

The East Huron Gazette

Vol. II.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1892.

No. 1.

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.
1st Residence
Next to Methodist Parsonage,
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

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

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

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

GET THAT Picture Framed.
It has been rolled up and put away long enough; so just bring it in to

S. T. FENNEL,
Who will frame it for you in any style of moulding you wish, having purchased D. Sanderson's large stock of Mouldings and added it to my own.

Prices from 30c. up!
CURTAIN POLES, all styles and colors, from 40c. up. Complete with ends, rings and brackets.

CABINET PHOTOS, . . \$2.50 per doz

Greenlaw Mills.

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

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR
—FROM—

MANITOBA WHEAT.
Highest Price paid for Grain.

Chopping Done.
ROBERT BLACK.

Vanstone Bros.,

WINCHAM

Marble & Stone WORKS.

Parties requiring work in the above lines will do well to call on us.

We carry a large stock of marble and granite.

We guarantee to save you money and give first-class work.

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

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

City Grocery.

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

GROCERIES,
Confectionery,
—Staple and Fancy—

Crockery, Silverware and
Fancy Goods,

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

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

Bull for Service.
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at 10¢ per cow. He is three years old, and weighs 2035 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the proprietor.

TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLETTS.

Estray Cattle.
CAME onto the premises of the undersigned on lot 20, con. 2, Howick, on or about the 15th Sept., 1892, one steer and one heifer rising three years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away.
JOHN McDERMOTT,
Howick, Oct. 25th, 1892.

Have You Seen

W. J. GREER'S

STOCK OF
Boots and Shoes

Lately?

The Variety and Range of Goods displayed will surprise you.

The Ladies, the Misses, the Little Girls, the Gents, the Youths, the Small Boys can be fitted with the very choicest article in

Boots, Shoes or Slippers of any style at

Bargain-Day Prices!

WINTER WEAR

Rubbers and Over-shoes of the Newest Styles and Latest Designs.

I am in the competition and intend to win, for Both

Low Prices and good Goods.

Readers of the GAZETTE are invited to call and verify what we say.

Custom Work and Repairing Promptly done. I have a Large Force of hands so Won't Keep You Waiting.

W. J. GREER,

The Lion Store



MILLINERY.
Our stock is still replete with the latest styles in everything. Something special in black crepe goods.

OUR DRESS GOODS
Are lovely and are fast sellers. Quality and style combined with cheapness are making them go.

OUR SPECIALTY.
Tweeds and Gents' Furnishings. Suits made to order. Fits guaranteed. Our stock to pick from is a No. 1. See our four-in-hand ties. We have still a full line of woollen factory goods, yarns, blankets, flannels, etc., and are still taking in wool and produce of all kinds.

No trouble to Show Goods at the
Lion Store, Wroxeter.
J. W. Sanderson.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brownlee, 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. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. K. Williams, Superintendent.

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

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

Wanted!
500 Cords
Basswood

WE want to buy the above quantity of Basswood for heading, for which we will pay at the rate of \$1 per cord, Cash, laid down.

At the Wroxeter Saw Mill,
to be cut neatly to the length of 20 inches.

Rush along with your SAW LOGS ALSO, to the same place. We want about A Million Feet cut hardwood, as follows:

Soft Elm—12 feet, 9 inches.
Maple—12 and 14 feet (mostly 14)
Pine—12 and 14 feet.
Hemlock—One-half the logs 12 feet; balance 10, 14 and 16 feet.
All other kinds—12 and 14 feet.

HIGHEST PRICES IN CASH.
W. R. THOMPSON,
Teeswater.

JNO. BRETHOUR,
FIRE AND STOCK
Insurance Agent
WROXETER.

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

Give John A Call.
Servant Girl Wanted.

A GOOD General Servant Wanted immediately who understands housework. Good wages paid. Apply to MRS. B. S. COOK, Fordwich.

Notice.
ALL Parties are hereby Cautioned against giving Credit to any Person for goods in my name, as I will not be responsible for debts contracted by any person other than myself.

HENRY DETTMANN,
Lakelet, Nov. 28th, 1892.—3w.

Farm for Sale.
LOT 1, 9th Con., Turnberry. The farm is an excellent one, containing 100 acres, 80 under cultivation, balance good hardwood bush. Stone house and large orchard, plenty of water. Situated about seven miles from Wingham, and five from Wroxeter.

For particulars apply to the Proprietor,
W. M. SANSON, Wroxeter, P.O., Ont.

Estray Calf.
CAME onto the premises of the subscriber, lots 11 and 12, North half Con. C, Howick, a spring calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away.
JAS. A. EDGAR.

Local Affairs.

Splendid oysters at Allison's. 40c per quart.

The evaporator will finish its work this week.

Mr. Frain is recovering from a serious attack of inflammation.

Thirty-six new subscribers are added to the GAZETTE list this week.

An excellent budget of Wingham news is unavoidably crowded out.

The sleighing is about gone and travelers are again resorting to wheeled vehicles.

Mr. Bean's advertisement, in next week's GAZETTE, should be read by everyone.

A "rush of ads" has somewhat disconcerted the appearance and matter of the GAZETTE this week.

A ratepayer of the township sends in a well-written communication upon the poor-house question, which will appear next week.

Our readers are invited to take in the big bargains Mr. Fred Donaghy, Fordwich, tells about in his large advertisement this week.

Dr. Knight, lectured in the Albion hall on "The Horse" on Tuesday night, after which a class was organized for the study of the equine.

Conductor Troyer took a rest the past week or so on account of an indisposition, but returned to his duties on Monday last fully recovered.

We publish a portion of the report presented to Huron county council on the poor house question in 1890, on another page of this issue. The balance will appear later on.

The Busy Cleaners will hold a social at Mr. R. Ross' on the evening of Monday, Dec. 12th, commencing at 7 o'clock. Tea will be served and a good program provided. Admission, 10c.

Rev. Mr. Hoagh leaves Gorrie to-day after a pleasant visit amongst his many friends in this section. We expect a letter from him shortly for publication, giving a retrospect of early Methodism in Howick.

We welcome to our exchange table the Wellington News, published at Arthur, the first issue of which appeared last week. It is well written, has a fine typographical appearance, and appears to have a good patronage.

Miss Whitfield, formerly of Dundas, Ont., returned missionary from Africa, and co-worker with Bishop Taylor, will lecture in the hall of the Methodist Church, Gorrie, on Thursday evening, Dec. 8th, at 7:30 o'clock. Silver collection. All welcome.

The Gorrie Methodist church is to be formally dedicated on Christmas Day by Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, assisted by Rev. Jno. Scott, President of the Guelph conference, and others. A tea-meeting is to be held in connection. The work of completion of the church is being rapidly pushed.

Mr. Will Hueston, who has been laid up with a fractured knee cap for a couple of months past, is recovering nicely. Dr. Tuck has added much to his already enviable reputation by his skillful treatment of this difficult case. Although the cap was broken square across and drawn widely apart by the cords it is now expected that the young man will escape with scarcely any lameness.

The grand event of the season will be the opening of the Foresters' new Hall in this village in the early part of January. A good working committee has been appointed and a concert will be given in connection with the opening which will be second to none ever given in Gorrie. The Foresters' have shown a praiseworthy enterprise in building their handsome hall which is an ornament to Main St., and are entitled to hearty support from the public.

The GAZETTE starts this week on its second year. We cannot turn to a better indication of its prosperity than to point to the immense advertising patronage it enjoys. From the first this paper has met with public favor and the growth of its subscription list has been almost phenomenal, due, in a great measure, to the ability and faithfulness of its news-correspondents—than whom it would be difficult to collect a more scholarly and energetic staff. That the people of this section will remuneratively support a respectable, live local paper of which they need not be ashamed, is now an established fact, and the

GAZETTE will endeavor to, more than ever, please the public during the coming year.

Mr. Wm. J. Greer, boot and shoe merchant, has an important advertisement elsewhere on this page.

Barkwell's Bronchial Balm will cure any cough, cold, bronchitis or asthma. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

M. A. McIntosh has leased the Albion hotel from Mr. Dane, and is, we learn, to get immediate possession. His many friends will be pleased to have Archie back to town again.

A public examination will be held in S. S. No. 1, on Thursday, December 22nd and a grand concert will be given in the evening. The programme will consist of—organ, violin, mouth organ and other music; comic and sentimental songs, choruses, quartettes, duets, readings dialogues and recitations. The following persons will take part in the programme: Messrs. A. Halladay, Lakelet; V. Halladay, Wroxeter; J. Fitch and S. W. Bremner, Belmore; D. Harkness, Carriick; D. Tracy, Turnberry and Prof. Garret; also a splendid choir has been formed with Mr. Jas. Ritchie as leader. Mr. J. Kaine, of Gorrie, is also expected, to give an exhibition in club-swinging. With such a programme in preparation everybody who attends the concert may be sure of a rare treat. In order to defray the expenses of the concert, the small admission of 10 cents for adults will be charged.

Wroxeter.

Mr. Thomas Lovell, who left the paternal domicile a few years ago to try his fortune abroad, is home on a visit. His peregrinations extend as far west as the Pacific Coast.

Mr. L. Elliott and family have returned from visiting friends in the East. His place at the station was supplied in his absence by Relief Agent, Martyn who attended to the duties of our freight and passenger service in a very acceptable manner.

We referred a week or two ago to the work of Mr. Bobt. Miller, as tie inspector for the C. P. R. At this writing we have to hand a synopsis of the extent of his operations in loading and distributing ties on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce and the Credit Valley Branches. During the six weeks just ended Mr. Miller's gang has handled no less than 115,000 ties. This is a large quantity, and to properly facilitate operations the services of two trains were required, one for loading and the other for distributing. We understand the Company is ready to buy large quantities of ties again this winter.

At last we are pleased to announce the probability of the new Presbyterian Church being opened on Christmas, which will be a red-letter day in the history of Presbyterianism in Wroxeter. Principal Cavan, one of the highest and most authoritative dignitaries of the Church in Canada, will conduct the opening services.

We would remind our readers of the concert, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, to be held on the 18th inst., in the Church. The services of Miss Agnes Knox, of Toronto, Canada's greatest elocutionist, have been secured. This will be a treat which all should avail themselves of.

The Literary and Debating Society have decided to hold their meetings weekly instead of fortnightly as formerly. The debate two weeks hence is open to the public, when all are cordially invited to attend. It promises to be one of unusual interest, as the subject of debate is one in which the people of the county are recommended to give expression on at the coming municipal elections. It is as follows: Resolved that a House of Refuge would be a benefit to the county of Huron. Affirmative—Dr. Fortune, Dr. Smale and Mr. Jos. Cowan. Negative—Messrs. Alex. Munro, Jno. Barnard and Thos. Gibson, jr.

Elegant bargains in delf at the City Grocery. See adv.

Lakelet.

The sprinkle of snow has had its effects on our burg. Considerable wood and grain is being marketed and business is picking up nicely.

Through the earnest endeavors of an active committee the various pieces to be given at the concert on the 16th inst., are being prepared by members of the lodge. Some outside talent will also be employed. Printed bills containing the program will be circulated next week. The new saw-mill is now ready and

does fine work. The machinery is not yet closed in and the vertical sway of the machine can be seen at a distance.

As the farmers at a distance who frequent the chopping mill appear to be in doubt regarding the days of its run, be it known that hereafter the mill will be run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week. The mill was never in better working order than at present, and Myles is more efficient this year than last. It deserves your patronage, farmers, as the proprietor, although having no opposition, has taken no advantage in quoting his rates, which are acknowledged by all to be the cheapest in the township.

BRIEFS.—The sacrament of the Lord's supper was observed in the church here on Sunday....The church sheds are being re-shingled....Halladay, the shoeman, has just got a pair of attractive shop-window blinds from Toronto. The display on the outside is an index to the grand stock inside. Read his large advertisement in another column, then step in and examine his boots and shoes....Mr. Smith will move his family to Clifford this week....Mr. A. Dalnidge, our general merchant, whose name is a household word in this section for integrity and business enterprise, is taking advantage of the GAZETTE's large circulation to talk to the public through a large advertisement in another column. Read it....Mrs. Wiggins, whom we reported last week as ill, is improving....Mr. Haskett's eye, which has been inflamed and very painful the past week, is improving....Mr. Cook is engaged in making some repairs on Mr. Jacques' fine residence....There will be a meeting in the Church on Thursday to arrange for their annual Sunday School soiree.

C Line Items.

Mr. John Knox beats all records for a turnip crop this year. From ten acres he had the enormous yield of 800 loads. This being more than he required, he got over the difficulty by sending out invitations to those who needed them to come and take their share of the spoils.

Building operations are still going on around this neighborhood. Mr. Bryce Young is putting up a large addition to his house, which will add greatly to its comfort and accommodation.

Messrs. R. Hamilton and James Ball have lately improved their dwelling houses by painting them.

Orange Hill.

A branch of the Epworth League was organized here last week with about 30 members. The officers are as follows:

Hon. Pres.—The pastor.
Pres.—S. Howard.
Vice-Pres.—Miss Edgar.
2d Vice-Pres.—Miss Howard.
Sec.—Miss Padfield.
Treas.—Jno. Montgomery.

The regular meetings are to be held every alternate Wednesday evening, and prayer meeting every Sunday night at 7.30.

The first regular meeting was held on Wednesday evening, President Howard in the chair. After routine business was over Miss Padfield introduced the topic for the evening "Canada," in a very interesting manner. This was followed by a stirring address from the President, recitations by Mr. John Hoffman and Miss Melissa Millen, and selections by Miss Emily Spotton and the pastor. The topic for the next meeting will be "The Prophet Elijah."

BORN.

On Nov. 26th, the wife of Mr. Wm. Clegg, 15th con., Howick, of a son.

On Nov. 29th, the wife of Mr. Wm. Irwin, Gorrie, of a son.

MARRIED.

CUTT—HELLIER.—At the residence of the bride, on Nov. 16th, by the Rev. Wm. Torrance, Mr. R. H. Cutt, of Grey, and Nellie, eldest daughter of John Hillier, Esq., Godarich.

STEPHENSON—FOWLER.—At the parsonage, Trafalgar St., Goderich, on Nov. 23rd, by Rev. W. Torrance, Mr. Wm. Stephenson and Miss Jennie Fowler, all of Colborne township.

GORRIE MARKET REPORT.

Fall Wheat, per bushel.....	50c to 54c
Spring Wheat, " " " " " "	60c to 62c
Oats, " " " " " "	27c to 27c
Peas, " " " " " "	33c to 35c
Eggs, per lb.....	10c
Butter, " " " " " "	16c to 16c
Dressed Chickens, per pair.....	30c
" Turkeys, " " " " " "	80 to 90
" Geese, " " " " " "	50 to 60
Lard " " " " " "	10c 10c

The GAZETTE till the end of the year FREE to New Subscribers.

AN INTRICATE CASE.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER III. IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

"It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the *Times*, that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father?"

And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes pensively. "But our expedition to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strain of a journey in which we were embarking, yet how self-detrusting she looked, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, and they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '237 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic-like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four,—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzle lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splashes of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which fitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front of a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and be-shawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, "with a certain degree of manner, but I wish to ask you to

give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

"He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-roads.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, and they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

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"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzle lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splashes of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which fitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front of a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and be-shawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, "with a certain degree of manner, but I wish to ask you to

give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

"He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-roads.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace doorway of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders,—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further. I nodded in agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco-smoke, to the mild balsamic odor of the Eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable and inviolable asset. He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled merrily through the rose-water. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced, and our chairs upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the centre."

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring and I might even say refined tastes, and there is nothing more unesthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, and though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvador Rosa, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to know. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has led to this. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in this sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself."

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, one of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live in Pondicherry in the Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities, and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house; and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children."

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of the Captain Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast,—that all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan."

"We did know, however, that some mysterious—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never go out without him, and he had a most marked aversion to the wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion."

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast-table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us."

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words."

"I have only one thing," he said, "which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which she has been here. And yet I have made no use of it myself, so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls besides the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Aggra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered."

"I will tell you how Morstan died," he continued. "He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable coincidence of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station,

and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead."

"For a long time I sat half-distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know."

"I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the doorway. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. 'Do not fear, Sahib,' he said. 'No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?' 'I did not kill him,' said I. Lal Chowdar, shook his head and smiled. 'I heard it all, Sahib,' he said. 'I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together.' That was enough to decide me. My own servant could not believe my word before twelve foolish trashy fellows in a jerry-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's estate as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make a full statement. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in—"

"At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaws dropped, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, 'Keep him out! For Christ's sake keep him out!' We both stared round in the dark behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father's head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat."

"We reached the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footstep was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imagination had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open the morning, his capboards and boxes had been rifled, and in his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words, 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and I naturally associated the peculiarities of the case with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from the fountain upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lid drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited about the treasure which my father had spoken of. For we knew and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the position of the missing riches by the chapter which he had taken out of his chest, so very little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's faith. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chapter it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble."

"We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not see it together in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion. 'L' was my motto, you know. The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself, so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew; so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, ceased and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"I have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had

best put the matter through without delay."

"Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long be-frogged topcoat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up; in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

"Our cab was waiting us outside; and our programme was evidently rearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere, out of doors; so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet accounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up, and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat down, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreadfully conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night.

Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hudson Bay Railway.

Major R. S. McLennan, M.P. for Gleggarry, has arrived in Ottawa from his trip to the Pacific coast. He was accompanied on the trip by Senator McMillan, Major Beattie, of London, and Mr. Lomax, of Alexandria. Speaking of the Hudson Bay Railway, he said:—"Manitoba and the North-west are sure to become the richest agricultural country in the world. The people in that country who are interested in ranching and farming are all of one opinion, that it would be a very great advantage to the province and territories if they could get an outlet by the Hudson Bay railway, which would enable them to get their horses, cattle, and sheep, and also their grain, to the British market very much cheaper than at present. This road would also be an advantage to the Western States. They would be sure to export their grain, etc., by this route, and thereby bring Manitoba to the front. I believe it would be an advantage to our Canadian railways in the West, which would do a large amount of the carrying trade from these Western States via the Hudson Bay. With the assistance of the subsidy granted by the Dominion Government to the road to the Saskatchewan the promoters will now be able to build that portion as a colonization road. It runs through a most magnificent country, one of the best sections of Manitoba. To build and equip the remainder of the road from the Saskatchewan to Hudson Bay will cost about nine or ten million dollars, and I believe that the Province of Manitoba and the North-West will before long undertake to tax themselves with that amount. As you will see, it would be a modest calculation to say that the export of wheat alone from that country within the next five or ten years will be forty million bushels a year, and the saving of eight cents per bushel which will be effected will amount to over \$3,000,000 a year, and this saving on the export in three or four years would be sufficient to pay for the building and equipping of the road. This could be extended over a long term of years and many people not now in the province would assist in paying off the amount. The interest on the whole sum required at 4 per cent would be \$400,000 per year, which would be one cent per bushel on an export of forty million bushels. However, they would not require to raise this amount, as that portion of the road has received a land grant from the Dominion Government of 12,800 acres per mile. The company, I understand, has also a bonding power of \$25,000 per mile. With a substantial grant from Manitoba and the North-West there is no doubt but the company could raise the larger amount required for the construction of the road. The road would also be the most direct route to bring immigration into the North-West, and would land them upon our own soil with less than one day's journey by rail."

Major McLennan says that the appointment of Mr. Daly as Minister of the Interior has at once changed the Government program. Of Manitoba school difficulty he does not wish to express an opinion at present.

Most people like to see themselves in print, but women don't; they prefer silk or satin. To see wrong done, and keep silence, is tacitly to be implicated.

"Will your daughter take Latin this year?" Mother—"I guess there is no danger of it; we had her vaccinated before she left home."

Nellie—"Mamma, Georgia's swallowed a quarter of an inch of cork!" "Georgie's Mamma—"Oh, my child, why did you do it? Now I haven't time for carefare."

A contemplative lie has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

The Bishop of Manchester has just disestablishment would do no harm, but that disestablishment would be very serious.

Archbishop Vaughan and Mr. Stoner are to be the next British Cardinals.

Dr. Carter, of Birmingham, delivering an address on brain work and brain workers, called special attention to the danger of working too soon after meals. At least half an hour should elapse before exerting the brain. An hour's close attention to one subject was as much as could profitably be given at a sitting. He strongly deprecated the use of sedative draughts by brain workers who could not sleep.

Seven years ago a Scotch woman established in London a "Home for the Dying," ten beds being prepared for dying people. The applications for admission became so numerous and pressing that steps have been taken to enlarge the institution very greatly.

Fourteen torpedo boats ordered by the British Government four are to be 180 feet long, of a speed of 21 knots, or about 21 statute miles. The extreme speed obtained by a torpedo boat is credited to the Adler, built at Eilbing, Germany, 27.4 knots. She is only 152 feet long.

Handkerchiefs, which used to be frowned upon by the British military authorities, have now been sanctioned, and a military handkerchief has been patented on which shall be printed all sorts of information concerning the use and construction of the rifle, the flag alphabet, bugle calls and general rules for the soldier.

The subjects of Great Britain are the most tremendous patent medicine swallows on the globe. During the past year the revenue derived from the three-half-penny stamp upon patent medicines amounted to \$1,200,000. Licenses for the sale of patent medicines have increased 1,340 in England and 111 in Scotland.

A receptacle for cinerary urns has been erected in Kensal Green Cemetery, London. It is a handsome structure of Caen stone, decorated with Siena and rouge royal marbles. It is about eight feet high, and affords place for the reception of forty-two urns. The compartments for the urns are fitted with plate glass doors, and are arranged in tiers very much like the safes in the safe deposit vault.

The thrifty Scotchmen who manage the affairs of the town of Paisley recently discovered a new means of turning an honest dollar to the town's benefit. They have leased the public street lamp posts an advertising firm to be fitted up with frames for the display of advertising posters. The lease carried with it the provision that any work required in connection with fitting up the lamp posts should be done by a Paisley tradesman.

A Mr. Grundy said at the Manchester Diocesan Conference that church service should be "bright, beautiful, and brief," and that churchgoing ought to be more social than it is. Prayer should be condensed and sermons should not exceed ten minutes at most. He could see no reason why string and brass bands should not take part in the services.

The new tax upon bicycles in France will be \$2. As there are about 22

AGRICULTURAL

Soil Moisture.

When ground is ploughed in the spring and a stratum of soil four to six inches in depth is saved completely from that below and reserved in a loose condition upon it, there is provided a covering which acts as a reservoir for the water which has been saved by the ploughing. It has for a long time been the best possible thing, as these ploughed checks in a marked degree the loss of water by evaporation from the undisturbed soil.

Precise figures have been lacking however until recently an American experiment station made careful investigations. One plot was ploughed April 28, 1902, and the soil was carefully tested in comparison with a similarly unploughed field. May 6th. The unploughed ground contained in the upper four feet, 8.13 lbs. less water per square foot, than did the ploughed ground, an equivalent of 1.75 inches of rainfall.

When it is observed that the amount of water available for crop production, on almost all lands, is less than that which can be used to the best advantage, when one year is taken with another, such a fact has an important bearing upon problems of tillage. It teaches that, where corn and potato ground is to be ploughed in the spring, the plowing should be done as the soil is dry enough to permit it and that where corn is to be planted upon fall plowing, the disc harrow or similar tool should be used upon the ground as early as practicable to avoid a needless loss of water by surface evaporation.

The prevention of excessive waste of soil water is not the only important gain which results from early spring tillage. With all clay soils and clay loams there is a certain degree of dryness at which they work with the least resistance, and are at the same time left in the best possible condition, as these soils pass from the excessive wet stage through the stage of best moisture to that of too little they shrink and draw together into the larger or smaller clods which are so annoying, so productive of labor, so preventive of large yields. The ground referred to in the above experiment was ploughed on April 28, and left in excellent condition, but that which, side by side with it, had been ploughed on April 18. Not only did the delay in plowing increase fourfold the labor of fitting the ground, but it at the same time resulted in an unnecessary waste of water which was really large and greatly needed.

We are fast coming to believe that surface tillage diminishes the rate of evaporation from the soil but as yet we are without positive data in regard to just how great this saving may be. This question was also studied at the above station. It was found that during 64 days for each column of soil one square foot in section and six feet long, the unploughed ground had dried 8.84 lbs. more than cultivated.

A saving of 8.84 lbs. per square foot is equivalent to a rainfall of 1.7 inches. 301.49 lbs. of water are required for a pound of dry matter in corn, and the above saving of water, in times of shortage, should increase the yield of dry matter per acre 1,277 lbs. which is about 14 per cent of a good yield.

It should be observed that the retaining of water already in the ground, to the extent indicated above, must be much more serviceable to crops than to have an equivalent amount added to the surface in the form of rain, for in all such cases a very large portion of that, especially in dry times, is returned at once to the air without passing through the crop.

Reminders for Farmers.

When tired and hungry, eat something easily and quickly digested.
Break the surface of the soil and the air will find its way to the roots.
"Whenever you see a dead bird, hit it," is an effective way to get rid of vermin.
The manurial value of foods corresponds with their nutritive value.
The only way to grow heavier crops each year is to make the land continually richer.
Do not expect to sell butter at top prices to private customers unless it is top quality.
If tobacco is to be made a paying crop, it must be given the very best land on the farm.
The best way to keep up with agricultural progress is to take a live agricultural journal.
The only way to free the farm from weeds is to cut them away before they go to seed.
To determine whether green-soiling really pays, let us suggest that you try it for yourself.
Sweet potatoes cannot be kept through the winter, unless you handle them gently when harvesting.
If the "first-class farmer" would maintain his rank, he must keep on studying and learning all the time.
The farm will never give you complete satisfaction so long as you have to buy fruit from your neighbor.
Something new must be planted every week, if we wish to maintain a good garden throughout the season.
You can never keep up with the work on the farm, if you ever put off until tomorrow what can be done to-day.
If the weeds have possession of the bed this fall, you can hardly expect a good strawberry crop next spring.
If you expect the boy to love the farm, you must permit him to get some enjoyment from it as he goes along.
It is a source of discouragement when a farmer works from twelve to fourteen hours a day and is thereby incapacitated from thinking and planning his work. No business can expect to succeed without intelligent, thoughtful oversight.

What I Want and Don't Want.

I want my cows to be milked at regular hours each day.
I want the same milker to milk the same cows each time in the same order.
That the milk shall be turned into pails on milk bench after milking each cow.
That as soon as possible the milk shall be carried to the dairy house and strained.
That the cows shall not be eating while being milked, but stand with eyes closed, chewing the ends and chinking of nothing but letting the milk come full head.
That if a milker is to whistle, he should whistle a good, lively tune, and milk in time to his music.
That every cow in the dairy shall know that the man who milks her is a friend.
That all extra food fed shall be at night, when the cows are at pasture.
That when I pass through the cows in yard or field, I shall have to go around the cow rather than have her step off to get out of my way.
I want to know just what each cow can do.

To raise my own cows so I can have the pleasure of seeing them develop, and have the pleasure of studying the possibilities of breeding for a purpose.
To make butter that is just as good as can be found elsewhere.
To know each spring where my butter will be wanted in the fall.
To see less poor butter on the market, so the consumption of it will be nearly, if not quite, doubled.
To have the privilege of being left to make butter after that process that is best suited to the circumstances under which I am obliged to work, and not be called an "old fogey."

To about the next man who comes as an agent for something that I could not possibly use in my dairy, and because I will not purchase or give a testimonial for it, tells the next man he meets that "that old hay-seek back there is a fossil, and must be of Noah's time."

And I don't want any other man to do as I do if he can be more successful by some other method.—[H. S. M., in Country Gentleman.

Handling Manure.

If you can not put the manure upon the land where it is needed as fast as made, and have no covered barnyard or shed in which to store it, waste can be effectually prevented by piling up and covering with earth. Pile compactly and cover with five or six inches of soil, and whatever volatile matter is given off by the heating of the pile will be absorbed by the earth. It will not wash out to any extent by rains, and if it heats too violently it should be forked over, mixing the soil with the manure and then piling it up and covering again with fresh earth. In this way the manure is made fine, and it becomes properly rotted and its fertilizing elements are readily available when applied to the crops in the spring. Five cords of manure handled in this way will be worth more than ten cords left to leach out in the open yard through the winter. When we begin to take more pains in the handling of this product we can more easily keep up the fertility of our farms.

Tips for the Dairy.

The fastest way to make money in the dairy, is to keep always weeding out the poor cows.
Don't delay straining the milk until the cream has begun to rise. If once broken up by straining it rises again very slowly, if at all.
Sweet cream butter is becoming very popular in certain quarters, and commands fancy prices. As a general rule, however, butter from ripened cream finds more favor among those who buy the gilt-edged article.
Dairymen who make a strictly first-class article of butter do not much fear the competition from oleomargarine. The best way to drive this out of the market would be for every one to make better butter.
Never fill the swing churn more than half full. Give the cream plenty of room to swing backward and forward, and by concussion break the envelope that contains the butter-fat. The oscillating churn, in some form, is undoubtedly the best that we have for the private dairy.

A cow to each acre should be the aim of every progressive dairyman. It has been and can be done, and the very methods which lead up to this will also lead one to keep the best stock that can be had, so as to get the largest product from the one cow and the one acre, and will induce toward such management as shall bring the best and most valuable product, as well as the largest. High cultivation of the land, improved stock and careful and scientific handling of the output are the roads toward profitable dairying.

We have before us the record of an Iowa dairy having a herd of twenty-two cows, which sold during the twelve months an average of 3261 pounds of butter for each animal. The price was 25 cents a pound, making an average of \$81.62 a cow. It is easy enough to see that such dairymen are becoming much less rare than they were.

The time will come when consumers will prefer to pay twelve cents a quart for milk made solely from wheat bran, corn meal and clover hay, rather than to pay six cents a quart for that made of corn fodder cake meal, brewers' grains, and the other things so commonly fed to cows, says the *Farm Journal*. Quality milk from healthy cows, served in clean glass jars, is going to take the place of a portion of the quantity milk now upon the market. There will be a margin of profit in quality milk, which is now disputed in the matter of quantity milk.

Fight With A Panther.

In the early part of this century Jarius Rich was a famous hunter of Alexandria, New York. Once when his traps were set for wolves, he went out on a tour of inspection, and was surprised to see a panther spring up and bound away with one of the traps hitched to its hind leg. He fired, but missed, and the creature made off into the thicket. Jarius went to a neighbor's, borrowed a dog, and returned to the woods. As he neared the place where the trapped brute had disappeared, his quick eye detected a panther's head protruding from some bushes a few rods ahead. He took his gun, fired, and the creature fell dead. Examination revealed the fact that this was not the panther in the trap, and the excited barking of the dog a few rods in advance showed that other game was near. Leaving the dead panther he hurried on, and soon came in sight of the entrapped beast, which stood at bay snarling fiercely at the dog, which kept at a safe distance.

Mr. Rich fired at the panther, but only wounded it slightly. In the excitement of the moment he threw down his gun, seized his hatchet and ran forward, thinking to make short work of his game; but in that he was mistaken. The panther made a sudden spring, knocked the hatchet from the hunter's hand, and furious with rage and pain, began tearing and biting him.

Rich defended himself to the best of his ability, but there was no getting away from the fierce animal. A fearful struggle ensued, and finally the panther got one of the hunter's hands in his mouth. With his free hand, Rich succeeded in getting his Jack-knife from his pocket. He opened it with his teeth, and with it put an end to the life of the ugly brute.

Then he crawled to the nearest house, where his wounds were cared for. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his bed, and the scars of the conflict he bore to the grave.

"They say the child looks like me," said Gargoyle, displaying his first born. "He does—a good deal," replied Glanders; "still, I don't think I would drown him at that account."

Sunday School Teacher—"Who loves everybody, Johnny?" Johnny—"My papa loves me, he is my papa's office."

RUSSIAN RAILROADS

How the Iron Horse is Halted and Groomed in the Land of the Czar—Russia Pushing Her Way Into Asia.

The English are naturally somewhat excited at the encroachment of the Russians upon the Asiatic provinces bordering upon their Indian possession. The fact is that Russia regards Central Asia as her territory, and she is adding to her Asiatic possessions much faster than the world realizes. While I was in Peking a year or so ago I heard the Chinese growling at the way in which she was inching upon them. Every year or so Russia would move the boundary line a little bit farther down, and she has so enlarged Siberia that the country contains more than four million square miles, and is already paying out the most valuable countries of the world of the future. The wheat area of Siberia is rapidly increasing and there is a vast emigration going on from Russia into Siberia, which promises to change the face of that country. The Siberian trade of Russia already amounts to millions of dollars a year, and on the Volga you see caravans of boats loaded with iron and wheat and salt, which have been brought from Siberia to Perm and thence floated down the Kama River into the Volga and up the Volga to Nijni-Novgorod, from whence they go by rail over the empire. The increase in Asiatic exports and imports since the building of the new railroad to Samarcand is wonderful. This road has been in operation only a few years, and is already paying out an enormous and moderate interest on the investment. It runs more than a thousand miles right into the heart of Asia and it brings you within about 500 miles of the railroads in India. Indeed, I had thought of taking this road to Samarcand and thence making my way by caravan and by boat across Afghanistan and Persia, and I was already paying out for the trip. I had taken the railroad to Calcutta and thence have gone back to America by way of San Francisco, making a tour of the world in this way. I find, however, that my time is too limited for me to carry out this project, but I propose it for one of the globe trotters of the future. It would be a new and original route, and I am convinced that the trip could be made at an expenditure of a little more and some money. It ought not to take more than a month to get through from Samarcand to Lahore, and at this point you would be in the heart of the wonders of North India. The English fear to build a road to connect with the Russian line, but the Russians are pushing their road right on, and if they are alone they will open up all parts of Asia.

HOW THE RUSSIANS BUILD RAILROADS.

The recent famine has increased railroad building in Russia and a number of new roads have been commenced in order to give the starving peasants something to do. There is a new line being built along the Caspian Sea, and the Tarter city of Kazan is being connected with the railway system of the Volga. The chief of the railway branch of the Interior Department of St. Petersburg, with whom I talked the other day, tells me that the work on the Trans-Siberian Road is still going on and that about 150 miles of it have been laid from Vladivostok on the Pacific to the east, and that the work is advancing in other parts of Siberia. This Siberian road will run from Vladivostok across Siberia to Russia and it is estimated that when it is completed passengers will be able to go from Moscow to Vladivostok in fifteen days, and the time around the world will be then reduced to less than fifty days. I am told that the road will cost about \$100,000,000. The Russian Government has made surveys of all the possible routes and the one that will probably be adopted will take advantage of the navigable rivers on the way and will by this means be able to largely reduce the amount of track. If an all-rail line is made it will be nearly 10,000 miles through Siberia alone and it will cost \$170,000,000. By the use of the rivers the necessary track can be cut down from three to two thousand miles, but in this case the road will be practically useless for six months of the year on account of the freezing of the rivers and lakes during the winter. Gen. Annenkov, the builder of the Trans-Siberian Road, estimates that the Siberian Road can be completed in five years, and that by 1897 we may have trains running from the Baltic to the Pacific. This road will open up some of the richest wheat growing countries of the world and it will enable machinery to be taken to the Siberian gold mines, which are now practically unworked for the lack of it. Siberia is being rapidly colonized by the Russians, but the country is so vast that they can make but little impression upon it. This railroad would increase the immigration from about 10,000 a year, which it is now, to hundreds of thousands and it will result in the opening up of North Asia to civilization.

IN THE LAND OF FORESTS.

North Russia is the land of forests, and if you will draw a line right across Russia through Moscow or a little above it nearly all of the territory north of this will be made up of dense woods. The locomotives of North Russia burn wood, and you have engines like that of Santa Claus. His smokestacks shaped like a funnel and with great racks at the back of the engine, which are piled high with cord wood. The wood is loaded by men who carry it up on their backs. It keeps two firemen constantly busy throwing this wood into the engine, and at nearly every station you will see the black piles of saw wood awaiting the engines. The engine which took me from the frontier to St. Petersburg was fired up in this way, and the sweet smell of the burning wood was pleasanter far than the sulphuric coal which was burned by the trains which carried us through Germany. I find the roads here well ballasted, and in the thousands of miles which I have now traveled in Russia I have yet to find a rough road or one that is badly managed. The trains are always on time and the road beds are wonderfully well kept. The road between St. Petersburg and the frontier is weeded as carefully as the best-groomed garden, and I saw women on their knees scraping out the weeds between the tracks with knives. In traveling over the black plains I saw men smoothing up the ballast on the road where it had become roughened and nowhere have I seen a piece of bad roadbed. The ties are wooden, the rails are of steel and at every cross road there stands a Russian peasant girl with a flag in her hand which she holds up until the train goes by. This picture is one of the most lasting ones of my trip. I saw men plowing his way through the black plains whether he shrieks or he gallops through the mighty forests or whistles going through the rich agricultural lands of the west, this bare-headed, bare-footed Russian Venus, in a bright calico dress, is here to meet him. She keeps guard over the road and she is the emblem of the Czar. Another emblem of the Czar is the policeman at the station. Each station has its

civil offices in uniform, and in addition to these there is a gendarme or a policeman who is appointed from St. Petersburg, and who marches up and down the platform all day long with spurs on his high-topped boots and with a great sword at his side. He wears a red cap with a feather in it, and he acts as though he owned the road. I took a photograph of one of these men and came near being arrested for it. The man objected violently, but he did not know that the picture was taken until the train was about to leave, and I laughed at him as I stood on the rear car with my kodak in my hand while the train was carrying us away. It takes about five minutes to start a train in Russia. There is a bell at every station, and this is rung three times before the train leaves. You can tell by the taps just how much more time you have. First there is one tap, then after an interval of a couple of minutes two taps are sounded on the bell and two minutes after this three taps are rung, when, after a shrill whistle from the station master, the train gets ready to start.

QUEER RAILROAD FEATURES.

There are many queer features in Russian railway management. The Russian cars are like no other cars in Europe. They are half European and half American. They are of three classes and the rates are no higher than they are in the United States. The distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow is 400 miles and the road is as straight as a string. There are five trains every day, and it takes about ten hours to go from one point to the other on an express train. There is a difference in fare on the express over the ordinary train and the first-class express rates are three and one-half cents a mile, while the second class, which is almost equally as good, are only two and one-fourth cents, and the third class are less than two cents a mile. I have traveled quite a good deal in second-class cars, and I find them very comfortable. The most of the well-to-do Russians patronize the second-class cars, and as one is expected to carry his own bedding, by the use of a little feigning you can save money and make yourself comfortable. I found it very inconvenient even in the first-class sleeper during the first part of my present tour. I had neither soap nor towels with me and I had to rely upon the guards for these as well as for my pillows and bedding. In none of the sleepers do they expect to furnish you much more than a place to lie down upon. You are expected to carry your own sheets and in a first-class hotel, which I found at Saratoff, I had to make a very pronounced kick before I could get any bedding. There was a mattress on the iron springs, but there were neither sheets or pillow cases and the nights were cold. After a time I got a rather comfortable outfit for the night but the next day I found that this was all charged up in my bill, and I have had to pay for bedding at half a dozen hotels since then. The passenger cars on the Volga, which, by the way, are very comfortable in other respects, do not furnish bedding, towels or soap, and you always pay extra for these when you order them. If you don't understand the Russian sometimes you pay when you don't order them. I remember a swallow-tail waiter who made me pay for a pair of socks for a sake of soap at the hotel at Nijni. I wanted a towel and in order to convey that idea to him I rubbed my hands over my face as though I was drying it. He rushed off and brought me a piece of soap. It was wrapped up in tinted paper and he tore off the wrapper before I could tell him that I didn't want soap. He then took the soap away and I noted that in my bill, whereupon I ordered him to bring it back and took it with me, as I had to pay the bill, anyhow.

RAILROAD RESTAURANTS.

The Russians are always gorging. The average man is a glutton, and I have seen slender, ethereal, ethereal-looking Russian girls during the past week who could get away with more solids and liquids than any beefy Englishman I have ever met. The people seem to eat at every station, and the beauty of it is you can find something good to eat every time the train stops. I wish I could show you a plate of Russian soup that is as good as any I have ever had, but the Russians take it only as an appetizer. The favorite soup is called stache, and it is made of cabbage and other vegetables with a piece of meat about four inches square and two inches thick in the middle of it. In addition to this they bring you a bowl of thick cream, which is sometimes sour and sometimes fresh, to pour into it in order to give it a body, and this molasses-like mixture you eat, and you like it. It is not bad, I assure you. But I have never found myself able to get beyond the first course, for after you have taken the liquid part of the soup you are expected to carve up and eat the meat, and the meat forms quite a meal in itself. The trains usually make long stops at the stations and from thirty to forty minutes for a dinner is not uncommon. At every station peddlers come around with fruits, cakes and drinkables, and a common sight is the old fellow with the samovar in which he makes tea and serves to all who will buy. It makes no difference how hot it is this man always wears his overcoat, and a long-visored cap usually shields his eyes. He is generally bearded and he has a fat, jolly face like that of Santa Claus. His is good and he serves it with a bit of lemon and a lump of the hardest sugar you have ever put between your teeth. If you drink the tea as he does you will put a lump of sugar between your teeth and suck the tea through this, and the chances are that when you get as old as he is your teeth will be the decayed condition of them. Nevertheless the Russian peasants have had teeth and there is more chance for good enterprising dentists here than anywhere else in the world. I don't doubt but that there are five hundred million cavities ready at this writing in this empire for five hundred million gold or amalgam plugs, and the Russian with sound teeth is the exception.

THIRD-CLASS CARS.

It is wonderful how much travel is done by the poor class in Russia. The third-class cars are always full. They are more like cattle cars than anything else. There are no cushions on the seats, and the people are crowded in in all sorts of ways. They are not supposed to have any rights that the railroad officials are bound to respect, and I saw one man knocked down and shoved back into the station just as the car was about to start because he did not have his ticket in his hand. He told the guard that the party of peasants with whom he was traveling had the ticket and they had already gotten on the cars, but this did him no good, and though he cried and howled he was laid back while the car bore his friends and family away. The passenger does not travel in Russia without a passport. I have not had to show my passports at the railroad depots except when I came into Russia, but the peasant dare not go from one part of Russia to the other without permission of the local government under which he lives, and he is asked to show his passport at the ticket office. At Tamboff I saw a whole crowd of peasants who were

about to emigrate to another province. Each had his passport in his hand and they stood in a single file waiting for their turns to buy their tickets. It was at this same station that I saw my first prison car. These Russian roads have cars especially devoted to the carrying of prisoners, and the prisoners which are taken from here to Siberia go by rail to Nijni-Novgorod, whence they are put on prison boats and are carried down the Volga, and up the Kama to Perm and thence start on their march to the wilds of Siberia. These cars had iron bars and windows, and they are guarded by soldiers who are ready to shoot any who try to escape. The cars themselves are third-class ones and the prisoners sit on hard boards rather than cushions.

I don't pay to carry much baggage in Russia. I have a trunk with me that weighs about 200 pounds, and it costs me \$5 every time I move. Only forty pounds of baggage is allowed with a ticket here and the excess is always charged for. There is no charge, however, for packages carried inside the cars and the result is that every passenger has a half dozen bundles and the cars are filled with packages and baskets and trunks with handles on them. The poorer classes carry all their baggage into the car with them, and as the most of them are too poor to own a trunk they wrap their goods up in clothes and carry them in bundles on their backs. If they have to wait over night at the station they throw these bundles down for a pillow and sleep on the stones, and a common sight at almost every station is a Russian peasant family, the father of which is generally sleeping and the mother either chatting with her neighbors or engaged in her never-ending search for the animals which infest her children's heads.

Eskimo Tailoring.

In his "Narrative of the voyage of the 'Kite,'" Doctor Kelly tells how he had a pair of trousers made for himself among the natives of West Greenland. It will be remembered that the *Kite* was the steamer that took Lieutenant Peary and his wife to the Arctic regions in the spring of 1891. The incident is told of the natives about Peary's camp, in latitude 77° 43'. Peeping into one of the huts, I saw a woman diligently employed in cutting and sewing skins. Strawn all about the interior were furs and sewing implements, and it appeared evident that I had found a tailor. As I was suffering for a new pair of trousers, there was chance not to be lost and negotiations were at once opened with the lady for their manufacture, by presenting her with a knife.

It was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in conveying in her an approximate idea of the style of article desired, as I wished them to reach to the feet instead of only just below the knee, as was the mode at Cape York. So much was at last made clear, but the addition of pockets being beyond her powers of comprehension I was compelled to forego those luxuries. The question of style having been decided, she proceeded to take my measure. This was done in a rather primitive manner. Having selected a seal skin of sufficient length and width, it was wrapped around the limb, the fur side inward. The surplus material was then bent over with the fingers, and the skin removed. The crease so formed served as a guide for the next procedure, which consisted in biting along the line with the teeth, so as to cause the fold to lie flat.

This being accomplished, the skin was again applied to my limb, and a few slight repairs were marked with an additional bit here and there. The shape having been outlined, the skin was again removed, and the lines thus marked being followed with a rudely-made knife, the cutting of the trousers was completed. To facilitate the work, I offered her the use of a pair of scissors, which I had brought with me from the ship; but being entirely unfamiliar with their use, she preferred her own knife; and seeing I was only delaying operations, I made no more suggestions. Desiring to hasten work, I gave her a few additional needles, but soon found that Eskimo character resembled in some respects that existing in more temperate zones, that, in short, was not always good policy to try in advance. Instead of working faster, my tailor lagged still more; indeed, so little progress was made, and so evident was it that she was only endeavoring to extort additional pay from me that, appreciating my mistake, and despairing of getting my much-needed trousers completed, I decided on taking them away myself. This was discovered by some of my companions from the *Kite*, and as they were about returning to the ship, I got ready to accompany them. Taking the unfinished trousers away from the woman, who parted with them reluctantly, we started off. We had not gone far when we saw that she was following us; apparently for a dinner is not uncommon, and I wished to make amends. The ship was soon reached, and finding the decks full of natives, I at once contracted with some of them to have the work completed on board.

Several women began on them, and as soon as my back was turned my original tailor joined them. By the laughter which soon ensued I was convinced that they appreciated the true state of affairs, and were amused at her discomfort. The trousers were soon finished, and I wore them until our return south necessitated a change to more civilized attire.

A submarine electrical lamp has been tested in Toulon at a depth of thirty feet. It illuminated a radius of 100 feet. The lamp had like insects about a lamp.

Mrs. Featherleigh—"Mr. Skrimpy is paying you a great deal of attention, daughter. Daughter (who knows that Mr. Skrimpy's attentions are confined to frequent calls)—"But he's not paying it out of his pocket-book, mamma."

"I thought you said you were in love with Miss De Trop?" "I did." "And yet you say now there is something about her you dislike?" "There is; it's Cholley. He's always about her."

Good cause for a quarrel: In all their married life they never had a family jar.

But became home one day a smoking campaigner!

The people of Singapore are asking "who will free them from the tyranny of Chinese domestics?" In the straits settlements all the domestics are Chinese, and they are becoming fearfully high in their charges. So far no remedy has been suggested more practical than that "the Penang Debating Society should talk the matter over."

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. Chicago School Mistress—"What is marriage?" Little Girl—"A formality necessary to be gone through with to get a divorce." Chicago School Mistress—"Correct; go to the head."

The national debts of Europe amount to a total which is equivalent to eleven pounds for each inhabitant of the Continent.

YOUNG FOLKS

Sleeping.

Not in his cradle sleeping
Is my darling baby fair—
Not on the carpet creeping—
Not on his table chair.
He sleeps such rosy slumber
As a baby only knows;
For his heart's content cucumber
To mar its sweet repose.
His silver spoon has fallen,
What cares he for it now?
Such minor things do fall on
Sweet baby's senses now.
He's revelling in the fancies
Of childhood's bluest dream,
Where innocence enhances
His sweet cherubic reign.
Oh, tell me not of pleasures
In palace hall so gay;
But give me cottage treasures
As this I own to-day.
A little cherub dreaming—
A bud just opening fair—
A light divinely beaming
On every rising care.

Sleep on, for angels ever
Are kindly watching thee,
And naught but sin can sever
Thee in futurity.
May my dove never slumber
Where over danger lies,
My virtue's crown number
Temptation till it flies.
Baby! thy world is beautiful,
For thou art smiling now,
Embroidering my life so dull,
And tinting thy fair brow.
Soon little feet will patter,
Like softest leaf in June;
Soon will commence the clatter
Of home-life's sweetest tune.

A Quiser Ride.

Daisy was roasting apples before grandpa's fire—two great eyes "Porters" they hung from the mantle by strings tied about their stems, and they sputtered and sizzled and bobbed about, keeping time to the merry fire that danced behind the brass-headed "dogs."

Grandma and Daisy were "keeping house" to-day, while father and mother and the boys went to the County Fair. Daisy could not go. A naughty tooth had puffed up one cheek so that Tom said she looked like a squirrel with his mouth stuffed with corn.

A big bear would crowd its way out in spite of Daisy's trying to sink it back. It ran merrily over fat cheeks, and fell spang on grandma's hand.

"Hoity-toity!" cried grandma, making believe she did not see it. "Why, those apples will burn, sure enough! Give them a whirl, Daisy, and bring out the little silver tea-pot, with the tinsy cream-jug and the two little pewter plates that Joanna Kettle gave me for being named for her—little enough too, for folks to name that, shouldn't you think, Daisy?" laughed grandma, pulling her little round table forward with the creak of her cane, and beginning to arrange the tinsy damask cloth for Daisy and grandma were going to dine by the cozy chimney-corner.

"When I was a little girl," said grandma dropping a lump of sugar from the silver tongs into her china cup, "my mother was sent for one day late in November to go over and help her mother prepare for my Aunt Judith's wedding supper."

"It was two miles off to grandma's house. I cried to go, too, but mother would not hear of such a thing. She had to take along Prissy, the baby, and I must stay at home and help look after little brother John."

I rebelled loudly, but mother was firm, and she left me making a great commotion in the kitchen, naughty girl that I was!

"Toward the middle of the forenoon grandma came along on horseback—almost every one went on horseback those days—and called in to our house to get warm. He went out early to the store, five miles, to get some spice and raisins, and get a bag of wheat ground for Aunt Judith's wedding-cake—wheat flour was only used on special occasions."

"He carried these things in two great leather saddle-bags hung on either side of the horse. Each bag held a bushel, I should think."

"Well, I determined to go home with him in some way," said nothing, but I thought very fast and in a minute I stole out to the barn and looked into the bags."

"The flour and raisins must go of course, for Aunt Judith couldn't be married that night without the cake, I thought. These were all in one bag, but in the other was a great stuffy bundle—grandma's wool rolls, I thought."

"Out it came, and was tucked in a hole in the hayrack and I scrambled, pulling the leather flap well down over my brown hood, and drawing the great saddle blanket, in which grandma wrapped his feet, close about the bag."

"I had hardly got settled when grandpa came out, took a pinch of snuff and mounted."

"Somehow he spilled a lot of snuff into the blanket. Pretty quick it began to tickle my nose, the tress came into my eyes,—I pinched my nose and stuffed it into the side of my wadded hood. Oh dear! I must—"

"K-ch-ch!" out it came—a smothered little sneeze. Grandpa thought 'twas one of the hens that had got choked with a wheat beard," and grandma laughed as she wheeled her tea."

"Well, off we went, jolting and dangling over the rough, frozen road, and before we got halfway there I wished I was at home; for either the snuff or the swaying of the saddle-bag made me just sick. Then grandpa's buskined leg lay right on top of my head, and I didn't dare to stir."

"It seemed miles and miles through those woods, and grandpa kept beating his heels to keep them warm. But just as it seemed as if I must scream right out I heard Jowler, grandpa's dog, bark."

"In a minute mother and Aunt Judith ran to the door, and grandpa was fumbling at the bags. He lifted the flap of my bag."

"Sho! sho! I'll be whipped if here Aunt Joan! Mother! Girls! Well, hop out here, child, and take some of the kinks out of yourself!"

"But where's my gown, father?" cried Aunt Judith. "Did you forget it, or hadn't Miss Tempy got it done?"

"Then it came out that it was the wedding gown that I had stuffed into the hole in the hayrack."

"Dismayed and awfully ashamed, I was tucked right back into the saddle-bag, and was bounced home again, grandpa chucking all the way."

"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Snodgrass. "What has?" asked Snively. "Whether a man has a glass eye ever has in it."

Mrs. Sandy McPharlane—"Ah, Sandy, mon, the Germans and the Italians may talk about their great musicians, but name of 'em has the reputation of 'Piper Heidsieck, for see his name in big letters in all of the papers I pick up."

TALKS TO LITTLE GIRLS.

THE DANGER OF THE TIME IS IN GROWING OLD TOO FAST.

Why They Should Stay Little Girls as Long as Possible—The Standards of Friendship—Early Youth is the Time When Life's Joys are Sweetest.

Are there any little girls left to be talked to, I wonder? says a writer in the Chicago Herald. There used to be lots of 'em. They wore smooth hair and calico frocks and sunbonnets. They went to bed at sundown, excepting when the days were very, very short, and then they bade the world good night long before the kitchen clock struck 9. They said "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," and courtesied when they met a stranger on the road. They played "tag" and "gray wolf" in the summer twilights with other boys and girls, and had no more knowledge of beaux and balls, than a kitten has of face-powder. They were full of fun and frolic that was never rude nor unkind, and they ate bread and butter and drank milk without knowing there were such abominable confections and concoctions in the world as French candies and strong tea and coffee. Some mysterious "Red Piper" of modern date has bewitched them all away with the merry music of his life, I think, so that we see them no more, like spring daffodils, cheering the earth with their beautiful presence. But if there be any stray little girls left between the chinks of the hills, I want them to gather around me for a half hour and hear the talk I find awaiting them to-night in the bottom of my heart.

Set other and higher standards for your friendships than perishable externals. That is, form your friendships according to what your friend is, rather than what she seems to be. A body may wear a smart gown and a feathered hat, and not be worth the salt the farmer puts in pork brine. On the other hand, a homely and plain exterior may hide a heavenly spirit, just as an autumn thicket conceals a singing thrush. The companion you may have on hand just now, who talks a great deal of silly nonsense about the boys, and jingles a lot of bangle bracelets and dresses like a maid turned twenty, with face powder and spotted veils, bangs and flashy rings, will make a poor friend under practical test, just as a parrot makes poor company when one is downhearted. We select a bird for its ability to sing rather than for the splendor of its plumage—that is, we should do so. I know a few in-ane women who prefer parrots to singing larks, and they are in the minority and their taste may be safely questioned. Such a friend as I have described will fly away and leave you quite desolate whenever a bird with brighter plumage than you can boast flits athwart the sunshine and will put more thorns in your heart than roses in your hand. I think if I could choose right now the sweetest gift for the girl I loved best I should ask heaven to grant her a wise discrimination in the choice of her friends, that her tender heart might not be wounded by the unworthiness of the unworthy and the faithlessness of the unfaithful.

Finally, girls, stay little girls just as long as possible. Don't put up your hair and let down your dresses until forced to do so by stress of time. There will come a day when you can no longer skip rope or play with dolls or romp by the light of the young moon. It is inexorable in its coming and all the protests of my pen cannot stay it in its course. You will find it at the bend of the river where "womanhood and childhood meet," you will discover it just at the magical hour when "morning merges into noon, May glides onward into June." No definite date is fixed for it on the calendar of fitting time, but it is there, and when it comes you may fold away childish things with childish garments and be as much of a woman as you like. But stay a little girl while you may and gather all of the sweetness you can from the bud so soon to be a blossom. I would give the world to know just what day it was I forsook doll playing, but I would give more than this world holds to find the comforting heart I laid aside with my dolls and the innocent trust I lost track of the day I finally pinned up my braids.

If you are attending school give the best of yourself and the freshest of your thoughts to study. The most thorough teacher in the world cannot make a good student out of a girl who won't help herself. If you will read silly books, and your mother is foolish enough to encourage you in keeping late hours and eating injudicious food, in idle companionships and indiscriminate amusements, there is less hope of making anything of you later on than there is of turning a mouth organ into a violin.

Have fun, lots of it; play like a sun-beam, making glad the dark places of the earth, and race like a leaf before the wind when you are out of school and off duty; all this will keep your brain from over fatigue, but get to bed early, abjure parties, flee from the terrors of corset-laces and high heels, drink milk and let tea alone as you would turn aside from the sting of an adder, and boycott candy. Then shall you retain your freshness as the rose which grows in the garden where the sunshine and the showers can find it outlives the hot-house and ephemeral bloom of the florist's high-pressure care.

Taking Care of Lamps.
Buy the best oil.
Fill the lamps by daylight.
Lamps should be kept well filled.
Never attempt to light a lamp that is only partly filled.
Keep the oil can closed and in a cool place.
Lamps to be carried should be of metal and have handles.
See that any hanging lamps you may have are securely hung.
When buying lamps select those in which the end of the burner is considerably elevated above the body of the lamp.
Watch your wicks closely, and change them before they become too short.
If burning oil gets upon the floor smother with woolen blankets or rags.

A Relief for Rheumatism.
Put half a large coffee-cupful of the best white wine vinegar, the same quantity of turpentine and the beaten whites of two eggs into a wide-mouthed bottle, and shake thoroughly. Pour about a tablespoonful of this mixture over a piece of red flannel and apply wherever the pain is most severe; over the flannel lay a small piece of oiled silk. Relief will be almost instantaneous.

A Good Cement for China.
Mix with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a camel's hair brush to the broken edges and unite.
A Good Mucilage.
The best mucilage is made from gum tragacanth and water. When well dissolved, add a few drops of oil of cloves and a tiny piece of alum.

HANGING PICTURES.

An Art Which May be Acquired by Diligent Study.

There is nothing adds so much to the furnishing of a house as the pictures on the wall, and even Mr. Eastlake, relentless iconoclast as he is, says that "they contribute greatly to that appearance of comfort which is the especial characteristic of an English home." Take down the familiar pictures and the apartment seems bare and meager. Rehang them in the new house and at once an air, attractive and home-like, settles upon the unaccustomed surroundings.

In Europe it is quite customary to hang family portraits in the dining room, or, should the space prove insufficient, in the adjoining hall. And this seems reasonable when the portraits have intrinsic excellence, but the practice that has grown up in the United States of retaining large photographs of deceased friends upon the wall after they have become faded caricatures of the departed, is not to be commended on the score of sentiment or art.

Different kinds of pictures should never be hung together, and though few modern houses are sufficiently spacious to admit of setting aside a room for each kind, they may at least be assigned to separate walls. It is also important that such pictures as require a glass should not be hung opposite a window, where the reflections on the glass will entirely destroy the effect.

Neither should a very gay French painting be hung near a cool, quiet landscape, or, by contrast, the one will be vulgarized and the other made to seem tame and uninteresting.

Almost every person knows that the approved height for hanging pictures is five feet six inches from the floor to the center of the canvas, but this rule does not apply to very large, or full-length studies, which must be somewhat higher. Nor is it necessary to place them close together. Small objects, such as sconces, mirrors, brackets, etc., may alternate the pictures with good effect.

Unless in a gallery, where some pictures must necessarily be above the eye line, it is better to have the picture hang flat against the wall. A tilting, unsteady picture is never seen to advantage, and is trying to the nerves of an observer. This difficulty will be entirely obviated if two cords are used instead of one, each suspended from a nail of its own. Flat chains which are made for the purpose give an appearance of solidity, and in case of large pictures, look well; an embroidered, fancy galloon is sometimes used in the same way with good effect, but care must be taken that it harmonizes with the wall behind it. Wire for this purpose first came into use because it was practically invisible, but this seems rather an objection than otherwise. If pictures must be hung at all, it is more comfortable to see how they are hung rather than to be haunted by a sense of insecurity.

In preparing a wall it is always well to remember that pictures appear to the best advantage against a vague, general design; one that does not assert itself. If choice of wall covering is beyond our control, the defect may be remedied by suitable drapery, or even in case of large and important pictures, by a screen or curtain large enough to project beyond the frame and furnish a suitable background.

With these hints by way of guidance, you will be careful not to hang the new picture too high or too low; not to surround it with neighbors of a different species from itself; not to place it if glazed, opposite a window; and to see that it is placed firmly against the wall without the unsightly cord triangle that has come down to us from our fathers. A beautiful picture properly framed and appropriately hung becomes doubly valuable, while many another which appears cold and crude is made so by a neglect of these important points.

Serving Meals Without a Servant.
A housekeeper who keeps no servant asks how to serve deserts; how to serve the other dishes at dinner; what comes after the oatmeal or the mush at breakfast; when to pour the coffee; and if the plates should be distributed on the table or placed beside the carrier? The conditions are so different in different families that no arbitrary rules can be given for these things, but here are a few suggestions which may be helpful: Have everything ready in the kitchen to put on the table without delay, and place the dishes where they will keep hot until wanted. Eggs in any form must, of course, be served as soon as cooked; therefore they must be timed very carefully. Put the mush on the table at your own place and serve it in saucers or little dishes that come for that purpose. Anyone who does eat mush or fruit may decline it, and wait for the next course. After the mush has been served, remove the dishes, and place the rest of the breakfast on the table. The plates should be hot and be piled before or at one side of the carrier. While he is serving, pour the coffee. When there is another member of the family who can put the second course on the table, the housekeeper should be relieved of this part of the work. It is hard on a woman not only to have to prepare the breakfast, but also to arise from the table, bring in the second course and serve this, as she often must, since, as a rule, men are in a hurry in the morning and cannot assist their wives in serving the breakfast.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Value of a Drop of Oil.
Every housekeeper knows how annoying it is to have the hinges of the doors squeak, and the locks and bolts refuse to move unless great force be used. Many do not realize that a few drops of oil will, as a rule, remedy these annoyances. First spread a newspaper on that part of the floor over which the hinges swing. Now, with the sewing-machine oil can, oil the hinges thoroughly, and then swing the door back and forth until it moves without noise. Wipe the hinges, but let the paper remain for a few hours, to guard against the possible dripping of the oil. For locks and bolts, guard the floor in the same manner. Oil them thoroughly, working them until they will move with ease. The egg-beater and the ice-cream freezer should be oiled in the same manner.

A Good Cement for China.
Mix with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a camel's hair brush to the broken edges and unite.
A Good Mucilage.
The best mucilage is made from gum tragacanth and water. When well dissolved, add a few drops of oil of cloves and a tiny piece of alum.

Millinery

We are now prepared to show complete lines of all the latest styles of Millinery suitable for the Fall trade.

Owing to a rush of orders our Miss Kinsey finds it impossible to prepare for a formal Fall Opening, but we shall be open all the time and pleased to have our customers and friends call and inspect our stock.

We have also

Full Lines of **Mantles and Dress Goods** in the **Newest Designs**

All the Departments of our establishment are full of seasonable goods at right prices.

Do not forget that we keep the best qualities of Family Groceries obtainable.

We are noted for Cheap Teas. Our 25c. and 35c. Teas cannot be beaten in Canada. Try them.

W. S. BEAN,

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

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to

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Roller * Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50
BRAN.....per ton. 12 00
SHORTS.....per ton. 18 00

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATONAGE SOLICITED.

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Fordwich Drug Store

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— A FULL LINE OF —

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,

Stationery and Fancy Goods,

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In endless variety and at every price.

W. C. HAZLEWOOD

City Boot and Shoe Store

WROXETER

Rubbers,

Overshoes,

Felt Goods,

Galoshes,

Heavy Boots,

Stogas,

Just the goods for this rough and sloppy weather.

It will pay you to call and see these goods.



Special Announcement.

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE QUESTION.

A Vote of the Ratepayers Likely to be Taken in January.

The Huron County Council has asked the municipalities to take a vote at the January elections on the question of building a Home of Refuge. For the benefit of the public we give herewith extensive clippings from the exhaustive report submitted to the county council year before last by their committee appointed for that purpose.

THE REPORT

In accordance with the instructions contained in the resolution of this Council at its January session, your special committee have endeavored to obtain all the information possible relating to the cost of lands, buildings and maintenance of the various institutions called Houses of Refuge, for the care of the poor, in the Province, and other information of a kindred nature. Your committee have aimed at giving to the Council the very fullest information concerning this important matter, and the information has been obtained without reference to the leanings of the members of your committee. The sub-committee thought its first duty was to obtain a correct account of the amount spent by the various municipalities of the County under the head of "Charity." This allows a comparison—though an imperfect one—to be made between the cost of keeping the poor in our own County and the cost in a County having a House of Refuge. The returns under this head embrace the years 1887 and 1888, and are as follows:

Amount spent by the various municipalities of the County of Huron upon charity in 1887 and 1888:

	1887	1888.
Ashfield.....	\$188 59	\$216 00
Bayfield.....	88 68	54 88
Blyth.....	49 80	55 47
Brussels.....	147 73	191 58
Clinton.....	218 71	322 96
Colborne.....	200 50	277 15
Exeter.....	195 69	226 72
Goderich Town.....	538 05	851 09
Goderich Township.....	282 75	848 38
Grey.....	202 00	193 00
Hay.....	42 88	66 50
Howick.....	264 11	118 35
Hullett.....	80 00	30 00
McKillop.....	156 50	175 25
Morris.....	No Return.	
Seaforth.....	181 57	201 22
Stanley.....	102 00	147 18
Stephen.....	65 50	129 65
Tuckersmith.....	278 98	470 00
Turnberry.....	171 89	234 84
Usborne.....	385 25	296 08
East Wawanosh.....	172 11	70 00
West Wawanosh.....	156 52	173 00
Wingham.....	207 26	100 68
Wroxter.....	No Return.	
Totals.....	\$4,251 57	\$4,739 91

It will thus be seen that directly out of the local municipal exchequers has been paid the sum, allowing for municipalities not reporting one half the average, of \$9,449 in two years. To these sums must be added the sums of \$284 and \$483, respectively, which are the amounts estimated by the County Treasurer as spent by the county for the same purposes as the local grants in the same years, and these two make a grand total of no less than \$10,216, or \$5,108 per annum.

Every member of the County Council is also aware that these sums do not in any way represent the full amount of the charity bestowed by this county. Private charity by individuals, churches and societies, is largely given to the very same parties that received municipal aid.

Another large item of expense to the County is in connection with the running of the jail. The manner in which this expense is paid is as follows: The Government pays for all prisoners who are charged with indictable offences, and the County pays for all others. The last quarter the Government was charged with 119 days and the County with 1513 days. Of this 1513 days, 1433 days is chargeable to the maintenance of indigents. In consequence of this the County had to pay \$643, against \$46.37 paid by the Government, or about 14-15ths of the whole expense. If there had been no indigents confined the Government would have had to pay nearly two-thirds, and the County something over one-third. In this way the cost to the County was for indigents alone over \$400 for the quarter. This quarter is not above the average, so that the County pays annually about \$1,600 for maintenance of indigents in the jail.

The question naturally arises—how much of this large sum would be saved to the local municipalities by the erection of a House of Refuge? From information in the hands of your committee it is quite evident that only a very small proportion of the charity grant to indigents would necessarily remain. It is not pretended that there would be no amount to be spent by the local municipalities for charitable purposes, but it is established beyond all question in the counties where Houses of Refuge have been erected, that adding the items for charity and increased County Grant for House of Refuge, together, the result is a less sum by a considerable amount than the sum previously spent for like purposes. The Special Committee appointed by the County Council of Ontario County to report on this sub-

ject at its June session, and of whose report we have been favored with a copy, on this point report:

"The erection of Houses of e fug appears to have obviated, except in the smallest degree, grants to indigents by the minor municipalities."

The various Houses of Refuge in the Province are as follows:

County of Elgin—Township of Southwold, 8 miles west of St Thomas.
County of Waterloo—Berlin.
County of York—Near Newmarket.
County of Lincoln—Township of Grantham, a little over half a mile from St. Catharines.

County of Middlesex—Township of Adelaide, near Strathroy.

County of Norfolk—Gore of Woodhouse.

County of Wellington—Township of Nichol, midway between the Villages of Fergus and Elora.

County of Welland—Township of Thorold.

County of Brant—Township of Brantford.

The average cost of these institutions is the sum of \$18,660.66, including land, buildings and furnishings complete, but the present feelings of all concerned is that large farms are a mistake. The weight of evidence goes to show that 40 or 50 acres are better than 100 or over. In many cases the buildings are much more expensive than need be, and the officials recommend cheaper and plainer ones. The smaller institutions, such as would be ample for the County of Huron, do not average in cost over \$12,000.

The Committee next call attention to the number of inmates, committed temporarily and permanently during 1888, and the cost per head of these institutions:

	Inmates	Cost per head.
Elgin.....	109	\$55 64
Waterloo.....	118	49 66
York.....	157	57 98
Lincoln.....	52	83 63
Middlesex.....	127	54 60
Norfolk.....	75	40 33
Wellington.....	114	63 97
Welland.....	59	
Brant.....		

The average cost as above of each inmate in the Houses of Refuge was the sum of about \$58. This does not include interest on capital account. We have also ascertained that the average cost of maintenance, including salaries, food and clothing, of each inmate in five of these institutions during 1888, per week was as follows:

Elgin.....	\$1 07
Middlesex.....	1 05
Waterloo.....	95¢
Wellington.....	1 23
York.....	1 11½
Average.....	1 17

Not taking into account interest on capital.

These institutions, however, yielded certain revenues which materially decrease the expenditure. These revenues are derived from the products of the farm and the labor of the inmates, and are given as taken from a return to the Legislature:

	Revenue.
Elgin.....	\$ 915 00
Waterloo.....	2,540 00
York.....	1,862 00
Lincoln.....	1,610 00
Middlesex.....	1,246 00
Norfolk.....	1,258 00
Wellington.....	
Welland.....	
Brant.....	600 00

The following shows the actual cost of maintenance of each institution, after allowing for revenue:

Elgin.....	\$ 4,199 76
Waterloo.....	1,764 88
York.....	7,740 86
Lincoln.....	1,940 76
Middlesex.....	4,888 20
Norfolk.....	1,181 75
Wellington.....	7,292 00

The balance of the report, relating to the expenditure for charities in municipalities of counties which contain a poor house, and other important information, will be published in subsequent issues.—Ed.

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ANYONE CAN GET UP A CLUB AND SECURE A HANDSOME PRIZE.

Write early.

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Are Selling a Good Quantity of

Dress Goods

Every Day.

Some come quite a distance to buy them.

Our Fall Goods, of All Kinds are Being Carried away in Quantities.

There is, Doubtless, some Reason for this.

Probably the Price has something to do with it.

Might Drop in When You Come to Town and see What's the matter.

We would rather you would investigate for Yourself—We don't care to say much about it, only We think the quality, assortment and prices will surprise you.

Drop in any way and see if we've got what we advertise.

P.S. We want 10,000 lbs. of Butter and Poultry before Jan. 1st, 1893, for which we will pay the Highest Market price, and also for All Kinds of Marketable Produce.

GLASGOW HOUSE

GORRIE, ONT.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

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

COOPER MAP

COUNTY OF HURON,

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

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,

THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,

THE BUSINESS MAN NEEDS ONE

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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'S.

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

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

Cutlery 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 SUTHERLAND'S.

You'll be surprised at the number and variety of beautiful and useful articles, just suitable for X-mas presents. At SUTHERLAND'S.

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

JAMES SUTHERLAND,
Tinsmith, Gorrie.

Sheep Skins Wanted.

New Shoe Store

IN GORRIE.

beg to announce to the general public that I have just purchased a full and complete stock of

Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Misses'

—FINE AND COARSE—

BOOTS and SHOES

At the Very Lowest Living Prices!

The Goods are all of my own personal selection in the Wholesale Houses and I can confidently recommend them as the very choicest qualities and styles.

You are cordially invited to call in and see them.

P. H. SHAVER,

Next door north of Fennell's Photograph Gallery, Gorrie.

I make a specialty of Custom Work.

Repairing done to order neatly and quickly

HOUSEHOLD

Importance of Sympathetic Relations with our Children

It was the seer Golegidge who wrote, with his usual keen perception of truth...

Even the most abject mother must, he would say, ever be to her child the woman of women...

How, then, shall we prepare ourselves to occupy a position so exalted? To some of us, perhaps this question is not yet a serious and important one...

We feel our helplessness, at least, and the thought thrills itself upon us that, while we have been caring for their bodies...

Is this our whole duty? Have we not overlooked the very important needs of their souls, the higher being?

Children have many questions to ask about this world into which they have been brought, and about their own being...

Let us now consider what are the best methods of securing this confidence and establishing this sympathy...

I think that if we feel the importance of a sympathetic relation with our children, of having good understanding with them...

When the night is by being to lower. Come a pace in the day's occupation. That is known as the Children's Hour.

Children are always ready to give their hearts to their mothers; and though this heart is the one when we are the most weary, and impatient for the quiet that will be ours when they are all in the arms of Morpheus...

For the Table

GRAHAM GRAVY TOAST.—Moisten slices of well-prepared zwieback slightly with salted boiling water, and serve with dressing made by thickening one pint of milk with one and one-half tablespoonsful of Graham flour.

VEGETABLE PEASOUP.—Cook a pint of split peas slowly until thoroughly disintegrated. When the peas are nearly done, put to cooking one and one-half pints of sliced potato and one medium-sized onion sliced thin.

GRIPS MUSH BREAD.—Prepare a mush by cooking one third of a cup of Graham grits in two cups of boiling water for three hours.

LEATH HASH.—Take equal quantities of mashed brown lentils and cold Graham green crumbs, mix well together, salt to taste, and heat in a steamer the bottom of which is covered with boiling water.

Soiled Summer Dresses

The best and wisest thing to do with the delicate silk and wool summer gowns that have been soiled by afternoon and evening wear is to rip them carefully, send the lace to the cleaner, the goods as well

if they are soiled, and then by combining the best of two or more of them in the same garment, wear them out in the pretty tea gowns they are sure to make, says the Sun.

One of the prettiest of these luxurious little gowns was made of the remnants of an old China silk, with pale green ground sprayed with pink blossoms.

Very elegant and by no means costly tea gowns can be made of the light summer materials and silks purchased at the sales, for fabric too bright and too much out of date for general wear make up effectively in these accommodating little dresses in which the union of three or more fabrics lends charm to their never failing attractiveness, and even the brocades and textiles designed for household decoration may be employed with perfect confidence in a pleasing result to wearer and observer alike.

Useful Hints

Table oilcloth, tacked back of the stove, if pans or cooking utensils are hung up, and of tables where mixing or dishwashing is done, saves the wall and may be cleaned easily, and lasts a long time.

An English exchange says: "Grass stains upon children's clothing may be removed by the application of molasses, as though it were soap, and presently washing as usual; the fabric will suffer no injury."

An excellent use for oyster shells is to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down, it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

To polish tortoise-shell ornaments, rub with pulverized charcoal and water, using a clean flannel cloth; next moisten with vinegar and rub with whitening wet with water, or powdered rotten stone may be substituted for the whitening.

To remove the shiny look from black coat collars, elbows, seams, etc., where the nap of the cloth is not worn off entirely, ammonia water is excellent; but if the whole coat needs thorough good cleaning, use strong black coffee, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia and sponge with a piece of black woolen cloth.

An exchange says that chloroform will take out grease spots; so will salt dissolved in alcohol. Or you can wet the place with ammonia water; then lay white, soft paper over it and iron with a hot iron. Or rub French chalk on the wrong side, let it remain a day, split a visiting card, lay the rough side on the spot, and pass a warm iron lightly over it.

A correspondent gives the following interesting and most important bit of information concerning the care of a sewing machine:—"Take out the screw that holds the foot-plate, remove it, and you will be surprised at the amount of lint accumulated there. Clean the lint grooves with a pen-knife, and under the whole of the plate. (The needle must be taken out before the work is begun.) You will often find this is the only cause for the machine running hard or not carrying the work, and it is a little secret that the agents will not tell you. I have just cleaned mine in this way, and it runs like a new machine."

The following is a good mixture to have in the house: "Aqua ammonia, two ounces; soft water, one quart; saltpeter, one tea-spoonful; shaving soap, one ounce. Scrub the soap line before mixing the other ingredients, and allow it to stand a few hours before using. It is sure death to bedbugs if applied to the crevices which they inhabit; it will remove paint that is mixed with oil without injuring the finest fabrics, and will remove grease from carpets by covering the spots with the mixture, and then sponging and washing it thoroughly, washing it off with clear cold water."

A CARIBBEAN CYCLONE

Thousands of Coconut Trees Torn from the Ground and Buildings Wrecked.

Following are some particulars of the damage done by the cyclone which passed over Old Providence and San Andreas in the Caribbean sea. The cyclone began at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 8 at San Andreas. The wind began first with a strong gale from the north-east. The velocity of the wind increased rapidly until every thing about the island began to shake from the force. In about two hours after the beginning of the gale the wind suddenly shifted to the westward and the cyclone was in earnest. The islands are mostly devoted to the cultivation of coconuts, and acre after acre of these trees were twisted from the ground and carried off. Many of the little frame houses characteristic of that part of the world were lifted from their foundations and carried a hundred feet by the wind.

At San Andreas the coconut crops of about 50 plantations were almost entirely ruined, while others were badly damaged. Old Providence the cyclone worked with even more destructiveness than at San Andreas. The island has a population of about 1,500 persons. The planters' houses are elevated from the ground on piles, leaving a space of about three feet. The wind played havoc with these little buildings, and nearly every house on the island was either completely wrecked or badly damaged.

On the east side of the island a frame church, owned by the Baptists, and another on the north, owned by the same denomination, disappeared. The roofs of these were lifted off like so much paper and the rest of the buildings collapsed. A 60-ton schooner named the Amer, owned by Frederick Robinson, of Old Providence, was lying at anchor off Old Providence, when the cyclone began. It was blown across the roofs leading from the Island and bed out to sea and has never been heard from. There was no one aboard at the time.

Although the cyclone lasted for over 14 hours, no one so far as known was killed. It will take a long time to rebuild the wrecked houses on the island. The damage to the coconut trees will shorten the crop.

Pat—"Faix, I'd die first before I had such a monument as that over me." Mike—"Och, Pat, the other man had the same idea as yoursself."

SAVED BY AN ANGEL

A Story of Sea and Desert.

The British India Steam Navigation Company's SS. "Simla," which has arrived in Bombay from the Persian Gulf, brought two men, named Desfally Lavy and Theleocouri Lavy, whose adventures and misfortunes during the months of June and July last it would be difficult to find beaten in fiction.

The two men, who are brothers, belong to Port Victoria, the capital of the island of Mahé, one of the group known as the Seychelles Islands. They had been engaged in carrying produce from one island to another in the "Yenus," a small sailing craft, of about twenty-five tons burthen. This vessel, which was possessed of but one sail, was worked by a crew of six, and in addition to the two men whose names are given above, they had on board, on the 23rd June, St. Amour Lavy, their uncle; Rosier Lespor and Julius Lespor, father and son; and another man named Adolphe. These six persons set sail from Port Victoria in the "Yenus," on a short voyage round the island, having on board a cargo of eggs, and provisions for a four days' trip.

Shortly after leaving, they encountered bad weather, which prevented them again making port for land, and four days after leaving port the sail was carried away by the

FORCE OF THE STORM.

By this time the little craft had been blown well out into the open sea, and those on board were soon aroused to the perils of position by the fact that they were drifting out of the track of vessels, and by the knowledge that their provisions only consisted of the 18 pounds of rice and about 20 gallons of water, the latter contained in a cask. With the hope of being picked up by a passing vessel growing more and more faint every moment, and with the knowledge that no rescue party from shore could then reach them, the men divided the rice into small allowances, and decided that each man's share of the fresh water should be about equal to a couple of wine-glasses daily. Having made this disposition of their small stock of eatables and drinkables, the six men taking it in turns to keep a look-out and to endeavor to keep the craft's head to the sea, settled themselves down to the inevitable, as it seemed as if their being rescued would be little short of a miracle.

With the Indian Ocean spread before their eyes and not a sight of land in any direction the crew spent several days in the open boat, but on the 19th day after starting on their voyage, their provisions, both of rice and fresh water, became exhausted. For a time the men had been partly appeasing their hunger by eating the eggs which formed their cargo, but the latter soon began to rot, and in a few days were uneatable. With these few things left on board it is almost impossible to imagine the agonies the men were subjected to, and some of them found the temptation to quench their thirst beyond control. The result was that more than one of the castaways drank the sea water, while seven days after the provisions had given out, St. Amour Lavy, one of the men, died from the effects of hunger and exposure, and was afterwards left on board. Two days afterwards the man Rosier died. This second death cast a gloom over the now despairing quartette left on board the vessel, all of whom were by this time in a very low state indeed, but on the third day subsequent to

THIS SAD EVENT

hope was kindled in the hearts of the survivors by land being sighted in the distance. Later in the day the boat drifted on the shore, where it afterwards sank. Shortly after the shipwrecked men had managed to crawl on land another of their number succumbed to the effects of the protracted privations which he had undergone on the voyage. It is worthy of mention that during the thirty days the men were at sea they must have drifted at least 1,300 miles in their open boat, as the place where they landed was subsequently found to be Rasboor or Ras Madruka, a deserted point on the Arabian coast. While the three survivors were staggering about in search of food and water, they were so near to a settlement towards them a solitary Bedouin. This was of the desert was at the time regarded as an unwelcome visitor, as the brothers Lavy, knowing that they must have been thrown on the coast of Africa, or Arabia, and knowing also that in such districts the natives of the country were at variance with the civilized world, were under the impression that they would be either killed or sold into slavery. Their surprise can more easily be imagined than described, when the Bedouin, instead of subjecting them to ill-treatment, acted the part of the good Samaritan by offering them food in the shape of dates and water. The three men eagerly drank of the water, and the two Lavy brothers

their first meal for eleven days, but the exertion was too much for their companion, who shortly afterwards succumbed to exhaustion, making the fourth death since the voyage was commenced. The Bedouin having done all he could to aid to the wants of the shipwrecked survivors, and finding they were incapable of walking any distance, placed them on the backs of two camels which he had with him, and travelled a short distance to a place in the desert, where he found a tree, under the shade of which he made them lie down. Here he remained with his charges for some three or four days, teaching them to walk, and trying to find out where they had come from. Conversation, however, was not possible, as the language of both rescuer and rescued was different, but after a time the Bedouin mentioned the word Muscat, and the elder Lavy, knowing there was such a place on the Persian Gulf, signified that they would like to be conducted there. The Arab at first tried to convey to them that the distance across the Oman desert was a long one, being some 400 miles as the crow flies, and also asked for money, but finding that his charges were penniless, he, on the fourth day of the sojourn in the desert, finding they had regained a portion of their strength, placed them again on the camels, set off, himself walking and leading the "slips of the desert" towards civilization, until after a journey of 22 days he had them before the British consul, Dr. Jayakar, at Muscat.

THE RESCUED MEN

stated that though on many occasions they had to take a circuitous route in order to avoid villages containing hostile Arabs, and at times had to march on incessantly both by day and night, he cared for them in such a way as they little expected, it being generally the rule, when an Arab captures a Christian to convey him into the interior of the country and sell him into captivity. Instead of doing this, however, the rescuer, on the 22nd day after the start on the journey across the desert, conducted his charges into the presence of Her Majesty's Consul and the Sultan of Muscat, to whom they gave an account of their adventures. The Sultan at once gave clothes to the Frenchmen, and the English Consul handed over to the friendly Bedouin a sum of money that should make him well contented for life, while the officers and crew of H. M. S.

"Sphinx," which was at Muscat at the time also gave the Lavy clothes and a sum of money. After remaining at the port three days the SS. "Simla" called there, and they were placed on board and given a second-class passage to Bombay. The men will be sent back to the "Seychelles" at the Government's expense.—[Times of India.

Quits at Home.

Mr. Price, in the course of his journey "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea," went ashore at the little settlement of Kasanok, on the Yenisei River, in northern Siberia. As he approached the largest of the four or five log houses, the proprietor came out and politely invited him to enter. Inside, the first thing to excite attention was the exceeding neatness of the place. The men wore quaint costumes, and the women were smoking cigarettes. The occupants, though living in this out-of-the-way corner, showed almost no curiosity about the advent of a stranger; they glanced up a him, and at once went on again with their work. It will be seen from his own account that Mr. Price—a special artist of the Illustrated London News—was equal to the occasion. One cannot help thinking that the manners of these rustics were far better than those of the artist, who makes their want of curiosity an excuse for his own grossly impertinent conduct.

Since they paid so little attention, I was equally cool, and walked about the room, looking at everything as if I had been in a museum. Then I got out my sketch-book, and sitting down, started a portrait of my host. He seemed to understand what I wanted of him, and kept as rigid as a statue.

Even when the portrait was finished, no one evinced the slightest curiosity to see it. In any other part of the world one would have been pestered by people crowding round, all wanting to finger one's sketch-book; but here, in this far-off Siberian home, where, to say the least of it, sketching was not an every-day thing, stolid indifference was stronger than idle curiosity.

I determined to take advantage of it, and since my being there did not seem to disturb them in the least, I returned the next day with my paint-box and largest sketching-book.

All the people I had seen on the previous afternoon were in the house, having what I will call their morning meal. It was so simple and homely a sight that I got two chairs, one to sit on and the other as an easel, and began sketching in the group as rapidly as possible.

Fancy what would have happened if such an event had occurred in an English household! Imagine, for instance, a bearded Russian walking coolly in while breakfast was going on, and the whole family present, and without saying a word, taking possession of part of the room and beginning to paint the occupants without even asking permission!

In my case, however, all went as merrily as a ding-bell; no one interfered with me, and with the exception of an hour, when I went down and had my luncheon in the launch, I worked there the whole day as comfortably as if I had been in my own studio.

In spite of their natural indifference, the people, in their quiet way, evi only wished to help me, and show me some little politeness. I noticed that the children were forbidden to talk loud or even to come near me—a great boon; while to cap my adventure with this unique family, my host came up to me during the afternoon, hat in hand, and bowing very low, pointed to an adjoining room. Out of curiosity, I got up to see what was there, when to my astonishment, I saw the samovar hissing, and tea and cakes waiting for me.

This was hospitality indeed, and my only regret was at not being able to express my thanks in Russian; but I fancy they must have guessed the meaning of the few bluff words in English with which I drank to the health of my host's wife in tea so hot that I nearly scalded myself. The ice was broken, and they all laughed a great deal, for fun is probably very much the same all over the world.

We now became quite friendly, considering that I did not understand a word they said, and before leaving I presented my host with a pencil sketch of his wife as a souvenir of my visit. He evidently prized it very much.

VERY INTERESTING.

About two thirds of the men in this country use tobacco.

An electrical machine in the London Mint counts the coins.

There are 35,000 commercial travelers in the United States.

A revolver has been invented that shoots seven times in a second.

New Mexico is enjoying the first rainy season it has had in four years.

Chinese control almost the entire shoe-making business in California.

In India there is a species of crow that laughs just like a human being.

George Eiffel is said to have made £2,000,000 as his share in the Eiffel tower.

There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.

When a wife hears a dull thud on the door-step she knows that the lodge has adjourned.

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is twenty-six years old.

The Amazon Indians use a blowpipe with which they throw an arrow 200 yards with wonderful precision.

In a year the food eaten by a horse is nine times his weight; that of a cow, nine times; that of an ox, six times.

The Roumanian crown is made of metal from the cannon captured from the Turks at Plezia in 1877.

It is stated that there are 50,000,000 volumes in the public libraries of America, while there are but 21,000,000 in Europe.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance than a white light, but on a dark night the reverse is the case.

POINTS REGARDING WHEAT.

The last report of the United States department of agriculture estimates the wheat crop of 1892 at 515,915,000 bushels. This is some millions of bushels larger than was indicated by the previous monthly report, but it is still 92,867,000 bushels smaller than the wheat crop of last year. The general belief is that the official estimate of the United States crop for this year is too high.

At any rate, it is claimed that the average weight per measured bushel of the crop is light, so that the crop will pan out considerably less in weighed bushels. The wheat crop of Canada is placed at 55,000,000 bushels, as compared with 62,000,000 bushels last year. The estimate for Canada, we believe, is also too high, as it allows for a crop of 22,000,000 bushels for Manitoba and the territories. But taking the official figures of each country, there is a shortage in the wheat crop of the United States and Canada, as compared with last year, of 100,000,000 bushels at least.

In a number of other countries there are deficiencies in the wheat crop of this year, as compared with last. India is expected to be short about 60,000,000 bushels; Italy is reckoned to be short 27,000,000 bushels, and Great Britain, according to latest returns, will be short about 19,000,000 bushels, besides which the British wheat crop is very poor quality, and will not go nearly as far as a like number of bushels of choice wheat.

Thus we have in these five countries a total shortage of about 206,000,000 bushels, according to official reports. This is one side of the picture. Some countries are giving a larger crop than last year, notably France and Russia, in which countries crops were very poor last season. France is expected to have about 80,000,000 or more bushels more than last year, while Russia has been credited with 35,000,000 bushels more. Other countries do not change the situation materially so far as can be ascertained. On account of Russia being so bare of reserve stocks, the surplus there cannot count for much.

Berbohm, the best authority of London, England, sums up the situation as follows: "The plain fact indicated by returns to hand is that the world's production of wheat is about 6,000,000 quarters (48,000,000 bushels) less than last year. Indeed it will be seen that this year's crop barely reaches the average of the preceding five years' crop, which was 289,000,000 quarters. It is doubtful, too, whether the production of wheat in the past season has reached what may be called the normal requirements of the world, although these latter are of a somewhat elastic nature—depending on surrounding circumstances. Were it not for the fact that the high prices of last autumn had the effect of shifting much of the surplus wheat from the exporting to the importing countries, it may safely be assumed that prices might, on the legitimate basis of supply and demand, be materially higher than they now are. It will take some time to restore this equilibrium, but meanwhile the most conservative of forecasters could hardly fail to arrive at the conclusion that, starting from the present basis of values, there should be no need for disbursements."

The Liverpool Corn Trade News, in its annual review, sums up the total wheat crop of the world at 2,115,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,160,000,000 bushels last year, making an estimated shortage of 45,000,000 bushels. The same authority declares that though reserves of old wheat carried over were larger in Britain, France, Germany and the United States, than a year ago, taking all countries, reserves of old wheat were light. The Liverpool journal adds:

By itself the wheat question is inexplicable. It is not asserted for a moment that the high prices of last November were justified by the situation, but neither is the present depression reasonable from a statistical point of view alone.

In the later report Berbohm states that in any other year conditions similar to present would advance the price of wheat in England. One great feature of weakness in the British markets is the slaughter of American flour there. It is said that Canadian and United States flour is being sold on the other side at a loss. That depresses the price of wheat in England, and reacts to the price of flour in America. Millers, however, cannot long continue to sell flour in that way. Importing countries, however, particularly Great Britain, will soon have to come into the market to buy wheat more actively than they have been doing. The large stockings of wheat in America cannot long keep up as they have been doing, and with the shrinkage of stocks in importing countries, and decline in marketings in America, there should be some improvement in prices. During the month of September, stocks of breadstuffs in Europe, including quantities afloat, were just about stationary, and were about 20,000,000 bushels smaller on the first of October than a year ago. In the United States and Canada, however, they were about 30,000,000 larger.

The most remarkable feature of the situation is the large marketings by farmers in the United States. Deliveries by farmers in that country have been unprecedented, and in view of the low prices ruling for wheat, altogether inexplicable. Though the outlook statistically would indicate higher prices, the large stream of wheat pouring in from producers is a source of temporary weakness. If farmers have resolved to market their entire surplus at the beginning of the crop year, they will succeed in keeping prices down until the grain has passed into second hands, and then will gain all the advantage of probably higher prices later on.

Good Soil to Cultivate.

R. S. Kingman, speaking of the better education of agriculturists, well says: "Fertilize the brains of the farmers with good practical knowledge, then they would be better prepared to fertilize their farms intelligently." Every lawyer in the land must fertilize his brains or he will fail. Every doctor, every banker, every merchant every editor, must do the same or they will fail. And yet in face of all this, and in face of the fact apparent on every hand that it is the brainiest farmers who succeed best, there can be found farmers in every neighborhood who really think that it does not pay to cultivate brains in farming. They think it is money thrown away to buy books papers or attend conventions of farm institutes. If they thought these things paid, they would see them here at all, for the most money had enough. Good thinking lies under the success of every man in all kinds of business. A man cannot do good thinking unless he feeds his mind with good thoughts.

"Why do you call him a public-spirited man?" "Why? Great Caesar, man, he's all the time giving away drinks."

"She—'I honestly believe the love-making on his part is real.' He—'I shouldn't wonder. I hear that her diamonds are genuine.'"

"What nationality do you take Miss Snuggle to be?" "Jack—'The first time I called I thought she was French, but lately I've been convinced that she is a Laplander.'"

"She—'An I indeed your Queen?' He—'You are only—' She—'Only what?' He—'I wish I had held you last night.'"

"A sneeze ain't got much business enterprise, said Tommy; 'every one's got to stutter in the nose 'fore it goes off.'"

"Johnny, why doesn't your mother put a patch over that hole in your trousers?" "Cause a patch 'ud wear out an' this hole won't."

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THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Remarkable Explanation of a supposed Murder Mystery.

A recent issue of the Key West (Fla.) Equator tells of an odd dueler near that place between a young hunter and a large buck which he had shot. Thinking the animal dead, the young man went up and stooped down to cut his throat, when, with an expiring effort, the victim rose and, with one mad rush, killed his victor. Similar incidents are not so rare, perhaps, as is generally supposed, but the one referred to calls up a tragedy which occurred in the Indian Territory near here twenty-five or thirty years ago, the explanation of which was never discovered until a few months ago, and has not yet been made public.

Toward the close of the war a young Confederate officer from the southern part of Alabama, who was known as Devaux or Devoze, went West and stopped in Fort Smith, Ark., for a few weeks. While there he formed quite a friendship for a kind-hearted old backwoodsman, who on account of his gaudy appearance was known as "Skinny" Jones. Devaux had lost most of his friends and relatives during the war, he said, and had sold everything he had left in order to get away from a locality that had so many sad memories connected with it.

He was educated, and a polished man of the world, and the friendship between him and "Skinny" Jones was regarded as odd, but as they remained in Fort Smith but a few weeks, they soon passed out of people's minds. They left together, and some months afterward it was learned from a Seminole Indian that they had constructed a house in a little cave at the foot of the Shawnee Hills on the south bank of the Canadian River, about 200 miles from Fort Smith.

During the succeeding year they went to town twice together, but on the third trip "Skinny" was alone, and it was noticed that he wore Devaux's handsome moccasins and carried Devaux's costly rifle. When asked about his companion, he first gave evasive answers, and finally said he had mysteriously disappeared, having gone hunting one day and never returned. A Deputy United States Marshal, learning of the circumstances, made preparations to arrest "Skinny" but before he could put his plan into execution the old fellow had left town, and so the matter was dropped.

The whole affair gradually dropped out of the minds of those acquainted with the circumstances, and was revived for the first time a few months ago in a quarter of a century ago, and determined to follow "Skinny" if possible, and unravel the mystery.

By the exercise of the greatest skill he succeeded in tracking the old man to his cave, but in following him up, he came to the mouth of the cave before he knew it, and was looking into the barrel of a gun with a very angry backwoodsman at the other end of it. He did not need two invitations to throw up his hands and explain his presence. He told the whole truth, explained who he was, and what suspicious people had had for years, and why he had followed him. His evident truthfulness appeased the old man's wrath, and the latter, both placing food and water—of which they both partook heartily—before them, beckoned to the young man and started up the mountain.

After scrambling for an hour they reached the summit of the hills, as they were called, and "Skinny" walked to a large rock in which there was a crack or rift extending back 10 or 15 feet. The Sun was shining directly into the opening, and "Skinny" simply stepped in front of it and pointed with his long, bony finger. A glance showed two skeletons standing there as if mounted—one of a large deer, and one of a man. A closer inspection showed that the angry buck had, possibly in his death agony, rushed upon his enemy, crowding through the narrow space in order to reach him, and having impaled him on his horn, they had died together. The horn had entered the man's left side, had taken an upward turn, and the two of his ribs and still held him impaled as it had at first 25 years before.

The two men turned and walked down to the cave and the old man said slowly, "I have shown you this because I don't want your father's family to believe me a murderer. It was ten years after his death before I found him and then was by accident. My rifle, which he had borrowed from me, he left, and his knife with his name on it were at his feet. I promised him when he left that day that no matter how long he might be gone I would wait till he came back and I will. I am a friend to you and yours but I must never be disturbed here again. Take my best and go down the river till you come to the railroad bridge and tie it up and leave it there for me. You can find your way from there."

And putting young Wilkinson into the boat he watched him till he disappeared down the river. The young man made a trip to his old home soon afterward and told the story as given. Parts of it are not to be true but as to whether the rest is or not opinions differ.

"She—'An I indeed your Queen?' He—'You are only—' She—'Only what?' He—'I wish I had held you last night.'"

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FAMOUS CLIPPER SHIPS.

Swiftest Passages on Record. A number of interesting particulars have been given regarding the clipper ships, which were better known years ago than they are now.

The first ship to beat the record between Foo-choo-foo and the Thames was the Lord of the Isles, an Aberdeen clipper, commanded by Captain Aberton.

In 1865 there was launched from the yard of Messrs. Steele, of Greenock, a little vessel of 88 tons register, which proved to be the fastest ship that has sailed to this time.

There are no finer clipper ships afloat at the present day than those running in the wool trade between Australia and Great Britain.

One of the swiftest, though not by any means one of the largest, of the modern school of iron clippers is the four-masted barque Loch Torridon, built on the Clyde in 1880.

There is a great deal said from time to time about the decline of the sailing ship, and the near prospect of her total disappearance on the seas.

Part of His Apparel. An American landing at Liverpool was asked by a Customs inspector if he had any tobacco, spirits, or other dutiable article in his trunk.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—[Emerson.]

Nothing is to be compared for value with goodness; riches, honor, power, pleasure, learning, the whole world and all in it, are not worth having in comparison with being good.

When the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low alike—then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.—[Sir Walter Scott.]

Constant laughter is not cheerfulness; it is more likely to be the expression of folly. Send us hence a thousand miles from a face always parading itself in smiles and giggling.

None can have thought much without noticing how soon we reach the limit of our knowledge of each other; the true history of no human being is decipherable to his neighbor; even love, which is intuition, can not penetrate the strange reserve in which we each walk wrapped.

Sorrow is not an accident, occurring now and then, says Robertson. It is the wood which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow, and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is.

Justice Overtakes the Murderers Who Poisoned a Yacht's Crew. News has been received by the China steamer of the execution at Manila of the Rodrigue brothers, the pirates who seized the Tahiti King's yacht, and then poisoned the seven members of the native crew.

The Rodrigue brothers escaped from the New Caledonia penal colony several years ago, worked in the Kimberley diamond mines, and then went to Tahiti.

How to Deal With Cholera. In the November number of the Nineteenth Century appears an article on the present European cholera from the pen of Dr. Ernest Hart, chairman of the National Health Society.

Before, I could do no work. I know no, what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure.

Work all the Time. Before, I could do no work. I know no, what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTTES TRUSS IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN

How are you? Nicely, Thank You. Thank Who? Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION

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AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

After U. S. Medical Men Fall Sicker Comes from Canada. The following letter tells the tale of one released from suffering, and needs no comment.

GENTLEMEN,—I have your letter of the 24th, asking me what benefit Pink Pills for Pale People, and it gives me unbounded satisfaction to reply.

Charity begins at home, and with some people it never gets further than the beginning. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly.

Mr. Geo. W. Turner. Simply Awful. Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw. Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw. Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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Breaking it Gently.

Anxious Parent.—"Julius has been taking lessons a whole year now, professor, and I should like to know how he is progressing. Do you think he has a good ear for music?"

Musical Instructor.—"Your son, madam, has a very—er—shapely ear—one of the most shapely ears, madam, I have ever seen."

Seen in the Flesh. HAMILTON, Oct. 15.—Our readers will no doubt have read the article which has recently appeared in the leading papers describing the case of SAM MURRAY, of Gravesend, who was so utterly prostrated, that not only physicians gave him up, but thorough medical examination instigated by beneficiary insurance companies passed all claims for life disability.

Charity begins at home, and with some people it never gets further than the beginning. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly.

Mr. Geo. W. Turner. Simply Awful. Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw. Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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A boy in Michigan has written 200 words per minute on a typewriter.

SYRUP OF FIGS



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

Charity begins at home, and with some people it never gets further than the beginning. GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly.

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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.

Rice

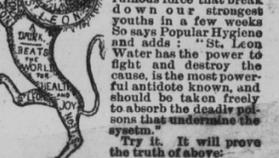
Mount Royal Milling & M'g Co. Montreal. Your House will look ten times better if it is painted with the UNICORN MIXED PAINT.

And your dealer knows he can get them from the oldest paint house in Canada, and that is A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY. Invested Capital, \$12,000,000 Head Office, Toronto St., Toronto.

The ample and increasing resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on REAL ESTATE to make amount, without delay, at the lowest current rate of interest, and on the most favorable terms.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. Arise from poor digestion, etc. Kidneys fail to extract the uric acid from the blood.



St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Limited) Head Office—161 King Street West, TORONTO.

Farmers and Stockmen HAINES' Celebrated English Wiltshire Oils. A positive cure for Sprains, Bruises, Green or old Wounds, Influxes, Weak Knees, Galled Shoulders, Sore Backs, Capped Hocks, Swollen Udders.

RHEUMATISM. We guarantee an absolute cure in from one to three applications. One Trial will Convince.

Confederation Life. ESTABLISHED 1871. TORONTO. Insurance at Risk, - - \$22,000,000 Cash Assets, - - - \$4,000,000 Paid Policy-holders, - - \$2,250,000

NEW BUSINESS FOR 1892 IS WELL IN ADVANCE OF THAT FOR 1891 OR ANY PREVIOUS YEAR.

POICIES FREE. Practically, FROM ALL CONDITIONS as to Residence, Travel and Occupation.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

YOU HAVE STOCK TO FEED. Then do it economically. Chop your Grain with a Waterous Chopper.



It elevates and screens the grain, grinds 20 to 40 bushels per hour and bags the chop.

GRINDING SURFACES: Best French Buhr Stones, unequalled for durability.

WATEROUS, - Brantford, Canada.

LAKELET

Dressed Poultry and Butter Wanted at Dulmage's Cheap General Store.

Coal-oil by the Car load—That's how we undersell others.

Under-shirts and Drawers by the cord, on view—Job Lot Top Shirts very cheap. 30 Patterns to choose from.

Dulmage's is the best place to buy Boy's Over coats. We won't be undersold.

New Goods for the Holidays.

Parlor Lamps, Fancy Tea and Dinner Sets, Silverware in Forks, Knives, Tea and Desert Spoons, Cruets, etc., etc. Also a Large Assortment of Fancy Vases, Flower-holders, Cups and Saucers, and other dishes, with Mottoes and Gold enamel, from the celebrated firm of Gowans, Kent & Co., Suitable for Wedding and Xmas presents.

Everything Cheap, what you don't see ask for, as we keep everything but ox-yokes, which are out of fashion.

DULMAGE,

LAKELET.

No More

Cider Apples

—WANTED AT THE—

Corrie Fruit Evaporator

BUT CAN USE ANOTHER,

1,000 BUSHELS

Of Apples for Peeling, if brought in at once.

W. GARTLEY.

Holstein Calf Lost.

LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the 20th of July last, a Holstein Steer Spring Calf, spotted black and white. The finder will be suitably rewarded on giving information as to its whereabouts to HENRY WILLIAMS, Lot 18, Con. B., Howick, Wroxeter P. O.

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 that branch." FROX. A. HEDDARD. Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

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 Furnberry. 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.

Estray Calves.

CAME onto the premises of the subscriber, lot 30, con. 9, Howick, about the middle of October, four heifer calves. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away. S. JOHNSTONE.

7

Musical Instruments

GIVEN AWAY, Worth \$37.25

THE GUESSING Competition

Will be conducted at the Drug Store this year as before, the prizes being:

First prize: 1 Violin and Bow, a fine instrument, worth \$12.00

Second prize: 1 Guitar, Rosewood, white edges, Pearl inlaid Sound-hole worth \$9.50

Third prize: 1 Auto-harp, 23 strings, 5 Bars, producing 5 chords, worth \$7.50

Fourth prize: 1 Accordion, Ebonized Frame, Nickel Faced, 10 Nickel Keys, Double Bellows, 2 Stops, 2 Sets German Silver Reeds, worth \$5.00

Fifth prize: 1 Concertina, 20 Keys, Large Size, worth \$2.50

Sixth prize: 1 First-class Hohner Mouth-organ worth 50c.

Seventh prize: " 25c.

The person coming nearest to the correct number of SEEDS in a Pumpkin, will be entitled to First Prize, the Second nearest will be entitled to Second Prize, etc. In case of two Guessing alike, the First one in, will get the preference.

Every 50c. worth of Goods of any Kind bought until Xmas will entitle the Purchaser to a Guess.

I have a fine Selection of Picture and Showy Books from 5c. to 6c., both Amusing and Instructive.

Games of All Kinds for Young and Old.

In Photo Albums I have a very fine Assortment ranging in Price from 50c. to \$5.50.

Come early and get what you want before these Lines are picked over.

N. McLAUGHLIN.

DRUGGIST

GORRIE, ONT.

CONDEMNED TO BE HUNG!

And You Can Assist in the Hanging!

The Balance of—

Fox's Wall Paper

Must be Cleared out to make room for our Spring Stock.

WE still have some Beautiful Designs of Papers, with Borders to match, from 5c. to 35c. per roll, which must be cleared out.

We also carry a Full Line of HIGH AND PUBLIC

School Supplies.

Books, Blank Books, Hymnals, Hymn Books, Bibles, Games and Notions.

Also a Large and Well-Assorted Stock of

Lazarus' and Lawrence's Spectacles.

And every requisite of a First-Class Drug and Book Store.

JAS. FOX,

Druggist, Wroxeter.

Fordwich Hardware Store.

Hunter & Henry

Successors to Darby Bros. Stock of Cook, Box, Parlor, Hall and Oil Stoves, Hand and Hanging Lamps, and all kinds of Hardware, is Replete in all Lines.

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

The Gazette till Jan. 1st, 1894, for One Dollar.

J. N. TAMAN, TAILOR,

Has Removed

To the Sharpin Building, opposite the Albion Hotel, Gorrie, where he will be pleased to meet his friends and customers.

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.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

A specific monthly medicine for ladies to restore and regulate the menses, producing free, healthy and painless discharge. No aches or pains on approach. How used by over 2,000,000 ladies. Once used will use again. Invigorates these organs. Buy of your druggist only those with our signature across face of label. Avoid substitutes. Sealed particulars mailed to agents. 100 per box. Address, BURDETT CHEMICAL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

A. W. Halladay

LAKELET,

BOOTS and SHOES,

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE,

Come and See the

Ladies' Fine Shoes
Gents' " "
Ladies' Walking Boots
Gents' " "
Boys, Misses' and Children's Boots and Shoes.

stout Shoes in all Styles and Sizes. Rubber Goods in Endless Varieties.

All Howick in general, and North Howick in Particular, is invited to Come and Get the Bargains between Now and New Years.

Fred Donaghy,

Regent House, Forwich

Is Showing a Grand Stock of

General Merchandise 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.

Millinery Goods

Mrs. Allison has a Fine Assortment of the Latest Styles of Millinery Goods suitable for the Fall and Winter Trade. Very cheap. The Ladies are Cordially Invited to call and Inspect the Lovely Styles and Goods,

Old Hats Made Over.

Just Received!

At Allison's

A Fresh lot of

Oranges, Lemons, Peaches, Grapes, Tomatoes, Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates Sausage, Bologna, Pork,

A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.