Creeping up the Stairs.

In the softly falling twilight Of a Weary, weary day, With a quiet step I entered Where the children were at play; I was brooding o'er some trouble, That had met me unawares, When a little voice came ringing,

" Me is creepin' up a stairs!"

Ah! it touched the tenderest heart-string With a breath and force divine, And such melodies awakened As mere words can ne'er define; And I turned to see your darling, All forgetful of my cares, When I saw the little creature

Step by step she bravely clambered On per little hands and knees, Keeping up a constant chattering Like a magpie in the trees, Till at last she reached the topmost, When o'er all her world's affairs Ehe, delighted, stood a victor, After creeping up the stairs.

blowly creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image Of man's brief and struggling life, Whose best prizes must be captured With a noble, earnest strife; Onward, upward reaching ever. Bending to the weight of cares, Hoping, fearing, still expecting, We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet, By their side may be no rail: Hands and knees may often pain us And the heart may almost fail: Still above there is the glory Which no sinfulness impairs, With its rest and joy forever, After creeping up the stairs.

WITHERED BOUQUET.

A gay party of young people were playing eroquet upon the smoothly-shaven lawn of Godfrey Stanmore's aristocratic country seat.

The shining waters rolled at the foot of the lawn, and many a hard-hit ball sprang over the light iron fence to float merrily down the sunny ripples.

Over the heads of the players stately trees met to shade them from the rays of the July gup. Ethel Stanmore, only child and heirers o

this estate, was leader and chief promoter o all the gay meetings for miles around. It was her ingenuity that contrived out-

door theatrical and tableaux, with natural scenery for background and wings. It was Ethel who made up the most da-

lightful of pic-nics and the gayest of parties. She was always discovering cozy little nooks for luncheons, tiny, half-hidden waterfalls for actists, berry patches for the girls, and brooks for the boys. Nobody had such ferneries and aquaris

such mosses and hanging baskets, as Ethel. She was pretty, too, in a graceful winning form, and was lively, good-tempered, and s little bit of a coquette. Suitors were certainly not wanting to en

courage this vanity, and the gay little lady flittered from one pleasure to another, certain of attention and devotion wherever she moved.

As she knocked the croquet balls about, on the sunny afternoon of which I write, one of the most devoted cavaliers, playing against her, was evidently much absorbed in studying the effect of green and gold, as illus trated by the little beauty's ribbons and curis.

He was a tall young man, broad-chested, strong-limbed, with curling brown hair and large blue eyes, and a mouth uniting strength and sweetness in a rare degree, as his dieposition united a man's power with the spirit hope. of a boy.

He could meet Ethel Stanmore upon equal ground of position, wealth and birth, and a very promising flirtation had sprung up

between them. Lookers on wondered if this was to be a match, or only one of Ethel's amusements, and Harold Goldy himself set his teeth hard at some of the careless coquettries that bodied ill for the success of his suit. With all the strength of a nature that was sincere and earnest, in spite of surface merriment, the young man loved the pretty blonde, reading the sweetness of her disposition, and the sterling good qualities of her heart and mind, as yet, untried by any of life's rough disci line.

He waited, hoped and trusted that he could win the heart he coveted, and he sued for it with a patient, manly devotion, willing to give all homage to the weaker one, yet never cringing if sorely tried by Ethel's careless

The game was over and another was being formed, when Ethel pleaded fatigue and ran into the house, leaving Harold fast bound by the mallet he had taken, believing she would be his partner.

In the wide, cool drawing-room the young girl threw herself into a deep arm-chair and was half asleep before she detected a figure half hidden by the window curtains.

"Aunt Grace," she cried, springing forward. "I did not know you had returned from town."

" Two hours ago, dear."

"Why, auntie, you have been crying. You have heard bad news?"

"No, dear; no news of any kind." "And you have my bouquet in your hand," said the young girl in a wondering voice. "I thought you did not like tea

roses." "I found this on the table." " Yes; Harold brought it to me, and tossed it down here when we went to play eroquet. I have had to dodge Harold all day, auntie," she added, laughing; "he is

bent on making a proposal, and I am not ready for one." "Oh, Ethel, my dear child, do not trifle with him. If you do not love him dismiss him at once. Human hearts were never made for playthings, and you may find, too

late, your own bruised and bleeding. know the temptation youth, beauty and wealth are to a careless nature, for I was like you twenty years ago. Sit here, darling, and I will tell you why I was weeping over your bouquet of roses."

Ethel took a low seat beside her aunt to listen, and after a moment's pause, Grace

Stanhope spoke: "I was about your own age, Ethel, nearly nineteen, when I met George Holmes, a young artist, whose name now has obtained world-wide celebrity. He was even then known as an artist of great talent and pro-

mise, and society opened her doors to receive "I scarcely know how to describe him to you. Shy in manner, he could be won by interest in his subject to a complete selfforgetfulness, that would betray him into positive eloquence. With a gentle courtesy and modesty, he was yet manly and dignified

when occasion required. "I was then, like yourself, an heiress, petted and courted, and really believing in my own heart that I was a litt' bove the rest of hu-

manity in virtue of my pretty face, my accomplishments and my well-filled purss.

"I had suitors and friends, and I flirted | than good temper. away their respect in more than one case. It their vanity and crush their hopes by a ing to secure an explanation of the cause. refusal. A paltry ambition that brought its I met him that I found I loved George she kissed her good night. Holmes with all the strength of my heart.

"He never flattered me, yet a word or look not let him bury his heart in a withered of approval from him would please me as boquet." no honeyed speech had ever done before. He was respectful to me as a woman, but never paid subservient homage to my position and wealth. I think he knew that I was not the vain butterfly of fashion others believed me, true in my nature.

ecquetry, and tried to meet his own mental

piece of sculpture.

acquired a new beauty.

loved me and he won my love. "Yet during all the months of inter-George had never said to me, 'I love you,

me the guarantee to speak. "It was not ecquetry that kept me silent, Ethel, but the modesty of true, pres

told me that this young artist had been curtains can hardly darken a room sufficiently. drawn back, as if to strike a blow. It was three years.

"I was sure he would speak then. could not be that he would leave home for years, and give me no word of love parting.

"We were preparing for a large party at home when the servant had made me bouquet of tea roses with Mr. Holmes' compliments.

"I loved tea roses then Ethel, and the creamy, half opened buds, the bright leaves the deep tinted hearts of the flowers, all seemed smiling hope on me, as I sat in my room inhaling their perfume and thinking of the giver.

and wished that I should receive the lovely gift, and smid my tender thoughts I resolved to drop all my careless manner, all my flirt ing, heartless tricks, when I was assured this noble, true heart was all my own.

"Never was I more careful of my dress than on the evening of the party to which I roferred. "My choicest jewels, my richest silk, did

duty for that occasion, and I dressed my hair as George liked it best, and wore the color he thought was most becoming. "I was still at my post as hostess, receiv

ing my first arriving guest, as he came in. "I saw, as he advanced to meet me, that he was very pale, and his eyes were fixed upon my face as if he would read my very

"I smiled as I greeted him, my heart full of

"He took my hands in his own, looked at them a moment, again searched my face with strange, wild eyes, and abruptly turned from me and left the room.

"All through the long evening I watched for his return, but he did not come. "When I was alone in my room once more

I took the bouquet from my dressing table wrapped it in soft tissue paper, and put it in

"Then with tears and sadness I put it away as we bury our dead, "He would come no more.

"I knew that the silent parting was final one, though I could not guess its meening. "Yet I did not doubt him even then believing some good reason existed for his eilence, and waiting till time should reveal the truth to me.

"I heard of his departure for Italy, and two years later I heard of his marriage. "On that day I opened my box for the first time, to throw away the flowers I no longer

had the right to cherish. "They were withered away, and I saw for the first time what the flowers and leaves had

hidden with such fatal security. "Tied in the very heart of the bouquet was a letter and a diamond ring.

"He had written to me asking my love and telling me his own, and he begged me, if could be his wife, to wear the ring when I met him in the evening.

"But the sting, Ethel, the punishment in the letter, were words telling me he dared not speak to me face to face, because my reputation was that of a coquette, who laughed at her suitors when they offered

their love. " Yet he wrote that he thought me wronged

heartless flirt society called me. "And when he came to me, Ethel, I smiled

ring he had given me upon it. "Do you wonder he left me believing all he had heard of my false heart and cruel coquetry? Do you wonder the sight and parfume of a tea rose has made my heart faint since the day when I discovered how it had

hidden me from the happiness of my life? "I never saw George Holmes again. He is happy in Italy with his wife and children and I am an old maid for love of him, weeping over a bouquet of roses that remind me | would tire him out." of the past."

" See if my fate is there."

" No, darling, there is no ring here, no letter; but yet I tell you my story as a warning. There are fortune-hunters, I know, who would woo any rich girl, but they need not gain the triumph of debasing your heart by

ne; play with it. Gently discourage it if the of His Excellency the Governor-General. plea is a vain one; if not, as you value your own happiness, do not trifle with a love you return."

"But, auntie, you were not to blame if you did not know the letter was hidden among the flowers." "Not for that, but for the conduct that

prevented George from speaking to me for fear of heartless trifling."

the croquet ground, and Harold Goldy on.

wondered what had happened while he was knocking the balls around with more energy

It disquieted him to see the bright face gave me a pleasant sense of power to lead clouded, and he watched an opportunity to my lovers on to a proposal, and then mortify | suggest a short ramble into the woods, hop

What was said exactly history does not punishment, for it was not many weeks after | record, but Ethel whispered to her aunt as "The new ring is Harold's, auntie, I did

Summer Climate of India.

I remember seeing a fantastic limning by Gustave Dore, representing tophet. The fire | wearing a peaceful demeanor, was placed in burst forth from the mouth of huge caverne, the dock. Mr. Lount, Q. C., defended the and the thought of this roused all that was and everything had a molten and red hot prisoner. The prisoner was indicted for hav. appearance. India at present is very much | ing on the 20th June, 18799 feloniously, wil-"In his presence I dropped my vanity and in that condition. The hot winds blow fully, and of malice aforethought killed and almost uninterruptedly from four to eight murdered one Thomas Cook in the Township of Commerce was interested, and it is said a powers, and pure, high-toned conversation. hours daily as from a fiery furnace. The He taught me some of the delight knowledge | fiercely blazing sun scorches and burns everythat art gives to the sight of a fine painting or | thing in the most uncompromising manner. The earth has an oveny appearance, and is "He trained my eyes for me till every cracked open in large fissures with the intense that on the evening of the 20th of June flower, every sunset, every sight in nature heat and scorches the feet even through the prisoner, Chester Monroe and his wife, thick soled boots. The miserable trees look were on their way home from Mansfield when He guided me through higher walks unhappy and hang their poor wilted leaflets. the deceased Thos. Cook overtook them, and of literature than I had attempted alone. He There is not a spear of grass visible. Folks said he would go to their house and have A number of his brother lawyers are also out doors drag their weary lengths along as some tea. While Mrs. Monroe was pouring though each were carrying a ball and chain, out the tea, Cook put his hand on her course that bound our hearts together, They seem to have no ambition on earth but breast. The prisoner told him that was to drop down and die quietly in some shady enough of that work; that he was welcome and, sure as I felt of his affection, I kept my nook. The roads are some inches deep in to his tea, but must keep his hands to him. own love hidden till some word of his gave dust, and the air is filled with it, so that self. Deceased wanted to know where he breathing is difficult and painful. There are had his hands. Monroe said, "You know no vegetables nor any fruit. Wells and tanks yourself that they were on my wife's and cisterns are low, and the water muddy breast." Cook sprang from the table and unhealthy. Indoors the furniture burns and said, "It is a lie." His fists were "We had come to town for the winter, and the body through the clothing. The sun clinched, and he looked as if he meant I met George Holmos constantly, at home glares into every crack and crevice so per fight. He was told to stand back, and abroad. When my uncle and guardian sistently that blinds and shades and thick but he still advanced with his right hand from the punkah, a large fan suspended from outside. The punksh swings day night. The man whose business it is to keep it swinging sometimes falls asleep, and then the air seems to press upon one at the Breathing is next to impossible. At night the bed first, and then jump in, but it is dry er's own confession did not warrant the jury and hot again in almost no time. We in coming to such a conclusion. sprinkle the floor and furniture, and do everything imaginable to cool the sleeping-"It seemed to me a promise of all I hoped room, but all uselessly. It is like trying to a constable to consider their verdict, and resleep in a well-heated oven. Although we may long to renounce the flesh and sit our bones still we know that both flesh and clothes are absolutely necessary in order to the dock, asked him if he had anything to say is no hope of his recovery. protect the body from the hot air. How why the sentence of the Court should not be superlatively happy must those be who live in a cold climate. - Letter from a Mission- | had been found guilty. ary's Wife.

A QUEER BELIGION.

Although most of the Chinese are devout the trigger, and the gun went off. many priests to the temples. Not infre- mercy on your soul." quently parents consecrate a child to During the passing of the sentence His out understanding them. After a novitiate, jail in charge of a turnkey and a constable pastilles are burned on his scalp, making a | with a steady gait. sacerdotal office. The Buddhist priesthood manslaughter. is often a refuge for criminals, who prefer that dreary life to the severity of Mongolian punishment; and Mandarins who have incurred the imperial displeasure sometimes take vows and enter a monastery. Buddhism is absolute atheism, for the very idea of a God is entirely absent from their system. God is not even denied; He is simply not known. The Buddhist accepts no being or beings with more supernatural power than any man may reach by virtue, austerity and science. Some of the Buddhist peopler, like the Chinese, Mongolians and Tibetans, are so impervious to any conception of divinity that they have in their language no word to express the notion of God.

The other day a sharp looking youth walked up quickly to the counter of the post-office back the last news concerning the Nordensk- per cent., the crops are wretched, and the turin a country town, and emptying a bag of coppers thereon, asked the clerk, who was attending to other customers, for a dollar's worth of one cent stamps. "Oh, you be and begged me to prove to him I was not the bothered !" was the answer. " That's not a legal tender; it is all copper." "What is a legal tender, then ?" asked the boy. " Why, in his face and offered him my hand with no one cent is a legal tender for a one cent Western Fur & Trading Co., particularly the natives of Belgium and Holland are able stame." "Oh!" exclaimed the youth, " it? Come on, then," passing a coin from the enjoying perfect health. The weather is in life, as I have seen boys who could not heap: " a one cent stamp, please." The very fine and warm, and there is no ice here, have been over six years of age walking clerk gave him one. "Another, please." second was given him. "Ano-" "Here, to the shore line. There is every prospect of away at a long clay pipe, and no person seems stop that," the clerk said. " Give me the money. It will be the shortest way to get work is progressing well. We hope to collect what Canadians would think was a clear case rid of you." After counting the money, he gave the value thereof in stamps to the lad, who was heard to mutter: "I thought I

proceeded on Saturday morning to Ottawa. 35 degrees even at night. He was accompanied by Major and Mrs. Da-Winton, the former having been dispatched

ness wrought by the approach of death, prospects.

BARRIE ASSIZES.

The Mulmur Murder-Trial of Chester Monroe for Killing Thomas Cook-The Prisoner Found Guilty and Sentenced to be Hanged on the 17th of October.

Barkie, Ontario .- The criminal business of the Simcoe Fall Assizes was commenced on Friday before Mr. Justice Armour. Mr. Crerar prosecuted on behalf of the Crown.

The first case was the Mulmur murder. Chester Monroe, a respectable looking man, sixty years of age, middling tall, and by no means of an angry, but on the very contrary, of Mulmur.

The prisoner, when arraigned last Tuesday,

pleaded not guilty.

From the evidence given to-day it appears Rosemont to give himself up.

Mr. Lount, ably defended the prisoner. the crime to manslaughter on account of the His Lordship then charged the jury.

At one o'clock the jury retired in charge of turned at 2.40 with a verdiet of guilty.

Silence prevailed until His Lordship, addressing the prisoner, who had remained in passed upon him for the offence of which he

The prisoner said he was not guilty of murder. What he had done was only in selfprotection. He did not intend to shoot the deceased, but the cuff of his coat caught in

Buddhists, they do not show much readiness | His Lordship said had he made this stateto enter the priesthood, whose members ment at the proper time, when he made the might be reduced below a working force, statement to the Coroner, it might have led were their ranks not recruited by children to a different verdict. He implored him to either purchased or kidnapped. The poorest spend the time allotted to him in preparing Chinese will not sell even their daughters to meet his God. His Lordship then passed except in times of great distress, and the sentence as follows: "That you, Chester prospect of their sons gaining influence in | Monroe, be taken hence to the place from the national religion is rarely an inducement | whence you came, and from thence on the for parents to part with them. Kidnapping, 17th day of October next to the place of exealbeit punishable with death, speedy and cution, and there to be hanged by the neck ignominious, is quite common, and brings until you are dead: and may the Lord have

Buddha, usually in fulfilment of a vow, and Lordship was visibly affected, as also were head is entirely shaved; He is fed on vegeta. prisoner did not appear in the least moved, bles, refused wine, taught the liturgies with- and at the close of the sentence walked to the

scar that never heals, and is the outward | There was not a very great interest taken in sign of his divine ordainment. Thenceforth | this trial, the general impression being that, monotonous round which constitutes the the deed, he would only be found guilty of

FROM THE ARCTIC SEA!

News from the Jennnette Expedition.

NEW YORK, N Y .- A Herald's Ban Francisco special says: The Arctic steamer Jeannette arrived at St. Lawrence Bay Behring's Strait, on August 25th, all well. The voyage from Oun, Alaska, to this place was made via St. Michael's, Alaska. reached St. Michael's on August 12th, after a six days' run. We waited there for the supply schooner, which arrived on the 18th with coals and extra provisions. We took on board dogs, furs and supplies, except some surplus coals, and left for this place on the 21st, ordering the schooner to follow with the balance of the coal, and in order to take jold and Jeannette. We arrived here after encountering a gale and heavy sea. The schooner arrived yesterday. We took on morey's exasperating circular has been reboard a deck load of surplus coal to-day, and were ready to go north at once. We were | A London, Ont., man travelling in Europe, very generously treated at St. Michael's by the | writes : I was a good deal amused at first to agents of the Alaska Commercial Co., and the see the amount of tobacco smoking which is the first named. Our officers and men are to accomplish. They must commence early A except the old land ice of last winter clinging along the main thoroughfares quietly puffing an open winter in Arctic regions. Scientific to notice it or see anything uncommon in a very satisfactory mass of information of juvenile depravity. This excessive regarding this little explored region. Two indulgence in the use of tobacco may be the natives from St. Michael's accompany us as cause of the men being so dwarfish in dog trainers. We have forty dogs on board, stature. Gen. Sir Fenwick Williams, K. C. B., ar. Our fur clothing has been served out, but is "Tear it apart," Ethel said, in a low voice. rived in Montreal on Friday evening and not needed, as the temperature is yet above to popular report, but when they are rude

NEXT YEAR'S PROVINCIAL SHOW .- Some inby His Excellency the Governor-General to convenience, says an Ottawa correspondent, wife's back, smash her cheval-glass to pieces meet him in Montreal. The hero of Kars st likely to arise next year owing to the fact with a kick because she liked to dress before begins to bear the mark of years. He is that the Provincial Exhibition, to be held at it, and, when asked for money, would knock leading you through the mazes of a flirta- much thinner than when he visited Montreal Hamilton, and the Industrial Exhibition at her down and stuff bank bills into her mouth last, while his form is visibly bent and his Toronte will, unless the dates be changed, until she was half suffocated? Well, that is "Quiet dignity will soon teach them their step feebler than of yore. A special palace overlap. The Toronto Association have de- the way that Baron Selliere has been treating car was placed at his disposal by the Grand cided to hold their exhibition during the two the Baroness, and the poor, pounded, thum-"Yet, if a true heart is in your grasp, do Trunk Railway. The General is the guest middle weeks of September, under the ex- ped and half-choked lady has brought suit pectation that the Provincial would be held as against him demanding a separation—and Seeing a servant rushing out of a London usual during the last week. By the decision, has obtained it, happily. house for medical aid, a rascal said : "I however, of the Agricultural and Arts Associaam a doctor," and obtained access to the tion at their recent annual meeting to conroom of a sick child. He feigned to minister tinue their Exhibition next year for two to him for hours, read prayers by his bed. weeks, the first week of the Provincial will fall side, and then, descending into the dining upon the last week of the Toronto. The room and taking advantage of the careless. Toronto people are much excited over the

took a good meal and decamped with all | Father Maenamara, of the Independent | There was a grave-faced lady returned to the portable property he could lay hands Irish Catholic Church, New York City, has quite satisfactory to the French Government.

A DEFAULTING BARRISTER.

The Town of Simcoe Excited.

THE DEFAULTER, AFTER APPROPRI-ATING CONSIDERABLE FUNDS, LEAVES FOR PARTS UNKNOWN.

The sudden departure of D. T. Danscombe, barrister, of the Town of Simcoe, County of Norfolk, which occurred last Monday night, is causing considerable excitement and comment in that place. The absconder gained the confidence of the people and was looked upon as a man of honesty in every respect. Previous to his departure he deliberately appropriated to his own use a mortgage money of \$8,000 in which the Bank local high official of the Bank has been severely censured, if not dismissed. It is also said that Dunscombe, previous to his sudden departure, changed a note from \$100 to \$1,000, and had the same cashed. The amount of indebtedness which Dunscombe leaves behind is about \$30,000, for which his uncle, Mr. Wallace, is set down for \$8,000. sufferers to a certain extent. It is not known where the absoonder has gone to, but many are the bitter and loud complaints against the man in whom the people placed so much confidence.

COLLISION ON THE GRAND TRUNK.

Two Engines and Twelve Cars a Total Wreck-Eight Coal Oil Cars Burnt, and a Tramp Fatally Hurt.

GUELPH, Ontario .- A collision occurred on the Grand Trunk Bailway at 3.45 this afteroff red a most desirable and lucrative Every outside door is closed tightly from then that the prisoner took down a double- noon between the city and Bockwood. It commission for a painting that would re- early morning until after sundown, to barrelled gun and shot Cook, as he (the appears at present that a freight train going quire him to go to Italy for two, perhaps keep out the heat. The air becomes stagnant paisoner) says in self-defence. After having west caused a red signal for a special followand suffocating. A little relief is obtainable committed the deed Monroe went and told ing, which was not noticed by the officials at Cook's father, who had the body removed to the Guelph station nor by the men on the the ceiling and worked by a servant from the his own house. The prisoner then left for down train, which was waiting at the Guelph station to cross the up freight. The consequence was that the down train left here, and Mr. Crerar replied on behalf of the Crown. about four miles east met the up special. He read the law on the case and told the jury | Both trains were running at full speed, but rate of 1,000 pounds to the square inch. he agreed with his learned friend to reduce fortunately they were on a straight piece of track, so that the engineers had time to shut there is still less comfort to be had. The advanced age of the prisoner, but the evidence off steam, reverse their engines, and jump. bed is hotter than the body. We sprinkle given by the several witnesses and the prison. Both engines are a total wreck, together with about twelve cars, eight of which, loaded with coal oil, were totally destroyed by fire. The rest were laden with merchandise.

A tramp stealing a ride, hailing from New Jefferson, Iowa, named Brackett, bound for Montreal, was jammed between two cars and had to be cut out. He was brought to Guelph and placed in the hospital, but there

Auxiliary trains were at once ordered from Toronto and Stratford to clear the track, and towards morning the line is expected to be clear for traffic.

Commercial and Industrial Notes.

In the Indianapolis Rail Mill the workmen's pay has been advanced ten per cent. The Ashland Iron Mill of Baltimore, after a long rest, has resumed work with four hundred

" Hops of admirable quality and flavor grow," says the Selkirk Inter-Ocean, "in that part of the world in profusion, without cultivation. We have seen samples growing wild which measure two and a half inches from stem to tip." The famous Comstock lode, which has enriched the whole Pacific coast, and has added nearly

\$200,000,000 to the bullion supply of the world, is only about a mile and a half long. They make water-melon syrup in Georgia.

Grass is growing in the streets and alleys of Memphis.

Here is a chance for inventors. A Buffalo grape sugar company offers \$10,000 " for any appliance to our boilers that will consume smoke he is then positively irrecoverable. His both the counsel. On the contrary, the and not diminish the quantity of steam now

Late Cherries.

What a prolific place the lake shore of Ontario eastward is, anyway, for the raising of fruit. The old veteran of 1812, Mr. he lives a celibate, and endures the dull, owing to the prisoner's age and the cause of William Gage, called at the Tixes Office this morning and exhibited a branch of cherries picked in his son's crehard, in the Township of Barton, yesterday. They are of the Governor Wood variety, and certainly are fine. Mr. Gage says that in all his experience he never saw such late cherries.

> Lord Kilmorey, whose large estate lies in Midland County, England, being "desirous of testing how far the letting value of his farms has been affected," has served notices on all his tenants, as the only conclusive method of obtaining the information he desires is "to throw the farms into the market and see what they will fetch." Truth makes this comment: " The farmers where this property lies have been working at a loss for sometime past, as the American competition has seriously affected their market. Cheese has been sold lately at a reduction of over 50 nips even worse. It may well be imagined, therefore, the dismay with which Lord Kil-

they beat the Dutch—and their wives. What would we think of one of our high financial magnates who would break chairs over his

SUICIDE,-We have just learned that a Miss McIntosh, daughter of a respectable farmer near Norval, committed suicide on Wednesday by taking rat poison. We were unable to learn the cause, but she has been in a state of melancholy from some reason or other .--Milton Champion.