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Societies

A O U W meets on the last Monday in each month, in their lodge room Norris' block, Flesherton, at 8 p.m. M. W., H. C. LeGard; Rec., C. H. Munshaw; Fin., W. P. Crossley Visiting brethren invited

PRINCE ARTHUR LODGE, No. 333, A.F.& A M, meets in the Masonic hall, Armstrong's Block, Flesherton, every Friday on or before the full moon. C. H. Munshaw, W. M.; Thos. Clayton, Secretary.

COURT FLESHERTON, 995, I. O. F. meets in Clayton's Block the last Wednesday evening of each month. Visiting Foresters heartily welcome. H. R., Dyson; R. S., T. Henry; Fin. Sec., C. N. Richardson.
Please pay dues to Fin. Sec. before the first day of the month.

CHOSEN FRIENDS—Flesherton Council of Chosen Friends meets in Clayton's hall first and third Wednesday of each month 8 p. m Pay assessments to the Recorder on or before the first day of each month. Chief Councillor T. Blakeley; Recorder W. H. Bunt.

The Farmer's Club meets in the high school building on the first Thursday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Young farmers specially invited. F. Chard President, C. W. Bellamy, Sec.-Treas.

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Both sex nearly ready for breeding. Prices right for quick sale.
GEO. W. ROSS, Maxwell P. O.

Boar for Service

Pure Bred Tamworth Boar for service Terms, $1, Cash.
N. Hindle, Maxwell, Ont.

Bull for Service

Thoroughbred Shorthorn bull, Broadhook's Lad, for service on lot 10, con. 9, Osprey. Pedigree on application. Service, $1.00 for grades thoroughbreds, $5, $3 at time of service. Full price dharged for cows not returned,
J. M. BURNS.

Boars for Service

The undersigned has a thoroughbred Yorkshire boar for service on lot 167, 3rd range, E. T. and S. R., Artemesia. Terms,—$1.00 Also Hereford Bull for service. J.J. Brown.
1 Jy.

BULL FOR SERVICE

Thoroughbred Shorthorn bull, "Dandy Jim" 81784, for service on lot 176, T. & S. R., Artemesia. This animal is of a good milking strain. Pedigree on application. Terms,—Grades $1, registered $3. JAS. STINSON Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE

Lot No. 186-187, in the second range east, Toronto and Sydenham Road, Artemesia, containing 240 acres of first class land; good buildings, plenty of water, near church and school; three miles from Proton Station; 20 acres good hardwood bush, balance cleared and in good state of cultivation. For particulars apply to. W. J. JACKSON,
1boct Port Law

FARMS FOR SALE

200 acres, lot 20 and 21, con. 12, Osprey, 150 acres under cultivation. 30 acres hardwood bush, 7 acres fall wheat, 4 frame barns, 1 with stone foundation, windmill with tap at barn; young, thriving orchard; roughcast house, 8 rooms. Price $6000. Apply to
1Mar WM. BUCKINGHAM, Feversham.

Farms For Sale or Rent

FARM FOR SALE—Lot no 2, in the 5th concession of the township of Artemesia, containing 100 acres, eighty-five acres cleared, balane hardwood timber. Property of the late W. J. Beatty. There is a bank barn and roughcast house on premises and is well watered. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to James L. McMullen, Ceylon p. o., Ont.

FOR SALE—Cheap and easy terms. If not sold soon, for rent to suitable tenant, North half lot 39 and lot 40, con, 11, Artemesia, and lot 1, con. 12, Osprey. 200 acres, about 150 cleared balance mostly timbered land, hard and soft wood; good stone dwelling and frame barn, stabling under; well watered with never-failing small spring creek crossing farm close to barn. This is an excellent grain or grazing farm and will be sold very cheap if taken at once and on easy terms. Apply to R. J. Sproule, Flesherton, Ont.

FOR SALE cheap and on easy terms—Lots 1 and 2, con. 11 Osprey; 200 acres; frame dwelling, frame barn and stabling under; about 170 acres cleared and under cultivation. Some splendid cedar with other mixed timber on balance, also two small orchards bearing. Well watered; never failing spring creek. Splendid grain and grazing farm. Apply to R. J. Sproule Flesherton or Samuel Osborne, Maxwell.

FARM FOR SALE—Very cheap, 100 acres, lot 9, con. 7, Osprey, only $3000, reasonable cash payment, balance easy terms, 85 acres cleared, well fenced and in high state of cultivation, balance timbered, good comfortable frame dwelling, stone cellar under, never failing spring well and windmill pump at door, new frame barn, well finished, stone stabling with spring water under, also in shed. It is situated ¼ mile from Maxwell village where there are stores, post offices, good school, and is on the gravel road, 9½ miles from railway station. If sold at once, above price, though VERY CHEAP might be shaded a little. Apply to R. J. SPROULE, Flesherton, or THOMAS GUY, on premises. *f

FOR SALE very cheap and on easy terms—The late Dr. Christoe's 3-story brick block in Flesherton with good stable and never-failing well on premises. Good large store and good butcher's shop and dwelling; two good stone cellars under building; is and can be kept well rented; two good halls on second and third stories; first class business stand and will be sold cheap as owner is engaged in other business in the west and has no further use for it. Apply to R. J. Sproule, Flesherton.

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Purebred Yorkshire Boar 2 years old, for service on lot 35, con. 8, Artemesia. Terms $1.00.
—ALEX. CAMERON.

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Boar for Service

A large white Yorkshire Boar for service on lot 163, 3rd range W. T. & S. R., Artemesia. Terms $1.00
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AESCHYLUS.

Curious Fate That Overtook the Father of Greek Tragedy.

Aeschylus, the celebrated Greek dramatic writer, is universally referred to as the "father of Greek tragedy." Born of a noble family at Eleusis, in Attica, 525 B. C., at the age of twenty-four he first presented himself at the festival of Bacchus as a competitor for the public prize and fifteen years afterward gained his first victory. The pre-eminence which he thus acquired was successfully maintained till 468 B. C., when he was defeated in a similar contest by his younger rival, Sophocles.

Aeschylus, mortified at the indignity he thought this put upon him, quitted Athens and went to the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse. Of the remaining period of his life but little is known, except that he continued to prosecute his favorite pursuit, and that his residence in Sicily was of some duration may be inferred from the fact that it was sufficient to affect the purity of his language.

The thirteenth and last victory of Aeschylus was gained in 458 B. C. On the manner of his death, which was singular, the ancient writers are unanimous. While sitting motionless in the fields his bald head was mistaken for a stone by an eagle which happened to be flying over him with a tortoise in her bill. The bird dropped the tortoise to break the shell, and the poet was killed by the blow.

Aeschylus is said to have been the author of seventy tragedies, of which only seven are now extant.

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

This Ill Natured Fruit Is Remarkably Tenacious of Life.

The prickly pear is said to be so tenacious of life that a leaf or even a small portion of a leaf, if thrown on the ground, strikes out roots within a short time and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

Mischievous though the African prickly pear may be, it is not without its good qualities. Its juicy fruit, though rather deficient in flavor, is delightfully cool and refreshing in the dry heat of summer, and a kind of treacle is made from it.

Great caution must be exercised in peeling this curious fruit, the proper way being to impale the fruit on a fork or stick while one cuts it open and removes the skin. The individual who undertakes to pluck this treacherous fruit with unguarded fingers meets with an experience he does not soon forget. Concentrated essence of stinging nettle seems all at once to assail hands, lips and tongue, and the skin, wherever it comes in contact with the ill natured fruit, is covered with a group of minute bristly hairs, apparently growing from it and venomous and irritating to the last degree.

In dry weather these spiteful little stings do not even wait for the newly arrived victim, but fly about, light as thistledown, ready to settle on any one who has not learned by experience to give the prickly pear bush a wide berth.

Mineral Microbes.

Some interesting experiments have been made with ancient medals, vases and so forth of lead that are gradually disintegrating in the museum of Cluny. After a certain number of years they fall into dust. The cause, it is thought, lies in the presence of minute quantities of saline matter with which the objects have become impregnated during their long burial in the soil or under water. These microscopic impurities play the part of bacteria and microbes in living bodies. In other words, the lead is "sick" and unless the noxious matter can be removed will inevitably perish. Curiously enough, it is found that if traces of salt are imparted to a fresh mass of lead it is attacked and eventually falls to pieces like the objects in the museum at Cluny.

Sea Springs.

In the very hottest district in the world—the shores of the Persian gulf—there is no rain whatever, nor rivers, nor oases. Yet water is got—from the bottom of the sea. Six miles off the shallow coast there is a long line of bubbling springs of ice cold fresh water. Divers capture it in goatskin bags and retail it inland at very moderate prices. Even in an annual drought, which lasts from January to December, and in a temperature that hardly ever sinks below 90 degrees and often rises to over 110 the natives have no worry about their water supply.

Thoughtful of Mother.

Little Albert is a bright boy. In playing the other day he upset a beautiful imported flower holder, a gift to his mother from a friend who traveled abroad.

"There, see what you've done," his mother said, pointing to the fragments on the floor.

"Yes, mother, but don't take off your slippers. You might cut your feet," warned the lad.—Philadelphia Times.

Not Too Good.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle — Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

Blessings.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

You will never get on the sunny side by waiting for the world to turn round.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE ASTOR WAY.

A Lesson In Finance That William B. Taught His Bookkeeper.

The real estate dealer was reminiscing. "Some years ago," he said, "William B. Astor said one day to his head bookkeeper, 'I wish you to write out those 1,200 leases'—indicating the documents—'preparatory to releasing the various properties for which they will be drawn and reduce each rental price 25 per cent for the ensuing year.' The head bookkeeper, astonished, ventured to protest. 'There has been no complaint, Mr. Astor,' he said, 'from any tenant as to the amount of rent charged. All are satisfied to pay present prices.'

"'This is a matter of future business,' the financier replied, 'as well as present. Times are not especially good just now, and I do not think they will improve this year. I am not, however, making this reduction as a philanthropic movement. It will be a good business investment for me to retain all of my tenants, if possible. Indications are that business conditions during the coming year will force many persons to move into cheaper houses and flats than they have been occupying for some time. I do not wish my tenants to move. I know them and am familiar with their ways. I am acquainted with their needs, demands and methods of paying their rents. If they should move I should have to try to replace them with new tenants, whose desirability I have not tested. Besides, I should have to spend large sums in repapering, painting and arranging these various properties to suit the new tenants. By reducing rents I shall have a delighted lot of tenants, who would not leave me if they could. Furthermore, I will make it impossible for them to find as good places elsewhere for the money. Naturally, having had their rents reduced, they will not ask for any repairs that can possibly be avoided, and I shall save some money in that direction, over previous years. Besides, I shall know the exact amount of reduction and shall be able to estimate my resources accordingly. If, on the contrary, I let many of my tenants move out the amount of my losses would be uncertain. You will find, if you compare my rentals at the end of the year with those of similar properties owned by other persons who make no reductions, that mine is a profitable plan. When times improve we can release at advanced figures, and undoubtedly to the same tenants.'

"The bookkeeper learned a lesson in finance, the leases were drawn accordingly, and Astor did not lose a tenant."—New York Press.

"Sunday Folks."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864 he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yis, sorr," said his guide. "'Tis Sir John O'Connor's," or, "'Tis Sir Rory O'More's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

'Well, sorr, it do be a mon thot has so many writs out ag'in him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the week and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Dr. Cairns' opinion of the landed gentry underwent a change.

Elephants Can't Jump.

"There is one thing no one has ever seen an elephant do either in a circus or out of it, and that is to jump," said a keeper in the Central park menagerie.

"The fact is an elephant cannot jump. Because of his great weight he cannot take all four feet off the ground at once. He can make a 100 yard dash at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which is going some, but if he was pursuing an enemy and came to a deep ditch eight feet across he would have to stop short, because it is too wide for him to step it and he is unable to jump. An elephant is a great coward. He will have a fit if a rabbit runs between his feet. He has tremendous strength, but he doesn't know it."—New York Sun.

A Curious Illusion.

People declare that they have seen a field of grass gradually change color during a shower of rain, thousands of mushrooms springing up before their eyes. This is an optical illusion caused by the rain beating down the grass. The mushrooms do not really spring up during a single shower of rain. They are there already, but hidden by the grass, and when the rain beats down the grass it exposes the hidden mushrooms.—London Mail.

No Use For Amateurs.

Ella—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying that he had never kissed a girl before. Stella—What did you tell him? Ella—That I was no agricultural experiment station.—New York Press.

Quite Thoughtful.

Dora—So you have decided to break off your engagement with him. Nora—Yes, but I don't think I shall do it until after my birthday, as it comes next week.—Club Fellow.

A Wonder.

Figg—As a talker Brown's wife is certainly a wonder.

Fogg—Right you are! Wonders never cease.—Boston Transcript.

It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.—Lowell.

OUR SENSITIVE PLANET.

Constant Changes in the Shape of the Earth's Crust.

One naturally thinks of the earth's crust as being exceedingly solid and stable, except perhaps in volcanic regions where earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. As a matter of fact, however, the shell of our planet is extremely sensitive and most delicately balanced, so that under the influences of causes that seem altogether insignificant in comparison with the gigantic bulk and weight of the earth it yields and fluctuates in a most amazing manner.

To an eye so placed as to be capable of taking in at one comprehensive glance the whole round outline of the globe it would not appear of precisely the same shape during an entire day or even an hour. Most of the changes referred to are, of course, very slight when compared with the size of the earth itself.

The operation of atmospheric and oceanic and other similar causes is continually bringing about changes in the shape of the earth's crust. One of the most interesting of the agencies whereby such alterations are effected is the carrying power of rivers. Wherever a great quantity of sand and gravel is being brought down from the interior of a continent and poured into the sea, as, for instance, along the northwestern coast of Europe or the gulf coast of the United States, the weight of the earth's crust is slowly increasing, and the consequence is seen in the gradual subsidence of the shore.

Such a sinking has been going on for thousands of years along the North sea coast and on the continental side of the British channel. A similar depression is occurring on the eastern edge of our own country and along the gulf of Mexico. It has been estimated that the gulf coast is sinking at the rate of nearly two feet in a century.

Corresponding elevations must, of course, occur elsewhere. And to these slow changes in the level of the earth's crust earthquakes are due as well as to the more violent local disturbances created by volcanic action.—Harper's Weekly.

SOAP BUBBLES.

Thinness of the Gray Hued Films Just Before They Burst.

What is a soap bubble? Nothing but a film of water molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. The colors in a soap bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

The observer who watches a bubble as it is blown will notice that the colors rapidly chase one another over the filmy globe. He will also see that they vary in hue, growing less and less bright at the top of the bubble because there gravity stretches it downward and makes the film thinnest.

It is a singular fact that the last color to appear on a soap bubble just before it breaks is a gray tint. The thickness of the film when this tint appears upon it is less than the one hundred and fifty-six-thousandth of an inch.

Were a soap bubble to be magnified to the size of the earth and the molecules magnified in proportion, then the whole structure would be as coarse grained as a globe of small leadshot touching one another at their surfaces.

In the blowing of a soap bubble there is presented the spectacle of the stretching of a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity. In this way we come nearer to a sight of the invisible molecules of matter than could be got in any other way no matter how elaborate the experiment.—Exchange.

An East Indian Amulet.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the salagrama, a stone about as large as a billiard ball and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in Gandaki, a river in Nepaul. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate. He preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drunk, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand, the dying Hindu expires in peace.

The Recipe.

"Your novel is pretty good," said the publisher to Scribley, "but, after all, it needs just a little more thrill. Can't you put something stirring in it?"

"Why, I might," said Scribley, "though just how to stir things up I don't know."

"Well," smiled the publisher, "suppose you try just a little more spooning. Nothing like a good spoon for stirring, you know."—Harper's.

He Didn't Tell.

"Gee! Now tell me as man to man what you would do if you were married to that woman."

"You tell me what you would do. I am married to her."—Houston Post.

Considerate.

She—Why did you ask Belle to go with us? He—I saw she was going anyhow, and I didn't wish her to feel mean over it.—Smart Set.

A Fault Finder.

"You were always a fault finder," growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly; "I found you."

AIDED THE REVOLT

The Destruction of Portland, Me., In Colonial Days.

ACT OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

A Royalist Woman's Wiles Caused the Annihilation of the City and Saved Portsmouth, N. H., For Which Portland's Fate Had Been Planned.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary war, and quite as important a one as the stamp act, was the wanton destruction of the city of Portland, Me., then part of the town of Falmouth.

It was said that the patriots might have forgiven Lexington and Concord, but that the razing of this town, which had been peaceably inclined until then, incensed the colonies beyond measure. One prompt result was the immediate formation of a Maine regiment which was added to the meager forces of the Continental army.

Not so generally known, however, is the tradition that it was due to the fascinations of a beautiful woman that Portland was destroyed and another town preserved.

When the British commander, Captain Mowatt, on board his flagship, the Canceau, anchored with his fleet in Portland's inner harbor, he did not reveal to her citizens that the unscrupulous little god of love had been his pilot. Instead, on a bright October morning in 1775, he ran up the royal ensign on his fleet and at 9 o'clock began a bombardment that lasted uninterruptedly until 6 o'clock at night. Portland was unprepared for such a visitation, and there was no attempt at defense, the inhabitants simply swarming the streets with their ox carts and horses and attempting to seek safety by flight to the open country back from the water front.

So close did the assailing vessels approach that under cover of the bombardment they landed sailors who pervaded the town, setting fire to such buildings as had escaped damage from hot shot and exploding bombs. Before Captain Mowatt had completed the sacrifice he desired to lay before love's shrine three-quarters of the town was totally destroyed, including the municipal buildings, churches, public library, fire engine houses, warehouses, wharfs and shipping.

All that he left was a handful of the poorer hovels, every residence of importance being bombarded or set on fire and 5,000 inhabitants left shelterless at the approach of winter. To make it practically certain that aid could not come to the seaport by water he destroyed all but one wharf and took with him on his departure all the vessels anchored in the harbor that had been spared from the torch.

Truly he had a glorious bonfire and in explanation he exhibited instructions which read: "Come opposite the town with all possible expedition, and there burn, sink and destroy," but the gossips of the time said that these orders originally related to Portsmouth, N. H., and that it was due to a woman that they were not carried out as written.

Captain Mowatt and his fleet had anchored off Portsmouth harbor some time previously to his assault upon Portland, and while there he had gone quietly on shore and secretly visited the family of the royalist (or Tory, as the colonists called them), Nathaniel Sparhawk. Nathaniel had a daughter, a girl of eighteen, famed the country round for her beauty as her father was famed for his obnoxious loyalty to King George, and when the sailor captain saw her he proved an easy conquest (like most sailors where pretty women are concerned), and he found it necessary to be rowed from his ship many times in order to spend the evenings with attractive Mary Sparhawk.

Her wit, beauty and brilliancy of conversation fascinated him and through her influence, it is said, the intention of bombarding Portsmouth was abandoned, and Portland suffered in the stead of the town which held the charming little loyalist.

So what one historian termed "a wanton, indefensible assault upon an undefended and peaceful city" came about through a woman's smile, and every volley from the fifty guns of Mowatt's fleet doubtless carried his thoughts back to the lass who had won his heart. The smoldering wharfs and the flaming houses were his burnt offering to his ladylove.

The Sparhawk house, where the captain lost his heart still stands; but alas, the romance ended as so many romances do, for after the Revolution was over the fair and fascinating belle married a physician and a patriot.—Detroit Free Press.

She Flew.

Miss Fullosoul (of a poetical turn)—Which are you of opinion one should say, professor, "Summer flies" or "Summer flees?"

Absent Minded Professor (great on entomology)—The two species, my dear young lady, are entirely distinct. Now, the common housefly— (Then he wondered why she suddenly opened a conversation with the young man on her right.)—London Sphere.

Quotations.

"You don't use many quotations from Shakespeare."

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Quotations of that sort would command more respect nowadays if Shakespeare were listed on the Stock Exchange."—Washington Star.

Who gives alms sows one and reaps a thousand.