,' he said, 'it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to be married to a girl in town. All her family went to your show, and I had the girl at home all to myself. Oh, I had such a good time! Thank you so much! Do lecture here again soon.' And, after wishing me a pleasant journey, he left me. I was glad to know I left at least one friend and admirer behind me in Pittsburg."

Something Off.

A Maine man, notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a meat shop and inquired the price of a certain soup bone.

The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said: "Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is hard of hearing and had missed the reply.

"Can't you take something off of that?" he asked.

The dealer took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it ten cents." And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good trade.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Tooth Talk.

To keep the teeth in good condition: Cold and hot foods should not be taken in immediate succession.

They should be brushed in every corner and crevice of the mouth.

They should be cleaned twice a day, on rising and retiring; this last is all-important.

These rules will aid in whitening the teeth and purifying the breath; most desirable objects, since one of our authors remarked that an offensive breath was sufficient cause for divorce and an enemy to romantic love.—*Music and Drama*.

Lord Rosebery is residing with his children at Mentmore, and Lady Leonfield has been staying there with him. He will probably pass some time in Egypt during the winter with his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, who is about to proceed there for six months, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Mary Hope. Lord Rosebery has finished a monogram on Pitt, which will probably be a very interesting work, as his cousin, Lord Stanhope, placed at his disposal the invaluable collection of Pitt papers at Chevening.

CURED AGAINST HIS WILL.

After Ten Years of Suffering a Hamilton Man is Restored to Health.

A Case Rivaling the Marvellous Cure of John Marshall.

A good name is more to be desired than great riches." The truth of this scripture quotation is proven every day. Once a person or a firm or an institution achieves a good name its road to success is short and sure, but to achieve a good name is quite a different thing. Not many months ago the TIMES brought to light one of the most marvellous cures that has ever been effected. Mr. John Marshall, after being for years afflicted with locomotor ataxy, supposed to be incurable, and after having been paid \$1,000 from the Royal Templars as being totally disabled for life, was permanently cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Marshall may be seen on the streets any day, a strong, healthy man, with no trace of his old trouble. The case gave Pink Pills a name throughout the length and breadth of the land, and vastly increased sales of the remedy followed. The results are being seen on all sides now in wonderful cures wrought.

The TIMES came across two yesterday. At No. 196 York street Mr. W. J. Clark, who is employed in Messrs. John Calder & Co.'s clothing manufactory, was seen at his residence and was pleased with the opportunity of saying a good word for the remedy that had put him in a position to enjoy life after ten years of affliction. Mr. Clark is a young man of intelligence, and told the story of his case in an interesting manner. "Ten years ago," he said, "I got a very heavy cold, which settled in the small of my back and has ever since, up to a short time ago, defied all the remedies I could hear of and the skill of many doctors. At times I was so bad that I could not work and was seldom free from pain, whether standing, sitting, walking, or lying. The only thing that gave me relief was an herb I got from an herbalist. For two weeks it relieved me and then the pains returned. I got more herbs, but whether they were the same or not, or whether they simply ceased to operate I can't say, but I got no more relief from herbs. Turpentine applied on hot cloths and taken internally gave me relief for a little while, but I gave that up too. Several doctors examined me and said, 'Oh, it's nothing!' They gave me medicines which they said would make it all right, but which didn't. After almost ten years of doctoring I came to the conclusion that I would never be cured, and tried to resign myself to my lot. Some months ago I went into the country to see my father. He said to me, 'Will, I have something here I want you to take—a box of Pink Pills!' I replied to him:

"You might as well throw them out the door."

"Take them for my sake," Will, he said, and I said I would do anything for him, though I had no faith in them. They are not worth that," I said, snapping my fingers.

I took the box and really felt better. They gave me an appetite, at any rate, and lessened the pain. So I resolved to continue them. After using three boxes I stopped. That is over three weeks ago, and I am now well and strong. The pain is all gone and I do my work like a new man. I am now working over-time until 10 o'clock, and stand it wd. I have gained in weight, and feel better every day. It was no case of faith cure with me, for I had no faith in the pills at all. My mate at work, at my advice, took Pink Pills to build up his system, and says he is much better; he certainly looks it."

"Yes," remarked Mr. Clark as the TIMES reporter was withdrawing, "you may use my name, and if you see any one who has any doubts as to the curing properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just send him to me."

Another Case.

Mr. James Wright, No. 129 1/2 Bay street north, is another of the great army of witnesses. For a year he suffered from diabetes, but was restored to health under the attention of Dr. Anderson. The disease, however, left behind it a fearful state of nervousness, inability, lack of appetite, sleeplessness and ringing noises in the ears and head, which at times almost drove Mr. Wright frantic. From weighing 180 pounds he came down to 118. He was well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall and knew of his trouble. Hearing of his cure he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so in June last. After taking one box, all these troubles began to vanish and eleven boxes completely cured him, appetite returned and sweet sleep was no longer a stranger to him. In two months he recovered eighteen pounds of his lost flesh and is still gaining. Mr. Wright is confident that the remedy will have the same effect upon any one who is afflicted as he was, if given a fair trial.

In connection with the wonderful cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it must be gratifying to Canadians to know that they are the discovery of a Canadian doctor, a graduate of McGill College and post graduate of Edinburgh University. Hitherto the great discoveries in medicine have come to us from abroad, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have conquered diseases hitherto declared by the works of specialists incurable, and have shed a new lustre on Canadian medical science. What is claimed for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is that they are an unailing blood builder and nerve tonic, supplying the wants incident to over-work, mental worry, excesses of whatever nature. They stimulate the system, build anew the blood, and restore shattered nerves, removing the fruitful causes of premature decay and insanity. They are also a specific for the ills peculiar to women, such as suppression, head down pains, displacements, ulceration, etc. They are a certain remedy for headaches, inness of vision, palpitation, shortness of breath and by restoring the blood to a healthy condition, bring back strength and the glow of health, where had been pale and sallow cheeks and broken down constitution. That these claims are not exaggerated is borne out by the remarkable cures investigated by the TIMES, as well as by hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada in the possession of the proprietor.

One thing in connection with the use of

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the comparatively light cost of treatment. They are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail, postpaid, by addressing the Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y.

JACK, THE SQUEEZER.

A Californian With a Mania for Hugging Pretty Women.

This pretty little city is greatly excited over the work of some unknown rascal who catches women on the streets and hugs and kisses them. Nearly every night women walking alone or in couples in the less frequented parts of the city are assailed by the man. Every one is talking about the man, who is now known as "Jack, the Squeezer." He never operates twice in the same locality, and none of the plans to entrap him have been successful. He wears no mask, and never speaks when he catches a woman. He is a large man, with whiskers, and that is all known of him.—*Pomona (Cal.) Special in St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

New York Herald: At last we have some data which will prove interesting to the ladies. We can't vouch for them with unqualified confidence because we haven't been able to verify them, but we have no doubt that they are about as near to the exact truth as it is possible to get. Taking 100 as representing all the chances which a woman will ever have to get married, we are glad to see that they are distributed in a very encouraging and inspiring way throughout her life, but of course they naturally diminish as the years come creeping on. Between fifteen and twenty—so says our statistician—she has fourteen and one-half of the 100 chances to dispose of herself. It will be seen, therefore, that she toys with the matrimonial lottery business very early in life, or before she has fairly cut her wisdom teeth. Between twenty and twenty-five, however, she breaks more hearts and turns her back on more proposals than at any other time. She has during these years fifty-two chances out of her hundred to trample on a man's affections and make him feel like swallowing Paris green. Between twenty-five and thirty she is gilded with the twilight glow, and has only about 18 per cent. of all her chances, and between thirty and thirty-five the chances take a tumble to 15 1/2 per cent. From that time on there is very little left except regretful memories of past opportunities which have been lost. The percentage falls to 3 1/2 at forty, to 2 1/2 at forty-five, and then, with the speed of a toboggan slide, it descends to one-quarter of one chance at fifty-five. These figures may be sad, but they are instructive.

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath." Oswego Times: She had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return.

"So you're home at last," she said, as she let him in; "it's a wonder you've got home at all."

"No differerly gettin' home," he said, "moon's full."

"There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid," she said.

"Yes, we're all full."

"What?" she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.

"Just as I say. 'We're all full. Moon's full. I'm full and you're beauti-ful.'"

"Well," she said with a faint smile, "I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual."

The Deceptive Lady Moon.

The astronomer royal for Scotland states that when the moon is half full its brilliancy is not nearly one-half as great as when it is quite full. He attributes the brightness of the full moon to the bright streaks which are then seen over the lunar surface, starting from the craters. He supposes these to be convex or concave, and largely invisible under cross lights, and brilliantly illuminated when the sun shines full upon them.

Never Omit That.

Dr. Potter—Then you could do nothing whatever for the patient?

Dr. Paresis—No; except send in my bill, of course.

Hungry Joe—So Puddin' Pete is dead?

He was a mighty successful feller, Bill Sloper Bill—You bet! He never done an hour's work in his life.

Wire has been drawn to the fineness of one five-hundredth of an inch in diameter, or finer than a hair from a human head.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—August Flower the Remedy. ©

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
How to-night fond memories keep,
Round my soul their wings of care,
As I breathe my childhood's prayer.
Once I lapsed it at her knee,
Who is miles apart from me,
But her lips are on my brow,
And the past is with me now.
Once I almost smiled to see,
Words so simple learned by me;
Ah! My heart has found since then
They're the mightiest words of men.
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep";
Guard my feet from sin and strife,
Keep me in the way of life.
"If I die before I wake,
May the Lord my spirit take,"
Here all creeds meet and blend
Faith's beginning and its end.
Peace, my heart, and cease to weep;
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And my heart is on thy breast,
Father! Father! this is rest.
—Harriet Mabel Spalding.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

THAT OVERCOAT.
Now wintry clouds do sweep the sky,
And damp, raw breezes blow.
The pawn-shop man's cold, steely eye,
Doth now with business glow;
For lo! upon his grinning shelves
Lie many a coat and cloak
Whose owners now must hump themselves
To get them out of soak.
—England has a Waterloo survivor.
—Australia boasts 12 in caterpillars.
—Salvini has \$100,000 in art treasures.
—Hungary has 22,000,000 acres of forest.
—An old bachelor is always ready to tell you how you ought to bring up your children.

THE REPORTER.

Little night assignments,
Little scoops by day,
Make the sad reporter
Prematurely gray.
Chicago Tribune.
—Empress Eugenie was just 26 years of age when Napoleon III fell in love with her at a ball.
—"I shall depend on your support during this campaign," said the trousers to the suspenders.
—The dentist who announces that he will spare no pains to pull teeth well is the man to keep away from.
Her father tolled the bell
And her mother dusted out,
Her brother blowed the organ
And her sister helped about.
But she was dressed in lace,
And no work might her defile;
So they utilized her gown en-train
For sweeping up the aisle.

SEVERAL WISHES.

I wish I had a thousand tongues
To sing my lady's praises;
I wish I had a thousand eyes
To see her winning ways;
I wish I had a thousand banks,
With all their legal tender,
A thousand banks that I might buy
Rich presents for to send her;
I wish I had a thousand hearts
To squander love upon her,
And I wish I had a thousand swords
To kill the man who won her.
—In Turkey, saloons are called Christian drinking places, because it is only foreigners, from nations called Christian, who keep them, and they are not allowed within two hundred and fifty feet of a Mohammedan place of worship.
—New York World: When Edwin Arnold appears in full dress his coat glistens with the orders conferred on him by kings and potentates, which would indicate to a certain kind of intelligence that "literary fellows" are looking up.
His arms with strong and firm embrace
Her dainty form enfold;
And she had blushed her sweet consent,
When he his story told.
"And do you swear to keep the truth?"
She asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by you elm I swear."
A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm;
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this,
The tree was slippery elm.

"Fat Doctor Bills Make Lean Wells."

but Sage's Catarrh Remedy costs less than one doctor's visit. Catarrh is a loathsome, dangerous disease, and the time has come when to suffer from it is a disgrace. No person of culture and refinement cares to inflict upon his friends his offensive breath, disgusting hawking and spitting and disagreeable efforts to breathe freely and clear the throat and nose—hence the cultured and refined use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. And no wise and prudent man cares to run the risk of leaving his family without a protector, by letting his "slight catarrh" run into serious or fatal throat and lung troubles, hence the wise and prudent use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this remedy are so confident of its curative properties, that they have made a standing offer of a reward of \$500 for a case they cannot cure.

An Exact Girl.

New York Herald: She—No, I will not marry you.
He (bitterly)—Thank you. I have done everything I could to please you. (Very bitterly.) Is there anything I can do for you before I leave you forever?
She—Oh, if you really feel under obligations to me you may mention the fact that I have declined you to your friends. It will save me heaps of trouble.

More than \$1,000,000 was received in London during the last year in dog taxes.

The shoes worn by Luther at the diet of Worms are preserved with reverent care in the Historical Museum at Dresden.

WALKING IN AFRICA.

Three Women Who Are Not Afraid of Wild Beasts.

Three women footed it in July and August last from the Indian Ocean 200 miles to Mashonaland. They were members of an Episcopal order, says the New York Sun, and were trained nurses sent out to take charge of the hospital which has been started in that new country. The bishop of Mashonaland expected that provision would be made to carry these young women into the interior, but the force of porters was unexpectedly small and the women said they would endeavor to walk. With extraordinary courage they set out on the journey. There was no wagon road and for much of the way no paths were found. The party suffered terribly at times from thirst. At night the bush was always alive with lions, hyenas, buffaloes, leopards and other animals. At one time the party observed two lions drinking quietly thirty rods from them. The grass often exceeded twelve feet in height for miles and miles, and some days the little caravan marched through incessant rain. They suffered severely from the desertion of their porters, and of the thirty-two carriers with whom they started only four remained at the end of their journey. The women had no tents to sleep in, and altogether they made their journey under conditions which would have tried the strength and courage of the stoutest men. They safely reached their destination, however, and they are the first white women to have made such a journey into the interior of Africa, the others traveling either on steamboats or being carried on hammocks or chairs.

World's Fair Notes.

Florida, at the recent World's Fair convention, decided to raise \$100,000 for representation in Chicago in 1893. A New York company that manufactures self-winding clocks has offered to furnish free of cost all the time-pieces that will be needed in the buildings during the Fair. The magnitude of the building operation now going on at Jackson Park can be surmised from the fact that an average of from thirty-five to forty cars of construction material arrives daily. The Exposition buildings are rising with wonderful rapidity. Between 340 and 350 men are employed in perfecting the landscape features of the Exposition site. It is the intention to make the grounds exceedingly beautiful by walks, drives, lawns, terraces, fountains, shrubbery and flowers. Several hundred thousand dollars are to be expended for this purpose. The women of Illinois, who have the spending of \$80,000 of the \$800,000 which the State appropriated for its representation at the Exposition, have been granted, for their exclusive use, one-tenth of the space in the Illinois Building, which, altogether, is something more than an acre and a half. The women will make a separate exhibit. The Palace of Music at the Exposition, it is now expected, will stand on the great island formed by the lagoons, and will be surrounded by a magnificent garden of flowers, ten acres or more in extent. This location is desired by Theodore Thomas, Musical Director of the Exposition, but has not yet been finally passed upon by the Board of Directors. The structure will measure 150 by 250 feet, and cost approximately \$100,000.

Your Money or Your Life?

Such a demand at the mouth of a "six-shooter," sets a man thinking pretty lively! With a little more thinking there would be less suffering. Think of the terrible results of neglected consumption! which might easily be averted by the timely use of Nature's Great Specific, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Consumption, which is lung-scurf, is a constitutional disease, and requires just such a thorough and efficient constitutional remedy! Taken in time, before the lung-tissues are wasted, it is guaranteed a radical cure! Equally certain in all scrofulous affections and blood disorders. Large bottles, one dollar, and any druggist.

"C Tea."

Philadelphia Record: The following is the wording of invitations sent out for what is termed a "C Tea," in Gemantown: "A collation and cheerful collection of cunning caprices will be completely compassed by a comely clique of charming country cousins, who contract to courteously cater to captivating couples. The cuisine contains a cutely contrived conglomeration of concoctions. Cash consideration, 25 cents, continental currency or coppercoins. Considering that our citizens may be confused concerning the character of this collation, the consistent course is to come and C on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th, at the Parish Building of St. Luke's Church. Courses: Cereal collection, creature cheer, chopped composition, crusty clear, cold carved creature, cucumber, cider cured, coagulated curd, country cousins' comfort, churned cream, China cordal, curby crisp cuttings, clam chowder and congealed cream."

Very Gracefully Turned.

New York World: The marriage of young Lord Dudley, the son of the well-known English beauty, Lady Dudley, brings to light a pretty little incident. Wishing to inform his mother of his intention, he kissed her and said, as a gallant son should: "My dear mother, as I cannot marry the most beautiful and charming woman in all England, it being forbidden to marry one's parent, I have decided to offer my hand and heart to Miss Gurney."

Didn't Know Her Place.

New York Press: Hired girl—And what do you give me notice for ma'am?
Mistress—You evidently don't know your place.
H. G.—Ain't I always been respectful, ma'am?
M.—Yes, but you don't seem to know your place, for every time you go out at night it takes you till after 12 o'clock to find it.
A neglected case of cold in the head may cost you your life. Why run the risk when Nasal Balm offers you a speedy relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

A family living near Augusta, Me., have as a pet a tame crow, which accompanies them whenever they go to the city on Sundays or market days.

DIPHTHERIA.

It is Especially Common in the Damp Valleys.

The Milroy lectures this year were on the natural history and prevalence of diphtheria. The lecturer gave it as his opinion that soil and geological formation have something to do with its prevalence; that it is especially common in damp valleys, and that in England it is most prevalent during the three last months of the year.

The greatest number of the persons attacked are between 2 and 12 years of age, and the liability is greatest between 2 and 5 years. Many attacks of diphtheria are accompanied by simple sore throat and tonsillitis, and many apparently simple attacks of sore throat have really an infectious character. The same fact has been noted on this side of the Atlantic.

Some physicians look on diphtheria and scarlet fever as modifications of the same disease, and the occurrence of both at the same time in the same family seems at first sight to countenance this view. But the theory is disproved by the entire absence of diphtheria in several thousand cases of scarlet fever treated in the London fever hospital.

The probable explanation of the occurrence of both in the same family is that the condition of the throat in a family affected by scarlatina affords a soil favorable for the reception of the diphtheritic poison. When diphtheria does occur in connection with scarlatina, it is almost always as a sequel to it. So, too, the sore throats due to bad hygienic surroundings and imperfect drainage furnish excellent soil for diphtheritic microbes.

Many cases of diphtheria end unexpectedly in fatal heart failure, sometimes when the patient has seemed in a fair way to recovery. In such cases a post-mortem examination reveals a fatty and granular degeneration of the muscular fibres of the heart.

This fact emphasizes the need of prompt treatment to secure the speediest possible recovery. It follows, too, that in all cases, until complete recovery, everything should be avoided which makes demands on the heart, a very slight effort being often fatal; and that the physician should always make a careful examination of the heart, and advise accordingly.—Youth's Companion.

Prohibited Newspapers.

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

The General Candle in the Stove.

Imagination 'tis said, will work wonders. This fact was well illustrated in a Church street store last evening and victims were many. While the proprietor was out his clerk carefully placed in the stove a lighted candle, which shed a goodly volume of light, but gave no heat. The first customer to arrive wore an overcoat. He sat near the stove, but soon left the stove with the remark: "It's too warm here for me." Victim No. 2 drew his chair up to the stove with the remark: "Feels good these evenings." Then came a portly and dignified gentleman, who took a seat near the stove. Said he: "One sensible man in town, anyhow." Just then the proprietor of the store and a friend entered and took a seat. Presently it evidently became too warm for the proprietor himself. He partly opened a window, requested his clerk to close the draught of the stove and then sat down again. When the stove door was opened they all adjourned to the street to get warm.—West Chester Local News.

Conversational Follies.

Lives there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to a man hath said:
I don't like flattery.
Other girls may do that; but I'm different.
How many other girls have you said that to?
He was an old flame of mine.
No one can make me jealous.
I never believe what a man says.
I know I'm not pretty; but—
I hate a saint.
I should say it of her, perhaps; but she—

ARE NOT A Pur-gative Medi-cine.

They are a BLEND OF BUNDLER, TONIC and RESCUE-STRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Watery Blood, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excess and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring Lost Vigor and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN

Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN

should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN

should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN

should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

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

FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED OR CHRONIC GRANULATED OF THE LIDS.

Ulceration of the lids, ulceration of the glands, film, weakness of sight, from any cause, and in general men's pockets for immediate use. For chapped hands, cold sores, pimples, or roughness of the skin, its healing and soothing powers are truly marvelous. For Piles it is worth its weight in gold. Golden Eye Salve is sold by all druggists.

THIRTY YEARS.
Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.
"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used
ST. JACOBS OIL
and it completely cured. I give it all praise."
MRS. WM. RYDER.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

THE BIGGEST FOOL.

Matter of Fact Reply of the Postoffice Stamp Clerk.
"This sweet to be remembered," as everyone knows. But to be remembered for an act of foolishness? Well, even that is sometimes money in a man's pocket. Said a New York gentleman to a Herald reporter:

I went to the postoffice the other day to buy a dollar's worth of one cent stamps, and when I got home, some six miles away, it flashed upon me that I had given the clerk a \$5 bill and hurried off without my change.

The next morning I went the first thing to the postoffice. The stamp clerk was serving a long line of customers, and I took my place at the foot of the string. How unlikely it seemed that he should remember me among the crowds that had been at his window the day before!

As I got near him, however, and began to speak, he took up from the counter before him four \$1 bills and silently passed them through the window.

"Thank you," said I. "I didn't know but among so many fools you might have forgotten me."
"Yes," I might have, said he, as he reached out toward the man behind me, "but you were the most conspicuous one yesterday. Twos, did you say, sir?"

Prohibited Newspapers.

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

The Progressive Benefit Order is organized in Ontario.

One, we believe, was organized in Stratford on Tuesday evening last. The New York Herald, in a recent issue, said: George S. Duryea, State Commissioner of Banking and Insurance of New Jersey, yesterday caused the arrest of Charles J. Brown, of Newark, for violation of the insurance laws. The prisoner is the Newark agent of the Progressive Benefit Order, and has been doing business at No. 729 Broad street. This is the first attack on the short-term benefit orders in Newark, and it is expected that it is but the beginning of an onslaught on the whole system. Nine charges are made against Brown. They are for soliciting business for a life insurance and health insurance company, for receiving money in that company's name and for doing a general insurance business contrary to the insurance law of 1870, which provides that all insurance companies operating in New Jersey must be incorporated under the laws of that State. The Progressive Benefit Order, it is alleged, failed to comply with this law. For each of the nine offences the law prescribes a penalty of \$500. Brown's bond was fixed at \$1,000 and his trial set down for October 26th. Is this the same Order that is operating here?

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY

or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$500 per week. Monroe Eraser Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Box 331.

SALESMEN WANTED

to sell our sample-tooth-wholesaler and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Hamilton, Ontario. Established 30 years. The finest equipped and most successful in Canada. It has over a thousand graduates in business positions. Sold for handbills catalogue to Principal R. E. GALLAGHER, Hamilton.

PUSH THE WHEEL, IT LIGHTS "RELIABLE" CIGAR LIGHTER, "ABLE" POCKET LAMP

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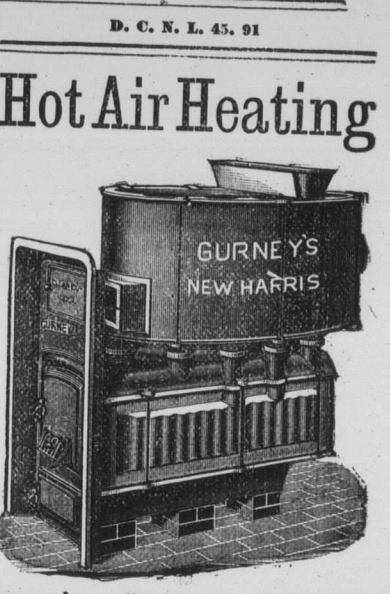
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CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. per box. J. J. Catline, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

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



COPP'S WARRIOR HEATER

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



AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY

or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$500 per week. Monroe Eraser Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Box 331.

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to sell our sample-tooth-wholesaler and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

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SAYS the Montreal Star:—It is a pity in the public interest that charges have not been made against the C. P. R. and the Intercolonial of the same character as those against the Grand Trunk, which secured the evidence of Messrs. Sergeant, Wainwright, Edgar and Walker, at the North Perth election trial. It would be exceedingly interesting to have the management of the other railroads put in evidence their list of tickets sold in batches to politicians just previous to the elections.

JAMES TROW'S election, in South Perth, has been voided. His majority was reduced considerably at the last election—less than 200—so that it will be as much as a bargain if he carries the riding against a strong Conservative. He has proved himself to be a good representative, and being a big toad in the Reform puddle, he will have these advantages over a new candidate; nevertheless his defeat would be no surprise to THE BEE, not nearly so startling as for Mr. Grieve to wipe out 200 of a majority in the north riding. People don't "vote straight" like they used to do in bygone days you know.

A WORD TO FARMERS.

We are living in a progressive age, aren't we? An age in which education, science and invention have made and are making wonderful strides. Agriculture has likewise kept pace and shared the benefits derived from these sources of knowledge. The hitherto crude implements of agriculture are being set aside for the newer and more modernised machinery by which farming may be facilitated with less manual labor. But see here, you have gone beyond your means, many of you, and have purchased farming implements that you know perfectly well that you do not need, much less afford. A glib-tongued agent comes and talks and "reasons" with you on the subject of farming implements; tells you how much easier you could do this or that with So and So's spring-toothed cultivator, or explains, in language eloquent, the newest wrinkle of the newest self binder; how much less cord it uses than the other agent's machine; and in this way gets you "talked up" to the buying point. Your conscience tells you you should not purchase, but you do. "There is no hurry about the pay, you can have your own time," the oily-tongued Knight of Rest will tell you, and before you have time to repent a brand new binder is set up in the field, and you sign the note for its payment. Other machinery is purchased in a like manner, until your driving shed is literally crammed with a dozen or more new fangled implements. All good enough in themselves, but they are not paid for, you cannot afford them, and the note falls due this fall. See here, there are thousands of farms in this province of ours overstocked with machinery, in consequence there are hundreds of these very farms heavily mortgaged. This new machinery craze is a curse to the farmers of this country. We are no enemies to progress; to the contrary, we would urge upon the farming community to strive to keep abreast of the times, and cultivate every acre of ground so as to bring forth the greatest possible returns. But this must not be done at the expense of your credit, your farm buildings, fences, stock, drainage, or still worse, the farm itself. Get along with fewer implements and keep your credit good at the registry office. The reaper may not harvest your crop as speedily as the binder, but it gets there just the same, and besides you have the one paid for, whereas if you buy the binder you will have one useless machine on your hands and another not paid for and drawing interest at the rate of seven per cent. The savings from your hard summer's work must be turned over to a manufacturing firm, and you commence next spring's work poorer and alas, some of you no wiser, for the very next agent dupes you again for a new kind of seed drill. Isn't that so? Get along with as little machinery as you possibly can, and if you have three or four hundred or more dollars this fall to invest, put it out on a first mortgage on neighbor Smith's farm, who has got behind in the way above hinted, or deposit it in the bank. And take our word for it, you will go to work next spring with more heart and greater energy than if you had a barn full of new implements and a mortgage against the dear old homestead. Keep your farm buildings in good repair; if it requires it, drain the farm well; keep it as well fenced and stocked as you can; and only buy what you cannot do without, pay for what you get, and keep out of debt.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Montreal Star takes this view of the political situation:—On account of the large number of contested elections there is an expectation that the complexion of the House of Commons will undergo considerable change before Parliament meets again. Both parties hope to make gains, but the Liberals are the more sanguine, as they count on winning many votes as a result of the scandal revelations. It must be borne in mind, however, that there are more Liberal than Conservative seats contested, and that the Opposition are still at a disadvantage in the making up of the voters' lists and in the arrangement of many of the constituencies. They believe, nevertheless, that an aroused public opinion will overcome these as well as other obstacles to their success. The Government does not command so great a majority that it may not be seriously reduced or wiped out altogether, if the feeling in the country be as strong as the Liberals claim. By-elections seldom under ordinary conditions make a change in representatives, when the unseated member escapes disqualification. Public sympathy is generally with him, and it not unfrequently happens that the unseated member goes back to Parliament with a larger majority than he had at first. But these are critical times and the law of averages may not hold good under existing circumstances.

THE NORTH PERTH PROTEST.

The James Grieve election trial was held in Stratford last Friday and Saturday, but was postponed for further hearing till Nov. 20th. It appears from the evidence that nothing incriminating respondent was brought out, unless, possibly, the Grand Trunk Railway's conduct during the campaign be regarded as crooked and illegal. It is quite conclusive that the Grand Trunk have been guilty of issuing passes to Reform electors in behalf of Mr. Grieve, but to unseat him on these grounds alone would simply mean the unseating of numerous other Reform members for whom the company have worked. The C. P. R. are likewise guilty of a similar offence in behalf of the Conservatives. It will prove a fine point in law to draw the line between a railway company's right to issue passes to whom they please, and the effect of such a course in determining an election. His Lordship, presiding over the North Perth election protest, was evidently afraid to express his views on this point, much less give decision, preferring to consult other authorities and await further developments. There were a large number of charges lodged and numerous witnesses examined. Should Mr. Grieve's election be voided, his chances for re-election are nine to one against him, or any one else placed in a similar position. Mr. Grieve set aside, we doubt if another Reformer in North Perth could carry the constituency; he is the pick of the party. His case is hanging in the balance, and it remains for the revelations of Nov. 20th to determine his future political career in this riding.

A Boston Fire.

Written for THE BEE.
The moon shone on the city, 'twas a clear but chilly night,
And all within the precincts looked flourishing and bright;
The sun behind the horizon hid her shining face,
And all had now retired to their usual resting place.
A tenement house was standing where a happy family dwelt,
No doubt that night in silent prayer beside their beds they knelt,
And asked God's choicest blessings as they each retired to rest,
That they each in all their doings might every day be blest.
But God's dealings with his people are often, in our sight,
Mysterious in their nature, we in proneness think not right,
So as now the deathly silence reigns o'er all within the way,
They are roused by sounds of fire crackling o'er its ready prey.
From their beds they jump in terror, lest their awful fate is sealed;
Oh! what awful doom awaits them, must they to his fetters yield?
Oh! the awful thought of dying in those flames of fury wild,
Strike their hearts in wild derision, God have mercy, save thy child!
Oh! the fire is raging higher, hotter grows its breath below,
While above four human beings grapple with the monster foe;
Still the element is rising, gathering round the topmost height,
Open wide they throw the window, snatch the bed clothes in their flight.
Throw them from the open window to the street far down below,
And they, still three storeys upward, jump to escape the dread foe;
Father, mother, then the children in their turn, descend the height,
There they lie all bruised and crippled from their awful downward flight.
Monkton, Nov. 2, 1891. —H. J. N.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SOUTHERN EXTENSION W. G. & B.
Trains leave Atwood Station, North and South as follows:
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
Express 7:12 a.m. Mixed 8:25 a.m.
Express 12:30 p.m. Express 2:34 p.m.
Mixed 10:10 p.m. Express 9:24 p.m.

ATWOOD STAGE ROUTE.

Stage leaves Atwood North and South as follows:
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
Atwood 8:00 a.m. Mitchell 2:30 p.m.
Newry 8:05 a.m. B'nho'm 3:30 p.m.
Monkton 9:00 a.m. Mankton 4:45 p.m.
B'nho'm 10:15 a.m. Newry 5:55 p.m.
Mitchell 11:15 p.m. Atwood 6:00 p.m.

For Sale or to Rent.

THAT desirable property, the south half of Lot 6, in the Ninth Concession of the township of Elma. Apply to the proprietress, MISS JESSIE WATSON, Listowel, or to THOS. FULLARTON, 41-3in Atwood.

A. FRAME.

Any information wanted respecting the Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be cheerfully given by applying to R. S. Pelton, of THE BEE Publishing House, or A. FRAME, Box 14, Stratford, Ont.

THOS. FULLARTON,

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

SHEEP LOST.

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

The Bee for 14 Months for only \$1.
BEST LOCAL PAPER IN PERTH COUNTY.
SUBSCRIBE NOW!
SUBSCRIBE NOW!
Send The Bee to your friends in Manitoba or the States. It would be to them a weekly letter from home.

I CURE FITS! --AGAIN--

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my medicine. It is a remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 188 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

The tale has been told at the

World's

Show!

Atwood, that

R. M. BALLANTYNE

—TOOK THE—

SWEEPSTAKES

—FOR THE—

BEST MADE

Suit of

CLOTHES

Ornamental Painting.

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

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

WM. RODDICK, Painter, Brussels.

LUMBER!

ATWOOD

Planing Mills.

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

Dressed Flooring,

SIDING AND

Muskoka

Shingles!

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

Wm. Dunn.

What Shall We Do to be Saved!

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

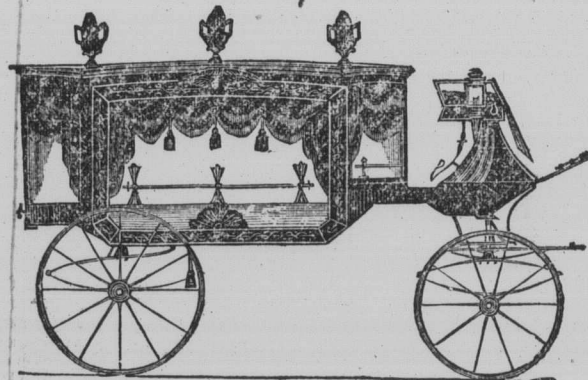
FOR SALE BY J. ROGERS, ATWOOD.

THE 777 STORE!

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

Please Call and See Us when you Come to Town.

JOHN RIGGS.



WM. FORREST, Furniture Dealer, Atwood,

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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS

FOR NEXT YEAR'S

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

Are Now in Order. Leave
them at the

Atwood Drug & Book Store.

Town Talk.

SNOW.

NOVEMBER.

Is your stove up?

SPASMODIC economy will now be the civic program for the rest of the year.

INCOMPLETE returns of the State elections indicate that McKinley has been elected Governor of Ohio, that the Democrats still hold New York and that the Republicans have recaptured the Governorship of Massachusetts.

OUR SENTIMENTS.—The Listowel Standard, of last week, voices the sentiments of the thinking people in the following paragraph:—Some of our town merchants and butchers are adopting the cash system, and announce that they will do business on a cash basis on and after the 1st Nov. The step is a good one, and the sooner the credit system is done away with entirely the better will it be for both the buyer and seller. At the present time, when all kinds of farm produce sell readily for cash, and especially in a dairy section like this, where cash payments are made regularly for the product of the dairy, farmers are in a position to pay cash for about every thing they require, and the cash system, if generally adopted, would be a benefit to them, as they would be able to buy cheaper. Mechanics, laborers and all classes of consumers, excepting, perhaps those who never pay, as well as the dealers, would also be benefited by the cash system, inasmuch as the one could purchase cheaper and the other would be doing a safer and altogether more satisfactory business, while selling his goods at a lower figure than he can afford to do under the credit system. Were the cash system generally adopted the cry of hard times would be seldom, if ever, heard in this favored country of ours.

THE Empire is sending out a premium with its weekly this fall which will be highly prized by the friends and followers of the late Premier of the Dominion. It is in the shape of a Memorial Album, illustrating the career of Sir John Macdonald, from his birthplace in Glasgow to his last resting place in Cataract cemetery. The series of handsome views are in photogravure, executed in a manner that is a credit to Canadian art, and comprise an excellent photograph of the old Chieftain, taken a short time previous to his death; a handsome portrait of his devoted widow, the Baroness Macdonald; his birthplace in Glasgow, being a view of Brunswick Place near the Turngate, which will be recognized by all who are familiar with that city; a portrait of Sir John as a young man, being a facsimile of the earliest photograph known to be in existence; an excellent and striking likeness of his mother, from whom he inherited his force of character and genius; the old home on Rideau street, Kingston, in which he lived during the rebellion of 1837; the finest view ever published of Earncliffe, his well known residence in Ottawa; interior view of the Senate Chamber, as it appeared with the body lying in state, showing the floral tributes and members of Parliament guarding the remains; with the Queen's wreath on the coffin; view of Parliament Buildings, with funeral procession forming in front; the funeral passing the Eastern block; with fine view of the buildings; magnificent view of the City Hall, Kingston, draped as it appeared on the morning of the funeral; beautiful photograph of the grave at Cataract cemetery, with the floral offerings and cadets guarding it; exterior view of Westminster Abbey; handsome view of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which it is proposed to erect a memorial tablet; photographic view of interior of Westminster, where memorial service was held; interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The cover of this collection of photogravures is a beautiful work of art, the title being richly embossed in silver, with a medallion of the Chieftain in relief, surrounded by his now memorable words, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die," while the background shows shield with British arms, and the whole is surmounted with drapery in royal purple, fringed with silver. A premium like this has never before been offered by a newspaper in Canada, and will no doubt be eagerly sought after, as it will be an ornament to a parlor table as well as a valuable souvenir of the old Chieftain.

It is reported that Rev. Mr. Crossley, who was laboring in Paris a few weeks, has lost the use of his voice.

THE benefit hop, held in the Town Hall Friday night, was not a success, the fair and beautiful were conspicuously absent.

THE chilly days are drawing nigh when Autumn shall be dead—when butter will be hard to buy, and likewise hard to spread.

E. HILL, of Atwood, J. A. Porter and others, of Elma township, were witnesses at the North Perth election trial, held in Stratford last week.

PREACHING and sacramental service in the Methodist church next Sabbath morning, conducted by the pastor. The service begins at 10:30. J. H. McBain will preach in the evening, at 6:30.

CHAS. FRASER, of Toronto, is engaged with John Fox, at the shoemaking. He was at one time a printer, and set type on the old Quebec Mercury, Boston Transcript, and other journals of lesser note.

A UNION Thanksgiving service will be held in the Methodist church, Atwood, on Thursday, Nov. 12th, at 11 a. m., when Rev. C. H. Phillimore will preach. A collection will be taken in aid of the poor of the village.

J. A. Wilson and bride, of Nettle City, Algoma, will except the editor's thanks for sending him a piece of their wedding cake. THE BEE man will be happy to return the favor when the golden opportunity presents itself.

The editor of the West Lorne Herald is moving his plant to Leamington to oppose the Post. He will find it uphill work. The Post does good work for Leamington, and for another paper there is as much need as the fifth wheel to a cart.

DON'T fail to read Carson & McKee's advt. in this issue. It is wonderful the increase in their business. This popular firm do business on right principles, and are establishing a name for honorable dealing, as the great increase in their business proves. Success is the reward of merit.

It is legal in Canada to advertise the sale of an account against a delinquent debtor, no matter if it is done to injure the credit and reputation of the debtor. Justice Rose, at Kingston, has decided that an account against a debtor is the property of the creditor to dispose of as he pleases. If the creditor chooses to sell it and announces his intention of doing so in terms that imply that the debtor could pay it if he chose, the creditor does not exceed his legal rights, and the debtor has no legal redress for any injury such public notice may have caused him.

CANADA FOR OCTOBER.—Canada is rapidly winning its way into Canadian hearts and homes. The number for October contains, in addition to the continued articles, a beautiful poem called "Una in the Wilderness," by Thos. C. Robson; an imaginative and suggestive essay by Pastor Felix, "The Heart on the Sleeve"; a story by L. L., "On the Gatineau"; some fine verses by Eric, on "Indian summer at Montreal"; a rendering in verse of a Danish Legend, by the Editor; and some choice selections, including a fascinating story from the Independent, "Shon McGann's Toboggan Ride." All who subscribe for 1892 now will receive the last three numbers of this year free. One dollar will pay for fifteen months. Published by Matthew R. Knight, Benton, New Brunswick.

GIRLS, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.—The Wingham Times of last week contained the following advertisement:—"Wanted.—To correspond with some young lady under 22, with the object of matrimony in view. Must be good looking and well educated. All letters addressed to Earl Be Earl, Times office, Wingham, will be forwarded to their destination." See here, girls, that young man is in dead earnest; he is dying for somebody to love. However, before suffocating him with your affections or laying your heart at his feet, it would be well for you to know something of his pedigree, i. e. his character, financial standing and social position. To find out his disposition, write to his ma. And if he is not found wanting in any of these particulars, and is willing to make the fires and bring your breakfast to you every morning, drop him a postal card, telling him you will have him when the robins nest again.

FARM for sale or to rent. See advt. SUBSCRIPTIONS taken for all newspapers at the Atwood drug store.

THE Western Dairymen's Association will hold its annual convention at Brantford in January.

THE usual hallowe'en pranks were played by the youth of the village Saturday evening.

JIM STEWART is able to be around again after a long and severe illness. He had a close call.

THANKS.—We are indebted to John Hanna, of Henfryn, for a half bushel of butternuts, gathered and dried expressly for THE BEE staff. It is very thoughtful and generous of Mr. Hanna to thus remember us.

THERE is considerable force in the remark of one of the Baptist preachers at the convention, that many good church people think it sacred to sing and pray but never to give a dollar. Those who take up the collections in the churches remark the number who fail to put anything on the plate, as if churches could be maintained, preachers paid, gas and coal bills met, and seats provided for strangers, all on faith. It takes hard cash to do these things.

I. O. G. T.—Atwood lodge, No. 193, met in the Town Hall, Monday evening, and elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter:—A. Campbell, C. T.; Miss Ella Robertson, V. T.; R. B. Hamilton, L. D.; Wm. Ward, Chap.; Miss Ella Holmes, Treas.; F. Wilson, R. S.; Miss Nellie Hamilton, Asst. Sec'y; Miss Aggie Lochhead, F. S.; William Hollis, Marshal; Miss Nettie Robertson, D. M.; Miss Bessie Graham, Guard; P. Reid, Sentinel. The lodge is making encouraging progress.

COME OFF.—The Mitchell Advocate editor must have been somewhat "discomfitted" when he wrote the following head note to the marriage notice of a former Atwoodite. It reads:—Fooled with Cupid.—The following, from the Sudbury funeral, will be read with interest. Mr. Wilson at one time lived in Mitchell, Mr. Wilson is a son of John Wilson, who ran a tannery in Logan: Etc. [We fail to understand the necessity for a funeral at a wedding, unless it tends to make the occasion more impressive.]

DIED.—News was received last week of the death of James Dunn, of Toronto, brother of Wm. Dunn, of this town. Deceased had been stricken with typhoid fever, of which he died after an illness of about two weeks. He was an employee in the G. T. R. baggage rooms, Toronto, and much respected by his fellow workmen. He was a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, under the auspices of which Order the funeral arrangements were conducted. A wife and four children are left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father.

AN exchange says:—Does it not often strike you, when you want to send 25 or 50 cents by post, what a convenience the old shipplaster was? Sir Francis Hinks brot them into existence in Canada to help drive the American silver. It is a pity that there is not another issue of them, so handy are they for remittances. People do not want to be loaded up with postage stamps for every sum under a dollar. Mr. Foster, the Finance Minister, should set the presses at work turning out another batch.

PRESENTATION.—A pleasing feature at the close of St. Alban's church service, Sunday evening, was the presentation by the pastor, Mr. Lee, of a beautiful illuminated address and costly teacher's Bible to James Irwin, on the eve of his departure for Brussels. The address was executed in London, the design and workmanship of which reflects the highest credit on the artist. The Bible is handsomely bound, and on the inside of the outside cover, printed in gold letters, the words: "Presented to James Irwin by St. Alban's church, Atwood, 1891," and on the outside of the cover is the recipient's name. Mr. Lee, in appropriate language, referred to the long and faithful services of Mr. Irwin as warden and a leading spirit in the church, and the congregation's loss and regret at parting with him, and prayed that, though severed in person, the spirit of brotherhood and Christian fellowship that hitherto existed between them would continue to exist. He then read the appended address:—

The Congregation of St. Alban's church, Atwood, to James Irwin.
DEAR SIR:—You are about to sever yourself from us to take up your abode in another community, and it is with mingled feelings we realize that this is your farewell with us in our service. We desire, as a congregation, to express our hearty appreciation of the great service you have rendered to our church. For several years you have held the office of church warden and your indefatigable zeal and devotion to the cause has done much in the interests of this congregation. From the Sunday school we lose, by your removal, an officer whose innate desire for the advancement of Christian life among our little ones. As a member, we lose an untiring laborer in the vineyard. We ask you to accept this Bible as a token of our esteem of your friendship and appreciation of your services among us. While we regret the severance of yourself and your family, we cannot but feel that our loss will be the gain of others, and our sincere wish is, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Signed, on behalf of the congregation,
EDWIN LEE, Student in charge.
Jas. Longmire, Church warden.

Mr. Irwin, though taken by surprise, made a fitting reply, in which he thanked the congregation for their kindly and tangible recognition of his weak efforts in behalf of the church. The choir, at the close of the presentation, sang the appropriate hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

THE hearing of the North Perth election protest was not finished Saturday, and had to be adjourned until November 20th.

THE birth of a boy-baby bearing the name "Alpha Omega Perpetual Cook" was registered one day last week in the London City Clerk's office.

THE Grand Trunk Railway Company pays an enormous sum, close upon \$1,000,000 a year, in taxation or in duties, and they employ some 15,000 or 20,000 men.

A PUBLIC meeting, under the auspices of the Epworth League, will be held this (Friday) evening, at 7:30. The organ of the League will be read by the editors, J. W. Ward and Miss Ida McBain, and Rev. D. Rogers will give an address on "Rev. Dr. Talmage—his life and work." The League have undertaken to raise some money for church work, and a collection will be taken up at this meeting. The choir will furnish the music. All are invited.

SCIENTIFIC American.—Lives are known to have been saved by the use of onions in diphtheria. In these cases raw onions being placed in a bandage and beaten into a pulp, the cloth, containing onions, juice and all, being then bound about the throat and well up over the ears, renewals may be made as often as the mass becomes dry. In the cases noticed the result was almost magical, deadly pain yielding in a short time to sleepy comfort. The editor adds the wish that this remedy might have wide enough trial to fully test its usefulness.

ALTA.

MOORE—KEILLOR.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, by the Rev. Andrew Henderson, M. A., Mr. William J. Moore, of Stratford, to Miss Annie D., daughter of Mr. A. J. Keillor, of Newry.

TOMB.

DUNN.—In Toronto, on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, Mr. James Dunn, aged 41 years.

Latest Market Reports.

ATWOOD MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$ 86 \$ 90
Spring Wheat	35 87
Barley	28 29
Oats	57 58
Peas	50 50
Pork	4 4 1/2
Hides per lb.	50 1 25
Sheep skins, each	1 15 1 50
Wood 2 ft.	00 00
Potatoes per bushel	15 15
Butter per lb.	13 14
Eggs per doz.	
TORONTO GRAIN MARKET.	
Fall Wheat	\$0 95 \$1 02
Spring Wheat	93 95
Barley	50 51
Oats	31 32
Peas	61 62
Hay	8 00 8 50
Dressed Hogs	5 00 5 50
Eggs	12 12
Butter	13 15
Potatoes per bag	000 0 00

PREPARE FOR THE

Coming Winter!

BY LEAVING YOUR MEASURE FOR A

Fine New Overcoat

AND SNUG-FITTING SUIT.

Our Goods Stylish!

Our Fits Faultless!

Our Prices Low!

CALL AND SEE US.

CURRIE & HEUGHAN.

We Are Aiming

To keep a full range of all kinds of goods kept in a general store

AND HAVE SUCCEEDED

In having one of the

Best Selected Stocks Ever Shown in this Vicinity.

In Dry Goods We are showing a fine range of Dress Goods, very pretty designs and prices low. In Flannels, Flannelettes, Underclothing, &c., our assortment is of a choice nature, having been bought from the best markets we feel satisfied the prices are hard to meet by any competition.

BOOTS & SHOES In Boots & Shoes we expect to repeat order in the course of a few days, and as some lines are a little larger than we wish we will reduce them to clear. Bargains may be expected in these lines as they must move.

Our assortment in **Ready-Made Clothing** is complete, and as we close out some lots from the wholesale house we are in a position to offer them at very close figures. It will pay you to look through if you are in need of a Suit, Overcoat, odd Pants or Vest.

GROCERIES This stock is always kept full as we have it replenished every week. Have still in stock the 25 lb. Raw Sugar for \$1; everybody is pleased with the quality and price; in Teas we do a large business, this is a good sign that they give every satisfaction, and if you have not already tried them it would pay you to do so.

J. L. MADER.

THE SISTERS

"My intention," said Patty, firmly, with her little nose uplifted, and a high color in her face, "is to put an end to this useless and culpable waste of time. The man I love and am engaged to is working, and slaving, and waiting for me; and I, like the rest of you, am neglecting him, and sacrificing him, as if he were no consequence whatever. This shows me how I have been treating him. I will not do it any more. I did not become Miss Yelverton to repudiate all I undertook when I was only Patty King. I am Yelverton by name, but I am King by nature, still. I don't want to be a great swell. I have seen the world, and I am satisfied. Now I want to go home to Paul—as I ought to have done before. I will ask you, if you please, Kingscote, to take my passage for me this time. I shall go back next month, and I shall marry Paul Brion as soon as the steamer gets to Melbourne." Her brother-in-law put out his hand, and drew her to him, and kissed her. "Well done," he said, speaking boldly from his honest heart. "So you shall."

CHAPTER L.

"THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE." Patty softened down the terms in which she made her declaration of independence, when she found that it was received in so proper a spirit. She asked them if they had any objection—which, after telling them that it didn't matter whether they had or not, was a graceful act, tending to make things pleasant without committing anybody. But if they had objections (as of course they had) they abandoned them at this crisis. It was no use to fight against Paul Brion, so they accepted him, and made the best of him.

But Patty was dissuaded from her daring enterprise, as first proposed; and Paul was written to by her brother and guardian, and adjured to detach himself from his newspaper for a while and come to England for a holiday—which, it was delicately hinted, might take the form of a bridal tour. And in that little sitting-room, sacred to the private interviews of the master and mistress of the house, great schemes were conceived and elaborated for the purpose of seducing Mrs. Brion's husband to remain in England for good and all. They settled his future for him in what seemed to them an irresistibly attractive way.

When Mr. Yelverton wrote to Paul to ask him to visit them, Patty wrote also to suggest that his precious health might suffer by coming over at such a season, and to advise him to wait until February or March. But the moment her lover had read those letters, he put on his hat and went forth to his office to demand leave for six months, and in a few days was on board the returning mail steamer on his way to England. He did not feel like waiting now—after waiting for two years—and she was not in the least afraid that he would accept her advice.

Paul's answer arrived by post, as he was himself speeding through Europe—not so much absorbed in his mission as to neglect note-making by the way, and able to write brilliant articles on Gambetta's death, and other affairs of the moment, while waiting for boat or train to carry him to his beloved; and it was still only the first week in January when they received a telegram at Yelverton announcing his imminent arrival. Mr. Yelverton himself went to London to meet him, and Elizabeth rolled herself in furs and an opossum rug in her snug brougham and drove to the country railway station to meet them both, leaving Patty sitting by the wood fire in the hall. Mrs. Duff-Scott was in town, and Eleanor with her, trying to see Rossetti's pictures through the murky darkness of the winter days, but in reality bent on giving the long-divided lovers as much as possible of their own society for a little while. The carriage went forth early in the afternoon, with its lamps lighted, and it returned when the cold night had settled down on the dreary landscape at 5 o'clock. Paul, ulstered and comfortered, walked into the dimly-lighted, warm, vast space, hung round with ghostly banners and antlers, and coats of mail, and pictures whereof little was visible but the frames, and marched straight into the ruddy circle of the firelight, where the small figure awaited him by the twinkling tea-table, herself only an outline against the dusk behind her; and the pair stood on the hearth rug and kissed each other silently, while Elizabeth, accompanied by her husband, went to take her bonnet off, and to see how Kingscote junior was getting on.

After that Paul and Patty parted no more. They had a few peaceful weeks at Yelverton, during which the newspaper at Melbourne got nothing whatever from the fertile brain of its brilliant contributor (which, Patty thought, must certainly be a most serious matter for the proprietors); and in which interval they made compensation for all past shortcomings as far as their opportunities, which were profuse and various, allowed. It delighted Paul to cast up at Patty the several slights and snubs that she had inflicted on him in the old Myrtle street days, and it was her great luxury in life to make atonement for them all—to pay him back a hundredfold for all that he had suffered on her account. The number of "soft things" that she played upon the piano from morning till night would alone have set him up in "Fridays" for the two weeks that he had been driven to Mrs. Aaron's for entertainment; and the abject meekness of the little spitefire that he used to know was enough to provoke him to bully her, if he had had anything of the bully in him. The butter-like consistency to which she melted in this freezing English winter time was such as to disqualify her for ever from sitting in judgment upon Elizabeth's conjugal attitude. She fell so low, indeed, that she became, in her turn, a mark for Eleanor's scoffing criticism.

"Well, I never thought to see you grovel to any living being—let alone a man—as you do to him," said that young lady on one occasion, with an impudent smile. "The citizens of Calais are their knees to Edward the Third were trunctantswaggerers by comparison."

"You mind your own business," retorted Patty, with a dash of her ancient spirit. Whereat Nelly rejoined that she would mind it by keeping her fiancé in his proper place when her time came to have a fiancé. She would not let him put a rope round her

neck and tie it to his button-hole like a hat-string. She'd see him first.

February came, and Mrs. Duff-Scott returned, and preparations for the wedding were set going. The fairy godmother was determined to make up for the disappointment she had suffered in Elizabeth's case by making a great festival of the second marriage of the family, and they let her have her wish, the result being that the bride of the poor press-writer had a tressou worthy of that coronet which she had extravagantly thrown away, and presents the list and description of which filled a whole column of the *Yelverton Advertiser*, and made the hearts of all the local maidens burn with envy. In March they were married in Yelverton village church. They went to London for a week and came back for a fortnight; and in April they crossed the sea again, bound for their Melbourne home.

For all the beautiful arrangements that had been planned for them fell through. The Yelvertons had reckoned without their host—as is the incurable habit of sanguine human nature—with the usual result. Paul had no mind to abandon his chosen career and the country that, as a true Australian, he loved and served as he could never love and serve another, because he had married into a great English family; and Patty would not allow him to be persuaded. Though her heart was torn in two at the thought of parting with Elizabeth, and with that precious baby who was Elizabeth's rival in her affections, she promptly and uncomplainingly tore herself from both of them to follow her husband whithersoever it seemed good to him to go.

CHAPTER LII.

PATIENCE REWARDED.

Eleanor, like Patty, withstood the seductions of English life and miscellaneous English admirers, and lived to be Miss Yelverton in her turn, unappropriated and independent. And, like both her sisters, though more by accident than her sisters, though she remained true to her first love, and after seeing the world and supping full of pleasure and luxury, returned to Melbourne and married Mr. Westmoreland. That is to say, Mr. Westmoreland followed her to England, and followed her all over Europe—dogging her from place to place with a steadfast persistence that certainly deserved reward—until the Major and Mrs. Duff-Scott, returning home almost immediately after Patty's marriage and departure, brought their one ewe lamb, which the Yelvertons had not the conscience to immediately deprive them of, back to Australia with them; when her persevering suitor promptly took his passage in the same ship. All this time Mr. Westmoreland had been as much in love as his capacity for the tender passion—much larger than was generally supposed—permitted.

Mr. Westmoreland, being fond of money, as a constitutional and hereditary peculiarity—if you can call that a peculiarity—was tempted to marry it once, when that stout and swarthy person in the satin gown and diamonds exercised her fascinations on him at the club hall, and he could have married it at any time of his bachelor life, the above possessor of it being, like Barkis, "willin'" and even more than "willin'." Her fortune was such that Eleanor's thirty thousand was but a drop in the bucket compared with it, and yet even he did not value it in comparison with the favor of that capricious young lady. So he followed her about from day to day, and from place to place, as if he had no other aim in life than to keep her within sight, making himself an insufferable nuisance to her friends very often, but apparently not offending her by his open and inveterate pursuit. She was not kind, but she was not cruel, and yet she was both in turn to a distracting degree. She made his life an ecstasy of miserable longing for her, keeping him by her side like a big dog on a chain, and feeding him with stones (in the prettiest manner) when he asked for bread. But she grew very partial to her big dog in the process of tormenting him and witnessing his touching patience under it. She was "used to him," she said; and when, from some untoward circumstance over which he had no control, he was for a little while absent from her, she felt the gap he left. She sensibly missed him. Moreover, her heart was torn in two; and when Mrs. Duff-Scott and Kingscote Yelverton respectively aired their opinions of his character and conduct, she instantly went over to his side, and protested in her heart if not in words, against the injustice and opprobrium that he incurred for her sake. So, when Elizabeth became the much-occupied mother of a family, and when Patty was married and gone off into the world with her Paul, Eleanor, left alone in her independence, began to reckon up what it was worth. The spectacle of her sisters' wedded lives gave her pleasant notions of matrimony, and the state of single blessedness, as such, never had any particular charms for her. Was it worth while, she asked herself, to be cruel any more?—and might she not just as well have a house and home of her own as Elizabeth and Patty? Her lover was only a big dog on a chain, but then why shouldn't he be? Husbands were not required to be done over. She didn't want anybody she liked better. She might go farther and fare worse. And—she was getting older every day.

Mrs. Duff-Scott broke in upon these meditations with the demand that she (Eleanor) should return with her to Melbourne, if only for a year or two, so that she should not be entirely bereft and desolate.

"I must start at once," said the energetic woman, suddenly seized with a paroxysm of home sickness and a sense of the necessity to be doing something now that at Yelverton there seemed nothing more to do, and in order to shake off the depressing effect of having been away too long—it is time to be looking after my own business. Besides, I can't allow Patty to remain in that young man's lodgings—full of dusty papers and tobacco smoke, and where, I dare say, she has to get a house at once, and I must be there to see about it, and to help her to choose the furniture. Elizabeth, my darling, you have your husband and child—I am leaving you happy and comfortable—and I will come and see you again in a year or two, or perhaps you and Kingscote will take a trip over yourselves and spend a

winter with us. But I must go now. And do, do—oh, do let me keep Nelly for a little while longer! You know I will take care of her, and I couldn't bear the sight of my house with none of you in it!"

So she went, and of course she took Eleanor, who secretly longed for the land of sunshine after her full dose of "that horrid English climate," and who, with a sister at either end of the world, perhaps missed Patty, who had been her companion by night as well as by day, more than she would miss Elizabeth. The girl was very ready to go. She wept bitterly when the actual parting came, but she got over it in a way that gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Duff-Scott and the major, and relieved all their fears that they had been selfish about bringing her away. They joined the mail steamer at Venice, and there found Mr. Westmoreland on board. He had been summoned by his agent at home he explained; one of his partners wanted to retire, and he had to be there to sign the papers. And since it had so happened that he was obliged to go back by this particular boat, he hoped the ladies would make him useful, and let him look after their luggage and things. Eleanor was properly and conventionally astonished by the curious coincidence, but had known that it would happen just as well as he. The chaperon, for her part, was indignant and annoyed by it—for a little while; afterwards she, too, reflected that Eleanor had spent two unproductive years in England and was growing older every day. Also that she might certainly go farther and fare worse. So Mr. Westmoreland was accepted as a member of the travelling party. All the heavy duties of escort were relegated to him by the major, and Mrs. Duff-Scott sent him hither and thither in a way that he had never been accustomed to. But he was meek and biddable in these days, and did not mind what uses he put his noble self to for his lady's sake. And she was very gracious. The conditions of ship life, at once so favorable and so unfavorable for the growth of tender relations, suited his requirements in every way. She could not snub him under the ever-watchful eyes of their fellow-passengers. She could not send him away from her. She was even a little tempted, by that ingrained vanity of the female heart, to make a display before the other and less favored ladies of the subject-like homage, which she, queen-like, received. Altogether, things went on in a very promising manner. So that when, no farther than the Red Sea—while life seemed, to its simple elements, and the pleasure of having a man to fan her was a comparatively strong sensation—when at this propitious juncture, Mr. Westmoreland bewailed his hard fate for the thousandth time, and wondered whether he should ever have the good fortune to find a little favor in her sight, it seemed to her that this sort of thing had gone on long enough, and that she might as well pacify him and have done with it. So she said, looking at him languidly with her sentimental blue eyes—

"Well, if you'll promise not to bother me any more, I'll think about it." He promised faithfully not to bother her any more, and he did not. But he asked her presently, after fanning her in silence for some minutes, what color she would like her carriage painted, and she answered promptly, "Dark green."

While they were yet upon the sea, a letter—three letters, in fact—were despatched to Yelverton, to ask the consent of the head of the family to the newly-formed engagement, and not long after the party arrived in Melbourne the desired permission was received. Mr. and Mrs. Yelverton had learned the futility of opposition in these matters and having no serious objection to Nelly's choice. And then again Mrs. Duff-Scott plunged into the delight of preparation of trousseau and wedding festivities—quite willing that the "poor dear fellow," as she now called him (having taken him to her capacious heart), should receive the reward of his devotion without unnecessary delay. The house was already there, spick and span family mansion in Toorak, built by Mr. Westmoreland's father, and inherited by himself the first of his kind; and there was nothing to do to that but to arrange the chairs and sofas, and scatter Eleanor's wedding presents over the tables. There was nothing more possible. It was "hopeless," Mrs. Duff-Scott said, surveying the bright and shining rooms through her double eye-glass. Unless it were entirely cleared out, and you started afresh from the beginning, she would defy you to make anything of it. So, as the bridegroom was particularly proud of his furniture, which was both new and costly, and would have scouted with indignation any suggestion of replacing it, Mrs. Duff-Scott abandoned Eleanor aesthetically to her fate. There was nothing to wait for, so the pair were made one with great pomp and ceremony not long after their return to Australia. Eleanor had the grand wedding of them all, and really did wear "woven dew" on the occasion of that extravagant delicacy and preciousness. And now she has settled herself in her great, gay-colored, handsome house, and is already a very fashionable and much-admired and much-sought-after lady—so overwhelmed with her social engagements and responsibilities sometimes that she says she doesn't know what she should do if she hadn't Patty's quiet little house to slip into now and then. But she enjoys it. And she enjoys leading her infatuated husband about with her, like a tame bear on a string, to show people how very, very infatuated he is. It is her idea of married happiness—at present.

CHAPTER LIII.

CONCLUSION.

While Mrs. Westmoreland thus disports herself in the gay world, Mrs. Brion pursues her less brilliant career in much peace and quietness. When she and Paul came back to Australia, a bride and bridegroom, free to follow their own devices unhampered by any necessity to consider the feelings of relatives and friends, nothing would satisfy her but to go straight from the ship to Mrs. McIntyre's, and there temporarily abide in those tobacco-perfumed rooms which had once been such forbidden ground to her. She scoffed at the Oriental; she turned up her nose at the Esplanade; she would not hear of any suites of apartments, no matter how superior they might be. Her idea of perfect luxury was to go and live as Paul had lived, to find out all the little details of his old solitary life which a lifetime she had not dared to inquire into, to rum-

mage boldly over his bookshelves and desk and cupboards, which once it would have been indelicate for her to so much as look at, to revel in the sense that it was improper to linger for her to make just as free as she liked with his defunct bachelorhood, the existing conditions of which had had so many terrors for her. When Paul represented she told him that there was no place in the world so fit, and begged so hard to be taken there, if only for a week or two, that he let her have her way. And a very happy time they spent at No. 7, notwithstanding the many little inconveniences. And even the inconveniences had their charm. Then Mrs. Duff-Scott and Eleanor came out, when it was felt to be time to say good-bye to these humble circumstances—to leave the flowery carpet, now faded and threadbare, the dingy rep suite, and the smirking Cenci over the mantelpiece, for the delectation of lodgers to whom such things were appropriate; and to select a house and furnish it as befitted the occupation of Miss Yelverton that was and her (now) distinguished husband.

By good fortune (they did not say it was good fortune, but they thought it), the old landlord next door saw fit to die at this particular juncture, and No. 6 was advertised to be let. Mr. and Mrs. Brion at once pounced upon the opportunity to secure the old house, which, it seemed to them, was admirably suited to their present modest requirements; and, by the joint exercise of Mrs. Duff-Scott's and Patty's own excellent taste, educated in England to the last degree of modern perfectibility, the purveyors of art furniture in our enlightened city transformed the humble dwelling of less than a dozen rooms into a little palace of esoteric delights. Such a subdued, harmonious brightness, such a refined simplicity, such an unpretentious air of comfort pervades it from top to bottom; and as a study of color, Mrs. Duff-Scott will tell you, it is unique in the Australian colonies. It does her good—even her to go and rest her eyes and her soul in the contemplation of it. Paul has the bureau in his study (and finds it very useful), and Patty has the piano in her drawing-room, its keyboard to a retired corner behind a portiere (draped where once was a partition of folding-doors), and its back, turned outwardly, covered with a piece of South Kensington needlework. In this cosy nest of theirs, where Paul, with a new spur to his energies, works his special lever of the great machine that makes the world go on (when it would fain be lazy and sit down), doing great things for other men if gaining little glory for himself—and where Patty has after-noon teas and evenings that gather together whatever genuine exponents of intellectual culture may be going about, totally eclipsing the attractions of Mrs. Aaron's Fridays to serious workers in the fields of art and thought, without in any way dimming the brilliant light of those entertainments—the married pair seem likely to lead as happy a life as can be looked for in this world of compromises. It will not be all cakes and ale, by any means. The very happiest lives are rarely surfeited with these happy, unwholesome delicacies, and I doubt if theirs will even be amongst the happiest. They are too much alike to be the ideal match. Patty is thin-skinned and passionate, too ready to be hurt to the heart by the mere little pin-pricks and mosquito bites of life; and Paul is proud and crochety, and like the great Napoleon, given to kick the fire with his boots when he is put out. There will be many little clouds of temper, little clouds of misunderstanding, disappointments, and bereavements, and sickness of mind and body; but with all this, they will find their lot so sympathetic that, through all vicissitudes, they will live together, that they will not know how to conceive a better one. And, after all, that is the most one can ask or wish for in this world.

Mrs. Duff-Scott, being thus deprived of all her children, and finding china no longer the substantial comfort to her that it used to be, has fulfilled her husband's darkest predictions and "gone in" for philanthropy. In London she served a short but severe apprenticeship to that noble cause which seeks to remove the curse of past ignorance and cruelty from those to whom it has come down in hereditary entail—those on whose unhappy and degraded lives all the powers of evil held mortgages (to quote a thoughtful writer) before ever the deeds were put into their hands—and who are now preached at, and punished for the crimes that, not they, but their tyrants of the past committed. She took a lesson in that new political economy which is to the old science what the spirit of modern religion is to the ecclesiasticalism which has been the rich and responsible for the poor—that, let these interesting debating clubs that call themselves the people's parliaments say what they like, the moral of the great social problem is that the selfishness of the past must be met by selfishness in the present, if any of us would hope to see good days in the future.

"It will not do," says Mrs. Duff-Scott to her clergyman, who deplores the dangerous opinions that she has imbibed, "to leave these matters to legislation. Of what use is legislation? Here are a lot of ignorant, vain men who know nothing about it, fighting with one another for what they can get, and the hands amongst them who are really anxious for the public good are left nowhere in the scrimmage. It is we who must put our shoulders to the wheel, my dear sir—and the sooner we set about it the better. Look at the state of Europe—she waves her hand abroad—and see what things are coming to! The very heart of those countries is being eaten out by the cancer-growth of Nihilism and all sorts of dreadfulisms, because the poor are getting educated to understand why they are so poor. Look at wealthy England, with more than a million paupers, and millions and millions that are worse than paupers—England is comparatively quiet and orderly under it, and why? Because a number of good people like Mr. Yelverton—the clergyman shakes his head at the mention of this wicked sinner's name—"have given themselves up to struggle honestly and face to face with the evils that nothing but a self-sacrificing and independent philanthropy can touch. I believe that if England escapes the explosion of this fermenting democracy, which is brewing such a revolution as the world has never seen, it will be owing to neither Church nor State—unless Church and State both mend their ways considerably—but to the self-denying

work that is being done outside of them by those who have a single-hearted desire to help, to really help, their wronged and wretched fellow-creatures."

And the man who set her in this good work pursues it himself, not in haste or under fitful and feverish impulses of what we call enthusiasm, but with refreshed energy and redoubled power, by reason of the great "means" that are now at his disposal, the faithful companionship that at once lightens and strengthens the labor of his hands and brain, and the deep passion of love for wife and home which keeps his heart warm with vital benevolence for all the world. Mr. Yelverton has not become more orthodox since his marriage; but that was not to be expected. In these days orthodox and goodness are not synonymous terms. It is doubtful, indeed, if orthodoxy has not rather become the synonym for the opposite of goodness, in the eyes of those who judge trees by their fruits and whose ideal of goodness is to love one's neighbor as one's self. While it is patent to the candid observer that the men who have studied the new book of Genesis which latter-day science has written for us, and have known that Exodus from the land of bondage which is the inevitable result of such study, conscientiously pursued, are, as a rule, distinguished by a large-minded justice and charity, sympathy and self-abnegation, a regard for the sacred ties of brotherhood binding man with man, which being incompatible with the petty meanness and cruelties so largely practiced in sectarian circles, make their unostentatious influence to be felt like sweet and wholesome leaven all around them. Such a man is Elizabeth's husband, and as time goes on she ceases to wish for any change in him save that which means progression in his self-determined course. It was not lightly that he flew in the face of the religious traditions of his youth; rather did he crawl heavily and unwillingly away from them, in irresistible obedience to a conscience so sensitive and well-balanced that it ever pointed in the direction of the truth, like the magnetic needle to the pole, and in which he dared to trust absolutely, no matter how dark the outlook seemed. And now that, after much search, he has found his way, as far as he may hope to find it in this world, he is too intently concerned to discover what may be ahead of him, and in store for those who will follow him, to trouble himself and others with irrelevant trifles—to indulge in spite and jealousies, in ambitions that lead nowhere, in quarrels and controversies about nothing—to waste his precious strength and faculties in the child's play that with so many of us is the occupation of life, and like other child's play, full of pinches and scratches and selfish squabbling over trumpery toys. The one who has learned that "the hope of nature is in man," and something of what great nature is, and what man should be, no longer exists much temptation to envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness, or any other of the vulgar vices of predatory humanity, not yet cured of its self-seeking propensities. He is educated above that level. His recognition of the brotherhood of men, and their common interests and high destiny, makes him feel for others in their differences with him, and patient and forbearing with those whose privileges have been fewer and whose light is less than his.

Elizabeth is a happy woman, and she knows it well. It seems to her that all the prosperity and comfort that she should have been her mother's has, like the enormous wealth that she inherits, been accumulating at compound interest, through the long years representing the lapsed generation, where, in a remote nook, a moss-grown column stands to mark the spot where a little twig, a hair's breadth lack of space, was enough to destroy one strong life and ruin another, and to entail such tremendous consequences upon so many people, living and unborn; and she frequently drives to Bradenham Abbey to call on or to dine with her step-uncle's wife, and sees the stately environment of her mother's goldsmith—the "beautiful rooms with the gold Spanish leather on the walls," the "long gallery with the painted windows and the slippery oak floor and the thirty seven family portraits all in a row,"—which she contrasts with the bark-roofed cottage on the sea cliff within whose walls that beautiful and beloved woman afterwards lived and died. And then she goes home to Yelverton to her husband and baby, and asks what she has done to deserve to be so much better off than those who went before her?

And yet, perhaps, if all accounts were added up, the sum total of loss and profit on those respective investments that we make, or that are made for us, of our property in life, would not be found to differ so very much, one case with another. We can neither suffer nor enjoy beyond a certain point. Elizabeth is rich beyond the dreams of avarice in all that to such a woman is precious and desirable, and happy in her choice and lot beyond her utmost expectations. Yet not so happy as to have nothing to wish for—happy as we know, as well as Patty, means "too happy to last." There is that hunger for her absent sisters, which tries in vain to satisfy itself in weekly letters of prodigious length, left as a sort of hostage to fortune, a valuable if not altogether trustworthy security for the safety of her dearest possessions.

THE END.

A Traveler Rejoicing.

Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888: Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can testify to its peculiarly curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." GEORGE GREGG, Traveller for J. C. Ayer & Co.

Never Touched Her.

Diggs—I found a pretty caustic mother-in-law joke in the paper and showed it to my wife's mother. Figs—What did she say? Diggs—She laughed, and said she supposed there were just such mothers-in-law in the world.

Men who feel "run down" and "out of sorts," whether from mental worry, overwork, excesses or indiscretions will find a speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All dealers.

VanAll—Say! Burton, I've got a new sister. Burton—You don't say! Come let's have something. When did it happen? VanAll—Last night about 11.45. I proposed.

BACKBONE AND GRIT

The Story of a Brave Boy's Struggle with Poverty.

The stage has gone, sir, but there's a widow lives here, and she's got a boy, and he'll drive you over. He's a nice little fellow, and Deacon Ball lets him have his team for a trifle, and we like to get him a job when we can.

It was a hot day in July. Away up among the hills that make the lower slope of the Monadnock Mountain a friend lay very ill. In order to reach his temporary home one must take an early train to the nearest station, and trust to the lumbering old coach that made a daily trip to K—

The train was late; the stage, after waiting some time, was gone. The landlord of the little white hotel appeared in his shirt-sleeves, and leaning his elbow on the balcony rail dropped down on the hot and thirsty traveller what comfort could be extracted from the opening sentence of my sketch.

"Would we not come in and have some dinner?" "Yes." "Would he send for the deacon's team?" "Yes." "And the boy?" "Yes." "And the deacon?" "Yes."

And the dinner was eaten and the team came round—an open buggy and an old white horse, and just as we were seated the door of a little brown house across the way opened and out rushed the "widow's boy."

In his mouth was the last morsel of his dinner; he had evidently learned how to "eat and run." His feet were clad in last winter's much-worn boots, whose wrinkled legs refused to stay within the limits of his narrow and faded trousers. As his legs flew forward his arms flew backward in an ineffectual struggle to get himself inside of a jacket much too short in the sleeves.

"There he is," said the hostler, "that's the Widow Beebe's boy. I told him I'd hold the horse while he went home to get a bite."

The horse did not look as if he needed to be held, but the hostler got his dime, and the boy approached in time to relieve my mind as to whether he would conquer that jacket or the jacket would conquer him and turn him wrongside out.

He was sun-burned and freckled, large-mouthed and red-haired—a homely, plain, ruddy little Yankee boy; and yet, as we rode through the deep summer bloom and fragrance of the shaded road, winding up the low hills in the glow of the afternoon sun, I learned such a lesson from the little fellow as I shall not soon forget.

Sometimes I wish I could have sprung all the way from a baby to a man. Its such slow work growing up, and it was while mother was waiting for us to grow up that she worked hard.

"But, my boy, you cannot expect to be a son and daughter and mother all in one. You cannot do the work for a whole family."

"Yes, I can; it isn't much, and I am going to do it and the work my father left undone. I'm going to pay that mortgage, if I live."

"Heaven grant you may," I said, fervently, under my breath, "for not many mothers have such a son."

"Mother don't know I mean to do it, and she is very anxious I should go to school, and the boys in my class are studying, and I get me out of the book while I am washing the dishes or doing her work, and we have great fun. I try to remember and repeat it, and if we come to anything we can't make out I take it over to the teacher in the evening; she is very kind—she tells me."

Very kind! Who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? I felt the tears coming to my eyes at such a sudden vision of this son doing girl's work, while his poor old mother held the book in her twisted hands and tried to help him to learn.

But all this does not earn money, my boy. How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?"

"Oh, I don't do girl's work all day; no, indeed! I have worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall down by the river; and Deacon Ball let me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he let me have this team for almost nothing; and I pay to him whatever I make. And I work on the farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell the milk at the tavern; and we have some hens, too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the sheds for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people about here who haven't any boys," he added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of his whip.

After this we fell into silence and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us ever nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of his rugged strength—one of the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun"; but I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side with a sort of recognition of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff were in them both. It was only a fancy, but it came back to me the next day, for when I came back to town after seeing my invalid friend, I called on Deacon Ball. He kept the village store and owned a pretty house and was evidently very well to do. Naturally we talked of John, and the Deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

"Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I'm going to take this money, do you? The only son of his mother and she a widow, and all tied up into double book-knots with the rheumatism besides! True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife, she says, says she to me, 'Well, Deacon, my dear, we've not got a child, and shall be just as well off a paws cent; but 'cording to my calculation, it's better to let the boy think he's payin'. She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin' as to keep that boy from workin'.' It's the mother in him and it's got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, Mand and me. I did before I ever saw Mand, but for all that we hold the mortgage and Johnny wants to work it out. Mand and me, we are going to let him work."

I turned away, for I was going to sup at Johnny's house; but before I went I asked the Deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

"Well, I don't know; Mandy knows—I pass it to her—she keeps the book. Drop in before you go to the train and I'll show it to you."

I dropped in and the Deacon showed me the account. It was the Deacon of a savings bank in a neighboring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid; and I saw they were standing to the Widow Beebe's name.

THE CENSUS RETURNS.

Official Bulletin Issued as to Ontario's Population.

THE GAINS AND THE LOSSES.

From these figures the first official data as to the movements of the farming population in the last decade are obtainable. The census was taken on April 1st, and the first official bulletin was issued August 27th. It enumerated the population of the cities, towns, villages and electoral districts. The more detailed information now furnished shows the portions of the Province which have grown in numbers, and the localities which have suffered in this respect.

For the purpose of comparison the statistician has grouped the counties according to their geographical position, those contiguous to Lake Ontario being called the Lake Ontario group, those bordering on the St. Lawrence and Ottawa being denominated the St. Lawrence and Ottawa group, and so on. Of the fifty counties thus grouped, twenty-nine show increases and twenty-one show decreases. The Lake Ontario group has been the most prosperous, showing an increase of 88,631. Next comes the St. Lawrence and Ottawa group with a growth of 28,970. Close after this is the Northern group, whose population exceeds that of 1881 by 37,784. The Lake Huron counties have lost 1,444, while the West Central district suffers to the extent of 840. In the counties surrounding Lake Erie there has been a moderate growth of 6,594. The Eastern Central counties have an increased population of 7,883, while the counties adjoining Georgian Bay have grown by 10,675.

POPULATION OF THE COUNTIES.

The figures given of the population of the counties of Ontario (including the cities in them) in 1891 as compared with 1881 and 1871 are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Year (1871, 1881, 1891) and various county names like Lake Erie Group, Lake Huron Group, Georgian Bay Group, etc.

REASONS ASSIGNED FOR DECREASES. The reasons given by the statistician for the decreases in the 21 counties in Ontario, which aggregate 42,800 since last census, are: 1. The difference in the mode of counting the people. 2. The movement of population along the lines observed in every civilized country, viz., (a) westward to the virgin soil, and (b) from the rural parts of the cities and towns. 3. The introduction of agricultural machinery, doing away to a certain extent with hired help. 4. The denudation of the forest covering. 5. The opening of new territory by railroads. 6. The development of mining industry.

Arrested in Oshawa.

William Duplex and Joseph Maroney, two of Gurney's maulers, were found guilty of intimidating their fellow-workmen in May, 1890. Duplex and Maroney ran across one of the jurymen while they were out on bail awaiting sentence. The jurymen, whose name is John Henry, was thrashed soundly. The affair took place at the corner of Simcoe and Adelaide streets. Maroney was arrested and sentenced to eighteen months in the Central Prison, but Duplex escaped. He was arrested yesterday in Oshawa, where his wife lives, and last night Detective Alf Cuddy brought him back to this city, and locked him up in No. 1 Police station for the night.—Toronto Mail.

Salt the Best Moth-Killer.

For moths salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers when dying often leave there quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers, which were sent there for pillow-making, and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were altogether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now.—Chicago Herald.

—The Arctic Ocean is yellow.

TOLD BY PERSONALS.

The Pathetic Tale of a Domestic Quarrel Told in Little Ads.

"GEORGE'S" APPEAL TO "JULIE."

(From Buffalo Sunday News.) New York, Oct. 17.—During the past ten days a series of peculiar personal advertisements has appeared in the World addressed to "Julie" and signed "George." The first appeared on October 7th. It was this:

JULIE—The uncertainty of where you may be is breaking our hearts; come back to a better home and husband. Geo.

George evidently feared that this appeal would not be strong enough, for he inserted another in the same edition of the World:

JULIE—Do not believe malicious falsehoods, your satisfaction; do not break up our home, but come back to the babies and me. Geo.

Mother was gone and the little babes were crying for her. George couldn't soothe them. They wanted a mother's caresses to quiet to sleep. But Julie didn't return. Perhaps babies wanted her.

Twenty-four hours passed; and then George hurried to the World office and ordered the personals republished with this additional one:

JULIE—George will be ruined unless you return; he has had to close business, as all property is in your name. Alfred.

Notes are coming due which cannot be paid. There is money in the bank; there houses and lots, but George cannot touch a penny, because it is all in his wife's name.

Oct. 9 George inserted these two new personals in the World:

JULIE—The uncertainty of where you are is breaking my heart; can you not longer baby call continually for you; come back to a repentant husband and your neglected babies; let me see you at New York Postoffice, general delivery. G.

JULIE—I told you untruths; can you not more; am in despair; I am awake at last and find the world a blank without you; come back and the future shall be as the first years of our married life. GEORGE.

George's father also takes a hand. He does not want to see George a bankrupt, so he inserts this stern personal, which he thinks will bring Julie home:

JULIE—George has obligations to meet that necessitate your signature at once. Do your duty to your children and your securities are in your name. Father-in-law.

But if Julie could withstand the piteous appeal of George and the motherless babies, the stern command of a father-in-law would not move her. On Oct. 10 George inserted no personals. He went to his wife's family and friends. They gave him no hope. He telegraphed to distant relatives, but their replies brought no relief. When he returned home the babies were crying. The next morning the World contained the following:

JULIE—Do not believe those malicious falsehoods; I said what was not so and cannot prove it to your satisfaction; do not break up our home, but come back to babies and me; I am in despair and fear for my reason; do not let me plead in vain, but communicate with me; send for letter at New York Postoffice, general delivery. Geo.

JULIE—I am alone with our babies; come and help me; we have both suffered; nothing is known as yet. Geo.

But Julie does not answer. Friends sympathize with him, but George grows more despondent. He tries to end his life with his revolver, but his aim is not sure. He cannot work, he can only wander about the streets looking for Julie. His clerks are discharged and his office doors locked the greater part of the time. He abandons the newspapers for a day or two and watches the woman's general delivery window at the New York Post-office. He told his troubles to Postmaster Van Cott, who gave the watchman orders not to interfere with him. But no letter from Julie. Newspaper reporters are looking for George, but he employs men to watch the general delivery window and carry his advertisements to papers. Hundreds of dollars were spent, but George only threw his money away. Yesterday the World contained the following:

JULIE—Send for letter to-day. Geo.

JULIE—Millie and I are alone with the children; cannot stand it much longer. Call for letter at General Delivery, New York Post-office.

Here is the story. It is commonplace enough until the denouement is reached of the bitterness of which the public has been able to judge by the pitiful newspaper appeals.

Nos. 71, 73 and 75 Jackson avenue, Long Island City, is a handsome five-story brick structure owned by Roswell P. Flower's son-in-law. The ground floor offices at 75 are occupied by Real Estate Dealer George E. Payne. The offices are the handsomest in the building, and Mr. Payne employs four clerks. He is the agent for a large portion of Mr. Flower's real estate on Long Island and has a well-established business. The income from his per cents, on rentals alone amounts to \$300 each month. Besides this Mr. Payne is the most prominent insurance agent in Long Island City, and speculates heavily in real estate.

The latter investments have proved successful and Mr. Payne, although only 30 years old, is considered one of the wealthy business men of the city. He is popular, too, and came very close to being nominated for member of Assembly on the Democratic ticket last fall. He was defeated by James McKenna. Besides this, Mr. Payne is an athlete and has a score of medals and cups he won as a sprinter several years ago.

Seven years ago he married Julie Bethert, the daughter of a wealthy Long Islander. Mrs. Payne proved to be a thorough-going business woman, and to show his confidence in her Mr. Payne made her his treasurer. All the deeds to his real estate were made out in her name, and even the bank deposits were credited to her. The Paynes own an elegant three-story brown stone house at 259 Nott avenue, besides several other parcels of real estate. They keep a horse and carriage and live in good style. They have two girls, one four and the other one year old.

Mr. Payne's business keeps him away from home quite frequently until late at night. His wife complained of neglect and finally told her husband that it was not business, but female society that kept him

away so much. On Oct. 5th Mr. Payne returned home about 10 o'clock at night. One word led to another in the conversation that followed, until Mrs. Payne accused her husband of neglect and not loving her. He retorted, hotly:

"Have it so if you wish."

"If it were not for our children I would leave you," exclaimed Mrs. Payne. "I will take care of them," answered the husband.

"All right. I will go away so far you will never see me."

"I would make her life so happy she would not leave. It was all my fault in answering her so roughly as I did."

Finally George sent a letter to the General Delivery Postoffice in this city for his wife, and advertised to that effect in the World. He went to Postmaster Van Cott and readily obtained permission to stand near the general delivery window. From early in the morning until late at night he watched. He employed a detective to trace his wife's flight. All that the detective could ascertain was that Mrs. Payne went to the savings bank in Greenwood where she kept \$1.15 in the bank. There were several thousand dollars to her credit in the other banks, but she did not touch the money.

All the real estate and bank deposits are in Payne's wife's name, and he cannot touch a dollar. His business necessitates the use of collateral security, and now he finds he has nearly \$4,000 in notes to pay without any money to pay them. The day before his wife left he deposited \$2,000 in the bank, but this, of course, he cannot touch, as it is deposited in his wife's name.

The financial part of the matter George cares but little about. He has lost his wife. His father, A. T. Payne, a prominent lawyer of Long Island City, takes a different view of the matter. He hates to see his son become a bankrupt, a thing which seems inevitable, unless Julie returns, or help comes from some quarter. Mr. Flower, who has great confidence in Mr. Payne, was informed of the circumstances, and promptly sent word to him that he fully sympathized with him.

A strange feature of the case is the secrecy with which the affair has been kept. Not even Payne's next door neighbors know that Mrs. Payne has run away. They think that she is on a visit to the country.

There were four clerks in the real estate office a few weeks ago. Yesterday there was but one. Payne himself does not go near the office.

"I shall continue my search for my wife until I find her," he said to a World reporter.

The reporter called at the Payne residence yesterday afternoon. The interior of the house is elegantly furnished. The two little girls were there. "I want my mamma," the elder one said.

Mrs. Payne is described as tall and stout, with dark hair and eyes. The Paynes do not believe she has committed suicide, but are inclined to think she has gone into service in some family in the suburbs of New York.

A History Behind Three Lines.

St. Catharines Standard: A three line item in yesterday's issue of the Standard had hidden beneath it a story which is seldom met with in real life. The item read:

Miss Galt, daughter of Judge Galt, conducted the meeting of the Salvation Army here yesterday afternoon.

That is all it said, yet it might have given the lady's history in columns. She is the daughter of Chief Justice Sir Thomas Galt, and was reared and educated like any other young lady of her station. She is still young, 26 or 27, handsome and refined. Several years ago, while other girls of her age were still thinking of balls and parties she decided to give herself up to the Master. She at once acted on that decision and entered the ranks of the Salvation Army as a soldier. All she had she gave to the work and in the service she had entered she labored and lived as those more humbly born. She was sent to Montreal, and during the cold winter following her conversion, she who had been raised in luxury, lived in a fireless uncarpeted room, cheered only by the grand work she was doing. And ever since she has lived and worked as she began, dead in earnest in the work of Him whose call she answered.

Paid in Kind.

A Hoosier lad of 12 years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate.

"Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything for cuttin' the wood?"

"Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day for doin' it."

"What you goin' to do with yer money?"

"Oh, she's savin' it fer me, and when I get enough she's goin' to get me a new ax."

The Kid and the Wolf.

A wolf was one day standing high on the roof of a shed when a kid came trotting by. The wolf thought the kid would make a nice dinner. "I think," said the wolf complacently, "that you may as well say your prayers." "Come off de roof," replied the kid jeeringly. At this the wolf abandoned the idea of killing him. "A kid as tough as that," he reasoned, "would certainly be very poor eating." Moral: A judicious impudence is often useful in this wicked world.—Seattle Soundings.

Slight Acquaintance.

Mrs. De Riche (who has been trying to snub Trotter)—Are you really going to the Schuyler Van Pelts' dinner? Why, I didn't imagine that you knew them.

Trotter (carelessly)—Aw—yes—know them slightly. Going to marry their daughter, you know.

When Queen Victoria's head gardener left her service recently the Queen presented him with a superb silver tea service as a token of the esteem in which she held him.

Great Britain and Ireland last year drank 567,000,000 gallons of beer, 42,000,000 gallons more than were consumed in Germany.

An English religious paper recently printed the following remarkable advertisement: "A cultured, earnest, godly young man desires a pastorale. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organizer. Tall, and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary, \$120.

NOW — IS THE — TIME To Do Your Papering

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

J. A. HACKING,
Druggist and Bookseller,
LISTOWEL, ONT.

Country Talk.

Donegal.

James Dickson, jr., of this village, one of the grand jurors at the Perth Assizes, was so much impressed with what he saw at the Stratford General Hospital on the occasion of his official visit to it, that before leaving the city he called upon the Honorary Secretary and made a contribution of \$10 to its funds.

Grey.

Miss Lottie Hill and Miss Bella Smith were visiting at Wingham last week. The Lowe farm, containing 100 acres of land, good brick house, &c., was sold on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 23, to Jno. Lowe for the sum of \$2,800. It is considered a great bargain.

Miss Lizzie McLaughlin, who is now attending the Clinton Model school, has been engaged to teach the junior department of the "Londesboro" public school for 1892, as successor to Miss Dewar. Miss McLaughlin has proven herself a good student and will no doubt make a No. 1 school mam.

Poole.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Chicago, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Large last week. Mrs. J. Kines visited her daughters, Marion and Jennie, last week. Her daughters are students at the Listowel High school.

Honey Grove cheese factory closes for the season on Wednesday of this week. Mr. Gray has this season, as usual, sustained his high reputation as a cheesemaker, the cheese during the whole season having commanded the highest price. Mr. Gray goes to Stratford for the winter to take a position in Mr. Whyte's store, and his assistant in the factory, Miss Maggie McCoag, will remain in Poole.

Logan.

Quarterly meeting at Monkton circuit was held in Bethesda church last Sunday, quite a number being present from other appointments. Mr. Erwin preached a very appropriate sermon for the occasion, and the holy sacrament was administered by the pastor, who is somewhat recruiting his health. We hope to see him fully restored in a short time.

The saw mill on the boundary of Logan and McKillop, owned by John Bennewiss, was burned to the ground on Friday evening. The cause of the fire is unknown, as the foreman claims to have left everything in perfect order. The insurance on the building is \$1,500, which will not nearly cover the loss, the machinery costing \$9,000 when first put in.

Listowel.

Lamont Bros. have removed their music store into R. Martin's new building opposite the Standard office. Their new premises are very attractive.

Richard Strong brought a wagon load of Swede turnips into town last week, which were something immense in size. There were 160 turnips in the load, and would average at least 15 lbs. each, several of them weighing 18, 20, 21 and 22 lbs., and one went 24 lbs. They were the largest lot turnips yet brought to town, and were grown on John Strong's farm, in the fifth concession of Wallace.

A telegram was received from T. E. Hay, at Portage la Prairie, Thursday of last week, stating that his case had been thrown out of court. Mr. Hay was charged with breaking open a car at Neepawa and taking goods therefrom belonging to himself, the Railway Co. having detained the goods in question for having been shipped as settlers' effects, when in reality they were merchandise. Mr. Hay's friends here will be pleased to learn that the court did not take a serious view of the matter.

POLICE COURT.—Inspector Hopkins laid complaint against A. J. Keillor for watering, and John Twambly for skimming milk sent to the Elma factory. Keillor explained that one morning he found the can partly upset in the tub and some milk in the water and supposed some water may have got into the milk. Mrs. Twambly acknowledged having taken cream for porridge but no one had even told her she ought not to do so. Each fined \$5 and costs. On Wednesday of last week Inspector Miller charged Chas. Coghlin with sending milk from which cream had been removed to the Wallace factory. He admitted having taken some and was fined \$20 and \$3 costs.

Elma.

Snow fell on Wednesday afternoon. S.S. No. 4 school report is held over until next week.

Phineas Priest, 8th con., has secured a situation with Wm. McDonald, of Newton. Success.

Thos. Sherwin has bought a fine colt from Jacob Long, of this township. Tommy is a lover of horse flesh.

The Monkton Methodist people are hard at work delivering stone for the parsonage foundation. Mr. Adair has the contract for the work, which will be completed in a few days.

Mrs. John Clark (nee Miss Mary Alice Hamilton), of St. Cloud, Minn., arrived home last Friday evening. Judging from appearances, John has been good to her. We hope she may enjoy her visit to the old homestead.

John Hanna, of Henfryn, met with a bad accident the other day. The colt he was driving ran away with him, and as he fell from the sulky the animal kicked him in the face, cutting his chin so badly that it had to be stitched. Mr. Hanna is recovering nicely, we are glad to know, although he feels the effects of the blow keenly when driving against the wind.

The death of E. G. Harris, who had received a stroke of paralysis on the week previous, took place on Saturday, Oct. 24, in Listowel. The deceased was well known in Elma township, he having resided on the farm of the Elma cheese factory for a number of years. He formerly resided in Oxford county, near Ingersoll, and was a leading stock raiser of that neighborhood.

The people in the locality of Monkton are speculating as to who will be Reeve of Elma for 1892. It is a question hard to answer, but as one man says, "I care not who gets in if they will only repair the road on the 16th con., east of the gravel, which is a disgrace to the Council and a great inconvenience to the ratepayers of the south end of the township." We hope the township fathers will look into this matter.

MARRIED.—A pleasant event took place at the residence of A. J. Keillor, Newry, on Wednesday of last week, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Annie D., to Wm. J. Moore, a promising young mechanic, of Stratford. Rev. Mr. Henderson tied the nuptial knot. The young couple enter upon their new life under most favorable circumstances, and the best wishes of their numerous friends go with them for their future happiness. THE BEE adds its congratulations.

SCHOOL REPORT.—The following is the report of the standing of the pupils of U. S. S. No. 2 for the month of October:—Junior 4th Class—Annie Brisbin, Charle Brisbin, Mand Mann, Senlie 3rd Class—Annie Sanderson, Bennie Everall, Bella Urquhart, Junior 3rd Class—Ester Marks, Lizzie Marks, Jessie Milburn, Willie Sanderson, Jessie Urquhart, Annie Martin, Ernest Stapleton. Senior 2nd Class—Henry Sanderson, Fannie Milburn, Junior 2nd Class—Solomon Weber, Lizzie Dippel, Mabel Mann, Lizzie Chapman. Senior Part II—Thomas Barnett, Martha Marks. Miss IDA McBAIN, Teacher.

DASHED TO DEATH.—The Listowel Standard reports:—A most deplorable accident, resulting in the almost instant death of two able-bodied workmen, occurred at the Listowel furniture factory on Monday morning, Oct. 26, and what makes the accident still more deplorable is the fact that had ordinary judgment been used it would not have occurred.

Alex. Hurd, of Elma, the sub-contractor for the frame work of the new furniture factory, had a number of men working with him on Monday, among them being Thos. Bailey and Theophilus Little, both of Elma township. These workmen were preparing to put the cornice on the tower, which is upwards of fifty feet high. A scaffold—if the risks their lives could be called such—was erected by running planks out of the circular windows near the top of the tower, these planks being spiked together on the inside of the tower, but not braced or made secure in any other way. A couple of planks, to form a platform on the four sides of the tower, were laid across the planks running out from the window. This, however, did not raise the men high enough to work at the cornice; so some bunches of shingles were procured and at either end of the planks a bunch was laid flat and another bunch set on its end on top of the flat one. On these shingles were placed other planks, and on this death-trap the two unfortunate men got to proceed with their work. Scarcely had they reached the upper platform of the scaffold on the south side of the tower when Jacob Large, who was on the ground beneath them, called to them that the scaffold was not safe. But his warning came too late. An instant later the scaffold fell, and the two men were plunged to the earth with it. Mr. Large barely escaping from being killed by the falling plank, one of which struck him on the heel as he ran in getting out of the way. Two children who were near the spot when the scaffold fell, also had a narrow escape. The workmen around the building and others quickly gathered round, and were horrified to find the two men insensible and dying. Mr. Little, the younger man, only gave a few gasps and all was over with him. Mr. Bailey was still living when picked up, and was carried into Mr. Fisher's house close by. Drs. Parke and Philip being on hand almost immediately after the accident, and doing all that could be done for him; but he only lived about twenty minutes. Death in both cases was evidently caused by internal injuries, no limbs, apparently, being broken by the fall. It was a heart-rending scene when members of the family came into town and saw one of their household, who had only left home a few hours before in excellent health and spirits, now lying cold in death. The melancholy affair shocked the whole community. Surely such a dreadful accident will put a stop to careless scaffold building in this neighborhood at least.

Monkton.

Rev. Mr. Erwin has charge of Rev. Mr. Brandon's work on the Monkton circuit, on account of the latter's illness.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—On Monday evening of this week, Henry Heller and wife, lot 7, con. 16, Elma, celebrated their golden wedding. The couple, who for half a century have shared each other's joys and sorrows, were married in Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, in 1841, and emigrated to Canada in 1847, settling in the new town of Berlin. They have been residents of Elma township since 1869. Six children, one son and five daughters, were born to them. There are thirteen grand children and two great grand children. On Monday evening there were present their two daughters and son Conrad, six grand children and one great grand child, besides about twenty five intimate friends of the family, including Rev. Mr. Brandon and wife. Numerous appropriate presents were presented to the old couple as tokens of the love and esteem in which they are held by those who know them best. May they be spared to enjoy many more years of wedded happiness. Few couples, in the brief span allotted to man, are thus permitted to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

Ethel.

Try THE BEE for 1892. Miss Sharp has gone on a visit to Michigan.

D. D. Crittenden, of Blyth, was visiting here last week.

A number from this locality attended Division Court in Brussels.

The farmers are busy with their turnips. They report a good crop.

Mrs. Murray, of Logan, is visiting at Mr. Greensides for a few weeks.

The anniversary sermon of the C. O. F. was preached last Sunday by Rev. D. B. McKee. He based his remarks upon Isaiah 58:10. Delegations were present from the surrounding lodges.

The re-opening services of the Methodist church will be held next Sunday. Rev. Mr. Rupert, chairman of the District, will preach. A public entertainment may be held on the Monday evening following.

At the last regular meeting of the C. O. F., after the general routine of business was gone through with, the following officers were elected:—C. R. Wm. Spence; V. C. R., Geo. Imlay; R. S., E. Sanders; F. S., Robt. Barr; Treas., Wm. Routly; S. W., John Eckmire; J. W., John Sanders; I. B. S. Nichol; O. B., Alex. Kellnar.

Brussels.

Thos. Hall talks of starting a restaurant and confectionery store in the Stretton block.

Two billiard tables have been placed in the south room in the Queen's Hotel by A. J. Cousins.

Some of the young men of Brussels are talking up a ball to take place about Thanksgiving day.

Brussels salt works have been receiving a thorough overhauling by the proprietor, T. T. Coleman.

It is hinted, with a large measure of probability, that two more of our citizens have gone "over the river," and are now safely landed in the land where duns never reach and bailiffs can't come.

Somebody had the nerve to partially open the switch in connection with the electric light wires at the Central Hotel the other evening, and the result soon produced fire. The matter was set right by L. O'Connor.

The Orangemen of Brussels Lodge purpose celebrating the 5th of November by holding a social in their Hall, commencing at 7.30 o'clock p. m. Adresses are expected from Rev. W. T. Cluff, Rev. G. F. Salton, Rev. J. L. Kerr, Postmaster Farrow and others. Music will be supplied by T. A. Hawkins.

The annual meeting of Brussels Branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society will be held in the Methodist church, in this place, on Thursday, Nov. 26th, commencing at 7.30 o'clock. Rev. J. M. Smith, agent of the Society, will be present and address the meeting. Music will be supplied by the choir of the church.

A convention of Liberal Conservatives of East Huron was held at Brussels on October 25th, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the House of Commons, W. H. Clegg, president, in the chair. On motion of A. H. Musgrove, seconded by P. Kelly, it was decided to postpone the selection of a candidate for the present.

Some of our residents are of the opinion that the small headstone left at the marble works should be placed in Victoria Park with some suitable poetic contribution, sacred to the memory of the "friends fondly cherished who have passed on before." We believe they have gone to a warmer clime—California—"Gone but not forgotten."

\$1,123 COLLECTION.—At the last meeting of the Guelph Conference permission was given to the trustee board of the Methodist church to canvas the Conference for subscriptions to relieve them of some of the heavy debt against them on condition that the Brussels congregation would subscribe \$1,000. Early in the Conference year the pastor and people decided to take up a special collection the first Sunday in November. Dr. Griffin, of Galt, preached both morning and evening. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Salton, after giving a statement of the financial condition of the church, asked for a liberal collection; in response to the appeal over \$900 was placed on the plates. In the evening this amount was increased to \$1,123 in cash. The people of the congregation are to be congratulated for the liberality they displayed, and we hope that when the energetic pastor appeals to sister congregations he will meet with an equally hearty response.

A Boom at the Golden Lion

— LISTOWEL —

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

WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE US.

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

CARSON & MCKEE,

The old reliable Golden Lion, Listowel.

Business Cards.

MEDICAL.

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

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

DENTAL.

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

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

W. M. BRUCE, L. D. S., DENTIST,

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

AUCTIONEERS.

C. H. MERYFIELD,

Licensed auctioneer for the County of Perth, 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 this office will be attended to promptly.

Money to Loan.

At Lowest Rates of Interest.

CONSUMPTION.

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

New Goods!

— FOR —

FALL & WINTER

In Dry Goods we are showing New Flannels, Hosiery, Flamelettes, Shirts and Drawers, Gloves, &c. We have also a new stock of Boots and Shoes and Rubbers. In short, every line is now complete, and "a word to the wise is sufficient."

Mrs. M. Harvey.

STAR LIVERY

ATWOOD, ONTARIO.

The Star Livery is equipped with first class rigs, fast and gentle drivers, and in every way adapted to meet the requirements of the travelling public. Terms reasonable. Stables opposite Loerger's hotel. 27th W. D. GILCHRIST, Prop.



Reliable Goods

— AT —

RIGHT PRICES!

WHERE to find them is what is troubling people to day. Hear ye what Bonnett & Bowyer have to tell: If you need anything in the

STOVE LINE!

Come to us, we have a full house bought for Cash.

BONNETT & BOWYER,

Main St. Bridge, Listowel.

BE A MAN



Laconon in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who pines under the effects of disease, excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. WE CAN cure you by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, unfailing treatment at home for **Lost or Failing Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored.** Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen **WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY.** Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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