

The East Huron Gazette.

VOL. I.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1892.

No. 15

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 a registered member of Ontario Veterinary
Association.

Next to Methodist Parsonage,
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

JAS. MC LAUGHLIN,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. No
witnesses required.
Officer—At my Residence, GORRIE.

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

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

Fordwich

Planing Mill. READY AGAIN!

Logs Wanted.

THE Planing Mill will be ready for work in a few days and I want GOOD LOGS OF ANY LENGTH AND SIZE, HARD OR SOFT WOOD, DELIVERED AT ONCE, for which I will pay the best prices.

Builders, Remember

THAT the Fordwich Planing Mill will be ready to furnish you with all kinds of House furnishings, and is prepared to give estimates and take contracts for all kinds of wood work.

L. C. DICKS.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m.; Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

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

BAPTIST.—Services in Gorrie at 2:30 and 6:30 p. m., and at the church on the 2nd concession of Wroxeter at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. A. Osborne, pastor.

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

GORRIE MARKET REPORT.

Fall wheat.....	20 87	at 20 88 1/2 lb.
Spring Wheat.....	67 65	18 1/2
Oats.....	27 65	29 *
Peas.....	57 65	53
Barley.....	35 65	40 *
Butter.....	15 65	16 *
Eggs.....	12 65	12 *
Lard.....	10 *	12 1/2 *
Tallow.....	5 *	12 1/2 *
Pork.....	5 50	6 00 per cwt.

Local Affairs.

A Horse Fair will be held in Gorrie on Friday, March 18th.

The sleighing has just about melted away and wheels are now quite plentiful on our streets.

Mr. Ed. James was out on the street yesterday for the first time since his last serious illness.

Mrs. H. J. Bagnall, of Toronto, and her son, Mr. Perry Bagnall, are visiting in town at present.

The Quebec elections resulted very disastrously to Count Mercier, he being swamped beneath a majority of between 35 and 40.

Messrs. Jas. and Thos. Vittie left for Manitoba with the excursion last Tuesday. The latter took a team of horses with him. They expect to remain absent all summer.

A meeting of the Patrons of Industry will be held in the Town Hall, Gorrie, on Saturday, March 19th, at one o'clock p. m. At three o'clock the doors will be thrown open to the public.

Mrs. Gladstone's first article in the series of "Hints from a Mother's Life," which she has written for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, will be printed in the April issue of that periodical.

The Gorrie Public School examination takes place to-morrow (Friday).

On Friday last Mr. Joseph Sanderson, of this village, reached his 79th birthday, and the family took advantage of the occasion to present him with one of the famous London Reclining and Hammock chairs, for sale by Mr. J. R. Williams, furniture dealer. The old gentleman, who by the way can boast of having 40 living grand-children, highly appreciated the gift.

On Tuesday morning last Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Canada, was being rapidly driven along the 9th con., from Fordwich to address the Brethren of Wroxeter Lodge. By some accident the whiffletrees broke, and the spirited horse becoming fractious, the rig was upset, landing the most popular Mason of Canada in a crust-covered Howick snowbank. Mr. Brown, the driver, manfully clung to the team, and after being dragged, face downwards, for nearly 100 yards, managed to stop the horses, then went back and raised the Grand master from his tomb. Fortunately no one was hurt, and by the kindness of a neighboring farmer, fresh whiffletrees were provided so that Mr. Robertson stepped into the hall in Wroxeter only 10 minutes late. But there came very near being a tremendous Masonic funeral.

The lady referred to in the aforesaid clipping from the Clinton *News Record*, was formerly Miss Lavina McGill, a well-known and popular Gorrie lady, and her many friends will join in congratulating her on receiving this beautiful gift. Knowing as we do of her rare musical abilities and Mr. Watt's love of music, we cannot but help thinking that he acted—and we don't blame him—just a little bit from selfish motives.

"Mr. F. W. Watts, druggist of Albert St., was so elated over the success of the party of progress in West Huron, that he signalized the event by presenting Mrs. Watts with a beautiful \$450 Heintzman cabinet grand piano. The instrument is excellent in tone as it is elegant in appearance and is of Canadian manufacture, made possible by the true Canadian policy of the Conservative party. Probably there is no branch of manufactures, requiring artistic and skilled labor and capital, the product of which has been so much perfected and at the same time cheapened in Canada by the National Policy as the making of pianos."

The death of Myles Young, Esq., J. P., Clerk of the Division Court, occurred at his home at Blyth, on Sunday morning last. Mr. Young was formerly a well-known and highly-esteemed resident of Howick, having lived at Lakelet for about 20 years, until eight years ago when he moved to Blyth. Deceased took a prominent part, in his official capacity, in enforcing the Scott Act, and at least on one occasion, an attempt was made to set his house on fire. He was an active member in the Methodist Church, and in a great measure he was instrumental in bringing about the erection of the fine edifice that body now own at Blyth. His funeral which occurred on Tuesday was largely attended, the church being packed, while the cortège was escorted to the cemetery by the village brass band. Among those who attended his funeral from this section were Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gibson, M. P. P., and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hazelwood, of Wroxeter; Messrs. A. Halladay and M. Scott, of Lakelet, and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hazelwood, of Clifford. Deceased had an insurance of \$1,000 on his life.

Division Grange Meeting.

A meeting of the Belmore Division Grange was held in the Albion hall in this village on Tuesday afternoon last. Bro. P. Hepinstall occupied the chair and there was a very good attendance.

The minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

The system of testing grain, as now practiced in many parts of the country, while in the act of getting breakfast. The old people are getting very feeble and should not be left alone.

The Methodists, now that they have taken hold of the matter of building a new church, are pushing the work along as fast as possible. A committee has been away visiting the churches at Listowel and Milverton, the architect having seen and in a few days plans will be submitted, so that the tenders may be asked for. We understand the new edifice is to be placed just in front of the present building; so that it will face the east, and that it will have a basement and gallery. It is not likely the total cost will be less than \$5,000 and it may possibly go some hundred of dollars over that amount.

The platform of the Patrons of Indus-

try was then read by the chairman, as follows:

1. Maintenance of British connection.
2. The reservation of the public lands for the actual settler.
3. Public administration and absolute independence of Parliament.
4. Rigid economy in every department of the public service.
5. Simplification of the laws and a general reduction in the machinery of government.
6. Abolition of the Canadian Senate.
7. Grand juries to be composed of 12 members instead of 23.
8. A system of civil service reform that will give each county power to appoint or elect all county officials whose salaries are required to pay except county taxes.
9. Reciprocal free fair and equitable terms with Canada and the world.
10. Effectual legislation that will protect labor, and the results of labor, from combinations and monopolies which unduly enhance the price of products produced by those combinations and monopolies.
11. Prohibition of the bonusing of railways by Government grants, except when opening up territory.
12. Preparation of the Dominion and Provincial voters' lists by the municipal officers.
13. Conformity of electoral districts for both Dominion and Provincial representation to contain boundaries constituted principally as far as possible as the principle of representation by population will allow.

Mr. Hepinstall explained that the Grange had partially failed in its objects, not because of any fault in its platform, but because the farmers had not rallied to its support. He then invited the meeting, in which were quite a number of Patrons, to discuss the platform, clause by clause.

Mr. T. Winters explained that it is the intention to apply for a Dominion charter shortly.

The discussion which followed was a very interesting one, at times becoming quite animated and those who spoke showed that they had been thinking deeply upon the subject. Short speeches were made by Messrs. Folli, Foster, Bell, Johnson, Stewart, Drummond, Jardine, Winters, and others whose names we could not learn, and Mr. Jas. Mitchell, during the afternoon made a lengthened, analytical speech on the subject.

The meeting was considered in every way a successful one, and the delegates showed the determination of the Grange and the Patrons to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to better the condition of the farmer and artisan.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

A Very Successful Convention.

Sunday School Workers from all parts of the township gathered in large numbers yesterday (Wednesday) to attend the first session of the new association just formed here.

The following officers were elected:

President—Rev. T. A. Wright.

Vice-Pres.—The local clergymen of Fordwich.

Sec. Treas.—P. Hepinstall.

Ex. Com.—The Pres., Vice-Presidents, Superintendents of Fordwich S. S., and the secretary.

At half-past seven, when the evening's programme was commenced, almost every seat in the hall was taken up, and among the faces were noticed many of the lady and gentlemen delegates from a distance who preferred to risk the threatening weather rather than miss the evening meeting.

After singing, the usual opening exercises, addresses of welcome were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Carter and Wiloughby, the latter of whom took the place of Rev. Mr. Torrance, who was too ill to attend.

The reply by Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Belmore, was a happy effort in which he clearly expressed the appreciation by the visitors of the welcome they had received.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Wroxeter, followed with a paper on "The Teacher in and Out of School," which was of considerable merit and elicited much applause.

Mr. W. H. Kerr, of the Brussels Post, and President of the County S. S. Association, delivered an able address on "Sunday School Superintendents." He believed a Superintendent should have his plan for the day's work prepared, and ready to commence at the appointed moment for opening the school; he should have firmness in governing, guided by love. He did not think it wise for a Superintendent to undertake too many offices, but rather to advise with his officers and encourage them to give their ideas and share the responsibility of the school work. He was closely listened to throughout, and left many good points with the audience, which we have not space for in this hurried report.

The chairman closed the speeches of the convention by urging those present to take earnest care that their whole ultimate object be to lead the youthful soul to Christ, and hoping that the words of wisdom heard in this convention would prove profitable to all.

The singing during the convention was led by a choir of mixed voices, and they were well entitled to the praise and the vote of thanks which they received.

He was followed by Mr. Deachman,

and Rev. Mr. Wright in the same strain and the discussion was of much profit.

The session then closed for dinner.

In the afternoon session, after the opening exercises, Rev. Mr. Davidson, of Wroxeter, opened the first subject, The position of the S. S. in the church, in a well put argument showing that the Sunday School was an important department; a valuable auxiliary of the church. Messrs. Russel, Thos. McLaughlin and others continued the subject bringing up some good points.

The social influence of the S. S. was ably handled by Mr. Hepinstall in a 10-minute speech and Mr. Crittenden, Revs. Stewart and Pring also gave brief expressions.

The love of God in the heart is the first source of right influence, the officers and teachers wielded great influence and are under great responsibility.

Rev. C. E. Carter took up the subject "child converts" reading an excellent paper. He was followed by several others.

Mr. L. A. Mason's subject "Order in the school," was well handled. Punctuality on the part of the officers and teachers; all take part in the exercises and secure the attention of scholars. Do not allow the papers, etc., to be distributed while class is at work, and other advice which our space at this late hour will not permit us to publish.

He was followed by Mr. Kerr, of Brussels, who recommended sanctified common sense as a good rule to govern the officers in enforcing order. Messrs. Jas. Perkins, Deachman and others followed with appropriate words.

The chairman's address followed.

Rev. Mr. Wright dwelt on the points brought out in the various papers discussed, after which a very substantial collection was taken up.

Business matters occupied the time from this point until the close of the afternoon session. The minutes of the preliminary meeting were read and confirmed. A motion to hold a session in June was, unfortunately, defeated, and it was finally decided to hold the next convention on the third Wednesday in February, 1893, in Fordwich.

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A MATTER OF FACT.

The Astounding Experience of Three
Newspaper Men in the Indian Ocean.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

And if ye doubt the tales I tell,
Steer through the South Pacific swell;
Go where the branching choral vines
Unending strife of endless lives:
Where, leagued about the wildered boat,
The rainbow jellies and the foam,
And the waves singers,
The starfish trips on all her fingers;
Whence, hast my myriad spines ashock,
The sea egg ripples down the rock;
And the sharks, the guppies, the
From darkness where the guppies rest,
Moored over the darker depths that hide
The blind white seasmoke and his bride;
Who, drowning, noise the long-slow tides
Let down through darkness to their lips.—The Palme.

Once a priest, always a priest; once a
Mason always a Mason; but once a jour-
nalist, always and forever a journalist.

There were three of us, all newspaper men
the only passengers on a little tramp steamer
that night when her owners told her to go.
She had once been in the Bilbao iron ore
business, had been lent to the Spanish Gov-
ernment for service at Manila, and was end-
ing her days in the Cape Town coolie trade,
with occasional trips to Madagascar and even
as far as England. We found her going to
Southampton in ballast and shipped in her
because the fares were nominal. There was
Keller of an American paper on his way
back to the States from palace executions
in Madagascar; there was a burly half-
Dutchman called Zuyland, who owned and
edited a paper up country; and there was
myself, who had solemnly put away all jour-
nalism, vowed to forget that I had ever
known the difference between an imprint
and a stereo advertisement.

Three minutes after Keller spoke to me,
as the Rathmines cleared Cape Town, I
had forgotten the aloofness that I deserved
to feign, and was in a heated discussion on
the immorality of expanding telegrams be-
yond a certain point. Then Zuyland came
out of his state-room, and we were all at
home instantly, because we were men of the
same profession needing no introduction.
We annexed the best form, broke open
the passenger's bathroom door on the Man-
illa liner, the Dons do not wash—cleaned out
the orange peel and cigar ends in the bottom
of the bath, hired a Lascar to shave us
throughout the voyage, and then asked each
other's names.

Three ordinary men would have quarreled
through sheer boredom before they reached
Southampton. We, by virtue of our
craft, were anything but ordinary men. A
large percentage of the tales of the world,
the thirtynine that can not be told
to ladies and one that can, are common pro-
perty coming of a common stock. We told
them all as a matter of form, with all their
local and specific variants which are surprising.
Then came, in the intervals of steady
and play, more personal histories of adven-
ture and things seen and reported, panics
among white folk, when the blind terror ran
from man to man on the Brooklyn bridge,
and the people crushed each other to death
they knew not why; fires, and faces that
opened and shut their mouths horribly at
red-hot window frames; wrecks in frost
and snow, reported from the sheetheated
rescue tug at the risk of frost-bite; long
rides after diamond thieves; skirmishes on
the velt and municipal committees with the
Boors; glimpses of lazy tangos, Capo politi-
ciano, card tales, horse tales, womantales,
by the score and the half hundred; till the
first mate, who had seen more than all us
put together, but lacked words in which to
clothe his tales, sat open-mouthed, far into
the dawn.

"Give her steam there!" said the captain
from the bridge. "I should think you air
did." He pulled the string of our fog horn,
which was a weak one. It sputtered and
choked, because the stoke hold was full of
water and the fires were half drowned, and
at last gave out a moan. It was answered
from the fog by one of the most appalling
steam syrups that I have ever heard. Keller
turned as white as I did, for the fog, the
cold fog, was upon us, and any man may be
forgiven for fearing the death he can not
see.

"Give her steam there!" said the captain
to the engine-room. "Steam for the whistle;
if you bellow to go dead slow."

We bellowed again, and the damp dripped
off the awning on the deck as we listened
for the reply. It seemed to be astern this
time, but much nearer than before.

"The Pembroke Castle, by gum!" said
Keller and then, viciously. "Well, thank
God, we shall sink her, too."

"It's a side-wheel steamer," I whispered.
"Can't you hear the paddles?"

This time we whistled and roared till the
steam gave out, and the answer nearly
deafened us. There was a sound of frantic
thrashing in the water, apparently about
fifty yards away, and something shot past
in the whiteness that looked as though it
were gray and red.

"The Pembroke Castle bottom up," said
Keller, who, being a journalist, always
sought for explanations. "That's the colors
of a castle liner. We're in for a big thing."

"The sea is bewitched," said Frithiof,
from the wheel-house. "There are two
steamers."

Another syren sounded on our bow, and
the little steamer rolled in the wash of something
that had passed unseen.

"We're evidently in the middle of a
feet," said Keller, quietly. "If one doesn't
run us down, the other will. Pshaw! what
in the world is that?"

I sniffed, for there was a poisonous rank
smell in the cold air—a smell that I had
smelt before.

"If I was on land I should say that it was
an alligator. It smells like musk—the musk
of snakes." I answered.

"Not ten thousand alligators could make
that smell," said Zuyland; "I have smelt
them."

"Bewitched! Bewitched!" said Frithiof.
"The sea she is turned upside down, and
we are walking along the bottom."

Again the Rathmines rolled in the wash
of some unseen ship, and a silver gray
wave broke over the bow, leaving on the
deck a sheet of sediment—the gray broth
of the sea. A sprinkling of the wave fell
on my face, and it was so cold that it
stung as boiling water stings. The dead
and most untouched deep water of the sea
had been heaved to the top by the submarine
volcano—the chill still water that kills
all life and smells of desolation and emptiness.

We did not need either the blinding
fog or that indescribable smell of musk to
make us unhappy—we were shivering with
cold and wretchedness where we stood.

"The hot air on the cold water makes
this fog," said the Captain; "it ought to
clear in a little time."

"Whistle, oh, whistle! and let's get out
of it," said Keller.

The Captain whistled again, and far and
far astern the invisible twin steam syrups
answered us. Their blasting shriek grew
louder, till at last it seemed to tear out of
the fog just above our quarter, and I
cowered while the Rathmines plunged bows
under a double swell that crossed.

"No, no," said Frithiof. "It is not
good any more. Let us get away, in the
name of God."

"Now, if a torpedo boat with a City of
Paris syren went mad and broke her moor-
ings and hired a friend to help her, it's
just conceivable that we might be carried
as we are now. Otherwise this thing
is—"

The last words died on Keller's lips, his
eyes began to start from his head and his
jaw fell. Some six or seven feet above the
port bulwarks, framed in fog, and as utterly
unsupported as the full moon, hung a face,
not human, and it certainly was not
animal, for it did not belong to this earth as
known to man. The mouth was open, re-
vealing a ridiculously tiny tongue—as ab-
surd as the tongue of an elephant; there
were tens of wrinkles of white skin at the
angles of the drawn lips, white feelings like
those of a baboon sprout from the lower jaw,
and there was no sign of teeth within the
mouth. But the horror of the face lay in
the eyes, for those were sightless—white, in
sockets as white as scraped bone, and blind.
Yet for all this the face, wrinkled as the
mask of a lion is drawn on Assyrian sculp-
ture, was alive with rage and terror. One
long white finger touched our bulwarks.

Then the face disappeared with the swift-
ness of a blind worm, and the next thing
that I remember is my own voice in my own
ears, saying gravely to the mainmast. "But
what do you mean?" said Keller.

Frithiof did not answer, but tore away
at the wheel. Then he beckoned us three
to help, and we held the wheel down till
the Rathmines answered it, and we found
ourselves looking into the white of our own
eyes, with the still oily sea tearing past
us below, though we were not going more
than half steam ahead.

The Captain stretched out his arm from
the bridge and shouted. A minute later
I would have given a great deal to have
houted, too, for one-half of the sea seemed
to shoulder itself above the other half, and
was in the shape of a hill. There was

neither crest, comb, nor curl-over to it;
nothing but blue water, with little waves
chasing each other about the flanks. I saw
it steamed past and on a level with the
Rathmines' bow-plates before the steamer
made up her mind to rise, and I argued that
this would be the last of all voyages for me.
Then we rose for ever and ever and ever,
till I heard Keller saying in my ear: "The
bowels of the deep, good Lord!" and the
Rathmines stood poised, her screw racing
and drumming on the slope of a hollow that
stretched downward for a good half-mile.

We went down that hollow nose under
for the most part, and the air smelt wet
and muddy like an emptied aquarium.
There was a second hill to climb; I saw
that much; but the water came aboard and
carried me off till it jammed me against the
smoking-room door, and before I could
catch breath or clear my eyes again we
were rolling to and fro in torn water with
the scuppers pouring like caves in a thunder-
storm.

"There were three waves," said Keller;
"and the stoke-holds flooded."

The fireman were on deck waiting,
apart, to be drowned. The engineer came
and dragged them below, and the crew,
gasping, began to work the clumsy board of
trade pump. That showed nothing serious,
and when I understood that the Rathmines
was really on the water and not beneath it,
I asked what had happened.

"The captain says it was a blow-up under
the sea—a volcano," said Keller.

"It hasn't warmed anything," I said.
I was feeling bitterly cold and cold was almost
unknown in those waters. I went below
to change my clothes and when I came up
everything was wiped out in clinging
white fog.

"Are there going to be any more surprises?"
said Keller to the captain.

"I don't know. Be thankful you're alive,
gentlemen. That's a tidal wave thrown up
by a volcano. Probably the bottom of the
sea has been lifted a few feet somewhere
or other. I can't quite understand this cold
spell. Our sea thermometer says the water
is 44 degrees and it should be 68 degrees at
least."

"It's abominable," said Keller, shivering.
"But hadn't you better attend to the tog-
gle? It seems to me that I heard something."

"Hear! Good heavens!" said the captain
from the bridge. "I should think you did."
He pulled the string of our fog horn,
which was a weak one. It sputtered and
choked, because the stoke hold was full of
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them."

"Bewitched! Bewitched!" said Frithiof.
"The sea she is turned upside down, and
we are walking along the bottom."

Again the Rathmines rolled in the wash
of some unseen ship, and a silver gray
wave broke over the bow, leaving on the
deck a sheet of sediment—the gray broth
of the sea. A sprinkling of the wave fell
on my face, and it was so cold that it
stung as boiling water stings. The dead
and most untouched deep water of the sea
had been heaved to the top by the submarine
volcano—the chill still water that kills
all life and smells of desolation and emptiness.

We did not need either the blinding
fog or that indescribable smell of musk to
make us unhappy—we were shivering with
cold and wretchedness where we stood.

"The hot air on the cold water makes
this fog," said the Captain; "it ought to
clear in a little time."

"Whistle, oh, whistle! and let's get out
of it," said Keller.

The Captain whistled again, and far and
far astern the invisible twin steam syrups
answered us. Their blasting shriek grew
louder, till at last it seemed to tear out of
the fog just above our quarter, and I
cowered while the Rathmines plunged bows
under a double swell that crossed.

"No, no," said Frithiof. "It is not
good any more. Let us get away, in the
name of God."

"Now, if a torpedo boat with a City of
Paris syren went mad and broke her moor-
ings and hired a friend to help her, it's
just conceivable that we might be carried
as we are now. Otherwise this thing
is—"

The last words died on Keller's lips, his
eyes began to start from his head and his
jaw fell. Some six or seven feet above the
port bulwarks, framed in fog, and as utterly
unsupported as the full moon, hung a face,
not human, and it certainly was not
animal, for it did not belong to this earth as
known to man. The mouth was open, re-
vealing a ridiculously tiny tongue—as ab-
surd as the tongue of an elephant; there
were tens of wrinkles of white skin at the
angles of the drawn lips, white feelings like
those of a baboon sprout from the lower jaw,
and there was no sign of teeth within the
mouth. But the horror of the face lay in
the eyes, for those were sightless—white, in
sockets as white as scraped bone, and blind.
Yet for all this the face, wrinkled as the
mask of a lion is drawn on Assyrian sculp-
ture, was alive with rage and terror. One
long white finger touched our bulwarks.

Then the face disappeared with the swift-
ness of a blind worm, and the next thing
that I remember is my own voice in my own
ears, saying gravely to the mainmast. "But
what do you mean?" said Keller.

Frithiof did not answer, but tore away
at the wheel. Then he beckoned us three
to help, and we held the wheel down till
the Rathmines answered it, and we found
ourselves looking into the white of our own
eyes, with the still oily sea tearing past
us below, though we were not going more
than half steam ahead.

The Captain stretched out his arm from
the bridge and shouted. A minute later
I would have given a great deal to have
houted, too, for one-half of the sea seemed
to shoulder itself above the other half, and
was in the shape of a hill. There was

neither crest, comb, nor curl-over to it;
nothing but blue water, with little waves
chasing each other about the flanks. I saw
it steamed past and on a level with the
Rathmines' bow-plates before the steamer
made up her mind to rise, and I argued that
this would be the last of all voyages for me.
Then we rose for ever and ever and ever,
till I heard Keller saying in my ear: "The
bowels of the deep, good Lord!" and the
Rathmines stood poised, her screw racing
and drumming on the slope of a hollow that
stretched downward for a good half-mile.

We went down that hollow nose under
for the most part, and the air smelt wet
and muddy like an emptied aquarium.
There was a second hill to climb; I saw
that much; but the water came aboard and
carried me off till it jammed me against the
smoking-room door, and before I could
catch breath or clear my eyes again we
were rolling to and fro in torn water with
the scuppers pouring like caves in a thunder-
storm.

"There were three waves," said Keller;
"and the stoke-holds flooded."

The fireman were on deck waiting,
apart, to be drowned. The engineer came
and dragged them below, and the crew,
gasping, began to work the clumsy board of
trade pump. That showed nothing serious,
and when I understood that the Rathmines
was really on the water and not beneath it,
I asked what had happened.

"Hear! That's it."

"What?" said Keller, chewing the un-
lighted cigar.

I respected the motive, though the man
manifestation was absurd. "Stop, you'll bite
your thumb off," I said, and Keller laughed
brokenly as he picked up his cigar. Only
Zuyland, leaning over the port bulwarks,
seemed self-possessed. He declared later
that he was nothing of the sort.

"We've seen it," he said, turning round.

"What?" said Keller, chewing the un-
lighted cigar.

As the Rathmines came up to me, ashy white.
He put his hand into his pocket, took a cigar,
bit it, dropped it, thrust his shaking thumb
into his mouth and mumbled. "The giant
gooseberry and the raining frogs! Gimme a
light—Gimme a light! I say, gimme a light."

Keller came up to me, ashy white. He
put his hand into his pocket, took a cigar,
bit it, dropped it, thrust his shaking thumb
into his mouth and mumbled. "The giant
gooseberry and the raining frogs! Gimme a
light—Gimme a light! I say

A. WYNES' General Store

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STOCK : TAKING :

I have just opened out in my new premises with a large and varied stock of general merchandise, including Choice Dress Goods, Flannels, Woolen Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Sealettes, Handkerchiefs, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery, Glassware, etc., etc.

A Large Stock of Seasonable Goods.

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My prices in all lines are as Low as any House; Lower than most of them. You are cordially invited to call and see me in my new quarters, and it will pay you to see my goods and prices before making your purchases. All kinds of Produce taken.

Remember the place:

Masonic Block, next door to Post Office, Fordwich.

A. WYNES.

Wroxeter School Report.

The following is the report of the Wroxeter public school, the names being given in the order of merit, and the figures indicating the number of days they were present during the month.

FIFTH CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Rae, David.....	21
2 Smith, Alex.....	17
3 Funston, Fred.....	18
4 Allen, Elsie.....	20
5 Smale, Alberta.....	21
6 Mitchell, Bessie.....	17
7 Miller, Richard.....	15
8 Hazlewood, Lydia.....	16

SENIOR FOURTH CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Henry, Gertrude.....	21
2 Rae, George.....	21
3 Rae, Robert.....	21
4 McMaster, Cecil.....	19
5 Bray, John.....	21
6 Allen, Sarah.....	20
7 Miller, Jennie.....	18
8 Rae, John R.....	20
9 Morrison, Letisha.....	21
10 Thompson, John T.....	13
11 Miller, Mary.....	20
12 Brawn, John.....	20
13 Sanderson, Mary.....	15
14 Brawn, Laura.....	16

JUNIOR FOURTH CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Hazelwood, Letta.....	21
2 Simmonds, Byron.....	17
3 Luckie, Wallace.....	21
4 Thompson, Willie.....	20
5 Luckie, Goshie.....	21
6 McLeod, Willie.....	20
7 Brawn, Harry.....	20
8 Jones, Lottie.....	16

SENIOR THIRD CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Robinson, Kate.....	21
2 Hazelwood, Mary.....	20
3 Playford, Emma.....	21
4 Orr, Fred.....	20
5 Henry, Norman.....	20
6 Elliott, Allan.....	20
7 McLeod, Bert.....	20
8 Gibson, Edith.....	21
9 Elliott, Agala.....	14
10 Davidson, May.....	19
11 Playford, Libby.....	16
12 Smith, Willie.....	20
13 Rae, Allen.....	21
14 Cooper, Tom.....	20
15 Lee, Charles.....	17
16 Martin, Annie.....	17
17 Willits, Alberta.....	17
18 Cooper, Sadie.....	20
19 Waldon, Wallace.....	16
20 Willis, Maggie.....	12

JUNIOR THIRD CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Hazelwood, Herman.....	21
2 Ireland, Pearl.....	18
3 Thynne, Ellen.....	16
4 Rae, George.....	19
5 Miller, Mabel.....	18
6 Morrison, Herman.....	16
7 Muir, Annie.....	13

SENIOR-SECOND CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Kaake, George.....	20
2 Playford, Millie.....	18
3 Willis, George.....	19
4 Gofson, Maud.....	21
5 Vogt, Jennie.....	20
6 McLean, Win.....	15
7 Miller, Maggie.....	17
8 Stokes, Mabel.....	20
9 Thynne, Alice.....	12
10 Henry, Howard.....	19

JUNIOR SECOND CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Rae, David J.....	20
2 McMaster, Eddie.....	19
3 Rae, Hugh F.....	20
4 Thompson, Fanny.....	21
5 Hemphill, Alvin.....	20
6 Lee, Willie.....	15
7 Muir, Maggie.....	15
8 Stokes, Mabel.....	20
9 Thynne, Alice.....	12
10 Henry, Howard.....	19

SENIOR PART II CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Martin, Nina.....	18
2 Waldon, Walter.....	19
3 Miller, John H.....	21
4 Sanderson, Willie.....	18
5 Elliott, Arena.....	14
6 Rae, John.....	15
7 Smith, Mary.....	13
8 Black, Scott.....	21

JUNIOR PART II CLASS.

	Days Present
1 Ireland, Loyal G.....	21
2 Morrison, Austin.....	21
3 Montgomery, Robert.....	19
4 Jones, Fred.....	14
5 McFarlane, Teenie.....	10
6 Willis, John.....	16
7 Webster, Fred.....	21

F. E. MOORE, Teachers.

ELDA HAZLEWOOD, Grange Memorial.

The Dominion Grange Executive Committee, presented to the Ontario Government, the memorial given below, on Thursday of last week.
They were met by the Hon. Attorney

a few years ago.

We are pleased to learn by the news papers that some action is likely to be taken by the Legislature to reduce the number of grand jurors; it being an institution that so far as we are able to judge might without injury to the cause of justice be totally abolished.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

R. WILKIE, PETER HEPSTALL,
Secretary. Master.

Jabel Robinson, Henry Glendinning,
Executive Committee.

Anna French, a widow 90 years of age, has just married a man of 36 at Belfast, Maine. The bride is worth \$100,000.

The American girl is not slow to grasp a chance. Some time ago *The Ladies' Home Journal* organized a free education system for girls, and the magazine is now educating some forty odd girls at Vassar and Wellesley Colleges, and at the Boston Conservatory of Music, all the expenses of the girls being paid by the *Journal*.

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Coughs and Colds.

If you are troubled with a Cough, Cold, Sore Throat, Hoarseness or Bronchitis, take

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FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50

BRAN.....per ton. 14 00

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.

We shall be busy taking stock for the balance of this month.

Our discount sale for December succeeded quite equal to our anticipations, but while we are taking Stock and prior to getting in new SPRING GOODS

We shall make sweeping reductions in

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

HURON.

Mr. Robt. Orr, the well known merchant who died in Wingham last week, had \$8,000 insurance on his life, and Royal Templars, the C. O. F. and in stock companies.

Wingham is complaining of a scarcity of tenement houses.

The Directors of the Bluevale Cheese Co. are Jno. R. Miller, Wm. J. Johnston, Jas. Elliott, Wm. Isbister and Robt. Mawell.

The official returns for West Huron place Patterson's majority at 24.

Mrs. McIlwain sr. died at Nile on Saturday the 18th ult. after a brief illness. She came to the township of Ashfield with her husband when it was a wilderness and by arduous toil they made for themselves a comfortable home where they resided till death called her to her rest above.

Mrs. Jane Welsh, mother of Mr. W. T. Welsh, of Goderich, died in Stratford on Wednesday, 17th ult., aged 79 years.

Mr. T. P. Simpson, a well-known and highly respected resident of Ethel, died on Thursday afternoon, 25th ult. Mr. Simpson has not been in good health for some time.

Mr. Jesse Westcott, son of James Westcott, formerly of Usborne, has purchased the interest of Mr. Irving Armstrong in the flour and feed business in Exeter.

On Wednesday of last week William Stonehouse, of East Wawanosh, was instantly killed while working in the bush by having his head crushed by a falling tree. He was thirty years, five months and nine days old.

Thomas Pepper, 9th concession of Grey, is the owner of a grade cow that is worth possessing. Last week her milk supplied the cream from which 19 pounds of prime butter was manufactured. This record won't be easily beaten.

James Speir's team ran away from the National Roller Mills, Brussels, Monday afternoon of last week. One of the horses ran full tilt against a telephone post in front of the Queen's Hotel and dropped as if shot. When freed from the harness the animal got up not much the worse apparently.

On Saturday night, 20th ult., Messrs. Mitchell Brothers' saw mill in Lucknow had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. The fire originated in the roof near the smoke stack, but the timely arrival of assistance averted what would undoubtedly have been a great conflagration. The firemen were soon at the scene of the fire, but the blaze was extinguished before their arrival.

PERTH.

Wm. Fallis, of Wallace, has purchased two farms of 100 acres each on 10th line Wallace, Nos. 4 and 11, and paid \$5,800 in all for them.

The G. T. R. shops at Stratford now work 10 hours a day. Manager Sergeant believes in the adage, "In times of peace prepare for war," and will increase the traffic power of the Grand Trunk, so as to cope with the rush that the World's Fair will cause in 1893.

The Elmira Mechanics' Institute library has been increased by the addition of 50 German books by standard authors. There are now 1,258 volumes on the shelves, an increase of 228, since May 1, 1891.

The death of Samuel Martin, sr., 5th concession, Wallace, resulted from an attack of the grippe, after a short illness. The deceased was one of the early settlers, having resided in the township for many years. He was a native of Ireland. His aged partner is still living, besides several daughters and one son, Samuel Martin, jr., who lives on the homestead.

Miss Jennie Duncan left Stratford Monday for New York, to take a course of study in medicine, preparatory to entering the field as a missionary. A purse containing some \$52 were presented to her by some of the young people of the congregation of Knox Church, of which Church she was always an active worker.

St. Mary's pays its Treasurer, \$250, clerk, \$150; chief constable, \$400; night-watch man, \$350; collector, \$175; assessor, \$150; auditors, each, \$25.

The last issue of the Mitchell Advocate says:—Eight or ten young toughs from Stratford came up to the Salvation army jubilee here on Monday evening last, and at once undertook to paint the town. They were primed with whiskey and used most blasphemous language, threatening to knock into a cocked hat any man or body of men who would undertake their arrest. Three of them were soon overtaken by constable Dennison, and with assistance, were run into the lockup. Next morning they appeared before magistrate Flagg, and they gave their names as Russell Sipes, Wm. Wilson and John Hicks. None of them appeared to be over 18 years of age. The

formes was fined \$5 and \$8.85 costs, or 15 days in jail; the second \$2 and \$8.85 costs, or 7 days in jail, the third \$1 and \$8.85 costs, or 5 days in jail. Being unable to pay their fines they were committed.

WELLINGTON.

An excursion train carried over 40 emigrants from Mount Forest and Durham to Manitoba one day last week.

One of the sensations in Mount Forest lately was the elopement of a 20-year old young lady with a 17-year old young man.

The Palmerston truant officer has the names of twenty children who have not attended school for a week, and prosecutions may be made.

The Murdoch McFellian homestead, \$1 lot 4, con. 8, Arthur, was sold the past week by Mr. J. J. Cook to Mr. Geo. Anderson, of Arthur, late of Michigan. Price, \$1,725.

Rev. J. S. Fisher, of Arthur, succeeds Rev. D. Rogers, Conference approving.

Watson school house, Guelph township, has been closed on account of the various cases of diphtheria in the vicinity.

Mr. Robert Cromor, clerk of Pilkington township, died at Salem, Feb. 25th aged 79 years. He was an old settler of Pilkington, and a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Funeral last Saturday.

Samuel Ellison of 3rd line Maryboro was injured by a bull recently but not seriously.

Alma and Cumnock Presbyterian pulpits were declared vacant recently by Rev. J. B. Mullen, of Fergus.

John O'Donnell recently bought the Carnage farm, lot 6, con. 8, Peel, for \$2,700 for 100 acres. Next summer a new bank barn will be built on the lot.

R. T. Smith has of late purchased Henry Cole's farm in Arthur Tp., 150 acres. He has 300 acres in Arthur Tp. and Village for next season's crop.

BRUCE.

Wiarton's Juvenile Brass Band, which was so popular among the excursionists to that village last season, has been disbanded, the lads having grown too large for a uniform which included knee pants. The new organization is called The Citizens Band, and Prof. Jones will be retained in the leadership. "Bart" is probably the most popular leader in Bruce county.

Bruce Peninsula still enjoys good sleighing.

The new Presbyterian church at Wiarton was dedicated on Sunday in the presence of a vast concourse.

Adam Munro died at Allenford last week, aged 74 years. He was one of the old settlers of Amabel township, having moved there in 1862.

The Salvation Army have opened a station at Lion's Head.

Mr. R. J. Acton, of Sullivan, cut down a monster pine, longitudinally, for he had 18 good-sized logs from it, each 12 ft. long. The one tree realized him the handsome sum of \$38.50.

There was a meeting of the representatives of the different municipalities interested in the extension of the C. P. R. from Teeswater to Kincardine, thence along the lake shore to Owen Sound by way of Port Elgin, during the recent sitting of the County Council. Mr. John McKellar, reeve of Tiverton was appointed chairman, and Mr. Jeremy acted as secretary. Among the speakers were Messrs. McKay of Culross, McIntosh of Kiulos, Scott of Kincardine, Shewfelt and Mitchell of Kincardine Township, McNaughton and McDougall, Bruce, Munroe of Port Elgin, Cummings of Saugeen, Davis of Amabel, Jeremy of Wiarton, and Chisholm of Lion's Head.

The people along the proposed line were reported as interested and many of them prepared to give substantial financial assistance. The promoters of the scheme are confident that the road will be built in the near future. The C. P. R. Co. has expressed its intention to make the connection before much more time elapses.—*Paisley Advocate*.

School Report.

The following is the monthly report of U. S. S. No. 13 Howick and Turnberry. The names are given of the three who have taken the highest marks, also the number of days which they attended during the month: The figures opposite the names represents the number of days the pupil attended during the month.

SENIOR FOURTH CLASS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----|
| 1. David Weir..... | 17 |
| 2. Elsie McMichael..... | 17 |
| 3. Alex. Tompson..... | 13 |

JUNIOR FOURTH CLASS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----|
| 1. Cassie Barton..... | 18 |
| 2. Lizzie Lolston..... | 16 |
| 3. Bella Underwood..... | 15 |

THIRD CLASS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----|
| 1. Joe Underwood..... | 20 |
| 2. Lilly Fortune..... | 18 |
| 3. Lettie Hooley..... | 18 |

SECOND CLASS.

- | | |
|------------------------|----|
| 1. Malvin Willits..... | 19 |
| 2. Jas. Barlow..... | 19 |
| 3. Jennie Palmer..... | 16 |

B. J. HAZELWOOD, Teacher.

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W. H. CLEGG'S

Hardware Store,

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

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W. H. CLEGG.

Glasgow House.

In this age, money saving is the great ambition, and most people think it necessary to have a large income, to save enough to keep them in their old age. But how many, or rather how few, are fortunate enough to be thus situated.

Better than Salary is

Economy.

The Economical husband and the thrifty House-wife can steadily amass wealth without being stingy, but careful. Careful what you buy, where you buy, and what you pay for it.

Our advice in regard to this matter would be: Buy only what you need; Buy it at the Glasgow House and you won't pay too much for it. We don't claim to be giving goods away, but we do claim to have as good value in all, and a great deal better value in some lines, than our competitors. For example

See our 50c. Cashmeres.

The usual verdict is "It's the best goods for the money we have yet seen." You will say the same thing when you see the goods. We have other lines of Dress Goods which show good value, also which would interest you.

We also make a specialty of

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

SUITINGS,

AND OVERCOATINGS.

If you are contemplating purchasing a suit of Clothes, Spring Overcoat, or anything in then line of Gents Furnishings, don't make the mistake of purchasing elsewhere before seeing what you can do with us. We keep all qualities from the coarse full cloth to the finest broad cloth, with prices ranging accordingly. ALL WOOL tweed suits made to order, from \$10 and up. When you see the Goods the price will suit you.

To those who have not yet favored us with their patronage we would say, "It's never too late to mend." But the sooner the better.

We will not here enumerate prices. You would only have our word for it. Come and see the goods and price and judge for yourselves. If not satisfactory, don't buy. Remember the place

Next door to Drug Store.

McLaughlin & Co.

P. S.—Highest price for all kinds of Marketable Produce.

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The East Huron Gazette.

URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

CHAPTER 1.

CROCODILES OF THE THAMES.

"I—I beg your pardon," said a hesitating male voice.

The girl started, looked round, but saw no one.

"I'm on the wall," said the male voice in apologetic tones.

She cast her eyes up. The head and shoulders of a light-haired young man, clad in flannels, appeared almost directly over her.

The young man mounted a rung higher on the ladder and said: "I hope I haven't startled you? I was looking for something I had lost when I saw you. I spoke because I thought you might be frightened if you came on it unawares."

"What is it?" she asked with great dignity, stepping back a pace, and her cream-coloured umbrella further back over her dainty shoulder.

"Only my crocodile, Jacko."

"What!" she cried, gathering her dress together and glancing round the ground with apprehension.

"Indeed," said the young man penitently, "you must not be alarmed. He's quite tame and very small, and he's almost blind. I bought him cheap—a damaged lot," he added, laughing, to reassure the girl.

She looked at him in silent indignation. She was not accustomed to being addressed by strange young men, and she was accustomed to being treated with respect and deference—the respect and deference due to her age, eighteen.

"I am not joking," said he; "I would not think of doing such a thing. I'm awfully sorry; and I should not have spoken at all—I should not have dared—only I was afraid you might come on Jacko unexpectedly and be alarmed."

She was mollified somewhat by the concern in the speaker's voice. "A crocodile?" she said, condescending to admit wonder into her voice.

"Yes," he said, bringing his chest above the wall by raising himself another rung on the ladder, this causing her to retreat another pace. "But you really mustn't be afraid. He's only a very small chap. He never goes for people, you know."

"I don't know," said she stiffly. She had not been in good humour at all when taking her solitary walk through these strange grounds, and this affair annoyed her; and the young man—although he seemed really sorry, was very easy in his address, and should use no slang to her. He annoyed her.

"Of course not," said he very humbly. "I mean he would not think of attacking people. I lost him at our side of the wall, and thought he might have got into Mr. Bathurst's grounds through a hole or drain—there is an unbarred drain higher up. I'm very sorry for frightening you—I am indeed; and, of course, I couldn't be so rude as to make a joke about such a thing. If you only knew how distressed I am, you'd—you'd believe me," he ended somewhat incoherently.

Miss Ellen Morton felt that here her dialogue with the unknown young man on the wall ought to end. She was in these grounds of Garwood House, on the Thames twenty miles above London, for the first time in her life that day. She had no reason to believe that young men in flannels were desperadoes. Still propriety, with the strictest rules of which she was familiar, demanded that this dialogue should end.

But then a crocodile! "No rule of which she had ever even as much as heard, took into account the contingency of a crocodile at large. In historic times, anyway, a crocodile had never before entered into a situation of this kind on the banks of the Thames. It was easy for conventionality to say Go away. But whither? If she moved, she might be walking straight towards the odious reptile, or—worse still—might suddenly hear him running after her behind.

Plainly, it was impossible for her to move. She was not at all timid by nature. But before she came upon this adventure she had not been very happy. She stood still, glancing about her in shivering watchfulness.

"I don't know exactly what I ought to do," said the young man on the wall in accents of perplexity. "Mr. Bathurst forbids people landing on his grounds from the river or getting over his walls or fences. He is death on trespassers."

"Is he?" said she, feeling that it was a great pity this exclusiveness did not operate effectively against savarians.

"Oh yes. He's awfully particular about keeping every one out. If I might only slip over and stand beside you, you'd be all right, you know."

It was hard for Ellen Morton, notwithstanding her eighteen years' experience in life, to deal with this speech. Her was a complete stranger talking in a reproachful tone of his host. This ought to be resented, although she had never met Mr. Bathurst yet. Then there was the impudent assumption on the part of this young man that if he were only by her side she should be "all right." Still the speaker meant well. And then there was the dread of the lurking crocodile! She felt as though she must cry. Fancy her, Ellen Morton, crying like an ordinary silly girl! she who always held in scorn and contempt girls who cried for nothing! But, on the other hand, was a crocodile nothing? If she was sure this crocodile was nothing, she should not feel in the least inclined to cry. She should feel very indignant. Why had this young man spoken at all? Why had he not held his tongue, and allowed her to be torn asunder by the crocodile in the peace?

"What—what am I to do?" she asked with a little quaver of pathos in her voice.

"Oh, pray, don't say he; and before we knew what was happening; he had rung himself over the top of the wall, and saying: 'I am sorry I spoke at all. I distressed you without any need. There was no danger from Jacko, except the danger of giving you a fright, if you saw him unexpectedly. And here have I terrified you and nearly made you cry. I'd give all the world, I said desperately, 'I had held my tongue.'

"I am not going to cry, and I am not terrified," she said, her dignity giving way before his manifest sincerity, and under the relief afforded by his presence. She turned towards the house, a quarter of a mile distant, and began walking towards it.

"You see," said he, "I hadn't the least idea there was any one near when I got up the ladder. And, of course, I did not expect to find a lady here. Mrs. Bathurst is never about the grounds, and I don't remember any other lady at Garwood."

"I came only this morning."

"You are not a member of the family?"

"No. I am not a relative; but I am going to stay a while."

"How precious!" cried he with involuntarily.

She could not walk on country roads alone;

you will be obliged to make the most of the grounds, for we keep no horses. We entertain company. We breakfast at half-past seven, lunch at two, and dine at half-past six. My son is the soul of punctuality. He never varies a minute—never half a minute. Go, explore the grounds between this and luncheon; a bell will ring a quarter of an hour before it is ready."

Nellie felt far from comfortable as she entered the dreary, hollow, resounding house after her interview with George Chaytor. That great desolate house had oppressed her like a portentous cloud. The meeting with Mrs. Bathurst had filled her with tremulous misgivings and vague chilling tears, never even suspected before in her clear, bright, open, happy life. For the first time she now had a secret—she was to say nothing about that incident at the boundary wall. It was a poor, paltry, mean, unhandsome secret connected with the trivial circumstance of her meeting with that young man, and learning the lowering fact that her father's business man, whom she had never seen and under whose roof she now lived, was known by an uncomplimentary and damaging nickname.

Mrs. Bathurst and Garwood House had filled her with inexpressible fears. She deplored but could not help this. No doubt in time she should overcome these unpleasant feelings. One thing she could do, and that one thing she would do, namely, to yield Mrs. Bathurst constant and dutiful respect.

She would have repelled with scorn the idea that there was anything romantic or even interesting in her encounter with young Chaytor. Such a thought could not have occurred to her, and no one was by to suggest it. She had been startled by hearing his voice from the wall. She had been alarmed at the notion that a hideous reptile might be within reach of her; and she had been disgusted at learning that Mr. Bathurst, whom her father and aunt and uncle always spoke of with respect as the custodian and wise investor of his father's fortune, should be treated with such want of feeling and courtesy as to be named after the most loathsome of reptiles.

She remained in her room until the bell rang for luncheon. With what alarmlessness the sound tore through the weird quiet of that lonely house! She wondered did that clangorous bell peal through the corridors when the old woman was alone? Would it set going to honor or to the guest? It made her shudder to think of rousing all the far-off sleeping echoes of this sombre house for lonely women.

Luncheon was served in the large dining-room, on the left of the front entrance. Here, notwithstanding the brightness and warmth of the day, all was dim and damp. The heavy dark oak furniture, upholstered in deep purple leather, was moist and chilly to the touch. The air of the room was moist, not with the sweet moisture of leafy June, but with faint mouldy exhalations from the banquets of buried generations. The dark wainscoted walls seemed to stand back in sulky distance from the shrunken dining-table. The room looked out upon the front lawn, and the cloth was laid at the farthest end from the curtained windows. Bright as the summer day was, it seemed as though lamps would be indispensable—they would have been regarded with pleasure by any one not morbidly enamoured of gloom.

Mrs. Bathurst was standing at the back of the room when Nellie entered. "Hush!" she said, moving across the floor with difficulty and apparent pain and great slowness, because of her unwieldy bulk. "You are punctual, child. That is right; we are very punctual in this house."

The meal was served, and the two women sat down. The parlor maid who attended the table was middle-aged, stolid, stupid-looking. For a long time no word was spoken. Nellie felt glad of this. She did not desire conversation. The desolate genius of this house had begun to work, and was filling with shadowy terrors this girl, who up to that time had lived her life unaffected.

Mrs. Bathurst ate little, and Nellie had no appetite at all. Mrs. Bathurst made no pretence of entertaining her visitor. She spoke such words as were necessary in the progress of the meal, and now and then bent her inscrutable eyes on her guest. She did not look at the girl as though she wished to see her. Those sorceress eyes never betrayed any thought or emotion. They were the outward organs of a spirit always occupied on itself within. They peered at the girl but did not stare at her. They did not make Nellie uncomfortable about herself, as do eyes which stare, but they set her velvet cushions, and when an attempt was made to dislodge him he flung the bible and prayer-book at him and fairly drove him from the building.

The police were called and two men with loaded carbines shot my pet while standing erect defining them, but if I had been called I could have got him away quietly. When brought to the house and laid on the veranda he had almost a human look about him. Jean Louis now occupies a prominent place in the Museum of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences at Port Louis, Mauritius.—[Nicholas Pike.]

thing unusual in her appearance; and that she had fainted or fallen off her chair, Mrs. Bathurst would have contented herself with summoning a servant and giving orders that Miss Morton should be carried to her room and attended to. And here was her hostess showing herself, on this very short acquaintance, able to detect a slight alteration in manner or appearance.

"I think the grounds are beautiful," said Nellie, when she had recovered from her astonishment sufficiently to be able to speak.

"And you have not been to the library yet?"

"No; I reserved that pleasure for after luncheon."

"I hope you may find the library a pleasure. I don't think you took any benefit from the grounds to-day. I hope none of those audacious boating-parties landed and disturbed your walk."

"No; I did not see any boating-party."

This answer was given with extreme reluctance. It was of course truthful, but it was not the whole truth.

"You are keeping something back from me," said the old woman; "but you need not tell me. I am not interested. I do not ask you what. If I wanted to know, you would tell me, but I do not want to know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FIERCE PET.

During my residence in the East I had a fine young chama given me about 3 years old. He grew rapidly, and in about a year he was a large and dangerous animal to strangers, though very tame with me. He would sit beside me, playing like a child, but let any one come into the room, man or boy, and he raised himself fully erect, every hair on his head and neck standing out, made hideous faces, and showed his powerful teeth, enough to intimidate any one, a few gentle words from me calmed him. Hearing some accident, I had a large iron chain attached to a thick ring and placed round his body, and this was fastened to a strong bolt driven into a tree.

Mr. Jean Louis, as he was called, took it all quietly, bix on the first chance he got alone and broke a link in the chain with a stone in the same manner as a human being would do it, yet the links were as thick as the little finger of a man. On my return with a friend I found him up a large breadfruit tree. The sight of a stranger so excited him he began peeling us with the heavy fruit, pretty dangerous missiles when sent with such accuracy an aim that we had to seek shelter to avoid them. My friend retreated precipitately, and when I was alone I soon had Jean Louis down under my control.

He was always accustomed to watch for my return, when at once he set to work with impatience to examine my pockets as I always brought him a banana, guava, or other fruit.

His curiosity was great, also his imitative faculties. Once he watched me attentively make a hole with a gimlet and insert a screw with a screw-driver, and he did the same fairly well. He could drive a nail as well as I could, draw a cork from a bottle and drink wine from a glass. I believe I could have taught him almost anything save speech. I was the only male he would allow to approach, but he never showed the same disposition to a female. His ferocious looks, however, were enough to deter any woman from going near him. It was my intention to bring him with me to America, but circumstances prevented it.

A few days before I set sail Jean Louis

got loose and made for the cathedral and began tearing off the clapboards. Seeing the door open he walked in and went to the pulpit, to the horror of the sexton, who then caught sight of him. He seized and tore the velvet cushions, and when an attempt was made to dislodge him he flung the bible and prayer-book at him and fairly drove him from the building.

The police were called and two men with

loaded carbines shot my pet while standing erect defining them, but if I had been called I could have got him away quietly. When brought to the house and laid on the veranda he had almost a human look about him. Jean Louis now occupies a prominent place in the Museum of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences at Port Louis, Mauritius.—[Nicholas Pike.]

About Animals.

A Quinto, N. J., man trapped 193 possums in a month.

A sixteen-year-old cat died at Colts Neck, N. J., the other day.

The ostrich covers from eleven to fifteen feet at every stride while running.

At Americus, Manitoba, there is a peculiar species of rat. It is of several colors and hundreds of them can be seen about the streets.

Otter hunters are out in force. Several of them recently came near shooting a boy who had slipped into the water.

Sals when basking place one of their number on guard to give alarm in case of danger. The signal is a quick clapping of the flippers on a rock. Rabbit signal with their fore-paws and have regular signals and calls.

Squirrels and gophers are great scatterers of seeds. They carry nuts about in their check-pouches and bury them here and there in the ground an inch to an inch and a half deep.

They remember where a good many of them are hidden and dig them up again, but they are sure to forget some, and these have an excellent chance to sprout and grow.

Cuttish are useful in many ways. The bone under the skin of the back which affords the animal some sort of substitute for a skeleton, is employed for caged birds to sharpen their beaks upon. It is also ground up to powder for absorbing blots in writing, and is made an important ingredient in dentifrices.

The cries of none of the animals approach more closely that of the human voice than that of seals when lamenting the loss or capture of their young. They emit a wailing and effecting cry, similar to that of a woman in deep grief. The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress. Its piercing shriek can, on a still night, be plainly heard at a distance of more than a mile.

Soulful Youth—Do you sing "For Ever and Ever?" Matter of Fact Young Girl—No; I stop for meals.

An experiment of serving fried mush instead of hominy, with canvasback duck, is in progress at some of the clubs.

A Vienna correspondent telegraphs:—A few days ago an old lady with snow-white hair came to a well-known Vienna lawyer and asked him to take the necessary steps for the disinterment of her sister's body, buried in the great central cemetery ten years ago. The old lady stated that she had lost her husband, and with him the means of subsistence. Ten years ago she was well off, and had her sister buried with her jewellery, which was very valuable. She had no other means of getting out of her misery than by appealing to the dead and taking the trinkets out of the coffin where they had lain for ten years. The lawyer refused to act for her.

Hard Sleddin'.

Hard Sleddin'.

Of a winter like this, when the snow on the road Will scarcely leave tracks where you're treadin'. And the ox at the sled must be urged by the load.

New Englanders say it's hard sleddin'.

In the jostle of life that we see every day Some folks struggle on, though now dreadin' The same future that hope one time painted so gay.

But the fenders that fade and long left them to say:

With me, that life's mighty hard sleddin'.

For instance, Jones died, leavin' numerous

His widow is meekly a treadin'.

The dull journey of life, and she sighs as she runs.

(To feed our little mouths she now washes and distorts.)

That's what seems to me like hard sleddin'.

She was a fine girl, and her father had

wealth.

(They made a display at the weddin').

But he soon lost his all, and poor Jones lost his health.

Then the Death, on his rounds' in his heart.

Took him, leavin' her but hard sleddin'.

But I've known silver snow fall for many a one,

And leave a crisp mantis a spreadin'.

The long way from the rise to the set of life's sun,

As with music of sleigh-bell fine teams they sp'n.

I peart they were havin' fine hard sleddin'.

For myself I admite life has lost all its charm,

And now forced to earn daily bread in the old poor-house farm.

(But, of course, my grown children don't mean no harm,

I say life's been mighty hard sleddin'.

STRANGLERS OF VIENNA.

Man and Wife Whose Business and Pleasure were to kill.

Known to Have Murdered Four Girls, to Have Tried to Murder Two Others, and to Have Plotted for the Lives of Seven More—Each Victim Prayed with Before the Altar, Then Choked to Death by the Man while the Wife Held her Hands—a Remarkable Trial Before an Audience Composed of Diplomats, Generals, and Ladies of the Imperial Court.

Last month Franz Schneider and his wife, Rosalia, were condemned to death by the Criminal Court in Vienna. With the sentencing of both to be hanged came the close of the most remarkable criminal trials in the records of Austrian justice.

At the beginning of the trial the prisoners were known to have murdered four young women, to have planned and to have attempted to murder two others, and to have spared seven or eight more only because the young women refused to be lured to their death. Although Schneider is a common man and his wife is a common woman, and although their victims were simple and friendless servant girls few State cases in the empire have been conducted under more impressive circumstances than those surrounding the trial of the Schneiders. Princes, diplomats, Generals, members of Parliament, high officials, and women from the court society of Franz Joseph's capital crowded the court room daily. The stolid brutality of Schneider and the fiendishness of his wife were exhibited, moreover, under the dramatic light of Austrian procedure—the Judges, in their robes, the witnesses swearing with the uplifted hand before the illuminated crucifix, and the prisoners guarded by soldiers in the uniform of the imperial army.

So intense was the interest of the thousand spectators that at recesses usually not one of them left the hall; all ate and drank in their seats rather than risk losing a few words of the testimony. In Austria the daily record of the trial was published by the newspapers verbatim, and columns were telegraphed at the close of each day's proceedings to London, Berlin, and Paris.

THE SCHNEIDERS.

In the conspiracy to outrage, kill, and rob, Franz Schneider was the force and Rosalia Schneider was the brains. "You did the plotting," the presiding Judge said to the wife, "and he was your throttling machine." Schneider is 5 feet 7 inches tall and powerfully built. He has sunken cheeks, high-bones, a sallow skin, a red moustache, and a shock of sandy hair. He is 35 years old. His wife, six years his senior, is small, thin, fair-haired, and sharp-eyed. She was handsome before her marriage to Schneider in 1882, but work and dissipation have hardened her face. Both were engaged in numerous swindling schemes before they hit upon the plan of raising money by killing maid-servants. Schneider had passed several terms in prison for theft.

DISCOVERY OF THEIR CRIME.

In May, June, and July of last year it was reported to the Vienna police that several girls had disappeared after being seen with men in the Dresdner or Haspen woods near New Lengbach. A man had appeared at employment agencies to engage girls to take places in New Lengbach, always insisting that they should bring some of their baggage at once. The experienced girls became shy of all offers from New Lengbach. All was rambunctious, however, and nothing was known until July 23. On that day Maria Stoiber, a factory girl, while wandering in the underbrush stumbled upon the dead body of a woman stripped to the chemise. A straw hat trimmed with roses lay half under the right shoulder. On July 24 this discovery was announced in the newspapers and Karl Horning, a journeyman goldsmith, went to New Lengbach, and identified the body as that of Marie Hottwanger, his betrothed, engaged three weeks earlier to take a place in the suburbs, and not seen alive afterward.

He also described the appearance of the man and woman with whom he had seen her leaving the city for her new home. At the same time Annie Djuris, a maid servant, gave a similar description of a man who had lured her into the suburbs with promises of a place with a Baroness in New Lengbach.

The reading of the published story of the Djuris girl reminded a man who had seen her with a man at New Lengbach on the evening of the assault that her companion resembled a certain coachman in the neighborhood. The police found the coachman to be honest. He had, however, a brother of doubtful character. This brother was Franz Schneider, living at the time with his wife at 28 Rudolphs gasse under the name of Ferdinand Niedler. This brother and his wife were arrested, clothing of murdered girls was found in their possession and by the confession of each, made in an effort to throw all the burden of guilt on the other, the State was enabled to draw from them the true story of a series of atrocious crimes which in recent times only Jack the Ripper has equalled.

OPENING OF THE TRIAL.

The indictment against the Schneiders charged them with the murders of Rosalie Kleinrath, Marie Hottwanger, and Vincenz Zoufar. During the proceedings the presiding Judge accused them of killing an unknown girl, seen last in their company in the woods where all their crimes were committed. The indictment charged them also with attempting to murder Annie Djuris and Juchanna Stoiber, and with having attempted to lure Matilde Uhlaner, Katharina Waltsa, Martine Brauner, and three other maid servants, described but not named, to their destruction. Stoiber was attacked on May 26 and Djuris on June 1, but were not killed, as Schneider remarked in court, because he "had not then got his hand in."

DEATH OF ROSALIE KLEINRATH.

On the first two days of the trial the court devoted its attention to the murder of Rosalie Kleinrath, on June 4. She was but 18 years old, and had left her country home but a few days before. Schneider's wife met her in the street and offered her a place with a Countess in Klosterneuburg. She induced the girl to pack up all her clothes in a satchel, to put in her pocket her few dollars saved, and to accompany Schneider and herself to the Haspen Walde. The party stopped at a restaurant that Schneider might nurse his courage with wine. Then his wife led Kleinrath to a chapel, where both prayed.

PRAYER BEFORE MURDER.

Just why this refinement of cruelty was introduced in the otherwise purely brutal plan was not satisfactorily explained. In all the known murders, however, it was observed with care. Then the trio wandered about in the darkest part of the woods until Schneider turned suddenly on the girl.

"I tripped her," he said, "and my wife put a bottle of poison to her nose. She died and we stripped off her clothes, took

her money and papers, and buried her under the leaves and mould." Kleinrath's body was found by the police after the arrest of the Schneiders. It had been outraged at the time of the murder.

Judges in criminal trials in Austria have prerogatives and customs unknown in Canada. The presiding Judge in the Schneider trial ridiculed Schneider's statement, as he ridiculed the wife's statement that her husband strangled Kleinrath without help from her.

SCHNEIDER MAKES A CONFESSION.

Then came the most interesting moment of the trial. The President said in a confidential way:

"You won't get many girls to go with you there, for a murdered girl was found in the woods a few days ago, and they will be shy of the place."

The maid also knew of the finding of a body in the wood, and would not go. She says she noticed that the Schneider woman shuddered, but at the same time expressed wonder that people could be so cruel as to kill a poor girl.

In a second office the Schneider woman found two girls to choose from. She selected Vincenz Zoufar, who was dressed in a cream-colored gown, a bonnet with feathers, white gloves, and had a neat parasol. This girl's lanthandy described her as an elegant girl and a thorough cook. She had saved more than \$100 in her last place, and had a lottery bond worth \$75, a gold watch and chain, a large basket-trunk full of good clothes, and some ready money. She had been on a pious pilgrimage to Moravia, from which she returned the day she found her death.

The morning after she left with the Schneider woman a beggar came asking the lanthandy to give up all her things to the woman who had been there the day before.

At noon the Schneider woman came and took the basket-trunk, a smaller trunk, and several parcels away. The presiding Judge drew the female prisoner's attention to her own cunning. She had discovered that telegrams were safer than letters, and yet she pretended to have done everything at the will of a man who could not read or write, and therefore has no clear perception as to letters and telegrams. The people were next called who saw the two with the girl until they ultimately disappeared in the wood.

A CAROUSEL AFTER THE DEATH.

After the Court had heard how the underclothes stripped from Kleinrath had been put on by Rosalia Schneider, and how the couple had celebrated their deed in fine style by carousing at a saloon in the outskirts of the woods, three pretty little girls in white hoods and a boy of 13 were called. The story they had to tell was brief, but tragic. They were in the woods gathering wild strawberries one beautiful afternoon last summer, and were terribly frightened by hearing the shrieks of a dying woman. The time, place, and date corresponded with those of the Haspen Woods murder. The presiding Judge asked the boy why, when he heard the shrieks, he did not go to the place from which they proceeded to see what was happening.

"I was in a dark part of the forest," the little fellow answered, "and we were afraid."

Depraved as the two prisoners are, they were moved when the aged parents of the girl Kleinrath were examined and when the box containing her skull and belongings was opened. The mother asked for the fair plait from the head of her murdered daughter as a remembrance—a request which was not refused. Then followed another dramatic scene, the examination of a girl of twelve and a boy of ten who had heard a woman's cries in the wood which began at about a hundred yards from their house. They were pitiful screams of "For Jesus, Mary, and Joseph's sake! Help! Help!" The cries were those of the girl Kleinrath, struggling desperately for her life.

THE STRANGLING OF MARIE HOTTWANGER.

The strangling of Kleinrath whetted the unnatural appetite of the Schneider woman for crime. She gave up her place as cook in the household of Baron Falk and began devoting herself exclusively to finding victims for her husband. She went to servants' agency to agency daily, looking for girls of sufficient comeliness to suit her husband, and with good enough clothes to suit her. After frightening of several girls by her requirement that they should bring all the presents to her, she finally engaged Marie Hottwanger at an agency without stipulating that she must bring all her property with her. The case of Hottwanger succeeded that of Kleinrath in the consideration of the Court.

She was pretty, well dressed, and refused to accept an offer of less than \$12 a month.

The Schneider woman and she met Schneider in the street before the agency and started on the way to New Lengbach. They stopped at the saloon near the chapel in the woods. Schneider drank a quart of wine and was becoming somewhat intoxicated when roused by his wife's admonition:

"Here, here, my man, keep sober, so as to be ready for the work we have on hand."

AGAIN PRAYER BEFORE THE SLAUGHTER.

Schneider rose and told his wife and Hottwanger to go to the chapel and pray. Before the altar the murderer and her victim knelt for ten minutes. Then they returned to Schneider, who waited for them outside, and all three started through the woods. They wandered for an hour until they came to a secluded spot about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Look sharp, and finish the job at once," the Schneider woman whispered several times to her husband; but he hesitated.

At the lonely spot all three sat down.

"Now make an end of it!" and caught the girl by the wrists, twisting her arms back over her head. In an instant Schneider had his right hand on Hottwanger's throat and his left hand over her mouth.

She was strangled to death almost without a sound. Schneider maltreated her body and his wife stripped off her clothes and did them up in a bundle. Both dug a shallow trench in the leaves and mould, dumped the dead girl in, and scattered leaves and twigs above. The Schneider woman had found a few dollars in the girl's pocket, and with them they had a carousal at a tavern in New Lengbach. Schneider joked with the waiters, and his wife joined him in a general merrymaking.

FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

At the fourth day of the great trial the rush for places was greater than ever. So crowded was the lofty, spacious court room when the case was resumed that the fashionably dressed ladies, who, from the first, formed a great part of the audience, had literally to fight for their places. One was so severely crushed that she screamed aloud for help and several fainted.

Schneider appeared in a different suit from which he wore at the previous previous sittings and it transpired from the evidence that those were the clothes he wore on the day that he perpetrated the murder of Vincenz Zoufar.

Immediately after the taking off of Hottwanger the Schneider woman was again on the search for new victims. Daily she was at some servants' agency but for some time she was unsuccessful. Either the girl offered to her was too plain or too poor, or the Schneider woman's appearance was too forbidding for the girl who was comely or not well dressed enough to suit her. The consequent delay lasted until after the discovery of Hottwanger's body on July 23.

VICTIMS BECOME SCARCE.

One of the witnesses was a maid whom she tried to engage, offering her \$12 a month as the place was a lonely villa in a wood. When she mentioned the part of the country where it was situated, by the owner of the office said:

"You won't get many girls to go with you there, for a murdered girl was found in the woods a few days ago, and they will be shy of the place."

The maid also knew of the finding of a body in the wood, and would not go. She says she noticed that the Schneider woman shuddered, but at the same time expressed wonder that people could be so cruel as to kill a poor girl.

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The Emperor of Austria's silver wedding gift to the Czar is spoken of as the most magnificent present ever received by a European sovereign. It consists of a dinner service of solid silver, richly wrought, designed for twenty-four persons, and numbering 280 pieces.

In St. Petersburg a society has been organized for the purpose of making regular trips to all parts of the empire in Europe, Asia, Caucasus, and Crimea. It is the first society of the kind in Russia, and it proposes to follow the example of the English and German tourists' societies. It has applied to the Minister of Roads of Intercommunication for reduced rates on all the roads of the empire by land or by water.

Business in Kiev, Russia, is at a perfect standstill. Most of the factories have stopped work, and the few that are not closed keep at work only about 25 per cent of the number of hands they employ usually. The distress among the laboring classes is very great; good workmen in every line of trade can be hired at 25 kopecks a day. Three or more failures of big commercial firms are announced almost daily.

Prussia's income from the cultivated public domain is about \$4,000,000. The total number of employees in the Government postal and telegraph offices and in the Government railways is 187,711.

The French artists are making so much money in portrait painting that the exhibitions now show a disproportionately great number of portraits. Eight thousand dollars for a full-length picture is said to be about the top price.

The barber would not ordinarily be thought of as following a particularly perilous occupation, but a barber in Wissach is lying at the point of death from injuries sustained in the ordinary pursuit of his calling. He accidentally cut his finger very slightly while shaving a customer. The next customer wanted his moustache dyed. The barber got some of the dye in the wound and blood poisoning ensued.

An eminent French statistician makes a clever and graphic presentation of the thrift of the French people. He says that a duplicate of the Eiffel Tower, which weighs between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 kilogrammes, built of silver and with two additional stories added, would barely represent the actual savings of the French people deposited in the national savings banks. The kilogramme is 2 pounds 3.26 ounces.

Theodore would not ordinarily be thought of as following a particularly perilous occupation, but a barber in Wissach is lying at the point of death from injuries sustained in the ordinary pursuit of his calling. He accidentally cut his finger very slightly while shaving a customer. The next customer wanted his moustache dyed. The barber got some of the dye in the wound and blood poisoning ensued.

The Carelessness of Creatures.

He came home last night a bit tired from a busy day's work and his wife waited until he had got off his overcoat and sat down.

"Did you get that piecemeal silk I asked you to bring up to-night?" she inquired, seeing that he had not laid it before her.

"Yes, dear, I left it out there in the hall."

"Did you get the pins?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the ribbon?"

"Yes."

"And Bobbie's shoes?"

"Yes."

"And a wisp broom?"

"Yes."

"And a wick for the kitchen lamp?"

"Yes."

"And some matches?"

"Yes, they are with the other bundles."

"And did you see the man about the coal?"

"Yes; it will be up on Monday."

"And the man to fix the grate in the dining-room?"

"He said he'd come."

"Did you see Mrs. Smith about the sewing society meeting?"

"She said she'd come."

"And—oh, yes; did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?"

"N—n—no," he hesitated. "I forgot it."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What did you do that for? You know we needed that shovel and his wife did not have it."

"I think you are the most forgetful and careless creatures that ever lived."

"And they are very like us," she said.

"We were very like us."

"She was not smart, she was not fair,

"But hearts as brief for her are swellin';

"All empty stands her little chair;

"She died eatin' watermelon."

Let not such desecration be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poetrists practice on the tombstone. My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is: Take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled the day come for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel on that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed.

Children's Faults.

There are times when it is wiser for the parent to ignore some mood on the child's part. The part of the parent should be in ever seeking the wise opportunity to impress the child with the virtue that is the reverse of some fault it falls into.

Children pass through various phases, and some of them are dragon of a fault that one has been worrying over and planning against, suddenly vanishes into thin air, and is no more.

Sometimes it becomes an expression of nervousness. The child repeats the fault through an inability to pass over it. It becomes like a hard word in the spelling book that has met before.

He recognizes the word without knowing its name, and at the same moment remembers his struggles with it, and the painful impression fills him with nervousness; his mind becomes confused, and he cannot control his thoughts.

It is wise with a fault, as with the hard word, to let it go to escape. On the hard word, avoid anything to excite the habitual fault. Presently the child forgets the fault. It may be said that injurious parents often create their children's faults.

Belmore.

Mr. W. McBride met with a bad accident last Friday afternoon while cutting wood in Mr. Lowry's bush. As he was splitting a block the axe glanced and cut through the boot and deeply into his foot. It will be some time before he will be able to be around again.

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Wroxeter.

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Oats..... 28
Peas..... 60
Barley..... 40 50

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Glenannan.

Mr. G. H. Blackwell, county organizer I. O. G. T., instituted a lodge of Good Templars here on Tuesday evening of last week. The lodge commences with a membership of 25, and is officered for the first quarter as follows:

W. C. T.—Wm. Hastings.
V. T.—Miss Bella Anderson.
Chap.—Jno. Hastings.
Sec.—Miss Clara Fortune.
Treas.—Miss Maggie Scott.
F. S.—Geo. Fortune.
Marshal—Robt. Lewis.
A. Sec.—Fred Lewis.
D. M.—Miss Breen.

Messrs. Brockenshire and Elliott, of Wingham, were present and assisted in the organization. Meetings are to be held weekly, for the present in the church.

Mr. John W. Green has rented the McBrayne farm and intends to settle down here.

Redgrave.

Dame Rumor says that there is going to be a wedding in this place this week. Mr. Robert Campbell, of Plumb Creek, Manitoba, but formerly of this neighborhood, started on Tuesday of this week for his home in Manitoba, with a car-load of horses, and there is no doubt that our fair sex will miss him.

Mr. Samuel Stockton had a very successful wood bee on Wednesday of last week. A very large pile of wood was cut and the boys and girls spent a very enjoyable time in the evening.

Mr. L. A. Mason had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse one night last week. Strange to say the horse appeared all right in the evening when Mr. Mason saw him but died during the night.

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Mr. Samuel Johnston has fully recovered from the grip.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Wm. Brown is lying very ill at present. We hope she will soon be restored to good health again.

Mr. James Lum has sold his farm to Mr. Haskett, of Greenbush, for a handsome figure and is going to retire. His sale which took place on Friday last was attended by a number of people.

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Lakelet.

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The examination of pupils in S. S. No. 2 will take place on the 18th. A concert will be held in the evening which, if like its predecessors, will be a grand success. Mr. Darroch, the teacher is the right man in the right place.

C. Horton's blood trotter is again in good trim for the roads.

An accident which will probably terminate fatally, happened last week on the 15th inst. Mr. Armstrong, an aged man, while stepping out of the door slipped and broke his leg. He has been in very poor health for some time past and owing to this and his age it will be a serious matter.

Messrs. A. W. Halliday and M. Scott were called away to Blyth by a telegram telling them of the death, from con-

sumption, of their uncle Myles Young, formerly of this place.

A box social will be held at the residence of Mr. T. B. Carleton on Tuesday evening, March 15th, commencing at 7 o'clock p.m. A pleasant time is expected. Proceeds in aid of church fund.

Mr. Alex. Sangster started this morning for the prairie country, Manitoba. He will be gone about a month.

SLANDER AND APOLOGY.

An action having been commenced by Alex. Yule against Adam Bradley, for slander, the following apology has been offered by defendant and accepted by plaintiff.

Mr. Alex. Yule, Baker, of Harriston, Feb. 26, 1892.

Dear Sir.—It is alleged that I have said you had and have been doing a great deal delivering bread, who had the stink and scabs, and that I made other slanderous remarks. I now say that I have no recollection of having ever uttered or circulated any such words, but I do not dispute the fact that I did say something to that effect. There is and was no foundation for any such statements. I exceedingly regret that any such words should have been uttered, and I heartily apologize for them. I do however, wish to accept the apology as the best amends it is in my power to make for this injury and annoyance I may have inadvertently caused you.

Yours truly,
(Signed) ADAM BRADLEY.

Witnesses | C. E. IRVINE.
| W. W. CUTTON.

SUGARS!

We have bought a large quantity of Sugar at very low prices and will therefore give our customers the advantage of this purchase.

Our spring Dress Goods, Prints, Satteen, Tweeds, have arrived and they are dandies.

Come in and see us and price our sugars.

• W. LEE & CO.,
WROXETER.

**Special Announcement.**

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

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker.

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

TRY

Fred Donaghy's
General Store

(Opposite Brown's Hotel),
Regent House, - Fordwich.

For anything in the line of
Clothing, Dress Goods, Flannels, Linens,
COTTONS, ETC., ETC.

The finest article in the line of

*** BOOTS * AND * SHOES *, ***
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, ETC.

Groceries, This Department is well stocked with full shelves in every line.

CALL AND SEE ME.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Produce taken in Exchange.

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