

# The East Huron Gazette

Vol. I.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 21st, 1892.

No. 21.

**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.  
Residence: Next to Methodist Parsonage, ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

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

**MISS O'CONNOR,**  
REGISTERED  
TEACHER OF PIANO, ORGAN & HARMONY  
Also Oil Painting.  
Residence—Methodist Parsonage, GORRIE.

**MISS GREGORY,**  
(Late of Harrison.)  
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER. APPRENTICES Wanted. Rooms over W. S. Bean's Store.

**ENNEL'S**  
OTOGRAPHS  
OR  
ORTUNATE  
OLKS.

**S. T. FENNEL,**  
Topographical Artist  
Capillary Abridger.  
Hirstute Vegetator.  
No Threshing Machines, Lawn-Mowers or Meat Axes used!  
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.  
GORRIE  
Meat Market.  
FRANK COLES,  
HAVING bought out the Above business, lately carried on by Mr. Geo. Horton, is prepared to furnish the public with the  
Choicest Meats  
FRESH BEEF, VEAL, PORK, MUTTON, LAMB  
AND SAUSAGE ALWAYS ON HAND.  
Having had considerable experience at the business I feel confident of giving the best satisfaction to all who honor me with their patronage. Meat delivered free to all parts of the Village. Our Meat wagon goes to Wroxeter, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; and to Fordwich every Tuesday and Friday.  
Highest cash price paid for suitable fat animals.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
ENGLISH—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 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. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.  
PRESBYTERIAN—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 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.

**Dr. Sinclair,**  
M. D., M. A., L. C. P. S. O.,  
M. C. P. S. M.,  
SPECIALIST  
TORONTO  
Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and Diseases of Women positively Treated successfully.  
Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."  
Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."  
W. McDonald, Lakefield, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of Catarrh."  
Geo. Rowed, Blythe, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."  
Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.  
CONSULTATION FREE.

**Seeds.**  
Seeds.  
Seeds.  
SEEDS!  
SEEDS!  
Timothy, Common Red, Mammoth and Alsike, Clover Seeds, a full supply constantly kept on hand.  
Any farmer wanting any new seed WHEAT or OATS of any kind can save postage and freight by ordering the same through me,  
—AT—  
**McLaughlin's**  
Drug Store.  
GORRIE.  
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 "BARTON BOY" will serve cows at LOT 18, CON. B. HOWICK. He is three years old, and weighs 2500 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.  
TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.  
HENRY WILLIAMS.

**The Lion Store**  
Messrs. Horton and Coles, butchers, have formed a partnership and merged the two businesses into one. A splendid new refrigerator is being built in their shop and their patrons can rest assured of being well served.  
The Busy Gleaners' Easter social on Monday evening was quite successful. There was a large attendance of people who enjoyed an excellent "breakfast" and a fine programme which lasted about an hour and a half. Proceeds about \$11.00.  
A prominent Barrister whose business place is within fifteen miles of Gorrie, pays the GAZETTE the following compliment in concluding a private business letter to the editor this week: "The 'get up' of your paper is a credit to you, and the way you appear to have gathered up so much news in your neighborhood should insure you a large measure of success in and around Gorrie."  
The bell was taken from the tower of the old Methodist Church last week. The building will shortly be moved to the lot at the rear of Bean's store where it will be altered and used as a livery stable barn. The poor old church poured the following wall into the ears of an old friend the other day:  
The stones are drawn, the logs are sawn,  
And all things are provided;  
So Easter came and off they went—  
Without good-bye they started.  
I've served them truly till I'm old,  
And now they've left me bare and cold  
And almost broken-hearted;  
I wish them well wherever they go;  
May no bad luck befall them;  
And when they're worn with age like me,  
May they be found from guilt as free.  
And safe when death shall call them.

**Just Lovely!**  
Never saw prettier! was the unanimous verdict of all the Ladies who visited our Show Rooms during our Millinery Opening.  
Our stock is still complete in all lines as we have given large repeat orders.  
Full line of summer Pongee Silks, from 25c. per yard up.  
Our Prints and Dress Goods are exceptional in style, quality and price.  
Stock in all departments replete with the Latest in everything.  
Our Lace Curtains at 50c. pair are grand value. And our 40c. Soft Crush Felt Hats are dainties.  
28 lbs. of Raisins for \$1; or 30 lbs. of prunes for \$1. Good fruit.  
This column every week we intend to devote to facts and figures. They are what tell. So keep your eye on it. Something new every time.  
Produce wanted at highest market price.  
No trouble to show goods at the

**Lion Store,**  
WROXETER,  
J. W. SANDERSON.  
Wanted—a large quantity of Maple Syrup.  
**Eggs for Hatching.**  
PURE IMPORTED LIGHT BRAHMAS.  
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 25¢ per bushel. These potatoes are of a hardy, Southern variety, have proven to be heavy, prolific yielders in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.  
Too quantity is limited so come early.  
J. R. WILLIAMS,  
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.

**Local Affairs.**  
Notice Allison's advertisement this week.  
Miss Lilian Green is at present visiting, for a week or so, with her parents in Arthur.  
Mrs. J. R. Williams is recovering so far from her recent illness as to be able to sit up part of each day.  
Mr. Will Smith, a former Gorrie boy, was in town on Tuesday on a business trip.  
Miss Cars, the efficient teacher in our public school, spent the Easter holidays at her home in Toeswater.  
After a prolonged illness, Mrs. Oliphant, we are pleased to see, is out on fine days enjoying the weather.  
Mr. L. Campbell has decided not to take charge of the Grand Central, Wroxeter, as that place has failed to get a license.  
The weather of the past week has been excellent for farming purposes, although a rather cool wind has almost constantly prevailed.  
Mr. Benj. Wilson, manager of the Wingham Branch of the Bank of Hamilton, was in town on Monday.  
Miss Flemming, after a lengthy visit with her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Carter, returned to her home in Mt. Forest on Saturday, accompanied by little Vernon Carter.  
Mr. Wm. Oliphant, jr., who has been working on the Bruce peninsula for over a year past, returned to his home in this village last week intending to remain for some time.

The flag at the town hall has been floating at half-mast owing to the death of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, an account of whose life is given elsewhere in this issue.  
Mr. C. C. Kaine has returned from Albert College, Belleville, where he recently passed successfully his first year's examination. He is studying with a view of entering the Methodist ministry.  
WANTED—A good driving horse. Apply to Dr. Armstrong, Gorrie.  
McLaughlin & Co. will sell you 8 lbs. Japan Tea for \$1. It's not worth 50 cents a pound, but it's a good one just the same. Try it.  
Try the Glasgow House for boots and shoes. The quality and prices all right.

Mr. Geo. Rush, who lives a few miles north of Gorrie, received a bad kick from a horse he was attending on Tuesday morning. One of the bones of his arm was broken and the bone severely cut. Dr. Tuck attended to the patient who is now doing well.  
See the 19 ct. cottonade at the Glasgow House. Ask to see it when in.

**Wroxeter.**  
Fox's wall paper still to the front. A call solicited. No trouble to show goods.  
The "Lion" store has had a couple of fine signs painted upon it this week. Mr. Sanderson is prepared to back up, with good goods, the generous use he makes of printers' ink and the paint brush.  
The two following clippings, concerning our new V. S., speak for themselves:  
We are pleased to learn that Mr. R. H. Fortune, who has been attending the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, has been successful in passing his final examination with honors. Mr. Fortune practiced last summer under Dr. Johnston of Chesley whose reputation as a practitioner is so wide. We understand Mr. Fortune has located in Wroxeter, and congratulate the people of Wroxeter on getting a man like Mr. R. H. In addition to his veterinary training Mr. Fortune has his diploma from one of the best business colleges in Canada. His many friends in this vicinity will be pleased to hear of his success in building up a good practice.—Paisley Advertiser.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. R. H. Fortune who practised with Dr. Johnston, V. S. during the summer of 1891, has passed his final examination with honors, and is likely to work up a good business in Wroxeter where he has opened out an office. We wish him such as in this, his first venture in business.—Chesley Enterprise.  
Mr. Jacob Wieler had the misfortune to fall through a hole in Mr. T. Molloy's barn yesterday (Wednesday) morning and have his left arm broken just above the wrist. The accident will lay him off work for some time.  
The effort to get a license for the Grand Central Hotel here failed, so Mr. Campbell has declined to lease it for the present.  
Fine assortment of fancy wall paper at Fox's Drug store,—and very cheap.

**COUNCIL MINUTES.**  
Council met on Tuesday evening last. All the members present. The Reeve in the chair.  
Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.  
An order was drawn in favor of Mr. John Brethauer, for \$3.25, for collecting statute labor tax; and for the Treasurer, being expenses to Harrison.  
The Reeve reported that the sectional bonus debentures had been paid off, amounting to \$2,500.  
The Road committee was instructed to examine the streets and sidewalks and let contracts for the necessary repairs; the committee was also authorized to arrange with Mr. Gofton for gravel.  
Court of Revision was appointed for May 25th, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.  
Council adjourned.

**Redgrave.**  
The P. of I. around Clifford have made arrangements with Mr. Hazlewood, miller, for to do their gristing, which is very satisfactory to the Patrons. I have no doubt but the patrons will make good use of their deal as the farmers has not received justice from the millers; the Howick patrons will also be benefited by the transaction.  
The patrons of the township of Minto, will hold a township meeting in the township hall on Thursday, the 27th of April, (Fair day.)  
We understand the ball players of this neighborhood have organized for a little practise for themselves this summer.  
Loyal Lodge, I. O. G. T., after four years usefulness is increasing in numbers, and it has educated many staunch prohibitionist.  
Mr. John Veal, of Toronto, is spending his Easter holidays with his uncle, Mr. Janson. We feel quite sure that the professor is welcome, not only by his relatives, who had made a large reception for him, but judging by the

**The Lamb Trade.**  
To the Editor of the Gazette.  
Sir.—The rearing of lambs has of late years become one of the most profitable branches of farm industry. The high prices they have been bringing for the past few years should act as an incentive to farmers to maintain the high grade and reputation our lambs have attained in the New York, Buffalo and Boston markets.  
Hitherto lambs have been bought early in the spring at so much per head, and under very keen competition that has made buyers reckless as to quality. This system is wrong, as lambs are invariably sold by the pound and there is no inducement for the farmer to care for the stock after being sold and often they are turned on the road, so that consequently at shipping time there are lots of lean runts and scrubs that injure the market and reputation of the Canadian stock, besides inflicting considerable loss to the buyer. The better method for both seller and buyer is by the pound, when it pays the seller to feed and give care to his stock that it may be in good marketable condition at shipping time. This is very important in view of the extent and increasing value of this trade, and our farmers will be working in their own interest to keep up the reputation of Canadian stock. It is also important that all buck lambs should be castrated in the spring; prices of these will drop unless this is looked after in the future. I feel interested in this trade, being a practical farmer. The farmers' interests and mine are identical in this matter, and I would like to see this profitable trade increased.  
Yours, etc.,  
WILLIAM DULMAGE,  
Newbridge, April 11th.

**Licenses for the Coming Year.**  
The following is a correct list of the licenses issued for 1892 by the East Huron Board:  
Wroxeter—Gofton's hotel; Johnston's hotel.  
Gorrie—Dane's hotel; Campbell's hotel.  
Fordwich—Geo. Brown.  
Newbridge—Robt. McMin.  
Lakelet—John Haskett.  
Belgrave—John Lamony.  
Jamestown—Thos. McEwen (beer and wine).  
Molesworth—Jacob Steiss.  
Elzevale—B. Saults.  
Belgrave—Robt. Gallagher.  
Ethel—John Burton.  
Brussels—I Tuck, A. Kenig, Stratton Bros., C. Zillax.  
Henfryn—W. G. Taylor.  
Cranbrook—D. Zimmer, Peter McDonald.  
Walton—Chas. Sage, — Weiss.  
Leadbury—Edw. Macnamara (conditional).  
Winthrop—Jas. Fulton.  
Dublin—Geo Crawford.

HOUSEHOLD.

Compensation.

In that new world toward which our feet are set. Shall we find ought to make our hearts forget Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?

Employments for Country Women.

It is exceedingly aggravating to find women discarding work just as it becomes financially profitable and men taking it up. Yet this happens in numberless cases.

Why should not farmers and daughters in a large neighborhood organize and establish a co-operative creamery, to which they would all furnish the cream?

It is not our purpose to add to the many burdens of the farmer's wife. It is not a question so much of whether she finds enough to do as whether what she does gives the best result.

Part of a Kitchen Outfit.

A home tool-chest is an essential part of the outfit of a kitchen. Every housekeeper should be provided with a thoroughly good hammer of ordinary size in addition to the tack-hammer and two good screw-drivers.

Tea.

It seems hardly possible that tea, which has become so common a beverage that it is in daily use on the table of the poorest in the land should have been introduced so recently as the seventeenth century.

had to excite scandal. Pope, describing a companion of the drinking gossips, says of the "cheering cup":

"Still as their ebullient malice it sup plies, Some victim falls, some reputation dies." Even in the middle of the eighteenth century tea had not come into general use, and was regarded as an article of extreme luxury.

It is exceedingly aggravating to find women discarding work just as it becomes financially profitable and men taking it up. Yet this happens in numberless cases.

By this means all the delicate aroma and refreshing qualities of the tea are retained in the drink, and none of the rank flavor, which makes it a dangerous article for nervous people to use.

The Paris hats are large, with flap brims, which are caught up at the back by upright tufts or ostrich plumes, and invariably have strings for tying under the chin.

"Patriotism and Politics."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his article, "Patriotism and Politics," in the April North American Review, has the following powerful plea for purity in politics.

Ingenious Frauds on Gold Dealers.

Some of the Paris dealers in gold have recently been victimized in a very ingenious manner. One of them recently received a letter from Russia offering gold much below its market value.

Have Some of Your Own Folks.

"Say, Charlie, don't you ever get awful scared, are you when your papa and mamma are away to church?" "Why, no. You see, I'm never really alone; mamma says God is always with me."

FEATS OF ENDURANCE.

How Our Ancestors Enjoyed Themselves—Some Curious Bits.

Although almost all sports which were in vogue in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were practiced with less strictness and formality than they are to-day, they were probably just as beneficial and certainly quite as interesting.

A celebrated race against time was that of Mr. Osbaldestone, who made a wager of £1,000 with Col. Charrette that he could ride 200 miles in ten hours at the ensuing Houghton meeting, being allowed an unlimited number of horses.

Among feats of endurance may be cited that of Mr. Sinclair of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, England, who for a wager rode a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours on the Swifts at Carlisle.

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Spurgeon and Beecher.

Several writers are speaking of Mr. Spurgeon as the Beecher of London. This is to use words without discrimination, if any thing more be meant than that the two were respectively the most conspicuous preachers of their generation in England and the United States.

For the Table. GINGERBREAD.—Stir together until quite light a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of brown sugar.

APPLE TARTS.—Pare, quarter, core and boil in a half-teacupful of water until very soft, then large tart apples; beat till very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs.

ALMOND TARTS.—For almond tarts, beat to a cream the yolks of three eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar, add half a pound of almonds, pounded slightly, and put in tart-tins with puff-paste.

TART SHELLS.—Roll out thin a nice puff paste, cut out with a biscuit cutter, and with a smaller cutter (a wineglass will do) cut out the centers of two or three of these.

Road Improvement.

Every farmer should make a note of the following extract, which is taken from a circular sent by the Secretary of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association to all the bicycle clubs in the country.

He Ate the Foundation.

Mrs. Skinner.—"Great heavens, Mr. Sixaweek, what have you done?" Mr. Sixaweek.—"Why, nothing." Mrs. Skinner.—"Have you eaten the bottom crust to that pie?"

SUN SPOTS.

What England's Astronomer Royal Says of the Phenomena.

The spot on the sun, first noticed on the 5th inst., has had special attention directed to it by the reports received of the interference with the telegraphic system of Russia, Sweden, the United States and Canada, the magnificent display of aurora borealis on Saturday night last and the magnetic disturbance which was also experienced in this country.

There had been several theories framed to account for the phenomenon, but none that was entirely satisfactory. There were those, for instance, of Faye, Secchi, and Lockyer. The theory of the last named was that the spots are caused by a bombardment of meteoric matter falling into the sun and causing a great "splash."

These are the solar phenomena in connection with the spots. The terrestrial magnetic phenomena are equally striking, the magnetic storms or disturbances being of great extent—amounting to several degrees in the deviation of the compass.

IN THE PRESENT INSTANCE.

soon after the spot had passed the central meridian, there were great magnetic disturbances from noon on Saturday to noon on Sunday, and that was accompanied by aurora on Saturday night. During this period both the movement of the needle to the north and its attraction to the earth showed great disturbance.

The Inference is That He Would.

Promoter (in a confidential whisper).—"If I should approach Altherman Huckelberry with an offer of \$1,000 for his influence do you think he would accept it?"

WEALTHY MASHONLAND.

Gold and Silver Which Assay Enormous Richness.

Experts—men who have spent many years gold-mining in this and other countries—are confident that Mashonland will prove the richest gold country in the world. Besides gold, Mashonland is rich in silver; very rich lodes have been discovered in the Lo Mogundi district.

Present Day Philanthropy.

The dominant idea underlying all religious and philanthropic efforts to-day is social service. A multitude of different and distinct tendencies all unite in this idea. Religion has ceased to care only for the salvation of the soul in another life, and has become actually eager in its efforts to save men's bodies and brighten and enrich their lives in this present life.

Desperado Trapped by a Woman.

A most remarkable capture of a desperado was accomplished at Deckertown, New Jersey, on Saturday, by Mrs. Sarah Baker, the wife of a farmer living near there. She was sitting alone in the dining room on Saturday afternoon when a tramp entered the house. He was some moments in the dining room before he saw her. Through trouble with her eyes she was wearing green spectacles, and this fact, together with her silence, made the tramp believe she was blind.

Judicious Advertising.

The advertiser often alights this, which is a most important branch of his business. He prepares his copy hurriedly and without judgment or thought, leaves it to the printer's taste, and writes in the margin of the dollar of the reader, and then says advertising does not pay.

He whom the gods favor dies young.

He whom the gods favor dies young, while he is in his health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—Plautus. Mr. Topony is no lawyer, but his wife is an able woman. He was stumped in his reading the other evening and appealed to her.

### The Sabbath Chime.

Come, thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Hear on thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and they people bless;  
Come, give thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And never from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

To thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

### THE EARTH'S MOTION.

It is Alleged that the Poles in Moving Describe Circles.

One of the most curious inquiries of a scientific nature now under way is the investigation of the fixity of the earth's axis of rotation. It appears from various astronomical observations that the latitudes of certain observatories in Europe and the United States are slowly changing. The changes are exceedingly slight, so that only the most delicate measurements can reveal them; but in many branches of science it is small things that count most, since they give the investigator his closest acquaintance with the operations of nature.

Yet, although the variations of latitude that seem to have been detected are very small—amounting, for instance, in the case of the observatory of Pulkova, in Russia, to a motion away from the North Pole of six inches in a year—very interesting deductions may be drawn from them. Mr. C. C. Constock has suggested, in a careful discussion of the subject, that the change in the position of the poles, which is indicated by the variations in question, might possibly be the result of a slight motion still remaining over from a great shifting of the earth's axis in long past time, by which the North Pole was brought from the center of Greenland to its present position.

The idea that the North Pole may once have been in Greenland, arises from the fact that Greenland was the center of the area which was covered with ice during the glacial epoch. Such a shifting of the pole would, then, serve to explain the disappearance of the ice sheet that once covered North America as far south as the latitude of New York.

Mr. S. C. Chandler, after studying the results of the observations that have been made as to variations of latitude, has deduced the conclusion that all the changes can be accounted for by supposing that the North Pole revolves in a circle sixty feet in diameter, once in every four hundred and twenty-seven days.

To many persons such inquiries may not appear to be of much practical importance, but it is not worth while to learn everything we can about this great ship of space which is bearing us on a wonderful voyage through the ocean of infinity, and every peculiarity of whose motion has some relation to the forces that control the apparently endless journey?

### The Beauty of Apology.

Scarcely a day passes but each one of us is guilty, through carelessness, ignorance, or perhaps intention, of some unkind, hasty, word or act against another. We misjudge another's word or deed, and, with angry motives, we try to right ourselves and assert our injured dignity. When our better nature is restored we regret that we were not slow to anger. We are mortified that our own perceptions were not keen enough to see the word or deed from an impartial point of view, and often we feel true contrition that we have cherished unjust suspicions, and voiced our thoughts indignantly and harshly. There is an uneasy tugging of our conscience and a hurt spot in another's heart—two discords which all might have been harmonious. Or we are so busy with our duties, so wrapped up in our efforts to get what we wish, that we hurry along rough-shod over anything or person that checks our hasty pace. We are not unkind, but careless of another's share in the daily doings. We are self-assertive, and we imagine every one else equally able to maintain himself. We are surprised to find ourselves charged with indifference and selfishness, and to see another indignant at our self-centered course; or we are ignorant of the tender spot, the sensitive nerve, in our neighbor's more high-strung nature, and with idle or best-intentioned chat, we press clumsily the place where we should avoid.

All this is annoying, and we who conscientiously live to do good rather than evil, feel discouraged with our tactless selves, and often justly with those whose feelings are apparently "always on draught." But how many of us are willing to apologize? How many cheerfully use this, the first means of righting wrongs? Just why should false pride succeed in convincing us that to assure another that we regret the wrong, and are minded not to repeat it, is humiliating? The humiliating part of the matter is our own shortcoming in tact and thoughtfulness, not the fact that we say we see our blunder. The offense is twofold—our part and our neighbor's—and it is not enough to be mentally resolved that the trouble shall not arise again. The neighbor should share this resolve, this mental apology. Not that apology is the whole of repentance, genuine turning from past acts, but it is the first chord that leads quickly, naturally back from discordant keys to past or higher harmonies.

### The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 300,000 pounds of white-fish, 300,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of \$300 in boats and \$10,000 in gear and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They are peculiar to our inland waters. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions.

### INCENDIARISM IN MONTREAL.

Four Blazes in One Hour—Firemen Overcome by the Dense Smoke.

A despatch from Montreal says:—Bonsecours Market, an old historic landmark, and at one time the City Hall, was badly damaged by fire to-day. That incendiaries are at work there can be no doubt, as within an hour no less than four blazes were discovered, all of which bore evidence of having been set on fire. The market conflagration is serious. Upwards of twenty firms, principally in the dead meat, provisions and fruit business, have been either partly or wholly burned out and the stocks of many others in the building badly damaged by smoke. Notwithstanding this, however, the loss, owing to the nature of the stocks carried by the firms, is exceedingly hard to estimate, but it is probably safe to say that it will not reach \$20,000. The damage however, was not the most serious feature of the fire by any means, for there were many accidents, and upwards of twenty of the brave officers and men of the Montreal department narrowly escaped sacrificing their lives to the cause of duty. Suffocated from the dense smoke was the principal cause of the disaster. It was the second time in the history of Montreal fires that a general ambulance alarm had to be turned in. This was done shortly after 1 o'clock and from that hour until 5 o'clock the four ambulances of the Montreal General and the Notre Dame hospitals were kept busy carry the unfortunate firemen to the two institutions. It is not improbable that some of the cases may yet end fatally. Many of the sufferers were taken either to their homes or to their several stations.

### Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—It is a vain charge that men bring against the divine precepts that they are rigorous, severe, difficult; when, besides the contradiction to our Savior, who tells us His "yoke is easy" and His "burden light," they thwart their own calm reason and judgment. Is there not more difficulty to be vicious, covetous, violent, cruel, than to be virtuous, charitable, kind? Doth the will of God enjoin that that is not conformable to His right reason, and secretly delightful in the exercise and issue? And, on the contrary, what doth Satan and the world engage us in, that is not full of molestation and hazard? Is it a sweet and comely thing to combat continually against our own consciences, and resist our own light, and commence a perpetual quarrel against ourselves, as we ordinarily do when we sin?—(Dr. Charnock.)

Tuesday—The man taught enough by life's dream, of the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intended bliss, And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggle in this. —(Robert Browning.)

Wednesday—The practice of men holds not an equal pace; yes, and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil; the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself, there is a depraved appetite in us that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no farther than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters, that is a composition of man and beast wherewith we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise men Chiron, that is, to have the region of the man above that of beast, and sense to sit out at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with men, that few shall know salvation: that the bridge, is narrow, the passage straight unto life; yet those who do not confine the Church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it. —(Sir T. Browne.)

Thursday—With our sciences and our cyclopedias we are apt to forget the divinity in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it. That once well forgotten I know not what else were worth remembering! Most sciences, I think, were then a very deal of thing—withered contentions, empty a thistle in late autumn. The test science, without this, is but as the dead timber; it is not the growing tree and forest—which gives ever new timber among other things! Man can not know either unless he can worship in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry and dead thistle otherwise. —(Thomas Carlyle.)

Friday—And I have seen thoughts in the valley— Ah! not how my spirit was stirred, And they wear holy veil on their faces: Their foot-steps can scarcely be heard: They pass through the valley like virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word. —(Anonymous.)

Saturday—The simplicity of a good and trustful instinct looks not in vain to God. "That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care of to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding on to his little twig, and leaving God to think of them." And thus, what Christ would tell us that the flowers, by the divine hieroglyphics of their ephemeral beauty, teach us that God loves us; and the birds, by their divinely implanted instinct strenuous trust, in every varying light upon their plumage, and in every beat of their quivering wing, and in every warbled melody of their natural joy, say to us: "Fear not; be not anxious. Your heavenly Father feedeth us, and are not ye of much more value than we are—of more value than many sparrows?"—(F. W. Farrar.)

### The Crocus and the Sunbeam.

The crocus peeped above the sod and looked about on the brown earth and up into the gray sky.

A few snowflakes flitted through the chilly air and one fluttered down and fell upon the face of the crocus.

The flower shivered and the snowflake was gone.

A gust of winter air shook the crocus, but it was brave and the wind passed on.

The crocus looks about the bare, brown earth and ever up to the gray sky.

The clouds were moving slowly and the gray was changing to white.

The crocus watched and waited. It no longer saw the bare earth; it saw only the whitening clouds.

A bit of blue came and went, and came again.

Then a sunbeam struggled through the rifted white.

Faint and feeble it looked out upon the brown earth and hid itself again.

The crocus shivered a little and waited. The sunbeam came forth shyly as if it flitted with the flower and looked over the brown earth.

The crocus turned its face upward hopefully.

Softly the sunbeam left the clouds and stealing gently down, it came and kissed the flower's head and nestled it in its bosom.

And then the crocus smiled and blossomed and kept the sunshine there.

### HOW THE SULTAN EATS.

He Himself Lives Simply but Feeds Lavishly Six Thousand Persons.

The author of "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" describes the present Sultan of Turkey as leading a very simple life. He came to the throne in 1876, without any agency of his own, and almost against his own will, after living for many years in retirement, and no doubt finds his trappings of royalty something of a burden.

When it is said that he lives simply, however, the word must be understood as applying to his personal habits rather than to his official surroundings, and expenditures. Thus it is estimated that more than 6000 persons are fed every day at his Dolma Bagtche palace when he is there. The treasurer of the household has a pretty heavy burden upon his shoulders.

There is a regularly organized force of buyers, each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for the palace. One man's duty is to buy fish, and to do this for 6000 persons is no light undertaking in a city which has no great markets. About ten tons a week are required, and to secure this some twenty men are kept busy.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is almost a matter of course; it is said that enough is thrown away daily to feed a hundred families. But such waste is not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, with whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

### Handling.

There are few breeders who realize the importance of this factor in judging of the merits of a best animal. While form, color, finish and smoothness are readily perceived by the eye, yet the all-important question of quality is best determined by the handling. From the handling can be determined to a large extent the relative proportion of fat and lean and the quality of the same. This cannot be done in every case, but a careful study of handling will enable one to arrive at the truth in many instances.

An indication of feeding qualities it is even more valuable. A large, loose, mellow hide indicates a vigorous outside circulation. Such an animal will usually prove a quick and profitable feeder. The fairs offer a good opportunity to study handling. The owners are willing to volunteer information and the cattle quiet enough to be handled, so that a great deal may be learned in a short time.

### Martin Luther's Last Will and Prayer.

The last will of Luther is less known than some of the events of his life, and in it the circumstances and character of the man are grandly displayed. It closes thus:—

O Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou wouldst have me to be poor upon the earth; I have no house, land, possessions or money to leave. Thou hast given me a wife and children; to Thee I leave them; nourish, teach and save them, as hitherto Thou hast me. O Father of the fatherless, and Judge of the widows. O, my Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy Son Jesus Christ to me; on whom I have believed, whom I have professed, whom I have loved, whom I have celebrated; whom the Bishop of Rome and the multitude of the wicked do persecute and reproach. I pray Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul. My Heavenly Father, although I am taken out of this life, yet I certainly know that I shall dwell with Thee forever, neither can I by any be plucked out of Thy hands. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16; x. 28; 2 Timothy iv. 6, 7, 8."

### Dressing Chickens.

I was taught to draw chickens thus: First, to remove the crop, which is done by cutting the skin lengthwise over it, and peeling it to the side; then, to make an incision below the breast, insert the hand and draw the intestines, which is a tedious and useless operation unless the fowl is for the roast. If for frying or fricassee, first remove the wings, then the legs; make the incision below the breast large enough to insert two fingers, hold out the flesh and cut down to the back on both sides; bend the back over and it will unjoint; cut the remaining flesh and remove the back from the intestines. Next cut through the ribs on both sides, then pull the neck piece and the breast apart until unjointed, cut the remaining flesh, and the chicken is drawn and cut up at the same time. It can be prepared for the kettle in this way in half the time taken when the other method is followed.

### Oh! Yes They Had.

Once at a little dinner party in New York, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people.

"I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here."

"What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company.

"Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well-to-do, gentry are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any."

"Ah!" exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America. But we don't call them gentry. We call them tramps." A laugh went round the table, and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

### Farmers' Boys and City Life.

The boys of the country will soon see that they can make more by staying at home than by running off to town. The farm is a far better place than the city and the farm of the future will be coveted by the people of the cities. As it is, our farmers' boys, if they will use the same study, brains and energy which enable them to live from hand to mouth as it were in the city on the farm, they can make a success of it and can grow up into a life of independent manhood that they can have nowhere else. The farmer of to-day has most of the advantages of the city. He lives better than his city brother and with his books and his papers he has the leisure to live an intellectual life which his city brother cannot have.

There is no morality without religion, and there is no religion without morality. Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.

A crippled man is helpless; frost-bites cripple and St. Job's Oil cures frost-bite promptly and permanently. A fact without dispute.

### They Have Their Heads Modded.

A curious eighteenth century custom has been revived by the leading Paris coiffeurs, of having models made of the heads of distant clients, in order to study the effects of new styles of hair dressing and keep the ladies posted on the new and most becoming fashions. A Russian grande dame, for example, sends at a considerable expense a fac-simile of her head and face, copied perfectly in every detail, to her hairdresser in Paris. He experiments freely, and when a satisfactory result is obtained he mails a photograph of it, with minute directions for arrangement, each month to the St. Petersburg belle, and thus enables her to look up to date in the matter of coiffure. The initial expense is not small, for the wax modeller must be in his way a true artist.

### A New Business for Women.

A new profession is open to women in large cities. No special qualifications are required beyond good looks and good taste. The profession is that of window gazing. The duties are light and the pay is good. All that is required is to stand in front of your patron's street windows during the fashionable hours of the afternoon and in sufficiently enthusiastic terms draw the attention of your companion to the merits of the latest wear thing in bonnets or that perfectly ideal theater cloak for the benefit of the genuine shoppers who are passing. The professional window gazers must go in couples in order to be able to start a conversation.

### What She Said.

Mrs. R. Peck, E. 15th street, New York City, visited Canada last year, and had the good fortune to pick up something which not only suited her, but her neighbors also. Writing the manufacturers of Nervine she says:—"I bought three bottles of Nervine while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it, and all think it the best medicine for internal or external pain they have ever used." Nervine deserves such a commendation, for it is a most powerful, penetrating, and certain remedy for pain of all kinds. Take no substitute.

The moral feelings of mankind are so organized, that men must feel toward us according to the moral qualities which we possess.

Nature's Creative Powers Sprang all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid called "jeune." The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and restorer of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that does all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers."

From experience, that discouragements to be found on all sides, but that encouragements are dealt out sparingly by prudent hands?

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. As a PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ontario. Wrappers at all Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00.

CATARRH OF THE URINARY ORGANS CURED BY DR. CLARK'S CATHETER CURE SEND IN 10c. IN REPLY TO YOU WILL RECEIVE A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS.

Artificial Limbs.

W. McDOWALL DIRECT IMPORTER OF Fine Guns, Rifles, Shooting Suits, Hunting Boots, Etc. Loaded Cartridges, Artificial Birds and Trade a Specialty. 8 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

### Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers of the California Fig Syrup Company. The endorsements of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE CURE For sale by Druggists. Price 15c. Twenty-three thousand travelers received hospitalities in the snow-bound convent at St. Bernard during the past year. Of those things only should one be afraid which have the power of doing others harm. A. P. 601

Are a BLOOD PURIFIER and NERVE TONIC. They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the Blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases, such as anæmia, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palsy, chlorosis or green sickness, etc. They are the best in the market and have patented improvements not found in any other make or order one from your Carriage Maker. Take no other kind.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

WEEK MEN

(young and old, suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-indulgence, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.)

SUFFERING WOMEN

afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find that these pills are an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

REWARD OF GRATITUDE. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—60 cents a box or 6 for \$2.50. THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

MAGIC SCALE FOR DRESS CUTTING, taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario. 259½ Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—By a Canadian House a Man with \$5,000 to buy an interest in their business, and go to England and take charge, business controlled by them. P.O. Box 523, Toronto.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—For "Out of Darkness into Light" or the story of my "Life" by Joseph F. Howe the converted Prize-Fighter and Saloon-Keeper. His story of his travels and the life he led are more thrilling than the page of fiction. Send for circulars and terms. W. M. Briggs, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

SEND FOR ESTIMATE ON THE PULLEY YOU NEED.

You will wonder after using our Grip Pulley how you managed without it.

THEY ARE MADE SPLIT OR SOLID, DOUBLE OR SINGLE DRIVERS.

ANY SIZE. ANY POWER. Best Grip Pulley invented.

GRIPS ALWAYS Motionless when out of CLUTCH.

ARE YOU the man we are looking for?

If so, we would urge you not to keep

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KEEP YOUR AND ON THIS

"THE DOLLAR KNITTING MACHINE" Ask your sewing machine agent for it, or send a 3c. stamp for particulars and price list. THIS IS GOOD FOR 25 CENTS TO OREELMAN BROS. M'rs., Georgetown, Ont.

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are the best in the market and have patented improvements not found in any other make or order one from your Carriage Maker. Take no other kind.

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The Heliocycle Standard Windmill as improved for 1892.

It has STOOD THE TEST for over 40 YEARS which is a record no other mill can claim. We still GUARANTEE it to be MORE RELIABLE IN STORMS than any other windmill made.

We make several other styles both for PUMPING WATER and DRIVING MACHINERY. IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE US for large descriptive catalogue before purchasing elsewhere. ONTARIO PUMP CO., LTD, Toronto Ont. Mention this paper.

BURTON'S ALL HEALING

TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP

Is the only reliable and safe Soap to wash your head with. It preserves the hair, makes it grow, keeps the scalp healthy.

Beware of Imitations and always ask for BURTON'S.

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You will wonder after using our Grip Pulley how you managed without it.

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**The Late Alexander Mackenzie.**

Hon. Alexander McKenzie, M. P. for East York, died at his home in Toronto shortly after 12 o'clock on Saturday night last. He has been a physical sufferer for the past 10 or 12 years and had not been able to take his seat in the present session of parliament. Early in February he sustained an accidental fall which proved the beginning of the breaking up of his constitution and from which he never recovered.

The death of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie removes one of the most prominent figures in the political history of Canada. He was born on Jan. 22, 1822, in Scotland, and made his own way in the world from the age of 14, when his parents died. After working at his trade as a stone mason in Scotland for some time he emigrated to Canada in 1842 and settled in Kingston, where he worked for a time as a journeyman and then removed to Sarnia, where he became a contractor and builder. In 1852 he became editor of a paper in Sarnia, taking an active part in politics in support of the Reform party.

His brother, Hope McKenzie, after representing Lambton for a time, declined re-nomination and Alexander Mackenzie took his place in 1862 since which time he has continuously been a member. He soon plunged into the debates then of paramount importance, supporting Sanfield Macdonald and afterwards the McDonald-Dorion administration. He soon made his mark in the House as a ready and fluent speaker who had the political history of his country at his finger ends, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of the times. His speeches, although they made no pretence to impassioned flights of oratory, or even to any consummate breadth of statesmanship, were marked by earnestness and practical common sense. He displayed a wonderful aptitude for dealing with things requiring a knowledge of minute and complicated details, and he was even then regarded by his fellow-members as an encyclopedia of Canadian statistics.

At the election following Confederation Hon. Geo. Brown, having been defeated, did not seek a new constituency, and Mr. Mackenzie was chosen as leader of the Opposition, and practically held that post up to 1874 when, his party being successful at the polls, he was called to the Premiership of the only Reform government since Confederation.

From 1871 to 1874 he sat in the Local House for West Middlesex, and only resigned his place there when dual representation ceased.

He remained Premier of the Dominion until 1878 when he was swept out of office by the wave of Protection that carried Sir John A. Macdonald to power. During his term of office he caused some good legislation to be placed on the statute books. In 1875 he visited his native land and was received everywhere he went with the high honors which his advancement justly entitled him to. After the downfall of his government he again took the leadership of the opposition, but shortly afterwards, through internal strife within his party he retired from that position and remained in comparative retirement as Member for East York.

Throughout all his life honesty and consistency of purpose shines out, and he received the highest respect of honest men on both sides of politics, and now there is true mourning over his death among Reformers and Conservatives alike. He will, like the late Hon. Geo. Brown and Hon. Mr. Dorion, hold a high place among Reformers who have risen by their own exertions, long after those who knew his familiar face have passed, with him, over to the silent majority.

**Rev. J. W. Waddell Explains.**

The GAZETTE published a week or two ago, an item stating that Rev. Mr. Waddell had left the Baptist church on account of a change in his views regarding the doctrine of that body. In a long and exhaustive letter to the Port Elgin Times Rev. Mr. Waddell gives his reason for leaving. He explains, first, that he never was a member of any other than a Baptist church. He was educated at Woodstock College and McMaster Hall, and was ordained in East Nisour Baptist church in October, 1888. The principal point of difference between Mr. Waddell and the Baptists appears to have arisen on the mode of Baptism as practised in the church. He states that Baptists contend that the Greek word baptizo signifies dip, plunge or immerse, and that it is a term denoting action and not an effect resulting from an action. If this view is correct then our Lord has, he holds, commanded the performance of a specific action such as Baptists practise, and that action and no other is the ordinance; hence in all ages, countries and climates it must be

true that all who have not been immersed are unbaptised and have not the right to partake of the Lord's supper. With this rendering of the word baptizo Mr. W. disagrees, stating that in 286 sentences in which the word is found it has been proven beyond doubt that Baptizo does not denote any specific action whereby the person baptised gets under the water. After thorough examination Mr. Waddell comes to the conclusion that there is but one real baptism, and that is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Ritual baptism, however, he does admit, whether performed by sprinkling, dipping or immersion, but only as symbolic of the purified condition of the soul that has first received the baptism of the spirit. With regard to infant baptism Mr. Waddell contends that, although by the fall of Adam all are born in sin, yet through the redemption of Christ all are redeemed as infants and have a right to baptism.

**Drayton Horse Show.**

The Drayton Annual Horse Show was a complete success, both in competition, entries and attendance. Messrs. Adams Bros., Drayton, secured first and second prizes in imported Clydesdales with St. Gatien and Sir Maurice. The judges were Messrs. Joseph Thompson, Salem, and Robt. Scott, Minto. Imported heavy draughts, Adams Bros., 1st and 2nd, with St. Gatien and Sir Maurice; French horses, 1st W. Bell, with Logie, 2nd John Bellamy, with St. Laurent; coach horses, 1st M. Dowling, with Asteroid, 2nd C. V. Alentine, with Harvey C.; roadsters 1st John Caulder, with Mambrino George, 2nd John Boyd, with Mambrino Lightfoot.

**Palmerston Spring Show.**

The attendance at the Palmerston spring show of horses was unusually large this year, quite a number of the attendance being from Howick. There were in all 55 entries against 14 for last year. We are indebted to the Reporter for the following list of prize winners: Imported heavy draught.—1st Collison & Lavin's "McKinnon," with diploma; 2nd Gordon & Gourley's "Waterside Chief."

Canadian heavy draughts.—1st R. Leitch's "Lord Derby." General purpose.—1st, Simon Cutcherson's "Young Gladstone," 2nd Moses Walters' "French Chief." Roadsters.—1st, R. Leitch's "Reno," with diploma; 2nd John Boyd's "Mambrino Lightfoot."

Roadsters, 3-year-old.—1st John Caulder's "Mambrino George;" 2nd G. W. Beatty's "Geordie L."

A diploma for the best walking horse in either heavy draught classes was given to M. & G. B. Bender's "Davy Lad."

Durham Bulls.—1st, A. & J. Campbell's "Sligo Bell;" 2nd, John Watt's "Little Jack."

Holstein's.—J. R. Suddaby's "Auctioneer Boy."

A burglar bored a circular hole in the rear door of the Ontario Bank, Peterboro' and, securing entrance, ransacked the teller's drawer, carrying away a revolver and a tin box containing the remnants of the teller's lunch, and which the visitor evidently thought was filled with cash. No attempt was made upon the vault.

There were 99 prisoners confined in the Brant County Goal during the quarter ending March 31st. Total number of days served, 540, showing an average cost of 6.83 cents per day for each prisoner. This means that prisoners are fed for 45 cents per week, and they come out fat and slick too. This statement will make the average boarding house missus' heart ache.

A Mr. Ross, of Berlin, was in Hanover the other day trying to organize a company for the purpose of manufacturing felt socks. Mr. D. Knechtel has consented to take \$2,700 in the company, and Mr. Ross and his friends in Berlin, will take \$2,000 leaving about \$1,500 more to be taken by Hanover people. It is the intention of the company to give employment to about fifty men. If the company is not organized in Hanover it is said that one will be formed in Berlin, and the felt machinery in the old factory at Hanover will be taken to that town.

The Huron Medical Association met in Clinton on Tuesday of last week. There were present Drs. Elliott, Pres.; Ryerson, Bethune, Scott, Smith, Ferguson, Godfrey, Amos, Cooper, Turnbull, Shaw, Worthington, McLachlan, Stanbury, Armstrong, Gibson and Gunn. Owing to the unavoidable absence of some of the members, the arranged programme was not fully carried out. A telegram from Dr. Halford Walker, of Toronto, expressing regret at not being able to be present, was read. Dr. Ryerson, of Toronto, read a paper on "neglected running from the ear and

what comes of it; he ridiculed the idea that to stop the discharge was injurious, pointed out that deafness, inflammation, abscesses were not infrequent consequences of neglecting the discharge. A number of cases were presented by members and discussed. Dr. Ryerson received a vote of thanks for his paper, and was elected an honorary member of the Association. The next meeting will be held in Seaforth in July.

The new Toronto C. P. R. ticket office is a perfect beauty. It occupies the ground floor of the best corner in Toronto, viz., the southeast corner of King and Yonge streets, W. R. Callaway, the popular western agent of the company, has been domiciled there.

**REMOVED.**

**J. H. Taman,**

**Practical Tailor**

HAS Removed to the new building which has been fitted up for him just opposite the Albion Hotel, Gorrie, where he is prepared to meet his friends as usual, and to attend to all orders given him. He is a PRACTICAL WORKMAN and has held positions of trust in some of the best shops in the Dominion; has had a thorough training and experience in the Cutting Department, and will

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Cutting and Repairing done to Order.

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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  
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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.

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**The East Huron Gazette.**

The Newsiest Local Paper in North Huron.

Published every Thursday

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

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- Hand-Bills,
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- 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.

**SOLID FACTS**

It is a solid fact that cannot be gainsaid that our facilities for buying goods are second to none in the County.

It is a solid fact that we do not deal in low priced, inferior or shoddy goods in order to sell cheap, but we always aim at giving our customers first class goods that we are not afraid or ashamed to stand behind after they are sold and sell them as low as possible consistent with living prices.

Our motto is 100 cents worth of goods for the \$ every time, we propose to both buy and sell this way.

Our stock for the Spring is now fully assorted and we shall be pleased to compare goods and prices with anything in the trade.

Our Spring Millinery Opening is on April 5th, and following days.

**W. S. BEAN**

Montreal House,

**GORRIE, ONT.**

**NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS GANTERING.**

**Called from our Exchanges and Boiled Down for Gazette Readers.**

**HURON.**

Mr. W. H. Kerr, of the Brussels Post, is a candidate for the Reeveship of that town. Good luck.

There were 1954 tons of freight shipped from Blyth during the first week in January.

There is to be a series of races on the Brussels Driving Park on May 24th. Purses to the amount of \$200 are offered.

R. Armstrong, jr., Morris, had his foot badly cut while splitting wood in the bush recently.

W. Routley, Ethel, was badly bruised by falling from a high lumber pile one day last week.

On the morning of April 7th, the hostler at the Queen's hotel, Seaford, found on entering the barn the body of a man lying dead upon the floor, with marks of blood on the face and on the floor. Several identified the body as that of a man who had been seen about town the previous day. He gave his name as Hogg, and said he was a carpenter. An inquest was held that night, and from the medical evidence given of the result of a careful post mortem examination, the following verdict was rendered at an early hour next morning:—That the deceased came to his death from concussion of the brain caused by violent contact with a hard, smooth, slightly rounded surface, but whether such injury was inflicted by a weapon in the hands of some person or by a fall, the jury cannot determine from the evidence.

It begins to look as if the Goderich Signal has turned annexationist. That journal has taken the recent election adversely very seriously to heart. It is only natural to feel badly over defeat, but after all "Dan" is a good fellow, and it is too bad that he should let his moroseness lead him so far.

Editor Holmes, of the Clinton New Era, delivered a temperance lecture in Goderich last week, and the Sunday previous he preached very acceptably in Clinton. Huron can boast of two tip-top preacher-editors.

Mr. McMahon, teller of the Bank of Commerce at Goderich, has been removed to the Montreal branch of that Bank.

The Wingham firemen are preparing for a gala day on the Queen's Birthday. A special feature of the day will be the presentation of a beautiful gold watch to the person holding the lucky ticket.

Mr. Harry Cooper, a brakesman on the London freight, had the misfortune to have the fingers on his right hand badly smashed while in the act of coupling cars in the Wingham yard on Saturday last.

**WELLINGTON.**

Mount Forest A. O. F. attended church in a body in that town last Sunday.

Harriston has a colored liveryman.

J. H. Edmison, of Rothsay, who has been attending McGill Medical College during the past six months has just returned from Montreal after having passed successfully the examination required for the said University.

On Tuesday last Mr. John McNabb of Luther met with a somewhat serious accident. He was on the gangway entering his barn and was about closing the door from its fastenings the wind suddenly seized it and it struck Mr. McNabb with great force inflicting a severe cut upon his lip and bruising his face. The services of a physician were required to attend to the wound, but no serious results are anticipated.

A short time ago a gentleman who had been associated with the Patrons of Industry determined to remove to the Northwest and concluded to take a year's supplies with him. He was conversant with the prices at which his organization purchased but concluded to try some of the local stores. With this idea he dropped into an Arthur business place, and before emerging therefrom he had purchased goods to the amount of \$160. After the transaction was concluded he frankly admitted that in every instance the prices were lower than those quoted to the society, while at the same he had the advantage of personal choice.—Arthur Enterprise.

Master Leeson Corbett one of the most widely known of Arthur youths, left on Monday for Collingwood. On the eve of his departure a number of his friends presented him with a substantial token of their esteem. The ceremony was performed at the Dominion Hotel.

**PERTH.**

Mr. David Scrimgeour, of Stratford, is likely to be nominated, so the Times says, to contest North Perth in the

coming bye election, in the Conservative interests. Mr. Grieve has expressed a willingness to be the Reform candidate again.

A young lad named Henry Stephens, was up before the P. M. Stratford, Monday, charged with breaking four panes of glass in Shakespeare Ward School. His Worship informed the boy that his next offence would mean to the Reformatory, and let him off with \$1 damage and \$1 cost.

An accident occurred at the Classic City Mills, Stratford, on Saturday morning, whereby Geo. B. Jones, an employe, and a son of Ald. Jones, sustained a painful injury to one of his arms. The injured member was caught between a belt and pulley, and though no bones were broken, the flesh was badly bruised.

The members of the Listowel Lodge No. 100, I. O. O. F., will celebrate the seventy-third anniversary of the order, by attending divine service in the Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon the 24th inst., at which the Rev. Bro. Dr. Isaac Campbell will officiate. Invitations have been sent to all the neighboring lodges, so a large gathering of the order is expected.

As Wm. J. McKee, of Molesworth, and his hired man, Geo. Bonnett, were taking a fat steer to Listowel, the brute got outrageous when half way and got both men down three times in Mr. Forfar's field and would have killed Mr. McKee but for the timely aid of men and dogs that drove the brute off.

The Embro fair directors have already chosen Friday, Oct. 7th as the date of the next show. It was decided to make another effort to have a field root competition.

The Municipal Council of Wallace met at the town hall, Gowans town, on the 26th of March, pursuant to adjournment; all the members present, the Reeve in the chair. A communication was received from the Clerk of Division Court re costs of appeal in the case of the township of Minto v. Corrigan et al. under the D. and W. Act, \$20.39, and from the clerk of Minto in relation of the same case. The following accounts were ordered to be paid: John Hunt for 60 yds. gravel, \$3; N. Karges, graveling S. R. 6, 7, con. 1, \$12; J. Simpson, salary of collector, 1891, \$60, and expenses incurred in collecting, \$2. By-Law 297 appointing pathmasters, poundkeepers and fenceviewers for 1892, was read three times and passed. The council adjourned to meet on the 28th of May, to hold a Court of Revision.—R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

**BRUCE.**

The following are the names of the new applicants for licenses in North Bruce:—Hotels—James M. Shackleton, Colpoys, Albermarle; Hugh McMillan, Golden Valley, Albermarle; Elizabeth Freeborn, Lion's Head, Eastnor; T. H. St. Johns, Lion's Head, Eastnor; Murdoch McLay, Stoke's Bay, Eastnor; Donald Smith, Stoke's Bay, Lindsay. Wholesale—Morgan L. Ely, town of Wiarton. The total number of licences issued during the current year is 32. The total number of applications for the ensuing year is 37.

A very sad accident happened last week at C. H. Withun & Co's saw mill, when Mr. H. Danket, Hepworth, nearly got his right arm severed at the elbow joint. It was dressed by Drs. F. Campbell and R. M. Fisher. It was feared at first that the arm would have to be amputated above the elbow, but the patient desired to run the risk himself and try and keep the arm, though no doubt should it heal it will be stiff, as the cut is at the joint.

Wiarton News.—We have been shown a line of circulars sent to respectable citizens of Wiarton by the class of people Sir Richard Cartwright wishes to annex Canada to, in New York, offering to sell bogus greenbacks in sums of \$4,000 for \$350; \$7,500 for \$500; \$13,500 for \$650; and \$28,000 for \$1,000, etc. The whole rascally formula is laid down, and it is a disgrace to the criminal laws of the United States, that the rascals sending out these circulars are not hunted down and jailed for the balance of their lives. Anyone sending them money or having any dealings with the scamps are as bad as they are.

The following are the revenues and salaries of some of the post offices in Bruce Co.: Walkerton—revenue, \$4,785, salary, \$1,820; Toeswater—revenue, \$1,655, salary, \$850; Mildmay, revenue, \$1,009, salary, \$422; Lucknow, revenue, \$2,383, salary \$912; Wiarton, revenue, \$2,839, salary \$1,015; Chesley, revenue, \$2,449, salary, \$828; Tara, revenue, \$1,598, salary, \$572; Kincairdine, revenue, \$3,919, salary, \$1,342.

England has just experienced a most terrific snow-storm.

**Notice!**

**One Farthing REWARD!**

**L**OST, Strayed or Stolen, a flashy young lady, height, 5 ft. 6 in., dark eyes and hair, wears a black velvet jacket, a fashionable hat, carries a muff and cotton umbrella, is very conceited. Was last seen on Tuesday night about eight o'clock.

Any person giving such information as will lead to her whereabouts will receive the above reward from

**McLaughlin & Co.,**

Who have just received the Newest things in

**DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, Tweeds, Worsteds, Gents' Furnishings, Etc., Etc.**

Where Your Money Goes the Farthest

**THERE!**

The Economical People do their Trading.

**McLaughlin & Co.**

**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**

**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 coloring 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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**W. Cooper & Co., Clinton, Ont.,**

Booksellers and Stationers

School Globes and all kinds of Maps and School Supplies. Write for prices as 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.

**TIN WARE**

of every description, on HAND and made to ORDER

Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

**City Boot and Shoe Store,**

**WROXETER.**

**W. C. HAZELWOOD**

**Boots and Shoes,**

For Children, For Boys,  
For Girls, For Gentlemen, For Ladies.

Small, Large, Low-priced, High-priced, Fine, Coarse, Light, Stout.

Everybody can be suited. I am prepared to compete with any city, town, village or country store in Western Ontario.

**COME AND GET A BARGAIN!**

# DR. SABINE'S PATIENT.

## CHAPTER III. A CHIMNEY OF HOPE.

Snow on the ground, white and dazzling; snow on the roofs, walls, doorsteps; snow on the bare, leafless trees and lawns of gardens—everywhere the white, ghostlike unreality of snow.

That was what a beautiful girlish face, with eyes overshadowed by a awful horror, looked out upon the morning of that Christmas eve each time she came to the window in her restless walk to and fro—to and fro the whole length of the spacious room, her fingers ceaselessly twining in and out each other.

"You said he would come early, doctor," she said, in a rapid apprehensive way—"you said he would come early, to be all Christmas."

"It is quite early yet, my dear," answered Dr. Sabine; "and he is quite sure to come to you, you know. I showed you my telegram from Dover, you remember, but it was too late to come here last night, of course."

"And you are sure he hasn't killed Albert? How like—like—who was it that was murdered?" she said, so suddenly, and for the first time using the word, that even Sabine scarcely repressed a start.

"We won't talk of such a dreadful thing, my child," he said.

"Oh, yes, we will!"—she put her hand to her forehead, then pushed it through the clattering locks of gold—"because this was sue, Albert!"—with an impatient frown, "it's gone so—it's gone so. What is that?"

A light tap at the door, and a nurse's voice was heard, quietly:

"You are wanted, please, sir."

"It is Albert!" cried Isabel, grasping the doctor's arm—"it is Albert!"

"Light is, my love, you shall see him very soon, but you must stay here for a moment, call a nurse. Will you promise?"

"Yes—yes; I won't stir," Dr. Sabine knew she would not disobey, and, with a nod and a smile, went out.

"Mr. Claremont has arrived, sir," whispered the nurse outside. "Shall I sit with Miss Guest?"

"No, thanks, not now," Dr. Sabine said, and he went down quickly.

Warm was the greeting between the elder and younger man after these eighteen months; the latter had to hear that the beloved patient was certainly much better in health, and the brain plainly stronger, struggling against the shock; as she had just now shown, the elder had to learn Albert's old meeting with Winton, and the possibility of a clue thus obtained.

There certainly was a man who, if he had not paid Guest, had an interest in his death.

"We'll talk it over later, dear boy," said the doctor. "I won't keep you now, and if Isabel asks you any questions, I can, I think, trust to your discretion. By the way, I should not wonder if the commissioners in lunacy make their visit to-day."

"What—to-day—Christmas eve?"

"Yes; it was about their time last week. They should be here before Christmas—two of them and a secretary. Be off. If they come now they will see the other patients first and Isabel last."

"Do you know them? Have the same commissioners come before?"

"Yes, old Mr. Hampton and Mr. Grave; their old secretary has died since their last visitation, so there will be a new one this time. Now go up to Isabel."

Claremont knew the room well enough, and if he paused a moment at the door, it was to gather himself together as it were, it was such joy, yet bitter pain, to meet his betrothed again—such doubt, yet hope; but she would know him this time. He opened the door and entered softly.

"Albert! O, Albert!"

She sprang to her lover's open arms and flung herself upon his breast with that passionate cry:

"My darling—my own Isabel! There is thee to live for, come what may!" Albert said, pressing his lips to hers again and again, and then for minutes just held her to his throbbing heart in silence. She was so beautiful, she was so physically recovered and like her old self, that it was hard to believe the mental balance still was wanting, save for that look in the eyes that told such a sorrowful story:

Then he drew her to a sofa and sat down by her; but before he could speak, Isabel said her soft cooing against his, and whispered mysteriously, with a subdued eagerness that startled him:

"I want you to tell me something, dear, that I haven't asked even Dr. Sabine. I was afraid, because I slipped away and listened inside the big greenhouse. You won't be angry, will you?"

"With you, my heart—impossible! What is it?" tenderly crossing the gold head.

"Bend close then—so. Who was it that was murdered long ago? And who was it they said had done it?"

Claremont held his very breath for a second, so intensely was he internally startled.

"How do you mean, sweetheart? Tell me what you heard and I shall be able to answer your questions."

"I was in the hot-house, and the coachman and gardener were talking outside the door, which was ajar; I heard them say something about someone who," she shuddered, and the horror in her eyes deepened, "who was murdered, and a gentleman they said was—Ah, what is it, I mean?" she said, piteously, "it all goes—goes!"

"Accused—tried for it, dearest," suggested her lover, trembling for the end of this.

"Yes, that was it. I knew you could tell, dear, because of the trouble in your face. O, the misery—the misery and horror of it all!" she cried, clinging, shuddering, to him.

Clearly memory was stirring the brain, connecting its buried knowledge with himself, but he folded her closer and soothed her agitation by tenderest words and such that love candidate, till presently she was listening eagerly to his tale of what he had done and seen abroad in his absence, and seemed to have forgotten her questions, which, in fact, he had not answered at all.

CHAPTER IV.  
"THOU ART THE MAN."

Dr. Sabine's prognostication about the commissioners in lunacy was quickly fulfilled by their arrival.

For obvious reasons it is the rule that these officers of law should not give notice to those in charge of insane patients, which are, therefore, unexpected by days, or even weeks, though of course something of the period when they may be calling gets to be known by experience; hence Dr. Sabine's remark, which had scarcely been uttered half an hour, when he was summoned to receive the two commissioners and their secretary.

This gentleman was introduced as Mr. Mark Forrest, a fair man, well-looking, with

bright, shrewd eyes, and close-trimmed moustache and beard that became him very well, as perhaps he knew, though his manner betrayed no vanity. On the contrary, during the visiting of the four patients, the doctor noticed that he was unassuming, quiet, and notebook in hand, kept judiciously in the background as he took shorthand notes of questions, answers, or remarks, as his duty required.

While the gentlemen were conversing with the last of these four patients, Mrs. Sabine entered the apartment where Isabel Guest and Albert still sat. He sprang up to meet her at once, as she exclaimed:

"My dearest boy, I should have come before, but I was so engaged, and I knew you had better company. Now, the doctor has sent me to say that the commissioners are here, and coming this way directly."

"And I must retreat then," he asked.

"No, my dear. The doctor said not, unless the Isabel wish it, or the gentlemen desire it."

"Don't leave me, Albert!" pleaded the girl, nervously. "He might kill you if you go away, you know."

"I will stay then, darling, if I may."

He turned to Mrs. Sabine again:

"Kindly ask the doctor not to introduce me by name, if you understand why."

She left the room; and Claremont, too haughty to challenge notice from men who might shrink from him as a murderer, drew back into a position in which, as the visitors entered, he stood in shadow.

Isabel glanced wistfully in her lover's face, but said nothing. Either some curious working in her brain, or the mere intuition of the true woman's love, made her intuitively conscious that he wished to be unnoticed.

She only resumed her seat, waiting. Then the visitors were heard in the corridor; but just outside the deep voice of Mr. Hamlin, the senior commissioner, exclaimed:

"How stupid of me! I have left my glasses somewhere! I do believe, in my study. Mr. Forrest, will you kindly step down to the hall, and look in the pockets?"

"Or perhaps in the dining-room," added Dr. Sabine. "Perhaps Mr. Forrest will look."

"Thank you, doctor, I will."

Someone went downstairs, and Dr. Sabine entered the room with the two barristers.

With graceful ease Isabel rose to receive them as they came forward.

"I am glad to see you again," she said, with her sweet, pathetic smile. "I hope you are quite well, and wish you a happy Christmas."

"Thank you, my dear Miss Guest; the same to you. What a pleasure to see you looking so well! Why, we shall find you gone, I expect, next time we come," said Mr. Hamlin, with a side glance towards the tall figure in the background, that made the doctor say quietly, en passant, as it were:

"A young friend of mine and my patient's, come for Christmas. I am very glad you find Isabel looking stronger."

"Oh, not the same being at all! And I suppose, Miss Isabel, as devoted to the doctor as ever, eh? Nothing to complain of, smiling, as well he might, on so fair a face."

"Oh, how you will jest!"

"Well," said the other gentleman, Mr. Graves, "it is better to laugh than to cry. Isn't it, Miss Guest?"

"Oh, not the same speaking, just as Mr. Graves addressed her by name, the secretary quietly entered, unnoticed at the moment, save by the doctor, who was on that side of the room, and Claremont.

Forrest looked quickly towards Isabel as her name was spoken, doubtless struck by the perfect outline of profile presented as she faced the commissioners; then his glance caught sight of Albert's, gave him a second, more intent look, and lifted his brows a little in mildly-surprised recognition; then moving to a side-table, put on it the spectacle-case he had fetched, and said in a quiet undertone to Dr. Sabine:

"Pardon, but surely that gentleman is the same—such a marked face, and I was in court when he was tried."

"Yes," said Sabine, shortly, vexed at the recognition: "and acquitted, remember."

"Ah, yes, of course, pardon me."

"That you, Forrest? Got my glasses?" said Mr. Hamlin, turning round a step towards him.

"Yes, Mr. Hamlin."

The secretary took them up, came forward, and handed them to their owner with a bow.

As he moved from the gloom into the full light of both windows, Isabel turned, as one naturally does towards a moving thing, and her eyes rested on his face for one moment, with a wide, startled look, through all their habitual horror.

Three of those present saw her with bated breath—her lover, the doctor, and Mr. Graves. In the next second there swept over that young face such a change as no man could ever see in it again; for, suddenly, like a flash, the full moonlight blaze of light burst through the awful veil of insanity, full reason glowed in that terrible gaze of recognition, quivered in every line of that beautiful, avenging face.

"At last!—at last!" she cried, pointing her right hand at the secretary. "There stands the man who murdered Rolf Guest! I saw him do the deed."

"By Heaven! what I thought!" muttered Albert, instantly at her side.

But the man so suddenly, so terribly accused, staggered back as if a pistol shot had struck him, livid to the lips, struggling to speak, his starting eyes glaring at the woman, who stood there still pointing to him.

"Good Heavens! What does this mean?" burst out Mr. Hamlin, horrified and bewildered.

And with a desperate effort Forrest rallied.

"It means," he said, hoarsely, "that that poor creature is raving mad instead of better, as Dr. Sabine affirmed."

Somehow, by one common instinct of things, all those four other men present left the accused, the murdered man's sister, to answer: each felt, each new that madness was passed away, and Truth revealed.

"It means," she said, and the low tones vibrated through the room like a stern doom to one at least—"it means that whereas I was driven mad by the awful sight of murder done, now I am made sane in Heaven's justice, by the sight of the murderer, who all this time has suffered this guiltless man—she laid her hand on her lover's now—"to bear the doom of his awful crime!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the secretary, with some dignity, "if you are going to listen to the unhappy ravings too plainly aroused by the sufferings real or not of this lady's lover, permit me to retire, as I decline to be made their object."

But Claremont strode to the door, and set his back against it.

"Pardon me," he said, sternly, "you only pass out under arrest, Pierce Bovill."

It was a daring shot, sent in the assumption suggested by Winton's information, but it held, for the secretary stood for a moment as if paralyzed.

"You speak in a riddle, sir," he said, recovering himself; "my name is Forrest, and you, I am forced to suggest, have a distinct interest in trying to throw the onus of that crime on another person. Gentlemen, that man is Albert Claremont!"

Before anyone could speak Isabel Guest stepped forward, and no one looking on the girl then could for a moment believe her to be still insane.

"I understand all now," she said, with a concentration and passion that belong only to sanity. "I see fully what I heard meant that Albert Claremont has been tried for the murder that man—your secretary gentleman—committed—acquitted legally—cruelly—condemned morally. I now stand forward as the accused of the real assassin—whether his name be Forrest or any other. I witness the deed unseen myself. Hear me, and then say if I look or speak like Dr. Sabine's mad patient, or like a witness risen as it were from the dead."

Forrest drew back to a chair and sat down folding his arms close across him, but he said nothing—his lips were parched and livid.

"My brother," Isabel went on, steadily, "had refused Mr. Claremont's suit—wishing me to marry very wealthyly; but, and now the soft cheek flushed, and her dark eyes glowed with noble pride in her love and lover. "I had given my heart and troth to Albert Claremont, and I knew he was coming that fatal day to tell Rolf—my brother—that he intended to wed me whether he consented or no. I was in my boudoir above the library, where they were and I heard high words pass; then I saw Albert leave by the French window and walk rapidly away eastward towards the lodge. Shortly afterwards Rolf also stepped out, muttering angrily to himself, and strode away in the direction of the old copse near the fern-brake. Meaning to speak to him, to plead, and if that failed, tell him I meant to marry Albert as I had promised, I stole downstairs and followed Rolf."

She paused and pressed her hands against her breast.

"I stopped short behind a mass of bushes a little distance off, half afraid to go on just then, for he had paused, I saw, near the trees, and looked so angry; then he took out his pocket-book, looked at a paper he took from it, and Claremont gave Dr. Sabine a look, "I stamped my foot with an oath. The next minute I saw—Heaven can I ever forget!—a man come out from the trees behind Rolf—that man before you. I saw every feature clearly as he drew a revolver and shot my brother in the back. I saw him fall on his face, saw that man take the pocket-book quickly from his victim's breast—pocket, also, a paper, replace the book, and steal away. I stood frozen, paralyzed. I felt something going from me, and I remember no more, but I must have reached my room in the madness that the shock of that awful scene brought. What that paper was, or the motive of the crime, I do not know. I swear to that man as Rolf Guest's murderer."

"And I, gentlemen," said Claremont, "have a witness in London who can supply motive and identity—one George Winton, a jockey, who knew this without Mr. Forrest as Pierce Bovill, a betting man—how the man had started money for which he had given an O. U.—that was the paper taken—that the motive of the crime. Dr. Sabine, will you send for the police?"

It was not till all the necessary formalities of the secretary's arrest were over for that day, and they had returned from the police-station to the doctor's house again, that Claremont and Isabel were alone, and then even, folded to her lover's heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, it was difficult to realize in fullness that she was no more what she had been since that terrible day of the murder; difficult to realize that the long-borne dread weight of such a deed was at last to be removed from his head to that of the criminal; hard to believe that he might see his darling as bride before the face of the whole world.

"O! it was a happy Christmas indeed for all, even though chastened by the memories that could never die—when can memory whilst brain and heart throbs?"

And when, in the gloaming of Christmas-day, the doctor and his wife, and the two young people, sat round the blazing fire, with Albert, who had told all that had passed within his heart, his hand nestled within his arms, whilst the flickering fire danced to and fro on the walls in the fire-light.

"Oh! what you have suffered!" she whispered, shuddering.

But he answered, softly:

"It is all over and repaid now, my darling!"

"There is one puzzle," said Dr. Sabine, "how the fellow escaped, so quickly as both you and the gamekeeper arrived on the spot."

"He was sharp and daring," said Isabel. "I think the only way he could have escaped was by concealing in the fern till all were gone, and then walking quietly off across the country to the next station. You see, I know the country."

"He must have intended," said Albert, "to hide till night and watch for the chance that came after all in broad day. I wonder if I had been condemned if he would have still kept silent? I think he would, seeing what he is."

"Yes! I hope your jockey will not fail to pick him up in the police-yard tomorrow, my dear boy."

"Winton was very positive, doctor; I do not fear he will fail myself," said Claremont.

Nor did George Winton fail, for though the secretary was among a dozen others who walked straight up to that one man and said, decisively:

"That is Pierce Bovill."

The day after that the prisoner was brought before the magistrate; he simply denied the charge of murder and identity, and reserved his defence, but finally he was committed for trial.

That was indeed a notable trial, and the Central Criminal Court was crowded. All the world remembered the trial of handsome Albert Claremont for that very same murder, and those who had believed him innocent crowded loudly over their astuteness as they listened to the weight of evidence piled up, which demolished the prisoners' defence, and the witness, Miss Guest was mad, and that he was not Bovill.

The judge and jury thought otherwise, and with reason, and the grim verdict "Guilty" was recorded, and sentenced to death was passed on the wretched man.

In court he brazened it out to the last three weeks later, the day before his execution, he confessed his guilt to the chaplain, and asked him to beg the forgiveness of Albert Claremont and his just-wedded wife, whom his deed had for so long made "DR. SABINE'S PATIENT."

[THE END.]

GIANT PINES.

These Which, Like a Majestic Procession, Stretch to Huges and Miles in the Australian Forest.

[From the London Globe.]

The kauri pine is undoubted sovereign of the Australian forest. No other tree can approach it in grandeur of proportion or in impressiveness, when, as one of a clan, it holds as its own stretches of country hundreds of miles in extent. Perhaps the sight which a kauri grove presents to the eye is unequalled in the whole realm of nature.

As the traveller gazes around him in the recesses of the forest he is impressed even against his will.

To walk between those mighty pillars, smooth and dark as ebony, uniform in age and size, and buried in a perennial twilight and silence that the wildest storm only disturbs by the mere ripple of sound, awakens a feeling of awe.

Mile upon mile they stretch into distance, in a majestic procession that follows every irregularity of the land, like some colossal temple dedicated to night or melancholy, the sombre aisles full of an awful monotony and a solemn stillness.

Like the Egyptian sphinx, they ignore the lapse of time, preserving the same majestic calm and unvarying expression before the cataclysms which have altered the whole aspect of the globe, and before the social upheavals which have swept away civilizations as if they had never been.

If geologists be correct New Zealand is a fragment of a continent which sank beneath the waters as the new world rose. It is a relic of a bygone age.

The youth of the oldest kauri groves is therefore shrouded in the mists of the past. But that they are very ancient is beyond doubt. They were mere saplings when the Pharaohs adorned the land of Egypt with imperishable memorials of their power, and they were still standing and graceful when Solomon filled the East with the fame of his glory; they stood in all the pride of maturity when Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Rome entered on her victorious career.

They have seen the splendid dawn of all the great empires of the world, and seen them set in gloom, when the canker of decay had sapped their very foundations.

But the kauri has now fallen upon evil days; its closing years are full of danger. It has survived to see the forms of life, long dead in the great masses of land, fade away before the vigorous fauna and flora of another order of things.

At no distant date it also, like the natives, the birds, the grasses, will have passed into the meaningless oblivion from whence it came. In the presence of this venerable giant pine of Maroland, the grandest representative of a primitive age, the colonial, a creature of yesterday, feels like a pygmy, as he gazes on the solemn files on every side.

As though ashamed of his own littleness and painful weakness, he is possessed only with the passion of destruction.

The weakness inseparable from the very nature of a kauri forest is intensified by the total absence of animal life. The contented droning of insects, hum of the bee, the glad singing of birds, so distinctive of the mixed bush, are never heard beneath the umbrageous canopy which excludes the radiant southern sun.

The kauri reigns supreme in its own domain. Nor is there the enchanting diversity of ordinary bush—the palms and the tree ferns, the shrubs and the pedregal wealth of beautiful parasites, whose bewildering variety is unrivalled even to the torrid zone.

With the exception of a living carpet of delicate maidenhair, which attained a height of from five to six feet, and of creepers ferns which swing from tree to tree like fairies in the castle of a giant, the forest is altogether bare of undergrowth. In the woods of recent growth, however, vegetation is more luxuriant.

The long tendrils of the climatic and rata connect trunk with trunk in garlands of white and scarlet bloom, and at their base flourishes an infinite variety of ferns, while here and there a graceful tree-fern rears its silvery-lined crown.

It is a curious sight to English eyes to see a group of young kauris standing tall, tall and erect against the pale, blue and gold of the sky and the lighter greens of the background of forest. Like all the species, the dome is out of all proportion to the height. But their doom has been spoken.

The axe of the lumberer and the whirr of the sawmill resounded in the land and the earth quivers with the shock of falling patriarchs.

With the recklessness of the spendthrift the New Zealanders are spending his heritage, and before another 50 years have passed away this noble tree will be as extinct as the moa.

But to really bring home to the mind the stupendous size of the Colonial oak, as it has been called, it must be compared with the largest trees in the islands.

In England there are several elms 70 feet high and 30 feet in girth; oaks 90 feet high and with trunks 40 feet in girth, and in Scotland there is an ash 90 feet high and 19 feet in girth. But these are regarded as extraordinary and grow in solitary grandeur.

The average girth of trees in Britain is not more than 12 feet nor the average height above 50 feet. But in New Zealand there are miles of kauris whose average height is not less than 100 feet and whose girth is not less than 30 feet and 40 feet. The largest kauri yet discovered was 70 feet in girth, and the trunk was 200 feet high.

The Farmer of the Future.

"The only hope of the future farmer will be in his brain," says Gen. Rusk. "The sharp competitions between sections and countries which will be induced by increased facilities for transportation will stir the agriculturist up to his best efforts. His chances for fortune-making will be great, but he will have to be prepared to fight the battle of competition for them. He must be sufficiently well educated in science as far as it is applicable to agriculture, and he must be intelligent enough to study his surroundings and to apply his knowledge to the conditions about him. He will be able to meet his own needs on an equal footing, and his brain will command the respect and consideration which he deserves, and he will give other classes and other industries due respect in return. The farmer of the future will be a business-man, able not only to compel his soil to do its best in the matter of production, but to study the markets and know what will sell the best and what will command the highest price. This farmer will keep his accounts like any other business-man, so that he may know exactly where his profits are and where have been his losses. These are strong qualifications but they are essential to the farmer who would do his business on a broad plan and who would succeed. As to the question of his education, when you consider that he must have a knowledge of all the principles of animal and plant life, that he must understand the constant elements of soils and fertilizers and that he must have some knowledge of meteorology, chemistry and the

other sciences closely connected with crop raising, you will see that the ideal farmer of the future will have to be not only a brainy but a well-educated man."

Ho, For the Kankakee.

Ho, for the marshes, green with Spring,  
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers  
Ripe  
Where the haunt of old heron spreads his wing,  
Above the haunt of rail and snipe;  
For my gun is clean and my rod is trim,  
And the old, wild longing is roused in me  
Ho, for the bass-pools cool and dim!  
Ho, for the swales of the Kankakee!

In these other joy like the joy of a man  
Free for seasons of real and gun,  
With the sun to tan and the winds to fan,  
And the waters to lull, and never a one  
Of the cares of life to follow him,  
Or to shadow his mind while he wanders  
Free!

Ho, for the currents slow and dim!  
Ho, for the ferns of the Kankakee!

A but by the river, a light canoe,  
My rod and my gun, and a sunlit fair—  
A wild from the South, and the wild fowl due  
Be mine the while, covered never a care.  
And the soft of freedom is keen in me;  
Ho, for the marsh and the lilted flood!  
Ho, for the sloughs of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift our runs,  
rush,  
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming  
Or give me the marsh, with the brown snipe  
flush,  
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant  
din.  
For I am tired of the desk, and tired of the  
town,  
And long to be out, and long to be free;  
Ho, for the marsh, with the birds whirling  
down!  
Ho, for the pools of the Kankakee!

—[Maurice Thompson.]

Spring Poetry.

There came a day of showers  
Upon the shrinking snow;  
The south wind sighed of flowers,  
The softing skies hung low.  
Midwinter for a space  
Foreshadowing April's face,  
The white world caught the fancy,  
And would not let it go.

reawakened beyond  
The brooks rejoiced the land;  
We dreamed the spring's shy forces  
Were gathering close at hand.  
The dripping buds were stirred,  
As if the sap had heard a word.  
The long desired praisation  
Of April's soft command;

But antic time had cheated  
With hope's elusive gleam;  
The phantom spring, defeated,  
Fled down the ways of dream.  
And in the night the reign  
Of winter came again,  
With frost upon the forest  
And stillness on the stream.

When morn, in rose and crown,  
Came up the bitter sky,  
Celestial beams awoke us  
To wondering ecstasy.  
The wizard winter's spell  
Had wrought its passing well,  
That earth was bathed in glory,  
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings, bending,  
Flashed in a rain of gems;  
The starker trees attending  
Blurred in their mad dreams,  
White froth and amethyst,  
All common things had kissed,  
And chrysolites and sapphires  
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion  
All beauty came to birth;  
It was a kind illusion,  
To comfort waiting earth—  
To bid the buds forget  
The spring so distant yet,  
And hear no more remember  
The iron scales of Charles B. Roberts.

Three Doves.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free,  
As they were circling back to me.  
The first was Faith; the second, Hope;  
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play,  
Dream-like they hovered, day by day.  
At last they turned, and how to me  
Green signs of peace through nightfall gray.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land  
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,  
Mid tides of twilight helicopter  
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace  
Flashed in their eyes, and broad space,  
Kind thoughts for all humanity,  
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,  
Why lose they—forth again to roam?  
The wheel in flight towards Heaven's purer  
Dome.

Flv, messengers that find no rest  
Save in such toil as makes man blest  
Your home is God's immensity;  
We hold you but at his behest.

The Czar and the Kaiser.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says—  
The following story reaches me from a  
good source, but I give it under all  
reserve:—After the German Emperor's  
late speech, a gentleman who was  
present remarked that, whilst his Majes-  
ty was confident about coming glory, he  
should not forget that Russia was behind  
him. William II. retorted—"I will pulver-  
ize Russia." General Thovloff heard this  
story, instituted inquiries, and finding it  
was true, reported the matter to M. de  
Giers, who repeated it to the

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Curious Case of Ah-Top.

The want-eyed maidens, when they spied the young Ah-Top, gaily cried, "It is some handsome fellow!" The street-boys followed in a crowd; no wonder that Ah-Top was proud; and words a consoling grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad. My fate, he said, "is quite too bad! My eyes will hang behind me. While others may be beautiful, I am not. At length he met upon a picture. Exclaiming, "I'm a clever man! I know what I will do: I'll simply wheel myself around. And then the picture will be found where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes. He almost fell upon his nose. He grew red with the face. But when Ah-Top could whirl no more. He spun! the picture as before. Resolved to keep his place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow. Next time, you see, I'll faster go." "Besides, I stopped too soon. Now for a good spin, but stay—I'll turn myself the other way!"

He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out. And then the picture came. An awful moment came—The helpless spinner could not stop! The poor man had become a top!

This gave the top his name.

### THE EAGLE'S VISIT.

Once upon a time the eagle was the king of all the feathered world, and because he lived up so high on the mountains and occupied so exalted a position, he grew to think very much of himself indeed. He imagined that he was ruler not only of birds, but of the whole created universe.

Now this is a very dangerous state of mind to be in. A very wise man said once that pride goes before a fall, and the eagle found this to be true.

He wasn't called the eagle in those days. He had a much more high-sounding name. It was magna avis, which means the great bird. And that, too, helped to make him conceited.

One day the dove met with an accident. She hurt her wing and was obliged to fly very near the ground. She could not reach her home at the top of the mountain, so she had to come down in the valley for several days until she got strong.

When she was able to fly she hastened to the eagle with a wonderful story.

"Oh, great one," she cried excitedly, "I have made a discovery. Far down below the crags on which we live are the most wonderful creatures. There are great beasts many times larger than yourself. They walk on four feet, and instead of wearing feathers they are covered with hair, and there are other things more strange still, who are clad in something that does not grow on their bodies at all. They walk upon two feet, but they have no wings and they carry their heads very high. And when they meet each other they make queer sounds and bend themselves forward in the most peculiar manner."

The eagle smiled in a very superior way and replied: "My daughter, you grew weary with your long journey, and I fancy you saw most of these things with your head under your wing."

"Indeed, sir," protested the dove, eagerly, "I was not dreaming. Pray stretch your great wings and go for yourself. You will be convinced then."

She was so very earnest that it made the eagle think.

"I really ought to investigate this matter," he said to himself, "if there be any such wonderful things in the world I would like to know it. As yet I have discovered no animal as great as myself."

"None that you acknowledge to be so great, you mean," said a voice close by.

Turning about the eagle saw the condor perched on a crag above him. Now there has been for ages great strife among these birds as to which was the larger and stronger. But as the eagle was more beautiful than the condor and had a smoother tongue, he had held his position.

"I think," continued the condor, "that if you would consent to a fair measurement you would discover that there dwells very near you a bird larger than yourself."

"Look here, my friend," said the eagle loftily, "we will settle this dispute here and now. I heard that down in the valley below us dwell beasts who are able to vanquish us both. Now, an about to go and see if this be true. If it is, why then there is no longer any argument about it. We will have a fair contest for the mastery. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered the condor.

Then the eagle called all the feathered tribes together and spoke to them. He first told the dove's story, and then of the contest between himself and the condor.

"And now," said he, "I'm going to find out about this thing. If there are any such creatures as the dove has told me about, and I meet them and they overpower me, and I never come back, why, then, you must choose for your king the one whom you think most worthy. And now I bid you good-by, and spreading his wings the splendid bird shot down from the mountain."

There was a great flutter over the affair and the birds crowded around the dove to learn all about the matter. There never has been such excitement in the bird kingdom before.

They waited very anxiously for their ruler to come back, but day after day passed and the eagle did not return, nor did he send any tidings. At last they made up their minds that some evil had befallen him and a council was held, of which the condor was chief. After several plans had been discussed, the condor rose to make a speech.

"My friends," said he, "you all heard our king say what agreement we had made in case he did not come back. But I am resolved to take no advantage of his absence until I have gone to find out what fate has befallen him."

Before the frightened birds could offer a protest the condor had disappeared over the hills on his way to the valley.

Meanwhile, where was the eagle? He had found when he reached the valley that the dove had told him the truth. He saw the great animals of which the dove had spoken moving about. The eagle alighted upon a high stone wall that overlooked a great city, for this was in the old world, you know, hundreds of years before the new one was discovered, and this city was in China.

As the eagle sat there considering what was best to do next, a mandarin named Wang Tong saw him.

"What is that?" he cried. "A great-bird and a strange one. Why, our chickens and sparrows are but bites beside him."

The more Wang Tong gazed the more his wonder grew. At last he decided that the eagle must be a god, and he fell on his knees before it. Then he ran and told all his friends about the wonderful winged god that sat on the wall, and all the mandarins came out and fell on their knees.

At last one of them said: "We must

### place this new god in a temple, where we can offer proper worship to him."

So they seized poor Magna, and before he knew it he was held captive by chains. He was terribly frightened and very much mortified, but not for a moment did he forget that he was a king. He could not understand one word of what the men said so he could not tell what they meant to do with him.

He thought he would speak to them.

"Most mighty sirs," he said, "I do not know or what you are but I am Magna Avis, King of the Birds. I came down here to see if such creatures as you did really live, and now that I have seen I would like to return to my friends. I will not trouble you. I came with no evil intent—I beg you not to hurt me."

But of course they could not understand him and were preparing to shut him up in a splendid temple, where he would probably have died in a short time.

Suddenly there came a whirl of wings, and the condor swooped down with such force upon the man who held the eagle that he let him go at once, and immediately he soared far above their reach and returned with the condor to their craggy home.

"Now," said Magna, "you have saved my life, and hereafter you shall be the king, for we will still hold our own dominion in spite of those who live before us."

But the generous condor answered: "No, no; I will have it so. You shall be the king now and always. Only that I think I have proved," he said, "with a sly wink, 'that I am the stronger,' and if it pleases you and the rest of the birds we will settle that way. You are the stronger, but I am King."

And that is how it happened that in the world of birds the eagle ranks above the condor, although the condor is so much larger.

### The Car of Juggernath.

The Temple of Juggernath at Poores Orissa, says the Rev. W. Miller in the *Missionary Herald*, with its surroundings, was completed as it now stands in 1193 A. D. Its erection occupied fourteen years, and cost a sum equal to half a million sterling.

It stands in an enclosure, nearly in the form of a square, marked off by a massive stone wall, 20 feet high by 652 feet long and 630 broad. Within the enclosure are found some one hundred and twenty smaller temples dedicated to the principal objects of modern Hindu worship, so that each pilgrim, of whatever sect, finds his own favorite god or goddess represented. The high central tower rising above the others, "like an elaborately carved sugar loaf," one hundred and ninety-two feet high and surmounted by the mystic wheel of Vishnu, is the shrine of Juggernath, where he sits in jeweled state, with his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. The images are rude logs, clumsily fashioned into the form of the human bust, from the waist up. On the occasion of the car and bathing festivals the golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of the idols.

The next tower is the Hall of Audience, in which the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the images. The next structure is the Pillared Hall, appropriated to the musicians and dancing girls. Adjoining the above is the Hall of Offerings, where fruits, flowers, and various articles of food are deposited, preparatory to being offered to the idols and appropriated by two priests. The outer structure is the eastern and principal entrance to the enclosure, called Singa-wara, or Lion's Gate. In front of this is a beautiful monolithic pillar which stood for centuries before the temple of the Sun at Kanarak, twenty miles of north Puri. The structure, with a double roof resting on pillars, north of the Lion's Gate, is the Srian Mandug, or Place of Bathing, where the idols

before being repainted or decorated for the car festival. It is only at the bathing and car festivals that Juggernath appears in public. The Brahmins say that the reason for this is that people of the low castes, who are prohibited from entering the temple, may have a sight of Juggernath and be saved.

The open space in front of the Temple is a great place of concourse for the pilgrims. It has stalls and shops on each side and down the center for some distance. It is the commencement of the broad, sandy road, a mile in length, along which the cars are dragged to the Goomcha Temple, or Garden House, its terminus.

The day before the festival the cars, which are forty-five feet high and thirty-five feet square, supported on sixteen wheels, seven feet in diameter, are arranged in front of the Lion's Gate. The idols are brought out of the temple in a most ignominious way. Even Juggernath is pushed and rocked along to the car, a rope being fastened around his neck. What with pushing from below and hauling from above he is hoisted up and fastened to his seat on the car.

Seven Years Without a Birthday.

A Scottish clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap-year. But leap-year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who in fact was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now seen to return; and indeed there are some readers of this page who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly two years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap-year and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight days. (Rev. George McArthur, in April St. Nicholas.)

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, when the moon is at the full, and when there is no more.

There are two methods by which God might prevent human suffering. He might every moment change the laws of nature of things to avoid the consequences of man's sufferings, or He might send an all-wise angel to each human being to take that person by the hand and lead him through life, as you lead your little child through a machine shop or over a narrow bridge. In either case, human progress would be forever impossible. (Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe.)

### WHEN THE BIG SHAFT BREAKS.

A Story of a Mishap at Sea That Sometimes Calls for Heroic Work.

"Stand by your boats!" This command was shouted from the bridge of the steamship *Kansas* of the Warren line on Nov. 4, 1891, by Capt. Alexander Denton. A report like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordnance had just been heard in the after part of the ship, and the great iron hull had been shaken from stem to stern. Immediately the screw had ceased to revolve, and the *Kansas* was as helpless in the arms of the ocean as a babe in the lap of its mother.

Capt. Denton, with the true instincts of a veteran seaman, commanded the crew to stand by the small boats ready to face any emergency that might arise. The men responded with alacrity and in less time than it takes to tell it, everything was in readiness for a hasty departure from the ship if necessity demanded it. While those precautions were being taken the chief engineer emerged from below, and, going to where the Captain stood, informed him that the shaft had broken short off about twenty-five feet inboard. It can readily be understood what an accident of this nature means as the sail area of a modern steamship is hardly sufficient to give her steering headway even in a gale. It is on such occasions that the ingenuity and tact of the master of the ship is called in active play, and the Captain who can bring his ship into port

UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, and thereby save to his company the enormous sum that a tow would involve, is just the man for his position. That all this was successfully accomplished by Capt. Denton will be shown by what follows:

The steamship *Kansas* sailed from Liverpool on the 28th of October with a general cargo of English merchandise. She was in splendid condition, having recently come off the dry dock in thorough repair. It was her ninety-third trip across the Atlantic, and while not starting out to break her record, the Captain believed he would have a most successful passage. Everything proceeded smoothly until the afternoon of Nov. 4, when the accident occurred, and the ship took even chances of going to the bottom of the ocean.

There was a heavy sea on at the time, and the wind howled through the rigging with a force that threatened to wrench it from its fastenings. The log showed that the ship was just 811 miles off Eastport when she received the shock that came very near ending her career. When it was learned that the shaft had parted, an examination showed that the trouble was in the stern tube, which is probably the most dangerous part on the whole length of the great shaft, as at this particular spot the packing is used to prevent the water rushing into the tunnel.

Here was an emergency that Capt. Denton was quick to appreciate. It was shown that the ship was making over 200 tons of water per hour, and that the safety of the vessel and perhaps the lives of those on board depended on checking this flow. It was a perilous undertaking to go into the tunnel, as the water rushed in with the force of a Niagara.

"Who will volunteer to follow me?" said the Captain to his men.

All of the officers stepped forward and one brave seaman. While the Captain could have ordered any member of his crew into the tunnel, yet he felt he would not call upon them to go where he was not willing to lead the way.

Down into the black depths of the ship descended the men until the tunnel was reached. A hasty survey showed that it was half filled with water. Grasping their way along in a murky darkness the stern box was finally reached. Here the water was nearly as cold as the depths of the Arctic, and of icy coldness the danger of the undertaking was enhanced by the fact that any accident to the pumping engines and the tunnel would have become filled with water, rendering escape impossible. But the machinery worked all right for the time, and kept the flow partly under control, while the repairs were going on. The officers had taken with them ropes, blankets, and any other material that could be used to advantage in diminishing

### THE RUSH OF THE WATERS.

An attempt was made to chain or chuck up the broken end of the shaft, but in this only partial success was attained. The men remained at their labors for over four hours, and when they emerged it was with difficulty that their limbs were made to relax their rigidity.

The next morning it was observed that the water was gaining in the tunnel, and again the Captain called for volunteers to repeat the hazardous experience of the day before, and again the officers came forward. There was a renewal of the first experiments, and after being in the water for over three hours the men again came out. They were utterly exhausted, but under the careful treatment of the ship's doctor they ultimately regained their lost energy.

The four great galley engines, and powerful pumps of the very latest pattern and by their continual use the water was kept under partial control. The wind at this time began to subside, a most fortunate circumstance, but the sea continued to run very high. One precaution was the opening of the tunnel so as to allow the water to pour into the engine room and stoke holds, and thus in a measure relieve the tunnel.

After this the Captain turned his attention to doing what he could to make port. First of all the sails were set, then the canvas on the small boats was hoisted, the covers were also put up to the breeze,

EVERY SPARE SAIL was brought up and rigged so as to catch the puffs of wind; the cargo booms and derricks were also utilized, and thus decorated, the *Kansas* presented one of the most novel marine pictures which ever decorated the Atlantic.

Under the influence of the moderate breeze the steamer took up a sort of drifting course, or, as the sailors call it, she had a leeway of six points, and crept the water at the rate of 2½ knots per hour. Practically she was dead to leeward. The prospects of reaching shore were not very assuring, but all that human ingenuity could devise had been done.

On and on she drifted until it was believed she would ultimately reach the French coast. In the mean time the pumps began to cause trouble, as under constant use they became choked and worn, which necessitated stopping them from time to time to make repairs. During these times the water frequently rose to a height of seven feet in the ship. The ship rolled heavily, and a great part of the cargo became broken and the contents of barrels and boxes were a confused mass in the hold.

On the sixth day after the accident the British steamer *Vondram* sighted the *Kansas* and sent a boat off to see what assistance she could render. It was decided that the *Vondram* should tow the crippled ship into Liverpool, and arrangements to that end were immediately carried out. The *Kansas* was practically helpless, and the great strain

that came upon the hawzers was more than they could stand. After the two ships had kept company about forty-five miles the ropes parted, and all subsequent attempts to renew the attachment of the two vessels failed, and the *Vondram* finally

### STREAMED AWAY OUT OF SIGHT.

On the following day the steamer *Iran* bore down upon the *Kansas* and attempted to do what the *Vondram* had failed in. But the task was too great, and she, too, was compelled to abandon it. The thought of leaving his ship never entered the mind of Capt. Denton or his officers. They had resolved to stand by her, sink or swim.

The vessel continued on her drifting course for ten days, and was nearing the Bay of Biscay when the wind suddenly shifted to southwest, which changed the course east-north-east. About this time the disabled screw began to thump, and crash into the stern of the ship, and there was imminent danger that it would tear out the whole stern. But alarm from this source suddenly ceased, as one of the blades became wedged fast into the race of the vessel, as was shown when the repairs were being made in dry dock.

The *Kansas* held to her new course for an additional ten days, and gradually drew toward the coast of Ireland. On the morning of the 20th day after the accident Capt. Denton located his ship about sixty miles off Queenstown, and concluded to communicate with the land if he could find a crew of volunteers who would undertake the task in a life-boat. The men were readily secured, and, under charge of the second officer, they put off for the shore. They had their orders to land, however, and, like good soldiers, they carried them out.

Before assistance arrived the ship had drifted within nine miles of Old Head Kinalea, and ultimately brought up four miles below the coast, where the waves tossed her about as if she were a birch canoe. Finally three powerful tugs put out to the assistance of the disabled ship, and she was towed into port.

### A Strange Optical Illusion.

Well may Superior breed mysticism in the minds of savages, for it is given to startling tricks. The mirages that are seen upon it let me tell you a peculiar and distinct fact of the lake only as "reflections." I have heard many sailors describe the wonderful ones they have witnessed: I would give another journey out there to see one. Men have told me that they have seen Duluth when they were 185 miles away from it—down and in the sky, but distinctly below the water. One sailor said that, one broad noonday he suddenly saw a beautiful island, replete with an apple-tree and a five-fence fence, shining green and cool before him, apparently close at hand. The effect the clear air produces by apparently magnifying objects seen upon the lake is most astonishing. To illustrate what I mean, let me tell you what happened last time I saw the lake. I was on a tug-boat, and upon coming out of the cabin I saw ahead of me a tremendous white passenger steamer. The boats were approaching one another at right angles, and this new-comer loomed up like a leviathan among vessels, bigger than one of our new naval cruisers, and the water as a house would look.

I called attention to it, and a companion, familiar with the lake, replied, "I wonder what boat it is; she's a whopping big one, isn't she?"

Something distracted my attention, and five minutes afterward, when I looked at the approaching vessel again, she had passed the mysterious point at which she was most exaggerated in apparent size, and had become an ordinary large lake steamer. But that was not the end of the trick. She began to dwindle and shrink, growing smaller and smaller in size, until the phenomenon became ridiculous. In time the elastic boat had become a very small passenger propeller, and I found myself wondering whether she would be discernible at all by the time we were abreast of Leam. But that the optical frolic ceased. A small screw steamer of the third class was what she proved to be. (Harper's Magazine.)

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavily-laden and unmanageable, compared to their assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archbishop. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unflinching courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to hand. They used iron chains, and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. There no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only survivors left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. He had in his mind, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seaman, to the Portuguese capital.—From "The Mystery of Columbus by" Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine for April.

### The Fisheries of Lake Superior.

At Port Arthur alone the figures of the fishing industry for the market are astonishing. In 1888 the fishermen there caught 500,000 pounds of white-fish, 360,000 pounds of lake trout, 48,000 pounds of sturgeon, 90,000 pounds of pickerel, 30,000 pounds of other fish, or more than a million pounds in all. They did this with an investment of \$3800 in boats and \$10,000 in gill and pound nets. This yield nearly all went to a Chicago packing company, and it is in the main Chicago and Cleveland capital that is controlling the lake's fisheries. The white-fish is, in the opinion of most gourmets, the most delicious fish known to Americans. The lake trout are mere food. I am told that they are rather related to the char than to the salmon. They average five to ten pounds in weight, and yet grow to weigh 120 pounds; but whatever their weight be, it is a mere pressure of hard dry flesh, calculated only to appease hunger.

The Duke of Richmond and other peers of Scotland are directly interested in the liquor traffic, either as distillers or owners of public houses. Among the principal offenders are the Dukes of Hamilton, Athole, Sutherland, and Fife; the Marquises of Bute, Ailsa, Breadalbane; the Earls of Rosebery, Aberdeen, Moray, Zetland, Haddington, Home, Elgin, Wemyss, Stair, and Galloway. Sir John Gladstone, the nephew of the "Grand Old Man," is one of the most extensive whisky distillers in North Britain.

Among the most notable achievements of Emperor William since his accession to the throne, is his success in reconciling the existing order of things the rulers deprived of their sovereignties, and of their dominions by Prussia, at the close of the war of 1866. It was in vain that Prince Bismarck extended to them the olive-branch while he was at the head of affairs. They refused to enter into any friendly communication with the Court of Berlin. Since, however, the young Emperor took the negotiations in hand they have entirely modified the original attitude, and at length proclaimed their adherence to the German Empire as now constituted. The most important of them all, and the one who was the last to accept William's offers of friendship, was the Duke of Cumberland, ex-Crown Prince of Hanover, and sovereign ducal of the ancient Duchy of Brunswick.

The Limb Reached.

Johnny—"Where you goin'?" Tommy—"Home. Don't you hear maw callin' me?"

"That's nothin'." She called two or three times before.

"Yes; but she's out at the peach tree now, outin' of a ultimatum."

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### A FIGHT WITH SEA ROBBERS.

A New Version of an Old Story About Columbus.

It is one of those tales that illustrate the manners of this cruel age. The pirates had long been the scourge of the honest Venetian traders. Sometimes they would disguise themselves as merchant-men trading peacefully to land for wine, and then throwing off their disguise, would prey upon all around them. No mercy was shown in these fearful contests. Between the sea-robbers and the merchants there was a lasting and deadly hostility. It was to the pirate class that the Columbi belonged, and of all the corsairs of the day they were the most renowned. The elder Columbus had apparently lain in wait in vain for the rich fleet that sailed yearly to the north. But he had a son, known as Columbus Junior, who followed the same profession, and whose true name was Nicolo Griego, or Nicholas the Greek. He at last succeeded in the project which his father had so long essayed in vain. The prize was a tempting one to the bold buccaners. The Flanders galleys with their freight were valued at two hundred thousand ducats—perhaps two million of dollars—and would have proved an immense fortune to the captors could they have retained the spoil.

In 1485 the galleys were equipped with unusual care. We have the decree of the Senate under which they set sail. The Doge Giovanni Mocenigo appoints the noble Bartolomeo captain, with a salary of six hundred ducats. Four great galleys are provided, and to each captain a bounty of 3500 golden ducats is promised upon their safe return to Venice. This money was to be paid out of the tax on the Jews, and it is plain that the merchants of Venice were the true Shylocks of the time. A medical man was assigned to the fleet; his salary was only nine ducats a month. Minute rules are given for the conduct of the expedition. The freight is to be paid to the state. No deck-loads of tin or pewter were allowed, no currants nor molasses are to be taken on board. Two galleys were to go to London or the English ports, the rest to Sluys or Bruges. On their passage they might touch at Malaga and other ports in Spain; on their return a ship was detached to trade with the Mohammedans along the Barbary shore. The Venetians were too keen traders not to find profitable markets even in the lands of the infidel.

The Columbi or the Griegos were at last to seize their prize. They watched with seven ships—powerful, no doubt, and well equipped—off the Spanish coast to intercept the fleet of Bartolomeo Minio. The commander of the pirates was Nicolo Griego, the son, we are told, of the elder Columbus. His father had disappeared from sight. He had been in the pirate ships was another Columbus, the future discoverer and admiral of the Indies. In his "Life" Fernando Columbus boasts of his father's share in this famous engagement—famous because it led to the settlement of Columbus at Lisbon, his marriage, and his future exploits. He was now a man of at least fifty, hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure. He had been held in the pirate fleet, whether as commander or seaman, he does not tell. We only know that he served under his relative, Columbus or Griego, and that he fought with desperate energy in the famous sea fight off Cape St. Vincent.

The corsairs or the Columbi approached their prey in the evening; they waited all night on the still Atlantic, and in the morning rushed upon the Venetians. It was seven, perhaps eight, ships against four. The galleys were heavily-laden and unmanageable, compared to their assailants. The Columbi had evidently resolved to make sure of their prey. They sailed under the French flag, and may have been fitted out in Genoa. It was the custom of the pirates, it seems to assume false colors. But dreadful was the contest and fierce the fight that raged all day, as Columbus had told his son, on the tranquil sea—the scene, nearly four centuries later, of the battle of St. Vincent—and his narrative is confirmed by the Venetian archbishop. The four great galleys under Bartolomeo Minio defended themselves with unflinching courage. From the first to the twentieth hour they beat off their savage assailants. The ships grappled with each other, and fought hand to hand. They used iron chains, and the pirates fastened their ships to the galleys by hooks and iron chains. There no doubt they boarded, and were at last successful. And then Fernando Colon relates the romantic incident that led, he thinks, to the discovery of a new world. The ship in which his father fought was lashed by chains and hooks to a great Venetian galley. The Venetians seem to have set Columbus's ship on fire. The flames consumed both vessels. The only survivors left to the survivors was to leap into the sea.

Columbus, an excellent swimmer, seized an oar that floated near him, and partly resting on it and partly swimming, sustained himself in the water. He knew that he was about six miles from the land, the coast of Portugal, and made his way toward it. He had in his mind, he was dashed upon the shore. He had much difficulty in reviving himself. But he was near Lisbon, and made his way, a shipwrecked, penniless seaman, to the Portuguese capital.—From "The Mystery of Columbus by" Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine for April.

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Fordwich.

A very pleasant affair took place in the hall at the residence of B. S. Cook, Esq., on Friday night, April 15th, when a large number of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Spence met together for the purpose of bidding them farewell as they are departing on Tuesday for the great north-west. The gathering included not only people of Fordwich but from Newbridge and beyond. When arrangements had been completed, Mr. Robt. Mahood was called to the chair, and Mrs. Richmond Fallis and Mr. Jas. Fallis were despatched to bring the guests of the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Spence. As they entered the Hall, Dr. Spence escorted by Mr. Fallis, and Mrs. Spence by Mr. Fallis the company rose to their feet and amid applause the guests were placed in the chairs arranged for them. A very valuable gold-headed cane, beautifully ornamented and bearing the inscription—"Presented to Dr. T. C. S., April, 15th, 1892," was given to the Dr., and Mrs. Spence was made the recipient of a very handsome silver fruit bowl. Rev. J. W. Pring read the address to the Dr. and Mrs. J. Donaghy that to Mrs. Spence, while Mr. J. Donaghy and Mrs. Pring handed the presents to the Dr. and his wife respectively. The Dr. replied for both in felicitous terms expressing his thanks for the people's kindness and inviting all present to visit them in their Prince Albert home. Nearly all the gentlemen present made short speeches showing their esteem for our guests and regret at parting. The Band of the Royal Temple of this village were present and added to the interest of the occasion by playing admirably some very fine selections. Below is a copy of each of the addresses.

Fordwich, April 15th 1892.

Dear Sir and Bro.—We, your many friends and Brethren of the different organizations of which you are an honored member, have learned with deep regret that you are about to sever your connection with us and go to the west to push your fortune there; and have met together to-night in order to express our high appreciation of the many excellent qualities both of head and heart by which your intercourse with us has been distinguished since your coming amongst us.

As a citizen you have always been interested in whatever was done for the public weal and have heartily joined in every enterprise the object of which was to advance the temporal and moral prosperity of the village in which you lived and carried on your chosen profession. As a member of a Christian Church, an Orangeman, Free Mason, and Canadian Forester, you have always shown yourself interested in whatever tended to the advancement of their principles and the promotion of that fellowship which makes our association together so pleasant. We shall miss your friendly counsel, your judgment, your material assistance and your jovial companionship.

As a physician we desire to place on record our unqualified testimony to the skill, patience and kindness with which you have always attended to your duties. When sickness invaded our homes and we required medical assistance, we felt in sending for you, that we were sending for one who was able to cope successfully with any ordinary disease, and who would do everything in his power to immediately relieve pain, save life and restore health; and that we had not only the attention of a physician but a Christian gentleman as well. The very large practice you have here gained will be a standing memorial to your ability and sterling worth.

We ask you to accept this Cane as a tangible and lasting evidence of our regard for you and trust you will prize it as a reminder of the associations of the past and the feelings of esteem and regret which mingle in our hearts on the eve of your departure from amongst us. We trust that in your distant home you will have abundant success in your chosen profession and be long spared to enjoy your liberal talents in the alleviation of human suffering and the continuation of human life; and that when your successful career on earth is ended you may be safely gathered into everlasting happiness above.

- On behalf of your many friends: PETER HEFINSTALL, J. W. PRING, B. D. WALLACE, JOHN DONAGHY, EDWARD WHITE, RICHARD BIRD, LOUIS BECKER, W. M. CARVER, THOM DOWNNEY, ROBERT MAHOOD, JAS. SANDERSON, RICHMOND FALLIS, JOHN HUMBERG, ROBERT HARDIN, W. M. MCKEE, JOHN COBBERT, JAS. FORSTER, JOHN CLEGG, EDWARD ARMSTRONG, A. S. STROME.

Fordwich April 15th '92

To Mrs. Dr. SPENCE. Dear Friend—Your many friends here, regretting your removal, desire to record on this the eve of your departure, our regard for you. We admire the noble qualities of female character you have exhibited among us. As the wife of a practical physician, your position has been by no means an ordinary one, and your quiet and unobtrusive way of attending to the onerous duties devolving upon you has been noticed and appreciated.

We have always been glad to see you in our homes. Your visits have been felt by us to be too rare, and your acquaintance too slow in making for the short while you have been among us. You have responded readily and cheerfully to aid in any enterprise when mutual effort was required whether for benefit or pleasure.

Our desire is that your future friends may be warm-hearted and true; your future home as cozy and comfortable as your heart can wish; and that you may enjoy long life in the confidence of a loving husband and happy family. As a token that this is our wish and that you may have something to remind you of your friends in Fordwich, we present you with this Fruit Bowl and wish you every comfort both now and hereafter. Signed by

- Mrs. JOHN DONAGHY, Mrs. J. W. PRING, Mrs. JOHN CLEGG, Mrs. P. HEFINSTALL, Mrs. B. S. COOK, Mrs. EDWARD WHITE, Mrs. L. BECKER, Mrs. A. S. STROME, Mrs. R. FALLIS, Mrs. R. HARDIN.

The Fordwich station was crowded on Tuesday afternoon last by parties who had gathered to bid adieu to their friends who were starting for various parts of the Northwest and Western States. Among those who went by that train were: Dr. and Mrs. Spence and their two children, Mr. Rothwell and his son Benj., and daughters Mina and Hannah, Jas. S. Spence, Wm. James, Sam'l Strome, wife and child, all of whom were bound for Prince Albert, N. W. T. Mrs. Campbell and family (eight in all) for Boisevan, Man.; Mr. David Fennel, for Dakota, and Mr. Holt, for Manitoba.

Mr. B. S. Cook received a telegram to the effect that his brother, Mr. P. Cook, had died suddenly at his home in Michigan, on April 8th. On account of the illness of Mrs. Cook he was unable

to attend the funeral which occurred on the 6th inst. Mrs. Cook is in Toronto undergoing treatment at the hands of specialists, and hopes to return in a couple of weeks, much improved, if not fully restored to health. Mr. Cook spent Sunday last in the city with her.

Mr. John Clegg is busy unpacking the stock of groceries which he has just received at his store on the old Sweetman corner.

Mr. Benj. Rothwell had his leg broken by a kick from Dr. Spence's horse the other day. Both bones were broken but he was properly cared for and was able to accompany the party to the Northwest on Tuesday, although he had to be carried on a stretcher.

On Monday evening last about twenty of the Brethren of Fordwich Lodge of Free Masons, accompanied by their ladies, made an impromptu call upon Bro. Dr. Spence, on the eve of his departure for the Northwest. After a short time spent in social converse Bro. Thos. Gibson was called to the chair and Bro. Wyness was asked to read the following address:

T. C. SPENCE, Esq., M. D.: Dear Sir and Bro.—We, the undersigned, on behalf of the officers and members of Fordwich Lodge, No. 331, A. F. & A. M., wish to give expression to, and place on record our regrets at your removal from amongst us to settle in a distant part of the Dominion. By your departure we lose a good citizen, a true Brother, a faithful and efficient officer, having discharged with fidelity your duties of Treasurer. When you settle in your new home we trust you will continue to exercise the grand principles and tenets of the Craft, maintain by word and deed that Virtue, Morality and Brotherly Love which are the enduring ornaments of our Brotherhood, daily consulting our great and only rule of faith, guided by the great lights of our Order.

We pray that the Great Architect of the Universe may keep, guide and protect you and those near and dear to you; and may the Grand Geometrician prosper you "as an ear of corn near a waterfall," encircling you with all temporal blessings; and may the Most High pour into your heart his Divine love and light, teaching the greatest of all lessons "how to live" that when you are summoned from this sublunary abode to the Grand Lodge "on High, the Grand Master of all may say "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We would ask you to accept of this ring to remind you of our fraternal intercourse, while the emblem thereon will bring to your mind the grand precepts of our Order, enabling you to discharge your masonic duties with fervency and zeal.

GEO. WILSON, Secretary. FRED DONAGHY, W. M. Fordwich, April 15th, 1892.

The Dr. was taken completely by surprise, yet expressed his gratification in well chosen words. The ring is a beautiful one, solid gold, with a single opaque upon which rests a Masonic emblem in gold. Lunch was served after which toasts, speeches, song and story followed each other in rapid succession until the time for parting came. Dr. Spence was an active member of the Fordwich lodge and the parting toast "Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again," meets with an earnest response from all.

The business of Toronto Type Foundry has now been made into a joint Stock company, and Mr. T. M. Harris, of Brantford is one of the directors. Mr. J. T. Johnson, is managing director.

There were "razors in the air" again in the southern part of London on Saturday evening, and, as a result, John Harris (colored) is in the hospital, and Jakey Butts (plain) is in jail. It is all the result of a "scrap" between the two men. Butte appears to have been the aggressor, but the other fellow was the first to pull a razor. Butts had one, too, and in the course of the slashing that followed Harris was badly cut, the white man for once proving the most expert in the use of the weapon.

BORN.

In Fordwich on Monday, April 15th 1892, the wife of Mr. John Fields of a daughter.

Tomato and Cabbage Plants for Sale.

Tomatos, 25c. per doz. Cabbage, 25c. per 100. JOHN BOWMAN, (At W. G. Strong's farm.) GORRIE.

Fordwich Planing Mill.

READY AGAIN! We have just received our spring Hats and Caps for Men, Youths and Children.

Logs Wanted.

THE Planing Mill will be ready for work in a few days and I want Good Logs of ANY LENGTH AND SIZE, HARD OR SOFT WOOD, DELIVERED AT OXLEY, for which I will pay the best prices.

Builders, Remember

THAT the Fordwich Planing Mill will be ready to furnish you with all kinds of House furnishings, and is prepared to give estimates and take contracts for all kinds of wood work.

L. C. DICKS.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

IN THE ESTATE of Robert John Gibson, late of the Township of Howick, in the County of Huron, Farmer, deceased. Pursuant to R. S. O. Cap. 110, public notice is hereby given to all Creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Robert John Gibson, deceased, to send, on or before the 20th day of APRIL, A. D. 1892 to A. G. Campbell, at Harrison, O., Solicitor for Jemima Gibson, the Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased, full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, duly verified, and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them. And that after said date the said Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been received as above required; and that she will not be liable for the assets of said estate or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Harrison, this 15th day of March, A. D. 1892.

A. G. CAMPBELL, Solicitor for the said Administratrix.

Don't! Don't!

Wear that old Hat again this spring when you can get a nobby new one at the low price of 50 cents.

Or a nice hard one for \$1.00.

We have just received our spring Hats and Caps for Men, Youths and Children.

SUGARS!

You all know that sugars are advancing, still you can get as much sugar for a dollar as ever.

Please mention this Paper.

W. Lee & Co. Wroxeter.

Get Your Spring Printing

At the Gazette

Office.

GO TO W. M. CLEGG'S 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. N. CLEGG.

-IF YOU WANT CHEAP-

Groceries, Canned Goods, Biscuits, CONFECTIONS, And Toys,

Call in at A. B. ALLISON'S,

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Was a Grand Success. We commenced with a fine selection of goods which sold splendidly and we have just received a fine lot of Choice Goods of the very latest Syles.

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STRAW HATS made over into any other shape.

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HAVING bought out Dr. Spence's hardware business, and made large additions to the Stock, we are now prepared to furnish GENERAL HARDWARE,

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Have trougning done to Order.

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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.

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OVER 3,000 Rolls

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Cheap, Dear, Light, Dark, Canadian, American, Micas, Glits, 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.

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