

The Minister's Wife

By MRS. HENRY WOOD

CHAPTER I.

A rustic congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon; St. Mary's, in the hamlet of Little Whitton. Great Whitton, some three miles off, for the parish there was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year; Little Whitton brought its incumbent in only two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon, whose seat was near, on the other side of Great Whitton. The incumbent of Great Whitton was an old man, almost past duty; the incumbent of Little Whitton was an able and attractive man scarcely thirty, the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, Little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whitton families ignored their old rector and came to listen to the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horses driven by a boy, waited at the church door. The boy was in a crimson jacket and a velvet cap, the postilion livery of the Avon family. The sweeping seat behind was low and convenient; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church, they stepped into it unassisted. The one looked about fifty years of age, and walked slowly; the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness with somewhat haughty features, and haughty eyes, blue as the summer sky. The boy touched his horses and drove on.

"He surpassed himself to-day, Grace," began the elder lady.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me, I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whitton, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, nothing is more easy," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden heightening of color might pass unnoticed. "It is impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily; neither are men without connections inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connections; he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."

"The young lady threw back her head. 'Rectors don't give up their preferments to subside into curates, mamma.'"

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone; "and old Chester might make it worth Mr. Baumgarten's."

"Mr. Chester ought to retire. For my part, I cannot imagine how these old clergy can persist in remaining in their livings."

"The clergy must grow old as well as other people, my dear."

"I am not speaking of age so much as of falling faculties."

The young lady received no answer to this, and they went along in silence.

"Mamma!" she exclaimed, when they were about a mile on the road, "we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane. I shall go back again. James, when you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon. "And why do you choose the longer way, round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny; to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one deeper in penetration than the Lady Avon had ever been to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan; that when her daughter drove from the church door she had fully intended to proceed part of the way home, and then go back again. Lady Grace Carmel had rather a strong will, which had been fostered by indulgence, for she was an only daughter.

Another of the congregation had left the church by a different door. It was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the churchyard, and opening one of its gates found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through a corner of Whitton Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whitton Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited; her lips parted, her cheek flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Was she expecting any one to join her? Little doubt of it; and that it was one all too dear to her the signs betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent her ears to listen; with the first sound of approaching footsteps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be caught waiting for him? No; no; rather she would hide herself forever than betray aught of the deep love that lay in her heart for the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her; he sometimes chose the near way home, too; a tall, graceful man, with pale, classic features, and luminous brown eyes set deeply; but in his face might be seen somewhat of irresolution. He strode on and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!" She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her cheeks bright with love's rosy flush. "Oh—is it you, Mr. Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably; in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side, as if to enjoy the beauty of the summer afternoon.

"They have been taking me to task to-day," suddenly began Mr. Baumgarten. "Who? The Avons do you mean? I saw they were at church."

"Not the Avons. What have they to do with me, Edith. Squire Wells and his wife, with a half dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry after service this morning."

"What about?"

"Not the duties of the parish; secular, not clerical. I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the young ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain

sewing, is running to rack and ruin."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half-joking way, his beautiful eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously. "You did not say anything of this at dinner time; you did not tell mamma."

"No. Why should I tell her? It might only worry her, you know. The school sewing is the worst grievance," he lightly ran on. "Dame Giles' Betsy took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow cases; the dame boxed Betsy's ears, went to school and nearly boxed Miss Turner's. It seems to me they could not have a better governess than she is. However, such mistakes, I am told, are often occurring and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith.

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy; some one who would do so."

"How stupid they are! I'm sure Miss Turner does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she is particularly clever; and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; mamma can't, but—"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help Miss Turner to a supervisor by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words died in with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her soft brown hair. In her confusion she knew not whether to keep it there, or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also; and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsy's.

"It cannot be thought of, you know, Edith. Marry on two hundred a year and expose my wife, and perhaps others, to poverty and privation? No, that I will never do."

"The parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said.

"And a great deal of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture upon a wife. He laughed and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"Such wives are not easily found," murmured Edith Dane.

"Not by me," returned Mr. Baumgarten. "A college chum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to anything better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy and lives on the fat of the land in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it; even before his marriage he allowed himself to say as much to me; disparaged her, in fact. No; the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can yet awhile."

"Of course, mamma would be the proper person to continue to look after these things for you, as she used to do, if she were not incapacitated."

"But she is, Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you cannot help me."

Miss Dane was silent. Had her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in her censorious neighborhood, to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Cyrus Dane had been many years rector of Little Whitton; at his death, Mr. Baumgarten was appointed. Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, derived from an annuity. Her husband had been quite unable to save money. The needs of his parish, the education of his two daughters, and the expenses of living had utterly absorbed his stipend, and kept him sadly poor. So poor that the necessary repairs of the rectory from year to year had never been attended to, and when he died it was in a woeful state of dilapidation. The eldest of his daughters, Charlotte, had married George Brice, a nephew of Brice the surgeon; he was the junior partner in a shipping house and lived in London.

When Mr. Baumgarten arrived to take possession of his new living, he found the rectory perfectly uninhabitable. Mrs. Dane had moved out of it to Whitton Cottage, and it was arranged that he should take up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane. He had not the means to put the rectory into repair, and was told that he must go upon the late rector's widow to do it; that she was liable, as in fact she was. But Mr. Baumgarten could not and would not do that. She had not the means to restore it any more than he had. So things were left as they were to drift, and he made himself happy and contented at Whitton Cottage. He had just entered now upon the second year of his residence with them; during which Mrs. Dane had been seized with a slow and lingering illness, which must in time terminate fatally.

Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane; a concealed attachment; for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it, and to encounter the expenses of a family household upon small means appeared to him more to be shunned than any adverse fate on earth. Mr. Baumgarten was of gentle birth, but he had not any private fortune or near relatives; he had in fact no connections whatever to push him forward in the church. For all he could see now, he might live and die at this poor living, and he did not like the prospect.

They soon reached Whitton Cottage. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to the little room he used as his study, but

Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up, and stopped at the gate. Miss Dane went out to it. Grace spoke first, her eyes running in all directions while she did so, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day, and her cough is not troublesome. I think her breathing is generally better in hot weather. Will you not come in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke up the countess. "Our dinner will be ready; you know I have to take it early. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got back from church yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them. At his appearance the blush in Grace Carmel's face rivaled that in Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried Lady Avon, as she shook hands with him. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us? But you will find the walk long, perhaps, after your services to-day; and the weather is hot," she added.

"Very long; too far. Could you not return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten?" interposed her daughter. "Mamma will be glad of you to say grace at table."

Whether it pleased the countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners also, perhaps. He stood leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half circle. Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, sitting quite back in the middle of the seat, and Mr. Baumgarten took his seat beside her. Edith Dane cast a look after them as the carriage rolled away, a pained, envious look; for her the sunshine of the afternoon had gone out.

Miss Dane did not like these visits of his to Avon House, and he seemed to be often going there on one plea or another. There, he was surrounded by all the glory and pomp of stately life, and that is apt to tell upon a man's heart; Grace Carmel, too, was more beautiful than she, and singularly attractive. Not that Edith did, or could, suppose there was any real danger; the difference in their social positions barred that.

Some cloud, unexplained, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon's later life. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement.

An inward complaint, real or fancied, had set in, and the countess thought herself unable to move to London. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town; then she had returned to her mother, to share her retirement, at which she inwardly rebelled. Over and over again did Grace wish her brother would marry and come home; for the place was his, and it would oblige her mother to quit it. But Lord Avon preferred his town house to his country one, and told his mother she was heartily welcome to stay in it. He liked a gay life better than a dull one; as all the world had known when he was young Viscount Standish.

It is just possible that the ennui of Grace's monotonous life at Avon had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she had done so, that she loved him, with a strong and irreplaceable passion, was certain; and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No, for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to a distant cousin, a young man who had been reading with her father during the last year of his life. The young fellow had wanted Edith; he asked her parents for her, he implored her to wait until he should be ordained, Edith had only laughed at him; but the report that they were engaged had in some way got about; and Lady Grace never thought to doubt it.

(To be continued.)

Great Saving.

"Science tells us," said the son who had been to college, "that man expels a great deal of carbon when he breathes. In other words, he expels over six tons of a coal in a lifetime."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" replied the practical father in astonishment. "Hereafter I am going to breathe in a coal scuttle. Why, six tons of coal is enough to last me through a whole winter."

Rural Joke.

"Our neighborhood is considerably stirred up," said the farmer, as he helped himself to a pipeful of the village editor's pulverized cabbage.

"What's the trouble?" queried the editor, scenting an item of news.

"Nothin'," answered the granger. "Everybody's plowin', that's all."

The Water Gets Softer.

A Kansas man claims to have made the discovery that water below a dam is much softer than that above it. He says that falling over the dam breaks the water.

Sea Water for Tuberculosis.

The hypodermic injection of sea water in twenty-four tuberculosis patients at a Paris hospital is said to have been followed by remarkably favorable results.

His Advantage.

Miss Prim—In Siberia do they have reindeer?
Mr. Nervey—Yes, but oftener they have snow, darling.—Cleveland Leader.

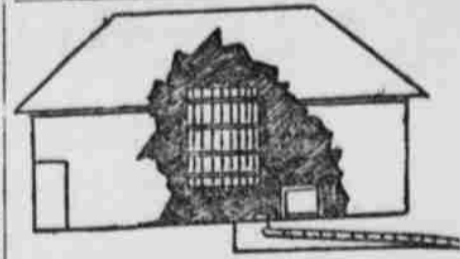
A needle passes through eighty operations before it is perfectly made.



Farm Water Supply.

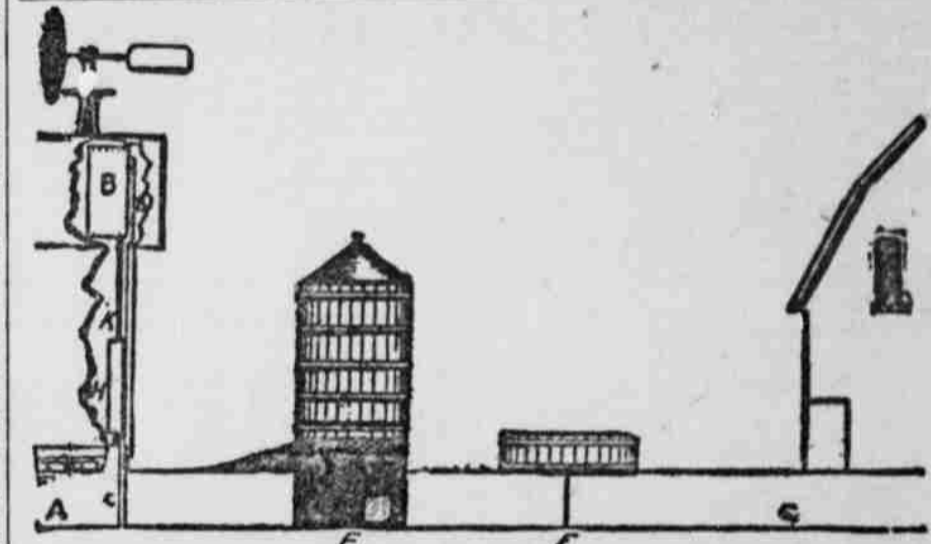
In establishing a water supply system for a farm, the first thing to be determined is the kind of power to be used in making the supply of water available for the uses of man and beast. Wind power is the most common, though gasoline, as well as horse and tread power are more and more coming into use. As to which power should be used it can only be said that local circumstances and conditions will always determine this.

The illustration is a design of a water system where the supply comes from a tubular well and the water is pumped by wind power. The dwelling



WATER TANK IN THE BARN.

and barn are practically on level ground, hence the necessity for elevating the supply wholly or in part so that water may be easily distributed. The yards for the stock in this instance occupy a slightly lower elevation than is occupied by the house and barn. The supply tank in this case is made of good lumber, and is placed on a good, frost-proof brick wall which extends about two feet above the surface of the ground, and also descends to a point about four feet below the



ARRANGEMENT FOR WATER SUPPLY.

surface. The space below the tank is used as a sort of creamery room.

In this system the water is forced from the well through the pipe (A) by windmill power, directly to a forty-barrel galvanized tank (B) located in the garret of the residence. From here it may be piped to any part of the house. An overflow pipe (E) taps the tank near the top and conducts the water to the large cypress supply tank. By this method the freshest water remains in the galvanized tank in the garret. The pipe (G) leads from this supply tank to wherever the water is required for use, to hog lots, stock tanks, etc. By this plan there is a permanent supply under pressure so long as the well or spring is not exhausted and the windmill kept in order.

Where all buildings are nearly on a level it is sometimes practicable to place the supply tank in the barn as indicated in the smaller figure. This makes it convenient to surround the tank with packing material so that the water does not freeze. If one will go a single step further and place the main drinking tank also inside this building, it makes an exceedingly convenient plan for watering stock in winter, because of putting down the lid at night, it is possible to practically exclude frost.

Orchard Crops.

Potatoes are the best crop to grow in an orchard. The tops cover the ground at the time of year when the ground most needs protection from the hot rays of the sun in midsummer. With many crops the land is left bare and dry at the very time of year when of all others it needs protection. This is true of the winter grain crops, which are cut in early summer. The ground is unprotected during the hottest period and dries out to a considerable depth. In such circumstances trees sometimes stop growing altogether. It is hard on trees the first year to have the ground over their roots devoid of a crop. The roots have not obtained much of a grasp of the earth in any way and the ground dries out to the roots themselves. The trees do well if they keep from dying under such conditions.

Care of the Grindstone.

It is very common on some farms to keep the grindstone out of doors, sheltered only by the foliage of some trees in summer, but in winter it is exposed to all kinds of storms. These stones are always more or less porous. If they were not they would not make good material to sharpen metal-cutting tools. When a grindstone gets wet, and the moisture in it freezes, pieces of the stone chip off and the stone wears away unevenly, thus soon becoming of very little value.

Bacteria in Butter Wash Water.

In a bulletin issued by the Kansas State Agriculture College, C. W. Mellik, assistant dairy husbandman, arrives at the following conclusions regarding the effect of bacteria in wash water for butter: It is both practical and economical to sterilize wash water for butter if it can be cooled and used immediately. Otherwise, the practice is a useless expense. A filter for creamery water is only a source of contamination and filth unless frequently cleaned and refilled with fresh filtering material. Water melted from ice, even though kept at 50 degrees Fahrenheit, may become filled with bacterial growth if allowed to stand for a few hours in a wooden tank from day to day without thorough cleaning. Great care should therefore be taken in the utilization of such water for cooling purposes. There is a direct relation between the bacterial content of the wash water used and the keeping quality of the butter. Water kept at a low temperature from 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit for a few hours inhibits the development of bacteria, or destroys from one-half to four-fifths of those present.

Alfalfa and Hog Growing.

Alfalfa pasture for hogs has proved to be very profitable. A hog grower says in the Indiana Farmer: "From March 1 to November 1, I keep 700 head of hogs, including some twenty-five brood sows, in a six-acre patch of alfalfa and cut the alfalfa twice, averaging at these two cuttings more than 32 inches in height. These hogs were in this alfalfa patch all the time every day except when the ground was too wet to permit them to run on it. I fed each of them three or four ears of corn a day, so I do not claim that 200 head of hogs could be run on six acres of alfalfa alone that length of time. I always feed corn to my growing hogs along with alfalfa. Of these hogs, 150 head averaged above 300 pounds on November 1. In wet weather I turn the hogs into a corral where alfalfa hay is stacked, and they seem to relish it, as



1622—Surrender of Manhattan to Titus.
1640—Long Parliament begins.
1760—Foundation stone laid for Blackfriars bridge across the River Thames.

1790—La Salle arrived at mouth of the Miami.
1795—French Directory chosen.

1806—French occupied Rome...
1812—French defeated Russian near Wiazma.

1814—Americans abandoned and destroyed Fort Erie.
1837—Constitution of Hanover changed by royal ordinance.

1854—Battle of Inkerman.
1856—Visit of Victor Emmanuel of Italy to Queen Victoria.

1861—The Confederate schooner *Florida*, ran the blockade at Savannah.
Gen. McClellan succeeded Gen. Scott as commander of armies of the United States.

1862—Gen. Burnside succeeded Gen. McClellan in command of army of the Potomac.

1864—Confederate ram *Albatross* destroyed by Lieut. Cushing...
1867—Gen. Sherman announced the Indian war at an end.

1871—Eleven women and children killed in panic in negro church in Louisville.

1872—Monument to Sir Walter Scott unveiled in Central Park, New York.

1880—Presidential proclamation designating North and South Dakota States of the Union.

1890—Grand hotel, San Francisco, destroyed by fire...
1891—Maverick National Bank, Boston, failed...
1892—Celebrations in honor of Luther at Wittenberg.

1894—Nicholas II. proclaimed Emperor of Russia...
1895—Two earthquake shocks felt in many of the Western States.

1898—American peace commission demanded whole of Philippines from Spain...
1900—Cuban constitutional convention opened at Havana.

1902—British cable completed around the world...
1903—New Irish land act went into operation...
1904—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
1905—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

1906—British cable completed around the world...
1907—New Irish land act went into operation...
1908—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
1909—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

1910—British cable completed around the world...
1911—New Irish land act went into operation...
1912—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
1913—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

1914—British cable completed around the world...
1915—New Irish land act went into operation...
1916—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
1917—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

1918—British cable completed around the world...
1919—New Irish land act went into operation...
1920—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
1921—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

1922—British cable completed around the world...
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2014—British cable completed around the world...
2015—New Irish land act went into operation...
2016—Liberals victorious in Canadian elections...
2017—Five thousand Jews reported killed in Odessa during the riots.

2018—British cable completed around the world...
201