

The East Huron Gazette

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 14th, 1892.

No. 32.

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 witness required.
Office—At my Residence, GORRIE.

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

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

ENNELLS
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OR
ORTUNATE
OLKS.

S. T. FENNEL,
Torsorial Artist
Capillary Abridger.
Hirstute Vegetator.

No Threshing Machines, Lawn-Mowers or Meat-Axes used!
Come in and sit down;
You're Next!

Greenlaw Mills.

Wroxeter, Ont.
ROBERT BLACK, PROP.
FIFTED UP WITH
**HUNGARIAN ROLLER
PROCESS.**

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR

—FROM—

MANITOBA WHEAT.

Highest Price paid for Grain.

Chopping Done.

ROBERT BLACK.

Vanstone Bros.,

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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.

City Grocery.

HAVING bought out the stock of MR. JAMES W. IRELAND I will endeavor to keep up the reputation for High-Class

GROCERIES,

Confectionery,

—Staple and Fancy—

Crockery, Silverware and
Fancy Goods,

that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 15 years.

**Everything Fresh and
Guaranteed of the
Finest Quality.**

No use to enumerate prices, but call and see for yourself.

I will sell as Cheap as the
Cheapest.

T. F. MILLER,
WROXETER.

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

Bull for Service.

THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at **1018 COR. B HOWICK**. He is three years old, and weighs 232 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLETS.

Wool, Wool

We wish to intimate to the farmers of the surrounding country that we intend opening out a branch of the

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

"LION STORE"
WROXETER.

The Balance of our
Millinery stock, trimmed and
untrimmed, we will clear out
at Cost. Our Milliner
leaves 25th July for holidays,
so kindly bear in mind every-
thing goes in that department.

Hats and Caps to
clear, and several other lines.

Call and See.

Still in the Market for
WOOL!

Lion Store, Wroxeter.
J. W. Sanderson.

Don't be in a Hurry
to sell Your

Wool

TILL YOU

See the Wagon!

—OR—
J. W. WATERHOUSE,

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

**Highest Price Paid in
Cash or Trade.**

RESIDENCE:—Next the Railway
Track, east of Main St., GORRIE.

MISS FLORA JAMES,
(Graduate of Niagara Falls Academy of Music.)
TEACHES PIANO, ORGAN AND HARMONY.
Theory Explained.

"This is to certify that Miss James, having completed in a creditable manner the course required for a certificate, is duly qualified for piano-forte teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in that branch."
Prof. A. HUBBARD,
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m.; Rev. T. A. Wright, incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

METHODIST—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

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

METHODIST—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. J. W. Pring, pastor.

Hellebore for Grubs,
Paris Green for Bugs,
McLAUGHLIN for Drugs.

If you want a good article in
Paris Green

Get it at the

Drug Store.

The only kind I keep is a
Pure English Green.

N. McLAUGHLIN,
Druggist,

GORRIE.

Local Affairs.

A new roof has lately been placed on Leech's Block in this village.

Mr. Geo. Walker spent Sunday last with his relatives at Dungannon.

Messrs. J. H. Taman and Frank Williams spent Sunday last at Blyth.

The Misses Kaine, of Clinton, are guests of their uncle, Major Kaine, at present.

Mr. Samuel Greer, jr., of Toronto, is home on a short holiday visit. He took in the excursion to Arthur on Tuesday.

Mr. Roberts, of the firm of Hurd & Roberts, wholesale marble dealers, Hamilton, was in town for a day or two last week.

Messrs. John Kaine and D. Fallahay played with the Dunganop foot-ball club, on Tuesday, against Wingham. The game resulted in a draw.

Mr. Jas. Young, of Clinton, preached to the Methodist congregation in the town hall here on Sunday evening last, giving an impressive discourse.

A large fuchsia in the post office window presents a very attractive appearance just now. Upon its branches are 115 flowers in bloom, besides fully as many more buds which have not yet opened. The plant is of the "Storm King" variety.

Rev. J. W. Pring, of Bluevale, passed through Gorrie on Wednesday. He was disappointed in not being able to attend the demonstration at Arthur. He had got as far as Palmerston but was unable to secure a livery there to take him the rest of the journey.

Mr. S. Seaman last week removed his family to Fordwich where he has recently been appointed to the position of station agent. We congratulate Fordwich upon this accession to her inhabitants, and also upon receiving so capable and genial a young man to take charge of railroad affairs there.

The Fordwich and Orange Hill Orange Young Britons presented a very attractive appearance in the procession at Arthur on Tuesday last. They were neatly uniformed and marched with pleasing precision. It was hard to say which made the finer showing although the Orange Hill boys seemed to have a little the best of it on account of their superior numbers.

A young son of Mr. Wm. McKee, who lives just east of Belmore on the Carrick side, met with a serious and painful accident on Tuesday. He was leading a horse which was drawing a hay-fork, when the animal stumbled over a pile of boards and fell upon the lad breaking his leg at the thigh and otherwise crushing and bruising him. Medical help was at once called, and although his life was despaired of, he has rallied, and is now apparently doing nicely.

While the Orangemen were away at Arthur on Tuesday some practical jokers hastily manufactured a flag which bears some resemblance to the stars and stripes, and ran it up on the pole in front of the town hall, where it still hangs, at this writing, limp and dead in the still atmosphere, a fit emblem of the lifeless annexation sentiment said to be held by a few Canadians. The flag is a very home-made affair and clings convulsively to the pole as if it would like to climb down from the atmosphere to which it does not belong, and hide itself in a hole along with Myers' and the others of that stripe.

Mr. Eschoo, a Persian student of Knox college, Toronto, with a view of returning to his native country as a missionary, delivered a lecture in the Presbyterian church in this village last Monday evening, the building being well filled. Mr. Jno. B. Campbell was called to the chair and introduced the speaker. Mr. Eschoo spoke very well for a man who has very lately learned the English language, and was quite entertaining. His conversion was due to the efforts of Presbyterian missionaries, who have five stations in Persia. Out of the nine-and-a-half millions of his countrymen there are in all about 2,600 Christians, the balance being followers of Confucius, Mohammedans and Fire-worshippers. He gave an interesting account of the habits of the Persians, showing that the women there are little better than slaves, although there are 700 women and girls who can read through the instructions of a Miss Fisk, who spent 25 years in that country. His countrymen know nothing of the telegraph, telephone or railroads and but little of the world's history. He was listened to closely throughout and at the close a collection was taken up to assist him in his collegiate course.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l Groer were absent at Lucknow for a few days last week and this.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, of Teeswater, were the guests of her mother, Mr. R. James, in this village over Sunday last.

Mr. W. C. Pearce, late of England, will (D.V.) preach in the Baptist church in this village on Sunday evening next at 7 o'clock.

Rev. Mr. McClung, formerly of Ancaster, will occupy the Gorrie and Fordwich Presbyterian churches on Sunday next at the usual hours.

Mrs. D. Sanderson has been visiting in Dunganop for a week or so past, and returned home early in the week with her husband, who drove over for her on Sunday.

We understand several intend starting from here next Monday on the excursion to Manitoba. Among the number are Messrs. James Leech and John Kaine, jr.

The Gorrie Brass Band is under obligations to the genial editor of the Arthur Enterprise, who permitted his office to be their headquarters, while in that village on Tuesday.

If the Vidette man has succeeded in making any responsible person believe what it said last week concerning the proposed sale of his plant, we invite them to call at the GAZETTE office and read his own letter.

The celebration of the Twelfth of July at Listowel drew out an immense throng, estimated at nearly 8,000. The procession was large and grand. Quite a number from the south part of the township were present at the demonstration.

Mr. N. McLaughlin has this week placed in his store a neat rack for holding and displaying wall paper. It only occupies a few feet of ground-room, yet holds 100 rolls of sample wall paper, any one of which can be displayed in one second of time. The rack was made by Mr. A. Doan.

J. A. Croll, B.A., Commercial Master of the town of Perth Collegiate Institute, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. W. Green, of this office, for a few days last week, leaving for his parents' home in Clinton, on Saturday. He was accompanied by his sister, Miss Eva Croll, of Galt, who will remain a week or two.

Rev. Mr. Osborne preached in Lucknow on Sunday last. By the way, we inadvertently omitted to mention in our report of the corner-stone laying last week, the fact that Rev. Mr. Osborne not only was present at the ceremony in the afternoon, but also gave an excellent address at the tea-meeting entertainment in the evening.

Messrs. T. McLaughlin, of Gorrie, and Alex. Robinson, of Fordwich, attended the Presbytery at Harrison on Tuesday. The Presbyterians are ready to give a unanimous call to Rev. A. K. Caswell, if he can get a release from negotiations which he has partly concluded with a congregation in the Western States. The rev. gentleman preached eloquent sermons on this circuit on Sabbath last.

One hundred and four applications were taken by the Howick Fire Insurance Company during the month of June, covering property to the amount of \$151,100. No policy will expire in the Company from June, 1892, to April, 1893, owing to the terms of insurance being reduced, by the Ontario government, from five to three years in 1887, and extended again to four years in 1889.

In order to stimulate American composition, *The Ladies' Home Journal* has just made public an attractive series of liberal prizes for the best original musical composition by composers residents of the United States and Canada. The prizes call for a waltz, a piano composition, a pleasing ballad and a popular song, an anthem and the four best hymn tunes. The composition is open until November 1st, next. The opportunity has an additional attractiveness since the prize compositions will form part of a series for which Strauss is writing an original waltz, and Charles Gounod and Sir Arthur Sullivan each an original song.

Huntingfield.

Mr. Edward Johnston's barn-raising came off on Monday, captained by W. Woods and W. Halladay. Woods' side came off victorious by one plate and the rafters, sides being evenly chosen.

Miss Emma Vogan, teacher, has arrived home to spend the holidays with her parents here.

Mr. J. Haskins has one of the most profitable geese in this section. She laid and hatched out one brood of young and in about six days started to lay

again, and fetched out another brood on July 2, the gander being "mother" for the first brood while the old goose set again.

Mr. S. Hicks, of Minto, his wife, and son, Tom, the teacher, and one daughter, were visiting friends in this part lately.

THE TWELFTH.

Howick District Celebrates the Day at Arthur.

A closely-packed excursion train last Tuesday morning carried away nearly 400 members of the Howick District L. O. L. and their friends, to the thrifty little village of Arthur, 85 miles east of here, on the C. P. R., a village which has a marked history in connection with the early days of Orangemen in this section. Some Howick Orangemen were on the train who could recall the days, just before the American war, when companies were formed here to go to the relief of their brethren who were supposed to be in so great peril at the hands of the Catholics around Arthur. "And a number did actually hunt their way through the untraversed woods of Howick, Minto and Arthur townships only to find that instead of the Orangemen being in peril, help had already arrived, and the case was reversed. The writer well remembers when the old Catholic church in that village was riddled with bullets, while the (then) hamlet was fairly alive with Orangemen—including the famous Wallace Lambs—who had gathered from all points to show that they were ready then, as they are to-day, to fight, if necessary for their principles.

But those days have long since passed away, and a totally different purpose actuated the happy train load of excursionists who were carried in elegant comfort, in a little more than an hour, over the journey that occupied several days on the occasion of that first "excursion" many years ago. When the train left the township borders there were on board 370 persons, nearly 250 of whom were Orangemen.

On arriving at Arthur, the excursionists were met by the committee and the fine Brass Band of that village, and escorted to their quarters, the procession forming, under the supervision of Mr. Geo. Walker, Huron Co. Field Marshal, about as follows:

Major W. W. Whyte and Marshall Fair. Arthur Brass Band.
Orange Hill L. O. L. No. 575, Jno. Dane, Master, 50 members.
Fordwich L. O. L. No. 642, John Donaghy, Master, 50 members.
Gorrie Brass Band.
Gorrie L. O. L. No. 767, W. J. Greer, Master, 40 members.
Newbridge L. O. L. No. 775, Adam Spence, Master, 25 members.
Wroxeter L. O. L. No. 1091, Jno. Bray, Master, 30 members.
Cook's Lodge O. Y. B. (Fordwich), No. 4, Jas. Sanderson, jr., Master, 24 members.
Orange Hill, O. Y. B. No. 78, Abram Strong, Master, 37 members.

After a short parade the procession broke up for dinner. At half-past one the grand procession formed, there being about 30 lodges in the line, and marched through the principal streets to the pleasure-grounds where nearly four thousands people were gathered around the stand which had been erected for the purpose, and from which stirring speeches were delivered by Major White, W. H. Clegg, Rev. Messrs. Smith and Mr. Clark, of Palmerston, after which rousing cheers were given, and the Brass Bands, joined together, played "God Save the Queen." The procession then re-formed and marched back to Main St., where it disbanded until 5:30 o'clock, when the Howick contingent re-formed and marched to the station and boarded the train for home.

The trip was a pleasant one, and the excursionists cannot speak too highly of the way they were entertained by the Arthur Brethren. The party enjoyed the unusual occurrence of a "dry Twelfth," not a drop of rain having fallen during the day. A heavy shower the day previous, however, had laid the dust nicely, much to the comfort of all. Scarcely an intoxicated person was to be seen in the village, and there were certainly none on the train, while the friendliest feeling appeared to pervade the entire proceedings. The Gorrie Brass Band acquitted themselves very creditably, and were especially requested to play "Ta-ra, Boom de o" on the platform. The boys are highly pleased with the generous treatment they received from the Gorrie lodge, who had them engaged for the day.

The excursionists arrived back the township shortly after seven o'clock, after having enjoyed as fine a trip and celebration as one could wish for.

A WOMAN'S ROMANCE

CHAPTER I

Gretchen stood beneath the porch gazing into the twilight. There was a porch, but there were no blossoming roses to reveal possibilities of the future in grimy Belmour Gardens West, Camberwell. People always preferred the addition of "West," if there ever had been any Belmour Gardens East that had gradually vanished. Potatoes of Belmour Gardens believed in them, with a belief which was pathetic in its credulity. To meeting outsiders they were a very Sarah of dirty discomfort, organ grinders and orange sellers, bats and cobwebs; in short a wilderness of weary men and women, driven by poverty into their dull seclusion and squalor.

Gretchen gazed after the form going down the garden. It was that of her lover who had just laid his love at her feet. What a fairytale, beautiful and perfect world! The twilight was tinged with crimson and gold. Little shifting lights shot across the sky. Those shifting lights seemed to Gretchen love's gossamer bands by aerial sprites to the stars, so that she and her love should be lifted from earth by those filmy bands. A romantic reverie, truly, but Gretchen was romantic.

Gretchen put up her hands to the stars as they appeared one by one. They spoke to her; they showered down golden light; golden tears men called them of old, but they did not weep now, they shone solemnly down, and the dew benison of the night serenely enfolded her.

"Gretchen! Gretchen!" "Coming, papa," she vanished inside, to attend the frequent wants of her querulous parent.

"I notice," said the professor, as he toyed with a "proof," "I notice a tendency to day dreams in you, Gretchen. You are oblivious of your responsibilities. You do not properly realize the privilege of waiting on me." He pronounced the last words in capital letters, as if it were indeed a privilege for which she could never be too devoutly thankful.

"I am sorry, papa," Gretchen said meekly, "but—"

"But," said the professor testily "But me no buts. I noticed on the part of your late lamented mother the same deplorable tendency. (Gretchen could not divine whether he alluded to "butting" or "day dreams.") A most inconsistent woman. Only one more "proof" for her to correct of my "Butterflies of Greater Britain," and she died. I had to do it myself—the "proof" I mean."

"It was thoughtless of her, papa," said Gretchen, with the first faint touch of sarcasm she had ever allowed herself, "but it might have been worse for the book had you died."

"Yes," said the professor, complacently wrapping his dressing gown around him; "it was to say the least, inconsiderate; but we will allow bygones to be bygones and drop the subject. Sometimes, Gretchen, you remind me of your mother. If," he continued, "I might so far unbend myself as to make a combined topographical and entomological simile, I should say, Gretchen, that you were—shem—a 'Camberwell beauty.'"

is nervous—and in a many colored garment which she says is not inappropriately termed a "blazer," asks for the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with me. I was not aware that she owed him anything, or that there could be any pleasure to me in conversing with him. I accorded the few minutes conversation. Then he—he blazes! He makes a sentimental statement that he has long loved you from afar, or—words to that effect. He also throws in a gratuitous rhapsody about your beauty—your mother's family are very plain, your dutiful self-sacrifice."

"Yes, papa."

"I said that your destinies were bound up in the great work and that you could not leave me."

"The professor drew his dressing gown more closely around him."

"He said that—Oh, it's monstrous!" "Never mind, papa. Please tell me."

"He said they would have to be unbound; that you weren't a book or a magazine, and that he would not see your life sacrificed to my selfishness, my vanity, my conceit! He further stated that love was of more importance than any church he headed (he said that) collection of butterflies and that he had the honor to ask me for my daughter's hand. I was wasting your life. I had killed your mother and so on. He implied that I was a mummy, with no human feeling. He went on to say that he knew a lady, an Arabian Night ghoul only he knows a lady like rice. I rejoined that he was not to marry you if he could support you, but that I could not contribute to the expense of your tressouage that it was my duty to afford myself all the luxuries I could in order to keep up to my work. He said—"

"Yes, papa."

"He said that even if you came to him empty-handed you would be the sweetest boon ('sweetest boon' was the extravagant expression) God could give him. In short, I so far forgot my wounded feelings as to allow him to broach the subject to you. He wants to marry you in a year. I think he got most of the pleasure out of the conversation. Have you sent him about his business?"

"N—no, papa."

The professor was plainly grieved—grieved and hurt. "So be it," he said. "May you never in after life awake with a pang to remember how much I suffer from badly prepared coffee; may you never have a regret—and—and remember when something recalls to your recollection the fact that I have trained you to prepare dishes contrived with a view to the promotion of my studies; may you—"

sleep immediately. Some half forgotten lines came back to her: "Such calm is in my soul to-night, and all my life so dreamlike seems, I have no wish to sleep, quite awake, I dream the strangest dreams!"

For an hour she sat thus, with parted lips and shining eyes; then she slept.

CHAPTER II

With the coming of winter also came discouragement to Gretchen. The professor was inexorable; he would not promise Gretchen any money for her tressouage. In the first place, he did not intend to give up one of his customary luxuries, and, in the second, he had been speculating unwisely with her own scanty funds. It seemed a dreadful thing to forsaken that she should go to her lover in as forlorn a condition as Cinderella before the ball. It wasn't the things that she cared so much about, but hidden away in her heart there was a sentimental regret that she must be married in a plain traveling dress, lacking those scenic accessories without which no well regulated marriage is supposed to be complete. It hurt her. She did not quite know how to express her thoughts. Some-how, in the girl's pure heart was a feeling that her marriage meant translation to a happier sphere, after years of patient self-denial and unwearied waiting on the professor. From out the dull murky byways of Belmour Gardens West, Love had come to lift her into a world of happiness so sweet that she felt she should not enter it in the common garb of everyday life. Marriage meant so much. And that she should lack all these outward symbols of her new life was very bitter. God had given love to her as the crowning reward of a lonely and laborious life. If she were ungrateful to enter that new life like a little Cinderella creeping away from the ball. To be married in mean attire hurt her to the very soul. But she felt that she could not adequately explain all this to her father; he would not have understood it. And as for her lover—no, she could not tell him. It was too bitter a subject to broach.

Then came the reaction caused by all this wretchedness. Gretchen felt that she did not notice how thin and pale her cheeks had become. Little daily tears grew beyond her strength. She could not eat; she found herself crying without any ostensible reason. She was very happy and—profoundly miserable.

One December afternoon the professor entered the little dining room, to find Gretchen stretched on the floor in a dead faint. It awoke new ideas in the professor's mind. "Bless me! the matter with the girl?" he muttered, with unaccustomed tenderness, as he lifted her slight form on the sofa and let his spectacles drop at the back of it. He came back with a big burning roll of brown paper and a saucer of vinegar and stood looking at Gretchen in uncouth perplexity.

"Dear me," he muttered, "what is the correct thing to do? I seem to have a vague idea that you dip one in the other and serve up hot. If you put the paper in the vinegar it goes out so what's the use of lighting it? Perhaps she'd better drink it without the added flavor of brown paper."

Fortunately for Gretchen she was not compelled to drink the vinegar. She heaved a little sigh and the professor wittily waved brown paper under her nose until she began to cough and sneeze and sit up. "Don't be alarmed," he said. "You—you won't catch fire. I can soon put you off if you do. Smell this isn't pleasant, but I believe it's the correct thing to smell something inexpressibly nasty under the circumstances."

Poor Gretchen faintly motioned it away and then nearly broke a blood vessel with her coughing. "Try a little vinegar," anxiously suggested the professor, "try a little vinegar. I don't think much of it as a beverage myself though some cheap claret is very much like it. You may do good. He quite forgot his usual self when he bustled about her with a great deal of anxiety. "There, there," he said presently, when Gretchen's cough had subsided, "there, there, that's right! You should eat—keep your strength up. I'll make you some of my buttered toast—toast fit for an empress. That'll pull you through. Or a muffin—a muffin, my dear little girl. You won't say no to a muffin, my child."

crumble away and be forgotten! The professor was not much given to poetry, but he took down an old book and looked out "Ozymandias"—

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings; Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair: Nothing beside remains, Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away."

And nothing would become of the professor's work if he neglected the duties under his nose and sought to be remembered by his books alone. He gave a slight shiver. Perhaps it might not be too late. Presently Gretchen awoke.

"Please, papa, don't tell Arnold," she said; "it would only frighten him."

"The professor poured out tea in silence. He had actually prepared it himself. "Why not?" he asked, as he brought her a cup to the sofa, with a slice of toast made only as the professor could make it. The girl took the tea and toast gratefully. "It is very good of you, daddy. You—you won't tell Arnold?"

The professor looked at her scrutinizingly. "Why don't you want me to tell him?" "Because it will only make him unhappy, papa."

"The professor put down his cup. 'You've got something on your mind,' he said, with startling abruptness. 'It is me—me—' 'N—no, papa.' 'You're not going to—to die?' 'I don't know,' said Gretchen. 'Nonsense!' said the professor. 'You've got to get married; make your dresses and things; that ought to keep you alive. There's the—the young man in the 'blazer.' His English is not Chesterfield, but he makes the place lively. He's more taste than I thought. Only the other day he told me what a privilege it was to be intimately connected with me. He's a very sensible fellow."

The girl's face flushed crimson. Even the professor's purblind eyes noted her sudden accession of color. Her pulse gave little leaps and bounds. "So that's it, is it?" he asked; "it's the things. I thought we should get at something."

"Partly, papa."

An Appeal to the "Sextant" for Ar. O Sextant of the meetin' house, With sweeps, and dusts, or is supposed to! And sometimes leaves a screw loose, in which case it smells awful, worse—than lamp oil; And wrings the Bol and toles it when Men dies, to the grief of survivin' partners, And sweeps paths; and for the sermons Gets \$100 per annum, wick them that thinks dear, let 'em try it; Gettin' up before starlight in all wethers And kindlin' fires when the wether As cold as zero, and like as not Green wood for kindlin' i' wether in't be hired To do it fer no sum.—But O Sextant! There are I kirmiddity wick's more than gold, wick doant cost nothin, Worth more than anything except The sole of man! I mean pover Ar, Sextant, So plenty it doant no what on airth To dew with itself, but fly about Scatterin' leaves and blin' of men's hats! In short, it's just as "free as air" out doors. But O Sextant, in our church, It's scarce as buty, scarce as bank bills, When agints beg for mischuns, Wich some say is purty often 'tain't nothin To me, was I give sin't nothin to nobody) But, O Sextant, U shet \$100 men, wimmin And children, specially the latter, Up in a tile place, some has had breths, None ain't 2 sweet, some has had teevs, Some is scrofulous, some has had teeth, And some hain't none, and some ain't over clean; but every I on 'em brethes in and out, And out and in, say 50 times a minnit, Or I million will a half brethes an our. Now how long will a church full of air Last at that rate I ask you—say 15 minits— And then wats to be hid? Why then? They must brethe it all over agin, and then Agin, and so on till each has took it down At least 10 times, and let it up agin; And wats more the same individual do't Have the privilege of brethin his own are, and no one's else, each must take Whatever comes to him. O Sextant, doant You no our lungs is bellouses, to bio the Fier of life, and keep it from goin' out, and how can bellouses bio without wind, And ain't wind are? I put it to your Consciens. Are is the same to us milk to babies, or water is to fish, or pendulums to clox, or roots and airbs unto an injun Doctor, or little pills unto an omepath, Or boys or girls. Are is for us to brethe; What signifies who preaches if i can't brethe? Wats Pol? Wats Pollus to Sinners who are ded? Ded for want of breath, why, Sextant, when we dy, it's only Coz we can't brethe no more, that's all. And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you To let a little are into our church. (Pover are is certain proper for the pew) And do it wats days, and Sandays too, It ain't much trouble, only make a hole And the are will come in itself; (It luv to come where it can git warm) And O how it will rounze the people up, And sprunt up the preacher, and stop gamps, And yawns, and figgits, as effectual As wind on the dry bones the Profitless of. A GASPER.

History of the Umbrella.

It was a cumbersome machine that good Jonas Hanway, traveller and philanthropist, brought home with him to England in 1750, and used to protect himself from rain on his feet, and despite the jeers of the unmanly London mob who hooted at his effeminacy Hanway was the first man to habitually carry an umbrella in England, although they were known to travellers long before his day. The umbrella used by Hanway was an imposing structure and would attract as much attention in our streets now as it did 140 years ago when the street boys ran after and hooted its eccentric owner.

It was quite different from the trim and dainty structure of modern times. Hanway's umbrella was a family affair, much larger, much heavier and much more awkward than even the umbrellas of our grandfathers' days, examples of which are still occasionally seen in collections of curios.

It had a spread of nearly six feet, and was borne aloft by a stick, or rather a pole, of majestic proportions. Its cover was of oiled silk, heavy and apt to stick together when closed.

Its runner was of ponderous brass, its ribs were whalebone as thick as one's fingers, the stretchers were canes; when closed it made a bundle about a foot in diameter, weighing several pounds, and the dawn of history as a sunshade—a use signified by its name, derived from the Latin umbra, a shade.

In the East the umbrella has even been a symbol of power and royalty, and in many countries it has become part of a religious as well as a royal symbolism.

Among the Greeks and Romans the umbrella was used by ladies, while its use by men was considered effeminate.

In France umbrellas were early in common use among all classes as a protection both from rain and sun; but although known in England from the time of Queen Anne, it was not until the latter end of the 18th century that one could carry an umbrella in London streets without incurring constant ridicule.

For 50 years there was little improvement in the construction of umbrellas, which remained the coarse, heavy, clumsy articles they had been at their first introduction.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. A Cartridge Factory Totally Demolished. Three Men Killed.

A Montreal, dispatch says:—At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a terrific explosion occurred at the Brownsburg cartridge factory, four miles from here. The explosion took place in a building set apart for the factory for the purpose of loading detonators. Fortunately only four persons were at work in this building at the time, and, although the explosion thoroughly demolished the detonator workshop, the other buildings and their occupants sustained nothing more than a shaking up.

The detonator building was literally blown to atoms, and nothing now remains of it but a mass of ruins. Nobody seemed to know how many people were in the building at the time of the accident, and it was not until William Burke, who was blown through the door, and who was the only one who got out of the building alive, was brought to consciousness, that the real state of the case was known. The first sight that rewarded the work of the searchers was a headless trunk. The right leg, however, was wrenched raggedly from the body. Further search revealed the head, horribly distorted, some yards away, and in a different direction was found the leg. This body was afterwards identified as that of James Kearns, of Montreal, a youth of 17. William Gunn, of North Monroevue, was also killed. He was not married like Kearns, but when the rescuing party reached him he was stone dead. John Curren, foreman, of this department, was in the building at the time of the explosion. The unfortunate man was absolutely blown into unrecognizable atoms. He leaves a young wife, to whom he was only married last Thursday, she, formerly Miss Sutherland, having come from England to marry him the week previous. William Burke, the only occupant now alive, is very badly injured, but the doctors say that he may recover. Dr. Mayrand, of St. Andrew's, held an inquest and a verdict of accidental death was returned.

His Hand Wasn't Steady. An Equinuk, Pa., correspondent writes: John Finley Teeple, known all over northern Pennsylvania as Uncle Fin, was 79 years old his last birthday. For nearly sixty years he hunted and trapped from the Delaware to the Allegheny, and never missed a season until two years ago. Then he made up his mind to take a rest, more because game was getting scarce than because he was tired. His two boys, Life and Sim, could take care of all that was left, he said. From that time until a few days before the past deer season closed he hadn't touched his gun—a gun he claims has lain low bears and deer by the thousand. One morning recently he got out of bed and said to his son Life:

"Life, I'm goin' down in Pike county an' knock over one deer before I hole up fur good."

Life and the rest of the family tried to change Uncle Fin's mind, for they thought he was too old to go tramping through the woods on a deer hunt. He was determined, however, and so his boys, Life and Sim, fixed themselves up, and got ready to go with the old hunter. They went down on the Mast Hope ridge, twenty-five miles from home. Sim drove the deer, and Uncle Fin and Life stood on the run-away.

"Father," said Life, "I guess I'll stay close by you, for your hand isn't as steady as it was fifty years ago, and your eye isn't as quick. So I'll keep close by you, and if Sim sends a deer along and you miss it I'll knock it over."

"Yes, well, hey!" exclaimed the old man, indignantly. "My han' hain't ez steady ez 'twere fifty year ago, hain't it? Nor my eye hain't so quick? Well, now, my fresh young Nimrod, you just plank yourself over that runaway up yender half a mile or so, an' I'll stay right whar I be. If a deer comes pitchin' 'long here 'thin gunshot' o' me I'll show ye wether my han' hain't ez steady or my eye hain't ez quick ez they usety be. G'long with ye, an' look out fur yer own han' an' eye!"

"All right," said Life; "but if you lose the deer don't blame me!"

Life went reluctantly to the upper runway. Uncle Fin remained where he was. Sim went out on the ridge, an' after half an hour or so started a rousing big buck. It was a good ways off, but within reach, and he blazed away at it. It kept right on, it bounded down the ridge and passed along within good range of Life. Life sent a bullet after it, but the buck kept right on.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.—Benjamin Franklin.

An Awful Fire at St. John's, Nfld.

At four o'clock last Friday afternoon a man lit his pipe in a barn at St. John's, and threw his match among the straw. A few minutes later the barn was in flames and a high wind prevailed. The old wooden buildings in the vicinity were just the kind of fuel needed to feed a fire. The flames spread with startling rapidity, leaped from roof to roof and from street to street, and almost before the people realized the situation the devouring element had fastened its grip upon the doomed city. The gale carried the live embers in all directions, and soon the fire was raging in a score of places at once. The fire department was utterly helpless. For 24 hours the flames raged with irresistible fury, and when the fire had spent itself the vast area from the parade ground on the northwest down to Beck's cove on the water front, then sweeping easterly, had cremated almost everything in the entire area. Some 2,500 houses, public buildings, churches and business establishments have been cremated with all their contents, and 14,000 people rendered homeless, of whom over 5,000 are absolutely destitute.

The scene during the fire was terribly grand, but is now terrifying in its desolation. Thousands of people who were in comfortable circumstances on Friday were destitute and penniless the next day. They have been bereft of everything they owned; their houses, food, clothes, everything, was burned up before their eyes, and they barely escaped with their lives.

Two little children were burned to death, and five men were either burned or drowned by the burning of the steamer Alert, and it is feared that many other lives have been lost which have not been reported.

The magnificent English cathedral which cost \$250,000, the splendid Masonic temple, St. Patrick's hall, the great Orange hall, the Supreme court building, the post office, the customs house, all the newspaper offices, and many other prominent and historic buildings have all been swept away.

The homeless people are encamped in fields under such temporary shelter as could be provided. The weather, fortunately, is fine.

The need of outside help is great and appeals are being sent in all directions and liberal responses are being made.

Some Fun With the Salvation Army Up in Warton.

The irrepressible "Punch and Judy" show visited Warton on Dominion Day. About 7 o'clock p. m., Punch, in the shape of a darkey as black as the ace of spades, or "Old Nick" himself, for that matter, commenced beating the drum in front of the tent. Shortly afterwards the Salvation Army came marching north on Bedford st., about 15 or 20 strong—all men and boys. They halted right in front of the tent, and then the war began. Punch jabbered through his artificial nose and chin. Judy banged the drum and cymbals. The Army banged their drum—the captain beating an overhead strike with both sticks; tambourines played furiously, and the song and dance knocked Big Bear's war dance cold. Citizens gathered in hundreds and watched the fun for over an hour and a half. Bets were freely offered which side would first vacate the ranch. Finally Col. Ely came out of his house and ordered the army captain to stop their d-d noise and racket on the street. He was grabbed by the flag-bearer, and in return seized his assailant. A scuffle ensued, and another officer of the army joined to rescue the standard-bearer. Constable Gilbert grabbed this party and pulled him away. It seemed as if the melee would soon become general, as a Cape Croker Indian made a dead set to scalp the darkey. Finally Chief Hull and his specials separated the combatants, and ordered the Army to move on. This they refused to do, and once more the tom-toms and noise of the opposing factions made the streets a Bedlam. Word was passed to turn the hose on them. Some young men acted upon the suggestion, and a length was procured from somewhere about the station or dock, and attached to the hydrant. Water was turned on and fizz, swish, zip went the water into the ranks of the army. Friend and foe scattered. The big drum was sent up the street and the army changed their quarters, getting out of the reach of the water, and although thoroughly drenched, they kept up their noise. At this stage of the fun the Reeve appeared and seeing a riot was imminent he asked the Army to move on. Still they refused, being out of reach of the water, and he ordered the police to arrest them. Another set-to ensued. The army declared they had resisted water and the dirt, and would resist the devil in any other shape than a darkey or the police.

It seemed as if they could do so successfully, as the police would not make any arrests. This exasperated the Reeve, and he ordered some members

of the fire brigade to bring some hose and declared if necessary he would sweep the streets from end to end in order to stop the row. Just as the order to turn on the water was given the Army capitulated, and offered to turn into a side street, give a short service and return home. This was done. There was the usual songs, speeches, etc., and shortly before nine o'clock peace prevailed once more.

During the row a refreshment booth caved in and an entire stock of lemonade, ice cream, cakes, candies and sandwiches was sent to destruction. Several ladies and children, in the booth or standing by, had their dresses torn or soiled, or were slightly bruised.—Warton News.

Teeswater, July 10.—This afternoon Robert Haasard, a moulder, during a fit of temporary insanity, jumped into Howson's mill-pond. When he arose for the second time he was caught by Mr. Fulton on a pike-pole and held above water until assistance arrived, when the man was rescued and resuscitated.

Over 40 cases of smallpox have been reported at Victoria, B.C., and there is a general panic in the city.

An old man named Catten, of Tilsonburg, was attacked by two bulls and received such injuries to his back that his whole body is paralysed.

Fordwich Roller Mills.

Wilson Bros., Props.
First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.
FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50
BRAN.....per ton. 14 00
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Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
WILSON BROS.

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 SKIRTING

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

WARNING

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

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

Thanking our numerous customers for their past favors, would beg to say come and bring your neighbors 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.

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,

Stationery and Fancy Goods, WALL PAPER

In endless variety and at every price.

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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.

Don't go past the City Boot and Shoe Store for the most satisfying article at most reasonable price.

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The Newest Local Paper in North Huron.

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

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Fast Job Presses.

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

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

On the most reasonable Terms.

EstimatesFurnished

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.

WOOD NEWS GATHERINGS.

OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED
DOWN FOR GAZETTE READERS.

HURON.

Mr. Eschoe, a Persian student, is lecturing in the county.

Wingham held a most successful celebration of Dominion Day. The affair was under the auspices of the Canadian Order of Foresters.

There is not one cent of indebtedness against the village of Bayfield.

A fire broke out shortly after two o'clock on Tuesday morning of last week in Ward's harness shop, Seaford, and before it could be got under subjection the shop, together with an adjoining butcher shop, restaurant and law office were gutted.

One evening lately as J. Robb and sister, of Clinton, was driving home, the horse got frightened and shied off the road, turning the buggy upside down in the ditch. Mr. C. Avery happened along at the time and helped to straighten up the rig, which had turned as exactly upside down as possible. No one was seriously injured.

The Presbytery of Huron met in Goderich on Tuesday.

Haying commenced last week in the south part of the county. A recent dispatch to the *Empire*, speaking of the southern townships of Huron, says: "The grain crops never looked better or more promising than they do at present and this statement applies to all general grains. Fall wheat promises more than an average, and has not suffered perceptibly from the continued rains, other than to be beaten down somewhat; but it is likely to rise again. As far as observed no rust has appeared. Spring wheat, barley, oats and peas are looking well, but are not far enough advanced to be hurt by the wet weather. The outlook is decidedly promising."

A stalk of rhubarb was recently pulled at Varna which measured nine inches around.

The sum of \$15,000 has been appropriated by the government towards improvement for Goderich harbor, and \$8,000 for Port Albert.

Conductor Parker, who has taken Conductor Snider's place on the London, Huron and Bruce railway, has removed his family from Sarnia to Wingham. Conductor Snider is now running on the main line west from Toronto.

A band tournament is to be one of the leading attractions at the Goderich fair this fall, and the following prizes will be offered for competition: 1st prize, \$125; 2nd, \$60; 3rd, \$40. These prizes should bring about some good music.

A team belonging to Alexander Patterson, lot 37, concession 2, East Wawanosh, ran away a few days ago and the handle of a plow which was in their way, ran into one of the animals' side, very seriously if not fatally injuring it.

At a convention of the Conservatives of South Huron, held at Hensall on June 28, D. Weismiller, of Kippen, was selected as the standard-bearer for the local legislature at the next election. Mr. Weismiller was Mr. McMillan's opponents at the last Dominion election. The Conservatives are taking time by the forelock, as it is not likely an election will take place for two years.

FERTH

Mr. Cameron, P. S. principal, of Milverton, has been engaged at a salary of \$465.

The petition of John A. Gardiner has been filed in the Queen's Bench Division, Osgoode Hall, Toronto, against the return of Mr. James Grieve as member for North Perth.

Thomas Green, of the 2nd concession of Logan, was tossed sixteen feet by a vicious bull a day or two ago. The unfortunate man lay prostrate, when the infuriated animal charged again, dragging Frank Maher after him. The animal then fell, when the men escaped without serious injury. The brute was shot shortly afterwards.

The season is exceptional for instances of phenomenal growth. Mr. Fred Hasmann, of Ellice, near Brunner, has the latest curiosity in the shape of a rhubarb stalk that has climbed up until it is higher than its owner, having attained a length of 5ft. 9in. Next!

A painful accident recently happened to a six year old son of Joseph Heid, near Hesson. The boy was in the yard while the cows were being milked and was viciously kicked by a cow, both bones being fractured below the knee.

While dressing a window in Carson & McKee's store, Listowel, the ladder gave way and the clerk struck the large pane of plate glass, smashing it in many pieces.

Hugh Hyndman, jr., of Palmerston, is a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention in New York this week.

BRUCE.

At the Hanover races on July 1st, Jennie Everett, owned by Mr. Doig, of Gorrie, won the free for all trotting race easily. Time 2.54.

The Salvation Army held an open-air meeting in Wiarton one evening recent-

ly, right in front of an entrance to a Punch and Judy show. The opposition show kept up a terrific rumpus from 7 till 9 o'clock, and was finally stopped by the Reeve who ordered the hose to be turned on the Army, when they capitulated.

Paul McInnes, of Kincardine, the other day was in a field of rye on the farm of Mr. John McDougall, 10th con., Kincardine, and with a foot rule measured from the ground to the top of the rye stalk six and a half feet.

Mr. David Porter, M. P. P. for North Bruce, is in New York, consulting eminent specialists there in reference to the lung disease under which he had been suffering for some time.

While Jas. Morrison, jr., was playing football at Hanover on the 1st, he got severely hurt by being thrown violently forward, injuring his ribs and shoulder.

Mr. A. McNeill, jr., has returned home from Ottawa, having finished his parliamentary duties there. He will sail for England on the 18th inst.

The annual meeting of the North Bruce Reform Association was held at Tara on Friday last. Considerable business was transacted and resolutions passed sympathizing with Mr. Porter, M. P. P., in regard to his ill-health, and with Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie at the loss of her late husband, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M. P., and also in favor of Reform platform of Unrestricted Reciprocity. Officers elected for the year:—Mr. McCallum, Paisley, Pres.; J. E. Campbell, Hepworth, Vice-Pres.; W. McCausland, Tara, Sec. It was resolved that at the next annual meeting be held in Wiarton.

WELLINGTON.

The Arthur Beavers, a few years ago one of the formidable foot-ball clubs of the west, is again up to its old-time form. On Dominion Day the Beavers defeated the famous Toronto Scots by a score of 2 goals to 1.

Miss Maud Buschlen, a little girl of Arthur village, with remarkable musical talents, is becoming quite expert upon the violin, and with training may develop into a second Nora Clench.—Enterprise.

An inquest took place at Mt. Forest on Thursday on the body of the late Miss Read who was found dead at a hotel and supposed to have committed suicide. Mr. H. W. Peterson was present on behalf of the crown. Some evidence was taken but did not disclose any intelligent notion of the act. Dr. Karn, of Harriston, made a post mortem examination in accordance with instructions from the County Crown Attorney. Chong Koe, a Chinese washerman of Guelph, disappeared on Saturday with his customers' Sunday shirts and collars locked up.

Mr. W. Jones, of Elora, recently lost, while in Peel township on business, his pocket-book, containing \$900. A young lad found it on Pilkington townline, and on returning it safely to its owner, was suitably rewarded.

Rev. Mr. Craig, of Fergus, is improving his health on the Atlantic coast. Before leaving he received from his people a purse with \$120 to meet his expenses. He is already recruiting but will return for a few weeks.

Turnkey Everson, of Guelph, conveyed to Kingston last week, Robert Wilson, who was sentenced by His Honor Judge Chadwick to three years in the penitentiary for house-breaking recently.

The township of West Luther has appealed against the award of the County Assessment Valuers, on the ground of the assessment of Luther being too high in comparison with other municipalities.

Parliament was prorogued on Saturday last.

William O'Connor won the single scull race at Boston last week.

Ravachol, the notorious anarchist, was guillotined on Monday morning.

The four-year-old son of Chas. Underhill, Ridgetown, was drowned in a cistern on Saturday evening.

Otto J. Klotz, a prominent Preston man, and widely known as a Past Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity, died last week.

At New York on Saturday a bicyclist rode 10 miles in less than 31 minutes. Another wheelsman, in Chicago, made the remarkable run of 875 miles in 24 hours.

Three white men and 101 Chinamen were killed in a gunpowder explosion near San Francisco last Saturday. The concussion was terrific, and property was damaged for miles around.

The returns of the British elections up to Saturday night show a Gladstonian gain of thirty seats, within four of a tie. It is now thought that Gladstone will fall to secure a working majority.

The Canadian rifle team now in England shot two matches on Saturday winning them both, the first against a Cambridge team by 63 shots, and the second against a team of Third Suffolk volunteers by 52.

McLaughlin & Co's

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

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

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

Regarding

GEM JARS!

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

A large stock now on hand.

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

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

McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

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

COOPER MAP

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

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,
THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,
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PRICE, \$3.50.

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

JUST RECEIVED.

Special Value in Cook Stoves.

Special Value in Heaters.

Special Value in Drums.

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STOVE FURNITURE

Every Variety.

Have Troughing a Specialty

A Choice Selection of Lamps & Lamp Goods

Highest Cash Price Paid for HIDES and SHEEP SKINS.

TINWARE

of every description, on HAND and made to ORDER

Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

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IS THE NEW PREMIUM



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DORIS AND I

CHAPTER II.

A moment dwell on that period; it lies in my memory more like a hideous dream than any weeks and months of actual life, and like a dream, there are only portions of it which stand out from the shadows—adventures, incidents, scraps of scenery, seen in clearer moments. It is enough to say that I came around gradually, and began to see things as they should be seen. But the hate was all gone, and love alone was left. Love was left, though badly hurt, and I got accustomed to the living of Doris as one who was dead and yet young, and very lovable while, even as Beatrice was to Dante.

So a year passed on, and left me minus some thousands of dollars. I had found my way into Colorado, and was a miner at one of the great joint-stock claims which have taken the place of the old-fashioned diggings. The rough work suited my humor, and there was life and go in the town and much distraction in the game of Pharaoh, of which more in its place. For nine months I had not heard from Canada, and had ceased to think of the place. My father had taken kindly to his new life, which was all I needed to know. I went to be, and was a solitary in the world, though I mixed much with men, finding more isolation in a crowd than in lonely places. But I was beginning to be restless again, and to wish for another change, when something happened which I had not looked for, but which makes me always thankful I played Pharaoh that night, at Midway.

It was nothing more than a quarrel and a whipping out of revolvers, and then a sudden lane of rough figures looking on while the two fired from either end. I heard the loud thud of the bullets as it struck Black Jake, and I caught him in my arms as he fell backward with sudden limpness and whining face. I had only seen him once before, they were all dead, and I was recollecting myself which had made me look again at him, wondering what it was about him that was so familiar. He had been at one of the far tables, or perhaps his speech would have given me the cue. Now, as he opened his eyes and stared up into mine, he turned his lips from the flask and said: "God forgive us—it's Master Sedley."

"That's so," I said, "pull at this, and tell me who you are," said I surprised at my own name. The liquor was of little use; for his heart was slowing every moment; but it brought a flicker to his face and a word or two more to his lips. "Gie me yer ear-closer," he whispered. "Bob Hilton—Ranton postman—ay, ye know me now, they was me—want me for robbing the bags. Tell 'em death has got me; an' tell young doctor chap as I hopes to—He learned me the beggin'—he—Yore letters—Miss Doris—I stopped 'em—His money. Hope no harm done, sir—Christ save!" His eyes glazed, a tremor went through him, and he slipped off without another word, leaving me staring at the dyed whiskers and dissipated features with ringing ears, and a thousand thoughts and feelings all set loose together, to the overwhelming of my wits, which seemed quite undue.

Long after they had carried him away, and the noise and confusion were spent, I stood leaning on the bar counter, staring vacantly through the smoke of the saloons seeing and hearing nothing, but conscious of a growing fiend within me, and a tightening of my teeth as I reckoned things up and saw in all its clearness the perfidy that had come between us. The letter—was not that a part of it? Could Doris from her heart have written such a letter at all? It was a forgery, a trick, and I had been a fool to be duped by it—nay, a villain in very truth; for I had doubted Doris and given her pain and misery perhaps a thousand times worse than my own.

Yet the letter was clear enough, said the ghost of Doubt; it was in her own characteristic handwriting, said Memory; and there was no forging that, put in Doubt again. Then a resolution came to me, and I walked out into the open air, and breathed it in with a long inhalation, as men do at sudden relief, or when stirred with new purpose.

There were evil things in my heart; but there was one little corner where hope still red, as if after a long sleep. I could feel it as I looked up to the heavens, where the stars were twinkling down at me, as if they knew a thing or two, having seen Doris only a few hours ago. Next morning I started for New York, and in four more days was on the Atlantic, gazing at the last point of Sandy Hook as it sank lower and lower, till the horizon was an unbroken line and America nowhere.

But as we sped eastward through the long days and nights, as I drew nearer to Doris and him and the truth, the fiends grew busier within me, and gave my little babe of hope such a hustling that I well-nigh lost sight of it in the tumult. I had been away eighteen months, and what might a man do in that time with an impressionable young girl who had the best evidence that her lover was unfaithful? They were cousins, and had been together in earlier years; he was highly educated, and, contrasted with me, a brilliant, perhaps a fascinating man. He had secured his diploma; but the arduous study had broken him down, and to recruit himself, he had left his London home to pass some weeks among the breezy hills of Worcestershire, the guest of his father's sister, the daily companion, no doubt, of Doris. He had seen her beauty, her young susceptibility to the influences about her, and he had wormed his way into her heart and cankered it, as grubs do roses. So hatred totted it all up and made me feel murderers do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us.

It was past midnight when I arrived after ten days at Worcester. The old city was slumbering, and the great cathedral was watching over it, and telling out the hours to its deaf ears as the fly rumbled noiselessly to the hotel, where I had performed to stay till daylight enabled me to continue my journey by the early train. I lay on the bed half-dressed, listening to the quarters as they chimed through the silence one after the other, and each time the familiar sounds crossed the current of my thoughts they swung me out of the morrow to other days which their ringing brought back irresistibly, till by-and-by I allowed memory to have its way entirely, and I lived again in the halcyon sunshine of bygone years. I closed my eyes to look at it all, and allowed it to float dreamlike and as it would, till patches of grayness came, and a fading of color and form, and I was fast asleep.

But as I lay like any log, and the hours went on, till all in the city but myself could hear the cathedral clock striking them out, some part of my brain woke up, and finding reason still a sluggard, started straight way a-drawing. It was a queer

medley for the most part, and no better than other fantasies of the sort; but to this day I remember it more as a real thing than a trick of the brain, if such it was. There in the darkness of the parlor was the deep red rose that Doris had worn—borne by an army of fireflies, in whose united radiance the flowers lay on a hammock of golden threads and fitted before me mockingly while I stumbled in chase of it. Ay, it was the rose, and it blushed in the embrace of Doris's own hair. I had seen it alight so at sundown when the light got in, and made its luminous wings a gold net in its own, as the grass blades sweep shafts of emerald fire when the dew-worms are among them. The phantasm rose and fell in the blackness, while the hundreds of little light points made a shifting circle round. On, on they flitted, ever gliding me as I stumbled along till there was a sudden flash of bells, when the vision dissolved into a kind of crimson and golden atmosphere, in which I loved myself with beating hands, while it widened more and more, lighting all things round, till I saw that I stood in a crowded churchyard in the soft sheen of a summer's morning. I rubbed my eyes as the people moved about, some towards the wooden porch, some taking places on the path, till there was an avenue of smiling faces and one slim figure, followed by hot maids, wending slowly through all.

It was Doris, all white and beautiful in bridal vestments; but her golden hair was bent, and there was heaviness in her step. As if she were entering some prison-house, never to know liberty again, she paused at the porch, and looked long and wistfully back into the sunshine. And then I saw the thin face and the pain deep down in her eyes, knowing all the meaning of her long look, but unable to move, as she passed in and out of my sight. Then the clanging of the bells died away into a melody of old time, which they quaintly chimed, while the people thronged into the church, leaving me alone among the headstones. The agony was too much. I wrenched from my voice and shrieked her name—and awoke, still hearing the chiming, but realizing gradually that it came from the cathedral tower, which I could see in the morning sun over the housetops, and its clock pointed to three minutes past nine.

Now I never believe in dreams; but I sat down to my breakfast uneasy and without appetite, looking in at that despairing white face, with a growing sense of its omniscience, and chafing mightily that there was no train to take me on for another two hours. "Paper, sir?" I heard the waiter say as I trifled with the toast. I dropped my eyes mechanically on the folded sheet; but only looked vacantly at it, or rather a headline, which standing out from the rest, took my eyes, being definite, as the fire in the darkness, or a candle flame, which we gaze at without noting. There was the name of my own village staring me in the face, and for a full minute I never saw it—Ranton-in-the-Vale. It was all a flash, as was my eagerness as I snatched up the paper and read the local items: "Bellringers' Dinner—Fire at the Hall—The Approaching Marriage of Dr. Robinson."

I remember the sense of paralysis, the rush of darkness to the eyes, and then the sudden return of light as I jumped to my feet and stood a moment irresolute, with my watch in my hand. Quarter past ten—the ceremony was at eleven—three parts of an hour to do fifteen miles. A wave of helplessness swept over me, and then of hot strength—nothing less than the strength of despair, and, thank God, it carried me through.

I shall never forget that ride. The horse was fresh—the pick of the best posting stables in Worcester—and I had much to do to keep it in while we breasted Redhill to the level of the London Road. Then I gave it its head and a tip from the heels, and away we shot like two men of things. Seeing nothing but the yellow road before me, I counted every spring of the animal as he skimmed along, scarcely seeming to touch the ground with his light hoofs, and flying faster and faster as he warmed to it and heard my cries of encouragement. For half an hour I let him go, till we came to a stiff hill not three miles from Ranton. Here I pulled him up and made him walk before the final rush in. He was impatient to get on, so was I, for from the top of the hill I knew I could see the church, and maybe some of the gathering people; but I held him in and took my watch. My heart sank it was two minutes to eleven. I eased the reins with a shout, and in three bounds we were at the hill-top and away again. I could see the church now across the valley, and the flag at its tower, and the pigmy forms moving about the yard. But there was still hope, still a chance to snatch Doris back from her peril—for such was my purpose, and my dream had made me desperate. I set my teeth and let the good horse go.

It was all over in ten minutes, and it was Doris's doing as much as mine. She could not keep it, maybe, and it was rather sudden to jilt a man just as the vicar was asking whether she would have him or not. But so it was; and I had no sooner shown myself at the vestry door by which I had entered than she saw me, and with a "Oh, Jack, Jack!" stumbled towards me, and fell limp in my arms, and lay there like a cut lily and as speechless. I had carried her into the vestry, and was bathing her temples with the parson's drinking water before the wedding party could realize what had come to them. He was the first to rush in, as was natural perhaps.

Now I would not have harmed him just then, for all his worldly spleen, if he had not laid rough hands on me as he tried to force me from my place. But when the beneficence of his touch went through me, I laid Doris's head down for one moment while I sprang to my feet, and catching him by the collar and the small of the back, pitched him out of the open door with such good-will that he fell on the grass a dozen yards away and lay there, a huddled heap of blackness on the green.

When I turned round, Doris was opening her eyes and looking up at her mother, asking where she was. I knelt and looked down at her; she stared while you might count three; and then her arms were round my neck, and I raised her in mine. "He declared his love here at this wicket, as you had, dear, before him," "But the letter?" I said. "Oh, how could you believe it, Jack? The letter was my second refusal, sent a week after he had taken to his practice. He must have forwarded it to you in the cover of one of mine. How cruel and wicked of him! And you!" She looked up, and there was such reproach in her eyes that I turned mine away, not daring to meet them. "Jealousy made a fool of me, Doris. How can I tell it you? You see, the letter was so worded, that, coming after your silence and on top of my knowledge that he was still at Ranton, I—" "Who told you he was still here? I avoided the subject for your sake." "I'll never travel fast; but don't let us speak of it. He allowed the parcel to reach

you—what did you think when you opened it?" "When I was able to, I wrote you, asking what it meant," he said simply. "And I never answered?" "No." "I gazed at her nerily choking. What had my suffering been to her?" "And oh, I was so wretched, Jack," she went on in her naive way; "and when he came a third time, full of sympathy, and offering to relieve poor mother of the debts which had nearly brought the old home to the brink of breaking—'I said, yes, feeling that I had no way that it was a duty thrust upon me.—But it is all past now, isn't it?" Gladness made her sigh, and I could feel her sweet breath as she looked up at me. "Do you forgive him, then?" said I, looking away, and thinking of his abject figure as he writhed under my whip an hour ago.

"Yes, yes, Jack! and you must too. You have punished him enough, and he has promised to go away. Let us forget him—let us look upon it as a bad dream. Oh, Jack, my heart nearly runs over with its gladness—surely yours has ought else in it now." "God bless you!" said I. "And you, Jack?" said she. "And then we joined hands and turned to the house, becoming one in love and charity." "Doris and I." [THE END.]

Mr. Spurgeon's Successor.

The question of a successor to the late Charles Spurgeon, the great Baptist preacher of the city of London, has been discussed in religious circles all over the world. Mr. Spurgeon will have no successor, says a correspondent, and the sooner the people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle clearly understand that the better will it be for them and for the great work that will surely go on. Mr. Spurgeon did his work so well that it will live independently of him, and that is the highest honor that can be made him. So far as the pastorate of the church at Newington Baths is concerned, the question of Mr. James Archer Spurgeon the brother of the dead preacher, becoming pastor has never been very seriously considered. Charles Haddon and James Archer were sons of the same household, but they served to illustrate the truth that the same family often presents the widest diversities of disposition and character. The very elements of character that make Mr. James A. Spurgeon so successful as the pastor of Croydon Church are the elements that would probably unfit him for the pastorate of the Tabernacle. Nothing will be better for the church at the Tabernacle than a distinct and radical change. A feasible copy of the past would be sure to end in weakness and failure. Next to the church itself the Pastors' College may be regarded as the most important of all the institutions of the Tabernacle. During the May meetings the annual conference of the Pastors' College has been held, and matters of the first importance have been earnestly discussed and most happily settled. The Pastors' College was very dear to the heart of its founder. With rare sagacity and equal unselfishness he had the trust deeds drawn so that the whole Baptist denomination should have the honor and responsibility of its future.

The church at the Tabernacle, the men who have been educated there, and the whole Baptist denomination are in honor bound to keep this institution in good working order, and they will do it. The traditions and the inspirations will always be linked with its founder's name, and it will be for many years a living monument to his memory. It was a foregone conclusion that Dr. Pearson, of Philadelphia, had been elected president of the college, and he has been vice president so long. No more fitting man could be found for the post and with the enthusiastic support of students and constituents Mr. Spurgeon may well look forward to a career of growing usefulness and honor. Already 803 students have passed through this college, of which number 227 are engaged in the active ministry. Seventy-four young men are now preparing for service at home and in the mission fields abroad. The income for the year reached the handsome sum of \$12,495.

The presidency of the Pastors' College is settled, but the pastorate of the Tabernacle is somewhat deeply involved. For a year past Dr. Pearson, of Philadelphia, has occupied the pulpit of the Tabernacle to the great delight of all concerned, and there can be little doubt that, all things being in order, Dr. Pearson would have a unanimous and enthusiastic call. But Dr. Pearson is not a Baptist. To be baptized now in order to put himself in a position in which he would be eligible to become pastor of the Tabernacle is, of course, wholly out of the question. As a matter of fact, as the trustee does not stand Dr. Pearson could not be a member of the church, much less its pastor. The practice of the Tabernacle is that which is known as "open communion." But only believers who have been immersed as a profession of their faith in Christ can be members of the church. It seems, therefore, that such as many would desire, Dr. Pearson cannot be the pastor of the Tabernacle, says the *Chicago Post*.

Both the sons of the late Mr. Spurgeon, Charles and Thomas—who are twins—are preachers. Charles is pastor of a church in Greenwich, and a few years ago paid a visit of appreciation in Chicago. Thomas has been for the last six or seven years preaching in Australia. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is now on the way home, and will occupy the Tabernacle for three months; but not with any thought of the pastorate.

A Budding Financier.

Master Tommy, a boy of four, has developed an early fondness of pennies and although he seldom asks directly, wherever he goes the air is full of hints. There is an old lady living near Tom's home who is very fond of him, but who is also extremely careful of her small change, so that none of it ever finds its way into the pockets of the little financier's trousers. Tom had nearly exhausted ingenuity in hinting, and at last, by a fortunate hit, succeeded.

"He went over there the other morning in a penniless condition, and leaned affectionately against the knee of his old friend, who at once possessed herself of one of his chubby hands and began to fondle it." "I would give a hundred pounds to have such a nice little boy as you for my own," she said, petting him. "How much is a hundred pounds?" asked Tommy, with wide-open eyes. "It's a great deal of money," said the old lady, with a sigh. "Am I worth as much as that if papa would sell me?" inquired the young speculator.

"Yes, dear, and a great deal more," said his friend. "Then," Tommy, with a cherubic smile, "don't you think it's worth a penny just to hold my hand?"

FOR THE LADIES.

One Woman's Love.

Dolly not, holy father, by my couch, I may not give you any more thoughts to God. My life has been a pure one all my days; to do evil have I done to any, willingly; but Heaven's fair gates shall never swing for me. Unless you take my lover in; and he died years ago, with blood upon his hands, shed to avenge my honor foully wronged. Murdered they called him. So he was. But can he give you any more thoughts to God. And shall I now desert that noble heart? Who only fault was rash impulsiveness. Some say he never, nor shall be so now. Somewhere he waits outside the pale of God. Somewhere, forlorn, with none to comfort him. And that I straightway join him there. And share his lot, however terrible. Is all I ask, and all that I will have.

The Prettiest Waist of All.

The prettiest of all summer waists is made as follows: Take as the receipt books say, a sufficient amount of silk, percale, lawn, or even zephyr, say four yards of silk, and the rest accordingly. Make the back of the waist with three plaits on each side the center, turned toward each other, and about one and one-quarter inches broad. Let these plaits fall well at the bottom of the waist. Gather the waist in front at the neck, not in the shoulder seams, and again at the bottom of the waist, and finish it down the front with a bias ruffle one and one-half inches wide. Make full sleeves, like those on small boys' shirts waists, with turned-back cuffs ruffled, and a round button collar also ruffled. These should be worn outside the blazer or jacket, and when made in striped material are particularly pleasing.

Blouses and Bonnets.

The women who have been economical and kept their old dress skirts have reason to rejoice now, as any old skirt will come into play with a blouse waist, which may be made of light wool, of satin, gingham or silk. It is anything but a new fashion for blouses are so varied that it can be according to the cloth, and only about three yards is needed to make a full waist without the frill, over which one can wear the fashionable Swiss belt. Nothing is more comfortable for summer wear than a plain, light skirt and a loose, cool blouse waist. The fashions of the present hour in millinery prove more conclusively than ever that it is in the effect the bonnet has on the head more than any new shape or fancy that counts. Everything and anything can be worn provided it is becoming. The trimming is put on the back; it is put on the front; it is put on both back and front on the same bonnet or hat; it is high; it is low; it is anything but the taste and fancy of the wearer prefer. Some of the most elaborate hats and bonnets are retrimmed, and no one would ever guess they were not the latest style, and, if the truth were known, there are not a few pretty bonnets of even earlier date coming out as good if not better than new this summer. It all depends upon the taste and ingenuity and economy of the maker. A hat that looks older than the one who knows its age is admired as never after a few fresh touches, by the outside observer. The stiff and awkward upstanding bows are still favored by the conventional and inartistic miller, and worn by young women who do not realize their ungracefulness.

- ### A Parisian Toilet.
1. A tropic bath of twenty minutes' length and a shower bath of five.
 2. A rest of thirty minutes.
 3. Face, throat and neck subjected to a gentle friction of elderflower water mixed with half a goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear, rosy glow.
 4. Scented oris powder rubbed in the hair and brushed out again, being careful to remove all traces of it from the temples and nape of the neck.
 5. A delicate cream, similar to cold cream, the juice of lettuce being the chief ingredient, laid over the face, neck, and hands. After ten minutes remove with a fine linen cloth. This is said to obliterate the lines of the contraction and wrinkles of the features incident to society or stage life. It is a delicate operation neither to roughen the surface or make it red. It should leave the complexion polished and whitened.
 6. Veloutine, a mixture of rice powder and bismuth, the latter giving permanency to the former delicacy to the preparation, applied with great care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, yet showing no sign of a foreign substance.
 7. The eyebrows are smoothed with a small soft brush, leaving a trace of soft Indian, and with a leather estampe a soft shadow is laid under the eyes to increase their brilliancy.

To follow the foregoing directions literally, under all circumstances, would be difficult. It is quoted here to give some idea of the manner in which age is concealed by people who have made concealment a fine art.

To a practical person this may be simplified. We know that a bath is to refresh as well as to cleanse the person. A sponge bath, with a little bay rum or alcohol added to the water, will both cleanse and refresh. The shower bath creates a glow; this can be obtained by the sudden application after the bath of a large towel wet with cold water, followed by friction and gentle exercise. Some people are too delicately organized to receive heroic treatment. The half hour rest is no inconsiderable factor in the restoring process, and deserves special attention. If rightly taken it is a magic rejuvenator.

The Corner Cupboard.

The corner cupboard is one of those delightful pieces of old-fashioned furniture which has been revived in the last decade. There is nothing prettier for a china closet than one of these closets, fitted with plate-glass shelves and a full glass front, so that it displays the china to the full extent. Nor is such a closet beyond the limits of a moderate purse, for a very pretty closet of this kind framed in oak may be bought for \$15. Such closets are exceedingly effective in upper rooms for clothes presses. In that case it is a simple corner closet with a wooden door, and matches the other woodwork of the room. It should not extend to the top of the ceiling, however, but the top should be at least two feet below the ceiling, making a convenient place for a bust or a richly colored china plaque. A carpenter will build such a closet for \$3 or \$4, and it can be painted or finished like the other woodwork of the room.

Green Peas.

Green peas will soon be ripe in country gardens. Green peas are usually served in but one way, that is, boiled, and a great many people do not know that there is any other way to serve them. Yet they make a most delicious puree soup, and are excellent served in cream.

To make the soup, take a pint of green peas, add a quart of white stock, a small onion, two sprays of parsley and one of

celery, a teaspoonful of salt, and a half teaspoonful of pepper. Let the soup cook for half an hour simmering slowly. At the end of this time, try one of the peas and if it is thoroughly done strain the soup through a puree sieve, rubbing the peas through. Let the soup boil again for ten minutes, stirring it often. Then add a cup of boiling cream and salt and pepper to the taste. Stir a teaspoonful of butter in the soup, just before serving it.

Boiled peas are very often served in French kitchens in a cream sauce, made with half a cup of cream thickened with a teaspoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of flour. Still another is to beat an egg yolk into two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and add to the boiled peas after they have been drained. Three tablespoonfuls of boiled peas is a delicious addition to almost any kind of soup in which vegetables are used, and when any boiled peas are left over they should be saved to add to the next day's soup. No vegetable loses more sweetness when stale than peas. To be served in perfection they should be picked in the dew of the morning and cooked the same day. They should never be shelled until just before the time of cooking. They should after picking be kept in a cool, dark place until ready for shelling. If there is any delay in cooking them after they are shelled, cover them with a damp cloth.

Gowns That Were Presented to the Queen.

A great many pretty gowns were worn at the recent "drawing-room," if we may credit English newspapers. The *Country Journal* describes the leading characteristics of these elaborate dresses. The sleeves were wide and full on the shoulder, often ruffled and fitted the arm closely at the base. The train was of distinct material to the rest of the dress, as a rule, and fell in slight folds or braces or Watteau plaits from the shoulders. The bodices were often divided in the centre, the upper portion being of one material, the lower of another, and richly embroidered. One notable gown had a corselet bodice matching the skirt, the upper portion of this material over pink silk. It was studied with jewels. Many women wore a short wreath of flowers on the upper portion of the train of the same color as the bodice and skirt, while others were made of thin gauze with full frillings of the material. These seemed to puzzle the Queen's pages when they were thrown down, and most of the women wearing them, turned back wistfully to see that they were floating in the right direction, ere they entered the throne-room, the trains were often lined with a contrasting material, which was sometimes brought over to the outside, as, for example, a white brocade train, lined with green velvet, had a band of the same appearing on each edge. Shot velvets were very pretty, a beautiful train of a peach and gold shot velvet was worn with gray.

Rhubarb.

Here are some good ways of preparing one of the most healthful and least expensive of materials for desserts and sweetmeats.

RHUBARB JAM.—Peel and cut the rhubarb into nice-sized pieces, and to every quart give one pound of good, moist sugar; put the sugar over the rhubarb and leave it twenty-four hours to draw out the juice. The sugar sinks, but does not dissolve. Boil the sugar and juice together for twenty minutes. After it begins to boil put in the rhubarb and boil slowly for twenty minutes longer. If only allowed to simmer gently it will not require to be stirred, and the pieces of rhubarb will thus remain separate. This will keep good a year if kept in a cool, dry store-room. In making rhubarb jam, orange peel pared thinly and free from the white, gives it a most agreeable flavor; by preserving one quantity of the rhubarb with lemon peel, and another with orange peel, two different jams can be produced out of the same material.

RHUBARB AND BLACK CURRANT JAM.—Eight pounds of rhubarb, four pounds of black currants, twelve pounds of sugar; boil slowly until done.

RHUBARB AND APPLE JELLY.—Peel and cut up one good-sized bundle of rhubarb; peel, core, and quarter three pounds of apples; the thin rind and the juice of half dozen lemons; put all together into the preserving kettle with one and one-half pints of soft water. Boil until reduced to a pulp, strain the juice through a jelly strainer, weigh, and allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of juice, add the sugar, boil, skim well, and when it jellies on the skimmer, pour into jars, and when cold, seal down with the pulp, stowed with white sugar, can be used for jam puddings, or is very nice to put into a glass dish, covered thickly with sugar, then a layer of thinly-sliced sponge cake, and a nice custard poured over all.

RHUBARB WITH FIGS.—Take six pounds of rhubarb (weighed after being cut and peeled), one pound of figs, and a quarter of a pound of candied lemon peel; cut the figs and lemon peel small, place them over the rhubarb, cover all with five pounds of moist sugar, and let stand until the next day; then boil slowly one hour.

RHUBARB AND BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Prepare the rhubarb as for a pie; cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of bread and butter; cover with a layer of rhubarb cut in short pieces; sprinkle thickly with sugar; put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover and steam for half an hour; then remove the lid, and bake until nicely browned.

RHUBARB TART.—Do not peel the rhubarb, merely wash it and wipe it dry. Line a pie dish with puff paste, fill it up with very small pieces of the rhubarb, add the necessary amount of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, the grated peel of half a lemon, and the juice of two oranges. Bake rather slowly.

STEWED RHUBARB.—This is best cut in short lengths, stewed in sugar and a very little water, and served with boiled rice around the dish. A little good sweet cream added gives it a very delicate taste.

SELECTION OF STALKS FOR PRESERVING.—The late supply of rhubarb is the best for all preserving purposes, as grown during the heat of the summer it requires less sugar than the spring supply. Care should be taken to select good stalks, brittle and full of juice.

Mrs. Brown.

Air Pressure at the Cannon's Mouth.

Experiments, our correspondent says, were made during the last trial trip of the armed cruiser *Bowulf* to determine the air pressure at the mouth of the gun at the moment of discharge. Rabbits were placed near the muzzles of the guns, and shots fired. In every case the animals fell dead at once. In order to test the probable effects of the enormous displacement of air upon human beings, figures made of straw were used. These were torn to pieces in every instance. The trials were made with long-bored twenty-four centimeter ring guns. [London News.]

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has. —[Epictetus.]

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Small electric wagons, for the delivery of groceries and other light articles of merchandise, are novelties in London. Lord Bradford backed his horse, Sir Hugo, two years ago to win the Derby at £100 against £10,000. He won in all about £24,000.

In England there are 30,000 miles of telegraph lines. The number of messages received in London last year was 60,000,000. Live fish have been safely sent in the mails from India to the British Museum.

Nearly 20,000 horses are imported into England every year. Nearly 60 per cent. of the property of England is insured. There are 10,000 parishes in England with only Church schools.

Mr. W. Brown, a Manchester manufacturer, has purchased 100,000 acres of land in Mexico for fruit farms. Siam has just sent over to England twenty-seven youths, all belonging to the Siamese aristocracy, to complete their education.

The heat prevailing at Bombay is abnormal, and the death-rate has risen to over 40 per 1,000 per annum, being the highest figure attained within twelve years.

Literary ladies in England have achieved a great step in progress. They dined last year together as the "Literary Ladies." This year they have modified their title to that of "Literary Women."

The Governor of St. Helena reports affairs there as being in a wretched state. Work is scarce; revenue is short of expenditure; business is declining, and there is great poverty and suffering among the inhabitants.

A church in St. Ives has for 325 years kept up the custom of an annual raffle with dice for Bibles. Dr. Wilde left £250 as a fund for the purpose of buying six Bibles annually and paying the vicar a small sum for a special sermon.

Since 1884 loans of more than £40,000 have been made out of the Sea and Coast Irish Fishing Funds and the Inspectors report as follows: "It will be a satisfaction to your Excellency to have brought thus before you the fact that the bad debts on these large transactions are so small. In so far as they relate to loans made by us, they constitute, in our opinion, a remarkable evidence of the honesty of the Irish fisherfolk."

There is a fasting alligator at the Crystal Palace, London, which has not tasted food for more than eighteen months, and is still fasting. Crocodiles and alligators are apt at first to refuse food in captivity, and at the menageries by which they are introduced it is the habit to prise open their jaws with a handspike or iron bar, and ram home blocks of meat. This fasting is the result of sulkeness.

A mass meeting of agricultural laborers in Yorkshire adopted these resolutions: "That this meeting of agricultural laborers deeply regrets the present degradation of their class, caused by low wages, and believes that the chief cause of their poverty is insufficient pay, unsanitary cottages, and inadequate opportunities of obtaining a share in the cultivation of the land." A further resolution was adopted: "That a meeting be held to consider the remedy for the condition of the farm laborers of the country lies in their own hands—namely, by legitimate combination, by means of which they may secure by legislation or otherwise substantial improvement in condition."

A fashionable London clergyman thus addressed his congregation not long ago: "I hear that the incumbent of a certain very 'fashionable' church advertised last Sunday in severe terms on the subject of the offertories of his congregation, while the flocking parishioners had excited the indignation of their pastor. 'I am often congratulated,' exclaimed this divine, 'upon having a rich congregation, and, looking to the general expenditure upon dresses and establishments, they should, indeed, be wealthy; but looking to the amounts given by them in the church, they could only be regarded as genteel paupers.' There is a decent liberality which midway between beggary meanness and imprudent generosity. It may be hoped that the incumbent's forcible remarks will produce satisfactory financial results."

Wonders in Photography.

A maker of these "test plates" named Webb many years ago made for the Army Medical Museum at Washington a specimen of microscopic writing on glass. This writing consists of the words of the Lord's Prayer, and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1.244 by 1.441 of an inch or an area of 1.129,654 of a square inch. The lines of this writing are about as broad as those of the test plates, which are 1.50,000 of an inch apart. They are, therefore, about as wide as average light waves. Now, then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing. There are in the Lord's Prayer 237 letters, and if, as here, this number occupies the 1.229,654 of an inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 29,431,458 such letters similarly spaced. Now, the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains but 3,566,480 letters, and there would, therefore, be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of the glass. In the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer have been written on this specimen. Such a statement, without doubt, staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe. It also furnishes an interesting suggestion in a very different subject. It has been often stated that a physical basis of memory may exist in permanent structural modification of the brain matter constituting the surface of the furrows. In a highly developed brain this surface amounts to 340 square inches, and it would, therefore, appear that the entire memories of a lifetime might be written out in the English language on such a surface in characters capable of mechanical execution, such as those of the Webb plate at Washington.

Funny things happen, too, even in the staid and stately Episcopal Church. One of them occurred upon the last Sunday in June, when a young man came to church late, slipped into an unoccupied seat and sat down directly on top of a high silk hat belonging to a man in the next pew. The hat gave way with a loud crack, and just then the clergyman's voice arose in solemn accents, reading the first verse of the Psalter for the day: "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising."

Wroxeter.

Notice the change of J.W. Sanderson's advertisement in this issue.

Nearly 40 tickets were sold at the station here for the Arthur excursion on the Twelfth.

Quite a sad fate befel Mr. Webster's baby in this place. It was never a robust infant and on Tuesday morning the parents found it dead in bed beside them. It is thought the little one may have been smothered during the night.

Mr. Robert Forsyth closes his wool purchasing emporium here this week until after harvest.

Mr. James Ireland has purchased from the estate of Gibson & Smith the fine new boiler and engine that used to run their furniture factory here. We understand he is going to have it placed in his oat-meal mill.

The Mechanics' Institute here has placed on its shelves another lot of books lately. The library now contains nearly three thousand volumes.

Our cooerage here is now being run to its fullest capacity on account of the arrival of some large orders at our flour and oat-meal mills.

Dr. Smale's beautiful grounds about his mansion present a lovely appearance. The Dr. has taken great pains in beautifying his premises, and has thus set an example which could be followed with splendid effect in the village.

The long-expected masons have at last commenced work on the new Presbyterian church, but it now looks as though the snow will be flying before the structure is completed.

Fordwich.

On Sabbath morning last upward of one hundred Orangemen and Orange Young Britons assembled at their lodge rooms here for the purpose of attending divine service to be held in the Methodist church. The brethren were formed into procession by Bro. B. S. Cook, the O. Y. B. having the precedence, and marched in full regalia to the church, which, when the brethren were seated, was packed to its fullest capacity. The Rev. Mr. Pring occupied the pulpit, according to a previous invitation, and his smiling countenance betokened he was pleased to see such a large number of the brethren, as well as others, to partake of an intellectual feast, such as the Rev. Bro. is capable of giving. His sermon must have been carefully prepared, as it was considered by all present a master-piece, and was listened to with rapt attention for over one hour. The text chosen was II. Thess. 2nd chap. from 3rd to 10th verses, inclusive. The rev. speaker first showed that the Roman Catholic Church was the system of antichrist whose character is therein depicted, proving from history its resemblance thereto in that it arose in a declension of religion, has assumed Divine titles and prerogatives, and applied prophecies to its popes and priests that are only applicable to Jesus Christ, and made war with the Saints and bitterly persecuted them. The next point dealt with was the attitude towards this system that should be assumed by Orangemen and Protestants generally, viz., one of unflinching and uncompromising antagonism. If it be antichrist we must seek to destroy it or be partakers of its guilt. We should oppose it at the polls; not talk Orangeism and Protestantism and vote politics, but sink party considerations for the sake of Protestant principles. Our religious liberties are threatened; defend them in every legitimate way. Our educational system is in danger; seek to maintain public schools, and let no unholy hands be laid upon them. The sermon was ended by explaining the principles of Orangeism. It is not a political organization, as some believe, united to maintain either political party in power, but as a religious Brotherhood whose object it is: 1st, to maintain the integrity of the British Empire; 2nd, to defend our noble Queen, and 3rd, to propagate and perpetuate the principles of the Protestant faith. Let every Orangeman do this by living religiously and true to Orangeism and true to Christianity. There is nothing so distressing as to see the colors dragged in the mud. Teach its truths; not hate, but piety. Love the erring and seek to point them to Jesus. The rev. speaker, through his sociability and kindness coupled with his natural ability as a minister of God and as a public speaker, has gained the good-will and esteem of all who have become acquainted with him. Wishing him and his good lady success and happiness in their new field of labor, we join in singing "God Save the Queen."

Redgrave.

The Rev. Mr. Watson, of Wingham, will preach in the Congregational church here next Sunday morning.

The farmers in this neighborhood are busy with their hay, which is a fair crop this season.

There will be a lawn social held at the residence of Mr. John Wallace, on Friday evening, the 15th inst. A good time is expected.

There was a match game of base ball played between the Beavers, of Minto, and the Harriston club, which resulted in a victory for Harriston by two runs, some of the Redgrave boys taking part.

The playing throughout the game was good. Mr. N. Morrell umpired the game. Mrs. John Pritchard is ill these last few days, but we hope she will soon recover.

Miss Emily Mason, of Toronto, is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. L. A. Mason, this place.

Mr. Longley, of Turnberry, paid friends in this place a visit on Saturday and Sunday last.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

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

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

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

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

JNO. BRETHOUR, FIRE AND STOCK

Insurance Agent WROXETER.

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

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

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

New Wall Paper

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

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

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

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

Sewing Machine Needles. We have received a stock of these so 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. J. 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 12c.

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.

Just Received! AT ALLISON'S,

A Fresh lot of

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates, Strawberries,

A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Feathers and Flowers

Are being Sold Very Cheap for a few weeks.

DARBY BROS., Fordwich Hardware Store.

Bee-Keepers' Supplies! Consisting of Foundation, Perfected Metal Smokers, Self-lubers, Honey Knives, Registering Scales, and many other supplies of various descriptions, at reasonable prices. 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.

Eave troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.