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TIME TABLE
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Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every FRIDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph Street at 8 A. M. Detroit time or 9 A. M. Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham 3 P. M., Detroit time or 4 P. M. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8 P. M.

FARES—Round Trip 60c, Single Trip 30c. AGENTS—Stringer & Co., Chatham, W. H. Wherry, Windsor, John Stephenson, Detroit. JOHN PORKE, Captain, WILL AM CORNISH, Purser.

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Port Stanley Navigation Co's.

Steamer City of Grand Rapids, until further notice will be operated as follows:

Leave Cleveland for Rond Eau	
Mondays at	8 o'clock A. M.
Wednesdays at	8 " " A. M.
Fridays at	8 " " A. M.
Saturdays at	6 " " P. M.
Leave Rond Eau for Cleveland	
Mondays at	4 o'clock P. M.
Wednesdays at	4 " " P. M.
Fridays at	4 " " P. M.
Sundays at	8 " " P. M.
Leave Cleveland for Port Stanley	
Mondays at	10 o'clock P. M.
Wednesdays at	10 " " P. M.
Saturdays at	6 " " P. M.
Leave Port Stanley for Cleveland	
Tuesdays at	10 o'clock P. M.
Thursdays at	10 " " P. M.
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LYDIA'S QUORUM

By BELLE MANIATES
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"Well, Lyddy, I'll get you the job if I can, but it's going to be a mighty hard thing to get a 'quorum,'" Deacon Watrous was saying. "You see, that young Wight thinks we ought to have a man. Of course you'll have my vote, but Bill Stiles is always straddling a fence, and the last man he talks to gets him. This young fellow's highfalutin talk kind of caught Bill's fancy, and he was tottering, but I took him in hand, and now he's leaning our way again. I'll stick to him tighter than a brother and keep him away from Wight till the meeting is over. It's tomorrow night."

"You are so good, Deacon Watrous," replied Lyddy, raising grateful eyes. "and if I get the place I'll do my best to vindicate your choice."

"I'll do all I can, Lyddy," said the deacon.

Lydia Gardner had spent the past summer away from home, and when she returned to the farm she had found the family in a state of gloom. Crops had been poor, a number of cattle had died, and the inevitable mortgage had to be met. Lydia proposed to meet it by teaching in the district school. She had been reasonably certain of securing the position, counting on the deacon and Bill for a quorum, but now this young man, who had fallen heir to the farm of his uncle, John Wight, and had come to the Corners in her absence, might carry his point of hiring a man to teach.

She simply had to have the position, and she determined to help Deacon Watrous in his efforts to secure Bill's needed vote. It would be useless for her to appeal to Bill—"Weathercock Bill," as he was called. She resolved to make a bold move and encounter the enemy whom she had never seen.

Hugh Wight was in the sitting room of the old homestead pondering over this same subject of a quorum. When he succeeded to his inheritance he had determined to become a practical farmer and win the esteemed position his uncle had ever maintained in the hearts of the simple country folk. They had laughed at the young man for thinking he could be a farmer, but he had shown them he could learn from them and improve on their methods. They were glad to have him succeed his uncle as a member of the school committee. That seemed to be more in his line.

He had as firm convictions on the educational question as he had on most subjects, and he thought a man more fitted to wrestle with the difficulties of a country school than a woman. He had not seen this applicant, but he did not approve of a young girl who had no preparation or experience in teaching.

In the midst of his cogitations there was a rap at the outer door. He opened it to admit a winsome, willowy girl with big, innocent eyes and an artless manner.

"Are you Mr. Wight? I am Lydia Gardner."

He acknowledged the introduction gravely and asked her to be seated. Hugh Wight was not a susceptible man, and Lydia's beauty only strengthened him in his belief that she was not competent for the position of school-teacher at the Corners.

"I am, as you know," she said, "a candidate for the position of teacher. I hear that you are in favor of hiring a man for the place, and I don't suppose anything that I could say would change your opinion. I came to ask you not to induce Bill Stiles to vote against me."

He was somewhat surprised at this frank appeal. He liked directness.

"It means a good deal to us," she continued earnestly, "and if I don't get the place it will go very hard with my father. My salary would help him more than you can know."

Hugh felt as if he had been stealing sheep. She did not want the money for frilleries, then, but to help her father. "What do you mean by my influencing Bill?" he asked.

"It's like this," she explained. "Deacon Watrous is of course for me, and Bill is, or would be, if you leave him alone and say nothing about the advantages of having a man, but the last person that approaches Bill has him, and they say you have a convincing tongue. The deacon is going to try and keep Bill away from you until the meeting is over, but I didn't care to trust to that, so I came to ask you, I wouldn't presume to ask you to vote for me, only to let Bill alone."

Up to this time the eyes, voice and manner of the young man had not been at all encouraging, but in the hearty peal of infectious laughter that followed her request Lydia caught a note of appreciation, and some way she derived hope from his amusement.

"Miss Gardner, it strikes me as rather odd that you should come and show me the way to gain my point and then ask me not to take it."

"Maybe it is," she said wistfully, "but I didn't know what else to do." He remained in deep study for a moment. He did not like to be influenced by personalities.

"Well," he said abruptly, "I'll not speak to Bill or in his presence about this matter, and I'll waive my objections for this year and vote for you myself, though I still believe a man should have the place."

Two bright spots burned in Lydia's cheeks.

"Thank you. I will now have another incentive to do my best. I shall try to show you that I can fill the position as acceptably as a man. You

look incredulous. They all said about here that you, a 'city chap,' could never make a farmer, but you showed them you could. I'll show you I can make a teacher."

Having made this telling point, Lydia took her departure. Immediately the housekeeper came in and expressed her approval of Wight's concession.

"Lyddy's a smart gal, and for all her pretty looks and baby way she's got a heap of grit. Pity her pa didn't have it. He used to be a professor, and he's educated Lyddy to use good speech."

At the meeting the next night Lydia received a unanimous vote, and when school opened she was installed as teacher. She made companions of the big boys and girls and pets of the little ones. The country people were perfectly satisfied. In due course of time Deacon Watrous and Bill Stiles came to make the accustomed visit. Lydia was fully prepared for this occasion and invited them to question the class. They knew but a few questions to ask, and as they had paid many visits to the school the pupils knew the answers by heart. Then Lydia asked them to sing a stirring war song and a hymn. Bill's little girl spoke a piece, carefully rehearsed beforehand. The two members went away enthusiastic over the new teacher and told Wight he had better go and see for himself.

And he did, appearing suddenly and unexpectedly near the close of an Indian summer afternoon. Lydia's expression of dismay caused a titter of appreciation among the older boys. Instead of a reprimand she gave them an imploring look that could not be withstood, and order reigned at once. Lydia felt that the visitor had noted the look and interpreted it as a confession of inability to govern.

Just as she was about to call upon the school for a song little Bob Hanks let loose a mouse he had carefully confined in his book bag. Excitement prevailed among the girls and delight among the boys. Had Lydia known that she was to lose her position she would still have done as she did now, jumped up on her chair.

Hugh caught the mouse, threw it out of the window, ejected Bob and his book bag and in stentorian tone restored order. Lydia came down from her chair and in her confusion called upon the arithmetic class to come forward. She wished that Lige Jenkins had remained at home that day. Arithmetic was not his forte. She planned adroitly to omit him, but the visitor instantly detected the omission and pounced upon the unfortunate lad.

"Lige," he asked, "how many times does 9 go in 27?"

To Lydia's dismay Lige promptly stepped to the blackboard and commenced a solution via long division, finally putting down 2 for an answer.

"Try again, Lige," urged Wight cheerfully.

Lige then substituted the figure 4 for 2.

"You've got another guess coming, Lige."

The boy looked bewildered, and Lydia desperately came to his rescue.

"Lige, won't it go three times?" she asked impatiently.

Lige looked at her anxiously.

"Why, yes," he replied slowly, "it will, but it's a dern'd tight squeeze!"

Then came that delightful unconstrained burst of laughter that Lydia had heard once before from Hugh Wight. The school joined with him. The teacher looked at the clock and thankfully observed it was time for dismissal. She stood at the door until the last scholar had vanished. Then she came back to the platform, where Wight still sat and Lige lingered.

"Say," observed the lad earnestly, "ain't her fault. I never did know nuthin' about 'rhythmic nohow.' She's the best teacher we ever had."

This touch of sympathy from the little champion was too much for Lydia. Her self-control slipped, and her head went down on the desk.

"Lige," said Wight gently, "you did better than I expected. There are lots of things in life more desirable than a knowledge of the science of numbers. Take this dime and go down to the Corners and see what it will buy."

The boy sped happily away. Lydia raised her head. A little gleam of anger and defiance flashed through the tears.

"You can send and get a man teacher as soon as you want to. I am glad I am not a man."

"So am I, Lydia," he said heartily, with such earnestness of voice and eyes that the slender hand of the schoolteacher went up in a pathetic little way to her eyes.

"I am your 'quorum,' you know," he said whimsically, but with the new softness still in his voice, "and I didn't come to inspect the school nor the scholars, but to take the teacher driving."

Will she go?

Her hands came quickly down from her eyes, whose dimness was melting away in a glow of pleasure.

"Yes," she replied, "I will go."

The New England Kitchen.

There is a kind of sentiment about the kitchen in New England—a kind of sentiment not provoked by other rooms. Here the farmer drops in to spend a few minutes when he comes back from the barn or field on an errand. Here in the great, clean, sweet, comfortable place, the busy housewife lives, sometimes rocking the cradle, sometimes opening and shutting the oven door, sometimes stirring the pot, darning stockings, paring vegetables or mixing goodies in a yellow bowl. The children sit on the steps, stringing beans, shelling peas or hulling berries, the cat paws on the floor near the wood box and the visitor feels exiled if he stays in sitting room or parlor, for here, where the mother is always busy, is the heart of the farmhouse.—Century.

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LET US BURY SECTARIANISM.

Independent Section of Ulster Orangemen Plead for Peace in Ireland.

Belfast, July 15.—An independent section of Ulster Orangemen, headed by Comptroller Sloan, has issued a striking manifesto to the country, appealing for the burial of sectarianism, which now is dividing Protestants and Catholics, and invoking the co-operation of all secular forces in the promotion of the national welfare.

The manifesto expresses distrust of English parties, which, it says, will continue in the future as in the past to play off Catholics and Protestants against each other to the prejudice of the country's higher claims.

The country too long has been neglected in the strife of party and creed, the manifesto continues, and there now is room for a patriotic party having the policy to rid Ireland of the domination of impracticable creeds and organized tyrannies and to secure the desired redress.

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Conscription Impossible.

London, July 14.—In the House of Commons last night, Premier Balfour referred to the speech of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, and said he could never be led to believe that conscription could be successfully adopted in England. He maintained that the Government's scheme of army reform was the best solution of the problem.

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