

The East Huron Gazette:

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 9th, 1892.

No. 28.

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

JAMES ARMSTRONG,
Veterinary Surgeon

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

JAS. McLAUGHLIN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.
Office at my Residence, GORRIE.

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

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

ENNELL'S
OTOGRAPHS
OR
ORTUNATE
OLKS.

S. T. FENNEL,
Torsorial Artist
Capillary Abridger.
Hirstute Vegetator.
15th No. Thrashing Machines, Lawn-Mowers or Meat-Axes used!

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

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m. at Gorrie, 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. at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, 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.

METHODIST.—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. J. W. Pring, pastor.

R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.
HONORARY 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 PM, HOWICK.** He is three years old, and weighs 235 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLIAMS.

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 \$2.1 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.
The quantity is limited so come early.
J. R. WILLIAMS,
Gorrie.

WALKERTON WOOLEN MILLS
In Gorrie,
And will pay Toronto Market Prices in exchange for Tweed, Flannels, Blankets, Yarns, etc.

McKelvie & Rife,
LAWLESS BUILDING,
Main Street, GORRIE.
B. S. COOK,
Real Estate & Loan AGENT.
FORDWICH, ONT.
Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest rate of Interest.
GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.
Special Attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
B. S. COOK,
North of the Post Office,
FORDWICH

The Lion Store
WOOL.
We are in the market again to buy wool for **CASA OF TRADE.**
We have a large stock of Factory Goods of all kinds, from the PAISLEY WOOLEN MILLS. Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, etc.
Besides the above goods our stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Crochery, Glass-ware, etc., is complete and well assorted, and will be sold out at as close prices as can be done. Our Scotch Fringes, guaranteed perfectly fast colors, are going.
Bring along your Wool—or Produce of any kind, and give us a trial.
No trouble to show goods.

Lion Store,
JOHN SANDERSON.
Don't be in a Hurry
to sell Your
Wool
TILL YOU
See the Wagon!

J. W. WATERHOUSE,
Who is handling the PALMERSTON WOOLEN FACTORY'S line of Woollen Goods, and will call at your door shortly, with the very best goods in the market.
Highest Price Paid in Cash or Trade.
RESIDENCE:—Next the Railway Track, east of Main St., GORRIE.

Local Affairs.
Mr. J. H. Tamm, tailor, and Mr. Geo. Gilpin spent Sunday last in Rlyth.
The stone-masons commence work on the foundation of the new Methodist Church to-day.
Mr. Syd. Croll, of Clinton, spent Sunday last with his sister, Mrs. J. W. Green, in this village.
Mrs. Robt. Stinson, of this village, is quite ill at present. Her mother Mrs. Burns, of the 17th con., is in attendance at her bedside.
The new Gorrie Brass Band were out on the street playing last Saturday evening and received much praise. They have already made two or three engagements for the near future.
Mr. Alex. Ross, the well known harness maker, of Midway, has accepted a position in Mr. Perkins' harness shop in this village, commencing work last Monday. Mr. Perkins is now much improved in health and the business will be kept under full swing.
Dr. Malcolm Armstrong, who has just passed a successful examination before the Medical Council, in Toronto, is at present the guest of his brother Dr. J. Armstrong, in this village. Through an error we recently gave his name as "William" in reporting his having passed his recent examination. Dr. A. has many friends here to congratulate him upon receiving his diploma as an M. D.
"Green goods" circulars have been received by several parties here within the past week. They contain the usual newspaper clipping showing how easy it is to pass counterfeit money. And they will play the usual "skin" game on any one who is foolish enough to have anything to do with them. The chances are the victim will never get the counterfeit money after he pays for it; and if he does, he assumes still greater chances of meditating over his folly in the penitentiary.
See the Men's Tweed Pants at McLaughlin & Co's @ \$1.25—When you see them you will wonder who paid for the making.

Miss O'Connor, of this village, was visiting friends in Stratford last week.
"Mr. Harry Day, of Gorrie, was in this village last week."—Teewater News.

McLaughlin & Co. will have a change of their advertisement in next weeks issue.

Rev. Messrs. Torrance and Willoughby returned home from Conference yesterday.

Mrs. J. W. Green, of this village, was visiting relatives in Wingham the early part of this week.

Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Wingham, will officiate at the Episcopal services here on Sunday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sutherland, of the Gorrie tin store, spent Sunday last with relatives in Wingham.

Mr. S. Howard, of Orange Hill, attended the Guelph Conference of the Methodist Church, last week, as lay delegate.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Amos Doan had a large swarm of bees come out, the first we have heard of in this part of the country this year.

Messrs. Jas. Perkins and W. J. Perkins attended the meeting of the County Orange Lodge in Wingham yesterday, as representatives from the Gorrie Lodge.

The Mount Forest Representative has lately been enlarged to an eight page seven column journal. It is one of the cleanest printed and newest on our exchange list.

There was no school in the Junior Department of the village school last Thursday, Miss Cars being at Seaford attending the convention along with a number of teachers from this section.

We are informed that the council intend to take some action with regard to putting the Gorrie side-line in better repair. The sooner they commence and the more complete the work, the better.

Mr. T. H. McLaughlin has been appointed by the Saugeen Presbytery to attend the General Assembly which commenced its session in Montreal on the 8th inst. He left town on Tuesday and will be absent two or three weeks.

The Gorrie Orange Lodge has accepted an invitation to take part in the imposing ceremonies in connection with laying the cornerstone of the Gorrie Methodist Church on July 1st, and the Free Masons have also, we understand, been invited.

The town of Walkerton intends holding a monster demonstration in that town, on the 15th and 16th of June. They are giving \$1,200 in cash prizes which will be divided as follows: Horse racing, \$600; firemen's races, \$400; band competition, \$150. The balance will be given in lacrosse, baseball and other athletic sports.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, of Palmerston, has moved his family and effects to Gorrie, intending to remain here. He is buying wool, and has a team on the road for this purpose every day. Later on he intends to open a store in town and will set up a loom, and probably a carding machine, in time for next season's trade. See his adv.

An effort is being put forth to have the Patrons of Industry hold their demonstration in Gorrie on Dominion Day and take part in laying the cornerstone of the new Methodist Church. If the arrangement could be completed it would, we believe, be a mutual gratification, as there are many Patrons who are anxious to be in Gorrie on that day.

A public meeting of the Patrons of Industry will be held in the school house of S. S. No. 18, Howick, two miles south of Gorrie, on the evening of Wednesday June 16th, for the purpose of organizing an association at that place. The meeting will be called at 7:30 p. m., and will be addressed by Mr. John Pritchard, county organizer, and others, who will bring the aims and objects of the association before the public. All interested are cordially invited.

Now that the wool season is fairly upon us, the following circular to the buyers, issued by the well-known commission firm of Long & Bisby, will be of interest to our readers: "The wool clip of '92 will come on the market with a large proportion of the clip of '91 still in the hands of dealers who are offering to sell selected combing at 18 to 19c., without buyers. In face of these facts you can easily calculate what you can afford to pay to the farmer for the present clip. Advise farmers not to use binding twine for tying up their fleeces. Do not buy

anything above the price of good combing, unless it be pure, well-washed South-down, which is worth 2c. more but, as the quantity of this wool grown in Canada is so very limited, and in most sections none at all, it is of very little importance. Reject all extreme coarse wools, as you will find you cannot sell such except at a discount. By the time the clip is fairly on the market, we hope to be able to inform you that we can pay for good, well-washed wools, with discounts on coarse, cotted, black, burry, seedy and unwashed. In the meantime, buy cautiously. In offering your wool for sale please mention quantity."

THE "UNIONS" ARE IN IT.
They Will Meet the Owen Sound B. C. in Walkerton.

Lovers of good base ball will be pleased to learn that the Union B. C. C. which has done much to build up the reputation of Gorrie and Wroxeter villages in the past, will be in the field this season with a strong team.

The boys have accepted an invitation to compete against the Owen Sound team, at the Walkerton demonstration on June 15th, for a purse of \$10. They will go into this match with none too much practise together, but the team is a strong one, as will be seen below, and with the work they will put in together before the 15th, they stand a good show of capturing their fourth straight victory from their old opponents, the Owen Sound team. Their first game with Owen Sound was played at Orangeville and won by a score of 11 to 9. On that occasion the Union's battery was Wes. Paulin and Sanderson while their opponents had Ringley and Paulin. In the next match (1899 at Wroxeter) the Unions again won, the score being 20 to 4. Again in '91 the Owen Sounders were defeated by a score of 9 to 4. In these two last games McLaughlin and Sanderson were the Union's battery and McHardy and Brock performed a similar service for the O. S. team. While the Unions have lost a few of the old players they will this year be strengthened by McHardy, and Jas. Paulin who have hitherto been on the O. S. team, and the other places are well filled, and the teams for the Walkerton match will be composed about as follows:

Unions.	Position.	Owen Sound.
McLaughlin	Catcher	Brook
McLaughlin	Pitcher	Hamilton
McHardy		McHardy
A. Paulin	First base	Saunders
W. Paulin	Second base	Hastwood
Jas. Paulin	Third base	G. McLaughlin
G. Nash	Left Field	Irvine
Grant	Center	Grant
A. Kaake	Right	Sharp
Ball		Douglas

Hamilton is a very tricky twirler and has the curves down fine; Sands is a perfect whirlwind, and both are ably supported. This year's Owen Sound team is reported to be the best they ever had and they appear determined to take a terrible revenge on the Unions. They are managed by Mr. Jas. McLaughlin, of the biscuit and confectionery works of that town. The Unions will likely be accompanied to Walkerton by a large number of their admirers.

The following is the report of the S. S. No. 4, for the month of May, based on regular attendance, punctuality, good conduct, perfect recitation, and the result of a recent written examination.
Fifth Class—(Marks obtainable 800.)
Ollie Miller, 608.
Senior Fourth—(obt. 900.) John Bennett, 895; Geo. Dane, 576.
Junior Fourth—(obt. 700.) Rachel Dane, 680; Prudence Sanderson, 678; Aggie Burns, 542; John Sanderson, 496; Isaac Galbraith, 426; Chester Laird, 886; Fred Willits, 852; Mary Jackson, 806.
Senior Third—(obt. 800.) Joseph Bennett, 686; Sam Crookshank, 545; Cecil Day, 516; Maggie Willits, 514; Ettie Graham, 500; Emily Potter, 470; John Taylor, 466; Annie Strong, 433; Bessie Potter, 427; John Steurnol, 865; Mary Day, 950.
Junior Third—Harry Gough, 691; Geo. Cruickshank, 590; Nora Taylor, 506; Minnie Stewart, 455; John Stewart, 449; Geo. Willits, 418.
Second Class—(obt. 600) Ellie Sanderson, 474; Nellie Day, 472; Jas. Dane, 465; Wm. Casemore, 444; Maggie Gallagher, 430; Frank Galbraith, 435; Ruth Galbraith, 418; Minerva Laird, 415; Lorne Laird, 385; Mabel Jackson, 386; Mary Casemore, 385; Hannah Baker, 384; Nelson Steurnol, 370; Geo. Baker, 325; Maggie Willits, 320.
Second Part—(obt. 400) Jemima Woolner, 329; Eddie Bennett, 315; Geo. Galbraith, 315; Mary Willits, 285; Sam Gough, 265.
First Class—Mabel Hueston, 395; Jos. Sanderson, 390; Maggie Buttery, 380; Grace Miller, 375; Alex. Casemore, 375; Ettie McGill, 370; Elsie Steurnol, 365; Jennie Wade, 360; Thos. Taylor, 360; Jennie Wade, 360; Martha Jackson, 355; Caroline Casemore, 355; Betrice Potter, 355; David Dane, 355; Florence Steurnol, 350; Albert Cruickshank, 340; Minerva Taylor, 330; Sarah Willits, 320; Irwin Gough, 315; Geo. Bennett, 305; Bessie Strong, 305; John Galbraith, 350.
J. M. KAINE,
Teacher.

Parents and guardians should keep these reports for future reference, for by comparing them they can ascertain the progress made by their children.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Teacher.

Guelph Conference.
The session of the Methodist conference closed at Guelph yesterday. There have been quite a few changes made in this neighborhood, among them being the removal of Rev. Mr. Torrance to Goderich, the Gorrie circuit being placed under the charge of Rev. Josias Green. We give below a list of some of the circuits in this section in which many of our readers will be interested, and a partial list of the appointment of pastors who are well known here:

Gorrie—Rev. Josias Green.
Fordwich—Rev. S. C. Edmunds.
Wroxeter—Rev. E. A. Shaw.
Bluevale—Rev. J. W. Pring.
Harrison—Rev. W. Casson.
Wingham—Rev. S. Sclery, B. A.
Midway—Rev. W. B. Danard.
Teewater—Rev. J. A. McLachlan.
Atwood—Rev. J. S. Fisher.
Clithero—Rev. Austin Potter.
Ethel—Rev. H. A. Newcombe.
Brussels—Rev. G. S. Salmon.
Palmerston—Rev. F. E. Nugent.
Listowel—Rev. J. A. Livingstone.
Wallace—Rev. Thos. Amy.
Rev. Gerald T. A. Willoughby, who has been assisting on the Gorrie circuit for some time past, has been given the pastorage of Aberfoyle.

Rev. Mr. Torrance has been appointed to the Victoria Street Church, Goderich.
Rev. W. Ayers remains at Holmesville.
Rev. David Rogers has been stationed at Daungman.
Rev. W. Otwell continues at Walton.
Rev. J. Charlton is at Port Elgin.
Wiaraton returns Rev. S. A. Edwards (formerly of Wroxeter) another year.
Rev. E. S. Rupert is chairman, and Rev. J. Green, secretary, of the Listowel District.

Turnberry.
Mrs. Jno. Green, sr. and her daughter Miss Jessie left on Tuesday for Manitoba to join Mr. Green, who has been there for a short time. They intend making Neepawa their future home. Their many friends here are sorry to part with them.
Miss Jessie McLaren left here on Friday last on a trip to Covington, to visit her sister who has been there for some time for the benefit of her health.
Mrs. Peter McDougall, of Manitoba, is visiting her brother-in-law Mr. Hugh McDougall.
Miss Ellen McDougall is spending a week with friends in Wingham.
Miss Jessie McPherson who has been quite ill for some time, is slightly recovering.
Mr. Thomas Bolt is busily employed making preparations for his new brick residence.
Mr. and Mrs. David Gemmill, are visiting friends at Niagara.
It is a doubtful question as to whether a great many in this locality have the mumps or the mumps have the mumps.

DIED.
GALLOWAY.—On Monday, 6th inst., Joseph Galloway, 14th con., Howick, aged 53 years.
Second Line items crowded out,

Gorrie School Report.

The following is the report of the pupils in the Senior Department of the Gorrie Public School for the month of May, based on general proficiency. The marks obtainable in each subject is 100:

FIFTH CLASS.
(Marks obtainable, 544. Total school days, 31.)

Name	Arithmetic	Temp. res	History	Comput'n	Grammar	Spelling	Marks Present	Total
J. McLaughlin	47	94	60	60	60	60	47	36
A. Wright	47	94	60	60	60	60	47	36
M. King	47	94	60	60	60	60	47	36
A. Clegg	47	94	60	60	60	60	47	36
E. Perkins	47	94	60	60	60	60	47	36

SENIOR FOURTH CLASS.

Name	Arithmetic	Temp. res	History	Comput'n	Grammar	Spelling	Total	Abs. Indage	
A. Hatbeld	77	83	94	60	60	60	84	628	21
H. Ayleworth	78	84	94	60	60	60	85	630	21
Mabel Campbell	78	84	94	60	60	60	85	630	21
A. Osborne	64	68	71	67	60	60	68	477	18
F. McKe	64	68	71	67	60	60	68	477	18
E. Evans	64	68	71	67	60	60	68	477	18
W. Danes	64	68	71	67	60	60	68	477	18
E. Evans	64	68	71	67	60	60	68	477	18
F. McLaughlin	59	64	67	60	60	60	64	461	20

JUNIOR FOURTH CLASS.

Name	Arithmetic	Temp. res	History	Comput'n	Grammar	Spelling	Total	Abs. Indage
Lily McLaughlin	58	68	68	68	68	68	341	21
A. Crawford	58	68	68	68	68	68	341	21
C. McLaughlin	57	67	67	67	67	67	340	21
H. Evans	50	70	50	64	64	64	337	19
E. Blow	50	70	50	64	64	64	337	19
M. Sanderson	50	70	50	64	64	64	337	19
Wm. Osborne	33	41	96	11
H. Young	33	41	96	11

THIRD CLASS.

Name	Arithmetic	Temp. res	History	Comput'n	Grammar	Spelling	Total	Abs. Indage
Jno. T. Dane	77	79	94	71	71	71	321	17
Grace Pyke	88	64	45	62	62	62	327	17
Herbert Torrance	88	64	45	62	62	62	327	17
Mabel Campbell	69	61	61	61	61	61	345	21
Edna Bean	78	94	68	63	63	63	397	19
Florence Blow	78	94	68	63	63	63	397	19
Minnie Williams	78	94	68	63	63	63	397	19
Bert King	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
Auntie Dean	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
William Sharp	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
Ira Hume	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
Albert Bowyer	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
May James	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
James Humason	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
Burley Hainstock	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19
Listie Wittig	66	66	66	66	66	66	399	19

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This is OK.
The copy is for the
Donation
will you
for McLaughlin
John Campbell

THE LOST LEGION.

(THE STORY OF A RAID IN INDIA.)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

When the Indian mutiny broke out a little time before the siege of Delhi, a regiment of native irregular horse was stationed at Peshawar, on the frontier of India. That regiment caught what John Lawrence called at the time "the prevalent mania," and would have thrown in its lot with the mutineers had it been allowed to do so. The chance never came, for as the regiment swept off down south it was headed off by a remnant of an English corps into the hills of Afghanistan, and there the newly-conquered tribesmen turned against it as wolves turn against buck. It was hunted for the sake of its arms and accoutrements from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers, and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand—the officerless rebel regiment. The only trace left of its existence to-day is a nominal roll drawn up in neat round hand and countersigned by an officer who called himself "Adjutant, late—Irregular Cavalry." The paper is yellow with years and dirt, but on the back you can still read a brief note by John Lawrence to this effect: "See that the two native officers who remained loyal are not deprived of their estates. J. L." Of 650 sabres only two stood the strain, and John Lawrence, in the midst of all the agony of the first months of the mutiny, found time to think about their merits.

That was more than thirty-six years ago, and the tribesmen across the Afghan border who helped to annihilate the regiment are now old men. Sometimes a graybeard speaks of his share in the massacre. "They came," he will say, "across the border very bravely, calling upon us to rise and kill the English and go down to the sack of Delhi. But we, who had just been conquered by the same English, knew that they were overbold, and that the Government would account easily for those down-country dogs. This Hindustani regiment, therefore, we treated with fair words, and kept standing in one place till the redcoats came after them very hot and angry. Then this regiment ran forward a little more into our hills to avoid the wrath of the English, and we lay upon their flanks watching from the sides of the hills till we saw that their path was lost behind them. Then we came down, for we desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots—more especially their boots. That was a great killing—done slowly." Here the old man will rub his nose, and shake his long snaky locks, and lick his bearded lips, and grin till the yellow tooth stumps show: "Yes, we killed them because we needed their gear, and we knew that their lives had been forfeited to God on account of their sin—the sin of treachery to the salt which they had eaten. They rode up and down the valleys, stumbling and rocking in their saddles and howling for mercy. We drove them slowly like cattle till they were all assembled in one place, the saddle, the gun, the Government rifle, and the smooth barrel. Yes, beyond doubt we wiped that regiment from off the face of the earth, and even the memory of the deed is now dying. But men say—"

At this point the tale would stop abruptly and it was impossible to find out what men said across the border. The Afghans were always a secret race, and I vastly preferred doing something wicked to saying anything at all. They would be quiet and well-behaved for months, till one night, without word or warning, they would rush a police post, cut the throats of a constable or two, dash through a village, carry away three or four women, and withdraw in the red glare of burning thatch, driving the cattle and goats before them, to the open desolate hills. The Indian Government would become almost fearful on these occasions. First it would say, "Please be good and we'll forgive you." The tribes concerned in the latest depredations would collectively put its thumb to its nose and answer rudely. Then the Government would say: "Observe, if you really persist in your conduct you will be hurt." If the tribes knew exactly what was going on in India it would apologize or be rude, according as it learned whether the Government was busy with other things or able to devote its full attention to their performances. Some of the tribes knew to one corpse how far to go. Others became excited, lost their heads, and told the Government to come on. With sorrow and tears, and one eye on the British taxpayer at home, who insisted on regarding these exercises as brutal wars of annexation, the Government would prepare an expensive little field brigade and some guns, and send all up into the hills to chase the tribes into the hills, where there was nothing to eat. The tribes would turn out in full strength and enjoy the campaign, for they knew that their wounded would be touched, that their women would be nursed, not mutilated, and that as soon as each man's bag of corn was spent they could surrender and palaver with the English General as though they had been a real enemy. Afterward, years afterward, they would pay the blood money, dribbled by drillet to the Government, and tell their children how they had slain the redcoats by thousands. The only drawback to this kind of picnic war was the weakness of the redcoats for solemnly blowing up with powder their fortified towers and keeps. This the tribes always considered mean.

Chief among the leaders of the smaller tribes—the little clans, who knew to a penny the expense of moving white troops against them—was a priest-bandi-chief, whom we will call the Gulla Kutta Mullah. His enthusiasm for border murder as an art was almost dignified. He was cut down a mail runner from pure wantonness, or toward a mud fort, with rifle fire when he knew that our men would sleep. In his leisure moments he would go on circuit among his neighbors and try to incite other tribes to fevility. Also, he kept a kind of hotel for fellow outlaws in his own village, which lay in a valley called Bersund. Any respectable murderer on that section of the frontier was sure to lie up at Bersund, for it was reckoned an exceedingly safe place. The sole entry to it ran through a narrow gorge, which could be converted into a death trap

in five minutes. It was surrounded by high hills, reckoned inaccessible to all save born mountaineers, and here the Gulla Kutta Mullah lived in great state, the head of a colony of mud and stone huts, and in each hut but hung some portion of a red uniform and the plunder of dead men. The Government particularly wished for his capture, and once invited him formally to come out and be hanged on account of seventeen murders in which he had taken a direct part. He replied: "I am only twenty miles, as the crow flies, from your border. Come and fetch me."

"Some day we will come," said the Government, and had spoken no more. The Gulla Kutta Mullah let the matter drop from his mind. He knew that the patience of the Government was as long as a summer day; but he did not realize that its arm was as long as a winter night. Months afterward, when there was peace on the border and all India was quiet the Indian Government turned in its sleep and remembered the Gulla Kutta Mullah at Bersund, with his thirteen outlaws. The movement against him on one single regiment—which the telegrams would have translated as war—would have been highly impolitic. This was a time for silence and speed, and above all, absence of bloodshed.

You must know that all along the north-west frontier of India there is spread a force of some thirty thousand foot and horse, whose duty it is to quietly and unostentatiously to shepherd the tribes in front of them. They move up and down and down and up, from one desolate little post to another; they are ready to take the field at ten minutes' notice; they are always half in and half out of a difficulty somewhere along the monotonous line; their lives are as hard as their own muscles, and the papers never say anything about them. It was from this force that the Government picked its men. One night, at a station where the mounted night patrol fire, which they challenge, and the wheat rolls in great blue-green waves under our old northern moon, the officers were playing billiards in the mud-walled club house, when orders came to them that they were to go on parade at once for a night drill. They grumbled, went to turn out their men—a hundred English troops, let us say, two hundred Gorkhas, and about a hundred of the finest native cavalry in the world.

When they were on the parade ground it was explained to them in whispers that they must start off at once across the hills to Bersund. The English troops were to post themselves round the hills at the side of the valley; the Gorkhas would command the gorge and the death trap, and the cavalry would fetch a long march round and get to the back of the circle of hills, whence, if there was any difficulty, they could charge down on the Mullah's men. But orders were very strict that there should be no fighting and no noise. They were to return in the morning with every round of ammunition intact, and the Mullah and his thirteen outlaws bound among them. If they were successful no one would know or care anything about their work; but failure meant probably a small border war, in which the Gulla Kutta Mullah would pose as a popular leader against a big, bullying power, instead of a common border murderer.

Then there was silence, broken only by the clicking of the compass needles and snapping of watch cases, as the heads of columns compared bearings and made appointments for the rendezvous. Five minutes later the parade ground was empty; the green coats of the Gorkhas and the overcoats of the English troops had faded into the darkness, and the cavalry were cantering away in the face of a blinding drizzle.

What the Gorkhas and the English did will be seen later on. The heavy work lay with the horses, for they had to go far and tick their way clear of habitations. Many of the troopers were natives of that part of the world, ready and anxious to fight against their kin, and some of the officers had made private and unofficial excursions into those hills before. They crossed the border, found a dried river bed, cantered up that, walked through a stony gorge, then crossing a low hill under cover of the darkness, skirted another hill, leaving their foot marks deep in some ploughed ground, felt their way along another water-course, ran over the neck of a spur prying that no one would hear their horses grunting, and so worked on in the rain and the darkness till they had left Bersund and its crater of hills a little behind them and to the left, and it was time to swing round. The sergeant commanding the back of Bersund was steep, and they halted to draw breath in a valley below the height. That is to say, the men reined up, but the horses, blown by the rain, were refused to halt. There was unchristian language, the worse for being delivered in a whisper, and you heard the saddle squeaking in the darkness as the horses plunged.

The subaltern—at the rear of one troop turned in his saddle and said, very softly: "Carter, what the blessed heavens are you doing at the rear? Bring your men up, man."

There was no answer, till a trooper replied: "Carter Sahib is forward—not there. There is nothing behind us."

"There is," said the subaltern. The squadron's walking on its own tail."

Then the Major in command moved down to the rear, swearing softly, and asking for the blood of Lieut. Halley, the subaltern who had just spoken.

"Look after your rear guard," said the Major. "Some of your infernal thieves have got lost. They're at the head of the squadron, and you're several kinds of idiot."

"Shall I tell off my men, sir?" said the subaltern, sulkily, for he was feeling wet and cold.

"Tell 'em off," said the Major. "Whip 'em off, by gad! You're squandering them all over the place. There's a troop behind you now."

"So I was thinking," said the subaltern, calmly. "I have all my men here, sir. Better speak to Carter."

"Carter Sahib seeds salaam and wants to know why the regiment is stopping," said a trooper to Lieut. Halley.

"Where under heaven is Carter?" said the Major.

"Forward with his troop," was the answer.

"Are we walking in a ring, then, or are we the centre of a brigade?" said the Major.

By this time there was silence all along the column. The horses were still, but through the fine rain, men could hear the feet of many horses moving over stony ground.

"We're being stalked," said Lieut. Halley.

"They've no horses here. Besides they'd have fired before this," said the Major.

"It's—the villagers' ponies."

"Then our horses would have neighed and spoiled the attack. They must have been near us for half an hour," said the subaltern.

"Queer that we can't smell the horses," said the Major, dampening his finger and rubbing on his nose as he sniffed at the wind.

"Well, it's a bad start," said the subaltern, shaking the wet from his overcoat. "What shall we do, sir?"

"Get on," said the Major; "we shall catch it to-night."

The column moved forward very gingerly for a few paces. Then there was a crash, a shower of blue sparks, as shot horses crashed on small stones, and a man rolled over with a jangle of accoutrements that would have waked the dead.

"Now we've gone and done it," said Lieut. Halley. "All the hillside awake, and all the hillside to climb in the face of a musketry fire. This comes of trying to do night-work work."

The trembling trooper picked himself up and tried to explain that his horse had fallen over one of the little cairns that are built of loose-stones on the spot where a man had been murdered. There was no need to explain. The Major's big Australian charger blundered, and the column came to a halt in what seemed to be a very graveyard of little cairns, all about two feet high. The manoeuvres of the squadron are not reported. Men said that it felt like mounted quadrilles without training and without the music; but at last the horses, breaking rank and choosing their own way, walked clear of the cairns, till every man of the squadron reformed and drew rein a few yards up the slope of the hill. Then, according to Lieut. Halley, there was another scene very like the one which has been described. The Major and Carter insisted that all the men had not joined rank, and that there were more of them in the rear clicking and blundering among the dead men's cairns. Lieut. Halley told off his own troopers again and resigned himself to wait. Later on he told me:

"I didn't much know and I didn't much care what was going on. The row of the troop falling ought to have scared half the country, and I would take my oath that we were being stalked by a full regiment and they were making row enough to rouse all Afghanistan. I sat tight, but nothing happened."

The mysterious part of the night's work was the silence on the hillside. Everybody knew that the Gulla Kutta Mullah had his outpost huts on the reverse side of the hill, and everybody expected by the time that the major had sworn himself into a state of alarm that the watchmen there would open fire. When nothing occurred, they said that the gusts of the rain had deadened the sound of the horses and thanked Providence. At last the major satisfied himself that he had left no one behind among the cairns, and that he was not being taken in the rear by a powerful body of cavalry. The men's tempers were thoroughly spoiled, the horses were listless and unquiet, and one and all prayed for the daylight to come.

They set themselves to climb up the hill, each man leading his mount carefully. Before they had covered the lower slopes or the breast plates had begun to tighten a thunder-storm came up behind, rolling across the low hills and drowning any noise that was made by a cannon. The first flash of lightning showed the bare ribs of the ascent, the hill crest standing steeplly blue against the black sky, the little fallings lines of the rain, and a few yards to their left flank, an Afghan watch tower, two-storied, built of stone, and entered by a ladder from the upper story. The ladder was up, and a white rifle was leaning from the window. The darkness and the thunder rolled down in an instant, and when the hill fell, a voice from the watch tower cried: "Who goes there?"

The cavalry were very quiet, but each man gripped his carbine and stood beside his horse. Again the voice called: "Who goes there?" and in a louder key: "O, brothers, give the alarm!" Now, every man in the cavalry would have died in his long boots sooner than have answered to the call; but it is a fact that the answer to the second call was a long wail of "Marf kar! Marf kar!" which means, "Have mercy! Have mercy!" It came from the climbing regiment.

The cavalry stood dumfounded, till the big troopers had time to whisper one to another: "Mir Khan, was that thy voice? Abdullah, didst thou call?" Lieut. Halley and his charger and waited. So long as no firing was going on he was content. Another flash of lightning showed the horses with heaving flanks and nodding heads. The men, white eyeballed, glaring beside them, and the stone watch tower to the left. This time there was no head at the window, and the rude iron-clamped shutter that could turn a rifle bullet was closed.

"Go on men," said the Major. "Get up to the top at any rate." The squadron toiled forward, the horses wagging their tails and the men pulling at the bridles, the stones rolling down the hillside and the sparks flying. Lieut. Halley declares that he never heard a squadron make so much noise in his life. They scrambled up, he said, as though each horse had eight legs and a spare horse to follow him; and then there was no sound from the watch tower, and the men stopped on the ridge that overlooked the pit of darkness in which the village of Bersund lay. Girths were loosed, carbines shifted, and saddles adjusted, and the men dropped down among the stones. We never night happen now they had the upper ground of any attack.

The thunder ceased and with it the rain, and the soft, thick darkness of a winter night before the dawn covered them all. Except for the sound of falling water among the ravines below, everything was still. They heard the shutter of the watch tower below them thrown back with a bang and the voice of the watcher calling: "Oh Hafiz Ullah!"

The echoes took up the call, "La-lal-lal!" And an answer came from a watch tower hidden around the curve of the hill: "What is it, Shabbaz Khan?"

Shabbaz Khan replied in the high pitched voice of the mountaineer: "Hasst thou seen?"

The answer came back: "Yes, God deliver us from all evil spirits!"

There was a pause, and then: "Hafiz Ullah, I am alone! Come to me!"

"Shabbaz Khan, I am alone also; but I don't leave my post!"

"That is a lie; thou art afraid." "I am afraid. Be silent! They are below us still. Pray to God and sleep!"

The troopers listened and wondered, for they could not understand what save earth and stone could lie below the watch towers. Shabbaz Khan began to call again: "They are below us. I can see them. For the love of God come over to me. Hafiz Ullah! My father slew ten of them. Come over!"

Hafiz Ullah answered in a very loud voice: "Mine was guileless. Hear, ye Men of the Night, neither my father nor my blood had any part in that sin. Bear thou thy own punishment, Shabbaz Khan."

"Oh, some one ought to stop those two boys from saying such words," said Lieut. Halley, shivering under his rock.

He had hardly turned round to expose a newside to the rain before a bearded, longlocked, evil-smelling Afghan rushed up the

hill and tumbled into his arms. Halley sat upon him and thrust as much of a sword-hilt as could be spared down the man's gullet. "If you cry out, I kill you," he said, cheerfully.

The man was beyond any expression of terror. He lay and quaked, gasping. When Halley took the sword-hilt from between his teeth, he was still inarticulate, but clung to Halley's arm, feeling it from elbow to wrist.

"The Rissala! the dead Rissala!" he gasped at last. "It is down there!"

No; the Rissala, the very much alive Rissala. It is up here," said Halley, unshipping his water bottle and fastening the man's hands. "Why were you in the towers so foolish as to let us pass?"

"The valley is full of the dead," said the Afghan. "It is better to fall into the hands of the English than the hands of the dead. They march to and fro below there. I saw them in the lightning."

He recovered his composure after a little, and whispering, because Halley's pistol was at his stomach, said: "What is this? There is no war between us now, and Mullah will kill me for not seeing you pass!"

"Rest easy," said Halley. "We are coming to kill the Mullah, if God please. His teeth have grown too long. No harm will come to thee unless the daylight shows thee as a face which is desired by the gallow for crime done. But what of the Dead Regiment?"

"I only kill within my own border," said the man, immensely relieved. "The Dead Regiment is below. The men must have passed through it on their journey—400 dead on horses, stumbling among their own graves, among the little heaps—dead men all, whom we slew."

"Whow!" said Halley. "That accounts for my cursing Carter and the Major cursing me. Four hundred sabres, eh? No wonder we thought there were a few extra men in the troop. Kurruk Shah," he whispered to a grizzled native officer that lay within a few feet of him, "hear thou heard anything of a dead Rissala in these hills?"

"Assuredly," said Kurruk Shah, with a grim chuckle. "Otherwise, why did I, who have served the Queen for seven and twenty years and killed many wild dogs, shout aloud for quarter when the lightning revealed us to the watch towers? When I was a young man I saw the killing in the valley of Sheor-Kot there at our feet, and I know the tale that grew up therefrom. But how can the ghosts of unbelievers prevail against us who are of the faith? Strap that dog's hands a little tighter, sahib. An Afghan is like an eel."

"But a dead Rissala," said Halley, jerking his captive's wrist. "That is foolish talk, Kurruk Shah. The dead are dead. Hold still, Sahib." The Afghan sniggered. "The dead are dead and for that reason they walk at night. What need to talk? We be men, we have our eyes and ears. Thou canst both see and hear them, down the hillside," said Kurruk Shah, composedly.

Halley stared and listened long and intently. The valley was full of stifled noises, as every valley must be at night; but whether he saw or heard more than was natural Halley alone knows, and he does not choose to speak on the subject.

At last, and just before the dawn, a green rocket shot up from the far side of the Valley of Bersund, at the head of the gorge, to show that the lookers were in position. A red light from the infantry at left and right answered it, and the cavalry burned a white flare. Afghans in winter are late sleepers and it was not till full day that Gulla Kutta Mullah's men began to straggle from their huts, rubbing their eyes. They saw men in green and red and brown uniforms leaning upon their arms, neatly arranged all round the crater of the infantry, and in a long column that not even a wolf could have broken. They rubbed their eyes the more when a pink-faced young man, who was not in the army, but represented the political department, tripped down the hillside with two orderlies, rapped at the door of the Gulla Kutta Mullah's house, and told him quietly to step out and be tied up for safe transport. That same young man had been on through the huts, tapping here one cataran and there another lightly with his hose; and as each was pointed out, so he was tied up, staring hopelessly at the crowned heights around where the English soldiers looked down with incurious eyes. Only the Mullah tried to carry it off with curses and high words, till a soldier who was tying his hands said:

"None of your lip! Why didn't you come out when you were ordered, instead of keepin' us awake all night? You're no better than my own barrack sweeper, you white-headed old polyanthus! Kim up!"

Half an hour later the troops had gone away with the Mullah and his thirteen friends. The dazed villagers were looking ruefully at a pile of broken muskets and snapped swords, and wondering how in the world they had come so miserably to the forebearance of the Indian Government.

It was a very neat little affair, neatly carried out, and the men concerned were unofficially thanked for their services.

"Erold," interposed the gentle girl who stood in secret court, but openly, as it seemed to me, that much credit is also due to another regiment whose name did not appear in the brigade orders, and whose very existence is in danger of being forgot ten.

A Romance of the Period.

"Mildred," passionately exclaimed the young man, throwing himself upon his knees, "hear me! For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have never been absent from my thoughts one moment. The contemplation of a future unshared with you would drive me to despair—to suicide! Listen! For more than a week, Mildred, the dread, the suspense, the uncertainty, the horrible fear that I may fall to win your affection has oppressed me by day and banished sleep from my eyes at night. For more than a week I have not slept! With straining eyeballs I have tossed on my restless couch and—"

"Erold," interposed the gentle girl with tears of compassion in her eyes, "I should consider myself the most heartless of women if I could look unmoved upon your suffering when a word from me can banish them. If you are troubled with insomnia, Harold, you will find instant and certain relief by using Heavyside's celebrated Nerve Squeezer, fifty cents a bottle, for sale by all druggists, saving to you the time and money handed, testimonial applications, delays are dangerous, life is precious, for what is life without sleep, send for sample; if used according to directions will cure in twenty-four hours, mention this paper."

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about 12 inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

The Canadian Pacific is trying to make an arrangement with connecting lines to run fast train between Boston and Halifax in twenty-three hours.

Deep Spanish fringes in black silk cord, having a lattice-work pattern, are seen on light silks, over which black lace is used.

THE BATTLE OF RIDGEWAY.

The Story of the Engagement told by a Fenian.

We print the following, not because of its veracity, but because to the student of history, and to an intelligent reader, it is always interesting to know what the other side has to say. The correspondent who has furnished the following is T. F. Rowland, at present in Denver, Col.

In the spring of 1866 Fenianism was in the ascendant and yet in its infancy. The society had been organized by Stephens, O'Mahoney, Doherty and other refugees of the Young Ireland party. Stephens, as head center, had worked and planned in the United Kingdom with all the energy and sagacity of a revolutionist, and the government of Great Britain quickly awoke to the startling fact that it rested on a volcano. Then did its mailed hand become stronger. Vigilance, increasing vigilance, it nursed. Its mercenaries mingled with the people, Talbot, one of its most infamous hirelings, was shot down in the streets of Dublin. Under the ban of suspicion thousands were incarcerated. Its press thundered maledictions. But despite all this, Fenianism did not stop. It only grew more secretive and withal bolder. Not a week passed that did not chronicle its midnight raid for arms. Government arsenals were depleted of their stores, and every landlord awoke and bewailed their misadventures.

As the national poet, T. V. Sullivan, then sang: "The queen's proud towers, Can't back their powers, Off go the weapons by sea and shore, To where the cork men And hold New York men Are daily piling their precious store. Pikes were forged and hidden, and this parody crept into the press: "We buried them dead at dead of night, The sod with our cleavers turning. By our blackened dudon's flickering light, And the mold in our wide wakes burning, No useless inclosures our pets, Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound 'em, But in the gentle in scores and in tens, With some nice, clean straw around 'em."

So acted the men in Ireland—but what were their brothers in America doing? We shall see. The close of our civil war infused such a spirit into the Irish cause as to lift it to the highest pinnacle of prominence. The great heart of the Irish soldier, flushed with the renown of southern battle fields, was actively turned to his far away fate. His lips became stern, pride of his nativity and hatred of wrong strengthened the hand that yet held the sword—and if at this critical period a heaven sent leader had arisen the story of Ireland might have been the brightest page of history. But petty jealousies sundered and wrecked a grand party, and forth from the chaos sprung two parties—one, the party who looked to Ireland as the battlefield, the other with the dream of Canadian conquest bristling its brain.

That both had the welfare of Ireland at heart is undeniable. But the conquest of Canada was utopian, and savored of piracy. With recognition it might have been feasible. But from whence would this come? In their enthusiasm they fully expected their adopted country would be their ally. What height of folly! What imagining! A committee of both parties met to amalgamate the whole. Their counselling only widened the gap, and the men in Ireland receiving no encouragement fell back in silent silence drinking eagerly all American news.

The Canadian party went to work in grim earnest. Organizers were sent over the country, forming "Fenian circles." Every circle was a military company. It drilled three times a week. Each member bought his own rifle and uniform and was under oath to go, when ordered, as one of the invading army. The winter of 1866 saw 60,000 men enrolled. William R. Berk was present. New York was present, and James Gibbons of Pennsylvania vice president. Gen. Sweeny, lately deceased, was the military leader. Finerty, now of the Chicago Citizen, Judge Dunne of Illinois and Judge Fitzgerald of Nebraska were prominent. Gen. Sweeny, the one-armed hero, had fought valiantly all through the Mexican war as second lieutenant, and in Scott, and when the civil war broke out he went to the front as captain. Under Fremont he was adjutant general, and later, under Grant, he had command of the Fifty-second Illinois volunteers at Fort Donaldson. In 1863 he was a major of the Sixteenth infantry of the regular army, and had command in the Atlanta campaign of the Sixteenth corps of the army of Tennessee. The citizens of New York presented him with a medal, and the city of Brooklyn a sword. For gallantry at Shiloh, Grant and Sherman personally complimented him. No wonder the Irish soldier's heart swelled when knowing the mettle of the hero who was to lead him. It has been stated that Gen. Sweeny was at the fight at Ridgeway. There is not a particle of truth in the statement. He never left the American side.

The authorities at Washington did not interfere, but sold thousands of arms to the leaders. It may have been that the leading of England towards the confederacy made them indifferent, and this indifference strengthened the invaders, and they planned not in secret council but openly, as if assured of belligerent rights, and perfected their organization to such a standard as to cause a feeling of alarm over the border. Protests poured into Washington from England. They were ignored. Canada, doubtful if all these preparations were not the veriest vaporing of demagogues, for a while looked tranquilly on, and at last became alert. Her citizens were sworn into service, and the excitement over the border rivaled the frenzy on this side. Thousands of her citizens crowded into the states.

It may be asked here what was the policy outlined in this threatened invasion? Had the leaders mapped this out? They had! At a certain point they would mass their men—cross when favorable, and gain a foothold, trench themselves and await reinforcements—not only from the states, but even from Canada. Though the government turned against them they were confident that enough of their men would get into Canada to make defeat impossible. Then once masters of some sea-port town they would build an equip privateers, and pray on the commerce of England—land an armed force in Ireland and trust to the God of battle, ere this recognition they dreamed was assured. No handwriting on the wall came to their vision. No shadow fell between them and the bright ray of national sunlight. Great gallant exiles of the old land what castles ye built! What songs ye sang! And oh, how proudly your eyes flashed! I and bow cheerily ye spoke under the kindling sunlight of those days!—and if ye eered your patriotism is fullest atonement!

The spring crept on, and wonderment grew. Would all this enthusiasm end in naught. Expectation was rife. The men in Ireland listened with bated breath. Even they doubted the boldness. But of the morning of June 2 the wires sped the delicious news that the consummation had come. The Fenians had crossed the Niagara river, under the leadership of Col.

John O'Neill, and later rang over the land the account of the fight at Linne's one Ridge—or more properly Ridgeway. The village of Ridgeway was a few miles Buffalo. It is small and scattering. Vineyards abound. It is picturesque. Its byways are shady. Its homesteads speak of thrift. It was here O'Neill formed the 200 old men that constituted his army. They were armed with the old muzzle-loading rifle, and out from Toronto marched the Queen's Own (Canada's crack corps) to measure swords with those stern exiles.

O'Neill's loud voice was hoarse with joy as halting ho commands. Again we quote the poet of that time: Such fury filled each loyal mind, No volunteer would stay behind; They flung their red flags to the wind— "Hurrah, my boys," said Booker. Col. Booker led them. The Enfield rifle was the arm of the Queen's Own, and arm, but they should have bought O'Neill. They outnumbered him, too. The muzzle loader is clumsy and antique. One of the loaders told the writer that after tearing off the top of the cartridge they had to pare the ball, it being too large, and that many of them held their knives between their teeth in readiness for reloading. Crowds rode forth at the heels of the Queen's Own to witness the capture or destruction of the peerless few, and when their defenders faced about in their maddened fight up the dusty road, the sight was pandemonium. The fight was fought partly in one of the many orchards, and partly on the road and can be called nothing else than a skirmish. After a couple of volleys Booker formed his men in a square. It proved his defeat. O'Neill perceived his advantage and raked them with a well directed volley. They broke in confusion—scattered, and Ridgeway belonged to the victors!

The union Jack on one of the public buildings was torn down and trampled in the dust, and men went wild with patriotic joy. Not since Emancipation or Olmsted Hill had Irish eyes beheld the sight. Had they been thousands instead of hundreds would Toronto have fallen? It is better that it was not so, for in the end defeat was inevitable. President Johnson awoke to the crisis. The border was strongly guarded. Thousands of armed men came crowding every train. They were turned back. It was stated then that 40,000 men, all armed, were faced homeward.

The news came to O'Neill at Bertie station, close to Ridgeway. He counselled with his men and they sullenly retired, and receded to Buffalo as prisoners of the federal government. But they were tenacious. In 1869 they gathered again on the border, but the "raid" proved abortive. In 1873 the Methodists of Ridgeway erected a memorial church in memory of the soldiers of the Queen's Own, who fell—or later died of wounds received in defending their country. It stands close to the pulpit. For the information of any who think no one was killed at Ridgeway we give the inscription accurately:

Sacred to the Memory Of the Ridgeway Martyrs Who fell defending their country in the attempted Fenian invasion of June, 1866. Malcolm McEnlane, sergeant, Queen's Own, killed; Hugh Matheson, sergeant, Queen's Own, killed; William Smith, Queen's Own, killed; Christopher Anderson, Queen's Own, killed; J. W. Meburn, Queen's Own, killed; Francis Lacey, corporal, Queen's Own, died of wounds; Mark Deines, Queen's Own, killed; William Fairbanks, Tempest, Queen's Own, killed; Malcolm McKenzie, Queen's Own, killed.

So drew his ashes to the wind Whose sword, or will, has served mankind, And is he dead whose glorious will lifts time on high, To live in hearts we left behind is not to die. Erected by the citizens of the vicinity of the battle ground, September, 1896. No man shall find fault with this! Not even he whose courage have the wound. How many of O'Neill's men were killed is uncertain. One or two who straggled off were captured and confined for a year or so. Col. Booker became so unpopular in Ontario that in '67 he retired, and settled in Montreal, where he turned auctioneer, and this good story is told at his expense. The little Irish boys would jeer and laugh when he would be saying, "Going, going—gone!" and shout in at the door, "Run, run, the Fenians are coming!"

One summer morning, years after, in company with one who fired his muzzle-loader the opposing ranks that day, we strolled over the ground. The air was warm, the sky was perfect; bird song shrilled from the green robed tree and hidden nook; the orchard and the clover field where the bullets had made such music lay calm and blossoming. My companion pointed out every spot of interest. There was the farm-house whose former tenant had first told the news of the invasion. There the rail fence that formed a breast-work; yonder the dusty serpentine road down whose windings had fled the Queen's Own, and we came away, a pride in our heart for the Spartan few who had so nobly atested such love for the fatherland.

Gallant Ambassador.

Sir Julian Paucote, the British Minister at Washington, has quite covered himself with glory by the gallant manner in which, regardless of personal peril, a few days since, he went to the rescue of Lieutenant and Mrs. R. M. G. Brown's baby daughter, who, seated in her carriage, rolled down the flight of brownstone steps over the terrace and on the pavement.

Fortunately no injury beyond a few bruises and a general soreness was sustained by the baby, but her peril was truly alarming to those who witnessed the incident, which was caused by the nurse slipping on the top step.

Sir Julian at the time was playing tennis in the court back of the legation and witnessing the accident, on the spur of the moment, vaulted over the high iron railing with the agility of a boy and rushed to the rescue in spite of the fact that rumor has had

AN IMPORTANT CLUE.

There had been a robbery in our office, and as suspicion usually falls on the junior, I was suspected.

I considered this hard, very hard and unjust, especially as there were others in our room, who, to my mind, were at least as likely to have committed the theft as myself; yet on me the odium of it all fell. Not that I was openly accused: there was not sufficient evidence to go upon for that; but who has not seen the glances, heard the dropped words, and gone through all the unpleasant experiences of such a time?

One day I was called into the presence of the two heads of the firm, and gravely told what had occurred and questioned concerning it.

A sum of fifty pounds had been extracted from their private desk. The money had been locked up overnight for use in the morning, and so I when sought for, it had vanished!

I gaped with astonishment and consternation. Fifty pounds was a fortune in my eyes.

"Gone, sir," I said, "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, James," answered Mr. Brooks, the senior partner, sternly; "go; every penny of it; and now it is my unpleasant duty to ask you if you know anything of this unfortunate transaction, and to remind you that you worked late last night."

It was true enough. I had stayed later than the others, to get my books into thorough order. It was my custom to work overtime if my books were not all behind.

"Yes, sir," I answered as firmly as I could, "I did work late last night, but as I stand before you, I know nothing of the money."

To my mortification I felt the red dyeing my face. My employers might read it as an acknowledgment of my guilt. I was aware of this, and the thought maddened me.

"It is strange, very strange," went on Mr. Brooks; "you were the only one here, the money could not disappear without hands. You have only been with us six months, and on you, naturally, suspicion rests. Your fellow-clerks are men of integrity, and have been with us many years. It will pain us much to put the matter into other hands, but there is nothing else to be done, eh! Mr. Kent?"

His partner moved uneasily. He had been kind to me in many ways. I looked eagerly towards him now, trusting he would speak in my favour.

"We have never found him dishonest before," he said, sorrowfully. "As to putting the matter into other hands, let it wait a day or two, perhaps something will come out meanwhile."

They were silent for a few moments. Suddenly Mr. Brooks spoke.

"You are in lodgings, I believe, James?"

"Yes, sir; at No. 24 West-street."

"You will have no objection to going there now with us, and turning out your boxes before us?"

I hesitated. The thought of my employers going to my poor little lodgings and turning over my shabby belongings was displeasing to me. I saw an unpleasant expression glimmer in Mr. Brooks' eyes.

"You will have your trouble in vain, sir," answered I; "but come, if you will."

In a few minutes we were in a cab, being whirled along the quiet streets. I felt like a criminal being taken to prison.

I sat silently with my back to the horse, while my employers conversed briefly on the other seat.

We were nearing our destination; the street grew narrower and more gloomy than ever. The sun had almost found no way between the tall, smoke-grimed houses. At last we stopped at No. 24 West-street.

I hastened to get out in order to unlock the door.

It was nearing dinner time, a smell of burnt onions pervaded the house, not unmingled with an odour of soap-suds coming up from below. I led the way up the narrow staircase, and from thence into my room.

It was in reality a bedroom, but there I sat in my few hours of leisure; my meals were served in the common sitting-room below.

My employers looked curiously around them. The room, no doubt to their eyes, was repulsive in the extreme. It seemed to me to look shabbier than usual this morning.

I wished that I had not left my dirty boots kicking about on the floor, and had opened the window to let in the fresh air.

"This is your bedroom, James," remarked Mr. Kent, kindly. "Is your sitting-room on the same floor?"

"This is my only room, sir," I said briefly. A look of pity came to his eyes. Mr. Brooks simply seemed impatient and somewhat disgusted.

"Well, now to business," he said sharply. "Will you turn out your boxes, young sir?"

One after the other I emptied the contents of my three chests, and they stood watching. It was a useless proceeding, and I felt a thrill of satisfaction in the thought how useless they would find it. There was a purse in one of the boxes. I opened it before them, and counted out eight shillings and fourpence. My little pile of all, treasured and valued, saved towards my winter's overcoat.

My brighter face aroused my fellow-clerks' curiosity. They teased me to enlighten them as to what had passed, but I refused.

On the following day I was informed by Mr. Brooks that on further consideration they had determined to let the matter rest, that I could retain my situation, and things would proceed as usual. I was thankful. To Mr. Kent I owed this concession. I was not ungrateful.

II.

The days passed on. Business proceeded as usual, and the nine days' talk concerning the theft died a natural death. Cool looks and cooler words at length gave way to more generous behaviour.

"Still, however, I had a strong desire to see the thief brought to justice. To this end I thought long and earnestly.

The head clerk in our office was a Mr. Jenkins, a steady, reliable man of about forty-eight or fifty years of age. He was much valued by the firm, having served them faithfully and well for more than twenty years.

He had always treated me with kindness and consideration, nor had he altered from this treatment during the past few weeks. But, strange to say, as the belief in my innocence grew more general, he became cold and distant.

He grew pale and haggard. It was said he had family trouble, and I concluded it must be indeed heavy, for his face whitened and thinned daily. His eyes grew restless and uneasy.

By degrees an idea possessed

that Jenkins was the thief; that this valued, trusted, esteemed servant had taken the money. The idea became a certainty; and yet there was no proof; nothing to go upon to wrest the secret from the unhappy man.

I determined to work hard to prove my own innocence, yet a feeling of pity made me hesitate to take away another's character and livelihood.

III.

A week had passed away when an event occurred which tended to increase my suspicion as to the head clerk's having had something to do with the robbery.

It was a hot day, and the summer sun was beating fiercely in at the unshuttered windows of our office. We were working languidly at our desks, now and then yawning with the heat and fatigue, and our chief clerk looking more ghastly than ever, when suddenly there was a noise in the direction of Jenkins' desk, followed by a fall as of a heavy substance. We sprang to the desk and discovered Jenkins on the floor in a faint.

To me he looked as if he had already parted from his body.

In a few minutes, however, he opened his eyes. We were giving him water, and my hand held the glass. Suddenly he espied me, and pushed me from him.

"No, James," he muttered feebly. "Any one but James."

I drew back and gave the glass to another. They, no doubt, thought he still believed in my guilt.

The next day, as I was leaving the office to get my dinner, I met an old schoolfellow named Capel, who was a clerk in a lawyer's office close by.

We stopped to have a few words. He said he thought I looked paler than of old, and he replied that my work was long and hard, and that many times I put in overtime.

"Yes," he answered; "there must be a jolly lot of work in your office. I met old Jenkins leaving the place at half-past eleven the other night. He told me he had been working overtime, and seemed very worn out; could hardly string his sentences together. To judge by his appearance and yours, my boy, you're worked like slaves."

"What evening was it you met Mr. Jenkins?" I asked eagerly; "do you remember the date?"

"Perfectly. It was the 18th of June. I remember it because I was returning from the Opera. Madame Janeta had been acting *Marguerite in Faust*. I tell you it was grand. I quite lost my heart to her."

June 18th! My heart stopped its beating. Capel rattled on about the actress, and her beauty, &c., but I heard nothing; all I knew was that I had now a clue to work upon—a clue that might lead me to day light.

I bid Capel "good-bye," and went my way.

I soon ate my dinner, and, greatly excited at what Capel had told me, hurried back to the office. Fortune favoured me; I was early. There was only one other in the office, that was Mr. Jenkins.

I began a conversation, forcing it on in spite of the little encouragement on his part. I brought in the fact of my having met a friend.

"By the way," I said, "he is a mutual acquaintance, I believe; he remarked that he knew you, Mr. Jenkins; his name is Capel. He thinks you work too hard, sir. He told me he met you coming out of the office at half-past eleven one night—it was on the 18th of June; He remembered the date on account of being on his way home from the Opera. He said you looked ill and tired out, and no wonder!"

I cast a glance at him; he looked death-like. He framed his lips to speak; they uttered no sound.

I continued: "Strange, sir, that two of us should have worked late on the 18th. The caretaker told Mr. Brooks that I was the last on the premises, yet I left at 9:30."

The pallid lips found utterance at last; they even formed themselves in a ghostly smile—hollow and wretched in its very mirth.

"Yes, James, I remember your friend. We met just outside the office door, it is true; but he is mistaken in thinking I had been inside. I was returning from visiting a friend, and as I was passing the office I met Capel. I suppose he had jumped to the conclusion that I had been working late."

"He certainly did," I answered hotly, "and what is more, I believe it myself, and others would believe it too. I shall not rest till I sift this miserable business to the bottom."

"As you will," he answered, with assumed carelessness; "prepare for disappointment and failure."

The other clerks' entrance put a stop to further conversation.

The next day I pondered over the matter, wondering how I should next proceed, and who to get to aid me in my investigations.

IV.

Evening came. It was a fine, beautiful night—the air fresh and cool. After business I went for a long walk, in order to refresh my somewhat wearied mind, and to think quietly, and alone. I walked leisurely along the fields and lanes, enjoying the sweet evening air. There was a splendid moon shining overhead like a lamp of peace and hope. It glistened upon the river, turning it to rippling silver.

I had halted, and was standing in the shade of some trees resting against a stile leading to the road, when suddenly a heavy blow from behind tumbled me to the ground. I must have lost consciousness, for when I awoke someone was bending over me—a stranger. As I opened my eyes, he clutched me by the throat.

It was all up, I thought; my hour had come to die, and alas! by a violent death. I can remember how bright the moon shone overhead.

The grasp on my throat was not heavy; it was more a threatening of what was to come than a present reality.

I wished my murderer would hurry his ghastly task and end my suspense. For a few moments he did neither.

Then he spoke; "Young man, swear that you will never by word, act, or even thought, attempt to bring home the robbery at Wade-street offices to William Jenkins. Swear it on your solemn oath, or prepare to die, and that speedily!"

"I will not swear it," I said recklessly. "Then take the consequences," was the angry response. "Your doom be upon your own shoulders."

I closed my eyes involuntarily, and waited for the fatal blow I knew must come.

The sound of wheels coming along the lane alarmed the murderer, who rushed down his sick with sudden fear and thrived away among the trees. I tried to move, but could not. I was too weak and confused. I made an attempt to call, but my voice refused to come, so I lay there waiting miserably for the speedy return of my enemy, who I knew would not be long in

coming back when he found the coast was clear.

I waited with a sickening suspense, until at last I heard his quick, hurried footsteps coming towards me.

I did not look at him—I could not; but waited breathlessly for the end.

"James," said an agitated voice; "are you much hurt?"

It was Mr. Jenkins. In my wonder and joy at seeing him I almost forgot my suspicion of him.

I looked up at him. He was ghastly in the extreme, his hair was wild and disorderly, his eyes bloodshot and haggard; grief and insanity shone in his restless eyes.

He stooped down and examined the wounds on my head, and as he did so an involuntary groan escaped him. "Heaven forgive me," he moaned, "I was nearly a murderer! Great Heaven! A murderer!"

He almost shrieked the last word. I did not understand even then his meaning. I was so weak and confused.

"The man who did it has run away," he panted; "he may return; take me away from here."

With tender care he lifted me in his arms and bore me into the road. I know what gave him strength, for he appeared weak and ailing. It was not long before we reached the house, and I was lifted into it.

I lay in the bottom of some straw, my head resting on his knees.

"James," he whispered in my ear, "you were right—I was the thief and worst of all. I gave you that cruel blow to-night. You did not know me in my disguise. God forgive me for the miserable wretch I am. Almost a murderer, James—almost a murderer."

His tears dropped on my face. I took his hand in mine in sudden pity.

"Listen, James," he went on—"listen, and know that your generous mercy will make it harder to confess my sins. Your hate would be easier to bear than this noble pity. I was only receiving £120 a year, and here were nine children to clothe and educate. That I could have managed, but my wife fell ill, and then one of the children. For a year there was a doctor coming and going constantly. The expense was fearfully heavy. In addition to this, my elder brother got into difficulties. I had to help him. Not having the wherewithal to meet everything, I was tempted, and I yielded.

It might almost be said that I was deceived, but I mean all to mean honestly and freely. I character; and ruin and starvation to wife and children. I was like a mad thing, haunted night and day—no sleep by night, no rest by day. Then you got on my track, and I grew desperate—mad! The rest you know. To-morrow I lay all before the firm and await their decision."

He did so. To their honour, be it said, they forgave him fully and freely, and to-day Mr. Jenkins and I are firm and true friends.

Mrs. Gladstone's Mother's Life.

The second instalment of Mrs. Gladstone's "Hints from a Mother's Life" appears in the May number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

In commenting on the value of fresh air for infants, Mrs. Gladstone quotes the words of Miss Florence Nightingale, who has a word of warning for foolish extremes, while earnestly advising pure air.

Let me here strongly protest, says Mrs. Gladstone, against the foolish fashion of half-smothering a sleeping baby, covering its head and mouth, at the risk of stifling it outright. Cots and beds in the nursery should be uncurtained, or nearly so. We might almost say, as well lay the child to sleep on the shelf of a press, or at the bottom of a packing box, as in a cot closely curtained round. A thermometer should be kept in the room, and should not rise above 60° F., overheating being as unwholesome as the reverse. A room fifteen feet square and nine feet high affords ample initial cubic space for a nurse and two children. No double bed room should be less than fifteen feet square, and no bedroom should be without a fireplace. The doors must be so hung that when partly open they will shield the bed, rather than direct the current of air on to it. The ceiling of the room should be such as to beam colouring over; it is better of a grey or cream colour than white, so as to reflect too much light on the upward gaze of children. The walls of the bedroom are better distempred, or painted in some even tone of quiet colour. If the wall is papered it should be varnished over, and the paper must have no bright-coloured, intricate pattern-spots, and no vivid greens likely to contain arsenic. The floor must not be carpeted all over, certainly not under the bed, and it is better to have the boards stained and left bare round the sides of the room. Mrs. Gladstone also gives some valuable hints to mothers for washing and dressing a baby. In small houses, while the family is small, the best rooms are very properly used as nurseries. The nursing is good, for it is directly under the mother's eye. The most "experienced nurse" has to be dismissed. Experience is often pleaded as an excuse for carelessness, or as a cause for the nurse's convenience coming before the welfare of the child. The temperature of the water used for washing an infant should be nearly that of the surface of the body—96 degrees or 98 degrees F. As the child grows older, the heat of the water should be gradually lessened, while the limbs should be given free exercise in a large tub. Some children do not bear cold water well; good sense, discrimination and observation should be our guides in this as in all other matters. It is, of course, well to wash and dress a baby near the fire, but mothers and nurses should never allow the child's eyes to be exposed to the glare of the fire; or its head to be heated. We should at all times be on our guard against the danger of draughts, and the delicate organization of an infant's eyes and brain, and the excitability of its nervous system. When a child is put to sleep, whether by night or by day, light and noise should be carefully excluded. Children sometimes suffer fatigue or chill from the way in which they are first dressed in the morning. They require a biscuit, or some milk as soon as they get up, and before the ablutions begin. It is much better to give them a general wash in warm water, in which they could stand while being sponged over with cool, or tepid water, than to chill them when their powers of reaction are at their lowest. In the next article Mrs. Gladstone will discuss the baby's clothing, and the importance of training children by rules of order and neatness.

Needed to be Aired.

"I don't like him. He's too fond of airing his knowledge."

"But consider how moldy most of his knowledge is."

While boring a well in Stockton, Cal., a man found a monkey's tooth at the depth of 1,124 feet.

Meanwhile, I know of no method of much consequence except that of believing, of being sincere; from Homer and the Bible down to the poorest bar song, I find no other art that promises to be perennial.

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Writes a well-known chemist, permits me to say that Putnam's Pain-Expeller never fails. It makes no spots in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Putnam's Corn Extractor, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere. Substitutes are everywhere offered as just as good. Take "Putnam's" only.

An English syndicate is projecting one of the biggest railway terminal schemes in the country at Duluth, Minn.

Antone Nelson, a Colorado cowboy, lassoed an eagle a few days ago. Nelson was riding over the prairie on his little cow pony with his lasso tied to his saddle, when he saw the eagle flying ahead of him quite close to the ground. He started his pony on a run toward the bird, and when a short distance away threw his rope, which settled over the eagle's neck and under one wing, and he succeeded in getting the bird to the ranch house alive. The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.

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SILVER MINES.

Canadians have invested in 9-10 of the real estate of the new towns in Kootenay, while Americans 9-10 of the mines. The success of the towns depends on the success of the mines. The

Kootenay Mining Investment Co. represent four duly incorporated Silver Mining Companies, owning twelve mines in British Columbia and two in Montana on the same rich belt, the richest in the world.

They afford the safest and most profitable investment in Canada. The first issue of stock places investors on the ground floor and is nearly all taken up. The second issue will be 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. higher. Then its advancement will be rapid owing to greater development work. Now is the opportunity. Don't let it slip. It is

Notes On Recent Legislation.

The following refers to the Municipal Act:

The qualification of councillors in towns is reduced to \$400 freehold or \$800 leasehold; in townships to \$200 freehold \$400 leasehold.

Leaseholds for a term of not less than five years, are to be deemed owners for the purpose of the Municipal Franchise, and persons assessed at \$200 or more in towns less than 8,000 inhabitants, are now entitled to vote. The former minimum was \$800.

The day for resigning is limited to the nomination day and the day following.

A voter may select for himself any one of the prescribed forms of oath.

Certified copies of documents in the custody of the clerk may be filed in courts instead of the originals.

Authors are required to make a report upon the condition and value of the securities given by the treasurer, the cash balance in his hands, and whether immediately available. The treasurer's bank accounts shall also be submitted to the auditors.

The valuation for equalization may be extended by the county council for a further period of five years.

Clerks are to receive a reasonable remuneration for their services under the Ditches and Water courses Act, and for copies of documents furnished by them.

In voting on money by-laws, a voter can vote in each ward in which he has a vote.

The power of granting of a bonus for promoting any manufacture is withdrawn.

A more definite procedure in relation to motions to quash by-laws is enacted, and the party applying is now required to give security for cost to the extent of himself in \$50 and two sureties in \$50 each.

A magistrate is not disqualified from acting where, in case of conviction, a fine or part thereof goes to the municipality of which he is a ratepayer.

Cities and towns may pass by-laws enabling inspectors or chief constables, where a person is charged with being drunk, without being disorderly, in case of a first or second offence, to discharge the offender without bringing him before a magistrate.

Hawkers of watches, plated ware or silverware are required to take out a peddler's license.

The Presidential election is exciting the people of the United States just now. President Harrison, is anxious to again be a candidate if he can secure the Republican convention now in session at Minneapolis. James G. Blaine—the Plumed Knight—is, however, also an aspirant, and the tug-of-war between these two political giants for the nomination is one of the most gigantic nature. Blaine threw a bombshell into the Harrison camp this week by handing in his resignation as Secretary of State, but the Harrison men quickly recovered from the shock and are straining every nerve to bring their man into the candidacy. The Democrats have not yet selected their standard-bearer, and it is expected that they will also have a squabble over the matter. While Mr. Blaine is, probably, the first Statesman of the U. S. and is, by reason of his individual merits entitled to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, yet his election is not seriously desired by very many on this side of the lakes, as he has always shown a marked antipathy to the British and Canadians, who naturally desire to see the U. S. government in the hands of a party as little as possible opposed to them.

The Russian Government has decided to permit the general exportation of oats, barley and wheat.

Sixty people were drowned by the sinking of a steamer on the Unzhar River, Central Russia.

The immigration agents at Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and London will be superannuated on July 1.

Recent rains have caused the Mississippi and other rivers to rise again, and reports of great damage by flood are again received.

The entire Kingston police force and several penitentiary guards are scouring the country around the city in search of the burglars who have been committing depredations in that locality.

The whaleback is to be made a feature of the trans-Atlantic freight trade by a company which includes some of the big men in the Northern Pacific railroad. They are going to build a fleet of whalebacks in England that will compete for the ocean carrying trade. Among the men who are to be stockholders in the company are: John D. Rockefeller, Colgate Hoyt and James L. Colby, besides many more of the Northern Pacific following both in New York and the west. It is said the capital already pledged is \$10,000,000, which will be enough to build a large number of ships.

A shocking calamity almost equalling the Johnston horror of a few years ago, occurred at Oil city, Pa., on Sunday

last, as the result of a terrific rainstorm. The floods swept through the city carrying away hundreds of buildings, among them the immense oil tanks which were filled with petroleum, thus covering the surface with oil. To add to the holocaust lightning struck an immense reservoir and in almost an instant the oil caught fire and spread to every part of the flooded district, carrying death and destruction to everything it touched. The loss of life is estimated at 200 and more than a million dollars worth of property was destroyed. The fire lasted until late on Monday when it burned itself out. At Titusville and other places in that part of Pennsylvania the destruction by flood and fire was also severe and the loss of life very great.

A motor train with a picnic party on board jumped the track at Omaha on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole, of Omaha, were killed and several others were injured.

Edward McMillan was hanged at Luzerne county prison, in Pennsylvania on Monday for the murder of his wife. The crime was a particularly cruel one, committed with a pair of tongs heated red hot.

A despatch from Stockton, Cal., says County Recorder J. F. Moseley is missing, with \$100,000, most of which is unsecured. Moseley has been a large speculator in land, and gave notes in payment. Nine forged notes given by him have been discovered this far, aggregating over \$60,000.

Fordwich
Roiller * Mills. East
Wilson Bros., Props.
First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.
FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50
BRAN.....per ton. 14 00
SHORTS.....per ton. 16 00
Special attention given to CRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.
Highest Price Paid for Grain.
The mill is fitted throughout with the very best roller process machinery and appliances and we are confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
WILSON BROS.

The East Huron Gazette.
The Newsiest Local Paper in North Huron.
Published every Thursday
—AT—
Gorrie, Ont.,
A splendid staff of able correspondents in every part of this section.

WOOL WANTED.
Listowel Woollen Factory.
Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.
Largest * Wool * Market * in * Ontario.
Everybody come and see our tremendous big stock in all kinds of woollen goods which we offer at bottom prices for cash or in exchange for wool.
New and Fresh Stock.
We have never been so well fitted and equipped for a wool season's business as at the present one, and have never felt so completely confident of our ability to serve you with the best of goods at bottom prices. A specially attractive feature of our new lines of Flannels, strictly NEW STYLES, far surpasses any wool season yet.
FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS.
(Something new offered to the trade.)
We are the only woollen factory in Canada that make this line of goods and offer them for one-half the price you pay in the city of Glasgow.
WARNING
We wish to warn the farmers not to be deceived by shoddy peddlers going through the country selling dishonest goods. We have no peddlers handling our goods and they can only be bought by dealing direct at the factory.
Roll Carding, Spinning and Manufacturing, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, &c.
Thanking our numerous customers for their past favors, would beg to say come and bring your neighbor to see our stock, as you will be highly pleased to see goods so low in price. You will find us ready to give the most prompt and careful attention to all.

B. F. BROOK & SON.
Fordwich Drug Store
A. SPENCE, M. D., Proprietor. J. C. BELL, Manager.
— A FULL LINE OF —

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,
Stationery and Fancy Goods,
WALL PAPER
In endless variety and at every price.

W. C. HAZELWOOD
City Boot and Shoe Store,
WROXETER.
A Neat Walking Boot
Is not only a comfort to the wearer but a pleasure to every one who admires a pretty foot. We have them—the boots, we mean. And they are cheap.
Our stock of Ladies and gents' slippers is unusually large and choice. See them.
A splendid assortment of Ladies' wear of all kinds is now displayed on our shelves.
GENTS' can be supplied in any line.
Heavy kip and calf and the lighter Oxford, Dongolas, Wankenphasts, etc.

ONLY \$1 Per YEAR
or less than 2c. a week.
Job Printing.
We have a splendid printing outfit, including the very latest faces of type, the most modern appliances,
Fast Job Presses.
Fine Poster Type.
We can turn out
Wedding Cards,
Calling Cards,
Business Cards,
Bill Heads,
Letter Heads,
Blank Headings,
Insurance Policies,
Pamphlets,
Circulars,
Hand-Bills,
Posters,
Streamers,
or anything in the printing line in the neatest style of the art, and
On the most reasonable Terms.
Estimates Furnished
J. W. GREEN,
Editor.

Millinery.
Our Millinery Department grows in popular favor every season.
Why? Because we keep the newest goods, made up in the most artistic styles.
There must be taste or there'll be trash no matter what you pay for it.
New Goods for summer wear are coming forward.
The choicest goods are taken first.
Come early and get the best.
Dress Goods.
We have the newest shades and most popular effects in dress goods. We call especial attention to our black and colored all-wool Henriettas from 40c. per yard upwards.
Tweeds, Coatings, etc.
We show the best goods and best values. If you want a spring suit or overcoat you will make a mistake if you purchase without inspecting our stock.
Cotton Goods.
Anticipating an advance in price in all lines of cotton goods as a result of the recent combination of manufacturers, we have bought largely in cottonades, denims, shirtings, grey and white cottons, etc.; we are headquarters for these goods.
Groceries.
In this line we keep the highest grades of goods at the lowest possible living prices.
Teas.
We give the Tea trade especial attention. Our Japan at 4 1/2 and 3 lbs. for \$1 cannot be excelled. We have cheaper and dearer lines but these are leaders.
A WORD IN CONCLUSION:
Some think us dear because we will not COME DOWN in the price of our goods. It is not our way of doing business. We mark all our goods in plain figures and sell at one price to all. The poor man's \$ is as good to us as the rich man's. We cannot see any other honest way of doing business. Our past experience convinces us that a majority of the public appreciates fair dealing and goods as they are represented.
The Highest Market Price Paid for Farm Produce.
W.S.BEAN
Montreal House,
Gorrie, Ont.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS GATHERINGS.

CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED DOWN FOR GAZETTE READERS.

East Huron Teachers' Institute was held in Seaford last week.

Mr. Jno. McMillan, of Ripley, died the other day at the ripe age of 94 years.

A lad at Elimville had his ear bitten off by a horse the other day.

A Brussels butcher recently found a gold ring in the stomach of a heifer he had killed.

Morris township contains 54,387 acres 814 dogs, 6,413 head of cattle, and has real property valued at \$1,766,076.

Dominion Day is to be loyally celebrated in Goderich.

Clinton is said to be the prettiest town in the county, with Goderich a close second.

Considerable amusement was created in Clinton on the 24th of May over a foot race.

It appears that a youth in town named Cassels, who was under the influence of liquor, or pretended to be, stamped Mr. Polly, of Goderich, a well-known sport, to a hundred yard foot race.

Mr. Polly replied by offering to bet he could get a Goderich man who could out-run Cassels; the money was posted, and Mr. John Knox was the man chosen, but he was too slow for the boy.

Mr. P. not being satisfied put up another five and had the race over, but again the Clinton man won. Mr. Harry Read remarked in the evening that he would like to run Cassels for \$10 a side, the money was promptly put up, and Wednesday evening was selected for the race but the former backed out.

Mr. Tiplady recently sold his farm of 65 acres near Clinton for the handsome price of \$5,000.

About 400 converts, among them several infidels, are some of the results of Crossley & Hunter's revival meetings in Wingham during May.

Blyth intends to circulate a petition asking the business men to close their stores at 7 p. m. two nights during each week.

Mr. J. Burgess, Brussels, and Miss Tamen, Blyth, were married in the presence of a very large number of guests last week.

Mrs. Ed. Acheson, of Holmesville, met with a painful accident one day recently. She ran a needle into her hand, when it broke, leaving part of it in her hand.

A young son of Mr. George Bissett, of Exeter, fell down a flight of stairs on Saturday of last week, and dislocated one of his arms.

On Saturday of last week, James, son of J. S. S. Smith of Brussels, had one of the fingers of the left hand crushed in a cog wheel of the picking machine at the woolen mill. The injured member was dressed and the patient is doing as well as could be expected.

On Saturday last Mrs. Wm. Cook and daughter, of Constance, were returning from Seaford, and when opposite the residence of Mr. Wm. Fowler, on the Huron road, the horse took fright and ran away, throwing the occupants out.

Miss Cook received a bad cut on the face; her mother, however, was more fortunate; as she escaped bodily injury, but was confined to her bed for a few days from the shock which her nervous system received.

PERTH.

Perth county council is in session at Stratford this week.

Gillis & Martin, of Teeswater, have purchased and are fitting up into running order the Listowel foundry.

Roger Hodley, a well-known resident of St. Mary's was struck by lightning and instantly killed Wednesday night.

A fence is to be erected around the Milverton race course.

Considerable excitement prevails among farmers around St. Mary's concerning the doings of a sharper there. He canvassed the neighborhood some time ago taking orders for evergreens. The order is given for a box of shrubs a foot square, to contain about fifty plants or so at five cents each. But when the foot square box comes to hand it contains in some instances 2,500 plants costing \$125 instead of 50 for \$2.50.

Frank E. Harrison, of Stratford, mail clerk on the Winnipeg and Port Arthur postal car, is suffering from blood poison in the right hand, supposed to be got while asserting the mail.

A general order issued by General Manager Sergeant, of the Grand Trunk is as follows—On and after the 1st June the following changes in the Engineering Department will take effect.—Mr. E. P. Hannaford, Chief Engineer, Montreal will have charge of the Midland Division, with Mr. J. G. Macklin as assistant.

Mr. J. Hobson, Chief Engineer of the Great Western, Hamilton, will take charge of the Northern and the Northwestern Division, with Mr. H. Holgate as assistant.

Mrs. Bull, wife of Engineer Bull, G. T. G. engineer, Stratford had her arm accidentally broken just above the elbow last week.

Incendiarism is still prevalent in Lis-

towel. A brick residence belonging to Mr. John Thompson, was burned on the 28th ult., was the last victim.

WELLINGTON.

Palmerston has had an exciting arbitration lately over the value of a plot of ground given to the (then) village for use as a cemetery. The graves had all been opened and the bodies moved to the new cemetery when the widow of the donor of the land asked for compensation, the land not now being used as a graveyard. After holding court for 10 straight hours the arbitrators gave decision in favor of the corporation.

Arthur village is preparing for a grand Dominion Day celebration. A grand Orange demonstration is also to be held there on the 12th July.

Wellington county council is so well pleased with the work of its county poor house that a large hospital is to be erected this season in connection with it.

Reeve Scott, of Minto sold at Harrison on Monday his well known roadster horse to J. Watson, of Glasgow Scotland for \$210.

The contract for gravelling the County road between Kenilworth and Mt. Forest has been let at 27 cents per yard.

Henry Arthur Hambly, nephew of Thomas Hambly, of Drayton, was instantly killed while coupling cars recently at Charlotte a station on the main line between Detroit and Chicago.

Arch. McDermid has sold to Alex. McLellan the south half of Gore A. on con. 10, Arthur tp., for \$2,000.

About 40 hives of bees belonging to J. & H. Thomas, con. 1, Luther, and valued about \$300 were destroyed by skunks last winter.

Thos. Stephenson, an Elora young man, was killed on Friday last at Sutton station. He fell under the wheel of a moving car.

Thirty-five cents was expended in prizes in Elora in athletic sports on 24th of May, the competition being keen. No matches were held except for lighting pipes and matching for drinks, says the Express.

BRUCE.

A Walkerton man is the owner of a litter of St. Bernard pups whose grandfather was sold for \$3,000.

The newspapers of Bruce county are agitating for a county House of Refuge. Bruce county has an able staff of editors and a level-headed county council, and it is to be hoped they will, between them, bring the scheme to an affirmative consummation.

Chesley's Queen's birthday celebration was a grand success.

A rather novel butchering establishment has been established in Brant township. Twenty farmers have banded together and kill a beef every week, each member taking one-twentieth of it. Thus, in twenty weeks, they will each have consumed one animal, always having fresh beef.

The voting in Greenock on Saturday for a reeve in place of the late Mr. Bradley, resulted in the return of Mr. Louis Lamb, by a majority of about 40.

It is said that Emilus Irving, Q. C., has been appointed a Commissioner to hear the charges preferred against Sheriff Sutton, of Walkerton.

There will be 52 candidates for the Port Elgin High School writing at the departmental examinations this summer. This is the largest number in the history of the school.

The County Executive Committee of the Patrons of Industry of Bruce County will meet in Pinkerton on June 14th at 1 p. m.

Hanover will celebrate Dominion Day by holding a series of horse races.

Walkerton's new Post Office is completed, except for the furniture and the electric light. Besides the general delivery wicket, there are separate apartments for registered letters and order and saving bank departments, and 562 lock boxes, no two keys of which are alike. It is supplied with water from the water works and heated by hot water, the heating apparatus being constructed with all the latest improvements. There are also spacious apartments for the collector of inland revenue and customs officer.

A shocking accident occurred at the Cove rifle range on Monday, which resulted in the death of Private Joseph Palleucci, of D. company, I.S.C. A squad from the barracks were at target practise, and Palleucci was one of the markers. There are two targets, Palleucci had just been fired at and he came out from behind his shelter. Just then one of the marksmen took aim and in mistake fired at the wrong target (Palleucci's), the result being that the unfortunate marker was struck in the thigh, the ball passing clean through. An ambulance was at once sent for and Palleucci conveyed to the city hospital, where he died about 5.30 from loss of blood. Deceased was thirty-two years of age and had been a member of the company for a year and a half. An inquest will be held.

Our Business Grows

Thanks to the judgment and taste of people who appreciate style and quality combined with value.

We wish to please our customers.

If ROCK BOTTOM PRICES will do it

We can make you happy.

We Sell Good Goods Only

and sell them Cheap!

If you are not already a customer one visit to our store will make you one.

The Goods and Prices are simply Irresistible

Among the many offerings will be found:

7c.

The best **Factory Cotton** ever sold for this money. You can have it for this money while it lasts.

A white Fancy Scrim, 36 in. wide, for same money.

8c.

A Flannelette which for weight and quality cannot be equalled in the market. This is the price while it lasts. Also a good washing and a niceingham, patterned. The Verdict is "cheap at 10c."

10c,

Ladies' Silk Vests. Usual price, 15c. Men's Cotton socks. Usual price 12c. Body Linen Glass Towels, 10c per pair.

12½c.

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, heavy and stainless. A large and choice assortment of Dress Print. Oxford and Standard Strappings (well worth 15c.

15c.

Single-Fold, colored, all-wool Serge Dress Goods. Usual price 20c. Double width Linen Tabling at the same money. (Worth 20c.)

25c.

Ladies' Heavy Black Stainless Hose, the best article for the money in the market. Ladies' All-wool Cashmere Hose.

48c.

A Pattern Tweed, (worth 60c.) Also White Shirt Linen Fronts and Cuffs.

\$1.25,

White Cotton Coverlet. Only a few left. The Best pair Lace Curtains. 8½ yds long, in the market at this price.

Extra Value in all Lines of Dress Goods, and a large stock of Latest Styles to choose from.

We will not weary you with any more talk,—come in and see us.

McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House

WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?

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

COOPER MAP

OF THE COUNTY OF HURON,

Which has been long needed and looked for. The size is four feet by five feet mounted on linen and wood rollers. Six 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.

Published by

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

Booksellers and Stationers

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

James Sutherland's

TIN STORE

(North end of the Leech Block)

GORRIE, ONT.

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

JUST RECEIVED.

Special Value in Cook Stoves.

Special Value in Heaters.

Special Value in Drums.

Special Value in Cutlery

STOVE FURNITURE

—IN—

Every Variety.

Have Troughing a Specialty

A Choice Selection of Lamps & Lamp Goods

Highest Cash Price Paid for HIDES and SHEEP SKINS.

TINWARE

of every description, on HAND and made to ORDER

Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

IS THE NEW PREMIUM



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

READ THE LIST.

Full-page Portraits of Sir John and Barbara Macdonald; Birthplace of Sir John in Glasgow; Portrait of Sir John's Mother, the only one ever published; The Old Homestead at Kingston, occupied by Sir John during the Rebellion of 1837; Banquette, Sir John's Residence at Ottawa; Interior of Senate Chamber, Ottawa, showing the Guard of Honor and Body Lying in State; Exterior View of Houses of Parliament, with Funeral Procession forming in the foreground; View of Eastern Block, Parliament Buildings, with Funeral Procession passing; Fine View City Hall, Kingston, Draped in Mourning, as it appeared the day Sir John's body reached Kingston and lay in state; Grave at Cataract Cemetery, with Floral Tributes from his thousands of followers; View of Westminster Abbey, in which the Memorial Service was held; Interior View of Westminster; View of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which a Memorial Tablet will be erected to Sir John's memory; Interior View of St. Paul's Cathedral. All these views are fine half-toned Photographs on heavy enameled paper, and suitably bound, with an illuminated and embossed cover. A really valuable souvenir that will be a suitable ornament on parlor or library table. The demand for this work promises to be great. Send in your orders early, with ONE DOLLAR, and get THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for one year and this MEMORIAL ALBUM. New subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY EMPIRE free for balance of this year.

"Average" People.
The genius soars far to the fountain
That feeds the snow-capped peaks in the sky.
But though our wings break in the flying,
And though our souls faint in the trying,
Our flight cannot follow so high;
And the eagle swoops not from the mountain
To answer the ground-bird's low cry.

The world has a ray of golden light
To shed the gloom of the shades of night.
But on the dull highway of duty,
Aloof from the pomp and the beauty,
The strife and the chance of the chase,
Are tollers, with step true and steady,
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence
May capture the glib and the glibber,
But the "average" father and mother,
The home-keeping sister and brother,
Grown gentle and patient and strong,
Shall live in the fast-rearing distance,
Wherein life's awards have been wrong.

Then here's to the "average" people,
The makers of home and the rest;
To them the world turns for a blessing,
When life its hard burdens is pressing.
For stay-at-home hearts are the best,
Birds build it they will in the steeples,
But safer the doves for a nest.

HARPER'S BAZAR

A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAPTER V.—JEM'S WIFE AGAIN—HER LAST APPEARANCE.

The agony of this suspense was wearing him out, and Matthew Bulbous felt, next morning, as if another twenty-four hours of it would drive him mad—unless, in self-preservation, he rushed off to the nearest police station and gave himself up in anticipation of the action of the law.

The house was intolerable, and he could not bear the disgrace of being arrested in the presence of all his neighbors. So he made away from London by way of Victoria Station, unconsciously leaving the train when it stopped at Penge; and giving up his ticket at the gate, crossed the wooden bridge over the line, which he remembered crossing on the day of the funeral of his own son's wife—Christmas Day. It seemed so long ago now.

Matthew Bulbous walked slowly down the street of Penge, heedless of pelting sleet and of the fact that he was without an umbrella. His head was bent in abstraction; but his feet unconsciously were bringing him step by step towards the house in Croydon Road where, with most unchristian feeling, he had seen the hearse waiting for the dead woman.

It had to be done over again, he knew now how he would do it. Conditions that marriage he could not, nor forgive his son for the act of defiance. But he recognized the hand of good-fortune which had first put an end to the matrimonial scheme between Lord Polonius and himself. Had he only recognized it at the time, he would never have suffered himself to fall in with the Earl's again. He would have left things as they were. The baby would probably have died in any case, and he should be free of this terrible burden which crushed him now.

Then he went on to speculate as to what was probably at this very moment going on at the inquest. From this he proceeded further to speculate on the sentence he should be likely to receive—the ruin and shame he realized sufficiently well. It would be imprisonment with hard labour; for a year, or two years; or perhaps penal servitude for a longer term. And then? It was the coming to life again, rather than the imprisonment, which he dreaded most; and it is very likely that it would have been a relief to him to be assured, as he walked drenched and insensible to wet and cold down the dull suburban street, that he should be shut away from the world for ten or twenty years. What would not ten or twenty years wipe out? He might reappear in the world, at the end of that period, forgotten, and therefore less ashamed. But to come back soon—while the thing was still fresh in all men's minds—would, he knew, be the worst part of his punishment—a calamity that would be killing to a man of his restless energy, who could not still sit and corrode in inactive obscurity.

At the bottom of the main street of Penge village there is a police station, at a corner where Croydon Road crosses at right angles. Matthew Bulbous stepped quickly off the pavement in front of the station, stopping his head against the driving and blinding sleet in order to cross to the other side. He had gone but three paces when a shout from the door of the police station paralyzed him, and heavy feet leaped down the stone steps and followed him. As the policeman's grasp was on his shoulder he turned his white face to his captor—was struck in the head and chest with tremendous force, and flung back senseless on the pavement.

For weeks after this occurrence, Matthews Bulbous was knocked out of the world more completely than he had been gloomily anticipating just before it happened, and by a much more summary process. The world he was shot into proved to be a strange and bewildering one, and held masterly grip of his raving fancies. It was a kind of world manifest enough, from his hallucinations, to those about him; but much of it was wholly incomprehensible, and almost all of it very dreadful.

How many times he was pilloried in the dock for that crime of folly, it would be impossible to say. The wretched man was being forever put on his trial, with a world of defence to utter. Mr. Clrove sat by, silent and powerless; the loathsome Griffin, smelling of gin, with vile moisture glistening on the bristles round her mouth, supported him on one side; the doctor on the other; and now and again he caught sight of the distressed, pitying faces of his wife and daughter, and tried to avoid them. But when he beheld Lord Polonius on the bench beside the judge, his rage was fearful; they had to hold him down on the bed; until, behind the justice-seat, appeared the face against which he had no power to hold up his head—and then he always collapsed, moaning and burying himself in the pillows. How vividly he remembered her warning on Christmas eve: "According as you are kind and just to it, I will be merciful to you!"—He had murdered it, he and those two vile confederates on each side of him; and seeing the dead mother-bird dark eyes fixed upon him, he knew that he had no mercy to hope for.

When the dreadful trial was over, and sentence passed, the worst punishment came because, instead of the merciful seclusion of the prison, he was condemned to undergo his degradation before all the world. His wife and daughter beheld him, linked to his detested fellow-malefactor the Griffin and the doctor; all the clerks from his office came daily during luncheon hour to stare at him; business friends stood afar off, contemplating his condition with pity; ragged women jeered and hooted him; and Lord Polonius drove round daily in a shuffling tandem in order to turn his head away with lofty abhorrence.

Matthew Bulbous possessed an iron constitution—he could not have survived all this—half of it would have killed an ordinary man. It was in the early twilight, on a

wintery afternoon, that he came back to the world once more. The amazed effort to realize where he was, or what had happened to him, was of course a failure. It was some time before he received assurance to him presently to see his wife by the bedside, signing to him to be still, and gazing in his face with the unselfish devotion of a loving heart. Then a doctor came, examined his pulse and temperature, and silently disappeared again; and as, opening his eyes after a few minutes, he found himself alone and the room was darkening, there was nothing for it but to go to sleep, with some vague hope that when he awoke again he might be able to understand something.

When he opened his eyes next the room was very silent, and a shaded light stood on a table in a distant corner. Not being able to call, he tried to think. The effort proved in vain, for he could get no farther than an overshadowing fear that something very dreadful—the very worst, perhaps had happened, and that he was only going to realize it now. It was painfully perplexing. Could a room like this belong to a prison hospital? Hardly—and he recollected having seen his wife. Convicts are not usually allowed to be nursed by their wives. Perhaps he had got off, by some trick of Clrove his solicitor, and they had taken him away from the scene of his disgrace. Perhaps—worst of all, and the fear of it made him wish he had died rather—his trial had yet to come off.

Presently his wife came in and kissed him. She had not for many years been wont to venture on that act of affection. Then some one came to the other side of the bed and also kissed him—this was his daughter, Agnes. In the sudden fullness of heart brought on by this demonstration of pure and unmerited affection, tears welled from the broken man's eyes, and he struggled to say: "Mary—Agnes—I don't care now what I have lost—or what has happened—if you stay with me!"

"Dear, dear, we will always stay with you. You have lost nothing; you have been wandering in your illness."

"Am I—at home?"

"No, dear; you soon shall be, when you get strong. Now sleep again; we will stay with you."

"Yes, yes, stay; but I cannot sleep now. Tell me everything."

"No, Matthew. To-morrow you will be stronger. You must not talk or think to-night."

"Very well!" he said with a sigh; "but I can't help trying to think."

He decided to put that question which was uppermost in his anxious thoughts—whether he was still awaiting his trial. Trying to think, however, was of no avail, and at length he slept. Exhausted nature had much lost ground to make up before the balance was even again, and he did not wake until ten next morning.

A bright gleam of sunshine rested on the side of the window, and was the first thing he saw. In a while the doctor came, looking cheerful, and pronounced him to have fully landed on that happy shore where the patient has only to get well as fast as he can. Matthew Bulbous took all the nourishment they gave him, and enjoyed it; and then he learned, to his great wonder, where he was, and the nature of the accident that had befallen him. Simultaneously with the warning shout from the door of the police station—which was the thing he remembered—away horsed and trap dashed round the corner and struck him senseless. Searching his pockets, the police found his card, and recollecting that some person of the same name lived a short way up the Croydon Road, they made inquiries. This was how it came to pass that Matthew Bulbous was nursed through his illness in his own house; though it puzzled him greatly to imagine why James Bulbous should be keeping the house on his wife and child being dead, and he himself having gone abroad after the wife's death.

When the doctor went away, Matthew began to question his wife. All about the accident she knew and told him; but when he tried to approach the dread subject of the baby, she would not let him see her face, and what might have been told him, Mrs. Bulbous grew puzzled and distressed, for she apprehended that he was again relapsing into that delirium which had been so terrible to witness.

"Dear Matthew," she suddenly said, "would you like to speak to Jem?"

"Ay," he answered drawing a deep breath. "Is he here? Very well; send him to me."

The interview would have to come sooner or later, and he might as well get it over. Matthew Bulbous was not now his old self—of rock-like strength and inflexibility of character, but a broken down man—broken down first by misfortune and next by sickness. His son might be as stern as he liked with him; he was at his mercy now.

James Bulbous, however, did not look stern when he came to the bedside and took his father's hand. "I am glad to see you better, father."

"Well Jem?"

The son regarded him a moment attentively, still holding the weak hand, and then he said: "Matthew Bulbous, gathering all his strength, 'if you will listen to me—patiently and forgivingly—while I confess how I have wronged and injured you"

"Father, you need not go into all that," said his son quietly.

"I must, Jem—I must! I have been a fool. I have ruined myself, and I have done you all by my folly. Oh, Jem, Jem!" he exclaimed with all his soul, "I wish it were all undone, and that I had the chance again of taking another course. I won't say I could approve your marriage to that—to your wife; but it doesn't become any one to be hard on what he thinks another's folly; and I might, when she was dead, have had more Christian feelings. It was all done for sake—Jem!" he exclaimed, gaining sudden strength from the thought of Lord Polonius, "upon my soul I would rather see you married this day to an even worse case than to that old villain's daughter."

This burst of feeling did him good. The son waited for him to cool before he spoke again.

"Did you ever see my wife, father?"

"See her? Why, of course—Well, no; I can't say I did, Jem; but let her be. Joe told me all about her. Never mind, now. Tell me what has happened—about the baby," he said, shutting his eyes. "You will never forgive me that, Jem. Oh! I have been so unnatural! If I could only get your full forgiveness, Jem—and have this fact—of that wily old thief—I think I could die in peace."

"I have something to tell you about him presently, father. But about my wife and baby?"

"Jem, Jem, Jem—spare me! If you know how I have suffered—how your wife has haunted me—"

"How you have never seen her, father; how could she haunt you?"

"It wasn't the real one; but all the same, Jem, she has haunted me—about that baby."

The perspiration was on his face; there was real suffering there.

"Poor father!" said James Bulbous, "you have been under a terrible delusion. Before I tell you what has happened, will you promise to promise me—ill-feeling against others on account of it?—to let bygones be bygones?"

Matthew replied. This was a serious proposition. But he was in a weak state of mind and body propitious to virtuous impulses, and after a while he answered: "Very well, Jem; I promise—always excepting Lord Polonius!"

"We will leave out his lordship, then," said the young man, smiling. "And now, father, I will tell you how it was."

James Bulbous related the story of his wife and child. Matthew was simply stupefied. The whole thing had been a malicious scheme of Joseph Bulbous, intended to punish his masterful brother, and humble his pride by administering to him the biggest fright it was possible to give him. Joseph knew his man to the bone, as no other living person knew him, and the atrocious and self-sufficient brother had played into his hands with stupendous blindness. It was difficult to realize it.

"Joseph deceived you, father. He deceived me also. Why father," said the young man evenly, "if you had only made inquiry of me even once—if you had only loved me to speak that day you saw me at my chambers—if you had not implicitly put yourself in Joseph's hands as you did—all that would have happened."

"Then, your wife's child"—Matthew commenced, feebly.

They were both alive and well. Joseph, after having been provided with the money intended for James Bulbous's continental trip—addressed a letter to his nephew recounting the whole plot. At the same time he despatched the telegram to his brother as a parting shot. The unfortunate child belonged to some one else—for it was a plot between Joseph and the woman Griffin, who had paid the latter sufficiently well. The infant was dead in any case, in the course of nature—or business—

"So Joe is gone, then?" said Matthew feebly.

"I gave him four hundred pounds for you."

"He is half-way to New Zealand now—I know, father," the young man added, penitently. "I ought not to have been so stiff-necked. I ought to have written to you and explained the whole matter to you to work and be independent. I am sorrier now than I can tell you."

There was no deception here; his son's face was too honest. The Griffin and all the rest of that horror passed away like a nightmare—hideous, and as yet hardly comprehensible—and the relief was indeed deep beyond fathoming. What a terribly realistic and thoroughly honest nature was his! How much lost ground to make up before the balance was even again, and he did not wake until ten next morning.

The fear of ruin and disgrace was gone now; and what remained? The wife and the baby! These dark images were still in his mind, and he had been doing his best for the last few minutes to think of them with grateful resignation. But for all he could do, while thanking Heaven with one half of his heart that they were alive, the other half sank with the thought of them living and his wife and daughter in the same house with them. It was more than melancholy. The woman might reform; he was doubtful, very doubtful as to this—but the taint would cling to her for life—and he recoiled from the thought of her coming in contact with his own wife and daughter, whose value to him now was beyond all riches.

And then the baby—such things, as though in mockery of human vanity and pride, were terribly tenacious of life, and, as Mrs. Griffin had pointed out, endowed with marvellous powers of endurance and survival.

These did not understand the grief which he was deepening in his father's face. Presently he fancied he discovered its cause, and laughed quietly.

"Don't laugh at me, Jem; I'll bear it as best I can; but for the Lord's sake don't laugh at me!"

There was a soft rustle at the door, and James Bulbous made a sign to some person there.

"Father, my wife and baby," he said gently.

Matthew shivered, and turned his pale face round to see. "What is this?" he cried, starting up.

"My wife and child, father. Gertrude has been nursing you, as well as mother and Agnes."

As he spoke, he quietly slipped from the room and left them together.

That pretty blushing face—how well Matthew Bulbous knew it!—the face that had been haunting him since Richy indeed left him, the face of his wife in his morning—and of her bright-eyed baby—reply him for what he had suffered. He drew them both to his breast and held them there, tenderly, thanking God for a mercy he had done so little to deserve.

That was a profoundly happy hour that followed, with Jem's wife sitting on the bedside and Jem's baby climbing over him. No person interrupted them; they were left quite alone, and it is hardly too much to say that under this new intimacy Matthew Bulbous unconsciously floated into a life he had never known before.

He was soon back at Blackheath with his family. The last stimulus to his recovery came from the information that Lord Polonius had gone into the City with his money and had there come to ignominious grief, finishing his financial career in the Bankruptcy Court. Matthew Bulbous was profoundly pleased; but still, he could not help a feeling of pity for Lady Jessalinda. Her father had been a blight upon her. Should it ever come in Matthew's way to do the poor lady a friendly turn in the way of business, he will probably be tempted to do it, provided it is absolutely certain that Lord Polonius reaps no benefit thereby.

Matthew lived with deep and peculiar interest the report of the trial of Mrs. Griffin and her accomplice the doctor, and the painful revelations which were made. It still made him turn cold to imagine what might have been.

He has abandoned the idea of entering Parliament, and is taking steps to sell Kirby St. George. To the general world he is still the same man he always has been; but his eyes have been opened to one or two important facts. He knows the value of his domestic ties now, and the pleasure of coming home in the evening. After dinner, instead of shutting himself up in his study, as he used to do, he now sits by the drawing-room fire with pretty Mrs. Jem (and the baby) always near to him. Agnes is to be married to the curate very soon. Jem, who has been called to the bar, works as hard as though his living depended on it; and his father has privately assumed the young man's mother that one day Jem will be Lord Chancellor of England.

"Gertrude," said Matthew one night to his pretty daughter-in-law as she sat by his side for the first time, for whom are you in mourning?"

She looked up with innocent surprise—

not having the least knowledge of the fraud that had been played on Mr. Bulbous—and replied: "For a little sister of mine, who died at Christmas."

"Ah—of course, my dear," he said with a slight start. "Now I remember. That illness has played the mischief with my memory."

[THE END.]

A Hatching Chest for Girls.

In Germany they have a pretty fashion when the stork comes down the chimney and brings a girl baby to make the house glad, to begin on her first birthday to form the treasuries. Her godmother gives the big, handseamed hatching chest, and in this goes gradually the bed linen, the napery, and the silver that, as an industrious frau, she is to carry into her new home. The American mother is beginning to see the value of this custom, and the hatching chest now makes its appearance in a carefully filled. Grandmamma, and is carefully filled. Grandmamma, and is carefully filled. Grandmamma, and is carefully filled.

Suppose she should never marry? Oh, but she will keep a home for herself, and in it she will have her own belongings, or, if she should sink into the position left vacant by mamma, and the contents of the hatching chest should never be used, don't you think it will be a pleasure to her to give them to one for whose future there has not been so much care taken? American women are not, as a general thing, accumulative. Something is bought to-day, discarded to-morrow, and forgotten at the end of the year. She who keeps things always has a stock from which she can be generous, and it is pleasant to have a store of good memories of one's friends, even if the thought comes with the fragrant tea out of the fat, silver teapot which has been yours, or the delicate-handled, old-fashioned spoons from which the preserves are eaten, and to which you devoted so much thought in designing. Don't you remember Mary Washington leaving to her son George her own needle? That showed a thought for the future, and a looking after his comfort that are much to be commended. However, without thinking of what one will do about willing things, start a hatching chest for your small girl, and conclude that she will use its contents in her own household.

Small Sweet Courtesies.

Life is so complex, its machinery so intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a continual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a position in the overcrowded world. What wonder if in the hurry and pushing the rights of others were trampled or completely ignored when every individual is in such haste that time fails for the "small, sweet courtesies of life!"

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative nod, the sympathetic word—that make life easier, and which lessen in a marvelous degree all its worries and perplexities. For nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet lacking prudence and delicate insight and circumspection, would with sharp needles prick the sensitive hearer. We do not care to be constantly reminded of our failings.

A gentleman never fails in the small, sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feelings of others, and, having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that she speaks. Her words are ready welcome, and like the sun, she "finds the world bright, because she makes it so."

Minute Wonders of Nature.

Human hair varies in thickness from the 25th to the 600th part of an inch. The fibre of the very coarsest wool is only the 500th part of an inch in diameter, while in some species of the sheep it takes 1500 of their hairs laid side by side to cover an inch on the rule. The silk worm's web is only the 5300th part of an inch in thickness, and some of the spiders spin a web so minute that it would take 60,000 of them to form a rope an inch in diameter! A pound's weight of spider's web of this size would reach around the world then seven enough to reach from New York to San Francisco. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for twenty years. At the lowest computation that grain of musk must have been divided into 320,000,000,000 particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs. The human skin is perforated by at least 1000 holes in the space of one square inch. For the sake of argument, say there is exactly 1000 of these little drain ditches that each square inch of skin surface. Now estimate the skin surface of the average sized man at sixteen square feet and we find that he has 2,304,000 pores.

Cultivation of Turkeys.

"A farmer's daughter" says: The first turkey hens which show a desire to sit should be allowed to do so, as the fresher the eggs the better the hatch. Let them have only 10 to 12 eggs at the start, the remainder being given to some trustworthy old Plymouth Rock matron, which can easily cover eight to ten turkey eggspice. A sufficient number of turkey hens should be set to go with the young turkeys, as they are so much finer and more thrifty when reared by their natural mothers. Some persons put as many as 25 or 30 in one brood, but my experience teaches that a larger per cent. are raised when the broods are smaller. It is also a good plan to set several turkey hens come off at once; they and their broods are no more trouble to care for than one would be; in fact, they are much more tractable, it being the nature of turkeys to go in companies. One alone is always restless and ill at ease, seldom content to remain long enough in one place to give her little ones the requisite rest. Many poultry keepers insist that each hen should produce two clutches of eggs before sitting, but this compels one to keep the first eggs so long that they might as well be thrown away at once, or let chicken hens raise the first pullets—a most unsatisfactory proceeding indeed.

The Sweetest Things of Earth.

What are the sweetest things of earth? They that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn.
A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile though they may weep.
A brother's cheer, a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days.
A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns.
Wrong's overthrow; pain's sweet release;
Dark footsteps guided into peace.
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise.
A mother's kiss, a baby's mirth—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

Paper-Covered Bullets.

In consequence of the enormous initial velocity of the bullet in the new Mannlicher rifle and the resulting friction and wear on the barrel, it has become necessary to devise some method preventing both of these evils. The manager of the Government laboratory at Thun, Switzerland, has consequently devised a method of encasing the leaden bullet in a thin metallic covering, while over this he places a wrapper of specially prepared oleaginous paper, which reduces the wear of the rifle barrel to a minimum, without interfering with the course of the bullet.

PRINCESS LOUISE.

How Her Royal Highness Ironed a Colored Man's Shirt.

A lady who was living in Bermuda at the time heard H. R. H. Princess Louise herself tell the following story at the tea-table a few hours after the incident that it relates to occurred:

The princess had been out sketching and had a tin cup in which she wished to get some water to wet her brushes. Seeing an old colored woman standing near a window ironing she went into the house, and asked for some water. There was none in the house, and in order to get it she would have to go quite a distance to the spring, so she said:

"Lor' sake, chile, I ain't got no time to go for de water. I've got ter git dis shirt ironed so as my ole man kin go to see de 'cession to-morrow."

There was to be a procession in honor of the princess.

"If you will get me the water I will iron the shirt," said the princess.

"All right, honey, I'll fetch it in a minute."

While she went for the water the princess ironed the shirt and when she was about to go she said:

"Auntie, are you not going to see the procession? Don't you want to see the princess?"

"Lor', chile, jest look at dat heap of clothes dat is got ter be washed. 'Sides, dey say she ain't only ordinary lookin', jes' like ourselves."

The princess then told her what she was. "Bress de Lord, honey, an' you is ironed my ole man's shirt. He shan't never wear dat shirt agin."

The princess, in telling the story at the supper table, said that her mother had all of her daughters taught how to cook and how to iron, and she remembered her saying once when she (the princess) demurred about ironing: "You don't know but you may have to iron your husband's shirts sometime, and you must know how to do it;" then she added, "I am sure I ironed the shirt well."

After supper the princess was sitting on the veranda with other ladies when she saw some very fine roses that one of the ladies was gathering. She spoke to a little 5-year-old girl who was near her:

"Teresa, won't you please ask my mother if she will give me one of those roses?"

The little girl looked at her a moment, and then said: "You mean my mamma, don't you?"

"Well, yes, if that is what you call her; but I always call my mother mother."

"That's 'cause you are a big lady and not a little girl."

"I always called her mother when I was a little girl. Do you know who my mother is?"

"No."

"She is the Queen of England."

"What a fib," said the child, which caused a laugh in which the princess heartily joined.

Her First Umbrella in England.

Jonas Hanway was the son of a store-keeper in the dockyard at Portsmouth, and on the death of his parents was bound apprentice to a merchant in Lisbon. When the term of his indentures had expired, he went to St. Petersburg, where he became partner in a good house of business, and being desirous of opening up a trade with Persia, and also of penetrating into that land of mystery, journeyed thither, meeting with strange and wild adventures and enduring many hardships. But he picked up much information, which, on his return to England, he published; and he brought back with him rich experiences, a fair competence, and an umbrella! Picture Jonas Hanway, with his plain honest face and his suit of broadcloth, walking through the streets of London, the first man who ever used an umbrella! People stood and stared, boys jeered and hooted, and some thought him mad, while others only laughed at him as being conceited. But Jonas had a purpose; he found the umbrella useful in wet weather to shield him from the rain, and in summer to keep off the sun, and at other times to serve him as a stick, and wherever he went he persistently carried this curiosity, until people got accustomed to see it. After a time, on wet days, Jonas was not the only man to use it; one after another took to the "ridiculous" umbrella until at last a new trade was originated, and to-day it is the source of a livelihood to thousands.

Gigantic Extinct Birds.

Those who have read the story of Simbad the Sailor, and who has not? will be interested to know that there is some foundation for the supposed-to-be fabulous stories he told of the roc and its monster eggs. Ornithologists have figured out a roc monster specimen of the Epinoris family of birds, which are known to have formerly lived in Madagascar. The prize-takers among the Epinoris stood (according to skeletons which have been found in guano beds) a fraction of twelve feet high, and laid eggs, specimens of which are now in existence, which were as large as a two gallon jug and had a holding capacity as great as its good sized had a egg! The giant moa, which did not become extinct until after Captain Cook's visit to New Zealand, was larger in point of weight and bulk at least than Simbad's roc. The moa was but nine feet high, but he weighed over a thousand pounds. It was so clumsy that Cook's sailors had no difficulty in killing several of them with the hand spikes which were used about the ship. The great auk, another species of bird now extinct, was not so remarkable for its size as for the famous sum of money now asked and given for specimens of its eggs. In the year 1889 an egg of the great auk sold in London for £225.

Queer Facts About Colors.

A dog belonging to Hercules Tyrius was one day walking along the sea shore, when he found and ate a murex, a species of shell-fish. Returning to his masters, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrian purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born of the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre.

The Scotch Conveners was Blue.

In the seventh century the favorite color of the Scotch Conveners was blue, and blue and orange or yellow became the Whig colors after the revolution of 1688. Green is the color of the Irish Roman Catholics, while opposed to it is the orange of the Orangemen or Protestants of the north of Ireland.

Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors and black and white, which are used at various church offices. The Cardinals of the Roman Church have adopted scarlet as their color, which was originally red. In ancient Rome the occupation and rank of many people were made known by the colors of the garments which they wore. Black is in common use among sailors for mourning, but the Chinese wear white, the Turks wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the proper hue. White was originally the mourning color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for instance, the "red, white and blue" of the United States.

Something About the Latest Expedition Into the Land of the Lamas.

Capt. Bower of the Seventeenth Bengal Cavalry, and Dr. Thorold reached Shanghai on April 1, having journeyed from Cashmere through Thibet to the Chinese province of Szechuen, an exploit without a parallel by Europeans. The greater part of the journey was made at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and for a fortnight the road was 17,000 feet above the level. The party, which consisted of Capt. Bower, Dr. Thorold, and nine East Indians, spent just a year on the journey, eight months of which were passed in the elevated country that seldom visited by Europeans. A part of their route was traversed by the explorer Rockell and by Prince Henri of Orleans and M. Bonvalot, but no previous explorers had the same opportunities for observation or penetrated so far among the high plateaus that are exceeded in elevation only by the Pamirs, so aptly called the roof of the world.

The party started from the northwest corner of Cashmere in April, 1891. They were well supplied with horses and luggage. They made a diagonal course straight across Thibet and entered China near Fu-chien-tai, in the southwest extremity of the province of Szechuen. Ten months were consumed in this journey, which was made in the face of many hardships and considerable danger.

The cold was intense on the high plateaus 15,000 feet above the sea level over which they travelled for five months. Much suffering from cold was experienced at the outside because, to avoid the guards placed by the Dalai Lama on the frontier of Thibet, they were forced to go far to the north and cross the uninhabited table lands. For days and weeks they travelled over these elevated plains. The only traces of any previous travellers were an occasional pile of three stones, placed like an equilateral triangle, which marked the camping ground of a party of nomads. The only vegetation was a low-lying heather. There was nothing to make a fire of except the dung of wild horses. The plains were alive with game, however—wild horses, antelope, gazelle, and yaks—and the leaders of the party had good sport. The cold told severely upon the Indians and the horses, the party losing about thirty of the latter.

In the middle of these great plains they had a narrow escape from a party of nomads, who threatened to put them out of the country. The fellows were not strong enough to make an attack, but they hinted at reinforcements near by, so Capt. Bower saddled up at dead of night and soon put a good distance between himself and the blackmailing bandits.

Near the sacred city of Shassa they were stopped by a large party of Thibetians, who apparently thought they had some intention of defiling the sanctuary of the great Lama. They explained that they had no designs on Shassa and asked to be allowed to proceed, but they were kept waiting while a party went to the capital, eight days' journey, and return, and secured the necessary permission.

The Captain and his companion have brought back 200 specimens of butterflies and flowers gathered on the elevated plains, and many specimens of animal life. When the story of their expedition is written it will add materially to the world's knowledge of the interior of Thibet.

Torture of a Chinese Rebel.

A despatch from Shanghai describes the execution of one of the chiefs of the recent rebellion in Mongolia. The man was brought in chains to Tientsin, and after being examined for several hours by the Viceroy, Li Hung-chang, was executed by the "slow process," lying chi-slicing to death (literally, cutting into ten thousand pieces). The wretch was fastened to a wooden cross, and the executioner proceeded to cut slices from him here and there, beginning with the end of the nose, then cutting off pieces of the arms and breast and legs, but carefully avoiding a vital part.

It is usual in the case of this punishment for the friends of the condemned to bribe the executioner to give the victim a good stab at an early stage in the proceedings, but it happened that the rebel had no money and no friends in that vicinity, and, besides, the executioner was carefully watched by the officials, who saw to it that he should show no mercy, even if he was so inclined. So the torture went slowly on for an hour and a half, until the wretched victim presented a most hideous spectacle, being denuded of the greater part of the outer flesh, and yet still alive.

At last the officer in charge ordered the executioner to strike off the criminal's head. The latter was evidently conscious, for he heard the order and bent his head to receive the blow. Throughout the whole scene the victim never uttered a groan or an appeal for mercy, though his compressed lips showed that it was not without effort that he maintained his apparent stolidity. Several foreigners who were present at the scene say that it was the most cruel Chinese execution they ever witnessed.

The Silk Petticoat for Full Dress should be cut with the bias seam in the back, like the dress and trimmed with lace and deep flounce, with narrow Russian eye on each edge of the skirt.

HOUSEHOLD.

Old Dresses.

Sisters: I have been benefitted so much by your helpful talks, I think it is about time for me to contribute my mite. I will tell you how I renovated an old dress. It was made with a plain basque and trimmed skirt, and after I had worn it for over a year as one of my best dresses, it began to look faded and show signs of wear. So I ripped it apart and brushed it well, and turned it wrong side out and made a skirt, plain in front and the sides, and full back drapery. The dress was green, and I added a black V-shaped front, black collar and cuffs. Then I had a dress which did service for a term of school, and I thought it was surely ready for the rag-bag. But I procured a package of two dark brown dye, and after ripping and washing it dyed it a dark brown. Of course I could not use the black trimming, so I got one and a half yards of small striped goods, brown and gold stripe. I put a strip several inches wide around the skirt to make it long enough, as it has shrunk in dyeing. The upper part of the sleeves was of the striped, as was the waist from the under-arm seam to within about two inches of the middle of the front, and extending from the belt to just above the darts. The rest of the front was filled in with pleats of the plain brown. After adding a collar and belt of the striped material, I had a dress which would do service for another term of school, and that, with little trouble and an expense of a few shillings, I think there is no excuse for girls going shabbily dressed, when with the assistance of fashion plates, dye, and a little patience and ingenuity, an old, faded dress can be transformed into one which resembles and does nearly as much service as a new one. A dressmaker will cut a pattern which will exactly fit you, for a small amount. Every girl should learn enough about dressmaking to make her own clothes, at least the common everyday dresses. Then she can have as much more to spend for the material as it costs to get them made. Old linings can be used, if washed and starched very stiff and carefully pressed. It is best to face it up, on the wrong side for a few inches with ducking or crinoline, so that the skirt will hang smooth and straight. It is best to use new waist lining. The waist will set better than if it is used.

Girls, remember that a cheap dress neatly and prettily made is prettier than expensive material all botched up; although good material will pay best in the end, as it can be made over several times.—(Nonna H. in the Housekeeper.

The Fashions.

The first summer weather calls attention to the very graceful designs in outing gowns now shown in the shops. The skirt is of jacket, short waist and straight skirt promises to be more popular than ever for the coming season. There are many materials, from plain storm tweed to figured white duck and serviceable chevot. In general utility this suit has never been excelled. The new blazer jackets are decidedly different from those of last season and upon the cut and chic of the jacket the entire style of the suit depends. The newest blazers for young ladies are made with short fronts like an Eton jacket and elongated positions at the back. Still another style consists of the belted blouse, adapted to the blazer effect by open fronts which disclose the shirt waist beneath. A more popular style than either has the jacket belted neatly at the back and flowing loosely in front. These jackets are finished with simple rolling collars without a notch. While plain blue remains a fashionable material for outing use, there are tweeds introduced in a variety of colors, including brown, white, light red and black. These are also soft cloths of pure indigo blue color and twilled weave which are used by ladies who object to the harsh texture of an English serge.

The new duck suitings promise to be especially popular for outings, as they may be as easily laundered as the fast-faded gingham gown and can thus renew their freshness repeatedly. They are made with simple belt skirt united to a belt which is pointed at the top and straight on the lower side and is worn over the shirt waist of linen batiste. A jacket of linen duck with flowing front and belted or fitted back completes the suit. The price of jacket and skirt, without the batiste waist costs \$15 in the shops. The batiste waist costs \$3 more. These suits are especially pretty in white batiste, sprigged with the tiniest figures in black or color, or striped with fine hair line stripes. They are worn with batiste linen waists in red, navy blue and other shades, seeded with fine dots. Plain white batiste waists are worn with suits of plain white duck. For general wear with serge and worsted outing dresses, a shirt waist of changeable silk, either plain serge or surah-seeded with white dots, is chosen. The white and the colored silks, striped with hair lines in flower colors, are also chosen for shirt waists.

For misses and older schools girls, the suspender suit made with a pointed bodice and belt skirt, and worn with a full gipure of bright colored silk is preferred for serviceable wear. These suits are generally made of blue serge. The belt skirt is finished with a plain hem and only the bias seam at the back. It is fitted around the hips at the belt with room, five to seven little gores, one directly in front and two or three, as the case may be, on either side. This suit costs in the shops, without the silk gipure, about \$12. The gipure costs from \$4 to \$5 more. There are a few suits in the shops for tall growing girls, made with a Russian blouse reaching about midway down the skirt.

The blazer suit, which is displayed for girls from ten to sixteen, is quite similar to the one worn by grown women, but the skirt is simply finished with a narrow roll, where the belt should be, and this finish is completely concealed beneath the blouse waist of white lawn which hangs over it. The blouse is made in the back edged with deep square collar at the back edged with embroidery, and a box-pleat in the centre of the front trimmed on both sides with embroidery. A natty little jacket with high sleeves, smartly fitted to the figure, and flowing in front, completes the suit when an extra wrap is required.

Children's cambric dresses are made in simple styles which may be easily laundered. A little more embroidery is used than last season. Very frequently a full ruffle of the dress material, about four inches deep finishes the neck of blouse dresses. Black velvet sashes of ribbon about two inches wide are used on small children's dresses, and they often begin on the shoulder, go down to the waist line, where they cross directly in front and pass around to the back where they are tied in a bow, with ends. A pale blue and white cambric or rose and white striped is very pretty finished in this way. Challies in rich colors, sprigged with flowers, are still very popular for afternoon wear and for any occasion when a more elaborate dress is required for a child. They are made with full plain skirts containing one breadth

each, full yoke waists, with tucked yokes of the dress material and full English sleeves falling low from the shoulder. A flat giraffe of the dress material, pointed at the front and simply crossed at the back, conceals the line where skirt joins the waist. The new parasols for serviceable use in the street and for travelling are gay little affairs of changeable silk, mounted on the lightest frames and either unlined or lined under the ribs. The handles are of natural wood. A silver handle is no longer considered good form as it has been vulgarized by cheap imitation. A very pretty and useful parasol may be purchased as low as \$2. For promenade and carriage use and for watering places there are many parasols of soft white chiffon, puffed on the frames and lined under the ribs with white silk so as to give them substance enough to be windshades. These are trimmed with white laces or with ruffles of chiffon, and mounted on sticks of natural wood. There are also parasols of black chiffon. Some of the prettiest of these parasols in white or black are spangled.

TWO WARS ON FRANCE'S HANDS.

Samory and Behanzin are Giving Her a Handful of African Treasure.

The French have two little wars on their hands in West Africa. We have heard recently of the purpose of the King of Dahomey to force the French again into hostilities. The French have accepted the challenge, but it is not likely that we shall hear of hard fighting for some time yet, as this is the rainy season along that coast and this time is not auspicious for military movements. A month or two from now we may hear of some very lively doings in Dahomey and King Behanzin is likely to learn a lesson he will never forget.

The other war is now going on further northwest. The French are making a great effort to dispose finally of the Sultan Samory, their enemy in the upper Niger region. Samory has been fighting the French a good deal of the time since 1882. A few weeks ago The Sun reported that the French had driven him from his capital, Bissandagu, and they thought then that Samory was nearing the end of his rope. But he does not relinquish the game so easily, and the French career of success has not been unbroken.

Since he lost his capital Samory has been in the hill country south of his former stronghold. The French sent a force after him to insure his defeat, but he has lately scored at least one little victory over his pursuers, and he took a few French prisoners. It is hoped that he has not such faith in his ultimate success as will lead him to treat his prisoners with the terrible cruelty to which he is said often to have subjected other prisoners of war. Gen. Faiderbe, who fought Samory for years in the western Soudan, describes him as a monster of cruelty. Faiderbe says he owed the rapidity of his conquests to the terror produced by his practice of burning his prisoners of war by the hundred in fiery trenches filled with blazing wood and oil. We have not had Samory's side of this story.

SIR EUAN SMITH'S MISSION.

On His Way to see Morocco's Sultan, and the French don't like it.

Sir Euan Smith, the British Minister to Morocco, has started from Tangier on his mission to the Sultan at Fez. A large number of officials and natives turned out to bid him farewell as he left Tangier, but all the members of the French Legation were conspicuous by their absence. The purpose of Sir Euan Smith's visit to the capital has not been definitely announced, except that the Minister has said that the mission is undertaken in the cause of British interests, that Great Britain has no intention of acquiring an acre of Muley Hassan's territory, and that the only desire of England is that the Sultan should govern his people more justly and permit the country to be developed to its full extent.

The fact that some foreign legations, in one way or another, manifested their disapproval of Sir Euan Smith's mission is another illustration of the jealousy with which the representatives in Morocco of the European powers regard each other's actions. They are always eager to declare their anxiety to preserve the independence of Muley Hassan, but if one of them undertakes a diplomatic mission to Fez or Marrakech, men-of-war are likely to steam into the harbour of Tangier to be ready for any emergency. The result is that when one power gains the ear of the Sultan the other powers see to it that some obstacle is thrown in the way of any action his Highness may be inclined to take, and as the easy-going potentate is only too glad of an excuse to keep clear of the infidel, the result is that his country is without roads, and Tangier is badly supplied with water.

A while ago the Sultan engaged an English officer to drill his troops. Thereupon the French Government insisted upon the appointment of a French officer to act as a mission, composed of French officers, being attached to the Sultan's army. The Spaniards and Italians came in with more officials to burden the Moorish Treasury, and it is expected that before long Germany will demand that her representatives shall also be attached to the Sultan's military services. All these officials are really encumbrances, and their occupation is to act the part of spies on each other's actions; and the world looks on at the interesting spectacle of everybody playing dog in the manger.

New York, Paris, and Berlin all together have come to so large an area as London. Wax came into use for candles in the twelfth century, and wax candles were esteemed a luxury in 1300, being but little used.

During the present year many of the patriotic women of Poland wear mourning to commemorate the centenary of the loss they suffered of their independence as a nation. After the locomotive department of the Argentine Great Western Railway had mastered the question of using petroleum as fuel and most excellent results had been attained, the supply of oil gave out, owing to the borings not going deep enough, and wood and coal are again being used.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER.

An Interesting Commentary on his Recent Ulster Speech.

By GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

Lord Salisbury's Ulster speech may be measured by the violence with which he is attacked, and not by that only. The Gladstonian orators and organs are becoming daily more extreme in their language on the whole Irish question. Let us take Herbert Gladstone as a specimen. Herbert is important because he is the son of his father; possibly also because he sits for a division of so great a town as Leeds, and must be supposed to represent in some degree the opinions of his constituents. He is, however, listened to and read chiefly because he is supposed to reflect in some degree his father's sentiment. He is thirty-eight years of age; young, amiable, intelligent; a steam engine from which the builder omitted the balance-wheel. He spoke at Hackney on Monday. He described Lord Salisbury's speech as one of wanton folly. "If Ulster should rebel, we," father and I, "shall be prepared to take the usual course." That is ambiguous. Does he mean the Marjuba Hill course, or the Harton course? He sneers at Ulster as a minority and asks "Why not make friends with the larger crowd?" A cynical phrase to come from juvenile lips. "There are 3,000,000 Nationalists, only a million and a half anti-Nationalists." Why consider a million and a half, or why not, in Lord Salisbury's speech, "into slavery?" If you think this rather random talk what do you say to the following? "The country must decide. If they decide against Home Rule, I as a humble member of the Liberal party shall say I have done what I can to promote the cause of Home Rule for Ireland." He has failed and the constitutional argument has failed: the usual course of argument has failed, and we must tell our friends that Ireland must rely on her own resources, whatever they may be, in order to wring Home Rule" out of England. "Her own resources, whatever they may be," seems to mean civil war, or perchance dynamite.

Another reply to Lord Salisbury comes from Sir Vernon Harcourt, in whom mature age has not dulled the force of his intellect. There is, says Sir Vernon, one single watchword in Lord Salisbury's speech—"Let Ulster rebel." If you avoid quotations, it is easy to make your opponent say what you wish he had said. We all know how Sir William Harcourt lays on the colors. He paints a future misery for Ireland, he dispraises for England. He describes the speech as an attempt at "palpable bigotry." It is the language and policy which have made British rule naturally odious and justly offensive to the great majority of the Irish people." The Prime Minister is "an artist in sedition;" the ladies of the Primrose League are no better than the harlots who, one hundred years ago, stormed the Tuileries with fire and their own time watered the Tuileries with petroleum." He describes the ascendancy which Protestant Ulster has won by intelligence, energy, thrift, high principle, as the "tyrannical domination of a bigoted and insolent majority, which has been the main cause of the evils of Ireland." It is odd to hear that Ulster is a majority, but that was a slip due to his excitement. The whole of his speech is a reply, not to the speech Lord Salisbury delivered, but to Sir William Harcourt's travesty of that speech. It is one way of answering an adversary to put words into his mouth, or to construct an adversary for the purpose of being bowled over.

Lord Rosebery's reply to Lord Salisbury attracts perhaps more attention than Sir William Harcourt's for various reasons. Sir William Harcourt is a probable leader of the Gladstonian party in the House of Commons; Lord Rosebery is likely enough to lead the party some day, not in the House of Commons, since the House of Commons may not be abolished just yet, but in the country. Sir William Harcourt's conclusions are not supposed to be very original. Lord Rosebery is thought to be nearer the throne—I mean the party throne—and to reflect more accurately than the Squire of Malwood the mood of his revereled leader. He has mixed up socialism and Lord Salisbury in the most approved style of the most adroit of our statesmen, and nothing has caused a more general excitement, both before and behind the scenes, than his speech. It is a piece of the Prime Minister's Ulster speech. This is too modest. He does find fault. There has been in Lord Rosebery's lifetime—He is forty-five years of age—"no other political speech," he says, "of equal interest to the history of Ireland than this speech of Lord Salisbury's." He strains his memory to find in the history of the last two centuries any speech of any Prime Minister comparable to it in danger, in recklessness, and in cannot. It is the language of despair; it is a dark and desperate appeal: it is the appeal of a man who has no hope left in him, who has no other resource than to call the Nation to civil war. You see much in the justice Lord Rosebery did to his own vocabulary when he said he could find no words; he found all these and more. He found, indeed, too many. He accuses Lord Salisbury of "trying to stir up old race hatreds, and of calling upon the men of Ulster to allow the act of Home Rule to be tried." It would be cruel to call Lord Rosebery's speech a piece of the Prime Minister's, as an account of the impression left on his own mind. Even sc criticism based on appreciations and impressions and not on facts may seem rash. Prophecy also is rash, and it is surely rash to say that the real question, except in details, is as much settled as Magna Charta. The illustration is not a cheering one. Magna Charta itself had to be ratified, and ratified many times by many successive Kings.

All this, which in quieter times might pass for the language of irritation and excitement, is as nothing to the rhetorical gymnastics of the Gladstonian organ. Lord Salisbury, if you credit "The Daily News," has not been ashamed to preach the gospel of anarchy, to sneer at respect for law, to proclaim that "if an act is passed of which any section in the community disapproves, rebellion becomes legitimate and submission contemptible." This was said, if at all, in strict confidence to the editor of the organ. No other paper has the news, nor has any other paper suggested that Lord Salisbury ought to be hanged. I suppose the truth is that the Gladstonians see that Lord Salisbury's speech has altered the conditions of the Home Rule contest. He has not, as Sir William Harcourt says, cried to Ulster to rebel, nor, as Lord Rosebery says, sounded the tocsin of civil war. It is impossible that a Prime Minister should do anything of the kind, and it is impossible to quote from Lord Salisbury's speech any passage which justifies either charge. What he has done is to recognize the probability that Ulster will refuse to obey a Dublin Parliament and to ask the people of this country to consider whether the Imperial Parliament has any moral right to hand them over to their enemies

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

It is a curious but certain fact that last winter's scourge of influenza in England was almost confined to well-to-do people.

The jockey who won in the largest field ever known to the English turf, Gostar, has just died. He rode Joe Miller in the Chester Cup in 1882, when forty-three horses faced the starter.

Rabies have broken out among the splendid pack of coursing dogs belonging to Mr. Thomas Dickson, in the North of Ireland. Forty-five greyhounds are now suffering from the malady, and Dolly Dillon and Dally Duff have had to be destroyed.

A Patrick Roche was committed for trial on Wednesday on a charge of murdering a man named James Morrissey. It was alleged that during a melee a few days ago Roche hurled a stone at Morrissey with such force as to fracture his ribs, inflicting injuries which terminated in death.

At Cardiff, on Wednesday, Robert Shortston, master of the British steamer Avalon, was fined £100 and costs for overloading his vessel so as to submerge the winter load line by four inches. The Magistrate said this was the ninth or tenth case of the kind during the period of two months, hence the imposition of the maximum penalty.

An inquest was held at Manchester on Monday on the body of James Henry Sharp, aged 42, who fell unconscious while umpiring in a cricket match at Newton Heath on Saturday, and died almost as soon as he had been carried to the pavilion. The deceased had just called "Over" when he fell. The jury found a verdict, "Death from natural causes."

At the Hyde Park meeting of domestic servants, male and female, convened by the London Domestic Servants' Union, the Secretary gave the estimate that there were 10,000 domestic servants walking about the streets unemployed. The last census returns showed 73,000 coachmen and grooms, 56,000 male domestic servants indoors, and 1,230,000 female domestic servants, or 1,359,000 in all.

A Cardiff correspondent telegraphs that during the dense fog in the British Channel on Friday night a disastrous collision took place between the Cardiff steamer Earl of Chester, coal laden, and the Spanish steamer from Hamburg for Cardiff. The Earl of Chester sank in seven minutes, but the crew got out their boats, and two of them were by the Soto, and subsequently landed at Penarth.

A young English lady named Elizabeth Davies, who resided at the Villa Duineg de Rosnay, Cannes, has met with her death under very distressing circumstances. It appears that she had entered a room with a lighted candle, and had just closed the door behind her, when she accidentally dropped the candle on her dress, which was highly flammable. When assistance arrived, she was found lying in a pool of blood, and her body was just conscious enough to utter a few words of farewell to her mother and her betrothed, and soon afterwards expired.

A Newtown, Montgomeryshire, correspondent telegraphs that an extraordinary scene occurred there on Tuesday night during the performance at Sedgewick's menagerie. Lorenzo, a keeper, was putting the lions through their tricks, when two of them escaped among the crowded audience. The people were terror-stricken, and quite a panic prevailed, but fortunately no one was injured, and the audience left as quickly as they were able. The lions were not got back into their cages until eight hours had elapsed.

Russia has again been checkmated in Persia by England. The London Times preferred loan of £500,000 to pay the indemnity to the Imperial Tobacco Corporation, and that instead of accepting financial aid from Russia, Persia has decided to raise in London a loan to pay the compensation claims. The Times says that the new satisfactory end of the negotiations for a new loan frees the Shah from an embarrassing financial situation without exposing him to grave political dangers. It also free British trade in Persia from the effects of a customs tariff that would have been adjusted, under Russian influence, in the exclusive interests of Russian traders, while at the same time it frees British diplomacy from the discredit of being outwitted by her rival in Asia.

From the Beethoven centenary in Vienna comes the account of the composer's terribly rough treatment of his copyists. The only copyist with whom Beethoven was ever satisfied died young. All after this one drove the composer nearly crazy. Either the notes were not clear or the words of direction were not written correctly under them. In one letter he writes: "I tried the whole morning, correcting two short pieces and I am hounded with swearing and stamping my feet." A Bohemian who undertook to improve the Grand Mass got such a tongue lashing that he sent the next work back with the message: "My only comfort in all this is that Mozart and Haydn, were they your copyist, would be treated as badly as at your hands." In reply to this Beethoven wrote: "With a scolding of this sort, who robs one of one's money, is likely to exchange compliments instead of pulling his pair of donkey's ears. Scribbler, stupid, just your correct me, mistakes you have made through your arrogance, carelessness, and stupidity instead of teaching me how to compose."

Thimbles made of lava are extensively used in Naples.

A century and a half ago wig-wearing was at its height, and little boys four or five years of age submitted to having their heads shaved preparatory to donning their false hair-dresses.

Most people believe that there is no known chemical that has any effect upon particles of gold. This is a mistake. Lactic acid will dissolve it as readily as quateritis does the baser metals.

Chinese making in Canada has enormously improved within recent years as a result of the method of instruction which has been promoted by the Government in sending competent instructors among the cheese-makers.

Lighthouses are classified by orders depending on the height and diameter of the lighting apparatus. There are four orders. The first three are used for sea or coast lights and the fourth for harbor purposes.

In a full return of the vintage in Spain last year, the total yield was 540,000,000 gallons, and it is described as good in ten provinces, fairly good in thirty-four and bad in five.

The Registrar-General of England states that during 1890—the returns are issued when they are a year old—no fewer than 1,554 infants lost their lives by suffocation in bed. The proportion on Saturday night is twice as high as on any other night of the week, and the natural inference is that interference of parents on the last day of the week is the cause.

and subject a Protestant community to the rule of Roman Catholic priests. No doubt there is a suggestion of what we used in America to call the higher law. Lord Salisbury may be right or wrong in his estimate of the situation, but as a statesman he is bound to take account of facts. He puts them before the English people. He tells them—it was his duty to tell them—that the attempt to set up a Dublin Parliament is likely to lead to civil war in Ireland. That is a probability they must consider in deciding to vote for or against Home Rule. It has never before been put so plainly or with such authority. It has produced, I think, a great impression. It may turn many votes; it may alter the political future of the kingdom; it may keep Gladstone out of office. The possibility of this last catastrophe angers the Gladstonians, and they express their anger freely. I imagine some of them would, if they were frank, be inclined to date the doom of Home Rule from Lord Salisbury's speech at Covent Garden.

PERSONAL.
Madame Patti has "sold her voice," that is, for a consideration she has promised to permit her throat to be examined after her death, to see if the construction of it in any way accounts for her marvellous gift of song. The probability is that the secret lies more in the brain than in the vocal mechanism.
The marriage of Count Herbert Bismarck to the Countess Hoyos is likely to be one of the most brilliant events of the Vienna season. The wedding will be attended by a great gathering of the leading nobility of Austria and Hungary, among whom the family of Hoyos stands very high. The Countess is Margarete, is 21, and has seven children, the eldest of whom, Count Leopoldine, married Baron Ludwig von Plessen, of the German diplomatic service. Count Herbert Bismarck was an intimate friend of Baron Plessen, who invited him two months ago to pay him a visit at Flume. During a fortnight's stay with Count Hoyos he made his fiancée's acquaintance.
The German Emperor's Imperial train, which has just been completed, has cost £150,000, and it has taken three years to construct. There are twelve carriages, all connected together by corridors. The library saloon is hung with Gobelin tapestry from the Palace of Charlottenburg, and the dining saloon is furnished and panelled with oak, while there is a drawing room furnished entirely in white satin, and two nursery carriages, a reception saloon, which contains five pieces of statuary, a luxuriously-fitted smoking room, and three sleeping saloons, each of which is fitted with a bath. There is a large kitchen, and accommodation for the suite and the servants.
At a meeting of the Japan Society in London Mr. Shidishi, a graduate of the University of Tokio, read a paper on "Ju-jitsu," the ancient art of self-defence by sleight of body." It differs from wrestling in yielding to strength instead of opposing it. It has been cultivated in Japan since the time of the Silla dynasty, the old name of the Takemouchi-Rin, founded by Takenouchi Hisamori in 1332. Ju-jitsu is the chief daily amusement of the boys of Tokio. The priests there, too, are all obliged to cultivate this system of physical culture. It is prescribed in the Naval Academy and in the higher academies and the Imperial University. The method for gaining a victory over an antagonist is described as "drawing the body by the hands, waist, or feet," "straight self-throwing" and "side self-throwing" by "holding the body, or part of the body, or by striking a vital part of the body." Ju-jitsu is strongly commended for moral and mental training.

People don't drink so much in Germany as they used to, says Bismarck. When a visitor lately refused a glass of whiskey offered by the Prince the latter said: "I think drinking is dying out more and more here. I only hope we shall not become like the English, who drink only water and tea." Then he made the following statement: "We northern people require a wetting. The Hungarians, the Spaniards, and the others down there come into the world half-soused over, but the German is to become thoroughly conscious of his strength he must first have swallowed half a bottle of wine—or, rather, a whole one. I don't like liquors and such sweet stuff, but at the late Empress Augusta's table, was nothing else. A good glass of cognac is used to my liking. Among the non-commissioned officers in my time there were some smart fellows—especially one, a long artilleryman. I can see him now. If he stepped up to me and I winked with the right eye and he winked with the left one, then I knew quite well that on that side there was a good glass of cognac."

Advices from Shanghai describe many ruthless acts of barbarism committed by the rebels during the recent warfare. Innocent villagers were mowed down by a diabolical and unnecessary fusillade, and the estimate made by the officer of the Imperial troops of the lives thus sacrificed placed the number at three thousand. On the other hand it is said that many of the Imperial soldiers as the troops passed along on their way back to Tientsin were loaded with booty, many valuable silk garments being carried under their blouses, while their arms were covered with valuable bracelets. A number of boys and girls whose parents had been killed were taken along as part of the plunder. The testimony of many villagers is to the effect that the Imperial troops were much more wanton and cruel in their treatment of the peasantry than the rebels.

Forty-nine per cent. of the days in London are wet ones.
Actors were so much admired by the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie that he never charged them for medical advice.
A grain of fine sand would cover one hundred of the minute scales of the human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from 300 to 500 pores.
In one of the great Paris hospitals, out of eighty-three patients who suffered from epilepsy, sixty were found to be the children of drunken parents.
The first railway in India to be built and controlled entirely by natives has been sanctioned by the Indian Government. The line will be about 30 miles long, in the Hooghly district.
The telephone in Japan is said to be growing in popularity. At Tokio there is a general familiarity with the instrument, and its uses, and even in out-of-the-way districts it is not unknown.
Formerly the greater part of Irish butter was packed into firkins, but the farmers are now turning their attention to making butter suitable for preserving in tins.
The Russian Tolstois have now in operation twenty-two relief kitchens, which are located in fifteen different villages and feed 1,000 people daily.

Outrages by Chinese Soldiers.
More harm has been done by such maltreatment than has resulted from wrong medicines given by experimenting physicians. Let quiet reign—not the suppressed and sullen, but a cheerful and bright that is full of tranquility. When addressing an invalid do not lower your voice to an affected whisper, or put on a solemn countenance. The more nearly an invalid is treated as though he were in health, the sooner will he reach that condition. Speak to the invalid in a gentle, cheerful, unassuming voice; converse briefly upon every-day topics, as if he were an interested member of society still. Keep his thoughts from dwelling upon himself as much as possible, yet do not weary him with too much chatter. A bright smile is better than a loud laugh in a sick-room—but the laugh is infinitely to be preferred to the lack of sympathy shown by tactless, if not useless, friends who are afflicted. These few admonitions show the necessity of intelligent, thoughtful care in the room of the very sick—care that can scarcely be found outside of disciplined experience.

Gold Discoveries in Burmah.
A Times Rangoon telegram says:—Dr. Griesbach, of the Geological Survey of India, who has returned to Rangoon from a tour of exploration to the north of Bhamo, reports that near Myitkina, in a district absolutely uninhabited, he has discovered some remarkable alluvial gold deposits, stretching for a great distance up the course of streams, and no less than 15 miles in width. The alluvial deposit produced 25 grains of gold. Lead has also been found in abundance.

Some large blasts of rock have been made to provide material for the new harbor of refuge at Brest, as much as 100,000 cubic yards being thrown out at one time.
Costa Rica is about to have a law making the sale of Indian antiquities to foreigners a crime punishable with severe penalties.
It has been ascertained that food cost \$243.65 per year for each family in the United States, while in Europe the cost is \$225.52.
The Government of the Tyrol has passed a bill imposing a heavy fine upon any person caught selling Edelweiss.
Since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has spent \$2,200,000,000 on her army and navy.
In the Samaritan Hospital at Belfast, Ireland, chloroform has been given in over 3,000 cases of operations, without a single fatal result.

HEALTH.

Hints on the Care of the Sick.

The comfort and prospect of recovery of the sick is dependent in a great measure upon their surroundings and treatment. For the well-to-do invalid, the presence of trained attendants is a great advantage; but the majority of sick persons must look to a member of the family or a kind friend for the ministrations of necessary things. Rarely do we find, however, the person who is to be the nurse-manner born, and when we do the convalescence of a sick one may be predicted with confidence. For the treatment of invalids generally, then, the following advice will find application, and it is valuable enough to be posted up for reference on occasion.
In the first place, the most cheerful room in the house should be that of the sick. A change from a gloomy, dark apartment to one where there is warmth and brightness is better in its effects oftentimes than medicine. The sick should come in at the windows, and there should be blinds and shutters also, whereby too glaring beams may be tempered, or, if necessary, shut out altogether. But the sun should still be allowed to shine upon the outer casements, for the thought of his golden beams is cheering to a sufferer. A dull room, where the sunlight can never penetrate, is depressing to even a well person. Invalids are even a bit childlike, and a new object now and then does infinite good. Change the objects in the room as you have the chance, and do not be afraid to allow the patient roscuda, if no other flowers.
Never begin to change the clothes of the sick until you are sure that you have everything requisite in readiness. The garments of weak bed-laying patients should be changed twice a week at least, and in many cases oftener than that. Observe carefully before beginning to change a patient's clothing that no draughts can touch the bed. Let all the linen be properly aired and warmed beforehand—too much caution in this case cannot be observed. In changing the clothing do not move nor uncover the patient more than is absolutely necessary.

Begin by removing all sleeves from one arm, then, without moving the patient, put on all that is to go on this arm. Now raise the head and shoulders, removing the soiled and adjusting the clean linen well down under the shoulders. The patient may now lie down again and the other arm be dressed. Raise the hips can be slightly raised, the soiled clothing removed and the clean garments arranged. Never let a very feeble patient help too much; as such action is very exhausting; on the other hand, see that they do such things as they can and ought to do themselves. After the change in linen has been made, enforce strict quiet for a time; then interest them with some pleasant bit of news, some rumor that will cheer; never bring ill tidings to a bedside.
In giving to any one who is sick a drink of water, when the draught should be limited, hand the patient a small glassful. This, be it ever so small a quantity, does not fail to satisfy thirst. It is much better to limit the draught than to present a thirsty person a large goblet of water and direct that only "so many swallows" must be taken. The patient will not be so well satisfied as if he could drink all that was offered.

Never keep anything eatable in the sick-room. This is one of the greatest mistakes made by nurses. The sight of fruit always before the invalid robs it of its novelty, and the capricious appetite refuses to enjoy it; besides, the impure atmosphere of any sick-room renders the fruit unwholesome and unfit for use, as it is more or less an absorbent. If you would have it eaten, remove it and fetch it to the patient in different shapes and dishes.
Keep company out of the sick-room. More harm has been done by such maltreatment than has resulted from wrong medicines given by experimenting physicians. Let quiet reign—not the suppressed and sullen, but a cheerful and bright that is full of tranquility. When addressing an invalid do not lower your voice to an affected whisper, or put on a solemn countenance. The more nearly an invalid is treated as though he were in health, the sooner will he reach that condition. Speak to the invalid in a gentle, cheerful, unassuming voice; converse briefly upon every-day topics, as if he were an interested member of society still. Keep his thoughts from dwelling upon himself as much as possible, yet do not weary him with too much chatter. A bright smile is better than a loud laugh in a sick-room—but the laugh is infinitely to be preferred to the lack of sympathy shown by tactless, if not useless, friends who are afflicted. These few admonitions show the necessity of intelligent, thoughtful care in the room of the very sick—care that can scarcely be found outside of disciplined experience.

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Wroxeter.

Mr. McLean, of the Seaforth Exporter and two of his friends, Messrs. Broadfoot and Jackson, paid a visit to Wroxeter last Sunday.

The excavation for the New Presbyterian Church is completed ready for the stone masons.

Mr. Forsyth is buying large quantities of wool. He has a fine stock of goods and his reputation for integrity was established here long ago.

Mr. Wm. Muir buried his little girl here last Saturday. She never recovered from the la grippe, but her last illness assumed the form of a brain disorder.

Reeve Sanders left here last Monday to attend the county council.

Base ball matters are now quite lively. Practice is held every evening and the boys are determined that the Wroxeter end of the Unions shall give a good account of itself at Walkerton on the 15th.

Mr. Hazelwood has purchased the Gibson residence from the estate of Gibson & Smith for the sum of \$850.

Mr. Ashton, formerly working for Mr. Black, at the Greenlaw mills, left last week for college intending to prepare for the Methodist ministry.

The village council are having coats of gravel placed on many of the streets. It is reported that some sort of a demonstration is to be held here on Dominion Day, but the scheme will not likely mature on account of the corner stone laying in Gorrie on that day.

Mr. Hupier's horse ran away from Bluevale station the other day. Keeping the road pretty well the animal ran as far as the swamp, where the reins got twisted around the wheel and drew the horse into the swamp where it was thrown on its back, breaking the harness and cart, without injuring the animal.

Fordwich.

J. Davidson, of Alma, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit last Sabbath.

Mr. Jno. McDermott shipped a carload of fine cattle from here on Monday last.

Mr. Peter Hepinstall was away last week attending Conference at Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Little and daughter, of Teeswater, are at present the guests of Mr. Robt. Elliot.

At the last regular meeting of the O. Y. B., held last Wednesday evening, five candidates were initiated. We understand others are to follow soon.

Darby Bros, our popular hardware men, have ordered a large assortment of Bee-keepers' supplies. They have new goods arriving every week and are reaping the benefits of advertising and square dealing by opening up an excellent trade with the public.

Mr. C. C. Kaine occupied the Methodist pulpit here last Sabbath evening very acceptably in the absence of the pastor at Conference.

A terrific tornado passed over our village last Saturday night, during which one highly esteemed young man had a close shave and got the hair of his lip taken off. Never mind, Father M.; don't give up in despair.

At the last regular meeting of the R. T. of T., the following officers were elected:

- S. C.—Bro. P. Hepinstall.
 - P. C.— " Louis Hoocy.
 - V. C.—Sis. Lella Hoocy.
 - R. S.—Bro. J. T. Wiggins.
 - F. S.— " Alex. Gibson.
 - Treas.—Sis. Tena Gibson.
 - Chap.—Bro. Geo. Milne.
 - Herald— " Jno. Argue.
 - Guard—Sis. Mina Jemison.
 - Sentinel—Bro. Louis Mahood.
- Rev. Mr. Bloodsworth, of Port Stanley, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sabbath.

Wingham.

Reeve Hannah and Deputy Reeve Sparling are at Goderich this week attending county council.

The new Hamilton is rapidly approaching completion. Mr. Kerr has the job. The Meyer's block is also nearing completion.

A grand Foresters' demonstration will be held in this town on July 1st. About 100 lodges are expected to be present and no pains are being spared to make the day an enjoyable one. Among the other sports is to be a lacrosse match between Wingham and some other club not yet known. Also a base-ball match between Wingham and likely the Unions.

The lecture by the Rev. Mr. Carter, of Gorrie, given in the Congregational church, was well attended.

The Salvation Army have made great improvement towards having a band in connection with their army here.

The owners of fast horses here are working their horses up for the races on June 28th.

The new English church is to be built this summer. The excavation for the basement has commenced.

Our Chief sprained his ankle so badly last week as to have to use crutches for a few days.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

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

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

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

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Taman, the Tailor,

Has removed to the McGill building, next north of Bean's store.

Adv. next week.

**JNO. BRET HOUR,
FIRE AND STOCK
Insurance Agent
WROXETER.**

- REPRESENTS:
- Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 - Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 - Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 - Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 - Mercantile Insurance Co.
 - Etna Insurance Co.
 - Ontario Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

New Wall Paper

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

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

Express Wagons. We have a fine lot of wagons this season, made by best makers. A good iron-axle wagon for \$1.25; a heavier one for \$1.50. Iron wheel wagon at \$2 and \$2.50.

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

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

**N. M'LAUGHLIN,
Druggist, Gorrie.**

**GO TO
W. M. 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. H. CLEGG.

W. Lee & Co.

WROXETER.

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

We never offered better lines at such low prices.

Remember the prices:

8c. to 25c. for Splendid Straw Hats.

Children's Sailors at 20c. (A fine line.)

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

The **Print Department**

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

Hosiery Department.

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

The Best Lisle Thread and Cashmere at 50c.

Our leading line is **A Fast Black Dye at 25c.,**

The cheapest hose in the market for a lady.

We are ordering another lot of those

Cheap Raisins.

Everyone should have a box while they last.

Still selling **25 lbs. Sugar for \$1.**

PRODUCE TAKEN, and the Highest Price, paid.

People * WILL * Talk!!

And What Do They Say?

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

Call at **ALLISON'S**

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

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

Straw hats Dyed and made over into any shape.

Cheap for Cash or Trade.

DARBY BROS.,

*** Fordwich ***

Hardware * Store.

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

**Carpenters' and Framers' Tools.
Fence Wire, Barb Wire.**

**A choice lot of Spades and Shovels
Garden Tools and Seeds.**

Churns.

**Spinning Wheel Heads.
Axle Grease.**

A new lot of Whips.

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

Have troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.