

The East Huron Gazette

Vol. I.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 19th, 1892.

No. 25.

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

JAMES ARMSTRONG,
Veterinary Surgeon

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

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

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

MISS GR EORY,
(Late of Harriston.)
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER. APPRENTICES WANTED. Rooms over W. S. Bear's Store.

ENNELL'S
PHOTOGRAPHS
OR
FORTUNATE
COLLS.

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.
FITTED UP WITH
HUNGARIAN ROLLER PROCESS.

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR
—FROM—
MANITOBA WHEAT.
Highest Price paid for Grain.
Chopping Done.
ROBERT BLACK.

Vanstone Bros.,
WINCHAM
Marble & Stone
WORKS.

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

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. B. Williams, Superintendent.

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

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

METHODIST.—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. J. W. Pring, pastor.

Dr. Sinclair,
M. D., M. A., L. C. P. S. O.,
M. C. P. S. M.,
SPECIALIST
TORONTO

Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, And Diseases of Women positively Treated successfully.

Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."

Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of Catarrh."

W. McDonald, Lakefield, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."

Geo. Rowed, Blythe, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of private nature brought on by folly. Dr. Sinclair certainly cures."

CONSULTATION FREE.
DR. SINCLAIR will be at the
Albion Hotel, Gorrie,
—ON—
Monday, May 9th, 1892

Seeds.
Seeds.
SEEDS!
SEEDS!
Timothy, Common Red, Mammoth and Alsike, Clover Seeds, a full supply constantly kept on hand.
Any farmer wanting any new seed WHEAT or OATS of any kind can save postage and freight by ordering the same through me,
—AT—
McLaughlin's
Drug Store.
GORRIE.
R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.
HONOR Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Fellow of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association. Under Graduate of C.B.C., Hamilton. Successor to J. Martin, V.S. Dentistry a specialty. Office, Main St., Wroxeter.

Bull for Service.
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at **LOT 18, 60N. 2 NOWICK.** He is three years old, and weighs 225 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLIAMS.

The Lion Store

We understand that the Gorrie Court of Foresters have appointed a committee with a view of erecting a hall for themselves if deemed advisable.
Miss Ada Fleming, of Mount Forest, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Rev. Carter, in this village, intending to remain for some time.
A honey extractor for sale at the English church parsonage, Gorrie. First price was \$8.00. It is as good as new and will be sold for \$3.50. Also an extra fine honey knife. Apply to Jas. Perkins.
Don't miss the Busy Gleaners' entertainment to-morrow (Friday) evening. Club-swinging, readings, recitations, addresses and music. Tea will be served. Doors open at 7:30. Admission only 10 cts.
The Gorrie Foot Ball Club has been reorganized with Mr. Geo. Walker, as President, N. McLaughlin, Vice-Pres., and A. E. Wright, secretary. Practice has commenced and the boys will soon be ready for challenges.
While riding on a wagon at Mr. Inglis', on the 17th con., last Monday, Mr. Richard Graham had the misfortune to fall off the vehicle in such a manner as to seriously injure his back so that he may be laid up for some time.
Rev. T. A. Wright will preach his farewell sermons on Sunday next 22nd inst. Mr. Wright and family intend remaining until after the 24th and will take the morning train on the 25th for Brantford to take charge of St. Jude's parish.
On the 24th May the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Stephens' Church will hold a garden party at the residence of Mr. Jas. Perkins, Gorrie. Every effort is being put forth to make it a success. Commences at 4 o'clock. Admission 25c.; children 15c. All welcome.
A large number of Gorrieites will be out of town next Tuesday attending the Queen's birthday celebrations at Harriston, Brussels, Wingham and other places. The horse races at the former town will probably draw the largest crowd. Every rig in the livery stable has already been engaged.
Mr. Orlando Wade, of the 4th con., is suffering at present from a badly swollen hand from blood-poisoning. The trouble started in one of his fingers but speedily spread until it extended to his elbow. It was at one time feared that amputation would be necessary, but he is now somewhat better.
A hotly contested football match was played on the Gorrie grounds last Tuesday evening between teams representing Wroxeter and this village. The game resulted in a draw, neither side securing a goal after playing until dark. The visitors had the best of the game during the early part, Gorrie's goal being in danger on more than one occasion, but later on the tide turned and the struggle was mainly at the visitors' end of the field. Both teams had strong defence players, however, and neither side was able to score. The best of feeling prevailed throughout. The fact was developed that notwithstanding the departure of some of the best of last year's players, Gorrie will, with practise, put a strong team in the field this year.
The other week our village contemporary undertook to "set down solid" on Mr. Dan. McGillicuddy, of the Goderich Signal by publishing an item from the Hamilton Spectator to the effect that the Goderich editor was once a Fenian. But the *Vidette* man soon discovered that he had sat upon a very sharp tack, as the following, from week before last's *Signal*, shows:
"The fact that man cannot be equally successful at different occupations has been demonstrated in the little village of Gorrie. There, a young man who had been successful as a street scavenger and bone-yard apostle was seized of the idea that he could run a newspaper. He tried the scheme for a number of years, but as his education was so defective that when he referred to a hunting episode he spelled dog with a double 'g' and trigger with only one the people got disgusted and sent for another editor to start a rival journal. As a result the bone-yard apostle will now have to return to his first love. This is not from the Hamilton Spectator; it is straight goods."

This Week and Next

WE are making a run on American Prints guaranteed fast colors, all at 8c. per yard. Prices that will sell them.
RIBBONS AND REMNANT SALE. To clear. At prices that will sell them.
HATS AND CAPS. Our own importation; we are overstocked and in order to reduce stock will sell them all cheap. New and Nobby goods our forte.
ANOTHER lot of those Hattins at 28 lbs for the \$1.00 received. Good fruit.
OUR MILLINERY is going with a rush but we are keeping up the stock.
DRESS GOODS. Our \$1.00 silk finished Henriettes is a dandy. Bedford cords in all the latest shades. We have the STOCK and the GOODS and if good goods at moderate prices will command trade we respectfully solicit a trial. Produce wanted at highest market price. No trouble to show goods at the

Lion Store,

J. W. SANDERSON. WROXETER.

Eggs for Hatching.

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

Seed Potatoes.

I HAVE on hand a supply of JACKSON Potatoes, which I will sell at \$4 per bushel. These potatoes are of a hardy, Southern variety, have proven to be heavy, prolific yielders in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.
Too quantity is limited so come early.
Apply to
J. R. WILLIAMS, Gorrie.

DENTISTRY.

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

Tomato and Cabbage

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

Wool, Wool

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

In Gorrie,

And will pay Toronto Market Prices in exchange for Tweed, Flannels, Blankets, Yarns, etc.

McKelvie & Rife,

LAWLESS BUILDING,
Main Street, GORRIE.

Local Affairs.

Mrs. (Rev.) Ayers, of Holmesville, is visiting friends in town at present.

For pure fresh Hellebore go to McLaughlin's Drug Store.

Miss Carss spent Sunday last with her parents in Teeswater.

Giant Prolific sweet Ensilage CORN for sale at the Gorrie Drug Store.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Horton, at Lakelet, yesterday.

Mr. Hastie, of Molesworth, will ship a car-load of buggies from Gorrie station to Neepawa, Man., next week.

Mr. Robt. Edgar, of Orange Hill, this week purchased a fine driving buggy from Mr. Jas. Walker, of this village.

Mrs. Orr, of Wingham, and Mrs. Ferguson, of Burgoyne, called upon the latter's son, Mr. Joe Ferguson, of the Glasgow House, last Friday.

ing out a lot of stuff, shipping both east and west. The loss is a serious one both to the firm and town, so many men being thrown out of employment, but hopes are entertained that the factory will soon be in running order again. There is some insurance, but at present the amount is not known. The cause of the fire is not known.

Obituary.
The past week has been fraught with poignant sorrow to many homes in Howick. The hand of death has been laid upon four households and four families have been bereft of the love and guidance of a mother's faithful care.

MRS. AARON MARTIN.
Mrs. Martin had been for some time a sufferer from cancer and had undergone one or two operations in the hope of effecting a cure, but the fatal malady had taken too firm a hold upon her system and the best skill and care was unable to ward off for a longer period the end, which came peacefully on Saturday morning last. Deceased was a sister of Mr. A. Snyder, of the 5th con., and the large funeral which accompanied her remains to their last resting place near Mayne, attested to the high esteem in which she was held.

MRS. FRANCIS CLEGG.
This lady had been in excellent health up to almost the time of her death, and her sudden demise was quite unexpected. She leaves a family of several small children, one of whom was but a few hours old, and her absence causes an aching void in the sorrowful home from which she was called. She was a sister of Messrs James and Thomas Stephenson and Mrs. Wade, and had a wide circle of warm friends in this township, in which she had spent most of her life. Her remains were interred in Gorrie and the town hall was packed to the doors by the immense throng who gathered to pay their last tribute and to listen to the impressive funeral discourse preached by Rev. Mr. Torrance.

MRS. DAVID S. TAYLOR.
On Sunday afternoon just after the burial of Mrs. Clegg, the sad news was brought to the village that Mrs. D. S. Taylor had died at her home on the 9th con. She had been afflicted with a tumor which caused a complication of troubles that defied medical skill, and her demise was not unlooked for. Deceased was a resident of this neighborhood for a long time and had formed many warm friendships which strengthened into love as the years passed on, so that her death has caused a wide-spread feeling of sorrow and sympathy for the bereaved ones, in the community. Memorial services were held at Mr. Taylor's residence on Monday evening, and the remains were carried to Berlin on the Tuesday morning train for interment in the family burying plot.

MRS. CYRUS HORTON.
At nine o'clock on Monday morning death claimed a victim in the person of Mrs. Cyrus Horton, of Lakelet, who had only been ill since the evening previous. Besides her husband she leaves two little children, the youngest only a few hours old. Mr. Horton has the sympathy of many friends in Gorrie, where he lived for several years. The funeral occurred on Wednesday and was largely attended.

Fordwich.
Mr. B. S. Cook has sold the Pyke farm, just east of Gorrie, to Mr. John Clegg, of this village. Possession is to be given in the fall. The farm comprises 47½ acres and brought \$2600.

The Methodist church lawn has been improved during the past week by the planting of a dozen or so of maples. It will present a beautiful appearance in a few years.

Mr. Adam Hutchinson has a large addition to his fine residence, near the railway track, well under way.

Mr. Wyness has added a millinery branch to his store business, and placed it in the charge of Miss Deachman, an experienced milliner. He also intends to buy wool this season.

Mr. David Mahood met with a serious accident while working in Dick's mill last Tuesday morning. He was removing a board from the circular saw when by some means his left hand came in contact with the teeth and in a twinkling the thumb and two of his fingers were taken off and a third finger badly torn. Mr. B. S. Cook, who happened to be in the mill at the time, staunchly

the flow of blood with his handkerchief and assisted the young man to Dr. Spence's where the injured members were properly dressed. Mr. Mahood is a justly popular young man and his many friends sincerely regret his misfortune.

Wroxeter.
Mr. John Hamilton shipped a car of fat cattle to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. Fortune, veterinary surgeon, has got an assistant just now, he is very busy.

Mr. Abe Paulin and wife visited Blyth on Monday.

The Presbyterians have purchased two lots on Queen street. They intend to erect sheds on them.

Mrs. Orr who has been very ill, is recovering slowly.

Mr. T. B. Sanders, Reeve, has been again prostrate with illness, but is now on the mend.

Mr. Andrew Brown who has been a resident of this village for years, is about to leave with his family for the West.

Your correspondent was not aware until the other evening that Wroxeter possessed some rare musical talent. The writer sought shelter the other evening from a passing shower under the shadow of a mansion, when the strains of music caught his ear. The fair singer was performing "The Barber of Seville," and she did justice to Beethoven's matchless production. Her next effort was a simple Scotch ballad but it breathed of love, and her soul was in her voice. She sang of love "As flowers would sing if Love would lend their ears a voice." I hurried home murmuring as I went the well known lines "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

On Sunday 22nd inst., the Rev. Mr. Osborne, will preach in Wroxeter town hall, on "The Times of the Gentiles."

Jim is sick. He who bears this appellation is a descendant of Ham. In his spare moments or rather when he is not eating or sleeping, he performs the duty of an hostler at the Gofton house. He treated himself last night to one pound and a half of candies, finishing his evenings' entertainment by a dozen and a half of red herring, and on Tuesday he was suffering from the savory compound.

Dr. Brawn has purchased a fine new buggy in Guelph. It is a dandy.

Mr. William Douglas is contemplating a trip to Scotland in the near future. His heart is yearning to once more view the scenes of his childhood.

Mr. Keipper sold five road carts and two buggies last week. Pretty good work.

Mr. Robt. Miller sold a fine young Clyde colt (out of one of Mr. Jas. Ritchie's horses) rising two years old, for \$110, the other day.

Miss Jennie Gibson started on Tuesday last for Grand Rapids, Mich., where she intends to remain for a time.

In changing Lee & Co.'s advertisement last week a mistake occurred in this office by which an old "copy" used in February last, was reprinted. Mr. Lee informs us that it did such good service at that time in our widely circulated columns that he has scarcely a vestige left on his shelves of the goods then advertised. The matter has been corrected in this issue and we advise our readers who are looking for snap bargains to read it and then give that firm a call.

Mrs. Innes, Guelph, wife of Mr. Jas. Innes, M. P. is serious ill in New York, whither she went for medical treatment. Her husband is with her.

Smuggling is again going on in the lower St. Lawrence, and a capture of gin and whiskey was made by the customs officers below Quebec on Sunday last.

Three negroes, who were charged with murdering Policemen Carter at Locoo, Georgia, last week, were taken from jail at Clarkeville, Ga., yesterday by a mob and hanged.

BORN.
In Wroxeter, on May 16th, the wife of Mr. John Griffith, Wroxeter, of a son.
In Howick, on Saturday, May 14th, the wife of Mr. Francis Clegg, of a son.
In Lakelet, on Monday, 16th inst., the wife of Mr. Cyrus Horton, of a son.

DIED.
MARTIN.—On Saturday, May 14th, of cancer, Judith, wife of Mr. Aaron Martin, 4th con., Howick, aged 45 years and five months.
CLEGG.—On Saturday, May 14th, Margaret, wife of Mr. John Clegg, 13th con., Howick, aged 43 years.
HORTON.—In Lakelet, on Monday, 16th inst., Ella, wife of Mr. Cyrus Horton, aged 27 years, four months and one day.
TAYLOR.—On the 9th con., Howick, on Sunday, 15th inst., Magdalene, wife of Mr. David S. Taylor, aged 38 years, ten months and eleven days.

To a Woman's Eyes.

Black eyes, the dark gems that the red torch...
Blaze forth when a glimmer of passion...
But blue eyes are brimmed...
Like tropical skies when voluptuous languor...

A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAPTER III.—JEM'S BABY.

Matthew Bulbos was thankful when the daylight came at last on that Christmas morning...
He rose at once, and wandered restlessly about the room...
Matthew Bulbos rose and paced rapidly up and down...
He was thoughtful, "for your wife to know about this baby? Women have such unaccountable ways where babies are concerned..."

either the visit he had received the previous night, or the fact that he had been at the funeral...
"Jem is not much out on account of her death?"
"Well, no, Matt," was the solemn reply; "he couldn't very well be out up. He did his duty by her, better than most men would have done—better than she deserved. It must be a relief to him, though he doesn't say a word."

ing straight at him with an expression in her steady eye and well-set mouth—the latter enraptured by the growth of resolute...
"Mrs. Griffon proceeded to business, without delay. She understood that Mr. B. it was her professional practice to mention to her an infant whose father had gone abroad, its mother being deceased. She also understood that the baby was delicate, and hardly—all right. Mr. Bulbos gratefully implied that this was so. Then Mrs. Griffon uttered a sympathetic remark about the objects as lived when other babies died—that such was her experience; that they seemed to live on their misery, and generally did credit to their keep. Of course for the care of such a baby as that, requiring extra attention and caresses, terms was necessarily higher than ordinary; but, as we never know what may happen, she would be glad to have the matter considered. The result of the negotiations was the payment to Mrs. Griffon (in cash) of fifty pounds, provisionally; at the end of three weeks, should further arrangements be necessary, a small sum would be paid weekly for the child's maintenance. Mrs. Griffon could be so small that it would obviously not be the interest of Mrs. Griffon to look forward to it.

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS.
The Profits of a Chicago Wheat Speculator in a Single Day.
(From a Chicago Correspondent.)
The very interesting game which the Chicago Board of Trade presides over has developed some marvelous "plungers" during the twenty years that it has been a factor in the speculative markets of the country. There were "Jack" Sturges, who ran the famous corner of 1873; Phil Armour, who frequently carried 10,000,000 bushels of wheat and all the pork in the country; Cudaby, who was equally sweet on pork and wheat; "Old Hutch," whose transactions were so enormous that the crowd stood aghast and allowed him to take their money when he pleased.
But "plungers" have their day, usually a short and decisive day. None of these old giants of the pit are now seen on the board. "Old Hutch" was the last one to go. He always said he liked a game without a "limit." But two years ago he discovered there was a limit and he got it in the neck for the limit, like Harper and Keene and some others. Then he quit, and the board was without a plunger for some time. Of course there were a score of members who would buy or sell a million or two any time, but there was nobody in "Old Hutch's" class.
Suddenly out of the pit came the man for whom the crowd was waiting. He was a small man, an unassuming man, a quiet man, and his name was "Ed. Partridge." He went out against the crowd and they trimmed him as they had trimmed Harper, Keene and "Old Hutch." Partridge's first attempt to follow in the footsteps of "Old Hutch" cost him \$600,000. He said nothing but laid in some more wood and sharpened his saw. This was last August. He was then a bear, he is now a bear. Very few remember that he was not a bear. But in August wheat was selling at \$1.15 on the board and he settled at the loss of \$1,500,000. A settlement he was forced to mortgage his million-dollar State street property for \$350,000, which he turned over to the successful bulls. This punishment did not convince him that wheat was going up. On the contrary he still stayed on the side that had swallowed his \$600,000. When December wheat was \$1 a bushel and May wheat \$1.06, and the great mass of professional and outside traders were talking of \$1.50 for May, Partridge said, "Well, boys, I believe it will go to 80 cents before it goes to \$1.50. It was a case of one man against the markets of the world, for the opinion that higher prices must rule was shared in every market where wheat was traded in a speculative commodity. It was an uphill fight. He was called a crank, a man who was flying in the face of Providence, whose fortune would be recklessly dissipated through a short side of a rising market. Friends volunteered advice, and he had more wheat. He never let up selling until it was generally known that he carried 15,000,000 bushels. Other "plungers" had carried that much wheat for a day or a week, but Partridge carried it for months.
On May wheat closed at 80 cents. He has paid off the \$350,000 mortgage and announces that he has \$1,200,000 to invest in real estate. All this was made in selling May wheat from 1.06 to 80 cents. Millions and millions of bushels were sold by his brokers, and on many occasions his short line would run as high as 20,000,000 bushels. This was a fluctuation of 1 cent up or down involved a loss or gain of \$200,000. The change of an eighth of a cent meant a loss of \$25,000. There are few men who could risk a fortune, take the chances involved in a transaction like this and retain their reason. Yet for weeks and weeks, warned on every side that only disaster could result from these operations, Partridge moved about as if he had no care in the world. The nerve of the man commands admiration from even those who do not approve his methods.
Nobody knows how much money he has made on this decline, and he says himself that he does not know exactly. He has acknowledged that he made \$1,550,000, but the gossip of the board has it that \$2,000,000 is about the right sum. In addition to the wheat deal he has played successfully on the short side of corn and provisions, and his profits from these issues are put at the way from \$300,000 to \$500,000. To-day the speculators who laughed at his prediction six months ago have a few contributing thousands of dollars to his bank account.
Wherever there is a market for grain the operations of Partridge are the subject of daily comment.
Now to the man. What manner of man is this who can play with hundreds of thousands of other men play with dollars? The feeling is an appointment on seeing him for the first time. He is not a good dresser and he has not the manner of a "high roller." On the contrary, he is a most common-place looking man. He is except a green goods man would look at him twice in a crowd. His face gives very little sign of his character. He is forty-eight years old, small in stature and slight in build. He wears a \$25 sack account, trousers are innocent of crease and his derby hat is not always the shape which fashion prescribes. He effects nothing gaudy in neckwear. Plain black ties, or summer suits are enough for him. He looks like a goodly prosperous country storekeeper. His face has a guileless expression that completely masks his two great characteristics, nerve and dogged determination. He spends most of his time during a session of the board on the main floor, close to the wheat pit.
He always has from five to ten brokers to execute his orders. His chief broker, A. J. Cutler, is always near him. A motion of his arm brings them all to his side. His orders are instantly given, and the effect is felt at once on the market. Frequently by sign he starts a dozen brokers selling like mad, or buying, as the situation warrants. His brokers have made comfortable fortunes on his commissions in the campaign just closed.
Partridge never acts like a man to whom the fluctuation of a quarter of a cent in the price of wheat is a gain or loss of thousands of dollars. When he is against him or never loses his temper, he never winces. One day when the market was dropping like mad and his profits were piling up at the rate of \$1,000 a minute he went downstairs and spent half an hour consuming milk and pie.
Mr. Partridge was born in the State of New York and for many years was identified with the dry-goods business, first in Buffalo and after the fire in this city. As a dry-goods merchant he was a big success.

He cleaned up a big fortune out of his Chicago business, which was known as the "Boston Store," and was a rich man long before he began dealing with the grain market. After selling out his dry-goods store he began observing the market. This was fifteen years ago.
Partridge is very modest in speaking of his success. I was on the right side of the money. I told the boys last summer when wheat was selling at \$1.15 that it would sell under 80 cents inside of a year. They laughed at me, but I stuck right to that. In the summer that such tremendous gambling is affecting your health? "I don't call it gambling, because it is a game of pure luck or chance. When one can exercise judgment and skill it is not gambling. Matching pennies is pure gambling, but selling a million wheat—well, confidence is a gamble. No man can have all the outward evidence of confidence, but inwardly there is a struggle. In the market it is different.
"The field can be surveyed, there are statistics and conditions which call for an exercise of foresight. This begets confidence, and one is convinced he is right. As all men do not think alike, the deductions drawn are not the same, and what one analyzes as a bear market another is convinced means a bull campaign. You pay your money and you take your choice. "This is the way I sized up," he continued, "referring to the big deal which he began some six months ago. 'I believed we had raised the greatest crop this country had ever known. I believed that the invisible resources of this country were far larger than people imagined. I believed that foreigners, in their fear of short crops and famine, had bought a great deal more wheat than they needed. I knew that when this was apparent to the trade wheat was just as certain to go down as the sun. I sold wheat, and on this down turn I traded as I never traded before in my life. As soon as this was a moderate decline, although I knew the price was going lower, I sent my brokers in with orders to buy. Then, when the market rallied, I sold them all they wanted. That was the way the campaign opened, and instead of having out an enormous loss, with profits only prospective, I have managed to have at my disposal plenty of ready money to meet the calls for margins that are occasionally made upon me.'
"Do you think every man can become a successful speculator?"
"Certainly not. It isn't every man who has the right kind of a nervous constitution to stand the strain—for it is a strain, and big one, on a man who is extensively in the market."
"How much money have you made on this decline?"
"Lord! I don't know. I've got a few dollars in the bank and my lach string is always out."
"Mr. Partridge has a palatial home on Prairie Avenue, and a charming family. He has also the supreme satisfaction of knowing he was right and all the other fellows were wrong in the market."

WORLD'S FAIR.
Chauncey M. Depew has been elected president of New York's World's Fair board. Commissioner Gorton W. Allen is vice-president.
A monster panorama, 445 feet long and 51 feet high, representing the Bernese Alps, with the Jungfrau in the background, has been painted for exhibition at the Fair. A private exhibition of the work was recently given to the press in Berlin.
An effort is being made to collect \$25,000 with which to build at the Exposition a headquarters for the Sunday schools of the United States. The scheme contemplates asking each school to contribute an amount equal to ten cents for each officer and teacher and one cent for each pupil.
The steamship lines covering the west coast of South America, have agreed to carry exhibition exhibits free, and private exhibits at half price, as far as Panama. Passenger rates also have been greatly reduced.
It is reported that one hundred tons of exhibits for the Exposition have already been collected and are awaiting shipment as Lima and Callao.
Owing to the recent increase of Great Britain's World's Fair appropriation to \$300,000, British exhibitors will not be charged for space, as at first determined.
President Diaz has recommended to the Mexican congress that Oct. 12 of this year be made a national holiday in commemoration of the landing of Columbus in the new world. He says in his message that the work of collecting the Mexican exhibit is progressing rapidly, and that a display of Mexican trophies will be made at the dedicatory exercises.
Mr. Robert S. McCormick, resident Commissioner for the World's Fair, at London, has received word that an influential committee in Geneva is actively promoting the formation of a creditable Swiss section at the Fair, and is meeting with gratifying success. Watchmaking will be one of the chief features of the display. It is considered possible that Switzerland will yet appoint a government commission on the Fair.
Bavaria will send to the World's Fair two professors from its institute of technology to report on the progress of the United States to technical matters.
Leigh S. Lynch, World's Fair Commissioner to the South Sea Islands, has called that he has completed arrangements for an exhibit from the Philippine islands and is now devoting his attention to Java. There is every prospect that the exhibit will be one of great interest.
Mr. McCormick, the London agent of the Columbian Exposition, has forwarded to Chicago an application from Mrs. M. L. Mullinger, who wishes to establish a gypsy encampment within the grounds of the Exposition, probably upon the Midway Plaisance. Mrs. Mullinger is alluded to as being remarkably well versed in gypsy lore, and proficient in gypsy learning. She manages a gypsy encampment near Liverpool, England.
Costa Rica has one of the largest and finest archaeological collections in the world showing many Columbian relics and historic objects relating to the discovery of America. This collection goes to Madrid this year for the Spanish Exposition and will afterward go to Chicago.
The scene which the Exposition grounds now affords, with most of the buildings nearing completion and the construction being pushed forward by more than 6,000 workmen, accounted so interesting and wonderful that from 1,000 to 5,000 visitors a day willingly pay the admission of 25 cents to witness it. Before the abolition of the free pass system, the visitors often numbered as high as 15,000 or 20,000. The work of construction was interfered with, so that it was thought best to charge an admission and thus diminish the size of the crowd of sightseers and at the same time add to the financial resources of the Exposition.
Karl Hagenbeck, famous for his ability in taming wild animals, is devoting his time in Hamburg to a group of lion tigers, jaguars and hyenas that he expects to bring to the Fair. This group consists of fifty animals, all to be kept in one big cage. Hagenbeck has already spent a fortune on the group.
The Bedford stone quarries have donated \$3,000 worth of stone for the Indiana World's Fair building. The cutting of the stone is included.
A Spring Cold.
A spring cold in our climate may be quite a troublesome one, and a cough in a child at this season should be looked after with special care. A cough is always a serious matter, as it is usually the precursor of a more serious disease than mere cold. Measles and many other diseases are preceded by a slight cough. It is always best to use means that excite perspiration, provided the child is well protected afterward and kept indoors. A teaspoonful of ipecac dissolved in a tumbler of cold water, and a teaspoonful of this diluted mixture given once an hour, will break up the hoarse cold of an infant child. There is no harm in laying hot flannels, dipped in camphorated oil, over the chest, if there is any sign of hoarseness, but layers of cotton batting should take their place when they are removed. It is useless to doctor a cold of any kind unless the patient is kept from running outdoors or in draughts, cold places in the house, as all medicines open the pores and render the sufferer more susceptible to a cold if exposed. In such cases an ounce of prevention is certainly worth a pound of cure.
What Ball-Room Decorations Cost.
Little more than twenty years ago \$100 or \$125 was considered an extravagant amount to pay for decorations for a ball in London. In 1871 the great furor for elaborate floral decoration began, and was inaugurated by the late Sir Edward Scott, who gave up his house for three days to his florist, with carte blanche orders to charge what he liked, the only stipulation being that the handsome decoration of the season must be produced. Everybody imitated this extravagance, one of the most elaborate examples being the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon," on the occasion of a ball given by the Marquis of Bristol, when six tons of cut ivy were used, alone, to give a castellated effect to the bare walls of an improvised ballroom. A few days afterward Gerard Leigh gave a magnificent entertainment, the flowers of which cost \$2,500. Shortly afterwards Mrs. (now Lady) Sutton gave another entertainment, for which over \$15,000 was paid to one firm alone. July 21, 1873, the first large public entertainment was given in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society in connection with a ball given in honor of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and ice was for the first time used in large quantities for cooling the atmosphere of crowded rooms in England.
True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes but a world was too small for Alexander.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

BY GRANT ALLEN, THE FAMOUS CANADIAN NOVELIST.

When Netta Mayne came to think it over...

It was a summer evening, calm and clear...

Netta had burst into perfectly orthodox tears...

"Good-by, Mr. Carnegie," Netta faltered...

He waved his hand and turned along the footpath...

It took it but a second for him to realize...

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy...

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anything.

He looked around him, horrorstruck, with blank inquiring stare...

At that the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul...

Ughtréd—if it were only for the tramps; a man is such a comfort.

Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself...

As she walked or rather groped her way, for she couldn't see...

Suddenly a noise rose sharp in the field behind her...

As he rushed along wildly, at the top of her speed...

It took it but a second for him to realize that she had fallen...

Hark! What was that? He listened and thrilled. Oh, too horrible!

He looked about him, horrorstruck, with blank inquiring stare...

No sooner thought than done. With the wild energy of despair...

Hurrah! hurrah! he had succeeded now. It would throw the train off the line...

As he thought it, half aloud, a sharp curve brought the train round the corner...

where he stood, great drops of sweat now exuding clamorily from his forehead...

And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, the other side of the track flashed in one electric spark...

Till that second the idea had never even so much as occurred to him.

Which of the two should it be—the pole or Netta?

And still he waited; and still he temporized. What, what would he do?

It was a cruel dilemma for any man to have to face. If he had had half an hour to debate and decide...

As the engine turned the corner the driver, looking ahead in the clear evening light...

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anything.

He looked around him, horrorstruck, with blank inquiring stare...

After looking long and uselessly, again and again, the guard and the driver both gave it up...

again, the guard and the driver both gave it up, not a doubt about that...

And, indeed, as a matter of fact, when Ughtréd Carnegie fell on the track before the advancing engine...

Rising up behind the train as it slackened, he ran hastily toward the off side...

But the worst did not come. Blind fate had been merciful. Next day the papers were full of the accident...

A Dress of Spiders' Webs.

Mrs. White mentions as a great curiosity the dress made for spiders' webs...

The oldest newspaper in the world, of course, is in China. It is the King Pan...

The Ruiling Passion.

A fair young bride in queenly gown Comes down the grand cathedral aisle...

The prudent sees only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages...

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Since the Franco Prussian war Germany has spent two thousand two hundred million dollars on her army and navy.

Reports from the State of Georgia indicate that the watermelon acreage this year is about 20,000.

The stockmen of South Dakota have recently imported from Tennessee a number of Russian wolf hounds...

A company has been formed at Christiania, Norway, to reproduce an exact model of the old Viking boat...

The Onge Indians are said to be the richest community in the world. They are but 1,500 in number...

At the late election in Victoria the Labor party made great efforts inspired by a feeling of great confidence.

The measles bacillus, discovered in Berlin by Dr. Canon, varies from a three-thousandth to one one-thousandth of an inch in length...

Dr. Landony, member of the French Academy of Medicine, says that the depopulation of France owes more to tuberculosis...

There is now playing in Paris a Russian horn band each horn being capable of producing a single note only.

A new cure for hydrophobia has been tried by Prof. Murri at the Pasteur Institute in Milan.

The Government of the Tyrol has passed a bill imposing heavy fines on persons who may be caught while selling samples of the beautiful and rare Alpine flower called edelweiss...

The burdens put upon German industry as the result of the workmen's insurance are heavy. In the mining industry more than 26,000,000 marks were paid into the sick fund during 1890...

Before the terrible explosion of last Monday night which blew up the wine shop where Havachol was arrested in Paris, the proprietor and the waiter who helped to capture the dynamite had reaped golden harvest through the sudden fame they achieved.

The highest priced newspaper in the world is the Mashonaland Herald and Zimbabwé Times, printed at Fort Salisbury in Mashonaland.

Senior Marianno Carvalho, the Portuguese ex-Minister of Finance, had a singular adventure on Monday.

Senior Marianno Carvalho, the Portuguese ex-Minister of Finance, had a singular adventure on Monday.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but are hidden from the world.

THE AERONAUT'S FEEL

Some of the Remarkable Things He Sees and Feels in a Balloon.

At a height of 200 feet the air, rushing past with tremendous velocity, gives one the impression of leaning out of the car window as in a murrain, and it is then that the balloon seems stationary, the earth falling away from it.

Looking down from the height, all surfaces appear level, mountains and valleys are alike, and the world looks as if spread out and flattened by a rolling pin.

The aeronaut experiences a feeling of oppression; the air, deprived of its vital principle, exhales at each inspiration; ringing sounds are heard in the ears, and one can, so to speak, hear the stillness.

Looking upward, the horizon is bounded by the big black ball—the moon—dark against the milky opaqueness of the atmosphere. The airship is swaying and swinging, while the clouds, floating in a contrary direction, produce a vague giddiness.

With the descent, the earth appears to rise and the balloon to remain fixed; and now the operator is occupied with one idea—speculation as to where and how he will reach earth, for distance is incalculable and perspective a myth.

The aeronaut is invariably an enthusiast until he meets with an accident, after which discretion becomes the better part of his valor, and he is content to rally substitutes for an ascension.

There is a rapid fall, the resistance of the air forcing open the parachute, which is nothing more than a ribbed umbrella of 18 feet in diameter.

On reaching the desired altitude this is effected by cutting the connecting rope. There is a rapid fall, the resistance of the air forcing open the parachute...

Mr. Gladstone in Speech.

The Evening Post published at London thus describes Mr. Gladstone as he looked and spoke in the debate on the Clergy Discipline bill on Thursday evening:

"The right honorable gentleman was in excellent voice, about a year ago, but for years he has not spoken with so much resonance, with so much of that rich, frigid tone, so peculiarly his own, as he did last night. The sense of hearing was delightful. His gesticulations, too, were remarkably dramatic. He emphasized his points by sweeps of the arm, striking the air with his hand, or by a slight movement of the body in a manner that would have been a lesson to a past master in the art of gesture.

"If we ask what is the secret of his wonderful voice the answer is obvious. It is in the possession of an exceptional organ. His chest is of extraordinary depth, even now. Though when he is walking across the floor of the House he seems bowed and shrunken with age, when he is speaking his chest expands and his shoulders are squared—an actual physical transformation takes place before one's eyes.

Discovery of Sapphires in Queensland.

The Government Geologist of Queensland confirms the recent reports as to the valuable discoveries of sapphires at Withersfield, on the Central Railway line, in that colony.

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[For the GAZETTE.]
Some Redgrave Poetry.
WHO ARE MY NEIGHBORS?
 Now first, you know, is neighbor Dick,
 A comical and queer old stick,
 With children five and girls but two,
 But both are handsome, blythe and true.
 There's uncle Sam who shoots a lot,
 And hunts the boys what time he's got.
 But he'll find out that that won't do,
 For the boys they know a thing or two.
 There's Philip Allan who lives at the post,
 'Tis said of the weather he knows the most,
 He keeps a supply of notable pills
 To cure the people of all their ills.
 There's neighbor Mason, a pious man
 Who tries to do all the good he can,
 Good advice to his friends does he kindly give,
 Which teaches them the right way to live.
 There's J. T. Winter who has charge of a store
 For patrons, and Grangers, and many more
 His good is he prefers to buy at wholesale
 As he thinks it expensive to buy retail.
 Now next, you know is councillor Sam
 That very shrewd and popular man
 No greater pleasure does he seek
 Than feeding his cattle, pigs and sheep.
 There's young neighbor C. so full of life
 And trying his best to get a wife,
 The answer she gave him was "You're too old"
 So our unfortunate friend got left in the cold.
 There's Sandy Barrow who takes his ease
 And makes some money by keeping bees,
 And neighbor Fritchard on the corner lot
 Who a happy, contented family has got.
 Dear brothers and sisters you now have heard
 About your neighbors and what has occurred,
 Whatever you do don't angry be;
 Whenever you please just criticize me.
 ERNEST H. BARRY.
 (Of other neighbors he wrote a bit
 But the printer don't publish the whole outfit.
 For fear the writer would be stood on his head
 By some of those he referred to.—ED.)

Boiler Explosion At Elmwood.
 The village of Elmwood, about 22 miles or so north of Gorrie, has had its share of calamities lately. Hardly had the people recovered from the shock caused by the accident in the sawmill, reported in the GAZETTE a couple of weeks ago, when another and more terrible calamity is upon them, an account of which we epitomize from the *Hanover Post*.
 About 8:30 on Tuesday morning (5th inst.) a noise like the report of a cannon caused a general rush to the street to find the cause. Looking in the direction of the gristmill they saw the air thick with dust and debris. A horrible sight met the gaze of those who arrived on the scene. The engine and boiler rooms were completely demolished, scarcely a brick being left upon the foundation. In the wreck, with his head under a heavy piece of machinery, was Mr. Alex. Heller, the lessee of the mill, so covered with dust and ashes that it was almost impossible to tell the extent of his injuries. He was taken to the store lately occupied by Mr. George Knowlson (Mr. K. was for some time a resident of Gorrie, in connection with D. Montgomery's general store about ten years ago) where it was discovered the skull was broken and the face badly scalded and bruised. Death must have been instantaneous.
 A coroner's inquest was held the same day, the jury's verdict being "That Alex. Heller came to his death by being struck on the head by a piece of iron or other hard substance caused by the explosion of the boiler in the flour mill. The evidence attaches no blame to anyone. Also a recommendation that all parties engaged in running steam engines or boilers should be required to pass an examination to determine their fitness for the position."
 Every person expected that C. Clement, Mr. Heller's assistant, was killed also. Very fortunate for him he was out getting wood at the time and did not get the full force of the explosion. He was found laid against the wood-pile almost covered with bricks and mortar. Three of his ribs were broken and he had other serious injuries, but will likely recover.
 Heller was a married man with one child, in good circumstances, and he had a life insurance of 3,000, \$2,000 of which was in the Parkhill Lodge, A. O. U. W. He was an active, energetic young man, well known in Western Ontario, and at one time a member of the Berlin football club. He was buried at the family graveyard at St. Jacobs, the A. O. U. W. taking charge of the ceremony.

Provincial Liquor License Law.
 The Provincial Treasurer has issued a circular pointing out some of the special clauses in the recent amendment to the Liquor License Act. The fees to be paid for transfers and renewals have been increased. Druggists are now liable to a fine for not entering on their book sales of liquor, and increased penalties are provided for those who purchase liquors for habitual drunkards. All brewers and distillers must take out a license, and the fee for the same is payable to the Province. The following important clause of the amendment is particularly referred to: On the trial of any proceeding, matter, or question under any Act of the Legislature of Ontario, or on the trial of any such proceeding, matter or question, before any justice of the peace, mayor, police magistrate, in any matter cognizable by such justice, mayor, or police magistrate, the party opposing or defending, or the wife or husband of the person opposing or defending, shall be competent and compellable to give evidence therein.

Ten Commandments.
 In a bar room of a country saloon in a certain part of Ontario can be seen the following ten commandments:—
 "1. When thirsty, thou shalt come to my house and drink.
 2. Thou shalt always keep my name in memory, and all others in the same business.
 3. Thou shalt honor me and my clerk and treat the bar with respect.
 4. Thou shalt honor me and mine, that thou mayest live long and see me again.
 5. Thou shalt not ask me for drink when I say you have enough.
 6. Thou shalt not raise thy voice in song nor thy feet in gaiety.
 7. Thou shalt not dare to pay the bill in bad money, or even say "chalk it down."
 8. Thou shalt not steal from me, as I need all I have and more too.
 9. Thou shalt not expect too large glasses, as I have to pay a great price for a chromo that allys me to sell.
 10. If thou comest into my place, and const not see what thou desirest, thou shalt ask for it, and thou shalt receive it for I keep everything in my line."
 The above is supplemented with "When you steal, steal away from bad company. When you swear, swear by your country. When you drink, drink at the—House."

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

Fordwich Drug Store
 A. SPENCE, M. D., Proprietor. J. C. BELL, Manager.
 A FULL LINE OF
Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,
Stationery and Fancy Goods,
WALL PAPER
 In endless variety and at every price.
W. C. HAZELWOOD

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

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

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

ONLY \$1 Per YEAR
 or less than 2c. a week.
Job Printing.
 We have a splendid printing outfit, including the very latest faces of type, the most modern appliances,
Fast Job Presses.

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 We can turn out
 Wedding Cards,
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 Circulars,
 Hand-Bills,
 Posters,
 Streamers,
 or anything in the printing line in the neatest style of the art, and
 On the most reasonable Terms.
Estimates Furnished
 J. W. GREEN,
 Editor.

Millinery.
 Our Millinery Department grows in popular favor every season.
Why? Because we keep the newest goods, made up in the most artistic styles.
 There must be taste or there'll be trash no matter what you pay for it.
 New Goods for summer wear are coming forward.
 The choicest goods are taken first.
 Come early and get the best.

Dress Goods.
 We have the newest shades and most popular effects in dress goods. We call especial attention to our black and colored all-wool Henriettas from 40c. per yard upwards.
Tweeds, Coatings, etc.
 We show the best goods and best values. If you want a spring suit or overcoat you will make a mistake if you purchase without inspecting our stock.
Cotton Goods.
 Anticipating an advance in price in all lines of cotton goods as a result of the recent combination of manufacturers, we have bought largely in cottonades, denims, shirting grey and white cottons, etc.; we are headquarters for the 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 cheap and dearer lines but these are leaders.

W. S. BEAN
 Montreal House,
 Gorrie, Ont.
 The Highest Market Price Paid for Farm Produce.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS GATHERINGS.
CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED
DOWN FOR GAZETTE READERS.

HURON.

There are 507 children in attendance at the Wingham public school.

Mr. Jas. Elliott, of Turnberry, has one bull and three heifer calves already this spring from his herd of Holsteins.

Mr. Adam Todd, of the Clinton News-Record, is recovering from a late serious illness.

A grand Dominion Day celebration will be held in Wingham under the auspices of the C. O. F.

The Cedarville Rover foot-ball club, of Turnberry, has re-organized for the season.

W. H. Kerr and Geo. Baeker were contestants for the reeveship of Brussels. Voting on the 18th.

Brussels cricket club has re-organized.

A new bridge is to be constructed this summer on the boundary between Grey and Elma.

A. M. McKay, Alex. Stewart and Hugh Forsyth have been chosen as elders in connection with Melville church congregation in Brussels. Rev. S. Jones was made an honorary member of the session.

Mr. A. O. Pattison, representing the American Government, is collecting the accounts and arranging for a settlement of claims connected with the rescue and care of the sailors wrecked near Bayfield last fall. The claims presented amount to about \$1,500, and include those for board, medical attention, services, etc. If anyone ever deserved special recognition at the hands of a government, over and above her legitimate expenses, it is Mrs. Snowden, of Stanley, whose house has been a veritable hospital for months, and whose care and attention was all that could be desired.

Mr. James Dow, of the 10th concession of East Wawanosh, by some means was thrown off the roller, and had two ribs broken, last week.

In the result of a recent examination held in the Toronto Medical School, we notice the names of the following Huronites: Al. Williams, formerly of Clinton, now of Brampton, and J. McAsh, of Varna, who have successfully passed their final. T. Agnew, who had to give up on account of sickness, having written on three subjects, will take a supplemental in the fall, and Mr. E. T. Kellam, who has passed the first year. The accounts of the late Mr. Irwin, collector of Customs at Clinton, reveal a shortage of about \$1,000. The irregularities have been going on for a considerable length of time, and will have to be made good by his bondsmen.

PERTH.

A little child of Mr. Samuel Dipple was drowned in a cistern at their residence, Listowel, on Monday of last week.

There is talk of moving the Brantford piano factory to Listowel.

The Recorder says that T. H. Race has resigned his position as license commissioner for South Perth, but that Speaker Ballantyne has not accepted it, being personally urged not to do so by W. Kyle, as long as there is a prospect of Mr. Race remaining in Mitchell.

James Nagle has been appointed a member of the Board of License Commissioners for South Perth in place of James Prindiville, resigned.

The induction of Rev. G. C. Patterson B. A., into the pastoral charge of Knox church, Embro, took place on Thursday.

Richard Moore, one of Elma's earliest settlers, who emigrated to Manitoba some years ago and settled near Brandon, died there last Friday under very sad circumstances. He had one of his feet frozen last winter, which was not properly attended to and after some time mortification set in and he had to have the leg amputated some ten days ago. As Mr. Moore had been laid up for some time he was weak at the time the amputation was performed and the operation was too much for his reduced system, from the effects of which he never recovered. He was father of Samuel Moore of the Wallace boundary and brother to Henry and John Moore near Trowbridge.

BRUCE.

A Hanover furniture firm sold over \$10,000 worth of their manufacture during April.

According to our exchanges a very large number of trees were planted around the Bruce Co. schools on Arbor Day this year.

Quite a number of the Grand Trunk officials were on the Bruce Peninsula last week fishing.

A desperate runaway accident occurred in Owen Sound on Saturday of last week resulting in serious injuries to John Hurlison, of Sarawak, and John Campbell, of Kemble, in Keppel township. The two were driving up street with a young team of horses, which became unmanageable and bolted when about opposite the post-office. The horses kept on in a straight line until the

corner of Baker street was reached, when they took a sudden turn to the left, completely overturning the rig. The occupants were dashed with stunning force against a Bell Telephone pole and fell heavily on the sharp stone paving and macadam. The horses at once came to a standstill and were captured, but the men lay still on the ground covered with blood and dirt. It was at first thought they had both been killed, but they were carried into Dr. C. M. Lang's office, and there they recovered consciousness. Hughson's chin was smashed and cut in a horrible manner, besides which he received a bad scalp wound and a fracture on the collar bone. Campbell was terribly cut about the face, and he suffered agony from a fearful bruise on his side. It is thought perhaps he has received internal injuries. Both men were removed afterwards to the Comely house, and are reported to be suffering great pain, notwithstanding that everything possible has been done for their comfort. (Later.) Campbell, who is an unmarried man, was internally hurt, and all hopes of his recovery are abandoned.

WELLINGTON.

The Elora Mechanics Institute has the largest library in the Province.

Harriston Board of trade are asking the railways to give cheap Saturday rates to their town.

Henry Brooks and Alex. Robertson have removed to Mount Forest to start a soda water works there.

N. Wellington Teachers' Convention will be held in Arthur on Thursday and Friday May 26th and 27th.

The Elora Carpet factory escaped sure destruction by fire last week by prompt and plentiful application of water.

John L. George, of Maryborough tp. before His Honor Judge Chadwick on Tuesday charged with shooting Daniel Eby, a neighbor who was removing a line fence. George gave bail for \$2,000 and with two securities of \$1,000 each he to appear when called upon. It is reported that Eby has almost recovered from his wounds and this is likely to be the end of the matter.

Mr. John Morley, the hunter who shot the three bears in West Luther recently is now heard from as the slayer of nine foxes in two days the past week.

It has remained for an Egremonter young man to get the best of a pick-pocket in a way that beats the record. It was on board one of the settlers' trains bound for the Northwest in March. The train was just about to leave the station at West Toronto Junction and this Egremonter had opened his purse which contained his ticket and \$5 in bills. He had removed the ticket when a pick-pocket or snatch thief grabbed the purse and bills but before he got out of reach the young man from this section attempted to seize him by the coat, but only succeeded in catching hold of the thief's watch chain, when the culprit broke away snapping the chain and leaving the watch in the young man's hand. The train was moving by this time so nothing was done by the loser of the purse till Port Arthur was reached, when he went to a jeweller and on asking the value of the watch was offered \$9 for it—leaving him just \$4 ahead of the pick-pocket.

A Bear Story from Warton.

The News of last week has the following bear story:—On the evening of Wednesday week, about 8 o'clock, Mr. Cecil Swale, of "The Cedars," Albemarle Township, about three miles from Warton, took a stroll down to the edge of the lake on his farm, and as he had been bothered with some vagrant dogs among his sheep, he took his rifle with him. A few minutes after he heard a noise behind him and turning around he saw a large black bear jump into the water, and it swam at an angle toward him. He took good aim and his shot took effect, and the bear swam directly toward him. When within a few feet of him he again fired directly in his face with a cartridge of buck and small shot. Bruin became desperately enraged and made a determined effort to reach his antagonist, but luckily the first bullet had hit in the body, and blinded with the second charge, he growled and rolled about, pawing the air and bound to have revenge. Mr. Swale had loaded another cartridge, but it got fast and he could not close the breach. Luckily one of his men heard the shooting, and surmising there was something unusual going on he hurried to the scene, and having a gun fired the charge directly into the bear's neck finishing his career. The animal weighed close on 800 lbs. and was a male about three or four years old.

Berlin will have the 7th Fusiliers, of London, about 1,500 Toronto Orangemen and a great number of spectators to celebrate the Queen's birthday. A fine programme has been arranged, one of the features of which is a foot-ball match between 'Varsity and the Berlin Rangers.

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 A Flannelette which for weight and quality cannot be equalled in the market.
 This is the price while it lasts.
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 Ladies' Silk Vests. Usual price 15c.
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 Body Linen Glass Towlets, 10c per pair.

12c.
 Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, heavy and stainless.
 A large and choice assortment of Dress Print.
 Oxford and Standard Shirtings (well worth 15c.

15c.
 Single-Fold, colored, all-wool Serge Dress Goods, Usual price 20c.
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25c.
 Ladies' Heavy Black Stainless Hose, the best article for the money in the market.
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 A Pattern Tweed, (worth 60c.)
 Also White Shirt Linen Fronts and Cuffs.

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 White Cotton Coverlet. Only a few left.
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Extra Value in all Lines of Dress Goods, and a large stock of Latest Styles to choose from.

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

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THE INDIAN AS A SOLDIER.

Experiments Made in the Army of the United States.

The adaptability of the American Indian to the work of a soldier, is a problem which has developed upon the army of authorities for solution within the last twelve months. Last summer orders emanated from army headquarters in Washington to skeletonize two companies of each infantry and two troops of each cavalry regiment, and then to fatten up these skeletons to the maximum standard of strength by recruiting the high privates from the different Indian tribes. Forthwith great difficulty was experienced in inducing the Indians to enlist, especially in the infantry, as an Indian abhors walking with an intensity greater than the disgusting devil is credited with having for holy water. There have been some companies and troops recruited and two companies of Indian cavalry have been ordered to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, for their better education.

But without entering into the details of this plan of educating the Indian under compulsion, the question is: Can the Indian be made a good soldier? He can ride a horse like an Arab, and, as much disinclined as he is to walking, he can under pressure, become a fleet-footed as Mercury, though girdled and clinked up against the pangs of hunger and thirst such as Tantalus scarce ever experienced. Yet with all such commendations it is held by experienced army officers that the greatest objections to him as a soldier are the qualities that commend him, and without being paradoxical in the claim. Though a good pedestrian, he is so lazy that he would have to be animated by the discharge of dynamite before getting a move on himself beyond "a reverse arms" march to a national cemetery. And as capable of fastings as he may be, he is always hungrier than a man-eating tiger of India, and any regiment of Indians can eat more rations in one day than the ten days' allowance of a white regiment.

Experience in the command of Indian scouts has qualified the officers who protest against the introduction of Indians as soldiers in the army to estimate them at their probable worth, let the hope of their services be of a high or low degree.

The writer has seen the Indian as a soldier in the army and as a scout. It was during the civil war that two or more Indian regiments were enlisted on the Union side to fill up the Kansas contingent. They were put under command of General Blunt, and were marched away from their homes to take part in the border warfare along the Missouri and Arkansas line. They much protested against leaving without their women and children, but were finally induced to do so. Reaching camp after a day's march "the Indian soldiers" had no sooner tethered their horses and got to cooking their rations than their families came trooping over the divide "to take supper" with them—about threequaws to each buck and five paposes to each squaw. The first ten days' rations issued the command were eaten up at the one meal.

History tells us how treacherous and unreliable the Indians were whom the Confederates enlisted during the war of the Rebellion to act with the Arkansas troops. But it is out on the plains, or near his own reservation, where the Indian scout, a quasi United States soldier, is seen in all his glory; made up of feathers, a blue uniform, girth, a pony, a carbine, and an appetite.

It was in the fall of 1874, down on the Wichita River in Indian Territory, that the writer witnessed an eating bout among a number of Indians that discounted anything of the prodigality of the day of Athelstone and Cedric, the Saxon. The Eighth Cavalry, two squadrons, under command of Major William Redwood Price, were camped on the Wichita. They were the New Mexican contingent to the command General Nelson A. Miles had in the field operating against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, and other Southern Indians. The Eighth Cavalry had eight or a dozen Navajos along with the command as scouts and trail riders. The chief was a handsome, lithe young Navajo, very light complexioned the son of Delgadilla, the war chief of the Navajos. He bore a honorous sounding name which had been Anglicized in the camp. His name was "Tom," and he was a general favorite around camp. The Navajos were then, as they are now, the most civilized Indians in the country outside of the "nations" in Indian Territory. "Tom" dressed a la cowboy, did not use paint, slept under homemade blankets, and when at home ate beef and mutton slaughtered from his herd's head, partook of apricots and peaches raised on the sunny sides of the canyons of Western New Mexico. He talked Mexican as well as any Rio Grande peon, and didn't know a thing about "the sign language" of the plains Indians, which was the common and universal medium of communication between all "the blanket" Indians in those days in the West.

While in the camp on the Wichita the Eighth Cavalry had a visit from General John W. Davidson of Fort Sill, commandant of the Tenth Cavalry. As the command from Fort Sill came galloping down the declivity on the east side of the Wichita, and through its "breaks" toward the Eighth Cavalry camp, it presented a most picturesque appearance. There was something about the scene to recall descriptions as vividly portrayed in "Count Robert of Paris" or "The Talisman," civilization and barbarism mixed, colors intermingled, and the general glory of a uniformed calvacade in rapid motion. The advance guard of the command consisted of two or three white officers in command of a Negro company of cavalry. This advance was flanked by mounted Indians, feathered, painted, and belizzened to the number of two hundred or more. The main column of the Tenth Cavalry (colored troops) followed, and the Eleventh Infantry (white troops) brought up the rear of the command, followed by pack mules and a wagon train under a strong guard. The Eighth Cavalry had been out in the wilderness for four to six months, and greeted their visitors with most hospitable cheer, ordering—for, as a matter of fact, "the cheer" in visiting between the two camps was more generously bestowed by "the Tenth Nubians" than "the Tenth Nubians" for the former had come from a point where it could be bought in "original packages" more recently than the New Mexican contingent.

But while the two commands of regulars were interchanging hostilities, the Indian scouts of each command were engaged in like endeavors. The Tonkawas, Kechis, Caddos and Pawnees of General Davidson's command had never seen a Navajo, and his eleven braves had never encountered one of those far east Indian Territory denizens. They were glad to see each other, all of the Indians, of both commands "loving the pale face and Great Father." They could not talk to each other, however. Happily, there was an interpreter in the command, a little short, puggy Mexican of the name of Romero, who proved equal to the occasion.

Romero was a Mexican dude, wearing a \$50 hat, a black suit of velveteen, red sash and the other accoutrements of a caballero. He could "talk" the "sign language" with any Indian on the plains, and, as the Navajos could speak Spanish, or Mexican, he brought the two bodies of Indians into conversation. A Tonkaway opened out with vehement gesticulation—as plain as the nose on a man's face, showing he was boasting—telling of himself, his prowess; the number of his tribe and its wealth, the buffalo they killed each year, and, likely, something about the scalps ornamenting the Tonkaway tepees. All this gesticulation was put into Spanish and related to "Tom." The young Navajo then began his talk with such rapidity that Romero, the interpreter, in putting it into sign language, looked like an exhibition at a deaf and dumb asylum. Then a Caddo came back at "Tom" with nimble fingers, with nodding of the head, and swaying of his agile and lithe figure. "Tom" then ejaculated in good, clear Spanish, understood and greeted by officers and men of the Eighth Cavalry, who gathered around to witness the powwow with cheers and laughter. "Let's sit down I can't lie very well when I stand up."

That night the buffalo-eaters, or plains Indians of General Davidson's command, invited the Navajos to a buffalo banquet. There were two hundred or more plains Indians pitted against just one dozen Navajos, more than half civilized and not accustomed to the gorging orgies after a successful buffalo hunt. The Tonkawas, Kechis, and Caddos ran relays in on the Navajos, but the dozen wolf-growling, bear-clawing and cattle-herding Plains Indians New Mexico stood up manfully with the help of their index fingers occasionally, as an emetic, against the odds with which they had to contend.

The moral is that, if after years of such civilization as the Navajos have enjoyed, since the days of Montezuma twelve, Indians of the tribe retained enough appetite to contend in an eating match with two hundred nomads of the plains, the rations in the Indian regiments of the regular army of today will always run short.

A Matter of Business.

It is in order just now to ask what is the farmer's business and then, per contra, what is the business of the farmer? This is a distinction apparently without a difference, but that by intelligent management and good judgment a majority of western farmers could nearly or quite double their crops on the same acreage. Is it wise to do so? Here is room for a very interesting discussion and for a consideration of points of both moment and value. It may be pre-empted that by doubling the crops we may not increase the net return; in other words if our corn crop per acre was doubled it does not follow that the farmer would get any more money for it than they do now. And what is true of corn is equally true of other crops, as of wheat, oats, hay, and the like. If this be conceded what object has the farmer in expending more labor in the judicious preparation of the ground, in manuring, cultivating, harvesting, etc., etc.?

Now it is the business of the farmer to raise a crop, and to that end broad is the gate and narrow the way, and many there he who go in thereat. On the other hand it is the farmer's business to so arrange his work and affairs so as to be successful, not only in making both ends meet, but as well in securing that amount of profit for his intelligent and well directed labor which is everywhere and always the accompaniment of superior skill.

No good business man will overlook the market with any particular line of goods, knowing that it can only end in depreciation of value. This, however, will never prevent a merchant from getting, in variety, all the goods his money will buy. No farmer will try to depreciate the value of corn or cotton, or of any other marketable commodity by cultivating too much of one thing, but he may and can boom every marketable product by diversifying his crops and making every acre do its level best. This we conceive to be the business of the farmer.

If one can raise on twenty acres of land 1,000 bushels of corn and that is sufficient for his purposes, there is no reason why he should employ forty acres to do the work. The other twenty acres can be used for another crop just as necessary to his success, say grass, hay, or other feeding crops. Corn is not the best bone-making food, but it is the best fat-making food known to the world. In the breeding and the building of our live stock, therefore, it is to be used with caution, while a blue-grass pasture, good timothy and clover hay, wheat bran, oil-cake meal, oats, barley meal beans, and peas are safe, reliable flesh formers and meat makers.

This, it will be seen, suggests a diversity of crops, affords opportunity for a proper rotation, to replenish rather than exhaust the soil fertility, and build up rather than "destroy" the farm and the farmer's business. It suggests more, vastly more; for in running the same crop, on the same land year after year we not only exhaust the plant food called for by one crop, but breed the insects which are known to destroy it. "We have passed the pioneer age and stage and have to knuckle down to business and compete with the best. We are indeed at the stage where brains win and brawn alone produce all they are capable of, but so do as year by year to produce more and in the doing make the farmer more money. The farmer's business then is to make a crop, but the business of the farmer is, as the business of the merchant and of any other man, to so work as that the crop he makes shall be conducive to his own success and to that of any other farmer in the land."

Poems in Petticoats.

The prettiest articles of attire about just now are the petticoats. They are poems in themselves. Some of them are made of black watered silk, striped with narrow lines of pink and blue and yellow, and have fringes of the different colors set around the hem at intervals of two inches. These ruffles are either of fringe or silk or satin ribbon. Other petticoats are made of shot satin with a gathered flounce of flannelette lace sewn on with a double heading, through which are run "baby" ribbons to be tied into rosettes here and there. This notion carried out in heliotrope shot with pale green, with the lace very fine and of a holland hue, and the ribbons to match the satin, is altogether lovely.

The delicacy of our dry goods merchants is unexpressibly sweet. One of them has this sign over a lot of shop worn muslin nightgowns: "Dream robes, eighty-nine cents." Another enterprising clerk has a stock of garters labeled "Novel designs in knee-girdles."

Children's hats have the same features as last year, a flat crown, wide brim in front, narrow back, and long streamers in the back.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—If a man has any talent in writing it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness in which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroic. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offense has been the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.—[Joseph Addison.

Tuesday—Weary of wandering from my God, And now made willing to return, I hear and bow me to the rod; Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn: I have an Advocate above, A friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace— My all of comfort, solace, aid; Yet once again I seek Thy face: Open Thine arms, and take me in! And love Thy faithful slave still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fallen spirit to restore: O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake Forgive, and bid me sin no more; The ruins of my soul repair, And make my heart a house of prayer.

Wednesday—The cultivation of flowers is of all the amusements of mankind the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably more good will has arisen and friendship been founded by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit than from any other whatsoever. The pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured always by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employment which, in its various shades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill will.—[E. Jesse.

Thursday—Let not the sun in Capricorn (when the days are shortest) go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in ashes. Draw a curtain of night upon injuries, and let them be as though they never had been. To forgive our enemies, yet hope that they will punish them, is not to forgive, and to forgive them ourselves, and not to pray God to forgive them, is a partial act of charity. Forgive thine enemies totally, and with this reserve that, however, God will revenge thee.—[Sir T. Brown.

Friday—My feet are weary and my hands are tired, My soul oppressed, And I desire, what I have long decried— Rest—only rest.

Thy hard to tell when toil is almost vain, Thy hard to sow and never harvest gain, In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear, But God knows best; And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer, For rest—sweet rest.

Saturday—Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honor, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men whom every fancied affront puts in such a ferment of emotion, and in whom every fancied insult stirs up all the quick and the resentful of your nature, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiver of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect?—[Dr. T. Chalmers.

On Beauty.

"Beauty is only skin deep." What's the sense in that saying? What good would it do a person to be beautiful—say, for an inch in depth? He wouldn't know it unless he was skinned. Moreover beauty is not to be measured with a pocket rule; it is an indefinable sort of quality that needs a new definition each time it is found. What is beauty?" asked a belle of her circle of admirers. "What all women think they possess," answered the cynic. "Ask your mirror," said the Frenchman. But the philosopher replied: "It is that which every lover sees in his sweetheart whether she possesses it or not." How many times we have said to our dear Mr. C. "ever see in her? She's as homely as a rail fence." Not in him, though.

We know how it is ourselves. When we were young and susceptible we met a girl whose appearance made us very sick. She was short and we liked tall girls. Her mouth was of the pea order, while the rosebud variety had always taken our fancy. Lastly she had a lip that sounded like an escape-valve. Well, we don't know how it happened, but we fell in love with her, and all her imperfections immediately vanished. We found that her head just reached the right place on our shoulder, so her height, or "loveliness" was all right. Then, her pastry mouth enabled her to kiss without knocking noses. That's one awful bother with stay and berry lips. As for the lip, we thought it the cutest thing in the world, and tried to cultivate one ourself, but our employer asked if we had been buying some new misfit teeth, and we desisted.

We don't believe that everyone thinks himself handsome, but we do believe that everyone wishes to be. Theophrastus called beauty "a silent conceit" and Theocritus says it is "a serpent covered with flowers." We don't recall the personal appearance of these gentlemen, but we are willing to wager a large sum that their pictures never graced a photographer's show-case. Homely persons are always saying that beauty is a thing that just because they can't share any of it themselves.

One peculiarity of extremely beautiful or handsome persons is that they are seldom noted for anything except their looks. Who ever thinks of beauty of feature, or lack of it, in connection with Washington or Lincoln? (I don't care to give examples of the women.) The mind that guide the progress of the world make for us powers far superior to any physical charms. They are where we come in. We wouldn't be handsome for anything.

The dolphin is said to be the fastest swimmer in the seas. It has been observed to dart through the water at a rate computed to be much greater than twenty miles an hour, and is often seen swimming round and round a vessel which is sailing at highest speed.

The size of your offering does not depend upon what you take out of your pocket, but what you leave in it.

CANADA'S HEROINES.

Some of the Marvellous Feats of Louis Cyr. Louis Cyr, who is a British subject, was born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863. His grandfather on the maternal side weighed over twenty-three stone, while his mother's weight is only a trifle under nineteen stone. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock.

His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at sixteen stone.

It was only natural Master Cyr when at school was master of all the lads. At the age of fourteen there were very few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary.

His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was what he should do. It was decided that he should enter the police service.

He was about seventeen at the time, and his strength had increased in a marvellous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. He was sent to duty in the roughest and most disturbed district of Montreal. He made so many captures and quelled such a number of disturbances that he soon received substantial recognition from his superiors. He was paid double salary and used to do the work of three.

Naturally he was not very popular among the roughs. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now.

It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior strength were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others had picked up and dashed upon the ground, rendering him senseless. The other two were nipped around the waist until they screamed in agony.

He was just making off with the two he had captured, when he compassionately thought of the poor injured fellow on the ground. He therefore, changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collar, picked up the senseless man with his right arm and threw him over his shoulder.

It must have been a curious sight to see this marvellous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the streets of Montreal on that dark night, the blood dripping from his forehead running down and nigh blinding him. He dropped the wounded man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described he was left unmolested.

He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength.

One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares, when a cart laden with bricks came to a halt. The horse fell down and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horse free from the cart. But what was to be done with the cart? There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that it should be unloaded.

"Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Divesting himself of his uniform, he handed his hat to somebody standing by, he circled the cart, pressing up with his broad shoulder, the bricks, cart and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the sidewalk.

The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so astonished that they had the whole cart weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100 pounds.

That feat of strength determined his career. He left the police and at once entered into the show business. By steady practice with his dumb-bells and proper training his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of today.

The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was in Captain Burst. On one occasion when in New Brunswick Burst offered to bet him \$200 that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the captain would. "None," said Cyr, and the money was put up.

This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships lying off where they were.

Hints For The Annual Clearing Up.

White spots can be removed from furniture by holding a hot iron over, but not on the place.

The yolk of an egg in half a pint of tepid rain water, with a little powdered borax added, with a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, will take spots out of black goods.

Teapots should be washed thoroughly with strong soda and water and then rinsed well and perfectly dried each day if one would prevent the curious haylike smell often noticed in a teapot.

The usual average in reckoning the cost of living for each person in the dining room is \$5 a week.

Nothing is better for restoring the brightness of polished tables than rubbing them with a linen rag dipped in cold drawn linseed oil.

A good handful of salt should be added to the water in which matting is washed. The salt keeps the matting in color. Do not use soap.

Grease stains on wall paper may be removed by mixing pipe clay with enough water to make a sort of cream. Spread this rather thickly on the stain, leave it out for twenty-four hours, then take it off carefully with a knife and dust and brush the paper thoroughly.

A capital wash for stained boards is made by boiling one-half pound of slacked lime and one pound of soda in six quarts of water for two hours. Let this settle, then pour off the clear part for use.

You can tell if a bed is damp by laying your hand glass between the sheets for a few minutes. If the sheets are not properly dried the glass will be clouded.

Oranges and lemons with green leaves intermixed make a pretty dish for decorative purposes.

Pearl knife handles should be rubbed with a salt rag dipped in fine table salt, then polished with leather.

A little soap and warm water applied frequently is better for cleaning your lacquered brass than all the cleaning materials in the world.

Modern Mothers and Their Daughters.

"One of the signs of the age," says an observing woman, "is the difficulty grown daughters find in adapting their ideas to intolerance of the mothers who will not share in the progress about them. This is especially true where the daughters do not grow up early, and either remain at home or go out to pursue some one of the many occupations now open to women. In either of the latter cases the home cords are much loosened—not nearly so much as when the daughter establishes herself by marriage in an independent household. The gap between the mother educated twenty-five years ago and the daughter abreast of these glowing times is wider than it ever will be again, and it is a trying one to the filial child, whose widening reach of things only increases her sense of what is due to her mother and eagerness to bring the well-blessed parent within the scope of the falling blessings. To many women motherhood brings an autocracy that is never wholly relinquished; for six years her lightest wish has been the daughter's law, and, if what Thackeray calls 'the tyranny of the parent' is modified in many instances, in equally as many others it painfully exists. I have in mind at this moment a wise, calm, filial woman of 35, whose capable work in a library gives her widowed and otherwise childless mother a pleasant home, in which, alas, its provider has no more to give; her plans and ambitions are thwarted, or, if performance accepted, it is with scant grace; her friends are not welcome, her hobbies are not tolerated, her theories and principles are not respected. She is merely to the mother a big edition of the little girl whom she used to put on her school frock to day and to-morrow her church gown, and whose ungrudging hospitality she accepts with no smallest sense of obligations."

Fascinating Period of a Woman's Life.

At what age under the old regime a woman was considered passes it would be dangerous to say—presumably soon after she had quitted her teens. Swift wrote of the cruel candor of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Recipe to Restore Her Lost Youth," at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic Dean of St. Patrick's wondrously.

"How angels look at thirty-six" proves a sharp contrast to a more modern writer, Mr. Lewes, who, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of 33 as a fascinating period of a woman's life; being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body.

Such a sentiment would once have been considered rank heresy, yet 33 was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the moribund charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte, and a Lili. Mr. Lewes's view seems to be based on the old and honorable position and limitations. No people, perhaps, appreciate more perfectly the innocent flower-like beauty of adolescence than the French. Like the loveliness of childhood, it is to them a joy and delight to be made much of while it lasts, and, like that period, it is expected to have its definite limits. The line between juvenile fillet and velle fillet is in that polite land drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of the French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever known to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds, and even the hearts, of men by their wit and their wisdom, their vivacity, and their grace. It is impossible to read any description of salon life in Paris without realizing the immense power that such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. de La Fayette, who could tolerate everything but the commonplace; Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter; Mme. de Stale, and her cherished friend, Mme. de Houquet, exercised in literary and political as in social matters.

The Sabbath Chime.

Jernsalem! high tower! thy glorious walls, How could I were in thee! I could have sought to soothe, In the long heart-entralls, Desire at home to be: Wide from the world's uproar, Or hill and vale and plain; My soul's strong wing is sweeping Thy portals to attain.

O gladsome day and yet more gladsome night! When shall that hour have come, When my rejoicing soul its own free power May use in going home! It will not be, I think, In trust to His own hand, To dwell among the living In that best Fatherland.

A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye! He'd be enough to soothe, In buoyant exultation, through the sky, And reach the heavenly shore. E'en till the morning brings, The homeward traveler there; Glad troops of angels winging Inward through the air,

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There will be fifty-three Sundays this year. Madagascar has a standing army of 20,000.

Of the foreign merchants in China, only twenty-seven are Americans. China, with all her 400,000,000 people, has only forty miles of railroad.

It is said that more money is spent for eggs than for flour in the United States. The pressure of the atmosphere on the man of average stature is about 15 tons, yet it is not felt.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air per minute, or upwards of seven hog-heads in a day. It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on a level.

The Columbia, with its vast schools of salmon, has yielded more wealth than any river in the world. China has 419,000 square miles of coal fields, or more than twenty times the aggregate of the carboniferous strata in Europe.

The new Parisian fashion in stockings is made with separate compartments for each toe. This is said to be a sure cure for corns, which are caused by the rubbing of the skin against that of the neighbouring toe.

The baya bird of India ingeniously illuminates its nest. It catches fire-flies, and, without killing them, with moist clay sticks them to its nest. On a dark night the baya's nest is like a bright beacon.

For the past three years Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has been engaged on the largest animal picture ever painted. It represents ten horses of full size trotting over a threshold-floor, and the artist has already refused twelve thousand pounds for it.

In Hindostan the marriage ceremony is almost simple, and no courting precedes it. The arrangements are all made by the friends or relatives of the principals. When the bride and groom are brought together, in many cases they see each other for the first time. The bride playfully skips toward him and seats herself beside him. The priest ties a corner of the bride's veil to the groom's shawl, and they are made man and wife.

Gipsies have been a wandering race ever since history first notices them. At some time they were supposed to have come from Egypt, but new scholars have ascertained that they were originally an Indian tribe or group of tribes, making their first appearance in Asia Minor early in the middle ages.

A remarkably interesting document has just been published in Paris. It contains statistics concerning the use that has been made during the past year of the Free Libraries in the French capital. The number of volumes read at these institutions during 1891 amounts to 161,636. But that the French bourgeois prefers to take his ease at his inn appears from the fact that no less than 1,115,800 volumes were lent out. One half of the total number of books borrowed were novels.

Pre-tended deafness is readily exposed by a simple device, which is often resorted to by the Parisian authorities. Six men there recently tried to escape conscription. One man was informed that he might stroll about the barrack yard, a portion of which was paved with stone. A few minutes later a sofa was adroitly dropped behind him, and as his musical jingle caused him to turn to look for it, the same trick was tried with each of the other five, and succeeded in every case.

A new wood pavement is being tried in Paris. It consists of pieces of oak about 4 inches long, split up similarly to the ordinary firewood, and laid loosely on end in fine sand on a bed of gravel from 4 inches to 4 1/2 inches in thickness. A layer of fine sand is then spread over them, and they are alternately watered and beaten several times. In about forty-eight hours the humidity has completely penetrated and caused the wood to swell, and it is claimed that the mass becomes thus absolutely compact and homogeneous, and capable of supporting the heaviest traffic. If such a pavement be not exceedingly well laid, it will soon be like an old broom.

100,000 Lilies in One Field.

This is a sight to be seen only on the picturesque island of the Bermudas. There these flowers are raised as a regular field crop. In value and in the esteem of the inhabitants they come next to the potato, though both are less esteemed than the onion, which is the staple crop of the islands. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than at this season of the year greets the eyes of the traveler as he comes suddenly upon one of these fields, hundreds of yards square, and a mass of most fragrant white flowers.

Unfortunately, the lily fields are not in the most profitable state. The beautiful bloom represents to its owners waste, for the lilies should be marketed in the form of buds. They are cut from the stems and packed in cases, and sent to a regular field by express all over the United States. If kept in a cool, dry place the buds will remain without opening for several weeks, while by being placed in water they can be brought to perfection in a day or two; or, if the water is slightly warmed, in a few hours. This fortunate peculiarity of the lily has made it possible for it to be transported, notwithstanding the long journey. The culture was introduced only a few years ago upon the Bermudas by an American gentleman, Gen. Hastings. Some of the largest fields are still owned by this gentleman, and it is said that on one of them at any time in the season over 100,000 lilies may be seen in bloom at the same time.

Mr. Gladstone's Sabbath.

The "Young Man" thus describes the way in which Mr. Gladstone passes the Lord's day: "Mr. Gladstone has often been heard to remark that had it not been for his man he is. Physically, intellectually, and spiritually his Sunday has been to him a priceless blessing. Any one who entered his room in Downing street on a Sunday during the height of the season could not fail to be struck by the atmosphere of it; the books lying open near the armchair, the deserted writing table, the absence of papers and newspapers. From Saturday night to Monday morning Mr. Gladstone puts away all his business of a secular nature, keeps to his special Sunday books, and occupies, and never dines out that day in honor of a sick or sorrowful friend. He never travels on Sundays, and it is well known that when Her Majesty invites him to Windsor Castle on Sunday for one night he makes arrangements to stay in Windsor the Saturday night to avoid Sunday traveling. Two services at least see him at his worship on Sunday in Hawarden Church. He has a poor opinion of those whom he humorously terms as 'once-ers.'

A MAN OF THE DAY.

Lord Rosebery, Chairman of the London County Council.

A very old proverb says: "Extremes meet" and the truth of it is strikingly displayed in English politics by the strange alliances that sometimes take place between the ultra-Conservatives and the most thorough-going democrats.

He did one little thing in this way which throws an amusing light on what is called his cunning or worldly wisdom. He is a man of great literary attainments, and wherever he goes consorts by preference with literary men.

In 1886, when the split in the Liberal party on the home rule question took place, Lord Rosebery followed the fortunes of Mr. Gladstone and went out of office.

On Western Railway. Commercial Traveler - "Hello, my friend! How is politics out in Dakota?"

ence of the Rothschild family, but a devoted companion and an extremely able co-operator in all the objects of his life.

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While Talking at the Gate.

Blithely Tom and Sue went walking, went walking down the lane, went walking.

The birds had ceased their singing, their singing for the day, the evening air was ringing, with ringing roundelay.

The brook kept up its flinging, flinging light spray as it went. Adown the hillside singing, singing songs of love.

The hours grew long and longer, grew longer as they sped. And the falling dew spun stronger, still when Tom and Sue, returning, returning up the lane.

Their former life reviewing, reviewing under breath. Their vows of old renewing, renewing unto the end.

It would be poor policy to feed a horse through the winter, and then let him starve to death just as the working season commences in the spring.

People Sentenced to Death for Smoking. The Sultans and priests of Turkey in the seventeenth century stigmatized smoking as a crime, punishable by the most barbarous of deaths.

Uplifting the Lowly. Sometime since, a friend told me of an incident which impressed him, and it impressed me.

Negroes with red hair are common in the West Indies and in South America.

The Empress of China is reported to be making a determined effort to learn the English language.

A late census of the city of Lima, Peru, shows it to have a population of 103,956, of which 49,350 are males and 54,606 are females.

On Western Railway. Commercial Traveler - "Hello, my friend! How is politics out in Dakota?"

On Western Railway. Commercial Traveler - "Hello, my friend! How is politics out in Dakota?"

The Three Infinities.

The vast remote blank darkness of the skies, Where Silence holds the immortal chime Of wheeling stars in a awful company.

The hollow waste of the unfathom'd deep, Where no sound is, and light is but a gleam Lost in dim twilight shadows, where never creep The dying rays from day's golden dream.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"

The present extent of the Vatican is enormous, the number of rooms, at the lowest computation, being 4,422.

It is said there is a ranking thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another.

Nature's Creative Powers Surpass all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority.

How full of error is the judgment of mankind. They wonder at results when they are ignorant of reasons.

Children always Enjoy It. SCOTT'S EMULSION. of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

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

MAGIC SCALE FOR DRESS CUTTING. taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario, 253 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

WANTED - 500 Temperance men and women, young, middle-aged and aged to secure orders for Joe Hess, great book, Out of Darkness into Light, or the Story of My Life.

The Montana Mining, Loan and Investment Co. PAID UP CAPITAL, \$120,000.00

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS. IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS. NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN.



Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Artificial Limbs. We are the leading firm in Canada. Other firms can compete with us every Limb warranted for Comfort, Finish and Efficiency equal to the best in the world.

DeLaval Cream Separators. HAND & STEAM POWER. J. S. CARTERS, - SYRACUSE, N.Y.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Weekly Sailings Between Montreal and Liverpool, Direct From Montreal every Wednesday at Daybreak.

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OUR PERFECTION SPRAYING OUTFIT. JUST WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR. It is Absolutely Necessary for every Fruit Grower.

CARRIAGE TOPS. are the best in the market and have patented improvements not found in any other make.

OAT MEAL. Containing a large per cent age of the flour of Oatmeal. It makes and keeps Lady's hands soft and smooth.

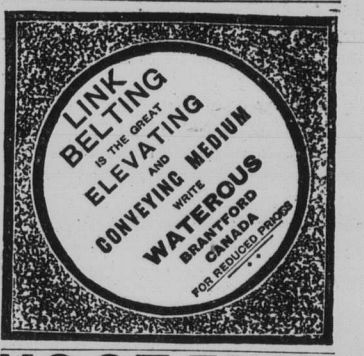
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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR RICE. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

GET STRONG BY TAKING JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. KEEP STRONG BY TAKING IT REGULARLY.



KOOTENAY SILVER MINES. Canadians have invested in 9-10 of the real estate of the new towns in Kootenay.

KOOTENAY SILVER MINES. represent four duly incorporated Silver Mining Companies, owning twelve mines in British Columbia and two in Montana.

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JOHN GILLIES & CO. CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO.

Orange Hill.

Mr. Sam'l Howard sold 12 stock steers to Mr. Alex. Montgomery this week for which he was paid \$500. They are fine animals.

Mr. S. W. Laird has given up the Springbank cheese factory and thinks of going into the livery business in Brussels. The factory will this season be under the charge of Mr. S. Howard, who is an excellent and experienced cheese-maker.

Mrs. Wiggins, who has been quite ill the past two or three weeks, has recovered and is now able to be out again.

Mrs. Murdoch, of Shipley, paid a visit to her mother, Mrs. Hoffman, last week.

Mr. Edw. Ferguson has most of the material on the ground for a fine large stone residence which he intends erecting this season.

Lakelet.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mrs. C. Horton, which occurred in this village on Monday morning last after only a few hours illness. She was a daughter of Mr. Cook, of Lakelet, and had a large number of friends who are in sorrow over her sudden taking off. The husband and the two motherless babes have the profound sympathy of all.

On Monday last, Mr. Samuel Nay, ex-Deputy Reeve, met with a serious accident which will lay him up for some time to come. He was assisting to place the binding-pole on a load of hay when it broke precipitating him hard to the floor. The fall was a heavy one and he sustained serious bruises besides having both his arms broken at the wrists. His many friends hope no permanent injury has been sustained and that he will soon be about in his usual health again.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mr. Mahood who is confined to the house with inflammation. We hope to be able to report his speedy convalescence.

Owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wright, of Gorrie, conducted the funeral services of the late Mrs. Horton, yesterday. The funeral was a large one, the church being packed full.

Huntingfield.

Mr. John Halliday, our local cattle dealer made a shipment of fat cattle to the old country market last Monday consisting of one hundred head. They are in charge of Mr. Wm. Halliday and are one of the finest lot of cattle ever delivered by the lot of this neighborhood. He will follow with another hundred in a few weeks.

Last week there died in Carrick a young son of Mr. Wm. Lush. He had been ailing for over a year till at length the disease developed into dropsy, several doctors failing to effect a cure. The boy was five years of age.

Our school yard fence has been repaired in a very neat manner by one of our popular mechanics. This, together with the shade trees planted on arbour day, improves the appearance of the place very much.

A new fence has been erected along the front of the Madill residence. The artistic and substantial manner in which it is put up shows the builder to be a man of no ordinary ability and intelligence.

There are a couple of boards blown off the church sheds in a recent wind storm. If they were replaced our town would be ready for its civic holiday.

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
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B. S. COOK,

North of the Post Office,
FORDWICH

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.

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JNO. BRETHOUR,
FIRE AND STOCK

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REPRESENTS:

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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

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New Wall Paper

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

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

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

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

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

N. M'LAUGHLIN,
Druggist, Gorrie.

GO TO W. H. 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.

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—IF YOU WANT CHEAP—

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

Call in at
A. B. ALLISON'S,
And you can Get Everything of the Best Quality.

The Opening of

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

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STRAW HATS made over into any other shape.

All kinds of produce taken.

DARBY BROS.,

Fordwich

Hardware Store.

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

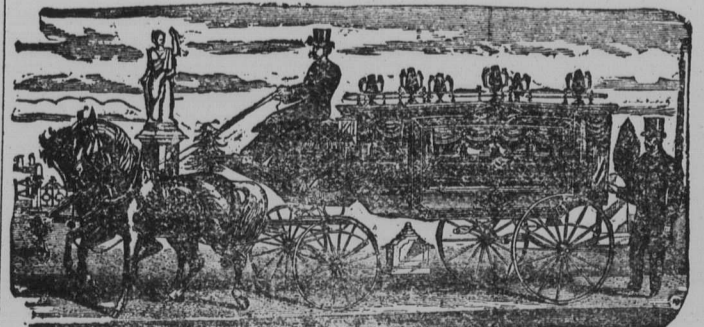
Carpenters' and Framers' Tools.
Fence Wire, Barb Wire.
A choice lot of Spades and Shovels
Garden Tools and Seeds.

Churns.
Spinning Wheel Heads.
Axle Grease.
A new lot of Whips.

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

Have troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

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