

# The East Huron Gazette.

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 16th, 1892.

No. 28.

**J. A. TUCK, M. D.**  
MEMBER of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.  
GORRIE, ONT.

**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**  
Veterinary Surgeon  
GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College, and registered member of Ontario Veterinary Association.  
Next to Methodist Parsonage, ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

**JAS. McLAUGHLIN,**  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.  
Office—At my Residence, GORRIE.

**DENTISTRY.**  
J. S. JEROME, L. D. S., Wingham, will visit GORRIE, the 1st and 3rd Monday of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted.

**MISS HARRISON,**  
(Late of Hamilton).  
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER. APPRENTICES WANTED. Rooms over W. S. Bean's Store.

**ENNELLS**  
OTOGRAPHS  
OR  
ORTUNATE  
OLKS.

**S. T. FENNEL,**  
Tonsorial Artist  
Capillary Abridger.  
Hirsute Vegetator.  
Come in and sit down;  
**You're Next!**

**Greenlaw Mills.**  
Wroxeter, Ont.  
ROBERT BLACK, PROP.  
FITTED UP WITH  
**HUNGARIAN ROLLER  
PROCESS.**  
FIRST-CLASS FLOUR.  
—FROM—  
MANITOBA WHEAT.  
Highest Price paid for Grain.  
Chopping Done.  
ROBERT BLACK.

**Vanstone Bros.,**  
WINCHAM  
Marble & Stone  
WORKS.  
Parties requiring work in the above lines will do well to call on us.  
We carry a large stock of marble and granite.  
We guarantee to save you money and give first-class work.  
Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

**MR. T. T. WATSON**  
Will represent us on the road.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**

**ENGLISH.**—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 8:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m.; Rev. T. A. Wright, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

**METHODIST.**—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.; at Gorrie, 8:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

**PREBYTERIAN.**—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m.; at Gorrie, 8:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

**BAPTIST.**—Services in Gorrie at 3 and 7 o'clock p. m. and at the church on the 2nd concession of Howick at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. A. Osborne, pastor.

**METHODIST.**—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 8:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. J. W. Pring, pastor.

**R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.**  
HONOR Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Fellow of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association. Under Graduate of C.B.C., Hamilton. Successor to J. Martin, V.S. Dentistry a specialty. Office, Main st., Wroxeter.

**Bull for Service.**  
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at 10:15 P.M. 300 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.  
TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.  
HENRY WILLETTS.

**Eggs for Hatching.**  
PURE IMPORTED LIGHT BRAHMS.  
Eggs for sale at 25 cents per setting of 13 eggs.  
Apply to  
J. R. WILLIAMS, Gorrie.

**Seed Potatoes.**  
I HAVE on hand a supply of JACKSON Potatoes, which I will sell at \$1.10 per bushel. These potatoes are of a heavy, Southern variety, have proven to be a heavy, prolific yielder in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.  
The quantity is limited so come early.  
J. R. WILLIAMS, Gorrie.

**Wool, Wool**  
Who is handling the PALMERSTON WOOLLEN FACTORY'S line of Woolen Goods, and will call at your door shortly with the very best goods in the market.

**Highest Price Paid in Cash or Trade.**  
RESIDENCE.—Next the Railway Track, east of Main St., GORRIE.

**MISS FLORA JAMES,**  
(Graduate of Niagara Falls Academy of Music.)  
TEACHES PIANO, ORGAN AND HARMONY.  
Theory Explained. GORRIE.  
"This is to certify that Miss James, having completed in a creditable manner the course required for a certificate, is duly qualified for pianoforte teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in that branch."  
Prof. A. HUBBARD,  
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

**Local Affairs.**  
Miss Jennie James is absent at present on a visit to friends in Waterloo county.  
Miss Minnie Stevens is absent at present on a visit with friends in Toronto.  
Mr. Fred Evans has returned home after an absence of six months in Toronto.  
Rev. Mr. Brownlee, of Lion's Head, who has been appointed to the Episcopal church here, will take the services next Sabbath.

**B. S. COOK,**  
Real Estate & Loan  
AGENT.  
FORDWICH, ONT.  
Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest rate of Interest.  
GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.  
Special Attention given to  
CONVEYANCING.

**B. S. COOK,**  
North of the Post Office,  
FORDWICH

**The Lion Store**  
WOOL.  
We are in the market again to buy wool for Cash or Trade.  
We have a large stock of Factory Goods of all kinds, from the FAIRLEY WOOLLEN MILLS. Besides the above goods our stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Crockery, Glassware, etc. is complete and well assorted, and will be sold out at as close prices as can be done. Our S. Prints, guaranteed perfectly fast colors, are going.  
Bring along your Wool—or Produce of any kind, and give us a trial.  
No trouble to show goods.

**Lion Store,**  
JOHN SANDERSON, WROXETER.

**Don't be in a Hurry to sell Your Wool**  
TILL YOU  
See the Wagon!

**J. W. WATERHOUSE,**  
Who is handling the PALMERSTON WOOLLEN FACTORY'S line of Woolen Goods, and will call at your door shortly with the very best goods in the market.

**Highest Price Paid in Cash or Trade.**  
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**Local Affairs.**  
Mr. Jas. Rogers, sr., of Cheltenham, was visiting friends in town early this week. His daughter, Mrs. Cruikshanks, of Wingham, accompanied by her children, was here with him.  
Mr. Flora James, of this village, has received her diploma as a graduate of the Niagara Academy of Music, and announces elsewhere in this issue that she is prepared to take pupils for tuition. This young lady belongs to a family of musicians and with the education she has received, will, no doubt, become a successful teacher.  
Mrs. Fleming, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rev. Carter, for a few weeks past, returned to Mount Forest this week, taking her grandson, Vernon, with her.  
Last week the Vidette man denied, as nearly as he dared without saying so, that we came to Gorrie in response to his letter agreeing to sell. We have the letter here in the office to prove our assertion and it would make an elegant specimen of an editor's scholastic ability if printed in cold type; no wonder the Vidette is so full of errors every week. The respectable public is disgusted with the Vidette's disgraceful attack upon the private affairs of the editor of this paper, and for the present we will have nothing to say in reply.

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Mr. Will Taman, of Blyth, spent Sunday last with his brother, our popular tailor.

Mr. Jno. Moffat, of Blyth, made a short call on friends on Monday afternoon last.

Mr. Putland, of Brussels, formerly landlord of the Albion, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Perkins and their daughter, Miss Edith, visited Brussels on Tuesday last.

Mr. Found, of Whitechurch, was the guest of his brother, our station agent, over Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hutton, of Teeswater, were the guests of her mother, Mrs. James this week.

Dr. Tuck now drives a beautiful young trotter which he purchased last week in Mount Forest.

Rev. Mr. McKay will preach in the Gorrie and Fordwich Presbyterian Churches on Sabbath next.

Mr. Alex. Ross, of Perkins' harness shop, is in Warkerton the past day or two attending the sports.

The water in the river is now warm enough for bathing and the boys are enjoying it to the fullest extent.

We were agreeably surprised on Monday morning last to notice Mrs. Joseph Sanderson down town after a long illness.

Next Tuesday evening the Busy Cleaners, of the Methodist church, will hold what they call a "Funny Meeting." Everybody welcome. Silver collection at the door.

Miss O'Connor left Gorrie on Monday last for Brandon, Man. This young lady has made many friends during her stay here, who wish her prosperity in her new home.

Pathmaster, Geor is now engaged with his usual work, cutting in the south section of this village. The work is being well done, yet we believe more could be accomplished if some of the boys were engaged to assist him.

We hope that unsightly rack at the Albion hotel corner will be removed this year. It is a veritable nuisance, especially in winter, and many a vehicle "comes to grief" upon it.

Mr. Bienes Smith, of the Power Eyletting Machine Co., Boston, Mass., is visiting for a few days at his father's, Mr. Alex. Smith, in this village. Mr. Smith has been connected with the above firm for the past five or six years, and he has visited the principal cities of the Eastern States setting up and starting these famous machines. While reading his GAZETTE at his home in Boston early last week he came across the item concerning his father's illness and Dr. Tuck's successful operation, and decided at once to come home, reaching here on Saturday. It is needless to say his visit caused rejoicing under the paternal roof, while his familiar face is a welcome sight to his many friends here, with whom he was a favorite in the days ago.

**THE "UNIONS" WON IT.**  
A Fine Game of Base Ball at Warkerton.  
On Wednesday the Union B. B. C., of Gorrie and Wroxeter, met their old opponents, the Clippers, of Owen Sound, on the diamond at Warkerton, to contest for the purse of \$50. It was generally thought that our boys would be beaten, as they were entirely without practice and facing a strong team, but they succeeded in adding another to their long string of victories over Owen Sound in a very brilliant game.

Mr. Wm. Irwin, of this village, was selected as umpire, and the game was called shortly after 11 o'clock, a. m., the Unions going to bat first. They got in one run, McLaughlin scoring on a hit by himself which was helped along by A. Kaake and McHardy, who were, however, left on 8d and 2d bases. Owen Sound followed and their two first batters reached their bases safely on balls, but were left there without scoring, the next three going down before Nelson's curves.

In the second the Unions failed while the Clippers succeeded in tying the score.  
Our boys' third produced a run, Sanderson reaching 1st on a sharp drive and crossing the plate on A. Paulin's base hit. Owen Sound was whitewashed, as it also was in the fourth and fifth innings.

The fourth netted three runs for the Unions. Fallahay sent a hot one to short stop who brilliantly fielded him out at first. J. Paulin's fly to center was muffed, and he immediately stole second. A Kaake was caught out. Ball got his first on a sharp grounder; Sanderson put a short fly over 1st base. Sanderson bases were full when Nelson stepped to the plate and drove the ball away into the right field, letting the three score and taking third himself, where he was left by A. Paulin's failure to reach first. In their fifth inning a run was scored but, being disputed, was not counted. The score was now 5 to 1 against the Clippers, and their anxiety became more and more apparent as the game turned to joy, for after whitewashing their opponents they went to bat and retired only after adding five runs to their tally. Campbell got his base on balls; a fumble of a hot grounder by W. Kaake gave Sando a life; Brock struck out; McLaughlin drove a sharp one past shortstop, and the bases were full with one man out. Then came Hamilton who after two strikes had been called on him shot a stinging grounder to McHardy who could not gather it in time to cut off Campbell at the plate, so sent it with terrific force to catch the batter at first base. But he threw wild and when the ball was returned to the diamond the four hustling Clippers had touched the plate. Costly as this error was it was excusable, the play being necessarily very fast. Taylor then got first and reached home before Glassford went out at first and Irving "fanned" out.

The score was now 6 to 5 in favor of the embryo city team and excitement ran high, but in the last three innings they "goose-egged" under the superb pitching of McHardy, who now took the box. The Unions, however, added two runs in the seventh, by hard hitting; two more in the eighth and one in the ninth, leaving them winners by the following

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UNIONS.		OWEN SOUND.	
O. R.	C. R.	O. R.	C. R.
Sanderson, c.....	2	Hazelwood, c.....	0
McLaughlin, p.....	2	Campbell, p.....	1
A. Paulin, 1b.....	1	Sando, 1b.....	1
W. Kaake, 2b.....	0	Brock, 2b.....	0
McHardy, 3b.....	1	McLaughlin, s.....	1
Fallahay, lf.....	3	Hamilton, r.....	1
J. Paulin, ss.....	3	Taylor, 1b.....	1
A. Kaake, cf.....	4	Glassford, 3b.....	1
T. Ball, if.....	3	Irving, cf.....	4
	27		27
By innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9			
Unions.....	0 1 0 0 2 2 1-10		
Owen Sound.....	0 1 0 0 5 0 0-6		

Neither Sanderson nor McLaughlin, of the Unions, had had a particle of practice this season before the match so their battery work was especially creditable.

Campbell (pitcher) and Hazelwood (catcher) for the Clippers, were simply superb.

Wroxeter's playing centre was W. Kaake. He played a fine game. The Union field played a fine game. But for their bad luck in the sixth the Union victory would have been complete. Leaving out this inning the Owen Sound team sent only 23 men to bat, and 24 of them were put out, the balance securing but one run.

The Clippers play a fine game and will take a high place before the season is over. They are gentlemanly fellows, although a little too prone to kick over trivial dogstons.

This makes the fourth straight victory over the Owen Sounders. The aggregate score stands: Unions, 50; Owen Sound, 23. There will likely be another tussle between these teams this summer.

A large crowd attended the game. In fact Warkerton was alive with bunting, visitors, uniforms and music.

**Wroxeter.**  
Mrs. Adam Morrow was called to Michigan on Tuesday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. Thos. McLaughlin, well-known in Wroxeter and Gorrie.

Messrs. Taman and Robertson, of Blyth, paid our village a visit on Sunday last. Mr. T.'s pleasant face is often seen here; there must be some attraction.

Dr. Wm. Smale, son of Dr. S. B. Smale, is absent in Detroit at present attending a medical convention in that city. The White Caps have again been at work here, but as a law suit is pending over the matter we refrain from any comments.

Mr. Moffat, of Blyth, formerly of this place, was in town on Tuesday. He had hard work getting away from his many old friends here.

Hearing a cry of alarm the other evening your correspondent hastened to the scene and found a little girl on fire from trying to light a fire with coal oil. After extinguishing the blaze we strongly advised her not to be so foolish again and told her the sad tale of a friend of ours in happier days, which with the hope of deterring others is here repeated:  
There was an old lass of St. Iva,  
Whose permanent name was Sophia  
She thought that she could  
Save kindling wood  
By using coal oil on the fire.  
Her mistress was greatly offended  
For the stove never more could be mended  
"Didn't know it was loaded."  
Her funeral was largely attended.

Rev. Mr. Davidson is away attending the General Assembly in Montreal. His pulpit was occupied by Rev. Mr. Stephenson, of Molesworth.  
Rev. Mr. Shaw left on Monday last for a trip to Europe. He will be absent about two months.  
Mr. Jno. Hooey returned on Saturday from Manitoba, having disposed of all

his horses in Winnipeg.

Mr. J. Hamilton, accompanied by Messrs. M. Sanderson and Alex. Gibson, left here on Tuesday for Glasgow, Scotland, with 100 head of fat cattle. Over 40 head of cattle were weighed and delivered here on that forenoon as follows:

Owner	No. of head.	Weight lbs.
A. Strong.....	2	2500
A. Spotton.....	4	5800
Mr. Leper.....	2	2625
Mr. Hunter.....	2	2820
R. L. Wilson.....	2	2580
Frank Davidson.....	6	7715
A. McMichael.....	6	7715
R. Douglas.....	4	6175
W. King.....	2	2950
J. McLeod.....	2	2650
D. Stewart.....	3	4825
W. Sanderson.....	2	2800
John Knox.....	4	5905

The above weights are very good and do credit to this section, the average weight being over 1400 lbs. per head.

**C Line District.**  
Mr. Robert McDonald, who was very ill, is able to be around again.  
Farmers as a rule are busy preparing and sowing their turnips, clipping sheep and scrutinizing the weather.

Bluevale factory sold its May cheese for 9½c per pound.  
Mr. James Hyslop, on the boundary between Turnberry and Gray, had eight fine Oxford down lambs destroyed and eaten by dogs recently.

Mr. James Ball is building a new house this spring on his farm; which gives the C line a cherry appearance.  
Mr. Wm. Johnston has been busy repairing his dwelling house this spring.

William appears to be a handy boy as he can turn his hand to anything.  
Mr. John Knox delivered his fat cattle four in number, to John Hamilton in Wroxeter on Tuesday, 14th. They were superlative and no doubt will reach the very heart of the English market, where they will be consumed on Royal tables. John and the young lads are experts at the feeding business and deserve special patronage from the cattle dealers.

**Huntingfield.**  
A fine baby girl gladdens the home of Mr. G. Pomroy, since the 9th inst.  
The crop prospects in this section never were better, except that they promise to be a little light, probably on account of the cold start it got.

The masons have commenced work on the foundation of Mr. Edw. Johnston's barn 18th, con. The framer's work is ready for the raising as soon as the wall is built.  
Mrs. Nathaniel Harris' mother, accompanied by her son, of King township, near Toronto, is here at present on a visit.

Mr. Wm. Page is all smiles at present on account of the arrival of a bouncing baby (boy this time) on the 8th inst.  
Turnip seeding is the order of the day.  
Mr. Thos. Inglis' fine new barn was raised on Tuesday last week. Captains John Renwick and S. Vogan, each with about 40 men, tussled hard for victory, the former winning by only a fraction of a second.

**Fordwich.**  
Rev. Mr. McKay, of Toronto, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit here last Sabbath, in place of Rev. Mr. Bloodsworth.  
Mr. Wm. Barnett, an enterprising citizen of our town, has returned home from a visit to friends in Walsley.

We have this week to chronicle the sad death of Mrs. John Goggin, widow of the late John Goggin. The deceased had been in poor health since her husband's death and was advised to take a trip to her own home in Cavan township. She left on the 24th May and arrived safely, but complained of a cold. She had a doctor called in but did not think herself seriously ill. On Saturday morning in spite of all that medical aid could do, her soul took its departure to a happier home. Her body was brought home for burial on Monday, accompanied by her daughter and son William.

The funeral took place from the C. P. R. station on the arrival of the noon train, and was followed to the grave by a large number of friends. General sympathy goes out to the bereaved members of the family in their sorrow.

The brickwork is completed on Mr. Goo. Totton's fine new residence on the 6th con., east of here, and the carpenters are now at work.

**DOHN.**  
On the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Page, Huntingfield, of a son.  
On the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. Goo. Nay, 16th, con., Howick, of a daughter.  
On the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. Garrett Pomroy, Huntingfield, of a daughter.  
On the 15th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Spinson, Gorrie, of a daughter.





**East Huron Teachers.**

A meeting of the above Association was held in the Collegiate Institute, Seaford, on Thursday and Friday, June 2nd and 3rd. Bad weather interfered somewhat with the attendance, but the meeting was an interesting and profitable one from first to last.

At the Thursday meeting "Composition" was the first subject discussed. Mr. J. S. Hogg maintained that this subject should be commenced in the senior first class by object lessons, and followed in the higher classes by descriptive written answers to questions put by the teachers. Short stories told to the class to be reproduced by them from memory was also a great help in this important but often neglected branch of education. Messrs. Lough, Robb, Clarkson, McFaul, Doig and Scott also took part in the discussion.

"Geography" was taken up by Mr. Black. He believed a general knowledge of the manners, customs, color, etc., of the inhabitants of the different countries of more importance than simply teaching the names of the cities, etc. He did not believe, however, in laying down any stated method of teaching as all teachers could not handle this subject similarly.

Mrs. Coulter's "Tablet Lesson" was a very interesting subject. She gave a graphic description of her manner of presenting objects by word-pictures on the blackboard and tablets for reviewing.

Mr. McLeod read an important paper on "How to Obtain Order." He stated that this question's solution often decided the success or failure of a teacher. Firmness and decision are required. Don't give too many commands; be kind and sympathetic, but see that every order is carried out; get the sympathy and confidence of every pupil. Have a complete knowledge of the work taken up, thus securing an admiration for correctness; know the mind and disposition of each pupil. A teacher should be able to present the work so as to keep the constant attention and employment of the pupils. If their work is interesting there is little fear of disorder. There should be a well defined system in all their work. Vigilance to prevent wrongdoing, and tact to deal in the best way with the different cases, are essential to successful teaching. The physical comfort of pupils should always be considered. The speaker considered that such offences as lying, swearing, etc., should incur corporal punishment. His remarks were followed by several other speakers.

In the evening a public entertainment was held, the principal feature of which was an able lecture on Canadian history by Mr. Field, of Guelph.

On Friday the first business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, M. Black; First Vice-President, J. G. McLeod; Second Vice-President, Miss Wilson; Secretary, A. Scott. An Executive Committee, consisting of Messrs. Helyar and Killoran, and Messrs. W. Doig, W. R. Lough and J. S. Hogg was appointed. Auditors, Messrs. Clarkson and McFaul; Provincial Delegate, Mr. J. King; Dominion Delegate, Mr. A. H. Plummer.

Then followed Mr. W. Prendergast, B. A. with the subject "The First Lessons of Algebra," which proved an excellent exposition.

Mr. Bengough, of Toronto, next occupied a few minutes in exhibiting and explaining a type-writer. He maintained that this instrument would be of great educational value in our schools.

After dinner the question drawer proved of much interest, after which "Time and Measures" was introduced by Mr. Geo. Anderson. He clearly explained the terms Solar and Lunar year, showing the difference in length, and plainly accounting for this difference. He next named and described the various instruments used to mark Time from the earlier ages, until the present century, which were as follows: Sun Dial, Candle, Clock of Rude Form, Watch and Chronograph. Considerable discussion followed by Messrs. Prendergast, Clarkson, and Robb, and much valuable information was carried off by the listeners.

"Music." Mr. Plummer, ex-President, illustrated his method of teaching music by using a number of teachers as a class.

He adopts the tonic sol. fa. method, first drilling thoroughly on one or two notes, then increasing the number, until the scale is thoroughly mastered. He then explained accent and time by introducing simple exercises. Mr. Plummer also answered several questions asked by Messrs. Horton, Clarkson, and Lough.

The convention then adjourned to meet again at the call of the Executive.

The great Republican Convention to select a Presidential candidate in the approaching elections, was held at Minneapolis, Minn., last week, and resulted in the choice of President Harrison. The contest was a keen one, the friends of James G. Blaine putting forth every effort to get him elected, but with-

out effect, his opponent being chosen on the first ballot. It does not follow that President Harrison will be his own successor in the White House, however, for the Democrats are very strong, and the McKinley tariff has made the Republican party much weaker than four years ago. By reason of their aggressive measures against Canada, Canadians are not, as a man, in sympathy with the Republican party, and we believe the joy will be more general here if a Democrat is elected next November, although it makes very little difference on this side of the line which way it goes as Canada is perfectly able to take care of itself. Mr. Blaine is undoubtedly the ablest politician in the United States, and but for his animosity shown towards Britain when he was catering for the Irish vote some years ago, Canadians would like to see his ability honored. He has been so many times in the field for the candidacy that he is getting what politicians call "stale" and he was only able to secure 190 votes—the same number as McKinley—at last week's convention. The Democratic convention has not yet been held, but their choice is between Cleveland, Hill and one or two others.

The New York, Ontario, and Western Railway Company has mortgaged all its rights, privileges, franchises, rolling stock, leases, etc., to the Mercantile Trust Company as trustee to secure bonds due June 1, 1902, for \$20,000,000.

**Fordwich Roller Mills.**

WILSON BROS., Props.

First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50  
BRAN.....per ton. 14 00  
SHORTS.....per ton. 16 00

Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

**Highest Price Paid for Grain.**

The mill is fitted throughout with the very best roller process machinery and appliances and we are confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.

**WOOL WANTED.**

**Listowel Woollen Factory. \$1 Per YEAR**

Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.

**Largest Wool Market in Ontario.**

Everybody come and see our tremendous big stock in all kinds of woollen goods which we offer at bottom prices for cash or in exchange for wool.

**New and Fresh Stock.**

We have never been so well fitted and equipped for a wool season's business as at the present one, and have never felt so completely confident of our ability to serve you with the best of goods at bottom prices. A specially attractive feature of our new lines of Flannels, strictly NEW STYLES, far surpasses any wool season yet.

**FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS.**

(Something new offered to the trade.)  
We are the only woollen factory in Canada that make this line of goods and offer them for one-half the price you pay in the city of Glasgow.

**WARNING**

We wish to warn the farmers not to be deceived by shoddy peddlers going through the country selling dishonest goods. We have no pedlars handling our goods and they can only be bought by dealing direct at the factory.

Roll Carding, Spinning and Manufacturing, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, &c.

Thanking our numerous customers for their past favors, would beg to say come and bring your neighbor to see our stock, as you will be highly pleased to see goods so low in price. You will find us ready to give the most prompt and careful attention to all.

**B. F. BROOK & SON.**

**Fordwich Drug Store**

A. SPENCE, M. D.,  
Proprietor.

J. C. BELL,  
Manager.

—A FULL LINE OF—

**Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,**

**Stationery and Fancy Goods,**

**WALL PAPER**

In endless variety and at every price.

**W. C. HAZELWOOD**

**City Boot and Shoe Store,**

**WROXETER.**

**A Neat Walking Boot**

Is not only a comfort to the wearer but a pleasure to every one who admires a pretty foot. We have them—the boots, we mean. And they are cheap.

Our stock of Ladies and gents' slippers is unusually large and choice. See them.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' wear of all kinds is now displayed on our shelves.

GENTS' can be supplied in any line.

Heavy kip and calf and the lighter Oxford, Dongolas, Wankenphasts, etc.

**The East Huron Gazette.**

The Newest Local Paper in North Huron.

Published every Thursday

—AT—

**Gorrie, Ont.,**

A splendid staff of able correspondents in every part of this section.

**ONLY**

**Job Printing.**

We have a splendid printing outfit, including the very latest faces of type, the most modern appliances,

**Fast Job Presses.**

**Fine Poster Type.**

We can turn out  
Wedding Cards,  
Calling Cards,  
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Bill Heads,  
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Blank Headings,

Insurance Policies,

Pamphlets,

Circulars,

Hand-Bills,

Posters,

Streamers,

or anything in the printing line in the neatest style of the art, and

On the most reasonable Terms.

Estimates Furnished

J. W. GREEN,

Editor.

**Millinery.**

Our Millinery Department grows in popular favor every season.

**Why?** Because we keep the newest goods, made up in the most artistic styles.

There must be taste or there'll be trash no matter what you pay for it.

New Goods for summer wear are coming forward.

The choicest goods are taken first.

Come early and get the best

**Dress Goods.**

We have the newest shades and most popular effects in dress goods. We call especial attention to our black and colored all-wool Henriettas from 40c. per yard upwards.

**Tweeds, Coatings, etc.**

We show the best goods and best values. If you want a spring suit or overcoat you will make a mistake if you purchase without inspecting our stock.

**Cotton Goods.**

Anticipating an advance in price in all lines of cotton goods as a result of the recent combination of manufacturers, we have bought largely in cottonades, denims, shirtings, grey and white cottons, etc.; we are headquarters for these goods.

**Groceries.**

In this line we keep the highest grades of goods at the lowest possible living prices.

**Teas.**

We give the Tea trade especial attention. Our Japan at 4½ and 3 lbs. for \$1 cannot be excelled. We have cheaper and dearer lines but these are leaders.

**A WORD IN CONCLUSION:**

Some think us dear because we will not COME DOWN in the price of our goods. It is not our way of doing business. We mark all our goods in plain figures and sell at one price to all. The poor man's \$ is as good to us as the rich man's. We cannot see any other honest way of doing business. Our past experience convinces us that a majority of the public appreciates fair dealing and goods as they are represented.

The Highest Market Price Paid for Farm Produce.

**W. S. BEAN**

Montreal House,

Gorrie,

Ont.

#### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS. BATHERINGS.

AND FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED DOWN FOR GAZETTE READERS.

#### HURON.

West Huron Farmers' Institute held a meeting at Goderich on June 6th.

Wingham promises to be a gala town on Dominion Day. The Foresters are making preparations on a grand scale for the occasion.

County council met at Goderich last week.

Messrs. Cantelon and Cook, prominent Clintonians are now enjoying a trip to England.

Mumps appear to be quite prevalent in several parts of the county.

A Sunday School excursion to Port Huron, over the L. H. & B. railway is announced for June 22nd.

During the furious storm one night last week lightning struck the cupola on the Goderich jail, and made the boards and splinters fly, both outside and inside the building. A part of the cornice was ripped off, a scantling alongside the window torn out, and plaster and glass shattered, but fortunately no fire followed, doubtless owing to the drenching rain which was falling. In the hail storm which passed some time previously over 40 panes of glass were broken in the building; and now Governor Dickson and Turnkey Henderson are wondering what the next visitation will be.

A diabolical attempt was made to wreck the evening express from Stratford to Goderich, due in Clinton at 9:20 last Saturday evening. Some fiends had piled timber and stones on the track and had the train been on time the chances are, as the night was cloudy, the train would have been thrown down the embankment, but Mr. Holliman, of Stapleton, had been to Seaforth, and finding that the train was late started to walk home along the track, carrying a lantern. When about two miles east of Clinton he found the obstruction on the track, and being unable to move it, he went back towards Seaforth, and warned the approaching train, thus averting a large loss of property and most probably loss of lives.

The Wingham fire company will compete at the Walkerton tournament on the 15th, (yesterday).

Blyth brass band is making great progress.

Among the discoveries recently made by the assessor of West Wawanosh was that that township has 40,706 assessable acres and real property valued at \$1,136,575. The 2166 persons in the township require 215 dogs to worry their 9350 head of cattle, 1793 sheep, 623 hogs and 1185 horses. The acreage tilled shows the citizens to be a very industrious class, but they keep 9179 acres of swamp land on hand.

The proposed Goderich and Wingham railway is taking tangible shape and has now good prospects of completion.

George the hatter was run into the Wingham lockup one day last week.

A steer belonging to Mr. J. W. Walker was killed by lightning one day last week.

A short time ago as Mr. John News-wanger, Zurich, was driving along the London road, near Rogerville, his horse got frightened at some geats that were feeding on the roadside and ran away. Mr. News-wanger was thrown from the vehicle and seriously injured and still lies in a precarious condition, being paralyzed and unable to move a limb.

The plate glass fronts were last week put in the stores of Messrs. Jackson Brothers and C. W. Papst, Seaforth. They are going to be among the handsomest stores in town.

An accident which might have resulted in death happened to Mabel Oliver, of Bluevale. It appears that while playing on the embankment at Nixon's grist mill, she fell into the water, a distance of twenty feet. Luckily, where she fell was not a shallow spot, or the fall might have caused instant death. When first noticed she was climbing up the embankment.

#### PERTH.

Last week the Stratford Herald bought the Times, of that city, and merged these two large journals into one. Mr. Kneitl has proved himself an excellent journalist during his five years connection with the Times, and by selling out he is at liberty to accept a lucrative offer. The Dingmans have transformed the Herald into a magnificent sheet, have inaugurated a daily issue, have built a fine brick block and now have commenced buying out their competitors. They're hustlers.

Geo. McGregor, of Molesworth, has gone to assist J. Miller in the Star cheese factory at Port Elgin.

The South Perth fair people will try to have one of the travelling dairies at their next fall show.

A new Orange lodge was instituted at Rostock Friday night with Mr. Wm. J. Henry as master.

A wager of \$1 was won by R. T. Swales of St. Marys for ringing the town bell for ten minutes. He kept it up for 15 minutes.

A young son of Mrs. George Maynard, Listowel, was kicked in the eye by a horse the other day. His skull was also cracked, but at last accounts he is doing fairly well.

At the semi-annual meeting of the County Orange Lodge for South Perth held in St. Marys, it was decided to participate in the 12th July celebration in Sarnia this year.

Volney Ashford, who wrote the historic and descriptive matter in the Perth County atlas, has been arrested in Honolulin with twenty others for alleged treason. Mr. Ashford is an old cavalry man and two years ago was commander of the forces in the Sandwich Island, while a younger brother was prime minister.

Virden, Manitoba, now has a newspaper of its own, called the Chronicle. Jas. McDonald, an old Mornington boy, is editor, and J. F. Watkins, who served his apprenticeship in the Listowel Standard office, is manager. Mr. McDonald also publishes the Moose Jaw Times, which is also managed by a graduate of the Standard office, W. A. Forster.

Mitchell Advocate: Thursday morning John Hill and Ted Merryfield came near being drowned in the mill pond. They were out in a boat, and being pretty well loaded with whiskey, they kept rocking the skiff until it upset. Hill, being a good swimmer saved himself but Merryfield sank a second time, when Fred Stewart went down after him and rescued him from a watery grave.

#### WELLINGTON.

Mr. Jno. McKay, principal of Mount Forest Telegraph, shorthand and Type Writing School has accepted a lucrative position in a Detroit mercantile house.

The annual picnic of St. Patrick's Church, Proton, will be held in O'Donnell's grove on Thursday, June 23.

Michel Doerbecker, brewer, has disappeared from Salem, leaving liabilities of \$21,000. Many of the residents of Salem and Elora are his victims.

The Presbyterians and Methodists of Palmerston have a very neighborly way of doing things. Last Sunday, when the Methodists' preacher was away at Conference, the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. J. M. Aull, preached union services, in the morning in his own church, and in the evening in the Methodist church.

The Arthur Enterprise says "A couple of gentlemen in the village are putting their heads together with the idea of forming a block pavement." Does it mean a sort of block-head pavement? They must have some awfully big block-heads there (or else very small streets) if two are sufficient.

About one month ago a yearling ewe belonging to Mr. Thos. Rafter sr., Peel, gave birth to one lamb of diminutive proportions which soon died. Three weeks later much to the surprise of the owner, the same yearling produced another lamb of strong and vigorous quality. Those accustomed to sheep raising claim this to be an unprecedented occurrence.

Mr. Thos. Patterson, of Maryboro, Treasurer, returned home last Thursday from his visit to Scotland, where he met many of his old acquaintances, and put in a very enjoyable holiday.

#### BRUCE.

Kincardine beat Walkerton at lacrosse last week by 3 goals to 2.

Teeswater is trying to organize a foot ball club.

Port Elgin wants an artesian well. What's the matter with Lake Huron?

Hanover's fine brass band is again in first-class trim.

A fire was subdued in just five minutes after the alarm was sounded, by the Hanover fire brigade one day last week.

Walkerton Battalion goes into camp at London on the 21st.

Southampton's civic holiday is the 16th inst. This is the first civic holiday announced for the season.

During the thunderstorm last week, lightning struck Mr. David Bell, of the 2nd con., Brant, dead on the spot. The team he was working with in the field were also killed.

Peter Clemo, the aged pauper of Greenock township, who, since the burning of his little house in Riversdale has been an inmate of the gaol, was on Tuesday removed to the House of Providence, Dundas, where he will be cared for during his remaining days. He is 92 years of age, and is utterly forsaken by his children.

A lively runaway took place at Formosa on Thursday of last week. The horse belonged to Mr. Samuel Tapley, of Culross, and was in charge of his hired man. The animal started while being hitched. One man, a brother of the driver, had, unluckily for himself, got into the rig and was thrown out, breaking his leg in the fall. The vehicle was smashed to atoms.

A Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association has been formed at Nile village, Huron county.

# McLaughlin & Co's

Have still a fully assorted stock of Staples, Dress Goods, Prints, Gloves, Hosiery, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, etc.

In all lines we claim to have as good, and in the majority of cases, better value than can be obtained elsewhere.

Our Sugar at 28 lbs. for \$1.00 is just the thing for the Preserving season.

Regarding

## GEM JARS!

As we are anxious that there shall be no scarcity of jars, such as occurred last season, we would advise those requiring Gems to secure them now and so avoid the rush and the possible disappointment when the preserving season is at its height.

A large stock now on hand.

When you come to Gorrie don't fail to call and see our stock.

We are always willing to quote prices and pleased to see you, for we know our prices are right and will suit you.

# McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House.

## WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Half the people of our County don't know the position of one Township from another. They can now overcome this difficulty by consulting the.

# COOPER MAP

OF THE] COUNTY OF HURON,

Which has been long needed and looked for. The size is four feet by five feet mounted on linen and wood rollers. Six colorings are used, which makes it very distinct and effective.

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,  
THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,  
THE BUSINESS MAN NEEDS ONE

PRICE, \$3.50.

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School Globes and all kinds of Maps and School Supplies. Write for prices and our traveler will call on you.

# James Sutherland's

## TIN STORE

(North end of the Leech Block.)

## GORRIE, ONT.

A FINE LINE OF  
PARLOR, BOX, and COOK Stoves,

JUST RECEIVED.

Special Value in Cook Stoves.

Special Value in Heaters.

Special Value in Drums.

Special Value in Cutlery

## STOVE FURNITURE

Every Variety.

Have Troughing a Specialty

A Choice Selection of Lamps & Lamp Goods

Highest Cash Price Paid for HIDES and SHEEP SKINS.

## TINWARE

of every description, on HAND and made to ORDER

Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

## THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

IS THE NEW PREMIUM



Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE FOR 1892. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured; it is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 15 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraits.

READ THE LIST.

Full-page Portraits of Sir John and Baroness Macdonald; Birthplace of Sir John in Glasgow; Portrait of Sir John when a young man; Portrait of Sir John's Mother, the only one ever published; The Old Barracks at Kingston, occupied by Sir John during the Rebellion of 1837; Farmhouse, Sir John's Residence at Ottawa; Interior of Senate Chamber, Ottawa, showing the Guard of Honor and Body Lying in State; Exterior View of House of Parliament, with Funeral Procession forming in the courtyard; View of Eastern Block, Parliament Buildings, with Funeral Procession passing; Fine View City Hall, Kingston, Draped in Mourning, as it appeared the day Sir John's Body reached Kingston and lay in State; Grave at Cataract Cemetery, with Floral Tributes from his Thousands of Followers; View of Westminster Abbey, in which the Memorial Service was held; Interior View of Westminster; View of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which a Memorial Tablet will be erected to Sir John's memory; Interior View of St. Paul's Cathedral.

All these views are fine half-toned photographs on heavy enameled paper, and suitably suitable ornaments on parlor or library table. The demand for this work promises to be great. Send in your orders early, with ONE DOLLAR, and get THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for one year and this MEMORIAL ALBUM.

New subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY EMPIRE free for balance of this year.

**Good Night.**

Down the long lane the loving cattle come:  
The workmen from the fields are turning home:  
The birds are chirping farwells to the sun  
Who blazes from the western goal he won:  
The children, tripping gaily home from school,  
Peep with rosy faces through stream and pool  
To catch the mother's busy motes and pool  
In haste to catch their busy mother's ear.  
With all the tales a mother needs must hear:  
The pedlar stops his painted cart before  
The ever-open hospitable door.  
And strikes him up a thrifty bargain there:  
Exchanging goods for honey, wholesome fare;  
The horses whinnying loud the stable by:  
The fowls to roost in cackling chorus fly:  
The crickets sing the tufted grass below:  
And all the scene is dimmed in hazy glow.  
There is no time so full of calm delight,  
When all things murmur low a soft "Good night."

**MAJOR RANDALL'S WARNING.**

BY JESSIE MACLEOD.  
PART I.

One wintry evening, Major Mark Randall, of the 14th Regiment of Hussars, home on leave from Madras, descended from the train bound to York at a small station on the line to Boston, Lincolnshire. Although a tolerably fine day when he left London, it soon after began to rain, and increased to a steady downpour. In a hazy, retired country district it was dark as if late at night. The Major, carrying a small portmanteau in one hand, a stout stick in the other, was well protected by a thick ulster; and lighting a cigar, he set off on a cross-country walk he had known well enough in bygone years. He was bound to an old mansion at about four miles' distance, on a few days' visit to his maiden aunts, whom he had begged not to send a carriage to meet him at the station, as, having business matters to transact in London, the hour of his arrival would be very uncertain. Probably he now repented of this decision, for, after proceeding some yards, he turned back towards the station.

"I suppose it would be impossible to procure a conveyance over to Cressing Hall," he called out to the porter, who was watching him from the door.  
"Yes, sir. Unless bespoken, you'll not get nothing on wheels to-night. If you're bound to the 31st, you'd better not go by the footpath. We've had so much rain of late, the drains are overflowed, and the waters is out."  
"But the road takes such a turn; it is three miles longer," said the Major.  
"Better go a long tramp than take a short-cut to get drowned," returned the porter.

Major Randall laughed; but having lived too long in the world to despise local advice, he took the road. Even that was by no means safe; the drains, as they are called in the county, are in reality very deep canals, skirting the roads, with unprotected sides, and very easily walked into by a person ignorant of the locality. The officer started at first briskly; but the rain fell so fast that the atmosphere was blinding as a curtain, and he deemed it most prudent to proceed at a footpace. Even on a black night, there is a faint light on country roads; it was just sufficient for him to see the stones in their courses. He often lighted a fusee, but, unfortunately, they were soon exhausted. Occasionally, he saw the glimmer of a distant light, probably from a cottage window; but knowing that he was in the Fen county, he did not venture to seek it. The roads were perfectly open and unsheltered; if trees bounded them, they were tall poplars, affording no shelter at all, and the rain descended like a waterfall.

"A pleasant night this to be out in," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, and he heard feet splashing through the slush beside him.  
"Perhaps we may reach a road-side cottage," said the Major.  
"There are none. But I'll tell you what there is a little farther on—Bertoft old church; it has a porch."  
"That will do," said the officer; and the two quickened their pace.  
"Here it is," cried the newcomer, presently darting to a lighthouse, that, being printed white, stood out ghastly through the gloom. A short gravel path led across the ancient churchyard, bordered with tombstones, to the ample porch, with oaken seats on either side, and well protected from the rain.

"This is a famous shelter," said the Major. "If you have a fusee, I will offer you a cigar." "You replied his companion; "I never smoke.—Listen! There is the cry of a bittern; this must be the clearing-up shower; they do not cry unless the rain is going off. I shall not be sorry to get home, for I missed my train, and have a long walk to reach Boston."  
"If I hope you row the roads well?"  
"By heart," answered the other. "It is a pity that we have so much water in these parts; it gives Lincolnshire a bad name; and there's not a nicer county in England in summer-time; it smells of nothing but hay and the variety of grasses is wonderful to the old as understands them."  
"At this instant the church clock in the old tower above deliberately struck the quarters and then the hour of seven."  
"It's getting late," continued the stranger, whose voice was cheery and pleasant. "I suppose I must be going on, but as it is I've had nothing but ill-luck to-day. It did not rain when started to call on a person at Holt; I had a heavy shower, but he was out. Then I missed the train; and am almost drenched to the skin; though that can't hurt me; we Lincolnshire folk are said to be half-frogs, you know," and he laughed merrily.

"If I remember rightly," said the Major, "this road divides the Bertofts."  
"Yes, Omgost to Boston, the other to Spalding. We are about a mile from the village. Bless you! water is it hereabouts, it's nothing to what it was once. In this churchyard they only dug the graves just in time for the funerals, for they filled with water directly; and as for Bertoft, I've heard my grandfather say he once of a young man, walk quickly to the gate and his splashing foot steps die away in the distance. The darkness was such that he never saw him, therefore, had no idea of his appearance. The conversation they held together was short and trifling, yet destined to be words of intense import to one of them. Only last week after waiting some little time, the rain abated, and the Major resumed his journey reaching his destination at half-past eight o'clock, tired with his long tramp, and very wet. His arrival caused quite an excitement, for the Miss Ingestres had given him up.

How familiar yet how different did these ladies appear to him, welcoming the bronzed, bearded soldier with the same voices, in their former affectionate manner, standing in the identical places in the entrance hall as in bygone years, when he visited them regularly at the vacations. Nothing had changed saved themselves; the fine middle-aged women he had left were now two thin, wrinkled, old ladies—kind as ever, but more fustily so. As for himself, the gay headless youth was now the tall experienced soldier of many battles, who had more than once been wounded.  
After the first surprise at his changed appearance was over, they soon forgot it, and he was the dear boy of former years. Seated at the hospitable table, where an admirable impromptu dinner was got up for him, adorned with its silver and crystal, also flowers brought in from the conservatories, surrounded by luxury, a splendid fire on the hearth, the red velvet curtains closely drawn, the carved oak furniture as he remembered it, and old family portraits on the walls—it was difficult to realize that he had been absent seventeen years, living what seemed a lifetime of change and peril. Here was unaltered peace. All he missed were the silver-haired butler, who had served his maternal grandfather, and the old house-boy Toby who had been his companion in many a ramble.  
"And have you been going on the same life all these years?" he asked.  
"Yes, dear boy—as you left us, so you find us. We have been several times to London just to get food for the mind, as I may say—new books, new music, to hear famous preachers, and to attend a few lectures at the Royal Institution, and a concert or two. But there is no place like home. When we are away, things go wrong and the poor people miss us. We lead quiet lives. Your letters were a great delight to us, and sometimes caused us much anxiety, for we have followed you all through your career, dear Mark."  
"I feel as if I had never been away; and awakened from a long sleep full of dreams," said the Major.  
"You will not know Caroline when you see her," said Aunt Lydia. "She was a bride when you left; now, her eldest boy is at Eaton; and as for her husband, who was such a waltzer, he cannot get a hunter strong enough to carry him."  
"Time brings its changes," said the Major. "I have a few visits to pay when I leave you; then I shall run down to Worcestershire and have a look at them."  
"This referred to Major Randall's only sister, after whose wedding he had left for India.  
There was no rain the following morning; and the Miss Ingestres, well wrapped up, insisted upon marshalling their long-absent nephew about the grounds to see the improvements. On returning through the gardens, they were met by the head-gardener, who stopped touching his hat.  
"Beg your pardons, ladies, but there's such shocking news."  
"Indeed," cried Miss Ingestre, looking startled.  
"Yes, mum. Mr. Twyford, the miller at Roby, was shot dead as he was riding home from Mestoke last night."  
"What! Old Mr. Twyford shot?"  
"Shot! A dreadful thing!" cried Miss Lydia.  
"He was coming home along the high-road, it seems, on Gray Dobbin, an old horse as could find the way blindfold. It was a bad night, we know; but through the noise of falling rain, a woman in a cottage heard two shots fired. She ran to the door just in time to see the horse galloping away sketched; so she fetched a lantern, and found Mr. Twyford lying in the road. She got help; but the poor old gentleman was dead—shot through the heart."  
"Was he robbed?"  
"No, mum. That's the strange part of it; his purse and pocketbook was untouched. There's a regular hue and cry through the country to find the murderer, folks is so sorry. Old Mr. Twyford was as well known as Boston Stump."  
"You remember him, dear Mark, do you not?"  
"I had forgotten his name; but I recollect going several times with the Vicarage boys to be weighed at the mill. He was a tall man, I think. His wife used to bring us out cowslip wine. There was a daughter too—a young, timid, slip of a girl," said the Major, turning his thoughts backward.  
"Ah! she grew up the beauty of the county. People would ride past the mill to try and get a peep at her. I have seen many beautiful girls, but never one so perfectly lovely as poor Elizabeth."  
"Why do you say poor? Is she dead?"  
"She may be; there has been no news of her for some years. Mrs. Twyford died, I think, and perhaps Elizabeth has been married of her own way. She went on a visit, and became acquainted with a showy man who called himself a gentleman. No doubt he was an adventurer, for it was well known the miller's daughter would have a good fortune. He paid his addresses to her; but Mr. Twyford forbade him to see her. Said to her, Elizabeth, slip of a girl, and she said, 'No doubt the unprincipled man counted on the father's forgiveness, for he doted on his daughter. She might have married well, for all the young men in these parts were in love with her, she was so amiable. Anyhow, the miller defeated him, for he disinherited Elizabeth, and she was left penniless, though, for he seemed to become an old man all at once,' said Miss Lydia, taking up the thread of the narrative. "It was very unkind of her; but I suppose she was led away by the man's good looks."  
"The old story," remarked Major Randall. "I wonder how often it has happened, and will happen again."  
"I will be the same as long as there are serpent tongues," said Miss Ingestre with asperity.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**THE SHADOW OF HERSELF.**

A Sketch of the Last Napoleon's Widow as she Appears To-day.  
(By a Correspondent.)

Farnborough Station is a lovely village with the old-fashioned cottages nestling in a valley, the reclusé of ex-Empress Eugénie and the burial place of Napoleon III. and Prince Louis.  
A servant in livery of the Countess Marie Eugénie Pierpont, as the ex-Empress calls herself now, was waiting at the depot for the mail, newspapers from London and her beloved Paris. Entering into a conversation with the French valet I learned that visitors who wished to see "her majesty's" present home were quite frequent, and that there would be no objection whatever to my going over the grounds.  
A few minutes' walk along a dusty, hilly road brought us to the gate of Farnborough Hall. It is a magnificent structure in the early English style, surrounded by groups of stately trees and huge patches of lawn that show a lavish display of landscape gardening. The picturesque, comfortable-looking building is of red brick, with granite ornaments in the lower part, while the upper stories are cemented and embellished with wood-work.  
Farnborough hall is the model of an English country seat. It can boast of the most recent improvements. All the gas used is made on the estate, the entire house is heated by a huge heating apparatus, the water is supplied by steam from a neighboring lake, and all possible measures of precaution have been made in case of fire. The adjoining park is most skillfully laid out; there are ornamental lakes with both houses and fishing cottages, terraces, walks, vineyards, lawn tennis, and croquet grounds. A kitchen garden, three acres in extent, with magnificent hedges and a couple of stables are not failing.

What a cheerful life could be led in such a place. And yet the lady of the house passes her days in quiet sorrow and monotony, and nobody wonders who hears her past, a story of life, of triumph, and defeat that is not rivaled by the experience of any other woman in this century. She is a double-edged sword, the cause of her own downfall; her reckless extravagance and capricious frivolities could not last forever. And yet her dazzling career was not void of kindly deeds. She was one of the first to recognize Daudet's talent, and it was she who decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honor.  
Now she is all alone. The queen who spent 500,000 francs a day for her toilet, never allowed the wanton splendor of Louis XV. times in her festivals of unheard-of luxury at the Tuileries and Fontainebleau, who dreamt of might, conquests that would make her the Empress of Europe and had the entire aristocracy of France at her beck and call has now to be satisfied with a forced exile and to live with a few friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more cheerful.  
She likes solitude best, and though high visitors are frequent, but few are admitted. Only Queen Victoria, who drives over from Windsor, is always welcome.

Most of her time she spends in meditation and prayer. As she suffers from insomnia, she keeps up a steady stream of prayer. After the night's rest she attends to her correspondence and writes a few pages of her memories that are to be published after her death. Before luncheon she drives to the village to visit some one who is ill, and on her return pays her daily visit to the mausoleum, where she prays at the grave of her two lady friends of her former household, that try in vain to make her life more cheerful.  
Sometimes the Empress goes to London or the sea coast for a brief visit, but she seldom makes any visits except upon her most intimate friends, whose number grows smaller with every year, and she rarely visits any one to visit her. She is still fond of France and often visits Paris, though no one cares for her in the gay city. In former times the mob hunted the "fatal woman," as they have called her, but now nobody takes notice of her. During the winter she sometimes goes to Italy or the south coast of France. At present she has a villa built on the Mediterranean sea, between Monaco and Mentone.  
Watching some gardeners arrange some flower beds in the front of the house, I saw a dark robed figure emerge from the entrance hall. It was Eugénie heavily leaning on two crutch-like canes, and she was carefully picking her way along the private path that leads from the mansion to the church.  
Who she has changed. If the picture of Winterhalter was ever true, who depicted her as a resting beauty, pure, fresh and lovely, wrapped entirely in a mist of lace, with jewels of fabulous value in her golden hair, and strings of pearls around her swan like neck, she has lost its graceful curved hues, her face is pale and wrinkled, and her hair black white. She is over 69 now. And yet in her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with ermine, her black gloves, her widow's bonnet with its long veils, she is still a striking figure. And at an advanced age she still retains the luster of former days, when all France knelt at her feet. No tears could wash away their marvelous beauty.

The way to the church leads through a row of majestic yew trees. As the queen approaches the church, which stands on the crest of a hill, with a superb view of the loveliest spots of rural England, old, white-robed monks steps up to her and respectfully bowing hands her a bunch of violets, which she accepts with a gentle nod. It is her favorite flower, and around the white church violets have been planted by the monks, who reverse her as does everybody in Farnborough. In her old days she has become a philanthropist who gives liberally to the interests of the laboring people for miles around her country seat.  
The monk accompanied the Empress to the entrance of the church, turned the key, the doors swung open, and she entered. What memories may pass before her as she sits alone in that chamber of death.  
The monk, who had guessed my business, seeing me follow at a respectful distance, kindly told me that I could visit the place at any time. He invited me to a chat and a glass of wine in the adjoining monastery, and an hour quickly passed, when the Empress returned in the same slow way that she had come.  
Then we repaired to the mausoleum. It is a little chapel with tiled floor laid out in mosaic, containing a few chairs and praying stools of dark velvet, and an altar where the monks say mass and where the only other person present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. To the right of the other is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the unhappy Emperor. It is of brass, very massive, weighing several tons, on the inscription plate the words "As a mark of affectionate sympathy by Victoria R." are engraved. The remains of the Prince, who died so unfortunately in the Zulu war, rest on the left in a huge granite sarcophagus. On both tombs marble tributes have been heaped. The most noticeable is an artificial wreath of immortelles tied with tri-colored ribbons, laid there by Eugénie, and an artificial wreath of ivy sent by Queen Victoria, tied with a white, long satin bow, bearing her signature.  
But more fascinating than any of these are the loose violets that are scattered about the little chapel. Day after day, often plucking them herself, she strews with trembling hands, a handful of violets on both graves. Most visitors ask the favor to take a small bunch of these violets along with them as a souvenir, which is willingly granted.  
At the foot of each tomb is placed an arm chair, and there the Empress sits, alternately for a time, alone with her sorrow, and when her prayers are done she will rest for a time in a niche just back of the prince's tomb, where she will rest when her troubles are over.

**ENGLAND'S SPEAKER.**

An Interesting Figure in Imperial Politics.  
(BY EDGAR WAKEFIELD.)

One of the most interesting figures in English public life, and of late years a very important factor in Imperial politics, though he himself is no politician, is the Rt. Hon. Arthur Wellesley, Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons. It seldom happens that a distinguished man has sons who rise to distinction, but the late Sir Robert Peel, the famous Conservative statesman who repealed the corn laws and paved the way for free trade and all the other reforms which have made Great Britain the foremost commercial and maritime power on earth, was an exception. He was killed by a fall from his horse before he had time to consolidate the fortunes of his family, and, indeed, he never showed any eagerness to advance his relatives. But he gave his sons a splendid education and they have proved quite able to do the rest for themselves. The eldest, Sir Robert, who succeeded his father as third baronet, was a well known diplomatist in his youth, and represented Tamworth in the House of Commons uninterruptedly for thirty years, a very unusual experience. He rose to be a lord of the admiralty and chief secretary for Ireland, but sacrificed his whole political fortune by siding with Mr. Gladstone and home rule in 1886, when he lost his seat in Parliament and retired into private life. He is a member of the privy council and a grand cross of the bath, and holds all sorts of other honors; and if he had not had a propensity for getting into scrapes about ladies and fighting duels, he would probably have filled his father's place as his father. His next brother, Sir Frederick Peel, has also had a conspicuous parliamentary career, and has held such important posts as under-secretary for war and secretary to the treasury. He, too, is a member of the privy council. The younger son is the Earl of Gloucester, and as such is a member of the privy council ex-officio, being the official medium of communication between the sovereign and the elected representatives of her people. This is probably the only instance of one family furnishing three brothers to the privy council at the same time; and it must be said of the Peels that each of them has fairly earned his position by his own peculiar merits. What those merits are, in the case of the speaker, it would be very hard to explain at all precisely. It used to be said of Sir Robert Peel, the elder, that he played on the House of Commons as if he were a child; and his youngest son's elevation is due to that same indefinable instinct for discerning the tempers of men and knowing how to lead them without letting them feel they are being led.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is elected by the vote of the majority at the beginning of each Parliament, and holds office for the duration of the Parliament, that is, seven years, unless a dissolution occurs earlier, which is usually the case. Almost invariably, however, a member is proposed for Speaker by the government of the day, who is known beforehand to be acceptable to all parties, and is elected by unanimous acclamation. If the ministry were to propose a member for Speaker and he were rejected in favor of some other member proposed by the opposition, that would be regarded as a vote of want of confidence, and the ministry would be compelled to retire from office. But such a thing has never occurred during the present century, and it has very rarely happened that a rival to the ministerial candidate has been proposed. As a rule, too, a Speaker once elected remains in office as long as he pleases, being formally re-nominated and re-elected as the first business of each succeeding Parliament. The election of Speaker is rather an interesting ceremony. The member proposed remains seated in the body of the house until the vote is declared, when the royal messenger arrives and declares that he has authorized his character and expressed his desire to support his authority, he proceeds to the steps of the chair and submits himself to the House, begging them to consider well their choice before deciding. No dissenting voice being heard, he accepts the office and seats himself in the chair, and plants himself on all sides. Some nominal business having been done a short recess follows, after which the Speaker-elect reappears in court dress, black cloth coat, with lace frill and braided buttons, black kerseymere breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and over all a richly braided black silk gown with a long train, and a full-bottomed curled white wig falling on his shoulders. He is preceded by the sergeant-at-arms, in full court dress and sword, bearing the gold mace, and followed by a retinue of ushers and other officials. In the meantime word has been sent to the Queen of the election, and a few minutes later the royal messenger arrives conveying her Majesty's pleasure that her "faithful Commons" should present their speaker to her at a certain date and hour. When the time comes the Speaker and his officers drive in state to the palace, followed by his proposer and such other members as may wish to accompany him. The party are seated in the hall, and the Speaker, kneeling, claims for the House of Commons a renewal of their ancient privileges and for himself free access to the sovereign and all rightful favors. The Queen greets him graciously, congratulates the members on their choice, promises to uphold and support their rights, and dismisses them to their respective duties. Thereafter the speaker ceases to belong to any political party or to take any party in debates or divisions, unless compelled to exercise a casting vote, which he always gives on that side which allows of further consideration of the question. His duty is to preside over the proceedings of the House and to decide on all questions of order or procedure, and his authority in every case is final. Of late years, his personal power and responsibility have been vastly increased by the rules of "closure," which authorize and require him to use his discretion in cutting short debates when his willful obstruction takes place. He has the power to suspend members or even to commit them to prison for gross misconduct, and his warrant is as powerful for the punishment of persons found guilty of contempt of the house. On the other hand he himself is exempted from arrest, or any other legal process of action, when he chooses to retire from the speaker's office, or fails to secure re-election, he receives a peerage with hereditary descent to his heirs male. The Speaker receives a salary of \$25,000 a year, and a retiring pension of \$12,500 for life; and he has the control of patronage and expenditures, independently of the government, amounting to \$150,000 a year. He has a very handsome residence and suite of offices at the House of Commons, and his official dinners and other entertainments are among the choicest festivities of London society. Each day he wears a suit of blue cloth, and in procession in the House, he goes and ushers, with his sergeant, chaplain, and ushers, the lace skirts of his long robe held up by train-bearers, to hear prayers read and open the proceedings—a quaint

**THE WEATHER IS WARM.**

The coming of warm weather brings with it the necessity for refrigerators, wire screens and all the paraphernalia of the store-closet and the kitchen, used as a protection against heat and flies. Before the summer and care can give should be taken to remove all debris of decaying vegetation or animal matter, not only from the precincts of the cellar and kitchen, but from the yard and the vicinity of the house. If proper precautions are observed, even in the hottest weather there will be little trouble from flies. The fly is a useful scavenger, who performs with absolute faithfulness his thankless task of trying to save careless and thoughtless people from the legitimate effects of their own negligence. The year when there is a scarcity of flies is marked by fevers and pestilence. If you are troubled with a superabundance of flies, yet exercise every care and precaution your power, you may be sure there is some cause for them which you have not discovered.

The farmers who insist on living for convenience in close proximity to the stable and chicken yards will be troubled with flies, no matter what precautions are exercised in the house, for the reason that these vile little creatures are at work destroying the animal effluvia which might otherwise be dangerous to human life. Never allow flies to appear suddenly in a horde without looking about to detect a reason for their coming. They may mean a neglected garbage-pail, a forgotten cesspool, which has become dangerously choked up. They always mean something. Instead of attempting to kill them with fly-paper, look about for the reason. Like all other vermin, they are one of nature's warnings that you are not living in the right way, or that a near neighbor is not, which unfortunately means the same thing to you.  
It is doubly necessary in summer that the tables be cleared and the floors be swept as rapidly as possible after meals. For the least debris of food left in a corner will fester in the warm atmosphere in a few hours, and attract a little horde of scavengers. If the tables are quickly cleared, and the rooms neatly swept and darkened during the heat of the day, there should be little trouble with flies. If there is any reason for the presence of flies near your house, it may be necessary to use fly screens. Do not resort to powders and poisons, but remember that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that some amount of energy applied to keeping the premises strictly clean will accomplish more than if directed to the destruction of the fly, who simply comes to remind us, in a very disagreeable way, it is true, that we have been derelict or living in unwholesome surroundings.

**QUEER NAMES IN THE PEERAGE.**

The industrious persons who have contributed so many instances of bizarre nomenclature have overlooked one that is to be found in the somewhat prosaic pages of the peerage. Among the collateral branches of the earl of Dysart is a certain Rev. Ralph William Lyon-Tollenach, rector of South Wytham, near Grantham, who has himself assumed the surname of Tollenach-Tollenach without the formality of royal license, and who has distributed among his thirteen children a list of a hundred names for which he has apparently ransacked mythology, fiction and history. To the five children of his first marriage he was merciful, for he only divided twenty-four names, most of them cognomens, among them; but when on second nuptials he espoused Dora Cleopatra Maria Dorena, daughter of the late Colonel Ignacio Antonio de Orellana y Revest, of the Spanish army, the Pall Mall Budget says he proceeded to endow his offspring with a plenitude of appellation for which one hardly expects them to be grateful as they reach maturity. The first, a boy, he called Lylph Ytivallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyon-Tollenach Hugh Erichowynne Sibon; while the next, a girl, is Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingford Beatrice Biazonberrie Evangeline Visé de Lon de Orellana Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon; and among the names enjoyed by the others are Lynesse, Decima, Veronica, Esyth, Unline, Gissa, Rowena, Quintas, Lelia, Ysabel, Saxania and Leo. On those occasions when these children have to use their full name, either orally or in writing, they will certainly not rise to call their father blessed.

**SCIENTISTS ON SEA-SERPENTS.**

Professor Agassiz was a firm believer in the existence of a sea-serpent of exceptional proportions, and spent a neat deal of time collecting material bearing on that subject. He was especially interested in anything pertaining to the sea monster which made such a stir along the Atlantic coast in 1856. This serpent appeared first at Nahant, Mass., and was followed along the coast for miles by the excited citizens of Nahant, Lynn, and Swampscott, many of whom made affidavits to what they had seen.  
Sir Charles Lyell, the noted geologist, thought it altogether probable that some of the primeval monsters may have survived until these latter days; and, like the renowned Professor above mentioned, spent months and years collecting and arranging sea-serpents locally.  
Professor Baily says: "I have with my own eyes seen a sea-serpent not less than 180 feet in length lashing the waves of the Bay of Bengal. . . . I know that I was wide awake at the time and that the object I saw was not kelp, 'marine gelatin,' or any other inanimate substance. . . . I believe in sea-serpents because I saw one near enough to one (the one just mentioned) to see its horrid teeth."

**LETTER FROM A SPEAKER.**

A little bit of medicine in that visit London may well find a few minutes witnessing—and on all state or public occasions he comes immediately after the House of Lords and receives high honors and deference of the impregnation of the people of the United Kingdom.

The present Speaker of the House of Commons is a godson of the great Duke of Wellington, whose name he bears, the families of Peel and Wellesley being closely connected by marriage; and he belongs essentially to the aristocracy. Yet, he is essentially the most popular man in the House, or, in fact, in the country. He has sat uninterruptedly for the ancient town of Warwick for twenty-seven years, and whenever he appears in public is the object of the greatest interest and attachment. He was unanimously elected Speaker on the retirement of Sir Henry Brand, now Lord Hamplden, in 1884, being recognized as the highest authority on parliamentary procedure, and has been re-elected by acclamation at the opening of each new Parliament since, the leaders of hostile parties vying with one another in support of him. He is a tall, thin man with a long, grave face and a beard, but no mustache—much more like the old-fashioned "Uncle Sam" type of American, than an Englishman, and seated motionless in his Gothic chair, dressed in his quaint but handsome costume, he is the very embodiment of easy dignity and silent power. His courtesy and charm of manner to all who approach him is something that cannot well be described. In a low tone, earnestly to hear him addressing the House or to see him receiving a member, and the genuineness of his character is shown by the fact that for all his firmness and even severity on critical occasions he enjoys the most confidence and personal friendship of the most unruly members. Lord Randall Church is a particular crony of his, and so was the late Mr. Parnell. The last time I ever saw Mr. Parnell was just after the famous meeting of the Irish party in committee room No. 15, when he was deposed from the leadership and subjected to the most violent reproaches from those who had been his devoted adherents. It is less than a year since the House of Commons he looked like the host of his former self, he was so haggard and grief-stricken. The black shadows of the O'Shea catastrophe were heavy on him. The Gladstonites turned their backs on him. The McCarthys eyed him angrily, and some of them uttered an insulting expression as he passed them. His small band of followers were cowed and contused. The broken man and fallen leader seemed unwilling as to the right procedure under the new circumstances. He walked slowly and wearily to the side of the Speaker's chair and asked some question in a low tone, and the Speaker turned towards him with a friendly smile, gave him his hand, and leaning down, talked to him for a few minutes with a wonderful pleasantness and yet without a particle of condescension or effusiveness. It was the finest piece of high breeding in a public functionary that I ever saw. The Speaker of the House of Commons knew nothing about any divorce scandals or any faction squabbles. He sat aloft far above the foul atmosphere of all such things; and to him the member for Cork was not less a representative of the commons of Great Britain and Ireland than he had been before. I could not help thinking that in that terrible hour the best friend, the only true and revivable friend Mr. Parnell had, was the grave, spare gentleman in the long wig, whose authority he had so often defied, but whose abounding courtesy and unerring council he knew he could count on, whoever else might fail him.

What Mr. Peel was to Mr. Parnell he is to every man in that strange situation, and the British House of Commons—a guide, philosopher, and friend, a ruler and a judge; sometimes a censor, but always a brother and an equal in sympathy, in counsel, and in courtesy.  
So long as such men are to be found to preside over their assemblies, and set the tone of feeling among them, there will be no danger of the House of Commons falling from their high places as the oldest and most popular assembly in the world.

**DON'T BE IN HASTE.**

To break off an old and tried friendship.  
Or contract a new and doubtful alliance.  
To give advice without being asked for it.  
To spend your salary in advance of earning it.  
To make love to more than one woman at a time.  
Deliberation is the great preventive of misery.  
To give up a reputable business to dabble in politics.  
To blame your children for following your bad examples.  
To take part in the difference between your neighbors.  
To quarrel with your wife because she criticizes your faults.  
Or with your husband because he doesn't tell you everything he knows.  
Or with your sweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtesy.  
Or with your lover because he mixes common sense with his love-making.  
To go in debt because the shopkeeper has confidence in your honesty.

**THE BLARNEY STONE.**

Five miles west of the city of Cork, Ireland, in a little valley where two streams meet, stands the little village of Blarney. The fame of Blarney is world-wide. It has a castle, and in the walls of the castle the famous "Blarney Stone" is set. The stone is a part of the solid masonry, is 50 feet below the protecting roof of the building. To kiss the blarney stone is supposed to endow one with captivating witchery of manner, to loosen his or her tongue so that the whole of the conversation will be one solid stream of honeyed words. The situation of this talisman is such that the kissing of it is a rather dangerous feat, it being necessary to let the votary dangle over the castle by means of ropes. On the top of the castle there is a stone which many claim is the "true Blarney," because the feat of kissing is more easily accomplished. This spurious stone has been in its present situation for seventy years; the true Blarney, mentioned as being set in the wall, bears indication of the building of the castle, which is 1146.

**A Promise.**

"I shall go right home to my mother, Hudson Hicks. I saw you kissing Mrs. Hubbard Brown in the conservatory."  
"It was only a sisterly kiss, my dear."  
"She is not your sister."  
"Yes, she is—that is, she promised to be one to me years ago."  
Mrs. Bowers—"Your sweetheart writes a very cold letter, my dear." Miss Bowers—"He can't help that, he's driven an ice wagon."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Each year office has provided for... of a 6,000 and 7,000...

The Italian Ordnance Department is considering the purchase of a projectile which, when it bursts, will produce a luminous light of 100,000-candle power.

The difficulty experienced in European travel of finding one's railway carriage after leaving it to enter the station has been met experimentally on the Paris and Lyons route.

Still another African traveller, Capt. Binger, has gone through the savage regions of the west coast and the Niger without an escort and in safety.

A missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Africa has found his bicycle of great service to him in that country, and says that the long, narrow paths through the country are admirably adapted for its use.

The King of Sweden and Norway left Stockholm on the 5th inst. on a long journey. He will travel through the whole of Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France under the incognito of Count Haga.

A fatal accident occurred at Gilly, Belgium, on Tuesday morning in Trien-Kaisin colliery. A number of men were in a cage descending to the pit when the chain broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom.

A novel method for calming the sea has been submitted to the French salvage society by Baron d'Aléssandro. He covers the surface of the water with specially prepared innumerable thin netting, which acts like a bed of oil in calming the waves.

A fire broke out on Monday morning in a pine forest near Bordeaux, and intense excitement was caused owing to the proximity of the national powder magazine, which, it was feared, might be reached by the flames.

Fresh outrages are reported by Dalziel from Malay Peninsula. Two Englishmen, named Harris and Stewart, were murdered on March 5. A young Malay woman tried to save Stewart, but was cut off and his body mutilated.

PERSONAL.

Captain Lewis, of the City of New York, and Captain Watkins, of the City of Paris, have not yet decided whether to become American citizens, as they must be in order to retain official positions in the Inman service under new laws.

Princess Massimo, whose superb old palace at Rome was the scene of a dynamite outrage the other day, is one of the grandest and proudest nobles in Italy. He traces his descent to the Fabius Maximus of the earliest Roman times.

That 10-year-old Crown Prince of Germany, who has just been made a lieutenant in the Prussian Army, is not regarded in England as any too robust a child. While in that country last year with his mother he appeared pale and thin, though intelligent and inclined to nervousness.

Congressman McKelighan, of Nebraska, is said to live in a sod house. This singular dwelling, which contains three rooms, is boarded over a frame-work, which is then entirely covered with thick sod. It is not an uncomfortable place of abode, for it is warm in winter, as well as cool in summer, and the danger to its occupants in case of cyclones is minimized.

One of the pleasantest episodes in Queen Victoria's sojourn on the Riviera was the audience she gave to three French veterans of the Crimea. Her Majesty chatted cordially with the aged warriors, and was greatly impressed by the interview, for it awakened "indefeasible memories" which she has always held dear.

The probability that Anton Rubinstein, the great pianist, will visit this country within a few months, lends interest to the fact that he is one of the few infant prodigies who have gained great distinction in after-life. It is nearly fifty-three years since he began, as a child of nine, to entertain the public, and it may be said that he has steadily grown in popular favor.

Putting this and that together he became something more than suspicious, and lost no time in consulting a magistrate. The widow of the long-buried man was arrested and taxed with having murdered her husband. She confessed her guilt, and was duly hanged for the crime so long hidden and so strangely brought to light.

EMBAYED AMONG ICE PEAKS.

The Fog Lifted and Showed the Ship "Habitant" Near Peril.

The British ship Habitant, Capt. Potter, came into New York the other day with a cargo of stone and a story of icebergs fit to make a landman's hair stand on end.

Capt. Potter thought he had taken a course far enough south to escape ice. About 9 o'clock in the morning of last Tuesday, the fourth of a succession of densely foggy days, the lookout shouted that there was a berg on the weather bow close aboard, and at the same time the dashing of the waves over it could be heard.

The ship answered her helm and gradually paid off, but not until she was so close to the berg that the waves that broke on the ice washed back and threw spray over the deck.

In the early part of the night the thermometer had registered about 40°, but now it dropped to 36°, and the salts aboard said there was a lot of ice near by.

It was a few minutes past 4 o'clock when the warning about the lookout was heard again. This time he cried "Breakers ahead!" and the roar sounded close. The helm was jammed hard up again, and the ship sheered off and in a few minutes was out of the sound of the breakers.

It began to dawn on all on board then that they were getting into pretty tight quarters. The thermometer slumped another point, and the lookout for the third time shouted a warning.

More breakers this time and more distinct. The fog had cleared a trifle, and an immense field of floating ice ahead could be made out. The ship was now on a south-southwest course to get out of the ice region, but she had to keep dodging for three or four hours.

About 9 o'clock in the morning the fog lifted. The ship seemed to be in a great valley, and all about on every side rose peak after peak of towering mountains of ice, and between the mountain acres of floating ice, piled six or eight feet above the water.

There were patches of clear water here and there and narrow passages. The ship was in one of these patches, ice all around and less than half a mile away.

The captain counted twenty-five bergs within sight, and they averaged from 100 to 250 feet high. Hour after hour the ship sailed south-southwest with a light breeze, without a sign of clear water on any side, and with the ice mountains throwing out the colors of the rainbow as the sun shone on them all about.

Late in the afternoon the fog began settling again and it looked like a night of danger, but it cleared away finally and the moon shone. At 11 o'clock at night, after the ship had run seventy-five miles through the ice, clear water was seen ahead. The last berg was in latitude 44° 30', longitude 47° 20'.

A GIRL'S ADAUCITY.

She Stood in Front of a Locomotive Till It Stopped.

A quite thrilling incident occurred on the straight stretch of line of the New York and New Jersey railroad, the other afternoon.

As a passenger train was proceeding at full speed a 16-year-old girl left her half dozen companions in the roadway that runs near the track and stepped quickly in front of a locomotive, which was not more than 300 feet away.

She was laughing defiantly, facing the locomotive, standing fairly between the rails, and the engineer knew that she was bent upon mischief and not upon suicide.

He made the passengers jump on their seats with the blood-curdling whistle that he blew out of his engine, but the girl between the rails snapped her fingers and danced derisively.

The engineer had to stop the train or run over her. Of the two evils he chose the one he supposed to be the least. His fireman did not agree with him, but there was no time to argue the point.

The motive was brought to a standstill "its pilot was hardly 5 feet from the girl's skirts. "I told them you'd have to stop," she said. "I knew you'd run over me." Then she laughed and ran after her companions.

Quite Safe.

A gentleman one day was driving along a lonely country road, when he heard loud cries for help proceeding from a neighboring grove.

Upon entering the wood, he was surprised and shocked to find a man who was securely tied to a tree.

"What is the matter here?" he said in astonishment.

"Oh! sir," said the poor fellow, "I'm so glad you have come. A few hours ago I was knocked down by some traps, who filled my pockets, and after stealing everything I had except a pocket-book in my inside vest pocket which they fortunately overlooked, bound me to this tree, and decamped."

"The soundrels!" ejaculated the new comer. "And so the wretches robbed you, eh?"

STORM SWEEP MAURITIUS.

WHERE THE LITTLE ISLAND IS, AND WHAT IT IS LIKE.

Peopled by Representatives of All Races, Languages, Religions and Customs - Remarkable for its Beauty and for the Luxuriance of its Vegetation.

Now that the whole world is seeking information about the little hurricane-wrecked island of Mauritius, it is surprising to find out how little it really is known of. It is one of the most important islands in the British possessions. It is visited daily by men-of-war, sailing vessels, and tramp steamers from all parts of the world.

Its name and its beauties have been made famous by the glowing descriptions of Bernardin St. Pierre in his "Paul and Virginia."



Mauritius, or the Isle of France, is an island belonging to Great Britain, lying in the Indian Ocean, about 490 miles east of Madagascar, and 2,327 miles from Cape of Good Hope.

It is 36 miles long and 22 miles wide, and has an area of 676 square miles.



But Mauritius has never been visited much by the tourist and the descriptive writer. It has the same charms as other tropical islands which are more easily and more comfortably reached.

So, aside from dry consular reports and fragmentary observations that Mauritius is a gem and that Mauritius is a queer little island, there is not much material to put into a picture that will show the reader what manner of beauty and strange aspect of human life it was that the hurricane swooped down upon and blighted.

It is known that Mauritius, discovered in the early years of the sixteenth century, is now inhabited by the most conglomerate population on the face of the earth.

Europeans of three nationalities, English, French and Dutch, are there in considerable numbers, and Europeans of all nationalities in smaller numbers. Negroes and Mozambiquees and Madagascanes have come over from the west; Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinese, Malays and Malays have come down from the northeast.

The result is a mingling of breeds and languages, religions and costumes, that makes the dirty streets of the queer cities of the island full of sights, sounds, faces, costumes, and a wares to inspire amazement and confusion.

As the island is almost surrounded by coral reefs, the waves that a great wind lashed up are thrown in the air to great heights, and the noise is so loud that, combined with the roar of the wind, it makes the thunder seem faint and far away.

As one remembers these things and reads of the darkness and the flashes of lightning, and the ships lifted in air and rent sunder or blown far up on shore, one realizes that a spectacle this storm must have been.

Life on a Pirate Ship.

The Way the Business of Piracy Used to be Managed.

The customs and regulations met commonly observed on board a buccanier are worth noting.

Every pirate captain, doubtless, had his own set of rules, but there were certain traditional articles that seem to have been generally adopted.

The captain had a state cabin, a double vote in elections, a double share of booty. On some of the vessels it was the captain who decided what direction to sail in; but this and other matters of moment were generally settled by a vote of the company.

The officers had a share and a quarter of the plunder and the sailors each had a share. Booty was divided with scrupulous care, and marooning was the penalty of attempting to defraud the general company, if only the amount of a gold piece or a dollar.

Every man had a full vote in every affair of importance.

Arms were always to be clean and fit for service and desertion of the ship or quarters in battle was punished with death.

On Robert's ship a man who was crippled in battle received \$800 out of the common stock and a proportionate sum was awarded for lesser hurts.

tation can survive. The heat is intense and when the wind is in certain quarters, poisonous. For instance, in the three years of 1866, 1867, and 1868, 75,000 persons died of fevers of various kinds.

The people, except the pure blooded Europeans and the Chinese who have not been there too many years, are lazy, shiftless, and sensual. Food is easily got, and no more work is done than is absolutely necessary.

All the energy of the British officials will not drive the scavenger to clean the streets often enough to prevent rank smells from loading the air of the cities.

Violent rains and wind storms are frequent. The bushes, vines, and flowers are beaten to the earth to rise again in a few days as though nothing had happened.

Mountains lie exposed on the eastward side to full sweep of the great storm winds of the Indian Ocean.

There is little building that is more than temporary. Several times in a century the hurricanes come and raze the whole island except the cities and the deep valleys.

With each hurricane many natives are killed, because of the weak shelter their houses afford against the flying tree trunks and stones, and against the fierce wind that can uproot the most firmly planted foundations.

But never before has such a wind as this last come out of the depths of the Indian Ocean. It must have attacked the cities and overthrown them, as well as the houses scattered on the plantations and the hillsides all through the island.

It must have blown down the trees and left few places where shelter from violence could be found, and no doubt very few escaped injury of some kind.

When it is considered that the population is only 300,000, the reported death toll of 15,000 shows how enormous the destruction was.

Let us now mention how great the ruin, before the fastest steamer could reach Mauritius from London.

The last trace of destruction would be obliterated and the remaining people of the island would be found sunk in the tropical apathy.

The inhabitants must have had warning of the storm that was coming, as they have had warning of other hurricanes that have rashed upon them since the beginning of the century.

On one of the coasts of the island stands a great block of black basalt, rising forty feet above the sea which surrounds it all sides.

It is bored from its summit down the waves with a circular hole. When the waves are rushing in, warning Mauritius that a storm is bearing down that way, the water rushes into this cavity, is sucked upward, and thrown high in the air in a column of spray.

As the island is almost surrounded by coral reefs, the waves that a great wind lashed up are thrown in the air to great heights, and the noise is so loud that, combined with the roar of the wind, it makes the thunder seem faint and far away.

As one remembers these things and reads of the darkness and the flashes of lightning, and the ships lifted in air and rent sunder or blown far up on shore, one realizes that a spectacle this storm must have been.

The person drenched his sermon through from "From" to "just one word more."

The man who was drenched in that way, the man who was drenched in that way, the man who was drenched in that way.

The man who was drenched in that way, the man who was drenched in that way, the man who was drenched in that way.

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MAKING WAR PICTURES.

An Interview with a Famous English Artist.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

I spent a delightful day once at West Point. Much of the great kindness which I received at the hands of Colonel Wilson and his staff of officers is owed to the charming memory left in their minds of the visit of the celebrated English war correspondent, Fred Villiers, who, at their special invitation, delivered there a lecture upon his war experiences.

I was, therefore, with much pleasure that I recently paid a visit to Mr. Villiers in his charming studio in London. Let me describe the man and his surroundings. As I entered the studio I found him hard at work illustrating the remarkable series of articles which is now appearing in "Black and White" or the "War of 1892."

Mr. Villiers is a man of about forty years of age, a strong, good looking, well set up man, bearing in his face the marks and memories of many curious experiences and vicissitudes of the world over.

His hair is very bright and energetic. A soldier, you feel instinctively to his very finger tips. The studio itself, full of the relics of many battle-fields, tells its own eloquent story.

At my right hand stood the luncheon basket of King Theobald of Mandelay. On the wall were the helmets of many nations. The spears of Abyssinia, and of the field of Tel-el-Kebir raised against a lattice work screen which divides the room.

The cruel Afghan knife so frequently alluded to by Rudyard Kipling sent a shudder through one's heart as one looked upon its gleaming blade. Lattice work from Egypt, laquer and looking glass from Burma, tapestry from the East, representing scenes in the Balkan forests, were there in fine profusion.

A pathetic interest attached itself to the slight remains of a mummy coffin from which Mr. Villiers himself had seen the 3,000-year-old dead body of a girl occupant thrown out to rot in the dust of modern Egypt.

All these things and many more occupied my attention while Mr. Villiers filled in the pipe which he held in his hand. He had been given him by his celebrated confrere Archibald Forbes, who had smoked it all through the battle of Plevna, as he rushed hither and thither bearing a charmed life and utterly regardless of the bullets whizzing about his head.

"Now, Mr. Villiers," said I, "I want to tell me all your experiences and how you manage to do these wonderful war sketches of guns with which we are all so familiar."

"I first went out," replied he, "to the Servo-Turkish war in 1876 as war artist for the Graphic. I was all through that campaign with the exception of the last battle, which I was recalled and then requested to go with the Turks. Having been with the Servians for eight months, I thought this was rather risky business.

So when I got to Constantinople, having made the journey thither with Mr. Power, the Times correspondent, I met a man who was known to the Sultan who gave him a firman which took him straight to the front. He joined him and went to the front with him. However, arrived there, there was an armistice, and I saw no fighting.

I then joined the Russians in their great war against Turkey which broke out shortly afterwards."

"How do you sketch on the field of battle, Mr. Villiers?"

"Well, I take very small sketch books with me, so small that I can hold them in the palm of my hand. These I continually use in taking notes of costumes, weapons, and sometimes position. So that I can hardly be observed, and so avoid suspicion on the part of the people there, I have to be very quick about it, I can tell you.

Then I have a rather large sketch-book about my person which I use directly an engagement commences and the attention of the people is attracted from me by the excitement of all that is going on around them. The details of costume, figures, etc., that I have previously been engaged upon whilst on the march I can work up on the spot, which is not always the case with other artists, who take a few notes and trust to their memory when they return to the studio to sketch. Of course, being a war artist, you are naturally expected by the officials to do your work, to sketch, etc., but the nuisance is if the ordinary soldier or ignorant officer interferes with you. For if you attract their attention by using too large a sketchbook you may be arrested, and delay in getting your material home. So many times I have sketched on my thumb nail and other nails. I remember one difficult occasion during the mobilization of the Russian troops on the Rumanian frontier to avoid observation I began sketching on my thumb nail, which of course necessitated my taking off my gloves. For that was several degrees below zero and I nearly had the misfortune to lose my thumb, sketch and all, by frost bite. I only knew this when I arrived at my hotel and began drawing from the thumb. Not until then did I discover the injury, and the pain as it began to throb was excruciating."

"Can you get a good glimpse of the battle as a whole?" I asked. "Well, first of all, a battle is a most puzzling thing. You see troops marching hither and thither, guns brought up, desultory shots here and there, and then the booming of guns. You have probably been marching with a regiment of men, wondering how on earth you are to get a picture in the utter confusion of the battle. When you see the brigadier ride by with his staff, then the best thing is to follow him, and presently you arrive at some point of vantage. The brigadier will rein up, and in front of him you will see the mass of confusion gradually taking some settled definite form. You begin sketching immediately, not knowing how soon the troops will be engaged, or what incident thus early in the fight may be the most important one of the day. The result is you are always at work. There is rarely any central point in battle. You never know what position will be the hard nut to crack, the turning point of the whole battle. For instance in the march on Plevna, when the early morning mists which had been hanging about the valley of the Vido, a huge mound rose upon our right flank, and Krudger was pushing away at it with his artillery. We at first thought the Turks had evacuated the position, and then some of us thought 'is it a position at all?' for not a puff of smoke replied to the Russian guns, yet that became the great Gravitza which was the bone of contention for months and months between the Turks, Russians, and also the Rumanians. In fact the first troops of Rumania encircled it with their dead bodies for weeks and weeks together."

"Don't you find that the summer days rather intimidate you, or are you stimulated to special fervor?" "Well," replied Mr. Villiers with a smile, "there is always a tendency to duck your head when you hear the ping of a bullet. It used to pass off with me, for I would at once take out a sketch book. Then I forgot all. It is as good as fighting. But you never realize what a battle is until you see some poor devil carried off the field wounded and what the blood of the Teuton and the Gal-l. And here our interview came to a specific close."

ing scene, Mr. Villiers, that is most indelibly photographed on your mind?"

"Well, the ones that appear to me most are what I have seen after the battle. It is that that brings home most to you all the horror of it. It is the misery the wounded suffer a few days afterwards. One thing that always appeared to me the most terrible and the most dramatic, was the march of the Turkish prisoners through an ice-bound country, through Rumania to Russia after the fall of Plevna. That was a horrible sight, fellows dropping down through sheer starvation and weakness, by hundreds daily. Outside one village one morning I counted sixty dead that had been picked up out of its streets and collected round the mouth of a disused grain pit. I knew Skobelev well. He was a wonderful figure of romance. Tall, fine, well knit figure, ruddy complexion, flowing yellow beard, blue eyes, rather a fine nose. During the campaign he would shave his head like a Muslim man. He was in the habit in the open field of taking off his helmet as though to cool his head, fevered within, a very incarnation of war. He was a wonderfully well informed man. For instance, he knew every move in the civil war between North and South. He had, always on a little table in his tent, Schuyler's 'Turkistan' and a life of Sherman. I told this to General Sherman a few days before his death, how much an admirer Skobelev was of him, which I could see pleased the old gentleman vastly, or as the Americans would say, 'it tickled the old man some.' I had mainly talks with Skobelev when I was his guest for twelve days outside Constantinople. He used to say he loved the English, and he would long to meet them in battle to see 'what they were made of.' He spoke English perfectly. A brave, dashing, almost mad fellow like that was the very man to stir up the phlegmatic Russians and lead them on to victory. But he proved himself a very virginal in Asia years after."

Drifting on in a very interesting conversation, during which Mr. Villiers expressed himself as perfectly enthusiastic about the training of the cadets at West Point.

"Why," said he, "there you have carried to perfection the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. For the course there is tremendous and the discipline is superb, and what perfect gentlemen, what splendid good fellows those cadets are! What very flower of the nation that academy contains!"—drifting on, I say, in such conversation, we arrived by slow degrees at a consideration of the soldier as he is displayed in the witness of such observations as John Strange Winter and Rudyard Kipling, especially this last. Mr. Villiers was exceedingly eloquent in Rudyard, and here is what he had to say concerning that precocious, but clever and wonderfully observant young gentleman: "Kipling apparently at first seems severe on the British soldier, but he always speaks the truth about him. I can see that in his heart he has the greatest respect and admiration for his pluck. It is only really the question of their youth and want of experience. For instance, in that delightfully true, bold sketch of 'The Dreams of the Fore and Aft,' he mentions an incident which I have seen more than once myself occur in those little fights we had up in Afghanistan. Especially his adulation of the soldierly qualities of Gorkha. I remember during our advance in the Bazaar valley, after a very unsatisfactory fighting, when our butcher's bill, though not heavy, was quite bad enough. 'Tommy Atkins'—the young Tommy Atkins I mean—showed a considerable amount of depression, especially as Gorkha's cooks had only half rations to deal with, and no plum duff whatever. I used to get away from the silent part of the camp, where these poor fellows sat so depressed, and lighting my pipe I would wander into the Gorkha camp and listen to their bright chatter, look at their lively grinning faces in the flicker of their camp fires, and afterwards retire to my tent with the feeling in my heart that all things might go well on the morrow, and if the Gorkhas were sent to meet our commissariat caravan we should be certain of their fighting their way back to camp. Such comfort would one gather from our light-hearted, brave, undaunted Indian allies."

"Now, Mr. Villiers," said I, "what about the warfare of the future? Markke has passed away, and with him to a great extent that special scientific system which he introduced, of which he was so fond. What kind of man will the general of the future be?"

"As you suggest," replied the experienced war correspondent, "things are changed. Everything is altered. We are now equipped with modern arms of precision, smokeless powder, etc., I firmly believe that of the Skobelev type will be the successful men of the future. A man who is not a mere 'book' general, a man with a very active imaginative mind, who may be considered more or less mad, that is the man of the future. Skobelev or Gordon. They upset all the out-dated ideas or modern conventional strategy."

"Well, but Mr. Villiers, I can imagine a mad, brave hero like Skobelev or Gordon leading a horde of religious fanatics like the Russians to sudden victory, but would not a calm, quiet, Moltke best suit the phlegmatic, thoughtful German?"

"It isn't a question," replied Mr. Villiers, "of a mad general leading his troops impetuously on to some forlorn position. But it is the man with mad ideas and yet with power of sane execution who will be the leader of the future. Let me give you an instance. I knew Skobelev well. Now, it is my firm opinion that this idea, which was scouted by my colleagues in 'Black and White,' but which was suggested to me by a well-known English officer of engineers, this idea which I put before you, would have been adopted by Skobelev. A night attack and the enemy in front only to be recognized individually by spirits of fire down the ranks. He would arm a number of mounted infantry with the good old-fashioned long bows, which should harden as these men continually with the terrible shafts which won for us the victories of Crecy and Agincourt. It sounds absurd, but it is an idea that Skobelev would have acted upon without hesitation. The warfare of the future will be greatly a matter of hand-to-hand fighting, as we have already shown in this forecast of ours. It will also be a question largely of night attacks. Night battles will require missiles of this description—swift, silent, an air gun; a missile which will not discover itself. There will be no fighting with rifles at a two-mile range. Night fighting will necessarily be at close quarters."

I closed the interview with a question as to Mr. Villiers' opinion concerning the war which is certainly imminent in Europe. His reply is worthy of note. "In the East the great battle grounds of the future will be the Euphrates Valley or in that neighborhood."

"Germany and France will probably settle their differences in Belgium, and the field of Namur will once more be drenched with the blood of the Teuton and the Gal-l. And here our interview came to a specific close."

Newbridge.

Mr. C. Farrend, J. P., of this place, has started for British Columbia, where he expects to spend some time, providing his health improves.

Mr. James Roe, who has for a time been visiting friends in this neighborhood has returned to Michigan.

Rev. Mr. Fring expects to preach his farewell sermons here on June 26th.

The Sabbath School of this place intend having a picnic next Saturday.

We notice that the big bear has again commenced his gambling he is expected to perform on the picnic grounds where a grand time is anticipated.

It is feared that the students of the theological school will play truant this summer as the principal is expected to be absent.

A party of tourists visited this place a short time ago. They seem to be professional hands in selling jewellery and horse trading. They had a favorite dog with them which neither love nor money could buy.

Mr. B. D. Wallace has purchased the Cleveland Maid which he is no doubt proud of, as she has been successful on several occasions in defeating everything that dare to compete with her.

We understand that Mr. W. Wallace has rented his farm.

Notwithstanding the large amount of hodge podge which has been planted in this vicinity during the past few weeks it all appears to be making rapid growth and is supposed in general will be a success. Mr. Harragan, who is agent and shareholder, has proved himself to be a trustworthy man and is likely to do a large business in this township during the coming year.

Second Line Items.

Mr. Henry Bolton, son-in-law of Mr. J. Reichard, was made the happy recipient of a pair of twin daughters the other day.

Mr. John McDermitt has commenced the stonework of his new barn, 68 feet square, which will be a fine building.

A fine young boy baby is waiting to greet his papa, Mr. J. M. Armstrong, on his return from Toronto, where he is at present studying medicine.

Redgrave.

There are prospects for a good fruit crop in this neighborhood. The fall wheat, grass and spring crops are in excellent condition.

The members of Loyal Lodge, I.O.G.T. held a lawn social last Friday at the residence of Mr. R. Morrell. The members enjoyed a good time.

Some of the residents of our burg paid Lakelet a visit last Saturday evening.

Rev. E. T. Carter preached a temperance sermon to a crowded church last Sunday evening.

Bluevale.

Mr. Thos. Nixon, miller, has made an assignment to Messrs. Jno. Burgess and John Farrow for his creditors, who will meet in Wingham on Friday of this week. His liabilities amount to \$5,000 and the assets foot up \$7,000.

Township council meets to-day. (Wednesday.)

The Bluevale cheese factory has sold its May make, amounting to a car-load, to F. H. Warrenton & Co. The price received was 9 1/2 c., and the cheese was shipped on Monday.

Our village hotel is receiving an overhauling in the shape of new sills, siding, shingling, painting, etc. When finished it will be much improved in condition.

Miss Gray, daughter of Mr. Wm. Gray, died at her father's home in this village, from the effects of pneumonia, at the early age of 15 years. Her funeral on Friday last was largely attended.

Wingham.

Our fireman have been to Walkerton this week, entering into the firemen's race there. We have not heard what success they met with but judging from their speed at practice they must have kept up their good reputation.

On Saturday evening last a game of football was played between Wingham and the Cedarville Rovers, of the brick yard. The match was pretty evenly contested during the first half time but after play commenced on second half hour the Wingham boys determined to win, and in a few minutes they had two goals to their credit, and when time was called the score was two to none in their favor.

Mr. Armitage, student of London, occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church here on account of Mr. Hughes taking the services at Gorrie last Sunday.

A new foot-bridge is to be built on the site of the old Graham county bridge.

Mr. Hardy McHardy is home at present visiting his parents. He hails from Toronto Business College.

Our Chief is still suffering from the effects of a sprained ankle although he can get around without crutches.

Mr. "Mumps" has had a claim on a great many Wingham people and is still settling those claims.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

Bargains are Flying and there is no reason why YOU should not catch one!

Come and see them anyway! We take pleasure in showing our elegant stock.

Watches of all kinds. Clox of all kinds. Silverware of all kinds. Jewelry of all kinds.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

JNO. BRETHOUR, FIRE AND STOCK Insurance Agent WROXETER.

REPRESENTS: Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Mercantile Insurance Co. Etna Insurance Co. Ontario Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co. Give John A Call.

Taman, the Tailor, Has removed to the McGill building, next north of Bean's store. Adv. next week.

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

OF

New Wall Paper

Cheap, Dear, Light, Dark, Canadian, American, Micas, Gilt, with Borders to match, and Ceiling Decorations for Rich or Poor, Grit or Tory, Kitchen or Parlor.

Any reasonable person can select what he requires from our large stock. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY SAMPLE BOOKS.

Express Wagons. We have a fine lot of wagons this season, made by best makers. A good iron-axle wagon for \$1.25; a heavier one for \$1.50. Iron wheel wagon at \$3 and \$2.50.

Baby Carriages. We sell these by catalogue this season. If you want to get one come and examine my catalogue and prices. Will sell very close.

Sewing Machine Needles. We have received a stock of these so that any person wanting anything in this line can be accommodated.

N. M'LAUGHLIN, Druggist, Gorrie.

GO TO W. M. CEGGS

Hardware Store,

GORRIE, ONT., FOR AXES, FOR X-CUT SAWS, FOR NAILS, FOR GLASS, FOR PAINTS. FOR GROCERIES. FOR LAMP GOODS. PRICES RIGHT. CALL AND SEE. W. H. CLEGG.

W. Lee & Co. WROXETER.

The prices are falling in our Straw and Felt Hat Department.

We never offered better lines at such low prices.

Remember the prices: 8c. to 25c. for Splendid Straw Hats.

Children's Sailors at 20c. [A fine line.]

Mackinaw Hats, usually sold for \$1; we sell for 60c.

The Print Department

Is attracting a good deal of attention just now. We think we have the best lines in the county for 10c. and 12 1/2c.

Hosiery Department.

We have always been celebrated for our splendid lines in Hosiery. We start them at 7c. up to

The Best Lisle Thread and Cashmere at 50c.

Our leading line is

A Fast Black Dye at 25c.,

The cheapest hose in the market for a lady.

We are ordering another lot of those

Cheap Raisins.

Everyone should have a box while they last.

Still selling 25 lbs. Sugar for \$1.

PRODUCE TAKEN, and the Highest Price paid.

People WILL Talk!!

And What Do They Say?

That if you want A First-Class, STYLISH HAT,

Call at ALLISON'S

And you can get them made up in the Latest Style; all off New, Fresh Goods. No old stock to run off.

Just Received--A fresh stock of Hats and Flowers.

Straw hats Dyed and made over into any shape.

Cheap for Cash or Trade.

DARBY BROS.,

Fordwich

Hardware Store.

Bee-Keepers' Supplies!

Carpenters' and Framers' Tools.

Fence Wire, Barb Wire.

A choice lot of Spades and shovels

Garden Tools and Seeds.

Churns.

Spinning Wheel Heads.

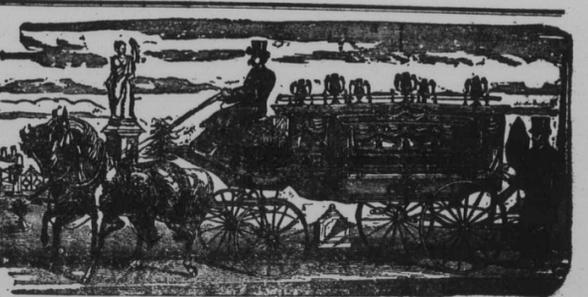
Axle Grease.

A new lot of Whips.

We have bought a Complete New Set of Tin-smith's Tools, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of Tinware, and do all kind of Repairing on short notice.

Eave troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Hearse I am in a better position to do the undertaking of this community than before, and owing to reductions in the wholesale prices of our goods I am in a position to give the use of this magnificent Hearse free, that is to say my charges will be no more and in some cases less than before.

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.