

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

The market reports in the Chronicle are correct every day just before going to press and can be relied upon as being correct.

Wheat, white, per bushel	85 00
Wheat, red, per bushel	84 00
Barley, per bushel	45 00
Oats, per bushel	35 00
Hay, per ton	15 00
Timothy, per ton	18 00
Alfalfa, per ton	16 00
Clover, per ton	14 00
Straw, per ton	12 00
Peas, per bushel	55 00
Lentils, per bushel	50 00
Beans, per bushel	60 00
Onions, per bushel	40 00
Potatoes, per bushel	30 00
Corn, per bushel	25 00
Sorghum, per bushel	20 00
Millet, per bushel	15 00
Buckwheat, per bushel	10 00
Rye, per bushel	35 00
Speltz, per bushel	30 00
Wild rice, per bushel	25 00
Amaranth, per bushel	20 00
Sorghum, per bushel	15 00
Millet, per bushel	10 00
Buckwheat, per bushel	5 00
Rye, per bushel	3 00
Speltz, per bushel	2 00
Wild rice, per bushel	1 00
Amaranth, per bushel	0 50

ing, will be held morning and evening every alternate Sunday for a few months.

Lightning struck the residence of Mr. Gardner Myrick, Mossley, knocking off the chimney, following down the stove pipe, and to a beautiful organ sitting down stairs, shattering the boards on the back of the organ. Fortunately, none of the family, in the room were injured in the least.

PEBBLES.

July 30.—Mr. R. Phillips, who has been under the doctor's care, with a very sore leg is improving.

Quarterly services of the Methodist church will be held at Beechville, Aug. 4th, at 10.30 a.m. The usual service will be held at Falden's in the evening. There will be no Sunday school in the morning.

Mr. J. Allen was on the sick list a few days last week.

While drawing in wheat, Mr. E. Lonsbury upset a load and seriously injured the cords of his leg.

Harvesting will soon be a thing of the past, as the grain is ripening very fast.

HARRIETSVILLE.

July 29th.—Mrs. Ezra Smith and daughter, London, are the guests of Mrs. Thos. Doan.

Wm. Johnston, Strathroy, is visiting with his son, Charles, for a short time.

Mrs. B. Burrows, Lambeth, is a guest at her father's, Alex. Law. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Archer, a son.

Miss Bonnie Tooley, who has been the guest of Mrs. Solomon Secord for a time, has gone to visit friends in Ridgeway.

Rev. C. W. W. and Webster Wolf, Muncie, are guests at Mr. Enoch Smith's.

Mrs. Dalgleish, London, visited Mrs. Chas. Eden recently.

Rev. Mr. Graham, St. Thomas, exchanged pulpits with Rev. H. Sutton, of the Church of England, on Sunday. Messrs. York and Chalk erected a windmill on the farm of Mr. Wiltzie, Belmont, a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Seale, St. Marys, visited relatives in Lyons last week. The services at the Church of England, commencing next Sunday even-

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. C. W. Budd, on Tuesday, August 6th.

Mr. Marwood, of Toronto, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. Phillips.

MOUNT ELGIN.

Mr. F. M. Murphy has rented the barber shop from H. Miller, and will post. His friends and former customers are glad to welcome him back again.

LYONS.

The Lyons cheese factory was one of five who attained the highest score of points, viz.: 98.75, at the recent Ontario exhibit of cheese at Toronto for the Pan-American.

Fire Insurance.

First-class, non-tariff stock and mutual companies represented. Insurance effected at lowest rates. E. North's Concrete Ties always on hand.

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Office at T. N. Dunn's hardware, opposite P. O.



King of them all.

The "King Quality" shoe has been awarded the Gold Medal—the highest award at the Paris Exposition, where hundreds of makes from the best shoe factories of the world were also shown.

The lady who wears a "King Quality" wears the best ladies' shoe in the world.

Beauty of finish, handsome design, perfect fit—appearance, and comfort, with the price right.

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We have just received a shipment of the celebrated

"Stransky" Steel Ware
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Every piece warranted. For which we have taken the agency. Call and inspect our stock.

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BLUE FLAME COAL OIL STOVES,
REFRIGERATORS AND ICE
CAMP FREEZERS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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Charcoal Irons \$1.25.

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Saved From the Flood...

CHAPTER I.

The Waif of the Waters.

"With inundation wide the deluge reigns,
Drowns the deep valleys and 'o'er spreads the plains."

—Wilkie.

In the spring of 1840 two men might have been riding along the bank of a swollen river, with flowers through the central portion of Pennsylvania. There had been heavy rains in that vicinity for more than a week; the masses of snow which had everywhere covered the surrounding mountains had thus been rapidly melted, and the stream, which ordinarily at this point was rather slow and sluggish, was now wide and deep, and fierce, and the inhabitants of the thriving factory town, which we will call Frankport, had begun to have some fears that a destructive inundation might ensue.

Alarming reports of trouble in other districts above them were flying about the village, and these, of course, only served to augment the prevailing uneasiness, which had already been caused by the ever increasing volume of water that was being driven through the narrow river bed in their town.

"If this confounded rain don't stop pretty soon there'll be a great deal of damage done here," Wellington, gravely remarked the elder of the two men referred to, and who was evidently a farmer, judging from his coarse frock, his sunburned face, and bronzed and calloused hands.

"I am afraid we shall, Mr. Coffin; it won't take but a few feet more of water to set us all afloat," replied his son, who was a fine looking young man of perhaps twenty-eight years.

He was cashier of the bank in Frankport, a young man of high ability, property, energetic, enterprising, and bidding fair to rise to a fine position in the world, besides being a great favorite in the community where he lived.

He had been out to look over the farm belonging to his companion, with a view to taking a fine place, and the owner was now driving him back to his place of business.

"Well, my place'll be safe enough, I reckon," whistled Mr. Wellington, the farmer remarked, in a satisfied tone.

"Yes, your property surely lies high and dry," replied Mr. Wellington, with a smile, as he looked at the acres and acres of rather questionable soil in his possession.

"If trouble comes, it will be to us who live in the village who will suffer, especially those whose homes are near the factories."

"I hope those dams are strong," Mr. Coffin continued. "Wasn't there some talk awhile ago about the north shore dam being rather insecure?"

"Yes, I believe there was," replied Mr. Wellington, with an anxious face at the rapid stream on his right; but the company promised to have it thoroughly repaired, and doubtless it has been attended to before this."

Still the cloud did not lift from his brow, the anxious look did not wholly fade from his fine eyes as he was driven through the town, and finally alighted before the door of the bank, and he said to his companion, "Good-day."

All day long the rain continued to pour in torrents, the wind arose, and the mountain village, a perfect tempest was raging.

The river had continued to rise, and was still rising rapidly, until it was five times its ordinary width and was creeping into some of the streets and setting in the hollows of the village.

Men laborers chiefly—went to their homes with anxious faces; mothers kissed their little ones good-night with a strange fear tugging at their heart-strings, and with a prayer that God would "hold" the waters in his hand. The members of the corporation were not the least uneasy of the hundreds who went to rest that night in Frankport, for they had been kept secret in order to prevent a panic, they had set men to watch the great north shore dam, which had not been repaired as promised.

Darkness and gloom settled over the doomed town, while all through the long hours of the night the tempest continued to rage; higher and higher grew that turbid, treacherous stream, stealing its silent way up toward the dwellings of those sleeping hundreds.

All at once, just before the dawn, the furious clatter of a horse's hoofs sounded; an ominous voice rose above the noise of the elements, like a clatter note of doom.

To the hills! to the hills, for your lives! The north shore dam is giving way! Fly! fly!

That agonized voice, those ominous words, pierced the ear of the soundest sleeper, and sent a chill of terror to every heart.

People seized only what they could lay their hands upon, and poured forth from their dwellings, clutching their lives, and set their feet toward the hills; while at first, away in the distance, but every moment coming nearer, a shrill voice rose above the sullen roar and rush of the mercurial waters as they swept onward, with constantly increasing speed, upon the track of their flying prey.

Too late, too late, in many instances was this attempt to reach a place of safety.

There was no power so fierce as pitiless, as a mighty flood, and hundreds were buried beneath the seething waters ere they had fled a dozen rods. Mothers, with babies clasped to their breasts, were overtaken, and fell only to be borne onward in the arms of their destroyer and dashed in pieces

against falling buildings and floating timbers, or buried into some ravine, there to await, in the sleep that knows no waking, the subsiding of the deluge. Fathers and husbands were killed outright, or maimed for life, in the attempt to save their dear ones. Dwellings were lifted from their foundations and went floating along with the resistless tide, or fell in heaps of shapeless ruins.

When morning dawned, there was only devastation and ruin and a wide waste of waters where, only twelve hours before, the busy town of Frankport had stood. Here and there a building more substantial than others or one standing on higher ground, loomed up alone, like some monument set up to mark the spot where death and devastation had done their fatal work.

The next day, and thirty miles below Frankport, the same stream swollen by the recent rains and floods and by the breaking away of the north shore dam, flowed smoothly through a fertile plain, or valley, where, heretofore there were scattered lovely villages and stately mansions, while just beyond was the City of B—

It was afternoon; the day was cool, but bright and beautiful; the sun, cloud barred the blue vault; there was not a sign anywhere of the sad havoc that had been so recently wrought; a score and a half miles above that lovely region.

On the west of this fertile valley there was gentle rise of ground and down the fine carriage road that led through the plain to the city beyond, there might have been seen descending, on this lovely afternoon, a handsome landau, drawn by two sleek bay horses in gold mounted harness, and driven by a spruce coachman in dark green livery.

To be continued.

MEDINA.

Mr. John Dalrymple has returned safely and looking well from a trip across the ocean.

Master Perry Goodnow was visiting his friend, Master Willie Johnston, of Wildwood.

Miss Ruby Sturges and Miss Winifred Goodnow were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sturges, of Wildwood.

Mrs. Murray, of St. Paul's, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Hope.

Miss Maggie Beattie has returned home from Salford.

Miss Ida Mary Goodnow was visiting at Mr. Charles Sutherland's, Lakeland.

Miss Lottie Lyons, of St. Marys, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams.

Willie Morrison is getting along nicely. He will soon be able to be at work.

Mr. Robert Taylor and Mr. Robert Howard had 1 cow each killed by lightning the other week.

HAY FEVER CAN BE PREVENTED

Don't seek other climes at "Hay Fever Season," don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there, but Catarrhine will. Start now to use Catarrhine. Inhale it into the throat, lungs and nasal passages, and bronchial tubes. It goes wherever the air you breathe goes, and it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by no less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U.S. Send to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Bolton & Co., Hartford, Conn., U.S., or Kingston, Ont.

AVON.

Quarterly meeting at Crampton on Sunday, 4th August.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyer and daughter, of P. n. a. M. h. g. n. w. r. the guests of the latter's brother, Mr. J. Swart-out.

Miss Olive Roberts, of St. Thomas, is spending her holidays with Mr. A. Myer.

Misses Griffin, of Strathroy, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. Wm. Daffoo.

Mr. B. Evans is visiting friends at Norwich. He leaves for his home in England on Friday.

Miss Cleveland, of London, is the guest of Miss Topping.

Mr. F. and Mrs. Luv are attending the Pan-American this week.

Mr. and Miss Smith, of Coludon, were the guests of C. Smith on Sunday last.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walcott, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Up-to-Date Business Men

Use the Long Distance Telephone and have Long Distance Equipment in their offices.

Ask the local manager for rates.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

Hollinrake & Co.

Have determined at all hazards to make such a clean sweep of their immense stock that they will not have the bother of moving it to their New Palace Store. You've never read of such breakneck prices; they are fairly paralyzing, but the Goods must go.

Down Drops the Prices.

Read Right On, Neighbor!

Fancy Parasols

We've got some beauties in Cream, White, Helio, blue, Card, Cerise, in plaid, plain and fancy. We put them at half price and less.

\$5.00 and 6.00 Parasols for 2.50

\$3.50 Parasols for 1.50

\$2.00 and 2.50 Parasols for 1.00

Black Dress Goods

50c Black Figured Dress Goods for 25c

25c the yard for fine all-wool Black Cashmere, cheap at 40c

75c Black 1 figured Dress Goods for 50c

Grey Homespuns for skirts and Dresses, 2 shades grey, our sale price 20c per yard.

JET BELTS—75c Belts for 25c

10 pcs Shilling Prints, per yard 5c

Fancy Muslins, regular 10c and 12 1/2c for 5c

Pain Colored Pique, per yard 5c

Pink Nuns Velling, per yard 5c.

Flannelettes per yard 5c

DRESS LININGS PER YD. 5c.

All these shades:—Black, Grey, Brown, White, Cream, Helio, Sky Pink, Yellow, Nile, Royal, Cardinal.

Check Glass Towelling, per yard 5c

15c Fine Gingham, per yard 6c

Crettonne—3 patterns to choose from 5c

Ten cent Embroideries for 5c

Ten cent Insertions for 5c

Dress Canvas, per yard 5c

Bleached Cotton, per yard 5c

Boys' Peak Caps 5c

Boys' Fancy Belts 5c

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose 5c

2 Rolls Crepe Tissue Paper for 5c

Linen Table Napkins, each 5c

Two good sized Handkerchiefs for 5c

144 Shirt Buttons for 5c

1 doz. Collar Buttons for 5c

Belt Buckles 5c

25 Darning Needles for 5c

There are some people so wedded to the old fashioned Credit System that they would rather go to a Credit Store, pay a big price for an article—"charge it" than pay the "money down" at a cash store and save 50 per cent. Change your tactics, friend. 'Twill pay you to trade at Hollinrake's. \$25.000 worth of Goods to select from at Ingersoll's Leading Store. Your shopping expedition is not complete unless you visit.

Hollinrake & Company

PUTNAM.

Mr. Richard Morrish and daughter, Eva, of Brazil, Indiana, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Judson Butler.

Messrs. Henry and Robert Dundass visited friends here over Sunday.

A. E. Cowley, of London, was a visitor at R. Mackenzie's this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyse were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Howse.

Mrs. Charles Dundass, of Ingersoll, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Judson Butler.

Miss Jean Gail, of Ingersoll, is visiting her aunt, Miss Katie Pirie.

Mr. R. H. Johnston intends leaving shortly for the Northwest.

Mr. Howers and daughter, of Bay City, Michigan, were visitors at Fred Clifford's during the past week.

Mr. A. W. Bird was in Woodstock on Saturday.

Rev. Ralph Steele delivered an address to the Epworth League on Sunday evening. A large crowd was in attendance.

Miss Aggie Armour, of Dorchester, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Angus McNiven.

Mr. Chester Van Kuren is visiting at H. Collins'.

Mr. D. Adams commenced threshing on Monday.

Misses Mabel and Clara Strowbridge of Ingersoll, have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. L. Strowbridge, for the past two weeks.

FAIRGROUND.

July 23.—Mr. Arthur Lindsay, of Brantford, is spending a few weeks of holidays with his sister, Mrs. W. B. Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. John Park spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gale, of Glen Meyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pielt, of Tilsonburg, have been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pielt, of this place.

Gordon Williams, of Port Burwell, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. P. W. Jones and her two daughters, Pearl and Ruby, and Mrs. Cutler and Miss Edmonds, visited the Bethany school on Sunday.

Miss Nora Boyd, who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Park, has returned home. Miss W. B. Gates is on the sick list. Mr. and Mrs. A. Pielt, who have been visiting relatives in Simcoe, have returned home.

WOODSTOCK BUSINESS COLLEGE and Shorthand School.

There is no business school under the sun giving better courses of instruction than the Woodstock Business College. We are members of the Eastern Business Practice Association and therefore are acknowledged equal to the best schools in America. Write for particulars.

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