

LOCAL NEWS.

If there's a hole in your coat, I can mend it for you. A tailor's name is always in demand.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH - Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p.m.

Evangelical Church.

Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Episcopal Church.

Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

First Baptist Church.

Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

St. Paul's Church.

Rev. J. P. Fryer, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

St. Andrew's Church.

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A SHOCKING DEATH.

A Farmer of Howard killed by a Wild Hog.

Another one of those unexpected occurrences which remind us that "in life we are in the midst of death," took place last Saturday. Very early in the afternoon the community was startled by the announcement that Mr. Thomas Boothroyd, a highly respected and well-to-do farmer, who lived about three miles and a half from this place, on the 10th concession of Howard, had met his instant death in a most shocking manner.

Mr. D. Wilson, for some time past, has owned a hog which has run wild for the last two years. The animal was known to be dangerous, and the community desired to be rid of him. Mr. Wilson agreed to sell the hog to Mr. Boothroyd for a nominal sum, provided the latter would catch him without any trouble to the former. Accordingly, just after dinner, on Saturday, Mr. Boothroyd, his son Ambrose, their hired man, and the dog, went to capture the hog. They went absolutely unarmed, taking only a rope, with which they thought they could secure the hog. While driving the creature from the swamp, it started for young Boothroyd, who soon gained the solid ground. Meantime, the dog attacked the hog, which then turned from the pursuit of the young man to combat the dog. The latter proved a poor match for the ferocious beast, which threw his canine assistant clear over the fence. The hog then started for the swamp, but stopped just before entering, when Mr. Boothroyd and the hired man, who were only a few feet apart in the swamp, set the dog again upon the animal. At the same moment the hog made a quick movement towards Mr. Boothroyd, and in an instant knocked him down. He then thrust his enormous tusks into the breast of the unfortunate man, just at the base of the sternum, and, no doubt, piercing the heart. The hog then made another thrust at the neck, and severed the jugular vein. Mr. Boothroyd was then helped out of the swamp, and after walking about three rods, laid down upon his back, completely exhausted from the loss of blood, which spurted out at every beat of the heart, to the distance, at times, of three or four feet. He was unable to utter a single word from the time of the attack, and he died in a very few minutes. Either of the wounds would have been fatal.

Mr. Malcolm Campbell, his brother James and a few others, heard the noise from an adjoining field—the occurrence took place on Mr. Campbell's land—and the whole party went immediately to the rescue, but the hapless man had expired before they arrived. Young Campbell jumped upon a horse and came to this village for a physician; but of course without avail.

The funeral services were held last Sunday afternoon, at the English Church on the Old Talbot Road, and were attended by all the people of the surrounding country, who desired to pay their respects to the memory of a man who had always shown himself a kind and obliging neighbor.

Later, Saturday afternoon, a party consisting of Ezra Bonham, Walter Phillips and others, started in pursuit of the hog, which ran up the concession a few miles, then down Scane's sidelong to the Ridgewood, as far as James Scane's place—a mile west of the village, where it once more showed fight. First, it attacked the horse ridden by Mr. Phillips, cutting the animal about the feet. Phillips fired several shots from a revolver, but with little apparent effect. Mr. Bonham then despatched the hog with a well-aimed shot from his rifle, and the murderous career of the dangerous beast was brought to a close.

Lightning. Last Saturday night a heavy storm passed over this section, though but little rain fell till quite late. About half past ten o'clock a very loud crash was heard and it seemed almost certain the lightning had struck some place not far off. It was found that the cottage of Mr. J. M. Groat, on Ebenezer street, was the spot. The lightning struck the chimney, which rested on a wooden support in the chamber. It ran from the chimney down through the chamber floor, making a large hole, and scattering the plastering in a very promiscuous manner. After reaching the room below, it seems to have divided into three currents. One went out of the back of the house, and raised but little damage. A dipper which was hanging up outside, had a small hole in the bottom through which the current had passed. The aperture was about the size of a small bullet hole, and perfectly round. Another current seemed to branch into an occupied bedroom, striking against the side of the window-frame, a few inches from Mr. Groat's head, and apparently going out where the window had been lowered. The third current went out through the south end of the house, shattering the siding in a most decided manner. The strongest part of the whole circumstance is, that not a soul was injured. The upper chamber was occupied; and Mr. and Mrs. Groat were in bed not a foot from the window, through which some of the current forced its egress, but no one felt the slightest shock, though all as may be imagined, were just a little frightened. Mr. Groat is a poor man, and while the damage was not very large, it was a great deal to him. We are glad to say that a small purse was made up for his benefit.

On Wednesday last, Mr. William Fraser, of Merlin, died very suddenly. He had been eating green fruit during the day, while at work in the harvest field, and in the afternoon he was seized with convulsions and died the same evening. Deceased was about 60 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children.

Advertisement. Advertising is a great subject. Hundreds of men owe their fortunes to a judicious use of printer's ink. No wonder, then, that so many men believe in advertising; no wonder that the subject is a fruitful theme for the journalist's pen. Occasionally, some poetic genius will attack the subject in rhyme; but with only indifferent success. One scribbler in sheer desperation cried out: "But few words rhyme with 'advertiser'."

The advertiser, He is wiser Than the Kaiser, About exhausts the panel. Whereupon, a neighbor, also with a poetic turn of mind, exclaimed: "Indeed! Then perhaps you never heard that: 'There once was a miser, who lived by a geyser, on fast rolling feet, and married Elizer, and tried to advertise her that no early riser would ever despise her, but highly would prize her, if he hires her to kitchen and fries her old man's appetizer in the shape of a good breakfast before he gets up in the morning. And the panel isn't exhausted yet.'"

"Castroline" Machine oil is warranted to outwear seal or lard oil and is entirely free from gum.

"THE STANDARD"

How it is Received by the Press and Public.

Two numbers of THE STANDARD have been issued, and the reception has been very gratifying to the projector. The people here have never had a live, well-conducted local paper, and they appreciate the fact that there is now printed in their midst, a paper that would be a credit to a much larger place. To all who have spoken kind words, and especially to those who have manifested their appreciation in a more substantial way, we express our thanks. To our journalistic friends, we are grateful for kind words. That our readers may know just what the other papers have to say of the enterprise, we print the following notices:

The initial number of the Ridgewood Standard has come to hand. It is a beautiful paper, and presents a good appearance. —Baltimore Times.

We have received a copy of the Ridgewood Standard, a new candidate for public patronage. It is a beautiful paper, and presents a good appearance. —Baltimore Times.

The Standard is the name of a new paper, the first number of which has just been published in Ridgewood, Ont. It is a beautiful paper, and presents a good appearance. —Baltimore Times.

We have received the first number of a new paper, published at Ridgewood, Ont. It is a beautiful paper, and presents a good appearance. —Baltimore Times.

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HIGHGATE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The following letter was mailed for last week's issue, but came one day late:

The masons have commenced the new school house. They think they can get their part of the work done in six weeks. They are jolly boys and work with spirit.

Mr. J. Mason, Rev. W. Orford, in an extended issue every day. He has Ottawa, trying to get the appointment of Immigration Agent. We wish him success.

The teachers have gone for their holidays. The pupils have been working hard at the Promotion Examination papers. Master Richard Gosnell, Master Ed. Beattie, Miss Fanny Johnson, and Miss Mickle, have gone to the Teacher's Examination, Co. of Kent. We hope they will be successful. They have worked hard and no doubt will succeed.

A deputation, consisting of Mr. Wm. Gosnell, Secretary of Highgate Lodge, A. O. U. W., No. 19, and one or two more, waited on Mrs. John Houbert, who died of small-pox a few weeks ago, and presented her with a cheque on the Grand Receiver, A. O. U. W., for two thousand dollars, and a very appropriate address. This promptly to Mr. Houbert's insurance in connection with the Order, will do for A. O. U. W.'s an immense good turn.

We are pleased with the publication of THE STANDARD, and wish it unlimited success.

Personal. —Rev. J. P. Fryer and wife have gone for a few days visit to friends in Napier.

Mr. D. L. McLean has returned from a short visit to Hamilton and other places east.

Mr. Jas. Vere, clerk for the Deers McLean, started on Wednesday morning for a two weeks visit to his old home at Belleville.

Mr. Albert McLean, who has been clerking in Mr. Boughner's hardware store, for the past year or two, will shortly go to his home at Lucan to be with a couple of months.

Mr. B. Huffnair who has been to Ingersoll on a two weeks visit, returned.

Mrs. E. C. Banker returned on Monday from a short visit to Oxford, Ont.

Mr. D. W. Smith, the artist in Leamington, is again in town. Now for some good whistling.

Mr. R. E. Gosnell, late of the Chatham Tribune made a call on Wednesday.

Mr. Scribner formerly of Ridgewood, but now of Chatham, is in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. VanAlstyne is home from Petrolia, for a few days on a visit.

Miss Emma VanAlstyne who has been attending the High School at Chatham is home for her vacation.

Mr. Sylvester Young intends to take a trip east this week on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Dr. McTaggart of Detroit, is visiting friends in town. She is stopping at Mr. Chas. Landon's.

Mrs. Henry Porter and children left this morning for New York.

Who stole the horse-stealer? The Chatham Tribune of last week contained the following item which is evidently injurious to the fair name of the town:

"Two men from Ridgewood came in to buy a sewing machine top. After bargaining with the lady who was doing business in the absence of her husband, for a long time, they made a bargain. They had occasion to use a large screw driver, which seemed to upset the article of one of the men. They were failed in their first attempt to get it, but they did not give over. Once again they tried and succeeded in taking it. Such conduct is not only meanly wicked, but the act of a dastard, and their names will shortly be published."

Give us the names of the parties, and let their recalcitancy be known. If the article had been a corker we might have written a temperance sermon on the subject; but it is certainly a mean business for two men to steal a screw-driver.

Free Pills. In small country places, people are always anxious for a notice in the local paper, and many cannot see why a notice should cost anything. Such well-meaning people forget that an office must pay its hands, and that ink and paper cost money, not to mention the numerous other incidentals. They also forget that the matter of local notices is a part of a paper's regular advertising business, to which it is compelled to look for no small part of its income. This topic was suggested by the following thoughts which we find in an exchange: "The practice is dying out among all respectable journals, and there is no reason why it should be kept alive. A newspaper is private property just the same as a store or a carriage factory, and people would think it very cheeky to enter a drug-store and buy a suit of clothes and then ask the merchant to throw in a silk dress for the customer's wife, or to purchase a lumber wagon and ask for the present of a carriage."

During the thunder-storm on Tuesday 13th, the dwelling of John C. Gillies, in Aldborough, was struck by lightning, destroying the chimney, and a portion of the building—also prostrating a little daughter, though it is hoped not dangerously. A few minutes previous, another member of the family left the shelter of a tree not far from the barn, and almost immediately after the tree was struck by lightning and considerably torn to pieces.

CHATHAM.

From the Standard.

The examination of candidates for the Third-class Teacher's certificates commenced yesterday morning, at the Model School. The examinations will be continued on Thursday, and the papers will then be sent to Toronto, to the Central Board.

Mr. Otis B. Hulen, one of our oldest and best known builders and contractors, started for Denver, Colorado, on Monday evening last, with a view of engaging in business there. The departure of such men as Mr. Hulen is to be deeply regretted, especially when driven to a foreign country in search of that employment "quicker than a home." Mr. Hulen has not sold his property here, and when we get rid of the N. P. incubus, we hope to see him back in Canada again.

On Saturday afternoon, two boys about 12 years of age—one a son of Mr. J. B. Barrie, the other of Mr. Charles Pollock—while amusing themselves in a boat on the north side of the Third st. bridge, were thrown into deep water by the upsetting of the craft, and as neither of the boys could swim, they were in imminent danger for a time. Police managed to get hold of the boat, and was easily rescued, but his comrade sank, and was under the water some time when Mr. John Miller swam out and brought him ashore. The boat was a small and dangerous looking craft, and was at once destroyed.

A man named Wm. King was tried at the Police Court for cruelly abusing one of his horses on Saturday. It came out in evidence that King had whipped his horse with the whip-handle until he got tired, and then struck it several times with a dry pin, finally fracturing its skull, and causing almost instant death. The Magistrate fined him \$10 or 30 days, telling him that it was only on account of his poverty a heavier fine was not imposed. The Police Magistrate and Chief of Police are doing good service in the matter of punishing the microscopists who abuse animals, and we trust they will not relax their efforts to enforce the law.

A Bad Case of Bruising. The Essex Chronicler records a very sad case of drowning at the Canada Southern trestle work opposite Anderson on Monday. A picnic party of about twenty persons left Detroit on one of the morning trains over the Canada Southern Railway to enjoy the day in a quiet manner on Grosse Ile. Among the ladies was Mrs. Carrie Fringle, of London, England, 25 years of age, who arrived out about six weeks ago on a visit to her mother, Mr. Stratton, of No. 219 Twentieth street, Detroit. About 2 p.m., several of the party walked across the trestlework to Stony Island, and thence along the pier and breakwater on the river side of the trestle leading to the railway ferry slip. In the breakwater are two chutes through which the current rushes at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. These chutes are crossed upon plank-laid down looses, and in crossing the second Mrs. Fringle tripped and fell into the water of the chute. Owing to the rapidity of the current at this point, when she rose to the surface she was forty feet below the breakwater. It was impossible at this distance to effect her rescue, and before assistance reached her the unfortunate lady had sunk for the last time. Mr. Fringle, husband of the unfortunate lady, is at her London home with their two children, and Mrs. Fringle intended to start on her return trip to England the latter part of the week. The eldest of the two children rendered motherless by this accident is but four years of age.

Arrivals at Bond Row. July 4th, the tug Prince Alfred, of Windsor, with cargo Nevada City, in top for wood at London station for Blomont.

July 4th, the scow Russia, of Toronto, wood at Raglan.

July 5th, the scow Kittle, of Port Clinton, cleared with wood.

July 5th, the scow V. M. Blake, for wood at Soper's.

July 7th, the propeller Zealand, of Hamilton, for wood with the tow barge Fortaine in tow, loaded with corn.

July 7th, the scow Russia, cleared for Detroit with wood.

July 8th, the tug Prince Alfred, cleared for Detroit with the tow barge Nevada City in tow, loaded with wood and leaving very bad.

July 8th, the steam barge Ada Allen, of Windsor, wood at London station for Blomont.

July 8th, the tug Josie, of Danville, shelter.

July 8th, the tug Oswego, of Detroit, wood at Raglan.

July 8th, the scow German, of Detroit, no wood at Shrewsbury.

July 8th, the tug Oswego, cleared to look for a tow.

July 8th, the schooner Kollage, of Amherstburg, shelter, with salt for Montreal.

July 10th, the schooner V. M. Blake, cleared for Detroit with wood.

July 11th, the tug Prince Alfred, cleared for Detroit with the tow barge Nevada City in tow, loaded with wood and leaving very bad.

July 11th, wind south-west, fresh. Lake rough; cloudy.

Another Lightning Strike. During the general storm last Friday evening the lightning struck the house of Mr. John Johnson, who lives near the Selton post-office. The current went down the chimney, thence down the stove-pipe, and burst upon the stove door and passed through the floor, scattering the fire and ashes over all within. Rev. Messrs. Atlow and Will, were guests at the house at the time, and while the shock was felt by all, Mrs. Johnson was the only one who was stunned. She felt the shock for several hours after.

"Castroline" is a registered trade brand, and any person selling other oils under this name will be prosecuted.

The finest stock of furniture ever shown in Ridgewood at Locke & Bradshaws.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The place to buy cheap furniture at Locke & Bradshaws.

Repairs and Motor Manufacturers, say "Castroline" is the best oil in the Market.

RIDGETOWN MARKETS. Wheat, per bu. 5 00 00 00

DIED. COUCH—At his late residence, Howard township, on the 11th inst., (GEO. COUCH, aged 80 years. Deceased was a native of Somersetshire, Eng., and came to this country 30 years ago. He had lived in this township for the past 20 years.

BORN. WILSON—In Detroit on the 8th inst., the wife of Dr. Wilson, of a daughter.

WILSON—In Ontario township, on the 8th inst., the wife of Wm. Spear, of a son.

THOMPSON—In Howard township, on the 4th inst., the wife of Wm. Thompson, of a son.

A FINE LINE OF WILLIAMS AND FANCY GOODS. IN STOCK.

THE YEAR ROUND. We offer at goods at half price as we could not afford it. But in QUALITY AND PRICE, we think they will compare favorably with anything in town. We leave that to the good judgment of our patrons to decide.

BUTTRICK'S PATTERNS. IN STOCK. also subscriptions taken for BUTTRICK'S PUBLICATIONS. MRS. E. C. BANKER.

THE ELLIOTT-BAKER BANKING COMPANY. FORMERLY THE RIDGETOWN BANK. ESTABLISHED 1877. Transacts a general Banking Business. Drafts issued payable at par, at all the branches of Montreal Bank. Money loaned on real estate at 7 to 8 per cent. interest, for any number of years.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. J. A. ELLIOTT