

The East Huron Gazette

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1893.

No. 16.

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.

N. McLAUGHLIN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.
Office—At the Drug Store, GORRIE.

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

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 311 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Upon Receipt of A Postal Card with your name and address, we will forward you Agents' Outfit and
Our Great Premium List

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE THIS LIST OF HANDSOME PRIZES, WHICH ARE GIVEN IN MANY CASES BELOW COST
We Want Agents IN EVERY LOCALITY. WRITE EARLY. This is a chance for the Young Folk.
THE GLOBE, Toronto.
WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1893 FREE.

R. H. FORTUNE.
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST, WROXETER, ONT.
Will visit Fordwich every Monday from 1:30 to 4 p. m., at Brown's Hotel.
All diseases of domestic animals treated after the latest and most scientific teachings of the Veterinary Art.
Calls promptly attended to.
No charge for examining horses.
Dentistry a Specialty.

Just Received by
Vanstone Bros.,
at the
WINCHAM
Marble & Stone WORKS
A fine Assortment of
Granite Monuments of every style. Also a large amount of the
BEST NEW YORK MARBLE.

We are therefore prepared to furnish Monuments and Headstones at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
It will pay you to call before placing your order.
VANSTONE BROS.

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 13 years.
—SEE THE ELEGANT—

Breakfast Sets, Dinner Sets, Tea Sets.
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.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:50 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m.; Rev. Mr. Brown, 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. G. G. G. pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

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

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

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

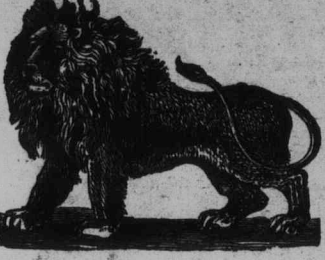
One sleighload dumped a consignment of **Spring Dry Goods** in front of

Dulmage's

Store, Lakelet, the other day, and lots more coming forward.
"What are you going to do with all the goods?" everybody asks. But when prices are quoted they say "His head is level; they'll go quick enough!"
The New PRINTS are exquisite.
In DRESS GOODS we have a greater variety than usual, with trimmings to match.
Two job lines of BLACK SURREAH Dress Silk at \$1.15 and \$1.25, regular price \$1.50.
Real IRISH POPLINS in beautiful colorings.
STAPLES at lowest figures.
Store full in all departments.
We lead them all in TEA. Try our 12oz.
Dried Apples and Tallow wanted.

Lakelet.

The Lion Store



Fur Goods and **Winter Goods**
AT **COST PRICE.**
To Clear.

Lion Store, Wroxeter.
J. W. Sanderson.

I stick my head out of a car window and they say to me
"LOOK OUT!"
when all the time they mean
Go to J. H. TAMAN'S Tailorshop for a nob-by Spring Suit and Overcoat.

FOR SALE.

A Neat and Comfortable Country Homestead,
CONSISTING of three acres of choice land, being part of lot 1, con. 7, in the township of Turnberry. Two acres now under grass and balance in orchard and garden. There is a good six-roomed frame house on the premises, also stables. For further particulars apply to
JOHN W. GREEN,
Box 10, Wroxeter, Ont.

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 pianoforte teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in this branch."
Prof. A. HUBBARD,
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

Eggs For Hatching.
White and Brown Leghorn Eggs, \$1 per setting. Birds are pure bred and finely marked. First come, first served.
JNO. BRETHOUR,
Insurance Agent, Wroxeter.

Local Affairs.

Have You? What?
Why, paid your subscription to the GAZETTE for 1893.

William's Royal Crown Remedy greatest cure on earth. Guaranteed to cure general nervous debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

Barkwell's Sure Corn Cure will cure any wart, bunion or mole. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

Mr. Howell's latest novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," now running through the pages of *The Ladies Home Journal*, was written in four different States. Mr. Howells began the novel at his father's home in Ohio last May; continued in Boston in June; took it to the mountains of New Hampshire during the summer and worked at it; brought it to New York and wrote a number of chapters there in October; took it back again to Ohio in November, and finally finished it in New York last December. And yet, despite all these changes of places of writing, the novel turns out really to be brightest piece of work that Howells has done for a long time.

WANTED—A good strong girl to do housework. Apply at this office.

Mr. Al Williams has been absent in Teeswater visiting this week.

Miss Winnie McDermitt is absent in Wingham on a two weeks visit.

Mr. J. L. Davis, of the Dundalk Herald, is now on the GAZETTE staff.

A postal card to Vanstone Bros. Wingham, will bring you, promptly, any information you may desire with regard to monuments.

McLaughlin & Co. are giving away a beautifully framed 18x24 in. chromo with every \$80 worth of cash trade. Read their ad.

Mr. Fred Edgar had his hand badly crushed, while hauling wood from his father's bush on Monday last. Two of the fingers were much lacerated.

Since the late soft weather there has been another freeze-up which has made the roads fairly good, and as a consequence considerable badly-needed wood has been delivered in town.

Miss Nettie McIntyre, of Seaford, who has been visiting in Mt. Forest recently, was the guest of her sister, Miss Maggie McIntyre, at the post-office here for a few days this week, returning home on Tuesday.

Mr. Thos. Young, son of the late Wm. Young, of Orange Hill, has returned from Hamilton Business College, where he passed a very successful business exam. He intends to go to Duluth shortly to take a situation.

On another page we give a report of the Grange meeting held in Gorrie last week together with the full text of Grand Master Hepinstall's address, delivered before the Grand Lodge in Toronto recently. It is an able document and well worthy of perusal.

Mr. W. Doig, jeweler, has been laid up the early part of this week. While attending to one of his horses not long ago he had his hand scratched by the teeth of the animal. Saturday the injured member swelled and became very painful when it was found that blood-poisoning had set in. Under the skill of Dr. Tuck, he is now about recovered and again able to attend to his business.

Mr. Walter Vanstone, junior member of Vanstone Bros. marble dealers, Wingham, made us a pleasant call on Monday. This firm is developing a large business in this section, and, as will be noticed by their new advertisement in another column, they are laying in heavy stocks of granite and marble so that their customers may have a large selection from which to make a choice.

Mr. Geo. F. Emerson, of Clinton, agent for the sale of musical instruments, bicycles, etc., was in town yesterday. While here he sold a beautiful "Comet" pneumatic wheel of the latest design to Dr. Tuck. Mr. E. proposes to work in this section shortly in the interests of his business, and he certainly carries with him the tact and genial suavity which presages success.

Mr. J. R. Williams has just purchased a plant of machinery for the manufacture of "Excelsior" packing, and will have it in operation in Gorrie as soon as possible. This will call for the consumption of large quantities of basswood which would otherwise be almost unsalable. Mr. Williams already has posters out announcing his intention to buy any quantity of basswood, and parties who have any of this class of timber to sell would do well to communicate with him.

The *Bruce Herald* comes to hand greatly altered and improved in appearance. It is now a six-column octavo and gotten up in a newsy and neat form.

Rev. Mr. Youmans, of Warton, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit, here and in Fordwich, on last Sabbath, and will officiate again on Sabbath next. He is a good speaker and a pleasant mannered gentleman, totally out of harmony with the "character" accorded to him by some newspapers in connection with that flag episode last summer.

Don't neglect the GAZETTE advertisements; there's always something interesting, useful and profitable for you here. This week McLaughlin & Co., have a change; W. S. Bean makes some important additions to his; Vanstone Bros., the Wingham marble men, have profitable rows to tell; Mr. J. Brethour, of Wroxeter, has something interesting to poultry fanciers, and there is a new ad. giving information concerning lands in the northern parts of Michigan. Readers of the GAZETTE could do a friendly turn to the editor, and at the same time give encouragement to the business man, by using the expression "I saw your ad. in the GAZETTE," when you go in to deal with him. Try it.

Mr. Tuck, of Mt. Forest, paid his brother, Dr. Tuck of this place, a visit on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Jas. W. Green and children returned last Friday from a seven weeks' visit in Clinton.

Mr. Geo. Knowlton is opening a general store in Gorrie. The bulk of his goods arrived last night.

The sale at Mr. S. Howard's last Thursday drew out a large crowd and the articles sold brought good prices.

If you require a monument or headstone, Vanstone Bros., Wingham, can give you the neatest thing at the lowest price.

The magic lantern exhibition on Tuesday night drew together but a very small audience. Those present spoke highly of the entertainment.

Rev. Mr. Greene delivered an illustrated temperance lecture on Sunday evening last, to a large audience. Interesting revival meetings are being conducted this week.

The Howick and Turnberry public are invited to call at our showrooms and see our great display of monuments and headstones. The finest ever shown here. VANSTONE BROS., Wingham.

Mr. Geo. Horton has been appointed deputy-warden, for Ontario, to act during the pleasure of the Ontario Board of Game and Fish Commissioners to enforce the game and fishery laws of this Province.

Miss Kinsey returned last week from Toronto, where she was attending the millinery openings, and making purchases for W. S. Bean, who is this spring making a special feature of millinery in connection with his general business.

Little Clara Clutterham, the seven-year-old grand-daughter of Mr. James McGill, formerly of Gorrie, has won a place in the World's Fair by her bright intelligence. The family now reside in Chicago and Little Clara is a pupil of Harvard School. There was a geography composition contest in Clara's class the production to be exhibited at the World's Fair. Here is what the little Canadian girl wrote and it has been selected as the best:—"Ralph is going to have a party after school. We walk north on Harvard St. one-half block to 75th St. We turn west on 75th st. and go two blocks to Eggleston Ave. Then turn north and walk one-third of a block. Ralph lives on the west side of Eggleston Ave." The handwriting is said to be marvelously pretty for one so young.

Wroxeter.

The school concert on Friday evening last drew out a large audience, and the program proved to be of the most entertaining kind. The children performed their difficult parts with great skill, while the older performers were equally pleasing. Some of the numbers were of a superior order while the tableau was simply superb. A good sum was netted.

The carnival last Thursday evening was well attended and a pleasant time was enjoyed. The following prizes were awarded:—Best dressed lady, Miss Newton Gibson; best dressed gent, Mr. Walter Green; best dressed boy, Masters Rae and Miller; best comic costume, boy, Masters H. Brown, and A. Rae. The mile race was very exciting, Mr. Jos. Barnard winning, with Mr. Jas. Thompson a close second. The exhibition of fancy skating, given by Mr. J. J. Sanders, proved a rare treat to those who saw it.

There is talk of buying a bell for the village school. We hope it may culminate in a purchase.

Mr. Jno. Martin who has been ill for some months past is not improving as well as his friends could wish, and of late he has become somewhat weaker.

After the initiation of several members last Monday evening the Brethren of Montana I.O.O.F., enjoyed a pleasant oyster supper.

The Wroxeter Spring Show will probably be held about the 11th April, although, we understand, the date is not officially fixed. A good prize list will be presented and it is to be hoped there will be good weather and a large crowd.

Mr. Jno. Brethour has some fine bred White and Brown Leghorn fowls, from which he advertises settings of eggs for sale in another column.

Mr. McKelvie will shortly take a trip to the Eastern Provinces on business connected with the Wroxeter Woolen Mill, which he has recently purchased.

Mr. Thos. Brock, who has been visiting here for several weeks past, will start shortly for Bay City, Mich., tak-

ing the family with him. He has lived here from boyhood until recently, and took a prominent place in the earlier days of base ball here. The best wishes of all go with the family in their new home.

The old Presbyterian church building has been sold to a syndicate of prominent men here and will be altered and fitted up as a concert hall. This a good move, and Wroxeter will have a long-felt want supplied, while the building has fallen into the hands of gentlemen who will exclude the baser element of entertainments.

Lakelet.

Everything is booming here.

The saw-mill is repaired, and it is expected that there will be no more interruptions henceforth. Dulmage is selling extensively and the sleigh-loads must be gathering into a small corner. Carlton is having an increase in his patrons performing work of the most intricate nature a sample of his genius being put into execution at the mill last week. Cook is building buggies, making window sashes by the score, and all those who patronize him, find him genial and prompt. Halladay's sale is attracting people from the adjacent townships, and some go away with an armful of boots and two three, and in some cases eight tickets for the concert on Thursday night.

The Patrons had a right royal day here on Saturday. The weather was all that could be desired, and most of the Patrons in the Township took advantage of it and by ten o'clock, they had a very fair crowd to transact their private business. In the afternoon the doors were thrown open and many in around our burg non-Patrons were present. The Hall was well filled by an attentive audience that listened to enthusiastic addresses by a number present. Having the misfortune to be absent, we cannot go into details but from information from some of those present we hear that Messrs. Pritchard, Winters Johnson, Montgomery, Mitchell and Woods gave rousing addresses. No doubt after the success attending this their first township meeting, and the information and better light on the question, the Lakelet band, which is at present rather weak, will have many more added to their ranks.

Notes.—Mr. Southren moved away from the place purchased by Mr. Wilson, and to-day Mr. Geo. Scott moved into the vacated house...The blacksmith who we were told made the preliminary arrangements to come here decided, and we think wisely, not to put his intentions into force, and will try some other place wherein to eke out a living...Having supplied all the old women in the township of Minto, with first-class eye-glasses, one of your villagers paid our burg a visit to-day. Judging from appearance, we should think there is quite a commission on the speaks...Mr. Rose, general shoe-maker has been in town for some weeks putting up at Mr. Geo. Horton's...The I.O. G.T. meetings are well attended now. We trust its prophesied downfall may prove groundless...Mr. and Mrs. Cook were to see relatives in Turnberry on Sunday...Mr. Sutherland, Insurance agent of the Gorrie company, was in the hamlet to-day, Mr. S. does quite a business around Lakelet...Geo. McElwain, who spent three months round here left for Manitoba on Saturday.

Redgrave.

Mrs. John Lavery was visiting friends in this vicinity on Monday of this week.

Mr. Samuel Clark, one of the oldest settlers in this vicinity is moving to Harriston this week, where he is going to live retired.

We are sorry to record this week the death of M. a. Joshua Morrell after a very short illness. She was attended by two physicians but she was beyond their skill. Mr. Morrell has the sympathy of this neighborhood in his sad affliction.

Rev. G. L. Kiernan, pastor of the Church, has moved to Fordwich.

Mr. Samuel Johnston purchased from Mr. Andrew Gammie a span of handsome colts, coming three years old, for which he paid a large sum.

The material for Mr. Scarff's new house is being laid on the ground.

Mr. Abram Bacon was down to Listowel on business this week.

The I. O. G. T. intend holding a box social on Friday evening, March 25th, at the residence of Mr. Abram Bacon, 9th con., Minto.

HOW THE OLD COLONEL FELL.

A Rocky Mountain Story of the O. P. R.

Being a Faithful Record of the Downfall of a Man with an Imagined Imagination—He Was Waxed Fat at the Expense of His Fellow Men and Was Trained from the Error of His Ways.

Old Colonel Henderson used to be a light-hearted wayfarer, but he has experienced a change of heart, and to-day he takes life most seriously. He is not a military man, having received his title from an admiring public by reason of his erect figure and his genial personality. All along the division over which he runs he is universally known and esteemed. No conductor in the employ of the C. P. R. has a larger stock of imaginative yarns, or a more numerous clientele on whom to exercise his talents. At all times and seasons he has, whenever opportunity offered, and when circumstances seemed propitious, advanced his highly interesting, but withal, grossly untruthful tales and theories on whoever would listen. The young Ontario farmer, fresh from his native home, was a favorite victim, but the colonel was suave enough and perry enough to endeavor to enlighten in his own way the man who, dressed in broadcloth and an air of annuity, reposed in the parlor car. For a long time, the boys say, the colonel escaped his just deserts. But his time came at last.

Eli Perkins was on a trip out west, on his way to Japan, over the C. P. R., and it was before Eli that the colonel fell. Mr. Perkins was telling of a religious experience, when Mr. Henderson opened the car door and swayed down the aisle. He had the old smile, and his usual air of just having been left a large fortune clung to him. "Pleasant day, gentlemen," said he to us, as he punched out tickets. "We're not doing much of a business to-day." There were but a few passengers on the train.

Eli and the conductor smiled at each other pleasantly as the train introduced. "Shake hands with Mr. Jothan Beech, of Price's Corners, Ontario, Col. Henderson," said I. He was dressed like a hayseed out on a holiday, and he will probably never lose that indefinable air of the farm which characterizes him. The colonel surveyed his paper collar, winking at eternal war with his coat in an endeavor to be unperceived, and noted his traveling store clothes, purchased to save better, his bosom heaved, and it could be seen the old passion was on him.

"Remarkable county, this Mr. Beech," he remarked hospitably, as he sidled down into the seat. "It is that, sir," returned Eli with a vigorous farmerish bob of the head. "There's nothing like it around the Corners."

"No, Jothan," continued the colonel, in an ingratiating, whole-hearted way, and as he slapped Eli's knee he added enthusiastically, "and by heavens, man, there's more to be seen right on my run than anywhere else in America."

The colonel's "run" was from Medicine Hat, out on the plains, in what is known as the "banana belt," to Donald, B. C., up in the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 364 miles. His statement regarding the sights on his division was true, for more diversified and grander scenery was not to be found anywhere.

We were pulling along the Foot hills and the mountains rose in awe-inspiring grandeur before us. There were peaks and ravines, snow capped summits, and stretches of smiling plain to be seen from our car window. And at that particular point, where the wondrous easterner is impressed into silence, his mind ready to receive the most highly colored mountain stories, the colonel's greatest triumph had been won.

"Ah, sir," said he to Eli, "I envy you your sensations. This magnificent scenery is an old story to me, but I can well remember the impression the first sight of the Rockies made on me. But would you believe it, Mr. Beech, wonderful as the mountains are, there are places and things in them fully as interesting to the newcomer?"

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, sir," began the other. The colonel wanted to be pressed. Forthwith he was Mr. Perkins.

"D'ye see that peak over there?" and Mr. Henderson pointed to a distant mountain. "Well, behind that, Mr. Beech, I have a grizzly bear farm—raise them for the market—regular side-line of mine—sounds queer doesn't it? Sorry we do not touch at the place as I'd like to show you through."

"Just herd them like y'do cattle, eh?" exclaimed Eli in well feigned wonderment. "Yes, sir, and right back of there I have a rattlesnake farm. I raise the critters for their oil 'ye see, and I find it a most profitable business. I see, it's so high up on the mountains that they don't get from them. They say frozen stiff about 11 months out of the year, and so cost very little for keeping. I consider the property well located. We'll pass within a couple of miles of the place, and just before we come to the farm we'll round the turn and see you ever saw in your life. Why, sir," and the colonel threw out his chest and shoved his cap back. "I remember on my second trip over this division my engineer who was not used to the run, stopped dead up at that place because he saw the red light of his own train right in front of him, and he thought it was another string of cars."

"By gum, I should say that was a turn," exclaimed Eli, whose open-mouthed and wild-eyed astonishment hugely delighted the railway man.

In due time he left us and the train reached Donald, where Eli was billed to lecture that night. Being the end of the colonel's run and his home, he stepped off the train to see his family for 36 hours and lay in a fresh stock of mountain stories.

At the lecture that night we saw Mr. Henderson and his family walk into the hall sharp on time, and the usher put them in the front row.

The colonel was simply dumfounded when he saw his pseudo agricultural friend on the platform. He left that something was going to happen, and in a sort of indistinct way he imagined he would be hurt when it did. But he could never desert his family to run from Eli Perkins even. He wished in a vague way that he had not tried so hard to hang Eli up for a hayseed, and silently he resolved to farswear talking at random to strangers if he got away alive.

The lecturer arose and smiled at the house. There were, perhaps, 200 people present at half a dollar a head. Notwithstanding the colonel had put up \$2, Eli never looked at him.

The first part of the lecture dealt with the general aspects of religion as applied to travelling men and conductors. From that by easy stages, Mr. Perkins drifted to a dissertation on the magnificent scenery and vast area of the North-west and British Columbia. It was a subject the audience could appreciate and the lecturer was ap-

plauded at every turn. The colonel was feeling easier and had about concluded the spurious Beech had forgiven him.

"A country of magnificent distances!" bawled Eli. "Where is there the equal of it? Everything is on the same grand scale, and man's handiwork here is in keeping with that of the creator. (Applause.) Look at that stupendous work, the C. P. R. (Cheers.) No wonder on this earth is there its equal. (Renewed cheers.) Among human undertakings I say it stands first."

"That's so," from the colonel, who was growing enthusiastic. "Everything in connection with that road is on the same magnificent scale. Consider the runs of some of the conductors, for instance. (Applause.) Now from here to Medicine Hat, the other end of the division to the east is—ah—is—let me see—is—"

And here the colonel fell. "Three hundred and sixty-four miles, he prompted in a loud voice, feeling it would be wrong to keep silent when a man he had so wronged was in deep distress. For the first time the lecturer took notice of the platform warden, pointing a long bony finger at him, he transferred his stare and said in an aggrieved tone: "Now, look here, you, I don't know who you are, and I don't want to, but I wish you to understand that you can't come here and disturb my meeting. If you wish to lecture, come up on the platform. If you don't, keep quiet. 'While I'm up here I'll do the talking. I've been keeping my eye on you for some time, and I'll have you understand that you can't act here as you please. Now, keep quiet or I'll have you put out. I don't wish to have to warn you again.'"

Is it necessary to tell more? The colonel does not know how he lived through the lecture, and the first thing he remembers afterwards was taking a drink with the man from the east. To-day, as has been intimated, he's a changed man.

TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An Attempt to Overrule British Authority.

A Zanzibar despatch says—Albin Said, Sultan of Zanzibar, is dead. As soon as his death was known his son Kalid gained admittance to the palace by a back entrance, evidently with the intention of claiming the throne in defiance of British authority. Kalid caused the preparations to be barred and made preparations to defend himself in the structure, which, besides being the finest residence in Zanzibar, is also very strongly built for defence. Gen. Matthews, acting in the absence of Sir G. A. Portal, now on his way to examine the situation in that country, took a prompt and vigorous course. Proceeding to the palace with a strong force of troops he demanded that the gate be opened, as otherwise the place would be carried by storm if necessary. Kalid was dismayed by the resolute attitude of the British, who were supported by the native authorities generally, and saw no prospect of success if he should challenge conflict. Many of the natives sympathized with Kalid on account of British opposition to the slave trade and for other reasons, but they did not dare to come out openly in defiance of the British. Kalid and those who had acted with him concluded to yield, and the doors of the palace were thrown open and the throne of the late Sultan was restored to the British, and proclaimed by the British authorities as Sultan, and at once installed in authority under the British protectorate.

Hamid Bin Thwain is a son of a deceased brother of the late Sultan and was heir to the throne according to Mohammedan law as recognized in Zanzibar, and the effort of Kalid to seize the throne was, therefore, an attempt at usurpation. Gen. Matthews remains president of the council under Hamid, being the same place he held under the late Sultan Ali.

Peace has been maintained without a breach through the prompt and vigorous action of the British. The British, it appears, were waiting for the Sultan's death, as they anticipated trouble, and immediately upon the Sultan breathing his last, at 10 minutes before 3 o'clock in the morning, marines were landed from Her Majesty's ship of war Phlomee and seized the entrances to the palace and compelled Kalid to yield to British authority. The native police, kept on order in the native quarter and prevented any display of insubordination.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Cradle of the Human Race Located in All Sorts of Old World Places.

The true site of the Garden of Eden has been the subject of almost endless controversy. The Old World has been gone over by the theologians and antiquaries in a vain search for its most probable location. From China to the Canary Islands and from the Mountains of the Moon to the coast of the Baltic, each country has been the subject of careful search. Every spot in Europe, Asia and Africa that could possibly be the place designated in the first chapter of the Genesis has been examined, and yet no place has been found that corresponds even in the slightest degree with the scriptural account of the first abode of the progenitors of the human race. One of the most ancient opinions, that given by Josephus, is that it was in the country which lies between the Ganges and the Nile. This view imagines Eden as being a very widely extended country, embracing all that vast territory which is bounded on the east by the Indus and on the west by Egypt's great water course. As the "Garden" is said to have been "to the eastward in Eden," Josephus places it definitely in the valley of Euphrates. Von Hammer, the famous orient scholar, places it in Bactria; others locate it in Babylonia, Tigris. Captain Wilford, a profound student of Eastern antiquities, has labored for years to locate Eden in Babilonia, south of the vale of Cashmere. Many oriental sects believe it was on the Island of Ceylon, while the Greeks place it at Beth Eden on Lebanon. Lastly, many eminent scholars regard the whole story as being a gigantic myth.

The Only Chance He Had.

Mrs. McCordle—"It strikes me that it is awfully disagreeable for you to talk in your sleep every night."

McCordle—"I agree with you, my dear, but I have to improve my opportunity, you know."

If I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, then I feel that I have walked with God.

POETRY.

Sorrow.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
God's courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to leave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No claim; be patient; to usury thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; not give
Of mortal torment to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should
be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to com-
mend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts
lasting to the end.

The Mother's Prayer.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A mother's holy arm caressed
A babe that lay upon her breast:
Then thus to heaven she cried in prayer:
"O God, who hast thyself made me a mother,
O God, who hast thyself made me a mother,
As free from any spot of sin."

From heaven the Lord an answer made:
Behold, I grant as thou hast prayed:
Within the door the darkness crept,
The babe's heart and bowels were slept,
The befitting raiment of his soul,
The watchman answered, "All is well."

Awaking at the cradle side
The mother knew the babe had died.
With a grief to set a woman wild
She sought to kiss the marble child
Until her heart against hisown
Was broken, beating on a stone.

"O God," she cried in her despair,
"Why hast Thou mocked the mother's prayer?"
"Thou prayest, O woman, as I would,
If on the earth his soul remain,
His soul shall gather many a stain."

"At Thy behest I reach my hand
To lift him to the heavenly land."
The mother heard and bowed her head,
And laid her cheek against the dead.
And cried, "O God!—I dare not pray—
Thou answerest in such a strange way!"

In shadow of a taper's light,
She sat and wept the living night,
But when the morning brought the sun,
She prayed, "Thy will, O God, be done!"

To Those Who Fail.

Courage, brave heart, nor in thy purpose falter;
Go and win the fight at any cost.
Though sick and weary after heavy conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Through sun and storm, with courage all un-
bowed,
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest diamonds in the darkest mine,
And through the very blackest hour of mid-
night
The stars of hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! Press on! The path is steep and
dark,
And storm clouds almost hide hope's light
from view;
But you may pass where other feet have trod-
den:
A few more steps may bring you safely
through.

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors;
Thy patient toil each difficulty past,
Thy heart may see those days of bitter failure
But spurred you on to greater deeds at last.
—[Chambers' Journal.]

Jack Chiddy.

Brave Jack Chiddy—oh, well you may sneer,
For mine isn't one that sounds nice in the
ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds
are best;
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a
talk
Hic! hears upon railway-men and the rail,
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
You'll see it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there, you are smiling again
at
me, but I think I own is both common and
plain—
Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with his
Year in and year out, on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
but to see that both lines were in gauge and
range:
Fasten a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may
say at times in a moment before our eyes,
Or right from our side ere we know it, and
The work of a giant, and pass from our view.
But the story, you say; Well! I'm coming to
that.
Though I wander a little—now where was I
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and
clear,
The mouth of the Bressington tunnel from
here?
You see it? Well right on the bank at the
top.
When stacking some blocks, all at once, down
a slope,
A huge job of stone from the rest shoved its
way,
And fell down on the up line of metal and
iron.

SAVED BY A BLAZER.

A Gaudy Tennis Jacket Aves Belligerent Cannibals.

E. J. Glave, the African traveller, writes:—In 1886, when leaving England for a three years' journey in Africa, I had among my extensive outfit a flannel jacket, gaudily colored in bold yellow and black stripes, two inches wide. I packed this away in the bottom of a trunk, deciding to reserve it for the far interior, feeling certain that my dusky friends there would be deeply impressed by the dazzling garment.

A few months later I was journeying in a small steamer on the upper waters of the Congo River, visiting all the native settlements on my way. Upon nearing the large populous village of Lulungu I resolved to wear my brightly striped jacket. I had imagined that my brilliant appearance would create a great deal of interest, but I had not expected to fascinate the whole tribe into a state of bewilderment. My arrival arrested all occupation in the village street and but were deserted, and an admiring crowd scurried to the beach and grouped themselves around me in a huddled mass.

Some of them, spell bound, stared and gaped at me without saying a word; others more bold expressed their wonderment in uttering whistles; neither fiery comet nor moonday eclipse could have held this savage audience more thoroughly bewitched; bearded warriors with arms and chests scarred by many a sabre blow; women clutching their startled babies, and a host of children watching my every movement. As I moved toward the village the dusky crowd followed, and bore me company everywhere I went.

In support of the respect and homage thus voluntarily extended to me I informed the chief "N'gai" that in the white man's land (Mputu) none but the biggest of chiefs were permitted to wear such gorgeous attire; with all the dignity and importance which I could summon to my aid I endeavored to convince him that the true sign of office of presidents and crowned heads was such yellow and black striped cloth.

The chief of Lulungu responded to the honor of my visit by bringing to me presents of goats, fowls, eggs, pine-apples and bananas, and in return I gave him some cotton cloth, beads, brass wire, and metal trinkets.

At night groups of dancers, young and old, loudly sang the praises of the distinguished visitor with the colored cloth. The natives in this part of the world are exceedingly fond of bright colored cloth, but in those early days of the Congo exploration such fabric was scarce, and these people had to be content with the color and texture; so they smeared their bodies with "ngula," a mixture of red powder and oil. The chief of this over any other idea of decoration. With such notions of good form they had no hesitation about jostling around me and smudging my precious coat till its attractive stripes threatened to become lost beneath the oily "ngula."

I remained at Lulungu only one night the next morning I steamed away up stream; my striped coat had proved a brilliant passport to the best society of Lulungu and had been the means of establishing a fine friendship with the natives. My arrival in that gorgeous garments, I have no doubt, is still fresh in the minds of the villagers, who, having no written language store in their memories such events and hand them down from generation to generation as tribal history.

I felt very sorry that my stylish garment was besmeared, for I dreaded the shaming consequences of washing it; however, I handed it over to my native servant, Isambi, with instructions to scrub off the "ngula" as good as new, except, as I had suspected, it was greatly diminished in size; the sleeves now fitted my arm like a silken cover on an umbrella, and reached just below the elbows; the pockets had climbed up near the collar, and the waist clung tightly around my chest—but it still had its attractive colors. I folded the precious garment carefully, and stood it away, to be produced again only when some event of sufficient importance should demand it.

SAVED BY THE GORGEOUS GARMENT.

Very soon after this I had command of an expedition up the Oubangui, a river people, cannibals savage and warlike, and during this journey I was stubbornly attacked. Monster was a canoe, loaded to the gunwale with stalwart warriors, shot out from the river bank and wheeled into my slow-moving little stern-wheeler, threatening force; spears were brandished and bow-strings tightened, and a fight seemed unavoidable, my crew crouched low with loaded rifles, ready with a deadly response to the challenging spear fight. We were surrounded by ever increasing numbers of Derivative laughter and boastful threats of eating myself and crew answered all my expressions of peace. I held up opton stuff and beads and metal ornaments and promised to change those things for ivory and provisions, and I told them with all the emphasis at my command that I sought peace and not war, but that if they commenced the attack I should fire on them.

However, my demonstration this far did not impress them, and it suddenly occurred to me to try my bright colored coat as an introduction into their good graces. I hastily unrolled the garment, and proceeded to squeeze myself into it. The effect was magical. A roar of astonishment greeted with loud voices my command that I sought peace and not war, but that if they commenced the attack I should fire on them.

My changed attire, and the weapons, pointed in anger a second before, were lowered as tokens of peace. Ashore and afloat my dazzling garment won the cannibal hearts. I was invited forthwith to put into the beach and visit the chief, Ndisi. This old fellow was much affected by my coat, though he at first rather deplored its stinted proportions, but I explained as well as I could that the texture out of which it was made was of so costly a character as to admit of no unnecessary material being employed. He was most anxious to possess this garment, and after a great deal of haggling I sold it to him for a tusk of ivory, and never a prouder chief strutted about an African village than did old Ndisi dressed in the gaudy tennis coat.

"I try to love my neighbor," said Mr. Meekins, as he gazed disconsolately out into the rain. "But it's a hard thing for a man who pays cash for his umbrellas to do."

Every boy has an idea that if his father had lived at the right time he could have thrashed Goliath.

TAMING WILD ELEPHANTS.

Novel Method of Capturing the Animals in Indo-China.

Dr. C. W. Rosset, the traveller and explorer, who is well known for his contributions to ethnography, is now in this country. He was long in the service of Gen. Gordon in the Egyptian Soudan, and of late years he has been exploring in the virgin field between Annam and the great Mekong River, where he has brought to light four tribes whose existence was barely known before he made them a study. Dr. Rosset contributes this account of wild elephant capturing as practised by one of these tribes in Indo-China:

"The Benongs live about midway between the Mekong River and the Annamite coast in mountainous, wooded regions. They hunt the elephant to obtain ivory and also to capture and tame the young animals. A great deal has been written about elephant hunting. But nothing, I believe, about the method of the Benongs, among whom I was able to visit on March 30, 1891. I was in the Benong village of Pampia, making ethnological collections, and treating many sick animals. About that time a Cambodian mandarin arrived for elephant hunting. Although the natives protested that the presence of a Christian might render the hunt unsuccessful, the Cambodian, influenced no doubt by some presents I made him, at last consented to my participating in the hunt.

"Tenaged and completely tamed elephants were loaded with the implements for capturing their wild relations and with baskets of provisions. An adequate number of men were got together. We then started for a region where wild elephants are numerous. Our animals moved along in Indian file, and the finest of the lot, on which the mandarin and I were seated, brought up the way for us, which they did by breaking off the branches of trees with their trunks. On we went over hill and dale and rivers until we found a fresh elephant trail, recognizable by the recent breaking off of branches and the trodden herbage.

A halt was made. The animals were unshackled and the baggage was taken off and left in charge of a number of men. There was nothing left on the elephants except a cane about the thickness of a finger, which was wound round their bodies to give the riders some hold during the violent and irregular motions of the animals. It was only with difficulty that I could prevail upon my elephant riders to allow me to take with me my rifles. Wrapped up in ox hides, these rifles were fastened to the elephant's side.

"Each elephant was ridden by two men. One who was called the capturer, rode on its back. The other man was the guide, and he sat right behind the neck of the animal. The capturer had a long bamboo stick which reached to the ground, and a loop made of twisted coon fibre. This loop was attached to a long line made of hide, and held by the capturer at about the middle and by the guide at its other end.

"We advanced with all speed on the trail. Every moment I was in danger of being hurled to the ground by the branches of trees. The capturers, the guides, and the mandarin knew how to keep out of the way of danger. Often I saw our guide lie down flat behind the neck of his animal, and the capturer take hold of its tail and ride on the haunches of the elephant so as not to be soaped off. I expected every moment to be knocked to the ground. I managed to keep my seat, however, and at last we reached an open, where we found about twenty wild elephants, young and old, which gave vent to their surprise and fright by violent trumpeting.

"We rode with the utmost speed right into the herd. The guides, in order to spur their animals to the utmost speed, struck them upon the neck with the butt of their spears, which drew blood. The purpose was to separate one of the young elephants from the herd. I wish to say here that wild elephants in fighting with tame ones are no cowards, but they behave with the greatest caution, because they seem to be aware of the superiority of opponents guided by men. We soon succeeded in separating one of the young animals from the herd, and immediately several of our tame elephants tried to separate themselves by pushing in between them. The mandarin tried to defend herself by blows with her trunk, which, however, our men knew how to avoid. At last we succeeded in separating the two animals.

"The capturers, who stood upright on the backs of their elephants, now tried to drag so that the feet of the young animal, which was running about in a frightened manner, should be entangled. One of the capturers succeeded. The right hind leg of the youngster was caught. The line was tightly held by both the capturer and the guide. The young elephant felt his danger and tried to flee. While the greater part of the men tried to keep the herd in check, the rest devoted themselves to completely securing the captured beast. The fettered captive, followed by the lucky capturer on his elephant, plunged to the right and left. Then it was hunted about in a circle until it was surrounded by quite exhausted. The servants cautiously creeping from the ground, and animals, fettered with hide thongs attached to their capturing implements the legs of the broken-down creature, and made the thongs fast to the trunks of trees, so that the captive could no longer budge.

"The animal was kept in that position for several days. The first day it had nothing to eat or drink. On the third day a few morsels of food were given to it, and it began to become docile. Then it allowed itself to be led by its tame companions, which tried to console it by caressing it with their trunks. On the eighth day of its captivity the youngster was so far tamed that it could approach its capturers.

"From this description it might appear that the elephant of Indo-China is a harmless animal. This is not the case. When irritated by a wound it becomes very dangerous, especially to white men. While the elephant of India takes to flight at the first shout, if its wound is not mortal, the Indo-China animal at once attacks the hunter. I should, if I were to describe this sort of right after the hunt I have described.

"I wanted to show the Cambodians what a European hunter can do, and I therefore requested the mandarin to allow me to try a shot at the wild herd, which meantime had retired into the forest. Only after my repeated assurances that I should not hold him responsible for the consequences the mandarin gave his consent. I took my rifle and some ammunition, got ready for firing, and ordered my Cambodian servant to follow me at a distance with my reserve double-barrelled rifle. Entering the forest, I saw three elephants standing in front of me. I looked round for my servant, but he was nowhere to be seen. A full-grown female elephant, followed by a young one, rushed

TOWARD ME WITH UPLIFTED TRUNK AND FEROCIOUS TRUMPETING.

I had no time to spare to take good aim, and so I fired into the open mouth of the beast. The tremendous recoil of my gun threw me to the ground, and at the same moment I heard my servant fire twice. "I quickly raised myself, but was unable on account of the smoke of my gun to see the elephant. Then I suddenly felt something graze my face, and I was hurled a distance of several yards, and lost consciousness. When I recovered the Cambodians stood around me. They had thought that I was dead. My clothes were sprinkled with blood, and in my upper jaw I was convinced that there was something wrong. I found that several teeth had been knocked out. The elephant had knocked them out with my trunk, and had disappeared. Three balls had not killed her. A ball entered through the temple or the eye.

"As the elephant has been seen and heard, a European needs long experience before he can hunt the animal successfully. The native, who creeps noiselessly in his Annamite costume, has, in spite of his inferior weapons, a better chance of success than a European with his creaking boots and his loaded rifle. The Benongs kill elephants with poisoned arrows, which, although they cannot penetrate the thick parts, may inflict a deadly wound in softer parts, as the trunk. In such places the poisonous substance, prepared from extracts of herbs, acts so violently that the animal often dies within ten minutes."

The Highest Railroad in the World.

The highest point attained by a railroad in the United States is in the Rocky Mountains, at a point 9,277 feet above the sea. Trains on the Callao-Oroya line in Peru are now ascending to a height as far above this great elevation as the total height of Mount Washington. In other words, when a train on the Oroya line enters the Galera tunnel to cross from the western to the eastern slope of the Cordillera it is more than a mile higher above the sea than the loftiest bit of railroad track in this country. Some stretches of track in Mexico are also higher than any railroad in the United States.

At present the Galera tunnel is the highest elevation attained by any railroad in the world. Some months ago it was reported that this wonderful Oroya railroad had at last crossed the Andes. It was on Sept. 28 last that the first train from Callao passed through the tunnel to the eastern side of the mountains. Twenty years elapsed after the line was started at the sea before the Cordillera were conquered, and trains have scarcely a foot of level grade for 106 miles until they pull into the Galera tunnel, 15,638 feet above the sea, and emerge upon the eastern face of the Andes.

If this were not the loftiest tunnel in the world it would still be conspicuous as a specimen of railroad construction. It was 28 feet above the level of the Atlantic, and a train happens to stop in the tunnel, passengers can hear water on the vaulted roof pattering on the car tops. The melting snow that crowns the mountain summits above it filters through to the excavation. Two channels are cut in the rock to carry the water out of the tunnel. One of them leads to the head stream of an Amazon tributary and the other to the Pacific. It is doubtful if any other railroad for general traffic will ever be carried to so great an elevation. The surveys for the Pan-American Railroad do not thus far indicate elevations at all approaching that of the Oroya line. It will be necessary here and there to pass from one range to another separated by mountain ranges, and the highest points along the line will not be over 7,000 feet above the sea, if the results of the preliminary surveys hold good.

South America will always beat the rest of the world in elevated railroads. The South Peruvian line from Mollendo to Lake Titicaca attains a height of 14,641 feet, only 997 feet lower than the Galera tunnel. The remarkable Chilean Railroad, now being completed, which, starting at Antofagasta, runs hundreds of miles northeast into Bolivia, has its highest point at Carcoto, 12,008 feet above the sea; and it is a noteworthy coincidence that the Trans-South American line from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso is also said to be just 12,000 feet above the sea at its highest point. These results have been obtained by triangulation, but for ordinary purposes it may be as well to lop off the extra feet above 12,000, just as some geographers do in the case of Mt. Everest. They say that the figure 29,004 feet given, as the height of this highest of mountains, implies a refinement of accuracy in measurement which it is not entitled.

JEALOUSY AMONG SAVAGES.

How an African King Seeks to Preserve His Family Honor.

The green-eyed monster has a very firm hold upon the king of Mossi. Capt. Binger, who has recently seen him, says that this peculiar African prince is perpetually unhappy over the thought that one or another of his wives may deceive him. Unfortunately he is not able in his huts of straw to sequester the ladies as in ordinary households so effectively as is done in ordinary households, and he has therefore resorted to extraordinary measures to preserve the fair name of his family.

Capt. Binger says that this gallant potentate shaves the heads of his wives, tattoos their faces after a fashion that is not popular in his land, and the more repulsive he makes them appear to others the better he likes them. His methods seem well calculated to scare away unprincipled persons who otherwise might aspire to steal the affections of the royal ladies. We may well believe Capt. Binger when he says that the princesses of Mossi are the ugliest women in the land.

Less than twenty miles east of the Panama railroad, along the Gulf of San Blas, live a tribe of Indians who seem to be as fitly and sanely jealous as the ruler of Mossi. The captain of the port of Colon has recently reported to the Colombian minister of finance that these Indians will not permit any foreigner to sleep in their villages, and it is one of their laws that should they be attacked and in danger of losing their lands they must kill all the women to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy, and the captain adds that they probably would resort to this extreme measure if an attempt were made to seize their territory.

Neither missionaries nor reformers of any sort have yet invaded these dark and neglected places.

Marley—"I don't see much in Miss Fleigh to admire." Marie—"Well it's not her fault. She has shown you all of her that she dares!"

Gus de Smith—"I assure you, Miss Fanny, that Cupid's darts has never yet penetrated my heart." Miss Fanny—"Perhaps you wear corsets, Mr. de Smith."

A little boy was asked last Monday what the Sunday school text was. He answered, "Many Ares Cold, but few are frozen."

PERSONALS.

W. S. Cain, M.P., presided at a recent temperance meeting in London and W. E. Abel made the address. There was no disturbance.

Mrs. Langtry and the Duchess of Montrose have joined John Strange Winter's No-Crime League. The league now numbers over 11,000 members.

Mr. Olney, who is to be Mr. Cleveland's Attorney General, is a six-foot and weighs over 200 pounds. He was attorney for several railroads and his practice is said to have been worth \$50,000 a year.

David H. Smith, son of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, has been an inmate of the asylum for the insane at Elgin for seventeen years. He was a brilliant man, and has written a book of poems and one of psalms, the latter being now in use.

Queen Victoria, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice will each contribute at least one original literary work to the women's exhibition at the World's Fair. The Queen's contribution will comprise copies of the "Leaves" and "More Leaves" from her Majesty's diary in the Highlands.

Rudyard Kipling's father expresses the opinion that one of the best pieces of work his son has done, a sketch that is "absolutely photographic in its distinctness," is the "City of Dreadful Night." "On a hot night," says Kipling here, "there is no more fearful place in the world than Lathore. It is hell with the lid on."

Emperor William lately sent one of his photographs to Baron von Lathore, for the newly Minister of Justice, on which was inscribed "Nemo me impunee laesit"—("No man wounds me with impunity"), which, he may not be aware, is the motto of Scotland. It also recalls the one suggested for the rich tobaccoist who wanted a motto for his carriage: "Quid ridetis?"

The Italian Princess Ciovacro, daughter of Lorillard Spencer of New York, not long ago received a letter at her villa near Lugano, Switzerland, saying that if \$3,000 were not deposited in a certain bank by a fixed time her villa would be blown up. She handed the letter to the police, who, by pretending to comply with the demand, caught the writer, a young man, who admitted that he was driven to the attempt by his intense desire to come and see the Fair at Chicago.

Gelert in India.

The Banjaras occasionally keep dogs, and it was, we believe, a Banjara dog which gave rise to the Berchert legend of India. The story comes from at least half a dozen different parts of India, the substance being identical, though the localities differ. This is how it runs:

"Once upon a time a poor man owed a large sum of money to a Banjara, and as he could pay nothing, the Banjara came to seize his property, but found that he had a dog. 'Well,' said the Banjara, 'since you have nothing else, I will take the dog; he will help to watch my house.' So the poor man took a tender farewell of his four-footed friend, with many injunctions to serve his new master faithfully and never to attempt to run home. Some time after the dog got to his new home thieves broke into the house and took all they could find. Though the dog barked as loudly as he could, yet the Banjara moved on peacefully, so, seeing the thieves, disappearing with their booty, he followed them and saw them hiding their treasure in holes dug in the dry bed of a nala. He then ran home and never stopped barking until his master woke up. The Banjara was frantic with grief on discovering his loss, and was about to wreak his vengeance on the dog, but, attracted by his strange behavior, he determined to watch him instead. The dog at once led the way to the nala, and began scratching at the hole, and very soon the stolen wealth was again in possession of its lawful owner. The Banjara's delight on recovering his property was so great that he wrote on a paper, 'Your dog has paid your debt,' and fastening this to the dog's collar, he led him return to his old master, and the faithful dog, full of joy, trotted off as hard as he could go. His old master, as it happened, just about this time began to long for a sight of his dog, and determined to go and see how he was getting on. When half on his journey he saw the dog running toward him. He drew his sword and awaited his approach, and as the dog, with a little whimper of joy, sprang forward to caress him, he cut off his head with the sword, crying out: 'Thou disobedient dog! Pay the penalty of deserting thy post. Then too late he saw the note attached to his dead friend's neck, and was seized with such remorse that he fell upon his sword and died. The man and dog are buried in one grave, and any one travelling to Haiderabad may still see the grave by the roadside.

A Curious Fisherman.

I must let him tell you his own story. He says:—I neither used rod, line, nor hook, and when I went on my fishing excursions I was obliged to wear a funny dress. On my body a loose water-proof suit, on my head a brass helmet in which were three big glass eyes, on my feet boots with leaden shoes. There was also a heavy piece of lead on my chest, another on my back. This was what is called a diver's dress, for fish for pearl oysters. At the back of my helmet is screwed a rubber pipe, and through this is pumped fresh air all the time to keep me alive. Around my waist a rope is tied, called the life-line, it is used to pull me up out of the water with. Dressed up in this finery I step over the boat's side; splash, the water closes above me, I see it getting greener and greener, then my feet touch the bottom. Now I am in the mysterious place where people used to say the mermaids lived, so bright, so beautiful, so interesting. The fish down here, this is a tropical region, seem to be trying to outdo each other in point of gaudy coloring. It is quite common to see a little fish not more than six inches in length marked distinctly with every one of the seven colors. I caught one once that had a yellow head, blue eyes, red back a white body, green fins, a black stripe along its sides, and white spots on its tail. I once had a little baby shark follow me round for several days. It was only about two feet long, and not to be feared. It would lie under the boat while I was out of the water, and it would go down with me and keep me company.

IN VOGUE.

Patterns in chalcies are of smaller designs. Small slippers soon stretch out of shape and are losing favor. Long, white, undressed kid gloves "go" with evening dresses. Black satin slippers and black stockings make the foot appear smaller. Newest capes for now and Spring—Duchess of Guise, with fancy puffed-overcap and collar edged with fur. In Scotch slippers solid colors.

HE WOULD NOT LEAVE THE COCONUT TREE AND DEFIED A SERGEANT.

It is the custom in the British Army that whenever a regiment is transferred from one colony to another prisoners who may be in the jail are handed over to the outgoing corps and continue their sentences at the new station. In one case one of these jail-birds made up his mind that he would not leave the colony.

Private Johnson was one of the smartest men in the corps, and further more he was an excellent groom and almost "opordon bleu." He had one sad failing. He was a thief. His peculations had, however, been generally small, and he had escaped serious punishment. One night a large store in the town was broken into and a considerable amount of money stolen. It was conclusively proved that Johnson was the thief and he was sent to jail. When the regiment was leaving the colony Johnson, with some other soldier prisoners, was to be handed over according to custom. When, however, his cell was visited it was empty and there was not a sign of Johnson anywhere. A search was made in every direction, and at last a prisoner pointed to a cocoanut tree which grew in the middle of the prison-yard, and there, comfortably seated among the tree leaves, was Johnson. The warden at first tried to get the man down by quiet persuasion, then he threatened, then stormed and swore. Johnson laughed contentedly at every mood, but did not move. The fact was reported to the Colonial Secretary, who recommended that the fire-engine be called out and the man washed down. The chief of the fire department hardly thought it was consonant with his dignity to wash a prisoner out of a cocoanut tree, and reported that there was not pressure of water enough to get a stream to the top of the tree. This was probably true, for the tree was a tall one.

The case was again referred to the Colonial Secretary, who took it before the Governor. His Excellency was having luncheon with some of the departing officers and their friends and was having a good time. He was vexed that at such a time he should be troubled with official work, as he was hastily glancing over the document he added the following instructions: "Cut the damned fellow down. I mean the tree."

This could only be done by the engineering department, so orders were sent out to find the chief engineer. While all this was going on, time was slipping away. At last all the troops were on board the troopship, and as these vessels wait for no one the escort which had been sent to bring Johnson down to the ship had to hurry off not to be late itself. Johnson bellowed a farewell, and despite the strong language of the warden, still laughed and did not move. Before the engineer department had come to a conclusion as to how to cut down the tree and lower it, the troop ship had departed, and was steaming out of the harbor. Then Johnson climbed down the tree and finished his sentence on the island, to which he had taken such a fancy. His conviction had carried with it his "discharge with ignominy." He settled in the island and was soon in easy circumstances. He had undoubtedly hidden his stolen property, and after his release dug it up and started in business. When Johnson was last seen he was flourishing and had a large cocoanut grove around his cottage.

How to Reach Success.

Why do some men succeed in business and some fail? There are many things that go to make success or failure. We will discuss the discussion of lack of capital or of experience, with which no man should go into any sort of enterprise, and suppose that a man has learned the primary details of his business, and has a fair amount of capital to start with. We will also suppose that he has found a suitable field for his operations. How shall he succeed? We will at this time lay down one rule. He must attend to his own business. A beginner had better always set out at a moderate pace—not too far from shore at first. He must then give personal attention to every detail of his business. He must be very careful that he knows the value of everything that comes into his store; that he has not paid for it more than the fair market price, and that his competitor is not able to undersell him. He must know that every bill of goods sold is to bring a fair margin of profit into his till, and he must pay special attention to the matter of giving credit. Where a bad debt is made, first cost of hanging and profit, all go, and set a man far back on the road toward success. It takes many good sales to make up for one bad one. Retail merchants too often do not pay sufficient attention to small details. The wholesaler makes his profit in large transactions, where the margin of profit is so small that the slightest mistake may put the balance on the wrong side of the ledger. The retailer makes such small sales that he will run behind unless he carefully figures his freight, straggle, rent, help, interest and risks as part of what he adds to the price paid the wholesaler. He must also be careful that he gets full weight for his money. The jobber sells by the package and need not be watchful of these matters, but the retailer has to break bulk, and if the package weighs fifty pounds, with a tare of ten pounds allowed, while there are only thirty-five pounds net weight of goods, the retailer will make nothing on that. He must see that he gets the fair weight, and then see that he does not give more than fair weight. A cracker here, or a handful of coffee there may seem to make no difference, but in a year the loss means all the difference between success and failure. The merchant who does not give personal and unremitting attention to all these details will not succeed.

The Right Kind of Wheat.

A grain dealer has written a farmers' paper in the west as follows: "Much comment is made regarding the low price many farmers are receiving this year for their wheat. Allow me to say the reason is chiefly because farmers follow every 'will of the wisp' that appears referring to seed. One year it is Ladoga; another Blue Stem, then White Eye, and after two or three years of disaster they come back to what they should never have left, viz., Red Eye. This year many farmers are losing from five to ten cents a bushel on account of having sold White Eye. New York exporters call it rice wheat; while some who were foolish enough to sow Ladoga are losing even more. The staple as well as desirable wheat on which our reputation was made is Red Eye, and any agricultural college or newspaper that advises anything else does incalculable damage. As one acquainted, both with its yielding as well as its milling qualities, I caution farmers against White Eye and Ladoga especially. Hanging pockets of every conceivable design are suspended from the girdle on the right side as receptacles for handkerchiefs.

ASSOCIATION MUTUAL PRINCIPLES

Record of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

E. B. Harper, President.

Sixty Millions of New Business in 1892

Death claims paid in 1892, \$2,705,000.00 Total death claims paid, \$1,903,000.00 Reserve or Emergency fund, \$3,371,303.59

W. J. McMurtry, Manager for Ontario, Mail Buildings, Toronto.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association held its two-fifth annual meeting in New York on Wednesday the 25th of June in the business offices of the institution in the Post Building, and the gathering was one of the largest in the history of the association. The report also was of a highly satisfactory character, showing as they did that progress had been made in every department.

When the call for the meeting had been read President Harper arose to deliver his annual report, and he was warmly applauded by those present.

President Harper's report was for the year ended Dec. 31, and showed that the business of the association had increased from \$7,633,000 in 1881 to \$236,421,700 in 1892, and the cash and invested assets from \$6,024 to \$3,630,000. The report was as follows:

"We have increased our gross assets during the year 1892 from \$4,319,292.93 to \$4,785,288.08, making a net gain of \$465,995.15.

"We have increased our reserve or surplus emergency fund with the past year from \$2,155,820.94 to \$3,371,303.59, making a net increase of \$1,215,482.65.

"The income during the year 1892 from all sources amounted to \$4,097,343.00, against an income of \$3,704,126.41 for the year 1891, making a net increase for the year of \$393,216.59.

"For the year 1892 we have paid in death claims to widows, orphans and dependents of deceased members \$2,705,000.00, while our disbursements for death claims in 1891 were \$2,230,100.00. The increase of disbursements to the widows and orphans over the previous year of \$474,900.00, and making in grand total of death claims during the year \$2,705,000.00, being an average yearly disbursement to the widows, orphans and dependents of our deceased members of nearly \$1,200,000.00, while at the close of the year we had in our reserve emergency fund \$3,371,303.59, or one-half of the total amount of our disbursements for the year 1892.

Special attention was directed to the fact which illustrates the great economic principles underlying the system of the Mutual Reserve, that the total gross mortality premiums paid by the members for the year 1892 were \$1,740,825.00. Of this sum, \$216,000 were added to the reserve or emergency fund, while the amount paid to the widows and orphans exceeded \$2,000,000.00, or one and a half times the amount of the total mortality premiums paid by the members for the year 1892.

Equally interesting to the members of the association were the reports received from Hon. Henry J. Reimund, second vice-president, and ex-superintendent of the insurance department of Ohio, John W. Vrooman, treasurer, O. D. Baldwin, chairman of the death claims department, Frederick A. Burnham, counsel of the association, and the secretary, Mr. F. T. Braman.

The following gentlemen were voted a personal testimonial by the board of directors of the association for the faithfulness, devotion and loyalty which they displayed in behalf of the association in all their business transactions:

E. M. Castille, New York City. T. H. Jones, Atlanta, Ga. W. J. McMurtry, Toronto, Canada. G. J. Sanders, Kansas City, Mo. E. M. Acevedo, Havana, Cuba. A. R. McNichol, Lansing, Mich. C. M. C. Wolfson, New Orleans, La. W. J. Murray, Brooklyn, Canada. J. R. Rooney, Birmingham, Warwick, England.

After the announcement of the names of the personal witnesses the speaking began. A number of ringing addresses were made by Hon. Henry J. Lamb of Lancasterburg, Gen. I. H. Shields of U. S. Cavalry, and Deputy-Treas. Province of Ontario. We here will give a synopsis of Mr. Cameron's speech.

After a few preliminary remarks he said that he had been much impressed with the openness with which everything was being done in the fullness of the information afforded to policy holders and members, with the enthusiasm displayed, and with the wonderful growth of the year Canada contribution of \$200,000 a day for each of the 360 working days of the year, and the contemplation of the fact that the members some of the idea of the enormous labor entailed upon the management in attending promptly to every claim, and the results achieved in the Dominion are especially gratifying. Of the \$16,500,000 of foreign business obtained during the year Canada contributed \$4,500,000, or nearly one-third of the whole, and amount exceeding that written by any of our Home Companies. The Mutual Reserve of Canada a large amount of insurance than any other Home Company. He considered that these results have been achieved by the Mutual Reserve with its ordinary staff of agents, while the Home Companies have had the prestige and advantage of magnificent Headquarters with influential boards of directors, it surely speaks volumes in favor of the system of the management of the association, but also for the confidence of the people of the Dominion in the Mutual Reserve.

He then spoke of the numerous attacks upon the Association, and otherwise, in the interest, and doubtless at the instigation of jealous and envious rivals, but he said that the Association have likewise maintained their unflinching attitude towards the Association, but the answer of the public has been \$9,000,000 of new business for 1892, and the evidence of increasing popular confidence in the soundness of the principle and the excellence of the methods of this beneficent institution. These attacks have, of course, their origin in the fact that the Mutual Reserve offers life insurance at enormously reduced rates as compared with the old line Companies, a fact that the insuring public are not slow to appreciate. The splendid success of the Company is due in a great measure to the indomitable energy and great ability of President Harper, who has been associated with him since his early experience, and devoted men to whom he has imparted his enthusiasm, and to some extent his other high qualities, and his career of progress and prosperity will undoubtedly be maintained and before many decades go by this Association is bound to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, insurance companies in the world. Mr. Cameron concluded his stirring address with a resolution of confidence on behalf of the Canadian policy-holders, which was seconded by Mr. Wm. Wilson, the well-known manufacturer of Toronto.

Tom was Quick at Taking Hints.

Infuriated Husband: "Yes, talk on, talk on; I know you wish me dead because it wouldn't be six months before you would send word to that fool of a lover of yours in Liverpool to come and marry you."

She (sweetly): "Hardly as long as that, dear Jack. I should probably kill two birds with one stone by simply adding to your funeral notice, 'Liverpool papers please copy.'" Tom used to be so quick in taking hints.

Named Identically.

"Why do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkies. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."

Champion For Bad Luck.

"Is he such an unlucky man?" asked Mrs. Muggs.

"Unlucky? Why, that man has tooth-ache in his false teeth."

A DRUID FUNERAL.

Strange Rites on a Hilltop in Wales.

Far away seem the times and the rites of the Druids; even under the mistletoe at Yuletide—the Time of Yowling. There was one of the most ancient and primitive of religions, and its cult is greatly shrouded in mystery. Yet it is not altogether dead. Among the hills of Wales many strange fragments of the past remain. There may be no "fragments of forgotten peoples," but there are legends and customs and songs and social religious rites preserved unchanged from the days of Arthur and Merlin and Taliesin. There are probably not a few seers who, like Glendower, "can summon spirits from the vasty deep"; though whether or not they will come yet a mooted question. And as for the Druids, their line is yet unbroken, and their weird rites are still celebrated as of old.

The death has just occurred at Llantrisant of Dr. William Price, who held the distinguished office of Arch-Druid of Wales. He was something more than ninety-three years old, and might have passed for one of the old-time bards who perished in King Edward's days, so rugged and antique was his appearance. Six or seven years ago, it may be remembered, an infant that had been born to him in his old age died, and its body was publicly cremated by him with Druidical rites. For this he was arrested and brought to trial. But after a hot contest in court he was acquitted, and a decree was pronounced from the bench, establishing the entire legality of this form of funeral. Accordingly, when Dr. Price himself died, a similar ceremony was enacted, without thought of interference.

The ceremony took place on the summit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very spot where the body of the infant had been burned. Several hundred tickets were issued to the friends and former patients of Dr. Price to enable them to enter the enclosure and witness the burning. The hour first set was noon. But public curiosity rose to so high a pitch that, to avoid being overwhelmed by a mob of sightseers, it was at the last moment decided to change it to 7 o'clock in the morning. So in the gray light of that early hour the strange procession made its way to the hilltop. No morning garb was to be seen. The closest friends of the deceased Druid were attired in the ancient costumes of the Welsh people.

The body of Dr. Price was clothed in the Druidical robes he had worn in life, and then placed in a coffin of perforated sheet iron. On the hilltop two stone walls had been built four feet apart, each being about ten feet long and four feet high. A number of iron bars extending from one to the other formed a rude grating between them some distance above the ground, and upon these bars the coffin was placed, the head being toward the east and the feet toward the west. A clergyman of the Established Church was present and read the ordinary service for the dead in Welsh. The vestments of the Church contrasted as strangely with the Druidical garb worn by some of the attendants as did the words of the Prayer-book with the strange rites. Some slight changes were made in the service, such as the body being "consigned to the flames."

Then under and over and all around the coffin was piled a great lot of wood, perhaps a whole cord of it, and to this were added several tons of coal. Many gallons of paraffin oil were thrown upon it, the thoroughly saturating the entire pile. Then, at about 8 o'clock, two of the closest friends of the late Druid came forward from the throng and applied torches to the wood, one at each end of the mass. In a moment it was all a raging furnace, and the hill literally flared like a volcano. A brisk breeze was blowing, which fanned the fire and carried the flames high into the heavens. For many miles the strange spectacle was clearly seen, and thousands of people came flocking thither from all parts of Glamorganshire. Seven or eight thousand of them gathered in a ring about the pyre, as close to it as possible, and watched it with eager interest all day long.

Some hours after dark that evening the flames had died down and there was only a dull glow from the coals. Then with a sudden rush they dragged the coffin from the furnace, when it was discovered that it had been literally burned through in many places, and when the lid was uncovered the receptacle was absolutely empty within the faintest trace within of the remains. The coffin was subsequently conveyed on a bier, followed by an immense crowd, and deposited on the couch in the deceased's residence where a few days previously he had breathed his last.

Had Hit.

She—Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth.

He—I didn't take her to be as old as that.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE Agents everywhere.

HORNS MUST GO. The Leavill Shorning Clip pers will take them off with trouble and less pain than any other way. Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.

S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig Street, Montreal.

LADIES Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARES. Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 382 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO. Agents Wanted.

Consumption. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 156 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Have You CATARRH? CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It is so, USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. It cures CATARRH IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAIR FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILLS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the PULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have CATARRH. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 153 N. LAKE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole wild costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

A pretty gown is of seal brown cloth with a jabot of deep-red bengaline, terminating at the waist by a girde of gold filigree. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

A costume for the tall figure with a steady carriage is of heavy white broadcloth satin, over which is a design of the Dresden figures.

A.P. 649.

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shilo's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50c. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Reuben, Shilo's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

BRONCHITIS. ACUTE OR CHRONIC. Can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

FOR SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS, BIBLES AND ALBUMS, write to William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

WANTED—Ladies and young men to take work at their own homes; good price and no canvassing. Address Standard Map Manufacturing Company, Lock Box 107, South Framingham, Mass. Enclose stamps, mention paper.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., (LTD.) Successors to Ontario Canoe Co., (LTD.) Makers of Peterborough Canoes for Hunting, Fishing, Shooting, Skiing, Sail Boats, Steam Launches. Send 3 cent stamp for Catalogue.

FREE—Your name and artistic design in fancy colors, from the finest Automatic Shading Pen Artist in the world. Send 3 cent stamp for postage. Complete stock of Penmanship Supplies. Address W. A. THOMPSON, Box 528, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS. Electrical Supplies, Bell Outfits, etc. Repairs prompt and reasonable. School and Experimenters' Supplies and Books.

35 & 37 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

FOR BREAKFAST drink Royal Dandelion Coffee. Delicious and nourishing. Purifies the blood and invigorates the system. Highly recommended by the medical faculty. The coffee is put up in half and one pound tins only, and is sold by all enterprising grocers. He sure to get it. Ellis & Kellogg, Manufacturers, Toronto.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE Agents everywhere.

HORNS MUST GO. The Leavill Shorning Clip pers will take them off with trouble and less pain than any other way. Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.

S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig Street, Montreal.

LADIES Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARES. Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 382 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO. Agents Wanted.

Consumption. Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 156 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Have You CATARRH? CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It is so, USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. It cures CATARRH IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAIR FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILLS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the PULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have CATARRH. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 153 N. LAKE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole wild costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

A pretty gown is of seal brown cloth with a jabot of deep-red bengaline, terminating at the waist by a girde of gold filigree. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

A costume for the tall figure with a steady carriage is of heavy white broadcloth satin, over which is a design of the Dresden figures.

A.P. 649.

"German Syrup"

A Cough For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

DO YOU IMAGINE That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1815 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

HEARLE. The preparation of delicious and wholesome food is necessary to our happiness. To accomplish this fine materials must be used. We recommend.

EMPIRE BAKING POWDER as containing strength, purity and safety. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Manufactured only by ELLIS & KELLOGG, Toronto. Sold a Sixts pound tin. Ask your grocer for it.

KOFF NO MORE WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM.

SEEDS 1893. Now ready and mailed free to all applicants. Carefully selected Farm and Garden Seeds, and Seed Grain, Choice Flower Seeds, Cean Grass and Clover Seeds. Special attention paid to Corn for Ensilage.

WM. EWING & CO., 142 McGill St. Montreal.

WE BUY a Boot or Shoe that does not fit. Why push your self in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe. We make our Boots and Shoes from two to six different widths.

Ask for the J. D. King & Co., Ltd., perfect fitting goods, and be happy.

I CURE FITS! A reliable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. C. ROOT, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

DR. TAFT'S ASTHMA CURES so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of an asthma attack. On receipt of name and P.O. Address we will mail Trial Bottle of Dr. Taft's Asthma Cure. Canadian Office, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

ASTHMA FREE STRIKES BOTTOM. In order to root out disease effectively physicians say you must remove the exciting cause. This is just exactly what ST. LEON does. It acts upon the Bowels and Kidneys, removing all obstructions and impurities, and vigor to all the organs of the body. ST. LEON MEDICAL WATER CO., (LTD.) Telco. Box. Branch, 449 Yonge St. Sold by all principal Druggists, Grocers and Hotels.

CURE GUARANTEED Why be troubled with PILES, EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING OF THE RECTUM OR ANUS when Dr. CLARK'S PAIN EXPELLER gives immediate relief? In the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. It never fails, even in cases of long standing. Price \$1.00 at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 188 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTTES TRUSS IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN RUPTURE SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWERS, LET US SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. WILL SEND YOU PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP. Send Stamp for Illustrated Book. CHAS. CLUTTES JOURNAL MACHINIST, 134 KING STREET W., TORONTO.

A Cataloguing Machine.
There is now in operation at the Free Public Library a new cataloguing device, the invention of Alexander J. Randolph. It is intended to supersede the present system of cataloguing by cards. Although the machines may be made of any size, those at the library are about four feet high and 20x26 inches square. They resemble polished oak-wood boxes, and being on castors may be located in any part of a room, as convenience may require.

The top or lid is made of glass, and beneath this are four leaves or slips, which are presented to view. These leaves are a part of an endless chain of 800 slips. They are arranged alphabetically with a large catch letter at the top and by means of a crank are run over two wooden cylinders, appearing in order as they are required for reference.

When these leaves pass from view they drop into the case below and are caught on a metal yoke, formed like the arc of a circle by small rods, which extend from each tenth leaf. They thus hang suspended in groups of ten leaves each, forming part of the continual chain, and ready to be sent on their journey over the cylinder again when required.

Each of the leaves as seen under the glass has edges of grooved metal into which slips of equal width and of any required depth may be slipped under the appropriate index letter. For example, slips bearing the name of the author, Adams, and his works, are placed in position on a leaf. Should this author issue another work the slips are pushed apart so as to make room for another slip bearing the title of his latest production; and when it has assumed its proper place in alphabetical order, the slips are pushed up again into close position. As each of these leaves will contain as many words as a royal octavo page of print, the information presented to a librarian by 800 of them is very considerable.

Accompanying the catalogue machine is an ingenious paper-cutting device, which permits of the slips required for insertion in the leaves being cut to a very narrow and uniform depth if so desired.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Be a Gentleman.
Since the theory of justification by combat has been exploded there seems to be no way in which a gentleman can be sure of keeping his sacred honor free from specks except by plain, ordinary, decent behavior, and respect for the rights of other people. If he does wrong he cannot fight his way right. He simply has to repent and apologize or take his punishment quietly according to the rules of the game. If he is injured and the law cannot help him, the best way for him is just to grin and bear it and let time wreak its own revenge. To be sure, if the injury is desperate and he resents it in hot blood the law may excuse him; but society has come to a point of sophistication where it is able to recognize that the man who endures is usually a stronger and nobler creature than the man who gives reigns to his temper. The notion that one's "honor" can be damaged by the action of another person is pretty generally obsolete. Brag is not so good a dog as he was. Bluff will not go so far. The code that regulates in these days the manners of the highest and most influential type of American gentleman is actually to be found in the New Testament.

Feeding Grain to Lambs.
When wool only is desired, lambs and ewes are generally fed on pasture alone, but for mutton and more wool, grain is fed to the lamb, or to both ewe and lamb. J. A. Craig at the Wisconsin station, reports (B. 22) that two years' trials show that it pays to feed the lambs before weaning, all the grain they will eat even when on good red clover or blue grass pasture with their dams. When the ewes have been well fed during winter so as to be in good condition at lambing time, it did not pay to feed them grain when on good pasture, in order to secure more rapid and profitable gain in the lambs. A grain mixture of flaxseed oil meal and corn meal for feeding lambs, gave better results than a grain mixture of cotton seed meal and corn meal. During the ten summer weeks, the Shropshire grade lambs, fed the oil meal ration, each made a weekly gain of over three pounds, while those eating cotton-seed ration, each made a weekly gain of less than three pounds. With the oil meal ration, 100 pounds of gain cost \$2, while with the cottonseed meal, it cost \$3.30. An ingenious lamb creep was used to keep the ewes from eating the grain food of the lambs.—American Agriculturist.

Queerest of Civilized People.
Among the numerous peoples of trans-Caucasian Russia, the Chevchures are probably the most picturesque and ethnologically most interesting tribe in the Aragwa district, north of Tioneti. The remotest mountain valleys are their hunting grounds and pastures. A recent traveler describes them as the "best-preserved relic of the Middle Ages" to be found in Europe. Their habitual armor consists of a long coat of mail, a helmet of chiseled iron plates, with camail, greaves and shield. Below this knightly dress they wear a coat embroidered with red crosses. They are said to be the descendants of crusaders who were driven from the Holy Land by the Musselmans, and made their way to the mountains of the north. Their language, however, a Carthalian dialect, seems to disprove this hypothesis.

Their marriage customs include the apparent kidnapping of brides and other ancient usages. A singular but most important part of the woman's dowry consists in a piece of pumice stone set in jewels and used in grinding their husbands' corns. The Chevchures live in fortress-like houses, whose pinnacles to this day they decorate with the cut-off hands of their vanquished enemies.

Smallest Country in the World.
The smallest country in the world is said to be the territory of Moresnet, which lies between Belgium and Germany. It's 2,000 inhabitants are mostly occupied in tin mining, although agriculture is also engaged in. Military service and election days are unknown. The senate of ten members is appointed by the mayor, who is chosen by two delegates, one from Belgium and one from Germany. The police force consists of one man, whose salary is provided by the annual revenue (about 1,200 francs), which also maintains the roads and schools. The territory was declared independent in 1815, to settle the dispute when the boundary was fixed between Germany and Belgium, both countries wanting its tin mines. It contains only two and one-half square miles.—Public Opinion.

FACTS ABOUT LONDON.
Interesting Statistics of the Greatest City From Recent Returns.

The total population of the County of London on April 6, 1891, was 4,231, the increase in ten years being 397,337, or 10.36 per cent. The number of inhabited houses was 557,134, an increase on 1881 of 88,249 or 18.96 per cent.

The total expenditure on the local government of London in the years 1889-90 was £10,726,000, or as much as an Australian colony. This was equal to £2 10s. 8d. per head of population. The rates were levied upon a ratable value of £31,586,000, so that the amount per £1 was 6s. 9d., but the rate payer only paid 4s. 10d. of this amount. The central rates are equal upon all the parishes, but the rates for parish purposes are very unequal, ranging from 9s. 3-4d. down to 1s. 0-1-4d. For imperial and local purposes combined London pays in taxation approximately £17,000,000. The inland revenue returned in London amount to £123,513,000, so that the burden of taxation amounts to 14 per cent. The balance of the loans outstanding at the end of 1891 was £48,032,000.

On January 1, 1891, the paupers numbered 112,547 and the cost of pauperism was in 1889-90 £2,340,000, the cost of each pauper being £21 16s. 1d. The number of persons committed for trial during 1889-90 was 2,906, while 109,748 were convicted summarily. The habitual offenders, known to the police, not committed during the year numbered 2,392. The total represents a percentage of 2.7 to the whole population. The cost of the police was £1,799,000 or £15 12s. 9d. per head of the incriminated class. Industrial schools cost £20,652.

In the schools of the metropolis the pupils numbered in 1890-91 652,354, the total cost of the board of schools was £1,960,000, of which £1,272,000 was thrown on local rates. The death rate in London in 1891 was 21.4 per 1,000 of the population, which compares favorably with other large towns, Liverpool rising as high as 27 per 1,000.

The open spaces in London, without reckoning the disused burial grounds, extend to 5,449 acres. Besides, there are open spaces on its borders which bring up the total of parks accessible to Londoners to 22,000 acres.

The fires in the metropolis in 1891 numbered 2,892, of which 193 were serious. The lives lost numbered 61, 31 of these having been taken out alive. The total cost of the brigade was £130,728, or 6s. 4d. per head of the population. The fire insurance companies contributed £27,196. Property was insured for no less a sum than £806,000,000.—Pall Mall Gazette.

SIX MILES A MINUTE.
An Earthquake Wave Once Crossed the Ocean in Twelve Hours.

People are apt to indulge apprehensions about the movement of waves of the ocean which are erratic, born, perhaps, of illusionary influences. Everyone has noticed the action of the wind on a field of corn, and seen the undulations caused by its crossing the field in a few seconds; but no one supposes that a single stock has left its place. As with the corn wave, says the "Brooklyn Eagle," so with the water wave, the substance remains rising and falling in the same place, while it is only the form that moves. The speed of this movement depends on the speed of the wind. When a gentle breeze is blowing the friction between the atmosphere and the water is small, and only a slight ripple is produced; but should the velocity of the wind increase the ripples become waves or even billows. Mountains of water, moving at a tremendous speed.

Waves which have resulted from earthquake shocks have traversed the ocean at a speed which is almost incredible. For instance, the great earthquake which occurred at Samoda, in Japan, caused a great wave which traveled across the Pacific from that country to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 5000 miles, in not much more than twelve hours—that is to say, it raced across the ocean at the rate of about six and a half miles per minute. The self-acting tide gauges at San Francisco, which recorded the arrival of this great wave, rendered it quite certain that this was the actual rate of progress.

HE PEELS THE POTATOES.
The German Cook Must Begin at the Bottom.

There are probably 150 schools for cooking in Germany and Austria, the best of which are at Vienna, Berlin and Leipsic. A man who wishes to become a chef must begin at the very bottom of the ladder—at peeling potatoes—and work up round by round to the top. A course of schooling as strict as that of any polytechnic school in this country must be followed for four years before the student can get a diploma. Every year competitive exhibitions are given in which as many as 200 chefs take part. The chef who was employed at the White House by Grover Cleveland, and who, it is rumored, may be again, has a gold medal which was presented to him by the Empress Frederick for excellence in cooking, a silver medal given by the King of Saxony, a diploma from the Queen of Austria and numerous other marks of approbation and honor won in competitive contests in cooking. It is not to be wondered at that European cooks command extraordinary salaries in this country.—New York World.

The Newest Inventions.
A holder for heavy twine, having a knife cutter at the outlet worked by a spring.

A duplicating check book, having a leaf with a carbon face and an impervious back of textile material.

A paper tube for insulating purposes, composed of a layer of waterproof paper covered with a layer of asbestos previously treated with soluble glass.

A corn-popping machine, consisting of a revolving case inside another which revolves at a different rate, the former taking up the corn as fast as popped.

Young Mice Adopted by a Cat.

Aboard the steamer Wilmington, which to-day arrived in the harbor, is a cat. She has the maternal instinct developed to an extraordinary degree. Some months ago, so the officers say, and their word is not to be doubted, she adopted the kitten of another cat, which had died. Still later she adopted another orphan kitten, but her latest adoption took place only a week or so since. In rummaging in the ship's hold she discovered and killed an old female mouse which had two little mice. These the cat adopted, and up to two days ago raised them as her own. Then her large family became a nuisance and had to be destroyed.—Seattle (Washington)—Press Times.

Montreal House, Gorrie.

We are in the Field with a Fully Assorted Stock of **SPRING GOODS** in every department.

The Ladies all say that our Spring Prints beat anything they have ever seen in town.

Our New DRESS GOODS are unsurpassed in quality, design and price. Our lines of Imported and Canadian Tweeds, Surges, Worsted Costings and Pantings, will be found the best value in the trade. We invite special attention to a job line of Scotch Tweeds that we can sell at less than wholesale prices. We have just opened up a large consignment of GENTLEMEN'S SPRING HATS in all the newest shapes, including Christy Stiffs, Fedoras, Knock-abouts, etc.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.—A new stock of Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing just received and marked down to the bottom notch.

MILLINERY Spring has come, and with it our Spring Stock of Millinery Goods, and Miss KINSEY is on hand, and with the finest stock of Goods we have ever exhibited in this department. We have added to this Department the making over of old hat and bonnet shapes. All orders entrusted to Miss Kinsey will be faithfully executed. We expect this season to beat all records. Come early and secure the first choice.

We are Headquarters for **Choice Family Groceries.**

We keep nothing but the Purest and Choicest Goods obtainable, and will sell them as low as the cheap, adulterated goods are generally sold for. Our Specialty is TEA. We make this a study. We can and will do better for you than can generally be obtained elsewhere. Try a sample pound of our 25c. or 35c. Uncolored Japar.

Highest Price always paid for Farm Produce.

REMEMBER THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE—

W. S. BEAN.

Gorrie Tin Store

STOVES

For the Kitchen.
For the Dining Room.
For the Hall.
For the Parlor.
For the Sick Room.
For the Rich.
For the Poor.

PRICES DOWN TO BED-ROCK.

See Me about Getting a Furnace.

Lamp Goods,
Cutlery.

Tinware, etc.,
In endless abundance and Variety.

Repairing
Done to Order and in First-Class Style.

Don't burn your fingers making toast. Get a Toaster, for only 15c. At SUTHERLAND

Get an adjustable cover for boiling kettles. It fits any size. At SUTHERLAND'S

Lvely things in Fancy Lamps and Shades. At SUTHERLAND'S

Outlery of all styles. Something nobby in this line. At SUTHERLAND'S.

Does that mouse in the pantry bother you? You can get any style of mouse or rat traps. At SUTHERLANDS.

You'll be surprised at the number and variety of beautiful and useful articles, just suitable for everything. At SUTHERLANDS.

Lanterns, granite iron tea pots, flat-irons, cutlery holders, trays, scoops, skates or anything. At SUTHERLAND

JAMES SUTHERLAND,
Tinsmith, Gorrie.

Sheep S skins Wanted.



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 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 some less than before.

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

J. R. WILLIAMS.

East Nuron Gazette.

GORRIE.

Home News,
District News.
Miscellany.

The Best Advertising Medium in this section.

Have You Renewed Your Subscription for 1893?

The \$ will be welcome!

OUR
Jobbing
Department

IS RECEIVED

With the Latest Faces of Type, Most Modern Conveniences, Rapid Presses and every facility for turning out first-class work on the shortest notice and at the lowest prices.

PIONEER JOURNALISM.

MR. ERASTUS JACKSON'S ABLE PAPER THEREABOUT.

A Reminiscent Treat Given to the Members of the Canadian Press Association—Vivid Sketch of Papers, Paper Men and Their Methods in the Early Days.

In preparing this paper on "Pioneer Journalism," I have been exercised somewhat to understand just the line of thought desired by the Executive Committee, or what would prove acceptable and edifying to the association. The more I considered, the stronger grew the impression that something comparative respecting the labors and methods of half a century ago and to-day—including, in this connection, a little personal experience, would meet the purpose desired, and perhaps afford thought for reflection not altogether unprofitable.

The journalist of to-day, with all the varied advantages and facilities which the genius and progressive development of the age places at his command, can form but a very inadequate conception of what journalism meant fifty or sixty years ago—of the round of duties the journalist was called upon to discharge, or the functions he was expected to exercise in the community. My own recollections date back to the forties, about the time the Globe was first issued by the late Geo. Brown—when the old Examiner published by Mr. Leslie, was a power in this province, having such men as the late Sir Francis Hincks, and other vigorous thinkers contributing to its editorial columns—when the old Colonist under the direction of Mr. Scobie, was in the zenith of its greatness—when, a few years later, Hon. Mr. Macdougall entered the journalistic field with the Nova American, and having on his staff writers such as the late Mr. Ure, whom the old Parliament of Canada cited to the bar of the House on a matter of privilege—when Mr. Lyon Mackenzie talked loud and strong to men in high positions, demanding constitutional changes through his Message, and when the Patriot and Catholic Citizen were organs of the Orange and Green. These were the leading political journals in Toronto in those days. Later on the Leader, with Mr. Lindsey as editor, made its appearance; and after a time the Colonist and Patriot became incorporated with it; and the Examiner and North American amalgamated with the Globe. Most of these journals down to 1850 and 1852, were printed on Washington hand presses, and enjoyed a circulation almost equal to the extent of their ability to supply. The men conducting the editorial departments were giants in intellectual greatness. Important public questions divided political parties, and these talking to the country presented weighty arguments for thinking people to consider. As a result one or more of the journals just named, found a place in the homes of the educated and moderately wealthy everywhere, and a fair measure of success, financially, accrued to publishers. But the country editor, conducting what is familiarly termed the "rural press" did not fare quite so sumptuously. He had to write in his own person the editor, the printer, the reporter, the pressman, and sometimes (failing the possession of a general and considerate partner of domestic joys and sorrows as an assistant, to perform the task of inkling the forms), he had to be both pressman and printer's devil. It was no bonanza to be a publisher under circumstances of this character. Those of you who have become identified with journalism within the last decade or two, go back with me to the days when, instead of receiving daily cablegrams from over the sea, furnishing the latest political, commercial and social events in the busy centres of the old world, we had to be content with the mails brought over in fortnightly steam-packets, bringing correspondence and papers 3 weeks old, from which to collate foreign news—when we had no telegraph as a means of communication in the country—before the genius of a later period, chained the lightning's power to obey an editor's behest and lessen his weary toil—before Edison's masterful mind conceived the marvelous method of inter-communication with the telephone service, and thereby enabling the news-gatherer of to-day to be almost ubiquitous—before lightning express trains superseded the old mail coach in carrying daily papers from our cities in time for perusal by country journalists immediately after partaking his morning meal, the comparative situation with the opportunities, facilities and appliances which modern inventions, mechanical genius, and the development of science, now places at a publisher's command, and you will be able to form some conception of what pioneer journalism meant even within the limited period of the past half century. At the time of which I now speak, country journals were not so numerous, opportunities to scissor copy from contemporaries of neighboring towns, without giving credit as to source, were not then enjoyed, patent presses and outsidings were unknown in newspaperdom, and boiler-plate had yet to be introduced to the publishing world; and of those that were published, I am free to admit, very few were conducted with the spirit and vim of many contemporary journals of to-day. But at that early time it was difficult to secure local correspondents. Now, with the advantages our school system has given, almost every concession line can furnish as many scribes as the editor desires, who take delight in preparing a weekly budget of local gossip and happenings of the neighborhood—tell of the little stranger just arrived at Squire Jenkins being a farm hand, or an assistant to the amiable lady of the Squire in her household duties, and such other incidents as are of special interest to country readers. In this regard the methods of conducting a local journal as compared with the past, presents a revolution, and the editor's personal duties and labors are very much lessened.

The pioneer journalist had another serious drawback in being handicapped in the matter of postage. The ordinary half ounce letter was taxed nine-pence (18cts.) for the carriage of 100 miles—then graded down to four pence, according to distance; but now marked press correspondence is carried at a cent only per lb. for an article that to-day they will button-hole members of the Fourth Estate on the streets to make contracts for at one-third that price.

Advertisements were everything to a newspaper man in those days; but the real value of the press as an advertising medium was not so generally understood or appreciated. The merchant who ex-

poned \$25 per annum in the use of printer's ink, drew a long sigh when his bill was presented, and would facetiously enquire if the Knight of the Quill and Scissors intended starting a bank or some other financial institution, or desired to purchase a full partnership in the store; but he never failed, in his contra account, to charge a credit price for all the goods the editor had purchased while its advertisement was running. These were the days when quack medicine dealers got in their fine work, Halloway's or Swain's Pills and Sant's Sarsaparilla could secure a whole column for 12 months for from \$20 to \$25, one-quarter to be taken in goods, which the editor had to peddle out at various prices to local druggists and grocers, or take due-bills upon their establishments for the amount. But there was another side to the picture. There were times when he had opportunity to play the role of Sir Oracle, and assume much importance. The picnic and agricultural fair seasons afforded more than usual opportunities for the Jones and Smiths to bestow patronizing attention; it was gratifying for the time, but this was about all the editor did get for a quarter column notice of the gathering in advance and a column of reported proceedings after it was over. During the party, he received special consideration, however. The best viands the fair sex had provided for the occasion was not considered too good for the printer-man, and the hearty generosity of the more elderly dames had much in it to compensate for what the editor had pleasure in repaying in fulsome but appreciative compliments through his paper. I remember an instance, away back in the forties, when the editor of a journal, who by the way, was a clergyman in orders, was called upon to discharge other duties not usually performed by members of the Fourth Estate. One day, while the office janitor was alternating between the composing room and sanctum in anxious quest for copy, a young and hardy son of toil from the country, with a fair and blushing damsel accompanying him, entered the editor's apartments. After bidding the time of day he presented to the editor a formidable official document, bearing an endorsement, which in those days cost \$8, but can now be prepared by order of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government for \$3, and bashfully inquired if the editor could there and then tie a Hymenial knot. With a bland smile, engendered partially by the novelty of the situation, and partially, no doubt, from the fact that it meant also something towards replenishing a not over-flowing pocket book, he replied in the affirmative. The employees of the composing room, from the foreman to the character bearing the distinctive appellation of His Satanic Majesty, got an invitation to witness the ceremony. In due time the happy twain were made one according to the laws of Upper and Lower Canada, and left the office enjoying each other's smiles as happy as if the nuptials had been celebrated in a spacious cathedral; but the incident was the subject of little office jokes for weeks after. The clergyman editor referred to was the late Rev. Dr. Webster, who commenced his journalistic labors in 1845 on the Canada Christian Advocate, afterwards removed to Hamilton; and the office "Imp" aforesaid was your humble servant with me on the ceremony, in good old fashioned style, seated the bride on the occasion, according to the custom of the times.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

reduction in postage followed to subscribers making regular quarterly payments,—but this was unsatisfactory, and an undercurrent of sentiment prevailed that the people paid more money into local post offices than found its way into the Postmaster-General's department, and another change followed. By way of making sure of collections the government transferred the import from the subscriber to the publisher. This was a serious matter to the latter. The credit system prevailed to a large extent in ordinary business and mercantile life, and the publisher had to follow this custom; but under the then existing postal regulation he was placed at a double disadvantage. In case a subscriber proved delinquent or moved away from a locality without intimating his changed address, a month or two after such removal the post-master would return a back number marked, "removed," or "out," in which case the publisher was not only "out" of the amount the delinquent owed, but also the postage for conveying the paper to his address. Of course this led to further agitation, and finally the regulation was changed to free postage, a change largely brought about through leading journalists whose names stand connected with the early history of the Canadian Press Association. They presented, for the consideration of the government, the fact that the press was a public education, doing a work that no other agency then existing could do, and also that through the press much gratuitous information respecting legislation and other matters along that line, of advantage to the whole country and important that the masses should be cognizant of, was being disseminated, and in this way the press was giving a quid pro quo for all the loss the country would sustain by the removal of this burden. The boon was finally granted, but all the same, while the tax was continued it militated against extended circulation in country parts, for a newspaper in those days was regarded more as a luxury than a necessity, by the middle class.

Hence, newspaper readers were limited as compared to the whole population. A dozen or so, perhaps, at each local post office was about the extent, and the papers sent to these did duty for the entire neighborhood. Happily for the journalist of to-day the newspaper borrower who entertained no scruples of conscience in thus filching from the printer his hard-earned patrimony, has now become almost extinct in the dawn of a brighter intelligence. As an outcome of our noble school system, founded about the period of which I am speaking, by that indefatigable friend of education, Dr. Ryerson, a taste for reading was created, a thirst for knowledge developed, a desire to know what was transpiring in the wide world around was manifested; this desire the family without its chosen journal is the exception rather than the rule. But from the very fact that the patrons of a journal were trusted, the sphere of the pioneer journalist was circumscribed. Those who took an active interest in the political questions of the day, comprised the majority of his readers. The editor, therefore, had to be a partisan politician first, local news was considered a secondary matter. Important issues then dividing political parties, served to draw strong and sharp the lines of divergence. Prejudices created by the outbreak of '37, still exercised potent influences at each recurring general election, and in dealing with such issues as the Secularization of the Reserves in Upper Canada, the abolition of Senatorial Tenures in Lower Canada, Separate Schools, etc., editors sometimes took off their coats and rolled up their sleeves; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

Perhaps some of you may ask, "had the journalists of those days any newspaper cranks?" Oh yes; plenty of them, and quite as unreasonable as they are to-day. Literary cranks, who, in articles several columns long, endeavored to scale, or unravel, hidden mysteries, or storm the awful and impassable; poetic cranks, whose effusions were a sort of jingle, without rhyme or reason, and whose estimation of the editor went a long way below zero on account of declining their effusions. Yes, and business cranks, too, who declined to advertise because the paper had no circulation to speak of, and who, if they happened to get into some scrape, were both around the editor's sanctum like a pea on a hot stove, beseeching him not to mention his foibles, as he did not want his name emblazoned all over the country to his injury. Oh yes, he would then realize that the paper had not only influence, but a circulation, and that people did read it. There were plenty of other cranks of this description, but I shall not stop to allude to them.

A brief mention of the journals in this Province in existence previous to 1850 would, perhaps, not be out of place. I have already alluded to those in Toronto except denominational auspices. Kingston then had its Whig and Chronicle merged; Hamilton its Spectator and another previous to the Times, but which I cannot recall; London its Progress and Free Press; Ottawa its Citizen, and I believe another journal called the By-Town Gazette—but of this I am not certain. Then commencing with country journals in the east, Cornwall had its Freeholder; Prescott its Telegraph; Brantford its Recorder—long conducted by an old ex-President of this Association, Father Wylie; the Perth Courier looked after Lanark County; Pictou had two papers, the Gazette and Times; Belleville had its Intelligencer, then published by Mr. Benjamin, and afterwards by Hon. Mackenzie Bowell; also its Chronicle, then conducted, I believe, by Mr. Washburne; Carleton Place had its Herald; Cobourg its Star; the Provincialist, by Prof. Kingston, and a third journal called The Courier, by Mr. Leonard; Port Hope its New Telegraph; Peterboro' Review by Mr. Romaine, and Examiner by Mr. Sawyer, whose chief writer was a genial son of Erin by the name of McCurrall—a vigorous controversialist; Streetsville had its Review, ably edited by Rev. Mr. McGeorge; Guelph its Advertiser and Herald, the former conducted by an member of this association, Mr. John Smith, and the latter by Mr. Geo. Pirie, father of your Vice-President; Dundas had its Warder, with which Mr. Spence was then connected, if I recollect rightly, a gentleman who afterwards occupied a prominent position in the politics of this province. He was succeeded by Mr. Jones, later of Ottawa and the latter by ex-President Somerville, now superannuated with M.P. attached to his name; Brantford had its Courier and in 1851 the Expositor made its appearance; Paris had its Star; Galt its Reformer and Reporter, the former being conducted later on by ex-President Hon. James Young; Fergus had its News Record; Huron its Signal, then under a vigorous writer named McGuire; St. Catharines its Journal and Constitutional, the latter edited by an old member of this association, Mr. Seymour; Chatham had its

Planet, and Niagara a spicy paper called The Mail; Owen Sound had its Comet, conducted by Mr. Vandusen, and subsequently ex-President Campbell had some connection with it. There may possibly have been others that should be named, but if so they have slipped my memory. During the next decade from 1850 to 1860 the country press doubled its numbers, and all along the line the activities of towns and villages were quickened by the impulse and influence local journals imparted. The Barrie Advance was the pioneer paper for Simcoe county about 1851, and in 1853 the Newmarket Era made its appearance as the first newspaper in York County, and which I controlled from 1853 until it passed into the hands of its present publisher about ten years ago. It was my large privilege to be one of the jolly company comprising the first excursion under the auspices of the Canadian Press Association, the route being from Toronto to Belle Ewart by rail, thence per steamer over Lake Simcoe to Orillia and return. Many of the men connected with the journals named have passed away, but they are not forgotten. They left their impress on the respective communities in which they lived and toiled. Most of them were self-made men, in some instances lacking the culture and advantages which our present system of education affords, but their names will live in the memory of the people among whom they labored long after contemporary citizens in other walks of life will have been forgotten. They took an active part in all that contributed to the material and social well-being of their respective communities, filling important positions of trust such as school-trustees, members of municipal councils, directors of mechanics' institutes and agricultural associations, etc., and their names will be found enrolled in connection with various local organizations and benevolent enterprises, having for their aim the welfare of society and the uplifting of humanity. True, they were sometimes vehement in controversy—criticized with severity, possibly, and on occasions indulged in personalities in place of argument; but the influence of this Association, within a very few years after its organization, softened much of the asperity previously indulged in. The yearly co-mingling together at annual gatherings made members of the press think better of each other—and that influence is being felt to-day—a hopeful sign for the future.—Paper read by Mr. Erastus Jackson, of Newmarket, before the Canadian Press Association.

A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

CHAPTER XI.

It was at this point that it became necessary for me (as had been determined) to assume the Chinese dress.

The guide was to go into the city to procure the raiment needed, and to return with this as soon as possible. I was unaware, until now, that Chin-chin-wa had any intention of accompanying him, or of entering the city prior to my doing so, as now appeared to be the case. He explained to me his reason for so doing, which chiefly lay in this—that it is inadvisable that we should have some fixed residence, if possible, before nightfall, and that the quietest residence was the more advantageous.

When formerly in Pekin, Chin-chin-wa had lived with a curio-dealer, so he told me—a man whose dealings were almost entirely with the Chinese, for at that time customers of any other nationality were exceedingly rare; and here he had found board and lodging during a lengthy stay in the capital.

If this dealer was still alive, Chin-chin-wa was anxious to find him, for, from previous acquaintance, he knew the man to be fairly discreet; and he was of opinion that if the dealer was, as he had been eighteen years ago, still in the position to receive us in his house, we could not be more fortunate in the choice of a home.

During the period of his captivity much might have occurred; and the dealer, if still alive, had possibly changed his residence; if so, Chin-chin-wa intended to discover his present abode, or, in default, to light upon some lodging which he could engage against his return in my company later in the day.

I foresaw the prudence of arranging a lodging, and left myself entirely in the hands of Chin-chin-wa in the matter, and accordingly he set out, accompanied by the guide, for the city, leaving me to the solitude of my own thoughts for a few hours to come.

I do not think I have spent many days in which the hours dragged so slowly. For a time, it is true, I slept when first I was left alone; but shortly the bustle in the courtyard of the inn, and the noise made by the entry of mules and carts, banished sleep, and from that time forth I employed myself chiefly in counting the hours and calculating the period at which I might expect Chin-chin-wa or the guide to return.

I did not then know that Chin-chin-wa had instructed the guide to meet him at a certain place in Pekin, and to wait his arrival there; and thus I looked for the return of either, and not of the two in company.

But the hours went sluggishly by, and brought no signs of either Chin-chin-wa or the guide. I consumed the cold chicken which the guide had left with me, and I strolled a little way from the inn, and endeavored in various ways to pass the time; but my watch must have been very frequently in my hands, notwithstanding.

Afternoon came. At two o'clock I began to be alarmed, for it seemed to me that there must be some reason for the delay.

"Distances, I had heard, were very great in Pekin; but surely, if we were but half a mile from the walls, Chin-chin-wa and my guide should have returned long ere now. What had happened? Had Chin-chin-wa fallen in danger a second time by reason of the exile's mark, and had I then lost both my ally and my guide?

A strange ally seemed to me to hang about our movements; but two days had we been upon the road, and already, for the second time, misfortune seemed to have fallen upon us. I strove to banish my doubts, and in this manner another hour passed, when the certainty of misfortune came upon me with full force.

My position was far from an enviable one. I was alone in a strange land, half a mile from Pekin, not knowing by what means to gain the city, or how to proceed should I reach and enter the gates, and I was tied down for a lengthy period to come by the uncertainty of doubt.

Were I to set out in person for the capital, I might easily reach it before nightfall, that is to say, before the closing of the gates, which I had been told took place at six o'clock; but allowing that I entered the city in ample time, and that I should have found little trouble in guiding myself to the nearest gate way, I should in all probability risk passing Chin-chin-wa or the guide upon my way, as we might choose diverse routes, and thus whilst I had gone upon the search for them they might have returned to find that a search for me had become necessary, owing to my having been absent during their prolonged absence. All things considered, I decided upon waiting patiently in hopes that all might still be well; but when my watch told me that it was five o'clock, my patience resolved itself into despair, and I looked forward to a lengthy and anxious night, in which I should be troubled and kept from sleeping by all manner of conjectures and doubts.

It struck me that the situation curiously enough, must be somewhat analogous to that in which William Norris had been placed a year ago; only to appearance my position was even worse than his had been, because I had no carter to depend upon, and no one near me who had the slightest knowledge of my wishes, and were Chin-chin-wa and my guide actually the victims of some misfortune, nothing seemed more likely to my disturbed mind than that I, too, should disappear from the world as silently and as utterly as had the man who had trusted his life to the swallow's wing!

I began to understand, now, how easy it is for a life to be lost in a strange land, and to be lost in such a way that there is no trace left, and no thread by which the labyrinth of a silent fate may be undone.

At six o'clock there was still no sign of the return of either Chin-chin-wa or the guide. My feelings were embittered.

At the very outset of my quest, I was met by difficulty and obstruction. All my plans seemed to be upset, and I could no more guess the cause of the affair than I could foresee what was left for me to do. I made up my mind that something of an unprecedented nature had happened, but to detain both Chin-chin-wa and the guide, and a sudden despair overcame me as I recollected that the gates of Pekin closed at six o'clock, and that for twelve hours thereafter there was no possibility of the return of either of the two, for already they must be shut within the city gates.

I endeavored to look the matter calmly in the face, but this was far from easy. By the morning I should still wait their return for, say, a couple of hours. After that time, it was questionable what was to be done. If I followed my natural inclination, I should proceed to the Legation in Pekin; but to all intents I seriously injured my search for William Norris by so doing, for the absence of my companions would result in inquiry which would certainly to a large extent affect, indirectly, the cause of him whom I had come to seek.

I was debating the point in no enviable frame of mind, when, to my extreme astonishment Chin-chin-wa entered the yard and approached me.

To one who had indeed looked upon him as lost, the revulsion of feeling was sudden in the extreme. I could merely give vent to an ejaculation of surprise, and a sense of "chauffeurism" filled me as a strange contrast to that isolation which had dwelt in me, and around me, but a few moments previously.

Chin-chin-wa appeared to be uninjured; my suspicions of misfortune had proved groundless.

He hastened to explain. I need not give the essence of what he had to say. The following is what he said:

After leaving me he and the guide had proceeded, as arranged, into the city. They had parted company shortly after passing the gate, the guide going in one direction to purchase my prospective clothing, Chin-chin-wa in the other to seek our future home. But, before separating, Chin-chin-wa had given the guide instructions to meet him at a certain eating-house, and to remain there awaiting him, should he be detained. This the guide agreed to do.

Chin-chin-wa set out for the house where he had formerly lived, to find on his arrival there, that he had not been far wrong in his conjecture before leaving me, that the dealer might have changed his abode, for he was actually the case, and the new residence was—so he was informed—in a district far distant from that where he now was.

However, he set out again; but, on account of the great distance and insufficient directions given him, it was already afternoon before he found the domicile of this curio-dealer. He arranged with this man to receive us. So far all was well.

Leaving the dealer, Chin-chin-wa set out for the eating-house, where after a long journey, he finally arrived; but, as it now transpired, the guide had, after waiting for his return for a prolonged period set out after him, knowing the district and the house at which Chin-chin-wa had first called.

Thus it came that the guide committed the mistake which I might have made; he had set out upon a search, without due consideration of the events which might mean-time occur.

Chin-chin-wa was no little enraged, but determined to wait for the guide till the last moment, and the man did finally return in sufficient time for the two to leave the city before the gates were closed.

"Just as we reached the gate," concluded Chin-chin-wa, "an exclamation from the guide arrested my steps. We were right, after all, Mr. Vancombe, to trust to chance. Had my old friend been in his former dwelling, your guide would not have stupidly set out to track my steps; and, had he not done so, we would not have been passing out of Pekin almost at the moment when the gates were swung forward and closed."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted.

"I mean," he replied, "that your guide has, by a strange chance, lit upon the very carter whom he has not seen since he left William Norris in Pekin. I mean that he had scarcely time to explain to me that this carter had just passed us entering Pekin, and that I had but a moment to seize from him this bundle, your Chinese clothes, before the gate swung upon its hinge and shut me without the walls, and the guide, who had turned after the important clew, within."

"The carter found?" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. "I can not believe it."

"But," he replied, "the carter is found, nevertheless."

So instead of being against us, the fates had been for us! All seemed likely to be plain sailing from henceforth. My only doubt was lest the guide should have lost sight of the man after all; but this Chin-chin-wa assured me was far from likely.

The guide had bounded after him, as man and cart had entered the city; and there and then I had but a moment to fall in with him, and would detain him without fail against our arrival on the following day.

It was indeed a fortunate chance, and the knowledge of the discovery took from me almost entirely the memory of the long, weary hours through which I had waited for Chin-chin-wa's return, and despair until he had stood in person before me.

Perhaps I hoped and expected to much from the finding of the carter. Chin-chin-wa expressed his opinion to this effect. I could not see where and in what way he could fail us, but fail he did, signally and effectually, on the following day. On this morning I was just completing my new toilet under Chin-chin-wa's direction, feeling, I must confess, somewhat as I have felt on the eve of the fancy ball, notwithstanding the serious nature of the circumstances in which I now assumed a foreign dress, when the guide arrived, he having seized the earliest opportunity of leaving the city on the reopening of the gates.

To my delight I saw that he was not alone; the carter had accompanied him into the yard. I looked at this carter—at his heavy features and sleepy-looking eyes, and a sudden pain went through me as it were in a mental whisper, "What if he should not remember—that if he have forgotten Norris entirely during the months which have gone?"

Chin-chin-wa was already speaking to him; so—my impatience had satisfaction in this, that no fraction of time was passed as lost. But the man stared vacantly in answer to his words, and that was all. Then, so far as I could gather from his tone of voice and the abrupt way in which he spoke, Chin-chin-wa proceeded to question him narrowly; and, after speaking in this way for some little time, the man addressed opened his lips and answered something—something very short.

Chin-chin-wa spoke again several words; the carter briefly replied. Then Chin-chin-wa turned angrily upon the guide, and poured forth a torrent of words, whilst the guide stood with his head bent down, thoroughly cowed.

But in a little he answered, and half raised his eyes with a sullen, dogged look upon his face.

Chin-chin-wa turned to me. "The guide states that this is the carter, without a doubt; are we to believe him? This fellow here, he says, is the carter whom he lets with William Norris; and the carter knows absolutely nothing of the whole affair. Either the guide is lying, or the carter has forgotten entirely what happened a year ago. Which of the two are we to believe?"

"Have you tried every means? Is there no possibility of recalling the memory, if there be a memory, to the man's brain?"

"I have tried everything," you have heard me speaking to him. I shall question him further, and more fully, if you wish; I know it is useless."

"Please do so, notwithstanding," I urged; and my request he questioned the man at great length, obtaining an occasional word in answer, and that was all.

"It is quite useless," he said, finally; "he has no recollection whatever of being taken a prisoner; or of having been employed by an English gentleman or by this guide; and the guide, on the contrary, asserts that this is the man. What are we to make of it?"

"Send them into the road, and let them fight it out between them," answered the thorough disgust. "How did the guide secure him, and why did he bring him here, when he found that he had made a mistake?"

"He says there is no mistake; and he promised the carter a reward. He admits having found him as dead as a stone as far as his mental powers are concerned, but that was not his affair. He was to find him and to bring him to us; these were his instructions, and he says that he has fulfilled them."

"Perhaps he is right," I answered angrily. "The specimen of humanity he has succeeded in bringing us is certainly to appearance about as brainless-looking as they make them. Send them away, will you, and let us consider what is to be done? Give the carter an hour or two to cudgel his brains, and tell the guide to assist him. If the guide can not do it, there is little chance."

"I am of your opinion," answered Chin-chin-wa. "I shall put it to the guide that we refuse to believe him, and that this will injure him as a guide, unless he can prove to us that he has spoken true, by causing the carter to remember, and to tell us what he recollects."

The guide, who caught some of our words, notwithstanding that we spoke quickly, so that he might not understand, looked up as Chin-chin-wa again addressed him in his own tongue, as though he already knew what burden we were about to lay upon him.

Thus what had seemed an hour or two ago to be a valuable gain had proved but a bubble in the end. I could not conceal my annoyance from Chin-chin-wa, whose philosophical calm throughout struck me as offering a singular contrast to my own feelings. Only for a moment had I seen him truly angered, and that had been when he had added to the guide, to accuse him of having brought a substitute in lieu of the man whom we sought.

Upon discussing the matter, we were inclined to place a degree of reliance in the guide rather than otherwise. For it seemed by no means an improbable thing that a man of such low caste as this carter should have forgotten actual occurrences; and the question that came further to be, what the guide would gain by the production of a substitute, as we had accused him of doing. Rather, from his former actions and his search for his master in the former time, coupled with the inquiries set on foot by him in Tientsin, it would have seemed that the guide's interest was anything but to set us upon the wrong track.

As a result of the guide's consideration, the finding of the carter meant the cessation of his employment by us; therefore, unless he had actually and honestly found the real man, he would have not been in a hurry to produce the sham, unless indeed—and it was Chin-chin-wa who made this suggestion—he had been so frightened by the occurrence of the day before, when the thief had fled from the village inn, and the guide of native origin, who had been thirsting for wolves, that he had desired from that hour to leave our service as soon as possible a thing which was only to be accomplished by the production of a carter—the right one or the wrong.

There was, indeed, so much to be said on either side, that we were quite at a loss to decide whether we had really found the man sought for, or whether we had been fooled by the guide, who was the only person who could aid us by identifying the carter when found.

It had become evident that, for various reasons, the guide was now useless to us. Personally, I was willing to do without him for, to be candid, I was so much annoyed, that I did not stop to consider that his dismissal must very seriously affect my comfort, and that I had but a moment to fall in with him, and would detain him without fail against our arrival on the following day.

It was indeed a fortunate chance, and the knowledge of the discovery took from me almost entirely the memory of the long, weary hours through which I had waited for Chin-chin-wa's return, and despair until he had stood in person before me.

Perhaps I hoped and expected to much from the finding of the carter. Chin-chin-wa expressed his opinion to this effect. I could not see where and in what way he could fail us, but fail he did, signally and effectually, on the following day. On this morning I was just completing my new toilet under Chin-chin-wa's direction, feeling, I must confess, somewhat as I have felt on the eve of the fancy ball, notwithstanding the serious nature of the circumstances in which I now assumed a foreign dress, when the guide arrived, he having seized the earliest opportunity of leaving the city on the reopening of the gates.

To my delight I saw that he was not alone; the carter had accompanied him into the yard. I looked at this carter—at his heavy features and sleepy-looking eyes, and a sudden pain went through me as it were in a mental whisper, "What if he should not remember—that if he have forgotten Norris entirely during the months which have gone?"

Chin-chin-wa was already speaking to him; so—my impatience had satisfaction in this, that no fraction of time was passed as lost. But the man stared vacantly in answer to his words, and that was all. Then, so far as I could gather from his tone of voice and the abrupt way in which he spoke, Chin-chin-wa proceeded to question him narrowly; and, after speaking in this way for some little time, the man addressed opened his lips and answered something—something very short.

Chin-chin-wa spoke again several words; the carter briefly replied. Then Chin-chin-wa turned angrily upon the guide, and poured forth a torrent of words, whilst the guide stood with his head bent down, thoroughly cowed.

But in a little he answered, and half raised his eyes with a sullen, dogged look upon his face.

Chin-chin-wa turned to me. "The guide states that this is the carter, without a doubt; are we to believe him? This fellow here, he says, is the carter whom he lets with William Norris; and the carter knows absolutely nothing of the whole affair. Either the guide is lying, or the carter has forgotten entirely what happened a year ago. Which of the two are we to believe?"

"Have you tried every means? Is there no possibility of recalling the memory, if there be a memory, to the man's brain?"

"I have tried everything," you have heard me speaking to him. I shall question him further, and more fully, if you wish; I know it is useless."

"Please do so, notwithstanding," I urged; and my request he questioned the man at great length, obtaining an occasional word in answer, and that was all.

"It is quite useless," he said, finally; "he has no recollection whatever of being taken a prisoner; or of having been employed by an English gentleman or by this guide; and the guide, on the contrary, asserts that this is the man. What are we to make of it?"

"Send them into the road, and let them fight it out between them," answered the thorough disgust. "How did the guide secure him, and why did he bring him here, when he found that he had made a mistake?"

"He says there is no mistake; and he promised the carter a reward. He admits having found him as dead as a stone as far as his mental powers are concerned, but that was not his affair. He was to find him and to bring him to us; these were his instructions, and he says that he has fulfilled them."

"Perhaps he is right," I answered angrily. "The specimen of humanity he has succeeded in bringing us is certainly to appearance about as brainless-looking as they make them. Send them away, will you, and let us consider what is to be done? Give the carter an hour or two to cudgel his brains, and tell the guide to assist him. If the guide can not do it, there is little chance."

"I am of your opinion," answered Chin-chin-wa. "I shall put it to the guide that we refuse to believe him, and that this will injure him as a guide, unless he can prove to us that he has spoken true, by causing the carter to remember, and to tell us what he recollects."

The guide, who caught some of our words, notwithstanding that we spoke quickly, so that he might not understand, looked up as Chin-chin-wa again addressed him in his own tongue, as though he already knew what burden we were about to lay upon him.

Thus what had seemed an hour or two ago to be a valuable gain had proved but a bubble in the end. I could not conceal my annoyance from Chin-chin-wa, whose philosophical calm throughout struck me as offering a singular contrast to my own feelings. Only for a moment had I seen him truly angered, and that had been when he had added to the guide, to accuse him of having brought a substitute in lieu of the man whom we sought.

Upon discussing the matter, we were inclined to place a degree of reliance in the guide rather than otherwise. For it seemed by no means an improbable thing that a man of such low caste as this carter should have forgotten actual occurrences; and the question that came further to be, what the guide would gain by the production of a substitute, as we had accused him of doing. Rather, from his former actions and his search for his master in the former time, coupled with the inquiries set on foot by him in Tientsin, it would have seemed that the guide's interest was anything but to set us upon the wrong track.

As a result of the guide's consideration, the finding of the carter meant the cessation of his employment by us; therefore, unless he had actually and honestly found the real man, he would have not been in a hurry to produce the sham, unless indeed—and it was Chin-chin-wa who made this suggestion—he had been so frightened by the occurrence of the day before, when the thief had fled from the village inn, and the guide of native origin, who had been thirsting for wolves, that he had desired from that hour to leave our service as soon as possible a thing which was only to be accomplished by the production of a carter—the right one or the wrong.

We dismissed both men, as nothing was to be gained, only retaining the services of the guide for a little time, in order that he might accompany us so far into the city, and that we might then leave with him the ponies, of which he was sole guardian.

"We shall obtain others," said Chin-chin-wa, when I questioned the point, "when we are at home in Pekin; but in case of any mishap I shall ascertain where these ponies are to be stable to-night, in order that if there is possible difficulty as to securing others, as is sometimes the case in Pekin, I may send to buy these animals at a later hour; and upon this suggestion we acted at a later hour, for we learned that we might not easily secure fresh steeds, were these to return to Tientsin."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAHARA IN SUMMER.

Fresh Facts About the Pathless Desert.

The month of May is the beginning of the dead season when all traffic is stopped during the Desert of Sahara, and very little labor can be done. The deadly heat which prevails during the forty canonical days, causes all travelers and traders to shun the oases for fear of the epidemic fever springing from the drying marshes, until about the end of September, when the nomads re-enter the Sahara with abundance of cattle and grain, and the Mozabites renew their bartering traffic between the oases and the North. The "samnah," or very canonical days, is a deadly period to the caravan. The temperature fluctuates for five hours between 115 and 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The fiery breaths of the pestilential simoon and of the infernal shihile (southern winds) sweeping the face like the blast of a furnace, produce sensations of burning. These winds, like the equinoctial winds, being destitute of all moisture, pervade the atmosphere with intense dryness, torturing the throats and lungs of the parting and dispirited traveler. His parched lips stiffen and almost lose the sensibility of contact, the blood within the mucous membranes evaporating under the blighting effect of the hot air. Gasping for breath he remains in a state of prostration until the setting of the sun, when he accomplishes his daily course. The blaze of the moon-tide sun is literally a torture, especially for the white race; during it no human being is to be seen out of doors, the eyes would not stand the reflection of the sun or the licking heat of the air; the cities are buried in the silence of a cemetery; people seek the comfort of sleep, but often all in vain.

EXTRAORDINARY HEAT.

The natives who are most affected by this extraordinary heat dig grave-like holes in their hovels or gardens as a refreshing couch. This kind of living grave is watered every morning to preserve its freshness and then covered up with a close fitting mat or fresh palm leaves. Toward 11 o'clock its temporary occupant sinks into it, stretches himself entirely naked and shuts himself up from the outside world to pass the hottest hours in the indolence of a perfect quiet, reclining in that tomb as we do in our hammocks.

As for me who did not relish burying myself alive I used, during all the summer, a goat skin filled every day with fresh water by way of a pillow, but I scarcely bettered my comfort with this proceeding.

Besides the heat, the flies and ants are one's chief enemies during the day, and while during the night one is tormented by thousands of mosquitoes or sleeps with the nightmare from fear of the scorpions. The flies swarm in day time and the fan is constantly needed to drive them away. When writing I had to cover my head and hands with gauze; when eating they enter in the ears, mouth, and nose. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms among the ruins and in the houses, which fact requires an every-day search by the inmates before going to sleep. This insect grows there to an extraordinary size from the outside seen three inches long. One eats, drinks, and breathes them; all food left uncovered is spoiled by them. The sting of the scorpion is especially dangerous and often fatal during the canonical days. These palpipal are found in swarms

A TRIP TO MICA MOUNTAINS.

By D. C. McArthur.

PART I.

Last summer I was spending my vacation at a sawmill, on the north-eastern arm of Lake Manitoba. Not two miles from the mill is the mouth of Fairford river and it is through this river that the combined overflow of Lake Winnipegosis and Lake Manitoba finds its outlet into Lake St. Martin. The river is twelve miles long and is almost a continuous series of rapids, and for the first three miles it rushes over the solid bed-rock.

I had often heard the Indians and others tell about a strange part of the country, less than two days' journey from the mill, which abounded in steep hills, full of caverns, and containing vast deposits of minerals, of unknown nature. Accordingly I was filled with an ardent desire to examine this mysterious region and forthwith began to inquire for a suitable guide. One day an Indian came to me and said: "I heard you wanted a man to take you to the strange mountains. But I am the best guide, my father who de-deceased, was the best guide, but he is dead. I know more than all the Indians. I taught school three years at Sandy Bay. I can amuse you. I can tell plenty of war stories and ghost stories." I swallowed the hook baited so cleverly with "stories," and a bargain was immediately concluded, although the mill hands assured me that he was an inveterate sponger and a bland conner, an accomplished liar, a dexterous thief, etc. The Indian name of my sombre friend was Na-tisa-ke-gook, (chip-munk on a stump), but he was better known in the Fairford settlement as "Old Jake the sponger," and he can speak better English than any other Indian whom I have known.

At 5.10 a.m. on the 22nd day of August, 1902, all was ready and we started down the river. Jake sat in the stern of the canoe. "Now," said I, "I'll be going and you've got to shove her nose from the rocks." Immediately had a violent attack of the qualls, because I had never been in a birch canoe before. Then there came a confused vision of foaming water and flying boulders and we were at the foot of the first rapid. The next hour was occupied in shooting rapids and dodging boulders; then the river broadened into a marsh and soon Lake St. Martin burst on our view, and myriad wavelets glistening in the morning sun. The wind, though in our favor was light, and we paddled along, Jake was the first to speak. "Boy," said he, "I'm going to call you Nitchie, that means friend, and you must call me Swapsah, that means warrior. Now, Nitch, I'll give you some snack about this time of day." I gave him some bannock and then he told me some facts in connection with the history of his tribe. It seems that his great-grandfather had led the first band of Ojibways from Lake Superior to Fairford. The Ojibways drove out the Sioux, who then occupied the surrounding country, and consequently there has been a "bitter feud" between these two tribes ever since. The Mesquago Indians, who afterwards settled quietly among them, were introduced from the Nelson River district by the Hudson's Bay Company. Jake then told me about a raid in which he took an active part, but it would have to be "spiced" before the public would appreciate it.

"Shall I sing you a war-song Nitch," said he. "All right, Jake," I answered, "sing away." He placed his paddle in the canoe. Then swaying gently from side to side he trilled out the first verse, "Hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yah"—at times, bringing in the plaintive refrain, "Yi-si, yi-si," etc. The other verses were identically the same as the first; this musical exudation being accompanied by the rhythmic tapping of his hunting knife against the paddle blade. After ten minutes of this infliction, I remarked that I would like to hear the rest some other day and that as the wind was increasing a sheet would probably assist us on our way a little faster. Old Jake got excited. Nitch, that cloth too small. I can paddle, fast, fast. But I can't swim. Nitch. Notwithstanding his urgent appeals the sheet was rigged out on two paddles and "the frail barque bounded forward, urged madly over the foaming billows by the ever fresh gale." The motion was very exhilarating. Suddenly a rattling against the bottom of the canoe was heard, the bounding motion ceased, and the next moment we were gliding swiftly and smoothly along in a vast expanse of water as clear as milk. This startling phenomenon is easily explained. Lake St. Martin is on an average not more than eight feet deep and the long water weeds, just topping the surface, detained the foam, of which great quantities are cast up by the waves. Moreover there were hundreds of balls of fluffy foam tumbling and skating along beside the canoe, adding to the scenic beauties of a race. For nearly an hour we plowed this snowy flood, then as we turned sharply past a reedy point, Sandy Bay, our destination here in sight. Around the bay was a line of Indian houses but the village was at that time completely deserted, being used for the purpose of hibernation only. When we were close to the shore we jumped out into the water and the canoe deposited its foam-colored load on the beach. We immediately began to prepare our mid-day repast upon the top of the steep embankment that overlooked the beach. This increased rampart was formed of huge boulders and was about fifteen feet high. As I showed Jake the provisions, viz., flour and bacon, he expressed in eloquent and violent language his entire disapproval of the "grab" which I had furnished, contrasting it very unfavorably with the biscuits and canned fruits that he had enjoyed while guiding a party of government geologists. I explained that when people ascending their own money they generally try to be economical. But Jake would say that he was going to have something more to his taste and disappeared from view, returning presently with his handkerchief full of potatoes. The excellent tubers were extracted from a neighboring potato patch, which had been planted by the Indians before leaving for their summer fishing grounds. He evidently upheld the theory that there should be no property in the sense of things to which the possessors have the exclusive right. Upon questioning him concerning this application of ethical truth, he gave me to understand that he grasped these problems much more readily in the concrete than in the abstract.

After dinner we conceived the canoe in some ruder and started off in a northerly direction. We had not proceeded a mile before we came to what was undoubtedly at one end of a shallow river which emptied at one time into Lake St. Martin. Right across the widest part stretched a colossal beaver dam. "By Jove, Nitch," exclaimed Jake, "but this is the biggest beaver dam I have seen." It was 250 feet long, 23 feet wide and (at one time) 7 feet high; moreover, instead of running up stream, it zig-zagged irregularly across

This grass-grown river bed led directly to Mica Lake. The afternoon was very hot and we looked for water, but could find none. Signs of game became very frequent as we travelled onward, especially moose tracks, and once we caught sight of a family of bears, feeding on the red currants that grew in immense quantities under the tamaracs. "Are you a good shot, Swaps?" I inquired. "Ah, yes, boy; I can shoot splendidly," he answered. "But I'm so 'cussed to shoot a bear, I don't have to shoot him by sight, I'll shoot him by smell." And then he chuckled for eight minutes over this original joke of his. At sundown, having gone several miles out of our course in an unsuccessful search for water, we dug a small hole in the centre of a dried-up swamp. The hole quickly filled up with muddy water, which we strained through a folded cloth, and made into tea. But the tea was simply nauseous. So we swallowed large quantities of eyeberreries and skunkberries, which grew about us in "elegant profusion, loading the dewy air with their delicate perfume," etc. As night drew on, we made a large fire, and prepared for rest. Just as I was going to "roll myself up in my blanket," Jake grabbed his gun, and whispered excitedly: "Lie town, lie town." I immediately assumed a horizontal posture, my feverish imagination conjuring up dread visions of bears, lynx, Sioux and other reptiles, which were wont so often to disfigure the nocturnal slumbers of "Three-fingered Dick, the terror of the Texan plains." Too bad, it's gone," said Jake, disappointedly laying down his gun. "What's gone, Swaps?" "Lie town, is gone," he replied, "that's white owl, you know, when you cook him he's num-num." I was disgusted. Jake and I were sick that night and it was day-break before we got to sleep. Early next morning, we started in search of water. After two hours' hard tramping, we found some water and plenty of it. Right before us was a vast muskeg stretching as far as Mica Lake, five miles away. Around by the side of the lake were the hills that we were going to explore. "The beautiful scene spread itself before our enraptured vision, like a magnificent panorama," Englishman would like shoot here," remarked Jake, as we surveyed the animal-remains before us. He was right, anybody would for that matter. The pond and marshes were filled with thousands of ducks of every size. Dignified cranes stalked about, towering far above the snipe and bitterns. Timid swans and geese flew up on every side, and far away in one corner of the muskeg three moose were trotting lazily along while the air around us was filled with the sound of voracious mosquitos, clamouring lustily for blood.

PART II.

After camping here for more than half an hour, in order to thoroughly refresh ourselves, we started to cross the muskeg, and it is one of the most extensive and treacherous forests of Manitoba. I will confess that I was filled with a certain sense of alarm and apprehension upon beholding for the first time the yielding sod roll off in heavy undulations at every foot fall, shaking the down from trembling bullrushes fifteen feet away, but the feeling soon wore off for I had implicit confidence in my guide, whom I knew would not risk his life; no, not for all that muskeg and flow in Fairford. Hitherto the long grass and sedge had rendered our journey both slow and toilsome, but we would keep up quite a rapid pace over the thin tough sod of peat rushes that covered a great part of the surface of the muskeg, which presented the appearance of complex network enclosing a vast number of small lakelets, not one being more than a hundred yards across. The Indian, his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, followed the track of a moose, which led us with unerring precision through that intricate maze of marsh and muskeg until we reached the other side. While crossing over, a striking phenomenon occurred which is worth recording. About nine o'clock the breeze dropped to a calm and marsh fogs began to ascend from their haunts in the reeds and rushes, rising in avaying columns to the height of 60 or 100 feet. Upon the slightest breath of wind, however, they descended to the ground, shortly afterwards rising in countless millions, until as with rolling banks of vapour the entire landscape was blotted from our view. Our line of march for the next two miles was through the forest of lofty spruce trees. Nitch could be more impressive than the total silence that everywhere prevailed under the sombre shadows of the ever-greens; no voice of bird or beast or insect broke the stillness of the air and even our footsteps were rendered noiseless by the thick carpet of springy moss which covered the ground and climbed ambitiously for two or three feet up the tree trunks. About two o'clock we arrived at Mica Lake and found that it was an exceedingly shallow sheet of water, about four miles across, with a circular outline, and faced along its northeastern shore by a series of low, yellow cliffs. Directly in the centre of the lake a large boulder rested, lifting its shining apex some 35 to 40 feet above the surface of the water, which surrounded its base there clustered a score of smaller boulders. The sea-gulls, which are represented by eight or nine species, seemed to be the only living creatures visible, but Jake informed me that in the early morning great number of swans and pelicans could be seen here. Soon the spicy odor of frying bacon mingled with the fragrant fumes of boiling tea, ascended in the spreading branches of the venerable birch under which we were reclining.

I asked the Indian why he threw a stone out into the lake immediately after reaching his shore. "Well Nitch,—fact is—I don't know much about it," he replied with some embarrassment, "but all the Indians give something; skins or tobacco something. When they not got nothing like me they chuck them a stone." "Yes, I know, but why do they do so?" "You see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's jes' this way when these wendigos—you say gawwas—when they come to scare you some dark night—well they won't come if you have been good to them and give them plenty things. They live in the big stone and they live in the mountains here." "Well, but Swaps, why don't you throw the stones at them when they come to scare you?" "I suggested as you see Nitch, it's

THE GRANGERS.

Meeting of Division No. 21.

THE DOMINION MASTER'S FINE ADDRESS—
MR. S. JOHNSTON TALKS ABOUT SHEEP
—MR. A. EDGAR ON THE HOG QUESTION
—A GOOD MEETING.

The March meeting of Division Grange No. 21, was held in Gorrie on Tuesday of last week. A large number of farmers were present from different parts of the township. This Division had three representatives at the Dominion Grange meeting recently held in Toronto, Messrs. Hopinstall, Jar. Fallis, and E. Cooper, all of whom were enthusiastic over the late meeting, and who brought out many pleasing and profitable reminiscences of that great Grange gathering.

The question for discussion at this meeting was: "The best breeds of sheep and hogs." Samuel Johnston opened the discussion regarding sheep, and took up the practical question—what money is in them, bringing out many good points. He was followed by Mr. A. Edgar, who spoke mainly on the values of hogs, viewing the most profitable breeds, of both sheep and hogs, and strongly accenting the care and feed necessary, no matter what the breed.

It was decided to hold the June meeting in Maitland Grange No. 20, Minto, on June 20th, when the reports of the Dominion Grange committees on Agriculture, Legislation and Good of the Order will be discussed.

The address of Dominion Grange Master, read at the recent Toronto meeting was taken up. It is an able and interesting document, and at the request of the meeting, the GAZETTE herewith gives it in full.

MASTER'S ADDRESS.

Four years have elapsed since we met in this city. Once we met in the "Royal City," Guelph, and three times in the "Forest City" London. Those meetings were both pleasant and profitable. And now I have the pleasure of welcoming you to this eighteenth annual session of the Dominion Grange, in this model city Toronto. I know I shall have your cordial support, and I extend to you fraternal greeting.

We have had a bountiful harvest. Fruits and vegetables, as well as grass and grain, have yielded ample supplies for all demands at home, and a fair surplus for foreign markets.

Our live stock of every description has not suffered from any fatal disease whether in our own country or when exposed to the excentricities of foreign trade.

The cheese industry has brought large sums of money into our different localities, having been sold at good figures; and by judicious management will continue to command the first markets of the world at the best prices.

The scourges which have visited other countries, endangering and destroying human lives, have not visited us, or have touched us lightly. And while we thankfully acknowledge the Hand unseen protecting us, we also recognize the necessity of due care of our persons and homes, pure air, and pure water everywhere, and food and clothing adapted to our country and climate.

We should practice industry and frugality, not so much to grow wealthy, as to be healthy; and to enjoy life, rather than making it subservient to obtaining riches.

The fight between labor and capital seems to increase rather than diminish, and while we hold that all have an equal right to form associations for mutual profit, we cannot ignore the fact that increase of wages in the various departments of manufacture will naturally raise the price of goods and implements when employers and employees are both connected with combines, and it is evident it means higher prices to us; hence we enquire where does the farmers' chance come in? We must organize so as to meet the combinations formed against us. And here allow me to humbly ask the farmers of this Dominion to join the Grange, and test its worth as an organized body. By it, in mutual effort, in a common interest, we can hold ourselves where the God of Nature put us, in the first place in the world. The supplies must come from the farmer; the world can't live without you. And you have the nine points of law regarding the world's bread—possession. Then organize and keep possession until equal rates are offered.

We rejoice when wealthy manufacturers and business men contribute of their wealth for the benefit of society in sustaining educational and other useful institutions, and use their means for charitable purposes. But if their wealth is gained by high rates on our purchases, have not we a right to a higher price for our produce, so that we too can have a hand in that class of well doing, and have a say where our earnings shall be expended.

We highly regard the advantage of our educational system to the boys and girls in their A.B.C's, to the young men and maidens who are aiming at graduation, to the grey-haired

men and matrons who have graduated and while laboring are still learning; covering, as it does, nearly if not entirely every branch of labor and enterprise, not the least among which are the farmers' colleges and experimental farms, and travelling dairies. I also want to remind you that the schools near our homes, beyond the doors of which for education the most of us have never passed, should have full and liberal support, and a fair and full share of government aid. I want to say to-day, guard well this seed-bed of knowledge, our local public schools, and see to it that our government does not endow higher schools at the expense of these.

Regarding the government of this Dominion, this Grange has already expressed its deliberate opinion that we are over-much governed, and would welcome any feasible scheme that would reduce the ruling power to a safe minimum. Party government has not proved to be safe against fraud and political corruption, even in this Dominion with all our boasted enlightenment, and I am not sure but some other method beside drawing tight party lines will have to be adopted before the office seeks the man and succeeds in finding the right one. It seems to me that the governing body should inquire, not so much what is the opinion of the country as what it ought to be; not drift but lift; not drive but live.

The government in power cannot afford to ignore the thought of the opposition, and the government prospective cannot afford to ignore what is good and right in the government present. It stands us in hand, as farmers, to stand by both men and measures rather than "Gilt" or "Tory" whatever those names may for the time being happen to mean. Principle should govern us and not the old party in connection with which it so happened that we were born, although bound to it by many a tie, made strong by the hard struggles of the past. Let those who assume to be rulers know that they must win their honors, as farmers via their homes, by honest hard work. If a short cut is taken by any man, in any party or any government, a short cut of fraud and deception, either to obtain power or to hold it, let it be distinctly understood that that thing can't be repeated.

Whatever may be the increase in the population of this Dominion or the increase of its wealth or power in the future in regard to which necessary changes must for expediency be made, keep an eye on the "old Land." Make such changes a mutual advantage, and never remove the "old land-mark" of British Connection. Independence is not to be thought of, unless the British Lion, with his eyes undimmed by age, and his natural forces unabated, is free to rise in our favor and assert with us our rights. Not that we should be less independent, or rely less on our own muscle, that would dishonor our fathers for the blood of the heroes of the past in all the countries and all the nationalities from whence we spring, flow in our veins. But we should feel that we are part of the greatest Nation on earth, and we cannot afford to have it otherwise; do I not voice the feelings of the Granges of which you are the honored representatives when I say this? The talk about Annexation with the United States is mere clap-trap, disgusting to every true Dominion Granger and Loyal Canadian. We should foster a manly spirit of Canadian Nationality in connection with British unity. And if our neighbors to the south of us prove friendly, neighbor with them.

As to the work of this session, I would suggest, that all subjects to be referred to committees be introduced as soon as possible, so that they may be fully and freely discussed. We cannot allow the findings of this session to go before the public without full and deliberate consideration. If there is anything to lay before the government either here or in Ottawa, let it be clearly formulated expressing emphatically the conviction we feel. I hope that all will participate in the discussions. Let all feel perfectly at home. Do not allow anything to pass, of which you do not approve, without voicing your objections. Give a word of approval so as to accent what you commend. Introduce whatever you think is desirable. Lengthly addresses are not in order here, yet there is ample time to say in a concise way all that is needed to make the session agreeable and useful, and to enable the various committees to summarize the opinions here entertained. Leave as little as possible in your reports for the session to change, or the Executive Committee to expunge or re-arrange.

Having made these observations I invite your attention to the work before us in this eighteenth annual session of the Dominion Grange. And may the Master above bless and direct our labors.

PETER HOPINSTALL,
Master.

Toronto, Feb. 28th, 1893.

Call on Vanstone Bros., and see the elegant designs in granite monuments.

AMERICA'S POPULAR HOMES MONTHLY, "WOMAN'S WORK," FREE.

We desire the correct address of every intelligent housewife. We would like to arrange with one person in each town to compile a list of such names for us. For this service we will give a year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORK for each thousand inhabitants, according to last census. If your town has a population of 2,000, a list of names for it will entitle you to receive WOMAN'S WORK for two years, or will entitle yourself and some friend to receive it one year each. If your town has 5,000 inhabitants you will be entitled to receive WOMAN'S WORK for five years, or yourself and four friends to receive it for one year each. Never a better chance to make presents. We have special blanks prepared for this work, and these must be used in every case. They will be sent, with two sample copies of WOMAN'S WORK, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. We can arrange with only one person in each town or city, and first applicants will always have preference.

Address at once,
WOMAN'S WORK, Athens, Georgia.

☛ Fresh oysters at Allison's.

Mortgage Sale

Planing Mill and Sash and Door Factory.

UNDER and by virtue of powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage from L. C. Dicks to Benjamin S. Cook, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be sold by public auction at Fordwich, on the premises hereinafter described, by W. H. Newton, auctioneer, on

Tuesday, the 28th day of March, '93

at 2 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable lands and property, viz: Lots numbers seven and eight on the south side of Victoria street, and lots numbers seven and eight on the north side of Albert street, in the said village of Fordwich, containing two acres of land, more or less, save and except a certain portion sold to one Adam Hutchinson.

Upon the premises is erected a three-story frame saw and planing mill and sash and door factory, with one story brick engine and boiler house annexed.

There will also be sold, at the same time and place, in connection with the said factory, by virtue of the said mortgage and of certain lien or conditional sale agreements made between the said Levi C. Dicks and Cowan & Co. and assigns to the said Benjamin S. Cook, all the machinery, shafting, belting and tools in connection with the said mill, including among other things an engine, boiler, gig-saw, hand-saw, moulder, shaper, mortise machine, blind machine and panel door raiser and all the other accessories of such a mill.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent on the day of sale and the balance in one month thereafter without interest. Arrangements may be made with the vendor to leave a portion of the purchase money upon mortgage upon the premises. For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to B. S. COOK, Fordwich.

MEYER & DICKINSON, Wingham,
Vendor's Solicitors.
March 6th, 1893.

Wall Paper!

About 140 Samples to Choose from.

Everybody says they are the nicest ever exhibited in Gorrie.

Express Wagons,

Both Wooden and Iron Wheels.

A large stock of them will be here about April 1st, at all prices.

Seeds,

Both Garden and Field.

Timothy, Red Clover and Alsike kept constantly on hand, and anything you want in the shape of Seed Wheat, Oats, or anything in the seed line that we do not keep on hand we will readily procure for you, thereby saving you the freight, postage, etc.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The Gorrie Drug and Book Store.

Fred Donaghy

Regent House, Fordwich,

Is Showing a Grand Stock of

General Merchandize for the Christmas trade.

And in Order to Catch the Crowd,

Prices have been Marked down to cost, for the next Thirty days.

A Specially Fine Line of Glassware in stock.

Dry Goods in every style, the Choicest Lines and the Lowest prices.

Boot and Shoes to suit this season. Full Lines of Rubber goods.

Ladies' and gents' Furnishings in Large Varieties, splendid furs.

Complete stock of Seasonable and fresh groceries always on Hand.

Bargains Every Day

☛ Come and Get them.

Hunter & Henry's

Hardware * Store.

* Fordwich *

A. B. Allison,

DEALER IN

Groceries,

Confections,

Canned Goods.

Pastry.

Toys,

Notions,

Oysters,
Biscuits,
Notions,
Etc.

30 Bargain Days. 30

I have decided to give thirty bargain days of my whole stock of

BOOTS and SHOES

AT COST

For Cash or its equivalent. Profit not to be considered in this sale.

I quote no prices; neither do I mark goods away up to double price and then make sweeping reductions (on paper).

COME and See My Stock, And Get Prices.

P. H. SHAVER.