The Grey Review.

Vol. III. No. 30. DURHAM, Co. Grey, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880. Whole No. 133.

THE REVIEW'

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday,

At the Office, Garafraxa Street, Upper Town

Durham, - - Ont:

TERMS:—$1.00 per year in Advance

or $1.25 if not paid within two months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Professional and business cards one inch space and under, per year, ... $ 4
Two inches or 24 lines Nonpareil measure 7
Three inches do. per year 10
Quarter column, per year 15
Half column, " 28
One column, " 50
Do. six months 28
Do. three months 15

Casual advertisements charged 8 cts. per Line for the first insertion, and 2 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion — Nonpareil measure.

Ordinary notices of births, marriages, deaths, and all kinds of local news, inserted free of charge.

STRAY ANIMALS, &c., advertised three weeks for $1, the advertisement not to exceed 8 lines.

Advertisements, except when accompanied by written instructions to the contrary, are inserted until forbidden, and charged at regular rates.

J. TOWNSEND.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

LEGAL

E. D. MACMILLAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, &c.—OFFICE opposite Parker's Drug Store, Upper Town, Durham.

Money to Loan. y10

C. B. JACKES, B. A.

ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Commissioner in B. R., Notary Public, Lower Town, Durham. v 7th, 1879. y-64

McFAYDEN & ROBARTS,

BARRISTERS, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office, one door east of the Merchants' Bank Union-st., Owen Sound.

C. McFAYDEN. y-50 J. T. ROBARTS,

Frost & Frost,

BARRISTERS and Attorney's-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, etc., Owen Sound: have resumed at Flesherton. Office open every Thursday as heretofore.

ALFRED FROST, J. W. FROST, LL. B.
County Crown Attorney.

June 24th, 1880. y31

MEDICAL.

DR. KIERNAN,

GRADUATE of Victoria University, Toronto, and Under-Graduate of McGill University, Montreal. Surgery in rear of Medical Hall Lower Town, Durham. y8

DR. LIGHTBODY,

WILL be at his Office, Hanover, from 8 a.m. to Noon. At home, 2nd Con. N.D.R., Bentinck, after noon. Messages for the Dr. left at Sutherland's attended to. y59

F. Z. NIXON,

GRADUATE of Ontario Vetrinary College, Toronto.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DUNDALK, Ont.

Will be at Hasting's Hotel, Shelburne, every Monday and Friday, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m.

Dundalk, March 20th 1879. y37

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALEXANDER BROWN,

PRICEVILLE, ONT.,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, Commissioner in B.R., &c., Conveyancer, and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.

Farmers, Merchants, and Land Sales attended to with punctuality and charges made very moderate.

Priceville, 1880. fm-116

South End Bakery, Durham.

REMOVAL.

A. PALMER, Baker, has removed to his New and Commodious Building, just South of Mr. James Brown's Store, where he will constantly keep on hand a supply of Bread, Cakes, etc. Tea and Surprise Parties supplied on the shortest notice and at very low prices. Pastry made to order. He would also take this opportunity of thanking the inhabitants of Durham, and surrounding country, for the patronage bestowed on him during the past two and a half years, and as usual will supply bread daily at any place in the Town.

Durham, May 13, 1880. y116

EDGE MILLS, DURHAM.

THE subscriber wishes to intimate to Farmers, and the Public Generally that having had the above Mills furnished with the best machinery for

Gristing & Merchant Work,

He is prepared to fill all orders entrusted to him on the shortest notice and in a first class manner

CHOPPING carefully attended to.

ZENUS CLARK.

Durham, Feb 12, 1880. tf-103

W. CHITTICK,

Merchant Tailor,

MAIN STREET, DUNDALK.

IN thanking his numerous customers for their past favors, and soliciting their future ones begs to say that he is now fully prepared to execute any orders that may be entrusted to him with neatness and punctuality, and at prices the cheapest in the village.

Cutting Specially Attended to.

Dundalk, Nov. 19th 1879.

Lumber, Lumber,

Shingles, Shingles,

Lath & Lime,

AT THE ROCKVILLE MILLS. Also a large quantity of JOISTS. Lot 41, Con. 2 W. G. R. Bentinck.

J. W. CRAWFORD,

1600 Bush. Fresh Lime.

Durham P. O., May 25th, 1880.

W. CALDWELL

Boot and Shoemaker,

SOUTH END, Durham, near Cattle-Yard Hotel, having commenced business in the above line would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

The very Best material used; workmanship superior to anything in the county, having made prize work in the principal cities of Canada and the United States.

Formerly Master Shoemaker in Her Majesty's Hundredth regiment.

For Summer Trade, Fine Sewed Wellington Boots, only $6.00. Laced Balmorals, Sewed, only $5. Low Shoes, Sewed, only $4.50. The best French Stock used.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

25 Acres of Land For Sale.

FOR Sale, the South Half of the Third Division of Lot Twenty-eight, in the First Concession West of the Garafraxa Road, in the Township of Bentinck. Twenty acres cleared, and five acres well timbered with Cedar and Hardwood. Watered by a never-failing Creek. This land will be sold Cheap for Cash, or part Cash and the balance secured by mortgage. For further particulars apply to

WM. JOHNSTON, Normanby,
or F. MACRAE, Durham.

Farm for Sale in Glenelg.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale, Lot No. 38, 2nd Concession, East of G. R., Township of Glenelg, containing 100 acres—about 70 acres cleared. The farm is situated about 5 miles from Durham Railway Station. Terms $1,800:—$400 down, for balance time will be given. For further particulars apply to F. MacRae Durham, or to

E. WILLIAMS,
on the premises.

Glenelg, April 29, 1880. tf-114

House and Lot for Sale in Durham.

THE Proprietor wishes to dispose of Lot No. 3, on Albert Street, one Range East of Garafraxa Street, Lower Town, Durham. On the lot is erected a good dwelling House and Stable. The Lot contains one acre of land. A good well and pump, and a number of fruit trees, on the premises. For garden purposes the land is unexcelled. The whole property will be sold cheap for cash, or otherwise as may be agreed upon. For further particulars apply at the REVIEW Office.

Durham, June 24, 1879.

Pasture and Meadow Land for Sale or to Rent.

ABOUT 90 acres of pasture and meadow for sale or to rent, also a few acres of Fall Wheat for Sale on lot No. 65, Con. 2, E. G. R., Glenelg. This land is well watered. There can be a great deal of hay got off this land. This land will be sold cheap for cash, or part on time. For further particulars apply to Wm Davidson, Esq., Stratford, or to

F. MACRAE, Durham.

May, 27th 1880. tf-118

$100 Reward!

WE offer the above reward to any person who will furnish us with sufficient evidence to convict the parties selling, or offering to sell, other Oils under our Trade Mark, "Castorine." We are sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Castorine Machine Oils, and every barrel is branded "Castorine."

Toronto Oil Company.

25 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

FOR SALE by G. C. McFARLANE Lower Town Drug Store, and also at J. H. HUNTER'S General and Hardware Store, Durham.

Toronto, August 18th, 1880. cm-129

J. A Halsted & Co.,

BANKERS,

DURHAM.

Office opposite McAlister's Hotel.

Deposits Received,

And Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

MONEY ADVANCED

To farmers and business men on short date endorsed notes or good collaterals.

Sale notes purchased at a fair valuation.

Drafts issued at usual Bank rates, payable at all Banks in Ontario and Quebec.

Collections of notes and accounts on reasonable terms.

S. L. DAVIS, Manager.

W. F. DOLL,

Flesherton and Dundalk,

For watches that are Time Pieces.

Clocks that give the best satisfaction

Wedding and Jem Rings all sizes and prices. Repairing Watches & Clocks a Speciality.

Agent for the Heintzman Piano and Dominion Organ.

W. F. DOLL.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine

Alexander Robertson,

TAILOR,

Residence at the Old Post Office, Lower Town, DURHAM.

THE subscriber is prepared to Receive and Make Up, on the shortest notice, and in the Latest Style, Men and Boy's Clothing. A good fit guaranteed.

Latest Fashions Regularly Received

Is Agent for Wilson & Co. Sewing Machine Manufacturers, Hamilton, which he is prepared to sell cheap for cash and on time. These machines are reliable and highly finished, fit for any drawing-room.

A. ROBERTSON.

JOHN ROBERTSON

TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,

DURHAM ST., DURHAM.

Residence—Opposite the Canada Presbyterian Church.

Cutting done to Order.

Spring and Summer Fashions regularly received.

Durham, Feb. 14, 1878.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO. Augusta, Maine.

POETRY

For the Review.

To a Loved One.

As summer morn in opening splendor,
Wakes with sweet refreshing dew,
All alone, I love to wander,
Thinking only, dear, of you.

Thinking sweetly of thee, dear one,
Vestured in the robes of love,
Subject of bright thoughts from dreamland,
Full of light from realms above.

But alas! those days have vanished,
When, with heart unknown to pride,
Wrapt in innocence and glory,
I might nestle by thy side.

Still my heart shall ever cherish
Loving tenderness for thee,
Tho', absorbed by thy vocations,
Thou may'st never think of me.

Glenelg. M. E. T.

The Hut on the Moor.

CONCLUDED.

To all of which pretty Deborah said "Yes," weeping in her lover's arms, and feeling that her heart must break—it could not bear so much despair and not give way. But hearts do not break, in spite of all that poets say and lovers feel; and the two poor young people went on living and eating and sleeping much the same as usual, only very unhappy and both feeling very desolate.

Of course James Scambler, Deborah's father, was against the match. He was a fine, sensible, faithful kind of a man, who had no false ideas in any direction.

"Like to like," he said, when Julian spoke to him on the matter; "he was dead against all unequal pairings in man or beast. Joe Williams, the senior gamekeeper, was the man to his mind for Debby; and she would be better off in everything but money if she took him in preference to the young squire for whom she was not fit."

He set his face like a rock against the match, but what could he do? Debby was of age, and must marry with whom she had a mind. He would forbid all intercourse with the young squire, by letter or by word of mouth alike, while she was under his roof; and for the rest he was as powerless as the great folks at the Hall itself.

All this he said to Julian himself and repeated to the squire and his lady; and as they were fair-minded people they confessed that they had no case against him, and that he was as little to be blamed and as much to pitied as themselves.

They took his word for it that he would keep Debby close; and they did not dismiss him from their service, as at first they thought they would have done. When they thought more calmly of it they considered it would be better policy to keep him on. They would have him more under their own eye, as it were, and would know Debby's life and movements.

To all of which Clarance gave his assent. Ever revolving his plan in his own mind, but taking no one at the Hall into confidence as to what that plan was.

One day, not long after Julian's departure, James Scambler received a letter, telling him that an old uncle of his, who lived at an unpronounceable place somewhere in the heart of the Welsh mountains, had died and left him his farm, and that he was to go down and take possession. Surely it was Providence, he said to himself with thankfulness and joy. It was the way marked out for him by Heaven itself to take him and his out of danger and a position that had become thoroughly irksome to him. Proud and upright, it was a terrible thing for him to be the father of the girl whom the young squire fancied, and to feel in some measure responsible for all the grief and perplexity that had come on his masters at the Hall through that fancy for his girl. He was glad of this Order of Release, and bidding Deborah mind the house and keep indoors during his absence, he set off for this place with the unpronounceable name to take up his inheritance and prepare for a new life which would, he hoped, set all difficulties at rest.

It was a wild autumn night when James Scambler left his home, and Debby, for the first time in her life, felt afraid to be alone. The wind raved among the trees, and the rain poured in torrents on the roof; but she fastened the door as well as she was able—they were honest folks in those parts, and fastenings were not very secure—and then she went upstairs, and, all dressed as she was, laid herself on the bed, feeling somehow more at home in her own little room than she did down in the larger, darker kitchen below. She could not sleep. How the wind howled and roared! It was like a heavy weight pressing against the walls, and seemed as though it would have carried the whole house away. She felt as everything must be swept off like so much dust and chaff, while the rain threatened to swamp all that the wind left standing. Between the two, with the sense of loneliness and her sorrow in addition, she was wretched enough, poor, sweet Debby Scambler, whose only sin was in her beauty! and tears, of which she was herself ashamed but which she could not repress, flowed over her fair cheeks on to the pillow below. How lonely it all was! What a terrifying night! How much she wished that her father had not gone away; and that he was there in his own room, with just the little passage between his strength and her desire for protection!

Hark! what is that?

Through the howling of the wind and the splashing of the rain Debby heard the garden gate clink and swing; and then a heavy step came up the little paved enclosure that led from the gate to the front door; and then she heard that front door tried, soon to be burst in with a sounding crash of broken iron and shattered timber, while the wind tore in like a troop of demons; and shook the whole place to its foundations. And then she heard that same slow, heavy step coming up the stairs—nearer, nearer, step by step—till it halted at her room door. And then the room door opened; and a man came in.

He was a tall, broadly-built man, dressed in a kind of loose overcoat which hid all the details of his figure, and with a black mask covering the whole of his face. He was as completely disguised as if he had been one of the Misericordia of Italy; but he was evidently a powerful; and one would have instinctively said brutal man as well, more than a match for a slight young creature like Debby—paralyzed by terror as she was unable to scream, or even make the weakest attempt at defending herself.

The masked man came up to the side of the bed, grim, terrible, silent as the grave. Before she had fully realized her fearful fate he had bound a handkerchief round her mouth so that she could not cry out, and had pinioned her hands behind her back so that she could not strike. He took her out of the bed dressed as she was, and he wrapped her carefully enough in a coat and blanket, in which he secured her like a bundle; then he slung her over his shoulders; carried her down stairs; and so through the house and little garden; and along the close lane at the entrance to which stood a cart.

He lifted her into the cart almost as if she had been a farm beast which he was going to take to market; but he covered her up in sacking so that she could not get wet, and thus drove out into the open and wild moor beyond the village.

The journey took a good three hours and at the end of that time the cart drew up before the door of a small cottage that stood in the bleakest part of the moor—a kind of shelter-place for shooting parties and gamekeepers, when the former came for sport and the latter looked after the eggs and the young broods, and tried conclusions with such poachers as might be about. Here the man, always masked, and always silent, carried poor Debby again slung over his shoulder like a huge bundle or lifeless sack putting her down in the middle of the floor, while he set to work to make a fire to boil some water that stood there, handy, in a kettle. All that he did was done in a stolid, mechanical sort of a way, with no unnecessary haste, no stirring or feeling anyhow, but as a task that had to be got though no matter what the cost or what the result. The girl had to be trapped and secured; not to be killed outright—only kept from the mischievousness of freedom; and if she died in that process that would not be his fault; but neither would he hasten nor cause that death by undue neglect nor gratuitious brutality. Therefore he boiled the water in the kettle; made some hot tea, into which he put a few spoonfuls of brandy, and then going up to where poor Debby lay; stunned, dazed, helpless, he took the kerchief from her mouth and made a sign that she was to drink what he provided.

When shuddering, she turned away her head, and said:—"No, I cannot!" he gripped her by the arm so savagely that for very fear she obeyed him and took the stimulant which was to save her from cold and ague.

By this time the storm had abated, and the flying clouds gave glimpses of the moon and stars overhead. Still the masked man neither spoke nor removed his disguise, but went about the little hut arranging this and that for the better comfort within her reach enough to last her for some days—and a bed was arranged in the corner near the chimney. She was not then to be left to starve, and she was not to be tortured. No, she was only to be secured—and left. In truth it was a very safe security that was enforced. The windows and shutters of the little hut were fastened so that no light came through them, save in narrow slits and chinks.

Fixed in the wall was a huge staple, and fastened to the staple was an iron chain. The man who had poor Debby in captivity buckled a strong leather belt around her waist, and then fastened this to the iron chain; leaving her tether enough to move about the fireplace, so that she could prepare her food and keep up the fire, but not allowing her to reach either the window or the door. She was chained up to the wall like a wild animal; and she might shriek till she died; no living thing, save the birds and the moorland beasts, would hear her. It was a bold game to play, but it was an effectual one; and accomplished with the nicest precision all that it was intended to do.

With the first streaks of dawn the masked man, giving one last look round to see that all was as it should be—taking a final survey at the staple—giving a final pull at the chain—nodded his head to Debby in token of adieu, then left the hut, pulling the door behind him, and locking it from the outside.

"Trapped cleverly—and effectually," he said aloud to himself with a grim smile, as he took off his mask and turned his cold, cruel face to the light. "Now the family honor is saved and no crime has been committed."

Naturally there was a terrible commotion when the girl's loss was discovered. The under-game-keeper, Joe Wilson, passing the house next morning, saw the gate and the door both open, and went in to find the bird flown and the nest cold. No one had a doubt but that she had gone to join Julian in London; and the most positive of all was Clarance. To hear him one might have supposed that he had taken her ticket at the railway station and heard of her arrival at the terminus, he was so sure of the whole matter. The thing was plain as the traditional pikestaff according to him; Hugh Armstrong and his wife took the same line and agreed with his brother; but when James Scambler came home he shook his head; and said he could scarcely credit it of his girl. There was something in it all so unlike her—she that had never been other than careful and thoughtful, obedient and sincere—that he was forced to think twice; he said, before he condemned once; but as he had no other hypothesis to offer, his mere negation went for nothing. Moreover, the circumstances of his own absence told against Julian and Debby. For when he got down to that oddly spelt place in the heart of the Welsh mountains he found his uncle alive and hearty, with no intention to bequeath farm or fold for twenty years to come; while no neighbor had written any letter summoning him to those parts; and the name at the foot of that which had brought him was unknown hereaway. And if that did not look like a planned thing to get him out of the way, what was it like? No; the whole affair was a plan from beginning to end—a stratagem of the young squire's to get Debby's father off the board, so that he might carry off Debby herself in greater safety.

But this fell to the ground sooner or later and by means of the family lawyer the Armstrrongs found in time that Julian was innocent of the girl's disapperance, and that wherever she was she was not with him. By means, too, of the same lawyer Julian heard what had happened at Holme Wood, and how one wild, stormy night James Scambler had been lured away to Wales on a false scent, and Debby had disappeared without leaving a trace behind her. No one could say what had become of her; and if Julian himself did not know all the world beside was at fault.

More mad than sad the young fellow put in motion all the resources at the disposal of an English citizen. The police were stirred up to look after the lost girl in every town in England; rivers were dragged; lunatic asylums were overhauled; workhouses and refuges, and even prisons were visited, but the little hut on the moor was left untouched; and no search revealed the whereabouts of poor, pretty Debby Scambler. So the time passed, and the trap which held its prey was as yet secure enough.

One day Julian, who had come down to the neighborhood of Holme Wood, but who was not at his own home—scarcely knowing where he was, nor how he got there, found himself in the middle of the moor, within a stone's throw of the little hut in which the shooting parties were wont to take shelter, and whence the keeper's made their lookout. The door was close shut; the windows and shutters were fastened; all was still and deserted looking as the grave; but a faint wreath of smoke rose from the chimney, and surely there was a slight noise, as of some one stirring in the house.

Young and brave as Julian was—too despairing for fear, too wise for superstition, he stood there and trembled. He did not know what he expected nor what he dreaded: he only knew that he was seized with some mortal terror, and that he stood by the door eager as a hound in leash when the scent is warm, yet quivering with the nervous anguish of a schoolgirl.

A light sigh broke through the stillness, and he he heard the rustle of a woman's garments and the light tread of a woman's feet.

He tried the door; it was fastened securely, and he knocked with a sharp quick knock that meant as much dread as impatience.

"Who is there?" said a voice from within.

He knew the voice—as love ever does. It was what he unconsciously expected—what he humbly hoped yet dreaded.

"Debby! my love! my darling. It is I, Julian. God be thanked that I have found you!" was his answer. "Debby, quick, open the door! let me in! my darling! my beloved; I have found you my beloved once more!"

But no glad footsteps came rushing to the door, to open the mouth of the tomb and let in life and the sunlight, only a wailing cry and a burst of despair answered his prayer, his joy.

"I cannot open the door to you—it is barred, and I am chained. Oh, Julian, do not leave me. Save me, save me. Force your way in and set me free."

Whence came the strength Julian never knew, but in a moment, as it seemed to him, he had burst the door open, and was there in the heart of the hut holding his rescued love in his arms.

Had she been what she looked, a dead creature yet unburied, it would have been scarcely more pain to Julian than it was to find her in this terrible condition of suffering. And it would have been small wonder had she gone mad. But life is strong in youth, and hope never abandons those who love. She had not known how, but she had known that it would come. She had dreamed of it, prayed for it, pictured it, believed in it, and now her hope had justified itself, and now she was safe and with him

"The tigers," he said, as he clasped her to his breast; "the cruel bloodthirsty tigers!"

"It will be all right now," was Debby's patient answer, as she turned her face to her lover's breast, and sobbed with joy and weakness together.

All for her! He gave up everything. He threw away his name, his inheritance, his family, his wealth, his estate, his social standing. He would have none of these things; tainted as they were with the cruelty of the old world superstition—with the blindness of an effete civilization to which appearances and names are more valuable than things and facts. He abandoned all for her, and love and freedom; and in his peaceful Australian home, where he had the dignity of labor and the light of her love, he was happier than he would have been in the old home, bound to the car of conventionality and without her love or with her love, and at odds with all the powers that rule.

His father and mother never knew his fate. This was his fate. As they had dealt by him so he did by them; for he believed that they had known of the whole plot, and had been themselves the prime movers in it; just as they believed the same of him.

He said bitterly enough that it would not break their hearts to imagine him dead; nor in truth did it. They kept his place open for a reasonable time; and when Julian saw by the papers that he had been made dead and that Clarance and young Hugh were held as heirs to the estate, he only smiled as he turned to Debby and said:—

"It is better so, my wife. We will never tell our boys of the inheritance they have lost. Yet between this and their mother they would hesitate no more than I—and between love and riches they would choose as did I."

"Never to regret your choice, husband?"

"Never!" he said, firmly. "On the contrary, each year that I live I am more and more thankful for the good gift made to me by heaven when I found you, and with you all that makes life worth having."—Editor's Boy.

The "Bee King"?

(From the Beeton Chronicle.)

Our townsman, D. A. Jones, Esq., who is known all over the world as the "Bee King," has now the finest and most and most extensive apiary in the world, and is acknowledged by daily visitors to be the wonder of the age. His apiaries, or bee farms, are managed on the improved and most scientific principles—the fruit of many years of careful study. They contain Italians, imported direct from Italy, and improved Italians; Cyprians, from the Island of Cyprus, the first ever imported; and Holy bees from all parts of Palestine and Syria, selected by Mr. Jones himself, and brought safely to this country at an enormous expense. But notwithstanding all the time and money expended, he does not stop here and rest contented, nor like Alexander, "weep because there is no more countries to conquer," but is now engaged in experiments, trying to breed a superior race of bees to that of his Cyprus and Holy bees, which are acknowledged to be far ahead of the natives and Italians. As soon as Mr. Jones arrived home from Asia with his Cyprian and Holy queens, he commenced breeding a large number of drones which he placed in hives. He then proceeded to the Georgian Bay and selected three islands, from five to eight miles apart. These islands, as we stated in last week's issue, are many miles from shore, and are quite isolated, there being no bees nearer than fifty miles, and then only three colonies which Mr. Jones purchased so that he might make his intentions perfect *i. e.* of breeding nothing but pure bees. He then took his drones, Cyprian Holy and Italian bees and placed each on a separate island. He has skilled men on each of the islands to care for the bees, and forward all his young queens there to be fertilized, and as soon as it is accomplished they are returned to Beeton where they are introduced into strong colonies. He is also crossing a few queens of each races, in order to combine the valuable qualities of each.

There is probably no man who has such faculties for breeding such pure races of bees, and crossing the various kinds just as he wishes for experimental purposes as Mr. Jones; and he claims that the manner in which he hatches his queens gives them great superiority over the ordinary way of producing queens. For instance: he places such a large number of bees in a hive that if they had queens they would make several swarms; he then takes combs containing plenty of honey, pollen and hatching brood without any eggs, and places them in; then he gets eggs from the choice queen he wishes breed from that are just laid and places them in the mammoth colonies. As they are so strong, a large number of queen cells are built, and fed so liberally that they are much finer than those from ordinary colonies. He does not breed the queens and drones from the same mother; thus he quite prevents in-and-in breeding. He also claims that the drones, when carefully selected, are of quite as much importance as the queens, as they exercise the greatest influence on the pregnancy. Last week, Mr. Jones showed us a letter from Mr. Frank Benton, who has charge of his apiary at Larnica, in the Island of Cyprus, which is run exclusively for queen raising, and in it he details some of the hardships and experience of conducting it there. He also mentions the heat as being very trying, 140° in shade; yet in spite of this he is Bent-on making it a success. Weekly shipments of queens leave the Island from Canada, and will arrive in time for the Toronto Exhibition, where Mr. Jones intends making an exhibit that will be a credit to Canada and lovers of the busy bee. He has also arranged for holding a bee keepers convention on the evenings of the 14th, 15th and 17th, thus giving those attending the convention, the one fare. The first honey ever made by Cyprian and Holy bees in America will be exhibited, which we have not the slightest doubt but will be highly commended, especially that of the Holy bees. No bee keeper should fail to attend the convention at Toronto during the Exhibition, as some very valuable information will be given regarding the new methods of securing honey and the wintering of bees without the loss of a single colony, and many other matters pertaining to bee-keeping. Hundreds of bee-keepers from the United States and Canada visit Beeton, but at the convention there will be an interchange of ideas that cannot fail to work much good.

Handle Dairy Stock Kindly.

Mr. Parcell, in the Report of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, says: "It is important that dairy stock, from the young calf to the old cow that is being fed for beef, should be handled and treated kindly. If a calf is handled roughly and becomes wild and vicious thereby, when it becomes a cow you may expect the same, but if handled carefully and treated with kindness, when grown up she will be mild and gentle. It may not always be so, but in general it is. There have been many cows spoiled by the person having the care of and milking them, by whipping or frightening them whenever they come in his way, or if, when milking, a cow hoists her foot or kicks (which is generally caused by pain), such a fellow stops milking and commences whipping, or, worse, kicking, the cow, and she becomes enraged, holds up her milk, kicks back, and is finally ruined. Never whip a cow for kicking, if she does kick the milk pail out of your hand and some times upset and knock you, but be kind and gentle with her, and milk her out with as little excitement as possible, and if she gets over her kicking propensity it will be by mild and not by harsh treatment. Never whip a cow because she kicks, for it will do no good, and will do a great deal of harm."

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Longstreet, an ex-confederate General, has been sent by President Hayes as ambassador to Turkey.

The estate of Mr. James Barber late of Georgetown, paper manufacturer, has been valued at over $350,000.

Jay Gould proposes to offer to the public his $4,000,000 purchase, the Missouri Pacific road, at a capitalization of thirty million dollars.

A colony of 3,000 Mennonites from the south of Russia is to settle in Delaware, where five thousand acres of land have been bought for it.

Those of the French crown jewels which are not considered of artistic value are to be sold, and the proceeds are to be expended in purchasing works of art. Their value is estimated at over a million and a quarter of dollars.

The steamer "Marine City," running between Detroit and Cleveland, was burned on Monday afternoon. One hundred and thirty passengers it is said were saved, but some lives were lost; estimated from eight to thirty.

A Deadwood miner played ball with a can of nitro-glycerine just to show his companions that he wasn't afraid of the stuff. They missed him all at once, and the only trace of his whereabouts were two coat buttons and a hole in the ground.

The statistics of failures in Great Britain and Ireland, prepared by Mr. Richard Seyd, of London, show that the Old Country is recovering rapidly from the depressed condition of trade, 1878 and 1879. The total number of failures in six months of this year were 6,662, against 16,635 during the same period of 1879.

A news item tells us that the Chicago and Northwestern Railway have sold over 76,000 acres to a party of Canadians, who paid therefor $248,000. Here is one case at least where a quarter of a million of dollars, and an unlimited supply of muscle and energy are lost to the Dominion, and secured by our neighbors across the border.

BUTTERMILK AS SUMMER FOOD, DRINK AND MEDICINE.—A Detroit physician asserts that for a hot weather drink nothing equals buttermilk. It is, he says, 'both drink and food, and for the laborer is the best known. It supports the system, and even in fever will cure the stomach admirably. It is also a most valuable domestic remedy. It will cure dysentry as well and more quickly than any other remedy known. Dysentry is really a constipation, and is the opposite of diarrhœa. It is inflamation of the bowels with congestion of the 'portal circulation'—the circulation of blood through the bowels and liver. It is a disease always prevalent in the summer and autumn. From considerable observation I feel warranted in saying that buttermilk, drunk moderately, will cure every case of it—certainly when taken in the early stages.'

The severest hail storm witnessed in the United States, if not in the world, the present summer, took place July the 1st, in Warren County, Missouri. The stones were of various sizes, ranging from the size of walnuts up to blocks of ice 10½ inches long, 5 inches wide, and ½ inch thick, and fell to a depth of six inches on a level, over forty square miles of territory.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
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