

The East Huron Gazette.

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 7th, 1892.

No. 31.

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

JAMES ARMSTRONG,
Veterinary Surgeon

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

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

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

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

ENNELLS
OTOGRAPHS
OR
ORTUNATE
OLKS.

S. T. FENNEL,
Torsorial Artist
Capillary Abridger.
Hirstute Vegetator.
No Threshing Machines, Lawn-Mowers or Meat-Axes used!
Come in and sit down!
You're Next!

Greenlaw Mills.

Wroxeter, Ont.
ROBERT BLACK, PROP.
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.

City Grocery.

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

GROCERIES,

Confectionery,

—Staple and Fancy—

Crockery, Silverware and
Fancy Goods,

that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 12 years.

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

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

I will sell as Cheap as the

Cheapest.

T. F. MILLER,
WROXETER.

R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.

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

Bull for Service.

THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at 10¢ per cow. BORN HOWICK. He is three years old, and weighs 2385 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLIAMS.

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.

B. S. COOK,

Real Estate & Loan

AGENT.

FORDWICH, ONT.

Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest rate of Interest.

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

B. S. COOK,

North of the Post Office,

FORDWICH

The Lion Store

WOOL.

We are in the market again to buy wool for Cash or Trade.

We have a large stock of Factory Goods of all kinds, from the PAISLEY WOOLLEN MILLS. Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, etc.

Besides the above goods our stock of Dry Caps, Crockery, Glassware, etc., is complete and well assorted, and will be sold out at as close prices as can be done. Our 5¢ Trims, guaranteed perfectly fast colors, are going.

Bring along your Wool—Produce of any kind, and give us a trial.

No trouble to show goods.

Lion Store,
WROXETER,
JOHN SANDERSON.

Don't be in a Hurry to sell Your

Wool

TILL YOU

See the Wagon!

J. W. WATERHOUSE,

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

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

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

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

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you want a good article in

Paris Green

Get it at the

Drug Store.

The only kind I keep is a Pure English Green.

N. McLAUGHLIN,
Druggist,
GORRIE.

Local Affairs.

Springbank's last of June Cheese sold at 8 1/2¢.

Mr. M. Sharpin is building a new barn on his lot in this village.

Miss Keyser, of Harriston, is the guest of friends in town this week.

Mrs. Spencer, (nee Miss Annie Crocker) of Gladwin, Mich., is at present visiting friends in Gorrie.

Mr. Fred Young, who is engaged in teaching near London, arrived home last week for a holiday visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Milne, of Buffalo, are the guests of Mr. D. S. Milne and other relatives in the township.

See the Men's Linen Dusters at 50¢ each, at McLaughlin & Co.'s. The material alone is worth double the money.

Miss Lillian Green, who has been connected with the GAZETTE for the past six months has returned to her parents' home in Arthur on a visit.

Mr. P. H. Shaver, shoemaker, enjoyed a well-earned holiday trip to Brantford and other places last week, returning home on Monday evening.

Another lot of lace curtains, 8 1/2 yards long, for \$1.00, at McLaughlin & Co.'s. They are pronounced extra value by everybody. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. N. McLaughlin and her sister, Miss Wright, left on Wednesday morning for Woodstock. Mrs. Mac, intends going to Rochester, to visit her sister there, before returning.

The Palmerston Reporter came to hand last week in the shape of a seven-column quarto. It is a clean, newsy paper and deserves the hearty support it appears to be getting.

Mrs. E. B. Wiles, of Chicago, is visiting around town among friends. She took a run over from Listowel where she had been called on account of the illness of Mrs. G. Wiles, of that place.

Mr. Dickson, of Seaforth, was the guest of his son-in-law, Mr. John B. Campbell, for a few days past. On Tuesday Mrs. Campbell and two children accompanied him to his home and will remain a few weeks visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bean, of Woodstock, witnessed the laying of the Methodist Church corner stones last Friday, the guests of his brother, Mr. W. S. Bean. Mr. B. is at the head of a large wholesale biscuit and confectionery house in Woodstock.

We have cut out a couple of reports of the Patrons' picnic, sent in with the other correspondence, an account of that event appearing on the fifth page of this issue. We have also been obliged to curtail some of the news-letters which arrived late, on account of a lack of space.

Mrs. Strath Jamieson lectured in the Presbyterian church in this village last Monday evening to a crowded house, giving an interesting description of life and scenes as witnessed by her during her sojourn as a missionary in Formosa, China. At the conclusion \$50 was promptly raised to pay the salary of one native teacher. The collection netted a neat sum.

There will evidently be a tremendous crowd go on the excursion to Arthur from Howick on July 12th. A special train will leave Teeswater on the morning of the 12th at 7:30 o'clock; Wingham, 8:10; Wroxeter, 8:40; Gorrie, 8:50; Fordwich, 9:05; Newbridge Siding, 9:15; Harriston, 9:30, arriving at Arthur at 10:35. Returning the train will leave Arthur at 6:00 p. m.

Mr. S. T. Fennell has made a wonderful improvement upon his property in the northern part of the village. Recently he purchased a lot on the side of the ravine, and since that time he has terraced it and added a fine fence in front so that the property now presents an admirable appearance. When the sod forms the lawn will be an attractive sight to passers-by on the train.

Mr. Frank Jacques and family, of Flint, Mich., and Mr. Job Jacques, of Azore, Ont., were the guests of their brothers, Messrs. John and Chipman Jacques, Howick, last week. The former drove all the way from Flint. He got a good joke off at the expense of the popular Deputy-Reeve while here. He was asked how he got across the lines at Sarnia without paying duty. "O," he answered, "I just told them I was a brother of John Jacques, and the customs officer at once said: 'drive on; you're all right!'"

THE CORNER STONES LAID.

A Grand Demonstration on Dominion Day.

The imposing ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner stones of the new Methodist church drew out a large congregation on the afternoon of Friday last, July 1st. The weather was beautiful, except that the hot rays from the sun made the audience slightly uncomfortable.

At eleven o'clock the Gorrie Brass Band gave a serenade on Main street, and immediately after dinner the boys marched to the Orange Hall where they again played while the Orangemen were preparing for their parade. At two o'clock the Brethren formed in procession, and headed by the Band, marched to the Methodist church, where nearly a thousand people had gathered. On the platform were Rev. Messrs. Greene, Rupert, Pring and Edmunds, besides the choir and the officials. After a few introductory words from the pastor, he called upon Rev. Mr. Rupert, who spoke in an impressive manner on thoughts suitable to the occasion, and was attentively listened to. Then followed the solemn ritual of the Church, in which all the ministers took part, after which Mrs. Carson stepped forward and, taking the silver trowel from the hand of the pastor, performed the ceremony of laying the stone in the south-east corner of the building in memory of her late husband. Mr. W. S. Bean, Secretary of the Building Committee, read the following list of articles which were deposited in the cavity of the stone:

A Bible,
Methodist Hymn Book,
Copy Description Methodist Church,
Christian Guardian,
Methodist Quarterly,
Onward,
Pleasant Hours,
Globe,
Empire,
EAST HURON GAZETTE,
Gorrie Vidette,
Names of the Quarterly Board,
Names of the Trustee Board,
Names of the Building Committee,
Names of the Choir,
Names of the Ladies' Missionary Society.

As soon as the ceremony was over Mrs. Carson placed upon the stone the sum of \$100 as a donation.

The stone at the north-east corner was then laid by the Orangemen. Ex-County Master W. H. Clegg read the Grand Master's address, after which Mrs. B. S. Cook, of Fordwich, upon the invitation of the Orangemen, performed the beautiful ceremony of the Society, while the Band played "God Save the Queen." At the conclusion of this ceremony Mrs. Cook laid a cheque for \$100 upon the stone, which she gave as an offering for the Orangemen, and the Brethren then formed in line and, fying past the newly laid stone, left a liberal contribution upon it. With the scroll which the Orangemen placed in the stone were: The local papers and Orange Sentinel; a copy of the Grand, Provincial, County, District and Local Proceedings; Lodge Officers' names; Supreme and Provincial Grand Lodge Reports; a copy of the Constitution, and a copy of the By-Laws of L. O. L. No. 767.

The two retaining stones were laid respectively by Messrs. D. Harris, of Orange Hill, for the Orange Hill congregation, and Jas. Leech, of this village, for the Gorrie congregation. The ceremony was similar and the contents of the boxes the same as in the stone laid by Mrs. Carson, and these gentlemen each also contributed \$100 upon the occasion.

The solemn yet unique proceedings were then brought to a close, and the throng at once proceeded to THE DINING TABLES, which had been neatly arranged in the driving-shed yard. Here fully 500 people must have sat down to the sumptuous repast provided, and the ladies were kept busy attending to the tables until the evening meeting was commenced.

THE SPEAKING.

Sharp at 7:30 the meeting in the town hall was called to order by the pastor, who acted as chairman.

Rev. Mr. Pring was the first speaker, taking up but a short time with a well-worded address in which he extolled the benefits of the church in a community as a civilizing and Christianizing influence, ending with some excellent advice to the Christians with regard to the unity of feeling between the denominations.

Rev. Mr. Edmunds, of Fordwich, followed in some well-timed, yet rambling remarks which kept the audience fully interested during the short time he was on the platform. He congratulated the people on the energy and unity which must prevail here in order to erect so fine a church; gave an interesting list

of the requirements of a church, and paid the church choir a much-deserved compliment.

Rev. Mr. Rupert, in opening, referred to the long friendship which existed between himself and Rev. Mr. Greene, then went into a too curtailed address, touching upon the points which should be observed in the Christian. The little things are sometimes the most momentous after all; honors are only earthly, and soon vanish; the duty is to fill your niche properly without regard as to whether it is a high or low one. Keep mind and body healthy and be manly in appearance. The highest type of manliness is obtained by building the character upon the model furnished by Christ's life.

Rev. Mr. Brownlee, who was present with his bride, spoke a few words in response to the invitation of the chairman, in a pleasing manner, making a very pleasant impression upon his hearers, after which the meeting was brought to a close.

The choir of the church rendered several selections in a very creditable manner during the evening.

Altogether the proceedings of the day were very successful, passing off without a hitch and realizing the handsome sum of over \$600 towards the building fund.

Wroxeter.

Mr. Fortune has purchased a very fine horse, and now has a gay stepping team. He is fitting them up for the Toronto Fair.

Mr. Haslewood has moved into the house he lately purchased from the Gibson estate.

Mr. Thos. F. Miller has purchased Mr. Ireland's grocery business. See his adv.

Pure Paris Green at Fox's drug store. Hamilton & Sanderson have this week shipped over 200 head of hogs, making over 800 in all, for which they paid the farmers hereabouts fully \$8000.

Belmore.

The picnic on Dominion Day was a success.

Our village is being improved by the addition of a cheese-box factory and a cider press, which are being put in by Mr. Robt. Lane.

Our former teacher, Mr. R. J. Barton, now of Lucan, is visiting among his old friends here.

Redgrave.

Mr. Robert Campbell, of Plumb Creek, is expected home for a car load of horses in a few days.

The fall wheat in this neighborhood was damaged very much by Sunday's storm. There are great fears that if the rainy weather continues the wheat will rust.

The pathmasters have now all finished their duties and our roads look much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason paid Belgrave and Wingham a flying visit last week.

The Co-Helpers in connection with the Congregational churches of Listowel District held their meeting in Wingham on Thursday of last week.

Huntingfield.

Miss A. Stokes, of Turnberry, is visiting at Mr. N. Harris' for a few days past.

Mr. T. Woods is as proud a man as we have in this section on account of the arrival of a lovely daughter on the 28th ult.

Mr. E. Johnston's barn-raising occurs this week.

Fall wheat will do well in this section if the rust does not strike it too early.

North Howick.

The following is the report of S. S. No. 1 for the month of June:

Sen. 4th Class—Grace Taylor, 38; H. Burns, 32; W. Ferguson, 32.
Jun. 4th Class—F. Bush, 34; W. Finlay, 33; M. Cathers, 28.
Third Class—L. Cathers, 36; R. Finlay, 29; W. Tremble, 27.
Sen. 2nd Class—W. Sangster, 15; B. Dennis, 14; S. Pomeroy, 7.
Jun. 2nd Class—T. Ferguson, 35; M. Cathers, 28; E. Rush, 16.

Part II—M. Finlay, 22; A. Sangster, 22; G. Dennis, 22.

Part I—C. Sangster, 19; J. Halliday, 11; M. Pomeroy, 10.

The union picnic held in Ingalls' bush on July 1st was a complete success, there being fully 1000 people on the ground, including visitors from Harriston, Walkerton, Clifford, Gorrie, Wroxeter, Wingham, Belmore, Milmay, and Lakelet. The principal amusement of the day was dancing and the large platforms were full of dancers during the whole afternoon. The excellent music of Mr. Fryfogle, assisted by Messrs. Ash-tou, Ritchie and Sanderson added greatly to the pleasure of the dancers. The swings were kept very busy by the children especially. Mr. D. N. McDonald, of Belmore, assisted the enjoyment of the pic-nic by having a stand on the grounds and furnishing all kinds of refreshments. The ladies of the sections deserve great credit for the manner in which they supplied edibles for the occasion. The pic-nic has been such a decided success that the young people have already made up their minds how they will celebrate next Dominion Day.

THE GREAT CHAMBER.

A Story of the Great West.

BY W. THOMPSON.

We were camped on an affluent of Colorado River, Texas, about ninety-five miles west of Austin. Including the guide, Will Ferris, our hunting party consisted of seven persons, the others being Colonel Tom Eastlake, his fifteen-year-old son Dick, Gus Howland, Jack Townley, Charlie Brooke and the writer.

One evening we were returning from a hard day's hunt in the hills, where we had killed a fine jaguar and two black bears. Brooke and I happened to be riding side by side, and gradually fell behind the rest of the party.

Charlie appeared in low spirits and was unusually taciturn, but attributing this to fatigue I did not force conversation upon him, and for several miles neither of us spoke. At last he roused himself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:—

"That story which Ferris told us about the Apaches the other night has reminded me of the saddest period of my own life. I seldom refer to it, but somehow I feel like doing so this evening, and if you care to listen I will give you the story in a few words."

I eagerly assented and Charlie continued:—

"It was in the summer of 1876. I was then a very young man, but had been for the two preceding years running a cattle ranch on Gila River, Arizona, not far from the southeast corner of White Mountain Indian reservation.

"Up to Christmas Day, 1875, there were three of us in family—myself, my wife and her four-year-old orphaned brother Fred. Having no children of our own, we were perfectly wrapped up in this little fellow, and he was the delight of our lives. We were entirely happy and the future seemed full of promise—a promise never to be fulfilled.

"My beautiful young wife had been ill, slightly as we thought, for several weeks. I believed her to be convalescing, when pneumonia suddenly set in and she died on Christmas Day—almost her last words being a tender request that I would always care for Fred.

"Of this terrible time I will not attempt to speak. No language can picture my desolation. The companionship of the boy alone gave me courage to live. But let that pass.

"At the time my miserable story opens I had been for six months a widower, and was making every exertion to close out my business in order to return to civilization with my precious charge when a frightful catastrophe occurred.

"I had found it impossible to secure a reputable white couple to look after my house and take care of the child, and hence had engaged a Mexican and his wife—decent, faithful people—to do so.

"When the weather was fine I usually took Fred with me in my long ride over the range. The little fellow would sit perched up in front of my saddle, proud as a king, and the cowboys never tired of petting him.

"One day early in July, however, I was called suddenly to a distant part of the run and had to leave the boy at home. I shall never forget how he looked, standing at the door, kissing his hand to me so prettily, and calling out as I rode away, 'Goodby, Charlie, goodby!'

"The job we were engaged in proved a tedious one, and it was late in the afternoon when, accompanied by four of my herdsmen, I came to the brow of a rise overlooking the ranch buildings—no, not the buildings, but their smoking ruins, for the accused Apaches had been there and swept all away!

"Dashing like madmen down the slope, we reached the smoldering pile, and there in front of where the house door had been, lay the scalped and mutilated bodies of the Mexican and his wife!

"Sick with horror, and for the moment utterly unable to proceed, I sat hopelessly upon my saddle, but my men made a partial search and could find no trace of that which I so dreaded to see. Then I joined them in probing the hot ashes with long poles, but we found nothing and were forced to conclude that my dear boy had either been carried off alive or his little body totally consumed.

"No help was at hand, the nearest military post, Fort Thomas, being fifty miles away. Gila Mountains were, however, but fifteen miles distant, and for these the savages would certainly make. They had driven off eight horses, kept in the home corral, and as their own ponies as well as the other animals would, of course, be loaded down with plunder, it was barely possible that we might overtake at least the rear guard of the band.

"Our rifles had been taken, and in the way of arms we had only our belt revolvers left. But our saddle beasts were comparatively fresh and all were swift of foot. My cowboys, foaming with rage and crazy for revenge, urged an instant pursuit, and in less than twenty minutes after our arrival five men were spurring hotly on the trail of the murderers—out-numbering us, probably, ten to one.

"I need not give details of the chase, except to say that we did come up with the rear of the column, in which were my horses, just as it was entering the mountain defile. Utterly regardless of our own lives, we charged upon the hostiles at once, and though we shot down four of them, stamped the others and recovered the eight broncos, not one of us received a scratch.

"One of the wounded bucks lived for a minute or two after being shot, but all efforts to make him give information as to the child's fate, or, indeed, to speak at all, proved unavailing, and he died while crooning his death song.

"To have followed the main body of the enemy into the mountain passes would have been sheer madness. So, partly to stay pursuit by leaving the savages most of their plunder—partly to facilitate our own retreat—we quickly cut away the broncos' loads, retaining only a few necessities, and returned sorrowfully to the ranch—the Indians not daring to follow.

"Within three days I sold out everything for what I could get and devoted one whole year thereafter to an extended search for my little Fred. I hired Indian runners, white scouts and old trappers, and penetrated the haunts of the hostiles, but not one atom of intelligence as to any captive boy did they or I ever gain, though our combined efforts resulted in the rescue of two white women.

"Failing to receive tidings of the child, notwithstanding the large reward offered, and no unclaimed bodies having ever been found in the ruins, it was deemed certain that his tender form had indeed been reduced to indistinguishable ashes. Finally concluding that such must be the fact, I gave up the hopeless search, removed to Texas and engaged in my present business. Six years have since passed away, but the image of

that lovely boy, as I last saw him, rises up before me to-night as vividly as ever.

My friend sighed heavily as he concluded his sad story. I offered no idle words of consolation. Indeed, the case seemed to admit of none. But after a while he bravely rallied and said:—"Well, it is all past and gone. The child is beyond the reach of sorrow. Let us ride on and overtake the party."

It was nearly midnight when we arrived in camp, and all were glad to tumble into bed without ceremony.

On the second day after this we arranged to look up a small herd of buffaloes of which the guide had told us. It consisted, he said, of two bulls and a dozen or so of cows and calves, located in the broken lands about fifteen miles away.

Much to the boy Dick's disappointment, we decided not to kill any of the adult beasts, but merely capture a few young ones, if possible.

As Eastlake, Brooke, Will Ferris and myself were more or less skilled in the use of the lasso, the scheme appeared quite feasible and was, I may at once say, successfully carried out—the hunt resulting in securing one male and three female calves.

These young buffaloes proved to be quite as fast as their elders, and the exciting chase led us many miles into a rough, wild country before the last one was lassoed.

When we at last got matters fixed and were ready to return it was found impossible to lead the obstinate little brutes. We had to tie them together in pairs and drive them as best we could.

It was past noon when, steering directly across the country by compass, we started for camp—the refractory conduct of the youngsters making it exceedingly doubtful whether we should reach it that night. Sometimes the little villains would go quietly, straight ahead for a while, then suddenly bolt to one side, or, perhaps lower their big heads, stick their stumpy tails in the air and charge with mimic savagery upon the nearest horseman. Quickly learning that they were not to be hurt, they took a mean advantage of the knowledge, and for the first hour proved well nigh unmanageable. After that we began to make fair progress, the seven hunters riding in a semi-circle, with the captive bisons in the hollow of the crescent.

Our odd looking cavalcade was toiling up a long hill in a particularly wild district, when Ferris, riding in the lead, exclaimed:—"What in thunder is that half breed girl doing up there with her signalling?"

We looked in the direction pointed out by Will, and saw a tall young woman standing on the rock at the top of the hill, and rapidly gesticulating. Her back was toward us and she seemed to be engaged in warning of our approach some one or something in the valley beyond.

"There's some devilry going on, sure," said the guide. "Watch the critter! she makes just seven moves of her hand, then stops and starts again. There's something down in the bottom we're not to see, and the girl daren't go ahead for fear of leading us onto it."

"The moon came up to the young woman—a wild looking, unkempt creature, but with an extremely handsome face and magnificent eyes. Ferris tried her with English, Spanish, Mexican patois, and half a dozen Indian dialects in turn, but she would not answer, and stood twirling her thumbs with an assumed air of idleness.

Half alarmed and wholly amazed at the strange being's conduct, we looked apprehensively down into the valley. Nothing unusual was to be seen there except a light wreath of smoke rising lazily from out a thick grove of pecan trees.

"What do you think Ferris? Is there not something here that ought to be looked into?" inquired Colonel Eastlake.

"I reckon there is, Colonel. Moonshine whiskey, maybe. Let's tie the buffaloes up and go prospecting."

Taking the old guide's advice, we secured the calves to a couple of saplings and rode cautiously down the further side of the slope—the girl sullenly following. Seeing that we made straight for the smoke, she suddenly started past us, and, running like a deer, disappeared in the grove. We reached it a moment afterward, but found it impervious to horses.

Hastily dismounting, we pushed through a tangled mass of trees and creepers and presently came on a cleared space less than one half of an acre in area. In the midst of this stood a big log cabin, and before its open door the self same girl, looking now quite bright and fearless.

"The trick's done, whatever it was. The critter ain't a mite scared any more," observed Will.

Determined to fathom the mystery, we gently put the young woman aside and entered the cabin. The interior seemed to consist of a single room only, which, however, was much smaller than outside appearances had led us to expect. The only visible occupants were an old Mexican greaser and a withered, hag-like Apache squaw, both of whom sat curled up in the chimney corner over the embers of an expiring fire. We accosted them civilly, but they appeared to be deaf and dumb and did not ever look at us.

"The guide then spoke to the girl again, asking her in Spanish, to explain the meaning of her strange signals. To our utter astonishment she answered in English:—"Why, stranger, I didn't mean nothin' in particular. The old folks is mighty scared of white men an' I just wanted to let 'em know you was cumin' so's they wouldn't be took by surprise. That's all."

"But why are they afraid of white people?" asked Howland.

"Oh, mam she used to live out West, and she's seen lots of injuns killed by soldiers. I s'pose that's the reason. She's gittin' kind of foolish, anyhow."

"And is this all the family; have you no brothers or sisters?"

"Nary one. There's just the old folks an' me," jauntily replied the girl.

"But how do you live? I see no fields for crops."

"Well, jest by huntin' an' farmin'. We've got some clearin' 'tother side of the bush, an' all fo'—(she caught her breath) all three of us works into them. Dad and mam's a good deal of intelligence flashed from one to the other of us party.

"Four folks, is there," muttered Will Ferris. "It's sly whiskey, plain enough."

Colonel Eastlake nodded. "Now tell me, girl," he said sternly, "whether this is the only room in the house?"

"Can't you see that for yourself," she replied sulkily. "But there was a curious flickering of the dark eyes which confirmed our suspicions of some guilty secret.

Presently, Jack Townley backed quietly against the inside of the front wall and then walked carelessly across the floor. There was nothing in this to attract attention, but we saw in a moment that he was really measuring the width of the room. With some casual remark about the horses, he then strolled out of doors.

In a few seconds he returned and said:—"Boys, there's a secret chamber in the shanty somewhere. The inside of this room measures only fifteen feet from front to rear,

but the outer wall is close upon twenty-four feet! Allow for the space occupied by the front and back walls and one partition, there must be a blind room six feet wide reaching clear across the rear end of the house."

As Jack spoke the girl's awarthy face paled to a ghastly yellow, and the old woman shuffled uneasily in her seat. But no move was made until Gus Howland said:—"Let's take up the back part of the floor. There may be a trap door under."

Then in the twinkling of an eye the whole scene changed.

The apparently decrepit pair, each one grasping a pistol, sprang to their feet. The girl, drawing a similar weapon from her bosom, ranged herself beside them, her glorious eyes flashing ominously.

"Quick, men, quick!" shouted Eastlake, and before any one of the three dared to fire all were overpowered, disarmed and bound, while a torrent of blood curdling curses poured from the lips of the old Mexican.

"Guess it's something worse than whiskey. Coining bogus dollars, maybe," coolly observed the guide.

This seemed a probable supposition, but yet was far from the truth.

Strewn about the floor lay a number of undressed deer, bear and wolf skins. We kicked to one side several of those nearest the back wall but saw nothing suspicious. Evidently the planks had never been disturbed since first laid down.

Townley and I then stepped outside and went quite around the cabin, and found no trace of an opening other than those in legitimate use.

"It's mighty queer," said Jack, as we entered the front door again. "There's an underground passage somewhere, and we're bound to find it."

He stood while speaking upon a big corn-shuck mat, spread just within the doorway, and I noticed the girl watched him narrowly.

"Lift up the mat, Jack," said I.

"Sho! there's no use in that. The mystery's at the other end of the room," he replied.

"Let's take a look, anyhow," I rejoined.

Townley moved off the mat, put his foot under its edge and flopped it over.

"By George, we've got it," he yelled, for there, where the thing had lain, was an unmistakable trap door about two feet square.

Our comrades gathered around, the boards were pried up and disclosed a subterranean tunnel, three feet wide and six feet deep, leading directly to the rear.

On seeing our discovery the two women fairly screamed with fury, and tore frantically at their beautiful hair. One Howland snatched up a piece of tallow candle, lighted it and dropped down into the tunnel.

One by one we followed, passing along under the floor, and, climbing four rude steps at the further end, pushed up another trap and came into a long, narrow chamber.

At first glance the place seemed empty, but as the faint candle light pierced the darkness we saw in one corner a pile of buffalo robes, and upon this couch, gagged and bound, lay an Indian boy.

The mystery was deepening.

Only a half inch of candle was left. Without staying even to loose the prisoner we carried him through the passage toward the front room.

Young Eastlake, wild with excitement, was the first to spring out of the tunnel. Then he drew the captive up after him, and prepared to unbuckle the straps confining his legs and arms. He had, however, scarcely knelt for this purpose when he shouted:—"Oh, father! it's a white boy!"

An instant later we all stood by Dick's side. The straps and gag were quickly removed and the prisoner set upon his feet. For one brief moment he looked around, as if bewildered, then fixed his eyes upon Brooke and cried out:—"Oh, Charlie! Charlie!"

The scene which followed beggars all description.

Charlie Brooke at first staggered back in sheer amazement, pale as death and trembling as from the sight of a spirit. Then he rushed forward with a cry of rapture, caught his recovered treasure to his breast, laughed and wept over him by turns, hugged and kissed him in a delirium of joy, and showered upon him every endearment which a mother might bestow upon her first born child rescued back from the grave, while over and over again he murmured, "Oh, Fred! my darling Fred! I thank God for this day!"

To the astounded party—all except myself in the dark—then told the story of his bereavement. "But, Fred," he concluded, "who could have supposed that you would know me after these six long years? You were only four when we parted."

"Why, Charlie, I knew you in a minute," said the happy boy, "I remember that morning when you rode away from the door just as plain as can be."

Now that we could see him clearly we found Fred to be a handsome, well grown little fellow. His face, hands and arms had been stained dark as those of an Indian, but every other part of his skin was fair and white as ever.

"And have these people abused you Fred?" asked Brooke, looking threateningly at the glowering family.

"No, they've been real good to me; but they always shut me up when there's white hunters anywhere around here. Wah-gana-tah—that's the girl's Indian name, but I call her Waggee—gets track of them somehow, and then she goes to the top of the hill and watches. The old woman—I have to call her Mam—stands at the edge of the bush, and when Waggee makes signs that white folks is comin' she hides me right off and fixes me so I can't speak nor move. They don't ever let me go anywhere by myself."

While this conversation was going on the Mexican and his wife seemed in deadly terror.

reader think? Ah, no! But even, then, though so many hundreds of miles removed from their former haunts, they lived, the old creature said, in a state of constant terror lest their adopted son should be taken from them, and in all those six years he had never been for one hour beyond their control.

It is a curious, perhaps a creditable, commentary upon human nature the notwithstanding the great wrong he had suffered at the hands of these people, Charlie Brooke was so deeply moved by the frantic grief of the girl and the genuine sorrow of her parents on parting with Fred that he actually headed a liberal subscription, to which we all contributed, and left with them a larger sum in hard cash than they had ever before seen.

"Poor creatures," he compassionately said: "they acted according to their lights. The money will somewhat console them, and is a small thank offering indeed for us to make."

The mortgage.

He bought in 1885 a farm of stumps and stones. His name was God-Be-Glorified, his surname it was Jones.

He put a mortgage on the farm and then in conscious pride, "In twenty years I'll pay it up," said God-Be-Glorified.

The mortgage had a hungry maw that swallow corn and wheat.

He toiled with patience night and day to let the monster eat.

He slowly worked himself to death, and on the calm hillside they laid beyond the monster's reach, good God-Be-Glorified.

And the farm with all its encumbrances of mortgages, stumps and stones, it fell to young Melchizedec Paul Adoniram Jones.

Melchizedec was a likable youth, a holy, godly man, and he vowed to raise that mor' tzege like noble Puritan.

And he went forth every morning to the rugged mountain side.

An heigh, asing before him poor old God-Be-Glorified.

He raised pumpkins and potatoes down the monster's throat to pour.

He raised them down and smacked his jaws, and calmly asked for more.

He worked until his back was bent, until his hair was gray.

On the hillside through a snowdrift they dug His first born son, Eliphalet, had no time to weep and brood.

For the monster by his doorstep growled forever for his food.

He fed him on his garden truck, he stuffed his ribs with hay.

And he fed him eggs and butter, but he would not go away.

And Eliphalet he staggered with the burden, and then died.

And slept with old Melchizedec and God-Be-Glorified.

Then the farm it fell to Thomas and from then John to Eleazar, but the mortgage still lived on.

Then Ralph and Peter, Eli, Absalom and Paul; Down through all the generations, but the mortgage killed them all!

About a score of years ago the farm came down And Jim called in the mortgages and gave the farm to him.

There's a human heart so empty that it has no ray of hope.

So Jim gave up the ancient farm and went to making soap.

He grew a fifty-millionaire, a bloated, pampered nature.

He owned ten railroads, twenty mines and the whole State Legislature.

And thousands did his gruff commands and lived upon his bounty.

And he came home, bought back the farm and the entire county.

S. W. Foss.

A Lord and His Hurdy-Gurdy.

A nation possessing a musical and aristocracy is bound to have incidents of personal eccentricism which in countries where all people are born equal would excite little more than passing notice after serving as seven-day wonders. In England it seems to be next to impossible to have the public cease talking about Lord So-and-so's indiscretions, or Lady Somebody's errors. As death loves a shining mark, so does the public dote on a bit of gossip affecting a person of high degree. The lordling who annexes a consort from the ballet stage becomes as well known as a prime minister, and living down the notoriety of such a match, or the divorce-court proceedings which usually follow, is impossible.

The "performance" of a scion of a noble house which never will be forgotten in England, is that of Viscount Hinton, who some two years ago set out on a campaign as unique as it was mortifying to his family. Not possessing the talent or the means to acquire "fame" through the ordinary mediums, he gave expression to such musical instinct as he possessed, not by becoming an operatic tenor, or a player in the orchestra, nor even a performer on the yaffo-relaxation in a German band, but supplied himself with the vulgar hand-organ of commerce and embarked on the career of a strolling street-musician.

The shock to the pride and feelings of the peer of the realm, Earl Poulett, his father, may have been very great; but the noble earl kept his grief to himself, and the public is left to conjecture his chagrin or attitude on the subject, beyond the indefinite understanding that the viscount has been disowned. True, the will and say-so of the old earl cannot overturn England's law of primogeniture, and the musical-inclined son remains as much the heir as the one who was born, and nothing can rob the young man of his right, if he survives, at some time to wear the coronet of the earldom and take his seat in the House of Lords.

Viscount Hinton's queer freak was at first believed to be but a drastic measure for forcing the earl to terms in some matter, but as he persists in his fantastic course and the family hand-organ preserves outwardly its respectability, organ-grinding may now be regarded as his more or less permanent employment.

Wherever the proud earl roves, whether to Hinton St. George at Crewkerne, or to his former favourite seat at Bishop's Walkham in Hampshire, or to his town club in Pall Mall, he is never beyond the possible reach of the harvest of coins from the hotels and villas thronged with the fashionable world down to the Solent to witness a grand naval pageant in which royalties were playing a prominent part. In front of a hotel, just as the dinner hour was over and daylight was giving way to darkness, "his lordship" trundled his piano-organ inside the gate and started grinding out the repertoire of the instrument. The waiter said it was Lord Hinton, and the statement was substantiated by a neatly-framed placard appended to the organ which read:

I AM THE
VISCOUNT HINTON,
Son of the Earl of Poulett and heir to the Title and Dignities.

(Vide Burke and Debrett.)

Through no fault of my own I am reduced to earning my livelihood in this manner.

The music was rather better than that of the average street organ. Technique and execution being governed mechanically, there was, of course, small chance for a display of ability, but he managed to impart taste and sentiment in the modulations of the movement of the crank. He was dressed with obvious propriety for the occupation. The coat of velvet—not velvet, but botched by the artist, and was accentuated by a cravat knotted in the mode affected by the faneur of musical Paris. The current melodies of the music hall, with a sprinkling of Offenbach, and one or two airs that always strike the patriotic chord in British hearts, having been duly filtered through the machine, the viscount, with a grace worthy of a court ball, turned the crank.

As the young woman who was sharing his fortunes as viscountess. While she ground out "Here comes the bogie man," or some such tune, Viscount Hinton, with much elegance of demeanor and unruffled cheerfulness, ran lightly up the steps to the hotel entrance to look after the business feature of his enterprise. Each person present was given the opportunity to drop any stray coin he or she might possess into the artistic little metal cup politely extended by his lordship. "I thank you kindly" was uttered with unvarying precision as each dole was contributed to the exchequer of this noble representative of the higher cult of musical mendicancy.

The result must have been satisfying, for the takings easily amounted to nearly two pounds. No one felt the poorer for giving liberally to one who, whatever his failings, certainly had the courage of his convictions. It was a good-natured and considerate audience, preserving an attitude of kindly amusement, and with no thought of jeering or chaffing. There were present, perhaps, men born to the same rank to whom fortune and circumstances had been more propitious than to this confrere whose name was never seen in the society column of the Morning Post or in the lists of grandees attending a court function.

Lord Hinton plies his calling in no perfunctory way, but with dignity and directness. Even if inspired at the outset by malicious motives, he has persevered in his career long enough to win a certain admiration for his "pluck."

He goes wherever he can find a holiday or gala gathering, and at times plays on the steamers crossing the channel. Museum and side-show "engagements" have been offered him by the score, but he chooses to maintain the integrity of the pursuit he has adopted by declining with thanks all such proposals.

He finds there is money in his business, and who can say he does not earn it?

Easy Enough.

Miss Bagley. "Yes; but now you must forgive and forget."

Miss Faraway. "Oh, I can forgive but it's not so easy to forget."

Miss Bagley. "Nonsense! I can tell you a hundred things I've forgotten."

He—"Are you happy now that you are married?" She—"Compensatively." He—"Compared with whom?" She—"Compared with my husband."

Her Sacrifice.

He. "Darling, if I give you such an expensive engagement ring we can't get married so soon."

She. "Never mind, dear. For your sake I can wait."

Never mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.

In order to keep sea porpoise through the Summer, the fishermen of Rhode Island have nets so arranged that the passing schools are led up into salt-water ponds and the channels connecting with the ocean are closed.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A female parachutist fell 500 feet from a balloon at Berlin on Tuesday and was instantly killed.

The Berlin Tageblatt confirms the recent rumours of the death of Emin Pasha in the interior of Africa.

Eighty houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Dubes, near Briancon, department of Hautes Alpes, France.

The Brazilian insurgents in Matto Grosso are fleeing from the province. The rebel gunboats have surrendered.

Newspapers in Germany express disappointment at the re-nomination of President Harrison. They consider it a bad omen for European interests in America.

There were terrific thunderstorms in various parts of Spain on Sunday. At Melias, in the Province of Orense, the parish church was struck by lightning, and ten of the worshippers were instantly killed and many seriously injured.

The authorities have decided that the writings of the murderer Deeming, including his letter to the press, shall be destroyed. In Canada, Ball's scribbles were used for sensational purposes.

The house at Youghal, Ireland, formerly occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh, the great adventurer, was offered for sale at auction. The highest bid was £1250 and the owners bought in the property.

At Blaye, twenty-four miles east of Bordeaux, the British steamer Petrosela, with a cargo of crude oil, was fired by lightning and blew up. Twenty of her crew were burned to death or drowned, and several vessels in the harbor were set on fire and destroyed.

Mr. Beale, U. S. minister to Persia, some time ago sent to the agricultural department at Washington 12 Astrachan sheep. The animals have arrived at New York in good condition and the number increased on the voyage to 16. It is thought they can be bred in America.

Col. Volney V. Ashford, a native of Port Hope, Ont., has been arrested with others in Honolulu, charged with treason. Col. Ashford was educated at Trinity College, Toronto, and was a member of the Queen's Own Rifles.

Grand Duke Constantine of Russia passed through Nancy on Monday and visited President Carnot. The Grand Duke was given a demonstration by the students, who shouted "Vive la Russie!" and sang the Russian national anthem. The visit has greatly tickled the Paris press, which sees in it an offset to the Czar's formal exchange of courtesies with Emperor William at Kiel which took place the same day.

A peculiar insurance company has got into operation in Denmark. Young girls may enroll themselves, and by paying a small sum periodically become entitled to a regular weekly allowance from the company if they remain unmarried at and after the age of 40. The fact that marriage forfeits all claims is expected to assure the success of the scheme, not to speak of the tardiness with which many of the members will announce their arrival at the age of 40.

RATS ON A STEAMSHIP.

They are in Possession and Will Not be Dislodged.

Probably no ship that enters the harbor of Philadelphia is more dreaded by the sailor man than the Earn Line steamship Unionist, owing to the fact that she is nearly alive with rats. Thousands of these animals enjoy all the luxury of sea life and every effort to rid the ship of the plague has proven futile. Those on board the Unionist dread to sleep, as frequently they are awakened by the pricking sensation of a number of rats running over any portion of the body that may be exposed, and thus the handsome ship is rendered a pest hole by the intrusion of the rodents.

Pilot Kelly, who came up in charge of the Unionist, says he was very tired after walking the bridge all day on the lookout while she was coming up the river, and when she was safely anchored he tucked in for a good night's sleep. About midnight he was awakened by the blowing of a ship's steam whistle, and

Wroxeter School Report.

The following is the report of the Wroxeter Public School for the month of June:

NAME.	DAYS.	MARKS.
Fifth Class. (Obtainable, 800.)		
Moore, W. H.	18	240
Hazlewood, Lydia	19	200
Allen, Elsie	19	190
Mitchell, Bessie	19	175
Hazlewood, Ed.	18	178
Smale, Alberta	19	160
Miller, Richard	10	25
Sen. Fourth. (Obtainable, 200.)		
Thompson, J. M.	19	167
Rae, George	19	145
Henry, Bertie	18	185
Rae, Robert	19	134
Rae, J. R.	19	180
Allen, Sarah	19	110
Sanderson, Mary	19	109
McMaster, Cecil	15	102
Morrison, Letitia	17	84
Brawn, Laura	15	82
Jun. Fourth. (Obtainable, 200.)		
Lackie, Crosbie	19	160
Simmons, B.	18	150
Brawn, Harry	19	125
Hazlewood, Lettie	17	99
Lackie, Wallace	18	98
Jones, Lottie	10	19
Sen. Third. (Obtainable, 200.)		
Robison, Kate	19	190
Henry, Norman	19	187
Hazlewood, Mary	16	172
Elliott, Azala	19	153
Rae, Allen	19	144
Lee, Charles	19	138
Orr, Fred	18	185
Elliott, Alban	19	188
Gibson, Edith	19	182
Playford, E.	17	125
Willits, Albert	17	104
Cameron, R.	17	102
Davidson, M.	16	98
Waldon, W.	19	86
Sanderson, C.	14	76
Playford, Libbie	11	57
Willis, Maggie	10	48
Jun. Third. (Obtainable, 190.)		
Thynne, E.	19	166
Ireland, P.	19	147
Miller, M.	17	184
Rae, Willie	16	106
Morrison, H.	19	94
Hazlewood, H.	14	90
Average, 102.		
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.		
Junior Third. (Obtainable, 485.)		
Vogt, Jennie	19	381
Miller, Maggie	18	324
McLean, Willie	16	320
Willis, Geo.	17	306
Playford, Millie	14	294
Gofton, Maud	19	284
Hanshaw, Mand	14	252
Sage, Eddie	16	160
Kaake, George	7	140
Senior Second. Obtainable, 418.)		
Rae, Hugh	19	380
Cameron, Maggie	19	380
Thynne, Alice	19	380
Hemphill, Alvin	18	378
Thompson, Fanny	19	361
Willits, Barbara	18	306
Lee, Willie	19	285
McMaster, Eddie	13	278
Henry, Howard	17	238
Rae, David	11	221
Stokes, Mabel	12	144
Junior Second. (Obtainable, 380.)		
Miller, John	19	342
Sanderson, Willie	18	324
Waldon, Walter	17	323
Martin, Nina	11	209
Baker, Lizzie	8	152
Rae, John	6	114
Senior Part II. (Obtainable, 361.)		
Montgomery, Robt.	19	342
Black, Scott	19	340
Elliott, Arena	19	335
Ireland, Lylal	18	320
Hazlewood, Nettie	18	315
Smith, Mary	19	315
Morrison, Austin	18	300
Willis, Lizzie	9	190
Junior Part II. (Obtainable, 380.)		
Cameron, Mabel	19	361
McFarlan, Teenie	18	324
Jones, Fred	17	323
Willis, John	17	289
Webster, Fred	19	285
F. E. MOORE, } Teachers. E. HAZLEWOOD, }		

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS GATHERINGS.

CULLED FROM OUR EXCHANGES AND BOILED DOWN FOR GAZETTE READERS.

HURON.

At the funeral of the late Donald McKenzie, in Brussels, on Thursday afternoon, there were 52 Sons of Scotland in the procession, each wearing a Tam o' Shanter.

Two sons of Peter Campbell, West Wawanosh, near Belfast, have recently moved onto the farm known as the Johnston Farm, which Mr. C. purchased some months ago at a very low price. It is situated on the fourth concession E. D., Ashfield.

James Kehoe, of Seaford, met with an accident a week or so ago which might have proved fatal. He was coming home in a light wagon along Mr. Keating who was sitting behind in the box of the wagon, when he suddenly fell out on his head on the hard road. The accident took place coming through

Egmondville. Kehoe was attended to by a physician and is now nearly recovered.

Mr. John Austin, of Ashfield, near Goderich, has been appointed to the railway mail service as relieving clerk, running between Stratford and Wiar-ton.

PERTH.

John French, a prisoner in the Stratford jail, made his escape on Monday morning of last week. He had been sent down from Mitchell and was serving a term of five months for wife-beating. He had put in about two months out of the five.

Nearly all kinds of crops in the vicinity of St. Marys are excellent. The recent rains did very little harm, although peas and late oats in low, heavy soil are slightly damaged. Fall wheat and other grain crops never looked better. Hay, fruit and vegetables bid fair to be above the average.

Seed Potatoes.

I HAVE on hand a supply of JACKSON Potatoes, which I will sell at \$2.10 per bushel. These potatoes are of a hardy, Southern variety, have proven to be heavy, prolific yielders in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.

Too quantity is limited so come early.

J. R. WILLIAMS,
Gorrie.

Fordwich Roller Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

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

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.

WOOL WANTED.

Listowel Woollen Factory.

Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.

Largest Wool Market in Ontario.

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

New and Fresh Stock.

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

FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS.

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

WARNING

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

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

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

B. F. BROOK & SON.

Fordwich Drug Store

A SPENCE, M. D.,
Proprietor.

J. C. BELL,
Manager.

A FULL LINE OF

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,

Stationery and Fancy Goods,

WALL PAPER

In endless variety and at every price.

W. C. HAZELWOOD

City Boot and Shoe Store,

WROXETER.

A Neat Walking Boot

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

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

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

GENTS' can be supplied in any line.

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

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

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.

Fine Poster Type.

We can turn out

- Wedding Cards,
- Calling Cards, Business Cards,
- Bill Heads,
- Letter Heads,
- Blank Headings,
- Insurance Policies,
- Pamphlets,
- Circulars,
- Hand-Bills,
- Posters,
- Streamers,

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

On the most reasonable Terms.

EstimatesFurnished

J. W. GREEN,
Editor.

Millinery.

Our Millinery Department grows in popular favor every season.

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

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

New Goods for summer wear are coming forward.

The choicest goods are taken first.

Come early and get the best.

Dress Goods.

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

Tweeds, Coatings, etc.

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

Cotton Goods.

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

Groceries.

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

Teas.

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

A WORD IN CONCLUSION :

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

The Highest Market Price Paid for Farm Produce.

W.S.BEAN

Montreal House,

Gorrie, Ont.

THE PATRONS' PIC-NIC.

A Gala Gathering in the Grove at Lakelet.

Great Speeches, Lively Ball Games, and a Monster Attendance.

The Patrons of Industry have reason to feel proud of the success which attended their pic-nic in the beautiful grove on the western borders of Lakelet on Friday last, July 1st. The weather was all that could be desired, there being just clouds enough crossing the sky to prevent Old Sol from making the day uncomfortably hot while the gentle breeze made the atmosphere of the woods delightful.

The committee had taken great pains in preparing the beautiful pleasure grounds so that the visitors, who must have numbered fully 2000 persons, were not only greeted, on their arrival, by the "Welcome" stretched across the entrance on a large streamer, but the underbrush had been cleared away so that there was comfort in roaming through the grove, while swings, booths, dancing platforms and every means of pic-nic enjoyment was provided for all. At the east of the grove was the romantic river and lake which has made Lakelet so desirable as a picnic resort, and boats were provided for those who wished to enjoy this pastime, while many traversed the winding streets of this picturesque little village and envied the denizens of the cozy residences which greeted the eye in passing. No prettier spot could be selected in which to spend a few weeks in holiday retirement, and the quiet restfulness which seemed to abide upon the place stamped Lakelet as a veritable Saints' Retreat.

THE SPEECHES.

The great attraction, on the pic-nic grounds, was at the speakers' platform, in front of which seats had been arranged for the immense gathering of interested listeners who drank in the wisdom and eloquence of the orators. The speeches were entirely free from the arrogance which has occasionally in the past been heard from the Patrons' rostrum, and which has done much to injure the cause. There were no political "axes to grind," but from first to last the speeches seemed to be pervaded with an earnest effort to point out the best interests of all classes of labor and society.

Mr. J. T. Winters, the genial young District President, occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings in a few well-put, spirited words, showing that he not only has a thorough grasp of the subject but has happy abilities as a speaker which may some day land him in parliament as the Patrons' representative for East Huron. At the conclusion of his remarks he called upon

Mr. Pritchard, of Redgrave, County Organizer, who gave a brief but encouraging review of his recent work. Several new branches had been established, but a previous organizer had somewhat retarded the growth of the organization by his methods.

Mr. Jas. Mitchell, of Gorrie, gave an address in his usual happy style, full of information and eloquence which was closely listened to and warmly applauded.

He was followed by Grand Vice-President Miller, of Glenmorris, who held the close attention of the audience throughout his powerful address. He referred to agriculture, mining, the fisheries, and the forest, as the four great natural producers of wealth in Canada, and the farm being the greatest of these had a right to a full share in its distribution. He urged the encouragement of manufacture for the sake of the help it gave—all should go hand in hand in the building up of the nation's interests. At present agriculture is not receiving its full share of the benefits, and combines have been formed which are injuring the farmer. He believed these combines should be met by co-operation on the part of the farming community both politically and otherwise. The Patrons should make no war on the retail men, and there is nothing in the platform warranting this course. The Patrons and the merchants should go hand in hand; the principle "PAY CASH" is the watchword that will help every party and get the very cheapest and best bargains while binding instead of estranging the cordial relations between the farmer and the retailer. He believed when the merchants got acquainted with the Patrons' principles they will be gratified and pleased with them. The Patrons strike at the law which permits oppressive combines to exist, and if it becomes necessary to form a political party they were prepared to take even that step. He spoke in a clear and pleasing manner and took his seat amidst hearty applause.

Grand-President Mallory, of Warkworth, was the last of the speakers. He is a rapid, brilliant, fiery orator, and has an emphatic way of clinching his arguments that carries at once the convictions and enthusiasm of his audience. He "waded right in" as the saying is, and handled his subject without gloves.

If the farm represents the great bulk of the wealth of the country then it should have a proportionate share of the country's prosperity. He did not believe it right that manufacturing interests should get a preference over agriculture. He had long ago dropped his party political leanings and was out squarely on the Patrons' platform. The time has come when the farmers must ask the government for what they want, and they must let the government know that they not only had a right to get their rights but they had the voting power to back up their demands. The government will listen when their requests are put in that shape. If the French can get what they want from the government by holding out for it with a balance of power in parliament; if the various manufacturers can have the tariff altered to suit them by petitioning the government, then the farmers by combined efforts—with all their voting power behind them—surely can do the same. He did not blame the cabinet for neglecting the farmers in arranging the tariff, because the farmers had not petitioned for anything, thus leaving the Ministers to think we are satisfied. But now, with our splendid organization throughout the Dominion we can reach the Premier's ear with no uncertain sound, through mighty petitions and delegations to Ottawa. If we are not then listened to we can show them in the ballot that they cannot stay in office, and then they will give us what we demand. Show a solid front that will have heavy force, and agriculture will soon be rid of the burdens imposed by combines, etc. He favored the bringing out of Patron candidates and so getting the balance of power. The farmer has fared badly in the past, but there is a wave of enthusiasm among Patrons greater than ever before, and if they stand shoulder to shoulder, better times are in store. He was vociferously applauded on taking his seat.

At the conclusion of the speaking cheers were given for the Queen, the Patrons; and votes of thanks were tendered to the speakers and chairman by hearty cheers.

Between the speeches Mr. A. W. Halladay, the popular boot and shoe dealer, of Lakelet, charmed the audience by his fine singing. He was accompanied on the organ by Mr. Myles Scott.

Among those on the platform, besides the speakers, were Deputy-Reeve Johnstone; ex-Deputy-Reeves Nay and Wilson; Messrs. Wm. Montgomery, James Galbraith, Wm. Allen, Jno. Hamilton, John Johnston, Jas. Ball and others whose names we could not get.

Immediately after the speaking the Grand Officers and others from a distance were regaled with a tempting lunch, and your reporter owes a subsequent billions attack to his inability to resist in time, the tempting collation; and if the affable Vice-President did not suffer from a similar contingency then he certainly has a superhuman anatomical construction.

THE AMUSEMENTS.

In a spacious open field just south of the pic-nic grounds a large crowd enjoyed the ball contests.

Early in the afternoon a base ball contest between Redgrave and Lakelet proved rather one-sided, the boys from Scarff's Corners doing up the Lakelet nine by the score of 22 to 9.

The Midway and Lakelet football teams then faced each other as follows:

P. Haack	Goal	Lakelet	J. S. Akina
Leibman	Back	W. Ferguson	Back
Weiler	Half Back	W. Nay	Half Back
Ernevein	Half Back	Ed. Mahood	Forward
Lesauer	Centre	W. Johnston	Centre Forward
N. Yandt	Centre Forward	W. Sanders	Shuttles
S. Yandt	Right Wing	J. Darroch	Right Wing
S. Yandt	Left Wing	W. Watters	Shuttles
Noos	Left Wing	W. Montgomery	Shuttles
Noos	Left Wing	Ernest Mahood	Noos
Noos	Left Wing	Ed. McLaughlin	Noos

This proved to be a very exciting game, the play being fast and furious. Darroch's boys evidently got the best of the play and fairly stormed the Midway goal at times. In the second half Watters by brilliant work got the ball up and made a shot which many thought went between the flags, but the referee failed to see it so the goal was not allowed and the match ended in a draw, neither side scoring. This is the second time these teams have met this season, each resulting in a draw. The best of feeling prevailed throughout.

In a fine grove east of the road a dancing platform was erected, and here the young people heartily enjoyed themselves all the afternoon till dusk.

The pic-nic was one of the largest and most enjoyable ever held in the township, and too much praise cannot be given to the committee who had the affair in charge.

Winnipeg's inland revenue returns for the fiscal year just closed were \$100,000 greater than for the previous year.

In the district around Quebec city prayers are being offered for a cessation of rain, while in Rimouski the supplication is for a few showers as the crops are in danger from drought.

Hanlan defeated Hosmer in a three-mile skulling race last Monday evening. The time given is 18 minutes and 16 seconds.

McLaughlin & Co's

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

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

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

Regarding

GEM JARS!

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

A large stock now on hand.

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

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

McLaughlin & Co.,
Glasgow House.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

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



OF THE COUNTY OF HURON,

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

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

JUST RECEIVED.

Special Value in Cook Stoves.

Special Value in Heaters.

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Every Variety.

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Highest Cash Price Paid for HIDES and SHEEP SKINS.

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THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

IS THE NEW PREMIUM



Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE FOR 1892. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured. It is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 16 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraits.

READ THE LIST.

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

FOR THE LADIES.

But Friends.

It was but friendship, dear, I gave to you.
And you to me—as man might give to man—
So sweetly calm its gentle current ran.
Adown our pulse, what little time we knew
Its tender presence—Ah, how fast they flew—
Those years of youth—fill summer's blush began
To pale in autumn's gray—then Time's full span
Was flung across the year and dulled heaven's blue.
Do you recall how on the day's glad wing
We fitted—saying: "Our friendship is the best—
Better than love—since pain with passion blends."
Oh, friend! the day has grown a lifeless thing.
Without you, and the stars hang on night's breeze
Like frozen tears!—Surely, we were but friends!

—Josephine Puetz Spoons.

At the opening of summer, it is well to call attention to the value of lime-water. This is a simple remedy for many summer evils of the household, and is easily prepared; but it is often forgotten. A teaspoonful of lime-water added to a glass of milk corrects the tendency which milk has to coagulate in the stomach, forming a hard, indigestible mass. For this reason, it is frequently ordered by physicians to be added to the nursing-bottle of children in summer. It is useful for rinsing out tin bottles; and as a mild disinfectant, it is one of the safest we have. To prepare it, place a layer of unslaked lime in a wide-mouthed jar and fill it with pure, cold water. The druggist uses filtered water for this purpose. Lime makes what the chemist calls a saturated solution in water, and, therefore, there is no danger of putting too much lime in the water. The water will take up only so much lime. When the water has stood a few hours it will have absorbed all the lime it is capable of receiving. It may then be drained off and more water added till the lime is absorbed. If you are inclined to acidity of the stomach, in the summer, it is a good plan to add a little lime-water to the water that you drink.

Where there is any dampness about the cellar nothing absorbs more rapidly than lime. A peck of lime will absorb more than three quarts of water, and by this means a damp cellar may be very soon dried out. All that is necessary is to scatter the lime about the cellar, and to renew it occasionally if the causes of the dampness return. At this season of the year it is always best to keep the cellar windows closed during the day and open at night. The air of day is much warmer than the night air, and therefore holds much more moisture in suspension. When the warm air of the summer's day enters the cellar it becomes suddenly mixed with the cooler air in the cellar and the result is a deposit of dew on the side-walls and a damp and mouldy cellar. If air is kept out of the cellar during the day and let in at night when the air is nearer the temperature of the cellar, air, no such danger arises. It is to be regretted that so many of our country people have given up their wholesome white-washed walls for the more elegant kalsomined ones. No kalsomine should be used in summer bedrooms or kitchens, which need the purifying and disinfecting powers of the yearly coat of white-wash. Kalsomine is seldom renewed as it lasts so much longer than white-wash; and such a kalsomined wall must become more or less affected in time by the impurities of the atmosphere in such rooms, in the same way that papered walls are. Let our summer bedrooms and kitchens at least be finished in such a way that they can be thoroughly and frequently cleaned about the walls as well as the floors.

Street Dresses.

Among the most tasteful walking dresses are those of very light beige-colored, spun or twilled vogue made with a blazer, or else a cut-away coat, and a waist-coat. The waistcoat is of white or cream-colored wool or of pique, and is single-breasted, cut very high, with small revers. This discloses a standing collar of linen, and the small square bow of a narrow scarf of changeable red and black satin. With this is worn a cream white straw round hat with stiff brim and half-high crown. A large Ascian bow of black satin ribbon is in front, and an egrette of pink rosettes at the back has one high full-blown rose in the middle. A deep veil of black Tuxedo net is drawn up in place at the back. The gloves are taupe-colored. Suede shoes have an Eton jacket, beige and rose silk with a fringe of pink on the edge. A second dress is of navy blue serge with wide old-rose stripes edged with lines of green. This is made with a cut-away coat buttoned only once on a soft vest of black and rose shot silk with tiny dots of black; it is puffed out just below the throat in two lightweight puffs in a way becoming to slight figures. Another gown of plain blue serge has an Eton jacket, with a wide belt set inside the fitted back, which hold in place a shirt waist of blue silk striped with bright yellow.

Alpaca Dresses.

Fashionable molettes are using alpaca again not only in dark gray and tan shades for useful walking and travelling dresses, but also in white and pearl-colored for afternoon toilettes. One worn lately by a guest at a day wedding was of grayish-ivory, with a green velvet Figaro jacket, a corselet and cuffs of velvet, and two narrow velvet ruffles on the bell skirt. A tan colored alpaca has bright red surah forming a shirred yoke in the round corselet, and a panel of the red still going for the front of the skirt. A small circular cape reaching only to the waist is lined with red silk, and has a hood similarly lined. Small button moulds covered with alpaca are set near together down the front of the skirt and cape, and are joined by loops of brown cord. Other alpaca dresses, and those of mohair or brilliantine, are made up in tailor style, with a coat waist, pointed in front, and two tails at the back, or else of even length all around. The upper part of the right side laps far on the left, and is cut in three large points or squares that are edged with narrow jet gimp. Each point or square holds a button-hole for a large jet button placed to meet it; the lower front is closed down the middle by small jet buttons in ball shape. The collar is a high hand edged with jet; the sleeves are large at the top, with close wrists; and the bell skirt is without trimming.

Women and the Marriage Laws.

Perhaps the most startling thing which occurred at the recent meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation in England, was the acceptance of a motion in favor of Dr. Hunter's divorce bill, now before Parliament, which not only allows to the woman relief from the marriage tie for the same cause as is held sufficient in the case of a man, but also extends the law that four years' desertion becomes a reason for the dissolution of a marriage. It was always supposed

that women were the upholders of the old ecclesiastical idea of wedlock. It is a sign of the times, and points to an approaching complete revolution in our marriage laws, and that at the instance of the women themselves.

Male and Female Brains.

The average man's brain is between four and five ounces heavier than the average woman's. The reason, it may be said, is that the woman herself is smaller than the man in size and weight. But accounts partly for the difference, but not entirely. It is shown by many and careful observations that if women were as tall as men, and as heavy, the average weight of their brains would be still smaller than that of men by more than an ounce. The diminished size and weight of the brain is said to be a fundamental sexual distinction in the human species. It is not peculiar to civilized men and women, but is found universally among savages, wherever sufficient observations have been made. The difference in weight does not exhaust the catalogue of diversities. There is said to be also a difference of balance between the various parts of the compared brains. The occipital lobes, which preside chiefly over the physical functions of the organism, are declared to be more voluminous in the female than in the male; a physiological fact which is contrary to common belief. A third striking diversity is that whilst the matter of the brain, which has no thought function, is almost identical in weight in the two sexes, the specific gravity of the grey, or thought matter, is decidedly higher in the male than in the female. Now, these are facts. It is true that Sir James Crichton Browne has set them forth, but it is not true that he has originated them. If any lady is disposed for a quarrel on the occasion she should not quarrel with Sir James Crichton Browne but with niggard nature, or with Mr. Matthew Arnold's unchivalrous "stream of tendency." It appears to be unquestionable that in purely intellectual endowment, the man is superior to the woman. On the other hand, in the equally noble emotional capacity the woman is superior to the man. If these be the facts, as they certainly appear to be, it is well both sexes should recognize and make the best they can of them.

Canadian Ladies at the World's Fair.

It is expected that the work of the ladies of Canada will be well represented at the World's Columbian Exposition. Competent judges will be appointed in due time to make the necessary selection of articles, and it is understood that arrangements will be made in connection with all the leading exhibitions throughout the country by which the finest specimens of work may be chosen for Chicago. Canadian ladies will, however, bear in mind that it will be necessary to show their choicest productions at their provincial or local fairs, in order to have them selected for the World's Fair. Arrangements will be made whereby the judgment of a competent committee may be had on the articles chosen so that only the very best samples of the taste and skill of Canadian ladies may be sent to Chicago. In this way an exhibit in every respect creditable to the country may be collected.

Street Etiquette.

It is decidedly ill-bred to eat anything even confectionery, in the street. No woman, unless in feeble health, should cling to a man's arm during a daylight stroll. Do not discuss politics, religion or love affairs in a public conveyance. Personal matters should never be introduced at a chance meeting if the third party is not conversant with the facts. No lady will accept a seat vacated by a gentleman for her convenience without giving in return a smile, a bow, or thanks. It is optional with a lady to recognize at a second meeting a gentleman who has upon a previous occasion rendered her a service. Never swing your arms when walking unless quite outside the town. If free from observation this will be found an excellent means to help locomotion. Banning words with an employe of a company is mere waste of time. Should he be insolent or unreasonable take his number and complain to those in authority. Street flirtations are in this enlightened age regarded as the height of vulgarity. One breach of good taste in this direction is enough to destroy your claims to good breeding.

The Mothers of Great Men.

A great deal has been written about the Mothers of Great Men. We imagine, however, that the folk of Leomburg, in Wurtemberg, have started a precedent by erecting memorials to a series of mothers of great men. This little township of about 2,000 inhabitants was the birthplace of Paulus, the famous Rationalist theologian, of Schelling, the equally famous philosopher, and of Hochstetter, the naturalist. It was also the dwelling-place of the mother of the poet Schiller from 1796 to 1801, and of the mother of the astronomer Kepler two centuries earlier, though three villages in the neighborhood contend for the honor of having been Kepler's birthplace. The town council of the "Town of Mothers," as it proudly calls itself, has affixed tablets to the walls of the old castle of Duke Ulrich the Well-beloved, where the Magna Charta of Wurtemberg liberties was signed by the Duke, in honor of the mothers of the poet and the astronomer. We presume that the patriotic town councillors will not stop short at these two honorable women, but will extend similar tokens of respect to the other mothers of whom they are so justly proud.

Assuming the Husband's Name.

The practice of the wife's assuming the husband's name of marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view it may be mentioned that during the Sixteenth and even at the beginning of the Seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catharine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Gray (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc. Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule of law so far back as Braeton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Bon versus Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband. Altogether the custom is involved in much obscurity.

PERSONAL.

Mr. B. Sawden, of Toronto, is contributing to the "Dominion Illustrated" a series of articles on "Civic Government in Canada." Mr. Sawden is a clever writer and this subject in his hands will be efficiently treated.

The Archdukes of the reigning house of Austria became of age on the twentieth anniversary of their birth. The attainment of his majority by Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a few days ago, was celebrated with considerable pomp at Vienna. The young man is a pupil of the Military Academy in the Austrian Capital.

General Obrutcheff, recently placed in command of the Russian armies, is too difficult to sit in a saddle and even walks with difficulty. His wife is a Frenchwoman, and he is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of a Franco-Russian alliance. This being so, he is an ardent Pan-Slavist and a bitter foe of everything German. General Obrutcheff is some 65 years of age.

Gladstone buys so many books that he invariably demands a discount of 10 per cent. from his booksellers. The story is told that when a dealer in the Strand refused to give the discount to the G.O.M. because he was not a bookseller, the Premier replied: "I buy books and I sell them when they have served my purpose. I ought to have the discount." But the bookseller refused to give it.

Otto, the insane King of Bavaria, is reported to have become much worse as the result of his incessant smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumed six packages a day. He is at times so violent that it is necessary for his attendants to strap him to his bed. He has daily periods of unconsciousness, and has recently been too ill to leave the apartment in which he is confined.

General Lord Wolsley at Sebastopol lost an eye and received a severe wound, the trace of which is clearly visible on his forehead to-day. He was then a young engineer officer and stood in the advance line of intrenchments sketching a plan of the works when a round shot struck near him, shattering a gabion full of stones, killed two men, and threw Lord Wolsley to the ground.

The details of the shooting of two men by a Berlin sentry, imperfectly reported by cable certainly put a new light upon the act of the Emperor in publicly commending the soldier, and it is only fair that they should be published as widely and as fully as the original story. It appears that the sentry, Private Luck, was on duty in an unfrequented street at 11:30 p. m., when he was hustled by three men who deliberately blocked his way and insulted him. He warned them several times, and finally threatened arrest them, when one of them drew and brandished a knife. The sentry seized him, but the man broke from him and fled. Luck pursued him, crying "Halt!" to the end of his beat, and then, according to regulations, fired, killing his chief assailant and wounding one of the others. The dead man, who drew the knife, turned out to be one Brandt, who had been convicted of participation in the February riots, and was "wanted" by the police for a murderous assault which he had committed only a few days before his attack on the sentry. Luck's promotion was not an impulsive act by the Emperor, but the result of a long and careful examination by the military authorities, five weeks after the shooting. Why there need have been so much delay in finding all this out no one seems to know.

SOME OF THE HEROES.

Awful Stories Told by Members of the Rescuing Parties in Old City.

A thrilling story is told by Harry McVeagh, a member of a rescuing party which saved a number of lives. The party found eleven persons clinging to the foot bridge crossing at the head of Seneca street. "Their condition was horrible," I wish that I could close my eyes and shut out the sight. Their clothing was burned off their bodies, their hair was singed and their eyes, even in some cases, were burned out. Yet, some of them, I believe, will live. They clung piteously to us as we took them from the bridge into our boat, and the cries they sent up were the most pitiful that ever reached my ears. There were seven men and four women. The appearance of the latter was particularly distressing. We have cared for them the best we can, but God pity them."

William L. Stewart of Silverville lost his life while saving others. His body was fearfully burned.

John S. Klein, superintendent of the shops of the National Transit Company, gave timely warning of the disaster, thereby saving many lives. He was near the tunnel on the Lake Shore road, when the pungent odor of benzine borne on the breeze attracted his attention. Knowing that some accident must have happened upstream, or that a volume of oil was floating down the creek, he recognized at once the fearful result that would ensue if it could catch fire. Running as fast as he could from house to house he shouted: "Put out your fires and run for your lives." Many heeded him and fled to the hills. He had not gone far before a flash as if from some huge thunder-bolt illuminated the valley, and in an instant a wall of flame arose from the creek, enveloping everything within the compass of the rushing water in its awful grasp. Just before the fire a little boy was found clinging to a plank in the creek. He was rescued, but died in a few minutes after being taken out of the water. While the boy was being taken out the rescuers saw a dead baby float down the river with the drift just after the explosion.

Thomas McConnis rescued a little boy 3 years old who had fallen in the mud. The child said his name was Johnny Green.

Alive After Execution.

That weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who was hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life, and is now able to polish off a 'possum in first-class style, reminds me that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Belsham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, the former master of New College, Oxford, England, tells of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal, was pardoned by the crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close to this "note" is the story of "Half-Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburgh in 1740, came to life while being taken to potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

THE BRITISH ARMY OF TO-DAY.

Its Numbers, Distribution, Methods of Recruiting, and Age Requirements. Four score statistical tables, issued by the British War authorities, give the latest information about the strength and composition of the British army, so far as such facts and figures can be obtained.

As in our own army, the enlisted strength varies a little from month to month, according to recruiting and discharges, but the average strength for 1891 was 209,699, made up as follows: Officers, 7,614; warrant officers, 832; sergeants &c., 13,199; trumpeters, drummers, &c., 3,368; rank and file, 184,086. Dividing by according to stations we find that 104,369 are kept in the British Isles, 72,283 in India, and 32,551 in the colonies and Egypt.

Another point of interest is the disclosure in regard to the territorial system of recruiting. Of the 35,346 recruits during the year, 28,863 were enlisted in England, 3,447 in Ireland, and 3,036 in Scotland. London alone furnished 5,537 men. The London Army and Navy Gazette, which collects the figures for various recruiting districts, considers that the plan of territorial recruiting simply "creates an unnecessary amount of confusion." It does not deny that there are some advantages in such a system for some countries, but questions its value for the British army, which is a foreign service army, recruited from a country where the railway system has been brought to the highest perfection. Its argument is that the population, or at least that portion of it which yields soldiers, is so migratory that it is best to take the recruits without reference to territorial divisions and assignments. "The very districts," it holds, "in which country feeling on with exiles are those in which the poorest show of martial enthusiasm is displayed," and although manufacturing centres are known to be excellent recruiting fields, yet their populations are more or less roving.

Another subject of interest is that of ages. Of last year's British recruits 1,260 joined under 17 years of age, 321 under 18 years, 16,614 under 19 years, 8,335 under 20 years, 10,967 between 20 and 25 years. On this point the Gazette thinks a mistake is made:

Considering the ages at which Continental soldiers enter upon their military training, there is much in these figures which the British taxpayer has to deplore. There is one fact of which we ought to take cognizance—the unnecessary outlay which such a system as ours involves. Would it not be better to lay down a rule that a man who enters the ranks of the army should be paid as a man and a boy as a boy? Men might then be attracted in greater numbers, and boys would join in the hope of ultimately securing their man's wage. At present we have no distinction between the two classes, and as a result we fill the ranks with young lads who have to be paid, clothed, fed, and housed as men, and yet are incapable of doing a man's work. No system could be less calculated to popularize the army among the classes to which we look to supply the bulk of our recruits.

More important, perhaps, is the question of the service that will be performed by the immature lads. The Continental armies generally put the age of enlistment in the line at 21 years. It is true that there may be three years of earlier service, counting toward the reserve, or landwehr or militia term which is exacted like that in the army itself. But this last is the service which is excluded, and not carried on with ordinary civil occupations. The British army has five-sevenths of its recruits enlisting under the age of 20. As it is a volunteer service the case is naturally different from that of the Continental armies where military duty is compulsory. Still, there is much speculation as to the relative results in efficiency under the diverse systems.

Lady Salisbury.

Lady Salisbury has never thrust herself into notoriety. Her influence, though undoubted, has always been exerted in a woman's sphere. Her talent is decided, her intellect strong, her judgment of affairs acute, her instinct not incorrect. She has always seen what was politic for her husband and to do from her point of view, and urged him to it. With a woman's personal feeling she puts her husband's success above everything. Doubtless believing that the interests of the government require him at his head, she thinks everything should be sacrificed to place or keep him there. If he could do more good by subordinating his feelings or repressing his convictions at the time to do so, and in the end be able to accomplish more.

It is doubtful whether, with a less acute judgment and powerful influence at home, Lord Salisbury would have achieved all of his present position. With another wife he might have remained a stubborn obscure Tory lord, consistent but comparatively unimportant, writing fine criticisms of some other premier. Yet no one believes that Lord Salisbury is anything but a strong man; no one supposes he is managed or controlled unduly by feminine wiles. He simply has a mate worthy of him, who inspires and suggests and encourages and confirms.

Lady Salisbury is no longer a young woman, but she is attractive still. Though never a beauty, she was a woman of general appearance and generously formed. Her fair complexion and light hair and eyes are thoroughly Saxon and her proportions not unseemly. She dresses with all the magnificence proper to her rank; her manner is sufficiently distinguished if not absolutely imposing; she entertains not only grandly but very prettily, and, like many other English hostesses, succeeds in making her guests really at ease.

Her blond, physical type is in marked contrast with Lord Salisbury's dark eyes and hair and heavy beard.

Her Bargain.

The following true story illustrates the truth that if one really desires an article, the most sensible way is to purchase it as soon as an opportunity occurs. A little girl in her party was one day playing before the house, when a woman appeared and begged a few pence. She had a baby in her arms, and the child was so delighted with the little thing that she asked the woman if she would sell it to her.

"What will you give for it, miss?" was the counter-question.

"Half-a-crown."

"Very well," said the woman. "Let's see the money."

It was produced, and the sale made. The little girl took the baby, carried it upstairs, and laid it on her bed, and after she had fondled it "enough for once," scampered downstairs, calling to her mother: "Mamma, mamma! I've got a live doll! I always wanted one, and now I've got it." The baby was found, and the story frankly told; but though the beggar woman was sought all over the town, no trace of her could be discovered. Meanwhile the baby's little "owner" begged so hard that it should be kept that the parents yielded, and the living doll became a household blessing.

BOUND FOR ARCTIC REGIONS.

A Number of Scientific Men Are Starting Their Faces Northward.

Two well-known Swedish scientific men, Messrs. Bjorling and Kallstenius, arrived in St. Johns, N. F., a few days ago. They are commissioned by the Geographical and Zoological societies of Stockholm to explore the shores of Smith Sound, in the Arctic regions, to collect specimens of the flora and fauna of the district, and to take astronomical observations. They will hire a schooner here for their voyage, from which they expect to return in September.

Whalers here who are acquainted with the work these explorers have planned for themselves think they cannot carry out the programme. It is believed to be utterly impossible for a sailing vessel to reach Smith Sound this summer in time for the party to do any scientific work and return this season. The last sailing vessel to pass through the difficult ice of Melville Bay was the schooner of Dr. Hayes. He had a terribly bad time of it and could not possibly have returned the same season.

The sealers and whalers here think that vessels depending on sails alone have no business at all in Melville Bay. It is thought certain that unless the Swedish explorers equip their vessel for a stay of a year and a half at least they will either come to grief or will return without having accomplished anything.

Information has been received that a party of Americans is coming to explore Labrador and visit the Great Falls, which were discovered last year.

It is reported that the expedition which will leave here about July 1 under the leadership of Prof. Heilprin of Philadelphia to bring back the Peary party who, it is supposed, have been sledging on the inland ice of North Greenland will bring back a large collection as possible illustrations of the life and arts of the Smith Sound natives for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Another American party will leave here soon in order to transport for the World's Fair three villages of different tribes of Eskimos with all their belongings, and also a village of Indians inhabiting the mountainous districts in the interior of Labrador.

Maori Version of the Deluge.

According to the tradition in the Ngaitahu tribe of Maoris, men had become very numerous, and evil prevailed everywhere. The tribes quarrelled, and wars were frequent. The worship of Tane was neglected, and his doctrines were openly denied. Men, says a writer in Science Sittings, utterly refused to believe the teachings of Para-whaneama and Tupuna-utu and respecting the separation of heaven and earth by Tane, and at length cursed these two devout men when they continued their teaching. Then these two teachers were very angry, and got their stone axes and cut down "totara" and other trees, which they dragged together to the source of the River Tohinga (baptism). They bound the timber together with vines of the pirita and ropes, and made a very wide raft. Then they made incantations, and built a house on the raft, and put much food into it—ferm root, kumar (sweet potato), and dogs. Next they repeated their incantations, and prayed that rain might descend in such abundance as would convince men of the power of Tane, and prove the truth of his existence, and the necessity of the ceremonies of worship for life and for peace, and to avert evil and death. Then these teachers—with Tia-Rete, a female named Waipuna-Nau, and another woman—got on the raft. Tia, who was the priest on the raft, prayed that the rain might descend in great torrents, and when it had so rained for four or five days and nights he repeated his incantations that it might cease, and it ceased.

The raft was lifted by the waters and floated down the river Tohinga. All men and women and children were drowned of those who denied the truth of the doctrines preached by Tane. The legend then gives a detailed account of the wanderings of the raft, and the doings and adventures of its occupants. Once they saw goddesses wandering on the face of the ocean. These came to make a commotion in the sea, that the raft might be destroyed, and those on it might perish. The sea was boisterous, but the raft and its occupants were not overwhelmed. When they had floated about for seven moons, Tia spoke to his companions and said, "We shall not die; we shall land on the earth." In the eighth month the rolling motion of the raft had changed; it now pitched up and down and rolled. Tia then said that the signs of his staff indicated that these were becoming less deep, and he declared that was the month in which they would land on dry earth. They did land at Hawaiki—the place from which the Maoris, according to their tradition, migrated to New Zealand.

Talk From a Horse.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron-wheels and bribes don't hurt my hay.

Don't be careless of my harness as to find a great score on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I get less than a sign my teeth want fling. I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get less than a sign my teeth want fling.

Don't make me drink ice-cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding a half minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

French Royalists are said to be alarmed at the friendly attitude of the Pope toward the Republic.

CURIOSITY COLUMN.

Burning of an Oak 1,100 Years Old.

The other day an unusual spectacle was witnessed in the Home park at Hampton court, when a magnificent oak growing about 20 yards from the long water was discovered to be on fire. The Palace fire brigade, under Superintendent Martin having been signalled by Kingdon and Surbiton, the alarm from those places arrived shortly afterwards, a copious supply of water, pumped from the Long water, being poured on the burning oak. The tree is said to be 1,100 years old, and one of the eight largest oaks in England. It is 33 feet in circumference, having an average diameter of 11 feet. The trunk is hollow for about 10 feet, and several of the larger branches above that are also in a decayed condition. It was in the hollow of the oak that the fire burned fiercest, and as the flames spread from branch to branch the effect was singular in the extreme. The fire was extinguished in a few hours, but not before the fine and rare tree had been almost completely destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Horseflesh as Food.

Horseflesh for food has increased wonderfully in popularity in France. At Paris, the first horse butchery was opened on July 9, 1866, and in that year 902 horses were slaughtered. Through seventeen years the amount steadily increased, and the count shows that 203,537 horses were consumed in the city. In 1889, the horse butcheries numbered 132. In other cities of France the output of the horse butcheries is enormous. Hippophagy is also in great favor at Rotterdam. Horse meat is used there as human food to an extent that is unknown in Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as in parts of Italy. It is extensively used in Milan, while it is scorned in Turin. In the latter city only fifty-five horses were slaughtered in 1888, and the flesh was used exclusively for feeding the animals of a menagerie. A Spanish writer regrets that hippophagy is not adopted in Spain, where it would benefit numerous poor laborers, to whom ordinary meat is an article of luxury on account of its high price. In Paris the price of horse meat is about half that of beef for corresponding cuts.

The Temple of Baal.

There rises a huge wall 70 feet high, enclosing a square court of which the side is 740 feet long. Part of the wall, having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, remains perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes; for here, crowded within those four high walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The houses, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful moldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High in the air the stately columns crowd and jumbled together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unrefreshed by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

The Eagle as a Symbol.

The history of the eagle as the symbol of the Roman Empire, and of other powers claiming succession to the same, is here fully stated. In Europe there are still the eagles of Austria, Russia and Germany, besides others pertaining to minor principalities. An able writer remarks that "owing to the restoration of the Western empire, the rule of the Byzantine Caesars, the world has never since (the time of Augustus) been without one or two Emperors of the Romans. The present Austrian Emperor, though holding scarcely a province of Adrian's, is the direct successor of Charlemagne, who was crowned in Rome Emperor of the Romans, the sixtieth from Augustus." The Czars, Russian bears the double-headed eagle, which was assumed by the Grand Duke Ivan Basilovitch, who in 1472 married Sophia daughter of Thomas Paleologus and niece of the last Emperor of Byzantium, Constantine XIV. The German Emperor reigns over some Roman provinces and bears a single-headed eagle with the crown of Charlemagne. The single-headed eagle, assumed with the imperial title by the first Napoleon Bonaparte, sets forth the union of the whole Roman Empire as the traditional aim of his family. All this strikingly harmonizes with the admitted fact of the continuance to the present time, though in a divided state, to the Roman Empire, and suggests thoughts as to what may be the ultimate meaning of the words, "Whosoever the body is thither will the eagles be gathered together."

Nails.

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand is able to give the origin of the terms ten-penny, six-penny, two-penny, etc., as applied to nails. For many years these useful commodities were made a specified number of pounds to the thousand, and this standard is still recognized in England and other countries. For instance, in the first-named locality, a ten-penny nail is understood to be one of a kind of which it would require 1,000 to make ten pounds, and a six-penny nail one of a lot of which an equal number would comprise six pounds. "Penny" is really a survival of the English "pun," a corruption of "pound," as originally intended. Formerly the pound mark (£) followed the figures designating the size of the nails, thus: 2½, 6½, 10½, and so on; but this in time gave way to the pence mark (d), as at the present time.

An Inherited Attitude.

Father—"Your school report is generally good, but you are marked very low in deportment. Why so that?"
Boy—"I always forget and stand on one foot and rest the other on a railing or something when I recite and teacher marks me for that. I told her I couldn't help it and she says maybe I inherited it."
"Inherited it?"
"Yesir. She said that's the way mees stand when they are talking over a bar."

Fordwich.

School closed on Thursday. Miss Maggie Cargill left for home on Monday night to spend the holidays.

Mr. Wm. Waters, principal of our public school, also left for home on Friday night. We understand "Will" is going to till the soil during vacation. Mr. Harry Jelly, who has been acting as relieving-agent here for the past month, left on Friday night for Wingham to take a situation as assistant operator.

Mr. F. W. Darby, of Guelph, paid a visit to his brother, our enterprising hardware man, last week. Mr. Hepinstall and wife, of St. Thomas, paid friends here a visit last week.

Rev. Mr. Caswell, of Waterford, occupied the Presbyterian church pulpit here last Sabbath.

Miss Maggie Cargill was made the recipient of a beautiful gold fob and silk handkerchief last Thursday, on taking her departure for Duluth, where she intends studying elocution. Our best wishes go with her.

Rev. Mr. Edmunds, the new Methodist pastor, filled his appointment here on Sunday for the first time. Next Sabbath he will preach a sermon to the Orange Order of this place.

We understand that Mr. John Clegg has retired from business and sold his stock to Mr. Jno. Donaghy.

Balance of A. Wyness & Co.'s millinery stock at prices to suit the times.

Quite a few attended the Patrons' picnic at Lakelet on Friday last. All reported having had a good time.

Mr. S. A. Seaman, our new station agent, arrived last Friday. Things are looking up at that corner already.

Mrs. Dr. Harvey, of Harjiston, paid Mrs. A. Wyness a visit last Friday.

We understand the Masons intend giving a grand banquet and concert on the evening of the 28th of this month.

A large number from the village attended the big barn raising at Mr. John McDermitt's.

Quite a number intend taking in the 12th of July demonstration in Arthur this year. The fare is very low, being only 90 cents from this station.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following is the report of the Fordwich Public School for the month of June. The names are arranged in order of merit. The numbers are the attendance of pupils out of a possible 22 days:

FIFTH CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
Wm. H. Rowe.....	21
H. Braden.....	14
L. G. Hooy.....	21
A. White.....	20

SEN. FOURTH CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
M. Carter.....	19
W. Mahood.....	16
A. Harding.....	21
E. Gibson.....	19

JUN. FOURTH CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
R. Cook.....	22
A. Cole.....	20
W. Falls.....	21
D. Robinson.....	19
E. Gibson.....	22

SEN. THIRD CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
L. McGrath.....	22
V. Wiggins.....	22
M. Hainstock.....	21
L. Harding.....	22
S. J. Rowe.....	21
M. Braden.....	21
M. White.....	18

INTERMEDIATE THIRD.	ATTENDANCE.
A. Baird.....	22
M. White.....	20
L. Brown.....	21
F. Donaghy.....	22
I. Fleet.....	20
A. Rowef.....	21
M. Keil.....	12

JUN. THIRD CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
J. Brown.....	20
B. Cook.....	22
W. Downey.....	22
R. Gibson.....	22
L. Brown.....	20
A. James.....	22

SEN. SECOND CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
Nellie Hainstock.....	21
Omar Cole.....	22
Robert G. Gibson.....	19
Ida Hanneberg.....	22
Robbie Brown.....	20

JUN. SECOND CLASS.	ATTENDANCE.
Wesley Downey.....	22
Herbie Darby.....	22
Amy Donaghy.....	22
Chester Edwards.....	20
Arthur Wyness.....	22

SEN. PART II.	ATTENDANCE.
James Carter.....	22
Stewart Downey.....	22
Benny Rogers.....	20
Gordon Wyness.....	22
Lewis Gibson.....	19

JUN. PART II.	ATTENDANCE.
Evalin Cook.....	21
Blanche Grant.....	22
Agnes Wiggins.....	22

PART I.	ATTENDANCE.
Bertie Becker.....	22
Russel Brown.....	21
Elmer Edwards.....	22
Willie Beirnes.....	14
Eddie Moyer.....	14
Percy Hainstock.....	22

Average attendance.....	ATTENDANCE.
W. WATTERS, MISS CARGILL, Teachers.	85

BORN.
On the 5th inst. the wife of Mr. Thos. Vittie, Gorrie, of a daughter.

On the 5th inst. the wife of Mr. John Waters, Jr., of a daughter.

DIED.
YOUNG.—In Howick, on July 7th, Mr. Wm. Young, aged 57 years and four months.

Funeral from his late residence, Orange Hill, on Friday at two o'clock for Gorrie cemetery.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

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

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

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

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Taman, the Tailor,

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

Adv. next week.

**JNO. BRETHOUR,
FIRE AND STOCK**

Insurance Agent

WROXETER.

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

Give John A Call.

Full to the Top!
OVER
3,000 Rolls

New Wall Paper

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GO TO
W. M. CLEGG'S
Hardware Store,**

**GORRIE, ONT,
FOR AXES,
FOR X-CUT SAWS,
FOR NAILS,
FOR GLASS,
FOR PAINTS.
FOR GROCERIES.
FOR LAMP GOODS.**

**PRICES RIGHT. CALL AND SEE.
W. N. CLEGG.**

**Just Received!
AT ALLISON'S,
A Fresh lot of
Oranges, Lemons,
Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates,
Strawberries,
A fine assortment of Confections
and Canned Goods.**

**Ladies' Trimmed Hats and
Feathers and Flowers
Are being Sold Very Cheap for a few weeks.**

**DARBY BROS.,
Fordwich
Hardware Store.**

Bee-Keepers' Supplies!
Consisting of Foundation, Perforated Metal, Smokers, Self-lubricating Slates, and many other supplies of various descriptions, at reasonable prices.

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

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

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

Eave troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker
Member of Ontario School of Embalming.